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TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil.—1 Thess. v. 21, 22.

A NEW YEAR.

NEW Year calls to renewed earnestness in every good word and work. The time is short. More lengthened are the shadows cast by the sun of our life as he sinks toward the horizon of our hopes. Less time remains for us to employ in the service of our Saviour before we go to give account of our stewardship, or before He comes to take it.

But if the time be short for us to work, it is shorter for those wretched ones for whom, in our Temperance movement, we are working, and the shortening of it is the result of their own infatuation. If they be not arrested at once, how many will this new year record as having filled drunkards' graves; how many will it number as having—though even now not, it may be, much under the influence of drinking habits—become its abject and hopeless, or all but hopeless slaves! Many are the schemes for diminishing the prevalent intemperance; many are knocking and knocking loudly at the doors of the Legislature for the regulation and restriction of the sale of intoxicating drinks; very good, but slow in producing remedies.
Many are for opening working men's clubs and reading-rooms; very good, but slow and uncertain. Many would be satisfied with trowel and brick and mortar for improved dwellings for the working man; most important, but unfortunately, men are to be found drunk in the most splendid as well as in the most squalid homes, though they may have less excuse in the former instance; but the Christian Total Abstainer, while willing to help in all these movements, has yet a notion that if by the practice of abstinence from all intoxicating drink, men were made sober, homes would then be improved, reading-rooms sought for, and demand soon produce the supply, and legislation sound and effective be secured by an enfranchised people determined to resist the extension of, nay to circumscribe to its very narrowest limits, a trade fraught with ruin, woe, and death to its families and to its homes. The Total Abstainer meanwhile helps himself and helps his fellows, he helps himself by keeping away from him altogether a practice so terribly prone to abuse; he helps his fellows by his example, and his so clearly manifested sympathy. He shows that in every rank and every line of life, these drinks can be done without, and while others are disputing as to the best mode of working a reformation, he seizes upon the plain and obvious measure, and, solvitor ambulando, he is enabled to save individuals who would perish while men are cogitating, and is preparing the public mind to receive and heartily co-operate in remedial measures of a national or legislative kind when they do come. And then he feels, too, that he is made the honoured instrument of saving souls, by removing a terrible—a fatal stumbling-block out of his brother's way. He is fulfilling a Baptist ministry, and endeavouring to "prepare the way of the Lord;" he is seeking in the wilderness of drink's dread desolation, to "make straight a highway for our God;" he is, like the Baptist too, by his personal character and example, seeking to illustrate his teaching; but, again, like the Baptist, he is not satisfied till he is able to lead his disciples to Jesus, and to say, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." Oh, in this new year may many thus be rescued! May many souls be given to those among our clergy and laity who are seeking, by self-denial for their Master's and their brethren's sake, "to make ready a people prepared for the Lord." Then will that old prophecy be once again fulfilled.
"The people which sat in darkness [and who is in such moral darkness as the drunkard?] saw a great light, and to those which sat in the region and shadow of death [of whom so true as of the drunkard?] light is sprung up."

LOCALISING THE MAGAZINE,

Arrangements are being made for localising this Magazine—that is, for supplying the twenty inside pages at about cost price, and leaving the cover (4pp.) for a local title and local matter—such as notices of meetings, sermons, Bible-classes, special services, &c., &c. Clergymen, managers of Temperance Societies, adult or juvenile, may have further information on sending a stamped addressed envelope to the Editor, 6, Adam-street, Adelphi, W.C.

NOTICE.

As it is intended to send a copy of the Magazine each month to all subscribers and collectors to the Society of ten shillings and upwards, notice is given that all money received up to the 15th of each month will be acknowledged in the ensuing number of the Magazine, and no formal receipt sent except in special circumstances. Should any sum not be acknowledged, contributors are requested to write at once to the office.

Managers and Secretaries of Temperance Societies who may be anxious to extend the circulation of the Magazine, may become agents on favourable terms by applying to the office, 6, Adam-street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

INCREASED CIRCULATION OF THE MAGAZINE.

We think our Lady Friends, earnest helpers as they are, could do us much service by obtaining new subscribers for the Magazine.

Parcels of not less than 25 Numbers will be forwarded carriage free to any friend who will procure subscribers for the same.
MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

SYDENHAM AND FOREST-HILL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—A meeting of this Society was held at the Boys’ National School, Upper Sydenham, on Wednesday evening. Mr. John Pape presided at eight o’clock. Several ministers were present. The principal speaker was the Rev. T. Rooke, M.A., Secretary of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society. The subject of his address was “The Temperance Reformation.” For upwards of an hour did the rev. gentleman, with great eloquence and power, set forth the great curse of our land—our drinking customs, and the only sure remedy—total abstinence from strong drinks. He met various objections that are offered to this plan, even, that people cannot do without strong drinks, &c., by showing that 700 of the clergy of the Church of England lived without them, upwards of 1,000 Dissenting ministers lived without them, and that above 3,000,000 of our fellow countrymen are living without their use; and so concluded that what they do they can do, and others may do also. Having dwelt upon the efforts made by the various Temperance organisations to improve the laws relating to the drink traffic, as well as by moral suasion, and the benefit already derived from the new Beershop Act, he ended his most telling address by an earnest appeal to all present to aid in ridding our country of its greatest blot—the drink curse. The room was filled with an attentive audience, who passed a unanimous vote of thanks to the Rev. T. Rooke, for his visit and his valuable address. The Vicar of the parish, the Rev. A. Legge, who kindly allows the Society the use of his schoolrooms for their meeting, was present.—Sydenham Gazette.

DUNSTABLE.—On November 18, the Borough Gazette reports: On Thursday evening a very able lecture was delivered in the Temperance Hall by the Rev. Thomas Rooke, M.A. The subject was, “What we Mean by our Temperance Movement.” The chair was occupied by Mr. Staffell, and a large and very respectable company was present. The rev. lecturer said the subject might be looked at in several ways, and, in the close, gave some excellent illustrations of the power of individual acting and self-denial for the sake of others, after which he took up the Scripture aspect of the movement, and advocated the principles of Christian charity. The lecturer’s earnestness became increased, and the arguments used were of a soul-stirring nature. He asked all to join the movement. He wanted every parish to have a Temperance Reformation Society, and every clergyman to be forward in its working.

NEWTON TONY, WILTS.—A Temperance meeting was held in the lecture-room of this village, on Wednesday, November 24. The room was densely crowded. The Rector, the Rev. J. N. Peill, was in the chair. A most interesting and earnest address was delivered on the subject of Temperance, by the Rev. Thomas Rooke, Secretary of the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society. The address, which occupied about one hour and a half in delivery,
was listened to with great pleasure by all, and, it is hoped, may prove beneficial to the small but faithful society of Total Abstainers in this parish by inducing others to join.

Surbiton Temperance Society.—The annual meeting of this Society was held in Christ Church Schoolrooms on November 26. There was a very good attendance. The Rev. E. Garbett, Vicar, occupied the chair, and stated that though not himself an Abstainer, he was yet very willing in every way to help forward the Temperance movement. The report was read by the Secretary. It gave an interesting account of work done specially by the Band of Hope, under the kind and anxious care of Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood, of Woodside. The meeting was then addressed in succession by Rev. T. Rooke, Deputy-Assistant Judge Payne, of the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society, and Mr. W. Saunders and Mr. Leicester, of the National League.

St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, Society.—On Monday, November 29, the Rev. T. Rooke delivered a lecture, that was listened to with much interest, and drew forth a hearty vote of thanks, before this Society, which has recently been formed under the auspices of Rev. W. H. Freemantle, Vicar, and his curates. Much work has already been done, and the committee seem to be starting on the right basis, and most earnestly giving themselves to press on the important cause they show they have at heart. The Rev. A. Young, one of the curates, was present.

Christ Church, Somers-town.—A well-attended meeting was held in the Mission-hall (late Beulah Chapel) on Tuesday last, for the purpose of forming a Temperance Society in connexion with the Rev. J. N. Worsfold's church in Chalton-street. As the Vicar he presided, and speeches in support of a resolution to form the Society were made by Mr. Woodward, Rev. T. Rooke, and Mr. George Cruikshank. The Vicar referred to the extent of the poverty now unhappily so prevalent in his parish, some of it from want of employment, and some from a wasteful expenditure of wages in "that which was not bread"; and he pointed to the fact of the many ginshops which were so liberally supported by those who ought first to support their own homes. He looked upon the Temperance movement as one which had to do with making happy and peaceful homes, useful lives, and as promotive of the worship of Almighty God; and he therefore recommended the formation of the new society. The Vicar of an adjoining parish was present, and said he had been taking a lesson, and should introduce a similar society into his own district.

Sturminster Marshall.—On Wednesday evening, November 17, a tea was given in the National Schoolroom to the Teetotallers of the parishes of Sturminster Marshall and Corfe Mullen, by Mrs. Sullivan, who had on Monday entertained the children of the Bands of Hope (140 in number) in the same parishes at her own house. About 130 sat down to the meal, which was thoroughly enjoyed, and of which the tea, sugar, milk, bread, butter, and cake were wholly provided by Teetotal tradesmen. After the tea a public meeting was held, and the room was thronged. The Rev. C. K. Paul presided, and Mr. H. Hodges, of Blandford,
Mr. Wheeler, and the Rev. G. Hinds, of Swanage, delivered addresses. Mrs. Sullivan stated her great pleasure in having asked her friends to meet her at tea, and being present at a meeting on that day, because it was her birthday, and it was on her birthday she first began her Teetotal work at Dewlish, with seventeen persons who promised to abstain from drink. Since then the little stone has become a mountain; the seventeen in one parish have swelled to hundreds in several parishes.

WINDSOR.—The usual monthly meeting was held on Monday, December 6, at the National Schoolrooms, when, after tea, Mr. Campbell, from the National Temperance League, delivered one of his interesting, amusing, and effective addresses. The Band of Hope gave some excellent recitations, and Miss Wood contributed to the harmony of the evening by her kind singing. The Rev. H. J. Ellison presided. The Rev. T. Rooke was also present.

ALL SAINTS', BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE: On Friday, November, 19, a new society was inaugurated in the All Saints' Church Schoolroom, Bradford. There was an influential attendance. The Rev. H. Leach, M.A., Rector of All Saints', presided, and gave in his adhesion to the Temperance movement. There were also present Messrs. Taylor and Touchstone, of Manchester (who addressed the meeting), Rev. James Muller, of St. Luke's, Bradford; Rev. G. M. Webb, B.A., Rector of Great Horton; Rev. E. Mytton, M.A., Rector of Manningham; and J. Peel, J.P., Bradford.

LIVERPOOL.—On Sunday morning, December 12, the Rev. Thomas Rooke preached in St. Clement's Church (Rev. H. Woodward), and brought forward the claims of the Temperance movement as advocated by the Church of England Society. In the afternoon of the same day he gave an address on Total Abstinence to some 500 or 600 of the teachers and scholars, adults and juveniles, of the St. Clement's Sunday-schools, and in the evening preached in the Church of St. Jude (Rev. W. F. Falloon) to a large and attentive congregation on the subject. By a curious coincidence Mr. Falloon had preached in the morning on the necessity for a Baptist ministry of repentance now (as suggested by the collect for the day), and Mr. Rooke, without any concert with Mr. Falloon, took up the same subject in the evening, and drew special conclusions relative to the Temperance movement as a means of "preparing" the way of the Lord. On Monday evening Mr. Rooke lectured before the St. Clement's Society. Mr. Hakes, M.R.C.S., occupied the chair at the commencement of the evening, and addressed some remarks to the meeting on the absence of any necessity for alcoholic liquors as beverages; but, being obliged to leave, was succeeded by D. T. Woodward, Esq., whose work and labour of love in this cause, in connexion with his brother, the Vicar, has been so abundantly blessed. As a proof of this it may be mentioned that the erection of a new church which has lately been opened (St. Nathaniel's) was rendered necessary in consequence of the numbers brought back to the fold directly and indirectly by the Temperance work in this parish. We are glad to say that the earnest and devoted Incumbent (Rev. R. Hobson) of the new church is a Total Abstainer. On Tuesday evening a very
interesting drawing-room conference was held on this subject at D. T. Woodward, Esq.'s, at which, at Mr. Woodward's request, Mr. Rooke made a statement in reference to the object and means of the Church of England Temperance Society, after which a discussion followed, in which the clergy and laity present took part. Among those present were the Ven. the Archdeacon Townsend, Rev. A. Lefroy, Rev. H. Woodward, Rev. — Stubbs, Rev. — O'Brien, Rev. — McGowán, Mr. Parry, Mr. Irvine, Mr. Chambers, Mr. Grisewood, Mr. H. Evans, &c., &c.

Young Women's Christian Association.—Last evening the Rev. Thomas Rooke, M.A., Secretary of the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society of London, delivered an earnest address to the young women of the above Association, at the institute in Great George-square, on the question of Total Abstinence. The rev. gentleman alluded to the many temptations which beset the path of the young women and young men of the present day with reference to Intemperance. He exhorted them for their own personal safety, as well as others', to set their faces against the drinking customs of society and use their influence in their various spheres to forward the Temperance reformation.—Liverpool Courier.

On the evening of the 17th ult. a very interesting and successful meeting was held in Abbey-town Schoolroom. The Rector, the Rev. A. Ashworth, presided. Mr. Lambert and the Rev. Wm. Shepherd, our Diocesan Secretary for Carlisle, attended, and gave admirable addresses. Several signatures were added to the list of Abstainers.

FACTS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

I now come to the previous religious education of these 1,000 prisoners; 724 are Protestants, connected with various denominations in the proportions I have before given. Of these Protestant prisoners 644 out of the 724 have been at Sunday-schools between seven and eight years each on an average. Of the 80 whom I have not included among Sunday scholars, many attended Sunday-schools for short periods. There is one fact connected with my investigations in the prison so sad and so startling that I almost dread to mention it; but the publication of it will, I trust, produce a very large amount of good, and make Sunday-school teachers more earnest than they have ever hitherto been to keep away from their folds that ravenous wolf, intoxicating drink. Out of the 724 Protestant prisoners, 81 have been Sunday-school teachers for longer or shorter periods (some so long as fifteen and twenty years), namely 65 males and 16 females. I may mention that in the Leeds Gaol, a few years ago, it was found that out of 230 prisoners 23 had been Sunday-school teachers. Last year surprise was felt by many who read my report that many of the Sunday scholars were not able to read. There really is nothing surprising in this. Many have forgotten how to read, although they could read when young. I have been told by some that they have not had a book in their hands for many years.—Rev. W. Caine's Report to Governors of Salford Gaol.
THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.
NEW YEAR'S SONG
OF THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

By S. J. Stone, B.A., Author of "Lyra Fidelium."

Children of the Church! though lonely
  Oft the journey of your life,
Though your pilgrim souls may only
  Taste the weariness and strife—
Ye have yet a strength supplied you,
  Ye have yet a holy joy,
Which, though by the world denied you,
  All the world cannot destroy.

'Tis the saintly pure communion
  Binding ever all in one,
Born of that mysterious union
  With the Father, Spirit, Son;
One your birthright of salvation,
  And the fruit of Jesus's love,
One your golden expectation
  Of Jerusalem above.

Onward then, to-day, to-morrow,
  Through the travail of the years;
Bearing one another's sorrow,
  Feeling one another's fears.
And, when foes would confound you,
  Think of those whose work is done;
See those *witnesses around you,
  Brethren who have fought and won.

And with angels high in heaven,
  As with saints in Eden's rest,
Know that fellowship is given,
  And your travail is thrice blest.
So complete is your communion,
  So made perfect its accord;
Linking with you in its union,
  Saints and angels and the Lord.

* Heb. xii. 1.
INFLUENCE.

BY LOUISE FITZPATRICK MURES.

CHAPTER I.

HEROISM.

“Deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done.”
PARADISE REGAINED.

Chesterman was a large manufacturing town in the north of England. Its inhabitants lived under a perpetual canopy of smoke, which issued from the tall chimneys of the mills and factories. The heavy lumbering drays, vans, and omnibuses—the narrow pavements, crowded with people hurrying to their various employments—all these contributed to the busy aspect of the place.

Quiet streets, however, there were, and among them St. Stephen's-street, so called from the adjacent church, and which branched off from the noisy thoroughfare, Canonsgate. The houses in this street were large and commodious, and were chiefly occupied by medical men, among whom none was more eminence than Dr. Moncrieffe.

Not more than three minutes' walk from quiet St. Stephen's-street was a large open space, partially enclosed by iron railings, the scene, from time to time, of low fairs, and sales of earthenware. Facing the market-place were several public-houses and gin-palaces.

It was a stormy windy night, not one on which people would choose to loiter, and yet there were thinly-clad women and ragged men who stopped to listen to the sounds of noisy mirth, which came from the brightly-lighted gin-palaces, and dangerous though it was to listen, it was destruction to enter.

Standing before the "Crystal Palace," was a young woman; she was tall and well-made, a shawl was thrown over her head and shoulders, nearly hiding her face, and her whole bearing betokened modesty. It was only when the door opened that the glaring light revealed the delicate beauty of her features. Well indeed it was that the shawl obscured her charms. She had been waiting there a long time, not from any desire to enter, for she shuddered as her ear caught the frequent oaths and obscene songs. During her watch several persons entered the "Palace," and among them—saddest of sights—a young girl who could not have been more than sixteen; she was dressed in tawdry finery, with a turban hat and red feather. Casting a contemptuous look on the girl in the shawl, she exclaimed—"Here again!" and then reeled against the door, which easily yielded on its well-oiled hinges. Had there been a step she would have fallen, but steps there were none, so cleverly contrived are these pitfalls to entrap the drunkard.

"Oh don't go in! Do go home!"
"I must have more drink," she
hicoughed; "I am so... so... so cold."

"How long—how long will this go on?" cried the girl in the shawl.

"Ah, you may well ask, child," said a voice behind her; "it will go on till we are in our graves."

The speaker was a thin haggard-looking woman.

"I did not know you had come."

"Yes, I have come to lead that brute of mine home. Oh! if it was not for the children, do you think I would fetch him night after night? I cannot think what you are always a-hanging about for your father for; you'd get your living easy enough, I reckon. It's not as if you had half-a-dozen children crying for food, and all so little that you could not leave them to go and do a day's work. It is hard then!"

Both the women started; for at this moment, above the noise of revelry, was the deep sound of the church clock.

"There!" continued the last speaker, scornfully, "now we shall have these kind loving husbands and fathers!"

And so it was. The usually obsequious landlord could now afford to treat his customers with contempt, for all their money had been transferred from their pockets to his till. Among others, a tall man came out, and when his eyes fell upon the two women, he went towards them, muttering a savage oath, and with his hand raised as if to strike them.

Cries of "So, she's come for you again!" "I'd give it her!" made the younger of the two draw back, and, as the drunken men pressed closer to her, she turned and fled across the open market-place; and with shouts and laughter, those who were able joined in the pursuit.

She screamed as they overtook her; and, urged on by the rest, the tall man seized her by the throat. But her screams, and the shouts of the men, soon collected a crowd, and two policemen were quickly on the spot, for they were always on the alert at the closing hour. When they reached the crowd, the man loosed his hold, and the girl, who had seemed nearly strangled, suddenly became aware of what was taking place.

"We'll take him to the lock-up, and you must appear against him in the morning."

"Oh! no; you must not take him; you must not take him!" cried the girl, throwing her arms round the prisoner's neck. "He's my own dear father. You must not take him; he never hurts me when he is sober."

"Well, if the silly girl won't give him in charge, he must go; but you'd better let us take him. Maybe he'll hurt you again."

"Oh, no! please let me take him home."

The policemen shrugged their shoulders and walked away, and the crowd began to disperse; for these sad scenes were, alas! too common in Chesterman. Here was indeed heroism, which not one of all that crowd could appreciate. The girl took her father's hand, and led him away. He walked sullenly and silently along, partially sobered by what had taken place; and, wretched as their home was, it was a relief to them both to reach it.

It was a miserable room in which
they lived; for, though very clean, it contained scarcely an article of furniture.

"Have you anything to give me, Katherine?" the man asked.

"No, father; but I will make you a cup of coffee, if you like."

He did not make any reply, but threw himself in his clothes on the bed in the corner of the room, and soon gave loud proof of being fast asleep.

Now that the excitement was dying away, Katherine's throat began to give her great pain, but she did not know what to do to it, so she quietly slipped away into her own room and cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

THE MEETING.

"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face."

LADY OF THE LAKE.

In a large pleasant room in St. Stephen's-street, sat Dr. Moncrieffe and his family at breakfast. "What time does your friend come to-day, Helen?" asked Mrs. Moncrieffe, addressing her youngest daughter.

"At two o'clock, mamma?"

"Then you will want the brougham; your sister and I are going to make some calls; but we can arrange that afterwards."

"Who is Miss Hartleigh like?" enquired Hugh Moncrieffe.

"I don't think she is quite like any one I know; and yet she reminds me sometimes of Katherine Wray."

Both Hugh and his father started, and there was an uncomfortable silence, which Helen tried to break by describing her friend's appearance.

"She is a slight fragile little thing, with great violet-coloured eyes and dark brown hair. Her face is very pale, but her lips are very rosy, and she has such merry-looking dimples when she smiles."

"I wish, dear, she was coming when the weather was pleasanter; it is very cold, and the wind was fearful last night. Did you not think so, my dear; you had to go out very late?"

"Yes, it was very cold," replied Dr. Moncrieffe, rather crossly, as he rose from the table. "Hugh, I want you in my room when you have finished."

"What is the matter with papa, Hugh?" asked Helen.

"I don't know that anything is the matter. He only wants to see me about some patient, I suppose," replied Hugh, carelessly.

Dr. and Mrs. Moncrieffe had three children. Jane, the eldest, was cold, formal, and forbidding in her manners. Hugh had just completed his medical course, and, after having visited several foreign hospitals, he had come home to assist his father in his practice. Helen, the youngest, had only left school a few months before this story begins. Her friend, Miss Hartleigh, who was coming to visit her, had finished her education at the same time. Helen and her brother were very much alike, both having good features and frank open expressions.

"Hugh," began Dr. Moncrieffe, abruptly, when his son entered the consulting-room, "you don't mean to say that you have not forgotten old Wray's daughter?"

"No," replied Hugh, feeling sur.
prised at the question; "I certainly have not forgotten Miss Wray."

"Miss Wray!" sneered his father; "you should have seen Miss Wray last night, with a shawl drawn over her head like a mill-girl, and screaming and shouting among a number of drunken men!"

"Where?" cried Hugh.

"To tell the truth, I did not mean to have said anything about it, but you provoked me to mention it."

Then Dr. Moncrieffe related what had occurred in the market-place the evening before; and, to do him justice, was guilty of no exaggeration.

"What a brute!" muttered Hugh.

"Poor Katherine! Where did they go?"

"How should I know? I am not in the habit of following drunkards to their homes. If I had come from Brown's in a cab I should not have seen the affair at all; and I wish I had not. But do you mean to say, Hugh, that you do not know where Katherine Wray lives?" asked the doctor, as he turned to leave the room.

"No," he replied; but when his father was gone, he added, "but I will find her, and take her from that wretch! Poor Wray! When I was a child, I used to look upon him as a wonderful man; so gentlemanly in his manners, and very clever, my father says, he was. Let me see what I have got to do to-day. Oh, dear, I promised Denham I would go to the Infirmary for him. I wonder what will be the best way of finding where Katherine lives."

Hugh had not much time to think then of any plan, and when he had seen all his patients it was time to go to the Infirmary.

He had finished his rounds, and was on the point of leaving, full of thankfulness that his time was at last at his own disposal. But he was mistaken. There was a knock at the door, which he answered rather sharply. It was the matron.

"If you please, Sir, will you come and see a young woman who is in my room before you go? She lodges with my sister, who brought her. It seems that last night her drunken father tried to strangle her, and my sister brought her to ask me to see her throat; but I wish, Sir, you would be so good as to look at it yourself."

What was it that caused Hugh's heart to beat so rapidly, and made it difficult to answer the matron?

As he passed along the corridor, he argued with himself that there were hundreds of drunken fathers in Chesterman.

Just as they reached the matron's room, some one called loudly "Mrs. Murray, you are wanted directly in No. 4 Ward."

"Coming!" she replied. "This is the room, Sir, and that is the young person. I will try and be back directly, Sir," and Mrs. Murray, after placing a chair for the doctor, hurried away.

The young woman was sitting over the fire, with her face buried in her hands, and she did not look up until Mr. Moncrieffe said—"I am sorry to hear you are hurt; what is the matter?"

She started at the sound of his voice, and, looking up, their eyes met.

"Katherine!"

"Hugh!"

And then her cheeks flushed, and
she tried to recall the word. "Oh, Mr. Moncrieffe, this makes it so hard to bear; for indeed I must forget you."

"Oh, Katherine! how can you want to forget me, when you are in every thought of mine?"

"Oh! but indeed you must forget me. You must forget me for your own sake; not one of your family would speak to me. My father and I are outcasts; and I cannot give him up. If I were to give him up there would be no one to care for him."

"I do not want you to give him up. Katherine, I love you with all my heart, my darling, and your future life shall be so happy that it shall blot out the remembrance of the past. Oh, how thankful I am that I have found you!"

And he folded his arms round her, and she did not resist any more; and her head fell upon his shoulder.

Hugh was not home in time for luncheon; but he told the servant to bring him something to eat in his own room, and he added—"I will have water to drink. I do not want either wine or beer."

When the tray was brought in, there was no water, but a decanter of sherry.

"I told you I wanted water."

"Yes, Sir, I will fetch some; but Miss Moncrieffe told me to bring this."

But Saunders was so long before he returned, that Hugh had eaten his bread and cheese and drunk a couple of glasses of sherry, which he afterwards regretted, for he had made up his mind, as he left the Infirmary, that he would not touch again what had caused Katherine so much misery.

At length Saunders came in.

"I am sorry to have been so long, Sir, but mistress's bell rang for me."

"Well, never mind; but always in future put some water on the table."

"Oh, Sir, you aren't never going to be one of them low teetotters!" cried the usually respectful Saunders, forgetting his grammar in his consternation.

"I don't know what I shall become," laughed Hugh. "Is the doctor out?"

"Yes, Sir; he had lunch early, and said he should not be back till dinner-time. Miss Hartleigh's come, Sir; she is with Miss Helen in the breakfast-room."

"Will you tell Miss Helen I want to speak to her a minute?"

"Mary's come, Hugh!" exclaimed his sister, as she came in. "Come and speak to her."

"I shall be very pleased to do so; but I want you a minute or two. Nelly, I have seen Katherine!"

"Katherine! Oh, Hugh, I am glad for your sake."

"Hush! don't speak so loud, Nelly."

"Where did you see her?"

"I promised Denham to go to the Infirmary for him this morning, and there I found her. She is lodging at the house of the matron's sister."

"Lodging at the Infirmary!"

"Oh, no; but she has been hurt, and the matron's sister brought her."

"But, dear Hugh, forgive me for seeming so stupid, why should she go there for advice? Mr. Wray is in Chesterman too, I suppose; and he is such a clever surgeon."

"He had been drinking," said Hugh, sorrowfully.
"How astonished you must both have been," said Helen, after a pause. "Is she just the same?"

"Yes, more beautiful, I think; but she looks very delicate."

"When shall you see her again?"

"Not till to-morrow; then I am going to their lodgings. Nelly, what do you think? They called here about six months ago, when you were at school and I was abroad, and my father treated Wray so coldly and pharisaically that Wray declared that he would sooner starve than come here again."

"Is he so badly off?"

"Yes. Katherine says on the Continent he gambled to such an extent that he dissipated both Mrs. Wray's fortune and his own. And since his wife's death, he has been drinking fearfully; but he has had no money to gamble with. I fancy, from what Katherine said, he was obliged to leave Paris. But, Helen, think of my father treating him as he has done! Why it was Wray's practice that brought him into note: he had very little to do till he joined Wray."

"Hugh," said Helen, dropping her voice; "I know poor Mr. Wray drank dreadfully, but why did he have to go away so suddenly?"

"He was unsuccessful in an operation, and they said he was intoxicated at the time. And I believe he was; because he was very clever. But we will talk of this another time. Don't say one word, Nelly; I shall not, until I have called at the lodgings. Now, come, and introduce me to your friend."

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SCRAPS.

The Rev. W. N. was taking a walk, and a lady met him. Said she: "You have had the ague, I hear." Said he: "Yes." Said she: "That is the effect of being a Teetotaller." Said he: "Have you had the ague?" Said she: "Yes." Said he: "Are you a Teetotaller?" Said she: "No." Said he: "Then you had the ague because you are not a Teetotaller." This was tit for tat; wasn't it?

The Convivial Question.—If the United Kingdom Alliance could succeed in destroying the liquor trade, they would destroy intellectual society. How long could even the cleverest men endure each other's conversation if they had no wine to sit and talk over?—Punch. [Our friend Punch has evidently not been accustomed to the society of Teetotallers, or he would have known that they, and among them "the cleverest men," can not only "endure" but enjoy "each other's conversation" without any alcoholic stimulants. He seems to think wine necessary even to "endure" clever conversation! Poor Punch!—Ed C. T. M.]
THE CHILDREN’S CORNER.

UNION; OR, THE LONG-TAILED MONKEYS THAT HELPED ONE ANOTHER.

WHILE addressing a large gathering of Sunday-school children in my church, who had assembled to celebrate the Jubilee of the Sunday-school Union, in speaking of the importance of union, I told them the following story of a monkey-bridge: A party of long-tailed monkeys wanted to cross a narrow river, over which there was no bridge. After discussing things among themselves, the ingenious creatures ran to the tree that grew on the bank of the river; climbing the tree, the largest of them grasped a strong branch, a second monkey laid firm hold of the first one’s tail, a third took hold of the second monkey’s tail, and so on, until they formed a long string, hanging down nearly to the surface of the river.

A traveller, who was in the distance, then saw them begin to swing backward and forward, until the last monkey was able with his claws to catch hold of a tree on the opposite side of the river. This monkey then began to ascend the tree until he gained the same height as his comrade, who was still holding on to the tree on the opposite side of the river.

After some monkeys, who were still waiting on this side, had passed over on this monkey-bridge, a signal was given, and the first monkey gently let go his hold, and the whole unbroken chain was quickly hanging on the opposite side of the water. A loud chattering of joy was heard, and in a moment the monkeys were capering about in all directions.

How much may be done by union and brotherly kindness!

But few quarrels would happen between brothers and sisters if they would be like the long-tailed monkeys, and “help one another.”

Let us have the dear children of the country united together, linked together by the chain of Total Abstinence, so as to form a bridge to span the dark waters of Intemperance, over which our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, may pass in safety.—Youth’s Temperance Banner.
THE BISHOPS OF ELY AND ROCHESTER ON INTEMPERANCE.

The Bishop of Ely, in a very able charge just published, says: “Intemperance, which seems the vice of a ruder age than this, is still as rife as ever it was, probably riper. How to oppose, check, counteract it, is a difficult problem indeed. I have already asked the special attention of my diocese to this subject in our rural deaneries. I need not say that religion and intemperance cannot thrive on the same soil.” Amongst the suggestions mentioned in the appendix for promoting a better observance of the Sabbath, are the payment of wages on Friday, and earlier closing of public-houses on Saturday, but the total closing of them on Sunday was, unfortunately, but quite accidentally omitted. In his recent charge the Bishop of Rochester, in speaking of the necessity of holding conferences for the discussion of social questions, says: “Indeed every subject which relates to the well-being of the people, either as regards their morals, their habits of life, their physical condition, their dwellings, the oversight of them, in what bears upon all, these would engross the attention of these synods in turn. When I find that of 600 parishes not less than half are reported to be worse or no better as regards drunkenness within the last seven years; when a clergyman within eleven miles of London writes thus: ‘Sabbath breaking, blasphemy, drunkenness, and immorality are the evils we have to contend against—one-half of my parish is continually changing—nearly all who come in are utterly indifferent to religion. On the Sunday, when the excursion trains come down, there is not a woman, lady or humble, who is not insulted’ (one might suppose one was reading the Annals of Heathendom, and not of a Christian community); it is surely high time that they who have discernment to see that all this will increase with more than ungodliness, should meet together and consider what can be done to stay this torrent of profaneness.”

VISITING AND TRACT DISTRIBUTION.

I wish more was said and more was written upon the important duty of Teetotallers visiting the drinkers at their own houses. I read many of the reports of our societies, and I find little or nothing recorded on this subject, and in the treasurers’ accounts seldom are to be found any items of expenditure for tracts devoted to this object. Without frequent visitations, my decided opinion is, that no society can be in a prosperous condition. Our ordinary meetings are thinly attended; people don’t flock to them and crowd the doors as they did thirty years ago; and unless we go to the people in this way, the great mass will remain untaught and uncared for as it respects Temperance. Without the experiment
no one knows the value of visitations. The poor fellows who are enslaved to drink cherish the idea that nobody cares for them; and when you go and sit down at their fireside, and talk to them in a kind and sympathizing spirit, they are delighted to find that they have some one who is still anxious for their welfare, and their parting request generally is, “When will you call again?” It is on these occasions that the wretched victims to appetite and custom begin to experience a hope that, after all, they may get delivered from their besetting sin. The wife is sure to be with you, and to do all she can to make your words impressive, and the children listen with delight. And while you are teaching one you are teaching all, for you should never omit to show that it is invariably the first glass, often taken early in life, that leads on to excessive drinking. Frequently other drinkers, who have seen you go into the house, follow to hear what you have to say, and this gives you an opportunity of speaking to them also. In most cases you will find that these men have tried Teetotalism, and they will tell you how happy they were when they kept it. It is by these services that our meetings are to be replenished, and without them our present meetings, in addressing the few who come, are attended with poor results. The fact is, that religious people depend too exclusively upon the pulpit, and Teetotallers upon the platform. Unless there is a greater mixing of the classes—the rich with the poor, the wise with the ignorant, the good with the bad, and the abstainers with the drinkers—we may go on as we have been doing, lamenting the awful amount of crime and drunkenness, but making very little real progress.

In our ordinary visitations we can only find time to call here and there, chiefly upon those who are known to be tipplers or drunkards, and, going into any of our back streets and asking for such, the neighbours are always ready to point them out. But when time will allow there is no better plan than taking the houses door to door. In Preston we have a special visitation of the town, from door to door, once a-year, and leave at each door a tract called, “A New Year’s Address.” We print 20,000 of this, which is the estimated number of houses in the town and surrounding villages. When this visitation has been driven too late in the year, as often has been the case, there is little time for speaking to the inmates; but if the distribution were made to run over a month or six weeks, with the same staff, say about 40 good Teetotallers, then every family might receive the benefit of a few kindly admonitions and a little instruction on the importance of abstaining and joining the Temperance people.

(To be continued.)

AN EFFECTIVE LECTURE.—A drunken father once sold the Testament of a sick child to obtain a drink of whisky. When dying she said, “Father, I am going to see Jesus; what shall I tell him that you did with my Testament?” From that hour the father gave up his cup.
CORRESPONDENCE.

NOAH'S SUPPOSED DRUNKENNESS; THE EFFECT OF ALCOHOL ON THE TEMPERATURE OF THE BODY, AND ITS EFFECT IN DESTROYING THE HEATHEN.

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

SIR,—In my "note" on Genesis ix. 21, in the No. of our Magazine for June, 1865, I quoted the opinion of Parkhurst that Noah was not drunk, and I added a note from the Critici Sacri to the same effect. I find that a writer in a new periodical, entitled Biblical Notes and Queries, has arrived at the same conclusion, from an examination of the meaning of the Hebrew words used respecting Noah. He says: "It is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the Bible, in comparison with all other books, that it makes no attempt to conceal the faults of its most illustrious characters; in this we see its more than human character and origin. Yet, in not a few cases, real injustice has been done to some of those persons by the mistranslations of versions. Noah is among the number, inasmuch as he is represented in the common English translation as suffering himself to be overcome by wine, and 'drunken,' though he had seen a terrible deluge sweep ruthlessly away such as were 'eating and drinking,' and forgetting his own 'preaching' and God's threatenings. The Common Version is wrong in two particulars. In Gen. ix. 20 we read that Noah 'began to be a husbandman.' It should be rendered: 'And Noah remains a husbandman,' implying that it was no new occupation to him; the verb is translated 'stayed' in chapter viii. 10, 12. And, secondly, we read that he was 'drunken'; but it should be 'merry' [or rather, 'drank largely'], as it is translated in Gen. xlili. 34; Joseph's brethren 'were merry [or drank largely, as it is in the margin] with him.' It occurs also in Solomon's Song v. 1, and is translated, 'drink abundantly'; but should be 'drink, yea, be merry (or sweet), 0 beloved'; as it was wine mixed with milk the spouse was urged to partake of. Noah's nakedness is easily accounted for by the loose flowing robes of the Orientals, and had Noah been guilty of the crime of drunkenness at the time, it is not likely the Holy Spirit of God would have come upon him in such true prophetic power."

In another new periodical lately sent to me, of quite another character—namely, Nature, a weekly illustrated journal of science, I find a little paragraph which will be very interesting to all total abstainers from intoxicating drinks. The paragraph is headed "Effect of Alcohol on Animal Heat," and the writer of it says: "Cuny Bouvier affirms as the result of experiments on rabbits (apparently carefully conducted, with due sense of sources of error), that alcohol lowers the temperature of the body, in small doses to a slight, and in large doses to a very marked degree."—Archiv. f.ü. Physiol. ii. 370.
The Temperance movement is now making such progress that something in favour of it presents itself wherever we turn. I have before me a third periodical—namely, The Missionary Exhibition Rambler. The fifth number of it has an admirable article on "Fire-water." The writer of it begins by saying: "Not the least amongst the arguments in favour of missionary effort is the manifest duty of endeavouring to remedy the wrongs inflicted on the heathen by visitors from Christian lands." He goes on to say: "No one can have read, even cursorily, the history of mission work without having been impressed with a sense of the fearful injury which the white man's fire-water has done amongst the heathen. In many cases it is at once the thing which intensifies the need for missionary efforts, and the thing which constitutes the greatest hindrance to their success. The missionary goes to the heathen to take the bread of life, and he finds that his countrymen have been there before him with the waters of destruction—bodily destruction, as well as spiritual, for amongst the North American Indians, whole races have become extinct through the deadly agency of the fire-water."

But, alas! it is not only the missionary's countrymen who have carried the fire-water amongst the poor heathen, but very often the missionary himself! In my opinion, none but earnest Teetotallers ought to be sent out as missionaries to the heathen by any of our Missionary Societies. When the prophet Habakkuk utters his glorious prediction, "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea"; he adds, most remarkably, in the next verse, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that pourest out thy poison to him"—for so it is in the original. (Habakkuk ii. 14, 15.) The prophet Isaiah also speaks in the same strain—"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." (Isaiah xi. 9.)

Manchester.

WILLIAM CAINE, M.A.

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Extract from a letter from a Hindoo to his father, dated Bayswater, Sept. 10, 1869: "There are many persons in this country who seldom, if ever, taste the best of drinks, cold, pure water. They almost always allay their thirst by draughts of a bitter fluid called beer."—Record.

Home-made Spirits.—The quantity of home-made spirits on which duty was paid in the United Kingdom for home consumption as beverage in the first three quarters of the year 1869 was 15,345,552 gallons, an increase of 605,073 gallons over the corresponding period of 1868, but a small decrease from the quantity of 1867. The quantity retained for consumption in the first three quarters of 1869 was 8,217,275 gallons in England, 3,645,553 gallons in Scotland, 3,482,724 gallons in Ireland, all of them larger quantities than in 1868, and the quantity in England and in Scotland larger also than in 1867.—Times, Dec. 1.
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of GOD.—1 Cor. x. 31.

OUR WORKHOUSES AT CHRISTMAS.

THE Standard of the 27th December contained an account of the good cheer provided for the indoor poor, at twenty-seven of our London and Suburban workhouses, on Christmas-day. Can it be believed, that at all but two (and they are perhaps not included, owing to the omission of the reporter to chronicle the fact), ale, strong beer, or stout, was given to the paupers at their dinner? During the rest of the year, the inmates are not allowed (except under medical order) to partake of intoxicating liquors; and we have the testimony of 200 Governors of workhouses (as published in the Appendix to the Valuable Report of the Committee on Intemperance for the Lower House of Convocation, and which we have very little doubt could be supplemented by the testimony of the rest of the Governors of workhouses), that the health of paupers does not suffer by abstaining from intoxicating drinks, but is much better without them.
We have made a short analysis of the intoxicants consumed in these workhouses, which we now lay before our readers. The quantity given appears to have been generally one pint at dinner to each adult; in two instances, the quantity given was two pints each, one at dinner, and one at supper; in one half-a-pint; and in one a glass of wine. At one workhouse the pudding contained fifteen gallons of old ale; at another two gallons of brandy; at a third thirty quarts of ale; and at a fourth ale and porter, but the quantity is not stated. At one workhouse, an additional treat was to be given on Boxing-day, when the men were to have beer, and the women egg-flip (the component parts of egg-flip are ale, eggs, brandy or gin, sugar and nutmeg).

The number of recipients were upwards of 22,000, and the quantity of ale or porter they consumed may be calculated at about 3,000 gallons, which at one shilling a gallon amounts to 150l. — 150l. spent in one day, within a prescribed circle for an article, that the Governors of workhouses say the inmates are better without! But we have not done yet. At the majority of these workhouses, the inmates were further regaled with tobacco and snuff. We are not quite clear whether tobacco and snuff were given to both males and females, or whether the males had both, and the females only snuff; or the males the one, and the females the other; but our impression is from reading the account, that in most cases the inmates received both, and the quantity given would seem to be about one ounce of tobacco, and half-an-ounce of snuff. With regard to the quality, we are left in the dark, and so we are as to which of the various "mixtures" was deemed the best for them. Be that as it may, the total quantity disposed of in those workhouses that are stated to have given the narcotic poison to the inmates we may calculate at about 1200 lbs.

Now, surely for all this extra expenditure some benefit was to be gained by somebody. The only question is cui bono? Was it for the benefit of the paupers, to whom on the other 364 days of the year these extras are not given? No. And why? Because those whose observation best entitles their testimony to be accepted, say they are better without them. Now, if they be better without these poisons, was it right and just to them, that they should be permitted
to revive a taste for articles that they cannot have at another time, the deprivation of which on the days following Christmas-day, must far outweigh any temporary pleasure they might have derived during the few moments occupied in the liquor passing down their throats? Was it for the benefit of the ratepayers of the various unions, who, if these intoxicants had not been given, would not have to make good the cost? The question answers itself—No. We may, by the way, remark that in one of these unions, the Poor’s rate is stated to amount to 4s. 2d. in the pound; in another to 3s. 7½d.; in another to 3s. 4½d.; in a fourth to 3s. 2d., &c. It seems to us that the only individuals who are benefited are the brewers, and the tobacco sellers, who supply their wares. We do not wish to detract from any merit that may be attached to the distribution: the intention may have been good; but oh! what mistaken kindness! Mistaken kindness emanating from careless and thoughtless persons; and we are justified in saying this, when the testimony is so overwhelming that about 70 or 80 per cent. of the pauperism of this country is caused through drink. Thus intoxicating drink has been given as a treat to 70 at least out of every 100 of the paupers, who would admit, that but for it they would never have been where they are.

Shall this sin, for sin we deem it, be allowed to be committed every Christmas? If not, can any plan be adopted to put a stop to such an anomaly as it is? Yes, and a very simple one. Let the ratepayers look to it as a personal duty for the future, that their representatives at the Board of Guardians shall promise not to permit this grievous mistake, to call it by the mildest term, to be made hereafter. By all means let the inmates have a treat, we would be the last to refuse one, but let it take the shape of an evening’s entertainment—say on Boxing-night; it could be well carried out for the money expended on Beer and Tobacco, and it would be something that they would have pleasure in anticipating, and afterwards still greater pleasure in looking back upon. H. C. G.

Managers and Secretaries of Temperance Societies who may be anxious to extend the circulation of the Magazine, may become agents on favourable terms by applying to the Office, 6, Adam-street, Adelphi, London, W.C.
MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

[We shall be glad to have short accounts of the various Church Temperance Societies' meetings for insertion under this head.]

Leamington.—A correspondent writes: "A very promising work has been commenced in the southern part of Leamington by the formation of a new Band of Hope. On Monday evening last the children were regaled with tea and cake, and afterwards addressed by the Rev. R. B. Feast and the Rev. T. E. Franklyn. The room was well filled, and although only five months have elapsed since its formation, the Society already numbers 150."

Bristol.—"The British Workman," a "public-house without the drink," was opened on Dec 29, the Mayor of Bristol taking the chair at the opening meeting. It has been established by two earnest and energetic ladies, who have long interested themselves in the welfare of the working classes. An outline of its proposed operations—including cheap and good food, reading-rooms, lectures, classes, and a dormitory—was read by C. Nash, Esq. The rooms were crowded, both at the opening tea and subsequent meeting, which was addressed by the Mayor, Rev. J. E. Nash, Mr. Fox, Mr. C. Nash, Rev. Thomas Rooke, Mr. Hellicar, Major Tubby, and others. On Twelfth-night the first Temperance meeting was held, preceded by a tea. The rooms were again crowded. The chair was occupied by Mr. F. Fox, and addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Mr. C. Nash, Mr. Thornton, Mr. T. Jones, Rev. T. Rooke, and several working men spoke most admirably and effectively. We heartily wish this institution success. It is the second of the kind recently opened under the auspices, and by the exertions of the friends of our Church Temperance Movement; "The Workman's Institute," Lewin's Mead, having been inaugurated some months earlier, and is now successfully carrying on its useful work.

Lower Norwood Association.—On Monday evening, December 27, the annual tea-meeting of this Society was held under the presidency of Mr. W Hitchcock. Prizes were distributed to several members of the Band of Hope, and addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Mr. Beaven, Rev. T. Rooke, and others. The report was read by Mr. Pape, Hon. Sec.

St. James's, Clerkenwell.—On Saturday evening, January 8, the Rev. T. Rooke lectured before this Association, on "The Evil, and How to Remedy it." On the motion of the Rev. Charles Ough, who occupied the chair, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the lecturer. This Association has Temperance meetings in the new hall, Rosoman-street (to which so many of our readers so kindly and liberally recently subscribed) every Monday and Saturday evening.

Windsor.—The monthly meeting was held in the schoolroom on Monday, Jan. 3, the Rev. the Vicar in the chair.
Camden Temperance Society, Camden Hall, King-street, Camden-town.—On Monday last George Mudie, Esq., presided, and addressed a good audience till the arrival of the lecturer. The Chairman took a review of the origin and history of the Temperance movement, showing that, like Christianity, from which it had sprung, it had begun amongst the poor and lowly, but that now it was recognised as a power in the world. After the singing of a hymn, the Chairman introduced the Rev. J. N. Worsfold, who, as Vicar of Christ Church, Somers-town, had recently founded a society in his own parish. He divided the subject of his new year’s address into four parts—looking back, looking up, looking in, and looking forward. The indirect benefits to society, and the many personal benefits to individuals which called for a grateful acknowledgment of God’s goodness and blessing; the necessity for self-examination, and of its mission by too many who owed all they possessed to Total-abstinence, showing the need for the exhortation to be true to the principle and the work, and passing on the blessing to others; thus giving hope in the future of far greater success—were points in the lecture which the Rev. gentleman urged with much eloquence, and elicited great applause. The usual thanks, and a few concluding remarks from the Chairman, brought an excellent meeting to a close.

Holy Trinity, Platt Branch.—On Saturday evening the annual meeting was held in the schoolroom, and a crowded and intelligent audience listened to the addresses of the Rev. Robert Gardiner, B.A., of St. Paul’s, Hulme, and Mr. William Touchstone.

New Societies.—New Societies are about being formed at Rochester Church, Ashbourne, Derbyshire; St. Margaret’s, Whalley-range, Manchester; Whitworth Church, Rochdale; and Holy Trinity, Blackburn.

Astley.—Last week a successful meeting was held at Astley. About 300 persons sat down to tea, and, after tea was over, some 50 or 60 more arrived. At the meeting the Rev. Dr. Hewlett took the chair, and addresses were delivered by the Chairman and Mr. J. W. Diggle, Scholar of Merton College, Oxford. The meeting was thoroughly enthusiastic. There were numerous recitations and glee, and altogether a happy evening was spent. Eighteen persons joined the Society after the meeting was over.

St. Paul’s, Hulme.—On Sunday last the Rev. Robert Gardiner preached an eloquent sermon on the text, “Why stand ye here all the day idle?” He alluded to the prevalence of intemperance, and urged all to do away with the cause of it.

Ramsbottom.—On Monday, January 4, Mr. James Taylor lectured to about 700 people in the national schoolroom, Ramsbottom, on “Education and Temperance.” The Rev. James Hornby Butcher was in the chair.

Westminster Christian Abstainers’ Union.—On Friday evening, Jan. 14, the Rev. Thomas Rooke delivered an effective lecture, which was listened to with much interest, on the subject, “Who Slew all These?” H. C. Greenwood, Esq., occupied the chair, and made some telling observations at the opening and close of the meeting.
INTOXICATING DRINK THE CHIEF EXTERNAL OBSTACLE TO THE SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL AMONGST THE HEATHEN.

In my note in the last number of the Magazine I quoted from a paper by my friend, Rev. E. Hewlett, in the Missionary Exhibition Rambler, on "Firewater." He mentions the gratifying fact that the refreshment-rooms of the interesting Missionary Exhibition now in Manchester "have been kept altogether free from firewater." When shall we be able to say that the dining-room of every Christian bishop, and clergyman, and layman, and woman, in this kingdom "is kept altogether free from firewater?" They profess to wish to save the heathen at home and abroad, while, at the same time, they encourage and keep in existence the very firewater which is destroying hundreds of thousands of baptised heathens around them in Great Britain and Ireland, and cutting off whole nations of poor heathens abroad!! Whither has departed the consistency of professing Christians? In the Illustrated London News of Jan. 1, 1870, there is a review of a book, entitled "The Last of the Tasmanians." Its author is James Bonwick, F.R.G.S. The publishers are Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. The reviewer says: "This book may be said to exercise over the reader a sort of horrible fascination, such as might compel one, having once begun, to go on wading through the pages of the 'Newgate Calendar.' It is a fearful history of crime—of spoliation, and outrage, and murder; it tells a story of complete extermination wrought by the pioneers of civilisation and Christianity. It reveals a picture which would make one blush for one's name, and colour, and religion, if one did not indignantly refuse to admit that the prime causers of the scenes described are fair specimens of the name, and colour, and religion... The reader's first and most natural impulse is to hope that Mr. Bonwick's account may be untrue; but, unfortunately, the hope grows fainter and fainter, as page after page is turned over, and unimpeachable evidence is advanced, and nothing remains at the last but to pray with him that his narrative may at least have the effect of exciting a tender regard for existing aboriginal races. . . . The last of the Tasmanians died March 3, 1869, aged thirty-four. His name was William Lanny, or Lanney, or Lanne; and he was, in consequence of his royal blood, popularly called King Billy. He consorted with Europeans of the seafaring order, and became himself a whaler. He was sufficiently civilised to be 'seldom sober when on shore,' and his last end seems to have been not unaccelerated by the white man's fatal rum." How loathsome ought to be the very sight of that accursed body and soul destroying drink to every one who is possessed even of one particle of humanity!

Let us pass from Tasmania to India. In the Missionary Herald there is an interesting letter from an American Missionary in Southern India. He says: "At our local Committee Meeting a new subject came up, and one of which all of us comprehend the full importance—the subject of Temperance. All the catechists and other mission helpers present at the meeting, with one exception,
INToxicating Drinks &c.

were ready, or were persuaded, to sign the pledge, though some quoted the example of the English Missionaries and of the Bishop [1 1], and others remembered, regrettably, the injunction to Timothy about his 'often infirmities.' But from the meeting of the local committee we carried the reform to our congregations, and with very good effect. I was surprised to find how much of drinking there was among the Christians, and equally surprised to find how readily they signed the pledge, though I doubt not that nearly all intended to keep it in good faith. The habit of drinking Palmyra toddy is very common among some castes, and is no more thought of than the drinking of beer by Englishmen. Only one young man of the congregation held out, and would not sign, though I pleaded with him for a full hour, a Mohammedan neighbour sitting by to clinch my arguments and to add his good advice. I need not say that this young man is not a member of the Church.”

At the Social Science Congress at Bristol this year, a Brahmin of high caste, Mr. Surendra Nath Bareyey, spoke of the evil effects of drink amongst the natives of India. He said: “Patriots and philanthropists looked with consternation upon an evil so widespread, and which was undermining the health and happiness of the people. With the progress of English education and civilisation, the most alarming of European vices had found its way into the highest circles of Indian society. The Hindoo had been taught from his earliest days to look upon the taking of intoxicating drinks as a ban of excommunication; indeed, the so acting would involve the greatest punishment in a future state. Of all forms of Indian religion Hindooism alone had permanently affixed an indelible stigma on drunkenness. This stigma existed from the earliest times, and was not removed until recently, when the advanced civilisation of the West introduced new manners and customs, and with them the use of intoxicating drinks. The Hindoos had, unfortunately, of late taken to intoxicating drinks, and notwithstanding the manifest evils which were produced, Government would not interfere, because a revenue was derived from their sale.” The Brahmin who made this speech at Bristol is, I believe, still a heathen. Is it likely that he will become a Christian, when he sees Christianity connected with such dire evils to his countrymen, and a so-called Christian Government preferring revenue before the temporal and eternal welfare of its subjects?

I will conclude my paper on this most important subject by quoting the words of Archdeacon Jeffreys, of Bombay. He said: “Thirty-one years’ experience has shown me the bad results of the use of strong drinks. I have had a large number of European soldiers and sailors under my care, and I found that I could do them no good till I persuaded them to adopt the principle of Total Abstinence. As to the moderate use of strong drinks, either as a preventive or a remedy, it was altogether in vain. Hence I took the position of a Teetotaler, which I have sustained for about ten years. I have enjoyed uninterrupted health for thirty-one years, and my health has rather improved than otherwise since I have been a Teetotaler. But not only are many soldiers and sailors injured by strong drink, but through its use the Cross of Christ is despised, His Name is blas-
Phemned, and the preaching of the blessed Truth is made of none effect.
For one really converted Christian, as the fruit of missionary labour, for one person 'born again of the Holy Spirit,' and made 'a new creature in Christ Jesus,' for one such person, the drinking practices of the English have made one thousand drunkards! This is a sad thought; but it is the solemn truth. If the English were driven out of India to-morrow the chief trace of their having been there would be the number of drunkards left behind!

I am sorry to see on the fourth page of this month's number of our Magazine that there are only 700 Clergymen of the Church of England out of nearly 22,000 who are total abstainers from the intoxicating drink which is their own greatest enemy. I trust that the facts laid before the Clergy in this little paper will help to open their eyes to see the reason why their labours are in vain and why so few fruits are seen from all the millions of sermons preached in this country every year.

Manchester.

WILLIAM CAINE, M.A.

THE BRAVE LITTLE CHILD.

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

Sir,—If the following true anecdote be thought worthy of insertion in the Children's page I shall be glad:—

A little girl, aged six, belonging to our Church of England Band of Hope, was returning from school one day lately, when a woman met her with a jug, and asked her if she would go to the public-house near for a pennyworth of ale, promising to give her a halfpenny. "No," said the child, "I won't." "What for?" again urged the woman, "I will give you a ha'penny." "I'm a Total Abstainer," replied the brave, self-denying child; to which the woman could only answer, "Oh!"

The little girl did not at once relate the circumstance at home, apparently uncertain whether the part she had acted would please her parents, but at last unable to keep the secret, she told her mother, with this entreaty, "You won't be angry, mamma?" When it is added that the father and mother are earnest Total Abstainers, it may be well understood how proud they were of their child. Perhaps this fact may encourage other children to "go and do likewise," for it is well known that many drinking women, ashamed (it may be) to be seen going to the public-house themselves, often bribe these little ones in the above manner, laying them open to the temptation of tasting the contents of the jug.—I am,

AN ABSTAINER FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.
EARLY VIOLETS IN EPIPHANY-TIDE,

BY REV. S. CHILDS CLARKE, M.A.,

Vicar of St. Thomas, Launceston, Author of "Thoughts in Verse from a Village Churchman's Note-Book."

Little nurslings of the winter,
   Of a season bleak and drear,
Spreading forth your modest petals
   Ere more gaudy blooms appear: —
He who ting'd your simple flow'rt 
   With its dye of regal blue,
He who breath'd on you sweet perfume,
   Teaches parables by you.

What if 'neath the chilly snowdrift,
   And amid the frost and cold,
Scarce visited by sunshine,
   Ye do ope your eye of gold: —
What if mid the dripping bowers,
   And the sighing of the wind,
Ye do bloom in lonely places,
   And we there your fragrance find: —

Ye are like the days of childhood
   Of our meek and gentle Lord,
His— who did in scenes so homely,
   Such a "savour sweet"* afford,
Though in humble paths of duty,
   Seen by few, He daily trod,
Yet around Him breath'd an odour,
   It was redolent of God.†

He it was who on the flowers,
   Did those words of wisdom preach,
He it is who still creates them
   Those abiding truths to teach.
Then take heart, e'en if but lowly
   In this life thy lot may be;
Let its fragrance gladden others
   In all meek simplicity.

* Ep. Ephesians v. 2.
† See Gospel for the First Sunday after the Epiphany.
"WHERE OUR PAUPERS COME FROM,"
CHAPTER III.

PRACTICE IS BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Hugh Moncrieffe did not, however, see Katherine the next day; for he received a note from her, asking him not to call until he heard from her again; and he decided not to mention his interview with her until he received permission to call upon Mr. Wray.

Helen was very delighted to see how much her friend was liked in St. Stephen’s-street. The Hartleighs were all zealous supporters of the Temperance cause, but Mary Hartleigh had great tact, and though she did not conceal her opinions, she did not unnecessarily obtrude them.

One evening when she had been with the Moncrieffes nearly a fortnight, a gentleman dined at their house who spoke of some one having been run over in Chesterman that day, and he carelessly added, "I have no doubt she was intoxicated."

Later in the evening, when the guests had departed, Helen said, "How grave you looked at dinner time, Mary, when Mr. Denham was speaking."

"Did I, Nelly? I was thinking of the poor woman he mentioned."

"Do you know, Mary, I have been wondering several times since you have been here whether it is right to sit idly doing nothing, while these things are going on around?"

"I quite agree with you, Nelly," observed Hugh, who had been listening to his sister’s remark, "but what can one do?"

"That was our question in Prestford about four years ago, before Mr. West our present clergyman came. The Hartleigh Colliery is only two miles from our house, and the amount of intemperance among the people who worked in the pits was so fearful that it became proverbial."

"But what did Mr. West do?" asked Hugh.

"He has formed a large Temperance Society and his own name stands first on the list of abstainers. He keeps the people interested and amused by very simple lectures, once or twice a week, and they often have tea-parties. And Papa and he have opened a reading-room, where there are maps and books, and papers, and draught and chess-boards," said Mary.

"Does your brother take much interest in it?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. West calls John his right hand. He will be able to help more than ever now that he has left Oxford. He is now forming a singing class. I shall be very much disappointed, Nelly, if you do not think that John has a splendid voice."

"What is he going to do? Will he go into the Church?" asked Hugh.
"I think not" replied Mary, colouring; "he had an accident when he was a boy, and he has not been really strong since."

Hugh was sorry that he had asked, for he remembered that Helen had told him John Hartleigh was deformed, and he continued hastily, "But what was the good of Mr. Hartleigh and your brother signing the pledge—for I presume that they have done so?"

"Certainly they have. Papa said it was no use trying to persuade his workpeople that it would be very good for them to become abstainers if he did not himself set the example. He said many would follow his example when they would not even listen to advice."

"Well, Helen, I shall expect you to tell me a great deal when you come back; that is, if you really mean to run away when Miss Hartleigh does."

"Oh, yes," interrupted Mary, "Mrs Moncrieffe has promised to spare Nelly to us for a little while."

"What do you intend to do tomorrow?" asked Hugh.

"I scarcely know," said Helen; "we went to see the pictures this morning."

"Oh, I had forgotten. How did you like them, Miss Hartleigh?"

"Some I liked very much, but I think we spent more time in looking at Nelly's favourite than we ought to have done. Nelly wanted me to admire it as much as she does."

"Which was that?"

"Holman Hunt's Light of the World."

"Is it not beautiful, Hugh?"

"Yes," he replied, "it is a very fine picture. The jewels are exquisitely painted, but there is one thing in it which I do not like."

"I think I know what you refer to," said Mary, "you mean the face. Notwithstanding all Nelly's arguments, I cannot help thinking that it is presumption to attempt to paint our Saviour's face."

"We walked home from the gallery," said Helen, "for we wanted to do some shopping."

"What do you think of our town, now that you know more of it, Miss Hartleigh?"

"The shops are very good, and it seems a very nice place, I think. But nothing has struck me so much as the number of public-houses and gin-palaces in that long street leading to St. Stephen's-street."

"You mean Canongate. Yes, their name appears to be legion."

