THE

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE.

1872.

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THE OLD YEAR.

THE year that has just passed away is one that bears in its history the marks of no small advance in the interest felt by our Church and people on the question of the Temperance Reformation. Its internal and external aspects have received a greater amount of attention than in any previous year. The increased vigour of the various Temperance organisations and associations for the amendment of the Liquor Laws; the rapprochement of men of very varied views on the subject; the discussions at various conferences; in Parliament and out of Parliament, in Church synods and conferences, in public and in private, this great question has been continually agitated.

It is a matter of congratulation that our bishops also are giving attention to this question. The extreme way in which the subject has been and is often handled made their lordships chary in join-
THE OLD YEAR.


ing or patronising a movement of whose tendency they were doubtful; but, thanks to our Church of England Temperance Reformation Society, we have seen an archbishop presiding over and a bishop addressing a meeting of a society the basis of whose operations is Total Abstinence from all intoxicating liquors as beverages. Under the auspices of the same Society the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol presided at a meeting at Clifton. The question was also discussed at a Church Conference under the presidency of his Grace the Archbishop of York.

We regret much that, in consequence of there being now no Clerical Travelling Secretary, the operations of our Society have been contracted, and funds have not been coming in as in former years. The Committee have felt considerable difficulty on the subject. They have endeavoured in various ways to diminish their expenses, but they have been necessarily obliged to diminish the efficiency of the work, and they are sometimes almost tempted to despair, as Churchmen do not, as they ought, come forward to help the only general Church Society that is established for the prosecution of this work.

There is, we know, a greater difficulty for us than for many—Churchmen looking suspiciously upon us because we are a Temperance, though a Church Association; Nonconformists because we are distinctly Church, though a Temperance Association. All we want is the honest and, as far as possible, liberal support of the Temperance clergymen in our own Church; their help in counsel and labour in this great mission to the masses of our population. It is a mission to the Intemperate, but we hold it can be best carried on by those who are themselves Abstainers, while we gladly welcome the sympathy and help of all. It is a mission to those all round us, in every rank and class of life. In entering upon a new year we would endeavour to enlist new helpers for our cause. Our confidence in the soundness of our position is unabated; nay, the very difficulties we meet with seem to show that the hinderer of all good work is busy against us. We are convinced that if only the Church took up this cause, and thoroughly and earnestly worked it, she could do more good than any legislation can effect, and would even compel legislation to move in the right direction. Brethren of the clergy, Transientes adjuvate nos.
MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

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

SURBITON.—The fourth annual meeting of the Surbiton Temperance Society was held on Monday, Nov. 20, the Rev. E. Garbett, M.A., in the chair. The meeting having been opened with prayer, the report was read by the Secretary, from which it appeared that twenty-five Pledges had been taken during the year, making a total of 117 on the books, a large number of whom were known to be firm adherents to the cause. The receipts amounted to 15l. 3s. 3d., and the expenditure to 9l. 2s. 10d. The report also stated that the Rev. J. F. Osborne had accepted the office of chairman, vacated by H. C. Greenwood, Esq., who had left the neighbourhood. The Chairman, in the course of his address, remarked that it was strange that the influence of society had been against Teetotalism, and in favour of Drunkenness; and the man who became for the time a wretched cripple, losing the use of his arms and legs, that man was not only received without reproach, but was called a jolly good fellow. He said that the man who had a wife to cherish and children to gather round him, but spent the bulk of his earnings on himself, leaving his wife to starve and his children in rags, deserved to be hooted out of society. Speaking of the Licensing Bill of last Session, he thought the licensed victuallers had advanced pretensions which were against Christian welfare and honour. There was a principle at stake, and he would fight against the pretensions of the licensed victuallers; if man's eternal interest was to be of more importance than profit and trade, it must depend upon the Temperance organisations, who had begun the work and must carry it on to the end. The Rev. C. Moon, a deputation from the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society, spoke of the battle they had to fight against Drinking, and combated the arguments of Mr. Bass, M.P., in his recent speech. He also alluded to the speeches recently delivered at Exeter Hall by medical men. The meeting was afterwards addressed by Rev. J. Doxsey and Mr. W. Saunders.

CHRIST CHURCH, CHELSEA.—The biennial tea-meeting of the Temperance Society in this parish took place on the 11th December. Ample justice having been done to the good things provided, a public meeting was held, when a lecture was delivered by H. C. Greenwood, Esq., proving the fallacy of the arguments of Anti-Abstainers, and the benefits and blessings derived by those who have given up the accursed thing in our midst, both bodily and spiritually. The Rev. C. Moon, curate of the Parish, occupied the chair. A collection was made at the close, on behalf of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Society.

GRAPPENHALL AND THELWELL TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.—On Thurs-
day evening, November 23, the annual festival of this Society was celebrated in the Temperance Hall. The hall was profusely decorated for the occasion by a number of friends, and upwards of 200 persons sat down to an excellent tea. After tea the chair was taken by Thomas Dale, Esq., chairman of the Diocesan Society, and spirited addresses were delivered by the Rev. Alfred Hewlett, D.D., Vicar of Astley, and John Naylor, Esq. (the Society's president). Songs, &c., were rendered in a pleasing manner during the evening, and the Society's Brass Band enlivened the proceedings with a selection of music. The meeting, which was successful throughout, closed with prayer.

**Upper Norwood.**—A Total Abstinence meeting was held on Tuesday evening, December 12, when the Rev. S. D. Stubbs, Vicar of St. James's, Pentonville, kindly addressed the meeting, as a deputation from the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society. He gave some most interesting and convincing facts and details, calculated to strengthen the Abstainers, as well as to induce non-Abstainers to join, showing how Total Abstinence is conducive to economy, health, safety, and usefulness. The address was listened to with marked attention by all present.

**The St. Aubin's (Jersey) Total Abstinence Society commenced its series of meetings for the winter season on Friday, November 10, 1871. Though the weather was not propitious, the attendance was good. Philip Le Bas, Esq., President of the Society, occupied the chair; Rev. — Luke and Mr. James Cory delivered special addresses; and Mr. George Tostevin gave a reading. The choir, under the direction of Mr. Cory jun., sang several Temperance pieces in the course of the evening, Mr. Cory, jun., presiding at the harmonium, which was lent for the occasion by the Trustees of the Wesleyan Society, at St. Aubin's. The entertainment was so greatly appreciated that a request has been made for a repetition, which it is intended will take place (D.V.) in three weeks' time, when the Rev. — Dymond and Mr. W. Newbury will deliver addresses on the Temperance Movement. Mr. T. J. Bray, Secretary and founder of this Society, proposed a vote of thanks to the singers and speakers, which was unanimously received. This meeting took place through the exertions of the Secretary. Mr. Bray went to St. Peter's and advocated the Temperance question some three years ago; later friends assisted him, and the result has proved so successful that over one hundred Temperance Pledges have been taken, and the majority of those who signed are faithfully adhering to the Pledge; and this winter Mr. Bray, with his converts, organised St. Peter's into a separate society. Mr. G. de Carteret, jun., husband of the lady who signed the Pledge at the first meeting in St. Peter's Parish, is the President of this new Society which is greatly prospering. Mr. Bray is now taking a great interest in carrying on the same noble work in different parts of the Island, viz., St. John's, St. Lawrence, and St. Owen's. It is desirable that a branch Society be formed in each parish, frequently holding meetings, and once a-year for all to unite with St. Aubin and the town societies, to hold a tea and demonstration. At St. John's, Rev. Thomas Le Neven, Rector of the parish, kindly presides, and
grants the use of the Central Schools to Mr. Bray to advance this movement. The Rector of St. Owen’s, Rev. George Clement, and the Committee have kindly granted the Parochial Schools for these meetings. Last Monday the first Total Abstinence meeting was held at St. Owen’s, and was presided over by Mr. T. J. Bray. The speakers were Messrs. James Cory, Newbury, C. Ninnem, H. Johnson; the two last being converts of Mr. Bray. One of the speakers gave an address in French. Mr. T. J. Bray labours gratuitously in this good cause, at a sacrifice of much time, as he has to work to earn his daily bread. The hall at St. Lawrence has been granted by the trustees of the Wesleyan Society, for meetings to be held on the Temperance Movement.

STRONG DRINK IN HOSPITALS.

In a circular issued by the promoters of the proposed Temperance Hospital, some striking facts are given respecting the cost of alcoholic drinks consumed in the London Hospitals. The following examples will prepare the reader to expect that by its saving in spirits, &c., a Temperance hospital could be more economically conducted than hospitals in general, and, at the same time, furnish for the patients a liberal and strengthening dietary, equal at least to the best provided in similar institutions:

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<td>Middlesex Hospital (1870)</td>
<td>£ 921 11 0</td>
<td>£ 1,162 17 0</td>
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<td>University College (1870)</td>
<td>£ 591 14 7</td>
<td>£ 618 1 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Metropolitan (1868)</td>
<td>£ 153 4 2</td>
<td>£ 152 5 7</td>
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<td>Victoria-park Consumption (1870)</td>
<td>£ 464 13 3</td>
<td>£ 385 0 3</td>
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<td>Hampstead Consumption (1869)</td>
<td>£ 159 6 6</td>
<td>£ 112 11 10</td>
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In the London Hospital during the year 1870 the total expenditure for wine, spirits, and beer was 2,437l. 7s. 7d., while the total bread account was 904l. 8s. 4d. The total house expenses, including all food (excluding beer), was 12,489l. 16s. 2d., so that the cost of alcoholic liquors was nearly one-fifth the entire food and household costs of every description.

TEMPERANCE GUILDS.—In a letter to the Guardian, the Rev. W. Allen Whitworth, Vicar of Christ Church, Liverpool, says: “I shall be happy to send a copy of the Manual used by my Guild of Total Abstainers from intoxicating beverages to any clergyman who thinks of inaugurating a Temperance society. If the Church refuses to direct the Temperance Movement within her own ranks, I fear that an irreligious Teetotalism will become a power opposed to the Church.”
BISHOP JACKSON ON SACRAMENTAL WINE, AND
BISHOP TEMPLE ON THE TRAFFIC IN INTOXICA-
TING DRINKS.

In his most important and most interesting Charge just delivered, Bishop Jackson refers to the primitive use of water at the Lord's Supper. He says: "At the Reformation our Church exercised her power to decree rites and ceremonies by the several revisions of the Prayer-book; and in so doing she not only laid aside those which were deemed 'contrary to God's Word written,' or had their origin in superstition, but, acting on the indefeasible right (according to Hooker's unanswered argument) of every independent Church in the unity of the Church Catholic, she omitted or varied others which, however innocent and even primitive, by change of time or circumstances, had lost their suitability or their meaning. That the mixture of water with the Eucharistic wine, for instance, though a primitive and innocent custom, was thus discontinued, we have the authority of Dean Field, the contemporary of Hooker, and himself no Puritan, who gives with the fact what may be termed the common-sense reason, when he writes: 'They (that is, Tertullian and the ancients) mingled water with that wine which they consecrated in the blessed Sacrament, because even in ordinary use their wines, being hot, were wont to be so allayed; we not having the like reason of mixture, mingle not water with wine in the Sacrament, as likewise the Arminians do not.'"

After long and careful study of this subject I venture to differ from Dean Field as to the reason why the early Christians mingled water with the wine which they used at the Sacrament. I believe it was because our Lord used the unfermented juice of the grape at the original institution of the Lord's Supper, and water was mixed with it to make it more drinkable, as the wine, or the fruit of the vine (as it is called in the three Gospels), was brought to the table in the form of syrup, or it was expressed at the time from the grapes in their natural state, as was done by Pharaoh's butler, in Genesis xl. 11. See several former numbers of our Temperance Magazine on this interesting subject.

Bishop Temple, a few days ago, at a Sunday-closing meeting at Exeter, made an admirable speech on the general subject of Temperance and the Liquor Traffic. He thus refers to the intense opposition now displayed by the unhappy publicans: "During this past year a very great change has come over the aspect of the cause which we have at heart, because we have come to a point when it is no longer enough simply to make speeches and to listen to them, no longer necessary to advocate the cause by words. The conflict has already begun, and we are required to show the reality of our convictions by persevering, in spite of a very determined opposition. I look upon this in reality, although it may be a discouragement for the moment, as the greatest encouragement that any men could receive in the promotion of a good cause. For a long time the cause of
Temperance has been advocated with increasing earnestness, and more and more I am persuaded it was of the greatest importance for the welfare of all our fellow-subjects of the Queen. For a long time the cause has seemed to grow steadily, with very little fluctuation, and with so much increase of strength that I dare say a great many people fully expected that when once legislation was attempted everything would be immediately achieved, and that we had only to put forward what we wanted to immediately get it. Now we have come to the time when it is worth while to resist us by those who are interested on the other side. And I think, generally speaking, those who oppose us oppose us because they are interested in the opposition. I do not think there is any very great amount of conscientious opposition to what we advocate, on the ground of principle. Of course I should be exceedingly unwilling to speak harshly of those who oppose us on the ground of interest, because they are perfectly justified in requiring that before their interests are in any degree touched, we shall prove to demonstration that it is necessary to touch them. The fact that everywhere those who are interested in opposing us are now gathering up their forces and endeavouring to make all other questions subordinate to this one is, of course, a proof that they begin to see what we mean. I am quite sure that it is a proof of that, and so also is it a token of our ultimate success. We feel quite certain that the more seriously we can make men look at this matter; the more they can be made to look at it as a practical question about which they must make up their minds on one side or the other; the more we can compel them to see that they cannot put it aside as the suggestion of a few dreamers or a few fanatics, the more we can force the whole country to decide either in favour of Intemperance or against it, the more certain are we that our cause will ultimately triumph.”

Bishop Temple then replies to the silly objection that “people cannot be made sober by Act of Parliament.” He says: “It is quite impossible when the issue is really come to this, when once we have really put the question to this country, ‘Will you endeavour to check Intemperance or not?’ to doubt what must be the answer given. We know a great deal of the arguments used against us. We are beginning to learn their force, and the more and more they are used the better, because persons will at last begin to understand how valueless they are. How constantly they were told that it is impossible to make men sober by Act of Parliament, that it is out of the question to improve morality by legislation. Let that be repeated often enough, until men have begun to reflect that it is possible to take temptation out of people’s paths—that it is possible to diminish the allurements to evil—that it is possible, even though you cannot reach men’s hearts and change them—for that requires Almighty power—yet it is possible to change their outer circumstances, and make it easier to keep in the straight path than if you leave them surrounded by all manner of seductions. It is true enough that you cannot make men sober by Act of Parliament, you cannot make men moral by Act of Parliament; but it is also true that you can prevent others from making them Drunken under the
authority of an Act of Parliament—you can prevent others from tempting them away from their virtue by Act of Parliament. If we can have legislation that authorises the one, we can have legislation that shall put a stop to the evil and support us in the other course. I have no doubt whatever of what will be the ultimate result. I have no doubt we shall succeed, and that, too, before many years, in very seriously checking the present temptations to Intemperance. I have no doubt, too, that all those who have taken a part in it will then feel glad at the part they have taken, and that many who now range themselves in opposition will do as has appeared so very often before—will turn round and say, whether they supported it or not, now that it is done they are heartily in favour of it.”

The Bishop of Exeter speaks of the advantages resulting from the proper observance of the Sabbath-day, and of the temptations to which the people are now exposed on that holy day. He says: “The purpose of the meeting tonight is not to advocate the general cause of Temperance. It is to promote one particular object in connection with that cause. It is, as it were, to fight one of the subordinate battles. It is to endeavour, if we can, to do something towards persuading the Legislature to put so far a check upon Intemperance as to prevent it on Sunday. All of us who care anything for the service of God know how great is the value of Sunday to the whole Christian world. There have been many disputes about the authority under which we observe the Sunday, there have been many disputes about the precise limits to be drawn with reference to its observance. Men have differed, and I suppose always will differ, as to what is precisely required in order to devote that day to God; but I know no Christian of any sort or kind who would not very heartily agree in saying that the observance of Sunday all over Christendom is one of the very greatest blessings that God has bestowed upon his people. I know no serious and reflecting man who watches what Sunday does for us, who observes how it reminds us of that which most assuredly many of us would otherwise forget, how it recalls us from the midst of our worldly occupations and worldly temptations to higher and better thoughts, how constantly it makes a break in the course of evil which nothing else would make so effectually; how, by its gentle and almost imperceptible influence, by its regular and invariable recurrence, it has been to us a power greater than any human institution could have been, a power which perpetually recalls to us Him who first instituted it, how it seems in this way to work upon us as if it were a direct messenger from God. Those who think of all these things, those who watch human life and see what Sunday has done, assuredly will feel that whatever other disputes there may be about the observance of that day, he who would rob God’s people of the Sunday would indeed be robbing them of a priceless gift. And yet is it not the case that he who would put temptation in his brother’s path on that day, goes far indeed, not only to rob him of the Sunday, but even to convert that which was intended as a blessing into a means of sin? Is it not the case that because Sunday is a holiday, because on
Sunday there is no worldly work ordinarily going on, all the more is a man exposed to the temptations which Intemperance is constantly holding out to his lips, all the more is he liable to this very evil against which on all days we would wish to guard him? The Sunday is one of our greatest blessings—to turn the Sunday into a curse, what can be more terrible to think of? And yet I fear there are cases in which the very fact that Sunday is not a working-day does make it to some men a downright curse, that it exposes them to more evil than otherwise they would be in the way of, that it brings them directly under the influence of temptation which otherwise would not touch them. Therefore it is that we wish, if possible, to make the Sunday sacred from this sin. We wish, if possible, to show that although many of us may not be prepared to go quite so far as others, although there may be some who think that to stop Intemperance altogether is out of the question, and that we must pause before we shut up public-houses altogether, yet at any rate there may be those who will go with us as far as this, that on this one day of the week, on God’s own day, on the day of our blessed Lord’s resurrection, we would wish, if we could, to take a stumbling-block from our brother’s path. Considering that Sunday was put already under many restrictions, it was monstrous that while other trades were forbidden, this trade should be permitted; and that a man should be allowed not to work, but to get drunk. They must however stop that. But he also thought that there rested a great duty on the working classes in promoting Temperance, not by legislation only, but by bringing to bear on the men of their body the influence of public opinion. The gentleman who got drunk was cast out of society. Why was it that the working man who got drunk was not in the same way put under the reprobation of his fellow working-men? They were not sufficiently severe in their judgment upon those of their class who transgressed God’s law in that manner. They did not sufficiently say that they would not have it among themselves. They were too lenient and gentle with this evil so prevalent among them. He called upon them to raise the public opinion of their class, and to make all belonging to their body feel that they did not choose to let that go on. If they made the man who threw away the very life of his wife and children in his own disgusting indulgence fully aware of the fact that they despised him in their minds, they would be a blessing to him and would help him to keep sober. Let them prove the depth and truth of their convictions by setting right their own social life and all the relations which bound them together. If they could only make all working men feel about it the battle would be half won, as the knowledge of what their fellow-men would think would save men from the evil. He felt this strongly, and it pressed upon him constantly.”

As Bishop Jackson’s remarks on the sacramental wine and Bishop Temple’s speech are so important, I have postponed my “note” on the Total Abstinence Metaphors in the New Testament till next month, God willing.

Didsbury, near Manchester.

Dec. 2, 1871.

WILLIAM CAINE, M.A.
BELLS ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

By Rev. S. Childs Clarke, M.A., Vicar of St. Thomas, Launceston.

Hush! mid the stillness of the night
  Sweet sounds salute the ear;
Though heard of gloom, they sing of light,
Their notes are joyous, clear, and bright;
Their's is a strain of deep delight—
  They greet the new-born year.

Ay, glad to all who start anew
  On life's unceasing round;
Who, with the distant goal in view,
The onward upward path pursue;
  Who shun false joys to gain the true—
  Right glad to these the sound.

Yet sad enough to many hearts
  The merry New Year's peal;
No solace sweet that strain imparts
To selfish churls; true joy departs
From such as these—by other arts
  They joy, who true joy feel.

Ring on, ring on, ye joyous bells,
  In gladsome cadence clear;
Of fresh resolves your music tells,
As on the midnight air it swells;
Your chime the short-lived gloom dispels—
  Ye greet the glad New Year.
CHURCH MISSIONS TO THE INTEMPERATE.

A LECTURE in connection with the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society was delivered at the Victoria Rooms, Bristol, by the Rev. Thomas Rooke, M.A., the Honorary Secretary of the Society, on "The Necessity For, and the Character of the Temperance Movement in the Church." The Lord Bishop of the Diocese presided, and there was a fair attendance. Amongst those present were the Revs. J. E. Nash, C. Brittan, Barlow, jun., R. H. Watson; and Mr. W. W. Jose, Mr. C. Nash, Mr. W. Terrell, Mr. J. H. Tucker, Mr. H. Bennett, Dr. Bernard, Mr. J. Inskip, and others.

The proceedings having been opened with singing and prayer,

The Bishop said he had much pleasure in being present, in the first place on account of the very great and important cause in which they were all engaged. They might, perhaps, some of them differ as to the mode in which they would combat with this mighty evil of Intemperance, but they were, at any rate all of them in that room, he was assured, resolved to do their best towards helping, or persuading by all means and in all ways their fellow-countrymen—and alas! he must say their countrywomen—their Christian men and women—from any longer degrading themselves with the frightful evils of Intemperance and Intoxication. Eulogising Mr. Rooke's ability as a lecturer on Intemperance, his lordship said that a more earnest, devoted, and at the same time, reasonable and judicious supporter of the cause he had at heart was not to be found than his friend Mr. Rooke. For himself he (the Chairman) never liked at any public meeting to appear to be what he was not. He did not belong to the very honourable body of men that were bound by vow to complete Abstinence. He had his reasons that commended themselves to his own mind for not taking that decided step. Those reasons, however, he should not in any way obtrude upon them. But he might be permitted to say that he could quite recognise the plain fact that extreme evils needed extreme remedies. He might further say that he was convinced of this, that the less—he did not like to use the term "intoxicating liquors"—but the less of wine that those in the habit of taking it imbibed he was convinced the better they were. He would make a confession perhaps in saying that, though as he had said he was not one of those bound by the vows of Abstinence, yet he believed he had not taken half a dozen glasses of wine—neat by itself—for these two or three months; and he thanked God he was in good health, and was able to sustain a great deal of fatigue. He therefore went a long way, as he had advanced to this point—that the less one took of these stimulants the better. All things were possible, and so it was possible that the very eloquent lecturer before them might that evening convert the Chairman.

The Rev. T. Rooke then delivered a long and exhaustive lecture, setting out with the observation that if when he left that room that evening he should have
converted the Bishop into a Teetotaller he should certainly have won a great success; though from what his lordship had said he should not think it a very difficult matter to accomplish. He was glad to know that his lordship was the first bishop of the whole episcopate who had patronised the efforts of their Temperance Society by taking the chair at the annual meeting of their association in London. This resulted, he further remarked, from the very kind words which his lordship spoke when presiding at a meeting at Colston Hall in this city some two years ago. In his anxiety to find some means of staying the evils of Intemperance, he had then expressed a hope that some way might be discovered in which those who were themselves Abstainers might be led to cooperate with those who, though not Abstainers, felt the evils of Intemperance as much as did Total Abstainers. The lecturer then, in the first place, detailed the material evils of the drinking customs of our country: and cited statistics in proof of the extensive character of these material evils. Deprecating the expenditure of such immense sums of money in intoxicating drinks in this country, he showed how much more reproductive would it have been if otherwise employed in lessening the poor-rates, the criminal and the hospital expenses, by lessening the rates generally through the country, and by supplying reproductive employment for those who lived by the sweat of their brow. Producing further statistics, he said they showed that in the year 1869 the people of this country paid 3l. 13s. 4½d. per head in demoralising drink, and only 6s. 0½d. per head in so useful an article of clothing as cotton goods—our staple trade. No wonder, then, was it that so many homes were so miserable and so many people clothed in rags. He argued that if the money which the Liquor Traffic cost were spent in food, clothing, and furniture, the building of houses, &c., it would give employment to four or five millions of our population. In the United Kingdom it was estimated that there was one drinking-shop to every thirty-four private dwellings; and it had further been calculated that 600 died every week in the course of the year from the effects of intoxicating drinks. Next taking up the spiritual evils of Intemperance, the lecturer drew attention to the Sabbath profanation, and the many thousands of persons employed in retailing the liquors every Sunday. The way in which the Sunday Liquor Traffic—by the degradation of the parents and the temptations it held out to the young themselves—prevented Sunday-school instruction was next dwelt upon, and sad instances given of cases in which large numbers even of those carefully educated in Sunday-schools had been unable to resist these temptations by reason of their prevalence on every hand. Having thus pointed out the evils, he came to the remedies, and as to legislation, advocated that there should be local boards elected for a certain period by the ratepayers, and that in the hands of these boards should be entrusted the whole question of the Liquor Traffic, relieving the magistrates altogether from the apparent anomaly of having to license a house to-day, and to punish a man to-morrow for using the same house. That there was reason for such missions as theirs, he argued from the fact that special evils required special remedies, and this evil was special in its nature, special in its
tumtations, and special in its universality. He then showed the place and
power of Total Abstinence as a means of prevention and cure, and also an
opportunity of Christian self-denial on the part of those who did not need the
Pledge for themselves.
At the conclusion of the lecture a vote of thanks was given to Mr. Rooke, on
the motion of Mr. Charles Nash, and the proceedings terminated.—Bristol
Daily Post.

LAUNCESTON, CORNWALL.

DEVOTIONAL CONFERENCE OF THE CLERGY.

A meeting of the clergy was recently held at Launceston, which was largely
attended, and likely to be followed by useful results. The first day was
devoted to papers on the "Inner Life"; each paper being followed by silent
prayer, and such observations as those present felt inclined to offer. One of
these papers was entitled "The Preparation of the Pastor and his People for
Eternity." The Rev. S. Childs Clarke, Vicar of St. Thomas, called the attention
of his clerical brethren to the necessity of Abstinence from intoxicating drinks on
the Lord's-day and on religious festivals. His clerical brethren were aware
that special directions were given by God to the priests, in the old dispensation,
as to preparing themselves by Abstinence for sacred offices. He had been
forcibly struck by a remark made to him by a Dissenter, saying how
sad he felt at seeing ministers partaking largely of such drinks at
such seasons as chapel openings. Surely they might refrain, it at no other
times, yet on occasions of such a nature, for the sake of example. He
(the speaker) had sometimes been told by persons who did not attend
church on the Sunday afternoon, that they felt so drowsy that they
could not attend to the service. He had answered by saying "Drink no
wine or spirit until the services of the day are over; that is, if you must
drink such beverages on the Lord's-day." Mr. Clarke then mentioned a very
painful circumstance which had taken place in the diocese during the present
year. A curate who was a good preacher and an amiable man, but one
who indulged too freely in drink, had been so perfectly overcome in the
pulpit as to be unable to proceed with his sermon, and was summarily
dismissed by the Vicar. He also mentioned having been himself (with another
clergyman) thrown out of a carriage, when returning from a church opening,
owing to the Drunkenness of the driver, whom a brother clergyman had allowed
to drink too freely. One of the clergy present then spoke in strong terms against
Total Abstinence, but the Rev. Dr. Martin, Vicar of St. Breward, who is much
respected, begged to thank Mr. Clarke for his suggestion, and would endeavour
in future to exclude strong drink from all religious festivals over which he had
any control.
At the meal which followed, which was eaten in silence (by way of discipline),
many of the clergy did not partake of beer, which was provided, but contented themselves with water. The second day was occupied by free discussion on details of parochial work. The need and urgent necessity of lay co-operation was strongly insisted on. All present seemed much impressed with an earnest sense of duty.

TEETOTALISM IN THE HOSPITAL.

R. P. R. YEWEN, writing from the Abernethy Ward, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 30th June, 1871, said: "I was admitted to this hospital on the 9th May (after lying on my bed at home for three weeks), with large popliteal aneurism. The house surgeon told me (as did the surgeon who attended me at home) that the operation I should have to undergo was a dangerous one. When I told him that I was a Teetotaller, he said 'Then half the danger is over.' Yet, on making out my diet list, he ordered porter: this I declined, and instead he ordered beef-tea, milk, and arrowroot. On the following Saturday, before being carried to the operating theatre, the ward sister offered me brandy. On my refusal, and giving my reasons, she said it was usual to give it to patients about to undergo operations, but I need not take it unless I chose. My support on going into the theatre was especially derived from the language of the psalmist, in 23rd Psalm, from the third verse, and the assurance that as I was in the Lord's hand, his grace was sufficient for me, so my trust was in him. I prayed that I might be sustained, and that I might be resigned to his will. I was placed under the influence of chloroform, and the operation—that of cutting the thigh down to, and tying, the femoral artery—was performed by Mr. Savory, a surgeon of the highest reputation. Since the operation, I have, under the Divine blessing, made steady progress towards recovery. On the tenth day from the operation, the ligatures came away, and since then the wound has fairly healed, except for about half an inch in length: this is closing; the tumour is gradually subsiding. I am now expecting every day to receive my discharge, although, as Mr. Savory tells me, my leg being bent when I came in, it will be a work of time to straighten it. So it may be some months before I shall be able to dispense with crutches. While going through the wards, on more than one occasion Mr. Savory has directed the attention of students to my case, expressing pleasure at the manner in which I have been going on, and referring to the fact that I have had no alcoholic stimulants, but have had beef-tea, arrowroot, milk, &c. Since I have been able to be about, I have heard that a surgeon, referring to me before the operation, said he would not give a straw for my life; but when he was told that I drank no intoxicating liquors, he said, 'Then all the chances are in his favour.' The probabilities are that a man who drank to any extent would sink under the operation, or he might linger a few weeks; on a drunkard they would not attempt the operation, but an Abstainer has everything in his favour."—Medical Temperance Journal.
TEMPERANCE EXPERIENCES.

BY THE REV. O. L. MANUEL, RECTOR OF CHURCH KNOWLE.

I have committed myself to a somewhat difficult task in undertaking to contribute to this series of papers. The veteran who has taken part in many a hard-fought battle has plenty of materials at hand from which he may form a useful and instructive narrative; but the experience of a recruit who has seen but little of active service must, in a great measure, be barren of interest. Now, as I am only a recruit in the Teetotal ranks, and my experience is limited to the routine of clerical work in a small agricultural parish, I fear that the Temperance cause will not derive much benefit from the record of my crude opinions on the subject.

I was once rather strongly prejudiced against what are called Temperance principles, but I am bound to confess that in my case the proverb held good, 'Ignorance is the parent of prejudice.' I imagined Teetotallers to be a sect of religious enthusiasts, who grounded their doctrine of Abstinence from strong drink on an exaggerated view of the teaching of Scripture respecting denial of the appetite as a means to the advancement of the spiritual life, and hence I considered that the attempt to propagate their principles was an unwarrantable interference with the liberty sanctioned by reason and religion. It cannot be a matter of surprise, therefore, that I regarded Teetotalism with an unfavourable eye, or that I resisted the applications which were made to me from time to time to open my schoolroom for Temperance meetings. But those applications proved the means of modifying my prejudices, by affording me an opportunity of acquainting myself with the real objects and motives of this important movement. I was bound to state my reasons for declining to assist in a work from which, it was said, my parish might derive a great and lasting benefit. My objections were analysed, and arguments on the other side were brought forward. By degrees it became apparent to my mind that there was more to be said in favour of the principles of Total Abstinence than I had imagined, and that many of the opinions which I had formed respecting them were really without foundation; and, being at length convinced that the end aimed at by Teetotallers is to bring about a social and religious reformation by persuading people to abstain from that which is avowedly the most fruitful cause of sin and misery, I was induced to yield (I own it) a somewhat reluctant assent to the use of my schoolroom for a Temperance meeting. I was requested to take the chair; and, having made the accustomed speech in favour of Moderation, as opposed to Total Abstinence, I sat down, not without some little anxiety lest the arguments I was about to hear should jar unpleasantly on my orthodox nerves. There was nothing, however, in the addresses which followed
to justify my fears. The speakers were labouring men, but they pleaded their cause so sensibly and earnestly that all criticism as to style was disarmed, and the facts which they adduced in proof of the fearful extent to which Intemperance prevails, and of the terrible evils occasioned by it, carried conviction to my mind that the work undertaken by Temperance Reformers deserves the support and sympathy of all who are interested in the temporal and religious welfare of their country. At a subsequent meeting, I was presented by the late excellent Secretary of our County Association (Rev. S. Knell) with a copy of the report presented to the Convocation at Canterbury on the subject of Intemperance (a work, by the bye, which I commend to the study of my brethren in the ministry) Whatever objections yet lingered in my mind were removed by a careful perusal of that valuable publication. Before taking the Pledge, however, I thought it expedient to try the effect of Total Abstinence for a time, as I could not quite divest myself of the idea that the disuse of stimulants might act injuriously on the health. Having given the experiment six months' trial, I found myself still in the land of the living; and, notwithstanding the lugubrious predictions of my friends, I was as sound and strong as at any period of my life. I delayed, therefore, no longer to take the step of formally pledging myself to the Temperance Cause. I have never since regretted that step; and, although I cannot yet point to any great results as having proceeded from it, I have reason to be thankful for some good fruits which it has produced, and which, I trust, are the earnest of a future abundant harvest.

In the first place, by dispensing with a costly article of consumption, I am enabled to devote to charitable purposes a larger sum than I formerly had at my disposal; and it is to be wished that self-denial with such an object in view were more generally practised in this age of luxury; for it cannot be denied that, if only a small proportion of the vast sums now spent in drink were diverted into the channel of benevolence, our charitable societies would be placed in a state of affluence which would enable them to meet the pressing demands for help, to which they are too often compelled to turn a deaf ear, from lack of funds. But neither can it be denied that if persons could be prevailed upon thus to reduce their expenditure, merely from the lower motive of benefiting themselves and their families, and practise habits of frugality, instead of yielding to luxury and indulgence of appetite, society would gain an incalculable advantage by the change. I trust that my humble efforts and the influence of my example may tend to this result in the limited sphere in which my lot is cast.

Although there still exists a strong prejudice in the minds of the majority against the principles and practice of Total Abstinence, it is evident that the cause is gaining ground, from the fact that every year witnesses an accession of members of all grades of society to the Teetotal ranks. I have no hesitation in saying that a great improvement in the moral condition of the people in this neighbourhood has been effected by the Temperance movement, which has been carried on by zealous labourers for some years past. I have no means
of measuring the success of my own efforts. It is, however, a great satisfaction to me to know that I am co-operating in a work which has been so largely blessed; and whether or not I am allowed to reap any manifest fruit of my labours, I am sure that the seed sown in faith, and with a view to the promotion of God's glory and the good of mankind, will one day produce an abundant harvest, whoever may be the reaper. And therefore I would take for my motto, in this as in other departments of Christian work, the words of the poet:

"The work be Thine, the fruit thy children's part.
Choose to believe, not see; sight tempts the heart
From sober walking in true Gospel ways."

And I am confident that the mingling of Abstainers, whether clergymen or other persons of education, in the social gatherings of the upper classes of society must be attended with beneficial results. Many opportunities are thus presented of removing the ignorance which prevails with regard to the fearful evils connected with Intemperance, and of softening down the prejudices against Teetotalism, induced by an imperfect knowledge of the subject; while the presence among their fellow-men and women of Abstainers, in as full enjoyment of physical and intellectual vigour (to say nothing more) as themselves, affords a living demonstration of the fallacy of the notion that stimulants are necessary to keep the body and mind in a healthy state.

For my own part, I have suffered no kind of inconvenience from following a course opposed to the habits and prejudices of the day. I am not aware that I have lost a friend or gained an enemy by my departure from the beaten track. On the contrary, I believe that my motives have ever commanded respect, even where my example has failed to produce converts.

Such is the result of my two years' experience of Total Abstinence. It has been the occasion to me of no loss or discomfort; in some respects, it has been productive of material advantage. But if it has done nothing more, it has opened a fresh door of usefulness in my generation, and if by this means I am enabled to contribute in any degree to the moral and spiritual welfare of my fellow-men, I shall feel ever thankful for the opportunity which was thrown in my way of taking part in the work of Temperance Reformation.—Western Temperance Herald.

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

"In the matter of neighbourly favours to the labourer, there are some little things which would be a great help to our endeavours for the good of the people. (a) I should advise beer or cider money, instead of beer or cider; enabling any man to bring his beer if he liked, and for any extra quantity I should provide coffee, tea, and milk. (b) It would be a great boon, especially where there were large families, to sell milk to the people."—Earl Nelson to his tenants at the audit dinner, Nov. 10.
OUR "NEIGHBOUR."

One wet Sabbath evening a humbly-clad boy was passing a well-lighted church, and, attracted by its cheerful aspect—so in contrast with the discomfort without—he made up his mind to enter; but, as he crossed the threshold, he remembered that the working clothes he wore were not quite suited to the House of God. He had no time to retreat, however, a pew-opener having motioned him to a seat. Fortunately, as our young friend thought, a pillar, close by, hid him from general observation; yet he could see the minister and hear the service. As the clergyman walked solemnly to his place in the reading-desk, the organ pealed forth, and its rich and swelling tones much impressed the youthful listener. It was long since he had been to church, and the recollection was but dim; nevertheless it was a painful one, as he had gone thither with a gentle, loving mother, and the little sister he had left at home. Now, as he sat in his quiet corner, he thought of that mother with a yearning heart, and doubted not that she was then joining, with harp and voice, in those celestial strains she used to tell about with such simple eloquence. He longed to be with her, but alas! something told him he was not fit to be there; and a hopeless feeling was creeping over his heart, and the tears were filling his eyes, when the clergyman commenced to repeat, "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness," &c. Joe, for that was the boy's name, gave rapt attention, so eagerly following the reader with his eyes that he remained unconscious of all around. At last he found himself sitting whilst the rest of the congregation were kneeling, and a blush of shame mantled his cheek, as he imagined every one must have observed him; for, though only a "common," boy, he had a sensitive nature. But he soon forgot himself again when the minister began the sermon. The text was taken from the 31st verse of the 14th chapter of St. Mark, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;" and when the preacher said that not only the wounded and sick man, but that even the unkind man was our "neighbour," Joe was struck to the heart, knowing that he had such a neighbour close at home. He did not once move till the clergyman left the pulpit; when, finding the larger portion of the worshippers already gone, and that curious eyes were regarding him, he gladly made his escape from the church. As he hurries home I must tell my reader something about him.

Though motherless, Joe had a father; and people had been wont to consider the elder Joe Addison both clever and respectable; but since his wife's death there had been a difference, and some of his old friends shook their heads, and whispered amongst themselves that he was "going to the dogs." The poor man had a kind of notion of this himself, but bad habits are more easily formed than broken; and, grow-
ing cross, exacting, and impatient, he became the increasing dread of his children. They well remembered the time when father used to teach them; and, his attainments being considerable, he had got them on very well. Against schools, especially Sunday-schools, Mr. Addison had a prejudice, notwithstanding that he could never give a sufficient reason for it; but this was one of the elder Joe’s “crotchets,” as his neighbours said. This seems very wrong, but unreasonable prejudice is a common failing of humanity; and unfortunate circumstances had fostered those other faults of which I have already spoken. Accustomed, at one time, to a glowing hearth and cheerful apartment, and to a loving wife and comfortable meal, it was a terrible change when he had to submit to the indifferent attentions of the woman who came in, now and then, to “clear up;” and as he looked for no higher good than this uncertain life affords, no wonder that after taking the first wrong step he sank lower and lower. Mrs. Eames, the person I have referred to, was a bugbear to Joe and Nancy; for what with her ill-temper and bad contrivance for their comfort, they were very miserable. No doubt she was partly to blame for their father’s misconduct. He now spent most of his evenings at the public-house, and the poor children were often cold, and even hungry, whilst he squandered his money and ruined his reputation there. Nancy would gladly have made the home happier, but a mere child, and with no one to teach her, what could she do? Mrs. Eames always said, “Don’t bother me!” if she asked her advice. Such was the unhappy condition of this household when first introduced to my readers.

When Joe opened the door, he found his sister cowering over a tiny fire in a large grate, half choked with dust and dirt. She bounded towards him, and a pair of beautiful hazel eyes, soft and deep and loving, danced with pleasure as they met his. Joe was an affectionate boy, and he kissed Nancy with as much tenderness and as gently as any brother could.

“**How cold you are!”** he said, observing her shiver. Then, looking around, he took from a pin-rail an old coat of his father’s, and wrapped her in it, adding, “You should have taken it before.”

“**Oh, I never thought of it,”** replied Nancy. “**Where have you been all this time?”**

“**To church.**”

“**To church! What would father say?”**

“I am sure I don’t know. I mean to go, so there’s an end of it.”

Nancy had a confused notion that their father ought to know of all their doings. However, as going to church seemed very commendable on Joe’s part, she said, decisively, “I am glad you went; what did the minister say?”

Her brother proceeded to enter fully into particulars, describing what he had seen and heard in a simple, yet graphic manner. He and Nancy, though only ignorant children, had some nice ideas, and were accustomed to interchange them.

“**Really Nancy,”** said he, in conclusion, “the parson might have known how we hate Mrs. Eames; he seemed to be talking to me about it;**
she's our 'neighbour' you see, and no mistake."

"Yes," returned his sister, with a
sigh; "but she's so cross and cruel, it
ain't in reason that we're to like her!"

"But the parson said Jesus loved
them as were unkind to him, and so
ought we to; what would mother
have done, do you suppose?"

"Oh, mother was different," she
quickly answered.