"You are getting back again to your strange topic," said the doctor, who sat sipping his brandy and water. "For my part, I think Temperance societies are excellent for the lower classes. The common people are really brutal in their tastes, and cannot keep within the bounds of propriety. Come, come, Nelly, let's have a song," continued he, gaily, for he was always remarkably cheerful after his evening glass.

Helen began to turn over the music to find a song.

"Come and sing this with me, Hugh," but, looking up, Helen found that her brother had left the room. As Helen passed Hugh's door on the way to her own room, he called her.

"Sit down a few minutes, Nelly, I have something to tell you."
"Have you seen Katherine?" asked Helen, eagerly.
"Yes, I got a note this morning, and I went about two o'clock."
"Did you see Mr. Wray?"
"Yes, but it was as we expected, he would not at first consent to seeing me himself or allowing Katherine to do so."
"Was he pleasant to you?"
"Not at first; but he was all right before I came away. Oh, Nelly, they are lodging in such a wretched place!"
"Have you told papa?"
"No, I am almost ashamed to say that I have not. And I don't think I shall till you and Miss Hartleigh are gone, for I expect a great fuss, and I should be sorry to have the house miserable while she is here. She is a nice friend for you, Nelly."
"Yes; I am so glad you all like her; even Jane forgets to be stiff when she is with Mary. Do you really think you will wait till we are gone?"
"Yes, two days will make no difference, and it is sure to be miserable. Jane will be very angry, I suppose."
"Hugh, I expect it is having talked of intoxication downstairs; but I cannot help thinking about it. What a dreadful thing it is for the Wrays! And when I was a child he was my ideal of everything noble and good."
"And so he was! Even now, in their wretched lodging, and his appearance so changed, one cannot help liking him. And yet, when he has been drinking for a long time, he is like a fiend."
"It is very dreadful! How is poor Katherine's throat?"
"Very much better; all right nearly; and one almost forgives poor Wray, for Katherine says he sits and cries to think that he should have hurt her."
"It is a sad thing that he is not always kind to her! Good night, dear Hugh. How can we tell that we may not fall ourselves? Mr. Wray seemed as unlikely to do so as any of us."

CHAPTER IV.

MISS CHRIMES OVERREACHES HERSELF.

"Can these be beings onward passing
To worlds beyond the starry sky,
Of every day and hour uncertain
And born for immortality?"

Helen Moncrieffe, as we have seen in the last chapter, had begun to think seriously of the sin of intemperance, and in visiting the Hartleighs her newly awakened feelings were not allowed to slumber. She was delighted with Mr. and Mrs. Hartleigh who were so kind and hospitable that their greatest pleasure was to entertain their numerous friends. John Hartleigh, who was three-and-twenty, had just taken his B.A. degree at Oxford. He was slightly deformed, but his face was very beautiful; it was as though nature had set herself to repair as far as possible the injury done him in his deformity. He had a high white forehead, thick curly black hair, and frank brown eyes. It has been said that people gifted with great musical talent are often deficient in other respects; it was not so, however, with John; and, as his extreme sensitiveness led him to prefer a life of seclusion, books and music were his favourite companions.

Mary was very anxious to teach Helen to ride, and when Mr. Hartleigh enquired the morning after her arrival what they intended to do, Mary replied:
"I want to give Helen a riding lesson, papa."

"Very well, dear; Miss Moncrieffe could not have a better pony to begin with than Snowball. He is a steady little fellow, and will carry you capitaly. I am going out myself, but I suppose if I waited for you, Miss Moncrieffe would not have a gallop with me over Prestford Common?"

"I think I had better learn to trot first," laughed Helen, "but I shall be very pleased to go with you when I am able."

"Very well, I shall hold you to your promise. What time shall I say you will want the horses?"

"You have to go to Mr. West's first have you not, John?"

"Yes, but we can call at the vicarage as we go if you like, I shall not be a minute there. I should think we had better go about eleven," replied he.

We will not follow the teachers and their pupil in their pleasant ride, but instead, ask our reader to glance for a few moments at the gin-palace which Mr. West found the greatest obstacle in Prestford to the Temperance cause.

Imagine yourself, reader, stepping into a room of fine dimensions, spacious and lofty, but with small windows, which gave one the impression that it would be insufficiently lighted: it was, however, built expressly for night work. Large mirrors reflected the brilliant light from the massive glass chandeliers. The pictures on the walls were of a kind calculated to suit the low tastes of the company. A circular counter railed off a portion of the room: above the counter on a shelf stood a row of gaily painted barrels, the appropriate ornaments of such a place. Behind the counter stood a large, stout man, with red blotched face, and little ferret eyes; beside him was his daughter Angelina, a gaunt-looking female, who was dressed in fine showy clothes. Several men and women were leaning on the counter drinking, and Miss Chrimes was reaching over it to take the pence which a little child had brought to buy some beer.

"There is a halfpenny short, child," she said in her shrill voice; "you've been buying some toffey, you little wasteful wretch."

"If you please," began the frightened child.

"Oh, none of your 'if you please' here; you are taught that artfulness at the Sunday-School; I'll keep the jug and money; and go and tell your mother to send the other halfpenny."

In an adjoining room, not nearly so large but decorated as finely as the bar-room, sat several men. In one corner was a piano; in the centre stood a table on which were some dirty glasses.

"Come, Angelina, a little more of that London gin."

"Coming, Mr. Stephens," replied Miss Chrimes. She fetched his glass and gave it to her father, who was standing at the counter complacently smiling at the attempts of a drunken woman to pour gin down her infant's throat.

"Is he far gone?" whispered Chrimes.

"No, he is very knowing yet."

"Ah, then," sighed the landlord "he will want that good quality again; I'll take it to him myself, Angy," said he, leaving his daughter at the bar.
“Where is Angelina?” hiccuped Stephens.

“She’s in there,” said Chrimes, pointing to the bar. He spoke angrily, for he saw that his customer would never have detected the substitution of inferior gin; but the next moment his usually cringing manner had returned.

“Good evening, Thompson, and how are you, Martin?” said he to two new comers. “I thought we were never going to see either of you again, but I knew you were two fine fellows, and not likely to be led by the nose by any parson in the kingdom.”

What was it that caused Thompson to feel so uncomfortable? Was it the demeanour of Chrimes which seemed to repel him? or was it the sickening sight of the young mother who was by this time so drunk that she had fallen down, and was now lying on the sawdust-covered floor, with her child in her arms?

“Here, mate,” said Thompson, “let us help her up;” and they tried together to raise her, and place her on one of the benches which surrounded the room.

“No, no,” cried the shrill voice of Angelina, “we can’t do with drunken creatures here, put her outside, or I’ll call the perlice.”

“Well,” said Thompson, scornfully “you’re a beauty, you are. You do all you can to make them sin and then pretend you are too much of a saint to look at them. You are the sort as will want picking up yourself some day. You don’t get that red nose for nothing. Come on, mate, give us a hand, and help us carry the poor creature home. A nice home it will be with the wife in this state!

Where does she live?” continued he, looking round the room. The only response to this question was a stare of stolid indifference on the part of the bystanders. Thompson repeated the question in a voice of thunder.

“She lives in Pinch’s Buildings,” growled Chrimes.

“Come and hold the door open, one of you, for fear Miss there should be sick at such a rare sight.”

As they came out with their helpless burden, Mr. West was crossing on the other side of the street.

“There is the parson,” said Thompson, “I should greatly like to speak to him if he is not busy; you go and ask him if he is, Martin.”

Mr. West received the message with the inward conviction that it was a drunken hoax, and answered coldly:

“I am going to my house now, and if he wants me he will find me there.”

“Well,” said Martin, when he returned, “He’s a sharp speaking one; you’d have thought we was drunk to see how he eyed me for sure.”

“And well he might,” said Thompson; “I am tired of this, I am. Nobody ever opened my eyes like yon old ewe dressed lamb-fashion. Why she could let this poor creature get drunk, and then, jingling her money in her pocket, said how shocked she was!”

There were many jokes passed upon the men as they went along, but they fell unnoticed on the bearers of the miserable woman.

They stopped at the door of a dirty-looking house. A little girl about nine years old was playing outside.

“Here my dear,” said Thompson kindly, “your mother is a little poorly; we have brought her home, she will
soon come round," he added, not liking to tell the child the truth.

"Oh, she's drunk," said the child, her voice expressing neither surprise nor alarm. "Me and Jim saw her go into Chimes', we know'd she would be drunk, didn't us, Jim?"

"Ah," said the boy, who looked younger than his sister, quietly winding the string round his top.

The little girl ran down the cellar steps, and opened the door for the men to carry in her mother. Their home was about ten feet square, and seven high, with only the bare earth for a floor; a small window with several broken panes faced the wall which kept the street from falling in upon them, and prevented both light and air from entering. They laid the woman on the bed in the corner, and, turning to the girl, Thompson said:

"Haven't you got a father, my dear?"

"No, he ran away about a year ago; he's gone to foreign parts. I wish Jim and me could go; she beats us so."

"No," said Jim, who had followed them in, "I want to grow and go and work, and get wages and keep you all, and live as they do at Polly Martin's."

"What do they do at Polly Martin's, my lad?" asked the little man.

"Why, her father don't get drunk often, and on Sundays they have hot meat and pudding; and Polly goes to school, and she says if her father never got drunk, it would be first-rate."

Tears came into Martin's eyes.

"Next time you see Polly tell her her father won't get drunk any more; and you shall come in on Sunday, and have a bit of meat too, that you shall!"

"Do you know Polly?" asked the children.

"Never mind whether I do or not, but you tell her what I say," and they left the house.

"Is Polly your child, Sam?"

"Yes, and she's the sweetest little thing, is Polly."

"Come with me to the Parson, Sam, they say he is very kind, and maybe he will help us a bit, at all events a good talk will ease me, I feel that burdened to-night, I can scarce think."

LOCALISING THE MAGAZINE.

Arrangements are being made for localising this Magazine—that is, for supplying the twenty inside pages at about cost price, and leaving the cover (4 pp.) for a local title and local matter—such as notices of meetings, sermons, Bible-classes, special services, &c., &c. Clergymen managers of Temperance Societies, adult or juvenile, may have further information on sending a stamped addressed envelope to the Editor, 6, Adam-street, Adelphi, W.C.

INCREASED CIRCULATION OF THE MAGAZINE.

We think our Lady Friends, earnest helpers as they are, could do us much service by obtaining new subscribers for the Magazine.

Parcels of not less than 25 Numbers will be forwarded carriage free to any friend who will procure subscribers for the same.
LITERARY NOTES.

The second number of the Medical Temperance Journal has just been issued, and it promises to do most useful work in dispelling the notions so widely prevalent as to the benefit supposed to accrue to the human race from the use of stimulants, and will, we believe, go very far to help to emancipate medical men from the thraldom of their patients, for whom they are so often obliged to prescribe alcoholic stimulants "because they like them." The journal is well edited, and very neatly turned out by our old friend Mr. Tweedie.

The Westons of Riverdale, or the Trials and Triumphs of Temperance Principles (Heywood, Manchester; Simkin and Marshall, London), is a valuable contribution to our Temperance literature. It would be found most useful, not only for the drawing-room, but also for reading at Temperance meetings on consecutive nights.

The Coventry is another excellent tale published by the Scottish Temperance League.

National Sobriety Discussed is a useful and telling tract by the Rev. Dr. Burns, in the form of a dialogue between a Publican, a Clergyman, and a Physician. The last sentence addressed by the Doctor to the Clergyman is one we can most thoroughly endorse: "It is only the Church that can turn Teetotalism to the best account; first by inducing the world to embrace it, and then by turning the influence so acquired to Christian uses. At any rate, my friend, let us have your aid in this parish. You have no appetite for drink, I can well believe. You can resign your single glass with advantage, certainly with no loss, I assure you. Come with us, and whether we do you good or not, you will do us good, and both as a man and a Christian minister you will find a joyful reward in the promotion of the Temperance Reformation by your labours and your prayers."

The Devon and Cornwall Temperance Journal is continuing its useful career.

Last, not least, our old friend the Weekly Record has changed its name and its face. Its name has become the Temperance Record. Its face is new by reason of new and clear and excellent type. Its matter and information, as far as the January number goes, promises to maintain in 1870 its old reputation as the organ of the National Temperance League.

Several books have been received which shall be noticed next month.
THE CHILDREN’S CORNER.

FOR JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

BY AN INVALID.

Lord behold the little band,  
    Which Thy Love has gather’d here;  
Shield us with thy powerful hand,  
    Let us feel Thee ever near.  
Dangers all around us lie,  
    Many more than we can see;  
Guide us with thy watchful eye,  
    We are safe when kept by thee.

We’ve no power of our own  
    To resist the tempter’s might,  
’Tis thy help, and thine alone,  
    Makes us conquer in the fight.  
But, protected through Thy love,  
    Grateful songs our voices raise;  
“More than conquerors” we shall prove;  
    Unto Thee be all the praise.

L. C. M.

LIFE OF A LITTLE CHILD.

BY F. HARRISON.

CHAPTER I.

IS IT A HAPPY HOME?

Thomas Green and his wife lived in a small quiet street in a part of the great City of London which lies near the river. Those streets which run down towards the Thames are narrow and smoky, and no one who was able to choose would choose them to live in. Yet there is beauty everywhere if people have eyes to see it; and in a smoky London lane there is sometimes some beauty. Sunrise is always a lovely time, and London looks best at sunrise, when the air is clear and the many thousand spires and steeples stand out against the sky, and the river looks bright because the sky which it reflects is so bright. And sunset in London is grand, when the haze grows golden and the shadows purple, and streaks of red are lying across the sky, giving great pleasure to the eyes which look upwards.

If any person born and bred in the fresh country had been brought to London and taken to the narrow street in which lived Thomas and Eliza Green, he would have said, “What a dingy, dirty place! No one could live happily in this place!” But if you had taken him into Mrs. Green’s sitting-room he would have changed his mind. There was a white muslin curtain to the window, and three geraniums on the table by the window. The centre table had a green cover; there was a shelf with some pretty China figures, and another shelf with some books. And when Mrs. Green came into the room she looked as nice as everything else. She was about twenty-five years of age; she had brown hair and brown eyes, and always wore indoors a neat cotton gown with
a clean linen collar. She was a very pretty woman, and had a fortune of a hundred pounds when she married Thomas Green.

When my story begins they had been married about two years, and had one little baby now six months old. Thomas had plenty of work as a carpenter, and their neighbours thought them the happiest couple in the street.

Mrs. Scott, who lived next door, came in to see Mrs. Green.

"You have a nice place," said Mrs. Scott, looking round the sitting-room.
"I think you're the luckiest woman I know."

Mrs. Green smiled and sighed.

"Plenty of money, one dear little child, a good-looking husband, no illness, nor debt, nor any trouble; I wish I was as well off as you are. But poor Scott, he has such bad health that he can't work more than four days a-week, and so we have never much money in hand."

"Your husband is a good man," said Mrs. Green.

"That he is," cried Mrs. Scott, warmly; "but then your's is a good man and a rich man too."

Mrs. Green sighed again, and Mrs. Scott went away, thinking to herself that Mrs. Green was very ungrateful and very discontented. She did not see what happened about nine o'clock that evening.

Mrs. Green made tea and put the teapot on the hob to keep warm. Then she made some toast and put it on a plate in front of the fire; she put a clean pinafore on the baby and smoothed her own hair, and sat down to wait until her husband came in to his tea. He left work at six o'clock, and ought to be home at half-past six. But seven o'clock struck and he had not arrived. She was very hungry, and took her share of the toast and tea, and kept the rest still hot. Eight o'clock struck and Thomas had not come in. Mrs. Green put the baby to bed, and sat down sadly by the fire.

Nine o'clock struck, and then she heard a footstep coming up the stairs.

She opened the door, and her husband came in, with his eyes stupid and sleepy, and his hair hanging over his forehead.

"O Thomas!" cried Mrs. Green.
"All right!" said he, in a thick voice.

"Where have you been, Thomas?"
"Jolly fun!" replied Thomas, tumbling into a chair.

"Will you have some tea?" asked his wife.

"Tea!" said he, with a vacant grin, "don't want tea. Want something better to drink than tea," and he shook his head and tried to look serious, but he only looked an idiot. His poor wife knew that he had been drinking.

"Have you brought me any money?" she asked.

"Yes, lots;" and he put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a handful of bone counters. Mrs. Green looked at them, and said, "What are these?"

"Money, my dear, money," and he put his head back against the wall and went to sleep. His wife guessed what had happened. He had been drinking and some one had robbed him of his money and put these counters into his pocket instead of half-crowns and shillings. The poor woman sat down
and cried. After a time she dried her eyes, and dragged her husband into the bedroom and made him throw himself on the bed. She sat down in an armchair and wrapped herself in a blanket, and cried herself to sleep.

In the morning Thomas woke up stiff and cold, but sober. He was greatly ashamed of himself, and said to his wife, "Eliza, can you forgive me?"

"Don't talk about it," she said, with a shudder, "it is so dreadful."

"I promise you faithfully I won't do it again."

"You have said that several times before."

"I'll stick to it this time. What did I do last night?"

"You did not do anything particular," said Eliza; "but you came in looking like an idiot, and without any money." She showed him the counters which he had brought home.

"I have been robbed!" he exclaimed. "This is too bad! Some one has robbed me?"

"Can you blame any one more than yourself?" said Eliza.

He said no more about the money, for he could blame no one else but himself. Before he went off to his work, he kissed his wife and said, "Don't hate me, Eliza, and don't teach Mary to hate her father. I'll be steady for the future."

Eliza smiled and patted his cheek, for she still loved him dearly. When a woman once loves a man she will continue to love him even if he behaves badly, until the time comes that he crushes all the love out of her heart. So Mrs. Green still loved her husband more than anything else in the whole world; but she was not such a perfectly happy woman as Mrs. Scott thought her to be.

Thomas went to work, but his hand shook so that his planing and sawing were very badly done. His mates said to him that he must have been going it the night before, and they seemed rather to admire him for getting drunk. But when his master remarked how badly his work was done, he was so angry with himself, that he thought, "I'll go and take the pledge, and never touch a drop of drink again."

He said to one of his mates, "I think I shall take the pledge."

"Nonsense," answered the other, "how could you? How could you get through your work without your beer? Don't go and make promises that you can't possibly keep!"

Thomas thought there was some sense in what his mate said; and he went home at six o'clock without having taken the pledge, but resolved never to get tipsy again.

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**NOTICE,**

As it is intended to send a copy of the Magazine each month to all subscribers and collectors to the Society of ten shillings and upwards, notice is given that all money received up to the 15th of each month will be acknowledged in the ensuing number of the Magazine, and no formal receipt sent except in special circumstances. Should any sum not be acknowledged, contributors are requested to write at once to the office.

**"Visiting and Tract Distribution" crowded out this month.**
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak."—1 Cor. ix. 22.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL ON INTEMPERANCE.

In our January number we quoted some remarkable words spoken by the Bishops of Ely and Rochester on Intemperance. We would call attention now to some parts of a stirring address delivered by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol to about a thousand working men, assembled, we believe by special invitation, in Colston Hall, Bristol, on January 20. Having alluded to some hindrances that are generally supposed to keep the working classes from church, his lordship observed:—

"He now came to the worst and most serious reason of all, why many of the working classes did not attend church or chapel. He would speak very freely, because he had understood that it was a subject the working men in Bristol took a very serious—he might say, a very solemn—interest in. He was going to speak to those who had to make this answer—'Why don't I go to church? why because I can't; I am under a bondage, and I can't.' 'But where do you go?' The answer often was, to that which in many a neighbourhood was, alas, th
rival, and might be the rival of their mission-house, the public-house. (Applause.) They must bear with him, for he spoke very earnestly indeed on this point. He had spoken of those things that were comparatively lighter, and even more excusables, but now he came to that which he believed was the worst in regard to the neglect of religion of which they heard so much. (Applause.) They must all take blame; he did not think they in the Church had at present taken sufficiently courageous steps in this matter, in regard to the remedy of this evil. He owned it frankly. He was rejoiced, however, that the Convocation of this part of England had published a very careful report, that showed, at any rate, that the clergy of the Church of England were beginning to take thought as to how they might join with the people in staying this dreadful evil. (Applause.) He would not let himself be led away from his subject by pointing out why the clergy had been rather behindhand, only to say that there had been many remedies proposed that had not always been, to those who had thought most deeply on the matter, thoroughly satisfactory. In his humble judgment, what they had wanted had been rather a more comprehensive arrangement, in which there might be a good organisation, which should include in it Total Abstinence, and which should also favour and help what he would call Temperance; what they earnestly wanted was some general movement that should have a single aim and object—how best to put under this dreadful, growing, terrible evil. (Applause.) He was speaking for himself, and he was certain for the good men who stood behind him, that should it please God to put it in the hearts of any of them to bring forward the subject in a comprehensive way before this city, he would humbly ask to take a part in so great a movement. (Loud applause.) He might now point out how this dreadful evil of Intemperance worked. They must remember it was not only that it worked evil in the poor creature himself, it was not that it kept him from the house of God himself, but it influenced and affected his whole family. (Applause.) He did not mean as withholding from them the necessaries of life. It did that, he knew, bitterly. Go to some of the courts in Bristol, and see, perhaps, the bare, gaunt woman, in rank starvation attitude, wistfully, and with marks of sorrow in her face; and if they asked they would find that the man went to the public-house round the corner, took away the money, and left the wife and the children to destitution and despair. But it was more than that came from the dreadful evil; it was that the man rendered the woman and the children also destitute of the means of grace—poor creatures with sorrow in their hearts, pinched with want. If they were to say to such, 'My poor woman, I wish you would go to church,' what would her answer be? An answer of the sorest agony, 'Sir! I go to church! Look at my rags! The church is for other than I.' 'But look at your children.' 'My children! Look at that boy. He has begged the wretched bread he has got in his hands now. Do you think I can go to church? I have not a heart to go anywhere. 'There is but one rest for me, and that is the churchyard yonder.' It was Intemperance that was breaking that woman's heart, and making her reckless and despairing.'
To our mind the most remarkable and important part of this quotation is that which refers to the kind of organisation which the Bishop desiderates. His lordship admits the necessity for, and the lawfulness of, "Total Abstinence," but he does not like that "Temperate" folk should be excluded from the privilege of carrying on the crusade against Intemperance because they do not see their way to practise Total Abstinence themselves, and he expresses his willingness to join in any comprehensive organisation "having a single aim and object how best to put under this dreadful, growing, terrible evil."

Now it seems to us that the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society presents such an organisation. It is quite true that the Council, Committee, and officers are Total Abstainers, but it is evident that the founders of the Society contemplated such co-operation from Non-Abstainers as would enable them to carry out their plans more effectively and more widely. In a paper issued by the Society, entitled "Objects and Means," section 4, under the head of "Means," runs thus:—

"4. The promotion and furtherance, in conjunction with Non-Abstainers, of all plans likely to diminish the amount of attractions held out by the present system of public and beer-houses, music and dancing saloons, casinos, &c."

In a "Memorandum" issued on the publication of the Report of Convocation the following passage occurs:—

"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 operations, and it was changed the next year to that which it now holds."

And further on it speaks of the parochial clergyman joining in the Parochial Society to give religious instruction, even though not himself an Abstainer. Another passage states of the Society:—

"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 temp-
tions 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 ministrations of the parochial clergy."

From these extracts it seems to us that the Society that is thus described does meet the requirements of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, and we do not think that he will gainsay any of the positions it lays down. Perhaps the Society has done itself some injustice in not more fully developing its own comprehensiveness by endeavouring to obtain more aid from those who are willing to help in every way short of personal Abstinence. We do not see why there might not be associates as well as members—the latter consisting only of Total Abstainers, and the former of those who were willing in every other way to help the cause. From what we have seen of the work we believe that it must and will be carried on chiefly, and perhaps most successfully, by those who are Total Abstainers, but we do not see why other Christian men and women should be prevented from "coming to the help of the Lord against the mighty." We do not see why, as other missionary enterprises are carried on by those who are best qualified to go forth as the missionaries either at home or abroad, and by those who are willing to co-operate by their sympathy, their alms, their prayers, but who cannot so fully give themselves, the mission of our Church to the Intemperate should not be conducted in a similar way, and why, therefore, this Church Society should not have the patronage of our Archbishops and Bishops as well as any other Home or Foreign Missionary Society.

We confess we are very jealous and very anxious that our Church should take its proper place in this great movement. We have seen with what an earnestness the Report of Convocation was received. We remember how the Archbishop of York was greeted when, at the Church Congress in Liverpool last year, he alluded to the subject. We know how the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol was cheered when he dealt with the subject, which appeals at once to the interest, temporal and eternal, of the working classes, and is
felt by themselves to do so. Why, then, are we in our Society—the only Church Society engaged in missions to the Intemperate—without the guidance, leading, countenance, patronage, or even pecuniary aid, of those earnest, zealous, and devoted men who now, thank God, as loving fathers, right reverend and right reverend, occupy the sees of the English Episcopate?

THE BRISTOL AND CLIFTON LADIES' AUXILIARY.

The first public meeting of this Auxiliary was held in the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, on the 31st of January. There was a very full attendance, and the chair was occupied by the Right Worshipful the Mayor of Bristol, W. K. Wait, Esq.

After prayer by the Rev Canon Mather, the Report was read by the Rev. T. H. Howard, Vicar of Warmley, Honorary Diocesan Secretary. We present the following abstract:

"The Bristol and Clifton Ladies' Association, in connection with the Diocesan Branch of the Society, was formed about two years and a half ago, and its origin may be traced to a drawing-room conference of friends—clerical, medical, and lay—held in Clifton, at which the Rev. Thomas Rooke attended and explained the objects and organisation of the Parent Society. Subsequently a Ladies' Committee was formed, consisting of Miss Fitzherbert, Miss Jordan, Miss C. Major, Miss Marriott, Miss Price, Miss S. E. Price, and Mrs. Robinson, with Mrs. Charles Nash as hon. secretary and treasurer; and under the auspices and by the exertions of this committee, in connection with the Rev. N. Heywood, then hon. diocesan secretary, arrangements were made for meetings and sermons in Bristol and Clifton. In May, 1868, a conference of a more public character was held in Harrison's Room, Clifton. Sermons were preached in St. Simon's Church and in St. Silas' Church by Mr. Rooke; and meetings were held at various schoolrooms. At all these meetings the Rev. Thomas Rooke attended as a deputation from the Parent Society, and earnestly and successfully pleaded its cause. In the month of October in the same year, the Auxiliary had a second successful series of lectures and meetings; two largely-attended drawing-room conferences were held, and there were public meetings held in the various schoolrooms of Clifton and Bristol, by the kind permission of the clergy. In connection with the movement the committee report the opening of two important institutions for the benefit of the working classes, namely, 'The Workman's Institute,' in Lewin's Mead, in April last, and more recently, 'The British Workman' at 30, College-street. These institutions, offering such a variety of advantages, should go far to counteract a too prevalent opinion that Total Abstainers are people of narrow and contracted views, who care only to deprive
the poor man of his beer, without finding any substitute for the attractions of the public-house. Your committee have not only defrayed the local expenses of the meetings and services, but remitted to the Parent Society in London, in 1867, £10; in 1868, £8 10s. Your committee feel that every day the conviction is being more and more forced home upon the minds of all, that some organisation is needed to grapple with the deadly evil of the prevailing Intemperance of our land. They are enabled, with gratitude to Almighty God, to point to success in dealing with the inebriate vouchsafed to the operations of this Society locally in Bristol and Clifton, and wherever it has been properly worked throughout the kingdom. They feel they are not only checking and removing an evil, terrible in itself and in its effects upon the moral and material comforts of home and social life, but that they are ‘rolling away a stone’ which has so long confessedly been a stumbling-block in the way of the spread of the Gospel, both at home and abroad. Your committee earnestly commend this cause to the prayerful and solemn consideration of all, both clergy and laity; and while wishing that all could see as they see in the matter of personal Total Abstinence from intoxicating liquors, they yet hope they may appeal for support and contributions to all who mourn over the widespread evil of Intemperance, and who desire by some means to rescue the poor inebriate and to prevent the rising generation from falling into this vortex of ruin.”

The meeting was then addressed by the Mayor, the Rev. James Duncan, Incumbent of St. James the Less, Charles Nash, Esq., Dr. Grindrod, of Malvern, and the Rev. Thomas Rooke. The vote of thanks to the Mayor was most heartily accorded on the motion of R. Charleton, Esq., seconded by the Rev. N. Heywood. The benediction having been pronounced by the Rev. James Nash, the meeting separated.

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

[We shall be glad to have short accounts of the various Church Temperance Societies’ meetings for insertion under this head.]

MILL HILL CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—This Society held its eighth anniversary not long since in the National Schools of the district. Those members who had faithfully adhered to the Temperance pledge of Abstaining from intoxicating drinks for at least the previous year, had invitations from the President, Rev. B. Nicholls, to the entertainment, which consisted of an abundant hot supper of admirably cooked joints, followed by plum-puddings, pastry, etc. The drink was well-made lemonade, in ample supply. One hundred persons partook of the supper; but the unavoidable absence of several qualified
members was regretted by the brethren assembled. After supper, a stirring Temperance melody, "Bright water for me," set to music and admirably sung, was given by Mr. Charlton, the master of the school, who is a pledged member of the Society, aided in the chorus by the Abstainers. Addresses were afterwards given by the President, by the Rev. H. Gibson, Rector of Fyfield, and the Rev. S. D. Stubbs, St. John's, Holloway, both earnest and effective advocates. Two neighbouring gentlemen laymen, zealous Abstainers, also kindly took part in the anniversary, which concluded with tea; and, the National Anthem having been sung, the company separated at half-past ten o'clock.

Micheldean.—A large and influential meeting has been held here, for the purpose of inaugurating a Total Abstinence Society. The chair was taken by the Rev. W. C. Fox, Vicar. There were also present the Revs. J. Davies, of Abinghall, E. Machen, of Staunton, — Barker, of Holy Trinity, — Jones, of Westbury-on-Severn; Mrs. Colonel Davies, of the Wilderness; J. G. Borlase, C. Borlase, and T. Whatley, Esqs., together with a large number of the leading tradesmen and inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood. The Chairman opened the business of the meeting by briefly stating that he was induced to take part in the present movement in consequence of the alarming extent of Intemperance, not only there, but throughout the country at large, and by the crime and misery attendant thereon. He then introduced Samuel Bowley, Esq., who delivered a powerful and impressive address, which lasted considerably more than an hour, and which was listened to with the most marked attention, although the room was crowded to excess. Mr. Evans, the Secretary of the Total Abstinence Society in Gloucester, was present to enter the names of any who intended signing the pledge, and so great was the number that another evening was appointed for those who, in consequence of the lateness of the hour, were unable to do so on the present occasion.

Evercreech, Somerset.—On Sunday, January 16, two sermons were preached in the parish church in behalf of the C. E. and J. T. R.'s, that in the morning by the Hon. and Rev. E. P. Talbot, the Vicar; that in the afternoon by the Rev. Thomas Rooke. Mr. Rooke also preached in the evening in Chesterblade Church, in the same parish, and on the next evening addressed a well-attended meeting in Evercreech Schoolrooms. The Vicar presided. There were collections after sermons and meetings.

Bristol and Clifton Ladies' Auxiliary.—Under the auspices of this Auxiliary, arrangements were made for the following meetings and sermons, when Mr. Rooke spoke and preached: On Saturday, January 22, a Temperance Workers' Meeting at Hotwells; Sunday evening, Jan. 23, a sermon in St. Silas' Church; on Tuesday evening, Jan. 25, a sermon in All Saints, Bristol; on Wednesday evening, Jan. 26, a meeting at Dowry Schoolroom; on Thursday, Jan. 27, a sermon in St. James the Less, and later in the evening a meeting in Trinity St. Philip's (Hannah More's) Schoolroom; on Friday, Jan. 28, an address in the Workmen's Institute, Lewin's Mead; on Saturday evening, Jan. 29, a meeting of the Ladies' Committee; on Sunday morning, Jan. 30 a sermon in St.
James the Less, and in the evening of the same day a sermon in Dowry Chapel; on Monday, Jan. 31, the General Meeting in Victoria Rooms, Clifton, the Mayor of Bristol in the chair; on Wednesday, Feb. 2, a sermon in St. Paul's Church, Bristol.

ST. MATHIAS' ASSOCIATION, CALEDONIAN-ROAD.—On Thursday evening, the 3rd ult., this Society held its first Anniversary. Just a year before it was founded, after an address from Mr. Rooke, under the auspices of the Vicar, the Rev. H. Berguer, and since its formation it has had 150 names of adults and 70 of juveniles on its rolls, and there have only been some six or eight who have gone back. The anniversary was celebrated by a tea at which every one seemed to enjoy themselves; and then, after singing and prayer, and the reading of the report by the Secretary, addresses were delivered by the Vicar, the Rev. J. M. Worsfold, the Rev. T. Rooke, and several of the members. It was most gratifying to perceive the earnest and Christian tone which characterised the proceedings, and we heartily wish the Association every success.

WINDSOR ASSOCIATION.—This Association celebrated its anniversary on the 6th ult. The meeting was preceded by a tea, at which there was a very good attendance, and then followed the meeting, the Vicar, the Rev. W. J. Ellison, being in the chair. After the report and statement of accounts were read, the rev. Chairman addressed the meeting, and was followed by the Rev. E. Eardley, who gave one of his earnest and telling addresses. The Rev. T. Rooke and Rev. S. J. Stone were present.

WOOLWICH.—On Thursday evening, Feb. 10, Mr. Rooke delivered an address in the Garrison Schoolroom—Captain Strange, R.A., occupied the chair. The Rev. H. Huleatt, second chaplain to the forces, was also present; and on Monday, Feb. 14, Mr. Rooke spoke at the Woolwich Association Meeting, in the Masonic Hall.

PECKHAM ASSOCIATION.—On Saturday evening, Feb. 12, Mr. Rooke lectured before this Association, Mr. J. Bannerson in the chair. There was a good attendance, notwithstanding the severity of the weather.

SHERESBURY.—On Tuesday, Feb. 15, Mrs. Wightman's Association celebrated its twelfth anniversary in the Workmen's Hall. There was a very full attendance, both at tea and at the subsequent meeting. The Rev. A. Denning occupied the chair, in the compelled absence of Rev. C. Wightman, and the Rev. Thomas Rooke delivered an earnest address, which was listened to with much interest.

INCREASED CIRCULATION OF THE MAGAZINE.

We think our Lady Friends, earnest helpers as they are, could do us much service by obtaining new subscribers for the Magazine.

Parcels of not less than 25 Numbers will be forwarded carriage free to any friend who will procure subscribers for the same.
THE RESPONSE TO AN APPEAL.

Written for St. Clement’s Total Abstinence Society, Liverpool.

Tune.—“God Bless the Prince of Wales.”

Hurrah! for dear old England,
Her hills and valleys green;
God guard her homes and int’rests,
God save her Church and Queen
Her shores brook no invader,
Her free soil knows no slave,
“Dieu et mon droit!” her motto is,
Unfurl her standard bravé.

But hark! from prosp’rous England,
A long, deep, mournful cry
Unceasing sounds: “We perish—
Haste—Rescue—or we die!”
The love of drink enslaves us,
And ’neath its dreadful chain
We grieve, we groan, we sigh, we moan,
We fall,—nor rise again.

No foreign foe invades us,
The trait’rous foe we fear
Lurks close around and in our homes,
And night and day is near.
From drink, from drink, O save us!
Pledge us your heart and hand;
If you’ll abstain, then we’ll abstain,
God grant us grace to stand!

O Christian men of England,
And Christian women too,
Hear you this sad despairing cry,
This strong appeal to you?
Shout forth your glad, warm answer,
Repeat the loud refrain,
Each man his brother’s keeper is,
We will—we do ABSTAIN!

* “‘God and my right!’”
INFLUENCE.

BY LOUISE FITZPATRICK MERES.

CHAPTER V.

SIGNS OF LIFE.

"O that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains!"

---

Mr. West was preparing to go to the Hartleighs', when his housekeeper told him that two men wanted to see him, and, to his surprise, they were the men he had seen coming out of Chrimes's Palace.

Martin played nervously with his cap, and looked on the floor as though he were counting the flowers on the carpet.

Thompson, with his characteristic boldness, looked with firmness at Mr. West, and asked if they might have a few words with him.

"Certainly. I am afraid I was rather short with you, my friend," said Mr. West, to Martin, "the fact was I thought it was meant as a joke when I saw you come from."

"That's just what we have come about, Sir; we have had a sickening of drink and all belonging to it, and we want to give it up."

"That is right," said Mr. West; "the battle is more than half won when we look our foes bravely in the face. What, may I ask, has turned you against it?"

"I will tell you, Sir, I am a carpenter by trade, and there is a deal of time for thought at my work; and I have been thinking over in my mind lately, what I have spent in drink, and I am shocked at what it comes to. But this is what decided me to give it up: To-night I turned in at the Palace with Martin, to have a chat and a drop of beer, and there saw the most fearful sight—a drunken woman lying all her length on the floor, with a baby in her arms. And when Martin and I went to lift her up, that daughter of Chrimes ordered her to be taken outside, as if she could not bear to look at her. Sir, it is a business that makes men lower than animals, both those who sell, and those who drink."

"Yes, it must destroy all the kind feelings of humanity, to get your living by the sin of your fellow-creatures; the more they drink the more money is taken, and, in reality, not only money, but alas! purity and honesty are bartered in exchange for drink."

"Aye, and the children's bread too."

"Have you a family?"

"No, I have neither wife nor child; Martin has though."

"Yes, Sir, my little Polly goes to the school," said Martin, emboldened by the Vicar's kind manner.

"Oh! yes, I remember her quite well; she is a good little girl at school. And you, too, think of giving it up?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then why not join the Temperance Society? Unity is strength, you know; and good example and firm friends..."
help us to keep what perhaps alone we should often feel tempted to break. We have now got a large band of Teetotallers, and any of them would tell you the advantage of Total Abstinence; they would tell you of happy homes, cheerful wives, well-fed and warmly-clothed children; and they will tell you, too, of higher motives and nobler aims."

"Aye," said Thompson, "it is downright slavery to be so under the power of drink."

Martin said very little, but he listened while Mr. West explained the rules of the Society, and when Thompson rose to sign his name, he, too, got up, and it was with a shaking hand that he traced the letters of his name.

"That is right," said Mr. West, encouragingly. "I am going to the reading-room, will you come with me? I daresay you will know most of the men, but I should like to introduce you as members."

"I think, Sir," said Martin, "I should like to go home first; my wife will be so pleased, and my mother—you know my poor old mother, Sir?"

"Martin—no, I do not remember any one but your child."

"My mother's name is Jones, Sir, she married again."

"Oh, Mrs. Jones, I know her very well. She will indeed rejoice."

"This," mused Mr. West, as he walked to the Hartleghs', "is in answer to Mrs. Jones' many prayers for her son. I wonder if Thompson had a praying mother."

It happened that when Mr. West was shown into the drawing-room at the Hartleghs', Mary and Helen Moncreiffe were alone.

"Are all the arrangements made for the tea-party, Mr. West?" asked Mary, when he had shaken hands with them.

"Yes, I think so. I have a favour to ask; do you think you and John would mind singing the people something?"

"I cannot answer for John, but I should not mind at all, if Mamma and Papa have no objection."

"Thank you very much; we will ask the others when they come.—You remember old Mrs. Jones?"

"That cheerful old woman, you mean, who lives near the church?"

"Yes; her son has joined our Society to-night: he has been a drunkard for some years, and it has been the poor old woman's great trouble."

"How glad she will be! But I should have said, Mr. West, that she had not got any trouble, she was always so cheerful."

"Yes, she has a very happy look; she reminds me of what Thomas à Kempis says: 'It is only when both God and the world frown upon us that we are miserable. How,' he continues, 'can we think it strange that any one should feel the weight of his burden when he is strengthened and supported by Almighty arms.' I have seldom seen any one who has more inward peace than that old woman."

"But she is not a great talker," observed Mary.

"No, that is why I like her. But we are talking of people Miss Moncreiffe does not yet know. Will you come to our party to-morrow?"

"I shall enjoy doing so," replied Helen. "I have never been to one of the kind."
Mrs. Hartleigh did not make any objection to Mary’s singing if she liked. She said that she did not see any more impropriety in singing to the people gathered in Mr. West’s schoolroom than at an evening party. Any talent which God has given us may be used to his service, “I think,” she added.

John did not seem much to like the idea of it, but he promised to do his best. Mary tried to persuade Helen to join them, but she said she should be sure to break down. While they were choosing some songs, Helen slipped up to her own room to read again the letter which she had received that morning from Hugh. Let us also see what he said.

“I had,” wrote Hugh, “what shall I call it—perhaps an argument is the best term to use, with my father: the result of it all was that I went to Katherine and told her that my father was still indebted to Mr. Wray, and I asked her the best way for me to tell him and arrange the payment. Well, old Wray, who is as proud as Lucifer, declined every offer with the air of a man who had an immense income. Katherine, however, has managed it somehow; and they have left their miserable lodgings, and gone to a pretty house on the AmphiII road, kept by their old servant, Jenkins. You will remember the man’s wife, too; she used to do sewing for us, Mamma says. We have not mentioned it to any one, but they see I mean it at home, and have given a forced kind of consent to our engagement. Jane has made the most fuss about it. When are you coming home? Katherine is always asking.

She looks very poorly, and I expect it is all caused by the trouble she has had. Old Wray has had his name put on the door, and as he never had any idea of money, I daresay he thinks that the two or three patients he has provide for the housekeeping. You might write to Katherine; she would be very pleased to hear from you. I got Mamma and Jane to call, and though Mamma was all right, I fancy Jane was fearfully stiff.”

“Well,” thought Helen, “I am very thankful that dear Katherine has left those miserable lodgings, and that Mr. Wray allows Hugh to see them when he likes. They will get more reconciled to the engagement at home in time.”

But she was not allowed to think very long on the subject, for Mary came to find her, that she might listen to the rehearsal.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RIDE.

“Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.”

MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM.

The tea-party was a great success, and Helen enjoyed it very much. As she saw how happy the people were, she began to wish that she had her friends from home with her, that they might see how the Hartleighs gave their sympathy and the right hand of fellowship to their poorer neighbours. But at the same time the gloomy foreboding crossed her mind, filling her with fear, lest her own friends also should fall victims to Intemperance.
The days passed quickly away, and Helen had been nearly three weeks at the Hartlegh's, when another letter came from Hugh, asking her to return home.

"We must make the most of our time then, Nelly," said Mary, when Helen told her kind friends that she must soon leave them.

"Yes, indeed you must," said Mrs. Hartleigh. "What should you like to do to-day, Helen?"

"If I am to choose," replied Helen, "I should like to ride."

"We decided that the other day, if you remember, when Mr. West was here. He said he should be able to go with us to-day," said John.

"Very well, then, you had better call for him when you are ready, for I want you girls after luncheon to drive with me to make some calls. Helen ought to call at two or three places before she leaves us. I wish you were not obliged to go, dear; I do not know what will become of Mary, and we shall all miss you," said Mrs. Hartleigh, kindly.

"We shall indeed," said Mary, heartily; and Helen glanced towards John, to see whether he, too, would miss her.

One look was enough, for she met his earnest gaze, and though her cheeks flushed as she turned away, she looked very bright, for she saw that he would miss her more than any of them.

"Well," continued Mary, "if you will order the horses, John, we will get ready, and, as Mamma says, call for Mr. West."

Mary was soon dressed, and went to her friend's room to see if she was ready.

"You vain little puss," laughed Mary, as Helen looked in the glass for a last inspection. "Why are you so particular to-day, Nelly?"

"I am not more particular than usual," said Helen, colouring.

Mr. West did not keep them waiting long. He was surprised to see Helen mounted on a spirited horse.

"Oh, Miss Moncreiffe has long ago given up poor Snowball; she can manage this one capitaly," said John.

Mary had some questions to ask Mr. West about his poor people; so, after they had all had a long gallop, she asked his advice, and they had a long chat about parish matters.

"But what has become of our companions?" observed Mr. West, looking at his watch, "we ought to be turning homewards."

"I do not see them anywhere," said Mary, looking round in surprise. "They cannot say we have outridden them, for we have been going so slowly."

"Do you know, Mary, I am rather afraid for John."

"Why, Mr. West?"

"I am afraid he is getting too fond of Miss Moncreiffe; that is, unless the liking should be mutual."

"It has never occurred to me! for, fond as I am of Helen, I cannot think dear Jack would be the kind of man she would choose. All her heroes are handsome giants, like the chivalrous knights in Sir Walter Scott's novels."

"Did you ever know anyone whose day-dreams were fulfilled?" Mr. West asked, with a smile. "But here come the loiterers; Miss Moncreiffe might say she did not know the way, but that excuse will not hold good for
John. See, they are making up for lost time. We thought we'd lost you, John," he shouted, when John and Helen overtook them.

"I have no breath to apologise; this horse shakes so frightfully. Now for a race!" and, cracking his whip, which put all the horses in motion, John galloped off.

"They don't allow us to ask any questions!" laughed Mr. West, to Mary, as they prepared to follow.

And John took care to prevent any conversation, by riding home very quickly, saying he was afraid they would be late for luncheon.

"Mr. West and I have had such a pleasant chat," said Mary, following Helen into her room, when they went to change their habits.

"And so have we," laughed Nelly, shyly.

"Oh Nelly, dear; I am so afraid you will make Jack too fond of you."

"You would not like that," she interrupted, abruptly.

"I should have said 'not at all' if you had asked me a few minutes ago, but now I scarcely know what to say."

"But why," persisted Helen, "should you regret it; that is, of course, supposing such a thing were to occur?"

"Because I did not think you cared for him. But you do; oh, Nelly, you do love Jack!"

Helen hid her blushing face on Mary's shoulder, and murmured:

"I do love him, I told him so this morning."

The Hartleighs were pleased with their son's engagement, for Helen's pleasant manners had won all their hearts.

The evening before Helen returned home the Hartleighs had a dinner party. The guests were most of them aware of Mr. Hartleigh's peculiarity (as they termed it) respecting Total Abstinence, and had often had arguments with him about it; but some strangers who were visiting in the neighbourhood ventured to discuss the question. When the ladies had left the room Captain Fitz-Gerald said:

"I admit that for the working classes the movement is a good one; but I cannot see that you are required to do more than recommend the principles."

"I did begin by doing as you say, and I found I did no good until I became a member of the Temperance Society myself."

"Well, I am sure it is exceedingly good of you to make such a sacrifice for those black fellows who work in the coal pits, for they do not seem the most interesting members of society," drawled the Captain. "But," he continued, "since you are all so well posted up in Temperance affairs, I scarcely dare venture to make any observation."

"Ah!" remarked Mr. Hartleigh, "this is the greatest movement which has taken place since the Reformation, and one in which I think everybody ought to join; in fact I think it may be plainly inferred from the principles laid down in the Bible."

"I admit, Mr. Hartleigh, that moderation is inculcated. For instance, it says: 'Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess;' but moderation I have never seen condemned; quite the contrary."

"You must remember, Captain
Fitz-Gerald," said Mr. West, "that the Bible is a book cast in an Eastern mould. It is true that comparatively little is said about drunkenness, for that is a Western, and not an Eastern vice: nevertheless, I contend that it is our duty to oppose the great evil of our land and age. Had St. Paul lived in these days, I am fully convinced he would have been a Total Abstainer. I do not think any one can read 1 Corinthians viii. and not come to that conclusion."

"I should like you to prove that, Mr. West; though I feel in my challenge I expose myself to the full fire of a Temperance battery," said the Captain, laughing.

"That is right, Fitz-Gerald, go in for proof; there is nothing so good as proof to show that Temperance is right," replied John.

"There is the case of conscience at Corinth. The rite of sacrifice had so interwoven itself into the habits of daily life, that the same word signified the killing of an animal and the offering of sacrifice. So that those who purchased meat in the shambles were in the greatest uncertainty as to whether the meat bought there had been offered in sacrifice or not. To partake of the meat offered to idols was a stumbling-block to weak Christians, and St. Paul recommends Christians of enlarged views to abstain from meat thus offered, not for their own sake—fully persuaded as they were that false gods did not exist—but for the sake of the weak Christians. And the Apostle gave his own experience when he said, 'If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I should make my brother to offend.' In my judgment intoxicating liquors have taken the place, and more than the place, of meats offered to idols in St. Paul's time. But really I am running on as though I were in my pulpit."

"Oh! we will find no fault, West, with your enthusiasm. It is a wise and noble enthusiasm; and I think your able statement is conclusive."

"And without going so deeply into the question, look at the squalid wretchedness and misery arising from Intemperance," said John.

"That is true enough, Hartleigh; and we see quite enough of it in the Army, I assure you."

"Then why not try the principles we have advocated?"

"Our chaplain is a great man for Temperance; he has a little band of three-and-twenty soldiers, he told me the other day."

"All honour to him," said Mr. West, smiling; "and I hope, next time we meet, we shall find that the Captain has enrolled himself under the Temperance banner."

NOTICE.

As it is intended to send a copy of the Magazine each month to all subscribers and collectors to the Society of ten shillings and upwards, notice is given that all money received up to the 15th of each month will be acknowledged in the ensuing number of the Magazine, and no formal receipt sent except in special circumstances. Should any sum not be acknowledged, contributors are requested to write at once to the office.
THE LABOURER AND THE BEERHOUSE.

In the 29th of last November, a special Meeting was held of the Swindon Chamber of Agriculture, to hear a Paper by the Rev. H. R. Hayward, Rector of Lydiard Millicent, on "The Social and Moral Condition of the Agricultural Labourer." There was a large attendance of the neighbouring clergy, private gentlemen, and farmers. In the course of an elaborate paper, Mr. Hayward contended that drinking was the curse of country places. The question was felt to be so important that the Meeting was adjourned for three weeks to allow time for its being more fully discussed and considered.

The North Wilts Herald of December 25, contains a full report of the speeches delivered at the adjourned Meeting, and it is worthy of notice that all those who took part in the discussion, and who touched upon that most important branch of the subject alluded to above, expressed in strong and decided terms the same opinion as the Rev. H. R. Hayward.

Mr. Sadler, who has a very intimate acquaintance with the Agricultural population, declared that strong drink, intemperance, and improvidence were the bane of the labouring classes, they robbed the farmer of labour, and the poor man of food. Larger wages, unless preceded by improved habits, meant more drink, and consequently more misery.

The Rev. S. J. Etty, Vicar of Wanborough, assured the meeting, and he spoke as a clergyman who had been in orders for thirty-five years, that the great stumbling-block in the way of improving the social and moral condition of the labourer was the beerhouse. (Hear, hear, and applause.) He himself lived in a demoralised parish, as all present knew; and what was the cause of it? There were no less than ten drinking-houses for a population of 1,000 inhabitants. A magistrate, acting in that division of the county, said that such a state of things was enough to demoralise any parish. The magistrates had power to alter such a state of things, but he was sorry to learn that they had told those who had applied for licences that they meant to act liberally towards them. Mr. Etty was much applauded when he resumed his seat.

The remarks of these gentlemen are worthy of special attention, as none of the three are Total Abstainers, and the Rev. Mr. Hayward's views are in many respects the reverse of those entertained by Teetotallers. The most striking feature in the whole discussion was the fact that one member present, Mr. Arkell, who is himself a brewer, and an owner of many beerhouses, was constrained from conviction to declare that the young men of days gone by were better fed than at the present time, when they squandered their money in that terribly hateful place, the beerhouse.

When Teetotallers express an opinion that strong drink is a curse, they are accused of exaggeration, and they are sometimes afraid to use language which they know to be true lest they should injure their cause by being set down as fanatics and enthusiasts. It is well therefore to find not only that moderate drinkers express the same opinion, but that the great London brewer, in his emphatic testimony to the accursed character of the traffic in strong drink, is seconded and backed up by his country brother, who publicly declares that the houses such as he himself owns are terribly hateful places, and the cause of improvidence and starvation.

WILLIAM ALLAN.
THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

LIFE OF A LITTLE CHILD.

BY F. HARRISON.

CHAPTER II.

A DAY'S PLEASURING.

For some weeks Thomas Green kept his resolution, and if he did take a glass of beer or spirits sometimes, yet he did not get tipsy. It would have been much better for him if he had not taken even that much, but he thought his friends would laugh at him if he drank only water, and he was afraid of being laughed at. As he kept sober through these weeks, his wife was in hopes that he was cured, and she went about with a bright face and a gay heart, and her neighbours said more than ever what a happy woman she must be. Mrs. Scott, whose husband was still very ailing, felt quite envious when she looked at Mrs. Green.

It was now the time of year when the excursion trains begin to run, and there are placards on all the railway carts, “Hampton Court and Back for Half-a-Crown,” and “Brighton and Back for 3s. 6d”; and also “Windsor and Back for 2s. 6d.” One hot evening, Thomas Green stood looking at these notices, and thinking to himself how cool and pleasant it must be in the country or at the seaside now, when London was so warm and dusty. He walked slowly home thinking of the green fields, and the sea, which is sometimes green and sometimes blue. As these thoughts were in his head he met John Scott and said to him, “I say, mate, how jolly it would be to go out into the fields or on the beach.”

Scott hardly knew what his friend meant.

“The trains run so cheap,” continued Green.

“So they do,” answered Scott, who knew now what Thomas Green was thinking of; “you can go almost anywhere and back for half-a-crown.”

“Suppose you and I go somewhere,” said Green.

“All right; and our wives and the young ones. Let us have a day in the country; I’ve had full work lately and I can spare a few shillings for day’s pleasureing.”

“So can I,” replied Green, “for I’ve spent next to nothing in drink these three weeks past.”

“Come and speak to my wife,” said Scott; and they went into Mrs. Scott’s room, where they found Mrs. Green showing off her baby, which was “such a wonderful child!”

When Scott told his wife what they had been talking about, she exclaimed, “That will be so nice! Let’s go on the Queen’s birthday!” The men thought this a very good idea, and they settled all to go together on Her Majesty’s birthday.

“And where shall we go,” said Scott; “there’s Windsor, and Brighton, and Hampton.”
"Brighton is a shilling dearer than the other places; we won't go to Brighton," said Mrs. Green.

"What do you say to Hampton Court?"

"I've been so often to Hampton Court," answered Mrs. Scott; "I should like to go to Windsor on the Queen's birthday; it seems the right thing to do."

So they settled to go to Windsor, and on the morning of the Queen's birthday they met at Waterloo Station, which was the nearest station to their street. Mrs. Scott had her two children, Jack and Susan, and Mrs. Green had her baby, Mary. They took their dinners in baskets, and they set off in high spirits, and in less than an hour the train carried them across the river and right under the walls of that glorious old Windsor Castle, where William the Conqueror kept his Easter feast more than eight hundred years ago.

They went up the hundred steps and out on the North-terrace, where they admired the splendid view. Then they saw St. George’s Chapel; and then the State apartments. After that they went up the Round Tower; and then, as it was one o'clock, they felt hungry. They went into a quiet inn near the gate of the Long-walk; here they ate the dinners which they had in their baskets, and they drank some beer. When they were rested they rambled about the Great Park and the town of Windsor, and they began to think it was time to be returning home. They had had a beautiful day, and John Scott's cough had stopped when he got into the fresh air.

As they went down the street towards the station, two men met them, who cried out, "Hullo! what are you doing here, Green?"

Thomas Green shook hands with them, and said to his wife; "These are two old friends of mine; you go on to the station, I'll follow you presently."

Mrs. Green walked on with the Scotts, and her husband stayed behind to speak to his friends. "I'm only down for the day," said he; "what brings you here?"

"We've got work at the Castle," said one of the men. "Come and have a pint with us."

"No thank you," said Green, "my train starts in half an hour or so."

"There's plenty of time and plenty of trains; come and have a glass just for the sake of old times."

"Well I don't mind, only one you know." The three men went into a public-house, where there were some soldiers and several other men. Thomas Green had more than one glass; and when he left the public-house he was not sober. His friends said goodbye to him; and he began to go down the hill towards the station. His wife was walking about looking for him; she did not know where he was.

"O Thomas," she said; "we have lost our train."

"Never mind, there's plenty more trains," said Thomas; and then his wife perceived that he was tipsy. "O dear," she said, sadly.

"Don't be a fool," said Thomas, roughly; "give me the baby," and he seized the child and pulled her out of her mother's arms. Little Mary began to cry; and her cruel father gave
her a slap to punish her, which made her cry all the more. The poor mother began to cry too; but Thomas insisted on carrying the child, though he was hardly able to do so. They walked in silence to the station; Mrs. Green was afraid to say a word, for fear of making her husband angry. But just as they arrived at the station a dreadful thing happened.

Thomas Green let his baby slip out of his arms, and the poor tender little thing fell down, crash! on the stone at the doorway.

She did not cry much, she seemed stunned; but Eliza Green caught up her poor baby, and cried and sobbed over her; and there were several people at the station, some ladies and gentlemen, and the porters. They crowded round and looked at the tipsy man, and the ladies said "What a disgusting wretch!" and the men said "What a brute!" and Mrs. Green rocked her baby and kissed it, and thought it could not be much hurt. As for the wicked, cruel father, he felt ashamed of himself at last, and he put on a sort of smile to try and hide his shame, and this made him look more like an idiot than he did before. If a tipsy man could keep his eyes steady enough to take a good look in the looking-glass, he would indeed feel ashamed of himself.

Mrs. Scott, who had been at the far end of the platform, now came up, and when she saw what was the matter, she said to Thomas Green, "Dropped your precious baby, did you? You don't deserve to be the father of that little angel! See what a fool you make of yourself with that horrible drink!"

And he smiled again, and every one turned away from him as if he had been some loathsome animal.

They all got into a train and went home. The poor baby moaned a little, but did not cry out loud. No one talked as they went home; even Jack and Susan Scott were frightened at the tipsy man. When they came to their own homes they parted in silence, and Green went upstairs and tumbled into bed; while Mrs. Green undressed little Mary, and tried to find out if she was much hurt. There was a bruise on one arm, and one knee had a cut; but there did not seem to be anything else the matter.

So ended this day's pleasuring. It began so nicely and ended so miserably. It might have ended as nicely as it began, if only Thomas Green had had sufficient strength to refuse that which he knew would hurt him. No man would like to be an idiot, or to go mad; yet when a man makes himself drunk he becomes for the time nothing better than an idiot or a madman.

Managers and Secretaries of Temperance Societies who may be anxious to extend the circulation of the Magazine, may become agents on favourable terms by applying to the Office, 6, Adam-street, Adelphi, London, W.C.
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"Hereby perceive we the love of GOD, because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."—1 St. John iii. 16.

REV. H. J. ELLISON IN ST. PAUL'S AND GLOUCESTER CATHEDRALS.

On Sunday, Feb. 20, for the first time the walls of our metropolitan cathedral echoed the stirring utterances of a "voice crying" out against the Intemperance of our country, and suggesting Total Abstinence as a remedy for the fallen, as a means of prevention for those exposed to temptation, and as lawful for all who might, in the exercise of their Christian liberty, be willing to help, by their sympathy and example, their weaker brethren and sisters, and at the same time calling for help from all in the terrible strife, whether they be Total Abstainers or not. We believe the Lord Bishop of London simply asked Mr. Ellison to preach at the Special Evening Services at St. Paul's, and that the subject, as usual, being left to the preacher's choice, Mr. Ellison, with singular boldness, determined to embrace the opportunity thus presented for handling this most important subject, unpopular though it be among so many classes of society. Able
and forcible in his denunciations of the sin and all its concomitant and consequent evils to body and soul, to the individual and the family, to the social circle and the national life; clear and discriminating in the application of the remedy he suggested; pathetic and touching in his appeal to all for their individual aid in counteracting the evil, the Evening Preacher of the 20th of February will long be remembered for his boldness in grappling with the subject, for his skill in dealing with it, for his winning earnestness, as he claimed the response of a true Christian to the demand, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The congregation was one of the largest that has assembled this season at those imposing and thrilling evening services.

On the Tuesday following Mr. Ellison preached again to a crowded congregation in Gloucester Cathedral, and, having recovered from a heavy cold under which he laboured on the previous Sunday evening, was even more effective than at St. Paul's. He is the first clergyman of our Church who, in the space of three days, has dealt with the Temperance Reformation question from two cathedral pulpits. We hail all this as a sign of progress.

SUNDAY CLOSING MOVEMENT.

At the Committee Meeting of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society, held March 17, a petition to the House of Commons in favour of entire Sunday closing was adopted, and ordered to be duly forwarded to W. H. Smith, Esq., M.P., for presentation. Some time since a memorial to the two Archbishops on the same subject was drawn up, and is to be forwarded if an interview with their Graces cannot be arranged for.

OUR ANNUAL MEETING.

Friday, May 13, at half-past seven o'clock in the evening, at Willis's-rooms, has been fixed for the Annual Meeting, at which several speakers of note are expected, and arrangements are being made for simultaneous services in several of the London churches.
TO SUBSCRIBERS, COLLECTORS, AND HOLDERS OF BOXES.

The Subscribers who have not yet paid for the year ending March 31, 1870, and Collectors, are requested to send in their Contributions and Collections at their earliest convenience, to Rev. Thomas Rooke, 6, Adam-street, Strand, W.C. Post-office Orders payable at Charing-cross.

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

[We shall be glad to have short accounts of the various Church Temperance Societies’ meetings for insertion under this head.]

ST. JAMES, CLERKENWELL, ASSOCIATION.—On Wednesday, February 23, by invitation of the Rev. R. and Mrs. Maguire, a large number of ladies and gentlemen, influential residents in Clerkenwell, met at the above hall for the purpose of considering "the subject of the misery and destitution caused in the parish by drink." The attendance included Mr. E. J. Thompson, the representative of the parish at the Board of Works, Mr. Churchwarden Franklin, several vestrymen, &c. Tea and coffee having been served, the chair was taken by the Vicar, who, after making his opening remarks, called upon S. Bowley, Esq., of Gloucester, to address the meeting, which he did in an admirable speech, making a deep impression on his audience. A vote of thanks was passed, proposed by Colonel Colville, Governor of the House of Correction, and seconded by Mr. Croucher. After some further remarks by the Chairman, the meeting closed with singing.

HEREFORD.—On Sunday, Feb. 27, sermons on behalf of this Society were preached at St. James’s Church in the morning, and in St. Martin’s in the afternoon and evening, by the Rev. Thomas Rooke, M.A., the Secretary of the Society. On Monday evening the rev. gentleman addressed the members and friends of the Hereford Total Abstinence Society. The Rev. G. H. Kirwood, President of the Society, was in the chair, and there was a highly respectable and good attendance. The Chairman, after prayer and brief introduction, called upon Mr. Rooke to address the meeting. The speaker first drew attention to the enormous sum of 103,000,000l. spent by the country in intoxicating drinks, pointing out that it was twenty-five millions more than the expenditure of the country. He traced the connection between drink and crime and pauperism, and stated that it had been calculated that every four "bread-winners" had to support
between them one pauper. From the evils of Intemperance to body and soul, the lecturer passed on to the remedy, which he pointed out to be Total Abstinence from all intoxicating liquors; first, for the drunkard, as a matter of absolute necessity; secondly, for those who were more or less in danger of falling into the vice by reason of the abounding temptations; and, thirdly, for those who, though not ever likely themselves to fall into habits of Intemperance, yet were willing, by the encouragement of Christian sympathy, as manifested by their voluntary self-denial, to help their weaker brethren and sisters. The lecturer repudiated the charge that Total Abstinence was in any sense put in the place of the Gospel, and answered some objections against the practice taught by some people from Scripture texts, and concluded by illustrating and enforcing his various positions by an appeal to Scripture itself.—Hercfor Journal.

Winforton.—On Tuesday evening, March 1, Mr. Rooke preached on behalf of the Society at a special service at this church. The Rector, the Rev. T. K. Thomas, read prayers. The inclemency of the weather, however, prevented the assembling of as large a congregation as would otherwise have met for the service.

Woolwich.—On Monday evening, March 7, a meeting was held in the Recreation-room of the barracks of the 94th Regiment at Woolwich. The chair was occupied by Captain Phipps, R.M. After prayers by the Rev. E. Lionel Walsh, Chaplain to the Forces, who had convened the meeting, the Rev. Thomas Rooke and Captain T. B. Strange, R.A., addressed the meeting, and at the close some twenty-three non-commissioned officers and privates became Total Abstainers. On Sunday, the 13th, Mr. Rooke preached on the subject in the Dockyard Church.

Micheldean.—On Tuesday evening, March 8, a meeting of this newly-formed Society was held in the National Schoolroom, under the presidency of the Rev. W. C. Fox. There were also present, Rev. E. Davis, Rev. E. Machen, Rev. J. K. Richmond, Rev. — Barker. Mr. Rooke attended, and the address he gave was listened to with marked and earnest attention, and was followed by one of the clergymen and several others signing the declaration of Abstinence.

Great Malvern.—On Thursday Mr. Rooke addressed two meetings here. They were convened by Dr. Grindrod in his magnificent establishment at Townshend House. At the afternoon meeting, which partook rather of the nature of a conference, the Rev. — Ridgeway presided. There were several other clergymen present. At the evening meeting Mr. Charles Nash (of Bristol) presided. This was a public meeting, at the close of which, on the motion of Dr. Grindrod, a warm vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Rooke for his address.

Stonehouse, Gloucestershire.—Meetings in connection with the Temperance movement were held here on Friday, March 11. In the afternoon a large assembly from Stonehouse and the neighbourhood met at Haward's-field House, the residence of W. Ford, Esq., to hear an address on the operations of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society. There were
present, the Revs. P. E. S. Holland (Curate of Stonehouse), Thos. Rooke, O. Heywood (Vicar of Oakridge), A. S. Page (Vicar of Sisley), Dr. Cooper, Colonel Stather, W. Ford, Esq., N. E. Stevens, Esq., J. Apperly, Esq., J. Bawdwen, Esq., and a large number of ladies. The Rev. P. E. S. Holland presided. After the meeting had been opened with prayer, the Rev. Thos. Rooke delivered a most interesting and impressive address on the labours and success of the Society, for which the thanks of the meeting were conveyed to him in a vote proposed by the Rev. A. S. Page, seconded by Colonel Stather, and supported by Rev. O. Heywood. The benediction was then pronounced, and the company separated. In the evening a meeting of the Stonehouse Temperance Society was held at the Institute, the Rev. P. E. S. Holland, President of the Society, in the chair; when Mr. Rooke delivered another most able address, and was seconded in his advocacy of the cause by Colonel Stather and Dr. Cooper. There was a good attendance, principally of members of the Society. A Temperance melody was sung by the members at the close of the meeting, after which, the benediction was pronounced, and the happy Temperance festival was brought to a close.

Bicester.—On Monday evening, March 14, at the invitation of the Committee of the Society established in this town, Mr. Rooke attended a meeting held in the Parochial Schoolroom. The Rev. the Vicar, who had intended to preside, was unavoidably prevented, and the chair was taken by the Rev. H. C. Collier, Senior Curate, who briefly addressed the meeting, and was followed by Messrs. Thompson and Bayliss, after whose speeches Mr. Rooke delivered his lecture as announced. The Rev. — England was also present.

St. John's-road Association, Reading.—An inaugural tea-meeting of this newly-formed Association was held in the Workmen's Institute (kindly lent by Mr. Satron for the occasion) on the 15th inst., W. Palmer, Esq., occupied the chair, and briefly addressed the meeting, and was followed by R. Y. Bazett, Esq., Rev. Thomas Rooke, and Mr. Insull. We wish the new Association much success. Mr. Hadwin is its Secretary, and the Rev. W. Payne, Vicar of St. John's, has kindly promised the use of his schoolroom for the weekly meetings.

St. Helier's, Jersey.—On Friday evening, Feb. 25, 1870, a meeting was held in St. Peter's Parish Hall, St. Peter's, Jersey, which was got up by Mr. T. J. Bray, Vice-President, and acting President of the St. Aubin's Total Abstinence Society. On the platform were Mr. T. J. Bray, who occupied the chair, and opened the meeting with prayer; Mr. Husband, Mr. Howard, Mr. McDonald, Mr. Alexander (Army Hospital Corps), stationed at St. Peter's Barracks; Mr. Cornish, Mr. Gasnier, of St. John's Parish, and Mr. E. G. Nicolle (Vice-President of the Church of England Total Abstinence Society). Several excellent recitations and addresses were delivered and a pleasant and profitable evening was closed by singing a hymn. The prayer-meeting of the Church of England Total Abstinence Society of this town was held in St. Paul's Schoolroom on March 7, under the presidency of Mr. E. G. Nicolle.
MUSIC AND OUR DRINKING CUSTOMS.

In a lecture recently delivered at the Mechanics’ Institute, Launceston, Cornwall, by Rev. S. Childs Clarke, on “The Life and Writings of Sir Henry Bishop,” it was asserted that society owes much to an improvement effected by that composer in assigning the soprano part to female voices, and thus removing the glee and part-song from the exclusive atmosphere of the glee, madrigal, and catch clubs. Conviviality seems to have been the grand aim and object of the musical worthies of the eighteenth century, at a time when no one was considered to fulfil his character of gentleman who left the dinner-table, as Mr. Macfarren says, “with less than two bottles of wine under his embroidered waistcoat.” What wonder that we find glee set to the praises of Bacchus—the toper’s god? The lecturer said he very much admired the jovial music of Mynheer Van Dunck, but he could not allow it to be sung to the words for which it was composed. It might do very well for habitual sots and topers, whose god is Bacchus, and the sun of their system “drink,” to sing this glee as originally written, but Temperate Christian men (not to speak of Abstainers) can scarcely afford to jest on that which is the most fruitful source of misery and sin, and makes this Christian land a bye-word and reproach among the nations. The lecturer informed the audience that he had substituted other words for those of Mynheer Van Dunck. It was an attempt to rescue Bishop’s spirited music from very ugly associations. This attempt was so far appreciated that Mr. Pitman, the publisher, is about to bring out a new edition, re-arranged by Mr. Thomas Crampton, whose musical ability is well known. We subjoin the lecturer’s version of the glee as it is to appear:

O haste, brothers, haste, there’s work to be done
While the sun shines brightly o’er us,
Come and take your part with a willing heart
In the deeds that lie before us;
Singing on, brothers, on, in the race for life,
In the manly toil, in the daily strife.

Rest after his toil, and sweet repose
No true worker dreams of scorning;
But he likes not the drowsy ways of those
Who will slumber still when each eastern hill
Is aglow with the beams of morning.
Then on, brothers, on, in the race for life,
In the manly toil, in the daily strife.

Our readers will be inclined to say that it is a step in the right direction, to endeavour to suit a popular strain to words which shall at least be free from such sentiments as the bibulous Dutchman is made to utter—

Singing, oh, that a Dutchman’s draught could be,
As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee.
CHAPTER VII.

THE PEACEMAKER.

"The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves;—"

Cowper.

Helen returned home, her mind full of her happiness, and of the pleasure it would be to meet her friends again and receive their congratulations. But her joyful anticipations were soon to receive a check.

Miss Moncreiffe met her at Chesterman, and it was with the faintest possible smile of welcome that she received Helen’s hearty greeting.

“What is the matter, Jane?” she asked, when they had got the luggage, and had left the station with all its hurry and bustle.

“What is the matter!” repeated her sister. “Many things are the matter! Nothing will serve Hugh but he must take a house for Mr. Wray and Katherine and support them. And what is the return Mr. Wray makes? Why he sits all day sipping the wine which Hugh pinches himself to provide for him.”

“But,” exclaimed Helen, who was perplexed by the different statements, “I thought he had some patients.”

“Hugh says so; but I believe Katherine deceives him. I am sure her smooth ways are meant to hide something.”

“I don’t think so at all,” said Helen, indignantly.

“I dare say not. I don’t know what the Moncreiffes are coming to—the only son to marry the artful daughter of a drunkard, and you to make this romantic fuss about a little dwarf.”

Helen made a hasty reply, which she regretted the moment it was uttered, and she apologised; but Miss Moncreiffe’s compressed lips scarcely acknowledged the apology, and it was a great relief to Helen when they reached St. Stephen’s-street. The others were delighted to have her home again, and their love soon made her forget Jane’s cold greeting.

Helen longed for a confidential chat with Hugh, but she did not get it until late in the evening; for both Dr. and Mrs. Moncreiffe had so many questions to ask and so much to tell that the time quickly passed. Dinner was rather a trial to Helen, for she had determined to follow the example of her friends, and, in honour of her return, Dr. Moncreiffe had ordered a bottle of champagne to be brought in which to drink her health. This was an additional difficulty, for it seemed so churlish to refuse, but she wisely decided to decline as kindly and gently as possible.

“May I drink to your toast in water, Papa?”

“What! have the Hartleghs per-
persuaded you to become one of those foolish Teetotallers?"

"They did not persuade me, but I have not had anything but water there, and I cannot help seeing the advantage. But do not look so grave, Papa! You do not think I look any the worse for it, do you?" said Helen, turning her merry face towards him.

"No, my dear, I am willing that you should do as you like," said the doctor, for he could not refuse any wish of Nelly's.

"I think it would be a good plan for us all to sign the pledge," said Hugh, half in earnest and half in fun.

"How can you be so foolish, Hugh?" said Jane; "as if it were necessary for a Moncreiffe to bind himself or herself not to exceed the limits of propriety!"

Hugh laughed at this remark, and Helen tried to turn the conversation by talking of her visit.

Dinner was over, and one of the Moncreiffes had made her protest against Intemperance; and like all acts of self-denial this would bring its own reward.

"Hugh, what is the matter with Jane?" exclaimed Helen, the first moment they were alone.

"I do not know," replied Hugh; "but never mind, Nelly, she is very miserable, I am sure; and do not let us forget in our own happiness to be considerate for her. Happiness ought to make one unselfish."

"Oh! Hugh, you are so much better than I am. Before I had been with her ten minutes, she provoked me to say something I regretted afterwards."

"I am always doing the same thing. We have missed you so much, Nelly."

"So dear Mamma says; it is a good plan to go away, for it is so pleasant to be missed. Now let me deliver my messages. First, Mary said I was to tell you how glad she was that you had seen Katherine."

"Was that all she said?"

"No, but that is all till I have told the other part."

"Well?" said Hugh, as she hesitated.

"John wants you to go over and see him," said Helen, blushing.

"Nelly dear," said Hugh, gravely, "May I ask a question, and you promise not to be hurt?"

"I know what you would ask, Hugh. He is only very slightly deformed; the defect is scarcely perceptible, and he is so genuine and good; I am sure you will like him."

"I have no doubt I shall, Nelly," said Hugh, relieved; for Jane had said so much that Hugh thought if only a quarter of it were true it was an awful idea to allow his sister to marry such a person.

"And now I want to know when I can see Katherine. Mamma has been speaking so kindly of her. I am very sorry to hear that she is so poorly."

"Yes, she looks very thin and ill. Mamma has been so kind to her; she has not asked her here, as Jane is so stiff. I will take you in the morning; now I think I will go and sit with Mr. Wray: he plays at chess with me nearly every evening, and it keeps him in and saves Katherine a great deal of trouble and anxiety about him."

"Do you not think, Hugh, if you became an Abstainer for his sake, that
you would have more influence over him?"

"I do not know, Nelly. I do not know what you will think of me, but really the sacrifice would be too great. I did try for a few days to do without anything, but I was thankful to give up the experiment. I wanted my father to have none on the table; but he said it was nonsense, and I felt quite glad when he said so."

"Then, Hugh," said Helen, solemnly, "you ought for your own sake to give it up. It is a fearful habit, and grows upon one by such slow degrees, that before you are aware it has become second nature. Do not be angry, dear Hugh, but do not know how shocked I felt at dinner, to see how much you all took, especially Jane."

"Ah! I have sometimes thought she has a good deal, and I believe, between ourselves, that is the cause of her extreme irritability. It is an awful thing, Nelly, to be under the power of anything in this way."

"I wish you could see them at Hartleigh, dear Hugh. They are so kind and hospitable, and yet so firm on this subject. You have no idea what they have done for that place, and all their influence is, I believe, because they practise what they preach. They follow out the meaning of the hymn:

'Let your own self-abnegation
Be the weapon that ye wield.'"

Helen's return was a great comfort to all the Moncreiffes, for there had lately been several things which had disturbed the family peace.

"Hugh," said Helen, at breakfast, the morning after her return, "I am going to call on Katherine. Can you go with me to-day, or shall I go alone. I almost think I should like best to go by myself?"

Hugh was thunderstruck at this speech. Here he had been cautiously going step by step: only speaking to his father or mother about Katherine when alone with either of them, and here was Nelly, plunging at once headlong into the subject. He glanced up at his father, but he was looking hard at the newspaper, as if he had not heard a word, Mrs. Moncreiffe was smiling, but Jane looked very indignant.

"Why, Hugh looks as bewildered as though he had never heard of such a lady as Katherine. Look at him, Papa!"

Hugh could not resist the merry twinkle in Nelly's eyes, and he laughed as Dr. Moncreiffe looked up. It was no use for the doctor to pretend that he was deaf, when Helen was appealing to another sense, for she was now sitting on the arm of his chair playing with his hair. Nothing is so contagious as hearty laughter, and the doctor's reserve was conquered.

"He called me 'Katherine,' the other day, Nelly," said he.
"Why, Papa?"
"I went into his room and he was halfasleep, and said, 'Yes, Katherine!'"

The ice was now broken, and Hugh said, laughing, "Wait till the afternoon and I can go, Nelly."

"No, I cannot wait till then," replied Helen, shaking her head wilfully; "but I know what I shall do. Mamma, is any one coming to dinner?"

"No, dear, I think not. Why do you ask?"
"Because I should like to take a message from you and Papa inviting Mr. Wray and Katherine."

"I have no objection if your Papa is willing."

"Now, Papa, I want you a minute in the other room."

"What for, you little tyrant?" said he, getting up, but not looking pleased.

"Come and see, Papa. I won’t keep you long, but I have secrets for you."

"How he spoils that child!" exclaimed Miss Moncreiffe, as he followed Helen out of the room.

"They won’t come," said Hugh, not noticing Jane’s reproofs. "I am sure Mr. Wray will never come till my father has called on him."

"Then he will not come to-day," said Jane. She did not know that even then her sister was realising in the fullest sense that blessing which is promised to the peacemaker.

VISITING AND TRACT DISTRIBUTION.

(Continued.)

SCARCELY any time can be wrong for engaging in this work, but I always have found that Sunday forenoon is the best of all times. You are almost sure then to find the man at home, as well as the family, and he, perhaps, on the stool of repentance for the previous night’s drinking. They have then time to listen to you, and if you call upon them in a friendly spirit, avoiding disputes about religion, and all appearance of a wish to proselyte, your visits will generally be acceptable. It is impossible to calculate the amount of good which may be done by these visits, if they are kept up, and a sufficient number engaged in them. The Sunday forenoon, too, is as good a time as you could choose for meeting with groups of idlers at the corners of the streets, especially of young men, for whose sobriety we cannot be too anxious. We should never forget that passage, "He went about doing good." That going about on the Temperance mission in a promiscuous way, both on Sunday and at other times, is an important part of our work. In the course of a couple of hours in a forenoon you may speak to a great number of parties and to all sorts of people. If we are to have Temperance missionaries, all their spare time, when it would be improper to be intruding upon families, may be filled up in this way. More people are to be seen "worse for liquor" on Saturday and Sunday evenings and on Mondays than in all the rest of the week put together. These are the times when the missionary should be especially at work. In company with some other friend, on the Saturday nights he should never finish before twelve o’clock. His days for rest should be the same as the publicans’, say Thursdays and Fridays, when they have the least to do. But the danger of having a missionary is, that the Teetotallers are apt to depend upon him instead of working themselves. We are all inclined to do our Christian works by proxy. The gift of £5 towards the salary is a poor substitute for personally warning the
drinkers and "visiting the fatherless and the widow," which is a main part of pure and undefiled religion. A missionary should be the inspiring spirit to the whole body of Teetotallers, leading them on, and not acting as their substitute. Until the love of Temperance work, be it ever so self-denying, permeate the Teetotal ranks, we shall continue to behold that awful arithmetical mirror, reflecting the dreadful effects of the drinking system in these words—"The cost of a year's drinking to England is a hundred millions a-year!"

One thing more is wanting to give effect to our visiting, whether in the streets or at the homes, and that is, a large supply of Temperance papers. You should never call empty-handed; you should never leave a house, nor part with a man in the street, without giving him something to read. These papers serve to impress upon his mind what you have said to him—perhaps to enlighten him as to the pernicious nature of his favourite liquor, about which he was previously ignorant. The probability is, that he will hand the paper you gave him to some of his "chums," and it may be circulated to a great distance. In fact, we know that our "New Year's Address" is, after being read, sent to every part of the kingdom and all over the world. A staunch Teetotaller should never be without Temperance papers in his pockets, and committees ought to spend much more in this department than their reports seem to indicate. It is true that four-page tracts in large numbers, at the usual price, are expensive; but small handbills, well expressed and to the point, will do ample service for promiscuous circulation, reserving the four-page tracts for those places where they can be called for again and exchanged. I should like to see every district flooded with these Temperance handbills. To encourage this, I am now printing about twelve sorts, which I sell at the cost price of the paper and printing (1s. 6d. per 1,000); and the societies, I trust, will see the importance of supplying themselves freely with them. I don't like the idea of small "packets"; we should go in for thousands and tens of thousands of these silent messengers. A reformed Teetotaller, saving from 5s. to 10s. a-week by giving over drinking, should think nothing at supplying himself with a few thousand of these handbills. And there are few localities where some gentleman or other would not give a pound for this object, if the benefit of it were properly explained to him. As we shall soon be at the end of the year, those societies which intend to have a house-to-house visitation, and to leave a New Year's address at each, should make their arrangements as early as possible.

J. Livesey

Preston, Nov. 8, 1869.

INCREASED CIRCULATION OF THE MAGAZINE.
We think our Lady Friends, earnest helpers as they are, could do us much service by obtaining new subscribers for the Magazine.

Parcels of not less than 25 Numbers will be forwarded carriage free to any friend who will procure subscribers for the same.
THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN IRELAND
FORTY YEARS AGO.

In the Christian Examiner for December, 1829, I was much pleased to meet with a most interesting article on the Temperance Movement. It is a review of five tracts published shortly before. These tracts were: "I. An Address to the Temperate. By the Rev. John Edgar, Professor of Divinity in the Belfast Institution." "II. A Letter on the Effects of Wine and Spirits. By a Physician." "III. A Second Letter on the Effects of Wine and Spirits. By a Physician." "IV. Political Evils of Intemperance; or a Few Observations and Statements, Pointing Out Intemperance and Drunkenness to be as Disadvantageous to a State, as it is Ruinous to an Individual. By J. H." "V. Remarks on the Evils, Occasions, and Cure of Intemperance. By W. U. [Rev. William Urwick]."

The reviewer says, and the readers of our Temperance Magazine will, I am sure, be much interested in reading what a reviewer of Temperance tracts forty years ago said: "These tracts, which, with some others, have been published for circulation by the Dublin Temperance Society, have called, and with considerable effect, the attention of the public to a most important subject. We have gone on for centuries consuming fermented liquors, and neither the physician, nor the clergyman, nor the consumer, accurately ascertaining the medical or the religious results of the consumption, except when that consumption showed itself in the disgusting character of open and habitual intoxication; and the result has been that persons, moral and religious, have continued supposing themselves to be temperate while they escaped such a situation, and giving effect by their example to the seduction of a destructive habit among their inferiors." The writer's meaning, though very clumsily expressed, is clear, and he states it still more clearly in the following sentence: "We feel grateful to the members of this Society for having endeavoured to rouse the public from their error, and to awaken them to the conviction, that it is possible to be Intemperate without being intoxicated: we feel grateful to them for setting the moral duty resulting thence before our eyes, and for the collection of facts and varied information they have placed within our reach. Something of the kind was essential in Ireland where, from the general character of the higher orders, there has always existed a tendency to excess; and from the peculiar habits of the lower classes, their food and their fuel, dram drinking has become the practical bane of the country. America was dreadfully addicted to the same vice, and Temperance Societies, the growth of that Continent, have been able to effect much. In the States the annual consumption of ardent spirits amounted, in 1827, to 56,000,000 of gallons, or five gallons to each individual, and the effect of this consumption is said to have been the annual death of nearly 40,000 persons. To counteract such an awful evil, these Societies were established; the grea
mass; the Presbyterian congregations have joined them; and at the commencement of the present year, 100,000 persons have voluntarily relinquished the use of ardent spirits. Distillers have ceased working; many engaged in the sale of spirits have desisted; and so powerful has been the effect, that in one village, in the course of two years, ten grogshops, in one of which twelve hogsheads of rum were annually drunk, are closed. To so rapid an effect in Ireland we do not look, but an effect may be produced; it must, however, commence from the top; the upper ranks must manifest their Temperance if the lower are to be influenced; for in vain will the gentry hope to have their domestics and dependants sober, if they are seen day after day spending hours at the dinner-table, either consuming fermented liquors, or appearing to do so. We heartily wish the Society success, for we believe their cause is that of God and man; and, unconnected as it is with sect or party, and pretending only to collect facts, not to lay down rules, we think they have claims at least for a hearing upon every reasoning man.”

The writer, towards the close of his review, forgets that he had said at the commencement of it that “persons, moral and religious, give effect by their example [of moderate drinking] to the seduction of a destructive habit among their inferiors.” He says: “One only observation would he make, that we do not think our excellent authors have, in all instances, sufficiently distinguished between Temperance and Abstinence; and the reasoning which would apply to a high degree of the former, loses its form and efficacy in being directed towards the latter.” He evidently had not studied the Biblical aspect of the Temperance question, for he goes on to say: “Now, we fear that Abstinence, except from medical reasons, is not likely to be effected, nor, perhaps, is it right to be enjoined; that the Scriptures, the great and infallible rule for morals, do not, in our judgment, enjoin it; and that it would be laying down an unscriptural rule, investing our own maxims with a religious character, and imposing a yoke upon the consciences of our brethren, to go beyond the line of scriptural precept, “let your moderation [that is, your gentleness and patience!] be known among all men.” For the meaning of “moderation” in Philippians iv. 5, see our Church Temperance Magazine for January, 1863, page 120. The worthy writer of this article in the Christian Examiner for December, 1829, deserves the greatest credit for the favour with which he viewed the Temperance movement. He was far in advance of thousands of professing Christians, ministers and laity, in this year of greater light and knowledge—1870.

William Caine, M.A.
Manchester.

Managers and Secretaries of Temperance Societies who may be anxious to extend the circulation of the Magazine, may become agents on favourable terms by applying to the Office, 6, Adam-street, Adelphi, London, W.C.
WAITING AND WATCHING FOR ME.

(From the Chester Parish Magazine, June, 1867.)

When mysterious whispers are floating about,
And voices that will not be still
Shall summon me hence from the slippery shore
To the waves that are silent and still;
When I look with changed eyes at the Home of the blest
Far out of the reach of the sea—
Will any one stand at that beautiful gate
Waiting and watching for me?

There are little ones glancing about on my path
In need of a friend and a guide;
There are dim little eyes looking up into mine,
Whose tears could be easily dried;
But Jesus may beckon the children away,
In the midst of their grief or their glee—
Will any of these at that beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me?

There are old and forsaken who linger awhile.
In the homes which their dearest have left,
And an action of love, or a few gentle words,
Might cheer the sad spirit bereft.
But the reaper is near to the long standing-corn,
The weary shall soon be set free;
Will any of these at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me?

There are dear ones at home I may bless with my love
There are wretched ones pacing the street;
There are friendless and suffering strangers around;
There are tempted and poor I must meet.
There are many unthought of, whom happy and bles
In the land of the good I shall see;
Will any of them at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me?

I may be brought there by the manifold grace
Of the Saviour who loves to forgive,
Though I bless not the hungry ones near to my side,
Only pray for myself while I live.
But I think I should mourn o'er my selfish neglect,
If sorrow in heaven can be,
If no one should stand at the beautiful gate
Waiting and watching for me.

E. W
"Will any one stand at that beautiful gate
Waiting and watching for me?"
LOCALISING THE MAGAZINE.

"Another useful ally in this work of teaching is the localising some magazine, and printing on the wrapper, and on an extra page, some selected extracts from old and new divines; clear explanations of difficult texts and chapters; terse notes on doctrines and practices in the Church of England. I think this well worth the sinking a little money to carry out, selling, if need be, at a loss."—The People's Magazine for February.

He's just like he was when he was courting me.—The Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste, of Sydney, writes: "Our Conference on Temperance Reform, held as a conclusion to the admirable lecture of our Chief Justice, Sir Alfred Stephen, C.B., on the Permissive Bill, which he delivered a fortnight since at our noble Masonic Hall, his Excellency Lord Belmore occupying the chair, was numerous attended by the clergy of different denominations. The Rev. G. H. Moreton, one of the leading Episcopalian clergymen of this city, who was with me in the London City Mission in 1845, delivered a very telling speech. His self-elected theme was the necessity for philanthropists going to the drunkard at his 'home' and battling with the demon drink there, as well as seeking legislative interference. Of his own theme he is, I happen to know, an untiring practical exponent. He related with great gusto a recent instance in his parish of successful effort. The drunkard signed the pledge; hopefully turned to God his Saviour; the 'home' was speedily metamorphosed from filth and wretchedness to neatness and comfort; Divine worship was regularly attended; the children so clothed that they could attend the Sunday-school; and the poor wife, in the fulness of her gratitude, was exuberantly describing one by one the more than magic changes. At last, as a climax to the whole, she added, respecting the alteration in her husband, 'Oh, Sir! he's just like he was when he was courting me.' The poor woman's touching comparison told immensely upon our staid Conference, who gave very free vent to the pleasure it occasioned."

Giving Wine to Children.—Fond papas and mammis, unaware of the havoc they are making with their children's health, may frequently be seen giving them sips and glasses of wine at dinner. Children with robust constitutions may endure this without serious injury, further than creating in them bad habits, but to those of a weak and inflammatory constitution the administration of alcohol in wine or other ways is most pernicious. An ingenious surgeon tried the following experiment. He gave to two of his children for a week, after dinner—to the one a full glass of sherry, and to the other a large China orange. The effects that followed were sufficient to prove the injurious tendency of vinous liquors. In the one child (who had taken the wine) the pulse was quickened, the heat increased, the secretion morbidly altered, and diminished the flow of bile; whilst the other had every appearance that indicated high health. The same effects followed when the experiment was reversed.—Morning Advertiser.
THE CHILDREN’S CORNER.

LIFE OF A LITTLE CHILD.

BY F. HARRISON.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT MARY TRIED TO LEARN.

The poor little baby who had been dropped on the hard stones by her drunken father seemed now to become an object of horror to him. He could never look at the child without remembering how he had made himself like unto the brutes that have no understanding. Indeed, he knew himself to be lower than the brutes, for they never put poison into their mouths to destroy the sense and feelings which God has given them. But men drink absolute poison, and ruin their reason and intellect, which are given them to raise them above the animals. A horse or a dog would not get tipsy if you offered him any quantity of wine or spirits: he would turn away from it, and drink water. But men have the choice of doing wrong or right, and they do not always, like the brutes, do right, but very often, when they have the choice, they choose to do wrong.

Thomas Green could not see his little pale child without thinking how the drink had made him drop her down on the pavement; and his heart reproached him so much that he could not bear it, and he tried never to look at little Mary. And yet she was a sweet, white little creature, with large dark eyes. Her mother loved her all the more because her father did not care for her. One day Eliza Green said to her husband, “It seems to me, Thomas, that you don’t love the child.”

“You’re right,” he answered, in a surly tone, “what’s the use of a child like that? I’ve got to buy her food and clothing, and she’s no use to me.”

“Oh! you wicked, wicked man!” cried his wife, “not to love your own child! You’re worse than a dog or a cat!”

“Kittens and puppies don’t cost their parents anything for food and clothes,” said Thomas Green.

The fact was that he thought if he had no child he would have more money to spend on his own eating and drinking. The habit of drinking was growing on him more and more; and when he was in the public-houses he often was robbed, and cheated at games which he tried to play when he was half tipsy. So much of his money was wasted in these ways that he gave very little of it to his wife. Week by week he gave her less money, and more hard words. She could not keep the rooms neat and nice, or her own dress tidy and pretty, nor could she provide good dinners and suppers for her husband, because he did not give her money enough to do all these things.

“Your gown’s all ragged,” said Green.

“Yes,” replied Eliza. “I have no money to buy a new one.”
"This room wants a new carpet."
"If you will give me ten shillings I will buy a new one."

Another time he would say, "Why do you give me these cold bits for supper? You should have a beefsteak or a mutton chop ready for me."

"I have only fourpence, Thomas: I can't buy a beefsteak with that."

So he went on from bad to worse. His wife led a miserable life; when he was tipsy he would use shocking language to her, and once he even struck her and gave her a great black bruise on her cheek. She did not know how to bear with him and his cruelty; so she went to see the clergyman of the parish, and he promised to come and talk to Thomas Green. When the clergyman came Green was quite sober, and talked civilly to him.

"Can't you give up your bad habit?" said the clergyman.

"I wish I could," said Thomas.
"Suppose you try, my friend." And Thomas said he would try, and not touch a drop of drink for the whole of the next week. He kept to this for two days, but on the third day he came home quite tipsy. As he stood scolding at his wife the door opened, and in came the clergyman.

"How do you do, Green?" said he, "I have come to see how you are getting on."

"Who wants you to interfere?" said Green; and he began to find fault with this kind gentleman for coming there, and at last made such a noise that the clergyman was obliged to go away. But next day he called on Mrs. Green at a time when he knew her husband was out.

"It is so dreadful, Sir," said poor Eliza. "I do lead such a dreadful life. And it is so sad for my Mary to see what a bad father she has. It is just a year since he dropped her down on the paving-stones, and he's been getting worse and worse ever since that day."

"How old is your child?" asked Mr. Aikin.

"She is a year and a half, but she is very little for her age."

"She must soon come to the infants' school. Can she talk at all?"

"Oh yes, Sir. Mary, come and speak to the gentleman."

Mary came up shyly and looked at Mr. Aikin. He had a kind face, and she said, "I like 'ou." He noticed that she was very small and weak, and had a white face, which was very pretty, but not like a child's face; it had an old, serious look on it, not the laughing look that a child's face should have.

"I am afraid she is delicate," said Mr. Aikin. "Mary, do you love your mother?"

"Es, I love mammy. I don't love daddy."

"Oh, you must not say that, my child; you must love your daddy too."

"No, can't love daddy." And Mary shook her head and looked more serious than ever. Mr. Aikin did not know what to say; he knew the child ought to love her father, and yet he would not tell her to love a drunkard. He again begged Mrs. Green to send the child to the infants' school as soon as she possibly could. He thought that the influence of the school might be a help against the evil which little Mary saw at home. Thomas Green did not object to Mary's going to school. All he said was, "All right,
let her go; I'm sure I don't want her at home." She used to go with Mrs. Scott's children, and the school was quite near.

"What do you learn at school?" Mrs. Green asked, one day.

"I learn animals," replied Mary.

Mrs. Green did not know what was meant by "learning animals"; so Mary explained that the little children learnt a song about the noises that animals make, and made sounds to imitate the voices of the animals. And then she told her mother a little hymn that she had learnt; for she spoke quite plainly now. "And I am learning something else," said Mary, looking very grave.

"What is that, my darling?"

"I am learning to love daddy."

"Oh, what do you mean, child?" exclaimed her mother.

"Yes, mammy, teacher says I must try and learn to love him; and every day I learn a little bit, and perhaps by-and-bye I really shall love him. But it is a very hard thing to learn."

Was not that a strange thing? Think of a child learning to love its father! All the happy children of good parents, they love their fathers without thinking about it; they cannot help loving their good fathers. But this poor little child had only a cruel, tipsy father, and she could not love him of her own accord. So the teacher at the school was trying to teach her. Oh! it was sad that she should have to be taught such a thing; and the sadness of it made the mother cry. "How does she teach you, darling?" said the mother.

"She says that God loves everybody, whether they are good or bad, and he always wants everybody to be good and happy. And so I am to love daddy, though he is so bad, and I am to try and help to make him good if I can. Because if daddy is not too bad for God to love, he is not too bad for me to love. But don't cry, mammy, let's keep on trying to love daddy."

And this little child kept on trying, and one day, when her father was sober, she went up to him, and looked at him with her large, sad eyes, and said, "Daddy, I can almost do it. I shall do it very soon now."

"Do what, child?" said he, roughly.

"I shall very soon love you. I've been trying a long time. You know God always loves you, and I shall love you very soon."

"I don't want your love!" said Green.

"Ah! but some day you will want it, and so I'm getting it ready for you."

Thomas Green went out of the room and walked quickly down to the river side; and he stood still on the bank to think of what Mary had said. He did not want her love, and yet she was trying to love him; he did not wish for his wife's love, and yet Eliza kept on loving him a little; he did not care for God's love, and yet God still loved him. For Thomas Green knew that if God should stop taking care of him for one moment his body would die, and where would his soul go? As he thought of these things he watched the river running away towards the sea, just like his own life running away towards death and eternity. The sun was shining on the river just as God's love shines on every one in the world. Then he
thought of what he sometimes did to his own mind when he darkened it with those horrible drinks, and brought night down on his own soul. It might be that he was bringing eternal night on his soul; and that when the river of his life flowed into the sea of death, the sun of God's love would set, and never rise again. He had heard of the utter darkness prepared for wicked people; he shuddered now when he thought of it. How could he avoid it?

After these solemn thoughts, what did this foolish and wicked man do? He said to himself, "These are dismal thoughts; I don't like them; I'll drive them away!" He went into a beer-shop and spent his money and got quite tipsy, and staggered home, and reeled into the room where his wife and child were kneeling at their prayers.

Poor little Mary crept into her bed, sobbing to herself, "I don't know how to do it! I don't know how I ever can learn to love him!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

Sir,—I have just been looking over the report of the Scripture Readers' Society, and I naturally supposed that it would deal fully with that which every one knows to be the great source of almost all the prevalent irreligion and vice of our large towns. Would you believe the following is the only allusion to it? "And now shall we say a few words as to some of the counteracting influences to the visitation of the Scripture reader or other Christian visitor? Foremost among them must be placed the habitual Intemperance of a large portion of the working classes. But Intemperance is an effect as well as a cause. It is, beyond all doubt, the cause of abounding evil; but it is in itself the effect in a great measure of the want of what can, by any propriety of language, be called a home. For what kind of a home is that which is destitute of all home comforts, which lacks all the order and regularity and happiness of a home?" I would venture to suggest that the miserable home is the effect of Intemperance and the money spent on it, and that the first thing to be done is to make the heads of the families sober and teach them to spend their money on home comforts, not in the public-houses and beer-shops. Thus you remove two "counteracting influences" at once by commencing at the right end. Why are our religious societies so afraid of Total Abstinence, and those who by it endeavour "by any means to save some"?—Yours truly, V. X.

February, 1870.

As it is intended to send a copy of the Magazine each month to all subscribers and collectors to the Society of ten shillings and upwards, notice is given that all money received up to the 15th of each month will be acknowledged in the ensuing number of the Magazine, and no formal receipt sent except in special circumstances. Should any sum not be acknowledged, contributors are requested to write at once to the office.

** Intelligence received too late has been crowded out, and will be inserted next month.
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"For, brethren, we have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another."—Gal. v. 13.

CLERICAL FAILURES IN TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

By R. B. GRINDROD, M.D., LL.D., F.L.S., G.S., AND R.G.S.,
Author of "Bacchus," "Malvern, Past and Present," "Hints and Cautions to Water Patients," &c.

PEN a few practical remarks, in pursuance of a promise made to a clerical friend, to explain my views in relation to a subject of mutual interest—the cause why not a few of the clergy have unsuccessfully tried the practice of Total Abstinence from alcoholic liquors.

I scarcely need to premise that my medical experience and convictions impel me to the belief that Total Abstinence, under ordinary circumstances, is right in principle and practice—that alcoholic liquors are not necessary to persons in health—that they are uncertain, and often unsafe, remedies in bodily weakness and in disease. Such were my convictions nearly forty years back, when I first publicly enunciated these views, and such are my convictions at the present period, after still more extended investigation and experience.
Why is it, then, that so many clergymen, after adopting the practice for a few weeks or months, are either induced or compelled, often under medical advice, to resort again to the use of wine and other alcoholic stimulants?

Many parties, I am afraid, give in their adhesion either under philanthropic impulse, or moral and religious conviction, and not in the persuasion that it is good, or even safe, for their health. Not a few clergymen, it is probable, sign the pledge under the conviction that they are countenancing a moral good, at the risk, or even penalty, of physical mischief—not sufficiently counting the cost.

A change of diet is almost certain to involve a change of feelings—in this case those of apparent physical exhaustion; add to these the moral influence of entreaties and remonstrances of numerous kind friends who predicate certain mischief, and possibly, if not probably, the dictum of the doctor, and need we be surprised if the object of so much solicitude—only half convinced of the propriety of his new habit—should at last give way, and thus bring discredit on a good cause?

A brief review of the antecedents of not a few of the clergy who give their personal sanction and adhesion to the Temperance movement may assist in the elucidation of the subject. Possibly the possessor of a feeble constitution, he leaves school to commence his college career, a time necessarily, if conscientiously pursued, of self-denial and study. No sooner has his academical curriculum terminated than the course of study for holy orders begins, and this uninterruptedly until the period of ordination. Then, without any interval of rest, come the duties of a curate, and this in the full ardour of one devoted to his calling. Now follow claims of various kinds—sermon composition, a new and difficult study; parochial visitations, often exhausting to a sensitive mind; school and Bible classes or meetings, and other claims on the moral and intellectual being—and no wonder that times of mental weariness and bodily languor ensue, and medical advice should be sought. The only source of radical cure is obvious. The jaded, overworked horse would, under analogous circumstances, be sent to grass. The worn-out, broken-down cleric, in whom the appeals of violated nature are signally manifest, is stimulated to renewed effort by tonics and wine. The
contest is an unequal one—the human candle is being burnt at both ends—and the issue is not very doubtful.

What are we to do under these circumstances? is the very legitimate and natural question. Our health, and consequent ministerial usefulness, suffers, and surely we are not justified in incurring certain mischief for the sake of possible good.

The question is a just one, and demands careful consideration. In the first place, I would advise every clergyman, before signing the pledge, to do so in the full persuasion that the step is a right one—not merely for the sake of example, but right, or at least safe, in reference to his own health. If not assured of personal benefit, let him be convinced that he will not sustain personal injury. If an individual of weak frame or nervous temperament, let him quietly and unobtrusively try to abstain from alcoholic stimulants for a few months, and carefully test the effects. Let it, however, be done in such a way as not to call forth the anxious sympathy of wine-drinking friends, who are almost certain to predict evil. The influence of constant dubious references and mournful prognostications on persons of nervous temperaments may be readily surmised. He must indeed have more than ordinary moral strength who can withstand the daily remonstrances and entreaties of a united congregation, supported, as it often is, by medical advice.

Let me now suppose that a clergyman resolves, after due consideration, to give the principle of Total Abstinence a trial. Let it, however, be a fair trial, and let him thoroughly understand that a change of habit in one respect may demand a change of habit in another. Wine-drinking is a habit of artificial life, and commonly indulged in to support artificial habits. Water-drinking is a practice of nature, and requires obedience in other respects to nature's laws. He who desires to possess real health—and not merely its appearance—must observe the rules of health. The laws of the animal economy are as fixed and absolute as those of the moral man, and every deviation from physiological integrity ensures its corresponding penalty.

Over-exertion, for example, mental or physical, is certain to be followed by mental or physical exhaustion. The capacity for bodily or mental exercise in each person has its limit, and this limit
can be decided only in individual cases by the test of experience. If on occasional emergencies an excess of expenditure should be incurred, there should always succeed a period of adequate rest. Too frequently these periods of excessive mental or bodily expenditure succeed each other, and the hard-working clergyman endeavours by artificial stimulants to rouse into active exercise the flagging energies of body and mind.

It is obvious that a practice of this kind must eventually be disastrous. Stimulants do not repair the waste consequent on mental and physical labour—they do not contribute to the material supply of the lost organism on which the activities of the mind and body depend; they simply act as whips or spurs to the jaded animal.

The wine-drinking clergyman in many cases is worn out by stimulants as well as by over-exertion, and in the major portion of these cases the temporary excitement experienced by resorting to stimulants prevents the necessity of their having recourse to early and judicious rest—the only effectual and radical cure, it may be, in conjunction with appropriate medical remedies.

The overstrained clergyman, therefore, must learn the primary lesson that there is no royal road to recovery—that there are no means of restoring vital energy but those which involve obedience to physiological laws and requirements—that no artificial stimulants can form adequate substitutes for the stimulants of nature—that the only permanent cure lies, on the one hand, in absolute rest of organs overworked, and, on the other, in the due exercise of organs which have been neglected—in short, in those conditions of air, exercise, and social influences which will calm and tranquilise the brain and build up the vital energies.

Among the more natural stimulants or restoratives is pure air, and this is the more important because clerical studies and clerical duties too frequently involve respiration in an atmosphere either deficient in oxygen or pregnant with noxious elements. How often, when the system languishes for want of pure air, the nerves are roused from the torpor of exhaustion by the stimulus of wine! The influence is purely temporary. Hence the sufferer must learn a second lesson, that alcohol is not a substitute for
oxygen, and that pure air is essential to pure blood and sound nerves. He must counteract the influence of library, school, church, or other indoor exposure, by abundant outdoor exercise.

Systematic labour forms another point of essential consideration. Many clergymen too commonly crowd the more laborious labour of the head into a too limited period of time. If, for example, sermon composition is left until the latter portion of the week—the freely-worked brain has not had time to recover tone before it is again urged to exertion by the claims of the Sabbath. Then follows corresponding exhaustion, and that “Mondayish” feeling which not unfrequently seeks for relief by recourse to stimulants. A wise plan is to execute headwork during the middle portion of the week, and, as an invariable rule, to let Saturday be a day of mental rest and abundant bodily exercise. This would prevent two consecutive days of mental pressure and nervous exhaustion.

Again, a clergyman, unless his strength should be manifestly commensurate, should avoid all extraneous work distinct from his pastoral duties. Public meetings of a purely secular character, dinners of various societies, involving brainwork, are not in any sense desirable, and add to labour already too exhaustive. Such meetings may properly be left to layman without at all involving a neglect of the cultivation of those social relations which should always be fostered between a clergyman and the members of his flock.

The regulation of diet constitutes another essential element in the preservation of health. The laws of diet I give at length in my little brochure, “Hints to Dyspeptics.” To preserve a healthy condition of the brain and nerves there must be ensured a healthy condition of the stomach. An eminent physician well remarks that “he who would have a clear head must have a clean stomach,” and few habits are more dangerous than to endeavour to rectify disorder of the stomach by the stimulus of wine. A common error in practice among clergymen is to abstain from solid food during the day, and at the conclusion of a hard day’s work to indulge in a comparatively heavy meal. The practice is in every sense unphilosophical. A heavy meal should not be taken late at night, and digestion should be completed before the period of sleep. Again, an exhausted
body is not in a condition favourable to digestion, and hence the desire and supposed necessity to stimulate by wine the flagging energies of the stomach. The same law applies to hearty indulgence in food at any time when the body is fatigued. The stomach in this state participates in the general debility, and is so far incapacitated from functional exercise. Under these circumstances wine may stimulate for a time to more vigorous action, but too often how sad the consequences—the remedy is worse than the disease!

Frequent dinner-parties are, on various grounds, a source of temptation and mischief. However careful the invited guest may be, it is scarcely possible to avoid indulgence in articles not of the most digestible character, and the invitations of the hospitable hosts cannot in every case be rejected. Apart from these considerations, there follows the late hour, and unfitness for ministerial work in the morning.

Skin action and brain action have intimate relationship. If by too close mental exertion a large flow of blood is directed to the head no more efficient mode of relief can be suggested than by free action of the cutaneous surface, which can readily be effected by well-directed ablutions, combined with vigorous towel-rubbing. In this way the overloaded brain is induced to part with its disproportionate share of blood, and the skin regains that supply of the vital fluid which by severe mental effort has been unduly directed to the brain.

My mind at this moment is directed to numerous cases of broken-down clergymen who, under judicious moderate hydropathic treatment, have been restored to health and usefulness, and who in vain have attempted to sustain ministerial labour by the use of non-natural stimulants.

Medical experience leads me to the conviction that, in the cases of clergymen who have abandoned the practice of Total Abstinence after a brief trial, most of them might have been prevented from doing so had they placed themselves for an adequate period under hydropathic treatment, and been subjected to those hygienic laws which can alone effect a radical and permanent cure. A few weeks devoted to a course of physical training, under medical supervision, would do infinitely more than any mere continental trip or holiday
by the seaside. In such cases, what is wanted is not rest only, but the regulation of vital actions, the relief of irritable organs—organs irritable from excessive action, and resulting in debility—especially those of the brain and nervous system and the stomach and viscera of nutrition, and which require, in addition to rest, special medical appliances. This regulation of disturbed organs should precede any mere tourist excursion, which in such cases not unfrequently, by its incidental influences, does more harm than good.

To conclude my remarks, if a clergyman feels that his influence might be extended by personal adhesion to the Total Abstinence movement, let him take into full consideration the responsibility of the step, and the serious influence of an early secession from the principle. Let him be aware of possible inconvenient contingencies. Let him know that he now must depend on the inherent energies of a body uninfluenced by artificial stimulants. Let him be prepared, by extra care, to avoid those conditions which arise, not from Abstinence, but from neglect of hygienic rules. He will in this way soon discover that attention to the laws of health will more than compensate, even in present feeling, for the lack of alcoholic stimulus, and that the power of sustained endurance, bodily and intellectual, will be largely increased.

The failure in most of these cases arises, not from the disuse of wine, but from non-observance of laws necessary under any circumstances. Wine in such cases does not prevent mischief, but aggravates it. It may afford, for a time, apparent relief, but it only represses the manifestation of present mischief, and its use simply delays that more radical attention to means which alone can ensure a solid and permanent restoration.

A clergyman, 72 years of age—now under my care—lately came to me broken down by anxious and long-continued labour. He has been a Total Abstainer for nearly thirty years. It is remarkable—when compelled to seek rest and medical aid—to see how a system uninfluenced by the previous use of stimulants responds to the treatment administered. In a few weeks he looks many years younger, and in mind and body is regaining comparative health and vigour, and appears likely yet for some years to labour in the cause of religion.
I do not enlarge these remarks, but submit them to the consideration of the clergy, in my desire to aid a cause in which I feel deep interest.

OUR ANNUAL MEETING AND SERMONS.

Our anniversary this year is appointed for Friday evening, May 13, at Willis's Rooms. The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has kindly consented to preside, and the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Peterborough has expressed a hope that he may be able to attend. Besides these right rev. prelates, the Rev. H. J. Ellison, Vicar of Windsor; the Rev. J. Gregory, Vicar of Park Chapel, Chelsea; Rev. J. N. Dunscombe, Rector of Macroom, Co. Cork; and other clerical, and some lay friends are expected to address the meeting.

Sermons will be preached on Sunday evening, May 8, in Holy Trinity Church, Vauxhall, by the Rev. H. J. Ellison, and in Christ's Church, Somers-town, by the Rev. J. N. Worsfold, Vicar.

** Our usual illustration is crowded out this month.

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

[We shall be glad to have short accounts of the various Church Temperance Societies' meetings for insertion under this head.]

IVER ASSOCIATION.—The second anniversary of the Iver Parochial Temperance Association was celebrated on Thursday evening, March 17, by a tea-meeting in the schoolroom, which was largely attended. In the unavoidable absence of the Clerical Travelling Secretary, Mr. J. B. Anderson, Hon. Sec. of the Westminster Abstainers' Union, represented the parent Society. The Vicar, who was in the chair, expressed his sympathy with the movement, and thanked God for the measure of success which had been vouchsafed to the operations of the Society during the past year. Addresses were then delivered by Mr. J. B. Anderson, Mr. Abbey, and the Rev. H. E. Windle, Hon. Secs. At the close of the meeting nine persons signed the pledge. Next morning the Band of Hope children assembled at nine o'clock to hear an address from the deputation. It was very gratifying to observe their deep attention during the delivery of his interesting address.
LANGLEY FITZURSE, CHIPPENHAM.—On Sunday, March 20, the Rev. T. Rooke preached two sermons in the Parish Church on the subject of “Intemperance and Total Abstinence,” and in the evening addressed a large meeting convened by the Vicar, the Rev. J. J. Daniell, who presided. There was much interest excited, and at the close of the meeting the Vicar and several parishioners signed the pledge.

ST. JAMES THE LESS, WESTMINSTER.—On Thursday, the 24th ult., by the kind permission of the Vicar and the churchwardens, the Rev. T. Rooke delivered a lecture on behalf of the funds of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society in the Schoolhouse, Upper Garden-street. The subject of the lecture was “The Sacred Scenery of Palestine,” illustrated by some very admirable dissolving views, and accompanied by appropriate music—viz., selections from the Messiah and other oratorios, kindly given by a member of the St. James’s Choir. The chair was occupied by the Rev. W. D. Dickson the Incumbent. The Rev. R. L. Giveen was also present. There was a good attendance. Mr. Rooke is making arrangements for lectures of the same kind on various subjects, illustrated by dissolving views, for the purpose of awakening a more general interest in the working of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society, and increasing its funds so as to enable it to embrace the many openings now afforded for its operations. A list of subjects will shortly be advertised in our Magazine.

ENDERBY, LEICESTER.—On Sunday, March 27, Mr. Rooke preached twice in this church; in the afternoon addressed the Sunday-school teachers and children; on Monday addressed a good meeting assembled by the earnest and active Vicar, the Rev. George Edwards, formerly Diocesan Secretary for Manchester; and on Tuesday evening preached on behalf of the Society at one of the Lenten services. The collection amounted to 3l. 7s. 4d.

CHRIST CHURCH, LEICESTER.—On Wednesday evening, March 30, Mr. Rooke preached on the subject of Intemperance, and on the duty of Christian people in reference to it, in this church. The Rev. the Vicar, the Rev. A. A. Isaacs, who is himself an earnest Abstainer, read prayers.

BEVERLEY MINSTER.—On Thursday evening, March 31, Mr. Rooke preached one of the Lenten sermons in this splendid old minster. He urged the importance of remembering at this season the terrible sin of Intemperance, and dwelt on the means of grappling with it by a sanctified and religious use of Abstinence for the fallen, the tempted, and those who for the sake of their weaker brethren may be willing to deny themselves. The Rev. Canon Birrwhistle, the Vicar, and several other clergymen were present, as was also a large congregation.

ST. JAMES’S, DONCASTER.—On Friday evening, April 1, Mr. Rooke attended and addressed a meeting held in the large room of the Homœopathic Hospital, in this parish, by the kind permission of the physician. This meeting was preceded by a gathering of the Total Abstainers for tea, after which there was a public meeting, which was very well attended, under the presidency of the Vicar,
the Rev. J. Campion. This was the inauguration meeting of the Society, which had been set on foot some time since by the Rev. J. E. Parr, who is now at Middlesborough, and has been since worked by a kind Christian lady, who has from week to week gathered the members together in her own house. We wish the Society much success.

WINDSOR.—The quarterly meeting of the Windsor Working Men's Temperance Association was held on Monday evening, April 4. The Rev. the Vicar of Windsor presided, and during the evening addresses were also delivered by Lord Wriothesley Russell, the Rev. T. Rooke, and Sergeant-Major Baker.

CATSFIELD, BATTLE.—The newly-erected Temperance-hall was formally opened on April 5. It has been erected by Mr. W. Weller, of Battle, who is so hearty and hard-working a friend of the Temperance movement. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Burrell Hayley, Rector of the parish, who, while announcing himself as a non-Abstainer, said how willing he was to co-operate in any attempt to benefit his parishioners. After singing and prayer, W. I. Lucas-Shadwell, Esq., earnestly and ably addressed the meeting, and was followed by the Rev. Thomas Rooke, who strongly pressed the importance of the practice of Total Abstinence upon those who were exposed to the terrible and abounding temptations of the present time. Mr. Weller, Mr. Blackman, and others also spoke, moving or supporting votes of thanks to the Chairman, Mr. Shadwell, and Mr. Rooke.

ST. BARNABAS, ISLINGTON.—A sermon was preached in this church on Wednesday evening, April 6, by Rev. T. Rooke, on “Church Missions to the Intemperate.” The Rev. John Webster, the Vicar, read prayers. There was no regular collection, but a small sum was contributed in the boxes.

CHRIST CHURCH, CHELSEA.—A new Society was inaugurated in this parish (so long the scene of the labours of our stedfast friend, the Rev. W. W. Robinson) on Thursday evening, April 7, under the auspices of the Vicar, the Rev. J. Whittuck, who presided, and the Rev. C. Moon, the Curate. There was a tea at 6.30 o'clock, which was followed by a very successful meeting, at which addresses were delivered by Mr. J. B. Anderson and Rev. T. Rooke. We heartily wish this new Society much success.

SMETHCOTE, SHROPSHIRE.—On Friday evening, April 1, the first annual meeting of the Smethcote Total Abstinence Society was held in the Parochial Schoolroom. The Rev. T. P. Wilson, M.A., the Rector of the parish and President of the Society, who lately gained the prize of one hundred pounds offered by the Committee of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union for the best tale illustrative of Temperance, occupied the chair, and opened the meeting with prayer, after which he reported the success of the Society since its formal establishment a year ago. The meeting was then addressed by the Rev. W. E. Lumb, M.A., Vicar of Sibdon-with-Halford, who, among other topics, gave an account of the rise and progress of the Temperance-hall established a few years ago, near the Craven Arms Station, on the Shrewsbury and Hereford Railway.
The Rev. T. P. Wilson and the Rev. W. E. Lumb have both been on the list of Abstaining Clergy since the formation of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society.

**ABBEY TOWN TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.** — A most interesting meeting was held in the National Schoolroom, Abbey Town, on Friday evening, the 8th inst, to forward the interests of the Total Abstinence cause; the Rev. A. Ashworth, President of the Society, in the chair. The other speakers were the Vice-president, a working man; the Rev. W. M. Shepherd, hon. sec. for the diocese of Carlisle; and the Rev. T. Chapman, the newly-appointed minister for Holm St. Cuthbert’s, an Abstainer of twelve years’ standing—a valuable addition to the cause in these parts. The audience was chiefly composed of young people, who seemed deeply interested in the stirring addresses to which they listened.

**MANCHESTER, CHESTER, AND RIPON DIOCESAN CHURCH TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.**

**Weaverham Branch.** — On Tuesday, March 1, a crowded meeting was held in the Weaverham Temperance-hall, Acton, Cheshire, to hear a lecture from Mr. James Taylor, of Manchester. For two hours the audience listened with great attention as the lecturer, one by one, tore to pieces the objections of those who oppose the Temperance question.

**St. Peter’s Branch (Chorley).** — On Tuesday evening, March 1, a new branch of the Church Temperance Society was formed in the St. Peter’s Schoolroom, Chorley, Lancashire. There was a crowded attendance. The Rev. G. S. Jellicoe, M.A., Vicar, presided, and with the Rev. W. Caine, M.A., addressed the meeting. Fifteen pledges were taken.

**Whittle-le-Woods Church Branch.** — On Wednesday, March 2, another branch Society was formed in connection with Whittle-le-Woods Church, Chorley. About 400 persons listened attentively to the Rev. W. Caine’s lecture, and at the close about eighty persons signed the pledge. The Vicar of this Church, the Rev. Jas. T. Fowler, M.A., is an earnest Abstainer.

**Stalybridge Townhall.** — On Wednesday, March 2, a town’s meeting was held in the Stalybridge Townhall, under the presidency of Mr. Ralph Bates, to discuss the education question. The room was crammed. Mr. James Taylor, in an earnest and lengthy address, showed how strong drink was preventing the spread of education.

**Heapey Church Branch.** — On Thursday evening, March 3, another branch Society was inaugurated at Heapey, near Chorley. Over 100 persons were present, among whom we noticed the Rev. J. W. Milner, Curate in charge; Rev. G. S. Jellicoe, M.A., Vicar of St. Peter’s, Chorley; Rev. Jas. T. Fowler, M.A., Vicar of Whittle-le-Woods; Rev. W. Caine, M.A.; and Messrs. A. E. Eccles, Wm. Wood, James Taylor, of Manchester, L. Anyon, and others. The Curate in charge and others signed the pledge at the close of the proceedings.
THE LATE JUDGE PAYNE.

Bingley Church Branch.—On Tuesday, March 8, the Rev. John Watson, Rector of St. Jude's, Ancoats, lectured at the Bingley Church School. The Rev. A. P. Irwine, M.A., Rector, and Rev. Albert Hudson, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Bingley, also addressed the meeting.

Frankby Church Branch.—On Friday, March 18, a new Church Temperance Society was formed at Frankby, Birkenhead. The Rev. George Congreve, M.A., Vicar, presided. Mr. W. Touchstone addressed the meeting.

St. Jude's Branch, Ancoats.—On Friday, March 18, addresses on the Temperance and education questions were given by the Rev. John Watson, Rector of St. Jude's, and Mr. James Taylor, in the National Schoolroom, Ancoats. Both attributed the present destitution of education to the drinking habits of parents.

St. Paul's Church, Chorlton-on-Medlock.—On Thursday last a Temperance sermon was preached to a crowded audience by the Rev. C. N. Keeling, M.A., Curate of St. Saviour's, entitled “Drunkenness and the Sunday-school.”

Shuttleworth Church Branch.—The Rev. H. P. Hughes, Rector of Shuttleworth, Bury, addressed the assembled Sunday-scholars, on the Temperance and Sunday-closing question. A collection was made on behalf of the Diocesan Society. 1l. 9s. was forwarded to Mr. Jas. Taylor, Secretary of the Diocesan Church Temperance Society. Other Church schools are about following this example.

THE LATE DEPUTY-ASSISTANT-JUDGE PAYNE.

In the decease of this lamented Christian gentleman, which took place on March 29, our Society, in common with so many others, has to mourn over the loss of a valued and earnest friend. He was one of the Vice-Presidents of our Society, and was ever ready, as he was able, to co-operate in every movement to promote its success. He is gone to his rest, and of him we may truly say, “his works do follow him.” Our Committee was represented at the funeral by the Rev. J. N. Worsfold, the Rev. S. D. Stubbs, and the Rev. C. Ough.
BROTHERHOOD.