"Yes," replied Joe, "because she
loved the 'Gentle Jesus,' and we don't.
Can you remember how often she'd
say—

'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild'—
I've forgotten most of it."

Nancy repeated the whole.

"I wish we'd dear mother now,"
said the poor girl, tearfully; "father
wouldn't go to the public no longer,
and we should all be so happy!"

"And Mrs. Eames wouldn't be our
neighbour like," added Joe, smiling
grimly.

"Oh no, I hate her, and I can't
help it Joe!" and Nancy's beautiful
eyes flashed angrily.

Her brother thought it equally im-
possible; but the sermon had so
plainly set forth their duty, and the ex-
ample of Christ in loving his enemies,
that he felt quite unhappy about it.

(To be continued.)

THE DRUNKARD'S PRAYING MOTHER.

It was before the keels of noble steamers ploughed the Upper Columbia.
We took passage in an Indian canoe. The whole country was a wilderness,
unoccupied save by the United States military at the Dalles, and a few daring
whites, some of dissolute habits. The Indians were numerous. Our crew in
the canoe consisted of two Indians and squaws, the Bishop, myself, Indian dogs,
and two white men, whose mouths were full of cursing and obscenity. They
were full of whisky. Once or twice a reprimand rose to the lips of the writer
but at a signal from the Bishop it was repressed. After a while one of the
Drunkards fell into a condition of insensibility. The other became silent. At length
the Bishop inquired very kindly of him if his mother still lived. He very eagerly
answered that she did. "Is your mother a praying woman?" "Oh yes."
"Do you think that she prays for you every day?" "I have no doubt of it."
"Do you think your mother is aware of the life you are leading?" With
sobs and flowing tears, the young man replied that he would not have her know
it for the world! The subject was followed up. The day passed away. We
lodged at an Indian camp, and the next day parted with our fellow-passengers.
More than ten years afterwards I came down this same river in a splendid
steamer. A well-dressed, respectable-looking man introduced himself to me
and informed me that he was this questioned one. The interview had been
made by the Divine Spirit a great blessing to him. "I have," said he, "drunk
no more whisky; I am a family man and have amassed a competence, and I
am endeavouring to lead a religious life."—Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste's "Widow of
East Angle."
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"And others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire, hating even the garments spotted by the flesh."—St. Jude 23.

PAUPERISM.

We have much pleasure in giving the following extract from an admirable paper—read by the Rev. John Adams, Vicar of Stockcross, before the Newbury Chamber of Agriculture—on Pauperism. Having stated several statistical facts, and shown some difficulties of the Poor-law working, he says:—

But no improvement in the administration of the Poor Law will ever enable us to make head against pauperism, unless at the same time we go to the root of the malady, and extinguish the causes from which it springs. Prevention, it is commonly said, is better than cure. We always find this the case in dealing with disease, and it is no less true with regard to pauperism. What, then, lies at the root of this social malady? What are the evils which subserve its growth, and how can they be counteracted? The head and front of them all are the drinking habits of the poor, and in proof of this, I will adduce some witnesses who had the best possible opportunities of forming a true opinion on the point. Two or three years ago a committee of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury was appointed to inquire into the subject of Intemperance, and this was one of the questions sent by them to the governors of workhouses throughout
England and Wales, "What proportion of those who have come under your
cognizance as paupers have been the victims of Intemperance?" Their replies,
occupying as they do a dozen pages of the report, are too long to be quoted, but
I will give you a half-a-dozen answers, taken hap-hazard, from a single page:
1. "Eighty per cent. may be given as the proportion of paupers who are the
victims of Intemperance." 2. "Without hesitation I should say that 70 or 80
per cent. of the paupers came to that state through drink." 3. "From my ex-
perience of 18 years among paupers and lunatics, I consider that 9 out of 10
may attribute the cause to Intemperance." 4. "I am sure I am within the
mark when I say nine-tenths of the adult paupers are habitual drinkers to ex-
cess, and the children are nearly all paupers in consequence of the dissipated
habits of their parents." 5. "As far as I can make it out, 9 out of every 10
have been the victims of Intemperance." 6. "I think I am safe in stating that,
either directly or indirectly, nine-tenths of our inmates, old and young, male
and female, are brought here by drink and its accompanying vicious habits."
Such evidence as this shows beyond all contradiction that a large amount of the
burden of pauperism is the result of tippling, and this tippling, it might easily
be demonstrated, is a direct and inevitable result of an excessive number of beer-
shops. It is a notorious fact that the poor are never, as a rule, Intemperate, unless
they are beset by temptations to excess; and it is equally notorious that when
they are so beset, they generally yield to the temptation. Half-a-dozen ill-conducted
pot-houses would, I believe, in the course of a few years, corrupt and demoralise
the best regulated village in England; and their seductive influence would be
more than a match for the most vigorous moral agencies that could be started
to counteract them. Mr. Bass, the famous brewer, tried to assure the licensed
victuallers the other day that the prevalent vice of drunkenness was not their
fault in the least degree, but was to be traced entirely to the desperate wicked-
ness of the human heart; and that the Government have, therefore, no business
to meddle with the licensing system and the innocent beer-sellers. But if this
natural depravity develops itself to the injury and annoyance of society—in
other words, if excessive drinking amongst the poor not only causes misery and
suffering to themselves, but adds some millions every year to the poor-rate, it is
manifestly time that the ratepayers should bestir themselves to repress it, and to
insist that those costly avenues of Intemperance should be closed. In the excise
district of Newbury, comprising forty-five parishes, there was, when I made the
investigation three years since, an average of one house licensed for the sale of
beer for every 108 inhabitants. Now assuming the non-frequenters of those
houses—viz., the upper classes, the children, most of the women and working
men of sober habits—to be three-fifths of the population, we have one public-
house or beer-shop for every forty-two individuals. What an enormous amount
of drinking amongst the poor does this suggest! Why if double that number
maintained a beer-shop out of their scanty earnings, it would account for the
utter destitution that exists in many of their families; and seeing that this desti-
tution may be materially lessened by reducing the number of beer-houses,
surely the country ought to demand of the House of Commons that this Licensing question shall be trifled with no longer, and that any measure which deals with it shall speedily bring down the number of licences to the honest requirements of the people. But in seeking a legislative remedy for Intemperance, we must never forget that from the poor man’s point of view the public-house has a bright side as well as a dark one; and that it offers him pleasures and enjoyment which he may legitimately seek. It is oftentimes the only refuge which he has from domestic discomfort, the only place where he can enjoy in a cold winter’s evening the genial warmth of a bright fire, the only place where he can gossip for an hour with his comrades, or read the details of the last murder. To wean the labourer, therefore, from his drinking haunts, he must be supplied, wherever it is possible, with reading-rooms and innocent amusements. Difficulties no doubt there are in providing such harmless counter attractions apart from the tap-room; and no rule or system can be laid down which will hold good everywhere. Each district has its own peculiar tastes, varying with the education and employment of the people; but until we can show them where and how to find an equivalent for the amusement and social converse of the beer-shop, they will continue, wherever they have the chance, to throw themselves into its snares. Another fruitful cause of pauperism is the bad condition of the dwellings of the poor. Many a helpless labourer has become a pauper, and his children sickly and degenerate, in consequence of the unhealthy state of their abode. Many, too, have become frequenters of the beer-shop, and ultimately confirmed tipplers, on account of the discomfort of their own fireside. When the cottage has a damp and broken floor; and thin walls, through which the rain beats; and a door full of chinks, through which the wind whistles; and a chimney which objects to receive the smoke; who can blame the peasant for stealing away from such a wretched abode to the blazing fire and easy settle of the neighbouring pot-house? Which of us, under such circumstances, could withstand the temptation to do the same? There is a great deal of truth in Maggie’s remonstrance with the Laird in Scott’s “Antiquary,” “Ay, ay, it is easy for your honour and the like o’ you gentlefolks, to say, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claithe, and sit dry and canny by the fireside; but an’ ye wanted fire, and meat, and dry clause, and were deeing o’ cauld, and had a sair heart—whilk is warst ava’, wi’ just tippence in your pouch—wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi’t?” Intemperance may be traced to many other causes besides the inherent wickedness which Mr. Bass speaks of, and not the least of them is the unwholesome state of the labouring man’s abode. In a recent Parliamentary report, Dr. Fraser, the Bishop of Manchester, thus describes the condition of the cottages in rural districts generally: “The majority of them are deficient in almost every requisite that should constitute a home for a Christian family in a civilised community. They are deficient in bedroom accommodation, very few having three chambers, and in some parishes the larger proportion only one; they are deficient in drainage and sanitary arrangements; they are imperfectly supplied with water; they are full enough of draughts to
generate any amount of rheumatism; and in many instances are lamentably dilapidated and out of repair. "It is impossible to exaggerate the ill-effects of such a state of things in every aspect—physical, social, economical, moral, intellectual." The transition from the wretchedness of such cottages to the comparative luxury of the pot-house, is not only natural, it is almost a necessity. Their very atmosphere has such a depressing influence upon body and mind as to produce an insatiable craving for stimulants; and the owners of such property ought to be held responsible in the eyes of men, as I doubt not they are in the eyes of God, for the misery, and in some degree for the vices of their tenants. This is a matter upon which it is high time that the most coercive influence of public opinion, and, if need be, the penalties of the law should be brought to bear.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE METAPHORS IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

SOME months ago I wrote a "Note" on the immolation of women in India, and showed that we have in England an infinitely worse sacrifice of women than there ever was in India. In one of Henry Martyn's letters there is a most interesting reference to the Suttee. He says: "I have just been interrupted by the blaze of a funeral pile, within a hundred yards of my pagoda. I ran out, but the wretched woman had consigned herself to the flames before I reached the spot, and I saw only the remains of her and her husband. O Lord, how long shall it be? Oh, I shall have no rest in my spirit till my tongue is loosed to testify against the devil, and deliver the message of God to these his unhappy bond-slaves! I stammered out something to the wicked Brahmins about the judgments of God upon them for the murder they had just committed, but they said it was an act of her own free will." Oh, how like all this is to what we see at home in England! Hundreds of thousands of women consigning themselves to what is worse than the funeral pile—depriving themselves of reason, and health, and happiness, in time and eternity, by the use of the poison alcohol! There are here, too, "wicked Brahmins" who look on with indifference, and say they will not interfere to prevent these murders, because the wretched women "act of their own free will." The law in India has been greatly changed for the better since Henry Martyn's time. A few months ago it was stated in the English papers that "a case of Suttee (self-immolation of a widow) occurred lately at Jounpore. The relatives of the deceased, who encouraged her to commit the horrid rite, have been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment; and the villagers who looked on to three years' imprisonment." The time will come when in England also, those who encourage the poor
Drunkard to go on in his Intemperance, and the professing Christians who look on with indifference, will be punished with penal servitude.

The first instance of Total Abstinence metaphors in the New Testament, which I will mention, occurs in 1st Thessalonians v. 6-8: “For ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day: we are not of the night, nor of the darkness. Therefore let us not sleep, as do others, but let us watch and be sober [νηφωμεν]. For they that sleep, sleep in the night; and they that be drunken are drunken in the night. But let us, who are of the day, be sober [νηφωμεν], putting on the breastplate of faith and love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation.”

On verse 7 Whitby remarks: “Note, oh! the dissoluteness of the manners of the Christians of our age, who frequently are guilty of that Drunkenness in the day time, which heathens only practised in the night.” Horace expresses his disgust at men getting drunk in the daytime. He says in his Satires, lib. i, sat. iv:—

Ebius et (magnum quod dedecus) ambulet ante
Noctem cum facibus.

This is thus translated by the Rev. Philip Francis:—

Deep in drink
Reels in fair daylight (shameful) with his link.

How expressive are the Apostle’s words: “Let us not sleep, as do others; but let us keep awake, and not drink.” Alcohol in every form of it has a tendency to make people drowsy. How different we Christians, ministers and laity, ought to be from the Jewish ministers described by Isaiah in lvi. 10-12: “His watchmen are blind; they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber. Yea, they are greedy dogs, which can never have enough, and they are shepherds that cannot understand: they all look to their own way, every one for his gain, from his quarter. Come ye, say they, I will fetch wine, and we will fill ourselves with strong drink; and to-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant.” The Prophet Isaiah, like the Apostle Paul, connects sleeping and slumbering with drinking.

St. Paul’s exhortation to wakefulness reminds me of an interesting sermon preached by the Rev. Charles Simeon in Edinburgh on ministerial duties and faithfulness. A friend who heard him said: “Mr. Simeon introduced, with a view to illustration, the keeper of the lighthouse on Inch-Keith, the island situated in the middle of the Frith of Forth, between Mid-Lothian and Fife. He supposed the keeper to have let the light go out, and that in consequence the coast was strewn with wrecks, and with dead and mangled bodies; and that the wailings of widows and orphans were everywhere heard. He supposed the delinquent brought out for examination before a full court and an assembled people; and at last the answer to be given by him that he was ‘asleep!’ ‘Asleep!’ The way in which he made this ‘asleep!’ burst on the ears of his audience, who were hanging in perfect stillness on his lips, contrasting the cause with the effects, I remember to this day.”
How many of our ministerial watchmen are asleep, although they see the whole country covered with wrecks, and with dead and mangled bodies of poor Drunkards, and although they hear wherever they go the wailings of widows and orphans, made so by poisoning drink! How terrible the Day of Judgment will be to those professing Christians who keep in existence the cause of so much misery, and vice, and crime, and death! Oh that I could rouse them from their destructive slumber! Let us say with the Apostle, "If intoxicating drink make my brother or sister to stumble, we will drink none of it while the world standeth, lest we make our brother or sister to stumble."

Didsbury, near Manchester,  William Caine, M.A.
Jan. 8, 1872.

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

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

Dowry Temperance Society, Hotwells, Clifton.—On Friday, December 29, a lecture was delivered by Mr. E. G. Gulley, on "Phrenology and Intemperance." The chair was taken by the President of the Society, the Rev. C. J. Senior, M.A. The lecture was well illustrated, and at the close of the meeting nine Temperance Pledges were taken.

Clerkenwell Parochial Temperance Association, St. James's Hall, Lower Roseman-street.—On Monday evening, January 15, this Society received a visit from the Rev. C. Moon, A.K.C., Curate of Christ Church, Chelsea, who came as a deputation from the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society, and gave a very excellent lecture, full of sound arguments, on the subject: "The Medical Aspect of the Temperance Question from a Clerical Point of View." The connection between the physical and moral evils resulting from the use of Intoxicating drinks was ably touched upon, and the lecture was not without its good results. The Rev. A. S. Herring, B.A., Vice-President of the Association, presided, and related some forcible anecdotes in confirmation of the lecturer's remarks.

Parish of Holy Trinity, Malvern.—On Thursday evening, January 11, the Rev. Thomas Rooke attended, and lectured at a meeting convened, and presided over, by the Vicar, the Rev. C. J. Ridgway, for the purpose of forming a Parochial Temperance Association. Notwithstanding unfavourable weather the meeting was well attended, and the Association formed. Beside Mr. Rooke, the Vicar and Dr. Grindrod addressed those assembled. Several names were given in at the close of the meeting.

A "British Workman" for Shifnal, Shropshire.—The desirability of
AN ALLEGORY.

"Cast ye up, cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumbling-block out of the way of my people."—Isaiah lvii. 14.

In one part of a Great King's dominions there fell a very large block of stone from the rocks on the side of the path which led to Church and Chapel. It filled up nearly all the width of the road, so that people had difficulty in passing, even in the day time, but towards evening and at night many were the accidents that took place. Old people whose sight was dim often stumbled against the sharp edges of the rock, and were unable to rise; young men who came hastily along frequently dashed their heads upon rough projecting points; even young women and children were sorely hurt as they ran heedlessly down the road; whilst some sat contentedly under the shadow of the rock after they had fallen, and the morning light found them lying insensible on the ground. Seeing that so many were injured by falling against the great stone, a few of the inhabitants were at last roused to do something, and they resolved to erect a barrier all round; but this was of little use, for in the dark the wooden railings were dashed to pieces, and only filled up the way still more. All this while men had been quite regardless of a notice that the King had caused to be put up, "Cast ye up, cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumbling-block out of the way of my people."
When the eyes of a few earnest men fell on this, they determined to obey, and, obtaining ropes and chains, they pulled long and vigorously to remove the great stone, but very little progress they made, it was so very large and heavy; whilst it had remained so long, nettles and weeds had grown all around and imbedded them deeply in the soil. At last a happy thought came into the mind of one who had pulled the hardest, and he said: "My fellow-workers, we shall never remove this great stumbling-block until we get all the children to help us; let us call them together, with their little spades and wheelbarrows, and we with our pickaxes will break up the ground, whilst they will carry the loose soil away. In this way we shall dig a great hole, and then, pulling all together, we shall tumble the stone down and bury it." Many of the people were pleased at this proposition, and, ringing a bell, they cried, "Boys and girls, come away; boys and girls, come to help," and a large number came running to know what they were to do. Now the work went on cheerily; the children were delighted to think that they were of use, and bravely they handled their spades. Women, too, came to look on, and brought refreshment for the workers, urging them on with pleasant words when any seemed to grow weary.

So at last the deep hole was dug close up to the great stone, and then, with strong ropes well fastened round, they gave a shout as they pulled, and down went the stumbling-block, causing a cloud of dust; and then filling in the needful soil, the road was quickly smoothed over, and all the people rejoiced to go to Church and Chapel, and after a while the King came to reward all who had faithfully obeyed his command.

Is there a greater stumbling-block than strong drink?
The various efforts of Temperance reformers are represented thus—

1. The railing round the stone: the Moderation plan, promising not to drink too much, often broken down.

2. First efforts of removal: Total Abstinence by men and women.

3. Gathering boys and girls with spades: forming Bands of Hope, teaching children not only to abstain themselves, but to persuade others.

Great is the influence of a child; let us try to interest our children in this work. Show them that we look to them for help, that if they will keep their early promise we shall ere long have a noble band of Abstaining men and women, and the great stumbling-block in the way of all true religion will be got rid of in our beloved land.

A. H.

Despise not the day of small things.
TEMPERANCE SONG OF FAITH.

MIGHTY Faith! on truth depending!
Sacred spring of hope and love!
In thy work their influence blending,
Potent then a world to move.

On our Temperance charge proceeding,
Nerve our hearts with patient zeal;
Earnestly, yet wisely pleading,
As our mission we fulfil.

In persuasive truth believing,
May we act, entreat, and teach;
Outcast, forlorn waifs retrieving,
Drawn by tenderness of speech.

Lo! the annals of our story,—
Late, too late in time begun,—
Names revered enshrine in glory,
Trophies from the tyrant won.

Wives and children, sadly grieving
O'er their wrongs, for succour cry.
Christians, in the Right believing,
On, then, to their rescue fly!

In the future, by Thee sighted,
Visions full of promise rise;
Where Drink's curse a desert blighted,
Happy homesteads greet our eyes.

Oh! that Love with Thee combining,
For the common weal might flow;
Heart with heart its threads entwining,—
Earth would seem a heaven below.

East Cowton Vicarage.                T. HOLME.

[We regret much to have to state that while these lines were in press their venerable author died, at the advanced age of seventy-eight. He was an earnest and judicious friend of the Temperance cause.—Ed.]
THE DOCTORS AND ALCOHOLISM.

(From the Saturday Review, Jan. 6, 1872.)

THE declaration respecting alcohol which has just been signed by two hundred and fifty physicians and surgeons, headed by the Presidents of the two great Medical Colleges, and including nearly all the most eminent members of the profession, has certainly not appeared before it was required. We have ourselves more than once called attention to the increasing passion for stimulants which is observable in modern society, not only among the lower classes, but among educated and cultivated people, men and women alike, in the drawing-rooms of May Fair as well as in the Clubs of Pall Mall and the counting-houses of the City; and we are glad that the doctors have at last taken up the question in a serious manner. There are some scandals about which it is perhaps well to say as little as possible, but there are other scandals which must be boldly faced if any good is to be done, and which cannot be hushed up, however strong may be the desire and however general the consent that they should be treated as non-existent. The drinking habits of the upper and middle classes seem to us to have reached a point at which they clearly belong to the latter category. It is necessary to speak out and call things by their right names in order that those who are now dallying more or less unconsciously with a degrading and ruinous vice may see the peril of their ways and make a resolute effort to turn from them. In any comparison between the present generation and our grandfathers or great-grandfathers it is usually assumed that we are superior to them at least in our temperate use of intoxicating liquors. Gentlemen no longer come reeling into the drawing-room after a debauch at the dinner-table. Five-bottle men have gone the way of the dodo and the pterodactyle, and the days of prolonged potations are at an end. At a dinner-party the gentlemen rejoin the ladies after a brief interval, sometimes following them at once to the drawing-room. Heavy drinking is regarded as a disgraceful anachronism, and a man who gets drunk excludes himself from good society. All this is very true, but it does not quite prove the assertion that we are a more sober people than our grandfathers; it only proves that we do not get drunk in the same way as they did. It is quite possible to drink a great deal of liquor, even of strong liquor, without yielding to that absolute intoxication which reveals itself in inarticulate speech, staggering movements, or senseless stupor. A good deal depends on whether the liquor is consumed at a sitting or in drams taken at intervals during the day. Violent or helpless intoxication is but one among many phases of Drunkenness. It may be said that it is only navvies or the lower order of mechanics and petty shopkeepers who now allow themselves to be seen in this condition. Some of them are confirmed sots, and are always tippling; but as a rule, when men of this class get
drunk, it is not by means of habitual drams, but as the natural conclusion of a drinking bout, in which they have engaged with a distinct expectation, if not expressly for the sake, of this result. There is a "big drink" recurring with more or less frequency, and in the intervals they are perhaps as sober as judges. This was once the way in which gentlemen settled down to their cups, and the fashion has been gradually descending in the social scale. Of course it is a disgusting and brutal habit, and it may be hoped that in the course of time it will be cast off by the labouring population, as it has been by the gentlefolks, judicious legislation perhaps assisting the natural process. But what we are now concerned to point out is, that this is after all only one kind of Drunkenness, and not in all respects the most dangerous and destructive kind. Its very grossness and the violent external indications which accompany it, supply to some extent a warning, if not a corrective. It is a rock on which no vessel can split unawares. There is a sharp, unmistakable penalty for each carouse, which suggests reflection and encourages reform. If a man goes to the dogs in this manner, he goes with his eyes open, and everybody can see plainly what has happened, and can put together cause and effect and draw the necessary moral. It is the strong still current of the stream above the falls, the fatal grip of which is not appreciated until it is too late to struggle against it, which is most to be dreaded. It is possible for a man to be very much the worse for drink, as the phrase is, both in a moral and physical sense, without showing it in his gait or speech, and even to be all but a confirmed drunkard without himself being more than faintly aware of the peril in which he stands. Hence the serious and alarming aspect of the kind of Drunkenness which is now becoming so prevalent in society, even in quarters where it has hitherto been little suspected; Drunkenness which, stopping short of absolute intoxication, takes the form of a perpetual and feverish craving for alcoholic excitements, for nips and drams, for odd glasses of sherry and "spots" of brandy at irregular hours. As a mere matter of hygiene, it would probably be better for a man to get fairly drunk once or twice every few weeks than to yield himself in bondage to an evil desire, which, when once indulged, establishes its dominion by preying on the stomach and destroying the appetite of its wretched victim, and thus compelling him to depend on stimulants for sustenance. It is possible for a time to make alcohol a substitute for food, but of course it can only be for a time, and the end is certain, and often swift in coming.

It may be admitted that there is more refinement in the drinking habits of the present day than in those of the past century; but it is a mistake to take mere grossness as a measure of vice. Sir Walter Scott's grand-aunt once confessed to him that she, an old woman of eighty and upwards, sitting alone, was ashamed to read Mrs. Behn's novels, which, sixty years before, she had heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles consisting of the best society in London. The frank obscenities of Mrs. Behn are still more out of date now; but it would be rash to assume that the delicately worded fiction of some of our own lady novelists does not supply a more insidious and dangerous poison. A
similar remark may perhaps be made with regard to the more decorous indulgence in stimulants which has been substituted for the simple brutality of sitting down to drink steadily and without intermission until the host and his guests fell dead drunk under the table. In the latter case there was at least a limit to drinking for the time, and nature was able to impose an interval of sobriety before the next debauch. But the habit of taking drams and nips may be continued, almost without cessation, from one year’s end to another, until paralysis or delirium intervenes. There is, of course, a constant tendency to increase the dose, and the tippler’s condition is always becoming more pitiable and helpless; but his descent is smooth and not interrupted by the shocks which pull up the more violent drunkard in his desperate career, and almost compel him, in spite of himself, to reflect on the misery and degradation which he is accumulating for himself. It is impossible to shut our eyes to the signs of the times. On every side we see proofs of the increasing habit of drinking at all hours of the day. The railway-stations are becoming vast drinking-saloons. There are few bakers or confectioners who do not exhibit a decanter and glasses on their counter. The theatres present the appearance of a succession of bars. One of the newest of them opens into a tavern, which shares the same roof, and may be regarded as part of the same establishment; while visitors to another find barmaids established in bowers of bottles at every turn of the central staircase and in every spare nook and corner of the auditorium. It might almost be supposed that the day is not far distant when the West-end theatres will borrow a leaf from their humble suburban rivals, and provide every accommodation for industrious drinking during the performances. As if this abundant public provision for the insatiable thirst of the community were not sufficient, it appears that it has of late become the custom for commercial men to set up a private bin, or at least bottle, in their places of business. No counting-house would seem to be considered complete without a well-stocked cellaret, and it is hinted that attorneys’ chambers are fitted up with equal care for similar rites. If it is true that there was more downright Drunkenness fifty or sixty years ago, on the other hand it may be doubted whether the consumption of liquor has not greatly increased. There are apparently not a few people who are under the impression that, with the exception perhaps of brandy and whisky, no intoxicating drinks are now in use, champagne being only a kind of lemonade, and sherry as innocuous as currant wine; while claret, of course, is only a kind of coloured water. It would perhaps occasion considerable surprise if the amount of raw alcohol contained in the light wines which are so much in favour, and which are triumphantly referred to as a proof of the increasing sobriety of the nation, could be extracted and exhibited. Most of the low-priced sherry is only brandy and water in disguise, but the brandy which forms the principal basis of the deleterious compound bears no relation to the juice of the grape; it is a fiery, corroding spirit, distilled from potatoes, beet-root, grain, or perhaps even from timber. Some people flatter themselves that if they keep to a very dry sherry they are safe; but dry sherries, to any degree of dryness, are now to be had at any price, the wine
merchants having discovered that the addition of nitré will produce the desired flavour. Much of the cheap claret which is consumed under the impression that it is a light Temperance beverage is also highly fortified with coarse spirits. It may be observed that persons who are accustomed to this so-called light wine often disparage the better kinds as tame and insipid. The introduction of cheap wines into this country has proved, we suspect, a very questionable advantage. Quantity for quantity, it may be better to drink a simple claret than a strong port; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the claret usually sold is very far from being so simple and innocuous as is supposed, that it is consumed more freely and frequently than port was in former days, and that a large class of people who rarely drank wine at all, but contented themselves with water or light beer at their meals, are now in the habit of drinking several glasses of wine in a day. Formerly wine, in households of moderate means, was reserved for state occasions, a birthday or some other family festival; but now everybody drinks wine, or what is supposed to be wine, as a familiar indulgence. Every middle-class house with the least pretensions to respectability, down to the clerk’s toy villa at Islington or Camberwell, boasts of a cellar, and there is always a supply of liquor temptingly at hand. If people do not get drunk as they used to do, it is certainly not because they have reduced their consumption of intoxicating drinks; and it is not certain that the modern fashion, although it may be more decorous, is an improvement as regards its effect on health and morals. The feverishness and restlessness of modern life, the morbid passion for excitement and sensation, the tendency to reckless speculation in business, and to a headlong pace in society, may, without much difficulty, be traced in a great measure to the increasing use of dangerous stimulants.

Under these circumstances, it is satisfactory to find that the doctors, who have great influence in such matters, are now turning their attention seriously to this canker of society. Some offence has apparently been occasioned by the opening statement of the Medical Declaration that, “it is believed that the inconsiderate prescription of large quantities of alcoholic liquids by medical men for their patients has given rise, in many instances, to the formation of Intemperate habits;” but it is impossible to deny that the doctors, as a body, have made themselves responsible for a certain share of the mischief. Their sins in this respect have been sins both of omission and commission, and their reticence has perhaps been more injurious than their prescriptions. They have encouraged the use of stimulants, not only by administering them somewhat too freely in particular cases, but also by neglecting to challenge or rebuke undue indulgence with sufficient plainness of speech when it came under their notice. It is true that patients often take upon themselves to interpret the physician’s advice in a sense agreeable to themselves, or to father upon him directions which he would be the last to give. What has been recommended for an emergency is adopted as a regular habit, and drops are magnified into drams. At the same time, although the doctors do not deserve all the blame which is cast upon them, it can hardly be said that they have shown that caution and that sense of
THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

grace responsibility which are necessary in prescribing so fascinating and
dangerous a drug as alcohol. The Medical Declaration, in fact, hits the blot
exactly when it says that “alcohol, in whatever form, should be prescribed with
as much care as any powerful drug, and that the directions for its use should
be so framed as not to be interpreted as a sanction for excess, or necessarily for
the continuance of its use when the occasion is past.” If the doctors choose,
they can do immense service by dissipating the superstitious exaggeration which
prevails as to the value of alcohol as an article of diet; by warning their patients
of the insidious and fatal advances of the appetite for stimulants if once
encouraged; by compelling them to reckon up the extent of their regular
potations; and by stripping off all disguise or illusion as to the character of the
liquids consumed and the inevitable consequence of a disgusting and destructive
vice. It has been calculated that one ounce and a half of absolute alcohol, or
two ounces in the case of unusual mental or physical exercise, is about the
maximum daily allowance for adult men, and three-quarters of an ounce (or
two glasses of ordinary sherry) for women. Of course it cannot be expected
that people should take their wine in measured phials; but it is well that it
should be understood that it is only within narrow limits that stimulants can be
safely taken, that frequent small doses, especially if taken apart from meals, are
almost worse than an occasional overdose, and that drinking may be carried to
an excessive and ruinous point without producing anything like absolute In-
toxication.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

"(To the Editor of the North Wilts Herald.)

Sir,—It has often occurred to me that one of the most damning facts against
the sale of Intoxicating liquors is the moral effect produced in the families of the
publicans themselves. While the effects of the sale are unutterably disastrous
to the community at large, I believe that those persons who profit by it and
their families suffer most unmercifully. To them, as to others, it is not a friend,
but the direst enemy. I am now writing in a part of the country far removed
from Swindon. It is my native place, from which I have been removed some
fifteen years. It was quite natural that I should make inquiries from my friends
about old village acquaintances and neighbours. In doing so, I could not but
be struck by the recital of the miseries caused in this neighbourhood by the
common foe of the happiness of our country. I mean the traffic in fermented
and spirituous liquors.

At present, I propose, in a simple, ungarnished narrative, to give the result of
my inquiries respecting the families who, within the last thirty years, have in-
habited some three or four public-houses in the neighbourhood immediately
surrounding me at the present moment. These places of which I write are not
low, disreputable beer-houses, nor death-dealing dram-shops, but respectable;
well-conducted licensed victuallers' establishments; wayside-inns presided over by jolly landlords and kindly matrons; places where you might find a bright fire and a warm hearth, clean linen and good fare, with the green fields stretching around you and the high hills pointing to the sky. Are not these the inns of refreshment, comfort, and repose of which our poets have sung? Are not these the hostelries for which the way-worn traveller has often blessed his native country? Well do I remember them thirty years ago, when the coachman's horn was listened for every day; when the village was all astir with life, and the coaches rattled up the street, stopping at these inns, changing horses, and rattling on again on their way to the north, from that great city where all nations meet, and back again, and bearing passengers of every class from one part of the country to the other. Well do I remember the landlords and their busy wives, the merry children playing round their tables, their free and jolly kind of life all the year round. But where are they now? What Nemesis has fallen upon them?

Take house No. 1. There was a bright, rosy landlord, and a strong, lusty wife. He, poor fellow, has long ago fallen a victim to the liquor in which he dealt; and his wife, after a second husband's death, is now in her old age reduced to a dependent condition. Their first son, a fine, healthy, industrious young fellow, imbibed a love for the drink, became prematurely obese, lost his relish for food, suffered from delirium tremens, and sank into a too early grave. The second son is a journeyman carpenter, who, before he was twenty years of age, had an illegitimate son laid to his charge. The third son ran a wretched career of vice and infamy, but he is now happily reclaimed. The fourth and youngest son manifested early tendencies of an evil kind, and after various escapades of a criminal character, was at last condemned to penal servitude, a sentence which he is now suffering for his country's good.

Take house No. 2. Associated with this house there rises to my view the picture of a prematurely old man, with twisted and contorted ankles, hobbling on two sticks, the martyr of gout; a former landlord and owner of the property, now reduced to the necessity of existing as a parasite on the present occupiers, a wreck in fortune and in person too. The other day I saw a poor tottering creature crawling towards my father's backdoor to ask a little alms, covered with filth and clothed in rags. It was none other than the daughter of that old man. Forty years ago that woman was the village belle, riding on a sprightly nag in the pride of her beauty, with flowing veil and gay attire. What has reduced her to her present misery? Alas! in her father's licensed house she acquired a love for drink, and that passion has been the curse of her life. Her children have been neglected in their infancy, her home rendered comfortless, and her husband unhappy. Poor fellow, his death was bitter indeed. He came home ill, and, instead of sympathy, was met by the heartless ravings of his cruel wife. He complained of his illness, and she "wished him stiff!" He left the house, but in a few minutes returned, sat down, and died almost instantly. Still no word of alarm, no sound of pity! The imbruted woman sat in the cottage where her dead husband was seated in his chair, and sent to the public-house for rum,
which she greedily devoured all unheeding, her hard heart dead to all affection and all true feeling. In the house No. 2, thirty years since, were three fine healthy lads. Now all are dead, long ago.

Take house No. 3—another way-side inn. Here the landlord is the occupier of two farms under one of our old aristocratic houses, and is one of the most powerful, strong-built, fine-looking men our country could produce, in size a stalwart son of Anak. He, too, loves the drink, and succumbs all too early to the dire enemy he has dealt out to his customers under his own roof. His eldest son is but too surely following in his steps, and a daughter has just died, leaving three children motherless; her medical attendant testifying that she had utterly destroyed the mucous membrane and ruined the digestive and assimilative organs by drinking brandy, the taste for which was acquired as a girl in her father’s house.

I have scarcely the heart to go further in this melancholy recital, but I cannot refrain from placing, side by side the facts already given, the following respecting the only beer-house our village contained. Well do I remember, some twenty years ago, or more, the marriage of the landlord and landlady. Not long since she died in the union workhouse, her children refusing the charge of her; he, in his old age, after a profligate life, was reduced to extremest need, and was being removed to the workhouse to end his days there, when kind death came to his relief, and he died broken-hearted on the way.

Facts like these, Sir, sickening as they are, might be indefinitely multiplied. They abound through liquordom. Gathered up and placed before the public eye, what a condemnation they would be of the Liquor Traffic! Not the enemies of the liquor-sellers are those who sue to the nation and its Parliament for prohibition. Their foe is the drink they sell. Their truest friends are those who, seeing the evils done by the nation’s traffic in Intoxicating drinks, seek its disestablishment and overthrow, and labour to free their country from that curse which smites alike the families that live by it and the nation that fosters it.—I am, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

AN ELECTOR.

TEMPERANCE AT THE SCARBOROUGH CHURCH CONGRESS.

The Church Congress held in Scarborough on the 17th ult., Sir H. Johnstone read a paper on “Intemperance,” in which he advocated the usual moral remedies, and also urged the transference of the licensing authority to some public body.

The Rev. E. T. Churton thought the majority of Churchmen entertained an unreasonable prejudice against the Teetotal Pledge, which had had a fair trial, and received the testimony of Roman Catholics and Dissenters in its favour.
Argument and persuasion were too gentle remedies to cure the insane passion for strong liquors in the habitual drunkard: the only way was by cutting off the right hand. Churchmen complained of the fanaticism of Teetotallers, but they were themselves in part to blame, because while they stood aloof from the movement this evil had sprung up. Let them come forward and support the cause, and, withal, lend their influence to get rid of extravagancies; but not be ashamed of taking the Pledge. He had thought whether societies could be formed consisting of two orders of members—the higher, Total Abstainers; the lower, persons pledged definitely to moderation and sobriety. But there was a double danger. Either Teetotallers would sigh for the laxer discipline of the lower order, or the "Moderate Drinkers" would be dissatisfied with their own inferior position. The two ought, therefore, to be kept apart, and those who objected to bind themselves to Total Abstinence might employ their time very usefully in seeking to remove the indirect causes of Intemperance, such as meetings in public-houses, statute fairs (which ought to be abolished by law), and the practice of workmen paying their "footing" in intoxicating liquors.

Returning to the Temperance Pledge, he said that life-vows were inexpedient, and the better plan was for intending Teetotallers to enter their names in the Society's books with a distinct understanding that they might remove them when they pleased and be free from their promise. He recommended that a year's trial on probation should be enforced before any could be admitted members, though the Pledge had been taken at the commencement, not at the end, of twelve months; and was also of opinion that certificates of good conduct might be offered as an inducement to persevere.

Lord Teignmouth, though differing from Sir H. Johnstone on political questions, said that he entirely agreed with him on this.

After observations from the Rev. J. B. Sweet and Mr. Worsley, Mr. Teale, F.R.C.S., denied that medical men assisted in making drunkards. While in favour of a temperate use of wine, he agreed that for the habitual drunkard there was but one remedy—Total Abstinence. There was, he said, in-temperance in eating as well as in drinking, and that was also a vice to be avoided. He noticed with much regret that the public were becoming of late accustomed to drug themselves more than formerly. He referred to the increased use of opium—a drug which, properly used in proper hands, had proved and still proved to be a great blessing to suffering humanity; and he particularly pointed to the new drug, chloral-hydrate—a drug of immense value in medicine when properly used. He understood it was now being made by the ton, proving that the people were using it to an extent far beyond the prescription of medical men.

The Archbishop of York, in closing the sitting, said it would be a great scandal if, after the Roman Catholics, the Nonconformists, and other religious bodies were found to be grappling with the evils of Intemperance, the clergy of the Church of England, who had done so much good in other respects, should not assist in the work. The working men, in claiming shorter hours of labour, had set them another problem to solve, for shorter hours meant longer hours of
relaxation. This was a problem which had sprung up in our large towns within the last few months. The result would be that the workman would have greater leisure. In many instances his home was not fit for him; the landlady did not want him in the house, and therefore the natural law of gravitation towards the public-house became irresistible. It was useless talking about making the poor Temperate by legislation. The Legislature would not listen to any proposal for coercion, and that was the wisdom of the movement in which Sir H. Johnstone took so prominent a part. They wanted to impress upon the working classes the full responsibility of their position, and then to leave it to the working classes to say whether they would allow those temptations to remain in their neighbourhood or not. He believed there was a great change among all classes on this subject, and that when they appealed to the working man he would respond with a power for which they were not prepared. He would leave it to the people of a particular district to say how much drink should be sold in that district, as they were best able to judge: it must be left to the people. If they would have it, they could not keep it from them; but if they did not want it, it was a grievous and wicked wrong to force it into their midst. As an illustration of the evil of the too flagrant existence of temptations in a neighbourhood, his Grace narrated a case that was known to him, of a poor woman who said that, in fetching her husband home on the pay-night, she had to bring him, although not a long distance, past no fewer than sixteen public-houses, and she found it hard work indeed to get him past them.

“OUR NEIGHBOUR.”

CHAPTER II.

From this time Joe went to church regularly every Sunday evening, avoiding doing so in the morning, as his father was frequently at home, and on his return he always told Nancy what he could remember. In this way they learned many things. Joe's constant attendance did not escape the notice of the good clergyman, who, meeting him one day in the street, accosted him very kindly, and on finding that they dwelt in his parish, promised to call and make the acquaintance of Joe’s little sister. When Nancy heard that Mr. Mansfield was coming she was divided between reverential fear and an intense desire to see him; and on his actual appearance her agitation would scarcely allow her to answer his fatherly greeting; but he placed her in a chair close by him, so she was soon listening and replying to his questions with trusting delight. Mr. Mansfield was astonished to find that she knew so much of his sermons, and not a little pleased to be told that Joe brought home the account of them. In course of conversation Nancy timidly mentioned Mrs. Eames, and how unkind she was.

"Joe thinks you would call her
'our neighbour,'" said she, glancing anxiously up to him; "but we can't love her at all."

"My little girl, you must love Jesus first," he replied, "and then you will love Mrs. Eames. He makes us love the whole world, don't you see?"

She sighed, but did not answer.

"He loves little children, my child, and calls himself their 'Good Shepherd.' Do you know that sweet hymn—

I think when I read that sweet story of old!"

Nancy did not, so he drew from his pocket a small hymn-book, and marked the verses for her, telling her to learn them to say on his next visit; then he asked for a Bible. Nancy blushed as she confessed to not possessing one.

"But father has mother's somewhere," she said, "and I'll ask him for it."

Mr. Mansfield encouraged her to do so, thinking that he would give her one himself if she failed to obtain it.

When Joe came home from his work, his sister felt an innocent triumph in being able to relate, in her turn, what the pastor had said.

Nancy had of late striven hard to make the home look brighter, that she might so win back her father to it; and though the tyrannical Mrs. Eames would not permit the child to interfere in her prerogatives of scrubbing and cooking, it was still left to her to polish up the furniture and keep things in their places. Mr. Addison, with his orderly instincts, soon observed a difference, and sometimes, when sober, he was almost tender with his little daughter, who remarkably resembled her mother. The day after Mr. Mansfield's visit he was in his best mood, so she ventured to ask for the Bible; but his only reply was a blow, and she had to dart from the room to avoid another. Poor Nancy! its severity injured her spirit far more than her body, and though Mr. Addison showed no further resentment, the grief and disappointment she suffered made her grow pale and quiet. But during this period she never relaxed in her endeavours to please him, and her father, being unable to stand out against such patient, loving ways, one morning brought her the precious volume before going to work.

"Here, child," he said, handing it to her, "I can't abide your wretched looks, so take it;" but added, with sternness, "only if you begin to talk canting stuff before me, you shall never have it again, mark my word."

"Dear father! dear, good father!"
And Nancy threw her arms about him.

"Nay, foolish child, don't smother me; and I ain't a good father, neither." But he kissed her with passionate affection.

"Her mother over again, and I'm a brute!" he thought, as he went on his way.

Sad to say, after this momentary ebullition of parental feeling, Mr. Addison took to drinking more constantly than ever, and hope grew fainter with Joe and Nancy every day. Their only comfort was the Bible, and the occasional visits of Mr. Mansfield.

About this time, however, something occurred which altered their circumstances a little.

On one occasion, when Joe was
walking past Mrs. Eames's door, she called him to her.

"Here," she said, "take this penny and get me a stamp."

He willingly complied, wondering to see that her eyes were red. Afterwards, she allowed him to post the letter for her.

"I say," said Joe, when he got back to his sister, "Mrs. Eames is a-crying; did you ever know such a thing?"

Nancy was equally amazed, and still more so when it became habitual to Mrs. Eames to come in with a countenance indicative of deep destress. Certainly a great change was passing over her, for she even allowed Nancy to take upon herself a share of the work, and also to assist her in her own house. Nancy had already learned enough from her Bible to make her anxious to return "good for evil," and to wish to do something for her formidable neighbour; and the little girl grew healthier and stronger for being thus employed. She was busy on her knees one day, cleaning the hearth, when the poor woman suddenly threw herself into a chair, and burst into tears.

"I don't know how it is," she sobbed, "but you do things so cheerful like; I wish you would give me some of your spirit, for I'm such a miserable woman."

"Oh dear," said Nancy, "I'm so sorry. I'd do anything for you, and so would Joe."

"There's the wonder, for I've treated you vilely. But, as I say, I'm a miserable woman, and that's partly the reason."

"You didn't always cry so, though," Nancy ventured to say.

Mrs. Eames looked sorrowfully at her.

"You've got a drinking father," she slowly replied, after a moment's pause, "and I've a drinking son, and what's worse, a gambling one."

Nancy started.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "I never knew you had a son."

"I have, though; and he's always squeezing money out o' me; and he wants to come home, now he's took ill."

"You'll let him come, surely?"

"He'll come if it suits him. Years have I denied myself to keep that lad above water, and he's never said 'thank ye' for it—but I love him more than I can say;", and poor Mrs. Eames renewed her weeping.

Nancy watched the unhappy woman with silent sympathy; at last she put her arms gently round her, and laid the aching head upon her shoulder.

Who would have thought it possible a few weeks before? Mrs. Eames was much affected by the daughterly action.

"You're a good girl," she said; "I can't think what makes you so sweet and gentle like; and the more dutiful you are, the worse your father gets."

The child turned away from her.

"Don't speak against father," she said, huskily, "I can't abide it. I've told our minister about him, and he says he's much to be felt for."

Mrs. Eames looked earnestly into her face.

"So the parson's at the bottom of your patient ways, is he?"

Nancy's answer was—

"Do let him see you; he's such a nice, good gentleman."

(To be continued.)
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"So they strengthened their hands for this good work."—Neh. ii. 18.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION IN CONVOCATION.

On another page of our Magazine will be found an account of what is being done relative to our great cause in Convocation. We are, indeed, glad and thankful that a move is being made to bring some practical result from the report of the Committee on Intemperance. The recommendation that the Committee should take the question of the formation of a General Church Temperance Society into consideration is indeed a step in the right direction, and one for which we have been long and prayerfully waiting.

It was in the dim hope of this at some time coming, and with a view to accelerate such a consummation, that our Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society was formed just ten years ago. It was with the same hope, and to facilitate it by removing misapprehension as to our object and means, that the
original name, "The Church of England and Ireland Total Abstinence Society," was changed for that which the Society at present holds, because it was felt that the old name brought into prominence rather one means than the great end (expressed by our present name) at which by many means we were aiming. It was with the same view, some two years ago, we sought and obtained the patronage of the two Archbishops and several of the leading prelates for our Society, and in our report and other publications recommended the attempt to accept, and combine in united action against a common foe, help from all sides, even from those who did not see their way to become Abstainers. The executive of our Society was, however—and that on the advice of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol—to remain in the hands of Total Abstainers, as well from deference to the advice of his lordship as from our own honest conviction that the great work must be done by those who have given themselves up wholly, by personal Abstinence, to it.

Having these views, it will be easily understood how thankful we are for the promised action in Convocation on the motion of Dr. Fraser. We are sorry there has been even the semblance of opposition, but we are not surprised. Discussion of the question can do it no possible harm. We are ready altogether to agree with Canon Woodgate that the baptismal vows are a sufficient pledge for "Christian Temperance" (would that they proved efficient also); but we cannot take them as a sufficient pledge for Total Abstinence; simply because the one is obligatory on all the baptized, and the other is only a special remedy for a "present distress." In this we agree thoroughly with Dr. Fraser. But if the special "present distress" in St. Paul's time warranted his advice or permission that the Corinthian converts should abstain from "matrimony, which is an honourable estate instituted of God in the time of man's innocency," surely, in the present acknowledged sore distress of our fellow-countrymen and fellow-Churchmen, it is lawful and expedient for Christians "to whom it is given" to Abstain from that which—hold what opinions on the subject we may—was not "instituted in the time of man's innocency," but has in every age so terribly and fatally been the source of man's criminality and guilt.
We trust that a well-digested and effective plan of operation may be worked out by the Convocation Committee, and that at last a grand church organisation for dealing with the terrible evils we all deplore may—by the blessing of Almighty God on the labours of those who, like Archdeacon Sandford and Dr. Fraser, have put their hands to the plough—be successfully inaugurated and vigorously worked; and whether this rod of Aaron affiliates or swallows up all the other Church Temperance organisations (and ourselves amongst them) or not, we shall rejoice if it is only powerful to reverse the miracle of Egypt, and change the river of blood and ruin which now pollutes our land into the pure and placid and crystal stream which, though flowing through the valley of earth, yet reflects from its surface the loveliness of heaven.

A CLERICAL TRAVELLING SECRETARY.

We are glad to see that the Council of our Society have resolved upon advertising for a Travelling Clerical Secretary. We are sure that the Society’s work cannot be efficiently performed without one, both for the purpose of preaching and speaking on behalf of the Society, and thus collecting funds to continue and extend its operations, and for the purpose of spreading information as to the objects of the Society, and establishing new associations.

We are glad also to learn that, at the General Council held the other day, a Weekly Board, with the Rev. Thomas Rooke as Chairman, was nominated, in order to carry on the operations of the Society from week to week, the monthly meeting of the Committee being found too infrequent. The Committee will, however, meet as usual, and receive the reports of the Weekly Board.

DIOCESAN SECRETARY FOR MANCHESTER.

We have pleasure in announcing that the Rev. C. N. Keeling has accepted the office of Honorary Secretary for the Diocese of Manchester.
THE CONVOCATION OF THE PROVINCE OF
CANTERBURY.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

In the Lower House of Convocation, on February 7, Dr. Fraser, Proctor for the Diocese of Lichfield, gave notice of motion to the following effect:

That it be referred to the Committee on Intemperance to consider whether it would be practicable to form a Church of England Temperance Society to promote Temperance principles on a large scale, and to comprehend, or affiliate to itself, existing Church Temperance Societies.

On February 8, Dr. Fraser moved that the above motion take place of the order of the day, as an unopposed motion; but it being opposed by Canon Woodgate, on the ground of the baptismal vows being sufficient pledge for Christian Temperance, it became an opposed motion, and, by the rules of the House, was to wait to come on in due course.

In reference to the above intelligence we have received the following communication from Dr. Fraser:

TEMPERANCE AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

To the Editor of the “Church of England Temperance Magazine.”

Sir,—In reference to the motion of which I gave notice in the Lower House of Convocation of Canterbury on Thursday last, I would wish to explain that my own object was to obtain the sanction of the Synod, as representing the Church, to a scheme for largely promoting Temperance, in addition to Total Abstinence. As a member of the Committee on Intemperance, I had to consider the question, but that Committee then did not see its way to a remedy of the kind which I proposed.

My view is that Temperance and Total Abstinence are distinct things—that Temperance is obligatory on Christians as a duty; that Total Abstinence is a remedy for weakness of purpose against temptation. The scheme I shall submit to the Committee, if my motion is carried, is to give the sanction of the Church to a Temperance Society or Guild, consisting of members duly enrolled, and united not only by the bonds of common attachment to the Church of England, but by common prayer for one another; and this Society or Guild is to consist of two classes of members, called (say) the white and the blue, according to the colour of their cards or badges, the one pledged to Temperance, and the other to Total Abstinence. I believe that thus a large array of supporters of the cause
SOCIAL DRINKING.

Our Annual Meeting has been fixed for May 7, in the evening.

HONORARY DEPUTATIONS.

The following clergymen have kindly given their names as occasional Honorary Deputations, expenses of course being paid: Rev. A. S. Herring, 45 Colebrooke-row, Islington; Rev. S. D. S. ubbs, 70, Penonville-road, N.; Rev. Thomas Rooke, 1, St. George's-place, Hyde-park, S.W.; Rev. C. Ough, 15, Holford-square, W.C.; Rev. C. Moon, Vicarage, St. James the Less, Bethnal-green.

SOCIAL DRINKING.

(REV. J. WALTER, IN “ENGLAND’S CURSE AND ITS CURE.”)

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that puttest thy bottle to him."—HABAKKUK.

Where is the root of the drinking habits of society? Whence does it spring? Where is the arena of its creation, the birthplace of this hydra-headed monster? Who or what calls it into being? The beerhouses, the gin-palaces, the hotels, are not the places of its creation. These are but the nurseries of previous existences, the hot-beds of its development. The public-house is but the abettor of a more deadly, wide-spread, and pernicious system. Not one-twentieth of the Drunkenness of the land is created in the gin-palace and its kindred homes. The young are not initiated into its infamy there. The associations are too repellant. What youth
would take his first glass under the leer of a drunkard’s eye, surrounded by bloated faces, haggard beings, and in the midst of lewd songs and idiotic mirth? To such Drunkenness

"Is a monster of so frightful mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen."

The carnage of the battle-field, the havoc on the muster-roll, is too terrible to enlist volunteers. The recruit must be won by holiday reviews; the mimicry of sham-fights; and the artifices of the recruiting officers. So here the fiendish work of securing victims for the Drunkard’s muster-roll is done under the garb of friendship, hospitality, and social cheer; in drawing-rooms, in social circles, at public gatherings, at the family meal, and as a daily and household beverage, under the name of “a good creature of God.” Then follows the campaign, the bivouac, and the carnage of war.

Social drinking is the vortex that is sucking down to ruin tens of thousands annually, and millions more are unconsciously standing on the brink of death. Slowly they may float on the outer circles of ruin; but every glass accelerates their speed, till carried beyond hope. Young men! young women! stand off. Keep from the curse of social drinking!

There are multitudes who can be firm and strong when opposed, but who are weak and helpless when surrounded by endearments. Such can fearlessly meet the keenest blasts of satire, scorn, and hate, but cower beneath the witchery of smiles. They could lead armies to a battery’s mouth, brave death in the pass of Thermopylæ, but could not say no amid the glitter, the music, and the wines of a rich man’s house. The conflict is not of muscle and brain, but of nerve and moral courage.

When we enter the lists against social drinking, we have to do battle with appetite and time-honoured usage; and the war has to be carried into the nursery, the school, the college, the homes, and social gatherings of the millions of our land. In this conflict we have to encounter hoary-headed custom, inwoven into the very warp of society, entrenched behind prejudice and habit, buttressed by insatiable appetite and love of alcoholic drinks. And every artifice is resorted to to defend and perpetuate its use as a family and daily beverage.
SOCIAL DRINKING.

Now the plea is that it gives "heat," and then that it "cools." Now that it acts as a "stimulant," and then that it is a "seivative." Now that it "aids digestion," and then that it increases the "quantity and quality of the blood." Now the medical faculty is called in. "The doctor recommends it. We really cannot do without it; our healths demand it. We should sink without our daily supply of ale, porter, or wine." Then the new-born babe is fathered with the cause of its use—"We could not nurse without it. We should not have strength, or the babe have milk."

It is said of Dr. Abernethy, that when he was once consulted by a gentleman who was a lover of the bottle, he met his patient thus:—

"Well, Sir, what is the matter with you?"
"Indigestion, Sir."
"Put out your tongue, Sir. Do you take ale or porter?"
"Yes, Sir. Just a glass with my dinner, and one with my supper."
"H'm! Do you take wine?"
"Very little, Sir—very little—very little indeed, Sir. A glass now and then."
"Why do you take it?"
"Oh, doctor, I take it because it does me good."
"You lie, Sir!—you lie! You take it because you like it."

This is the philosophy of the drinking habits of society. Men drink because they like it. Could we destroy the love for intoxicants, we should sweep the land of Drunkenness, and prevent the taste being acquired for it. Then the land would cease to mourn beneath the Drunkard’s curse.

The love of alcohol is not natural in man’s normal state. The taste has to be acquired. The natural palate rejects it in all animals except in the Drunkard’s child. In his offspring it is said that it is innate; transmitted to the child like any other disease. The Parisian has trained his appetite to love spirituous absinthe, though bitter as wormwood. The vice is said to be frightfully common. The Chinese have acquired a mania for opium; and if we credit the testimony of Sir John Bowring, its effects are not so baneful as the spirit-drinking of England. The love of spirits is not natural. The first dose causes the stomach to writhe; the
sensation is soon superseded by an unnatural appetite, and followed by an insatiable desire for it. The first love for intoxicants is often created either by sipping from father's glass, a drop from mother's spoon, the nursery cordial, or the social glass. Till the social glass is banished from society, intoxicants are abandoned as a daily beverage, and the home fireside glass is for ever removed, Drunkenness will never cease. This is the head, the spring, the fountain of the Drunkenness of the land. The seat from whence Drunkenness springs is the home and the social circle. The parent, the master, and the caterer for the social gatherings are the creators of Drunkenness.

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MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WINDSOR.—A tea-party was given by the Vicar on Monday evening, the 5th inst., to 100 of the Coldstream and 1st Life Guards, now quartered at Windsor. After tea Temperance addresses were delivered by the Vicar, Lord Wriothesley Russell, and two soldiers. One of the latter, to whose decided and earnest Christian character the Vicar bore strong testimony, made the following remarkable statement: He had been quoting some words of Mr. Asquith, a Baptist minister, that "he looked upon Total Abstinence as being as great a hindrance to the Gospel and to the Church as drunkenness was to society." "All I can say is," continued Mr. Addy, the speaker, "that I have been an Abstainer for nearly eleven years; during that time I have been personally connected with every religious movement which has gone on in the corps to which I belong. I have seen many men—very many—impressed with religion, and for a time setting themselves to serve Christ; but I never knew a single one of them continue stedfast, if he was not an Abstainer from strong drink; and I never knew one who was religious, and an Abstainer, who did not continue stedfast." At the close of the meeting twenty-seven men signed the Pledge.

WATERLOO SCHOOL, CAMBERWELL.—On Jan. 31 the Rev. Thomas Rook attended and gave his lecture, "Who Slew all These?" to a good meeting assembled in this schoolroom. The Rev. W. R. Rowe presided.

ST. MATTHEW'S, CALEDONIAN-ROAD.—On February 1 the Rev. Thomas Rook spoke at the annual meeting of this Association, which was founded by him, under the auspices of the then Incumbent, the Rev. M. Bergner, and
which, since that time, has had between 600 and 700 Pledged Members besides a flourishing Band of Hope.

**Upper Norwood Total Abstinence Association.**—On Tuesday evening, February 6, the Rev. Thomas Rooke lectured at a well-attended meeting of this interesting and flourishing Association.

**University of Cambridge.**—We are glad to announce the formation of a “Temperance Union” in this University, and that the members have adopted our Prayer Union Card prepared by Rev. H. J. Ellison.

**All Souls’ Christian Total Abstinence Society and Band of Hope, the Schoolroom, 126, Great Portland-street, W.**—On the 31st January a musical and elocutionary entertainment was given in connexion with this Society. Mr. Couch presided. A well-selected and attractive programme (including songs, duets, readings, &c.) was given in a most satisfactory manner, and Mr. Chas. Smith, of the National Temperance League, gave an address. The attendance was good, and one signature to the Pledge was received at the close, making the total number of adult names enrolled, since the starting of that branch of the Society in October last, fifty-five.

**Birr Parish Church of Ireland Band of Hope.**—On Tuesday evening, February 6, a lecture was delivered in connexion with this Society, in Printing-house Building, Parsonstown. The chair was occupied by the Rev. W. McCausland, M.A., Rector of the parish, and the large room was crowded in every part by an attentive and fashionable audience. The speaker, the Rev. T. Clifford O’Connor, of Templetown, chose for his subject, “The common sense of Total Abstinence.” The rev. gentleman, in his usual eloquent and forcible manner pointed out that if people would only bring to bear on the Total Abstinence question that common sense by which they manage their ordinary affairs, they would no longer hold aloof from the movement. A vote of thanks to the lecturer was proposed by Dr. Woods, and seconded by Mr. Shields. Several melodies, sung by the members of the Society, served to make the meeting more attractive.

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**CITIES OF REFUGE FOR PUBLICANS AND BEERSELLERS.**

NOTHING strikes a reader of the Pentateuch so forcibly as God’s regard for human life and his detestation of murder, and even of murder when committed accidentally and unintentionally. It may be useful to draw the attention of the readers of our Magazine to some passages which prove the truth of what I have said. Our country at present—more, I believe, than in any other period of its history—is polluted with blood. More mothers now destroy their children, more husbands murder their wives, and more wives kill their husbands, than ever did before. More deeds of violence, terminating in
death, are perpetrated. More dead bodies are found in rivers, and canals, and other places. More wilful murderers escape the penalty due to their crime. God so hated murder, that when it was committed by accident he punished even the unwilling and involuntary homicide, by banishment from his home and family and friends. God is unchanged, and the destruction of the life of man, made originally in his own image, is as hateful in his eyes now as it was in the times of Adam, and Noah, and Moses. The first murderer, Kayin, became a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth. To Noah God said, “Whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made He man.” To the Jews God said, in Numbers xxxv. 33, “So ye shall not pollute the land wherein ye are: for blood it defileth the land: and the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it.” To show even still more the mind of the merciful Creator and his regard for human life, he enacted, in Exodus xxi. 28, 29, that “if an ox gore a man or a woman that they die, then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten, but the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman, the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death.”

It has often been remarked that this passage is most applicable to the sellers of intoxicating, that is, poisoning drinks. They know, and times without number it has been testified to them, that the drinks they sell have killed, not one, but many men and women and children; but nevertheless they continue dealing out their poison, and, as John Wesley truly said, “their eye neither pities nor spares, but they send their customers to hell like sheep.” There is no doubt whatever but that if our drinksellers had lived in Palestine under Jewish law they would have been punished with death, and the poisoning drinks they sold would have been destroyed, just as the ox that killed a man was stoned.

But suppose we take a more lenient view of the case, and suppose that the publican’s defence of himself—namely, that he does not wish to kill his customers—had been accepted by the Divine Law-giver of the Jews. I ask, would the publican, even then, have escaped punishment in the land of Israel, as he does now in England? Let us turn to Deuteronomy xix. God says; “When the Lord thy God hath cut off the nations whose land the Lord thy God giveth thee, and thou succeedest them, and dwellest in their cities, and in their houses, thou shalt separate three cities for thee in the midst of thy land. Thou shalt prepare thee a way, and divide the coasts of thy land into three parts that every slayer may flee thither. And this is the case of the slayer which shall flee thither that he may live: Whoso killeth his neighbour ignorantly, whom he hated not in time past; he shall flee into one of these cities and live.” Three other cities of refuge were provided on the east of the Jordan. The position of the drinksellers, according to their own showing, is exactly like that of the Jew who killed his neighbour ignorantly without hating him in time past. Now let us suppose that their punishment were similar to the punishment inflicted on the unhappy
Jew. In England we have more than 200,000 liquor-sellers. Of these at least 40,000 every year cause the death of one or two of their neighbours. All of these 40,000 men and women drinksellers would be compelled to leave their homes and families, and flee for refuge to cities provided for the purpose, say the cathedral cities of York and Peterborough and Wells. They would remain there till the death of the archbishop of Canterbury. When he died the brewers, and publicans, and beersellers, and drink-selling grocers, could return to their homes with impunity, just as the Jew could return at the death of the high priest. The roads would be kept open and clear for the drink-sellers night and day. At the cross-roads posts would be erected bearing the word "Refuge," to direct the fugitives. All facilities of water and situation would be provided in the cities. No implements of war or chase would be allowed. If the publicans died before the archbishop their bones would be carefully preserved and sent home to their relatives after the archbishop's death. Amongst the Jews, the mothers of the high priests used to send presents to the detained persons, to prevent their wishing for the high priest's death. (See Smith's Bible Dictionary on the "Revenger of Blood.") Doubtless the mothers and wives and daughters of our archbishops would also send presents to the drinksellers, to prevent their wishing for the archbishop's death! If we had a law like this to which I have referred, Mr. Bruce would have less difficulty in his efforts to reduce the number of drinksellers.

Let me mention another proof of God's hatred of murder. If a dead body was found in the land of Israel, the elders of the nearest city met in a rough valley, untouched by the plough, and, washing their hands over a beheaded heifer, protested their innocence of the deed, and deprecated the wrath of the Almighty. Deuteronomy xxi. 1-9. Our magistrates ought to do something like this. It would prevent them licensing so many drinkshops.

I have no doubt whatever but that God is punishing us now for our utter indifference to the sanctity of human life. In England in the two years 1869 and 1870 there have been more than 20,000 so-called accidental deaths. Christians ought to be holier and purer than Jews, and God requires more from us than He did from them; and without doubt, unless we repent, and unless we remove the cause of a very large portion of these murders and of this bloodshed, God will visit us with sorer punishments than He ever did the Jews.

Didsbury, near Manchester, Feb. 7, 1872.

WILLIAM CAINE, M.A.

"It is all nonsense about not being able to work without ale, and gin, and cider, and fermented liquors. Do lions and cart-horses drink ale? It is mere habit. If you have good nourishing food, you can do very well without ale. Besides you cannot afford it; every penny you spend at the ale-house comes out of the stomachs of the poor children, and strips off the clothes of the wife."—Sydney Smith.
NOTHING GOOD SHALL EVER PERISH.

Nothing good shall ever perish;
Only the corrupt shall die;
Truth, which men and angels cherish,
Flourishes eternally.

None are wholly God-forsaken—
All his sacred image wear;
None so lost but should awaken
In our hearts a brother’s care.

Not a mind but has its mission—
Power of working woe or weal;
So degraded none’s condition,
But the world his weight may feel.

Words of kindness, words of warning,
Deem not ever spoke in vain;
E’en to those thy counsel scorning,
Oft shall they return again.

Though the mind, absorbed in pleasure,
Holds the voice of counsel light,
Yet doth faithful memory treasure
What at first it seemed to slight.

Words of kindness we have spoken
May, when we have pass’d away,
Heal, perhaps, some spirit broken—
Guide a brother led astray.

Thus, our very thoughts are living,
Even when we are not here;
Joy and consolation giving
To the friends who hold us dear.

Not an act but is recorded—
Not a word but has its weight—
Every virtue is rewarded,
Outrage punish’d, soon or late.

Let no being, then, be rated
As a thing of little worth;
Every soul that is created
Has its part to play on earth.

—Cold-water Templar.

J. C. HAGEN.
A LESSON.

"Be strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work, for I am with you, saith the Lord of Hosts."—Haggai ii. 4.

These words of the prophet animated the Jews to rebuild the Temple of God, on their return from the seventy years captivity; but the city of Jerusalem was permitted to lie waste until Nehemiah was roused to a further work. In high office under the King Artaxerxes, his heart was made sad on hearing that his people "were in great affliction and reproach," the walls of Jerusalem broken down, and the gates thereof burnt with fire. He "sat down and wept, mourned, fasted, and prayed," and then he was enabled to plead the cause of his people successfully, and permission was given for him to return to Judah, and rebuild the city of his fathers.

After quietly reviewing the desolation around, Nehemiah called the rulers together, and said, "Ye see the distress that we are in, how Jerusalem lieth waste. . . Come and let us build." And they said, "Let us rise up and build. So they strengthened their hands for this good work."

And now was there a scene of activity. About forty parties engaged to do each their portion of the work, and quickly were the ruined walls repaired, from gate to gate and tower to tower, "until there was no breach left therein."

Are not these things an allegory? Do we not see here a picture of our days, and is there not in this story a call for us all to arise and work, to rebuild the waste places in our land, ruined by the great enemy Drink? The temple of God is indeed set up in our midst. We have churches and chapels in every place, but still the people are in great affliction; and the reproach is laid upon us that we are "a nation of Drunkards." Called to be the chosen people of God, rejoicing in the light of Christ's Gospel, with Bibles, Sunday-schools, and every means of grace, our young men and maidens are evermore drifting down the torrent of Intemperance, and there are too few, like Nehemiah, weeping and mourning for abounding iniquity, and praying to the Lord of Hosts for help. Rather are the heads of our country like the Tecoite nobles, who "put not their necks to the work of their Lord." All honour to the few faithful men who keep the subject of our country's degradation and distress before the minds of our rulers. But as yet there is no loud response, "Let us rise up and build."

In the story of Nehemiah's work, we are told that several of the earnest companies repaired "over against their own houses," and of the priests it is said "they repaired every one over against his house." Women, too, took their part, for we read, "Shallum the son of Halohesh, the ruler of the half-part of Jerusalem, repaired, he and his daughters." Thankfully do we acknowledge the efforts of many ministers and Christian women in our days; but far more remain indifferent, or even join the enemies of our work in ridiculing and opposing the Total Abstinence cause; like those who mocked in Nehemiah's days, saying,
“What do these ferble Jews? ... Even that which they build, if a fox go up he shall even break down their stone wall.”

Let us learn another lesson from this old story. While the adversaries mocked and threatened, the builders made their prayer unto God, and set a watch day and night; “and they which builded and they that bare burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded.” Thus let us all work—high and low, rich and poor, rulers, ministers, doctors, young and old—every one to whom our God has given grace to “sigh and cry for all the abominations that be done in our villages, towns, and cities; let us pray earnestly to him for help, and then, each doing our own little work, wielding the sword of the Spirit—the word of God—faithfully, we shall ere long triumph, and see our beloved country arise from the dust, its unhappy ruined homes once again fair and beautiful, our sons and daughters no longer tempted on every hand, but rejoicing in the wide-spread reign of Temperance and true religion.

“Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.” “The night cometh, when no man can work.”

A. H.

WINDSOR WORKING MEN’S TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

On Monday, February 12, the members of the Windsor Working Men’s Temperance Association celebrated their eleventh anniversary. About 170 partook of tea, between 50 and 60 being soldiers belonging to the two regiments of Guards now stationed at Windsor. After tea a public meeting was held, upwards of 200 persons being present. The chair was taken by the Rev. H. J. Ellison, M.A., Vicar of Windsor, President of the Association.

The report was read by the Hon. Sec., Mr. E. O. Lambert, and the balance-sheet by the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. C. Nowell. A special appendix to the report was read by the Chairman, which referred to the “objects” of the Association, the “means” employed, and the “results” obtained.

Mr. John Hutton, of Addlestone (who attended as a deputation from the National Temperance League), then addressed the meeting, and in the course of a very earnest speech referred to the mischief that is done by strong drink, gave one or two telling illustrations to prove the truth of his statements, showed the great change which may be expected in the home-life of the people if they give up the drink, and the duty which parents owe to their children to set them a good example, that in after life they should not be able to attribute their fall to the evil example of their father or mother. He then addressed a few words to the soldiers, and at the close of his address was greatly applauded.

The Band of Hope Choir in connexion with the Association then sang several melodies, which were exceedingly well executed and received much applause.
The Chairman then addressed the meeting, and referred to what had been said by Mr. Hutton with reference to the difficulty of finding anything new to speak about. He said: "I always find my inspiration when I come into this room in the faces of those I see around me." Years ago (he continued) in the young day of our Association, he would have sought it in the altered aspect of some of those he saw around him, whom he had known when they were drinking; tonight he looked around for his inspiration, and found it in those young people who were growing up the hope of the Temperance Movement; he saw several young men who scarcely knew the taste of strong drink, but who had seen the mischief it is doing, and had decided, God helping them, to have nothing to do with it, but who, not content with this, were pressing on and reaching forward to the hope of everlasting life, working each as God has given him ability; helping those who are weaker than themselves, and coming out from the world, its disappointments and sorrows, taking their places in Bible-classes, Sunday-schools, and other similar work. He then referred to the case of a young man who, six years before, had received at his (the Chairman's) hand the Bible which is given to the elder scholars in the school for proficiency in Scriptural knowledge and good conduct, who after that left the school, and for a time was lost sight of, had made his choice for the world, and last year died, filling that most dishonoured of all dishonoured places, a Drunkard's grave. He then addressed the soldiers, expressed the gratification it was to him to see so many of the redcoats present; referred to the twenty-seven who signed the Pledge last week; called on those who had not already done so to enlist themselves on the side of Temperance; but not to be satisfied with that, but press on and join themselves to those God-fearing men who have set them so good an example; told them that if they did so make their choice, they would find in Dublin (to which place the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards are going very shortly) Christian friends who always hold out the right hand of fellowship to those who have made their choice for God. Mr. Ellison then spoke to the women, mentioning that at the anniversary last year sixteen women had signed the Pledge; and in several cases they had had their reward in the improved state of their homes, and their example had been followed by their husbands. He then made an earnest appeal to all to join the movement—the Drunkards for their own sakes, and others for the sake of their weaker brothers and sisters.

The Temperance Choir then sang several melodies, after which short addresses were given by Corporal Pearson and Privates Adie and Batchelor, of the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, all of whom have rendered valuable assistance to the Society during the time the battalion has been at Windsor.

"God save the Queen" was then sung, and a very successful meeting brought to a close. Nineteen signed the Pledge, seven of them soldiers.

A word fitly spoken
Is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.
CHAPTER I.

ONE cold windy day in March, a young girl of about seventeen was hurrying through one of the busiest and most fashionable streets in M—. She looked very unlike the gay stream of loungers who surrounded her; for her dress was faded and worn, and she hurried along without seeming to see or hear anything that was passing around her.

Presently she turned off into a side street, and after walking a little distance reached a narrow and dark court, which she entered, and going to a door at the far end, she quietly lifted the latch and went in. Her first glance was towards a low bed in one corner of the room, on which was lying a boy of about eleven, but so worn with sickness and suffering that he might have passed for much older.

"Has father been home?" she asked.

"No," said her brother; "I've not seen him at all to-day. Oh Mary, my cough has been so bad, and I was so miserable without you!"

"Yes, my darling," she answered; "but you shall have some tea now. And what do you think! When I went to Mrs. Gordon's with the work I've been doing for her, she asked how you were, and said her husband would come and see you—he's a doctor, you know."

The boy movedrestlessly on his miserable bed, and said, "I don't care whether he comes or not; I don't care for anything. I'm sure God doesn't love us or he wouldn't let us be so unhappy."

The girl made no reply to this, further than by trying to soothe him by her own affection; for alas! they were both utter strangers to all the comfort and joy of believing in God as our friend, and of knowing that all things work together for good to those who love him. They were indeed "afar off," and though Mary's heart was filled with yearnings after she knew not what, she had not yet found Him who is ready to be the life and the way to all who will trust themselves to his loving and tender care.

Young as they both were they were old in suffering; for their home was darkened by the terrible drunkenness of their father. To Mary he was habitually unkind, and the poor girl had often the pain of seeing her hard-earned earnings squandered away to feed his miserable passion for drink.

For Johnny he had some affection; indeed his fondness for his only son was the sole redeeming trait in his character. But the poor boy's love for his sister was so unselfish, that his father's partiality for him only made him feel the more keenly his brutality to Mary.

The next day, as the brother and sister sat quietly conversing—Mary being occupied with her needle-work—they were startled by a rap at the door,
and, on its being opened, Mrs. Gordon, the doctor’s wife, entered.

“Why you know he must love us, or he would never have come to bear all our sins and to be punished for them, would he? And he is just as anxious for you to love him and cares just as much for you as if you were rich and strong. He is our tender shepherd, who carries the little lambs on his shoulder, and he will be glad to help and save you.”

After a few minutes’ more conversation she left, after supplying Mary with the means of getting some nourishing food for her brother.

“Mary,” said he, as soon as their visitor was gone, “I do love that lady. I wish she would come every day. And, sister,” he went on, earnestly, “I really believe that all she said about Jesus Christ is true; oh I wish she would come again!”

(To be continued.)

“OUR NEIGHBOUR.”

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

“Ay, child, the parson may be a comfort to an innocent like you; but I’m a wicked woman, as has neglected what she knows all her life.”

“But he can comfort you too, because he will tell you about how Jesus loves sinners. I’ll ask him to look in next time he comes.”

“No, no! he can’t tell me anything I don’t know. I used to be very partial to parsons when I was young.”

“Were you?” was the astonished reply.

“Yes, I was a pious girl in them days; but a great temptation came, and my goodness flew to the winds. Contrary to the advice of all my friends—parson into the bargain—I married a bad man; and I’ve gone the downward road ever since.”

“But where is your husband?” asked Nancy, somewhat abruptly.

“He died long ago; and if I complain to my son of his conduct, he upbraids me, and says I’ve no business to expect him to be better than his father. He is right, and there is my punishment.”

“He never comes here, does he?”
inquired the child, rather fearfully; for he really seemed a monster of iniquity to her.

"No; but he writes, and such things seem worse in black and white."

Nancy showed by her looks how sorry she felt for her unfortunate neighbour.

"Dear!" said Mrs. Eames, "you've eyes as would fetch a duck off the water. I declare I'm ashamed for being so unkind to you. I'm a bad woman, child."

"You're not bad; you're very unhappy, that's all."

The miserable woman began to cry again, very bitterly.

"Oh! Nancy," she said, "there is no hope for me, none!"

The little girl gave what comfort she could; and her sweet, child-like faith had more power to soothe and encourage than the most convincing reasoning could have had. At any rate Mrs. Eames clung to her as a child herself; and she promised that she would see Mr. Mansfield the next time he called.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. EAMES had not exaggerated when she told Nancy that her son could do what he liked with her; for she, so harsh and unrelenting to others, was meek and helpless in his hands; and if at any time she felt inclined to refuse his many applications for money, the dread of cruel reproach, so corroborated by her own conscience, was sufficient to deter her. However, there seemed a marked difference in the tone of his last communication, it being of a humble nature; and now her fears were divided between concern for his health, and anxiety lest he might be only making an excuse to live always upon her. Hence her perplexity and tears. For years her son had resided in a distant town, where he obtained but an uncertain livelihood, owing to unsteady habits; and, as I have said, when in need, or professing to be so, Mrs. Eames invariably ministered to his necessities. The day on which he was expected home she could not bear Nancy out of her sight; and on his arrival it was Nancy who opened the door, paid the cab-driver, and assisted the young man into the house. Mrs. Eames uttered a faint scream when she saw her son; so shocked was she with his appearance. Pale and emaciated, he looked but a shadow; so it was no tame tale she had received.

"Mother," he said, the first greeting being over, "it's my opinion I am a dying man."

Every other feeling with Mrs. Eames was drowned in parental solicitude, and she could not speak for the tears which flowed; she thought, too, that even his eyes were suffused. After partaking of some delicate broth which she had prepared for him, he revived a little, and began to talk.

"I've been in the hospital a long time, mother."

"Yes, so you said. I'm glad you are out of it at last."

"But the doctors say I shall go off in a consumption most likely."

"Why you told me it was a fever, James."

"So it was, and I'm left as weak as a baby. I told them doctors I'd a good mother at home, and they said I should do best with you; so you see, mother, I've a good reason for coming."
This was the first time James had acknowledged any goodness in his parent, and she appreciated it accordingly.

"You'll have the best I can do for you, you know that, James," she said, faltering.

He looked at her intently, and seemed half inclined to say something more, but desisted.

James was indeed very weak, but in course of time, and with his mother's indefatigable nursing, he began slowly to amend. Nancy was continually in and out during this period, and her good will and gentle manner greatly pleased the invalid. In a little while she ventured to bring her Bible to read to Mrs. Eames. Joe also used often to join them; and, to general surprise, James neither objected to nor scoffed at their profitable employment; instead of this, he would listen with interest to the reading and conversation. One evening, when they were thus assembled together, the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke had been the subject, and when the two children rose to go home, he asked Nancy to lend him her Bible. She gladly complied, afterwards taking care that it should be at hand when he might want it. The blessed Book was filling poor Mrs. Eames's sad heart with fresh hope; and seeing such an astonishing change taking place in James, she longed to open her mind to him; but this she was afraid to do, as he offered no encouragement to further confidence. At this critical juncture Mr. Mansfield called on Nancy, and the anxious mother thankfully sought his advice. The good clergyman thought how like a ministering child the little girl looked, as she brought her new friend to him.

"Sir," said Mrs. Eames, "this precious child has persuaded me to come to you."

He presently ascertained that she was none other than the woman Nancy had talked to him about.

"I am glad to hear it," he replied, affectionately laying his hand on Nancy's head; the latter modestly cast down her eyes.

Mrs. Eames's old partiality for the parsons here returning with redoubled force, she confided to him all her tale. On its conclusion, he encouraged and helped her, as Nancy had promised he would. "From what you tell me, my good woman," he said, "you have long gone astray; but our merciful Father, who has 'no pleasure in the death of a sinner,' says to you, 'him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' All that he requires is for you to feel your need of him."

"Ah! Sir," she replied, "we were reading that beautiful text the other night, and it did seem so blessed! I want to come so, and He couldn't 'deny himself,' Sir, could he?"

"No indeed. Faith is the one requirement; and where faith is obedience follows. Don't you think he has been striving with you for this all these years?"

"I do, Sir; all my troubles have followed on my faithlessness and disobedience."

"And you see he was patiently seeking after you in your waywardness, even when you thought you were forsaken."

"Oh yes, Sir; I'm so thankful that he would not let me be happy in my sins. That was just the reason why
I was so unreasonable with this dear child, and to everybody."

Mr. Mansfield smiled on Nancy as he turned towards her, to say,

"So, my child, you have not found it so difficult to love your 'neighbour' as you thought for?"

Her eyes beamed with pleasure.

"Please, Sir, Mrs. Eames loved us first, and we couldn't help loving her back."

The latter would have remonstrated, but was interrupted by Mr. Mansfield.

"Never mind," he said, "it is enough that you have equally learned to love one another."

Then he offered a fervent and grateful prayer, not forgetting James, nor the father of the family, who was still without the fold.

Mrs. Eames now felt sadly conscious that she had helped to make Mr. Addison what he was; so, pulling in a string with Joe and Nancy, she strove by every means in her power to bring him back, and valued the more the forgiving spirit the two children exercised towards her. In vain, though, did she make the house look clean and inviting, or instruct Nancy in the nice preparation of her father's food. The alteration was observed by Mr. Addison's still quick eye, but his besetting sin seemed to have debased him past recovery.

Poor little Nancy! What bitter disappointment she suffered when, night after night, he stayed away from the warm supper she had cooked with her own loving hands. This was her peculiar trial; but perhaps it was as great a one to Joe to return, after a hard day's work, to a scanty meal, whilst a better one was provided for his parent. To add to their distresses, Mr. Addison gave them very little money, and the intervals between the supplies grew longer and longer; so that the daintier morsel was, oftener than not, brought from Mrs. Eames's own table. Still all in vain, and the children became thin and haggard, whilst a melancholy expression settled on their countenances. Nancy cried herself to sleep nearly every night; and often in the early morning would hear her father staggering up the stairs to bed. Sometimes he came not at all, which would make her more wretched than ever; anything seeming better than his entire absence. How she dreaded, yet longed for his step! One evening after she had set things in order, and made Joe's supper ready, she sat down to think on these sad things. Absorbed in her painful reflections, the child did not observe that the door, which was ajar, opened wider, neither did she hear anyone enter; and her father had been in the room some minutes, silently watching her, without her knowing it. He was sober, and, afraid of startling his little daughter, made a creaking sound with the door. When Nancy turned she thought he had but just come in. For many, many weeks he had not returned at that hour; so on Nancy seeing it was not Joe, but her father, she sprang towards him with joy. He took her in his arms, and she nestled so confidently there, he might have been the most trustworthy of parents.

Oh, the power of child-love! It won his heart.