We are brethren, let us ever
Own this strong, this sacred tie.
'Tis a bond death cannot sever,
'Twill outlive mortality.

We are brethren; thou, my brother,
Hast a heart that throbs like mine;
Kindly feelings do not smother,
Let our sympathies entwine.

Is thy brother weak and trembling,
Apt to stumble on the road?
Be thy step firm, let no dissembling
Shake his confidence in God.

Is he ever prone to linger
Gathering flowers on the way?
Touch him as with angel finger,
Whisper "Brother, do not stay."

Do the spells of sense enchain him?
Does the wine-cup lure him on
Till God's image fades within him,
And his manliness is gone?

Let thy self-denial teach him,
By its calm and silent power,
When no eloquence can reach him,
In this dark and trying hour.

Glowing with devotion lowly,
Sacrifice each lawful thing,
Lay it on Love's altar wholly,
If thy brother back 'twill bring.

We are brethren; high and lowly
Own alike the bond divine,
Bear the image of the Holy;
Worship at his sacred shrine.

M. I. N.
CHAPTER VIII.

KATHERINE'S WEDDING-DAY.

"A still small voice spake unto me.
Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?"

—Tennyson.

Hugh was right when he said Mr. Wray would not come unless invited by Dr. Moncreiffe, but Jane was mistaken when she so positively asserted that as that was the condition, he would not come that evening.

When Dr. Moncreiffe went on his rounds Helen was with him, and the first place they drove to was Mr. Wray's little house. Dr. Moncreiffe stayed some time, and when he came out again he was not alone, nor was it Helen who was with him; but a tall, slight man with silvery hair—this was Mr. Wray, and the two old friends left the house together, chatting pleasantly.

"Dear Katherine," Helen began, when they were alone, "Hugh says you are not very well."

"Oh, I shall soon be quite strong! There is no medicine like happiness, you know. How kindly Dr. Moncreiffe spoke!"

"Yes, Papa spoke out bravely. I am so glad it is all right. I wish you were strong, dear Katherine!"

"You are as bad as Hugh, Nelly; he stares dreadfully! How pleasant it is to have you here, Nelly! Now I want to hear about Mr. Hartleigh. Hugh has told me a little news. To begin with, I do not like a man to be without some employment."

"John Hartleigh does not lead an idle life. He works as hard in the parish as if he was Mr. West's curate."

"Then why does he not take orders?"

"I will tell you some time," said Helen, colouring. Katherine saw that there was something painful connected with this subject, and continued, hastily, "Hugh seems very much struck with what the Hartleighs are doing for the Temperance cause. Helen, could not you persuade him to go and see them; they would be glad to see him, I suppose?"

"Yes, dear Katherine; but why do you look so grave? Surely you are not afraid for Hugh?" said Helen, hastily.

"Oh, no! I am not afraid for him particularly; but you know, Nelly," she said, dropping her voice, "I have had trouble enough to make me a sad coward."

"Indeed you have," said Helen, partly reassured; "but it can do him no harm to go to the Hartleighs, and I am sure he would have a warm welcome. But I ought to go, Katherine, I shall steal you from Hugh this evening."

"I have one question to ask, Nelly," said Katherine, gravely. "Is there as much wine on your table as there used
to be? Because, if so, I am grieved to say I cannot trust my father."

"I am afraid it is just the same," said Helen, sadly. "What can I do?"

"Nothing, Nelly dear; but we will come to tea if you will let us change. You can tell your Mamma that my father has not been well lately, and we dine in the middle of the day. It is quite true, dear, and we will do the same to-day."

"Good bye, Katherine, till to-night then; I wish all this tiresome wine and stuff were poured into the sea!"

Katherine was so tired when she reached the Moncreiffes' house that Helen made her lie down on the sofa in the drawing-room; and Mrs. Moncreiffe sat by her, talking in an undertone of her mother, while Hugh leant over the back of his mother's chair, listening with pleasure to them. And Mr. Wray, where was he? Seated beside Dr. Moncreiffe, and talking to him of the picture-galleries abroad, and frequently referring to Miss Moncreiffe; and, without knowing it, he won her to him, and she never again spoke harshly of him, although he fell still lower.

From this time the Wrays spent many evenings at the Moncreiffes'; and once they came to meet Mary and John Hartleigh. Hugh had not been to visit the Hartleighs, but he and John had had several arguments on the Temperance question, and although Hugh acknowledged the force of John's remarks, he still went on as usual. But was it just the same? Would it not now have been a greater self-denial to him to drink nothing but water than it would have been say a month ago?

As Katherine had not grown strong, it was agreed that nothing would be so beneficial to her as change of air, but she seemed to wish not to go—at all events not before her wedding—which they had now fixed to take place early in June. No one was invited to come to it but John, who was to be Hugh's groomsman. Under any circumstances, Hugh and Katherine would have chosen a quiet wedding; and as it was, they wished to have it as little commented upon as possible.

The morning came at last, a bright June day, and very early Helen went to the Ampthill-road to help Katherine to dress; but found her ready when she got there, and standing by the table waiting for her father to come to breakfast. She had on a light silk dress, and no ornaments except the brooch and ring which Hugh had given her.

"I am too late, Katherine!" cried Helen, the moment she entered the room; "I wanted to help you dress"

"Thank you, Nelly dear, you see I am dressed, but you are not too late to give me a kiss."

Helen kissed her affectionately, and said, "We shall be sisters soon."

Katherine started. Why should Helen's words have caused her to do so? Was it the foreboding of what was to follow?

"I have brought you some presents from Papa and Mamma, with their kindest love, and one from Jane; and this little locket, with Hugh's likeness inside, please keep for my sake."

When Katherine had admired her presents, Helen said, laughing, "If you please I want some breakfast."

"Oh! I forgot you had not had any, Nelly. I will go and see why papa
does not come. Helen, you will do all you can for my poor father while we are away, for my sake, Nelly," she pleaded.

"Indeed I will; we all will. I am sure you need not be fidgety; see how happy he is with us now."

"Yes, but you will have him at your house as much as possible: you know he will not go with us as we had arranged, so he said last night."

"I thought it was quite settled that he was to go; but we will take care of him I promise you, dear Katherine; but," said Helen, beginning to feel nervous from Katherine's manner, "he is not ill, is he?" She did not like to say anything more explicit.

"No, he was well last night, except that he was so dreadfully depressed and dull: but he had not taken anything to drink. I will go to him now: will you order the coffee, Nelly, or we shall be late."

She had not been gone more than a minute, before she called to Mrs. Jenkins to come, and Helen followed the woman upstairs.

"He does not answer," said Katherine, with a very white face. "I have knocked so loudly, and he is such a light sleeper."

"Well," said Mrs. Jenkins, cheerfully, "the best way is to rap again."

But there was no answer to her loud knocking; and, seeing the two girls' terrified faces, she said, "Perhaps he is poorly: just run and ask my husband to bring his chisel. Fortunately he is staying at home this morning."

Katherine ran downstairs, and, in her absence, Mrs. Jenkins said to Helen, "I am afraid there is some-thing the matter; go and try to keep her downstairs, will you, Miss Helen?"

Jenkins was soon at Mr. Wray's door, but Helen could not prevent Katherine rushing up before him. Mrs. Jenkins made a sign to her husband to wait a minute before he forced the door open, and she said, trying to speak angrily, "Miss Wray, it is foolish of you to fidget like this; you'll make yourself ill, and on your wedding-day too. You know that when he has taken more than is good for him he has slept very soundly, and I am afraid that is what is the matter now. There is some one at the front door, go and see who it is."

Helen ran to see, but Katherine stood with her hands clasped together, and would not move. It was Hugh, he had come to bring Katherine some flowers, and never had his bright face appeared so opportunely; but the brightness soon changed to anger, as Helen breathlessly told him the state of things. He went upstairs, and found Jenkins and his wife entreat ing Katherine to go away. Hugh saw at once that they dreaded more than Helen had told him.

"Katherine," he said, sternly, "this is no place for you, go downstairs: I will come to you presently. Helen, stay with Katherine."

Katherine looked at him, pleading to stay; but he did not yield, and taking her by the arm forced her downstairs, and then returned to Jenkins, who was in vain trying to open the door by means of the chisel.

"You will never do it that way; smash the panel in," said Hugh: and, putting his knee against the bottom
panel, he forced it in, and they were soon in the room.

What a sight awaited them! The unfortunate man was asleep, as the woman had said, but it was a sleep from which nothing but the last trumpet would ever rouse him. He lay on the floor dressed as he had gone upstairs the previous night. His head lay in a pool of blood. There was no doubt as to how he had died, for the open razor told its own sad story, and so did the awful gash across his throat. The room was in just the same order as when Mrs. Jenkins had gone in, the evening before, to turn his bed down and light the gas, except that on the table were an empty brandy bottle and a tumbler.

Hugh stooped over him, and was in the act of feeling his pulse, when Katherine pushed past Mrs. Jenkins, who was guarding the door, and stood beside him. There was but one piercing scream, and Katherine was as pale and silent as the lifeless form of her father.

Let us hurry over the sad details which followed; there is no need to dwell longer on this miserable day. Suffice it to say, Katherine was taken to the Moncreiffes' house, and she who would have been her mother in a few hours watched by her as tenderly as though she had been so in reality. Such is the misery which intoxication so often brings upon families. Newspapers will show that this is no stretch of the imagination, and perhaps even sad experience may have proved its truth to some who read this, for there is scarcely a family in England which has not suffered in some way from the national curse.

Oh that some of those rare exceptions, some of those families who are not tainted by the national vice, would come forward and swell the ranks of Teetotallers! Who can tell but that their efforts might reclaim one drunkard, and strengthen by sympathy the feeble efforts of some who are struggling to free themselves from the snares of drink.

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THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

LIFE OF A LITTLE CHILD.

BY F. HARRISON.

CHAPTER IV.

SEND FOR A DOCTOR!

As years went on Thomas Green became more and more the slave of his vice; no one was ever so hard-worked by his duty to a good cause as was this unhappy man by his vice. Every night he felt himself compelled to go to some public-house and spend his money and quarrel with his neighbours, and often go home with blows and bruises; then in the morning he used to feel stupid and aching, and hardly able to do his work. Had any deeds of charity to other people forced him to such expense, and trouble, and pain, he would have said, "This is ruinous; I must give it up." But for his besetting sin, no trouble, or suffering, or expense was too great!

In the meantime his wife grew daily more and more wretched and hopeless. She had lost all hope that he would ever reform, and as he did not seem to care for her now, she took no pains with her dress or with her room, and it became evident to every one that her
home was not happy. Mrs. Scott no longer envied Mrs. Green. It was better to have a sober husband, even if he were ailing, than a drinking one. Little Mary had not yet succeeded in loving her father: if she tried to climb on his knees, or to kiss him, or to take hold of his hand, he would always push her away roughly, and say something rude about brats being only in the way, or what was the use of a creature that earned no money? At these times Mary would feel very unhappy; she would turn away from her father with her eyes full of tears, and run off to the other room, to sob with her face buried in her pillow or on her mother’s shoulder.

Mrs. Green was not happy about her little girl. Mary had still her pretty pale face with the large eyes, and she had gentle winning ways; but there was something strange about her. She did not care to laugh and play, as other children did; and also people noticed that she did not grow. She was such a mite, that when she was five years old she was not bigger than other children of three.

"I wonder why it is," said Mrs. Scott, "that your Mary is so small; she does not seem to grow a bit."

"It is strange," replied Mrs. Green, "and it makes me very uneasy. She does not seem ill, but she looks delicate, and sits in a moping sort of way. And now she’s taken to lying down whenever she can. Do you think there’s anything the matter?" and Mrs. Green looked anxiously at Mrs. Scott, who, being the mother of several children, could feel for a mother’s anxiety.

"I’m sure I don’t know," answered Mrs. Scott. "I don’t know what to think. If she were my child I should watch her closely, and try to find out if there is anything the matter with her."

"There’s one thing," said Mrs. Green, "I know Mary frets about her father. She is afraid of him, and she talks of what will become of his soul when he dies; and then she blames herself for not being fond of him. Of course the child can’t love him; and she thinks herself very wicked for not doing so."

"She wicked! poor little lamb! I wish we were all half as innocent!" That was the end of the conversation, which left Mrs. Green very unhappy about Mary.

About a month later Mr. Aikin came to see Mrs. Green. He noticed a change in the room since he was last there. Everything had got older, and there was nothing new. Mrs. Green had lost her good looks, and was slatternly and untidy. She could not care about herself when the only person she wished to please did not care about her. Mr. Aikin asked how Thomas Green was going on.

"Just the same, Sir."

"No better?"

"No, Sir. Sometimes he’s at work, sometimes not; sometimes he’s sober, sometimes not." And she gave a weary sigh.

"How is your little girl?"

"She’s pretty well, Sir, thank you."

"I came to speak to you about the child," said Mr. Aikin. "Our infant-school mistress says your Mary is hardly strong enough to come to school. She gets so tired, and seems so excitable that she is really not fit to be among the other children."
"She does so love her school," said Mrs. Green.

"And the mistress greatly loves the little thing; but she is a delicate child, and we think you ought to know that she is hardly strong enough for the work and noise of a school." Mr. Akin was afraid to tell Mrs. Green all that the schoolmistress had said to him. Little Mary was really so delicate that she could not be treated like the other children; and yet it was impossible, among so many, to treat one quite differently to the others. Mr. Akin hoped that Mrs. Green would offer to keep the child at home, but he did not want to frighten her by saying that he thought her Mary was ill.

Mrs. Green was alarmed, however. "I'll talk to her as soon as she comes in, and if she seems weak I'll not send her again. My precious baby! The only creature I have to love, or that loves me!" The poor mother was ready to cry, and Mr. Akin, having a man's natural dislike to the sight of tears, took up his hat, and, with a kind good-bye to her, went away.

As soon as Mrs. Green heard Mary's foot on the stairs, she ran out on the landing, and saw the child creeping up, and pulling herself on by the banisters. "Are you tired, Mary?" cried the mother.

Mary did not answer, but crept up to the landing, and held out her arms for her mother to take her. Mrs. Green lifted up the little slight creature, and saw that her pale face was flushed quite red. She carried her into the sitting-room, and rocked her as if she were still a baby. Mary lay quite still on her mother's lap. Presently she said, "Mammy, I am so tired."

"What has tired you, my dear?"

"I don't know; I am always tired. I should always like to lie down."

"You shan't go to school any more," said Mrs. Green, for she began to fear that indeed the child was ill. If Mr. Akin and Mrs. Scott saw that the child was not well, how was it that her own mother had not seen it? Here was a new trouble for the unhappy woman. Her little Mary had been the one sweet drop in her bitter cup, and now if she were to be ill—if she were to die! She hardly dared to think of such a dreadful sorrow. She trusted that there was not much the matter with Mary, and that rest and time would cure the ailment, whatever it might be.

But from this time the child grew weaker and paler; she lay in an armchair, or on her little bed, not complaining of pain, but languid and quiet. She appeared to be only languid, not suffering, and so her mother did not think it necessary to have a doctor, but felt sure that good nursing would set the child up again. Yet gradually, but slowly, she grew weaker; an old look came upon her face, her eyes shone like large stars, and her cheeks were white as ashes, unless she were excited, and then they grew crimson. Still Mrs. Green said to herself, "She will soon be stronger; I won't have a doctor coming here to frighten me."

While the child was ill, Mrs. Green gave little heed to the doings of her husband. He was seldom sober, was always cross, and only gave her just money enough to buy food and clothing of the cheapest and commonest kind. Mrs. Green earned a little
money by doing needlework and washing for some of her neighbours, and what she earned in this way she spent in extra food for Mary. If the mother had not done this the sick child would have had no beef-tea, no jelly, or any of those nice things which people require when they are ill. Thomas Green said he could not afford to buy dainties for the brat; most likely she was shamming on purpose to get "goodies." His wife made no reply to his brutal speech. The suffering face of the child ought to have been reply enough. But the father did not care to look at his child. He stumbled out of the house to go to his work, and returned late at night, hardly able to find his way home.

Mrs. Scott came in to see Mary. "Why don't you have a doctor?" said she. "You should not let her be ill like this, and have no advice, no physic."

"I am afraid to have a doctor," answered Mrs. Green, "for two reasons."

"What reasons?" asked Mrs. Scott.

"One is, the expense."

"You can have the parish doctor; it will cost you nothing."

"That's true; but then, if he should tell me that my darling is ill, very ill, likely to die!" She put her apron over her face, and cried in silence.

"It's not so bad as that," said Mrs. Scott, trying to console her friend, "and if it were you must know it sooner or later, and it would be better to know it at once."

Mary had heard this conversation, and said, from her armchair, "Mammy, it would not be bad for me to die. You know I should be like an angel, and angels take care of people on earth, so perhaps I could take care of you."

"How do you know you would be like an angel?" said Mrs. Scott. "People must be very good to get to heaven."

"I don't think people go to heaven because they are good," said little Mary, as her cheeks began to flush; "but the dear Lord who died, he loved little children, he loved everybody, and if people love him, he will ask leave for them to go to heaven to him; and I do love him, and I believe he does love me, and I think he will make room for me in heaven, and for mammy too."

"I'm sure I don't know about me," said Mrs. Green, sobbing. "The child's like an angel, maybe; but as for me, I can't think of myself being fit to go among such white and holy creatures."

"Mammy," said little Mary, "come here and I will tell what my teacher told me one day when I asked her if daddy could go to heaven. She said —"

"There, there!" cried Mrs. Scott. "Don't let her keep on talking; it's not good for her to excite herself and talk about things she does not understand. Good-bye, Mrs. Green."

"She does understand, though," said the mother, "better than you or I do. But I won't let her talk so much." And then Mrs. Scott went away.

Parcels of not less than 25 Numbers of this Magazine will be forwarded carriage free to any friend who will procure subscribers for the same.
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"Let us therefore judge one another any more: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother’s way."—Romans xiv. 13.

OUR ANNUAL MEETING.

The eighth anniversary gathering of our friends and supporters was held on Friday evening, the 13th ultimo, in Willis’s Rooms, for the first time under the presidency of one of our Bishops—the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. It was a most successful meeting, the room being filled in every corner, and the warm and hearty spirit that marked the proceedings such as called forth special remark from the Bishop in his closing observations.

It was felt to be a crisis in the history of our great movement of very deep importance. It was felt that the action hitherto taken by the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society had been so blessed by God that it commended itself to the notice of all who had the cause of a Temperance Reformation at heart, and who were casting about for the best mode of carrying it on.
It was felt that as a Church Society for missions to the Intemperate ours ought to have some recognition from the rulers of our Church, and that we were only carrying out our original plan of action if we sought this from these, even though themselves Non-Abstainers.

The Committee considered, not boastfully but thankfully, that they could recommend our Society as one that satisfied the conditions looked for by thoughtful, earnest men in a Society professing, as ours does, to deal with the great evil in all its breadth and in all aspects; and they were sure the time had come for the fuller development of that part of their original constitution which pointed to the co-operation with Non-Abstainers, when they found language like that used by the Bishop of Gloucester, and already quoted in our columns (p. 42), was becoming more and more the expression of the wishes of an increasing number of those who have given much consideration to the question.

All these considerations, combined with the announcement of the honoured name of Bishop Ellicott as the chairman, naturally evoked unusual interest for the meeting. When it had assembled, on the motion of the Rev. H. J. Ellison, seconded by the Rev. Canon Jenkins, the Bishop was called to the chair. Prayer having been offered by the Rev. Robert Maguire, honorary secretary,

The Right Rev. Chairman, in opening the proceedings, expressed the great pleasure he felt in being present on that occasion. He said he could not but see in the very kindly request made that he should preside at this meeting, a desire on the part of the Executive of the Society, feeling deeply impressed with the terrible magnitude of the evil of drunkenness, to avail themselves of the aid of plain men like himself who were, as he had expressed it, opposed heart and soul to the evils of Intemperance, and felt them acutely and deeply, but, nevertheless, were not Total Abstainers. It was most wise and kindly of their Society to accept the aid of such men, and if it would include them among its honorary members, he would not say its strict Executive, he believed very many would gladly join. This was a time when they felt that they must put shoulder to shoulder, and by all means in their power make head against this terrible, this mightily growing evil; and he hoped some means might be seized by which many of those who sympathised with the general objects of the Society, as he humbly did, might be united with it in some form. The details of the work they might well leave to the good and very able Executive. Turning their thoughts to the association itself, the first object of the Society was the individual. Its first rule spoke of the restora-
tion of the individual drunkard as being the great object of the Society. He heartily congratulated them on putting thus forward the individual interest. If many of their societies had the boldness to put forward thus the individual interest, he believed they would secure a much more warm support than they at present received. What did the individual interest really mean? Some would say it was intended to represent that the Society was mainly interested in advancing the cause of Total Abstinence. That might be one view of this first rule, but there was a farther view which all present would take. What was the real meaning of the restoration of individuals but the restoration of a soul—bringing a soul nearer to God? If this Society were to save only one individual soul, permitted by God to do it by its agency, he should say that it was a blessed thing indeed that the Society had been formed for that single and that unique purpose. Their Society in putting forward the individual did so rightly, nobly, and on the purest Scriptural grounds. Too often societies diffuse their general ends and objects, and do not concentrate them on the individual. It was for the individual, the poor, tempted, wretched, and all but lost creature, for whom the sympathies of every good man and every good woman must be enlisted; and if any agency were right and just and honest, that agency ought to be applied to the individual. He therefore rejoiced that they had the courage to put prominently forward the individual among the many objects of this institution. He also rejoiced that they contemplated the good of the community. The second rule was the removal of present temptations, and that no doubt pointed to what the Report on Intemperance issued by Convocation called "Legislative Measures." It was with the greatest pleasure he observed in the Report, that from this Society a very powerful agency had sprung, which addressed itself almost entirely to the amendment of the laws regarding the Liquor Traffic. That agency, as he understood from the Report and from inquiry, owed its origin to this their Church of England Temperance Association, and they might be thankful that, as the last Report showed, the Archbishop of the Northern Province did himself the honour to be present and to take part at a great public meeting held by that Society, which was the offset and scion of their own. He might therefore congratulate all present, first, on the objects that they had proposed; and secondly, on the blessing that God had certainly vouchsafed on the labours of this association. Having referred to those subjects, he would now refer to the dreadful evil which the Society was designed to counteract. The plain and homely word was the best to be used; it was not merely Intemperance that they had to deal with, but drunkenness. It was one of those sins which must make them all very thoughtful. Speaking roughly, there were three great classes of sins of the greater type and character. There were those which the hapless sinner committed mainly against himself, and which had less agency and bearing upon those without. There were next a class of sins in which the hapless sinner joined himself, in which he took part with others, in which sinner urged on sinner. There was a third class of sins in which the sinner sinned against himself, but such was the
exceeding sinfulness of his sin that it extended its most baneful influences to the comparatively innocent ones who might be about him and around him, and this was the sin of drunkenness. It was not only a sin of the individual drunkard against himself, it was not only a liability on the part of the hapless man to pass from stage to stage in sin, from deeper to yet deeper measures of wickedness and iniquity, but it was a sin which cast its blight and shadow on the aforetime happy and it might be united families. First of all, as regarded the sin of the hapless drunkard. They knew well how sin, as they were told by the deepest thinkers, ever tended to become more sinful, and if ever they doubted it they must see its truth exemplified in the sin of drunkenness. They were reminded by every report they read, by all the statistics and facts placed in their hands, how the man who began, as was said, in the semi-heedless terms of the world, by “taking a drop too much,” often ended by imbruing his hands in his brother’s blood. This was, perhaps, the most formidable aspect of drunkenness. The Report of Manchester Goal, drawn up by Mr. Caine, showed that out of 1,000 criminals whose cases were analysed, nearly three-fourths were drunkards, and some had been drunkards from an early age and were yet young. Of those 1,000 criminals 286 were women, more than half of whom avowed themselves drunkards. This was enough to satisfy them that drunkenness led on stage by stage to deeper and darker measures of guilt and sin. He might appeal to their sympathies when he spoke of the second effect of this sin of drunkenness, its casting darkness and blight upon the whole family, of the unhappiness of the poor wife and children, the growing desperation—for that was the only word that exactly depicted what was felt in thousands and tens of thousands of houses within the orbit of this large metropolis. Oh, the desperation when the small earnings were seen gradually absorbed, when the man, that ought to be the stay and support to cheer the family in their hard struggle for daily bread, came tottering home, as he had seen many times, to his unfeigned horror,—the drunken father led home by a ten years old child! When he had seen the wistful look of the child, perhaps without that trace of horror one might have expected to see, because it was so often and bitterly repeated, his heart had grown cold within him, and he felt there was nothing he ought to leave undone to bear his humble part in trying to stay so dreadful a sin. He concluded by assuring them that his sympathies were their sympathies, the cause they had at heart his cause.

The Report was then read by the Secretary (the Rev. Thomas Rooke). As it will be shortly published we need not give any résumé of it; but we are sorry to find there is a balance of some £50 against the Society.

The Rev. H. J. Ellison moved the adoption of the Report. He vindicated the Society from the objections made against it, and said that there was not one single object they had in view, and were trying to carry out, which might not be consistently supported by a Christian bishop, and carried out by every Christian clergyman throughout England. He, therefore, heartily welcomed the right reverend prelate to the place he then occupied. He spoke at some
length of the evils of Intemperance, with which the Clergy had to contend, and urged that the only way in which they could rightly battle with the evil was by giving up the drink themselves. He spoke of the advantage of forming Bands of Hope, and said the time was coming when those who had grown up in those Bands of Hope would go out to be active, zealous Christian missionaries in this cause, to bring down this great idol and level it with the ground.

The Rev. Stenton Eardley, in an able and earnest speech, seconded the resolution, which having been supported by Mr. Daniell, a working man, was unanimously adopted.

In consequence of the lateness of the hour, it was determined to withdraw the second resolution, which was to have been moved by the Ven. the Archdeacon Townsend, a Vice-President of the Society, and seconded by the Rev. William Caine; and a hymn having been sung while a collection was made, Major-General F. Eardley-Wilmot, R.A., moved, seconded by the Rev. Robert Maguire, and carried unanimously and heartily, a vote of thanks to the Right Rev. the Chairman. His Lordship responded, and having pronounced the Benediction, the proceedings terminated.

Among those who supported the Chairman on and round the platform we noticed the Rev. Canon Jenkins, the Ven. the Archdeacon of Achenry, Major-General F. Eardley-Wilmot, R.A.; Captain Strange, R.A.; Lieut.-Colonel Sandwith, Revs. H. J. Ellison, R. Maguire, W. Caine, E. Templeman, J. N. Worsfold; H. C. Greenwood, Esq.; J. Nottidge, Esq.; W. St. Quentin, Esq.; Revs. S. D. Stubbs, Hugh Huleatt, W. C. Fox, Thomas Rooke, C. Ough, A. Styleman Herring, T. H. Howard, Hon. Diocesan Secretary for Gloucester and Bristol; Rev. J. Gritton, Secretary Lord's-day Observance Society; Robert Rae, Esq., Secretary National Temperance League; J. H. Raper, Esq., Parliamentary Agent United Kingdom Alliance; Rev. E. Matthews, Secretary to Association for Sunday Closing of Public-houses, &c., &c., &c.

Letters of apology were received from the Lord Bishop of British Columbia, the Rev. N. C. Dunscombe, Rev. J. G. Gregory, Rev. H. Griffiths, Rev. J. Fleming, Rev. Canon Battersby, Rev. C. A. Keeling, &c., &c., &c.

Singularly enough, at the meeting of the Army Scripture Readers' Society, going on in the same building, Lord Lawrence was bearing testimony to the value of Total Abstinence in the Indian Army.

Signs of Progress.—A friend writes: "You will be pleased to know that our clerical meetings, held bi-monthly, are now held at the Temperance Hotel, which has recently been bought up and changed from a Non-Temperance inn to its present desirable name and state. We met the first Monday in this month, and dined after the meeting (thirteen), and not a drop of anything but water as our beverage; and, mirabile dictu, we were as hearty and jovial as if the bottle had been passed round as usual."
CHURCH MISSIONS TO THE INTEMPERATE.

We beg serious attention to the following circular, which has just been issued by the Society:—

"The Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society was established in the year 1862, for the purpose of having within the Church a special organisation for the rescue and recovery of the Intemperate.

"1. It is endeavouring to promote a Temperance Reformation locally in the parishes where its Missions are established, and generally in the country at large, on Church of England principles.

"2. It advocates the practice of Total Abstinence for the Intemperate as the only means of bringing them to any purpose under the influence of religious teaching. It grounds its hope of their permanent reformation on this religious teaching by the parochial clergy.

"3. It invites all who are willing to abstain to co-operate with it in self-denial for the sake of their weak and erring brethren and sisters, upon whom it is proved by fact and experience their influence for good will be thus increased.

"4. It asks of all others who are interested in arresting the progress of Intemperance to aid by liberal contributions. For want of funds the Society finds itself sadly crippled in every department of its operations.

"5. It seeks by public meetings, sermons, lectures, periodical publications, tracts, to arrest the public mind in reference to the terrible prevalence of Intemperance and its evils, while it suggests a remedy.

"6. It desires to co-operate with Non-Abstainers in all plans, legislative or other, likely to diminish the amount of attractions held out by the present system of public and beerhouses, music and dancing saloons, casinos, &c.

"Its organ is the CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE, published monthly, at one penny, and which contains articles on the various aspects of the Temperance Reformation question, information, tales, poetry, &c., &c.

"The Society originated the movement relative to the beershops, and by itself and through the National Society for Promoting the Amendment of the Laws Relating to the Liquor Traffic, has exercised much influence, by deputations to the late and present Home Secretaries, and by public meetings, in securing the attention of the country and Parliament to the necessity of dealing with the Liquor Laws. It has, in various ways, brought the Temperance Reformation question under the notice of our prelates and clergy, and has founded very many parochial associations.

"The following modes are suggested by which immediate and valuable assistance might be rendered:—

"1. If each Abstaining clergyman would subscribe 10s. per annum, or
would give offertories or make collections, the funds would be at once largely
supplemented.

"2. Clergymen who, though not Abstainers, are yet friendly to the cause of a
Temperance Reformation, could help much by giving offertories, or themselves
becoming subscribers.

"3. Most important aid could be rendered by increasing the circulation of the
Magazine in each parish or district, or by making arrangements to localise it
for parochial distribution. Hints as to localising and expense of it can be had
on sending an addressed stamped envelope to Rev. Thomas Rooke, at the office
of the Society, 6, Adam-street, Adelphi, W.C.

"4. The laity could also render much assistance by forming auxiliary asso-
ciations for the purpose of drawing attention, by drawing-room conferences
and public meetings, to the operations of the Society, and by subscribing
and collecting funds. Ladies' Associations for the purpose have been found most
useful.

"Collecting-books, cards, reports, tracts, prayer union cards, with all needed
information, may be had on application to Rev. Thomas Rooke, at the office, 6,
Adam-street, Adelphi, London, W.C., to whom cheques and post-office orders
may be made payable.

"** As an impression has seemed to prevail that subscriptions and dona-
tions are expected only from those who are Total Abstainers, or willing to be-
come such, it seems desirable to state that the Council and Committee will most
thankfully receive contributions from all who have the cause of a Temperance
Reformation at heart, whether they be Total Abstainers or not, and that such
contributions are most earnestly requested.

"April, 1870."

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

[We shall be glad to have short accounts of the various Church Temperance
Societies' meetings for insertion under this head.]

ENDERBY TEMPERANCE AND BAND OF HOPE SOCIETY.—The second annual
tea-meeting of this Society was held on Monday, April 18, in the National
Schoolroom, when about a hundred persons sat down to a comfortable and
plentifully supplied tea. The committee had prepared for and hoped to see
present a much larger number. Their absence may be accounted for partly by
the great depression in trade at present prevailing in the village, and also from
the fact that no tickets were sold after the preceding Friday. However, through
the kindness of the ladies of the village and its neighbourhood, the surplus
provisions were disposed of to the satisfaction of the committee, so that as the
object of the tea-meeting was more to spread the principles of the Society than an
a means of pecuniary advantage, they were well content with its success. In

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the evening a public meeting was held, under the presidency of the Rev. G. Edwards, M.A., Vicar of the parish. The committee had been successful in securing the gratuitous services of Mr. Richard Horne, of Leicester, who gave a very instructive and amusing lecture. Mr. Dormand, of Leicester, also delivered an interesting address, and the evening’s entertainment was further varied with recitations by members of the Society, and the singing of melodies by the children of the Band of Hope. At the close of the lecture, votes of thanks were proposed, and carried unanimously, to the speakers, Chairman, and to the ladies for their kind and willing assistance at the tea.

**Mill-hill Christian Temperance Society.**—At the monthly tea-meeting of this Society, held in the National Schoolroom, there was a numerous gathering. After tea, addresses were given by the Vicar, who is also president of the Society, and by Mr. Frank Arno, from East London, a judicious and earnest advocate of the cause. A working man, engaged on the Midland Railway, afterwards spoke, at the Vicar’s request, stating with considerable fluency and power his experience of the benefits which working men derive from totally abstaining from intoxicating drinks, earnestly exhorting his fellows, and indeed all classes to join the Society, and stoutly to adhere to it. The Mill-hill Society thrives, and gradually increases its number. It was announced at the close that it is intended to resume the meetings in October.

**Holy Trinity Church, Vauxhall.**—On Sunday evening, May 8, the Rev. H. J. Ellison preached in this church on behalf of our Society, and in

**Christ Church, Somers-town,** the Rev. J. N. Worsfold also preached for it on the same evening.

**All Souls, Langham-place.**—A meeting on behalf of our Society was held in the schoolroom, 126, Great Portland-street, on Wednesday, the 11th ult., the Rev. E. Eardley-Wilmot, the Rector, in the chair. He expressed his entire sympathy with the Church Temperance movement, though himself, he regretted, compelled by medical advice, to have recourse to stimulants as medicine; but he added that all his children were brought in habits of, and were practising Total Abstinence from intoxicants. The Rev. S. D. Stubbs, Vicar of St. James, Pentonville, and the Rev. Thomas Rooke attended as a deputation from the Society, and addressed the meeting, which was larger than could have been expected, considering the inclemency of the weather.

**Cambridge Hall, Newman-street, Oxford-street.**—On Thursday evening, May 12, a meeting was convened by the officers and members of the Society over which G. W. Dibley, Esq. so ably presides, on behalf of our Society. Mr. Dibley took the chair, and gave a forcible and earnest address at the opening. He was followed in succession by the Rev. Thomas Rooke and the Rev. W. Caine, late Chaplain of Manchester Gaol, who attended as a deputation. Mr. Raper (U. K. Alliance) and others also spoke. The meeting was very well attended, and much interest was excited.

**Park Chapel District, Chelsea.**—On Monday, May 16, the Rev. Thomas
Rooke attended a meeting convened by the Rev. J. G. Gregory, minister of Park Chapel. After a few opening words from Mr. Gregory, who presided, Mr. Rooke lectured on "Temperance Principles and Temperance Practice," and was listened to most attentively through a speech of an hour and a half.

Mayfair and Servants' Temperance Society, Curzon Schoolrooms, Carrington-Mews, May-Fair.—On Sunday, May 1, a sermon to the Intemperate was preached in Christ Church, Down-street, Mayfair, kindly lent for the occasion by the Rev. W. Cardall. The preacher was the Rev. T. Rooke, M.A., who selected for his text Genesis xix. 17. On the following Thursday a substantial tea was given by the Hon. Mrs. Cowper-Temple to the Curzon Band of Hope and members of the Mayfair Temperance Society, and other friends, at which upwards of 200 sat down and did ample justice to the good things provided. After tea, the largest public meeting ever held in Curzon Schools was presided over by Mr. Sergeant, who, after a poetical address (which we regret our space prevents us giving), called on the Misses Wills, Hawks, and Hudson for a trio, which gained great applause. Addresses were also given by the Rev. T. Rooke, M.A., Messrs. T. Talford, Hardwidge, and G. Johnson in an earnest and telling manner. Other members of the Band of Hope wound up the meeting with recitations and dialogues. A hearty vote of thanks was given to the Hon. Mrs. Cowper-Temple, the Chairman, and speakers, not forgetting the members of the Band of Hope, who helped to enliven the meeting.

Clerkenwell Parochial Temperance Association.—The annual meeting of this Association was held in St. James's Hall, Lower Rosoman-street, on Easter Monday. A numerous company partook of tea, after which the Rev. Robert Maguire, M.A., Vicar, took the chair, in the absence of Rear-Admiral W. King Hall, C.B., who was prevented attending. The meeting having been opened by singing and prayer, the Chairman made a short speech, and called upon the Rev. Charles Ough to read the report of the progress of the Association, which, on the whole, was satisfactory. Earnest addresses were delivered by Mr. J. F. Watson, of Liverpool; G. Cruikshank, Esq.; and Mr. W. P. Stone; after which an interesting ceremony took place, in the presentation of a clock and a pair of steps to the Vicar for use in the hall, both being bought by the proceeds of an entertainment by Mr. Bodman and friends. This having been acknowledged by the Rev. R. Maguire, the meeting closed with prayer to God, the author of all success.

St. Heliers, Jersey, Church of England Total Abstinence Society.—On Monday evening, May 2, 1870, the anniversary of the Victoria Band of Hope was held in the Prince of Wales' Rooms, St. Heliers. The Rev. Thomas Le Neve, Rector of St. John's Parish, occupied the chair, and opened the meeting with prayer. On the platform also were Mr. Boielle, Mr. Kendra, and Mr. Nicolle, Vice-President of the Society. Several banners decorated the walls. About 130 children of the Band of Hope were present. The children repeated their pieces, dialogues, &c., and sang several times during the evening. Mr.
Sinnatt presided at the harmonium. After tea was cleared away, a Total Abstinence meeting was held, when the following gentlemen addressed the meeting: Mr. T. J. Bray, Vice-President St. Aubins Total Abstinence Society; Mr. Husband, Sergeant Plimsaull (17th Regiment); E. G. Nicoll, Esq., Vice-President Church of England Total Abstinence Society. Mr. McDonald gave some readings. Mr. De Carteret and Mr. Beouquet were also present on the platform.

ST. PETERS, JERSEY.—On Tuesday, May 3, a tea-meeting was held in St. Peter's Parish Hall, at six p.m., on which occasion some of the St. Peters ladies took a very active part in presiding at the tables, &c. There were present from thirty to forty soldiers of the 17th Regiment, stationed at St. Peters Barracks, and several non-commissioned officers. There was a great number of civilians.

SILLOTH.—On the 16th instant a most interesting and instructive lecture was delivered by the Rev. A. Ashworth, M.A., Rector of Holm Cultram, in the National Schoolroom, at Silloth, on the subject of “Total Abstinence.” The lecture was well received by a good audience. The Rev. T. Chapman, of Holm St. Cuthberts, an Abstainer of twelve years’ experience, presided on the occasion. The Rev. W. M. Shepherd, of Newton Arlosh, the Diocesan Secretary of the Church of England and Ireland Reformation Society, was also present on the platform, and at the close of the lecture gave an address, forcing home the arguments brought forward by the lecturer. There were also present the Rev. R. Haythornthwaite and the Rev. Frederick Walker, Curates of Silloth. The audience was so well pleased with the success of the lecture that the friends of the cause requested Mr. Shepherd to follow Mr. Ashworth that day month by delivering another lecture.

HOLY TRINITY, SITTINGBOURNE.—On Sunday, May 22, at the invitation of the Incumbent, the Rev. A. Hanham, sermons were preached at morning and evening services in this church by the Rev. Thomas Rooke. In the morning he dwelt on the necessity for a special mission to the Intemperate, and the importance and value of the Abstinence pledge for the recovery of the inebriate, and in the evening on the advantage of it to those exposed to the inordinate temptations of the present time, and on the call existing “in the present distress” on Christian love, by personal self-denial, to aid in removing the stumblingblocks out of the weak brethren’s way. In the afternoon Mr. Rooke addressed the Sunday-schools, in connexion with which a promising Band of Hope has been recently formed.

DUNSTABLE.—On Monday evening, the 23rd, Mr. Rooke delivered an address on “The Temperance Reformation,” in the Temperance-hall. J. Gutteridge, Esq., presided, and at the close a collection was made towards defraying the debt remaining on the building.

* * Our illustration is, we regret, again crowded out.
HYMN SUNG AT ANNUAL MEETING.

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

O FATHER, King of Glory,
   Upon the Great White Throne,
Scarabs that bend before Thee
   Their imperfection own;
Then from this world unholy
   How sad the cry that we,
In deep dejection lowly,
   For pardon lift to Thee.

For while we pray Thy blessing,
   We fear Thy curse may fall,
As now we come confessing
   One sin more deep than all;
The sin of evil cherished,
   Beguiling heart and hand,—
Whereby our sons have perished
   By thousands in our Land.

Without, her worst dishonour,
   Within, her source of strife,
It lies like death upon her,
   Bound to her noble life.
Its snake-like coil enfolds her
   Upon her stately way,
Yet like a spell it holds her—
   She will not say it nay!

O that my head were waters,
   Mine eyes a fount of tears,
To weep for sons and daughters,
   The slain of all the years
Wherein in feast and revel,
   Or with a silent hand,
So long this cherished evil
   Hath spoiled our pleasant Land!

Lord! look in mercy on us,
   In this our evil day,
And show Thy power upon us,
   To cast the curse away;
That those who love or hate her
   May see our Land set free,
No-more to self a traitor,
   Her own worst enemy!
CHAPTER IX.
THE DOCTOR'S RESOLVE.

"Hope is brightest when it dawns from fears." — Scott.

The sad news of poor Mr. Wray's death and Katherine's illness caused the Hartleghs great sorrow, and John went at once to Chesterman to see if he could do anything for them. The Moncreiffes were very glad to see him, but he could not help them much, and Hugh was too anxious about Katherine to be with John at all, and he went home again very soon. A fortnight had passed since Mr. Wray's sad death, and one evening Dr. Moncreiffe went up into Katherine's room to see how she was. "I am so dreadfully tired," he exclaimed, as he sat down by the bedside. "I feel a very old man to-night. And you, too, look tired, dear."

He was very fond of Katherine now, and very gentle to her.

"I am like you," she replied, "I feel very old. But you are all so kind I ought to get well."

The old man took her hand and pressed it, and it seemed to him very thin and transparent. "My dear, have you anything on your mind besides the sad shock you have had? I know what crushing sorrow it has been; but you are very young, and the elasticity of youth springs back from any grief." She did not reply, and he continued, in a low voice, "My dear, are you anxious about Hugh?"

A deep flush spread over her face, and she replied, evasively, "I cannot forget that fearful morning, it comes before me night and day, it haunts my very sleep, and is like a dreadful shadow before my eyes when I am awake. Hugh will not let me speak of it, and I know it frightens Helen even if I mention the day."

"Do you feel like this after your sleeping draught?"

"No, but the waking is even more terrible. It is not so much the fearful scene itself," she continued, shuddering, "but the knowledge that it is for ever and ever. Oh, if I were a Romanist and believed in the efficacy of prayers for the dead, how I would pray for him! Dr. Moncreiffe, may I ask you a question?" The old man bowed, he could not speak. "Did he ever drink wine here?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever tell him not?"

"Oh! many times, but he would not listen to me."

"Then, dear Sir, will you not give up wine, lest you should ever have to tremble for the souls of your own: for the drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of Heaven; but for our comfort we are told that he that overcometh shall inherit all things."

Dr. Moncreiffe buried his face in his hands, and sat silent for some time and then quietly left the room. Saunders met him on the stairs.

"There is a person come to ask Mr.
Hugh to go and see her mother, who is dying, and I cannot find Mr. Hugh, Sir."

"I will go," replied the doctor.

A young woman was crying in the hall, and Dr. Moncreiffe said, kindly, "If you will show me where you live I will come; my son is engaged."

The woman thanked him, and they left the house together, and their way was through Canongsate. The doors of the gin-palaces were some of them open, to display the cheerfully-lighted rooms. Oh! what a sickening sight it was! There were men dressed in all the absurdities of theatrical fashion; soldiers, whose powerful frames were slaves to cursed drink, were staggering about; and old men were there, whose shabby-genteel dress bespoke better days; women, too, were there in tawdry clothes, and mill girls dressed in short pink prints, without either shawl or bonnet, and their dresses low, with short sleeves, made like ladies' evening ones. Poor things! how sad to see them with their impudent faces, made more impudent-looking by their hair turned back over great rolls of padding. Their dress, and ornaments of coloured glass, were of themselves calculated to make them bold, and to destroy all feelings of modesty. And even children were to be seen, poor neglected little things in any grotesque apparel they could find—trousers that would scarcely meet the knee, and coats far too long and large for them. This was the company! this the Sunday evening congregation of the gin-palace!

It was well that Dr. Moncreiffe passed through Canongsate that night. As he walked beside the poor girl his mind was made up; he decided, that by God's help there should never again in his house be set a snare either for his family or his friends.

The next morning Dr. Moncreiffe called Hugh into his room.

"My boy," he began, "you asked me some time ago not to have wine on the table, as you were afraid you were getting too fond of it. Will you forgive me for not listening to you then, and will you show that you forgive me by saying you are willing to give it up now?"

"I am afraid it will be hard work now," said Hugh, bitterly.

"Oh, Hugh, I am an old man, and cannot expect to live much longer! Will you make my old age and your mother's happy? And Katherine, I believe it is fear for you that keeps her back."

"I know it is," he replied. "Father if you will sign the pledge I will; I cannot promise to keep my word unless I try Total Abstinence, for if I taste I have no control over myself and my desire for more."

"I will, Hugh; and may God forgive me for having put temptation in your way."

What news this was for Katherine! Hugh did not tell her of his intention, but waited until he could say "I have signed the pledge; you will trust me now, Katherine?"

"You will trust yourself, dear Hugh."

"Yes, I am all right if I do not begin!"

Later in the day, Helen found Katherine crying, and was afraid she was worse.

"No, Nelly, they are tears of thank-
fulness; dear Hugh has solemnly promised not to drink any more anything intoxicating. And I am so thankful."

"Then you trust him now?"

"Yes, Nelly, until he has tasted wine he is our own brave Hugh; but you know how it is if he begins. Twice lately he has not been quite himself. The anxiety has been killing me, Nelly."

"Then you will get better now?"

"No, I do not think I shall ever be better in health; but I am thankful for this great mercy. But do not cry, my darling, I am in God's hands; perhaps he will make me strong again."

"I have had a letter from John," said Helen, after a pause; "he sends very kind remembrances to you, and some flowers and grapes are on their way from Mary."

"How kind they are! I am very glad there is such prospect of your being happy, Nelly; I only have one wish for John Hartleigh, and that is to see him doing something."

"I believe he will go into the Church, Katherine, I am trying to persuade him. I did not like to tell you when you asked me why he did not, but he seems to feel his deformity an obstacle. I am sure he is well fitted to be a clergyman. May I read you some of his letter?"

"Yes do, Nelly, I should like to hear it very much."

"He is speaking," began Helen, "of a man named Chrimes, who keeps a gin-palace in Prestford, and he has been very ill, and during his illness he asked to see Mr. West, and as he was out John went, and it seems the poor man was once a Sunday-school teacher, and had a public-house left him by some relation. He gave up teaching and thought he would go back to his 'good' ways when he had made a little money; but of course, says John, he never did return to his old ways; but I will read it in his own words: 'Mr. West and I have visited the man regularly during his illness, and he said, if he were spared, he would lead a different life. But alas! all these good resolutions vanished as he felt that he was recovering, and he is going on worse than ever. You ask me, Nelly, why drunkenness is not forbidden in the Ten Commandments? Ward, one of the Puritan divines, says, the reason that it was not especially prohibited is because it is not the single breach of any one, but in effect the violation of all and every one. He speaks of it as the "inlet" to all other sins. The poor man speaks also of having known one drunkard who was reclaimed. Thank God, they can be counted by thousands now, and all through his blessing on our Temperance Societies. I believe one of the reasons of the success of our society is Mr. West's after influence. Some societies think it sufficient to get a man to join, and then they leave him to himself; and what is the result? Why, the devil will not readily let any of his servants leave him, and he whispers in the poor fellow's ear, "You must leave off by degrees," and then it is all over with him, for Total Abstinence is his only safety. Now, if a kind friendly word had been spoken, and an interest taken in him, he would, by God's help, never have fallen again.'"

"Very true," said Katherine, "let us be very thankful about dear Hugh."
ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

When we look around us in England at present, and see the vice, and
immorality, and crime that exist on every side, we are apt to think
that our country is degenerating, and becoming more degraded, and
wicked, and corrupt. But the Christian philanthropist must feel cheered when
he reads a faithful account of the condition of England fifty and a hundred
years ago. There has been during the last century such a manifest improve-
ment in many things, that any one who then would venture to predict it would
doubtless have been called a fanatic and an enthusiast, and his ideas would
have been regarded as fanciful and utopian. I have been led to make these
remarks in consequence of my reading the “Life of John Howard.” No one
contributed more than this good man to bring about a change in the lamentable
state of our gaols. When he commenced his philanthropic labours the words of
the Psalmist were true of many of the public institutions in England, “The
dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.”

It will, I am sure, interest some of the young readers of our Temperance
Magazine if I lay before them some extracts from the “Life” of the TEETOTAL
philanthropist, John Howard.

I always read the prefaces of books. In this I imitate Dr. Johnson, and I
am always rewarded for doing so. In the Preface to John Howard’s “Life”
there is a passage well deserving our earnest consideration. “The particulars
of his life,” says the writer, “will show what evils may be around us, and in the
midst of us, unknown, or at least only half known, even by those whose busi-
ness it is to correct them. They will teach us that it is our duty, not patiently
to acquiesce in the social evils of which we are half conscious, but fearlessly to
search them out with the purpose of doing our part towards their removal.
They will exhibit the true way both of discovering and redressing such evils—
viz., by patient, laborious, systematic, and continued efforts, prompted by the
love of God and man, and based upon the humble imitation of His example
who himself bore our infirmities and carried our sicknesses.”

John Howard was born at Enfield on September 2, 1726. In the year 1756
he embarked for Portugal, and on the way the ship was captured by a French
privateer and he became a prisoner of war. The sufferings he endured excited
his sympathy with prisoners everywhere.

On his return to England he lived at Cardington, in Bedfordshire. The people
of this place were sunk in profligacy and vice when he went to live there. The
chief cause of these evils was the want of accommodation in the cottages of the
poor. John Howard at once began to improve the condition of his people by
building a number of neat cottages on his estate, annexing to each a little land
for a garden, and other conveniences. In this project he had the full concurrence
of his excellent partner." His friend Dr. Aikin says: "I remember his relating that once, having settled his accounts at the close of a year and found a balance in his favour, he proposed to his wife to make use of it in a journey to London, or any other gratification she chose. 'What a pretty cottage it would build!' was her answer; and the money was so employed. These comfortable habitations he peopled with the most industrious and sober tenants he could find; and over them he exercised the superintendence of master and father combined. He was careful to furnish them with employment, to assist them in sickness and distress, and to educate their children. In order to preserve their morals, he made it a condition that they should regularly attend their several places of worship, and abstain from public-houses and from such amusements as he thought pernicious; and he secured their compliance with his rules by making them tenants at will."

The result of his wise effort was that "Cardington, which seemed at one time to contain the abodes of poverty and wretchedness, soon became one of the neetest villages in the kingdom, exhibiting all the pleasing appearances of competency and content, the natural rewards of industry and virtue." Oh, that we had many landlords now like John Howard, and many wives of landlords like John Howard's wife!

In 1769 Howard goes to Italy, and there sees the wickedness in public-houses on the Sabbath-day. He thus writes in his journal: "1769, November 26.—Having bought an Italian almanack, I counted the holy days in Italy—thirty-one besides the fifty-two Sabbaths. Oh! how is pure religion debased in these countries—preventing on so many days the providing for a family by work, and allowing every species of wickedness at little cabarets on the Sabbath-days! How different to the primitive sacred Sabbath! When men leave the Holy Word, and set up their own invention, God often leaves them—then how do they fall!"

In 1770 he thus describes the now beautiful city of Paris: "I spent about ten days at the dirty city of Paris. The streets are so narrow, and no footpaths, that there is no stirring out but in a coach, and as to their hackney-coaches, they are abominable."

In the same year, 1770, Howard writes to a friend from Rome, telling him of his journeys over the mountains three or four days at a time, and he says: "Through the mercy and goodness of God I travel pleasantly on. I have an easy, calm flow of spirits. A little tea equipage I carry with me, with which I regale, and little regard if I have nothing else."

In this year, 1770, John Howard "determined to abstain altogether from wine or other alcoholic beverages, believing them to be injurious to his health; and this resolution he is said never to have broken." When he was nineteen years of age, his biographer tells us that "he was put upon a rigorous regimen of diet, which laid the foundation of that abstemiousness for which he was afterwards remarkable."

Next month, God willing, I will describe this good man's labours in England,
and the misery, and the drinking, and the drunkenness which existed inside of the prisons of England. A hundred years ago in this kingdom there were drinking and drunkenness inside of the prisons as well as outside!!

Manchester.

WILLIAM CAINE, M.A.

ALCOHOL: ITS FUNNY NAME.

WOMAN, on coming out of a Temperance meeting where she had heard a great deal about the crimes done under the influence of alcohol—a name she had never heard before—remarked, “He must be an awfully bad rascal that Aleck Hall!” Perhaps some young reader may not have heard the name either, and would like to know what it means. It is the spirit or ingredient in all strong drinks that makes them intoxicating; and as it was first discovered and extracted from the juice of the grape, it was long called “the spirit of wine.” No matter what may be the kind or colour of any strong drink, it is strong or weak to intoxicate just as it contains much or little of alcohol.

The name “alcohol” is Arabian, because it was Arabian chemists who first discovered the substance. The first syllable “al” means “the,” as in the word “Alcoran,” which means “the Scripture,” or Arabian Bible. The rest of the word, some say, means a paint or drug, but others think that it is the same as “ghole” or “ghoul,” which means an evil spirit, such as are thought by people in the East to take different shapes, and to possess persons, as it were, with a devil. The Arabian chemists, it is thought, when they discovered it, tasted it, and found it so intoxicating, would exclaim “al ghoul!” this is “the evil spirit.”

If so they were not far wrong. Hence Shakespeare says, “O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!” And truly what another great poet, Milton, says of Moloch may, in a sense, be said of alcohol—viz., that it is “the strongest and the fiercest spirit that fought against Heaven.” A Turkish proverb says, “There lurks a devil in every berry of the vine,” which is true only if that vine be abused; and an Indian remarked, in kicking away from him a rum cask, “There are fifty fights and perhaps some murders lying in that barrel.”

And yet alcohol is no devil, but a simple substance, which, like everything else God has made, is good when kept in its own place. Being a poison, it is a bad beverage, but for this reason it may at times be a good medicine, though far more rarely than is supposed. It is very useful in the arts. It has never yet been frozen even at a cold as much below zero as the boiling point is above it. This fits it well for making thermometers intended to measure extreme degrees of cold. It is also useful when mixed with illuminating gas to prevent freezing in the pipes. It is good for preventing putrefaction, Hence Dr. Guthrie
somewhere remarks, “If you want to preserve a dead body, put it into spirits; if you want to destroy a living body, put spirits into it.”

It is silly in the extreme to rail at a chemical substance which God has made for good ends, merely because men are foolish enough to use it for mischief to themselves and others. Everything in nature, and poisons among the rest, are creatures of God; and “every creature of God is good and to be received with thankfulness.” But good for what?—and to be received for what? That is the question; and the answer will depend entirely on the nature of each several article, and the special ends God means it to serve in the general constitution of things.—The Adviser.

THE CHILDREN’S CORNER.

LIFE OF A LITTLE CHILD.

BY F. HARRISON.

CHAPTER V.

IN PRISON.

ABOUT seven o’clock on the day when Mrs. Scott urged Mrs. Green to have the doctor to see Mary, there came three men up the stairs to Mrs. Green’s door. She heard their feet tramping up, and a feeling came over her that something dreadful had happened. She was certain that they had come to tell her some bad news. She opened her door, and there stood three men whom she knew to be friends of her husband. The foremost of them was named William Benson.

“What is the matter?” she cried, trembling with fright; “don’t talk loud to alarm the child.”

“Well it’s a bad job,” said William Benson.

“Is it about my husband?” she asked.

“Well, it is about him; but it might be worse, you know.”

“He might have killed him,” said one of the other men.

“Don’t keep me like this, tell me what it is?” For she was in terror lest her husband was killed or injured.

“I’ll tell you all about it,” said Benson, in a low tone; “Green was sitting in the Blue Posts, having his regular kind of drink, you know, when in comes a fellow that goes by the name of the Gripper, because he can grip you with his fingers till you’re black and blue. Then they get talking; and the Gripper he says he could break Tom Green’s arm like a bit of firewood. Tom bets him a bob he won’t make him sing out. Then they begin to quarrel about it; both of them were drunk. They go out in the yard to have it out. We go too, to see fair play. The Gripper takes Tom by the left arm and grips him like a vice; Tom don’t sing out, sure enough, but he lets out his right, and down goes the Gripper on the stones. When he’s down your husband begins to kick his head. We all set to work to keep him off; up comes the police, and Tom goes off to the station-house, kicking and biting all the way.”
Mrs. Green was too terrified to cry; she felt sick and faint. She caught hold of Benson's arm, and whispered, hoarsely, "Did he kill the man?"
"No, no, Gripper's doing well enough. It is Green who is in trouble now. He'll be had up to-morrow morning for assaulting the Gripper, and for assaulting and resisting the police."
"Is he in prison, is my husband in prison?"
"To be sure he is; he'll have a quiet night there."
"I'll go to him. Can I see him tonight?"
"Don't go to-night, Mrs. Green, it wouldn't do. He's not sober yet; and it would do no good. Go there early in the morning, and see him, and hear what he's got to say for his defence."

After some more persuasion Mrs. Green consented to wait until the morning: for one thing, she hardly liked to leave Mary alone now that it was growing dark. The three men, who were very sorry for this fresh trouble which had come upon her, said good night, and went quietly downstairs, hoping that they had not disturbed the sick child. But Mary had heard strange voices, and when her mother returned, she said, "Mammy, what did those men come for?"
"Never mind, dear, nothing particular."
"But I want to know, please."
"My darling, it was something they had to tell me, but it is not fit for you to know."

Mary was an obedient child, and did not tease her mother; but by and
bye she said, "Where is father tonight?"
"He is not come home yet," answered Mrs. Green.
"When will he come home?" asked Mary.
"I'm sure I don't know!" exclaimed Mrs. Green, with a sob, and then she gave way and burst into a fit of crying. Mary began to cry too, and after a time Mrs. Green told the child what had happened to her wretched father.
"Well, dear," said the child, trying to comfort her mother, "perhaps some good will come of it. If they punish him for getting tipsy, perhaps he will be good afterwards, and not do it again." But this hope did not give much comfort to Eliza Green. She and her little sick child went to sleep at last, after they had shed many tears for the miserable man who was spending the night in prison.

In the morning Mary seemed very ill, much worse than she had been. Her mother was alarmed and ran out to Mrs. Scott, and brought her to look at Mary. "The truth is," said Mrs. Scott, "that though you may not have seen it, every one else has; the child has been ill for a long time. I did not like to frighten you. But you see it now, don't you?"
"Indeed I do. She is very ill."
"Have you noticed how small she is, not much bigger than my baby?"
"Yes, I have seen that."
"And her shoulders, poor little thing!"
"What about her shoulders?"
"Surely you have seen it, Eliza Green!"
"I have tried to shut my eyes,"
cried the mother, in wild grief. "Tell me what you have seen."
"Poor, pretty little Mary! If she grew up I think she would be hump-backed."
They were out on the stairs talking in a low voice. Mrs. Green sobbed with sorrow which she could not control. "My own pet!" she said, "the one creature I have in the world!"
"Don't take on so, there's a dear," said Mrs. Scott, kindly. "I lost one of my darlings, you know: but somehow God helps one over it."
"But you have a good husband!" said Mrs. Green, between her tears, "he is more to you than all your children. But I have no one but this one little lamb!"
"It is very hard. I don't know how to comfort you. Shall I send the doctor to see Mary?"
"It is no use; but he may as well come. And I must go and look after that wretched man. I think I am the most unhappy woman in the world!"
The doctor came; he said Mary was ill; he gave her some medicine; he said she was to lie in bed and not get up, and he would call again in a few days. After he was gone Mrs. Green left Susan Scott with Mary, and went to the police-office. She had been so much delayed that it was eleven o'clock; and when she made inquiries she was told that Thomas Green had been brought up, and had got a week's imprisonment.

Her husband in prison! Her child dying! She staggered as the policeman spoke to her. What a world of misery! Why was life given to her if it were to be so terribly unhappy? She crept home to the bedside of her Mary, and the child heard what had happened to her father.
"A week," said Mary, "I hope I shall see him when he comes home again."
"Of course you will see him," said Mrs. Green.
"But, mammy dear, Susan Scott says that I am going away from you."
"Susan ought not to say such things; what does she mean?"
"She has gone home," replied Mary, "but I know what she means. When people die they go away to another place, and wait till their friends come there too. I shan't mind going, if you will promise to come there too, very soon."
"Child, you don't know what dying is, or you would not talk so, and break my heart."
"Susan had a little brother who died. His soul went to heaven, and his body was put in the ground and covered up, and when Susan dies her soul will go to the same place where he is, and so will his father's soul, and his mother's, and God will take care of them, and make them all happy together."
"It's quite true, it's quite true," sobbed the mother, "but I don't want to part with you just yet."

Parcels of not less than 25 Numbers will be forwarded carriage free to any friend who will procure subscribers for this Magazine.
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"Therefore to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."—St. James iv. 17.

A PAPER
BY THE REV. HENRY J. ELLISON, M.A.,
VICAR OF WINDSOR.
(Read at a recent Conference of Clergy.)

Subject: "Looking at the proportions to which the national sin of Intemperance has attained, the Church of England ought to meet it with special and organized effort."

MUST be allowed to define the chief terms which this proposition embraces. By "Intemperance" I mean—excess in the use of strong drink. By "excess" I understand—that which goes beyond the Scriptural rule, "Whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God." The true limit of lawful use is here laid down for faith to act upon; and "whatsoever is not of faith is sin." The "proportions to which the sin has attained" in England are shortly these. There were consumed in the United Kingdom, in the year ending March, 1868,
of proof spirit, 29,500,000 gallons, representing an average consumption of four gallons for every male adult. This is, for England, three quarters of a gallon per head more than in 1849. Of beer, 20,832,884 barrels, or 749,983,824 gallons, representing an average consumption of 30 gallons per head (men, women, and children); “or,” says Mr. Smiles, from whose able paper on Self-imposed Taxation these figures are taken, “throwing out of consideration the women and children, who cannot count for much in the calculation, and setting against them the Teetotallers, of whom there are said to be between two and three millions in the United Kingdom, who do not drink beer, and setting them against the women and children who do, we arrive at this conclusion—that the consumption of beer in England is equal to about 120 gallons for every adult male.” The increased annual consumption within fifteen years is 200,000,000 gallons. Of wine, the consumption has increased, in ten years, from 6,000,000 gallons and a fraction to 15,000,000 and a fraction. The total expenditure on these several items of consumption has been nearly 90,000,000l. sterling, averaging 3l. 6s. per head for the entire population, or more than 13l. per head for the adult males. The amount of “excess” in drinking which this represents cannot easily be estimated. Taking the working classes alone, their annual earnings are said to be 330,000,000l. It is reckoned, on the other hand, that two-thirds of the whole expenditure on spirits and beer belong to the working classes. This would give 48,000,000l. for their annual expenditure, or nearly one-sixth of their earnings. The odd 8,000,000l., it will be observed, would at once cover the amount now levied on the rest of the community in the shape of poor-rates. Putting aside, then, for the moment, the tangible results of these figures, such as actual drunkenness and its consequences, it is evident that the “excess” in drinking is entailing on the whole community evils of the most serious description; involving the nation at large in the guilt assigned to it by Mr. Smiles—that of being “the most thoughtless, thriftless, and bibulous of nations, very rich, but very wasteful, self-indulgent and imprudent;” keeping large masses, who are yet in the receipt of good wages, on the verge of pauperism; importing untold wrongs and hardships into the family life; and, bearing in mind the place where the money is spent, going far to leaven the largest part of the population with the tone and morals
of the public-house and beer-shop. It is, however, when we come to the proved results of the "excess," that the magnitude of the evil becomes apparent. The connexion between the drink and the whole catalogue of evils with which our social system is infested, such as pauperism, crime, disease of various kinds, and premature death, has been so often pointed out, and recently has received such forcible exposition in the Report of the Lower House of Convocation, that it will be unnecessary to quote either facts or figures at any length. It will be sufficient, as showing the alarming increase of the danger, to say that, although the number of drunken persons who come under the surveillance of the police is comparatively small, not fewer than 111,465 persons were summarily proceeded against in 1868 for drunkenness and being drunk and disorderly, an increase of 11,108 over the preceding year; that in Liverpool, the Chief Constable reports the number of cases as 18,303 in the year 1869, nearly double what they were in 1861, and 3,852 in "excess" of 1868; that in Manchester a similar report says, the cases of persons proceeded against for drunkenness have increased from 23 per cent. of the total criminals to 40 per cent. in the last year; and that, "of the whole number of criminals arrested, 63 per cent. were actually drunk when taken into custody;" that, in the language of the Report of Convocation, this "evil is spreading to an alarming degree among women and the young;" that it is reproducing itself in the new countries which we are colonizing, and, as the Indian Brahmin, Chunder Sen, is bearing witness, in the older countries over which God has given us the rule, de-moralizing the native populations with far greater rapidity than the Christian doctrine which we carry with us is regenerating them; that it is notoriously the great stumbling-block in our parishes in the way of all spiritual and moral advancement, and the chief destroyer of souls; and that, to quote once more the Convocation Report, "it may be shown by accumulated and undeniable evidence to be sapping the foundations of our prosperity, blighting the future, and lowering the reputation of our country, and destroying at once its physical strength and its moral and religious life."

In the face of such a proved national sin, the duty of the National Church to grapple with it seems to follow as a necessary corollary. As a branch of the Church of Christ it is responsible to its great Head
for carrying on a constant and aggressive warfare against the kingdom of darkness. No theory of the Church is admissible which does not recognize it as the body incorporated by Him to carry His banner wherever Satan has most strongly entrenched himself, to adapt its mode of attack to the ever-changing circumstances of time and country, and, where ordinary means have failed, out of its own manifold life to develop extraordinary ones for the special emergencies which may arise. As the National Church it is further responsible to the nation for the fulfilment of its mission. It may be said to have received a grant of the whole land, to take possession of it and subdue it to Christ. And with the country mapped out into manageable divisions, with a chief pastor in every diocese and a pastor in every parish, commanding always a rank and file, more or less numerous, of zealous communicants, the nation has a right to demand at its hands that every form of nascent heathenism shall be watched and met with its appropriate remedies, and that the Church shall lead, not follow, in the application of these. Failing in this, it could be no wonder if the nation were to revoke its privileges, just as we are well assured its great Head might be expected in such a case to remove its candlestick. It would be, I humbly conceive, to suffer judgment to go by default against us, if, with the report of our own Convocation as a standing record on the subject, the Church were any longer to sit down in inaction before this hitherto impregnable fortress of the enemy.

The question then at once arises what the nature of its aggressive organization should be. And it is here that the subject widens out into its true and vast proportions. For not only are individual sinners to be restored from a state which has come to be considered as almost hopeless, but the sin itself has to be cut off in its first occasions; and for this the prolific sources of the evil have to be ascertained and encountered in their rise. None but those who have made the attempt can be aware how vast is the field of operation which has here to be occupied.

But if thus it widens out in one direction, fortunately it is narrowed for us in another by the very conditions imposed upon us. We approach it as Christians and as Churchmen. As Christians we have no choice in the kind of weapons we employ. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to
the pulling down of strongholds." Woe be to us if, under any promise of a more hasty success, we attempt to substitute an arm of flesh for the arm of our Lord and King. As Churchmen, as pastors of the Church at all events, we are bound by the rules and orders of our Church. It is within the prescribed limits of these that our operations must be conducted.

Bearing these conditions in mind, I proceed to sketch out the organization which the circumstances seem to require. And in doing so I will avail myself of an illustration taken from another and widely-spread form of sin which the Church has already met with special effort—I mean the "social evil." There the problem has been, not to find a machinery of reformation which shall be a substitute for the Gospel, but, recognizing the facts of a present and tyrannizing temptation, and that while surrounded by their evil associations the fallen women are inaccessible to the Gospel arguments, to detach them for a while from these associations, and then with the spiritual weapons to break down the evil that is in them and build up the new nature in its place. For this it has been thought well to gather them within four walls, and thus bring them into contact with the warm, living, power of Christian agency and Christian love. It has been suggested that something of the same kind might be done with drunkards—that houses should be built to shut them up in. Not to mention, however, that if we adopt the definition of Intemperance which I have given, and include, therefore, that large class who, stepping short for the present of actual drunkenness, are by their excess in this matter pauperising their families, and preparing themselves for a drunkard's end, the "shutting up" of the Intemperate must be on a scale far beyond any powers which we could exercise: and again, that on the limited, yet formidable scale in which we have exercised the shutting-up system—that is, in our union houses—where, says the Convocation Report, 75 per cent. at least of the inmates are the victims of Intemperance, no appreciable impression upon the evil itself has been made—not to mention all this, we have the fact before us that the victims themselves have arrived at a safer and easier solution of the difficulty. Without leaving their families and their daily work, rather going forth to it under greatly improved conditions, they have imposed upon themselves a voluntary restraint,
shutting out—not themselves from the drink—but the drink from themselves, by the simple process of shutting their own mouths. They have recognized the fierceness of the temptation to which they are exposed; that having once yielded to it, it is a question so far as the drink is concerned of none or all; that the force of the temptation mainly lies in the vast network of associations in which they are entangled, in the drinking customs of the workshops, the clubs, the streets, and, above all, the ever-ready and open door of the public-house to give opportunity for these; and they have said we must meet it by counter association—those who have already fallen with a view to recovery, those who are in danger with a view to self-preservation—joining hand in hand, in the form of a mutual undertaking, to stand by and support one another in their determination to give up the drink altogether.

I recommend, then, that the Total Abstinence Association of the Working Classes should be taken as the basis of the Church’s organization. I shall be met, perhaps, with the objection that we are thus violating the primary condition laid down, that no “carnal weapon” should be substituted for the Gospel. And if by “the Gospel” is meant the Gospel as it is too often preached in the present day—a presentation of the kingdom of Christ with all its blessed privileges to men still sunk in sin and totally unprepared for it—I admit the objection. But if by the Gospel is meant the Gospel of Isaiah the Prophet—of St. Matthew and St. Luke the Evangelists—of our Lord Himself—if it be the Gospel which recognized that there was a way to be “prepared” for Him, that there were “rough places to be made smooth,” “a stumbling-block to be taken out of the way of God’s people,” which needed therefore the mission of a Baptist, himself fitted for his work by abstinence of the severest kind, to preach repentance, to urge the putting away of the besetting sin, whatever it might be—then I venture to say that, so far from “making void” the Gospel, we are doing our best to establish it. We are but encouraging our sorely-tempted brethren to “cut off the right hand and pluck out the right eye” which have been their occasion of falling; and this that, finding them now in their right mind, no longer casting the Gospel “pearls before swine,” we may bring the power of God’s word to bear upon them, and, by prayer and teaching and Christian
fellowship, lead them to the use of those spiritual weapons by which alone this or any other work of the devil can be met and destroyed.

I cannot anticipate, then, that thus far any serious objection will be taken to the proposal. It may be different when, with a view of direct missionary work, we advance a stage further, and advocate the expediency of voluntary association with them in this rule of Abstinence on the part of Christian men and women. For though the Total Abstinence Association was originated by the victims themselves, yet to become instrumental in any way to a national reformation, it must be presented to the masses by men and women of earnest purposes, intent on saving souls; it can never be presented so well as by those who are willing to set the example in their own persons, shutting themselves up with them—to the weak "becoming as weak that they might gain the weak." Abstractedly I cannot think that any valid objection to this can for a moment be sustained. Suppose, for instance, that the country were China, not England, that an association were formed there to bring about a national reformation in the matter of opium intoxication, and that the basis of it was a mutual agreement never to touch opium in any form—no one could say that the Christian man or woman who, by the grace of God, had attained to the true εὐκρατεία, or self-control, and who joined the association for the sake of others, had not the fullest liberty to do so. But it is in that word "liberty" that the principle, and so the safeguard, of such associated effort will lie. Once attempt to give it the force of law, and to lay it therefore upon Christian men as a universal duty, the whole character of the appeal changes. There is another, and at the same time far clearer, motive-power, to which alone it is necessary to have recourse, and from which I, for one, could never consent to descend to the lower ground of a doubtful law—I mean that of self-denying Christian love. My liberty—my dearly-prized Christian liberty—is given to me; I must hold it sacred in others, even as I jealously guard it for myself; but "liberty," the Apostle says, "given not, for an occasion of the flesh, but by love to serve one another." Let me once see that this liberty of mine to use a certain "drink" is becoming a stumbling-block to others—now (if I use it) I no longer "walk charitably." Let me see that by foregoing the use
I am helping to remove the stumbling-block—that I can show the possibility of doing without the use—that I am strengthening the hands of those who are associating for the disuse—then conscience tells me that I am in the pathway which the Lord marked out when He said, "John the Baptist came neither eating nor drinking," adding that "wisdom is justified of all her children," and which the Apostle Paul faithfully trod when he said, "It is good neither to eat meat nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby a brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." "Conscience," I say—but strictly my own. I may invite, I may exhort, to the full extent of my power; but I may not judge where my invitation is refused; for "who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth."

To recapitulate. The organization which I advocate would be directly missionary and parochial. It would emanate from the clergyman as the chief missionary to his people; it would give the chief place to him as the spiritual teacher of all whom it should comprehend; it would reserve to him his right to abstain or not as he might see it to be for the furtherance of his Master's work; it would advocate by all means, "for the present distress," Abstinence from drink, and association in Abstinence among those exposed to the fierce and multiplied temptations; it would invite the personal co-operation of Christian men and women. What has here been sketched out in theory has been for years, in many of our parishes, worked out in practice. The diocesan and parochial order of the Church has been strictly observed, and it may be taken perhaps as some evidence of the soundness of the principle, and the blessing which the Great Head of the Church has vouchsafed to the efforts of His servants, that in the united dioceses of Manchester and Chester alone there are now 311 parochial societies, having upwards of 32,000 members on their books, holding weekly, fortnightly, or monthly meetings, which are addressed by speakers from a body of 300 clergymen and laymen who have placed their services for this missionary work at the disposal of the Society.

I might here conclude this paper. Were I to do so, I should give a most incomplete view of the organization which I propose. We have never arrogated to ourselves a monopoly of zeal in working for a National Temperance Reformation. Rather, as we have
looked around on the vastness of the field, we have longed to
gather into the enterprise every willing heart, though from one
cause or another it might be unable to go all lengths with us.
Outside of the direct efforts "to restore the sinner," alongside of the
further effort to cut off the occasions of the sin, we see work to be
done, and positions to be attacked, which will tax the associated
strength of every man, woman, and child whose hearts stir them
up to the work throughout the land. There is the vicious legisla-
tion of centuries to be reversed; there are social customs to be
reviewed and changed; there is a public opinion, preparatory to
legislation, to be formed and matured. There are educational
agencies on this subject to be set in motion; there are the mighty
engines of the pulpit and the press to be brought to bear. For the
support and extension of this varied machinery funds must be
forthcoming. Above all, there is the power of special prayer to be
spread over the whole area of the work. And for this we have
always contemplated, and are now more distinctly asking for, a
class of associated members, who shall help on the work, each in
his or her own way, as the Holy Ghost shall minister "the ability."
In this, too, we point to the analogous cases of the Penitentiary As-
sociations. Then there are those who are giving their personal labour
in the work. There is also a large class of associate members who,
by their sympathy, prayers, and the alms which they collect, are
sustaining the hands of the workers. Already, for the first time in
the history of our movement, more than one of our bishops have
expressed their willingness to take part in such an organization.
May I not hope to launch it into a vigorous existence?

Let this be done, and speedily, as the legitimate sequel to the
Report of Convocation, and I can conceive nothing which will
more surely tend to place the Church of England in her true posi-
tion before the nation. It will exhibit her as in full sympathy with
the masses, now, alas! so largely alienated from religion, but already
arraying themselves for the conflict with this their acknowledged
and deadliest foe. It will show her as a Missionary Church to those
who are most in need of such an agency—her own people. It will
bring her, without the sacrifice of a single principle, into sisterly
co-operation with those outside her communion who, with none of
her advantages, are carrying on their own desultory warfare against
this evil. In the common action against the common danger it will prepare the way for that union for which all are yearning, but which can only be brought about by better mutual knowledge of men who, in the service of a common Saviour, and in the face of a common foe, are learning that. And when the Church goes with the Gospel to recover to her Lord these lost sheep of the fold, over whom she has in this way thrown her leavening net, it will be with this best of all credentials for her own divine appointment, and this surest witness for the truth of the message she brings—that the cross which she preaches, and which in this case above all she enforces as of primary obligation to the fallen, is one which, for a proved necessity, her own clergy and members are willing, in ever-increasing numbers, to take up and lay upon themselves.

ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

John Howard it may be truly said, as it was of the Master whom he served, that “he went about doing good.” When living in the country “he hardly ever took one of his daily rides in the neighbourhood without enjoying the delightful satisfaction on his return that he had contributed to the relief, the welfare, or the consolation of a fellow-creature. Whilst living in retirement it was his meat and drink to make his neighbours happy.”

A visitor at Cardington in 1771 says of Howard that “he was very abstemious, lived chiefly upon vegetables, and drank no wine or spirits.”

In 1773 John Howard was made High Sheriff of Bedfordshire. He felt the responsibility of the office and determined to act up to it. He had the county gaol under his jurisdiction. It is impossible, in this short paper, to give anything like a description of the condition of the prisons in this kingdom when Howard began his philanthropic labours. There was no discipline in them, so that, as was said in a report drawn up by Dr. Bray some years before, “it now generally happens that prisoners are made much worse by them; and if an innocent person be committed by misfortune or mistake he is commonly corrupted and turns profligate.” “The most atrocious practices,” says the Rev. J. Field, “were common even in our metropolitan prisons.”

The Report of the Parliamentary Committee in 1729 on the Fleet Prison says that “the lion’s den and women’s ward, which contain about eighteen persons, are very noisome and in very ill repair. That in some rooms persons who are sick of different distempers are obliged to lie together, or on the floor; one in particular had the small-pox, and two women were ordered to lie with her; and
they pay 2s. 10d. each for such lodging.” Then comes the curious statement “that every prisoner pays at his entrance into the house of the tipstaff six shil-
lings towards a bowl of punch.”

Such was the state of lawlessness in England that a man named Thomas
Hogg, who stopped when passing the Fleet Prison to give charity to the pri-
soners at the gate, was seized and forced into Corbett’s sponging-house, “where
he hath been detained,” says the Report, “ever since (now upwards of nine
months), without any cause or legal authority whatsoever.”

Thomson, in his poem on “Winter,” gives a sad description of the cruelties
practised in English prisons under the name of law. Speaking of the Gaol
Committee in 1729, he says:—

“And here, can I forget the generous hand
Who, touch’d with human woe, redressive search’d
Into the horrors of the gloomy gaol?
Unpitied and unheard, where misery moans,
Where sickness pines, where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, like tyrants rag’d
Snatched the lean morsel from the starving mouth,
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter’d weed,
E’en robbed them of the last of comforts, sleep.
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain’d,
- Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail’d,
At pleasure mark’d him with inglorious stripes,
And crush’d out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toiled or bled.
O great design! if executed well,
With patient care and wisdom-temper’d zeal.
Te sons of mercy! yet resume the search,
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hand oppression’s iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still untouch’d remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot’s weeding hand requir’d.
The toils of law (what dark insidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade).
How glorious were the day that saw these broke!
And every man within the reach of right.”

A great portion of this passage which I have quoted from Thomson’s poem is
applicable to hundreds of thousands of criminals now wasting their lives in
prisons, and to their wretched wives and children. The difference is that it is not
the officials of the gaols who act so cruelly, but the publicans and beersellers,
who, with the permission of heartless legislators, reduce their victims to ruin
and misery in time and eternity, which no poet’s pen or angel’s tongue could
possibly describe.

One cause of the evils in the prisons was that the gaolers were paid by fees
from the prisoners. The following notice was suspended in Bedford Gaol: "All persons that come to this place, either by warrant, commitment, or verbally, must pay before discharged, fifteen shillings and fourpence to the gaoler, and two shillings to the turnkey."

Of Gloucester Gaol John Howard tells us: "Of the felons, &c., thirteen were transports, about twenty were fines; and not having the county allowance, nor any employment, were very pitiable objects indeed; half naked, and almost famished. Mr. Raikes and other gentlemen took pity on them, and generously contributed towards the feeding and clothing them."

After visiting a large number of prisons, John Howard returned to his quiet, peaceful home at Cardington. But the wretchedness he had witnessed would not suffer him to rest. As his biographer remarks: "With Howard the knowledge of woe was enough, not merely to excite a wish for its removal, but to forbid rest until the effort had been made." Would that the same words could be used of our archbishops and bishops, and clergy and laity! They see misery, but, alas! how few of them make any effort to lessen or remove it! The great majority of them will not deny themselves one drop of wine or beer to empty prisons or to save wives from becoming widows and children orphans! But, alas! they are like those on whom the prophet Amos pronounces woe—"Woe to them that are at ease in Zion, that drink wine in bowls and are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph!"

After a rest of only ten days, John Howard entered afresh upon his work of mercy.

I must return to this good man's labours, God willing, next month.
Manchester.

WILLIAM CAINE, M.A.

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

[We shall be glad to have short accounts of the various Church Temperance Societies' meetings for insertion under this head.]

LADIES' TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.—A very interesting and important meeting in connexion with this Society was held on Thursday, May 12, at the residence of Mrs. I. V. Briscoe, Eaton-place. The Rev. Stenton Eardley, B.A., who presided, delivered a long and impressive address, and was followed by the Rev. James Fleming, B.D., Mrs. Balfour, Miss Adeline Cooper, and others. The object of this Society is to form an association of Lady Workers in the cause of Total Abstinence; who will meet together for conference and prayer, and for the mutual encouragement of one another, endeavouring to spread Total Abstinence views in circles where they have not yet been recognised. The Society is under the Presidency of the Hon. Mrs. J. Joycelyn, with Mrs. Goss as Vice-President, Mrs. Bayley as Treasurer, and Mrs. Clayton as Hon. Secretary. We wish it much success.

Other Intelligence already in type, but crowded out for want of space; likewise our illustration.
THE DRINK CURSE.

HASTE TO THE RESCUE.

Written for the Church of England Temperance Magazine,

BY REV. S. CHILDS CLARKE, M.A.,
Vicar of St. Thomas, Launceston.

All ye who love your Master's cause—the good, the true—
Arise, with stern resolve, to battle, dare, and do;
Shoulder to shoulder come and stand, with iron will,
Steadfast, that so ye may your high behest fulfil.

Unto no blood-stain'd fray, no carnage-cover'd field,
March our increasing ranks—no swords they wield,
Yet giants are their foes—with demons do they fight—
With strength, but not their own, they struggle for the right.

Up! quit your ease, sworn soldiers of the Cross,
What! would ye not for your dear Master suffer loss?
This is no time to dally on in soft repose,
With homesteads ravaged and your land oppress'd with foes.

No threshold—but athwart it darksome shadow lies;
No household—but some victim far or near supplies:
A dismal future looms on us—a stigma deep
Our scutcheon tarnishes, and shall our patriots sleep?

Up! help to tear away deep-seated prejudice,
* No common means avail when 'neath a curse like this—
If ye would rescue right from wrong, the false from true,
Ye must not slumber now—nay, ye must dare and do.

Hark! how Almighty God forbids, in days of yore,
His people whatsoe'er He hates to handle more—
† "Thou shalt not to thine house th' abomination bring,
But utterly detest it and abhor—it is a cursed thing."

Think you, can aught more hateful to the great God be
Than this crime-laden demon, spreading infamy?
War, then, incessant war, ne'er let the conflict cease!
Not till ye crush this grim foe's power must there be peace.

* "To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak."—I Cor. ix. 22.
† "Neither shalt thou bring an abomination into thine house, lest thou be a cursed thing like it: but thou shalt utterly detest it and utterly abhor it; for it is a cursed thing."—Deut. vii. 26.
INFLUENCE.
BY LOUISE FITZPATRICK MERES.

CHAPTER X.
KATHERINE'S DEATH.

"The natural thirst which he'er is satisfied,
Excepting with the water for whose grace
The woman of Samaria besought."

DANTE.

John Hartleigh came over one day to see how Katherine was, and Helen took him up to her room. She was alone, and coughing violently.

"Are you alone?" said Nelly, in surprise.

"Only for a few minutes. Jane has been sitting with me; she is so kind to me!"

"You must not talk," said John.

"May I read to you?"

"Yes; do, please."

"What book shall I read?"

"I would sooner have this than any," said Katherine, timidly, handing him her little Bible.

He saw what book it was, and drew a copy from his pocket. "I have my own," he said. "I was going to propose it, but I am afraid of seeming a hypocrite."

"Why, Jack, soldiers are not ashamed of their colours, and we ought not to be."

"I am not ashamed, Nelly; but I have a feeling of diffidence in speaking of these things, lest I should appear better than I am. But I know it is not a right feeling."

"Will you," said Katherine, "read the twenty-first chapter of Revelation? It is so full of the home I am going to."

"Oh, you are getting better!" cried Helen, passionately kissing her.

Katherine shook her head, and fondly stroked Helen's bright brown hair as she listened to her favourite chapter.

The days passed slowly, each one finding Katherine a shade weaker. July was giving place to August, and the heat tried her very much. Dr. Monreiffe sorrowfully admitted there was no hope of her recovery. The only thing they could do was to alleviate her sufferings as far as possible.

Hugh, who must in his heart have acknowledged the same, would not allow his family to discover what he thought, by refusing to talk to them on the subject.

He brought at different times several eminent physicians to see her; but, except from his sorrowful face, they could never gather the result of the consultations.

But at last he left off bringing any one, for he saw that the visits of strangers teased Katherine, although for his sake she tried to hide her dislike.

They were very unselfish in their love. Downstairs Hugh went about his work with a weary air and a sad heart. But in Katherine's room, where he spent every spare minute, he appeared cheerful and hopeful; while she, on her part, tried to seem better when he was in the room, though, as she admitted to Helen, it was sometimes a great relief when he went away and she felt that she need not "act."
Fruit and flowers were sent from Hartleigh every morning.

Once when John was coming for a day or two, Katherine timidly said to Mrs. Moncreiffe, “Do you know what I have been wishing?”

“No, my dear; but if you will tell me, I dare say you will soon have whatever it is,” she replied, smiling.

“I should like so much to see Mr. West. I have heard so much about him. I wish he would come with John. I cannot talk freely to Mr. Horne, and I think I could to Mr. West.”

“By all means, my dear child. Nelly shall write to John, and ask him to bring Mr. West over to-morrow.”

Katherine waited anxiously until John and the Vicar arrived; for the latter gladly complied with Katherine’s request.

Katherine asked to be alone with Mr. West, and very soon after he came Helen took him up into her friend’s room.

“Here is Mr. West, Katherine;” and she whispered, as she bent over her to shake up the pillows, “Do not talk too much, my darling.”

Mr. West was a long time with Katherine, and when he came downstairs he found Hugh alone in the dining-room.

“My poor friend, I am sorry to my heart for your trouble.”

Hugh started; it was the first time any one had openly alluded to his grief. Not knowing that such was the case, he continued: “I never saw any one so fully prepared for her home above. That will be a great comfort to you hereafter, if it is not now.”

“It is none!” burst from poor Hugh; but when he saw the clergyman’s eyes, instead of looking harshly at him, were moistened by sympathy, he seized his hand, and, pressing it warmly, said, “Thank you, thank you for coming to see her,” and went away.

Mrs. Moncreiffe was the next to come in; and she asked him what he thought of Katherine.

He could only say that he considered her very dangerously ill, but that during the whole of his ministry he had never seen such peaceful resignation.

“Her life has been the same ever since she was a very little child.”

“Ah! that is the only real and safe test. It is not canting talk and empty professions which please God; but it is our lives, whether by holy Christian lives we prove our inward faith by our outward actions. Her only sorrow seems to be for Hugh, and you all.”

“Poor Hugh! he will not mention her to us, and if we speak of her, he leaves the room at once—I mean if we speak of her danger.”

“I understand now why he appeared so shocked when I spoke of it as a sad reality.”

“Did you? What did he say?”

“He was very much cut up. But I did not know that you did not freely talk of it. I am very sorry, but it seemed the most natural thing to do when I came down from her room and found him here alone.”

“I am very thankful that you did. Poor boy! I must go and see how he is. He loves her so passionately. You will excuse my leaving you.”

“Oh, pray do not give yourself one
moment's concern about me. I shall be so sorry if you do, Mrs. Moncreiffe. I want to see a friend who lives in town. If you will allow me I will call now and see him.”

“But you will come back again soon?”

“I promised to see Miss Wray before I left, and John talked of returning with me.”

“Then will you not come back as soon as you have seen your friend?”

And so they arranged it; and no sooner had Mr. West gone than the anxious mother went to find her son, but he was engaged in the consulting room, and so she went upstairs. John and Helen had gone for a walk, and Jane was sitting beside Katherine. She was very kind and gentle to the dying girl, and her behaviour proved the truth of Scott's words in “Marmion,” where he says—

“O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.”

Hugh was in the room when Mr. West went up to bid Katherine farewell, and at her wish he stayed; and as he knelt beside the bed while the clergyman prayed, a new peace came into his heart; a joyous sensation which it is impossible to describe.

“A mind at ‘perfect peace’ with God,
Oh, what a word is this!
A sinner reconciled through blood:
This, this, indeed, is peace!”

And when they went down again to find John, Mrs. Moncreiffe saw with unutterable thankfulness that the hard, stolid look had left his face, and she felt that he “had been with Jesus.”

Katherine was quite satisfied now; her only anxiety had been for Hugh, and the certainty of meeting him again took away all the bitterness of present separation.

It seemed as though her work was now done, for in the night her strength failed, and she fell asleep in Christ.

They had a nurse at night, but waited upon her themselves in the daytime.

They all sat up late; not that they thought her worse, for they naturally attributed her fatigue to the exciting day which she had passed.

But in the early morning, when the daylight was feebly dawning, the nurse gave at Mrs. Moncreiffe’s door a gentle tap, which she well understood, for it had summoned her before. Hastily throwing on her dressing-gown, she hurried to Katherine's room. The moment she saw her, she sent the nurse to call the others, for the lines of death were already spreading over her sweet face.

Hugh was there at once, and bending over, he asked tenderly—and oh! what an effort it was to speak calmly—

“Are you in great pain, my darling?”

“No,” she murmured, “no pain. I see it all; all we have read of together.”

Then came a painful pause. Hugh could not speak. Then again her low voice whispered what he could only hear by straining to catch the sound.

“My own Hugh! don’t grieve for me. Remember all your promises, and come to me soon. Kiss me.”

Their lips met; and when Hugh lifted up his head, her spirit was gone, without one sigh, without one struggle.
CHAPTER VI.

"HAD I BEEN THERE!"

Mary Green became rapidly so weak, so helpless, that her mother's time was occupied in nursing her. She could earn no money now, and she hardly knew how to get the things needful for the sick child. But her neighbours were very kind, and brought nice little bits of food, and Mr. Aikin, the clergyman, gave her some money and other help. She could not leave the child; the prison was a long way off, and she did not see her husband until the day that he came out of prison.

There was a heavy step on the stairs, the door opened, and there came in a haggard, sad-looking man, who stood in the middle of the room, and stared at Eliza Green. She also stared at him; and going up to him she put her arms round his neck and kissed him over and over again. But neither spoke. His wife was as thin and careworn as the husband. At last he said, "Am I forgiven?"

And she answered, "You are welcome."

This happened in the sitting-room.

"Where is Mary?" said Thomas Green, after a pause.

"She is in bed."

He did not think it strange, for it was evening time. "Wife," said he, "I have done with drink. Once in prison is enough."

"Was it very bad?" asked Mrs. Green.

"I was among thieves, and drunks, and all the worst people you can think of. But I shall go there no more. I shall give drink no chance of taking me there again. They only charged me with being drunk and disorderly; that was disgrace enough. But if I had killed that man—it is awful even to think of!" Eliza put her hand over his eyes.

"You never came to see me, you were ashamed of having a husband in prison."

"No," she said, taking his hand, "not that; I would have gone but I was not able."

"Why? Have you been ill?"

"No; but Mary ——"

"Is Mary ill?"

"Thomas, she is dying."

He would not say another word all that night. His wife offered him some supper, but he only shook his head. She put a blanket and pillows into the arm-chair, but he would not even try to sleep. He seemed to be shocked, and to have no power to speak or move. His wife left him at last, and went to lie down beside little Mary, who was asleep. When she went into the sitting-room in the morning he was gone: But at breakfast time he came back with sawdust on his coat, and she knew that he had been at his work. He ate and drank what she placed before him, and he went to his work again in silence.

At dinner time he came back, bringing a jug of soup from a soup-kitchen.
He had hardly put this into his wife's hands when the doctor came in. Now, the doctor knew all about Thomas Green's habits and doings, and was very glad to see him at home; but he did not say a word about what had passed. "I will see my patient," he said to Mrs. Green; and after he had seen her he returned to the sitting-room.

"My friends," said he, gravely, "I must tell you the truth about your little child. She is so ill that I can do nothing for her. There is disease, injury of the spine; if she grew up she would be deformed, hump-backed; it is better as it is. She will be straight enough and lovely enough in the kingdom of her Heavenly Father." Mrs. Green was weeping silently, but Thomas stood with a fixed eye and unmoved manner. "I should like to know," the doctor went on, "how this injury to the child arose. Has she any accident, any fall, when an infant?"

Mrs. Green made no reply, but her husband said, "Yes, Sir; when she was six months old I let her drop on the flagstones."

"You! Her father! How was that?"

"I was drunk when I did it."

The doctor said no more. There was agony in the face of Thomas Green; he knew that he had killed his child. There was no need to upbraid him for it. "May Almighty God give you help and comfort!" said the doctor. "There is no need for me to come again, I am powerless." And he came no more.

"Eliza," said Thomas, in a broken voice, "let me see the child now."

Mrs. Green went to the bedside of little Mary. "My own precious, your father is come home, and he wants to see you. Shall he come here now?"

"Yes, please. Is he come out of prison?"

"Yes, my love."

"He will never go there again, will he?"

"No, never. He wants to come and see you."

"Tell him to come."

At these words Thomas Green came creeping in. He knelt down by the bedside, and brought his face on a level with that of the dying child. He looked into her dark eyes, and saw how very white was the blue-veined forehead, and the thin cheeks. He did not know what to say; he wished his daughter would speak first. But she was silent for a long time. At last she said, "I think I can love you now."

Then her father kissed her; he had not done so since that day, years before, when he let her fall from his arms.

"I love you, Daddy, and God loves you now. And I will keep on asking Him to keep on loving you."

"My darling child," said the father, at last, "stay with us, stay with us."

She shook her head. "I am going away from you, I know. I am so tired of lying here; I do so want to move about, and see beautiful things. I am going to a place where there are green pastures, and a tree of life, and a river of life, and where there is no sighing or sorrow, and where tears are wiped from all faces. I used to read about the Heavenly Land when I went to school, and now I think I am going there very soon."
“Mary,” said her father, “do you know how it happens that you are going away?”

“I suppose God wants me,” she replied.

“My child, I injured you, I am the cause of it.”

She thought for a minute, and then said, “I am very glad you injured me; perhaps if you had not done so, I might not go away so soon, and I am so tired of lying here, I do so want to go to the Heavenly Land. Mammy has promised to come very soon, and you will come soon, I know. Won’t you, dear?”

“Child, how can I go there? I am a sinful man.”

“But if you love the dear Lord Jesus, He will take you there. Don’t you know that?”

“Yes, I know it well. But —”

“But, Daddy, I am afraid you don’t love the Lord Jesus; I am afraid you don’t love Him very much. You must love Him very much indeed, or He won’t love you very much. He is so kind and gentle, it is so very easy to love Him. One can’t help loving Him if one thinks about Him.”

She seemed tired, and lay quite still for a time. Her father still knelt by the bedside. He knew and believed everything that the child said; he had known it all his life. But he had not lived up to his belief. The one brutal vice had made him forget everything that was pure and good and holy. He could not love the Holy Lord at the same time that he loved his brutal vice; he could not serve the demon of drink and the Lord of Heaven at the same time. He was a drunkard, a neglectful husband, a cruel father; he had almost killed his companion, he had destroyed the life of his only child; and how could he pretend that he loved the Saviour?

“I love Him!” said Mary; “I wish I had been there when they plaited the crown of thorns, and put the nails into His hands and feet. If I had been there I would have thrown the thorns on the ground and stamped on them, I would have pulled out the nails with my own hands, and when the soldier brought the spear I would have stood so that it should pierce me and not Him. Oh! if I had been there!”

She felt so strongly how she would have died to save her Saviour! She was like one of the martyrs who bore pain and death because they loved Christ. No doubt Christ loved her very dearly, and was going to take her in His arms and bless her. He was saying “Suffer this little child to come unto Me, and forbid her not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

Thinking over those tender words, which are said as a welcome to every child when it is brought to God in holy baptism, the father left the bedside of the little one whom he had deprived of life, and to whom her Heavenly Father was going to give eternal life.

Thomas Green went daily to his work sadly and silently. He was an altered man. He often knelt beside his child, and they prayed together; and sometimes he prayed for her, and sometimes she prayed for him, that he might have grace to pass through this troublesome world, and to come at last to the happy place where there are no troubles, and where there is no death.
CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the “Church of England Temperance Magazine,”

DEAR SIR,—Before taking any decided step in the Temperance movement, I am anxious to know—

1st. Is there no beneficial effect from moderately drinking good porter, such, for instance, as that made by a certain well-known Irish firm?

2nd. To one accustomed to take a little stimulant daily, and not in very robust health, what would you recommend as a substitute, particularly when jaded, after heavy duty on the Lord’s day?

3rd. What would you recommend to working men and others as a substitute for their daily beer or porter?

I shall feel thankful for definite information on these heads.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

June 7, 1870.

A NEW STIMULANT.

It cannot be too widely known that persons who object (whether for good or bad reasons) to take or to administer alcohol in cases of prostration, or in those numerous morbid conditions of the nervous system which are akin to the exhaustion of fatigue or innutrition, may avail themselves of an admirable substitute of a perfectly safe character, against which neither the conscience nor the palate will rebel. The substitute is nothing less than Liebig’s extract of meat, an article well known and in general use in respectable households, and frequently used in the preparation of beef-tea, and for gravies, &c. As ordinarily used, the extract is certainly not to be regarded as a stimulant, except in so far as all nourishments are stimulating; but when made into tea of very great strength it is another matter. A teaspoonful mixed in a teacupful of hot water (the water need not be boiling hot), with a sufficiency of salt to render it palatable, acts as an immediate stimulant, being quickly assimilated, and affording an impetus to the circulation while actually nourishing the tissues. The drink thus prepared is of a fine dark brown colour, very nearly approximating to the colour of coffee, and is extremely palatable. In its effect it differs from alcohol; it does not provoke the tongue to action, or disturb the healthy action of the brain, but it gives warmth to the whole frame, tone to the nervous system, and a steadiness to the operation of the senses. It is, in fact, one of the most valuable of restoratives, and especially useful, as above remarked, to those who need the aid of alcohol, but have an objection to take it, or to whom, perhaps, it may be repugnant. It is proper to remark that a constant use of strong infusions of the extract by healthy people is not to be advised; it, in fact, might prove injurious, just as the excessive use of alcohol must prove. In common with all other stimulants, it must be used with caution, but many cases occur in which it would prove a real blessing, and a safe substitute for brandy, wine, &c.—Dr. M’Donnell, in “Gardener’s Magazine.”
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"But if thy brother be grieved with thy meat now walkest thou not charitably. Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died."—Rom. xiv. 15.

THE SCRIPTURAL GROUNDS FOR TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM INTOXICATING BEVERAGES.

The Substance of a Paper read before the Officers of the Manchester, Chester, and Ripon Diocesan Church Temperance Society.

By the Rev. Thomas Snow.

There can be no controversy with respect to the object of our Association—the prevention and cure of Drunkenness. The question turns upon the means which we adopt and recommend for the attainment of that object.

What, then, is the peculiarity of our measure? Abstinence from a practice, not on the ground of unlawfulness in the abstract, but of its inexpediency in the exigencies of society, or self-denial for the sake of our fellow-creatures. This is surely not the introduction of any new principle foreign to our holy Christianity. Self-denial in the followers of Christ is not a superfluous thing. If it be replied
that the self-denial enjoined in the word of God is a denial of sin, of ungodliness, and worldly lusts—but we are seeking to impose a self-denial over and above that which is required of the followers of Christ—I rejoin that self-denial for the sake of our neighbour is a Christian principle, and that such self-denial relates to things not in themselves unlawful. We are called to abstain from sin because it is a transgression of the law of God. True it is mischievous in society, in its example and its working; but that is a consideration collateral and secondary. The ground of our obligation to abstain from what is directly forbidden is not the benefit of our neighbour, but the law of our God. That self-denial which is grounded upon our regard for our neighbour's weal belongs directly to things not unlawful in themselves; and such self-denial certainly holds a place in the Christian code. "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient."

The principle, then, of self-denial in things not unlawful for the sake of our fellow-men, or, in other words, of Abstinence, on the ground of moral expediency, being established on Scriptural grounds, the question is, are we right in the application of this principle to the practice and custom of using intoxicating drinks? Looking around on the face of society, I ask, if we are misapplying the principle, where shall we go to find a place for its legitimate application? Consider the evils with which these drinks are identified. How few of us are affected with a due sense of those evils! What prospects strong drink has blighted, what fortunes it has scattered, reducing whole families from affluence and comfort to poverty and wretchedness! What inroads does it make upon a man's physical constitution, anticipating the stroke of time, and cutting him off in the prime of his days! How it make parents childless, children fatherless, and wives widows! Nay, how it makes parents more afflicted than those bereft of children, children worse than fatherless, and wives more disconsolate than widows! Above all, how ruinous it is to the spiritual and eternal interests. How it be-numbs the faculties, sears the conscience, hardens the heart, and closes the ears against the word of warning, admonition, and promise. Unrenewed human nature is enslaved, but the victim of strong drink is bound with a twofold chain. The road leading to
destruction is a broad beaten path, but in the allurements to the vice of inclination the enemy of souls may be said to have laid down a railway on this road to hurry men along with the greater speed, and retain his victims with the greater security.

And then consider the extent and prevalence of this dire evil. Where is the city, the town, the village—where is the street, the court, the alley—that is unfamiliar with the ravages of strong drink? In what remote corner of our isle, or in what day of the year from January to December, can we take up a newspaper whose columns are not stained with the dark and dreadful results of Drunkenness? We dread the alarm of war; we turn pale at the report of the pestilence, but we have constantly in our midst a sword ever whetted and never sheathed—a pestilence that knows no intermission, but cuts off its victims at all seasons alike.

And what other evil is there in the community that Drunkenness does not aggravate and intensify? What good work can we set on foot that it does not thwart and oppose? All who engage in any effort for the elevation of society, all who grapple in a hand-to-hand encounter with moral evil in any form, have, nolens volens, the prominent and specific character of this particular vice forced upon their view. Turn where they will, the drink demon rises up and disputes every inch of their progress.

Again, unlike other moral evils which so spring from the depraved heart of man as wrought upon by the temptations inevitably existent in this fallen world, and which only admit of a general, and not of a specific treatment, we can clearly trace this moral evil to a particular source. This monster vice, Intoxication, this bane of our country, springs from the use of intoxicating drink. A mere truism this statement may be called, but it is a most significant truth. The fact is patent to all, but the knowledge of the fact is of incalculable value, for in this knowledge lies the clue to the remedy.

Our Non-Abstaining friends say, "These evils arise from the abuse of the article, and the abuse of a thing presents no valid argument against its use." We acknowledge that it does not in all cases. But since it is a Scriptural axiom that things may be lawful and yet not expedient, since self-denial in things not in themselves unlawful is a recognised Christian principle, I ask again, in the face of the evils so terrible and widespread which we have endeavoured thus
faintly to depict, if intoxicating liquor does not come under the Scriptural denomination of "not expedient," where is a not-expedient thing to be found? If the Christian principle of self-denial for the good of others have no legitimate place here, where has it a legitimate place in the world? This is a case in which the abuse arises so directly out of the use that no reasonable hope can be entertained of any portion or class of the community being free from the vice of Drunkenness while the common use of intoxicating liquor is retained. This vice prevails in proportion to the facilities afforded for the procuring of the drink which produces it. We hail all well-considered schemes for the extension of education, the improvement of the dwellings of the working classes, the providing of innocent recreation, the adoption of sanitary regulations; but those who look to such means for the cure of Drunkenness while the use of the drink is continued are doomed to inevitable disappointment. Is there no Drunkenness in well-drained streets, in roomy houses, and amongst educated men? How idle then it is to regard these measures as a panacea for Drunkenness!

It is sometimes objected to our plan that the several occasions of temptation in the world are so many means of discipline, that the Divine plan is not to take away the temptation, but to supply grace and strength to overcome it; and therefore the efforts we are making to remove the temptation to Drunkenness are not in accordance with the Divine mind as indicated in the providential government of the world. I ask in reply, do we take no steps to keep our children out of temptation's way? We are in duty bound to do so as much as in us lies. And is it an unscriptural thing to remove a stumbling-block or occasion of offence out of our brother's way? It appears to me that we are called upon to remove all such temptations as are capable of being removed, and that when this is done we need not fear but there will be sufficient occasion of trial left for the maintenance of the moral discipline of life.

But the temptation attending the use of intoxicating liquor is not to be classed with the common temptations incidental in our fallen state to the ordinary blessings and good gifts of God. It is a temptation peculiar and extraordinary. On the one hand, there are consequences attending its excessive use unspeakably more ruinous than those which are attendant upon excess in any common article
of diet or beverage, and, on the other hand, there is a specific liability to excess. This is recognised by all, recognised habitually and universally, for we find it implied in our daily vernacular. When the expression, for instance, is used, “such a man drinks,” or “such a woman drinks,” it means that he or she drinks intoxicating liquor, and that either to the extent of Intoxication, or with a frequency and constancy which render the expression a stigma. You would not engage a servant, however competent, if you overheard the whisper, “he drinks,” or “she drinks.” Why does a word so ambiguous convey a meaning so definite and significant? It is because intoxicating drink stands alone in this specific liability to abuse. In your use of the phrase, “he drinks,” and in your understanding of it when it is used, you yourself take strong drink out of the common category of diet and beverage; you recognise thereby its extraordinarily dangerous character, and you thus furnish a conclusive reply to your objection to our measure. The ordinary sense in which the word “Intemperance” is used points in the same direction. We Teetotallers are sometimes falsely charged with restricting the sense of this word, but before any Teetotal Society existed the word was currently employed as synonymous with Drunkenness. How did the word become thus restricted? It was because Intemperance in this particular form had become so common and so prominent in its gross development, as to monopolise the accustomed application of the word.

For the above reasons we are firmly persuaded that intoxicating liquor of all kinds comes under the denomination of “things not expedient;” and we feel ourselves morally bound to abstain from the use of such drinks. We do not ask that our conscience should be the standard of right and wrong to our fellow-Christians, but we beg most earnestly and affectionately to submit to their impartial attention those considerations which have weighed so powerfully with ourselves.

The Lord grant unto us a right judgment in all things!

Church of England Temperance Reformation Society.—Collecting-books, cards, reports, tracts, prayer union cards, with all needed information, may be had on application to Rev. Thomas Rooke, at the office, 6, Adam-street, Adelphi, London, W.C., to whom cheques and post-office orders should be made payable.
DEAN HOOK AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

On Sunday evening, the 10th ult., the Very Rev. the Dean of Chichester preached at the special service in Westminster Abbey, and chose Temperance for his subject. He selected as his text Numbers xxxv. 13, and thence he illustrated the nature and character of a Temperance Reformation. He showed how Temperance Societies became as “cities of refuge” for the poor inebriate, and how he must be satisfied to come under restrictions for his own safety, which do not necessarily apply to the whole Christian community, just as “the slayer at unawares” was obliged for his safety to dwell in the city of refuge. The very rev. preacher next referred to the history of the question, and showed how the advocates of a Temperance Reformation were becoming wiser, were beginning to understand more clearly the true nature and aim of the movement, and the desirability of endeavouring to establish a feeling of strongly-marked opinion among the working classes against not only the results, but the state and sin of Intemperance. He urged the co-operation of all in the movement in every way they could. He pressed on the clergy the formation of parochial societies, which could take a more close and intimate notice of individual cases, and nurse them till they were recovered.

We hope the Dean’s sermon will be published, because even though in some minor matters we confess we cannot see as hopefully as he did, yet, if his general principles were adopted, we believe our movement would receive a great accession of strength, and Churchmen would see how, in the adoption of our long-expressed views, they were only proving how, in her dealings with her people, our Church is able and willing to adapt herself by special organisation to meet special forms of evil.

THE CONVOCATION OF THE PROVINCE OF CANTERBURY.

In the Upper House a petition from our Committee was presented by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who spoke in favour of the Society and of the development of its plans, so as to embrace help in the great work of a Temperance Reformation from those who may not be able personally to become
Abstainers. In the Lower House a petition was also presented. The Rev. Canon Conway took charge of it. The prayer of both petitions was that Convocation would take steps to carry into effect the Report of their Committee on Intemperance.

ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley, in his "Alton Locke," gives a terribly graphic description of the Drunkenness in our towns and cities. He introduces one of his characters as pointing to an alley, and saying: "Look! there's not a soul in that yard but's either beggar, drunkard, thief, or worse. Write aboot that! Say how ye saw the mouth of hell, and twa pillars thereof at the entry—the pawnbroker's shop o' one side and the gin-palace at the other—twa monstrous devils, eating up men and women and bairns, body an' soul. Look at the jaws of the monsters. "What jaws, Mr. Mackaye?" "The faulding doors o' the ginshop, goose. Are na they a mair damned man-devouring idol than any red-hot statue o' Moloch, or wicked Gog-Magog, wherein the auld Britons burnt their prisoners? Look at the bare-footed, bare-backed hizzies, with their arms roun' the men's necks, and their mouths full o' vitriol and beastly words! Look at that Irish woman pourin' gin down the babbie's throat! Look at that raff o' a boy gaun out o' the pawnshop, where he's been pledging the handkerchief he stole in the morning, into the gin-shop to buy beer poisoned wi' grains of paradise, cocculus indicus, and saut, and a' damnable, maddening, thirst-breeding, lust-breeding drugs! Look at that girl that went in wi' a shawl on her back, and cam' out wi'out one!"

When I read such a faithful description of a drinkshop and the heart-rending evils flowing from it, I ask myself what kind of beings sell this poison, and what kind of beings grant a licence to sell this drink which they see producing such evils. They cannot be human creatures! I say, with Milton, in his description of the horrors of a battle-field:—

"O what are these!
Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
His brother: for of whom such massacre
Make they, but of their brethren, men of men?"

In the passage I have given from "Alton Locke" women's drunkenness is referred to, and I fear it is getting worse in all ranks. But in the last century also I find that drunkenness was not confined to the rougher sex. Dr. Young, the author of "Night Thoughts," thus writes:—

"Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!
As Lethe, dreadful to the love of Fame.
What devastations on thy banks are seen!
What shades of mighty names which once have been!
A hecatomb of character supplies
Thy painted altar's daily sacrifice.
H——P——B——, aspers’d by thee, decay,
As grains of finest sugar melt away,
And recommend the more to mortal taste;
Scandal’s the sweet’ner of a female feast.
But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
And thy revolting Naiads call for wine!
Spirits no longer shall serve under thee;
But reign in thy own cup, exploded tea!
Citronia’s nose declares thy ruin nigh,
And who dares give Citronia’s nose the lie?
The ladies long at men of drink exclaim’d,
And what impair’d both health and virtue, blam’d;
At length, to rescue man, the generous lass
Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.
As glorious as the British Queen renown’d,
Who suck’d the poison from her husband’s wound.”

The well-known author of “The Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil,” Soame Jenyns, in a poem written by him in 1728, when a very young man, on “The Art of Dancing,” thus admonishes the young ladies of the time:—

“But ever let my lovely pupils fear
To chill their mantling blood with cold small-beer.
Ah, thoughtless fair! the tempting draught refuse,
When thus forewarn’d by my experienc’d muse:
Let the sad consequence your thoughts employ,
Nor hazard future pains for present joy;
Destruction lurks within the pois’rous dose,
A fatal fever, or a pimpled nose.”

In the year 1750 Drunkenness prevailed to such an extent that many petitions were presented to the House of Commons, asking a remedy for it. The Lord Mayor and Corporation of London said in their petition “That the common and habitual use of spirituous liquors by the lower ranks of people prevails to such a degree that it destroys the health, strength, and industry of the poor of both sexes and all ages, infames them with rage and barbarity, and occasions frequent robberies and murders in the streets of the metropolis.” Similar was the testimony from Westminster and Bristol, and other places. The merchants made the same complaint as is made now. They said, “commerce is injured.”

It is clear that it is utterly impossible to regulate the sale of this drink. We must suppress it altogether, as Lord Chesterﬁeld said in a remarkable speech in the House of Lords in 1743: “So little, my lords, am I affected with the merit of that wonderful skill which distillers are said to have attained, that it is, in my opinion, no faculty of great use to mankind to prepare palatable poison; nor shall I ever contribute my interest for the reprieve of a murderer because he has, by long practice, obtained a great dexterity in his trade. If their liquors are so delicious that the people are tempted to their own destruction, let us at least, my lords, secure them from the fatal draught by bursting the phials that contain them. Let us crush at once these artists in human slaughter, who have reconciled their countrymen to sickness and ruin, and spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such a bait as cannot be resisted!”
MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

[We shall be glad to have short accounts of the various Church Temperance Societies' meetings for insertion under this head.]

ST. HELIERS, JERSEY, CHURCH OF ENGLAND BAND OF HOPE ANNIVERSARY,—On Tuesday evening, May 10, at the Infant Schoolroom, Aquila-road, St. Heliers, a repetition of some of the pieces which had been previously recited in the "Prince of Wales Rooms" took place in the above-named schoolroom. Charles de la Taste, Esq., occupied the chair, and E. G. Nicolle, Esq., Mr. McDonald, &c., were on the platform; Mr. Sinnall presided at the harmonium. The attendance of children was good, and their behaviour was excellent.

ABBOT-TOWN TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.—A meeting was held in the schoolroom of this ancient village-town on Friday, May 20, to hear an address from the Rev. A. Ashworth, M.A., Rector of the Parish, entitled "Persuasives to Total Abstinence, illustrated by examples." The chair was taken by the Vice-President, a working man, who made an energetic speech introductory to the lecture, inveighing in just and forcible terms against the evils inflicted on the country by the licensed liquor traffic. The Rev. A. Ashworth then entered upon his subject, and selecting fourteen striking testimonies from men of all creeds, occupying an eminent position in their several denominations, commented in feeling language on the disgraceful state of things in Christian England, which could draw forth such appeals, and urged upon all professing Christians at least, the "persuasives" involved in them, to "come out and be separate," &c. The proceedings closed in the usual manner. This little Society has been the means of forming two others in Cumberland, besides exercising much direct and indirect influence on the community.

UPPER TEEAN ASSOCIATION, CHEADLE.—On Whit Sunday the Rev. Thomas Rooke preached the first anniversary sermon of this Association, which has been formed under the auspices of the Hon. Mrs. Phillips, of Heath House, and Mrs. J. W. Phillips, of Heybridge. On Whit Monday there was a procession of the Association, both of adult and juvenile members, to the grounds of Heybridge, kindly thrown open by J. W. Phillips, Esq. The members were entertained by Mrs. Phillips with cake and various unalcoholic beverages. There was a tea in the schoolroom at five, followed by a well-attended public meeting, over which the Rev. W. Hutchinson, Rector of Checkley (the mother church), presided. The
Rev. A. Dandsay, minister in charge of Upper Tean, was also present. The meeting was addressed by Rev. Thomas Rooke and Mr. Horne, of Leicester. The report was read by the Secretary. The Band of Hope and the members of the Society sang hymns and Temperance melodies at intervals.

ST. MATTHIAS'S ASSOCIATION, BIRMINGHAM.—On Trinity Sunday the Rev. T. Rooke preached the ninth anniversary sermon of this flourishing Association in St. Matthias's Church at afternoon service. The Rev. H. T. Breay, the Vicar, is president. This day was also the anniversary of the consecration of the church, so that additional interest was thus attached to the day's services. Mr. Rooke preached on the subject of the anniversary at morning and evening services. The Vicar, Rev. H. T. Breay, and Curate, Rev. — Butler, officiated at all the services. At 9.30 A.M. there was a separate service for the Band of Hope, at which the Rev. H. T. Breay officiated and preached. On the Monday following, there was a tea-meeting held in the Vicarage grounds, which was very well attended, after which the company adjourned to Handsworth School (kindly lent for the occasion), where a meeting was held under the presidency of Mr. Breay, which was addressed by Rev. M. J. Hilton, Rev. T. Rooke, Mr. W. Jones, Rev. M. Parker, Mr. Bramley, and others. There was also a distribution of medals and cards.

SURBITON TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—On the 14th June, this Society invited their esteemed and valued friend, Mrs. Greenwood, to a farewell tea, on the occasion of her leaving the neighbourhood, and her consequent resignation of the management of the Band of Hope, of which she was the founder. The children of the Band of Hope were invited to meet her. The opportunity was taken of presenting Mrs. Greenwood with a handsomely-bound work on Temperance, as a small token of their gratitude for and appreciation of her uniform kindness and unwearied exertions to promote, by every means in her power, the success of the Temperance cause.

FYFIELD.—Three excellent sermons were preached in Fyfield Church on Sunday last, by the Rev. T. Rooke. In the evening, when there was a large congregation, the preacher selected as his text part of the 17th verse of the 19th chapter of Genesis: “Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed.” The preacher dwelt at some length on the objects and operations of this Society; setting forth its special design—viz., the reclamation of the drunkard by means of the adoption of the practice of “Total Abstinence” from all intoxicating liquors. He earnestly exhorted any of his hearers who might unhappily have fallen into habits of Intemperance at once to give up the use of such drinks, and insisted strongly on this as their only safe course. To young men, at present sober and steady, he addressed kind and solemn words of caution, guarding them against the many temptations likely to assail them, and to which they were in danger of yielding, recommending the practice of entire abstinence as safer than that of moderation. On others who might be in less danger of falling into habits of Intemperance, having used for many years alcoholic drinks
with the strictest moderation, he endeavoured to impress the duty of their considering the case of their weaker brethren, and for their sakes, if not for their own, recommending by precept, and setting an example in their own persons, of abstinence from those drinks which, to many, prove so great a snare and a special source of misery and ruin. The whole tone of the discourse was so excellent, and the manner in which it was delivered so simple, earnest, and kind, that it secured for the preacher the greatest attention from his hearers; and no doubt won the admiration of many who differed from the opinions on alcoholic beverages which he advocated and endeavoured to impress upon his audience.—Essex Weekly News, June 25.

ST. HELEN’S, AUCKLAND, DURHAM.—The first annual festival of the Parochial Temperance Society and Band of Hope, took place on July 3. The members marched in procession through the parish, headed by the newly-formed Temperance Drum and Fife Band. Upon arriving in the field selected for the festival, the Band of Hope children were supplied with tea and buns, after which the adult portion of the company partook of tea. Various games were indulged in with much spirit until seven o’clock, when a public meeting was held in the field, under the chairmanship of the President and founder of the Society, the Rev. W. Houlday. Addresses were delivered by several friends, and a petition to Parliament in favour of closing public-houses on the Lord’s-day was adopted. The young and flourishing Society numbers already upwards of 200 members.

ST. HELIERS, JERSEY, CHURCH OF ENGLAND TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.—On Monday, July 4, the annual treat of the Victoria Band of Hope took place in the Infant Schoolroom, Aquila-road. The children walked in procession through the principal streets of the town, headed by the Society’s band, which played a variety of music both during their walk and also in the field (kindly lent by Dr. Carter) where they had their sports. The children passed a pleasant evening, which was concluded by an address on “Hope,” delivered by Mr. Nicolle, from 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

CORNWORTHY BAND OF HOPE AND TEMPERANCE UNION.—Thursday, June 30, was quite a gala-day for the village of Cornworthy. Through the instrumentality of Mr. Ball, a tea was provided in the new Schoolroom, and about 150 partook of the same. Before and after tea the grace was sung, led by the worthy clergyman of the parish (Rev. O. L. O’Neill), who has recently added his name to the Abstaining Clergy, and who on this occasion took a deep interest, and assisted during the whole of the proceedings. The rev. gentleman took the chair, and opened the meeting (held out-doors) with prayer. After a few appropriate remarks from the Chairman, he introduced the Rev. Charles Ough, curate to the Rev. Robert Maguire, M.A., of Clerkenwell, London, who gave an earnest and stirring address, speaking of the great evils resulting from drink, and he quoted the Earl of Shaftesbury, to the effect that seven out of ten lunatics had become so through drink. He urged them not to forget prayer, for in their own strength they would fail. Mr. Bonham next addressed the meeting, and was followed by Mr. V. Williams. The evening closed with a concert.
INFLUENCE.
BY LOUISE FITZPATRICK MERES.

CHAPTER XI.
CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown,
No traveller ever reached that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briers in his road."

Cowper.