(To be continued.)
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"And of the children of Issachar, which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do. . ."—1 Chron. xii. 32

THE great question of the Liquor Traffic will, in more phases than one, come before Parliament in the course of this month. Sir Robert Anstruther, Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, are already in the field. Mr. Bruce is about, with characteristic slowness, to enter it. In one branch of the question, Mr. Birley has also entered the lists, and notwithstanding the mention of the subject in the Royal Speech at the opening of the Session, we think our only guarantee for progress in the matter is the fact that so many are speaking plainly, that if the Government does not press for legislation they will.

There is one thing we deprecate much in the present aspect of the question—namely, the decided tendency to make it a party question. The Conservative leaders are not at all aware how many good men and true are interested in the Liquor Laws legislation. They write to—or know perhaps only—of the noisy publican politicians who are trying to use the Conservative party for their own ends in the matter; and they forget that, in the present state of politics and parties, a struggle on social rather than political questions may tell on the coming elections. One by one the old
Conservative landmarks have been removed. The various rallying-points have been ceded one by one; the old watchwords have been given up, or are only faintly mumbled forth. To yield under protest has been and is the only Conservative policy we can trace, and under these circumstances, and with all the terrible evils of Intemperance still reigning in the midst of the people, it is not to be wondered at if a large number of Conservatives prefer to support a candidate for a seat in Parliament who has a clear, distinct aim and policy on the Liquor Traffic, rather than one who, though in harmony with their general political convictions, yet follows those who, when any real Conservative position is threatened, under protest make a "strategical movement to the rear," to some other line of defence, till it too is similarly threatened, and then similarly abandoned.

The Conservative party have now a grand opportunity; the tide is turning in their favour. Let the leaders be like the "men of Issachar, who had understanding of the times and knew what they ought to do." Let their policy in this and in other questions cease to be weakly defensive, and become boldly aggressive—aggressive in political, social, and religious questions—bold to recover lost ground; bold to assail the strongholds of vice and immorality wherever they may be, and hedged round by no matter what of prejudice—and then they may sooner than they expect wrest the reins of office from the "strong weakness" of the present Government, and win forthwith a lasting glory, and for the country a lasting blessing.

But on the present question let them help, if the Government show any honest intention of dealing with the question; if not, let them force them to act.

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**OUR ANNUAL MEETING.**

The day for our Annual Meeting has been unavoidably changed from the 7th to the 2nd of May. The Lord Bishop of Peterborough has kindly promised to preside. The Meeting will be at seven o'clock in the evening.

In Bedfordshire the closing of thirty-four public-houses has reduced the felonies from one hundred to forty-four, and other offences in proportion.
TOTAL ABSTINENCE METAPHORS IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

IGNORANT opponents of Total Abstinence from Intoxicating—that is, poisoning—drinks tell us that the word "wine," when used in the Bible, always means the fermented juice of the grape. In many of my little "notes" I have shown that this is not the case, but that it often means the grape in its natural, unaltered condition. In the Chambers's Journal for February 10, 1872, in an interesting paper giving a description of "The Vintage in Portugal," I find the word "wine" applied to the un-fermented juice of the grape. The writer says: "Here and there we saw parties of men and women scattered along the terraces gathering the grapes; and we met strings of men, ragged, filthy, stained all over with wine, labouring in single file up the steep paths and awkward steps that lead from terrace to terrace; each man carrying on his head a large deep basket, filled with grapes in a crushed, unsavoury-looking mass, the red juice oozing out in every direction." Then again he says: "A coal-heaver grimed with coal-dust is not a picturesque object, but he is positively beautiful as compared to a labourer in a vineyard, smeared from head to foot with dark-red grape-juice." The writer evidently in this passage calls the unfermented "dark-red grape-juice" wine.

We often meet in journals and periodicals unfriendly to Teetotalism with remarks which are very important and valuable to us Total Abstainers. For instance, in the Illustrated London News for December 16, 1871, the writer of an article on the illness of the Prince of Wales says: "The settled gloom of the past few days is somewhat dispelled, but we must forbear to be sanguine when we reflect upon what the sufferer has gone through, and upon what grounds we are basing our trust that he will survive. Never, perhaps, has there been a more splendid illustration of medical skill, vigilance, and courage than has been afforded beside the bed of the Prince of Wales, and yet the struggle with the destroyer endures, and its end is uncertain. The physicians have had one great difficulty, which is not, perhaps, generally understood. The Prince's frame is strong; but the members of the upper and middle classes have not so strong a chance as the poorer sort in a case of disease of this kind. Accustomed to the use of generous wines and other stimulants, the former do not find in such things, when employed as remedies, the efficacy which is speedily shown where the patient has been unused to such excitement. We are stating only what will be regarded as commonplace by any professional man, but what should be comprehended by others who seek to understand the obstacles in the way of energetic treatment of the disorder under which the Prince is suffering."

I now come to the second passage, in which the word ἕφασς, "not to drink," occurs metaphorically in its simple form. St. Paul says to St. Timothy, in his second epistle (iv. 5), "But do thou [as contrasted with the description preceding]
be sober (νηφεῖ) in all things, suffer hardship, do the work of an evangelist, fill up the measure of thy ministry.” I have given Dean Alford’s translation of the verse. He remarks: “It is difficult to give the full meaning of νηφεῖ in a version. The reference is especially to the clearness and wakefulness of attention and observance which attend on Sobriety, as distinguished from the lack of these qualities in Intoxication. ‘Keep thy coolness and presence of mind, that thou be not entrapped into forgetfulness, but discern and use every opportunity of speaking and acting for the truth.’ (Mack.)”

It is well known that even a small quantity of Intoxicating drink deprives a person of caution and prudence, and makes him careless and reckless of danger. This has often been seen in commanders of ships at sea, and it is very often the cause of shipwrecks and other accidents on sea and on land. So it is not strange that St. Paul, when writing to St. Timothy, should use a word which in its literal signification means “Total Abstinence from Intoxicating wine.” The use of this word νηφεῖ confirms the opinion of those who think that when the Apostle advised the Bishop of Ephesus to use a little wine for his stomach’s sake and his often infirmities, the wine he recommended was the juice of the grape in its natural, unaltered condition. It is clear from 1 Tim. (v. 23) in the original that he was a Nazarite and water-drinker before, as the Apostle says, “Be no longer a water-drinker or Nazarite, but use a little wine,” &c. Now the Nazarite was not allowed to use even grapes or raisins. See Numbers vi. 3, 4, and several previous “notes” in the CHURCH TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE on “Nazarites” and “Rechabites.”

We next come to 1 Peter i. 13: “Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, being sober (νηφοντεσ), hope perfectly for the grace which is being brought to you in the revelation of Jesus Christ.” Calvin remarks on the word νηφοντεσ: “Not only temperance in food and drink does St. Peter recommend, but rather spiritual sobriety, when we check all our senses lest they intoxicate themselves with the allurements of this world.” Calvin’s words are: “Non temperantiam solum in cibo et potu commendat, sed spiritualem potius sobrietatem, quem sensus omnes nostros continemus, ne se hujus mundi illecbris inebrient.” Dean Alford makes an admirable remark on the depth of meaning contained in the words used by the inspired writers of the Old and New Testaments. He says, in his note on 1 Peter i. 14: “The depths of the sacred tongue were given us to descend into, not to bridge over.” I cannot imagine the inspired apostles using a word of such significance as νηφεῖ without any thought of its real meaning—namely, Total Abstinence from Intoxicating drinks. It is all-important that children should be taught from infancy the true value and meaning of words. If they are not rightly instructed

“Speckled names,
Lert in soft childhood’s unsuspecting hour,
Serve as the sophisms with which manhood dims
Bright reason’s ray, and sanctifies the sword
Upraised to shed a brother’s innocent blood.”
It is often said that education will check Drunkenness. I agree with those who say this, provided that we give a right education to children, an education which teaches that alcohol is a dangerous poison and a "powerful drug," like arsenic or prussic acid, or any other poison. The heart of a child should be taught to feel for the pains and sorrow of others, and even for the pain of the lower animals. On Thursday last, in Oxford, I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Ruskin justly denounce the cruelty of so-called gentlemen, who derived enjoyment from shooting birds and inflicting pain on the lower animals. The education now given in our schools leads to selfishness and cruelty, and want of sympathy with the sufferings and miseries which prevail around us.

Didsbury, near Manchester,
March 9, 1872.

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.]

IVER, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.—The annual tea-meeting of this Society took place on Feb. 23. The schoolroom was filled to overflowing. After tea, the Rev. H. E. Windle took the chair, and in some very appropriate opening remarks referred to the Temperance Record of February 3, containing the celebrated medical speeches. The Rev. C. Moon, of St. John's Mission, Mile-end, London, attended as a deputation from our Church Society. He also spoke on the medical side of Abstinence, laying down the following propositions: 1. That by medical testimony health can be maintained without intoxicating drinks; 2. And (by Teetotal testimony) better without than with. 3. By medical testimony disease can be recovered from without intoxicants. 4. In the case of Total Abstainers sooner, more permanent, and more satisfactorily without than with. Working men also attended from the neighbouring village (Colnbrook), who spoke of the blessings of Abstinence in family life. Mr. Dancer, of Uxbridge, proposed a vote of thanks to the ladies and deputation, and the meeting was dismissed with the benediction by the reverend Chairman. 9s. 2d. was collected for the Parent Society.

On Wednesday evening, March 6, the Rev. Thomas Rooke preached on behalf of the Society in St. Philip's Church, Arlington-square. There was a small collection made at the close of the service.

On Tuesday evening, March 12, the Rev. Thomas Rooke attended, and spoke as a deputation from our Society, at the meeting of the Mildmay-park Temperance Association, the Rev. M. A. Wilson in the chair. At the close of the meeting a hearty vote of thanks was passed to the lecturer.
THIRTEEN YEARS EXPERIENCE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

The Manchester, Chester, and Ripon Diocesan Church Temperance Society has issued a reprint of Mrs. Wightman's "Ten Years of Total Abstinence," with the following postscript by Mrs. Wightman, dated October, 1871:

"Since writing the above three years have passed, and my experience has been very changed.

"Instead of the continued work so dearly loved, I have been often ill, unable for weeks together to leave my room; and at one time was three months from home for entire rest.

"The wonder is rather that this great labour could ever have been sustained with so little intermission for ten years, than that I should have suffered from prostration of strength and attacks of erysipelas after the long-continued strain on brain, heart, and limb.

"In 1868, when my health first gave way, and a dangerous attack of erysipelas in the head came on, and for five nights they tenderly watched me, not knowing how it might end, my medical adviser was astonished at the healthy condition of the brain, and expressed his conviction that without doubt the constant Total Abstinence from Intoxicating drink was the cause.

"I have never had recourse to anything of the kind under any illness since I signed the Pledge, and now God has graciously restored me to working order, showing me that no stimulants were necessary to that end.

"Of course our society has greatly suffered for want of supervision; and the lack of the night visits from house to house has been severely felt. But it is pleasing to be able to add, that through this whole time of incapacity on my part, loving and earnest helpers from our society of Abstainers have never been wanting to take the meetings, and to assist gladly in every possible way.

"We have all along had proofs of God's presence and blessing by the conversions amongst us—not so numerous, it is true, as in the earlier days of the work, but quite as real. From amongst these we will single our dear old Molly, one of our most regular
TOTAL ABSTINENCE

attendants at the meetings and at church. She was the nuisance of the
neighbourhood, the boys hooted after her in the street, and she
seemed to feel that every one’s hand was against her, as hers
certainly was against everybody. She was, in fact, constantly drunk
and disorderly, and a troublesome and importunate beggar.

“In October last year, the day after one of her terrible outbreaks,
I met her near our house, and, taking her by her hand, I brought
her into my husband’s study and reasoned with her, and asked her
to kneel down by me whilst I prayed for her. Molly seemed struck
by the kindness, and next day came of her own accord to sign the
Pledge.

“I asked her if she would promise me one thing more, namely,
not to beg of any one expect of God for the future (she was
an inveterate beggar). ‘I’ll try,’ was her answer, as she gulped
down her tears; and she kept her word, for she at once ceased to
drink and to beg.

“Some months after, as I came out of church at night, I saw
Molly standing with dejected face, watching the communicants as
they left the house of God.

“‘What’s up, dear Molly?’ I asked. ‘Oh, I ought to have been
there with them kneeling; but then, how could such a one as I’ve
been—so vile and sinful—ever dare to go amongst them?’ I asked
her to come in next day, and we would talk about it, for I was sure
that she was under a great mistake about the fitness necessary;
and after we had met and talked it over, her face became quite
radiant when she saw that we only need to feel our wileness,
emptiness, and nothingness, and to look lovingly, trustfully, and
earnestly to Christ.

“At the next celebration (Good Friday), she knelt with us at the
Lord’s table, with a trustful, humble, happy face—and from that
time she has never absented herself from this blessed means of
grace.

“When we meet in the street, my heart yearns over her, and a
thrill of joy comes over me. One day I could not help saying,
‘Dear Molly, I love you dearly;’ to which she answered, ‘And I
love you. You are my mother.’

“On the 19th of this month we held the anniversary of her
signing the Pledge, by having a tea-party of women in our dining-
After many kind things had been said, and we had silently admired her good clothing, rescued from the pawnshop by her honest earnings, we noticed Molly's face. It was partly sad with the memory of past years, partly joyful, with eyes brimful of grateful tears, and a chastened smile that spoke of better days onward. She began her little speech—'I've got no strength of my own. It's just as I said to Mrs. Wightman when I signed the Pledge, and she hoped I would keep it. I said, 'I'll ask God to help me,' and so I feel the very same thing now. I've got no strength of my own—I must keep looking to Him.'

'I record this instance, because it is so rarely that a drunken woman is reclaimed. God has graciously given us six such cases of drunken, blaspheming women, who have been enabled, through his grace, to sit at the feet of Jesus, changed in heart and life.

'May these facts encourage all who work to work more hopefully; for no case is too hard for the Lord, if we take it to him; and, by his gracious help, the weakest instrument may be made useful in gathering in the least likely persons for his praise and glory.'

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLARS IN PRISON.

A FEW summers ago we were spending a day in viewing the ancient and picturesque town of Maidstone—its Roman relics, gabled houses, remains of ancient college and chapels; paper and oil mills, with important grain market; the Medway covered with barges for conveying timber from the Weald of Kent and Sussex to the Chatham Dockyard; surrounding districts rich in corn-fields, but too many others filled with the "hop-gardens," which here form what is called the "middle growth of Kent." By the kindness of a magistrate we were allowed to inspect some parts of a compulsorily non-alcoholic establishment, Maidstone County Gaol, built in 1818 at the cost of 180,000l., capable of holding 450 prisoners. The establishment is admirable, and very well arranged; good plain food, without alcohol in any form. Sad it was to watch the varied countenances of those silent, hard-working
prisoners. The Warden being quite a stranger to us, and nothing having been said about Temperance or Total Abstinence, for the benefit of some young friends beside me, I inquired, "What can be the cause of so many people breaking the laws of our land?" At once the Warden replied, "Drink; nothing else but the drink." I said, "What drink? Tea or coffee?" "No," said the Warden, "none of that sort ever come here." I then spoke of the advantages of Total Abstinence from Alcohol, hoping to hear a response from the said Warden. Alas! I received none, as he was one of those who could see no harm in his daily pint of beer. The prison rules prevented me inquiring from the prisoners how many of them once thought the same. In our own town I have often deeply regretted how few Sunday-school teachers regard the Band of Hope with any interest, overlooking the vast importance of securing the "little ones" ere the habit of drinking is formed. Many a youth reaches manhood ignorant, to a great extent, of the danger from our social drinking habits. The practice of those about him whom he loves and respects leads him to believe that wine, beer, and spirits are necessary. On his father's table, or, being put to learn a trade, social gatherings—at every turn in life they are presented to him. Often no warning voice from the pulpit or Sunday-school. The seed sown by the devoted teacher is too often blighted in our drinking customs. Let us, with earnest prayer for the Holy Spirit's guidance, remember the power of early impressions, and seek to bring up our young people free from the acquired taste of beer, wine, and spirits, throwing around their girlhood and boyhood the protecting influence and safeguard of "Bands of Hope" in connection with Sunday-schools. Band of Hope, a lighthouse to warn the young against the dangers of alcoholic drinks! Often I hear the remark, "What can be the use of Bands of Hope when we have such excellent Bible teaching in our day-schools, with so many large Sunday-schools belonging to each church and chapel?" This caused me to request the authorities of Maidstone Gaol to inform us as to how many of their prisoners had been Sunday scholars? As yet I have not heard, but through the courtesy of the Governor of Dover Burgh Prison I find, November 15, 1871, 34 prisoners in custody; 31 males, 3 females; 26 males had been taught in Sunday-schools, 5 had even been Sunday-school teachers; 3 females been taught in Sunday-
THE NATIONAL UNION.

schools. March 14, 1872, 30 male prisoners; 22 been taught in Sunday-schools, 6 had been teachers; 8 received no such instruction—one being a Belgian; 5 females, 3 had been taught in Sunday-schools, 2 had never, one being a gipsy, the other an Irishwoman aged sixty. In no other prison do the prisoners work harder, at crank work and tread-mill. Any one looking on would exclaim with the Psalmist: "Truly the ways of transgressors are hard." The prisoners in Dover Prison, who are all obliged to be Total Abstainers, notwithstanding their hard labour, feel their health often improved, and not at all injured.

A "prison officer" for nineteen years—six of which had been spent in a very large prison— informs me that during those nineteen years he has never seen a Total Abstainer from alcohol in custody or sentenced to prison. This "prison officer," seeing the vast amount of misery and crime occasioned by the use of intoxicants, signed the Pledge seven years ago, from the wish not to appear inconsistent when recommending others to do the same, especially prisoners on leaving the prison walls.

May these few facts stimulate Sunday-school teachers to be more earnest in making the subject of Intemperance a special object of prayerful thought.

J. V. H.

THE NATIONAL UNION FOR SUPPRESSION OF INTEMPERANCE.

(From The Temperance Record.)

This Union, which came into existence somewhat more than a year ago, has very widely published a programme of thirteen suggested amendments of the licensing system (many of which, by the way, were adopted without acknowledgment from other societies), which it was stated they would embody in a Bill to be brought into Parliament this session. With this programme and with this promise the Union succeeded in obtaining a considerable sum of money, and the adhesion as patrons or vice-presidents of both the archbishops, 22 bishops, 9 deans, 11 archdeacons, 68 canons, many prebendaries, and a host of clergy, justices, and others; but the noise and the names and the money will all follow the promise of legislation, which has, alas! added one more proof to the proverbial truism
respecting all promises. The Bill of the National Union has never seen the light of day, and was last week strangled even before its birth; the Union, or that part of it which pulls the strings from Manchester, having resolved not to produce a Bill, but to transfer all their support in favour of the Bill brought in by Sir Selwin-Ibbeton! Of course the managers of the Union, with the great dignitaries who have followed in their wake, have discovered that this latter Bill embodies nearly all their amendments, and that it would be only a useless expenditure of strength for two parties to be promoting similar schemes! This would be a reasonable supposition, but it is not a true one, and in order that the supporters of the Union may see to what the action of their Manchester friends had committed them, and to how great an extent the promoters of the Union have coolly dropped their own views, we present for their consideration the thirteen proposals as set forth by the Union even within the last few weeks, and in contrast the provisions of Sir Selwin-Ibbeton's Bill:

*Provisions in Sir Selwin-Ibbeton's Bill.*

1. For sale to be drunk off the premises, to be open from seven in the morning until ten at night. For sale to be drunk on the premises, from six in the morning until twelve at night in the metropolis; until eleven at night in towns of 2,500; and in other places until ten.

2. No provision in the Bill.

*Provisions in Sir Selwin-Ibbeton's Bill.*

3. Limit of one public-house to each 300 of the population, with power, under certain circumstances, to license a greater number. No restrictions to the number of refreshment-houses, or to places for sale not to be drunk on the premises. No power reserved to the ratepayers as to the number of licences.

*Suggested Amendments of the Licensing System by the National Union.*

1. That all houses licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquors shall not open sooner than 8 a.m., and shall close not later than 10 p.m., except on Saturday, when they shall close not later than 9 p.m.

2. That all public-houses and beer-houses shall be closed on the days of municipal and Parliamentary elections, and that it shall be illegal to hold election committees in any licensed house.

3. That while continuing the magistrates as the licensing authority, any new law shall fix the maximum number of licensed houses for boroughs and districts in proportion to the population—say one licensed house for 500 of the population; the ratepayers having the reserved privilege of showing cause why the magistrates should not
license even that number; and that in future no new licence shall be granted in any borough or district where the foregoing limit is exceeded.

4. That where necessary to grant new licences within the prescribed limits, they shall not be granted as appertaining to the premises, as at present, but shall only be granted to selected persons, who shall not have the power to transfer them.

5. That licensed houses in excess of the above proportion be speedily reduced, either by forfeiture of licence, compulsory purchase at a fair valuation, or by the voluntary retirement or death of the present occupier; due regard being had to the claims of property.

6. That all beerhouses shall cease with the forfeiture of licence, also on the voluntary retirement or death of present occupier; due regard being had, in the two latter cases, to the claims of property.

7. That the foregoing claims of property shall be chiefly met by an increased licence duty, which shall be levied on the remaining licensed houses in proportion as their gains shall increase by the trade diverted to them from the other houses as they become suppressed.

8. That on the Lord's-day all houses licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquors shall be closed, except at dinner-time between the hours of twelve and two, and at supper-time between the hours of eight and ten; and that even during the time herein specified no drinking shall be allowed on the premises, except in the case of lodgers and travellers.

9. That a penalty of at least 20s. for the first offence shall be paid by

4. Licences may be transferred.

5, 6, 7. No provision for diminishing the number of licences; but, on the other hand, all existing licences—beershop or public-house—are to be made permanent, and any new licence granted is also to be annually renewed.

8. All places for sale of intoxicating drinks to be open from 12.30 until 2.30, and from eight until eleven at night, without any restriction as to drinking on the premises.

9. Beer or cider may be sold to children under sixteen without limit.
any person who shall sell intoxicating liquors to children under the age of sixteen years.

10. That publicans twice convicted of supplying strong drink to intoxicated persons shall suffer the penalty of loss of licence.

11. That no person who sells intoxicating liquors shall be permitted to hold a music and dancing licence.

12. That Government agents or inspectors shall be appointed for the due enforcement of the law, and for the detection of adulteration.

13. That the Act for Inspection of Weights and Measures do extend to the adulteration of strong drink—the penalty to be £10 instead of £5, the present maximum; convictions to be published in the usual manner.

Thus it will be seen that the Union has completely cast aside its own scheme, and has promised its support—whatever may be the value of support from a body which has no faith in its own proposals—to a Bill which not only does not embrace one single item of their scheme, but would intensify and extend all the worst phases of the existing licensing system. Further comment would be useless.

"I eat moderately, and never drink spirits or fermented liquors in any climates. This abstemiousness has ever proved a faithful friend."—Waterton.

NATIONAL DEGENERACY OF FRANCE.—M. Jolly, a distinguished member of the Academy of Medicine, attributes the collapse of the French Army in the late war to the combined effects of alcohol and tobacco upon the national character.

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.—"Houses without windows, gardens without tillage, barns without roofs, children without clothing, principles, or manners."—Dr. Franklin.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.—A relieving officer in the East-end of London, suspecting where the money on pay-days went, marked a number of shillings and half-crowns. In the afternoon of the pay-day he went across to the public house, and had a 5l. note changed, and got back two-thirds of the shillings and half-crowns.
PETITIONS TO PARLIAMENT.

The two following are forms of Petitions which we should like to see widely adopted and numerous signed, and forwarded to 6, Adam-street, for presentation to Parliament. The one is against Sir Selwin-Ibbetson's Bill, the other in favour of that promoted by the National Association, and introduced by Sir R. Anstruther:—

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COMMONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

The Humble Petition of

Sheweth—

That a very large proportion of the poverty, crime, and disease in the country is undoubtedly to be attributed to the undue consumption of intoxicating liquors by the people.

That the consumption of these liquors is largely induced by the very great number of houses which have been licensed for the sale of them.

That the amount of police, county, poor, and other rates levied upon the rate-payers is much increased by the crime and pauperism engendered by drinking; and that the inhabitants in the immediate vicinity of public-houses are frequently much inconvenienced and annoyed thereby.

Your Petitioners, therefore, humbly pray that in any Intoxicating Liquors Licensing Bill which your Honourable House may pass, there may be a provision for vesting the control of licences in elected representative Licensing Boards, to be chosen by the ratepayers of each locality.

And your Petitioners will ever pray.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COMMONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

The Humble Petition of the Committee of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society

Sheweth—

That your Petitioners have observed that your Honourable House has under consideration a Bill entitled "The Spirituous Liquors (Retail) Bill."

That your Petitioners have long been engaged in efforts to promote habits of sobriety among the people, but have been seriously impeded in such efforts by the large number of houses which have been licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

That the said Bill creates a new class of licence, which your Petitioners believe to be most objectionable, and would tend to increase the evils of drunkenness.

That the said Bill withdraws from the licensing authority the discretionary
power to refuse licences, without any check on their increase beyond the wholly insufficient proviso in respect to the number of public-houses to the number of inhabitants.

That the said Bill confers upon the holders of licences a vested interest in them for life, which, so far from reforming the present system, will perpetuate the existing evils, and in some respects intensify them.

That the said Bill does not dissever music, singing, and dancing licences from drinking licences, which connexion, your Petitioners believe, has been the cause of much immorality.

That the said Bill permits licence-holders to keep their houses open for a longer period than is necessary for the legitimate requirements of the public.

That the said Bill does not provide any protection to the ratepayers, who suffer most from the evils produced by the multiplication of temptations.

That the penalties contained in the said Bill are insufficient to effect the result intended, should the said Bill become law.

Your Petitioners, therefore, humbly pray your Honourable House not to pass the said "Spiritous Liquors (Retail) Bill."

And your Petitioners will ever pray.

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THE CHILDREN’S CORNER.

MARY HILTON.

CHAPTER II.

Johnny’s wish was gratified, for day after day his kind friend Mrs. Gordon made her appearance, not caring for fatigue or trouble, if only she might be made the means of leading these two poor wanderers to the Saviour, who was waiting to welcome them.

Johnny, with the faith of a child, found it no hard matter to believe in and to love the Saviour who was now made known to him.

Mary, though she listened attentively to all Mrs. Gordon said to her brother, and tried hard to feel joyful and happy, had not yet found her rest; but she was seeking her Saviour, and none can seek truly and earnestly without finding him. But in her case the light was dawning slowly, and she loved her brother with such passionate fondness that it seemed impossible to believe in the love and care of God, if she must needs endure the terrible trial which was awaiting her; for the doctor, whose visits had been constant, was obliged to tell her that Johnny’s recovery was impossible.

When Hilton heard that his son could only live for a few weeks longer at the furthest, he utterly refused to believe it, though in his heart of hearts he felt that it was the truth; and now conscience began to do its work, and he felt with bitter remorse that his own sin and folly had rendered his son’s
brief life unhappy, and that now it was too late to make amends for all his past neglect.

But alas! it was remorse, not repentance he felt; and instead of doing all in his power to comfort his boy in the short space left to him, he endeavoured to drown all thoughts of the kind in drinking more deeply than before. Some weeks passed in this way, then the end came, and Johnny passed away without any anxious or forbidding thought, except his anxious prayer that his father might turn from his evil ways, and his longing desire that his sister might learn to love and trust her Saviour, and so their affection might continue in that land where sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

One day, when all was over, and Mary sat alone and desolate, feeling as if all she cared for in life were gone, and musing over the events of the past month, her father entered, perfectly sober, but with a haggard face and wild expression.

"Mary," he said, "I've come to tell you that I can endure this place no longer; you can do as you like; I can't take you with me, and you'll be better in England; but I've made up my mind to emigrate to Australia. I shall never touch a drop of beer or spirits again, but I must get away from here and begin life afresh. If ever I can scrape a home together again I'll send for you; but till then," he added, bitterly, "you can get along better without than with me, so good-bye," and without a single word or look of kindness he was gone.

Poor Mary felt for a moment quite stunned; then, as thoughts of her darling brother and the joy he had been to her came rushing through her mind, she burst into a passion of grief, and cried aloud to God to have mercy upon her, and not leave her utterly desolate and forsaken.

The next day, as she sat pondering what would be the best course for her to pursue, her kind friend the doctor's wife entered, and, sitting down beside her, said she had a piece of news for her, which was that, as one of her maids was leaving, she wished Mary to come and take her place.

"Oh, thank you, ma'am," she said; "it is very good of you to think of me, and at the very time I am in such trouble!" And then she told Mrs. Gordon all that had passed since she last saw her.

"You've been very kind to poor Johnny and me," she continued; "and oh, ma'am, I will try to be good, and to do all that God wishes me."

"Ah! my child," her friend replied, "what you must do is just to believe that Christ loves you, to trust entirely to him, and give yourself up to his service. Everything is done for you; you have not to earn your salvation. If you love your Saviour you will not find his service a hard one, and don't forget that he is not only our master, but also our friend."

A few days after this found Mary settled in her new home, and having asked in faith for the blessing she needed, and having found by bitter experience that rest of heart is to be found nowhere but in Christ, she began truly and humbly to rejoice in him, and being set free from sin to be indeed a servant of righteousness.

When she had been living thus for
several months she was pleased to receive, one day, a visit from the woman with whom she had lodged during her brother's life; who brought with her a thick packet, which proved to be a long letter from Mary's father. He had arrived safely at Melbourne, and seemed to be in a fair way towards prospering in life; but the best news of all to Mary was that a kind clergyman, who had gone to Australia in the same vessel as her father, had gently drawn Hilton to confide in him, and had been the means, by the blessing of God, of leading him to see that peace and rest can only be obtained by trusting in Him who died to save us.

H. H.

THE END.

"OUR NEIGHBOUR."

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"My lamb! my patient one!" he exclaimed.

She looked at him; and the tears filled the beautiful eyes. How painfully they reminded him of her mother, who still rose up before his conscience to reproach him.

"Father," said Nancy, taking advantage of the opportune moment, "love me as I love you."

"Why, don't I, my child?"

"I'd lay down my life for you, father; I would gladly, if ...— But she could say no more.

"Ay child, I know what you mean; but you can little guess what a fire is here," and he smote his breast. "I would if I could.

"Oh father—let me say it—' with God, all things are possible.' Only try him, father; and I'll have all so comfortable for you at home, and—"

"Well, we'll see about it," he returned, evasively.

"Nay father, 'to-day if ye will hear his voice.' Oh, dear father, promise me!"

Nancy trembled as she used the Scripture words, well remembering his former threats; but it was God's opportunity; and he would not deny the darling of his heart. He did promise her.

"I'm an ungrateful villain," he said, gently putting her down; and went to his room to weep in secret.

Nancy lifted up her heart in prayer for him; what else could she do?

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Addison could not forget the distress he had seen on Nancy's face. For a young girl to look so hopeless, so filled with anguish, and that through the sin of her parent, was sad indeed; the recollection of it haunted him night and day. The rest of the week, as far as she could judge, he kept from the public-house; and when Sunday came stayed at home all day. Nancy forgot to tell Joe that he would probably find his father in the chimney-corner on his return from church, and Mr. Addison did not remark on his son's absence, as he imagined that he was playing with other boys in the street, which he
had never objected to his doing. He had been seated for some time on one side the fireplace, and Nancy on the other, when, suddenly looking up, he told her to fetch her mother's Bible. Nancy brought the heavy book to the table with feelings better understood than expressed.

"What shall I read, father?" she timidly asked.

"About the publican in the temple."

When she came to the words "God be merciful to me a sinner," Mr. Addison covered his face with his hands, and his large frame shook with emotion; a stifled sob or two escaped from him, which alarmed Nancy, as she had never known him to weep before. Presently he said, "Now read about the little ones coming to Jesus; that will suit you, and your mother liked it."

After an hour or so had passed away in silence the door opened quickly and Joe burst in. What was his consternation on finding Mr. Addison at home, for he came in with a blackened eye and a bleeding nose!

"Oh father!" he exclaimed, "don't be angry with me. I couldn't help it."

But Mr. Addison rose from his seat with a look that both children dreaded to see.

"Stay father!" pleaded Nancy, waxing brave with the necessity; "it must be some accident, for Joe wouldn't fight now; not on no account," and she caught hold of his hand, and looked imploringly into his face. "Joe, tell father where you have been," she added.

"To church," said the boy, bluntly.

"Don't tell me that!" angrily returned Mr. Addison. "Church ain't the place to get a black eye in."

"I got it coming away," was the reply.

"Much good, then, you've done in going." And he gave an impatient stamp.

"Oh Joe!" quickly put in Nancy, "why don't you say how it was?"

For her father's passion was increasing, and she was afraid of blows. Now it was Joe's nature to be stubborn, but the recollection of some good words he had heard that night, and the beseeching tones of the little peacemaker's voice, helped him to conquer his temper. The surly expression left his countenance, and he entered into a proper explanation.

"They! -- he meant his boy companions -- "don't want me to go to church; that's why they've given me a black eye. I've had a lot of 'em following me every Sunday night, but I will go."

"Rascals!" said his father. "I suppose they think you've got no father to look after ye."

"They'll not meddle with me again," replied Joe, decidedly.

"Not when I'm with you, I reckon." Joe looked up, scarcely understanding him.

"Ay, you may stare; but I mean to take you and Nancy to church myself next Sunday."

"Oh, father!" cried Nancy; "will you really take me?"

"What made Joe go?" he asked.

"We used to go with mother," said they both, in a voice.

"And I went," replied Joe, for himself, "because it looked nice like, when out o' doors it was so dismal," alluding to that first wet Sabbath.

"Why did you always stop at home,
child?" inquired Mr. Addison of his daughter.

"I thought it might vex you, father, if I went," and she nestled close to him.

Filiaal obedience lay deep down in that loyal little heart. We must not blame Joe for going to church, neither can we blame Nancy for stopping away; and she had her reward.

"Ah, children," said their father, "your mother did well to take you. She 'yet speaketh,' and had I walked in her steps I should have been a different man now."

They were surprised to find that he could quote the Scriptures, knowing how he had dishonoured them by his life.

But it was high time to attend to poor Joe's bruises.

"I never thought of them boys," said Nancy, in the midst of operations; "why didn't you tell me, Joe?"

"You'd have been frightened, Nancy; that's why!" and the brave boy's answer quite satisfied her. The hurts were not of a serious character, so he soon recovered from them.

Meanwhile, as the weeks went by, James Eames grew strong and robust again. As soon as he was able, he looked out for employment; and with some difficulty obtained what he wanted at some gasworks. From the first he regularly gave his mother a share of his wages, and she experienced untold pleasure in his dutiful conduct. That he was making efforts in the right way was far more precious to her than mere worldly prosperity. He still offered her no opportunity to speak of those things nearest to her heart; but she could cheerfully leave him in the hands of a merciful Father, who would guide him in perfect wisdom. One Saturday, however, as her son gave her the money, he stooped down and kissed her. It was the first time for many years.

"Oh James!" she said, returning it heartily. "I feel such a happy woman!"

"You're the best mother going," he replied.

"Nay, nay, James!"

"I tell you you are, mother. Where is the other woman as would have done what you've done for such a scamp of a son as I am?"

"I've done badly," she returned, bursting into tears; "I feel I have, whatever you may say."

"Mother, I'll not hear it again"—and he was almost stern; so she obeyed him, as she always had done.

"When I was in the hospital," he went on, "I got to know a good lady, who used to come and see the patients; she it was who got me to write different like to you."

For James this was saying a good deal, and Mrs. Eames quite understood him; and felt sure, in her own mind, that this lady had gone to him with the Bible in her hand; but her son did not say so. He continued:—

"Do you remember that blessed child Nancy reading about the prodigal son?"

Mrs. Eames intimated that she did.

"Well, it's only fair to say that I came back in his spirit. If ever a fellow got sick of the husks he ate I am the one."

His mother laid her hand on his shoulder.

"James," she said, and trembled in her anxiety, "you've come back to
your mother; but your Heavenly Father—have you come back to him?

"He met me on the way, mother, and brought me here."

"Thank God!" she ejaculated, with tears.

She was too thankful to say more.

At last the ice was broken; and ever after the mother and son enjoyed most perfect confidence.

The next time Joe and Nancy came into their cottage to read the Bible, with what delight Mrs. Eames placed it before her son!

A tear fell upon the cover as he took it up; and this time he opened to the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and reverently read about the "many mansions," prepared by our Heavenly Father for every returning prodigal—for "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

This happy little party was not yet joined by Mr. Addison; and concerning their father Joe and Nancy had still disappointment to suffer.

But more of this hereafter.

(To be continued.)

MUSCULAR TEETOTALISM.

The Rev. W. Mc'Cree, in the course of his remarks at the closing meeting in the Lambeth Baths, referred to the ability of Abstainers to bear great strains on their mental and bodily power, and, as an instance, mentioned the case of the brothers Clegg, of Sheffield. He said he visited the house of their father, and by particular request was shown the various prizes they had won in athletic sports. He saw on the drawing-room table the following articles: six time-pieces, a box of cutlery, a box of spoons, a decanter-stand, a silver waiter worth 10l., a breakfast service, two butter-coolers, a basket, a caddy, a case of dessert cutlery, two cruet-stands, two glass vases, a sugar-basket, forty-nine silver, gold, and bronze cups, thirty-seven being of silver and nine of gold, and twenty-seven silver medals (seven with gold centres). All these prizes had been won by these two brothers. One of these is John Charles Clegg, aged twenty-one, and the other William Edwin Clegg, aged twenty, sons of a solicitor, and both studying for the law. They had won those prizes between them—Charles having engaged in these sports by way of amusement for three years and William during two years. The father and mother were both Teetotallers, and the two young men had never touched a drop of intoxicating liquor in their lives.

The Rev. W. A. Whitworth, of Christ Church, Liverpool, will be glad to receive short accounts of Church Temperance Societies for insertion in the "Quarterly Report of the Progress of Church of England Temperance Work." Copies of the report can be supplied to Societies post free at 10d. per dozen.
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"Thus saith the Lord of Hosts: Consider your ways."
—Haggai i. 7.

THE agitation on the Liquor Traffic has produced a strange state of things in the Houses of the Legislature. We have had two Bills on the same subject—one in each House—if, indeed, it can be said that Lord Kimberley introduced a Bill. We are glad, however, that the matter will be discussed in both Houses—we hope thoroughly—and we trust that on this vital question the Bishops of our Church will be found in their places, taking their part in the moulding of a measure which they know to be so much demanded by the exigencies of the time. They should prove themselves the working man’s friend now, and show that they are on his side in the struggle against the domination of intoxicating drinks, their vendors, and their manufacturers.

OUR ANNUAL MEETING will be held at Willis’s Rooms, King-street, St. James’s, on Thursday evening, May 2, at seven o’clock. As already announced, the Lord Bishop of Peterborough will preside, and he will be supported by the Rev. Canon Bardsley, Rev. H. J. Ellison, Rev. C. Birch, Rev. Allan
Whitworth, Major-General Eardley-Wilmot, Rev. J. Gritton, and several other clerical and lay friends of the cause. It is hoped that a large and influential meeting will be assembled.

The Rev. Robert Maguire preached three sermons on behalf of the Society during the past month as follows: St. John’s, Cheltenham, April 17; St. Mary’s, Aclode, Gloucester, April 18; St. Paul’s, Bristol, April 19. The sermons were followed by collections.

The Rev. H. J. Ellison has been on a mission for the Society in Liverpool and Manchester.

TEMPERANCE MEETING AT ALTON, Staffordshire.

On Saturday evening, April 13, there was held a meeting at the National School, in Alton, Staffordshire, to consider the question how best to promote Temperance principles in connection with the Church of England. The chair was taken by the Vicar, Dr. Fraser, who made apologies for the unavoidable absence of Charles Bill, Esq., J.P., of the Rev. the Rural Dean, and the Rev. J. H. Killock. Mr. Bill sent the following letter: “Sydney Lodge, Ventnor, April 11, 1872. Dear Dr. Fraser,—I am very sorry that my absence from home will prevent me from attending the Temperance meeting at Alton, which you tell me is fixed for Saturday. Certainly more than half the cases from Alton which come before the magistrates at Cheadle are the result of drinking in excess, and the penalty of the fine which we have to impose comes harder, if possible, on the wife and children than on the offender himself; so that the strongest inducements to abstain from drink should be given by a man’s own family. I don’t see the necessity of Total Abstinence in all cases; but it is better to err on the safe side, and it would be better for all, of every rank in life, to take the Pledge of Total Abstinence if ever they feel any temptation to pass beyond the bounds of moderation. I hope the plan for starting a savings-bank has not fallen through. Saving combined with Temperate habits would work wonders in many families, and make the hardship of a working man’s lot much easier to bear.—Believe me, yours very truly, CHARLES BILL.” Several clergymen of the neighbourhood were present, and there was a large attendance of the inhabitants and of working men. After the object of the meeting had
been opened by the Chairman, who explained that they did not wish to interfere with any existing Temperance Societies, but to institute one in union with the Church, the Rev. W. R. Hunt, Vicar of Rochester, in a clear and telling speech, moved the following resolution: “That it is desirable that a Temperance Society in connection with the Church of England be established at Alton and other parishes in the neighbourhood.” This was seconded by Mr. Waterall, and after some discussion was carried nearly unanimously. The second resolution was very ably moved by the Rev. H. Meynell, who said that he honoured the Nonconformists for the earnest way in which they had striven to promote Temperance principles, and was seconded by the Rev. H. Hodson, who ably and lucidly demonstrated the distinction between Temperance and Total Abstinence. It was as follows: “That it is desirable that each Temperance society, guild, or association, or by whatever name it be called, consist of two classes of members, first, a class pledged to Temperance and Sobriety in the use of Intoxicating liquors; secondly, a class pledged to Teetotalism or Total Abstinence from all Intoxicating liquors whatever.” The Chairman, who is a member of Arch-deacon Sandford’s Committee of Convocation on Intemperance, explained that it was proposed to have two Pledge-cards, a white one and a green one, the first pledging to Temperance and Sobriety, and the green one to Total Abstinence. The band of union for all members was to be a prayer for mutual support and grace to keep the engagement, with a meeting for service and a sermon at church at a fixed time of the year. The speakers to this resolution were received with much applause, and it was carried unanimously. A resolution recommending the institution of a penny bank was then moved by Mr. C. Smith, and after explanation and discussion was carried *nem. con.* The meeting then accepted the following petition to the Upper House of Convocation, which was signed by a large majority of those present: “To his Grace the President and their Lordships of the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury. The humble petition of a meeting assembled in the parish of Alton, Staffordshire, on April 13, 1872, showeth that your petitioners earnestly desire to promote the cause of Temperance in connection with the Church of England. That your petitioners believe that it would promote the said cause if it were referred to the Committee on Intemperance to consider how and on what principles a society on a large scale to promote Temperance in connection with the Church of England can be established; and your petitioners earnestly desire that this question may be referred to that Committee. And your petitioners will ever pray.” After the customary votes of thanks, the meeting dissolved. The petition was forwarded to the Lord Bishop of Lichfield for presentation to the Upper House of Convocation.

“Men may lose their health without losing their senses, and be Intemperate every day without being drunk once, perhaps, in the course of their lives.”—*Sir W. Temple.*
THOUGHTS FOR CHRISTIANS FROM THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT NOTTINGHAM.

I have before me the report of the most interesting of all the Church Congresses. In no preceding Congress was there so much real earnestness. Never before was so much time devoted to the consideration of subjects connected with the condition of the masses of the people. Never before was so much truth spoken, and it was listened to with the most earnest attention. When reading this valuable report of the Nottingham Church Congress, I marked some passages which I thought would serve as texts for, and quotations in, my little "Notes" in our Temperance Magazine.

My own Bishop preached a most suggestive sermon on the words, "I say unto all, Watch." The good Bishop describes the progress of the Church of Christ, and accounts for it by the Church's power over "the moral conscience of the world." He then adds: "I know that unfriendly minds have given, and will give, a different philosophy of the Church's history. They will say she has won her way by unholy secular alliances; by superstitious, wily priestcraft; by understanding only too keenly how to redeem the time in her own interests, and turn it to marketable account; by compliance with the vices and follies either of monarchs or of the age—in a word, by serpent-like wisdom, rather than by dove-like innocence. And no doubt there have been passages in her history which give only too true a colour to these taunts; but they have been passages of the Church's shame, not of her glory; moments when she seemed to be gaining strength, but was really losing it; apparent victories, bitterly rued by subsequent defeats. No; the Church's course has been chequered, but on the whole it has been triumphant; and it has been, not by the help, but in spite of this soil and taint of evil, in spite of men, princes, popes, bishops, statesmen, who have used her holy name and blessed offices for purposes most alien, most unholy, that her progress has been achieved."

I wish I had influence with Conservative politicians at the present crisis in the history of the Established Church! I am grieved to see that they are seeking the support of brewers, and wine and spirit merchants and publicans, at Parliamentary and municipal elections. It is certain that when the national conscience is awakened to see the horrible evils resulting from the traffic in intoxicating drinks the Church will suffer from its connection with the prison-filling, misery-producing sale of poisoning drinks. Our Church has "complied with the vices and follies of the age." She "is not gaining strength, but really losing it," from every vote recorded by a drink-seller in favour of those who call themselves Conservative Churchmen. They are not really Conservatives, but Destructives of the best interests of the Church and Nation. I fear the Irish Church suffered from her participation in the unhallowed gains of a wealthy brewer. Better it would have been for the Irish Church if St. Patrick's Cathedral had
been left in its neglected state, than that it should be restored by money derived from a source so closely connected with sin and vice and death—death in time and death in eternity.

The Bishop goes on to say: “Even Gibbon confesses the ‘victory’ of the Christian Church to have been ‘remarkable’; and, endeavouring to discover the ‘secondary causes’ which led to its rapid accomplishment, allows that the four prominent causes (for though he enumerates a fifth—the assumption of miraculous powers—he only mentions it to scoff at it), allows, I say, that the four prominent causes which he considers to have brought about this indisputable success were all of them causes operating in the moral sphere—the union and discipline of the Christian republic, the inflexible zeal of the Christians, their pure and even austere lives, and that doctrine of a future state without the support of which, as Paul testifies, they would have been of all men the most pitiable.”

If the Church of England is to continue as the authorised teacher of religion in this kingdom, its members must imitate the early Christians in their pure and sin-hating lives, and its ministers and teachers must warn their people against “every appearance of evil,” and against the encouragement of vice and crime in any form. I heard this week of a so-called Conservative politician who said that the watchword of Conservatives at present ought to be “The Church, the Barrel, and the Bottle!” Alas for our poor Church if it depends on such miserable defences as the barrel and the bottle!

The words of Virgil are indeed applicable to the present crisis:

“Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus egret.”

Æneid ii., 521, 522.

Now, it is greater zeal, greater holiness of life, greater self-denial, the Church needs in all her members. Half of the Methodist ministers at least are Total Abstainers from intoxicating drinks. How few of the Clergy are Teetotallers; not more, I fear, than one out of every twenty of them! If our Church be disestablished and disendowed, it will be owing, to a great extent, to its encouragement of the Liquor Traffic, which has heathenized so many millions of the people.

The Bishop of Manchester says with truth of many of the Clergy: “And our teaching is weak and aimless, and effects no lodgment in men’s souls; or we have no sense of the relative value of the great issues that are being tried in the world of thought outside our own; and to men who are craving bread we often have nothing better to offer than a stone.” What the people want is truth; truth on every subject, truth with respect to the properties of the poison alcohol, truth with respect to many passages in the Bible now misrepresented and misquoted, truth with respect to self-denial as taught by the Holy Saviour, truth with respect to war and its evils, truth with respect to honesty in business, and all the dealings between man and man. In fact, the people want the Sermon on the
Mount to be preached and its precepts obeyed by all who profess and call themselves Christians.

The Bishop goes on to say: “Men are quick to catch the ring of unreality; they will not be put off with phrases or conventionalisms. They want a religion that will help them in the battle fray. Have you, my brethren of the clergy, got such to offer them? Do you believe, and therefore speak?”

The Bishop concludes his sermon by saying that men want a Christianity of action, a Christianity possessing “vital power.” “The spiritual lever that has moved the world has been the simple revelation of the love of God in Christ: the fulcrum on which it has acted has been the sense of the need of such love in the human soul.”

Let me say, that if the English Church had in it the love of Christ, it would not go on building prisons, and workhouses, and lunatic asylums for its baptized members, but it would inquire into the causes of crime, poverty, and insanity, and it would at once remove those causes. If the Church were really the Church of Christ it would obey his command, “Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.” It would not put innumerable temptations in the way of its members. The true Church of Christ “saves others with fear, pulling them out of the fire; hating even the garment spotted by the flesh.” (St. Jude v. 23.)

Didsbury, near 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.]

On Tuesday and Wednesday evening, April 9 and 10, two sermons on the Temperance Reformation were preached in St. James’s, Pentonville, by kind permission of the Incumbent, the Rev. S. D. Stubbs. That on Tuesday evening was preached by the Rev. R. O. West, Vicar of Slaidburn; that on the Wednesday evening by the Rev. John Wolfe, Curate of Swansea. They were both able sermons, placing the Temperance Reformation movement on its only true and sound basis. The Rev. S. Herring and the Rev. Thomas Rooke assisted the Rev. S. D. Stubbs in the services. The choir was formed of the children of the Pentonville Band of Hope.

CLERKENWELL PAROCHIAL TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting was held on Wednesday, April 3, 1872, at St. James’s Hall, under the presidency of the Rev. Robert Maguire, M.A. The report showed that 116 Pledges had been taken, and referred to different points, some of an encouraging nature, and others the reverse. It made mention of Dr. Ellis’s kindness in prescribing, on non-alcoholic principles, to those who came to consult him at the mission-hall. The balance-sheet gave a balance in favour of the society of 2l. 16s. 6d.,
Addresses were delivered by the Rev. S. J. Stone, B.A. (author of the Thanksgiving Hymn), Captain Phipps, R.N., Messrs. Drake, G. C. Campbell, J. T. Buteux, F. Wills, and the Chairman.

ST. PETER'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—On Easter Monday, April 1, 1872, a public tea was held in St. Peter's Parish Hall, Jersey, by the members of the “St. Peter's Committee of the Temperance Society.” The hall was decorated very tastefully by some of the military for the occasion. A great many civilians and military sat down to tea, and they seemed to enjoy it very much in right earnest. The Rev. — Browne, the Chaplain to the Forces in Jersey (Her Majesty's troops stationed in the island), was unavoidably absent, having been called to England; but he was replaced at the meeting by Mr. Howes, the army Scripture-reader, who was voted to the chair, and who made an excellent chairman at the meeting which was held after the tea. A choir of singers kindly enlivened the entertainment. Several of the military addressed the meeting, also Messrs. Husband, Dymond, and Luke; and Mr. De Carteret, the president, made an announcement at the close of the meeting.

BECKENHAM TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—On Thursday, January 18 last, a public meeting was held at 6, Arthur-road, Beckenham, through the influence of several energetic Christian young men, for the purpose of forming a Temperance Society in that village. The meeting was presided over by Mr. G. Clark, who seems to take great interest in the cause. In his opening speech he referred to the good done in this country, and stated that he was an Abstainer of about eleven months, and only wished it was eleven years. It was the first Temperance meeting he had ever attended, and he little thought he would be chairman of it. Addresses were also given by some gentlemen from the Anerly Temperance Association, and after the meeting several Pledges were taken. On March 8 Mr. Jabez Inwards gave his celebrated lecture, “A Walk through the Barley-Fields, and the Brewery,” at the National Schools, on behalf of the society, the Chairman on this occasion being the Rev. F. Chalmers, B.D., the esteemed rector of the parish. Fifteen Pledges taken. Since that the society has been gradually increasing its numbers by the uniting energy of its promoters, and on Friday, the 5th instant, a most excellent lecture was delivered by the Rev. R. Maguire, M.A. His lecture gave (as I am informed by one who attended) great satisfaction to all present. The chair was taken by General Sir Richard Dacres, R.A., G.C.B., and a cordial vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. Ripengal and seconded by Mr. Clarke, for the able lecture they had listened to. Great good, I feel sure, may be done here by a clergyman joining a movement of this kind; in fact, a working man said to me the other day, “There is nothing like Temperance for to bring the glorious truths of the Gospel before us.” The public houses of the parish are doing a brisk trade and seem to feel no lack of custom, and the battle which these self-denying Christians have to fight is a hard one, the difficulties are many, their ranks are few; nevertheless, if they are strong and of good courage, they will yet prevail, though their adversary be, as the Times has said, “The mighty God of Drink.”

§ F
St. Mary's (Lambeth) Temperance Association.—Our readers will be pleased to learn that an association bearing the above name has been formed under the presidency of the rector of the parish, the Rev. C. Lingham. The inaugural meeting was held on Monday evening, April 15, in Archbishop Tenison's Schoolroom, Lambeth. There was a very good attendance at the preliminary tea, and after tea several more persons came in to the meeting, which was addressed by the Rector, who said that he had been led to form the Association as a special remedy for a special evil, and that he had himself signed the Pledge. He said the new association would consist of Full Members in Total Abstinence; Probationers, who had signed for a limited term to try the effect of Abstinence on their health; and Associates, who were interested in the great Temperance movement, but did not see their way to become Total Abstainers. He urged all to come and join them. He was followed by the Rev. Hugh Huleatt, Rev. Stenton Eardley, and Rev. Thomas Rooke. The meeting was very enthusiastic, and fully responded to the Rev. S. Eardley's stirring speech. Several Pledges were taken at the close. We heartily wish this new society every success. Under careful, prayerful, and earnest management it will, we are persuaded, achieve great results.

TEETOTALISM AN AID TO GOOD HEALTH.

At the annual meeting of the Streatham Temperance Society, held on Thursday, Feb. 29, the Rev. Stenton Eardley, B.A., Vicar of Immanuel Church, stated some striking facts respecting a Foresters' Lodge that holds its meetings in his schoolroom.

1. In 1869 the lodge numbered 120 members, of whom twenty-two were Tectotallers. The total amount paid to sick members during the year was 97l. Of this sum, the share of the twenty-two Tectotallers would have been 17l. 15s. 8d., but the sum received by them was only 1l. 5s.

2. In 1870 the lodge had 136 members, of whom twenty-five were Tectotallers. The amount paid during that year to the sick was 91l. If the Tectotallers had been sick in the same proportion as the other members, they would have received 16l. 14s. 6d.; the amount actually received by them was 14s.

3. In 1871 the lodge contained 150 members, including forty-five Tectotallers. The sick money for the year amounted to 68l. The proportion due to the forty-five Tectotallers was 20l. 8s., but they (poor weakly fellows!) did not claim or receive one penny!

So much for Tectotal sickness and the power of beer to keep up working men. It keeps them up to the mark in sickness, and causes the drinkers of it to be a burden on their benefit clubs.

If friends will collect and forward well-authenticated facts regarding other benefit societies, we shall be happy to publish them.
“WHO HATH WOE?”

Who hath trouble?  Who hath sorrow?
Who hath found a thorny way?
Who shall suffer on the morrow
For the pleasures of to-day?
Who hath babbling and contention?
"They who tarry at the wine."
Ponder it with deep attention—
Many sorrows here combine.
See the wife and infants pleading,
In their misery, for relief:
Vain their tears—he stands unheeding;
What to him is all their grief!

Once he was a husband tender,
Loving father—true and just:
Is there pow'r on earth to render
Back again what they have lost?

Shall he perish all unheeded,
Having chosen such a part?
Are thy efforts all unneeded?—
Christian, lay it to thy heart!

Thou shalt save him—Sister! Brother!—
If thou canst the tempter shun,
Thou mayst fairly ask another,
Then, to do what thou hast done.

"Wine's a mocker," never heed it—
Pass it by, the friendly glass;
Water-drinkers never need it—
Stand aside, and let it pass!

Doubt not it will make thee sadder,
Though it sparkle in the cup;
See! "It stingeth like an adder;"

Be a Hero—Give it up.  

S. S. B.
A PLEA FOR THE STOMACH.

It may not be particularly gratifying to hear from Lord Kimberley how public-house beer is commonly manufactured, but it would be consolatory to imagine that in his speech we had heard the worst that could be said about adulteration. To think he is drinking ale made by a celebrated house, and to find he has got a mixture in which water prevails in the proportion of thirty gallons to an eighty-four gallon cask, and that his discrimination of the infusion has been successfully balked by the introduction of a quantity of coarse sugar and "finings" made of fish-skins, is not flattering to the amour propre of a beer-drinking Briton. But, after all, water is a beverage considerably more wholesome than beer, and even if "foots" and "finings" be somewhat foul ingredients of the tankard, they are not specially injurious. Were there nothing more dreadful behind, in the way of adulteration, practised in the country, we should simply hold that the publicans cheat us precisely as a butcher does who sells short weight, or a tape-maker who marks "100" on a piece containing only seventy yards, and so set down his act as one of simple theft.

Such optimism, however, entirely fails when we come to study the real state of the case, both as regards beer, wine, and spirits, and a score of other articles of consumption, wherein the adulteration consists in the introduction of a positively noxious substance. Lord Kimberley remarked that copperas is "sometimes" put into the diluted beer to make it foam. Some say he might have added that strychnia is put into it, when it is of "bitter" sort, to an extent which medical men are beginning to recognise as the cause of a form of disease, every year becoming more frequent, namely—paralysis. In some cases the bitter-beer drinkers, it is alleged, become abnormally attenuated; in others, their hands, after drinking, show signs of the crap, which is the peculiar effect of poisoning by strychnia. Again, there is the strongest reason to suspect that of the enormous quantity of cocculus indicus yearly imported into England, a very great proportion must go into the various alcoholic beverages, seeing that its use as a dye is now small, and the medical profession scarcely order it as a therapeutic once in a thousand cases. The introduction of salt and tobacco into stout has, of course, the special result of stimulating the unhealthy thirst of the consumer, while the concoction of "Hamburg Sherry," and similar abominable wines and liquors, with which every sort of vile drug down to cantharides is blended, involves the misery not only of the wretched people who drink them unawares, but of the children who inherit their impaired constitutions. Even the physical maladies resulting from these wholesale poisonings of drink can by no means be said to exhaust their evils, for their effects on the minds and tempers of the men and women who habitually swallow them is worse than that on their bodies. Were we able to trace back half the murders, wife-beatings, and savage assaults which disgrace our cities to their genuine source, we should go first
to the public-house where the criminal imbibed the maddening potion, and then to the cellar, where the grinning vendor of the draught had "doctored" the wholesome fluid he bought from the brewer, or imported from the wine-grower, and turned it by his diabolical ingenuity into a stimulus for every dormant wild-beast passion in the human heart. In countries where the wine is so cheap or the people so unsophisticated as to make adulteration practically unknown, the effects even of gross intoxication are wholly different from those which we behold in the sots and maniacs who come reeling out of many an English gin-palace. Disgusting and degrading as excessive drinking must always be, the cruelty and brutality which accompany it here come, it is said with much show of reason, from the adulterating drugs rather than from the wine or beer itself, and the man who mixes such drugs with the drink he intends to sell makes himself, to some extent, more than an accomplice—even an instigator—of every crime which follows.

Again, supposing it to be conceded to the advocates of Total Abstinence that the whole population would be healthier and better were the use of all alcoholic beverages to be renounced—should we, by such means, avoid the snares of the adulterators? Not so, by any means; coffee and cocoa are ground up with chicory and dust and all manner of deleterious substances, while the one liquid on which in our climate the Teetotaller must rely for warmth and cheer, his well-beloved cup of tea, is more vilely spoiled than all the rest. Have our readers heard of a mixture called "Maloo," of which an entire shipload not long ago arrived from China, and the unloading the whole of which in our ports the Government found itself, in the present state of the law, unable to prevent? Maloo consists of the sweepings of tea-rooms, and of the leaves from which infusions have been already taken, and which are used in China as litter for cattle. The animal matter which the stuff receives like a sponge under this treatment fits it, as it appears, especially to serve its purpose of colouring and flavouring the aloe-leaves and similar rubbish with which it is blended when sold in England as "Excellent Black Tea at 2s. per lb.,” or thereabouts. The poor hard-worked woman, sitting down to her one luxury of the day, and using for it this filthy mess—carefully transported, to deceive her, from the other side of the globe—is a sufficiently pitiful picture to contemplate.

Christina Edmunds has narrowly escaped, as a lunatic, from capital punishment, incurred by sowing poisoned lozenges about Brighton, careless of the hands into which they might fall and the lives they might endanger. It would be hard to say, when the publican puts noxious drugs into the drink which he sells to his customers, how his crime differs from hers, save by his immunity from danger of the same penalty. When a druggist sells, under the name of a useful remedy, some miserable, watered-down mixture which contains little or none of the real drug demanded, and must inevitably fail to afford the patient the relief he expects, how does his conduct differ from that of one who, seeing a drowning man snatching at a rope, should pull it away from him and give him a straw? The farmer buys manure at a high price to multiply the fruits of the
earth for his own and the public advantage, but he finds the stuff he has purchased is half worthless. He ploughs and harrows his fields carefully, and then sows them with seed which proves to have been killed, in order that it may tell no tales of mixture with other sorts. Once again he tries to feed his beasts with the vaunted linseed-cake, which is to fatten them so rapidly, and—as happened recently in a Southern county—a quarter of a hundred of the sheep die, poisoned by the noxious mixture which is sent him, and the meat of those which survive becomes unfit for human consumption. The strong and the weak, the healthy and the sick, the dweller in the city and in the field, are all alike victimised. Even the little child does not escape, but is, perhaps, hardest dealt with of all. Its sugar-plums are poisoned with lead and Prussian blue and copperas—and the milk which is its very life is watered down till it ceases to convey nutrition. Have we come to the end of all this catalogue of evils? Not even yet. The sufferers are indeed to be pitied; but they who habitually do the wrong, and whose consciences are "seared with a hot iron," are in far worse plight. The whole moral nature of a man is corrupt from the hour he adopts such practices; his honour becomes a cheat, and his religion a sham.

With regard to the legislation which is to deal with the great national crime and disgrace, there is no doubt that the whole value of the measure must depend on the provision made for the appointment of the public inspectors and analysts, in whose hands the prosecutions will lie. Will these officers be appointed by local boards, and be, perhaps, medical men looking for practice from the families of the very tradesmen whose offences it will be their duty to ferret out? Then we may as well lay the Bill on the shelf, and say no more about it; for it is not in human nature, under such circumstances, to act with the unflinching zeal and energy required to abate by one jot the nuisance. Only by leaving the appointment of these officers to the Government, and making them look for promotion and salary to the Government alone, by whom their activity will be appreciated, can we hope to find the tools we require—the band of young Hercules able to cleanse our Augean stable of Maloo tea and every similar abomination.—Echo.

PUBLIC-HOUSES WITHOUT THE DRINK.

The following report of a "public-house without the drink" will interest our readers:

"THE BRITISH WORKMAN," 30 AND 31, COLLEGE-STREET, BRISTOL.

Report, 1871.

In presenting to the friends of the "British Workman" their second annual report, the Managers have much pleasure in drawing attention to the satisfactory progress made during the past year. It is gratifying to observe that whilst the usefulness of the institution has increased, the balance against it has diminished,
so that considerable advance has been made towards rendering the work self-supporting.

The receipts from the provision and dormitory departments have nearly met the expenses; but the Managers will still need subscriptions to enable them to carry on those branches that are necessarily unremunerative.

The accounts show that while the expenses during the past year, exclusive of furniture and repairs, amounted to £569. 10s. 10d., the ordinary receipts were £41. 19s. 4d., leaving a deficiency of only £27. 11s. 6d., against more than £70 in the previous year. During the last half-year the result was still more satisfactory, the ordinary expenses having been £295. 8s. 4d., and the receipts £286. 17s. 4d., leaving a balance of only £8. 11s. The sale of provisions was more than doubled in the past year.

Under the head of furniture in the present account, several articles are included that would have been purchased previously if sufficient funds had been in hand, and a further portion that increased business has rendered indispensable.

Donations are still needed to clear off the balance due to the Managers, to purchase machinery for economising labour in the laundry, and to procure various articles of furniture and household linen to meet the extended requirements of the establishment.

At the last meeting it was announced that the Managers would gladly add to the accommodation for lodgers if they had 50l. in hand. A challenge generously given by Mr. W. K. Wait speedily called forth this sum; the number of dormitories was increased from fourteen to twenty-three, and twenty-three working men now avail themselves of the comfortable and well-managed home provided for them. Many former inmates have shown their appreciation of the advantages that it offers by returning when their occupations have again brought them within its reach; and several have been heard to express their thankfulness that they were ever led into the "British Workman," having found there both temporal and spiritual good. The great number of applications for lodgings refused for want of room convinces the Managers that there are large openings for extended usefulness in this direction.

Among the other branches of work carried on may be mentioned the soup-kitchen, in operation during the winter months, and two cocoa meetings weekly, which are well attended, and prove valuable substitutes for the "convivial" or "free-and-easy" meetings of public-houses. Mr. Jones kindly assists, as in the previous year.

The lending library has had eighty-nine monthly subscribers. A grant of books at half-price, to the value of 4l., has been made by the Religious Tract Society. The dormitories have been supplied with Bibles by a free grant from the Bible Society. An association, in connection with the Pure Literature Society, is efficiently carried on by several supporters of the "British Workman." By this agency nearly 2,000 periodicals were sold during the year.

A lodge of Good Templars holds its meetings at the "British Workman." It is progressing in numbers and influence, and its members render efficient help to the institution. Band of Hope meetings are in active operation.
The penny bank is continued. The amount paid in was 75l. Depositors, 285.

Bible-classes for men are held on Sunday afternoons and Tuesday evenings, the latter being kindly conducted by the Rev. T. W. Boyce. There is also a Scripture reading for aged persons on Thursday afternoons.

Honourable mention must be made of the conscientious and successful management of Mrs. Oliver. She has performed her duties faithfully, and the failure of her health is recorded with heartfelt grief. An acknowledgment is also due to the committee of working men, who have been ready to give their time and labour whenever help has been needed.

In concluding their report the Managers desire to express their thankfulness to God for having been enabled to carry on the various agencies for good to which reference has been made, and their hope that, with the continued help of their friends and the co-operation of the working classes, the usefulness of the "British Workman" may be largely extended during the year now begun.

There are now "British Workman" public-houses in each of the following places, arranged for facility of reference in alphabetical order:

1. Ashton-under-Lyne.
2. Barnard Castle.
5. Bentham.
8. Bishop Auckland.
12. Cambridge.
13. Cardiff.
14. Chester-le-Street.
15. Cleckheaton.
17. Darlington.
18. Farnley.
19. Goole.
20. Harrold (Beds.).
22. Hull.
24. Lancaster.
25. Leicester.
27. Liverpool.
28. Manchester.
29. Morley.
30. Newcastle.
31. Oldham.
32. Otley.
33. Portsmouth.
34. Pudsey.
35. Rochdale.
36. Rugeley.
37. Saltburn.
38. Scarborough.
39. Sedgley.
40. Selby.
41. Sheffield.
42. Shipley.
43. Southport.
44. St. Helens.
45. St. Leonards.
46. Stockton-on-Tees.
47. Wakefield.
48. Whitby.
49. Woodlesford.
50. Wrexham.

—Leeds Monthly.
AN ALLEGORY.

“What was the promise made to thee alone?
Art thou the excepted one?
An heir of glory without grief or pain?
O vision false and vain!
There lies thy cross; beneath it weep thy bow;
It fits thy stature now;
Who scornful pass it with averted eye,
’Twill crush them by-and-by.”—Christian Year.

“It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.”—Lam. iii. 27.

In the midst of a wide plain rose a lofty mountain, up the sides of which many people were seen ascending. They all carried burdens on their shoulders, some very heavy, others light. At the foot of the mountain there were many young people just preparing for the ascent, and on all sides were different kinds of burdens lying, as if for their choice. But this was not really the case; each burden was marked with the name of the person for whom it was intended, so that there could be no mistake, though often many murmured at their appointed load, and wished to exchange for others they fancied easier to carry.

Some remarked that they would rather climb the steep hill without any burden, and set off without, but it was very remarkable that all who did so found at the next turning their own burden awaiting them, increased in size, whilst those who took up their appointed yoke cheerfully, and set off with resolute spirit to climb the ascent, found their burden become lighter and easier to carry; and these as they journeyed often stayed to cheer up any whose load seemed almost more than they could bear. . . .

There were several paths up the mountain, but only one reached the top, and this was narrow and very steep; yet it was cut out in the rock, and was perfectly safe; whilst others that looked more inviting, wider, and bordered with flowers, wound along by dangerous precipices, down which many careless travellers fell, or they ended in gloomy caverns, where light never shone to reveal the deep pits within, from which there was no escape. But no one of the mountain-climbers was suffered to pursue a wrong path without warning. Here and there were inscriptions on the rocks directing to the right road, and the word “Beware!”* was engraved at the entrance of every way that led to danger. Many, beguiled by the apparent beauty of these by-paths, heeded not the warnings. With laughter and song amongst merry companions they thoughtlessly turned from the narrow upward way, and if, when startled by the unhappy fate of some fellow-traveller, they tried to return, they found it no easy task. The flowers that had looked so inviting before had now changed to thorns and briars,

* Deut. viii. 11; Judges xiii. 4; Matt. xvi. 6, 12; Luke xill. 15; 2 Peter, 3, 17; Prov. xxiii. 19, 20, 29 to 32; Prov. iv., 14, 15, 25, 27.
and they were sorely wounded ere they again set their feet on the narrow way, whilst the burden they had once refused to carry had now grown to such dimensions that their toil was great indeed. These needed every assistance from their new companions, and it was beautiful to see young boys and girls walking by the side of the weary ones, with their little hands helping to bear part of the weight, whilst others sang, with sweet, cheering voices, "There'll be rest by-and-by." Thus many reached the mountain-top, and what sight of glory there burst on their view no tongue can tell.

These various paths up the mountain represent the different ways of human life. Only one, the Christian life of self-denial, is safe; and one form of self-denial is "Total Abstinence from all Intoxicating drinks." So easy for the child to Abstain, so hard for the poor confirmed drunkard! Should we not urge the little ones to take up this light burden, and never to lay it down till, having gained the mountain-top, they hear the "Well done, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

We see around us many falling into the snares of Intemperance. None ever mean to be Drunkards. They tell us they will stop ere there is any danger, but vainly trusting in their own strength, led by the example of others, following the "social customs" of the day, not seeing the necessity for Total Abstinence in their own case, and refusing to deny themselves for the sake of poor fallen brothers and sisters, what wonder that the power of the drink grows stronger, and the ranks of lost drunkards are continually replenished from our once fair and innocent girls, our fine, promising, open-hearted boys? Oh! that parents and teachers could all see the danger of giving wine to children! Earnestly let us urge them to lead the little one at the commencement of life to the entrance of the narrow way. Jesus says, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me." Was not his life one of continued self-denial; and will not his children take up this little burden, to show their love to him? "The cross" is light in early days, and, "looking unto Jesus," it will evermore grow easier to bear. In working for him, lifting up the fallen, there is truest joy, and in comforting and sustaining each other, the Christian's upward path is bright with beams from Heaven, where "rest" shall be for ever.

A. H.

TEMPERANCE GUILDS.

(To the Editor of the "Church Times."

Sir,—Since your publication of my letter of December 22, I have received communications from nearly eighty of your readers, many of whom have expressed their intention of forming guilds on the principles of my Manual. The enclosed is interesting as coming from a quarter which one scarcely expected your paper to reach.

May I ask clergymen who have established guilds to favour me with com-
munications, in return for which they shall be furnished, in due time, with a Quarterly Report of the Progress of Church of England Guilds of Total Abstinence.

W. ALLEN WHITWORTH.

Christ Church, Liverpool, March 7, 1872.

[Enclosure.]

Chanda, Central Provinces, India, Feb. 9, 1872.

Rev. Sir,—We are exceedingly glad to learn that a Guild of Total Abstainers has been established in the Church. We were very much pleased to read your letter in the Church Times of December 22, 1871, upon the subject. We desire to be admitted into the full membership of your guild. We purpose, through God's blessing, to observe the rules of your guild about the daily prayers, &c. We would therefore feel much obliged if you would kindly send us some copies of your "Manual," with the necessary instructions of the manner of our admittance into the guild.

We hope also that in course of time others will come forward to join the guild. But being so far from you, it would be difficult always to write and get an answer from you before we could admit them. We therefore ask you kindly to give us power and tell us the manner also of admitting such. We hope you will kindly favour us with a reply as soon as possible. — We remain, Sir, yours truly,

NEHEMIAH GOREH, Missionary in Priest's Orders.
SAMUEL GOPAL, Church Mission, Chanda.
ISRAEL JACOB, Church Mission, Chanda.

To the Rev. W. A. Whitworth, Christ Church, Liverpool.

"OUR NEIGHBOUR."

CHAPTER V.

One bright, frosty evening Nancy thought she heard a rap at their cottage-door, so ran eagerly to open it, to her father as she supposed. To her surprise, she found no one; but she stood awhile to look at the beautiful stars, which were shining most brilliantly out of the clear blue sky. It was too cold to stay without bonnet or shawl, and she was just turning back, when a low cry attracted her attention. At that moment the moon looked from behind a cloud, and brought into Nancy's view a small figure crouching against the house-side. Going towards it, a child started up.

"Don't run away, little girl," said Nancy. "I shall do you no harm. What are you crying for?"

Sobs and shivers were the only reply.

"I can't stop here, it's too cold; so do tell me what is the matter?"

"I'm hungry; give me something to eat"—her tones were sharp, and Nancy thought the little girl ungracious; but she ran into the house, and brought a piece of bread. Without a word of
thanks, the child snatched it from her and ran off. The next day, and every day after, she reappeared about the same time, and kind-hearted Nancy could not deny the needed crust, recollecting that, whether agreeable or disagreeable, our neighbour is our “neighbour” all the same; so she regularly put by a portion of her own food for the little Patty. Still that she manifested no gratitude quite weighed upon her mind, and on one occasion she ventured to ask—

“Why don’t you say ‘Thank you,’ Patty? You should always do that.”

The girl started.

“I must get it somewhere,” she said; “and if you won’t give it to me, I’ll steal it.”

“Oh dear!” exclaimed Nancy, alarmed, “pray don’t do that, for it’s wicked to steal. I’ll give you the bread,” and she gladly dropped the thanks out of the question. “Who takes care of you?”

“I take care of myself.”

“But who do you live with?”

“Nobody. Mother’s at the gin-shop mostly—where your father’s fond of going; I knows him well.”

“He don’t go there now,” quickly returned her poor friend, shuddering.

“Oh,” replied Patty, giving a short, irritating laugh, “if they goes in once they never really come out. He’ll go back again, see if he don’t.”

Nancy shrank from her unnatural companion; and was going to leave her, but for a sudden thought.

“How would you like to learn to read, Patty?” she inquired.

“I shouldn’t like it at all.”

“What! not with a nice fire to sit by, and things comfortable like?”

The bait took; and as the girl could see a cheerful little blaze through the half-open door, and hear it crackling, she turned her eyes longingly towards it.

“You may come in now, if you like,” said Nancy.

Patty did so with alacrity.

“Ain’t it jolly!” she cried, squatting down on the hearth.

Her kind little benefactor allowed her thoroughly to enjoy the warmth, though on the condition that the next time she came she would set about learning to read in good earnest. The condition was no sooner made than enforced; and good Nancy’s labour of love proved a most arduous one. Yet perseverance will accomplish most things, and Nancy’s instructions so far humanised the child that she began to say “Thank you” of her own accord. Mr. Addison did not object to his daughter’s efforts on her behalf, only once observing that the girl’s mother was “the worst woman he had ever come across.” As to Nancy, she little guessed how her self-denying work would return in blessings on her own head.

Mr. Mansfield came to see them about this time; more particularly to express to Nancy his pleasure on seeing her father at church.

“But he has not been the last Sunday or two,” he said.

“No,” replied Nancy, and she hung down her head, to hide the blush his remark had occasioned.

“Never despair,” returned Mr. Mansfield, encouragingly; “you can little understand, my child, what a fiery trial your father has to pass through.”

“I don’t despair, Sir,” she timidly
answered; "and I don't know as father goes where he shouldn't, only he's more careless like."

"'Pray without ceasing,' Nancy; than God, prayer is a safe and sure refuge! 'Cast all your care upon Him, for he careth for you.'"

Nancy then told him about Patty, and her anxieties concerning her, and her kind pastor gave his most approving smile, together with the advice she looked for. Mrs. Eames also had her joys, and still a little sorrow to relate.

"Sir," said she, "my dear son takes it into his head to go to the Wesleyan chapel close by; I have always been used to Church myself, and to Church I always will go, and it do seem odd to turn from the religion of his fathers afore him."

"My good woman," replied Mr. Mansfield, "remember 'where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them;' so let this comfort you;" and he took his leave, having given the counsel each one required.

Nancy worked on with redoubled energy, striving, whilst teaching Patty to read, to win her to her Saviour. The poor girl was very obtuse, the darkness of her mind having been fostered by the ignorance and crime amongst which she had dwelt all her life; so it was "line upon line," and "precept upon precept" with little apparent success, till one happy day, when Nancy first repeated—

"Little child, do you love Jesus? O, how he loves!"

"My!" exclaimed Patty. "He can't love a dirty thing like me; 'tain't likely."

Nancy assured her that he did, and that he died to prove his love.

"My!" again exclaimed Patty, staring at Nancy with her big eyes. This was her only mode of expressing what she felt; but the sweet hymn was learned of her own free will, and the never tiring energy with which she repeated it convinced Nancy that the saving truth had taken possession of her heart, sinking deeply there.

Patty did not often talk to her friend about her mother, "Betty," as they called her, but evidently knew a deal more about her miserable parent than she ought to have done. Poor child! her young life had been passed amidst the vilest haunts, and until ministering Nancy discovered the outcast little "neighbour" nigh her door, Patty had seen or heard of nothing better. But for such lost ones Jesus died. She was not beyond the reach of his all-pitying thought, and when once her darkened heart opened to the Sun of Righteousness all was changed. Where before she had hated now she loved; her love going out to the unhappy parent who till then she had despised and scorned. Now whenever she mentioned her to Nancy it was in a sad, sorrowful way. "Poor mother!" she would say, "It's too late; she can't give it up."

In her wretched home she had to wage a severe warfare; for Betty would rather that her child used foul language and did bad deeds than that she should try to bear her sad lot with patience and submission. At first Patty endeavoured to persuade her mother to give up her wicked life, and once ventured to repeat a text in her hearing; but the wrath her attempt occasioned obliged her to keep out of
sight even the little books that Nancy
had lent her. Alas! whilst the "glad
 tidings" filled her with joy on her own
account, for her mother she felt anguish
untold. "Him that cometh to me I
will in nowise cast out;" but Betty
would not come. She returned one
wet night to their uncomfortable
dwelling, when Patty was not expect-
ing her. Not noticing her daughter,
she sat down on a rickety chair before
the fire-place—I say fire-place because
there was no fire. As she leaned back
her eyes wandered to the blackness
without, as if it were in keeping with
the deadness of her own spirit; but
by-and-bye they turned to the empty
hearth, and then she spoke to Patty.
"Light a fire," she said.
"I can't; for there ain't no wood
nor no coals."
Her mother looked away again,
dreamily; but soon began to moan, as
if in pain.
"What's the matter?" asked Patty.
"Matter! much you care; light a
fire, I say."
"I would if I could," returned the
poor girl.
After a few minutes Betty spoke
again.

I'm as cold as a lump of ice, and
there's nothing to warm me," she said,
in a dogged way.
"I'm very sorry, mother"—Patty
began.
"A likely tale! If ye don't light a
fire, I'll go straight off;" and she
staggered up from her chair.
As her unfortunate daughter made
no answer, Betty dragged herself to-
wards the door. A sudden thought,
however, caused Patty to dart after
her.
"Don't go, mother, oh don't go!"
she cried. "May be some one would
lend us a bit o' wood for once—just for
once!" she added, in desperation, on
finding that Betty was determined to
proceed. It was of no avail; her
mother opened the door, and stepped
out into the pouring rain. Patty
followed, entreating her to turn back;
but on and on she tottered. Arrived
at the hateful spot, the wicked woman
gave a diabolical laugh, and went in!
"Oh God!" cried Patty, "have
mercy upon my poor mother!"

Whether Betty heard the cry Patty
never knew.

(To be continued.)

PRAY FOR THE DRUNKARD!

Pray for the drunkard, pray!
Nor pray alone—urge and advise;
Perchance the light of Christ's heavenly day
May come to his blinded eyes.

Pray for the drunkard, pray!
That Jesus may grace impart;
Perchance the love of Christ's heavenly day
May enter his sin-curse heart.
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth."—Ps. cxxiv. 8.

OUR ANNUAL MEETING.

Our anniversary meeting was held on Thursday, May 2, in Willis's Rooms, and, as has been the practice for some years past, the chair was taken by a non-abstaining Bishop of the Church of England. The attendance was unusually large. In the temporary absence of the Bishop of Peterborough, who had been announced to preside, but who was speaking on the Licensing Bill in the House of Lords, the Rev. H. J. Ellison occupied the chair. He was supported by the Revs. W. Allan, Stenton Eardley, R. Maguire, C. Skrine, Canon Bardsley, Canon Jenkins, C. Birch, Fletcher, W. Caine, J. F. Lingham, C. Ough, C. Moon, Thomas Rooke, J. G. Bichard, S. D. Stubbs, A. J. B. Kane, Esq., A. S. Herring, Hugh Huleatt, and J. Erskine Clarke; Messrs. Robert Rae, W. St. Quintin, P. B. Cow, W. B. Holderness, E. J. Jefferies, Streatfield, Dr. Ellis.

The meeting was opened with prayer, and the annual report was
read by the Rev. Thomas Rooke, M.A., Chaplain of St. George’s Hospital, Honorary Secretary. It commenced with a detailed account of the Society’s formation ten years ago, and went on to say that it had never been able to attain that position which its promoters had hoped. The services of a Clerical and Travelling Secretary having been found a necessity, the Rev. R. O. West had been selected to fill that post, and would shortly commence his duties. Twenty-five of the clergy had been added to the list of Church of England Abstainers, and many of those who were not so had formed parochial associations. A weekly Board, to manage the Society’s affairs, had been formed, from which much good had already resulted. Nine sermons had been preached on behalf of the Society, and twenty meetings were attended by its deputations. The monthly magazine continued to enjoy a fair circulation. The receipts were £656 14s. 11d.; the expenditure, £648 19s. 1d. The liabilities amounted to £126, to pay which sums were due amounting to £89 2s. 10d., leaving a balance against the Society of £36 17s. 2d. Since coming into the room, he (Mr. Rooke) had received a collection of £90, so that there was a balance in favour of the Society.