... A year had passed since Katherine's death, and though the remembrance was still a sorrowful one, time is a great reconciler.

Hugh, to whom the trial was the greatest, had learnt where to go for strength; and if he sometimes failed in resignation and murmured, what need is there for us to dwell on his dark hours, for surely they come to all.

It was just now a peculiarly trying time for him, for Helen's marriage was arranged to take place in about ten days, and, although they tried to speak of it as little as possible before Hugh, it seemed to him as if nothing else was talked of.

Sometimes suffering works upon the selfish part of our dispositions, and then all our exertions and efforts are centered in ourselves. But with nobler natures suffering has the opposite result, and it had with Hugh. He traced all his sorrows to Intemperance, which was the source from which they sprang, and then he strove to lessen some one else's burden; and from his lips fell the first kind words which some poor outcast drunkard had heard for years, and helping others made his own sorrow grow lighter. Reader,

have you ever tried this remedy for a sad heart? There may be many who are more sorely tried than yourself; see if a word of kindness and comfort to others does not send a gleam of sunshine through your own weary heart. Hugh once lectured upon the subject of alcohol, but finding that he was not at all an eloquent speaker, he did not attempt it again, but he found there were many ways of promoting Temperance among the poor people without lecturing. He found as much work as he had time for in visiting the people who lived in the wretched courts in Canonsgate. Dr. Moncreiffe was better in health, or Hugh would not have had so much leisure for missionary work. John Hartleigh was now in holy orders; he was living at home, and curate to Mr. West. He had a great gift for public speaking; he was so clear in his statements, and his musical voice had a very persuasive charm. He and Mr. West came once to speak at a large Temperance meeting in Chesterman, and he addressed the crowded assembly in the same calm manner in which he spoke to the Prestford workmen. It showed how much he had the cause at heart, for 'sensitive as he was, he entirely forgot himself when he was pleading for Temperance—his favourite theme.

Chrimes, of the Prestford gin-palace, had had another fit, and directly he was taken ill he sent for Mr. West. It was a sad scene! Chrimes, who had neglected the means of grace
when he was in health, and had also forgotten in his anxiety to make money the warning he had received by means of the first fit, was now speechless.

As soon as he had recovered a little, he kept pointing to the door, and on his frightened little wife at last asking if he wanted Mr. West he nodded.

Mr. West was on his way to a cottage lecture when Mrs. Chrimes’ messenger met him.

But again Chrimes recovered; and again his anxiety about his soul was made subservient to his anxiety for gain. But at last his end came; he died suddenly, without a moment’s warning, as he was handing some gin to a young woman.

John Hartleigh was very busy superintending alterations which he was having made in the pretty house which he was preparing for his bride. It was only half-a-mile from the Hall, so that Mr. and Mrs. Hartleigh hoped to see nearly as much of John and Helen as if they lived with them.

Mr. West was not a particularly early riser, and he was at breakfast one morning about nine when one of his parishioners called to see him on business.

“Good morning, Sir, if it is not too late!” laughed Mr. Thornton, as he pointed to the breakfast things.

“Yes; I am afraid it is too late, but I had a tiring day yesterday. Though I am never so early as you, Mr. Thornton.”

“Oh! farmers are obliged to be up betimes, Sir. But what do you think I have come about? You know, Dent?”

“The man who set a rick on fire when he was tipsy, and was sent to gaol?”

“Yes; that’s the man, and a desperate fellow he is when he has been drinking. Well, he came to me the other day, and asked me to give him work. I said I could not; but he said he knew I wanted a man, which was quite true, but I did not want to employ him. But he pleaded very hard, and told me his family were starving. At last half to get rid of him, I said, ‘If you sign the pledge I will employ you;’ and when he hesitated, I don’t know what possessed me, I am sure, but I continued, ‘And if you will I will,’ or words to that effect.”

“Well?”

“This morning Dent came and told me he had taken the pledge. He said he did have a struggle with himself before he could make up his mind to do it, but the starving looks of his wife and children decided him. So he is now at work on my farm.”

“Well done, Mr. Thornton; it does not do to despair of any one! Dent seemed to me the last man in the place who would become a sober man.”

“But you seem to forget there is another very unlikely man who has got to join!”

Mr. West laughed.

“Ah, it is no laughing matter to me! Dent came back after I had sent him to work to say, ‘You will keep your word, Sir.’”

“What did you tell him?”

“Why I said, ‘Did you ever know me break my promise?’ So if you will show me where I am to put my name I will do it at once,’ said the farmer, looking as though he was waiting to have a tooth extracted.

“I have not any pledges by me,” said Mr. West. “We make a rule
now of having all the names on the list at the reading-room. I used to have a book as well, but we copied the names from it on to the list."

"Well, then, I will look in there and do it. I would as soon put my name there as anywhere. You see, Mr. West," he continued, "my men can easily turn round on me and say, 'Why are you not an Abstainer yourself?' Suppose I reply, 'Oh, I never take too much! A glass of ale with my dinner, the same at supper, and wine occasionally.' Well, they might say then, 'That is all very fine; but you drink in your own sitting-room, and how do we know that you don't have too much? There is no chance of your being seen drunk, for you have your drink at home, where no one sees you.'"

"Very true, Mr. Thornton; but custom has become second nature, and at your age it is an act of great self-denial."

"I don't know about the self-denial; but I think we are all in the habit of running too much in one rut. But, my word, I shall get chaffed at the next market dinner!"

"Why?"

"Because at the market dinner, when I take nothing but water, they will begin at once about the 'Temperance parson.'"

"Surely," laughed Mr. West, "they would rather call me by that name than the 'drunken parson.'"

"Here is some one else coming to you, Mr. West. What a handsome man!"

"Don't you know him?" said Mr. West, who looked very pleased to see his visitor striding up the little path.

"He is Miss Moncreiffe's brother, or Mrs. Hartleigh, as she will soon be, I suppose."

"I know her by sight. Well, good morning, Mr. West," he said, hastily, as he heard Hugh come in.

"Where have you dropped from, Moncreiffe, at this time of day?"

"I came over by an early train to see Jack, but of course he is at his new house! I have not been up to the Hall; the man at the lodge told me this. I am very glad to see you have not done breakfast!"

"Well, so am I, then! But I was feeling rather ashamed I can tell you when you came in. I will ring for some hot tea or coffee; which do you take?"

"Whichever you are having, thank you. And I assure you I shall be thankful for something. There was no one up when I left home."

Mr. West always enjoyed Hugh's visits, and John Hartleigh used sometimes to say he was jealous, for Hugh always managed, though his visits were flying ones, to spend some time with the Vicar."

They had not sat chatting very long before there was another arrival.

"You are wanted, Sir," said Mrs. Jones, showing her solemn face round the door, and then retiring.

Mr. West went to see who wanted him, and soon returned.

"Some one who is ill wants to see me; but it will do later in the morning."

"Then why could not Mrs. Peter Grievous let you alone?" said Hugh, who by that name always spoke of the Vicar's housekeeper.

"I am very glad they are all well at home."
"Yes, thank you; they are very well. Helen we shall miss dreadfully, I expect."

"Which day is the wedding to come off?"

"To-morrow week, but I daresay I shall come over again before then. Can you walk towards the Hall with me after breakfast. Mrs. Hartleigh will be offended if I do not spend some time with her, and I must be in Chesterman again at three."

"Yes; I should like to; but mind you give me a little more time when you come again, Moncreiffe."

CHAPTER XII.

NELLY’S LAST NIGHT IN THE OLD HOME.

"Once read thine own breast right,
And thou hast done with fears!"
—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

It was the night before Helen’s marriage, her last in the old home.

She had said “good-night” to the others, and was sitting with Hugh in his consulting-room, or study, as he called it. They always read together the last thing before going to bed.

But to-night they stayed chatting long after the chapter was read. Hugh chose Katherine’s favourite, the 21st of Revelation, and that of course led to Katherine herself.

"I wonder if she is watching us," said Hugh; “do you know, she seems to influence me now as she used to do."

"How do you mean, Hugh?"

"I can scarcely explain what I mean, Nelly, except that whatever I am going to do or say I generally find myself saying, ‘What would Katherine wish?’ and then I decide as I know she would have advised me."

"Oh Hugh, dear, why am I let to be so happy, and you, who are so much better than I, seem to have lost your happiness?"

"No, Nelly, I am very happy. Speaking so of dear Katherine does not make me sad, it only stirs me up to try and be more like her. How we shall miss you, Nelly!"

Helen did not speak, but looked half inclined to cry, so Hugh continued cheerfully, for he saw that she could not bear much allusion to leaving home.

"It is a capital thing that you are going to live so near us, we shall always be running over to Prestford, I expect. And as to Jack Hartleigh, why all I can say is that my little sister has very great discernment, for he is a Christian gentleman, and to my mind those two words comprehend everything worth having."

"Yes," replied Helen, gravely.

"I have a plan in which, if I succeed, I think you will be very pleased. I want papa to go with the Hartleighs when they meet you and John, wherever that may be."

"That would be good," cried Helen, brightening up.

"Yes, he wants a change, and that would be both a thorough change and a pleasant one, for he does not very much dislike the Hartleighs, I think." Hugh smiled as he said this, but Helen gravely said, "Oh, no."

"Well, I will see if I can manage it. You could not be leaving home under brighter auspices, Nelly."

"No, and yet I cannot help feeling
dull. How much kinder Jane is, Hugh; I am so glad of that."

"Yes, that is another to whom my Katherine's influence has been blessed. Another reason, Nelly, is, that she does not take any wine now. She told me one day that the craving she had for wine, and the low feeling she had when she did not take as much as usual, first opened her eyes to the fact that she was taking a great deal. But, Nelly, you must go, or mamma will say I am tiring you too much. Good night, little sister; you have been a great comfort to me in my trouble, and Katherine loved you very much."

"Happy is the bride the sun shines on," so runs the old adage.

And on Helen's wedding-day he certainly did shine! He tipped the weather vane on St. Stephen's Church with gold, blistered the paint on the doors, and scorched poor Saunders' bald head as he held the carriage doors open. Still, had it poured with rain it would not, perhaps, have made much difference, for the bride and bridegroom's happiness depended more on their mutual affection than on external influences.

It was, on the whole, a pleasant day; there was no sensational nonsense about "overstrained feelings," no hysterics, no faintings, and a perfect dearth both of smelling-bottles and tears; although, at the same time, neither the Moncreiffes nor the Hartleighs were indifferent to the loss of the sunshine which, by this marriage, was taken from both homes. They had only invited one or two friends to whom they wished to introduce Mr. and Mrs. Hartleigh, for Hugh had begged that they would have a quiet evening.

He had less difficulty in persuading Dr. Moncreiffe to go with the Hartleighs than he expected; but then he was so ably supported by Mr. and Mrs. Hartleigh.

"But why will not Mrs. Moncreiffe come too?" said Mrs. Hartleigh. "She and I would very much enjoy being together."

Mrs. Moncreiffe would not at first hear of it. She said she should like Jane to go.

"No, indeed, you want a change, mamma. You and papa go, and leave Hugh and me in charge."

"Yes," said Hugh, looking very pleased; "what could be better?"

So at last it was decided that Mr. and Mrs. Hartleigh and Mary, and Dr. and Mrs. Moncreiffe should meet the young people in Paris as arranged by the Hartleighs, and then travel from Paris to Venice, and, seeing all they could on their way, all return together.

"What a capital party we shall make; will not any one else join us?" said Mr. Hartleigh.

Mary looked anxiously at Hugh.

"No," said he, "I shall wait till you all come back."

"I tell you what, Moncreiffe, you and I will go somewhere together, when these good people return, to look after our work," said Mr. West.

"Agreed," said Hugh. "I like the idea of that very much indeed."

A few days of bustle and confusion followed, for it was very long since Dr. and Mrs. Moncreiffe had been on the Continent, and they had many preparations to make; and then the bustle
was all over, and Hugh and Jane were alone in the desolate house.

Letters often came from the travelers, hoping they were not dull; but, on the contrary, they both very much enjoyed their quiet time together, and it formed in their after-lives one of the pleasant reminiscences on which they loved to dwell.

One peep at our travellers, and then we must leave them.

They are in Venice, and the time is evening; and they are eagerly opening letters from England, which they have found on their return from an excursion.

There was a deep silence while they read their letters. At length Mr. Hartleigh said, laughing, "My letter is about a certain Mrs. John Hartleigh."

"About me?" said Helen.

"Yes, my agent wants to know when we shall return. The workpeople want to get up something in honour of the bride."

"Oh! papa, you should not have told Helen."

"Perhaps not, Mary. I suppose I had better tell him. You will not mind, Helen?"

"Oh! no, it is very kind of them to welcome me among them, and I shall like it," she frankly admitted.

"Then there is one point to settle, when shall we return?"

John looked anxiously at Helen, and as they seemed to expect an answer from her, she replied that, pleasant as the change was, she longed for home again."

"And we," said Dr. Moncreiffe, "ought to be in Chesterman very soon. Hugh will want his change while the summer is fine."

"Very well, we will travel homewards, seeing all we can as we go."

Helen and Mary went onto the balcony, and were enjoying the view when John joined them.

"I was so glad," he whispered, "to hear you say you longed for our home!"

Mary moved away, but Helen stopped her. "Don't go, Mary; I was just thinking what a good thing it has been for us to have known you!"

"The other way, Nelly!" laughed John.

"Oh! no; look what your influence has done for us all. It is a pleasant thing to be allowed to help each other, and yet how often we use our influence to make people worse instead of better."

Mrs. Moncreiffe called Mary for something, and when she was gone Helen whispered, "I wish she and Hugh would fall in love."

"I do not think Hugh will ever marry; but if he should I should like Mary to be his wife," replied John.

Here we must leave them, without following them to Hartleigh, without waiting to see how by slow degrees Hugh changed his mind, and took to his home, in Stephen's-street, a little wife who had loved him so long—ah! loved him when Katherine was alive, and she knew how hopeless her love was; but her secret she had kept so well, that even Helen had never guessed it.

And here we leave them, working steadily on in the Master's service, tenderly helping those who were weaker than themselves; helping them not with money—not by sermons—though both these are good in their places, but with that which each one possesses in a greater or less degree—Influence.

THE END.
"IS THERE NOT A CAUSE?"

1 Sam. xvii., 29.

[COMMITTED.]

Total Abstainers are frequently accused of being too bigoted, intemperate, and strong-worded in defence of their principles, and in their attacks upon the great enemy Drink, and it is said that they thus hinder moderate-drinking people from going along with them to obtain reform.

To this we may reply, in the words of David, "Is there not a cause?" His position was very similar to ours. Beholding the mighty Goliath, who was defying "the armies of the living God," his heart kindled with enthusiasm, and he felt a burning desire to go and fight this "Philistine," to "take away the reproach from Israel." The soldiers of his king were standing all around, seeing the danger, hearing the challenge, but doing nothing; whilst from the lips of his own brother fell words of reproof and contempt, that might well have checked the zeal of valiant David; but, turning away, regardless of unkind taunts, he only answered, "What have I now done? Is there not a cause?"

So, in our days, a mighty giant stalks through the land, defying Christian armies and slaying his thousands. On every side is heard the wail of his victims. Miserable wives, neglected and famished children, mingle their tears and groans with the clang of the convict's fetters, the shrieks of the maniac, and the despairing curses of the suicide.

The doings of Drink are chronicled in the pages of every newspaper, the ravages of his terrible power are seen in every city, town, and village. The noblest intellects yield to his influence and sink into idiocy—the beauty of youth is changed into bloated deformity; health and strength depart, and in their place speedily come weakness, disease, and death; and yet, when we look upon these evidences of the enemy's destructive hand—fields covered with the fallen, vanquished, and slain—and our hearts burn within us, longing to fight the great giant, calling on our brethren to aid in the conflict, we hear too often the cold word of disapprobation, whilst many of those who should be foremost in the battle "abide among the sheepfolds," and "come not to the help of the Lord against the mighty." The army of Total Abstainers consists of two divisions—one company bear in their own persons tokens of the enemy's fearful power; they have been taken captive by him, cast into the pit, naked and wounded, but they have escaped, and who shall blame their firm resolve to use every weapon for the tyrant's conquest? The other great division consists of a large and ever-increasing number of youthful warriors, led by those who have marked the statagems of the foe, and witnessed his successful attempts upon many a weak comrade. They have not only "looked" on their fallen brothers' misery, but have gone down into the pit, with tender compassion, to set them free, binding up their wounds and pouring in oil and wine of hopeful encouragement.

These men are in earnest. The danger is great, and "time is short." Souls are perishing; oh, "haste to the rescue!"
CORRESPONDENCE.

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

Sir,—An Earnest Enquirer in your last number, page 140, will doubtless have his mind set at rest by your talented correspondents.

After the first sixty years of my life being spent as a moderate drinker, I am now in my sixteenth year as a Total Abstainer. And thinking it my duty to teach, as well as to practise Total Abstinence, (and having no talent for public speaking without), I have been in the habit of writing addresses and reading them to my friends on subjects connected with Temperance. My last address was on "The Duty of Self-denial in Reference to the Temperance Cause." In my address I said, "It must be a great self-denial to many to give up the drink, but let them try it, not for a short time, but at the least for one year, and my own experience is, that then they will find it no self-denial, but a pleasure to be a Total Abstainer. If it was, at first, a little self-denial, I have been rewarded a thousand-fold, in every way." My experience, as well as hundreds of others in my own locality, is that no beneficial effects result from moderate drinking, but that, on the contrary, Total Abstinence is conducive to health, strength, and longevity.

With respect to working-men, in another of my addresses I said, "Look at our labourers." I have employed great numbers in some of the hardest work that is done in the county, quarrying stone, and while they are engaged in labour very few of them taste intoxicating drink, from the Monday morning till the Saturday night. How often have I heard the remark among them—"Water does the work, while beer only talks about it." These, however, were not Total Abstainers, for, I added, "That after they had taken their wages for the week, a great portion of their hard earnings were spent at the public-house. To witness the scenes at these places on the Saturday night, and even on the Sunday, I should think was quite enough to induce a reflecting mind, and one that had the good of his fellow beings at heart, to Abstain from Intoxicating Drinks altogether, and to use his talents to induce others to do the same." As to a substitute, some, probably, may require a substitute at first for a short time, but we very soon find that no substitute is required. Good pure water, or tea and coffee is quite sufficient; in fact a great many of my friends have said to me, "Since I have been a Teetotaller, I am hardly ever as thirsty as I used to be."

A THOROUGH TETOTALLER.
ANSWERS TO AN "EARNEST INQUIRER."

A lady sends the following:—

"1st. A workman in one of the first breweries said, if people knew what they put into porter, he was sure they would not drink it, but it was a secret, and he must not tell. The thick dark quality of porter can conceal what perhaps their bright ale could not. Again, how difficult it is to obtain any kind of strong drink genuine. One of the chief brewers says he could not buy again one of his own casks of beer; it would be adulterated as soon as out of his premises.

"2nd. Before beginning the work of the Lord's-day, take coffee or cocoa, or tea, as suits best, for breakfast. About ten, take a cup of simple, pure tonic, made from dry herb wormwood as an infusion; pour boiling water on a portion of the herb, cover over, and let it steam in the oven or other place; strain it, and drink it cold. This clears and strengthens the voice. Afterwards, what can be more refreshing than a cup of coffee, or any wholesome food? A little powdered ginger, with hot water poured on it, and then filled up with cold water, is very refreshing, and less trouble even than common ginger-beer, which is very good also.

"3. If working people have a good dinner of bread and meat, and bread and cheese, or potatoes, those who are Abstainers find pure water sufficient for drink. It is only a habit that causes the want of any other drink. Cold tea is also much liked by Tempcrance working men. Also cold cocoa, made from cocoa shells, which are cheap, is a good nourishing drink for breakfast, and to take cold at dinner; a penny bottle of ginger-beer suits many working men. Hops dried and made into an infusion are an excellent bitter tonic."

TWENTY INGREDIENTS IN BEER, ETC.

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We have great pleasure in recommending to the notice of our Abstaining friends Mr. H. W. Hart's "pure whole meal bread." It is sweet and palatable. It is made of meal of a superior quality, with all the constituents of the wheat, without fermentation or adulteration, and is free from acidity. It is stated to be the only bread which supplies all the constituents of the blood, and keeps the digestive organs in a healthy condition. Our Abstaining clergy, who sometimes are tempted to think they lack something to qualify them for their work when they give up alcohol, will find this a most valuable substitute. We heartily advise a trial.

*** "The Children's Corner" and other articles unavoidably left out.
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

".... And brought him to an inn and took care of him."—Luke x. 34.

HOMES FOR THE INEBRIATE.

Following the example of the Spectator in its earlier and less degenerate days, we propose to introduce the subject to which we desire to direct our readers' attention by putting before them the following letter, which we have received from an earnest Christian gentlewoman:

July 20, 1870.

Sir,—I will begin my letter by stating that I have been a Total Abstainer for twenty years—why I became one I shall be most happy to tell you if you care to know. During ten years I was a district visitor. My district was considered the worst in the town—Drunkenness abounded.

I constantly visited the men as well as the women. Many became Tcotallers. With thankfulness I watched the consequences, but many pledges were broken. This led me to think over the special temptations to which my people were exposed, and to speculate upon what might be enduring helps, and the one thing for which I longed was a Home—a place of refuge, where they might be under Christian influence, medical treatment, and in useful employment. This very subject has been recently ventilated, and I think that my solitary idea has a better chance since it has been expressed by other minds. The idea worked itself into mine through a felt want. The plan brought for-
ward by Mr. Dalrymple, the junior Member for Bath, appears to be for drunkards who have become complete victims—i.e. for those whose appetite for drink has become a disease; consequently it is for those who chiefly require medical treatment; and he also advises compulsion. This may be useful in extreme cases, but I cannot imagine that it would be in others. From the little knowledge which I have gathered from personal intercourse and observation, the poor drunkard, until he reaches the last degradation, can only be won to a changed course through the conviction that those who seek him act from motives of Christian love and sympathy. From the Rev. H. J. Ellison’s observations I infer that he does not approve of the Home, which I think would be so very useful. Yet I hope he only alludes to the shutting-up system against the will.

Were every clergyman, doctor, and Christian a Total Abstainer, and if they carried out their views earnestly in their parishes, and strictly in their homes, the victims of Intemperance, I feel sure, would soon come to a safer and easier solution of the difficulty by shutting out not themselves from the drink, but the drink from themselves, by the simple process of shutting their own mouths. I imagine that the Rev. H. J. Ellison sees the subject through the results of his own noble example and influence; but you know, Sir, that the mass of Christian influence goes in the direction of moderation in the use of stimulants, and moderation in the drunkard’s case is an impossibility.

Perhaps in whole town districts there may be only one district visitor an Abstainer, not excepting the pastors. He has influenced a poor drunkard to abstain; the man goes on well. An epidemic attacks him; the doctor says he must not work again, after this illness, without beer. At once he reasons, if I cannot work, myself and family starve. Thus his besetting sin is restored to him under the deceptive exterior of an imaginary duty, and the poor visitor’s efforts become worthless. Or it may be there has been a wondrous change in a poor drunkard’s life and home, with stronger health. But he moves into another district—so very often the case. Parochial order and etiquette make this forbidden ground to his former visitor; his present one is an earnest Christian worker, very generous and sympathising, but one who considers it almost wicked to refrain from “a good creature of God.” How unutterably powerful are these counter-influences in such a case! The poor Teetotaller is powerless as far as human efforts work. Had there been a sheltering Home near, how easily could he have influenced this reforming but weak man to enter it, and God’s grace might, in a longer time, have made him altogether whole, and therefore strong for the battle of an exposed life.

I am intruding a long letter upon you. In a few words I will endeavour to state my object and wishes, and if you will help me with your prayers and influence, I shall indeed thank God and take courage.

I propose making a small house available for receiving about a dozen inmates, with room for a comfortable workshop, and I propose that it be under the supervision of a thoroughly earnest Christian and Total Abstainer (I know
a Scripture-reader who would suit admirably if he would undertake such a post.)
In the institution I would have hours daily for religious instruction, exercise,
games, secular teaching, and labour; each man continuing his trade, or learning one which may be profitable if his own were not suitable for indoor labour, part of the profits going towards the expenses of the Home, the other part given to the man’s family. I suggest that they stay a specified time, but leave when they please, with permission to return or not at the discretion of the manager. Many rules and suggestions of course would fill in this outline. Unless my opinions greatly change, I will not commence this work without funds in hand for a year’s expenses, as I think charity debts the worst debts of any. I have no money to contribute towards this ardently-desired object, but I know that the silver and the gold are the LORD’s, and I believe that if this undertaking have his favour he will incline good people also to smile upon it, and offer substantial help. Great results, we know, not unfrequently spring from very insignificant persons and beginnings.
I hope, my whole heart desires, that if this intense yearning to help the poor drunkard in the manner proposed be of my own devising it may end in nought, and I feel certain that if it be from God no man’s ridicule or objections can overthrow the work.—From

A Voice for Help.

Any of our readers who have given any real attention to the difficulties of the drunkard will at once appreciate the importance of a work like that to which the foregoing letter refers. Mr. Ellison, whom the writer mentions, was not, in the speech alluded to, speaking of such Homes as “A Voice for Help” has in view, but of the legal “shutting up” of inebriates. On the contrary, we know he has long wished for the establishment of such as that contemplated in the letter before us. There are difficulties, perhaps, in some matters of detail, which will, however, we trust, work out in practice their own cure; but we would earnestly commend the subjects to the earnest and prayerful consideration of our readers, and will thankfully receive and duly forward any “help” they may be disposed to give to this “Voice,” which may certainly be said to be “crying in the wilderness” of desolation produced by the Drink Traffic.

MEETING OF COMMITTEE.

At the last Meeting of Committee it was resolved, in order to carry out the recommendations of the report adopted at the Annual meeting, that the offices of patrons and vice-patrons be reserved for
such of our prelates who may approve of the principles and operations of our Society without themselves being able to become Total Abstainers; and that others who may be willing to work for the great cause in every way short of personal Total Abstinence be admitted as associates—the offices of president, vice-president, and the executive being always confined to Total Abstainers. We have pleasure in announcing that his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury and his Grace the Archbishop of York have most kindly consented to become patrons, and the Bishops of Gloucester and Bristol and Peterborough vice-patrons.

At the same Meeting of Committee a resolution of condolence with the Rev. H. J. Ellison in his recent affliction was unanimously passed.

EXTRACTS FROM DR. HOOK'S SERMON AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"THE CITIES OF REFUGE."

Of our Temperance Societies are to be Cities of Refuge, if they are to effect the good which they are established to effect, they must be more in number and smaller in size—in a word, they must be parochial. A movement has already been made on a small scale in this direction, and with a success which may well encourage us to proceed.

There are perhaps here present pastors who may have witnessed that this is no mere picture of the imagination, who know that a Parochial Temperance Society may become a blessing to a parish in various cognate ways. The weak come to our City of Refuge, that by association with men of firmer character they may become strong. They are brought into a society where the public opinion (to which the weak especially are wont to render even a cowardly deference) is on the side of Temperance.

They take a pledge, not as a religious vow, but as a means of mutual good understanding, and, then acting as missionaries, they are able to tell their former associates in excess, from their own experience, that in the ways of Temperance they will find not only health of body, but that intellectual vigour and that calmness of temper, even that hilarity for the creation of which men have often plunged into the vortex of dissipation, or what is still worse (because more difficult to overcome), that private setting of which the sure, if slow, consequence invariably is moral weakness and mental stupefaction.

But that which brings every member of the association to an equality, that
which conduces to unity of aim and object, is the fact which a godly pastor is
sure to proclaim—viz., that Intemperance is rather a sign of disease itself; a
symptom aggravated, it is true, by local irritations, and so becoming a source
of imminent danger to the life of the patient, but caused in the first instance by
that mortal disease of human nature, a heart alienated from God.

Let such a society be formed, and in that society a variety of committees, so
to say, will soon be developed, and the end and object of the conversation among
its members, of the books which by them are circulated, of the lectures which
are given to the classes which are formed, will be to bring men to Christ.

The penitents and patients will be warned that it is not sufficient to cleanse
and garnish the house, it must also become a temple of the Holy Ghost, through
whose indwelling we are made one with Christ. Whatever our special tempta-
tions may be we shall find in Him our dear Lord and Master, our God become
our elder brother; in Him we shall find a Saviour omnipotent to save.

THE WORD TÎRÔSH IN THE HEBREW BIBLE.

SOME time ago I promised, in one of my little papers, to lay before the
readers of our Church Temperance Magazine all the passages in
the Old Testament in which the Hebrew word tîrôsh occurs. The
meaning of the word has been already discussed in the numbers of our Magazine
for November, 1865, January and July, 1866. Any impartial reader of
those “Notes” would see that the word tîrôsh means “the pure juice of the
grape in an unfermented state.” This is shown most clearly, even to the ordi-
nary English reader, in Isaiah lxv. 8, “Thus saith the Lord, As the new wine
[tîrrôsh] is found in the cluster, and one saith, Destroy it not, for a blessing is in
it.” It would be a very great blessing to all the inhabitants of this earth who
can speak and read the English language, if the learned men at present
engaged in revising the Authorised Version of the Bible would translate accu-
rately all the passages in which the Hebrew words descriptive of the vine and its
various products occur. If they did so a flood of light would be thrown on the
Total Abstinence movement. Innumerable stumblingblocks would be at once
removed, and those who encouraged the traffic in the prison-filling, grave-filling,
and hell-filling poisoning drinks, would no longer be able to quote a single pas-
sage in God’s Holy Word in support of their unholy conduct.

The word tîrôsh appears in the Old Testament for the first time in Genesis
xxvii. 28, where Isaac blesses Jacob, “Therefore God give thee of the dew of
heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine [tîrôsh].”
Here tîrôsh is mentioned along with the productions of nature in their unchanged
and unaltered condition.

2. Genesis xxvii. 37, “With corn and wine [tîrôsh] have I sustained him.”

3. Numbers xviii. 12, 13, “All the best [Hebrew, fat] of the oil, and all the
best of the wine [tirōš], and of the wheat, the firstfruits of them which they shall offer unto the Lord, them have I given thee. WHATSOEVER is first ripe in the land, which they shall bring unto the Lord, shall be thine; every one that is clean in thine house shall eat of it.

4. Deuteronomy vii. 13, “And he will love thee, and bless thee, and multiply thee: he will also bless the fruit of thy womb, and the fruit of thy land, thy corn, and thy wine [tirōš], and thine oil, the increase of thy kine, and the flocks of thy sheep, in the land which he sware unto thy fathers to give thee.” The Vulgate Version in this verse translates tirōš, vindemia, a gathering of grapes, a vintage.

5. Deuteronomy xi. 14, “That I will give you the rain of your land in his due season, the first rain and the latter rain, that thou mayest gather in thy corn and thy wine [tirōši] and thine oil.”

6. Deuteronomy xii. 17, “Thou mayest not eat within thy gates the tithe of thy corn, or of thy wine [tirōš], or of thy oil, or the firstlings of thy herds or of thy flock, nor any of thy vows which thou vowest, nor thy freewill-offerings, or heave-offering of thine hands.”

7. Deuteronomy xiv. 23, “And thou shalt eat before the Lord thy God, in the place which he shall choose to place his name there, the tithe of thy corn, of thy wine [tirōš], and of thine oil, and the firstlings of thy herds and of thy flocks; that thou mayest learn to fear the Lord thy God always.”

8. Deuteronomy xviii. 4, “The firstfruit also of thy corn, of thy wine [tirōš], and of thine oil, and the first of the fleece of thy sheep, shalt thou give him.”

9. Deuteronomy xxvii. 51, “And he shall eat the fruit of thy cattle, and the fruit of thy land, until thou be destroyed: which also shall not leave thee either corn, wine [tirōš], or oil, or the increase of thy kine, or flocks of thy sheep, until he have destroyed thee.”

10. Deuteronomy xxxiii. 28, “Israel then shall dwell in safety alone: the fountain of Jacob shall be upon a land of corn and wine [tirōš]; also his heavens shall drop down dew.”

11. Judges ix. 13, “And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine [tirōš], which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?”

12. 2 Kings xviii. 32, “Until I come and take you away to a land like your own land, a land of corn and wine [tirōš], a land of bread and vineyards, a land of oil olive and of honey, that ye may live and not die; and hearken not unto Hezekiah, when he persuadeth you, saying, The Lord will deliver us.”

There are twenty-six other passages in the Old Testament in which the word tirōš occurs. I must leave them for future papers, God willing. I cannot now do better than quote from a letter written by the Rev. Smylie Robson, a missionary to the Jews in Syria, and published in the Irish Presbyterian Missionary Herald of April and May, 1845: “It is well known that many parts of the mountains of Lebanon are among the most thickly-peopled and best cultivated districts of the land. This is the part of the country in which I have travelled most. The food of the inhabitants consists principally of fruit, milk, vegetables,
bread made of the flour of wheat, and Indian corn. Wheat is everywhere cultivated, and the bread made of it constitutes a large portion of the food of all classes. The most important kinds of fruit are olives and grapes. Olives are eaten either raw or dressed in various ways; but they are chiefly valuable for the oil extracted from them. At some seasons of the year a great part of the food of the people consists of vegetables cooked in this oil, eaten sometimes with and sometimes without bread. This oil is almost the only substance burnt for light. Olive-trees are abundantly cultivated throughout the whole country. The fruit of the vine is the only other kind which can be said to form a substantial part of the food of the people." The remainder of my quotation I will give next month, God willing.

Manchester.

WILLIAM CAIN, M.A.

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

[We shall be glad to have short accounts of the various Church Temperance Societies' meetings for insertion under this head.]

BROUGHTON, CARLISLE.—A very interesting meeting, or rather festival, of friends of Total Abstinence was held at Great Broughton, on Wednesday, July 13. The proceedings commenced with a procession of adult members, Band of Hope children, clergy, and friends, headed by a capital Total Abstinence Brass Band promenading the village, and then proceeding to the Parish Church, where, by kind permission of the Rev. E. Brierley, Vicar, Divine Service was conducted, and an impressive sermon preached by the Rev. Arthur Ashworth, M.A., Rector of Holm Cultram, Carlisle, from Proverbs xxviii. 12, 13. After service the procession was re-formed, and the business of a public tea undergone, after which another procession was organised, and a meeting held in a large field overlooking the beautiful valley of the Derwent; and while the juveniles amused themselves at some distance the adult members applied their energies to one of the most earnest public gatherings, for speeches and unanimous condemnation of the Liquor Traffic, which has ever been held in the neighbourhood. Several clergymen and gentlemen of the district took part, and a curious coincidence was that at the very same time the great debate was going on in St. Stephen's winding up with the division on Sir Wilfred Lawson's Permissive Bill. The open-air demonstration at Broughton will long be remembered as characterised by deep earnestness of thought, feeling, and action, and if, as one of the speakers observed, England were dotted over with such meetings from John O'Groat's to Land's End there would soon be an end of the deplorable drinking system of the country.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, STRATFORD.—On Sunday evening, July 24, the Rev. Thomas Rooke preached in this church on the Temperance Question. There was a good congregation, very many of whom were attracted by the announce-
ment that a Temperance sermon was to be preached. Arrangements are being made for the formation of a Parochial Temperance Society. We believe that Mr. Rooke is to preach on the 11th September at the Iron Church, in the evening.

Holy Trinity, Shoreditch.—On Monday evening, August 1, the Rev. T. Rooke preached in this Mission Church, and afterwards attended and addressed a meeting assembled under the presidency of the Rev. H. G. Henderson, the zealous clergyman of the mission. There was a crowded meeting, at which, beside the Chairman and Mr. Rooke, Messrs. W. Rains and C. Drake gave earnest and hearty addresses. This was the inaugural meeting of a Parochial Association. Meetings, for the present, will be held every fortnight.

St. Aubyns Total Abstinence Society, Jersey.—The Quarterly Meeting of this Society was held on Friday, July 15. It was a most successful one, and was attended by large numbers of Her Majesty’s 17th Regiment, then in garrison, but since removed to Aldershot, where it is hoped they will remember their Jersey friends, and continue one with them in Abstinence.

We regret much to notice the announcement of the death of the Rev. C. Guille, Rector of St. Peter le Port, Guernsey. He was an earnest Abstainer, and had gathered round him a large and important Society. He was much and deservedly beloved by all classes, and the attendance of his Bishop at his funeral was a graceful tribute to his worth.

STATISTICS OF DRINK.

The Newgate Chaplain tells us that from December, 1868, to November, 1869, twelve persons were tried at the Central Criminal Court for wilful murder. Of these, seven were under the influence of Drink when their crimes were perpetrated; and two of their victims were Drunk. Within the same period, forty-three persons were committed for feloniously wounding or attempting to murder; twenty-two of these cases were due to Drunkenness.—Saturday Review.

The Chairman of the Board of Guardians at Kendal said: “Everybody connected with the Board of Guardians must know that something like nine-tenths of the work the Board had to do in the relief of the poor was caused by Drunkenness.”—Westmorland Gazette.
THOUGHTLESSNESS.

(From the People's Magazine.)

We knew not what we did
When we passed idly by;
We never saw the wistful glance,
Nor heard the weary sigh.

We knew not what we did
When we said the hasty word;
We thought not of the bitter pang
Our heartless accents stirred.

We knew not that our Lord
Himself was passing by,
Nor that each thoughtless word and deed
Was written down on high.

He saw and noted all.
O Lord of power and might!
Have mercy, when the truth shall dawn
Upon our aching sight.

Our thoughtless words and deeds,
Their course, oh, who may know?
They wander on through endless years,
By paths of sin and woe.

They have slipped from our control,
Our power o'er them is past:
O Jesu! help us, lest their weight
O'erwhelm us at the last.
“NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.”

It was midnight, a dark snowy midnight, just two nights before the close of the year. Every house, small and large, in the quiet little village of B— was closed, not a gleam of light from any window. All labour had evidently ceased within, and without all looked dark, chill, and dreary. It was midnight, as I have said before, and many an aching heart and troubled brain, even in that little village, was now resting from its daily cares. All seemed to be asleep. No, not quite all, for, as I drew aside my blind for a moment to look out into the darkness, I saw a feeble light glimmering from an unclosed casement at a little distance. We will draw near and take a glance into the room. There was an air of neatness in that humble dwelling, though its furniture was poor and scanty in the extreme. A fire was burning in the little grate, but it was such a fire as made one almost shudder to look at. On one side stood a cradle, in which lay, sleeping, a rosy-lipped cherub baby. On the opposite side sat a young weary-looking woman, plying her needle rapidly, whilst with her foot she, ever and anon, rocked the cradle. Her face was pale and wan, but it needed not a second look to trace the remains of considerable beauty. She continued her work, if possible, more rapidly, as if to keep her from utter despair; every now and then a nervous twitch contracted her lips, indicating the emotions of her heart, which beat faster and faster as she evidently tried to utter a prayer. She drew together the dying embers; her work dropped upon her lap, her baby roused, and as she took it from its cradle a big tear fell upon its face.

“My boy,” she murmured, “you must keep me from sinking quite; I have nought else to bind me to life, no solitary star, no ray of hope but thee, to cheer my breaking heart; but for thee, my darling, I must live.” She rocked her boy till he was again asleep. “My God, my Father!” she ejaculated. “Oh hear me for my husband. Oh, when will he come! Oh, my Jem, do you ever remember the vow so solemnly made, and think how utterly it is neglected? Sure my heart must break if this goes on. Oh, my Jem, my poor erring, but tenderly loved husband!”

All at once she fancied that she heard a step; her babe was replaced in its tiny bed. Surely that was a step; yes, and a stifled moan! She paused one moment and listened, then, with palpitating heart, she sprang to the door. No, it was only the low murmur of the wind. She resumed her seat, again took up her boy and fervently pressed him to her heart. Again she cried out, more audibly, “Oh my God, pity and save him! Thou alone knowest his temptation, thou canst arrest him in his mad career. Oh do so by any means, yes, by any means,
which thou seest best. Only spare his soul, cut him not off in the midst of his transgressions.” Again she heard a sound, and replaced her baby in his cradle. She then threw a piece of wood on the fire to make a cheerful blaze, and relighted her candle. Yes, that was the gate—she was not mistaken this time. But, whose footsteps were those? Not Jem’s—no—nor is it his voice; her heart beat so violently that she scarcely dared to move or breathe; then followed a knock, and she instantly opened the door.

Two men stepped in, bearing the insensible body of her husband, whom they had found by the roadside, helplessly drunk and stiff with cold, though happily still breathing. For the first few moments the young wife was too much shocked and bewildered to utter a word. Her blood seemed to stagnate in her veins, but, quickly recovering her self-possession, she fetched pillows from her bedroom and motioned for him to be placed near the scanty fire. Still silent and speechless, she knelt beside him, loosened his collar, kissed his brow, and began to rub his rigid limbs. God above knew how her heart yearned towards that man, its beating could almost be heard in the silence, her lips moved as if she were trying to speak, but no sound escaped them. At length, after some moments, her husband moved, and, with an uncontrollable burst of tears, which then came to her relief, she poured forth her thanks to his preservers for bringing him home, who, finding they could be of no further use, bade the weary watcher good night and left her, a wish kindly uttered but not likely to be realised. For some time she remained kneeling beside him, chafing his hands and breathing words of tenderness, ere he recovered sufficiently for her to get him into bed; after which she wrapped herself in a shawl and continued her watch until break of day, when she made him a strong cup of tea; this he took in silence, with a look of shame and misery, and a heart full of bitter anguish. He was now fully conscious, and as he looked at his patient wife, moving quietly to and fro, ministering to his comfort without one word of reproach, he felt bitterly sorry for his debased habits; and in a state of misery and depression mentally vowed that he would never again yield to this sin. But alas! its hold was too strong, and his struggles were soon overcome. Mary Neal’s early years had not been spent in poverty; hers had been a happy childhood, free from care and anxiety, for her parents were well-to-do tradespeople; but when grown up to womanhood she preferred sharing the fortunes and fate of the handsome village blacksmith to that of any other suitor, and from her comparatively high estate descended to suffer toil and care with him she loved.

James Neal was then in the prime of manhood; his fine open countenance bore an expression of intelligence and good humour, his broad chest and closely-knit limbs seemed formed for hard labour, he was honest and industrious, frank and agreeable in manner, and a general favourite; and whilst this state of things lasted, Mary had no cause to regret her choice. Faithful and true, he laboured early and late for her support, and to obtain for her those little luxuries to which she had been accustomed, and which he thought she
would miss. She was really his idol, and the smile with which she ever hastened to meet him was sufficient to repay every toil and every labour. But alas! in two short years what a change had come over them. Their cottage now, though scrupulously clean, was the picture of poverty and desolation. The voice of joy and love was gone; the vacant armchair, which she would keep for him, reminded her of the happy evenings when he sat reading to her whilst she prepared the tiny garments shortly expected to be brought into use. There was no shade of sadness then. No word, no look to mar the bright hopes that mingled ever with their talk about the little stranger. Shall we raise the curtain, and show whence the change proceeded, and how speedy and inevitable is the downward course when once commenced?

James Neal, with all his good qualities, was without religion, a stranger to godliness, and consequently without the only safeguard.

About twelve months after his marriage, and when his baby girl was just a month old, he was persuaded to join a club which had been recently formed at the village inn, for the ostensible purpose of aiding the working man in times of sickness, bereavement, or non-employment.

James considered himself somewhat in the light of a philanthropist, took up warmly the interests of the club, was voted on the committee, and pledged himself to attend the weekly meetings.

Pipes and beer were soon placed regularly upon the table, and seemed to be regarded as necessary adjuncts to deliberation and debate. James Neal was one of the first to fall into the snare. The single glass was soon doubled and trebled, then in his madness spirits were called for, till, alas! it soon became a common thing for him to return from these club meetings helplessly drunk.

The downward course is a rapid one at all times. It was so to James Neal, though in his sober moments he had avowed again and again to alter his habits, especially when it pleased God to take his baby girl, and again during his wife's long illness after the birth of her little son. The battle was too strong even for his stalwart powers, he sank lower and lower, yielded more entirely to this growing and deepening evil, ever drugging the brain, and thus inducing sensual sloth, till his character and reputation were gone, and his life become little more than an animal existence.

He was a heavy man, and his many falls had often seriously injured him; but this time the injuries were evidently of a more terrible nature. He lay for hours, his eyes dull, his face pale, and his strong muscular arm lying listlessly on the coverlet of the bed. Fever came, and insensibility followed; and when the doctor was called he declared his complaint to be typhus-fever, induced by his lying at the roadside exposed so long to the extreme cold. He had sown drunkenness, profanity, idleness; he was reaping poverty banishment from all respectable society, racking pain in head and side, restless nights, and weary days of moaning and unconsciousness. But amid all his miseries there was one who never uttered one murmur or word of re-
At length the sick man was raised up. The money received from the club, with the little poor Mary had earned by her needlework, together with the many little helps of her neighbours, had supplied all their requirements during this long period of sickness, but of course no additional comforts had been added to the cottage; and as James looked round on the scantily furnished room, he would often groan in spirit, and exclaim, "What a cruel, wicked husband I have been to the best of wives! What a wretched house I have made for her whom I promised so solemnly to love and cherish! How awfully I have abused my blessings! But oh, my wife, if I am spared now, how changed shall be my conduct. I will, by God's help, lead a totally different life. My wife shall again be happy, and my home bright and cheerful. My Mary will help me, and though the fight may be a desperate one, I have learned of Him who is stronger than all the powers of darkness, and He will help me to overcome." But it was when James again took his place in the outer world that his hard fight began. One companion after another would put his head into the forge, and invite his old comrade to join him in a glass, and James sometimes found it uphill work to be firm in his refusals, and a long and hard struggle he had to overcome a propensity so deep rooted. He felt it to be a strong foe whom he must vanquish, or it would vanquish him, and then alas for all his vows and resolutions. He triumphed at last, having long conferred with flesh and blood. It now pleased God to call him by His grace, and more powerfully to reveal His Son
in him. He became a new creature, and it was soon manifest to all that he had been with Jesus and learnt of Him. Some years have passed since this great change was wrought upon James Neal, and during those years he has lived a sober, consistent Christian life. The family party now numbers six, all of whom, including the baby in its mother's arms, or sometimes nestling upon its father's shoulders, now take their places regularly in the house of God, not only clean, but as comfortably clad as any tradesman's family in the village. The cottage is a very picture of comfort and contentment. James has learned by hard-tried experience that the conquest of passion gives ten times more happiness than can be gained by the gratification of it, that the curbing of unholy desires is the greatest glory we can arrive at in this world, and will not lose its reward in the next.

EXTRACT FROM REPORT OF IRISH TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY, IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY.

The Irish Total Abstinence Society, viewed in its secular aspect, is an Association for the suppression of Drunkenness, while in its sacred character it aims at promoting the glory of God, by pointing the subjects of its operations to the Lord Jesus Christ as the only salvation of their souls.

Your Committee in no sense put the former for the latter, but frankly acknowledge that by the latter the former can be obtained—that hence the effort to suppress Drunkenness is only a means to an end—their chief object being the saving for eternity of those among whom they labour. As well-known philanthropic societies devote themselves to counteract the special evils against which they contend, so your Association has been organised, and is now being carried on to meet the giant sin of Drunkenness, for seeing it to be a fearful obstacle to the hearing of the Gospel, and a barrier to its reception by the drunkard, the call is imperative to make a special effort to remove and prevent this particular sin, which, physically and mentally, unfit its victims for every religious exercise.

Some may contend that where there is the fixed general remedy for sin we should not put forth a special cure for individual cases. This we fully admit when used in direct connection with the salvation of the soul—nothing but the blood of Jesus can accomplish that—but in the health and preservation of the body from the temporal effects of sin—effects such as Drunkenness is sure to entail—the special cure is not only lawful, but advisable. Unless this be admitted, the efforts of Ragged Schools, Refuge Asylums, Reformatories, and such like
institutions, become positive sin. Are the opponents of Total Abstinence from intoxicants, as a curative and preventative of Drunkenness, prepared to reject those valuable societies founded on the same principle as ours? If not, why not accept that which aims at the reclamation of a larger class, and the suppression of a more general evil?

Viewing Drunkenness, then, in its effects upon the body, the temporal misery it entails, and as a hindrance to religion, we put forth a special remedy for its removal from those who have been under its influence, and its prevention in the cases of those who have as yet escaped its power.

Our remedy is simple—it is an act of omission, rather than commission. Seeing that Drunkenness is caused by certain drinks which are not essential to sustenance, we at once say to the drunkards, "Cease to partake of those intoxicants, and you free yourself from that practice and its effects, which are blighting your entire existence;" and on those still in the paths of sobriety we urge the same advice, reminding all such, "These drinks are not essential, they have plunged in woe and ruin thousands who, like you, used them in moderation, but gradually and unsuspectingly were led by the taste they engendered to greater draughts, and at last were branded as drunkards, died drunkards' deaths, were buried in drunkards' graves, and in such a state passed to the judgment of the Righteous Judge! To escape the possibility of such a life, and such a death, and such a judgment, give up those drinks in which these dangers lie!"

Such is our object, such the argument on which we ground its adoption! Is it not lawful? Does it need defence? We believe it to be sound in principle, we know it to be successful in practice.

The audiences at the meetings and lectures have been of a more than ordinary character. The Christian Abstainer and Christian Non-abstainer have sat side by side; the merely moral Abstainer with the merely moral Non-abstainer; the children of the School, with their faithful, example-showing teachers; the labourers of the earth with the hardy ploughers of the deep; the besotted drunkard with the still-tempted struggling Abstainer; the Bible-reading Protestant with the devoted Romanist. (For many of the meetings held in Irish Church Mission Schoolrooms were attended by a considerable number of Roman Catholics.) Yet to such varied minds, constituted from such different circumstances, "a word in season" has been spoken, and the principles of your Association, urged in no narrow, bigoted spirit, but from the broad Catholic platform of Christian love for the temporal and eternal welfare of all men, have met with acceptance from some, consideration from others, new favour from many, but, so far as your committee can learn, with newly-awakened hostility from none.

Parcels of not less than 25 Numbers of this Magazine will be forwarded carriage free to any friend who will procure subscribers for the same.
THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

LIFE OF A LITTLE CHILD.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

The grief which Mrs. Green felt at the thoughts of losing her only child, her sweet little daughter, was somewhat softened by the conduct of her husband. He came home each day grave and silent, but perfectly sober. Since the horrible disgrace that had been brought on him by drink, he avoided even the sight of drink; he would not glance inside the door of a public-house; he would not take a glass of spirits in his hand. His former companions laughed at him for this change in his conduct. One of them said, "What's a week in prison? Don't be downhearted for that. Cheer up, and come and enjoy yourself like old times."

"No, thank you," said Thomas Green."

"Come, now, there's a good fellow," persisted the other.

But a third man interfered. "Let him alone, Bill, can't you? Don't you know he's got a young one ill; and a man don't want to be put into prison again when his little girl is nearly dying."

In this way Green several times resisted temptations to drink, and cheered his wife by going home sober. It was well that the poor woman had something to comfort her, for all hope of keeping little Mary was gone. The only question was, how long would she last? Every day, every hour she grew weaker; and her weakness crept over her mind, and she lay almost unconscious. If she talked at all it was only wandering talk, with little sense in it; yet her daddy's name was often on her lips.

There came a morning when Mary lay so white, so still, so beautiful, that her mother thought the soul had left her frail little body. She brought her husband in, and he leaned over the child, and listened for her breathing, which came very faintly. "She is still alive," he said.

He was putting on his hat and leaving the room, when Mrs. Green laid her hand on his arm, saying, "Thomas, you are not going out?"

"I must go," he said, "I have a most important appointment."

"But don't you see our precious child is going? Oh! don't leave me! Stay with her to the last."

"Eliza, I won't be five minutes; I am only going round to Mr. Aikin's."

She was obliged to let him go; he was so very anxious to go. She went back to the child, who lay just breathing, with her eyes closed. Five minutes passed—Thomas was not back. Mr. Aikin lived close by, in a house not much better than that in which the Greens lived. But he loved his parish, and liked to live among his people. Ten minutes passed, and two steps
sounded on the stairs, and Thomas Green and Mr. Aikin came in together. Mrs. Green set a chair for the clergyman. But he said first, "Peace be to this house!" and then he knelt down and prayed a few words that God would take to heaven the soul of the dying child, and would comfort and help the unhappy father and mother. Then they all three stood round the bed, watching the heavy, slow, painful breathing of their pet.

"Eliza," whispered Thomas, to his wife, "I have just taken the pledge."

She said, "Thank God!" and Mr. Aikin said "Amen!" It was to take the pledge, to give the promise, that Thomas had left the sick-room. He wished that this great deed should be done before his wife died.

Mary opened her eyes; she looked about the room, but did not seem to see any one. She muttered something; they could not hear what it was. Presently she spoke again, more distinctly.

"You will come to me, dear mammy." The mother kissed her child for answer. Then there was a long space of silence.

"Daddy, will you come, too?" There was a sort of doubt in her tone.

But there was none in her father's tone, when he replied, "I have pledged myself to do so, and I think strength will be given me to keep my promise."

After that they spoke no more. The father gazed steadily through the window to the dusky sky; the mother covered her eyes with her hands, as if to press back the tears. Only Mr. Aikin was able to watch the white face with the closed eyes. He saw a smile settle on the lips. Then he waited a while longer, and finally he touched the parents, and they too saw the sweet smile. And the mother also saw that though this smile lay on the childish mouth, yet the mouth was half open, the chin and lower lip had dropped with that sad helplessness of a body which is powerless henceforth.

The clergyman left them alone with their dead.

The little child was gone. The husband and wife were alone. There was a never-comforted grief in the mother's heart, and in the father's heart was an anguish of remorse, which only long years could subdue. He knew that it was he who had caused the death of his child; he looked on himself as her murderer; he knew that her life had been sacrificed to his vice. The prayers and the repentance of many years were needed to soften the bitterness of his sorrow. He proved that his repentance was real, for he never tasted one drop of that which had brought such agony on him; he knew there was no safety for him except in utterly renouncing the cause and occasion of sin; therefore, he utterly renounced it.

He and his wife could not endure to live in the house where their little Mary had spent her short, sad life. They went to live in the country, in a quiet village in the south of England. Thomas Green soon obtained work at his trade, for he was a clever workman. His wife kept some poultry and a cow, and with them she made a little money. And now that none of their earnings went to the masters of
the public-houses and beershops, they began to save, and in a few years they had put by enough to buy a house and workshop; and Thomas Green is now a master builder. Eliza Green has many cows and pigs, and a yard full of poultry; and they are very prosperous.

No other little child has been given to them to replace their daughter who was taken from them. Mary's sayings are the only child's sayings which they ever talk over, and a photograph of her is the only portrait in their house. They love all little children for Mary's sake, and for the sake of the dear Lord in whose love Mary believed and hoped. They are very kind to children. Many eggs and fruits and nice things are given to the children in the village; and when any child is ill Mrs. Green helps its mother to nurse it; and when a child dies, Thomas Green makes a wooden cross to put at the head of its grave.

Thus the sweet life and the happy death of little Mary are even now giving comfort to her parents, and to many little one who, in their innocence, gentleness, and love, resemble her.

THE END.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTES BY A DISTRICT VISITOR.

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

Sir,—I am a District Visitor, and have been an Abstainer many years, in the hope that I might induce others to follow my example; but, unfortunately, the clergyman of the parish has no sympathy with Teetotalism, and consequently there is no help to be obtained from him, or from members of the Church in general. My district consists of about eighty houses, and I have counted that in nearly half of that number there are drinking or drunken people. At one house both parents are drunken, and the children are of course ragged and never sent to school, though we have had a night "ragged-school" for the last ten years. At another house the husband drinks and abuses his wife, who is now ill in bed. While appearing to be deeply afflicted, this man took the money from his wife's pocket to get more gin, under the pretence of keeping up his spirits. Near to this case there is a woman with several children, her companion having deserted her, and she, with neighbours similarly disposed, were dreadfully drunk on Sunday night. An old woman, a notorious drunkard, who has been kept clean and sober in the Workhouse many months, was to-day reeling out of a public-house, the landlady of which stood at her door placidly watching the effects of her potation, and was witness to my indignant shake of the head, and heard my exclamation, "Oh! you were better in the Workhouse." At another house the wife was ill from the effects of drink, and yet this woman
has protested over and over again that she does not drink, and will lament with all appearance of sincerity the open Drunkenness of her husband. Next door there lives a man who, about a year ago, I believed to be a truly Christian husband and father; but, alas! he has been drawn into the snare by having a relative who keeps a public-house, and now both he and his wife are going rapidly down the drunkard's path, with the keeper of the public-house, who not long ago followed her only son to an untimely grave. Many other cases I might give of men getting fearfully drunk on Saturday nights, with Sunday fighting, &c., but the above will show the need there is for faithful and combined efforts, for I feel how utterly vain are my visits to these poor drunken people. The most trying thing is that one cannot get them to admit that they take the drink immoderately. "It is only a little"—"I can’t do without it now and then;" but "Oh! no, I am never worse for drink." Such replies as these meet one, when venturing to say a word against the habit. The women will readily enough talk about their husbands or neighbours drinking, and how useless it is to try to do them any good, whilst they fancy their own habits are quite within the moderation line, and they imagine they persuade me the same. Oh! how great is the power of drink! How I wish those in positions of influence could see it as we see it, ensnaring, deceiving, and utterly ruining souls. Surely they would awake to the necessity of straining all their powers in combined efforts for the Tyrant’s destruction! I should be very thankful if other District Visitors, who have worked amongst the Intemperate poor, would give in your Magazine hints or advice as to the methods they have found beneficial in rescuing some from the drunkard's fate. There is a Temperance Society here, and there are several Bands of Hope, with many earnest workers, but what I lament is that so few Church people take any interest in the cause.

H. A.

To the Editor of The Church of England Temperance Magazine.

Dear Sir,—If "An Earnest Inquirer" will only follow the example of the postman, as stated in one of the numbers of the British Workman, I think he will find the moderate drinking of beer or porter as stimulants unnecessary. I, like the "Earnest Inquirer," used to take a little ale with my midday meal, thinking it necessary for health’s sake, and probably might have continued it to the present day, had I not been desirous of establishing a Band of Hope among the children of our Sunday-schools. To do so conscientiously, it was necessary to try myself whether I could do as well without as with. I find I can do without such stimulants; I also feel the better for leaving them off. I own for a week or two I felt the change; after that all went well.

I have started the Band of Hope, thanks to your Magazine. I trust, with God’s blessing, it will prosper.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

CEDRICK.

July 4, 1870.
MISCELLANEOUS.

A FRIEND writes: I have met lately with a paragraph respecting the Pitcairn Islanders, which I hope may be useful to you, as I think it must be interesting to all Teetotallers: “Although at sea there was a calm, the surf from the ground swell beat heavily on the shore, and we were fain content ourselves with a view of the island from our decks. It consists of a single volcanic peak, hung with an array of green creeping plants, passion-flowers, and trumpet-vines. As for the people, they came off to us, dancing over the seas in their canoes, and bringing us green oranges and bananas, while a huge Union Jack was run up a flagstaff by those who remained on shore. The first man came on deck. He rushed to the captain, and, shaking hands violently, cried, in pure English, entirely free from accent, ‘How do you do, Captain? How’s Victoria?’ There was no disrespect in the omission of the little ‘Queen.’ The question seemed to come from the heart. The bright-eyed lads, Adams and Young descendants of the Bounty mutineers, who had been the first to climb our sides, announced the coming of Moses Young, the ‘magistrate’ of the isle, who presently boarded us in state. He was a grave and gentlemanly man, English in appearance, but somewhat slightly built, as, indeed, were the lads. When we went on deck again, Adams asked us a new question. ‘Have you a Sunday at Home or a British Workman?’ Our books and papers having been ransacked, Moses Young prepared to leave the ship, taking with him presents from the stores. Besides the cloth, tobacco, hats, and linen, there was a bottle of brandy given for medicine, as the islanders are strict Teetotallers. While Young, held the bottle in his hand, afraid to trust the lads with it, Adams read the label on it and cried out ‘Brandy? how much for a dose? Oh, yes! all right! I know; it’s good for the women!’ When they at last left the ship’s side, one of the canoes was filled with a crinoline and blue silk dress for Mrs. Young, and another with a red and brown tartan for Mrs. Adams, both given by lady passengers, while the lads went ashore in dust-coats and smoking-caps.”

—“Greater Britain; a Record of Travel in English-speaking Countries, 1866 and 1867. Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bart., M.P.”

CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY.—Collecting-books, cards, reports, tracts, prayer union cards, with all needed information may be had on application to Rev. Thomas Rooke, at the office, 6, Adam-street, Adelphi, London, W.C., to whom cheques and post-office orders should be made payable.

We think our Lady Friends, earnest helpers as they are, could do us much service by obtaining new subscribers for the Magazine.
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"... He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest."—Jer. v. 24.

HARVEST.