The Rev. Canon Bardsley moved the adoption of the report. He observed that he had been an Abstainer for thirty-six or thirty-seven years, and although the audience might think him a little egotistical in saying so, yet he claimed to have established the very first Church of England Total Abstinence Society. That was about twenty-six years ago, when he was Curate of Burnley, in Lancashire. He was enabled to gather round him there a zealous band of abstaining workers, some of whom remained to this day. At that time an abstaining clergyman was considered as hardly sane; but how changed was the state of things now! Even their bishops were beginning to espouse the Temperance cause; and there was no doubt they had good reason for so doing. (Hear, hear.)

The Rev. Charles Birch, Rector of Foot’s-cray, observed that he lived in a parish which suffered a great deal from the sin of Drunkenness. This was hardly to be wondered at when his hearers remembered that there were seven public-houses in that place, the population of which was only 700. A Temperance
Society was formed there some time ago, when a deputation from the parent association was sent down, and the result was that at the present time they had a band of Abstainers 200 strong. (Cheers.) A large proportion of these were working manfully for the cause. He found the Society to be of the very greatest help, and to be a rallying-point for the young men of the district. The public-houses had been reduced to six in number since the Society was formed, but Foot's-cray being very near London, they received a great deal of support from excursionists. He concluded by seconding the resolution.

The report was then adopted.

The Rev. STENTON EARDLEY moved another resolution pledging the meeting to support the Society and recognising the value of a distinct Church Temperance organisation. He quoted the article which recently appeared in the Temperance Record, entitled "Teetotalism an Aid to Good Health," and dwelt especially on the importance of clergymen lending their schoolrooms for club-meetings, instead of allowing them to be held in public-houses.

The Bishop of Peterborough here entered the room, and was warmly received. He first apologised for his absence on the grounds already mentioned, and then went on to address the meeting on the subject of Temperance legislation, being under the impression that he was addressing the members of the National Association for Promoting Amendment in the Laws relating to the Liquor Traffic. He said he recognised, and had advocated in the House of Lords, the importance of giving the ratepayers a voice in the control of the liquor traffic, but, at the same time, he could not support the Permissive Bill. He had the good or evil fortune not to be a Teetotaller, but he must tell them that he had done what a distinguished physician said everyone ought to do at least once during his lifetime—try Teetotalism. He had honestly done so for three months. Whether it was his fault or the fault of Teetotalism, the fact was they did not agree, and the practical result was that his medical man said that if he persevered the consequences might be serious. He hoped the meeting would believe that when he said he was not a Teetotaller, yet he was not one of those who denounced Teetotalism without having made the experiment in his own person.
The great cause of Temperance in England had now arrived at a very serious and critical point in its history. It had arrived at that stage when everybody admitted that something must be done in the legislative way to remove the canker which was eating into the very heart of the nation, if we would save ourselves from the worst possible diseases and deaths—that of national decadence and utter corruption. This was a very hopeful and, at the same time, a very critical state of things, for this reason—that if all were agreed that something should be done, there was a danger of doing what ought not to be done. The urgency of the disease should make the physician hesitate somewhat as to the remedy he would prescribe. What ought not, in his opinion, to be done, was to totally suppress the liquor traffic. He could not vote for the Permissive Bill, believing that it would never be tolerated in this country, and he was sure that, whether he carried the meeting with him in this opinion or not, he would carry them with him in this, that if a measure were passed and it did not succeed, it would be worse than a failure—that it would produce a dangerous reaction in favour of Intemperance. The Bishop then entered into a detailed list of his objections to the Permissive Bill, but said he would be prepared to support a measure which would give the ratepayers, by means of an elected Board concurrently with a non-elected body of magistrates, a voice in the control of the liquor traffic, and which would diminish the hours of sale.

The Rev. Robert Maguire reminded the Bishop that this Society had no legislative programme whatever, but the object with which it was formed, just ten years ago, was to work the Temperance cause through the parochial agencies of the Church of England. When, however, Mr. Ellison and others proposed to branch out into legislative action, a distinct association was formed apart from this, with the view of keeping this object in view. He was sure that after this explanation the Society would have his lordship’s approval. He concluded by seconding the motion, which was carried unanimously.

The Rev. H. J. Ellison moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman, and observed that he, in common with most of his Abstaining brethren, were driven into the Temperance cause by the logic of facts, and it would be simply impossible, with any feeling of faithfulness, for them now to look back from the plough to which they
had put their hands. Their object in asking his lordship to preside was that, though they themselves were not pledged Abstainers, yet he might hear what they had to say, and look at the principles they advocated, and at the results they were able to show.

The Rev. Hugh Huleatt, in seconding the motion, endorsed what Mr. Ellison had said, and gave instances of the power Personal Abstinence gave the clergy with their flocks.

His Lordship, in replying, regretted that he should have inadvertently fallen into the error of mistaking the one Society for the other—the daughter for the mother society. He heartily sympathised with the efforts of the Church of England Temperance Society, for he was sure that the Church never more truly vindicated her claim to be called the National Church than when she showed herself deeply interested in such a great national cause as this. In those persons who Abstained, he must say he recognised the true spirit of the Cross of Christ, and in that spirit he heartily wished them God-speed.

The proceedings then closed with the apostolic benediction.

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

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

St. Mary-the-Less Temperance Society, Salamanca, Vauxhall-walk Lambeth.—This society was inaugurated on Monday, April 29, by a tea and public meeting. It has been started by a few Christian working men, under the leadership of the Rev. S. E. Gladstone, second son of the Prime Minister. Although this was their first public meeting, it was not exactly their first start, there being already fifty members on the pledge-book. During tea, which commenced at seven o’clock, the Vicar, the Rev. Canon Gregory, made a very able speech. He commenced by apologising for disturbing them at tea, but he had an engagement, so that he should be obliged to leave almost immediately, and he went on to say that this was the first time that any of the schools in his parish had been ever used for the purpose of a Total Abstinence meeting. He thought it was the duty of every man to be temperate—in fact, we promised to be temperate in our baptism, and St. Paul also enjoins us to be temperate in all things. He then proceeded to show the connection between drink, crime, and pauperism in this country—how, if it were not for this drink, England would be
a happy country, and that it is the duty of every right-minded person to do all
in his power to stop this traffic in drink. The rev. gentleman was not himself
a Teetotaller; nevertheless he wished them every success and God-speed.—The
tea then proceeded, the committee doing the waiting, and seeing that all were
well supplied. Much mirth was excited by a policeman on duty coming into the
room; perhaps some present thought they were wanted, but he only came to
sign the pledge. This was the first pledge taken that evening. After grace
had been sung, and the tea-things cleared away, the President, the Rev. S. E.
Gladstone, opened the public meeting by stating the objects of the Society, and
went on to say that he had been a Total Abstainer for over two years, and
that this Society was started by a few Christian working men, who had
received great benefits from Teetotalism, and, like all Christians, when they had
got good themselves, had a great desire to impart good to others. He exhorted
his hearers to put their trust in God, and He would crown their efforts with
success.—The Rev. J. F. Lingham, Rector of Lambeth, then addressed the
meeting. He said he was very glad to stand before them as a Total Abstainer,
not of quite so much experience as his friend Mr. Gladstone. He had thought
for a long time that, however little a man may take, it is better for him to leave
it off, if only for the good of others who cannot stop at a little. Some people
say, “I have such a little drop to give up.” That is all the more reason why
they should give it up. It is commonly those who take little drops that hinder the
cause of Temperance. It will help you in trying to reform a Drunkard, if you
say I have given it up for your sake, and I am none the worse for doing so. It
will give you a moral hold over that man which it will be impossible for you
to have if you drink ever so little. He was coming home from Gibralter some
time since in one of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company’s vessels,
when he was surprised to find that no strong drink was allowed to be given to
the sailors on board on any pretence whatever. One of their vessels was over-
taken by a dreadful storm in the Bay of Biscay, and the crew had a tremendous
job to save the vessel. At length they did so, but were so exhausted by the work
that the captain ordered every man a glass of grog. But when the vessel arrived
at its destination, the cost of the grog was struck out of his accounts, the
company arguing that what was necessary in one case might be in another,
and different men would have different views as to when it was necessary to
give strong drink and when not.—The Rev. J. B. Kane (deputation from Church
of England and Ireland Temperance Society) then addressed the meeting. This
gentleman, who is a native of Ireland, and has been fourteen years a Teetotaller,
urged his hearers who were in the habit of drinking to give it up, as it was
the cause of nearly all the crime and misery in this country. He urged the
promoters of this Society to go on as they had begun, and put their whole trust
in God, and in two years he would undertake to say the whole neighbourhood
would be changed.—The Rev. S. D. Stubbs, Vicar of St. James’, Pentonville
(deputation from the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Society),
urged Total Abstinence on his hearers for the sake of economy, religion, health,
and example. He especially urged moderate drinkers to become Total Abstainers, and related an anecdote of a missionary and his family living in one of the northern countries for a great number of years, and getting quite acclimatised without the aid of intoxicating drinks. He wished the Society every success. After an address from the Rev. H. G. Henderson, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Shoreditch, in which he showed the influence of drink upon the nation, both in a pecuniary and moral sense, and urging upon his hearers who were not Teetotallers, to become so at once, the proceedings terminated with a few words from the President, the Rev. S. E. Gladstone, in which he pointed out the desk at the door, where the people who had not done so could sign the pledge. The hymn commencing, “Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,” was sung, and the company dispersed; nine pledges being taken, making with the policeman’s at the beginning, ten, being sixty pledges on the book altogether. Meetings will be held every alternate Friday evening.

**Working Men’s Club-rooms for Shifnal.**—The celebration of the opening of the Working Men’s Club-rooms, at Shifnal, took place a few days ago. The rooms, which are situate at the corner of Ashton-street and High-street, are four in number, and intended for the following purposes: Smoking, refreshments, reading, and general use (provided consent is given, and the rules of the club-house maintained), admission to which is by membership, as the rules provide. Chess, draughts, bagatelle, and other games of a like description are allowed. *En passant* we may give the origin of the club. Three clergymen of the town, in resolving to do something to check “our national sin—drunkenness,” hit upon the idea of having working men’s club-rooms for this town. The Rev. W. F. Satchell, head-master of the Grammar School, personally undertook the responsibility of opening such a house for the term of twelve months. The matter thus resting in his hands, he, with praiseworthy and energetic exertions, and such support as he could meet with, firmly carried the object on against considerable difficulties, with the success that the opening shows, his aim being to provide a resort for “the bona fide working men of Shifnal,” where they might have the benefit of companionship, social recreation, and intellectual and moral improvement. The house is managed by Mr. and Mrs. Hoggins, who are Total Abstainers, as is also the promoter, Mr. Satchell. A public tea-meeting was held in the large room of the club-house, at 5.30 p.m., which was very prettily and tastefully decorated. The room was much crowded, as was also a smaller one, used for the same purpose. Thorough enjoyment prevailed, from the ladies and gentlemen who officiated, to the working men themselves.

**Morcott, Rutlandshire.**—On Thursday, April 25, a meeting was held in the schoolroom with the view of forming a Band of Hope in this village, when a short address was given by the Rev. C. Ough, of Clerkenwell. Between twenty and thirty children and a few adults were present. The Rev. H. S. Verschoyle (son of the late Bishop of Kilmore), who is in sole charge of the parish, is most favourable to the cause, and anxious to promote it.
TOTAL ABSTINENCE METAPHORS. (Ch. of Eng. Temp. Mag., June 1, 1872.

Upper Norwood.—On Tuesday evening, May 14, at the Mission-room, Central-hill, the Rev. Robert Maguire, M.A., Vicar of Clerkenwell, kindly gave a most interesting address, varied by many amusing anecdotes and illustrations. He spoke, among other things, of the way in which he himself had been led to become an Abstainer, and of the increased vigour and influence for good it had given him as a Christian minister. We are sure that many must have been greatly encouraged and helped by Mr. Maguire’s heart-stirring address, which lasted nearly two hours, and yet seemed too short. The room was filled with a most attentive audience, and several pledges were taken at the close of the meeting.

Parliamentary.—The effete and emasculated Licensing Bill of the Government has passed the House of Lords.

Polytechnic, Regent-street.—We had much pleasure in attending a lecture by Mr. Gardner on the adulteration of liquors. It is a most important and useful thing to show the people, and especially the rising generation, what they really get when they ask for a glass of any of the liquors called, and justly called in the true and original import of the word, intoxicating; and Mr. Gardner’s lecture will suggest to many who are not Total Abstainers, an application of the advertisement of “Glenfield’s patent starch”—“When you ask for it, be sure you get it.”

TOTAL ABSTINENCE METAPHORS IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

R. W. B. CARPENTER, Examiner in Physiology in the University of London, and President-elect of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in his valuable work on “The Use and Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors in Health and Disease,” has some interesting remarks on the meaning of the word “Intoxication.” “The term Intoxication,” says Dr. Carpenter, “is sometimes employed in this country to designate that series of phenomena which results from the action of all such poisons as first produce stimulation and then narcotism: of these, however, alcohol is the type; and the term is commonly applied to alcoholic intoxication alone. It is worthy of notice, however, that the designation is now given by French writers to the series of remote or constitutional effects consequent upon the introduction of any poisonous agent into the blood; thus we meet with the terms ‘arsenical intoxication,’ ‘iodine intoxication,’ and even ‘purulent intoxication.’ In fact, it is there considered an equivalent (as its etymology denotes) of our word poisoning; and the fact that such a term should be in common use in this country, to designate the ordinary results of the ingestion of alcoholic liquors, is not without its significance; for, if the classical term ‘intoxication’ be habitually employed as the equivalent of the Saxon ‘drunkenness,’ we are justified in turning that classical
TOTAL ABSTINENCE METAPHORS.

term into English again, and in asserting that the condition of drunkenness, in all its stages, is one of poisoning. That such is indeed the case, will become obvious from an examination of its symptoms, and from a comparison of them with those of the cases in which a fatal result has supervened upon excessive indulgence in alcoholic liquors.”

Dr. Carpenter then proceeds to detail the symptoms of the slighter forms of poisoning by alcohol; next, those of the deeper forms; and lastly, those of the severest cases.

I would earnestly recommend all so-called moderate drinkers of the poison, alcohol, to read carefully this valuable work by Dr. Carpenter, on “The Use and Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors in Health and Disease.” The perusal of it will, I think, prevent any thoughtful person from ever again tasting a poison which has such an injurious effect on health and life as alcohol.

St. Peter uses the word νήφω, “not to drink intoxicating liquors,” three times in his first Epistle. In a former “Note” I have spoken of his use of the word in chapter i., verse 13. I now come to chapter iv., verse 7—“But the end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore sober, and watch [νήφατε] unto prayer.” Here our translators rendered the word νήφω, “watch.” Dean Alford renders the verse, “But the end of all things is at hand: be therefore of temperate mind, and sober unto prayers, that is, with a view to prayers.” Polycarp used the same metaphor—νήφοντες εἰς τὰς προσευχὰς—“sober unto prayers.” Dr. Doddridge thus paraphrases St. Peter’s words: “How strongly are vain and sinful men attached to the amusements and interests of this mortal life, and to the gratification of their lusts! But the important end of all things is at hand, when this earthly globe, and all things which are therein, shall be burnt up, when the eternal state of all its inhabitants shall be determined, and immutable happiness or misery shall be their final portion. Be sober, therefore, and watch against all occasions of intemperance and impurity, and endeavour to preserve your souls in so divine a posture, as that you may be habitually qualified for joining in prayer and those other exercises of devotion which have such an influence on our whole conduct.” This precept of the Apostle is like that given to the Jewish sacrificing ministers in Leviticus, chapter x., verses 8-11: “And the Lord spake unto Aaron, saying, Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou nor thy sons with thee, when you go into the congregation, lest ye die: it shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations: and that ye may put difference between holy and unholy, and between clean and unclean; and that ye may teach the children of Israel all the statutes which the Lord hath spoken unto them by the hand of Moses.”

Bishop Patrick, on this passage in Leviticus, says: “By wine every one knows is meant that liquor which is pressed out of grapes; and by shechar (which we translate strong drink) is meant such liquors as were made in imitation of wine, of dates or figs, and many other sorts of fruits; also that which was made of honey, which we call mead or meadglin. There are many sorts of such liquors mentioned by Pliny (in his Natural History, lib. xiv. cap. 16), which he calls vina factitia.”
WHY DID YOU TAKE THE PLEDGE?

If you will allow me, Mr. Editor, I should like to answer this question, and it shall be in as few words as possible.

I did not, my friends, take the Pledge either because I was myself a drunkard, or much given to drinking. For some time past I have, as a rule, taken nothing but water. My chief reason is this: After four years' work amongst the London poor, I am convinced that the drink is one of the greatest hindrances to the spread of Christ's truth. God has given me some little influence over souls; and shall I, the servant of One who pleased not Himself, and who has bidden me deny myself and take up the cross—shall I, just because I like it, go on drinking that which is a snare and a curse to so many of my fellow-men? Example is better than precept. I can now say, "Do as I do!" not "Do as I say." For their sakes, therefore, I will from henceforth, God helping me, abstain from all intoxicating liquors. "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." My thanks are due to the Rev. R. Maguire for his "First Words upon Temperance;" and also to a very clever little book called "Does it Pay to Drink?"

W. 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.
BLIND BARTIMEUS.

HOW SAVIOUR AND SINNER MEET.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., VICAR OF CLERKENWELL.

"And Jesus called"—the blind man.—Matt. xx. 52.
"And Jesus commanded him to be called."—Mark x. 49
"And Jesus commanded him to be brought unto Him."—Luke xviii. 40.

How wondrous are the ways and means, O Lord,
For bringing sinners to Thy sacred feet;
By grace, and by Thy Spirit, and Thy Word,
Saviour and sinner meet.

Blind Bartimeus craved Thy mighty power,
And Thou didst hear his anxious, earnest cry;
Didst stand in that supreme, expectant hour,
And "call" the blind man nigh.

Yet not Thy voice alone, for Thou didst please
That other voices should repeat Thy word;
Thou didst "command him to be called" by these
Co-workers with Thee, Lord.

And many voices, now uplifted, say—
"Take courage, for He calleth thee; arise!"

These voices were the heralds of new day
To those dark sightless eyes.

Not yet, alas, can those blind eyeballs see;
Apart from Jesus still the blind man stands:
Thou didst "command him to be brought" to Thee
By kindly helping hands.

How great the blessedness, how dear the thought:
Not only He Himself calls sinners nigh,
But He commands them "to be called," and "brought;"
By brethren standing by.

"Co-workers" still—in heart and voice and hand,
To call them, lead them, to the Saviour's feet;
Thus by Thy word, or ours at Thy command,
Saviour and sinner meet.
BISHOP TEMPLE ON THE DUTIES OF THE CLERGY.

The Bishop of Exeter, in his charge to the clergy of his diocese, said he would make a few observations on the duty of the clergy, entrusted as the Church was with the religious charge of the whole country, not to see a great sin doing the most terrible mischief to thousands and thousands of their people, without seriously considering the cause of the evil and what was the remedy. He referred to the sin of Drunkenness. He wished very much indeed that the clergy would lay to heart, where such an evil was present among them, the duty of considering in what way they could best do battle with it. He did not so much refer to legislation. As subjects of Her Majesty, they would rejoice in every improvement which the law might attempt to introduce bearing on the subject. But that was not what chiefly concerned them. It did seem to him that in every way they should labour to do what they could to raise the moral tone of the large and increasing class of persons who were tempted to this sin. Let them not think that anything was more their duty than to wrestle with this dreadful mischief. He was certain the clergy could do a great deal to arrest it. "I am sure," said his lordship, "that they could do a great deal to make the body of the people feel how much depends upon themselves, to make them feel not merely the duty of sobriety, but the duty of upholding sobriety, to make them feel the duty of showing how important they think this careful watchfulness over their conduct is. I am quite sure that although it may be a long and a difficult task, yet, if the clergy would but undertake it, they could do much more than they think. Much is done by steady and frequent perseverance in urging upon people the mischief which the sin causes, much is done by perpetually recurring to the subject, much is done by urging upon others their duty of discountenancing the evil when they meet it; much is done if we are patient and persevering, if we use all the tact, all the thoughtfulness, and all the consideration that we can to help to lift up our brethren to a higher level, and make them by their own common feeling cast out this evil spirit from amongst them. Why is it that in the upper classes the evil has almost disappeared? Why is it that amongst those who are educated it is now universally considered discreditable, so discreditable as almost to cast a man out of society if he dare to indulge in what is so exceedingly wrong? Why is it that such a thing as a drunken educated man is now marked everywhere and avoided, and meanwhile in the class lower down we find that to be a drunkard is rather a subject of jest than of severe reprobation? It is because as yet even those who feel most keenly on this matter amongst the lower classes do not understand how important it is that they should discountenance it everywhere. And I think that the clergy might, if they would set themselves to the task, do very much to clear up their understanding of what is right and what is wrong. I do not mean that this is all the clergy can do, though I believe that it is their chief work here. They can do a great deal more, if they will take the pains carefully to think, to inquire what it is that
constitutes the great temptation to this evil, and if to the best of their ability they will provide as far as they can such remedies as shall meet those causes. Steady, anxious perseverance, patience, and the constant maintenance of a high standard I assure you, will do a great deal more than you yourselves are aware of. It is the glory of the Church of England that the clergy are in the habit of constantly visiting their people, that they do not simply lead their prayer and their worship and preach from their pulpits, but live amongst them in constant intercourse, that they see them in their homes, that they are frequently able to advise them, that they make it their business constantly to attend upon them in their sickness; it is the glory of the Church of England that the ministers of that Church do a great deal more than their visible and public work; that private ministrations are often of very much higher value than anything which meets the public eye; and all this may be used, if only we will endeavour to use it quietly and steadily, to deal with this terrible evil; and I am certain, though it may require long and persevering efforts, it is a matter in which success is sure. I speak very earnestly on this subject because I feel very deeply, because I feel that there is hardly any service which the Church of England could render to this country greater than that of grappling with this terrible mischief.

A SCENE OF NEW SOUTH WALES INTEMPERANCE,
WITH THE SILVER LINING IN THE CLOUD.

(By the Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste.)

The New Zealand Parliament had returned to it one native (Maori) member. He made, the paper states, “a tremendous speech against strong drink”—that arch-foe to his countrymen. “It is not God who kills the Maori,” said he, alluding to the fast-progressing extinction of the race; “it is strong drink!” “The House,” says the paper, “loudly cheered, and then adjourned to ——’s, to liquor!”

“It is cheering, however, to remember that two of the nine Provincial Governments of New Zealand—namely, Auckland and Southland—have done something better than cheer Teetotal sentiment, and then adjourn to Blank’s to liquor: they have obtained the Permissive Bill for their provinces; and now, it is to be hoped, comes the tug of war—I hope a persevering war—to keep these laws, now obtained, from becoming obsolete laws, or nearly so; for they are permissive and local, and they can only possibly be carried out by a large amount of exertion, and persevering exertion too. But my present subject is not the Australasian colonies, but New South Wales in particular, and I am about simply to cul a bouquet of poison and its antidote from the eighth annual report of our Sydney City Mission, which lies before me. It is, I am sorry to say, a small society employing but five missionaries, whilst Sydney certainly requires thirty. But it is, I am truly glad to say, a society identical in every way—doctrine, discipline, catholicity, and all things—with the great London City Mission,
The scenes of drunkenness and its effects with which my personal friends the Sydney city missionaries meet are both sad and terrible. Here are some specimens:

FALLEN INTO THE FIRE.

"A woman had been drunk, and had fallen into the fire, and was nearly burnt to death; her husband lay on the floor asleep, and one of the poor children looked as if nearly starved. The place was disgustingly filthy."

A DARK PICTURE ON WHICH THE SUN BROKE.

"In the room were two women tainted by drink, one of whom had two black eyes, a great cut on her forehead, and another on her nose; an old bed of seaweed and rags, which was coming to pieces, was on the floor; the unseen and absent blankets were in the pawn-broker's very safe keeping. Two old chairs, with a home-made table, was all their furniture. A boy, about nine years old, was on the bed, who said, 'Oh! get my mother to sign the Pledge—do, and God will bless you.' He attends the ragged-school. They told me their tales of sorrow, and cursed the day they began drinking. They signed the 'Pledge,' and are still keeping it."

LIVED OUT SIX.

"The worst of the people is a man in Government employ, associated with a woman of like kind. He boasts that he has lived out six women, and is seldom, if ever, free from the evil effects of strong drink."

JUST IN TIME.

"I came to the first house in street, where there was a great commotion. The wife was breaking and burning the furniture, such as it was; the husband, in liquor, was sitting by and watching the destruction, until in a rage he laid hold of an axe, and was on the point of using it to strike his wife. I called out loudly to him not to do it. He was startled, looked towards me, and said, 'I beg pardon; I did not think you were there.' This afforded his wife an opportunity to escape, which she embraced. I had some talk with him, and he became calm. In the evening he came to my meeting, bringing with him six other sailors. At the close he signed the Pledge, and shook hands with me, saying, 'Well, old man, you have touched my heart, and may the Lord turn too and give you a first-class blessing.' Then he repeated it, saying, 'I mean it, Sir; I do.'"

TWO SONS HUNG AND THREE DAUGHTERS FALLEN.

"I met with a poor and almost heart-broken woman; at first she was very reserved, but when I had explained the object of my visit, she told me—'My husband is a great drunkard, and to tell how many black eyes and broken ribs I have had would be impossible;' and they were extremely poor, lacking bread. She said, 'I never told so much of my family to anyone before, yet I will tell you. My two sons came to the gallows, and three daughters are on the streets.' Then she almost fainted. I mentioned some hardened sinners who had been forgiven. She said, 'The days of miracles are past.' I replied, 'Every pardoned sinner is a miracle of grace, and Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are at work to save sinners.'"
THE CHANGED HAMLET.

By Author of "Friend in Need Papers."

To encourage free distribution, 100 copies of this tale published separately can be had for 6s.; 250 for 12s. 6d.; or 500 for 21s. Orders (enclosing Postage-stamps or Post-office order) should be sent direct to the Publishers, Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.

One day in September the rain came pouring down steadily and heartily, with a thorough goodwill and without intermission. The little hamlet of Sunnyside was almost hidden by the watery mantle which covered it; and the trim little cottages looked damp and shadowy and dim when gazed at through the wet curtain of thickly-falling raindrops. It seemed a day when everyone would instinctively keep doors and windows closely shut; for there was a chilliness in the atmosphere, and a
general feeling of cold discomfort outside, which made the warmth
and dryness of in-doors to be the more appreciated. Yet, on the
day in question, almost every cottage-door was open, and expectant
faces were to be seen at thresholds and windows, all looking one
way, scanning the road that led to the village.

And now two of the neighbours, after taking a prolonged gaze
from their respective doorways, caught each other’s eye and nodded
in a friendly way to one another.

“Do you think he’ll come such a day as this, Mrs. Symons?”
was the question put in high treble by the right-hand neighbour.

To which she on the left hand made answer, “Indeed, Mrs. Car-
stone, and it’s hard to say! He said as how he’d come; but who’d
ha’ thought we should have had such a down-pour?—leastways, I
didn’t. I’m afeared he’ll catch his death o’ cold if he comes out in
all this wet.”

“I scarce know whether to wish him to come or no,” said the
first speaker. “But to-morrow he’s off for foreign parts, and I
should dearly like to see him once more before he goes.”

And all the time that the two neighbours were shouting question
and answer to each other across the driving storm, one solitary
figure was plodding his way wearily from the village, breasting the
elements as best he might; but his progress was slow and difficult,
for he was weak, and the wind was very strong. At last, as a turn in
the road brought him full in view of Sunnyside, there was a joyous
shout raised from nearly a dozen dwellers in the hamlet.

“Here he comes! Here’s our minister—God bless him!” Yet
as soon as these words had passed their lips the dew gathered in
their eyes; for they loved their pastor well, and he was going to
leave them! His health had broken down from over-work; and
he had been warned by his medical adviser that his only chance of
escape from an early death lay (humanely speaking) in his giving up
all professional duty, and going to the south of Italy or France for
a few years. Sorely against his will, he resigned his charge. “I
would very gladly spend and be spent for you,” he had said to his
people. He would have preferred to work on amongst them as
long as his strength held out, and then to die in harness; but he
knew that duty pointed the other way. Health and life are gifts
of God too precious to be lightly thrown away at our will; and He
will as surely call upon us to render an account of how we have used these, as well as other talents which He may have committed to our trust.

"I am afraid I ought scarcely to have been out such a day as this," Mr. Stanworth said, as he entered the first cottage at which he arrived, and sank exhausted on a chair; "but I could not leave without coming round to take you all by the hand once more. Who knows if we shall ever meet again on earth?"

Now this hamlet was the part of his parish in which he had always felt most pleasure, and not without reason; for it was a model of what such small clusters of cottages should be. Very different was the village, about a mile off, in which he lived, and in which was such a terrible mixture of good and evil; evil, so great that it made the anxious pastor's heart sick to think of; good, so terribly small in proportion, as caused him often to say despondingly within himself, that had he been more faithful to the souls committed to his charge, there must have been greater fruit. But Sunnyside was so completely the opposite of all this. Here there was not one house where the occupant was not a regular churchgoer—an honest winner of their daily bread, cleanly, thrifty, civil, and virtuous. It was a pretty sight every morning to see little lads and lasses issuing forth from their homes, with hands and faces shining and rosy bright, hair neatly brushed, pinafores and blouses without a soil or rent, and each child carrying a little bag of books, and proceeding merrily along the village road to the village school. Each cottage had a garden trimly kept; each wicket-gate swung smoothly on its hinges; and each latch was in good working order. It is by outward signs such as these that one can judge if a place be prospering, or the owners be industrious.

While Mr. Stanworth was resting a moment in Mrs. Symons' cottage, and struggling to recover breath after battling with the storm, that worthy woman ran out to call her neighbours.

"The poor dear gentleman is almost spent with walking so far in the wind and rain; and it would save him a good bit, neighbours, if ye come up to my bit of a place to see him, instead of his coming round to each of ye by turn."

The hint was quickly taken; and, regardless of the weather, women and children, with as many of the men as happened to be
at home, trooped out of their houses, and ran into the kitchen belonging to the Symons's, who kindly bade them welcome.

"This is a pleasant sight, my friends," said Mr. Stanworth, with a pleased surprise, as they all gathered round him; "and, believe me, your affectionate faces will live in my memory for many a long year! But now that we have met together, so large a party, once more, let us not separate till we have joined together in praising our Maker and only Saviour for all He has done for us, and praying Him to take us in His holy keeping till death. Are we all here?" he continued, as he looked keenly round the room. "I do not see Mrs. Mundy, or her afflicted daughter."

(To be continued.)

"OUR NEIGHBOUR."

CHAPTER VI.

I must draw a veil over the painful circumstances that followed on what I related in my last chapter, and only say that, in one short week, Patty was left a desolate orphan. Oh, had Betty but harkened to that last call! Space for repentance might yet have been granted to her. It is a relief to turn from this sad picture to the kind family who now bestowed on Patty a refuge. If she had relatives, nobody knew anything about them; and to have sent her to the union would have broken Nancy's heart. Somehow Mr. Addison could deny her nothing; and this passionate affection for his child—so the image of her mother!—proved, under the Almighty's blessing, his salvation. A parent's love is the divinest of earthly affections, and a type of our Heavenly Father's; "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." But a home could not be given to Patty without making a serious difference in the household expenses; however, Mrs. Eames and James cheerfully took a share in providing for her. All this benevolence was shown to Patty without her friends seeming conscious that anything had been done out of the common way. Self-forgetful kindness amongst the poor is not so unusual, as some suppose. Truly these good people lived out the commandment to love our neighbour as ourselves.

I have already intimated, in the course of this story, that Mr. Addison still gave his children anxiety. Though he had not positively broken his pledge to Nancy, he was in that unstable condition of mind wherein, if a great temptation comes, a fall not unusually ensues. Joe and Nancy watched over their father, both in and out of the house, with unwearied vigilance; he appreciated their filial care in his better moments, and in this way he had been kept from his besetting sin for a long
time. But one unfortunate day his old companions—indefatigably watchful, on the other hand—got hold of the poor man, and again prevailed on him to enter the public-house. Did not poor Betty’s degraded figure rise up to deter him? Surely it did. Nevertheless, the warning fell powerless. Patty was fortunately passing that way at the time, and with her own eyes saw Mr. Addison go in. She ran with all her might to tell his daughter.

“Oh, Nancy!” she exclaimed, “your father is in the—”

The faithful child waited not to hear the rest, but darted through the open door.

“The Retreat” being at the bottom of the street, Nancy was presently there.

“Tell father,” said she, to the landlady, “that Nancy is here, and wants him. Oh, he must come to me, he must come!” and she burst into tears.

The woman understood the case.

“My dear,” was the not unkind reply, “you should have been here sooner; it’s too late, and this ain’t no place for you; get back as quick as you can.”

But Nancy would not be put off.

“No!” she answered; “I know he will come for me, for me! Only go to him at once!”

Mrs. Miller obeyed, and did not observe that Nancy pressed after her. On opening a door, the girl’s pale, excited face appeared full in view. Mr. Addison, who was receiving the congratulations of a riotous set, saw her directly, and sprang forward, with a sudden impulse, to shield her from the noisy scene.

“Nancy!” he said, under his breath, “is it really you!”

The landlady adroitly closed the door behind them.

“Yes, father; supper is ready,” and she clasped hold of his hand, as if to lead him away. A deal was expressed in those simple words, for had not the devoted girl prepared meals for him day after day and week after week, hoping against hope; yet only to meet with disappointment? Could he now, when her reward had seemed so near, suddenly dash it to the ground? Mr. Addison wavered; it was indeed a critical moment, and Nancy felt it so.

“I’ll come presently,” he said, though recoiling from the reproachful, yet tender look she gave him.

“No, father, now! For mother’s sake, for my sake!”

With what anguish it was said.

All the little one had done and borne so patiently passed before him. Voices and steps were heard approaching the door. He could not endure his sweet child to be exposed to profane gaze, so, snatching her up in his arms, dashed out of the house, not slackening his speed till they were at home. Patty, Nancy’s good genius, had followed her when she started for her father, and now returned after them at a humbler pace; and Joe was there when they arrived. Mr. Addison sat down with Nancy in his arms, burying his head in her bosom. It was long before he spoke; and then it was to bless the child, and kneel down, with her still pressed to his heart, to thank God for such a gift.

This was their father’s last visit to the public-house; each time that he resisted the temptation to go he was strengthened to go on resisting, till, in God’s mercy, even the desire passed
away. Sometimes he would say to Joe and Nancy, "I was confident in my own strength, so the Lord saw fit to show me my weakness." Patty's share in Mr. Addison's restoration was not forgotten by the grateful family, and the "cup of cold water" they had given her had met with its promised reward—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." When Mr. Mansfield again visited Nancy, what a refreshing sight met his gaze! There, at the end of his own table, sat Mr. Addison, reading the Word of Life to his own children, and also to Mrs. Eames and her son. He knew how Joe and Nancy had prayed and longed for this moment, and, taking his seat amongst them, with joy read of the "Good Shepherd," who, leaving the ninety and nine, seeks after the one stray sheep till He finds him.

But in all this Patty had a silent sorrow. How could she forget her poor mother?—"taken," whilst the other was "left." In the dead of the night her tears would flow, and she would ask the question, "Why?" In vain, for "His thoughts" are not our thoughts, neither are "His ways our ways;" but the sad lesson remains, not to "neglect" so great salvation. As time is a healer of the sorest wounds, Patty was enabled to do what the Scriptures command—to cast her "care upon Him" who careth for us. No one but her Father in heaven ever knew of the struggles, but their effect on her outward life was manifest to all, and she daily grew in the affections of those around her. One especially learned, from pitying the lonely girl, to love her. This was Joe. In time he made Patty his wife, and it was Mr. Mansfield who joined them together. As the good pastor looked on the modest party gathered before him, he thanked God for the rare pleasure he experienced in the duty he was about to perform. Mr. Addison, Mrs. Eames and her son, Nancy—all were there; and it was a day of real happiness to each. It could not be otherwise, for the key to true happiness was theirs. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbour as thyself."

Perhaps my young friends would like to hear that Nancy married too; but this she did not do. As, according to the saying, "the best are left behind," she remained a bright light in her father's dwelling, and we surely need not regret it much. In speaking of her character, let me say to my readers, "Go thou and do likewise."

E. H.

THE END.

THE UPPER HOUSE OF CONVOCATION.—On Tuesday, April 23, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lichfield presented to the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury a petition from a public meeting at Alton, Staffordshire, praying that consideration might be given to the question of forming a large Church Society for the promotion of Temperance principles, to affiliate to itself existing societies. The Right Rev. Prelate moved that it should be referred to the Committee of the Lower House on Intemperance, and the motion was agreed to.
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in Him?"—1 John iii. 17.

It is hoped that before our next issue our new Travelling and Clerical Secretary will have entered on his duties. Many encouraging signs of ripeness for a marked advance in the Church on this great question are presenting themselves. Seed long since sown is beginning to bear fruit. After many days the bread cast on the waters is beginning to be found. The movements of friends and the movements of foes alike prove how completely the question is taking hold of the public mind, both within and without the Church; and we feel that our new Secretary is about to enter into the labours of others, and we earnestly hope to reap an abundant harvest. But much remains to be done before this consummation can be reached. The Committee and the Weekly Board are taking steps, of various kinds and in various directions, to extend their operations as well as to consolidate their work, and they are in constant receipt of encouraging letters from all quarters. New accessions to the ranks of Abstaining Clergy are coming in, and new parochial and other associations are being formed, and are seeking affiliation to our Society.
LIST OF ABSTAINING CLERGY.

This list is almost completely revised and ready for the press. It will be issued with the Annual Report, which is in the printer's hands. Any information as to new names or changes of residence will be thankfully received.

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

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

SHIFNAL WORKING MEN'S CLUB-ROOMS.—A meeting of the members of this Institution was held recently in one of the Club-rooms. About thirty members were present. The chair was taken by the Rev. W. F. Satchell, who, in the course of his remarks, said he was very glad to meet the members, and one object he had in wishing to see them was to do away with any kind of feeling that he desired to be supreme in the management of the house; he wished to be the representative of the members, and thought that the principle of self-government should be introduced as far as practicable. In reviewing the past month, he considered the progress of the club-rooms eminently successful, and congratulated the promoters that they had in such a short time enrolled so many members. The number of members during the past month was seventy-one. After various propositions had been discussed, several members made short addresses. Mr. Ellis proposed a vote of thanks to the Rev. W. F. Satchell, not only for presiding on that occasion, but for his exertions in establishing the club-rooms, which being seconded, and carried most unanimously, the members dispersed, evidently looking forward to the next meeting with pleasure.

DONCASTER—PARISH OF CHRIST CHURCH—TEMPERANCE TEA.—Lately a Temperance tea was held at the Schools, preparatory to the establishment of a "British Workman" in connection with the parish of Christ Church. About 200 partook of tea. After tea, a public meeting was held, when there was a large attendance. The chair was taken by the Rev. H. F. Brock, who explained that the object they had in view in this undertaking was to mitigate, if possible, the crying evil of Drunkenness. They were confronted with it on all hands; it was a barrier to the work of the Christian minister; and he had come to the conclusion that there was nothing but a radical remedy to cure this desperate malady; hence they were about to form a Teetotal Society. Mr. Sherbrook (late an officer in the Army, and who had come from a distance, in response to an invitation by Mr. Pym) then addressed the meeting, giving a graphic and stirring narrative of what he had seen in the Army of the evils of
Intemperance, and also of his own experience as a Teetotaller. The speaker was frequently applauded. The Rev. C. M. Pym next spoke, urging with much power the necessity of something being done, and done at once, to remove this great curse. After the meeting was over, so forcibly had the audience been impressed with the speeches, that no less than sixty-two persons took the Pledge, a goodly number of ladies of high social position in the town being amongst the number. A Band of Hope has also been formed, which already numbers 150 children.

**St. Barnabas Brotherhood, St. Albans Guild, Leeds—Temperance Guild and Band of Hope.**—A work of the very highest importance in the present day has been recently commenced,—viz., a Temperance Guild and Band of Hope, which meets weekly in the schoolroom; the juvenile list numbers 125 members, and there are over a dozen adults. No better account of its formation can be given than by quoting the words of a Temperance magazine: “It having been proposed to form a Temperance Guild and Band of Hope in connection with St. Barnabas Church, Leeds, the Vicar (Rev. N. Greenwell) held a special service for that purpose on the afternoon of Sunday, February 11. The rev. gentleman spoke in a most impressive and earnest manner on the subject of Temperance, and to show that he meant to practise what he preaches, he signed the Pledge in the presence of the whole congregation.” The officers are: President, Br. W. Inglis; Secretary, Br. G. Lovell; Treasurer, Br. Wakefield; our worthy parish priest aiding and helping by his presence and advice the good work. Seeing how terrible Drunkenness is on the increase, and how it mars and defaces Church work, we regret that so few brothers and sisters see their way to take their stand on the side of God-honouring Abstinence against God-dishonouring Drunkenness. We labour and pray and hope that it may not always be so.—Church Work (organ of Guild of St. Albans the Martyr.)

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**ARCHDEACON JEFFREYS ON THE CHARTER OF TEETOTALISM.**

R. W. B. CARPENTER, from whose valuable work I quoted last month, in the Preface to it, earnestly advocates the necessity of Total Abstinence from intoxicating, that is, poisoning drinks, on the part of what are called the higher classes. He says: “Sad experience has shown that a large proportion of mankind cannot, partly for want of the self-restraint which proceeds from moral and religious culture, be temperate in the use of Alcoholic liquors; and that the reformation of those who have acquired habits of intemperance cannot be accomplished by any means short of entire Abstinence from fermented liquors. Further, experience has shown that, in the present dearth of effectual education among the masses, and with the existing tempta-
tions to intemperance, arising out of the force of example, the almost compulsory drinking usages of numerous trades, and the encouragement which, in various ways, is given to the abuse of Alcoholic liquors, nothing short of Total Abstinence can prevent the continuance, in the rising generation, of the terrible evils which we have at present to deplore." These mournful words were written in 1849—twenty-three years ago—and now the drunkenness is far worse than it was then, and especially the drunkenness amongst women—the most horrible kind of drunkenness! If the Christians in 1849 had become Total Abstainers, we should now be living in a happy, sober country. How awful the guilt of Christians is!

Dr. Carpenter proceeds to say: "And, lastly, experience has also proved that this reformation cannot be carried to its required extent without the co-operation of the educated classes; and that their influence can only be effectually exerted by example. There is no case in which the superiority of example over mere precept is more decided and obvious than it is in this. 'I practise Total Abstinence myself,' is found to be worth a thousand exhortations; and the lamentable failure of the advocates who cannot employ this argument, should lead all those whose position calls upon them to exert their influence, to a serious consideration of the claims which their duty to society should set up, in opposition to their individual feelings of taste or comfort.'"

Dr. Carpenter next refers to the common argument against Tectotalism—"That the abuse of a thing good in itself does not afford a valid argument against the right use of it." Dr. Carpenter, of course, shows that Alcohol is a poison, and bad in itself, but on the supposition that it is good in itself, he replies to the argument, not in his own words, but in those of the late Archdeacon Jefferys, of Bombay, in a letter to the Bombay Courier: "The truth is," says the Archdeacon, "that the adage is true only under certain general limitations; and that out of these, so far from being true, it is utterly false, and a mischievous fallacy. And the limitations are these: If it be found by experience that in the general practice of the times in which we live the abuse is only the solitary exception, whereas the right use is the general rule, so that the whole amount of good resulting from its right use exceeds the whole amount of evil resulting from its partial abuse, then the article in question, whatever it be, is fully entitled to the benefit of the adage; and it would not be the absolute and imperative duty of the Christian to give it up on account of its partial abuse. This is precisely the position in which stand all the gifts of Providence, and all the enjoyments of life; for there is not one of them which the wickedness of man does not more or less abuse. But, on the other hand, if it be found by experience that there is something so deceitful and ensnaring in the article itself, or something so peculiarly unoward connected with the use of it in the present age, that the whole amount of crime, and misery, and wretchedness connected with the abuse of it greatly exceeds the whole amount of benefit arising from the right use of it; then the argument becomes a mischievous fallacy, the article in question is not entitled to the benefit of it, and it becomes the duty of every good man to get rid of it."
The Archdeacon then referred to the evidence that this is pre-eminently the case with regard to Alcoholic liquors, and thus continued: "We have then established our principle, in opposition to the philosophic adage; taking the duty of the citizen and the patriot, even on the lowest ground. But Christian self-sacrifice and Christian love and charity go far beyond this. St. Paul accounted one single soul so precious, that he would on no account allow himself in any indulgence that tended to endanger a brother's soul. 'If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.' 'It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.' And we must bear in mind that flesh and wine are here mentioned by Paul as 'good creatures of God;' they are not intended to designate things evil in themselves. *This saying of St. Paul is the Charter of Teetotalism, and will remain the charter of our noble cause so long as the world endures, so long as there remains a single heart to love and revere this declaration of the holy and self-denying Paul."

Dr. Carpenter asks his readers "to advocate the principle of Total Abstinence in whatever manner they may individually deem most likely to be effectual, if he should succeed in convincing them that the 'moderate' habitual use of Alcoholic liquors is not beneficial to the healthy human system; still more, if they should be led to agree with him that it is likely to be injurious." Then he states his belief that "it is in the power of the clerical and medical professions combined, so to influence the opinion and practice of the educated classes, as to promote the spread of this principle among the masses, to a degree which no other agency can effect."

Let me again earnestly request the readers of our Temperance Magazine to read this most valuable work, by Dr. W. B. Carpenter, on "The Use and Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors in Health and Disease."

The length of this "note" compels me to postpone the quotation of Bishop Patrick's remarks on Leviticus x, 10, 11, till next month.

Didsbury, near Manchester.                          WILLIAM CAINE, M.A.

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

Life's Journey.—Ten thousand human beings set forth together on their journey. After ten years one-third have disappeared. At the middle point of the common measure of time but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster, as the ranks grow thinner, they that remain till now become weary, lie down, and rise no more. At three score and ten a band of some four hundred yet struggle on. At ninety these have been reduced to a handful of thirty trembling patriarchs. Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One lingers perhaps, a lonely marvel, till the century is over. We look again, and the work of death is finished.
THE CHANGED HAMLET.

BY AUTHOR OF "FRIEND IN NEED PAPERS."

To encourage free distribution, 100 copies of this tale published separately can be had for 6s.; 250 for 12s. 6d.; or 500 for 21s. Orders (enclosing Postage-stamps or Post-office order) should be sent direct to the Publishers, Messrs. S. W. PARTRIDGE and Co., 9, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.

(Continued from page 118.)

The neighbours looked from one to another in silence; at last one of them said—

"It wasn't no manner of use, Sir, going to call her; she wouldn't have come if it had been ever so. She won't have nothing to say to us, Sir; she won't scarce bid us the time of day when we say 'Good-morning' or 'Good-evening,' and we have given up trying to be neighbourly."

"She's a mysterious woman, Sir!" said another.

"Wherever there's a mystery there's always something to hide, says I," exclaimed a third.

Mr. Stanworth looked pained. "Never be weary in well-doing, my friends; and never give up trying to be neighbourly; for be sure, if you do it in God's name, He will reward you, whether your offered sympathy or kindness is accepted or not. It has always struck me that Mrs. Mundy has known some bitter sorrow; but she has never confided in me in the smallest degree, and I cannot make out what her grief is. But remember, my friends, that if she be unsociable, it is the only charge you can bring against her; her seat in church is never empty; amongst my whole congregation I have not a more attentive listener than herself; she does not eat the bread of idleness, but works hard, very hard, to maintain herself and her child. And what words can express her patience and devotion to that poor girl, whose mind seems almost as crooked and deformed as her body."

He said more on this same subject which we have not space to repeat; imploring their interest and sympathy for the friendless woman, and their kindly help if ever she should be in need. Then
he spoke to each about their own home-interests and business prospects; and afterwards they all knelt, and he prayed with and for them, commending them to the safe and gracious keeping of the great Shepherd and Bishop of their souls. There was not a dry eye amongst them as they rose from their knees; and Mr. Stanworth’s own voice was tremulous and husky as he gave out the parting hymn.

“If it please God to preserve my life, I will assuredly come and see you again before many years have passed,” he said, as he shook each member of the little assembly warmly by the hand. Then he patted the heads of the children, and bade them always obey their parents in the Lord, and be diligent in their studies at the Sunday and week-day school.

“God be with you for ever!” were his last words.

“God be with you, dear Sir,” was the fervent answer.

Thus blessing and blest, their pastor left the house. And they watched him, whether he would turn to the left and take the road towards home, or to the right towards the lonely widow’s house, which stood a little way back from the rest of the cottages. They might have guessed he would not leave Sunnyside without going to one who seemed to need comfort more than any of the dwellers in that hamlet!

Mr. Stanworth remarked that (like all the rest that day) her door was a little ajar; and he thought he saw a figure standing rather behind it, as if Mrs. Mundy were watching for, and expecting him. This was the case, though she would not let it appear so; but, as he tapped and entered at the door, she seemed to be wholly engrossed in stirring the few embers which burned dimly in the grate. When he spoke to her, however, she turned and curtsied, and bade him welcome, and placed a chair for him near the fire; and when he requested her likewise to be seated, she took a low wooden stool, and sat by her deformed daughter’s side, fondly stroking the large ungainly head the while. This poor girl was about sixteen years of age, and was not only hunchbacked, but so malformed altogether, as to present a most pitiful appearance. Her forehead was low and retreating, and her head seemed to be set on her shoulders without any appearance of a neck. Her legs were twisted and withered, making walking almost an impossibility,
though she could manage to shuffle herself about the house after a fashion. Her temper was violent and vindictive; but no one—least of all, her mother—was inclined to blame her, for "she was not all there," as the neighbours expressed it, tapping their foreheads meaningly as they spoke.

Mrs. Mundy's affection for, and devotion to, this afflicted and only child was beautiful and touching and exhaustless. No one knew how hard she had to struggle to obtain food and raiment for the twain; no one knew how often she had gone herself supperless to bed because she was so determined that Maggie never should want while she could earn a crust to feed her; no one knew how often in the cold winter she had taken some under-garment off her own shivering limbs, and placed it round this tenderly-cared-for daughter. And because Maggy could not walk, her mother always carried her; she was a ponderous and a heavy burden, and the mother's strength was not always equal to the load, but nothing would have induced her at any time to leave her behind; and where Mrs. Mundy went, there Maggie went too. She could not read; "she had not wits to learn," her mother said, when Mr. Stanworth once asked the question; and he knew this must be only too true, for such an excellent, patient, and painstaking mother would, he felt sure, have spared no trouble to teach her, had she been able to learn.

For the last time Mr. Stanworth tried hard to pierce through the reserve behind which this woman had hedged herself in. It was from no idle curiosity he wished to wrench her secret from her; but because he knew the comfort it would be to herself if she could unburden her grief (for that she had a grief, he never doubted); because he knew that, as God's minister, he could, in his Master's name, offer her balm for her wound, and point her to a precious Fountain for cleansing. But how can a doctor tell what remedy to apply if he is not told the nature of the disease to be cured?

"I should feel less anxious about you, my friend, if I were sure that you knew our blessed Saviour as the great Physician of your soul. It is not enough to come to church, and to hear the Word of God with your ears only—you must receive it in your heart. It is not enough to think of our Lord as the Saviour of the world—you must know him to be your own Saviour. Can you lay your sins
on the Son of God? Can you cast your cares and sorrows at His holy feet? Have you, when weary and heavy laden, gone to Him and found rest?"

She was silent still; but a tear glistened in her eyes, and there was a nervous twitching of her fingers that showed she felt the words she heard. And when Mr. Stanworth rose to leave, and pressed her hand and said solemnly and earnestly, "May God bless you and give you His peace, and lead you into the way everlasting, for His dear Son’s sake!" and when he had gone out into the storm again, and had shut the door softly behind him, she threw herself down on her knees by poor Maggie, laid her aching head upon her deformed child’s lap, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

(To be continued.)

MEETING OF THE CHURCH OF IRELAND TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

The annual meeting was held on Wednesday evening, April 17, in the Molesworth Hall. The Rev. Lord Plunket presided; and the Revs. E. Norman, Dr. Rutledge, Ex. F.S.C.D., J. G. Rainsford, J. Dickson, W. C. Greene, and W. S. Ross addressed the meeting, which was largely attended. There was also a tea-party, on April 29, for working lads, former inmates of the "Boys’ Home." Between forty and fifty attended, the greater number being members of our Society. The Teetotallers (both visitors and guests) wore a bouquet of primroses as a badge. They were addressed by J. Rennan, Esq., and Major Smith, King’s Dragoon Guards, and Rev. Dallas Harrington. There was also a meeting last month in the Mission Building, Townsend-street, at which Rev. H. Townsend presided; and Captain White, a private of the Coldstream Guards, and a young working man, spoke.

Extract from Report.

Your Society has now completed its first decade, and while it is not easy from year to year to point out any great results, we cannot look back on the past ten years without a feeling at once of gratitude and surprise. Churchmen then, as a rule, kept aloof from the movement, and spoke of it as fanatical and absurd. It would have been strange indeed if absurdities had not appeared where men of sense and education for the most part refused to join.
Within the past few years, however, many have been brought to see the urgency there exists for their doing something in this matter.

The following is a remarkable extract from a very important declaration lately signed by 250 physicians and surgeons of the City of London, headed by the Presidents of the two great Medical Colleges, and including nearly all the most eminent members of the profession. The declaration says: "It is believed that the inconsiderate prescription of large quantities of alcoholic liquids by medical men for their patients has given rise, in many instances, to the formation of intemperate habits. . . . Alcohol, in whatever form, should be prescribed with as much care as any powerful drug, and the directions for its use should be so framed as not to be interpreted as a sanction for excess, or necessarily for the continuance of its use when the occasion is past."

In the sister Church, the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury has appointed a Committee to inquire into and report on the whole subject of intemperance. It is greatly to be desired that similar action should before long be taken by our General Synod, and that they should consider whether it would be practicable to form a Church of Ireland Society to promote Temperate principles on a large scale. Of this we may be certain that sooner or later the evils of Intemperance must be vigorously grappled with, and it will not be to the credit of the Church of Ireland, foremost as she is in social influence and purity of doctrine, if she holds back in this crisis, and is content to see it done by Roman Catholics and Nonconformists.

Your Committee believe it has not been the least important part of the work of this Society to have prepared the way for some such extended effort on the part of our Church, inasmuch as, while so many held back, from fear of the fanaticisms and extravagancies of Abstaining, your Society stood forward as the exponent of moderate views, avoiding all absurd and vexatious arguments, and content to rest their cause and to advocate Temperance on this one great principle, which, they maintain, has never yet been answered—the necessity of Christian expediency.

Since presenting their last report the work of your Society has been considerably extended. Within the year nine new associations have been formed and affiliated in various parishes throughout the country, and, in almost every case, under the presidency and control of the local clergyman. These affiliated branches now number thirteen, and, from time to time, very cheering accounts are being received from them. We may observe that, in the Diocese of Connor, the movement has awakened a special interest, and no less than three flourishing societies have been formed there, besides the prosperous one at Bushmills, mentioned in your last report.

When it can be so arranged, the Committee are glad to defray the expenses of Abstaining clergymen, so far as their funds will permit, and thus enable them to visit affiliated societies, and deliver a lecture or hold a meeting. The Rev. T. O'Connor visited the Parish Society, Birr, last February, and delivered a lecture on a suggestive subject, "The Common-sense of Total Abstinence."
In this city, too, meetings have been regularly held during the year, at which large numbers attended, and many have been enrolled as members.

Between 2,000 and 3,000 Temperance Reformation Tracts have been circulated, and visits frequently paid to the homes of the intemperate, by which means some sad cases, it is hoped, have been reclaimed, who were beyond the reach of other influences. Your Committee desire to remind the members of the great need there is for some additional funds to enable them to carry on this work.

NO!

'Tis a little word, and yet how hard it is to speak! Ofttimes, when temptation beckons us to leave the call of duty and follow her course, how difficult we find the word no to pronounce. Many have been ruined by not having the firmness to say no. The young man, when offered his first glass of intoxicating drink, for fear of ridicule from companions older in sin, yields and cannot say no. The forger looks at his first attempt, and, though conscience pleads to be heard, crushes back her voice, and thus lets pass the time when he might have been saved, and hurries on till time and custom harden him to his sin, till desire to reform is quenched, how often for ever!

A boy is induced to play chequers for fun, then for money, and then, worse than all, for drink, and he goes on from bad to worse until we see the professional gambler with little inclination to say no to his companions in crime. Our prison cells are filled to-day with those who mourn over the opportunity, when by temptation they were allured, they let pass, when by speaking this little word so much suffering might have been saved. How their lives have been wasted, their hopes wrecked, and themselves left but ruins of what might have been noble manhood! How often our happiness depends on the utterance of this word no! Young ladies, when for the moment's gratification you tempt a young man to taste of the wine for your sake, pause and think that in that one glass you may be forming the foundation of a course that may cause him to fill the dishonoured grave of a drunkard. Fair faces and bright eyes have been the cause of the ruin of promising young men, whose
names, now sunk in oblivion, might have been bright in the history of our country.

No! a little word of two letters. How simple in its construction, yet how full of meaning! Children’s lips have lisped it, but strong men have faltered over it, and in time would give all they possessed to have been able to say it. There are circumstances in which we are often placed where to say no is one of our unpleasant duties. When a friend comes pleading for a favour we feel we ought not to grant, it is hard to resist the voice and eager eye of the pleader, yet often a great deal of unhappiness is saved thereby. Therefore, may we all be able, when temptation is most alluring, and when pleasure would urge us to walk her glittering path, to speak firmly and emphatically the little but important word no.

A CONTRAST.

WITH

With your glass of wine, you are simply an ordinary wine-drinker; uttering no protest; showing no definite example; allowing a great movement to be conducted without you; leaving a work undone which might have been done; supinely resting upon your oars; withdrawing yourself from the conflict, while other men are waging a manly and successful struggle in behalf of their fellow-man.

AND

Without your glass of wine, you are a part of a great movement; uttering a humble protest; walking in the highway of blessed privilege; showing a practical example; going down to fetch a fallen brother from the mire; with vigour and energy pulling hard against the stream, and at every stroke rising to higher and purer waters; and at last conducting, it may be, many sons to glory.

WITHOUT.

Occupation.—What a glorious thing it is for the human heart! Those who work hard seldom yield to the fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you dark and heavy, toil not with the waves, and wrestle not with the torrent; rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you with a thousand channels which the duties of life always present, and give birth to fresh flowers that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling, and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the influence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow-men.
THE TEMPTERS.
(From the Temperance Blessing, Philadelphia.)

A WAIL from broken hearts
Into my spirit comes—
An anguish that I know is deep,
Moans from desolate homes;

And my lips should never be sealed,
My pen should never be still,
While night and day these cries
Betray such human ill.

Dark tempters to sin and woe
Infest the paths of the poor,
And thousands are crazed and die,
That charity cannot cure.

Oh, Sisters who hold the power
To drive these tempters away—
Oh, Brothers whose heads are anointed
For the tempted to labour and pray!

How long, for the sake of gold,
Shall the young and gifted be slain,
By pouring fire in the blood,
And madness into the brain;

And we unheedingly sleep
In the guilt of selfish ease,
And sheathe our sword in its scabbard,
Whose rust shall never cease?

Save these poor victims of thirst,
Oh, Father of pitying eye,
Save us from the crime of silence,
Who stand so coldly by!

Give us a zeal that is worthy
A task we feel to be Thine,
Instil in our faltering purpose
More of Thy strength divine—

That a holier work may be done
Thou hast crowned the buried years,
To heal the wounds of sorrow,
And stay the tide of tears!
A SCENE OF NEW SOUTH WALES INTEMPERANCE;
WITH THE SILVER LINING IN THE CLOUD.

(Concluded.)

A DRUNKEN SAILOR.

"I met a sailor in the street, with whom I had a very slight acquaintance, and offered him a tract. I told him I was a city missionary, and my duty was to take the Gospel to the poor in their dwellings. 'Well, Sir, it is mighty odd I should come up alongside of you, and it strikes me you are the tug-boat to bring me to port. I have been to hear that Taylor, and am full of sin, and have a load on my back enough to sink the Great Eastern. Now, what course shall I take? If you can, do tell me.' This was said with earnestness and emotion. I laid before him the only way of salvation by faith in our mighty Saviour. speaking of salvation as God's gift in Christ to him a sinner, assuring him if he confessed his sins to God, and forsook them, and believed in Jesus as his Saviour, he would be pardoned and saved now. 'What!' said he, 'so quick as that?' 'Yes,' responded I; hear the words of Jesus—"He that believeth hath everlasting life."' He took the book, read it, then looked at me, then at the Bible again, and said: 'I believe, I do believe, that Jesus is my Saviour.' This he repeated two or three times. 'Where is your burden now?' He said: 'It's gone, it's gone; Jesus is mine! I never saw this before. How blind I have been not to see that, and it right a-head of me. Isn't this happy?' I am thankful to say he stands firm on the Rock of Ages, and has been instrumental in bringing two others to the Saviour."

These missionaries of the Sydney City Mission are staunch Teetotallers. The Sydney City Mission, considering its small calibre, develops year by year a most extraordinary amount of usefulness, in the way of conversion, outward reformation, &c., &c.

Bearing always in mind the primary importance, above everything else, of deep and high personal piety in all missionary agency, there can be no doubt whatever but that the deep and high Total Abstinence standing of these missionaries has had immensely to do with their most pleasing success.

ADDENDUM.

Annual reports, framed to be read at a public meeting, however excellent, can, from the very nature of the case, furnish but a very feeble detail of the contents of the journals of painstaking missionaries. Occasionally the missionaries step in for a little conversation and prayer, and from notations of those interviews, and journal inspection, are the following details, one respecting a wretched fellow-creature, a drunkard, whom the missionary discovered, subsequent to his removal from his den, to have been a drunkard, and whose extreme reluctance to be removed to a public asylum probably arose from his knowledge of the fact that there he would be compelled to relinquish all inebriating potations.
A HUMAN DEN ON THE SYDNEY ROCKS.

I entered a wretched little lean-to, which, I found, measured six feet by nine. The stench was awful. There could not have been less than three wheel-barrow loads of dirt and human excrement piled up in a corner. The occupier of this den, an old man, aged sixty, sat smoking his pipe; he was very unwell, and confessed that he had not had his trousers off for six weeks. The only furniture was an old stretcher and an old sea-chest, two old kettles, and a tin pannikin half full of dirt. His bed-covering consisted of several dirty, ragged old blankets. The filthy state of his person and everything around baffled description. The missionary requested him to remove to the infirmary, where his ailment would be attended to, his body properly cleansed, and suitable food provided for him. He replied, that he would submit to nothing of the kind; that he would rather die first; that he had plenty of money, and chose to remain where he was. The missionary attempted to communicate instruction, to which he replied: "It's no use your reading to me—I don't remember a word you say—I forget it directly."

Our missionary, however, was too old a soldier of the cross thus to relinquish the campaign, and persevered in his efforts to instruct this poor man. I must inquire anon if he yet lives.

BLESS D CHANGE IN A DRUNKARD AND HIS FAMILY.

The parents in this case were both great drunkards. I need hardly say that they attended no place of worship; and I may add, that drunkards very seldom do. The missionary toiled hard and long with these people; they cost him much prayer and much labour. At last they both became hopefully convinced of their sinfulness, as multitudes of unsaved drunkards and others no doubt would if the Church were better up to her duty respecting them. We must have the pulpit, but we must have the pastorate too; and we must, somehow or other, have more of the pastorate if the world's wants are to be met. These drunken parents not only became convinced of sin; they became justified by faith, and had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and walked in the light of their Heavenly Father's reconciled countenance. They became possessed of a well-furnished artisan's home, and by-and-by had forty pounds in the Sydney Savings Bank. "You know the time," said the mother to the missionary on one occasion, "when we had not a single plate to eat from, but now we have everything we want." The little children found out the difference between having drunken parents and having godly parents; and next to their parents—if even that next were the fact—the missionary, as they came crowding round him at his visits, seemed to be held by them their best friend in the world.

CONCLUSION.

The material exists, without departing from the precincts of the records of the Sydney City Mission, amply to prolong this article, but I have no intention of so doing. I am happy to have responded to the request of the proprietor of the Victoria Illustrated Temperance Year-Book to furnish a contribution to his forthcoming issue, which will, do doubt, as its predecessors have done, form a
welcome addition to colonial Temperance literature. I am happy also to find, let me add, that the Melbourne Temperance News has increased its circulation, and that its monthly issue is now 2,000. Engravings, and a monthly paper for the young, are amongst the new features of the journal, and certainly afford presumptive evidences that increasing support may rely on being met by increasing improvements and enlargements. I shall hope that the epitome of the future history of the Melbourne Temperance News may be summed up in two words, "permanent progress," and the case being happily so, Victoria will worthily help to redeem the cause of Temperance from a too well-merited obloquy for the ill support of its periodical literature.

PROPOSED TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.—A vigorous effort is being made to establish a Temperance Hospital in London, and the promoters of the scheme state it is believed that a hospital in London for the treatment of disease, apart from the ordinary administration of alcoholic liquors, "would be characterized by economy, a reduced rate of mortality, and would thus prove a signal advantage to Temperance reform." As at present arranged, it is proposed that 1,600l. a-year should be provided to defray the cost of the constant occupation of twenty-five beds, equivalent to the treatment of 400 patients annually; and it is computed that for this sum many thousands of out-door patients would also receive medical necessaries and advice gratis. A provisional committee, comprising some of the leading reformers of the metropolis, has been formed, and already about 900l. has been guaranteed for preliminary expenses, and some 500l., as annual subscriptions, for at least three years.

MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.—The Rev. W. A. Scott Robertson, M.A., rector of Emley, near Sittingbourne, has compiled an analysis and summary of the money subscribed in Great Britain for foreign missions in 1870. The Church of England has 21 such missions, and the amount subscribed for their maintenance in 1870 was 327,695l. The Nonconformists had 17, and realized 259,951l.; the joint societies of Churchmen and Nonconformists were 7, with an income of 100,654l.; the Scottish societies numbered 13, and received 96,054l.; and the three Irish Presbyterian, 12,902l.; making a grand total of 797,256l. obtained during the year for the support of foreign missions. This amount consists entirely of subscriptions, donations, and legacies received in 1870, and does not include balances in hand at the end of 1869, nor income derived from invested capital. Mr. Robertson estimates the amount obtained from additional sources at rather more than 8,000l., which would raise the total contributions from the United Kingdom to 806,000l. "This sum of British money," says Mr. Robertson, "is not nearly so much as the cost of two ironclad ships, and is not very much more than went to the bottom of the sea when the ship Captain foundered."
JOHN WHITE;

OR,

"IF SINNERS ENTRUE THEE, CONSENT THOU NOT."

CHAPTER I.

John White, with his wife and one child, lived in a city beautiful for its situation. By occupation he was a chairman; being content, together with many others, to earn a livelihood by dragging people up and down the hills for a shilling an hour. And a great favourite he had once been, because able to point out the choicest scenery, and to offer every variety of information in an entertaining manner. At the time, however, my story begins he was not in such good repute, it being whispered abroad that he was becoming too fond of the public-house, and such a disagreeable report made his patrons feel uneasy, though they did not like to throw him overboard altogether. White saw how this serious fault would injure his credit, and many were the resolutions he formed—to be broken, alas! because formed in his own strength. Unfortunately, too, for this growing evil, the "Red Lion" was situated exactly in the centre of the street where he dwelt. Outside it was fixed a large coloured glass lamp, which, when lighted at night, produced a brilliant effect; and if we add to this the usual attractions from within, we must allow that the temptation to a man of excitable temperament was great indeed; therefore he merits deep compassion, while we blame him. His wife and child he dearly loved, yet could see them looking anxious and unhappy, and still continue to indulge in this miserable, debasing habit. One evening, when the "Red Lion" was sending its cheerful stream of light across the pavement, a comely woman stood just outside in the shadow, and peered through its windows with straining eye. She shrank from stepping out of the darkness, from a modest, pure-minded distaste for the spot, and kept murmuring impatiently to herself—"When will he come, I wonder?"

At last two men appeared in the doorway, and one said, "Now mind what you're about, White; it's come very dark to-night."

"Never fear," answered the other, with a boasting laugh; "I reckon I've got as firm a foot as any man." And with this assertion he strode into the gloom, but with a staggering gait; so well it was that a good wife waited there to lead him home. She saw the door shut with a thankful heart, and then coming to his side, whispered—

"Here I am, John; but what a time you've been, to be sure!"

"Well, you've no need to come if you don't like; for that matter, I'd much rather you didn't."

"Oh, John! and one time there was no one you cared for so much. But now you stay longer and longer at that nasty place, and mind little or nothing about me."

"Give up your jaw," was the rough
response. "Don't I know that a woman as values her husband won't stand arms akimbo, a-gossiping across the street to her neighbour? So now, I hope I've shut you up."

It was quite true that White had once seen his wife conducting herself in this unseemly fashion, but he had taunted her so much in consequence, that she was not likely to repeat such an act of indiscretion. It was the one thing he could rake up against her, and therefore the more humiliating.

"I know it wasn't nice of me," was the meek return; "but you shouldn't make it the excuse for doing wrong yourself; not that I forget how many of them chairmen persuade you, like, and I'm sure it's dreadfully difficult; only the Bible says, 'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'"

Mrs. White had been brought up by God-fearing parents, and so had her husband; but the constant indulgence of sin soon hardens the heart; so he answered—

"I can't abide your preaching, Sally, and, what's more, I won't stand it; so, if you don't want us to quarrel for good, you'll mind what I say."

By this time they had reached their home, and both entered together in silence. White went off to bed as quickly as his unsteady steps would allow; but when his wife had lit her candle, she went and sat for awhile by the bedside of a boy of about twelve years of age. Anxiety deepened on her countenance as she watched him in his unconscious slumber. Six months ago, and he was as healthy and strong as mother could wish; how different now! The features were unnaturally sharpened by sickness, and the cheek pale and sunken. His face rested upon one thin, white hand, whilst the other lay just outside the coverlet; and, altogether, his appearance was delicate to a degree, yet the countenance was so pleasing that one might look and look again, and never grow weary of looking. Scarlet-fever had brought Johnny to this weakly condition, and many a time did poor Mrs. White speak in fear about him to her husband. She was beginning to see, however, that his feelings and sympathies were less easily to be worked on, for he would only exclaim, "Pooh, pooh!" to everything she said. How much better, though, if the money, worse than wasted at the public-house, could have been spent on Johnny, instead; so no wonder that she shed bitter tears as she lay down for the night. And he who breathed so heavily by her side, and was thus grievously neglecting those depending on him, would once have indignantly asked—"Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this?" We little guess to what temptation may lead us, when we begin to give way to it.

One forenoon Mr. White came home to his dinner, more than usually sullen in mood—not that such was his natural temperament. He spoke scarcely a word during the meal, and ate it rapidly, suddenly breaking out at its conclusion with—

"What do you think, Sally? I called at Mrs. Buckland's to-day, and she sent me word as she didn't want my services any more. A nice message, wasn't it?"

"Oh dear, John! And she one of your best friends. What is the reason?"

And she looked at him intently.
Her husband flushed up angrily, as he replied—"Well, I don't care whether you know or not. I asked that girl, Jane, and she said that her missus had heard that I was too fond of the 'Red Lion;' so now you have it."

No answer being forthcoming, he went on—"I shall do as I like, in spite of Mrs. Buckland, or a dozen more such craven hearts. I suppose she fancies the chair may come to grief some day, when she is in it." And he laughed irritably at the unlikely notion.

"But you know, John," returned his wife, in a conciliatory, yet half-reproving tone, "unsteady habits do grow on people, that there is no knowing when to trust them and when not. That's what frightens these ladies."

"Bother their fears! It ain't as if I took it reg'lar—as if I didn't know when to stop!" And he gave another short and contemptuous laugh. But his self-confidence failed to reassure Mrs. White; so she ventured to ask—

"Supposing, though, all the ladies follow Mrs. Buckland's example; what shall we do then?"

He paused a moment, to reply with seeming carelessness—

"Why, go to another part of the town, and start afresh."

"Oh! I shouldn't like that; besides, bad news travels quick. Only think, John,"—and her voice became beseeching—"if you'd only give up going to the public-house now, all might yet be well."

"Then, I sha'n't. The other chairmen go, and why shouldn't I? It's a pretty thing if I'm to be ruled by a pack o' women."

"But you can't compare yourself with others, exactly; for, you see, you've been so steady till lately, and the better one is, the better one is expected to be."

"That's all stuff, wife! I'm no better nor the rest on 'em, and I've no wish to be. They'd think me a fool indeed if I took your advice."

She made one more effort.

"But surely you'll remember our poor boy, and his prospects—if he lives to have any." And her voice sank very low.

"It's strange, then, you so forgot them yourself, when you stood a-talking out there. Just practise what you preach, and leave me alone."

He always "shut her up" in this provoking way; and had Mrs. White been like some others of her sex, she would have hastened to retaliate. But, self-condemned, and conscious that further expostulation would only aggravate him more, she held her peace. What a comfort, under such circumstances, to bring the overburdened spirit to the pitying Saviour, and simply drop the weight of care at His feet! White cast a furtive glance at his wife's face, and saw there a look that made him wish he could recall his words; but he took care to keep this to himself.

On the evening of this same day, poor, delicate Johnny said—

"Now, mother, don't you take on so about father."

She was "setting things to rights," Johnny meanwhile watching her.

"What makes you fancy I'm taking on, Johnny? I'm sure I haven't said much at any time."

He smiled a quiet, sad smile, and returned, "I'm always a-watching you, and know your thoughts as well as if
you spoke 'em. But never fear; when the warm weather comes I shall be able to go to work again, and then poor father will not be tired out with always seeing me sickly at home. I don’t wonder that he goes after better company.” And the lad seemed to imagine that if his health improved, all else would come right too.

His mother shook her head; but resting her hand on her broom, she stooped down and tenderly kissed his brow.

“God grant that your hope may come true,” she said, fervently; “but it’s nothing amiss in your father’s home as has sent him wrong. It’s the evil influence of them companions of his. Oh, my lad, it’s not natural for me to say aught against your father, but don’t, I beseech you, ever do as he is a-doing now.” And here she was entirely overcome by her feelings, and burst into a flood of tears.

The boy jumped up, and threw his thin, attenuated arms around her.

“I’ll always be your comfort, mother, always!” he exclaimed with emphasis.

What a pang shot through her heart. For would he live to fulfil the promise? He went on—

“And don’t you be afraid of talking to me about father; I love him too much to think badly of him.”

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Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.

“Shining Lights.”—Lamps do not talk, they simply shine. A lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So should it be with religion, which should be proclaimed and made known by its quiet works rather than by loud or frequent protestations.
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"Little children, keep yourselves from idols."—1 John v. 21.

ALCOHOLICS IN WORKHOUSES AND HOSPITALS.

THE importance of the question as to the allowance of wine, beer, spirits, &c., in our workhouses and hospitals, and other public institutions, both in a financial and moral point of view, induces us to give our readers the following article from the Medical Temperance Journal of last month:—

Pointed attention is being turned—and not a moment too soon—to the extent and mode of prescribing alcoholic fluids to the inmates of workhouses. This is a question that may pertain more immediately to the medical officers and guardians of those humane institutions; but, strictly and properly, it is a question that belongs to the nation. To the hapless inmates who, by reason of age, penury, or decrepitude, have fallen, it may be, into the infirmity, certainly into the dependence, of a second childhood, the nation stands in loco parentis. A network of these public homes covers the land, and under any point of view the nation, through its representatives, are their true and ultimate guardians. By all the rights of control that accrue to them from being charged
with their support, and by all the considerations of humanity that press on them as protectors of the helpless, the public are bound to see that no injurious, ensnaring, or even extravagant element is allowed needlessly to enter into the sumptuary arrangements of these institutions.

Facts have from time to time transpired, of very grave significance, relating to the administration of intoxicants in workhouses, and also in hospitals. Some of these impress, and even appal us by their manifest prodigality; others cheer us by their valuable testimony to the marked benefit to health that results from the adoption of the abstinent method. One thing never fails to strike us, namely, the immense disparity that reveals itself in their several alcoholic bills, with nothing to show—unless it be something that is a great deal worse than nothing—of tangible good to warrant the more lavish in their wasteful expenditure. All this makes us anticipate with interest the forthcoming return that has been moved for in the House of Commons, and may soon be expected, and which will supply us with an authentic account of the practice that obtains in all the workhouses of England and Wales.

One of these boards might have done well to wait for these returns before taking what is both a very needless and a very retrograde step. The Lancet says: “The Leeds Board of Guardians have resolved to allow their aged inmates (over fifty years of age) half a pint of beer on four days of the week. Last year the Board refused the allowance, on the ground that drunkenness was thought to be one of the main causes of pauperism. Inquiry has shown that no more than one-tenth of the pauperism in the workhouse is due to excessive drinking. This alteration of the dietary will require the sanction of the Local Government Board, and we hope Mr. Stansfeld will not find it necessary to refuse his sanction.” We, for our part, hope that Mr. Stansfeld will withhold his sanction till he discover some more logical nexus between premises and conclusion than the Leeds Board, according to the Lancet, have been able to present.* What although inquiry has shown that only one-tenth of the pauperism that has found its way to the Leeds Workhouse is due to excessive drinking? The further question remains, what good ends will be served by this return to beer? Did the inmates take any harm from the want of it during the past year? If their antecedents had been so temperate in the main, could they not have done without that half-pint? And would it not have been better for the intemperate tenth that it had been kept entirely out of their way? But it was only (it may be rejoined) for those who were on the shady side of fifty, to cheer their dull hearts and cherish their thin blood. To this the answer is, it will do neither. It will make their shady years shadier, and their dull hearts duller. “The assertions,” say six hundred Dutch physicians, “that intoxicating drinks used moderately are naturally innocent means of cheering up” (and others they name of the like purport) “are without any foundation, and contradictory to

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* The Local Government Board has since refused its sanction to the proposal of the Guardians.
experience and human reason.” The same physicians truly declare that “the moderate use of strong drinks is always unhealthy, even when the body is in healthy condition.” Of 164 answers by medical men to queries sent them by the Massachusetts Board of Health, only one ventured to affirm that the alcoholic “mocker” is a benefactor “in the decline of life;” a foolish exception, which only the more emphatically proves the rule. The late Professor Miller, of Edinburgh, aptly illustrates the futility of this notion, by supposing an old man to electrify his leg into the mimicry of youthful elasticity—at what cost or risk no sensible man needs to be told. Thousands of Abstainers, now veterans in the practice, are living and vigorous arguments for Total Abstinence as the ministering angel of advancing age. Every pound spent for that pauper beer, whatever the bill may be, will be spent to make those Leeds quinquagenarians less healthy and hearty than they would otherwise be; and the systematic character of the indulgence will only make this the more certain. Worse than all, it countenances the mischievous delusion that the habitual use of intoxicants, the worst use of any, is a ministrant to health.

How far that delusion extends, we only too well know. Dr. Basham’s experience in the Westminster Hospital, as stated a few months ago in the Practitioner, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the remedy all but universally selected by the patient or his friends was sure to be some alcoholic one of a fallacious or a temporarily relieving kind, and therefore always mischievous, is by no means rare; and the sooner that delusion is knocked on the head the better.

Pending the forthcoming returns, some useful facts have been published by the committee appointed by the West Derby Guardians to inquire into the use of stimulants in the workhouses of the Union. In their very interesting report, which appeared in our January number, they thus state their aim: “In the outset of our labours we felt the necessity of ascertaining how we stood, on a comparison with other unions, in reference to the quantity of stimulants used. To this we felt must be added the knowledge of the comparative effects of a greater or less consumption, as far as these also could be ascertained. The effect upon the death-rate was, of course, the main question. In pursuance of this object, we directed that returns should be gathered from about twenty of the largest parishes and unions in the kingdom. These returns we have carefully tabulated and carried out, and now respectfully present them for your consideration. That our own union should occupy so unfavourable a position must be matter of regret to all concerned.” This, they hope, may be “a dark background to a bright future.” The committee declare that “nothing can be clearer, from the evidence now presented, than that the path of retrenchment is the path of safety and wisdom;” in illustration of which they say: “We lay before you a return of the entries from the medical relief-book at Walton for the last three months. From it we gather that to the male side of the hospital, under one medical officer, with an average of 118 patients, there were issued 3,037 pints of ale and porter, 2,893 glasses of wine, and 9,524 glasses of ardent spirits, during the quarter
ending September, 1871, which gives half a pint of ale or porter to every other patient, and three-quarters of a glass of wine or spirits to every patient every day. The deaths on this side of the house were twenty-five. To the female side of the hospital, under another medical officer, averaging 154 patients, there were issued 1,960 pints of ale and porter, 1,014 glasses of wine, and 1,633 glasses of ardent spirits, giving about half a pint of ale or porter to every fourth patient, and a glass of wine or spirits to every sixth patient each day. The deaths on this side of the house were sixteen—less than one-half of the male side, in proportion to the population."

The insane wards have been no less insanely treated with drink; the committee protesting, as well they may, against giving intoxicants of any kind to idiots and imbeciles. In the matter of outdoor relief the same anomalies appear—one medical officer dispensing alcoholics to the amount of 56l., while another, with a district as large, if not larger, made out to do with 9l. Another and glaring abuse is the ale and porter bill, amounting last year to close on a thousand pounds, and of which a small part only goes into the sick wards. This goes to able-bodied paupers and nurses—a practice which the committee condemn—recommending instead a money equivalent to nurses, and to able-bodied paupers, who have "too often been impoverished and ruined" by drink, "a full and proper supply of good nourishing food." The committee justly urge: "The fearful epidemic we passed through might well account for a considerable increase in the death-rate, while it lasted; but we do not see that it should have caused an addition to the rates of 1130l. for mere stimulants, still less that it should saddle us with a permanent additional cost. With these facts before us, and with the returns so decidedly testifying in favour of a non-alcoholic treatment whenever it can be reached, we feel we should be utterly wanting in our duty if we failed to point to the great desirability, in all future appointments, of choosing the medical officers of the union from the ranks of those who would undertake to administer alcoholic liquors with the same care that they do all other medicines of a poisonous nature."

The need of this remonstrance amply appears from a return which the committee obtained from twenty-two unions and parishes, of the consumption of stimulants in their respective workhouses, showing the death-rate on an average of two years. Where the consumption of alcohol is least, the death-rate is lowest; where 11s. 3d. per head has been spent on drink, the death-rate is no less than one in nine; whereas in other cases, where only 11d. per head has been spent on drink, the death-rate is not more than one in thirty-eight. It needs no Odipus to divine what corroboration these stray statistics are destined to receive from the Parliamentary returns which may shortly be expected.