The voice of praise and thanksgiving for harvest blessings is now being heard throughout the land, and the accounts of harvest festivals are filling pages of our Church intelligence. This year, no doubt, in addition to the usual topics handled by the various preachers at these festivals, the contrast between our own island home, whose inhabitants have gathered in their golden grain peacefully, as aforetime, and the dread scenes being enacted on the Continent—where the reaping hook is the sword and the standing corn the serried ranks of brave men—will be dwelt on, and the contrast will surely add a deeper note of solemn harmony to our psalms of praise. And so it should. It is indeed a matter for unutterable gratitude that we have been spared such horrors and such scenes as have devastated the neighbouring country. It is a matter for thankfulness that no bands of foreign soldiery have been permitted, as the least part of the mischief, to trample down our crops as they were
ripening for the sickle, and to render useless and abortive the summer’s labour, and to foil the reapers’ expectations; but if God has been pleased, in his infinite mercy, to spare us, are we, or, are we not, going to spare ourselves? If God has kept us from one enemy’s dread visitation, are we, or are we not, going to bring another on ourselves? If the history of past years is to be repeated, we fear that our decision is the reverse of that of David when God brought him the choice of his punishments. He said “Let us now fall into the hand of the Lord, for His mercies are great, and let me not fall into the hand of man.” We have received of God’s great and undeserved mercy, and we are about (if we follow the precedent of past years, and there is, alas! no indication that we are not,) to throw ourselves and all our mercies “into the hands of man.”

Any one who has given the smallest attention to the subject of the waste of our produce, and the occupation of our land, with the produce so wasted, for the manufacture of intoxicating drinks, will easily understand the drift of our remarks.

Professor Kirk, in his admirable little work on social politics (a work dedicated to, and, we hope, read by, the Right Honourable the Premier, and we would like it studied also by the Right Honourable the Home Secretary, before he again postpones the Government Liquor Bill as one of minor importance), puts this very plainly. He tells us the grain and sugar used in the manufacture of strong drink in the United Kingdom in 1868 was equal to 60,000,000 bushels of barley. At 40 bushels to the acre, that is equal to 1,500,000 acres of good land. That would give a quarter of an acre of land to every family of four in the entire population. On that land, capable of giving house and garden room to the entire people, there was not allowed one bed to be laid, because of the use made of it for this vile end! Not one particle of good, but a vast sum of evil, sprang out of this tremendous sacrifice of land. Nothing such as could compensate society, in the slightest degree, was allowed for it. Let any sane man, who is not cursed by avarice and interested in the prey, ask himself the question—If any country can give up so much of its best surface to such a purpose, and still its people have room on that surface to breathe?

But the land is not only lost, but the food that is raised on it is lost also. The former brings overcrowding to the rate of 646 per-
sons over an acre of surface. This latter lets famine loose upon them through the destruction of this food.

From a calculation on this matter it will appear that in 1868—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The corn used in brewing amounted to</td>
<td>49,787,770</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The corn used in distilling</td>
<td>10,073,141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hop land might have produced</td>
<td>2,317,896</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sugar used in brewing equal to</td>
<td>1,500,768</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Loss of corn in brewing and distilling** 63,679,575

This result is irrespective of the waste of fruit in the manufacture of cider, perry, and British wines. The amount of food represented by the above 63,000,000 bushels of grain is extraordinary. In bulk it is as much as the annual corn produce of Scotland (excluding reserved seed). If this enormous quantity of corn was divided among the whole population, in families of five persons, it would allow ten bushels of corn for every family. A bushel is calculated to yield wholesome food equal to fifteen four-pound loaves, so that the four-pound loaves produced would in the total amount to nearly a thousand millions, or one hundred and fifty loaves to every family in the United Kingdom. If the distribution were limited to one family in four, six hundred loaves would be assigned to each such family—no inconsiderable allowance, per year, of the staff of life.

It may be said much of the grain used in brewing and distilling would not be available for consumption as bread, because not palatable to the people of this country. This may be true, but the fact as to the destruction of nutritious grain is not affected, and at all events the land which would be otherwise available for varieties of food is now occupied in this ruinous way.

If, then, the land be thus wasted and the food thus wasted, do not harvest thanksgivings become something approaching a mockery of God, seeing the abuse of the gifts He has given us? He has given land in our island home sufficient for our population to dwell in decency and in comfort, and we snatch it away for the production of the grain to be used in these vile manufactures, and we coop up our population in dens of infamy. He has given us food, and we snatch it from the famishing to transmute it into liquid poison; and we piously go to church, to our harvest festivals,
while the pestilence is sharpening its sickle for the crowded and famishing population whom we have allowed to trade in this iniquitous traffic, to rob and starve and poison.

Oh, those are fearful words of the chapter in Jeremiah appointed to be read on the 14th Sunday after Trinity, which is evidently intended by our Church to be our harvest festival Sunday: "Neither say they in their heart, Let us now fear the Lord our God, that giveth rain, both the former and the latter, in his season: He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of harvest. Your iniquities have turned away those things, and your sins have withholden good things from you. For among my people are found wicked men: they lay wait, as he that setteth snares; they set a trap, they catch men. As a cage is full of birds, so are their houses full of deceit: therefore they are become great, and waxen rich. They are waxen fat, they shine: yea, they overpass the deeds of the wicked: they judge not the cause, the cause of the fatherless, yet they prosper; and the right of the needy do they not judge."

Is there a single word of this terrible indictment to which in these days we dare plead not guilty? Are they not our iniquities that have, by our perversions of God's gifts, turned away the results of the rich harvests and withholden its good things from our dense population. Are there not among us wicked men who at every corner and in every street set their glittering bait and "lay their snares" and "traps" and "catch men?" Are not their "houses full of deceit," promising victuals—licensed victuallers, forsooth!—and selling poison? Have they not thus become "fat and shine," and do they not overpass the deeds of the wicked in that they indirectly and directly foster and favour the crime of the country; and when in the high places of the magistracy or the Legislature "the cause of the fatherless," who have been made fatherless through drink, and the "right of the needy," whose scanty earnings are swept into their coffers, comes before them, is it not true "they judge it not," but postpone it from year to year, thus nationally becoming involved in what had hitherto not been so much perhaps a national sin? Oh, if God have not forsaken the throne of the universe and abandoned to blind chance the government of this our world, should not the words with which the Prophet closes his sentence send a thrill of fear and alarm into the midst of such
harvest thanksgivings as ours: "Shall not I visit saith the Lord, and shall not my soul be avenged as this?"

A SUGGESTION.

Those who advocate the cause of Total Abstinence and the condemn it, alike acknowledge that Drunkenness is altogether of the latter nothing need be said, for its effects are becoming awfully apparent in our land, and every Christian and every country must mourn over the horrible deeds which Satan sinners to commit through the instrumentality of his pet agent.

My wish is to address a few words to Moderate Drinkers, and to suggest a plan which may aid the cause of Abstinence.

When we have, for a long period, contemplated any subject view, and when nearly all with whom we associate see it very seldom that our opinions have any influence; but when Abstinence is is very especially the case. "Despair is not; therefore I venture to consult my readers in reference to so which are likely to become more cheering if I can get assistance.

I suppose those whom I address to be Christians, consequently be "perfect and complete in all the will of God." The Moderate at this equally with the Abstainer. The Moderate says: "I see by being temperate. My health requires stimulants. They are gifts to cheer and make our hearts glad, and directly counteract Scriptures. Total Abstainers deify means. My example is avail nothing," &c.

The Total Abstainer replies: "It is no use for me to moderate drinking before the drunkard, because he has lost temperate; and I cannot be an example for moderate drinking to none are physically constituted exactly like myself. Perspicuous observation convince me that stimulants are not necessary to reconcile what Scripture says upon the subject through the fermented and unfermented wines are mentioned. Total place their efforts higher than the originator of a reform benevolent founder of a shielding institution may. The one to place himself within four walls; the former asks him when offered the draught which can make every evil denote. Total Abstainers believe that if Moderate Drinkers would join would be closed, because they have no trade, and plenty would our lands."

May I question whether the feeble influence which we exert of Moderate Drinkers does not sometimes arise from the
plete way in which our views are carried out? The hardest trial in abstaining to many is when they feel it a duty to offer no stimulant to their guests; but we must be consistent when we ask our friends to take it? And if they become compulsory Abstainers whilst at our house, may they not leave it with the impression that it is not so very unbearable after all to be a water drinker? And may we not advocate the taking of this pledge to help a weak brother as a joyful privilege, as well as a self-denying duty?

This is God's cause, or it is not; if the former, God's children obey his will by taking it up, and if he does not favour it I am sure every true Christian heartly desires that "it may come to nought." Consequently I would suggest that some devoted and influential Christians communicate with earnest ministers and friends in their own and other towns, and form a Prayer Union, in order that meetings for prayer may be conducted at frequent and stated periods; and if the Lord were entreated through the united and all-prevailing agency of persevering prayer to manifest his will in reference to this important subject in the hearts of his people, may we not hope for decided and very blessed results?

AN INQUIRER.

[We should be glad indeed if more use were made of our Prayer Union cards. Friends might organise small "Prayer Unions." Ladies and others who could not help in other ways, whether Abstainers or not, might engage in this branch of the work.—Ed. C. E. T. M.]

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

[We shall be glad to have short accounts of the various Church Temperance Societies' meetings for insertion under this head.]

On Sunday evening, September 11, the Rev. Thomas Rooke preached a sermon in connexion with the Stratford and West Ham Church Temperance Association in St. James's Church, Stratford.

The Church of England Synod of New South Wales and the Permissive Bill.—The Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste, of Sydney, writes: "The Church of England Synod for the Diocese of Sydney has just concluded its sittings. 'With which,' some one may possibly interject, 'you as a Wesleyan minister have nothing to do.' But, indeed, the case, to my apprehension, is far from being so. I rest within the bounds of no such narrow prejudices. I should really like to tell you of some of the Synod's proceedings with reference to the evangelisation of this great colony, which the united efforts of all sections of the Church cannot overtake. But I must confine myself to the Synod's action with reference to the great question of a Permissive Liquor Law and the general suppression of Intemperance. At a council of the New South Wales Political Association for the Suppression of Intemperance, of which Sir Alfred Stephen,
C.B., the Chief Justice of the Colony, is the active President, and of which I send you the annual report, we petitioned the Synod on the subject. The Synod, you will be glad to hear, went very much further than a mere respectful reception of the petition. Dean Cowper, the brother of our Premier, and Canon Stephen, a son of our Chief Justice, two warm friends of our Association, spoke well to a motion of another of our friends, W. J. Foster, Esq., and the result was that the Synod very heartily and without dissent agreed to petition Parliament for legislative action, the said petition to be signed by the Bishop. You have no doubt heard of Bishop Barker as a most untiring worker in his diocese, and as of the true Evangelical stamp. Excellent Temperance speeches were made in the Synod. I must refer you to my communications to the Alliance News for further particulars of our movements for a Permissive Bill. A great amount of effort is being made, and the movement includes many praying men who have power with God through the Saviour."

The new Bishop of Sierra Leone, Rev. H. Cheetham, in addition to all his other qualifications for the post, has been for years and is still a thorough and earnest Total Abstainer. He is the first of the fraternity who has been raised to the bench; let us hope he will not be the last. Earnestly do we wish him Godspeed in his new and important and trying post.

St. Heliers, Jersey.—On Monday evening, September 5, 1870, a public tea and meeting, being the quarterly tea held in connexion with the Jersey Church of England Total Abstinence Society, took place in the Infants' Schoolroom, Aquila-road, St. Heliers. After tea, Mr. Boielle took the chair. Mr. Sinnatt engaged in prayer. On the platform were the following: Mr. Boielle, Mr. M'Donald, Mr. Bray, Mr. Fox, Mr. Le Breton, Mr. Sinnatt, Mr. Inch, E. G. Nicolle, Esq. Mr. Boielle made a few remarks. Mr. T. J. Bray next followed. The Misses Gasnier next sang "The Husband's Dream." The choir—"O Christian Awake!" Next speaker, Mr. Inch. Mr. Le Breton next sang a melody. Mr. M'Donald gave a reading, "The Little Shoes," and also a recitation. Mr. Fox sang "The Crystal Stream." Mr. E. G. Nicolle next addressed the meeting. The choir next sang, "Work, for Night is Coming." Master Herivel, a recitation. Miss Gasnier, "The Drunkard's Child." Master Partridge sang "The Beautiful Land on High."

Swinton Church Band of Hope and Temperance Society.—On Saturday evening, September 17, the above Society held its usual half-yearly tea-meeting, at which about 550 persons sat down to tea. After tea a public meeting was held, over which the Rev. J. W. B. Laurie presided, and which was addressed by the Rev. C. N. Keeling, M.A., Messrs. E. P. Ridgway, Edward Barnes, and Amos Beswick. The choir very efficiently sang several of Hoyle's melodies. At the close votes of thanks were awarded to the Chairman, the speakers, and those who had given general assistance to the meeting.

Parcels of not less than 25 Numbers of this Magazine will be forwarded carriage free to any friend who will procure subscribers for the same.
CHURCH TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN THE DIOCESE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

A clerical correspondent, in making application for our various papers, states that he wishes to lay them before the Committee which has been appointed by the Synod of the Diocese on the subject of Intemperance. The words of the resolution are as follows: “That the Synod recommends the formation of a Temperance Society, similar to the Church of England Temperance Societies in England, and that said Society be connected with the Synod by its Executive Committee being constituted a Standing Committee of this Synod.” The same correspondent gives much hope of good from this movement, and mentions the formation of some parochial societies. We need hardly say we wish this new and important Committee every success in their work, of which we shall be glad to hear more from time to time.

THE WORD TIRÓSH IN THE HEBREW BIBLE.

The Rev. Smylie Robson, after describing in his letter the value of the olive in Palestine, thus speaks of the grape: “The fruit of the vine is the only other kind which can be said to form a substantial part of the food of the people. Grapes come into season in August, and continue in season about four months. During this period they are used constantly, not as an agreeable dessert, to stimulate and gratify the appetite after it has been satisfied by a substantial meal, but as a substantial part of the meal itself; so much so that from August to December bread and grapes are substantially the food of the people. Very thin cakes of bread made of flour, or of barley-meal and flour mixed, and eaten with plenty of grapes, form the meals of the inhabitants of Lebanon, morning, noon, and night. I may add that it is perfectly safe to eat grapes constantly to satiety. Here, too, as in Europe, grapes are dried in large quantities to preserve them as raisins; and in this form also they supply an article of food to be used after the grape season. By pickling and beating a substance called dibs is made out of the grapes. It is purified by means of time, and is about the consistence of honey, and resembles it in appearance. Bread and dibs are a very common meal in winter and spring. There are two kinds, one made from grapes and the other from raisins. During the greater part of the grape season the regular price of the most plentiful kind, purple grapes, was about one farthing per pound, or fourpence per stone of fourteen pounds. This is the kind I liked best to eat. Another very plentiful kind, the green grape, cost about sixpence per stone. A kind of very large red grapes sold still higher, but they were not common. To a dense population in a dry and warm climate the fruit of the vine must have been invaluable.”
This quotation from Mr. Robson’s letter throws light on the passages in which the word tirōsh occurs.

13. 2 Chronicles xxxi. 5. “And as soon as the commandment came abroad the children of Israel brought in abundance the firstfruits of corn, wine [tirōsh], and oil, and honey, and of all the increase of the field; and the tithe of all things brought they in abundantly.”

14. 2 Chronicles xxxii. 28. “Storehouses also for the increase of corn and wine [tirōsh] and oil, and stalls for all manner of beasts, and cotes for flocks.”

15. Nehemiah v. 11. “Restore, I pray you, to them, even this day, their lands, their vineyards, their olive-yards, and their houses, also the hundredth part of the money, and of the corn, the wine [tirōsh], and the oil that ye exact of them.”

16. Nehemiah x. 37. “And that we should bring the firstfruits of our dough, and our offerings, and the fruit of all manner of trees, of wine [tirōsh], and of oil, unto the priests, to the chambers of the house of our God; and the tithes of our ground unto the Levites, that the same Levites might have the tithes in all the cities of our tillage.” In this verse the Vulgate renders tirōsh vindemias, a gathering of grapes, as it does also in Deuteronomy vii. 13. See my note in September number.

17. Nehemiah x. 39. “For the children of Israel and the children of Levi shall bring the offering of the corn, of the new wine [tirōsh], and the oil, unto the chambers where are the vessels of the sanctuary, and the priests that minister, and the porters and the singers; and we will not forsake the house of our God.” In this verse, as in Isaiah lxv. 8, our translators render tirōsh “new wine.” See also the next two verses.

18. Nehemiah xiii. 5. “And he had prepared for him a great chamber, where aforetime they laid the meat offerings, the frankincense, and the vessels, and the tithes of the corn, the new wine [tirōsh], and the oil, which was commanded to be given to the Levites and the singers and the porters, and the offerings of the priests.”

19. Nehemiah xiii. 12. “Then brought all Judah the tithe of the corn, and the new wine [tirōsh] and the oil unto the treasuries.”

20. Psalms iv. 7. “Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and wine [tirōsh] increased.”

I will continue this interesting subject next month, God willing.

Manchester. William Caine, M.A.

Church of England Temperance Reformation Society.—Collecting-books, cards, reports, tracts, prayer union cards, with all needed information, may be had on application to Rev. Thomas Rooke, at the office, 6, Adam-street, Adelphi, London, W.C., to whom cheques and post-office orders should be made payable.
PLANS AND PRACTICES PRO ECCLESIA.
BY SAMUEL B. JAMES, VICAR OF NORTH MARSTON.

TETOTALISM (?).

[We give, with much pleasure, the following article from the Churchman's Shilling Magazine, for September, not only because of the kind and friendly spirit it breathes, but as giving the views of an "outsider" on the movements and prospects of the Temperance coach, or "omnibus," as the writer suggests, as being good in its turn and way "for all," even though they can afford a "hansom," or even their own carriage.—Ed.]

There is a meaning in the note of interrogation which, within parenthetic asides, follows the word Teetotalism in the heading of this paper. It means to say, "Teetotalism, if that be a plan or practice pro Ecclesia?" "Teetotalism—but is that a good thing for the interests of the Church?" "Teetotalism, about which, however, there is a difference of opinion as to whether it is for or against the Church." These are the meanings of the note of interrogation. Whether it is the interrogation of the writer's own mind, or whether he means it to be understood as a simple acknowledgment that some people consider Teetotalism to be not pro Ecclesia, is of little consequence. All it signifies is that neither has the Church herself decided, nor has even public opinion decided, that Teetotalism is a plan and practice unquestionably (or without a note of interrogation) for the Church's weal and progress.

That Intemperance is a practice ruinously anti-ecclesiastical and unchristian may be granted without any note of interrogation whatever. But the question is as to whether Teetotalism is the true modus operandi in dealing with this monster vice and hindrance to all that is pure and good.

Then there is another question, as to whether the essence of the plan of Teetotalism is bound up with the individual practice, whether moderate safe men can frankly and consistently join the movement without themselves adopting it into their own practice; whether, something like the gentleman who communicated in Westminster Abbey without reciting the Nicene Creed, or having been confirmed, or being willing to be confirmed, moderate drinkers can be associated in the Teetotal movement without saying the Teetotal shibboleth, or having taken the Teetotal pledge, or being willing to take that pledge; and whether there is not an inner Teetotal Union, acting analogously to the Church Union, which would (rightly or wrongly it is not for me to say) deny the right of mere outsiders to associate in the work without undergoing its—may I inoffensively say?—penalties.

This latter is a most important part of the Teetotal question. The stupid catches which used to signalise the Society, to the effect that,

"Ye men of sups and little drops,
Ye moderation muddlers,
Ye are the seed that raise the breed
Of regular drunken fuddlers!"
and all the like vulgar trash that pioneered the movement, have wisely been
dropped by the more decorous hands into which, of late, the Teetotal *Society has
passed. And with the verses, so have the arguments they so broadly expressed.
The great preventive service argument has retired from the van of the movement
to its right place in the rear, or at very least in the head centre. It is, of course,
true enough that no one ever became a Drunkard all at once, but it is not a
powerful truism, at best. The members of the Teetotal Societies cease to dwell
wearisomely upon the dangers of moderate drinking, because the safety of tens
of thousands, of ten to one, of moderate drinkers is, thankfully and not pharisa-
ically, felt by the moderate drinkers themselves, and is evident to society. But
the Teetotallers of the staunchest kind, though granting safety to some extent,
hint, and sometimes say outright, that the principle of Christian self-denial for
the good of others includes membership of the Teetotal Society.

The Rev. R. Maguire, Rector of Clerkenwell, is not quite such a Teetotaller of
the Teetotallers as this. At the last annual meeting, over which the Lord
Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol presided, Mr. Maguire is reported as having
spoken thus:—

"He congratulated the Chairman upon the position he occupied that evening,
and had noted especially that he had called it 'our Society,' and had spoken of
Mr. Rooke as 'our Clerical Secretary.' Many persons would be inclined to view
with curiosity that night's proceedings, and to ask the questions, 'Is the Society
progressing; or is it retrograding?' Is it going away from its old principles, or
leaning more closely to them? Is it drifting from old moorings, or is it by
to-night's meeting strengthening its cables and making fast its anchors?' For
his part he was ready to thank God for that night's proceedings, and the agency
and co-operation they had brought. The executive had been labouring for many
years on a distinct principle, but they knew that there were many as earnest as
they who were just outside the principle of Abstinence, but earnestly desired to
co-operate with them for the removal of this evil; and why should they deny
them the privilege? There were those who were inside the coach and they
meant to stay inside, and they would make the coach as elastic as possible, but
those who could not come inside they would find room for outside. Now, the
Right Rev. Bishop was one of those whom they had found room for outside the
coach; and if the weather continued as unfavourable as it had been for the last
two or three days, he would either ask for an umbrella or ask to be admitted in-
side the coach. At all events they were glad to welcome him to the suburbs of
their Society, and he believed that his lordship would be the first to confess that
he had breathed a good atmosphere amongst them that evening, and that what
had been said by Mr. Ellison and Mr. Eardly,† was just the kind of thing needed
from the clergy to lock their hands fast in those of the working classes."

There is sound practical sense in such talk as this. I do not agree with, and I
have seen reason to dissent from, that conclusion about locking of clerical hands
fast in those of the working classes by the instrumentality of Teetotalism. I be-

* I call it the Teetotal Society because "Temperance Society," though a more euphonious
appellation, is far less accurately expressive than "Teetotal," which is equivalent to Total
Abstinence, and goes a step further than the old Temperance Societies, which existed before
Teetotalism was heard of.
† To the effect that membership of the Teetotal Society added to their influence over their
people,
lieve almost as many labourers' and artisans' hands are unlocked from clerical influence as are locked into that influence by means of clerical Teetotalism; of which more by-and-by. But with everything except just that last sentiment expressed in the concluding words, many of the clergy who have hitherto held aloof from the movement will cordially agree. There must be a recognition of and room for outside passengers, and not only so, but recognition of those who wish the Teetotal coach "God speed" from the footpaths, before ever the question can stand fairly and fully before the world. It will not do to say, "Whoever is not for us is against us;" "Whoever is not against us is on our side," is a more prudent as well as a more kindly motto. The Bishop's remarks, in pleasant rejoinder to Mr. Maguire, are as sensible and to the point as Mr. Maguire's.

"The Chairman said he had only performed what had been truly an agreeable task. He was sure that his episcopal brethren shared his feelings with regard to the Temperance movement; and as an instance he referred to the remarks made recently by the Bishop of Lincoln. In regard to Abstinence he could only say, 'Let each one be persuaded in his own mind.' That was a true principle for both sides, and at the same time each might cherish a mutual esteem. He could not altogether accept Mr. Maguire's delicately courteous compliment. The coach was a time-honoured institution, although it rarely possessed that commodious and elastic interior which Mr. Maguire had described; but he must admit that it usually had a bleak and weather-beaten outside. To that outside he had, alas! been for the present consigned, with only a very old umbrella. He supposed there was nothing left for him but tamely to express a hope that at some time or other he might make himself comfortable inside. However, among the outsiders, there was one person on whom the destiny of the whole vehicle depended, and unless he were outside, what were the insiders to do? He was glad that they had placed him on the outside of the coach, and in resigning his honourable post would say that he had not yet gone aside."

There were others present who would doubtless have cried, "Hurrah for the knifeboard!" Why should not the Teetotal coach be an omnibus? It is the lay nobility who drive coaches. The less sportive 'bus would better be seem Episcopal hands, would it not?

It would be a waste of time and space to dilate upon the evils of Drunkenness, its mischief and sin nationally, individually, socially, and, alas! domestically. There are other sins, though some Teetotalers seem to forget the fact. But Drunkenness is certainly one of the most awfully degrading, as well as being so likely to debase its victims in other relationships. In a Westminster Abbey sermon, Mr. Maguire forcibly says:—

"The recital of a simple Eastern fable will save both myself and you the necessity of many words in illustration of this branch of my subject. The fable is this: A travelling dervish was one day pursuing his journey on one of the roads of Tartary. There suddenly appeared to him the presiding spirit or genius of the place, who thus addressed him: 'O dervish! I am commissioned by the gods to inform thee that thou art destined to commit one of three great sins—murder, adultery, or Drunkenness; but, as a great favour, thou art permitted to choose which of these three great sins thou wilt commit.' The dervish, having the power of selection, now bethought with himself which of these three sins would be the most venial, the least criminal. He elected the sin of Drunkenness.
He drank, and was drunk accordingly; and while he was drunk he committed the other two sins!"

All this may be granted. Then comes the tug of war. Is Teetotalism the true and right way to deal with Intemperance? Are moderate drinkers bound to join the movement? Does joining the movement imply taking the pledge?* Are well-wishers and kindly-meaning lookers-on to be branded as encouragers of Intemperance, or as not coming to the help of the Lord against the mighty? Is Teetotalism a movement pro Ecclesia Anglicana, or even pro Christi Ecclesia, for sure and certain? And other kindred questions.

There is one ecclesiastical indication which should on no account be lost sight of. I observe views of Westminster Abbey and of St. Paul's Cathedral on the covers in which the Teetotal Society publications are carried through the post, and have no doubt this is the doing of the Rev. Thomas Rooke, its indefatigable Secretary, who so wisely seeks to ecclesiasticise without genteeleising and too suddenly refining it. And it is as well that there should be a "Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society," notwithstanding the perplexing length of its name when compared with the rough and ready sound of the "Church Teetotal Society," as that there should be a Church of England and Ireland Missionary Society or a Church of England and Ireland Pastoral Aid Society. But does the practice and advocacy by the clergy of Teetotal principles act on behalf of the Church by giving those clergy a greater hold on their people, or not? I grant that there is the wider and deeper and outer pro Ecclesia question, viz., Is the Total Abstinence movement good against sin and vice? But neither can the two questions be separated, nor is the inner pro Ecclesia question to he avoided. "Just the kind of thing needed," says Mr. Maguire, "from the clergy, to lock their hands fast in those of the working classes." The Vicar of Windsor I know to be of the same opinion.

It is to be remarked, by way of qualification of those opinions, that some earnest men's—perhaps most earnest men's—attention has been directed to some one particular evil and remedy, and that such men are apt to magnify the importance of both the one and the other. An unbenefficed clergyman, or a beneficed clergyman who takes interest in the matter, will assign the unsatisfactory state of the curate question to be at the root of all the Church's failures, as unquestionably as that it is at the root of most of them. Another earnest thinker will argue from all points of the compass that if the clergy were but more sociable with the middle classes, dissent and all other obstacles under the sun

* What used to be "the pledge" is now called "the declaration," a far milder and less terrible word. It is certainly most surprising to note how Church of England influence has toned, and phraseologised, and cultivated the Teetotal Societies; so much so, that like the "Lunatic Asylums for Sons of Gentlemen," and too much like what the Church of England herself used to aim at in former days, the Temperance Reformation is in the least possible danger of becoming a "high-police," over the heads of the people, "we're all gentlemen here" society. Its former doings were sometimes coarsely effective and sometimes coarsely repulsive, and, in the nature of things, the opposite danger has now to be guarded against. And such men as Dean Hook, who was a member of a Temperance Society before ever bishops, deans, and clergy generally would even touch such societies with the tongs, are the sort of men to guard against it.
would disappear. Some one else says that if only the bishops would go among
the clergy more (taking dinner in rectories, and tea in vicarages, and supper in
parsonages?), all would come right in a moment, and the Church would live in
the popular heart. Now all these notions have a ground colour of truth. The
state of the curate question is indeed an atrocious scandal; the clergy as a body
were, till very lately, much to blame for not being more friendly with farmers
and shopkeepers, and the cheers with which a lay gentleman's remarks upon
this sore point were received at a meeting in Buckingham last June, showed
plainly enough, even without the Bishop of Oxford’s remarking how the said
gentleman had “hit one nail upon the head,” that middle-class estrangement is
a serious matter; and it would perhaps be a good thing, and certainly a plea-
sant thing, if the bishops had time to “drop in,” in gig-bishop fashion, now
and then. But where the truth diverges off into error, is just where Morison’s
pills, chlorodyne, Holloway's Medicines, “Old Parr,” and other partially be-
eficial—for some things beneficial—remedies branch off, the difference being, of
course, that gentlemen who do not sell their panaceas, and are thoroughly and
earnestly disinterested, occupy higher ground than gentlemen whose living
depends upon, or who make large (however lawful) profits by their panaceas.

But the divergence into extremes is equally noticeable in the two sorts of
people—those who disinterestedly make too much of a good thing, and those
who are the gainers by making too much of a good thing.* And greatly as
the advocates of Teetotalism are to be respected for their conscientious and dis-
interested zeal, candour and fairness compel us to subtract from the weight of
their arguments the liability most eager good men suffer from, to make out that
the special evil they are crusading against is the evil of the day, and that the
remedy they advocate is the solution of all the difficulties of the day. “Why are
our churches empty?” Ask a Teetotaller this question, and he will probably
reply, “Teetotalism would fill them.” “What is the reason the working
classes are estranged from religion?” “Drink, Sir.” “Sabbath desecration?”
“Drink, again.” Now drink has a hand in all this, and Teetotalism has a hand in correcting it. But, as I see men smile when I ride a certain hobby of
my own rather too hard, and know they are thinking—kindly and genially
thinking—that I am making too much of my specific, which is a good medicine
as far as it goes, but which would not make the Church of England perfect,
even if the Church of England would enter into the spirit of it; so I take my
turn in smiling, I hope as good-humouredly and unsarcastically, at the over-
estimating advocacy by other men of other remedial plans, the Teetotal plan
among them, good and great so far as they go, but not heal-alls, not panaceas.

And thus it comes to pass that, having had much to do with the working
classes, having received much sympathy from them, corresponded with them,
eaten and drunk (tea and coffee, and cold water, and a little ale) with them,

* As for example in the case of the enterprising anti-Teetotal American, who inscribes
in large white letters on the fence of a New York graveyard, “Use Jones’s Bottled Ale if
you would keep out of here.”
spoken up for them, and been spoken up for by them, incurred the least possible suspicion of persecution for them, stood shoulder to shoulder with them, received very touching gifts and good wishes from them, been into their houses at all hours, and observed their ways with all uninquisitive and inoffensive observation, I do not believe the indiscriminate advocacy of Teetotalism by the clergy as a body would “lock their hands fast in those of the working classes,” but that this view of the question partakes rather of the unsound, panacea view. And if I quote some remarks here by the “Journeyman Engineer,”* whose works have been so widely read, it will be to show that the working classes, of which “Journeyman Engineer” is a genuine member, are by no means undivided, but perhaps pretty equally divided, upon this question. “Journeyman Engineer” says:—†

“It is some half dozen of these rabid sons of Abstinence who have become the bane of my existence by their fanatical attempts to induce me to sign the pledge.” There is a proverb which says that “there’s a medium in all things;” but then there is another proverb to the effect that “there is no rule without an exception,” and so, despite the dictum laid down in the first of these sayings, it is justifiable to conclude that there are things in which there is no medium; and one of them most undoubtedly is the intolerant spirit with which the disciples of Total Abstinence seek to enforce their doctrines and practices upon all other members of society. . . . Some of the speakers had. . . . That such men as these should be brought from a state of habitual and degrading Drunkenness to one of Total Abstinence from intoxicating drinks is a great blessing, not only to themselves, but to society at large; and those who bring about the reformation of such men are justly regarded as benefactors of their race. But that such men, while. . . . And even in the case of those conscientious Teetotallers who have never been drunkards, or who, by years of unswerving consistency in reformed habits, have earned the right to advocate the cause they profess, I think it an ill-advised proceeding to try to force their doctrines upon those who are, and always have been, of temperate habits. . . . A year has passed since I attended the last of the three Teetotal meetings, and. . . . And they joyfully look forward to that Teetotallers’ Millennium (which, with the fatuity peculiar to bigots and fanatics, they assert to be near at hand) when the Permissive Bill shall reign supreme. And that Bill once made law, they cheerfully assure me I must be prepared to bid a long farewell to that glass of XX which, from the hot and laborious nature of my daily employment, I stand in need of, or which enables me to continue my work, when, from the effects of the combined heat of a July sun and a large blacksmith’s shop, I am unable to take a sufficient quantity of food.”

Now, I have only one object in quoting these remarks. That object is not to cast discredit upon what “Journeyman Engineer” admits to be “the truly Christian cause of Teetotalism,” nor even by them to justify the general note of interrogation with which this paper is headed; but to ask whether, in face of such utterances of a leading and representative working man, it can fairly be said to be the absence of clerical Teetotalism, or of the advocacy by clergy of

* One of the Church papers told us some time ago that this writer was Mr. Coningsby. As I have several times corresponded with the “Journeyman Engineer,” and know well enough who he really is, I beg to say that his name is certainly not Coningsby, nor anything like it.
Teetotalism, which alone, or chiefly, or even very considerably, prevents the
entente cordiale between clergy and working men; and whether if to-morrow all
the clergy were to become Teetallers, working men would come to church? It
is the spirit, the animus of the "Journeyman Engineer's" remarks, which
so pointedly shows Teetotalism not to be that Bramah Lock between the
Church and the artisans that the Rector of Clerkenwell so eloquently declares
it is.

There is also "the poor man's glass of beer" argument to be fairly met, and not
contemptuously trampled upon. Poor people have not many attainable luxuries.
I do not say that this argument is stout and strong enough to make head by
itself against the many pros on the side of Teetotalism, nor is it so advanced.
It has a force even in that direction, as "Journeyman Engineer's" more intel-
lectual weapons have; but its force here is not as against Teetotalism; it is
rather against the argument advanced by Teetallers that poor people would
love the Church better if the Church recognised Teetotalism more unreservedly.
The poor people who would love a Teetotal clergyman better than either a non-
Teetotal or anti-Teetotal clergyman may be right, and the poor people who love
a "no Teetotaller" parson, added to those who know nothing and care nothing
about whether their pastor is or is not a Total Abstainer, may be all in the wrong.
But what I have just now to establish is that a Teetotal parson would lose some
while he gained others through his advocacy and practice of the Total Abstinence
principle. And that I think is, in the absence of statistics bearing upon this
branch of the subject, clear enough as a fact. The "poor man's glass of beer"
is not a vapour, nor a fancy, as any reader who wants his little bit of hay
got in, in face of an oncoming storm of rain, will soon find out. No doubt
there are Teetallers in the world who can work with a will, and who would
rather work for a Teetotal parson than for "a parson as takes his glass of ale
after he's bin and read out that 'scriptur' about 'wine is a mocker, strong drink
is ragin,' just as if it meant nothin' at all." But there are quite as many poor
men—aye, and poor men of the upright sort, too—who will work for you better,
and like you better, for the glass of ale they know you take yourself, as well as
for the glass you give to them. Not if they think you love it sensually; not if
they suspect you ever take a single ghost of a drop too much; any more
than even the Teetallers would love you for giving it up from stingy motives;
but if you take it on the square, for health and strength and lawful satisfaction
of a lawful thirst. I would earnestly and most respectfully say to my Teetotal
brethren in the ministry, "Ponder this, and if your argument that a Teetotal
clergy would attract poor people to church will not bear the touch of fact, give it
up. It is at best but a higher class of partisan argument, I freely allow, as
ought to enlist, if it can be worked, every Church of England clergyman and lay-
man; but only if it can be worked. Do not send us out in chase of a mere
Jack-o'-lantern, when energy so wasted might be turned to good account in
both Teetotal and other reforms, put on their right footing and supported by
arguments not only advanced, as this working-class argument is advanced, in
the most thorough good faith, but arguments and considerations sound in themselves, and that will bear the pressure of examination. Then we shall know what we are doing, and whither we are tending."

There are two solemn arguments in favour of Totalism which demand the most careful thought—the example argument, and the "If meat or drink make my brother to offend" argument. The "unfermented wine of Scripture" argument, like the "moderation muddler" argument, is, I suppose, if not discarded, yet reasonably modified. I observe, indeed, in the Temperance Record of Jan. 29, 1870 (which some courteous unknown correspondent sent me at the time it was published), a little flickering up of the old candle of "unfermented wine;" but the article in which that light appeared was itself so ungracious and feeble a reply to the Ven. Archdeacon Bickersteth's most reasonable and friendly Temperance sermon upon the marriage of Cana, preached in Aylesbury Parish Church (a sermon which every Church of England Teetotaller would be the better for considering impartially, if the Temperance Record reports it accurately), that it needs no serious attention. It is a good thing for Totalism that there is the Church of England Temperance Magazine to treat friends, opponents, and neutrals kindly and politely, and with weighty and solemn argument. Such sarcasms as "Ah! excellent Archdeacon, but will you tell us how many thimbles fulls it is likely to be?" "Hear it, Dobbs, and Hobbs, and Snooks; hear it, Tom, Dick, and Harry; hear it, Molly, and Betty, and Dorothy! What you have to do to keep sober is to find 'what your head can bear!'" "Is strength more likely to be granted from above to the Archdeacon painfully stopping in the middle of his wine than . . . ?" Such sarcasms as these, blunt arrows though they are, do incalculable injury to the cause they are meant to advance because they have an "I would be sarcastic if I could" appearance about them which estranges earnest Christian men and women of all ranks and conditions. They have led me astray from my argument for a moment.

The "example" aspect of the Total Abstinence question presents, next to its "self-denial" side, the strongest and most solemn arguments of all. I do not think I ever saw the reply to those strongest of all arguments more calmly put than in the "No-Teetotaller" side of a correspondence, carried on by working men and others in a localised parish magazine. Before giving the last of these letters, I beg to state that the Very Reverend the Dean of Chichester, whom I have before mentioned as having been a "member of the Teetotal Society," whose personal acquaintance I have not the honour of possessing, but to whom I wrote for a perusal of his Westminster Abbey Temperance sermon, lately preached, writes, in reply to my application: "I am strongly opposed to Totalism, and, indeed (to give me the power to oppose it), I, myself, was, for a quarter of a century, a Total Abstainer. The Total Abstinence fanaticism is retarding the progress of the Temperance movement, by turning persons, who would otherwise support it, into opponents." This, coming from a twenty-five years' Abstainer, has a meaning and a power which Teetotallers will do well to consider. I fear the Very Reverend Dean will suffer, or has suffered, as unkind treatment as did the Vener-
able Archdeacon of Bucks, and as (consistently) would the Right Reverend Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, at the hands of the Temperance Record; but I feel sure the Church of England Magazine, and the Reverend Messrs. Maguire, Ellison, Rooke, and others (though Mr. Ellison does not put greater stress on personal Abstinence than some of his compers in the Society) have taken a wider and more practical tone. There are the Liberals and the Tories of the movement; and if Mr. Rae is its Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Ellison its Mr. Hardy, Mr. Maguire and Mr. Rooke are its Richmond and its Disraeli. But it would be a wicked deed to make (and just as wicked to try to make) a division in the Temperance camp. There is work for the Tory Tetotalers who allow no modification of the old pledge, as well as for the Liberal-Conservative Teetotallers, who watch and uprightly utilise the signs of the times. The “No-Teetaller!” letter in the localised periodical just spoken of thus deals with the example argument, and self-denial argument, and general question:

“Sir,—The five letters you have inserted, all in favour of Teetotalism, prove that the Teetotal Society is well furnished with able defenders. They prove nothing more. I wish they did. I do not write for mere argument’s sake.

“We are, of course, to some extent, as Mr. M— suggests, our brothers’ keepers, and drunkards are madmen, and it is not a bad idea to flourish the Teetotal staff over their heads. But surely the moderation staff would be as effectual. Overdress has ruined thousands. Is not moderate and becoming dress the cure and preventive of such evil consequences? There was a foolish king who killed himself by eating too many lampreys. Shall I starve, lest others imitate that royal slave to appetite?

“Can you show me a reformed drunkard who would never have been reformed had not some moderate drinker of his—say three glasses per twelvemonth, or, if you will, his one glass per diem—given up the moderation in order that the drunkard might give up the Drunkenness? Mind—if you show me the man, I don’t even then admit the keepership argument so strained and tightened as Teetotallers strain and tighten it; I say an example of self-control is all we are called upon to show. But you would have some difficulty in showing such a man. You would have to advertise for him in the second column of the Times and tell him he would hear of something to his advantage. And when he came I should examine him and examine the moderation man, too, very rigidly; and I fear they would both collapse.

“But if they didn’t, what then? Why, it would all amount to this. That (allowing the supposititious reformed drunkard to coerce me) all the vicious people in the world would have a lien upon me. Most, at least, of the world’s wickedness is excess, and most of the world’s virtue is moderation. Establish the obligatoriness of Total Abstinence upon religious people, and you compel them to ‘eat no flesh’ (more of that presently) because there are gluttons in the world who point to your roast beef and ask you to give up eating. You compel them never to touch money because there are misers; never to play backgammon because there are blacklegs; never to utter a religious sentiment because there are hypocrites.

“Example, you say, is better than precept. Example and precept are better still. Example consistent with precept, neck and neck with precept, is best of all.

“That I admit. I advocate moderation. I practise moderation. I don’t tell drunkards to abstain. I say moderation. If they can’t practise moderation,
it is the most unreasonable tyranny on their part, and worse still on the part of their respectable backers-up, to come up and haughtily demand of me that I who can (I would not speak as a Pharisee, but humbly and thankfully to Him who enables me) should, for the sake of humouring a mere caprice of his, don the Total Abstinence livery.

"'Meat is necessary—alcohol is not so,' you say again. This is only begging the question, I rather think.

"As regards St. Paul's 'if meat,' &c., quoted by your intelligent correspondent, 'A Teetotaller,' the Apostle speaks of meat offered to idols, and his argument was about the same as if a man who had liberal ideas of Sunday observance should say that he would yet observe Sunday in the straighter way lest many, or lest any, should be offended. But his argument does not apply to Total Abstinence principles. He ate other meat, but not idol meat. It is as if we should have refused to buy American cotton and purchased Indian instead, as disapproving of slavery. And the whole argument of St. Paul goes wide of the basis on which Teetotalism is sought to be grounded.

"The insurance parallel of 'V. X.' is ingenious, but—though coming, I presume, from a Teetotaller—will not hold water. I am afraid it tells against the cause. I only hope he is insured. I am not. A, B, C, and D know their liability, but if they come and tyrannically want me to insure to set them an example, I shall suspect they are touting for business. If their houses have already caught fire and keep on watching fire, and they keep on setting them on fire, surely I am not to be obliged to believe either—1. That my insuring would stop them from their old practice; or, 2. That duty calls me to resign my liberty into their hands. I should rather say, 'Never touch fire. Do not cook. Do not warm yourself.' If I were a Teetotaller I should. And he would order all my fires out, and I should buy no more lucifer matches, and should look serenely upon the future possibility of coal failure.

"There is, I am well aware, a solemn and a serious side to this question. The Society is doing good, and if it asked me for a subscription to help it in its work (and if I were a rich man), I would subscribe to-morrow. If also I could be persuaded that an army of Drunkards were ready—really and of their own unprompted impulse ready—to become Teetotallers—were waiting for me to lead them—I should (under protest) probably sign the pledge. But so soon as ever my masters were reformed, I should appeal from Philip Drunk to Philip Sober, and ask for my liberty to be given back to me. I must conclude my second letter as I concluded my first. I respect the Society. I think, like many another illogically-grounded scheme, it is doing good—doing even a portion of the Church's work by a sort of fantastical bestowal of energy upon one small corner of her mission-field, as penitentiaries are more reasonably and logically doing another portion. But I do not see my way morally or physically clear to taking the pledge, though I have read and admire Mr. C—'s practical statement of the question.

"As I said before, I respect the Society, and however little my respect may be worth, 'Firm Teetotaller' should not reject a well-meaned expression of approval. He will not do much towards the propagation of his principles if he refuses everything short of pledge-taking. His companions in arms are far more persuasive and influential—at least over one who, with no obstinacy whatever, but still unconvincing, begs leave to sign himself again, "No Teetotaller."

The letter is given entire, because most of its allusions convey their own explanation, and to curtail would be to spoil it entirely.

The practical work before the Temperance Society is unquestionably a great
work; and, like all other contentions against vice, a Church work. The prevalence of Intemperance is an alarming sign of the times, and in dealing with special sins by special societies, Church work is more regularly organised, Church workers having also better opportunities of finding every one his suitable field. What penitentiaries are to the social evil, and penny readings to casino-frequenting, and peace societies to unjustifiable wars and fightings, is the Temperance Society to the sin of Drunkenness.

But the Temperance cause may not safely be advocated intemperately. Its work is to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of all good men, be that co-operation subscriptions, or good wishes, or speeches, or Total Abstinence example, or chairmanship, or visiting and reasoning with Drunks, or what it may. Only the power of the Holy Spirit, working sometimes doubtless by means of a Temperance pledge, can reclaim a Drunkard; and in this light of a Home Missionary Society, the Church of England Temperance Society shines very brightly indeed. There is a pamphlet on "Parochial Temperance Associations"* which every clergyman should have the opportunity of reading, and which is written in the most comprehensive and liberal spirit. Our duty is clearly to help (where we can, even where we do not join the Society), to give it a welcome whenever it comes modestly, and charitably, and tolerantly forward, to bring it to the notice of the Intemperate, to read and talk about it, to open our minds to its influence, and never to dissuade any one who can physically bear Abstinence from joining the Society, if so disposed.

It would trouble me much if any of the kind informants who have sent me books, tracts, and magazines in favour of the movement, were to accuse me in their hearts of using the documents, so kindly sent, as Admirable Crichton's pupil used the sword that Admirable Crichton's chivalrous generosity placed in that pupil's hand. I have consciously given the Church of England Temperance Society no stab; having rather "held my hand" in withholding some two-edged facts that might have looked unfriendly. The good cause is strong enough in itself and in its raison d'être to be able to bear impartial, unpartisan examination, and to bear also the fair burden of such raillery or remonstrance as the extravagance of its too zealous and intolerant sharpshooters is apt to bring upon it. The days of its extravagance were the days of its vacillation and failure; the moderation that now animates its counsels, the alliance it seeks with hallowed Church and pastoral and parochial influences, the admission that it is not of itself able to retain their seats for the bishops in the House of Lords, or to extinguish nonconformity of either the Roman Catholic or Baptist type, or to bring artisans and their wives from the green fields to the city churches, or to accomplish other such too difficult labours—all this, and much besides, will go far to blot out the note of interrogation that still, in many earnest minds, lingers (in parenthesis) about its name and fame.

[We are compelled to reserve our comments on the foregoing until next month.—Ed.]

* London: S. W. Partridge and Co.
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.
"For he that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men."
Rom. xiv. 17, 18.

"PLANS AND PRACTICES PRO ECCLESIA."

N our last issue we gave in full Mr. James's article in the Churchman's Shilling Magazine on "Teetotalism (?)" under the heading of "Plans and Practices pro Ecclesia." We stated that we did so with pleasure, not only because of the friendly spirit in which it was written, but also because it gave us the views of an "outsider" on our special Church movement in reference to the Temperance question. The leaders of any great movement, if they are wise, will never neglect to observe the various feelings awakened in, and the sentiments entertained by, those who look upon it from a very different standpoint to their own. Should they do so they will run the risk of not only losing various vantage grounds they might occupy, but by continually presenting their favourite subject without any regard for the weaknesses or prejudices, or even misunderstandings and misconceptions
of others, they will alienate instead of conciliate those whom they desire to gain. On the other hand, it often happens that our attempts to conciliate outsiders is likely to alienate some insiders, who do not understand somehow that much help to a cause may be given by those who are not fully prepared to accept all that many individual workers in that cause would like.

In our recent move in our Church Society some of our friends have supposed that by seeking to enlist on our side, and even in our Society, those who are not Total Abstainers, we are altering or have altered our views on the grand question of Abstinence. We have not. Our conviction that Total Abstinence becomes, by the necessity of his case, the only safe course for the Intemperate, that it is a safe course for those exposed to temptation, and that it is an open and lawful course for those who have been given to feel that they can thus by their personal influence "gain their weaker brethren," remains unchanged, nor is it at all weakened or shaken by the article in the Churchman's Shilling Magazine. We do not think that anything Mr. James has written there in any way impugns this position, and it is the fundamental one of our Church Temperance Society. We do not regard Teetotalism as a panacea for all evils and all irreligion, but we know that it has proved a remedy for the chief evil of our land—the Intemperance of its people. We know that it has "filled churches;" we know that it has brought men back from "estrangement to religion;" we know that it has lessened "Sabbath desecration." We know that it has done all this when other means and agencies have failed, and whatever may be our views concerning the medical or legislative aspect of the question, we believe that wherever a Parochial Temperance (Teetotal) Society has been started and properly worked on sound religious and Church principles, a blessing has followed, and "instead of the thorn has come up the fir-tree and instead of the brier has come up the myrtle-tree." And if this has been the case in some parishes, why should it not be so in many more—nay, in all? And if, by obtaining our bishops' patronage, and consequent recommendation, we can bring the subject more favourably under the notice of the parochial clergy and the Christian laity who may not yet have examined the matter, and do not and may not see their way to the practice of this personal Abstinence, we at
least ensure a fair hearing of our cause and we fear not the result. We are not falling back to the level of the old and comparatively unsuccessful Temperance Societies, but we have to some degree, at all events, been able to bring our bishops and clergy to co-operate in our own Total Abstinence work.

There is so much that is kindly and genial in Mr. James's paper that it looks almost ungracious in us to criticise any part, but yet his very kindliness and geniality will, we have no doubt, prevent his feeling sore at any criticism we may offer. We do not think that Mr. James puts the statement of what the Vicar of Clerkenwell and Mr. Stenton Eardley said in their speeches quite fairly. I think they hardly asserted that it was "that Bramah lock" between the Church and the artisans, but that it was a Bramah lock; and this both these reverend gentlemen have found it themselves to be, and all they say to others is, "Come and try it." A little further on Mr. James says: "I would earnestly and most respectfully say to my Teetotal brethren in the ministry, 'Ponder this, and if your argument that a Teetotal clergy would attract poor people to Church will not bear the touch of fact, give it up. It is at best but a higher class of partisan argument, I freely allow, as ought to enlist, if it can be worked, every Church of England clergyman and layman; but only if it can be worked. Do not send us out in chase of a mere Jack-o'-lantern, when energy so wasted might be turned to good account in both Teetotal and other reforms, put on their right footing and supported by arguments not only advanced, as this working-class argument is advanced, in the most thorough good faith, but arguments and considerations sound in themselves, and that will bear the pressure of examination. Then we shall know what we are doing, and whither we are tending.'"

We cannot admit, in the face of the testimony of such men as those who spoke at the annual meeting, and hundreds of others throughout the country, that the going-to-church argument "will not bear the touch of fact." We do not, indeed, think that the mere fact of a clergyman becoming himself a Teetotaler will operate as a kind of charm, but we do most unhesitatingly assert, from a very considerable experience, that wherever a clergyman has put himself at the head of, and thoroughly and on sound principles has worked a Total Abstinence Society, the empty places
in his church have soon been filled and a new and powerful influence for good has been felt in the parish.

Mr. James regards the "example" argument and the "self-denial" argument as the strongest and most solemn of all, and to deal with them he inserts a letter of a localised parish magazine. In that letter we confess we see a confusion of ideas that we should not have thought would be endorsed by Mr. James. "No Teetotaller" says "over-dress has ruined thousands. Is not moderate and becoming dress the cure and preventive of such evil consequences? There was a foolish king who killed himself by eating too many lampreys. Shall I starve lest others imitate that royal slave to appetite?" There is no parallellism between these cases and the Total Abstinence "example" argument. The proper remedy for over-dress is not nakedness, but abstinence from that kind of clothing which is styled "over-dress" by those who want to set an example. The proper remedy for dealing with a lamprey-loving monarch is not starvation, but abstinence from that peculiar kind of food which he thought he could not and would not do without. The proper remedy, in the same way, for addiction to intoxicating drinks is not dying of thirst, but abstinence from the special kind of drink that does the mischief. God has given dress; God has given fish; God has given drink. But if any special kind of any of these becomes to us a cause or occasion of sin, abstinence from that special kind is the duty of those to whom it thus becomes dangerous, and is lawful for all those who from any reason may choose to abstain, and a fortiori for those who believe or know by experience that they can help a weak brother by such abstinence.

This answer applies also directly to the way in which "No Teetotaller" deals with St. Paul's argument. He says, "He ate other meat, but not idol meat." That is just what we Teetotallers do. We drink other drink, but not intoxicating drinks. But "No Teetotaller" seems to have forgotten how St. Paul generalises when he adds, "It is good neither to eat meat or drink wine or anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

"No Teetotaller" alludes to an argument of "V. X.'s" but he does not give "V.X.'s" letter. We happen to have seen it, and beg
to reproduce it in full, that our readers may judge for themselves as

to how far it "holds water."

"Sir,—I am glad the many-coloured bills of which your correspondent 'No
Teetotaller' writes have been the means of attracting his observation. He puts
a bold and simple question: 'Can any of your readers tell me what obligation
there is upon people who, like myself, have never taken a glass too much in
their lives, to become Teetotallers?"

"A good deal of the stress of this question lies in the word 'obligation.' This
word in its application admits of various degrees, from one which involves a
very slight reason why we should adopt a particular course to one which may
render our adoption of it imperative. There is no obligation on a man to insure
his house, but if he resided in a neighbourhood where fires were very frequent
he would be very foolish not to do so, and if he found that most of his neigh-
bours (though their all was invested in their premises) were uninsured, I
think your correspondent will admit that though only a small part of his
possessions would be imperilled by a fire, yet if his insuring his premises would
lead his neighbours to insure theirs, 'the obligation' to insure would be some-
what stronger than before, and I am sure your correspondent would be very
willing to set an example in this case, where there was comparatively little risk
to himself and very much to his neighbours. And if, further, it were proved to
your correspondent's satisfaction that other places similarly circumstanced to
that in which he resided had been saved from much distress and ruin because
those who were in little risk gave the example to those who were in great risk,
I leave it to his common sense to calculate how much or how little of 'obliga-
tion' there might lie on him to do in his neighbourhood and for the sake of his
neighbours that which had elsewhere been attended with such great and ben-
eficial results.

"My time and your space prevent my adding more at present, but I will, if I
may, trouble you again in further reference to 'No Teetotaller's' letter; mean-
while he will be able to make the inference the foregoing observations will lead
to.—I am, yours, &c,

"V. X."

But, however we may thus, in a friendly spirit, criticise some
of his remarks, one of Mr. James's sentences has very clearly
defined our Society's position: "But the Temperance cause may
not safely be advocated intemperately. Its work is to enlist the
sympathy and co-operation of all good men, be that co-operation
subscriptions, or good wishes, or speeches, or Total Abstinence
example, or chairmanship, or visiting and reasoning with Drunkards,
or what it may. Only the power of the Holy Spirit, working
sometimes doubtless by means of a Temperance pledge, can re-
claim a Drunkard; and in this light of a Home Missionary Society,
the Church of England Temperance Society shines very brightly
indeed.” For “sometimes,” in the foregoing sentences, we have reason thankfully to substitute “very, very frequently.”

As a Temperance Society we occupy ground very clearly distinct from all other societies. We desire to work on the strictly parochial principle and order of our Church. We want to bring all the influence of the Church to bear on this question. We want to have the sanction of all our bishops, as the heads of our Church, for our movement. We want the direct, or at least the indirect, co-operation of every parish priest in the work. Other societies may do much, and, thank God, have done much service in gathering the Intemperate out of their habits and haunts. We believe that the permanence of the Reformation can only be secured by the parochial associations, because we believe that it is only as it is recognised as a Church work (at least for Churchmen), and as a religious work, that it can be saved from those extravagances which have been alluded to by Mr. James, and become, without any note of interrogation at all, a plan and practice, not pro Ecclesia, but Ecclesiae—not only for the Church, but of the Church—and consequently a means of helping forward the salvation of souls and the spread of the Kingdom of Christ.

REV. H. J. ELLISON ON THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

The following extract from the Windsor and Eton Herald, giving the close of the Rev. H. Ellison’s speech at the quarterly meeting of the Windsor Temperance Association, will be read with the interest it deserves:

“Replying to the objection that they had thrown discredit on the Temperate, after denying that it had ever been done in this Society, the rev. gentleman said: Our whole mission has been addressed to the Intemperate. We have always protested against that view of the subject which represents the moderate man as leading others on by his example, and so, in some respects, ‘worse than the drunkard.’ It is true that we have recommended the young to grow up with their natural tastes, and not to acquire the artificial taste for stimulants. We have recommended parents to bring up their children in these habits. We have advised men who are only beginning to see the force of the temptations that from every side are brought to bear against them, to cut off the temptation at its root, by abstaining from intoxicating drinks, and, for the sake of their brother men who have already fallen, we have asked working men and others to come
and take their part in the work of rescue to which we have pledged ourselves. But to say that we have pressed this as anything but a matter of the most perfect liberty; to say that we have ever had an unkindly thought, or spoken an unkindly word of those who have declined the invitation; above all, to say that we have elevated the practice of Total Abstinence above that of strict Temperance is just one of the things which was sure to be said by those who judged us from without, but which never could be said by any who had come to our meetings and listened and judged us from our own utterances. And now, then, to come to the question, what have we done? 'We have not stopped Drunkenness.' Strange, indeed, if we had; if that which has been the growth of two, of three, of 400 years were put down by a few years of effort such as ours. We don't believe that it is the work of one, or perhaps two generations to stop the Intemperance of England. We are quite content to be pioneers, to sow the seed of which others will reap the harvest. But, in the meanwhile, we have at least done something. We have given to great numbers of wretched, drink-enslaved men, by our associated work, a time of temporary freedom from their tyrant master. During that time we have taken care that they shall have the fullest opportunity, at a time when they were in their right mind, of hearing of Him who alone could ultimately rescue them—could make them good men, good citizens, even, and so fit them to stand before Him in heaven. Of Him, it is perfectly true, many have heard to no purpose. Many, very many, have gone back 'as a dog to his vomit, and a sow to her wallowing in the mire.' But not of these do we for a moment despair. We keep our door open still. We know that they have heard too much while they were with us to be comfortable in their present condition. Under their present influences they may throw slurs on their former friends, they may turn and rend the very hands which are held out to rescue them—but they know where their true path of safety lies. And they know, too, or at least we can assure them, that whenever they choose to turn into it they will be received again as brothers. Not a word of reproach will they hear from us; but so far as poor, weak fellow-creatures such as we are can enter into angel's feelings, there will be joy among us—among them—over one sinner that repenteth. But if these have gone back, others have gone forward. I can never throw my eyes over the congregation without seeing many at church—seldom over the smaller flock at the Holy Communion without seeing some of those who but for this Society would have been lost and hopeless outcasts, now diligently using all the means of grace and salvation which He has provided. We never now—I think I may say—pass a year without consigning to the grave one or more of those who, after some years of trial, have given proofs of their repentance and faith in Christ, and on whose tombstones there might be written 'plucked as a brand from the burning.' To others this may seem a small thing. To one charged with the care of souls, bearing the commission 'to seek and save the lost,' it is everything. One such case would be compensation for all his labours. But, besides this, we are training the whole mind and practice of the rising generation. We have our juvenile association; we have Christian
men and women of our congregation working steadily to pre-occupy their yearning minds with a horror of the drink and its consequences; we have young men—you see a number of them here on my right—acting as Temperance missionaries to those of their own age and younger than themselves, and becoming the strength of our Bible and communicants' classes—kept, and keeping others, we do not hesitate to say, from the greatest of all temptations which must beset them at their entrance into life. And not we alone. A member of the Wesleyan body, it is well known here, has been labouring in this special field among the young most zealously and effectively, preparing for the time for which I most devoutly long, when every religious congregation shall have its Temperance organisation for carrying on this aggressive warfare of the cross against this gigantic evil. It is in this work we invite you to bear your part, again, we say, as a matter of Christian liberty. I am speaking now to those who would take part in it in its missionary aspect. If the same great law of love which has seemed to call us to the work does not appear to call you to it; if health or custom, or any other consideration, seem to forbid it, then all I can say is, help us where you can help. There is work for all. The Total Abstinence pledge may separate the Intemperate for a while from his stumbling-block; he has still to be won to Christ, to be watched over and strengthened and built up in Him. This at least you can do. You can visit individual cases—you can read with and pray and teach them—you can bring them to the classes for religious instruction, that for instance which, apart from the seven o'clock Temperance meeting, is held in this room at a quarter-past eight on every Monday evening. The two Archbishops and the Bishops of our Church are at length recognising the work of our Church of England Temperance Societies on this very ground. The evil we have to encounter is great and overwhelming. We have need to press every willing heart, earnest foot and hand, into this special aggressive warfare which we are carrying on against it.”

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

[We shall be glad to have short accounts of the various Church Temperance Societies' meetings for insertion under this head.]

DIOCESE OF SYDNEY, N.S.W.—CANON O'REILLY'S LECTURE AT ST. PAUL'S.—Yesterday evening, in the schoolroom adjoining St. Paul's Church, Sydney, at a monthly meeting of the Church of England Total Abstinence Society, the Rev. Canon O'Reilly delivered an address to a numerous and attentive audience, on the Permissive Liquor Law, and the evils that it is designed to rectify. The Rev. Canon Stephen, the Incumbent of St. Paul's, presided, and opened the proceedings with prayer.—Sydney Morning Herald.

THE ST. PAUL'S BRANCH OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TOTAL ABstinence SOCIETY.—A lecture in connection with the above Society was delivered in St.
Paul's Schoolroom, on Monday evening last, by the President of the Society, Dr. Hansard. The chair was taken by the Rev. Canon Stephens, Patron of the Society, who opened the meeting with prayer. There was a good attendance. The lecture, which lasted for an hour and a half, was listened to with marked attention, and at the close a vote of thanks was accorded to the lecturer. The meeting was brought to a close by the Chairman pronouncing the benediction.—Ibid.

Higham Ferrers.—On Sunday, Sept. 25, the Rev. Thomas Rooke preached two sermons in this parish, at the invitation of the Vicar, the Rev. E. Templeman, that in the morning was in the church of Chelveston, and that in the evening in the beautiful church of Higham Ferrers. It was the Harvest Thanksgiving-day, and the collections after the sermons (see list) were devoted to the funds of our Society.

St. James, Pentonville.—On Thursday evening, Oct. 6, the Rev. T. Rooke preached a Temperance sermon (as one of the series of special mission services of the week) in this church. The collection in the boxes was given to our Society.

CHURCH TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN THE DIOCESE OF SYDNEY.

In our last we had to chronicle some details of the movement in the Diocese of Nova Scotia; we now gladly present our readers with "notes of progress" in another far-distant diocese. We take the following extracts from a local (Sydney) paper sent by a correspondent who has written for a supply of our Magazine and publications:—

"The Temperance Movement among our Churches.

"We have to congratulate our readers on the progress of the cause of Temperance, as shown by our columns. Not only are sons and daughters increasing rapidly, the usual Teetotal meetings being held with success, the Bands of Hope multiplying in numbers, but the Churches are taking direct action in this important matter. The Church of England has formed a Society, the movement being led by the Rev. Canon O'Reilly, the Rev. Mr. Barnier (of St. Barnabas's), the Rev. A. Stephen (of St. Paul's), the Rev. Mr. Fox (of Waterloo), &c. The Roman Catholic Church has also its Societies led by various members of their clergy. We have reason to hope that the day of better things is indeed coming.

"New South Wales Church of England Total Abstinence Society for the Suppression of Intemperance.—A meeting was held on Friday evening last, at St. Paul's Schoolroom, Redfern, for the purpose of forming a branch of the above Association, in connection with St. Paul's Parish. At half-past seven o'clock the chair was taken by the Rev. A. Stephen, pastor of St. Paul's Church, who, after opening with prayer, introduced the subject in a truly temperate style, pointing out the evils of strong drink, and the necessity for
societies of this character based on the principles of religion, and expressed a hope that, ere long, every Christian Church would have its Temperance organisation. The rev. gentleman was followed by Dr. Hansard, who delivered an excellent lecture on the medical aspect of the question, and the necessity of legislative action in reference to the licensing system, as a means of checking the demoralisation of the people. He maintained that strong drinks were not necessary in health, and that medical men should look higher than their own personal benefit, quoted a number of very valuable statistics, by which he showed the expenditure in strong drink in the Mother Country to be over one hundred millions during the year 1868, and called attention to the effects produced by such expenditure. He also alluded to the fact of the late Archbishop of Canterbury being a practical Total Abstainer, for the sake of example; to the efforts now being made in England by the Episcopal clergy in the cause, over 800 being pledged Abstainers; and strongly urged all persons present to follow so good an example. We regret that our limited space prevents us giving a synopsis of the whole of the matters treated of, and trust the lecture may be repeated on a future occasion. At the close of the meeting twenty-one persons signed the pledge, and the Society may, therefore, be deemed fairly started.” (See also “Monthly Intelligence.”)

SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS, NEWCASTLE.
PARLIAMENT AND THE SUNDAY LIQUOR TRAFFIC.
PAPER READ BY REV. E. MATTHEWS.

THIS paper traced the progress of public opinion in favour of the prohibition of the Sunday Liquor Traffic outside the House of Commons; and the corresponding progress of opinion among members within the House.

The probable cost of Sunday drinking, and the connection of Sunday drinking with a large share of the crimes committed, were dwelt upon. Agitation had produced the Mackenzie Act and the Wilson Patten Act. Both were greatly beneficial, but many of the benefits of the latter had been destroyed by the publicans, who succeeded in extending the hours of sale by the Berkeley Act.

Since then three Bills have been introduced into the House. The first by Mr. Joseph Somes in 1862; the second by Mr. John Abel Smith in 1867; and the third by Mr. Peter Rylands in 1870. The nature of the Bills, and the respective support given to each by public opinion outside and speeches and votes inside the House, were described.

The direction of the movement by the Hull Sunday Closing Committee was wise and energetic, but the work became overwhelming, and subsequently Manchester was chosen as the head-quarters of the Central Committee.

The value of the labours of the present Committee is shown by the large and enthusiastic meetings held throughout England, petitions to Parliament, can-
vasses of towns, deputations to the Government, promotion of the Bill in Parliament, widespread distribution of pamphlets, and other efforts.

The working classes have been tested in three ways—by public meetings, petitions to Parliament, and canvasses from house to house." It has been thus proved that they are in favour of the suppression of the Sunday Liquor Traffic; and it is continued, not from their desire, but from the influence of those who profit by the sale.

The lessons suggested by the whole of the facts were:—
That the united efforts of all classes is essential to success in prohibiting the Sunday Liquor Traffic.

That the Home Secretary, having delayed the fulfilment of his promise to bring in a Bill in relation to the subject, may repeat the delay, and hence agitation is still required.

All the better class of publicans support the movement, and, finally, to prohibit the Sunday Liquor Traffic is always and everywhere safe.

The law would secure to publicans and their assistants a day of rest, would lessen the labours of the magistrates and the police, would protect the young, lighten taxation, check every evil, and promote every good work.

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**TONIC SOL-FA AND BANDS OF HOPE.**

In a paper read at the Social Science Congress at Newcastle on the "Philanthropic Aspect of the Tonic Sol-fa Movement," Mr. J. Spencer Curwen referred as follows to the Band of Hope movement:—

"The Band of Hope movement is so vast in its proportions as to need separate treatment. I may, however, quote one or two passages from the letters of friends who are engaged in it. Mr. Orsman, of Golden-lane, says, speaking of our system, 'Herein lies the success of the Band of Hope movement.' Mr. Frederick Smith, conductor of the Band of Hope concerts at the Crystal Palace, says: 'No amusements are found so successful as practice in singing. Previous to the Tonic Sol-fa system becoming so well known as it now is, this was chiefly done by ear; now your system is greatly used, and with the best results. The young people are chiefly of that class who would not give much attention to a thing unless pleasure and satisfaction attended their earliest efforts. This is so thoroughly the case with the Sol-fa system, that it supplies our want admirably. For some years we have been able to give a concert at the Crystal Palace in which 5,000 of our members have taken part. Each year the success of this, in point of musical effect, has been said to have increased, and though we avail ourselves of the old style of music as well as the Sol-fa, yet by far the larger portion of the choir are Sol-faists. So successful have these gatherings been, that they have been imitated in all parts of the country.' Mr. W. M. Miller, of Glasgow, says: 'All the Bands of Hope in Glasgow and the sur-
rounding districts use singing as the chief agent in maintaining the attendance of the young. During the last seven years the conductors have been gradually adopting the Sol-fa system of teaching, and the result is a marked improvement in the character and execution of the music. As far as my experience goes, I find no children that sing so well as those belonging to the Bands of Hope where Sol-fa is taught."

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**A TERRIBLE SURPRISE.**

Perhaps the reader has sometimes dreamed some horrid dream of danger, guilt, and crime, and can remember the helpless anguish of his slumbering hours. But when the waking came, and he found that "it was only a dream," what gladness, what thankfulness, overflowed within his heart! But there are those who have felt the reverse; whose sleep has been pleasure, and their waking pain; whose slumber has been gladness, but their waking dire remorse. The following was such an instance:

Some years ago it was related that in one of our great cities a worthy man was decoyed into a tavern, and tempted to drink until he became drunk. In the madness of his Intoxication he went home and murdered his wife in the most barbarous manner. He was arrested while drunk, carried to the gaol, and kept there through the night. Awaking in the morning, and looking round upon the massive walls, and seeing the iron bars across the window, he exclaimed:—

"Is this a gaol?"

"Yes, you are in gaol," answered some one.

"What am I here for?" was the anxious inquiry.

"For murder," was the answer.

With still greater earnestness and astonishment he inquired, "Does my wife know it?"

"Your wife know it?" said a bystander. "Why, it was your wife you killed!"

I spent a few weeks in another city, some years ago. I think it was on the last night of the year 1858, that some young men, living near where I was stopping, were going about mingling in the festivities of the season, and indulging in intoxicating drinks.

The grey light of the New Year’s morning found one of these young men manacled in a murderer’s cell, and his best friend and most intimate companion stabbed to the heart, and dead!

Young man, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; whoso is deceived thereby is not wise. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. Beware of the cup, lest you experience a terrible surprise!—*The British Flag.*
STRIVING FOR THE MASTERY.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A.

The life we live on earth below, the years that onward roll,
Are fraught with issues numberless, the issues of the soul.
For life or death the battle-field is either lost or won;
Who fights, must fight for mastery; who wins, doth win a crown.

In this great battle-scene we stand, the hard-fought fight to wage,
While Satan stands astride the path of this our pilgrimage;
With legion of temptations strong he doth beset the way,
To drag us to the burning pit—for ever and for aye.

Amid the fightings from without, the fears that lurk within,
Amid a thousand other foes, I trace the Drunkard’s sin;
I know it by its giant form, its burning, branded brow,
And by its cursed progeny the Drunkard’s sin I know.

Disease and death are in its train; all misery and woe
Attend upon the blood-stained steps of this all-conquering foe.
What means that widow’s mournful wail, and whence that orphan’s tear?
The Past—all want and wretchedness; the Future—dark despair!

No wrath has ever spent itself with vengeance half so deep;
No storm has ever tossed the wave that lulled itself to sleep;
But this fell tempest never sleeps; its billows ever roll,
And override and overwhelm the shipwreck of the soul.

Awake! arise! a drowning man, tossed on the frothy foam
Haste, ’tis the cry of instant death! all to the rescue come
Life is at stake, a precious soul—no lifeboat on the wave!
Be thou the lifeboat launched at once, a brother’s soul to save
THE WORD TIRÔSH IN THE HEBREW BIBLE.

In my "note" in the October number, there is a mistake which it is important to correct. Instead of "It is purified by means of time," it ought to be "It is purified by means of time."

I now proceed to the passages in which the word tirôsh, "the new wine" as is in "the cluster," occurs. Vide Isaiah lxv. 8 in our Authorised Version.

21. Proverbs iii. 10. "Honour the Lord with thy substance and with the firstfruits of all thine increase: so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine [tirôsh]." The Vulgate has "et vino trecularia tua redundabunt," and "with wine thy presses shall abound." Gesenius objects to the rendering "burst out," because neither can the vat of a wine-press nor yet the wine-press itself burst with plenty of new wine, which a cask or wine-skin alone can do." He renders, "Thy wine-press shall overflow (or abound) with new wine."

21. Isaiah xxiv. 7. "The new wine [tirôsh] mourneth, the vine languisheth, all the merry-hearted do sigh." The Vulgate has vindemia, "the vintage has mourned." Gesenius in his Lexicon explains the clause, "the new wine mourneth," that is, "the clusters mourn."

23. Isaiah xxxvi. 17. "Until I come and take you away to a land like your own land, a land of corn and wine [tirôsh], a land of bread and vineyards."

24. Isaiah lxii. 8, 9. "The Lord hath sworn by His right hand, and by the arm of His strength. Surely I will no more give thy corn to be meat for thine enemies; and the sons of the stranger shall not drink thy wine [tirôsh] for thee which thou hast laboured; but they that have gathered it shall eat it and praise the Lord; and they that have brought it together shall drink it in the courts of my holiness." Gesenius gives as the translation of the Hebrew word rendered "brought together" in the 9th verse, "to collect things, as grapes." Isaiah lxii. 9.

25. Isaiah lxv. 8. "Thus saith the Lord, as the new wine [tirôsh] is found in the cluster, and one saith, Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it: so will I do for my servants' sakes, that I may not destroy them all." [See my notes in the Church Temperance Magazine for 1865.]

26. Jeremiah xxxi. 12. "Therefore shall they come and sing in the height of Zion, and shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord for wheat, and for wine [tirôsh], and for oil, and for the young of the flock and of the herd; and their soul shall be as a watered garden, and they shall not sorrow any more at all."

27. Hosea ii. 8. "For she did know that I gave her corn, and wine [tirôah], and oil, and multiplied her silver and gold, which they prepared for Baal."

28. Hosea ii. 9. "Therefore will I return and take away my corn in the time
thereof, and my wine [tirōsh] in the season thereof, and will recover my wool and my flax given to cover her nakedness."

In all these passages it is clear, I think, that tirōsh is the fruit of the vine before it undergoes any change by fermentation or otherwise.

There is a contested passage in the prophet Hosea which I intend, God willing, to consider next month.

Manchester.

WILLIAM CAIN, M.A.

THE STANDARD ON THE EFFECT OF ALCOHOL ON THE HUMAN BODY.

SOME very interesting experiments have recently been made by Professor Parkes, F.R.S., and Count Wollowicz, M.D., on this subject, these gentlemen having availed themselves of the willingness and zeal of a very intelligent healthy soldier to become the subject of the experiments. The object was, not to ascertain the effects of alcohol in disease or in excessive quantities, but the dietetic effects of a fair amount taken daily by a healthy person. The plan of observation was as follows: For twenty-six days the man remained on a diet precisely similar as to food and times of meals in every respect, except that for the first eight days he took only water (in the shape of coffee, tea, and simple water); for the next six days he added to this diet rectified spirit, in such proportion that he took, in divided quantities, on the first day one fluid ounce of absolute alcohol; on the second day, two fluid ounces; on the third day, four ounces; and on the fifth and sixth days, eight ounces on each day. He then returned to water for six days, and then for three days took on each day half a bottle (equal to twelve ounces) of fine brandy, containing forty-eight per cent. of alcohol. Then for three days more he returned to water. There were thus five periods, viz., of water-drinking, alcohol, water, brandy, water. Before commencing the experiments, the man, who had been accustomed to take one or two pints of beer daily, abstained altogether from any alcoholic liquid for ten days. The most searching and minute examination of the man was made from day to day in the various ways adopted by chemists and physiologists under similar circumstances, and led to the following conclusion: One or two ounces of absolute alcohol given to a healthy man during twenty-four hours rather increased the appetite, four ounces lessened it very much, and larger quantities quite destroyed it. Some point, therefore, it would seem, near two ounces is the limit of the useful action of alcohol on appetite, and it seems probable that where digestion is weak, a less quantity would suffice to destroy appetite. It has been said that alcohol checks the natural chemical changes in the body which lead to waste, and in this way it saves the tissues and prevents exhaustion; others say that its stimulant action is followed by exhaustion; but so far as the experiments in the present case are concerned, neither of these results is proved by the use of a moderate amount of alcohol. The heart is
decidedly affected by increasing the daily dose of alcohol beyond the two ounces. The average number of beats of the heart in twenty-four hours (as calculated from eight observations made in fourteen hours), during the first or water period, was 106,000; in the alcoholic period it was 127,000, or about 21,000 more; and in the brandy period it was 131,000, or 25,000 more. Adopting the lowest estimate which has been given of the daily work done by the heart—viz., as equal to 122 tons lifted one foot, the heart during the alcoholic period did daily work in excess equal to lifting 15'8 tons one foot, and in the last two days did extra work to the amount of twenty-four tons lifted as far. The experimenters say that, referring only to this healthy man, it is clear that the amount of alcohol the heart will bear without losing its healthy action is small, and it must be supposed that some disease of the heart or vessels would eventually follow the overaction produced by large doses of alcohol. The effect on the nervous system is not marked by any decided change in the fluids and solids of the body, but only altered sensation and the quickened heart's action. The experimenters thus sum up the results of their observations upon a healthy man: "It is not difficult to say what would be excess for him, but it is not easy to decide what would be moderation; it is only certain that it would be something under two fluid ounces of absolute alcohol in twenty-four hours. It will be seen that the general result of our experiments is to confirm the opinions held by physicians as to what must be the indications of alcohol, both in health and disease. The effects on appetite and on circulation are the practical points to seize; and if we are correct in our inferences, the commencement of narcotism marks the point when both appetite and circulation will begin to be damaged. As to the metamorphosis of nitrogenous tissues or to animal heat, it seems improbable that alcohol in quantities that can be properly used in diet has any effect; it appears to us unlikely (in the face of the chemical results) that it can enable the body to perform more work on less food, though by quickening a failing heart it may enable work to be done which otherwise could not be so. It may then act like the spur in the side of a horse, eliciting force, though not supplying it."

The foregoing extract, though not up to our mark with regard to the physiological effects of alcohol, yet evidences in a very marked manner the advance which has taken place in public opinion. We think, however, that if the desire to obtain reliable information upon the subject were thoroughly honest, the experimentalists would look carefully at the multitude of cases in which the Total Abstinence from all Intoxicants has produced the most beneficial results, and that, too, in intelligent soldiers, sailors, and artisans of every class.

Church of England Temperance Reformation Society.—Collecting books, cards, reports, tracts, prayer union cards, with all needed information, may be had on application to Rev. Thomas Rooke, at the office, 6, Adam-street, Adelphi, London, W.C., to whom cheques and post-office orders should be made payable.
DR. PARKES’S EXPERIMENTS ON ALCOHOL.

(From the Medical Temperance Journal.)

We gave a notice of these experiments, extracted from “Nature,” in the Medical Temperance Journal for July, and have now, through the kindness of Dr. Parkes, received a copy of his paper, extracted from the “Proceedings of the Royal Society” (No CX. 1870.) The object of these experiments was to solve some of the interesting problems relating to the effects of alcohol, about which there is a great difference of opinion. When we consider the enormous quantities of alcohol used in this country as an article of diet and as a medicine, and the great evils which flow from its use, we feel the deepest interest in all efforts to discover and make known its properties. The subject of these experiments was an intelligent healthy soldier of medium height and weight. The experiments extended over five periods of time. The diet, as to food, was precisely the same during the whole of the time; but, for drink, the first eight days the man had water or tea and coffee, the next six days he took alcohol, and then for six days he took watery drinks only; then for three days he had brandy; and during the last three days he had water only. Every precaution was taken in order that the effects of the alcohol might be clearly ascertained. The food he consumed was analysed and the strength of the rectified spirit and brandy correctly estimated, so that the amount of absolute alcohol used was known. The man was weighed every day without his clothes, with a machine which turns with one ounce avoirdupois. The temperature of his body and the state of his pulse were taken every two hours during the day, and all his excretions were analysed. The experiments were most carefully performed, and the conclusions are highly important. It appears that the alcohol did not produce any noticeable difference in the weight of the man; that the temperature was very slightly altered by the alcohol, and certainly not reduced by it. This is opposed to the results obtained by other experimentalists, and does not support the idea of Professor Binz that “alcohol is frequently called upon to act as a preservative of life by its antipyretic properties.” A few months ago we were taught that alcohol reduced the temperature of the body; but now it seems that, on the contrary, it causes a slight increase. Of course the point is not yet finally settled.

The elimination of alcohol is one of the vexed questions which require investigation. When alcohol is taken into the body, is it wholly eliminated in an unchanged state? After the experiments of Lallamand, Perrin, Edward Smith and others, it was assumed that the whole of the alcohol was thrown out. But Drs. Anstie, Thudicum, Dupré, and others, have contended that, so far from the whole passing out of the body, it is only a small part which is given off. Their experiments, however, being confined to the renal excretions, are certainly not sufficient to establish their view of the case. The Lancet endeavours to maintain Dr.
Anstie's opinion that the greater part of the alcohol is destroyed in the body, and only a very small part escapes. As a sample of the *Lancet*'s ideas of experimental investigation, we give the following extract from that journal as a curiosity:—

"Let any one drink half a bottle of strong port in the course of half an hour, and then set himself to the exercise of running rapidly up and down a long room, or vaulting over bars; and let him collect the sweat which pours off him and submit it to distillation. He will avoid the otherwise inevitable narcotism, but he will find only the most trifling evidences of elimination by the channel of the skin, and if he also examines his breath, by passing it through a test solution of chromic acid, he will find nothing to warrant the belief that the lungs are doing a large work of elimination."

The *Lancet* does not tell us how any one is to collect the sweat and test the breath while he is taking the exercise; after the exercise is over it may be too late, for the alcohol may be lost. The only way finally to decide this question of elimination is by a correct analysis of all the excreta for a considerable period of time, and not by merely examining one of the excretions. Dr. Parkes and Count Wollowicz found that alcohol was eliminated by the lungs, and they say that it can hardly be doubted that in twenty-four hours there must be a good deal of elimination by this channel; that the skin is a considerable exunctory of alcohol, perhaps more so than the lungs; and that the quantity passing off by the kidneys was not large. They say:—

"The evidence of Anstie and Dupré is certainly strong against the urine being a great channel of elimination; but possibly, though not excessive at one time, the exit is longer continued than they supposed; and when the constant passage from the skin and from the lungs and bowels is remembered, we can easily suppose that the totality of elimination may be really considerable. But whether all the alcohol thus passes off, or whether some is destroyed, our experiments do not enable us to state."

The alcohol appeared to exert very little influence upon the urinary or alvine excretions, nor does it seem from these experiments that it either promoted or retarded the metamorphosis of tissue. Small doses of alcohol, such as one or two ounces in twenty-four hours, increase the appetite, but larger quantities almost entirely destroyed it. We have ourselves seen this repeatedly; and, in the case of the sick and weak, we have seen the appetite destroyed by what to healthy persons would seem very small doses of wine or bitter beer. This power of alcohol to destroy the appetite for food properly so called renders its use in sickness fraught with great danger, for ignorant nurses and kind-hearted friends are ever ready to press alcoholic liquors upon the sick.

The most striking effect of alcohol, as brought out in these experiments, was upon the circulation, and its power to derange the action of the heart was clearly shown:—

"The average number of beats of the heart in twenty-four hours (as calcu-
lated from eight observations made in fourteen hours), during the first or water period, was 106,000; in the alcoholic it was 127,000, or about 21,000 more; and in the brandy period it was 131,000, or 25,000 more."

In the water period, the man’s heart was in a natural healthy state:—

"The highest mean pulse on any day before alcoholic was 77·5 beats; the mean pulse of the first alcoholic day (one fluid ounce of alcohol) was 80; with two ounces of alcohol, 78·3; with four ounces, 86; with six ounces, 98·3 (but there was exceptional fever); with eight ounces, 93·6; and on the last day, with eight ounces, 94·7. On the first day after alcohol it sank to 80."

Thus, during the alcoholic period, the heart was doing more than a natural—i.e., healthy—quantity of work:—

"The heart during the alcoholic period did daily work in excess equal to lifting 158 tons one foot; and in the last two days did extra work to the amount of 24 tons lifted as far."

The Lancet, in a leading article, says that the great importance of these experiments, as a piece of physiological research, "consists in the remarkably negative character of the results brought out: these, it may be said, will be equally unwelcome to the Teetotaller on the one hand, and the extreme advocate of alcohol on the other." We are sure that the Teetotaller ought to be satisfied with the result of these experiments. Before commencing the experiments, the man, who had been in the habit of taking one or two pints of beer daily, abstained altogether from any alcoholic liquor for ten days, and retained his health; so that when the experiments commenced he was in good health, and continued so all the time he abstained from alcohol. Dr. Parkes and Count Wollowicz say:—

"It is quite obvious that alcohol is not necessary for him; that is, that every function of life was perfectly performed without alcohol, and that even one ounce in twenty-four hours produced a decided effect upon his heart, which was not necessary for his health, and perhaps, if the effect continued, would eventually lead to alterations in circulation and to degeneration of tissue."

Here there is proof of the safety of Abstinence and of the injurious tendency of the moderate use of alcohol. What more can a Teetotaller expect physiological investigation to prove? Dr. Parkes and Count Wollowicz say:—

"In spite of our previous experience in the use of alcohol and brandy, we were hardly prepared for the ease with which appetite may be destroyed, the heart unduly excited, and the capillary circulation improperly increased. Considering its daily and almost universal use, there is no agent which seems to us to require more caution and more skill to obtain the good and to avoid the evil which its use entails."

We are thankful for these researches, and hope that others will follow up the investigation. There is ample room for more truth-seekers; and we believe that the more the subject is canvassed the plainer will appear the absurdity of the common dietetic and so-called medical uses of alcohol.
AN ALLEGORY.

I often pass along a street where nearly every corner is occupied by that terrible nuisance—a public-house. I have seen the drunkard reeling out, a laughing-stock to his companions, as they lingered by the door, to watch his helpless attempts to walk away. And I have thought, could I but describe the customs and habits of this so-called civilised nation to some other race who have never known ardent spirits or intoxicating drinks, surely they would scarcely give credit to my story. I can imagine beginning thus to my hearers: “Once on a time, in a little island far away to the north, there lived a people called English. They thought themselves very wise and great, and their fame spread far over the world. When I went to live amongst them, I determined to try and get acquainted with the manners of the people, for strange, unaccountable stories had been brought by travellers to our country. I found their island was very fruitful: beautiful corn grew in their fields, and, in many parts, a lovely plant called hops, almost like the vine of Italy. They cultivated their land most highly. Men worked hard and had round things paid to them for wages. They were white and yellow, of different sizes, and they told me that they could buy anything and everything with these coins, as they called them.

One day I watched bags full of these shining things being emptied into the hands of various dirty, hard-working men. I say dirty, for their towns are full of smoke, and their labour is in places where their clothes get soiled. I asked a few questions. Some, I was told, had wives and children; indeed, here and there I saw groups of ragged boys waiting for their fathers. Now, I thought, how pleasant it will be for those starving-looking children—that large round silver thing will soon be changed for a coat or a hat, and that house that I saw last night, how different it will look this evening, with a bright fire, good food, and nice things brought by that strong man who has earned two of these golden pictures of the Queen, called sovereigns. So I followed the owner, but soon lost sight of him, for he passed through large swinging doors into a brightly-lighted house. I waited awhile and watched for him; at last he came out, but I should scarcely have known him. ‘What has happened?’ I asked, but no answer could be got from him. He seemed mad—rolled about in the street and then rushed in again, and came out drinking from a large pewter pot. It was taken from him and he set off on his miserable journey home. I dared not walk near, but I followed at a distance, till he had arrived at the home I had seen the evening before. All was silence there now; but he knocked, and a child came down and shrank out into the street, to hide from the wretched and furious man—his own father. I stepped in at the open door for a moment and heard a staggering footsteps overhead and horrid words that I dare not repeat. A sound of angry blows, and then a woman rushed downstairs, and, with bitter tears, caught up the sobbing child and exclaimed, ‘I have nothing, darling, for you, and he has not brought a halfpenny home!’ Unnoticed, I turned away and walked slowly along the street. I passed a swinging door at almost every corner, and I wondered what it could be that was sold there, that turned these strong men into idiots or beasts, as they seemed to me; and I wondered, too, that there were not cages to put them in when they became like wild beasts and wanted keepers. I grieve to say I saw a woman come out, with swollen face, hair all tossed about, and trembling hands and feet, and heard the children say, ‘She is Drunk.’ So I knew now where the bright things that could buy anything went, and I knew, too, why their streets were full of ragged, pale children, and wretched men and women.”
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares."—Luke xxi. 34.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK ON INTEMPERANCE.

Strong words were those which his Grace the Archbishop of York addressed to his clergy in his charge on Monday, October 24, at Malton, words of encouragement withal, to which we of the Abstaining Clergy have not been very much accustomed from those in high places, and, therefore, words with a reference to which we may well close our yearly volume. His Grace said: "No part of the clergyman's duty was so difficult and delicate as that of dealing with a prevailing vice, and on this account he honoured and valued the courage of those clergymen in the diocese—not a few in number—who had taken active steps to discourage Intemperance in their parishes. With an evil so widely spread they must meet with many disappointments; but they would at least have the unspeakable satisfaction of knowing that they had struck such a blow as they had strength to strike against an evil which made the working classes of this country poorer by millions
yearly—which sent down a heritage of disease and suffering to unborn generations—and which lamentably hindered the work of God amongst them."

Three things are notable in this paragraph. First, his Grace values "the courage" of those of the clergy of whom he speaks. His Grace evidently feels that it requires some courage to face the social habits and customs which have so long hedged round the drinking of this country. He commends those who in this matter dare to be singular with a high and holy object in view. Second, his Grace is not one of those who suppose that even "many disappointments" should become a reason for deserting such a work as we have in hand. He does not in this matter regard "success" as the proof or measure of our work, but places our reward, thirdly—in this, "the unspeakable satisfaction of knowing that they had struck such a blow as they had strength to strike against this evil."

Yes, this is, after all, what we Abstainers feel, that no drunkard can lay his death and doom at our door. We have endeavoured by precept and example to show up the fallacies connected with the use of stimulants; we gladly hail such words of encouragement from one of the chief pastors of the Church, and we trust that our brethren in this holy cause will "thank God and take courage."

We are glad to state that the Lord Bishop of London, the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, and the Lord Bishop of Columbia have consented to become Vice-Patrons of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society.

We beg to announce a New Tale, "The Hero’s Fall," by Miss Godkin. It will commence in our January number.

Church of England Temperance Reformation Society.—Collecting-books, cards, reports, tracts, prayer union cards, with all needed information, may be had on application to Rev. Thomas Rooke, at the Office, 6, Adam-street, Adelphi, London, W.C., to whom cheques and post-office orders should be made payable.
MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

[We shall be glad to have short accounts of the various Church Temperance Societies' meetings for insertion under this head.]

MILL-HILL, MIDDLESEX.—November 3.—The first monthly winter meeting of the Mill-hill Christian Temperance Society was held in the National Schoolroom, presided over by the Rev. B. Nicols, Vicar of the district. This Society is now in the tenth year of its existence, the cause is well sustained, and has established for itself a good reputation in the neighbourhood. The monthly meetings are held during the winter months at 7 o'clock. A good tea is provided for the members, and for any others who choose to pay the charge of sixpence. At 8 the meeting is of a general character, commencing always with prayer and a short address from the President, after which some sensible and earnest Abstainer, unconnected with this Society, advocates the cause of Total Abstinence, showing its advantages to all classes, and pointing out the necessity for such an organisation to battle with the baneful effects of Drunkenness, with its offspring vices and crimes. Mr. Nicols is careful on such occasions to have none but men of approved discretion as speakers, knowing how much the cause of Total Abstinence is injured by the advocacy of extreme men, who often treat it as a pre-eminent virtue, rather than as a just and beneficial act of self-denial.

NEWHALL.—Mr. J. Fieldsend, of Burton-on-Trent, delivered a lecture on Monday evening last, in the National School, on the "Signs of the Times"—public-house signs, that is to say. Mr. Fieldsend is deeply impressed, evidently, with a sense of the enormous and varied evils connected with and flowing from our drinking customs, evils of which his work amongst the poor of Burton affords him melancholy evidence in abundance. The signs without, and the proceedings within the public-houses were described with graphic power, and in utterances solemn, eloquent, thrilling. Mr. Fieldsend is willing to make arrangements for repeating his lecture elsewhere.

BIRR PARISH, IRELAND.—A Band of Hope, in connection with the Church of Ireland, has been organised in this parish, under the presidency of the clergy-men and some influential laymen. The first open meeting was held on Monday, October 24. There was a very large attendance. The chair was occupied by Thomas Wood, Esq., M.D., in the unavoidable absence of the Rector of the parish. Mr. McManus delivered a most interesting address on the nature and object of the Band of Hope, showing the unnecessary nature of intoxicating drinks, and the great evils which their use entails. A pleasing programme of part singing and recitations was performed by the members. Miss Browne kindly presided at the harmonium. At the conclusion, Mr. Curran, V.P., and
Mr. Garvey, V.P., delivered short addresses, and the meeting was brought to an end with the National Anthem.

St. Paul's, Brunswick-st., Manchester.—On Thursday evening, November 3, the members of this Society gave their first concert, the Rector being in the chair. There was a very large attendance, the receipts being a little over £15, to be devoted towards the purchase of a piano.

St. Aubyns Total Abstinence Society, Jersey.—On Monday, October 31, the Quarterly Tea of this Society was held in the Assembly Rooms, St. Aubyns. The occasion was a special one, when a silver lever watch was presented to Mr. Thomas Julian Bray, accompanied with an address.

Surbiton Temperance Society.—This Society held their Annual Meeting on Monday evening, October 31, at the Christ Church Schoolrooms. There was not so large an attendance as at the last annual meeting, but the heavy rain that had been falling during the day doubtless caused many to be absent who might otherwise have been present. In the absence of the Rev. E. Garbett, in consequence of indisposition, the chair was occupied by the Rev. J. F. Osborne. The meeting having been opened by prayer and the singing of a hymn by the children of the Band of Hope, the Chairman, in a few appropriate remarks, expressed the pleasure he felt in being present on that occasion, and expatiated on the benefits accruing to a parish that contains a Temperance Society. He then called upon the Secretary to read the annual report. The Rev. T. Rooke, in moving the adoption of the report, said that though it did not give such a flourishing account of work accomplished as perhaps could be wished, there was no reason why we should not look hopefully to the future. The late Prince Consort used to say that when a society was established in a district it was often received coldly and regarded suspiciously before it was acknowledged officially. He had no doubt but that the Surbiton Society was experiencing the same treatment, and that if it were not acknowledged officially, it would yet make its influence felt for good. The rev. gentleman concluded an eloquent and earnest address with a reference to two photographs which he had recently seen, and which, he deemed, peculiarly explained the object of the Temperance Societies. Mr. Tweedie dwelt upon the benefits accruing to health by abstaining from intoxicating liquors, as proved by the statistics of the life assurance society of which he was a director. This society had two classes of insurers, one for Moderate Drinkers and the other for Total Abstainers, and the profits divisible among the assurers during the last four years were 17 per cent. in favour of the Total Abstainers. A vote of thanks to the Rev. T. Rooke, Mr. Tweedie, and to the Chairman was proposed by the Rev. R. Mant, and seconded by Mr. Greenwood.—

The Surrey Comet.

In a lecture delivered in York the Rev. G. Body observed, granted that there were Drunkards now as well as in days gone by, still there was the grand Temperance Movement, in which he saw many and many a man holding out to his poor drinking brother that one life-buoy which could save him from being destroyed by this sin.
CORRESPONDENCE.

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

SIR,—If you think well to add the following sad facts to your serial, they may be of some service in showing the “needs be” for efforts to check the vice of Intemperance. They have all occurred in the parish of St. M——, and were well known to myself.

Case 1.—A. B., a married woman with several children, one an infant, was drinking in a public-house on the Sunday, went home in a very excited state, quarrelled with her husband, in her frenzy broke several articles of furniture, sat down on a bench, and died.

C. D., another woman, in the same neighbourhood, much addicted to drink, died equally suddenly on a Sunday soon after tea.

E. F., a man in N—— Street, had been drinking to excess, committed suicide by hanging.

G. H., the father of a family of several children, was once a member of S—— Temperance Society, after drinking and gambling on the Sabbath, went tipsy to his bedroom and strangled himself.

I. J., a sawyer, a most inveterate Drunkard, laid on his bed in an unconscious and helpless state of delirium tremens, from which he died in a most hopeless state.

K. L., a beerhouse-keeper, drunk himself to helpless imbecility and died an “old man” a little over forty.

M. N., a licensed victualler, died drunk upon her parlour floor.

These are samples of the horrible effects of drink in this place. They speak for themselves. I make no comment.

September 16, 1870.

IOAN.

To the Editor of “The Church of England Temperance Magazine.”

DEAR SIR,—I am unhappily suffering from a severe attack of illness, at some distance from home, and away from Hebrew Bibles and Septuagints and Vulgates, and Lexicons and Dictionaries. In these circumstances I am sure that your readers who have taken any interest in my three preceding “Notes on the Word Tīrōsh in the Hebrew Bible,” will excuse the absence of my promised concluding “note” next month. I trust to be so far restored to health that I shall be able to prepare it for the January number of our Magazine.

I am, dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

WILLIAM CAINE.

Altrincham, near Manchester, November 18, 1870.
OLD CHRISTMAS IS COMING AGAIN.
BY REV. S. CHILDS CLARKE, M.A.
Vicar of St. Thomas's, Launceston.

"And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the Heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."—St. Luke ii. 13, 14.

OLD Christmas is coming, he's coming again,
With gladness, and mercy, and peace in his train;
With blessings he's coming, as ever of yore
He came to our grandsires—not lessen'd his store
Of soul-stirring thoughts, holy lessons of love,
First taught to the Shepherds from Heaven above.
Tho' approaching in gloom, with a vesture of snow,
While round him so keenly the piercing winds blow,
He's coming men's hearts with his warmth to inspire,
To kindle the flame of true Charity's fire.
Tho' frozen the fields, and tho' ice-bound the streams,
His time-honour'd face with benevolence beams;
He uncloses the hand and he opens the door
Rich blessings to scatter abroad to the poor.
Full soon, once again, he is coming to stand
In our midst, in old England, our dear native land.
Prepare we to hail him, and pause we to see
How moved by his coming he finds us to be—
What sights and what sounds his lov'd presence shall greet
In country and city, in hamlet and street.
Hark! the bells seem to echo the sweet holy strain
Heard strangely of old in the far eastern plain!
Yet not to all hearts does their melody bring
The same notes of joy as they merrily ring,
Tho' at the first Christmas-tide heralds of peace
Proclaimed to the sin-bound the hour of release,
Old Christmas finds still, as he comes once again,
The Taskmaster busy in forging the chain.
"Good will towards men" might be chanted on high,
But hosts still prefer in their thraldom to die.
Hush! the "service of song," and the anthem's loud swell!
Of glad Christmas morn does that minstrelsy tell.
And bright-berried holly, the ivy and yew,
Waken feelings of rapture and triumph anew.
Yet alas! the glad season shall come and shall go,
But numberless hearts no rejoicing can know.
In many a homestead behold the best cheer
OLD CHRISTMAS IS COMING AGAIN.

That gladdens the inmates throughout all the year!
Yet poverty sits, too, at many a door
Where plenty should spread, at this season, her store.
If here they shall feast and recline at their ease,
See there close at hand pallid want and disease!
Yes, beggary, vice, with starvation and crime,
Deform this our land and dishonour our time.
Oh whence is the misery, ruin, and sin
On all sides so rife?—tell me, does it begin
In the spell of some fiend, who is working at will,
Who is left to work on at his doings of ill?
Yes, yes, 'tis a demon this fair land defiles,
'Tis the Drink-fiend triumphant with soul-snaring wiles,—
The fiend that is working his withering spell
That blights all the face of the land where we dwell;
That prints his foul mark, while so broadly he roams,
On famishing inmates of desolate homes;
That maddens the brain, and that kindles the strife,
That sharpens the edge of the murderer's knife;
That gives the same wages as ever he gave,
That gloats o'er his prey in the early-dug grave.
Then rouse ye, my brothers, nor look coldly on
At the work of destruction the Demon hath done—
Come, strive ye to lessen this terrible curse,
Lest the plague spot still spread—llest the evil grow worse.
Oh guard ye the thoughtless against the dark snare,
Come, rouse ye, for Christ's sake, to do and to dare.
Christ's soldiers come forth to the front of the fray,
Nor shrink from "the Giant*" in fear and dismay.
What if round you the keen shaft of ridicule fall,
They may strike, but with terror they cannot appal.
Oh haste ye, and snatch from the ranks of the foe
Some few of the spell-bound as downward they go.
Ay, up and be doing, there's work to be done!
Deeds of love and "good will" ere the season be gone.
And when, as of old, Christmas Carols ye sing,
Oh join some relief to sin's captives to bring.
Your hearts a "glad Christmas" and "happy New Year"
With richest reward these your efforts shall cheer,
Then work ye and wait, it will not be in vain,
'Twill be joy, when "Old Christmas is coming again."

*"The Dean of Carlisle must be a very bold man...may we confess ourselves to be not quite so valorous?...to do battle with the most formidable of British Giants, the mighty God of Drink."—Times' Article, July 29, A.D. 1865.
KEEPING CHRISTMAS.

BY F. HARRISON.

The Holy Angels who on the first Christmas morning sang of glory given by men to God on high, and of peace promised by God to men on earth, they see every Christmas dishonour done to the Creator, and ill-will raging among men. What the Angels saw one Christmas-day, not many years ago, must have seemed very strange and sad to creatures who only exist to do their Heavenly Father's will.

It was Christmas-eve, clear, bright, frosty weather, two men walked along a street together, and said good night at the corner. "Christmas again," they said, "and to-morrow we shall all be keeping Christmas once more." Then they parted and went each to his own house, where wives and children were awaiting them. One of these men, Charles Pratt, was a clerk under Government, the other, George Elliot, was the manager of a large furniture warehouse. They were both well off and had comfortable houses; but they were not alike on any other points, as will be seen by the way in which they kept Christmas.

On Christmas morning the church bells began ringing quite early, and a little before eight o'clock Charles Pratt, with his wife and his eldest boy and girl, came out from their house and went to a church in an adjoining street. There the Lord's table was awaiting its joyful guests, that the first food they tasted that holy morning might be the most sacred food.

But George Elliot turned his head on his pillow at the sound of the church bells, and said to his wife, "Go and get me a good breakfast; I shan't get up just yet, as it's a holiday." When he did get up he had his good breakfast, and then it was eleven o'clock; he took his eldest girl to church, but the service was partly over when they went in. Mrs. Elliot said she must stay at home to prepare the dinner. Now a good dinner on Christmas-day is quite the right thing, and Mr. and Mrs. Pratt took care to have roast beef and plum-pudding, and they also took care to invite a poor widowed relation and her two children, and a friend of Charles Pratt's, a young man without either father or mother. They had a very merry dinner, and talked and laughed and enjoyed themselves, and were just as gay with their popping, fizzing bottles of lemonade, as if they had been drinking popping, fizzing bottles of champagne. After dinner they played games with the children, and everybody was full of fun.

In the evening the whole party went to service in the church: the bright light, the shining green wreaths with scarlet berries, the lovely psalms and hymns sung by a thousand voices, and the sermon bidding the people to rejoice again and again, with that religious joy in which the holy angels can take
part—all these happy ways of keeping Christmas made this happy party feel in their own hearts that every one of us can give glory to God and help to spread peace and goodwill among men. When they returned to their employment next day, they all felt better both in mind and body for the way in which they had been keeping Christmas.

Very differently did George Elliot and his family spend this great festival. They, too, sat down to a good dinner, at which they had wine and spirits. After dinner Mr. Elliot mixed a large quantity of gin-and-water, some of which he gave to his wife and children, even to the little one of six years old. They had one friend dining with them, a man whom George Elliot had often met at the bar of public houses. After dinner the children were all sleepy, and their mother laid them on their beds; Mrs. Elliot herself felt very cross, and was very snappish to her husband.

"Oh, come along, Jack," he said to his friend, "if she's like that we'll go off somewhere else."

So the two men went to a public-house, where they sat smoking and drinking until the landlord sent them away. Then they went into the streets and saw long streams of people going home from evening service; but these two men had given no glory to God for that great work of redemption which was begun on the first Christmas-day.

It must be confessed that they both were tipsy. And soon they began to quarrel, and a policeman interfered. He took Jack off to the station-house, and George Elliot, left alone, sat down in a doorway and fell asleep. When he awoke it was midnight, he was covered with snow, which was now falling thickly, and he felt very ill. He crept home. His wife had gone to bed, and as she was not sober she slept too heavily to be wakened when her husband entered.

It is four years since that Christmas-day. George Elliot was very ill with an attack on the lungs, the result of sleeping in the snow. When he got better he again indulged his terrible love of drinking wine and spirits. He neglected his work, and his master discharged him from his situation. Then he was ill again, and at last he died, leaving his wife and children penniless. Mrs. Elliot could not keep herself from drinking, and has been ever since a burden on her children. The eldest son took the pledge, and has a hard task to support himself and his mother. The eldest girl ran away with a soldier, and no one knows what has become of her. The youngest child is growing up to hate his mother and his father's memory.

Not so with Charles Pratt; every Christmas sees him more and more prosperous; he has money in the bank, his wife is kind and cheerful, his children healthy and happy. His boys have good situations, and his eldest girl is going to be married to the young man who dined with them on that cold Christmas-day. They all thank God for all their blessings, which they enjoy with grateful hearts, and they try to spread happiness among their fellow-men.

Therefore, since there are so many ways of doing it, let us each determine how we will keep Christmas; whether as the heathen people used to observe their feasts, with drunkenness and
ALL SOULS, MARYLEBONE, BAND OF HOPE.

revelling, or like Christian people, who wish to keep their hearts and lips pure, so that they may join the Angels in singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

ALL SOULS, ST. MARYLEBONE, BAND OF HOPE,
126, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.

This Society was formed in June last, under the presidency of the Rev. E. R. Eardley Wilmot, the Rector of the district, assisted by Lieutenant Francis Eardley Wilmot, R.N., and some of the Sunday-school Teachers, District Visitors, &c., taking an interest in the affairs of the district.

There are up to the present time ninety-two boys and 116 girls enrolled in the Society; the boys meet on the first and third Wednesday evenings in each month at half-past seven, and the attendance averages about fifty. The girls meet on the second and fourth Wednesday evenings at seven o'clock, with an average attendance of about sixty.

There has been established a sub-committee of the elder boys and girls, for the purpose of distributing Teetotal publications amongst the children and friends of the Society.

One of the committee also conducts a recitation class for some of the boys, and their recitations at our larger meetings have given, and I hope will continue to give, much pleasure and instruction.

When there are five Wednesdays in the month, the members have a tea and some entertainment afterwards on the extra Wednesday evening.

Since the appointment of Lieutenant Francis Eardley Wilmot on active service, he has sent a very interesting letter to the children, encouraging them to remain true to the principles they have pledged themselves to, and promising further letters as he has anything interesting to tell them.

Last, but not least, of the arrangements should be mentioned a monthly meeting for prayer, held on the second Wednesday in the month (after the girls' meeting), for the purpose of asking God's blessing on the Society's labours. Parents and friends are invited to stay and join in prayer for guidance to direct our efforts aright, and we are thankful to say that hitherto the Society has met with more success than the members had even hoped.

Arrangements are being made for localising this Magazine—that is, for supplying the twenty inside pages at about cost price, and leaving the cover (4 pp.) for a local title and local matter—such as notices of meetings, sermons, Bible-classes, special services, &c., &c. Clergymen managers of Temperance Societies, adult or juvenile, may have further information on sending a stamped addressed envelope to the Editor, 6, Adam-street, Adelphi.
“George, you will be home early to-night, won’t you? Dear mother is very ill, and if anything happened and you not here you’d never forgive yourself; besides—besides—you know what I mean”—said George Merton’s young wife, in a half-hesitating, half-caressing manner, as she helped her husband to put on his greatcoat, previous to his setting out for the Christmas fair, held in the neighbouring town.

“Yes, yes, Nelly, I know what you want to say, though your loving heart won’t let you speak the words. I’ll be back in good time, and you mustn’t be troubling about the mother. I don’t believe she’s as bad as we fear; she’ll eat many a Christmas dinner with us yet.”

“Please God,” said Ellen Merton, softly. “But, George—husband—don’t be angry, but I want your promise, dear, that you’ll keep out of the way of them that would glory in—in—keeping you out late; do promise me, do, George,” and she hung so lovingly round him, that sweet, bright-eyed young wife, while she bravely struggled to keep back the rising tears.

“Nonsense, Nelly, woman, can’t you trust your husband unless he makes a promise like a naughty child? Is he such a bad fellow, Nell?” he added, in a softer manner, as he bent his handsome, winning face, and kissed his suppliant wife.

But she was not so easily satisfied, for, dearly though she loved her husband, yet she could not be blind to the great fault of his character, which was a too ready yielding up of his will to the will of others, whether or not conscience sanctioned his so doing. The result was that, although scarce a three-months’ bride, Ellen Merton had, on more than one occasion, wept scalding tears of bitter pain to see the fine manly form on which God had set his image reel in in the degraded, shameful condition of intoxication.

“You know, George dear, what I think of you, that you are a dear, good fellow—so kind, indeed, that you can’t always say ‘No’ when you ought—and if you made a promise not to touch anything to-night, it might help you a little when they ask you.”

“Nonsense, Nell; do you think I’m a fool?” and he burst into a loud peal of laughter. “Do you think when a friend asks me to take a ‘friendly
glass’ that I'm going to put my finger in my eye and say, 'Don't ask me. I promised my wife not to touch a drop.' No, no, Nell, that won't do; you must trust me altogether or not at all. Crying, Nell! oh! I can't have that; why, you'll take all the courage out of me. Come, wife, smile, that's it, dear. Keep up your heart, and George will come home a good boy."

She was fain to be satisfied, and though her heart misgave her sorely, yet she tried to smile, and gave him the kiss he required.

"Will you see dear mother before you go, George?" she asked.

"No, I think I'd better not; it might disturb her. I'll be in long before she goes to sleep to-night. Good-bye, Nell, keep up your heart."

Now, although George Merton loved his mother as well as he loved anybody, and though she was now very ill—so ill, indeed, that any moment might prove the last—yet he would not see her before he left, for he well knew that from her too he would receive the much-needed, though little-heeded warning against the "friendly glass," and his light, pleasure-loving spirit hated to hear what it did not like.

It was a comfortable-looking place; want seemed to be very far from its doors, and as the eye fell on it then, as it was presided over by its fair young mistress, attended by active, happy looking dependents, all busy with the extra work which Christmas always brings to the palace as the farmhouse, one could not help feeling that here, at least, peace was to be found. Of course the word must be taken in its limited earthly signification.

Yet was happiness a stranger to that home, for that soul-enslaving vice, which was too surely claiming George Merton for one of its countless victims, had twenty-two years before made him an orphan, before his eyes had seen the light. Yes, maddened by long continuance in drink, George Merton’s father put forth his hand against his God-given life, and rushed unbidden into the presence of an offended Creator, leaving behind him an almost broken-hearted young wife of a few months, whom he had won from a happy family circle to share a drunkard’s home, and ere long to weep by a drunkard's grave.

At first it seemed to the poor young widow that she could not live, but when, by-and-by, her little child came, she felt that there was something to brighten life; and, putting her trust in God, she determined so to train up her boy that he might grow up a good man and a comfort. As years went on, it seemed as if George Merton's manhood would prove worthy of his early training, for his mother had never suffered her love for her only child to blind her to the defects of his character, or to withhold necessary correction. But there was one grave fault which threatened to overshadow all the good—called by some "good nature," but which Mrs. Merton gave its proper name, "moral cowardice," and this left him an easy prey to evil designers, who turned his weakness to their own wicked advantage. It was this "moral cowardice" which caused him in childhood to shield his faults with a lie, sometimes discovered, and then wept over with abundant tears. It was this "moral cowardice" which
caused him as a youth, and afterwards as a man, to yield (at first) a reluctant assent to the temptations which met him as he attended the fairs for his mother. Notwithstanding his many promises he was never proof against the insidious and thrice-wicked whispers of those who tempted the widow’s son, with their “Don’t be stiff, George; have a glass!” Ah! how soon the single glass became legion; how soon the flush of shame with which he used to enter his mother’s presence when he was the “worse” for drink faded, and the assured air and the swaggering step of the habitual drunkard became easy to him, proving with what truth that contact with sin always hardens, until at last even the natural affections become deadened.

It would be impossible to describe the anguish of that widowed mother, as she watched the reproduction of her terrible past: the unequal temper, the hilarious merriment, the despairing depression, the staggering gait, the bloodshot eye, the midnight revel, the noisy scramble into the bed that was as often missed as otherwise; too well she knew what it all portended, and slowly but surely her health began to fail.

When George was about one and twenty his mother’s health had become so feeble that she could no longer superintend the work of the house, so she asked an orphan niece to live with her, and take her place in fulfilling the many requirements of a large farm-house. Mrs. Merton soon found that she had not only an efficient help in her niece, Ellen, but that she was a companion and a great comfort. Ellen had not been long at the farm before George, also discovering her good and lovable qualities of mind, and his fancy being aroused by her sweet, youthful beauty, persuaded himself that he loved her, and entreated her to become his wife, assuring her that for her sake he would and could do anything, give up anything, even his beloved drink. Strange to say, the gentle and refined Ellen Fane loved him too, though she knew of the fatal master-passion which ruled him; not in all its revolting hideousness certainly, for George had been watchful since his cousin’s arrival, and she had never seen him as his mother had. Still she was fearful of trusting her earthly happiness to one who could not guard his own; and, with Mrs. Merton’s full consent, a year’s probation was agreed upon. During that time George, who knew the full value of the prize he desired to win, never allowed his mother or his betrothed to see him otherwise than as he ought to be; but alas! alas! they could not look within and see the depth of deception which enabled the wretched victim of Intemperance to assume the mask of regeneration until his ends were gained, or he would never have had the bride he coveted.

The end of the year came, and the gentle, trusting girl became the faithful, all-enduring wife, one well suited in every way to be a very helpmeet to the weak, self-deceived man whom she had chosen as her husband, if he would but have permitted her. But, like all weak-minded, selfish people, George Merton was full of obstinacy and senseless pride, willing to be all things to all men, no matter at what cost, rather than incur a look or word.
of derision. He turned a deaf ear to all Ellen's entreaties to avoid alike the temptations and the tempters.

Soon, too soon, Ellen found that the influence for good which before marriage she had so fondly hoped to exercise with regard to her husband was a thing of the past, if it had ever existed; and seeing that he was determined to follow his own way, she turned her from the wreck of her wedded happiness, determining that henceforth she would live but for others. Now more than ever was she the unfailing right hand and great comfort of the desolate and disappointed mother; but though tender and abundant as was the love which gilded her declining days, it had come too late; the weary, chilling years of the past had done their work; the son she loved and watched over was drifting further and further away to the whirlpool of destruction; so, wearied out in body and mind, she took to her bed, praying one earnest prayer, that if it were the will of her Heavenly Father He would take her to Himself ere her eyes saw again the drunkard's awful end.

As we have said before, the day following George's departure for the fair was a very busy one, and though Ellen was busiest of any, yet her feelings were sad and un-Christmas like, for her few spare moments were passed with the dying mother. Yes, although Mrs. Merton had only reached life's prime, yet was she dying. Disappointment and sorrow had done the work of age, and at noon she was worn out with her fruitless struggle against the remorseless enemy of her heart and home. As the day wore on, Ellen could no longer conceal from herself the bitter truth that she must part with that dear comforter who had softened many a rugged bit in her short experience of wifehood; and the poor heart, which already shivered beneath the chill shadow of the mother's grief, had no easy task in preserving unbroken the outward calm.

Rather late that evening, Mrs. Merton, who had for several hours been sunk in a heavy sleep, opened her eyes, and, seeing Ellen sitting beside her, asked if George had returned.

"No, dear mother," was the simple reply; but oh, the world of pain there was in the sad, weary tone! It needed not the sharpened faculties of the dying woman to discover that the heart of the speaker was sad.

"Fretting, my poor Nellie," said Mrs. Merton, after a pause. "Yes, fretting, and so have I fretted in my day; aye, fretted until my eyes had begun to melt out of my head, and my tears, in very truth, were my meat day and night, until at last I got into such a low way of thinking that I began to have hard thoughts against God. But my God had no hard thoughts towards me; only thoughts of love and mercy, even though I had so grievously sinned against him by my rebellion against his holy will, and by the neglect of my duties. Yes, Nellie, though man had forsaken me, yet did he not, but drew me nearer and nearer to himself, until my great trials seemed to grow less sharp, and I began to see that it was his will that I should turn again to life, and fulfil my place in it. And in doing my duty, dear Nellie, I found peace—not happiness, mind you, as people call it, but comfort and help, strength to bide the working time, and
patience to wait the rest that was to come, and which is coming to me now, Nell. I have thought much of you lately, my child; have felt much for you; for my worst fears have been realised for you. You, too, will have the same burden to bear. I would have you to fix your mind on the rest and the happiness which is to come, and to live your life here with that one hope before you."

Mrs. Merton paused, for her weakness was very great.

"But oh, mother, if my poor George will not be rescued! If—if—"

"If his father’s end should be his, and—"

"Oh, mother, do not say that!" interrupted Ellen with a burst of tears.

"It would kill me, if I could not hope to meet him again! I could not live!"

"Ah! my child, so I once said; but God who is often more merciful to us than our hasty words would have him to be, showed me that it was possible to bide his time, and live until it is his good pleasure to call us to himself. You do not love your husband more dearly than I loved mine, and when I was left alone I gave myself up to my great grief. I could not bear anything that drew my attention off my thoughts: I was actually making an idol of my grief. It was not until I had nearly lost my child, through leaving him too entirely in the hands of strangers, that I came to myself, and learned how wicked I was, and I learned to live in striving to do my duty. When your heart is weary, my poor Ellen, remember that the striving and the working are only for this world, the resting for that, and when your work is done you too will hear the Master’s voice saying, ‘Come up hither.’ ‘I will not leave you comfortless.’ Keep that before you, Nellie, when I am not here to tell you of it.”

"Oh, mother, mother! do not leave me! What could I do without you? What shall I do without you, and my poor George as good as lost to me?"

and the weary wife sobbed aloud.

"Ah, Ellen! but you must not look upon him as lost. You must never give him up—never!—even when there seems no hope. You must still pray—and be kind to him. Snuff the candle—dear—it grows dark—"

Ellen looked at the loved speaker with terror, for something in the tones of her voice struck her as strange; and she shivered as she saw how the grey hues of death had stolen over every feature.

"Take this cupful of nice beef-tea, dear mother; you are feeling a little weak, aren’t you?" she said, in a trembling voice.

"More than—a little—dear;—the end is very—near—and my—George is—not here—it is cold—!"

Mrs. Merton ceased speaking; her eyes closed, and all seemed over. With a loud cry of pain, Ellen sank upon her knees by the bed, and in tones of agony besought her mother not to die and leave her in all her loneliness. At that moment a great noise was heard downstairs; the tramp of heedless feet, the clamour of loud, rough voices, and above them all George Merton’s, calling in no measured terms for his wife to come down and attend to his friends. Ellen sprang to her feet with looks of terror. She passed her hand over her face in a bewildered manner;
then, recollecting herself, she went slowly out of the room, with the intention of telling what she thought had happened. She had scarcely done so when she saw her husband reeling upstairs, his hair one mass of disorder, his handsome features purple and distorted, while the new clothes which he had put on for the first time that morning were torn in many places and covered with mud. When he saw his wife he tried to steady himself for a moment by the handrail, while a torrent of curses fell from his lips, as he demanded how she had dared to keep him and his friends waiting such a time.

In the midst of all this horrid din—nay, above it all, a voice, clear and distinct as a church bell, was heard saying, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." Startlingly the words fell, but still more startling was the spectacle that presented itself to those below and above, when they looked up and saw George Merton's dying mother standing at the stairhead, clad in her long white nightdress, a close cap round her face, on which death had set its stiffening impress; it was a sight never to be forgotten.

Once again her voice was heard, feebleter than before, slow, but distinct: "Woe, woe, woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also.' Oh, oh! my heart is broken!"

The writing of this true incident takes a much longer time than its occurrence did; indeed it was the work but of a few seconds, and the terrified listeners had not realised what was going on, when Mrs. Merton staggered forward and fell. She first fell against her son, who was standing on a little landing three or four steps lower down, and had he been in possession of the senses which God had given him, he could have caught his mother and saved her the cruel fall. As it was he could only stare in a stupid idiotic manner, the precious opportunity passed, and the poor, loving mother, whose whole life had been lived for him—whose last breath was spent for him, rolled to the bottom of the staircase, and never breathed again.

Ten years have come and gone since that last sad and fatal night, and it is Christmas Eve again; but as this narrative is not fiction, I shall, before telling its tale, give my readers a short sketch of George Merton's life during that time. Like many another sinner whom the great God of wisdom sees fit in mercy to arrest in his downward course by some great visitation, so the painful circumstances of his mother's death affected him very much, and for a time, so great was his remorse, it seemed impossible to say how this controversy between the Creator and his offending creature was to end. When George Merton first realised that to bestow on him one more word of warning his mother had left her dying bed, and above all that his state of revolting helplessness had prevented him affording that assistance which would have prevented that cruel end, he was overwhelmed.

(To be continued.)