Individual testimonies ever and anon crop out to the same effect, but with details of official experience that make them especially valuable and instructive. Whether from workhouses or hospitals, these voices blend in an emphatic unison condemnatory of the free use in these establishments of alcoholic liquors, even as medicine, not to speak of them as a beverage. Dr. Gairdner's statistics of
typhus fever cases in the Glasgow Hospital, showing the great reduction of the death-rate under the milk or mild modes of treatment, as compared with the alcoholic, have for years been before the public, and have often been cited. At the last medical demonstration in favour of Temperance in Exeter-hall, Mr. Silman, of Tavistock, expressed the doubts he entertained, more than forty years ago, of the alcoholic method, from what he then saw in the borough hospitals. He has been a poor-law surgeon for thirty years, and contrived to do all that time with a strong drink bill of—half a crown! He has been a workhouse surgeon for nineteen years, during sixteen of which his charge for alcoholics on the ratepayers was—"not one farthing!" Other stimulants were used when needed, and now and then a little brandy in amputations, but always given by himself. As compared with other unions, they were then saving 100l. a-year—the drink bill of a smaller workhouse in the same county amounted to 77l. per annum. And yet, thanks to the combined and blind force of prejudice and custom, the guardians of his workhouse insisted on the introduction of alcohol—a necessity which he accepted, but on the condition, which he battled out, of having the matter under his own control. Dr. Edmunds, on the same occasion, declared it to be "the experience of workhouses and hospitals," and his own personal experience, "that one patient in ten of those treated with brandy for fever, died; but of those treated without brandy, only one death in thirty cases occurred." In a paper which appeared in the Medical Press and Circular, of February 14, Dr. Edmunds quotes Mr. Skey, as having, in a series of lectures he delivered five years ago to the students of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, brought out his views with no bated breath. "Mr. Skey," says Dr. Edmunds, "introduces these lectures by laying down in sweeping terms the doctrine that all diseases are caused by debility, and that wine is indispensable in the diet scale of the invalid, and for the tonic treatment of disease." He says: "You cannot cure disease with a feeble pulse. Mend the pulse, and nature will do the rest of the work," and he concludes his introductory lecture by telling the students that, in 1848, the quantity of wine he ordered for his patients at St. Bartholomew's Hospital having been commented on by the treasurer, he replied that he would do his best to raise the consumption of wine from three pipes in the year to thirteen, and that in 1860 the quantity consumed reached that precise amount. Mr. Skey adds, "And the same change of treatment prevails, more or less, in every hospital in London."

Very probably; for there are high tides in medical fashions as well as in other fashions; but in due time they subside. Already they have greatly lowered their crest; and in the light of fuller statistical disclosures they must utterly succumb.

It is all the more requisite to press this question to a solution, that the position of medical officers who have come to see the evils of those alcoholic methods, and have the courage of their opinions, are often placed in circumstances of extreme delicacy and difficulty. "The very gods," says the ancient maxim, "are helpless against stupidity." Under guardians, too often of the comfortable bucolic sort, who live and move in a sphere of prejudice as determinate as
the solar system, it is not always easy for an honest and progressive medical
man to hold his own, and translate his conscientious convictions into consistent
and persistent practice. Of this we have already had illustration in some of the
foregoing testimonies. To one more we shall briefly allude. At that Exeter-hall
meeting to which we have had repeated occasion to refer, Mr. Dixon, M R.C.S.,
Watlington, Coroner for South Oxfordshire, said: "I have for nearly twenty-four
years held an appointment under the poor-law over a very large district, and for
the last sixteen years I have not recommended anything like intoxicating drinks
as a medicine for the poor." After remarking that he had in this matter more
in his power with the poor than with the rich, he goes on to say: "Although I
have taken away the alcohol that would make them live faster, I have not been
unmindful to supply them with that nourishment which has made them live
slower and better." But so great an innovation was not allowed to pass
unnoticed. It became matter of inquiry with the Board of Guardians. Some
said, "Oh, he's a teetotaller." Had he indulged freely himself, and doubled or
trebled the drink bill for the patients, it would probably have escaped remark.
But even prejudice the most Boeotian must bend before the majesty of facts.
Happily, in this case, the facts were admitted into court. "The question," says
Mr. Dixon, "was, whether the patients suffered in any way; whether they were
longer on the books; whether there were more deaths; and whether there was
any murmuring among them for not having been treated with stimulants. Of
course that inquiry was made, and I can tell you with great pleasure that the result
was most satisfactory." Let young practitioners take encouragement from cases
like this to stand true to their better judgment, and the truth, and themselves
along with it, will in due time prevail.

DOOR OF HOPE.

We beg to draw attention to an advertisement, with above heading, and we hope that some who need it may be induced to avail themselves of the advantage offered for reformation.

THE DUTY OF BISHOPS WITH REGARD TO PRISONERS.

Our good friend, Bishop Magee, of Peterborough, some time ago made a remark in the House of Lords which will not soon be forgotten. He said: "For those reasons he had an abhorrence of the Permissive Bill; but to put his view of it in the strongest light, he would say that were he given the choice—and that same choice would be presented in the case of the Permissive Bill—whether it would be better for England to be free or to be
sober, strange as the assertion might appear to be when made by one of his profession, he declared he would rather she were free than that she were sober. Honestly, he should say, he would prefer freedom to sobriety, because with freedom they might obtain sobriety, but they might also have sobriety without freedom."

I was reminded of these words of the Bishop of Peterborough when reading, a few days ago, Guericke's "Manual of the Antiquities of the Church." In his chapter on "Church Officers," he describes the duties of bishops. He says: "Moreover, a sort of oversight over the functionaries of the State was in certain matters conceded to the bishop, who was empowered to see that in the prisons justice was tempered with humanity (Codex Theodos. ix., 3, 7, and Codex Justinian i. 4, 22); and that widows and orphans were not wronged (Augustin, Sermo. clxvii., and Ambros. de officiiis Ministrorum i. 29); and, as arising therefrom, they enjoyed the right of interceding with the civil powers on behalf of the unfortunate and miserable (Concil Sardeci., can. 8). The Codex Theodosian says: "Judices omnibus dominicis dicibus productos reos e custodiis carcerali videant, inrogement, ne his humanitas clausis per corruptos carcerum custodes denegetur." Then Guericke says: "What the Codex Theodosian orders with regard to the bishops visiting the prisoners every week, is still more precisely enjoined by the Codex Justinian: 'Episcopos jubemus per unam cujusque hebdomadæ diem eos qui in custodia habentur, visitare, et diligenter inquirere causam, ob quam detinentur. . . . clarissimos magistratus admonere, ut ea exequantur circa ipsos, quæ divalis nostra constitutio praecipit, licentiæ datæ episcopis, quæ negligentiam admissam cognoverint ab illustissimis magistratibus vel iis quæ illis parent officiis, tales ipsorum negligentiam indicandi cet.'"

If the Bishop of Peterborough would obey the Codex Justinian, and every week visit the prisoners in his diocese, and inquire into the cause of their detention, he would discover that the "freedom" to drink intoxicating liquors has deprived many of those committed to his charge of their true freedom—their bodily and mental and spiritual freedom—and degraded them to the most abject slavery. The Bishop of Peterborough, if he visited his prisoners, would soon begin "to admonish the illustrious magistrates," as the Codex Justinian commands, and he would order them to remove the temptations to sin out of the way of those unhappy creatures for whose souls he is responsible.

How truly and wisely Thomas Carlyle spoke when he said: "No man oppresses thee, O free and independent franchiser! but does not this stupid pewter pot oppress thee? No son of Adam can bid thee come or go, but this absurd pot of heavy wet can and does! Thou art the thrall, not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thine own brutal appetites, and this accursed dish of liquor. And thou pratest of thy 'liberty,' thou entire blockhead."

The late Edward Denison, son of Bishop Denison, and nephew of the late Speaker of the House of Commons, who devoted himself to efforts for the benefit of the poor and the degraded victims of the liquor traffic in the East of London,
and whose early death every philanthropist laments, uttered some noble words which it would be well for all bishops and clergymen, and all other Christians, to meditate upon, and to act in accordance with them. On one occasion, speaking of his delight at a hard frost, he said: "I like the bright sunshine that generally accompanies it, the silver landscape, and the ringing distinctness of sounds in the frozen air." But when saying this he begins to think of the winter misery of the poor, contrasted with his own pleasure, and, like the self-denying Paul, when he proclaimed "the charter of Teetotalism" in Romans xiv., 21, good Edward Denison exclaims: "But I would rather give up all the pleasures of the frost than indulge them, poisoned as they are by the misery of so many of our brothers." Then he adds, "What a monstrous thing it is, that in the richest country in the world large masses of the population should be condemned annually to starvation and death!"

When will our bishops and clergy say, "We would rather give up all the pleasures derived from the use of Intoxicating drinks than indulge them, poisoned as they are by the misery of so many of our brothers and sisters?"

God commanded the Jewish sacrificers not to drink wine or strong drink when they were engaged in holy things, in order that they "might put difference between holy and unholy, and between unclean and clean, and that they might teach the children of Israel all the statutes which the Lord had spoken unto them by the hand of Moses." Our bishops and clergy are now always engaged in holy things, and this precept is even more binding on them than on the Jewish sacrificers, inasmuch as Christianity is infinitely holier than Judaism, as we may see in the Sermon on the Mount.

Bishop Patrick, in his Note on Leviticus x., 10, 11, says, "Here is the ground and reason of this precept, that they might have their wits about them (as we speak), and preserve their minds from being clouded, as Nadab's and Abihu's were, who put no difference between holy fire and common," &c. The Jewish sacrificers "had need to be perfectly sober, that they might make an accurate difference between one thing and another. And for such a like reason it was the Egyptian religious teachers were so abstemious in drinking wine, because they looked upon it as ἵππος εἰς ἱππευμα, "an impediment to the finding out of the truth."

Didsbury, near Manchester.  

WILLIAM CAINE, M.A.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF TEETOTALISM.

To the Editor of the Church of England Temperance Magazine.

Dear Sir,—I shall be glad if you will add my name to the list of Abstaining clergy, and allow me, through your columns, to bear my testimony as a thorough-going Teetotaller of twenty-five years' standing. It was on the 8th of June, 1847, that I signed the Pledge, and I thank God, that through His help and blessing I have been enabled to remain firm to my principles. During this
time I have never taken a glass of any intoxicating drink, even medicinally.
I have far better health than I had before I became an Abstainer; in fact, I am
not like the same man, physically, for I scarcely knew what good health was
when I took the drink. I have frequently taken three services on the Sabbath,
and I very seldom know what it is to feel Mondayish. I have had, occasionally,
seasons of bodily weakness, but have invariably found that quinine and iron
have restored the tone of my system. I am more and more persuaded that as
an Abstaining clergyman I have far greater influence with the poor inebriate than
if I took the drink in moderation. The force of example must tell upon the
drunkard. I would not dare to condemn or speak uncharitably of any Christian
brother because he believes in the moderate use of stimulants as being absolutely
necessary to his health. I could not have believed at one time that I could ever have
become an Abstainer. The testimony of nearly two thousand of the most eminent
physicians and doctors to the fact, "that mankind universally would be greatly
benefited, physically, socially, and morally, by the discontinuance of intoxicating
drinks," was a most powerful argument, and one that weighed greatly with me
in my decision. I felt that I was myself in danger from the drink, and I have
indeed great cause to praise God that He gave me grace to abandon it altogether,
and I thank Him that my family are brought up in the same principles. I make
no saviour of Teetotalism, I know that none but Jesus can save from all sin,
its guilt, power, and consequences. At the same time, I believe that next to the
glorious Gospel of Christ, the great Temperance Reformation has been one of
the greatest blessings to this our land. I believe that if we prayed more
earnestly for God's blessing upon the advocacy of true Temperance we should
find that God would move the hearts of his people towards the great work more
than ever. The Church of Christ must take up the matter more earnestly, and
then she will tell upon those without. We ought to seek for the interference of
the Legislature as far as possible, but there are so many interests concerned in
the traffic, that this process must inevitably be slow. Let us take our cause more
to the Throne of Grace, and then, as ministers or laymen, we may expect
greater blessings than ever to attend our efforts. Let all advocates of Temper-
ance be themselves Abstainers, and thus lead the way manfully and courageously
in this glorious cause. Apologising for thus trespassing so much upon your
valuable space, believe me, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

W. W. Chettle,
Assistant Secretary for Irish Church Missions
to the Roman Catholics.

Derby, July 12, 1872.

TEETOTALISM NOT WEAKENING.—A rural letter-carrier—a Teetotaller of
about eight years' standing—walks, upon an average, twenty miles every week-
day. This makes 120 miles of pedestrian employment a-week, or 6,000 every
year, or 48,000 miles accomplished since he first adopted Total Abstinence prin-
ciples, representing a distance of more than double the circumference of the
globe. He is now in excellent health.
MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

BAMPTON (OXON) TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY (founded in 1869 by Rev. T. Rooke).—On Friday, the 14th ult., the members of the Total Abstinence Society in this town were—through the kind liberality of Mr. John Clack, of Weald; Mr. John Edwards, of Coalpit Farm; and Mr. A. Thomson, of the Union House, Witney—enabled to celebrate their first annual festival. The Band of Hope drum and fife band belonging to the Union House, together with some of the members of the Witney drum and fife band, came over to Bampton, and met with the kindest reception as they marched through the streets, calling at the houses of the gentry and other principal inhabitants. At the National Schoolrooms a capital tea was got up for them and the public by the Ladies’ Committee, Mrs. R. Plaster, Mrs. J. Wilkins, and Mrs. J. Clack, who gave the greatest satisfaction in their arduous undertaking. Then the Rev. Henry Joy, M.A., Vicar of Lew (the President of the Society), gave his long-promised lecture; the Rev. F. M. Cunningham, M.A., Rector of Witney and Rural Dean, in the chair. The Rev. Chairman opened the meeting with singing, reading a portion of Scripture, and prayer; and said how much pleasure he felt in being asked to attend there. He then gave his views on the subject of Total Abstinence, and remarked that facts were of more importance than theories, taking for examples himself and family. Some time ago, during the Lenten season, he felt he ought to impose on himself some greater act of self-denial, and from what he had seen of the effects of strong drink, he determined that he would entirely abstain from it, so that he might the more readily seek to save some from its dreadful influence. As a clergyman, his visits to the homes of his people proved that he had taken the right course; as a magistrate, the greatest number of the cases brought before him were caused by strong drink; and he felt convinced that could the people be led to believe more in the principles of Total Abstinence, where we now had twelve or fourteen policemen, we should only want one. (Cheers.) His dearest friends protested against his self-denial, prophesying all sorts of illnesses as the result; but here he was to-night, better in health and happier than he ever was in his life; so that trying to give up all strong drink simply from an act of self-denial, it had become a work of love. Then look at his dear wife, who was present. As a mother of a family he had often had to carry her in his arms from room to room during her repeated illnesses; and surely, if Total Abstinence was injurious, it must be so in her case. But as the audience looked on her countenance beaming with love—a perfect specimen of what the wife of a clergyman should be, happy in her home, in the love of her husband, her family and connections—the proof was evidently forced on their notice. The rev. gentleman said (in concluding his remarks) that now he and his wife could go into the homes of the poor, and prove how blessed were the effects of those principles they were met together that evening to up-
hold. The Rev. H. Joy commenced his lecture by congratulating the audience on the nice tea they had partaken of, leaving behind it a strong desire, he hoped, for a similar entertainment at some future time. He then gave his hearers the history of “The Bottle,” so well known by many in its graphic illustrations, first noticing the introduction of it in the home of the newly-married couple; then, as the desire for strong drink increased, loss of work, furniture, home, and character followed; ending in the tragic spectacle of the prison and death. He reviewed the home of the sober and industrious man—the great contrast within and without, the appearance of the man and his family—and ended his very interesting lecture by an eloquent appeal to all present to assist in putting an end to the terrible misery and distress Intemperance is causing. The Chairman having thanked Mr. Joy for his able address, and the Vicar (Rev. E. G. Hunt) for the use of the school, the festival concluded with the National Anthem. The thanks of the Society are due to Mr. E. R. Farbrother, for so ably presiding at the harmonium.

—Witney Express.

ST. ANDREW’S, LITCHURCH, DERBY.—A correspondent writes: “We inaugurated our Band of Hope on Monday by an entertainment, consisting of an address by Mr. Scott; three part-songs, the treble and alto parts being taken by twelve Total girls, the bass and tenor by four men, members of the adult Society; three readings by adult members; concluding with an address by Mr. Scott. Over 200 children were present, and on the evening following seventy-six enrolled themselves as members. The entertainment was a great success, and we propose to hold one monthly, in addition to a similar one for the senior branch. I mention this, that if you should want anything to fill up in the August magazine, you might mention our successful start, as an encouragement for any who may be thinking of forming such a Society.”

HOPE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, HEREFORDSHIRE.—A meeting of this Society was held at Marlbrook, on Thursday, the 20th June last. Twenty-six members and friends assembled at five o’clock and partook of tea. At seven o’clock, the report was read, from which it appears that the Society has been in existence for nine years, and by means of circulating tracts and other Temperance publications has brought the Temperance cause under the notice of the working classes of the neighbourhood. An excursion to Malvern, annually, in the three last years has been organized, and successfully carried out. The meetings of the Society have been held at irregular intervals on account of the want of a suitable place of meeting. A secretary and treasurer were chosen after singing the National Anthem. A few friendly remarks were made by members present. The proceedings were enlivened by the juveniles singing some of their school songs, and some “Temperance anecdotes” were read. It was proposed to organize an excursion to Stretton-hills on the 30th July, and to invite non-abstainers to join. Seven persons came forward and joined the Society. Supper was provided at nine o’clock, and was followed by singing the Evening Hymn and prayer. At ten all dispersed homeward, well pleased with the social enjoyment of the evening.
LEND A HAND.

Life is made of ups and downs—
Lend a hand;
Life is made of thorns and crowns,
If you would the latter wear,
Lift some crushed heart from despair—
Lend a hand!

Crowns are not alone of gold!
Lend a hand;
Diadems are bought and sold;
But the crowns that good men hold
Come from noble deeds alone—
Lend a hand!

Many crowns that many wear—
Lend a hand;
Never in the sunlight glare;
Diamonds never in them shine,
Yet they hold a light divine—
Lend a hand.

Hold a light that ne'er shall fade—
Lend a hand;
Beauty art hath never made;
For these crowns that good men wear,
Everlasting are, as rare—
Lend a hand.

Would you own so bright a crown,
Lend a hand;
When you see a brother down,
Lead him from the deep, dark night,
And place him in the morning light—
Lend a hand.

—The Temperance Blessing.
THE CHANGED HAMLET.

By Author of "Friend in Need Papers."

To encourage free distribution, 100 copies of this tale published separately can be had for 6s.; 250 for 12s. 6d.; or 500 for 21s. Orders (enclosing Postage-stamps or Post-office order) should be sent direct to the Publishers, Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.

(Continued from page 129.)

One year passed away, and there was a change in Sunnyside. An old couple who lived in one of the cottages had gone to their "long home," within a few weeks of each other; and their dwelling was taken by a bustling pair, who soon made it evident that their one object in life was to gain money. "No harm in that!" perhaps you may say. What, no harm in forgetting the God who made them? No harm, in breaking His laws and despising His commandments? No harm, in setting at nought the Saviour who redeemed them with His own blood? Surely you have forgotten the text which asks, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

So there began to be a stir in Sunnyside. The new comers, Mr. and Mrs. Black, invited their brother Tom to come down and stay with them a bit; and these three were frequently to be seen going to a patch of waste ground a little behind the cottages, pacing and measuring, and holding much conversation concerning it. At last a builder came with his men, and the foundations of a new building began to be dug. Mr. Tom Black went back to his own place, and it was now no secret that a public-house was being built over the old waste patch of ground; and that Tom Black was to go shares with his brother in the expenses of the building, on condition that he was to have a share in the profits by-and-by. The last to hear of all this was Mrs. Mundy. It reached her as a vague rumour (for, as we have seen, she held no communication with her neighbours); but the very thought filled her with uneasiness, and she was determined to find out if there were any truth in the report.

There was a roadside well, hard by the hamlet, where the women
were accustomed morning and evening to fill their pitchers. Many were the good-humoured jokes that passed there—many a coy laugh and merry talk between young men and maidens—many a trouble told to a neighbour, or a piece of good fortune related, to be condoled with, or congratulated, as the case might be. But Mrs. Mundy kept clear of it all. In perfect silence she would come down with Maggie in her arms, and her pitcher in her hand, only perhaps crooning soft endearments to her child in a low voice, while the large earthenware jug was filling; and then, with her double burden, would return slowly to her home, while the neighbours would look after her retiring figure with a little awe, a little dislike, and a good deal of curiosity. Who was she? What was she? what made her shun her fellow-creatures?

It was morning, and the women were beside the well again. Mrs. Mundy came too, and there was a perceptible start of surprise when she asked, in rather a hard, dry voice—

"Is it true what I hear? are they building a public yonder?" pointing, as she spoke, to the place where the operations were going on.

"Aye, true enough, neighbour!" was the answer. "Some say it will be the making of our little place here; and others again say it will be our ruin. Well, we'll see!"

"It don't require much seeing," said the other, sharply. "Did you ever hear of a public that didn't bring ruin to some? aye, to many? Ruin,—ruin,—ruin!" And taking up her pitcher, she went slowly up the road, muttering the ominous words as she went.

Again the neighbours looked at each other. "Strange woman she is! Think you she has ever kept a public herself?"

"Who can say? Depend upon it we shall never know her story."

In the meantime Mrs. Mundy went into her house and shut the door; then putting Maggie gently into her chair, she dashed off her own bonnet, and pressed her hands against her throbbing temples.

"I should like to warn them—oh, I should like to warn them—but who would listen to me? And yet if I told them my own hideous story, they would surely pause before they would allow such a pest-house to be set up in their midst. But couldn't I get
them to listen on any other terms; I wonder? must I tell them of my own disgrace which I have so carefully concealed for so long? Oh, my darling Maggie, I wish you could help and advise your poor unhappy mother! But there's no one to help me now—no one to comfort me!"

Even Maggie, with her feeble wits, noticed that her mother was unhappy that day. And in truth she was bewildered and full of care; making up her mind to do a grand action (though she thought only of the shame)—to tell of her own misdeeds to people who she knew disliked her, that she might save them from the misery she had known! Should she do it? Could she do it?

Her mind was made up at last. There was always a larger concourse at the well in the evening; for as work for the day was done, husbands and brothers and lovers were sure to be lingering near, under pretence of lending a helping hand, but really to interchange greetings amongst each other, and to hear and enjoy a good laugh. Thither came Mrs. Mundy, for the first time, without Maggie; and even without her pitcher, which, in the agony of the moment, she had forgotten.

"Why, whatever can be the matter? Here's Mrs. Mundy coming without that hunchback daughter of hers."

"And not got no pitcher neither."

"And looks fiercer than ever! I declare I feel so frightened, I think I shall run away!" This last observation was made by a young man, and a general titter amongst the lasses showed their amusement.

But a few of the Sunnyside people remembered the words of their good pastor when he bade them farewell; and how he implored them to be kind to the friendless stranger, and to help her if she were in any trouble; they had taken no pains hitherto to carry out his wishes in this respect, but they determined now to do what they could do for her, if she needed aid.

"Neighbours!" she said, as she strode up to them with a rapid step; and her breath came in gasps, and her cheeks were deadly pale; "neighbours, I am an older woman than any of you in bitter experience, though not in years, and I have borne more of the burden and heat of the day than you have done. Will you let my grey hairs speak? and will you heed my words?"
There was such a wild earnestness about her that it influenced each individual in that little group. The mocking smile died away on the lips of the younger ones; and the elders prepared to listen with respect and wonder to what she would say. But as she waited for an answer, a woman replied in a grave and kindly voice, 

"Speak, neighbour, and tell us what is in your mind."

"Oh, if you will indeed listen to me, then, for the love of God, stop the building of that accursed house! It is not for myself I ask it, as you know quite well; I have no father, or brother, or husband" (and she shuddered visibly as she said the last word) "to be led astray by it; but you have! and it is for yourselves I am concerned. I would save you, if I could, the pangs of remorse that I have suffered. Neighbours, it is drink that has made me a lone widow, instead of a happy wife; it is drink that has made my poor Maggie the pitiable object she is. God knows what it costs me to tell you all this; but I will tell you my shameful history—I will unlock the black secret at last—in the hope you will take warning in time."

By that sparkling roadside spring, while the grey hues of evening were stealing over meadow and copse, the woman stood surrounded by her wondering neighbours. They had always panted with an untiring curiosity to know something of Mrs. Mundy's history; for she was silent, unsociable, and evidently unhappy; but they had for long given up all thought of trying to induce her to be communicative. At the very commencement of her sojourn amongst them she had quietly repulsed all their advances, and so they had let her alone; and, as they had told their minister, no words ever passed between them afterwards, except at rare intervals when they bade each other the "time o' day."

But now at last her lips are unlocked, and she is going to tell the secret of her life, which for fifteen years she had jealously guarded in her own breast. She is going to tear open old wounds for the sake of her neighbours, and to tell of the stone against which she had stumbled, that others might take warning, and escape her sin and its fearful consequences.

(To be continued.)

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

A
d Mrs. White taken a scolding, worrying course with her husband, the influence she still possessed would soon have passed away; as it was, he experienced many an uneasy, self-accusing thought, that made the broad road leading to destruction that much narrower. On the other hand, though he outwardly scorned Mrs. Buckland and his other patronus, he inwardly quaked at the idea of losing their support; for he knew it to be only too true that "bad news travels" apace; and he felt that ultimate ruin might be already awaiting him. Walking home at dusk, and anxiously considering these matters, he had the misfortune to come across some of his fellow chairmen, who were on their way to the "Red Lion"—within a stone's throw of his own door, too.

"Why, lad, where are you off to, now?" asked one.

His wife's reminder—"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not"—rushed into his mind.

"Well, I'm for home, to-night," he replied, with unusual firmness.

"All right, old fellow, we've no wish to take you from the missus," said another; "only you can come in with us a bit, first."

"No, I can't this time, thank ye."

"Now, you're surely not going to turn soft," exclaimed Michael Brown. "I know what makes ye refuse, my man."

"How so?" asked White, flushing up excitedly.

"Why, haven't I heard as how Mrs. Buckland won't employ you again? You're cowed by a woman, I tell you."

"It ain't your business; and, anyhow, I'm a going home."

"Now do listen to reason," said smooth-tongued Tim, the brother of Michael; "if you let these 'ere ladies turn ye about as they've a mind to, you'll soon repent it. I speak from experience."

"Leastways, I wouldn't give in directly," continued Brown, the elder; "just wait a bit, at any rate."

"In course," chimed in they all.

White hesitated a second, and that second lost all.

"Come, we'll not keep you long," said persuasive Tim, seeing his advantage—"for the sake of appearances, you know."

"Well, for once," replied John White, "though I don't know as I shall come again; and I sha'n't stay long, remember."

The present opportunity was enough for them; so they willingly acquiesced in what he said, the children of this world being wise in their generation. As he retraced his steps, his eyes fell on the light that streamed so temptingly from before the public-house; and it at once extinguished every better feeling. He thought no more of a quick return home; and, as the hours sped swiftly on, the two brothers slyly
winked at each other, from time to time. After they had led him home between them, in the dim morning light, Tim remarked—

"You have to thank me for it all, Michael."

And Michael allowed that it was so.

To explain matters, it was through the tale-bearing of these two men that White’s irregularities had come to the knowledge of Mrs. Buckland. They had thrown out hints to her servants, and hoped in this detestable and cowardly manner to step into the shoes of the misguided man.

Some weeks passed by, and, during this period, White kept losing first one and then another of his patrons, till, at last, he could scarcely get employment at all; so, as he had now to depend on any little wind-fall that might come in his way, the prospect of having to sell his chair and remove to a remoter part of the town, grew more ominous every day.

About this time, Mrs. Buckland called. She was a pleasant-looking old lady, with nice, soft manners; but, unfortunately, Mrs. White mistook the meaning of the visit, her idea being that curiosity was the prompting cause. Notwithstanding, she civilly wiped a chair with her apron, saying, "Pray be seated, ma’am." Mrs. Buckland rapidly surveyed the sealed countenance that hid so much real and deep feeling, and naturally misconstrued the poor woman’s true character. Accordingly, she followed another plan than the one first thought of.

"I am afraid, Mrs. White," she said, after clearing her voice, "that the object of my visit will prove disagreeable to you; nevertheless, I feel it my duty to tell you that such a course as that in which your husband is at present indulging must, in the end, bring ruin upon you both. Can you not persuade him to alter his conduct?"

Here she paused, little guessing that, had she tried ever so, she could not have addressed her quiet listener more unadvisedly. Mrs. White stood silent and stern, the colour slightly heightening on each cheek.

"And have you not a little son?" continued her interrogator, eyeing her over intently; "surely, for his sake, you will listen to me; for to be plain, my good woman, no one would knowingly employ White whilst addicted to such a bad habit; it would not be safe to place oneself under his care."

No answer was forthcoming; so, as a last resource, Mrs. Buckland said—

"Should your husband cease to visit the public-house, I will be the first to befriend him, and to recommend him to others, rest assured of that;" and then she got up to go.

Though outwardly unrelenting as ever, Mrs. White thanked her, in her heart, for that one drop of kindness. She opened the door, curtly returning "Good day, ma’am," to her visitor, and then burst into a passionate flood of tears, the moment she was left alone. What a pity Mrs. Buckland did not see them! Had she but done so, her kindly heart would have readily bestowed comfort such as the poor woman wanted. Notwithstanding this uncontrolled grief, however, she determined to make the best use of Mrs. Buckland’s promise. Her husband came home to his dinner, looking
both weary and depressed; so she thought he might be in a mood for listening to her remonstrances; besides, he opened the conversation himself, by gloomily remarking—

"I've been standing about with that chair all morning, and I'm getting sick of it, wife. It will be the best to sell it and get out of the neighbourhood."

Seeing her look of dismay, he added, "At the worst, I can make a trifle sometimes by giving a lift behind, up the hills." But the laugh that accompanied these words, plainly told what a miserable alternative that would be.

"Oh, John, John, how can you talk so?"

"Why, there's nothing else to be done; since, I suppose, we can't live on air."

"No; neither is there any need to try. You can still keep the chair, if you will."

"I should like to know how," he replied, in an irritable, self-conscious way.

Mrs. White did not answer immediately; she felt it too important a moment hastily to throw away, and silently lifted up her heart to God to help her. Would that there were more such thoughtful, God-fearing wives. Then she drew near to her husband, and placing her trembling hand on his shoulder, said slowly—

"I've got something to tell you, only listen to me patiently."

"Out with it, then; you women are always so long," and he turned from her anxious gaze.

"Mrs. Buckland has been here, and she says if only you'll give up the public-house, she'll employ you as before. Oh, John, do listen to reason, for lots more would follow her example; indeed, she promised to recommend you again."

"I daresay," he exclaimed, with a sneer; "if I let these fine ladies lead me by the nose, it will suit 'em exactly; but I'd sooner starve than do it. Now you've got your answer, haven't you?"

Unhappy Mrs. White could scarcely believe what she heard.

"You don't mean to say," she asked, "that for the sake of defying respectable people, you'll throw up your last chance, and perhaps"—she could hardly get the words out—"perhaps be the death of our dear child."

"Hold your tongue!" he cried, now really in a passion. "The boy would do well enough, if you were not so silly with him."

She shook her head.

"If you were with him all day, you would alter your opinion; and now, husband, I will tell you my mind, even if it's to be for the last time. If Johnny goes to an early grave, your conscience won't feel free from blame. You say you don't like me to be long speaking; so if I've told you too plainly, you know why."

Her tones were not spiteful, but beseeching; and somehow, though he was strongly enraged, he could not for shame strike her. So, instead of this, he silenced her in his usual way, by saying "People that live in glass-houses shouldn't throw stones; when you are perfect yourself, then you can set about lecturing me."

She attempted no retort, but went away, leaving him to himself. But
how bitter were her feelings! It did seem as if God would not notice her earnest prayer; and we know that he does and will take His own time and way in answering us; though to His people He does "all things well." Yet, it was something that White resisted the inclination to strike her; and she thought of this, afterwards, with comfort.

(To be continued.)

A HAPPY HOME.—"Six things," says Hamilton, "are requisite to create a 'home.' Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection and lighted up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting glory and canopy, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God."

DRUNKENNESS IN WALES.—At the Glamorganshire summer assizes, Mr. Baron Channell referred to the unusual heaviness of the calendar, "frightful as regards the number of offences, and dreadful as regards the character of them." The greater part of the offences were traceable to drunkenness. His lordship made an appeal to the grand jury to give their personal consideration and individual interest to those institutions which have for their object the encouragement of habits of industry and sobriety amongst the lower classes, and, above all, to diffuse amongst them a religious education. By such means could they only hope to put things on a better footing.

MAYFAIR AND SERVANTS' TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—On Sunday, June 23, the Rev. Thomas Rooke preached the annual sermon for this flourishing society in Christchurch, Mayfair. The annual meeting, preceded by tea, was held on Thursday evening, June 27, at which Mr. Rooke spoke. Mr. Lucas occupied the chair.

ALCOHOLIC TREATMENT OF DISEASE.—At a recent meeting of the West Derby Board of Guardians, Mr. Tickle quoted statistics with a view of showing that, since the adoption of the new system of restricting the supply of alcohol in the workhouse hospitals, the expenditure for that item had been diminished at the rate of £1,400 per annum. He had also asserted that there had been a diminution of the death-rate as a consequence of the altered system.—British Medical Journal.

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.
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"I will call unto the most high God, even unto the God that shall perform the cause which I have in hand."—Ps. lvii. 2.

SUPPRESSION OF INTEMPERANCE.

The remarkable article which appeared in the Times of Friday, August 9, cannot fail to have attracted much notice throughout the country, and we hope that those who read it read also Mr. Ellison's letter in the Times of Monday, August 12. We reprint both for the benefit of many of our readers who may not have seen either. It is strange how apparently ignorant even the Times is on the subject of the Temperance Reformation. It speaks as though nothing had been done or thought of by anyone. United Kingdom Alliances, National League Crystal Palace demonstrations, the action of our own Church of England Society and its daughter, the National Association—to say nothing of smaller organizations and some doubtful ones—seem to have been ignored altogether. And yet there is something true in the question of the Times as to where the coming man of this question is, because it is true that no one name, save, perhaps, Sir W. Lawson's, has become distinctly and permanently connected with the move-
ment. There are names of note, indeed, who have been interested in and worked hard in the cause—Ellison, Maguire, Sandford, Anstruther, Bowly, Lucas-Shadwell, Callendar, Stenton Eardley, Bardsley, Chown, Newman Hall—and occasionally a special crisis or meeting enlists Archbishops and Bishops for awhile, but the Wilberforce of this slave-trade has yet to arise.

The clergy of our National Church, who are so conscious of the evils of Intemperance, and who are, in many localities, in their own sphere, endeavouring to do battle with them, have yet too much on their hands to allow of their devoting their whole time to this question. They have their hands fully occupied with their own work. Some ten years ago the Church of England Temperance Reformation was founded for the purpose of concentrating and organizing effort on this question, and it has done good service in drawing the attention of the Church and the heads of the Church to the question. It has been the means of enlisting the sympathies and interest of the two Archbishops and several of the Bishops, and, by its broad basis of operations, has obtained a hearing where others have been unsuccessful.

At this present moment, active arrangements are being made for a closer amalgamation of the London and Manchester Committees, and the organization of an aggressive movement such as the Times seems to demand. We could mention names of persons in both Upper and Lower Houses, which, honoured as they are now, would be still more so if they would put themselves at the head of this movement, both in its general and legislative aspect; but we are confident, in reviewing the recent parliamentary debates and their results, that, great as undoubtedly are the advances made by the Temperance Reformation, great is yet the ignorance that prevails, and that any Society that takes up the question must give itself largely to the education of the people in sound principles as to the use and abuse, the place and power, of these intoxicating drinks, and disabusing the minds of even good people of the prejudices and mistakes under which they labour, in reference both to Total Abstinence, and the needful measures of suppression of this crying evil.

It is more than probable that for some time no legislative measure will have any chance of passing. The Government
answer to any private attempts will be Roma locuta est. Our measure must be tried, and must have time for its working before any new measures are considered. We have no doubt as to the work in which, meanwhile, our Temperance Reformers ought to be employed. They can do, and in thousands of cases they have done, that which law cannot do. The whole of the Total Abstinence Movement is an "appeal to the free will, and to the unquestioned, though often hidden and disfigured, virtues of our race"—to the will which feels itself sufficiently free from the tyranny of custom and habit to say "No" to the tempting cup, and to the virtues which may be—alas! are often—hidden and disfigured, the manly love of wife and children which gives England the thing and the word not elsewhere to be had, "Home."

(From the Times, August 9.)

That portion of the British public which deems it a duty to master the debates, and particularly those who have invested any portion of their interest in the Licensing Bill, will feel it a relief to hear that the Bill has got through in one form or another. We have heard or read the last of it for the present. Some rather sharp fighting, not to say some surprises, have been reserved for the closing scene, for almost at the very last moment an attempt has been made to shut up the grocers by depriving them of their existing right to sell spirits across the counter. That has been met, it may be said, by the general policy of the measure, which is to substitute effectual regulation and control for positive prohibition. The much-abused grocer is placed under the same conditions as his rivals in their sale of strong drink, and is only to lose his privilege when he has been proved unworthy of it. That a Bill which has thus been undergoing serious changes in one direction or another up to the last moment, and which, as Mr. Henley says, has required a continual suspension of the Standing Orders, should quite satisfy every side, or even promise to work without difficulty, is more than could be fairly expected for several reasons. Throughout the whole of this long controversy, it has been evident, first, that the Government had to find a just mean between at least two flat contradictories, absolute licence and absolute prohibition; then, that it had embarked on the greatest difficulty of legislation, an attempt to do by statute the work of administrative discretion. For one reason or another—to say the truth, for a good many reasons—the control and regulation of our public-houses have latterly broken down, till there remained little more than a certain tradition that they were, or ought to be, under rule and law. This has been found to be an utter delusion; for, whatever happened, and a good many things have happened and do happen at public-houses, they almost invariably got off scot free. The publican remained always master of
the situation. The object of the Government, apparently, has been to restore and strengthen the hold which authority once possessed, and now requires not less than ever, over the public-houses. If much of this power must still be placed, or rather left, in the hands of the magistrates, it was necessary to leave to them nothing that Parliament could define for itself. Anything in these days rather than absolute authority. Nor is the cost trifling that we pay to escape it. Let legislation be cumbrous, full of detail which none but a good lawyer can understand, inconsistent, and even absolutely unintelligible, rather than that our liberty and rights be left at the mercy of anyone. That this act will be a harvest to the lawyers; that it will call for early and frequent amendments, cannot be doubted; but even that is a thousands times better than impossible attempts at prohibition, even in the disguise of permissive authority, and, it may be added, a thousand times better than letting things go their own way, as we have now been doing far too long.

What Government has had to deal with is the public life of the working classes, and at every turn of the debate it has been reminded that this public life is something sacred, part of the British nature, and as lawful and beneficial as the public life of society and legislation. This public life, however, if it was to be allowed, had also to be protected—in the first place from abuse, then from all sorts of false analogies. The public life of the educated, the rich, and the privileged may have its own evils; but these are not breaches of the Queen’s peace, midnight disorder, robberies, murders, adulterated—that is, poisoned—drinks, and the systematic brutalizing of those whose age or condition makes them fit objects of legislative concern. When we are told, as we have been told now very often, that a club of working men is as well able to manage its affairs and arrange its hours as any Club in Pall-mall, and has as much right to carry its discussions into the small hours as the House of Commons, we are driven from generalities to the facts of the case, and the first fact of all is that public-houses require better control. That is what we are aiming at. The Home Secretary is told that he has not diminished the number of public-houses, or even necessarily and in all cases limited their hours. But it is not denied that they will be generally closed earlier, nor is it denied that there is now a code for their better government. Of course we never shall be able to prevent a working man carrying his earnings away from his family and drinking them at the bar or in the parlour of the public-house. So long as he does that with something like method and in quiet fashion, Intoxicating Liquors Bills will not reach him. We shall not be able to check, or even much diminish, the continual stream of besotted votaries to the gin palace; at least, not by law. It is not law that does these things. Nor is it at all certain that this Act will make any material difference in the brewers’ monopoly, or in the scale and rank of public-houses. Its object is not any instant and palpable change, or revolution as it is called, but a better, more thorough, and effectual control. That is the principle now recognized, even if it can only be gradually enforced.

Nothing that Parliament can do or undo will change the character and
habits of the people. Unfortunately, the matters of complain are as old as the history of our nation, for there never was a time when the hard-working but thriftless and improvident Englishman was not notorious for want of self-control. No law can prevent him from quenching his thirst and recruiting his wearied frame at the cost of his wife and children, and eventually of the rate-payers. It is not even quite certain that it is better to drive all these frail members of our common humanity to one great public-house, driving a roaring trade, than to scatter them over the smaller “publics” which have sprung up latterly under fostering laws. The great stimulus has been that prosperity which is the continued burden of financial statements and popular addresses. Enterprise increases; employments multiply; wages rise; opportunities open; everything advances; free-trade triumphs; Chancellors of the Exchequer exult in surpluses and remit taxation. All glows with present enjoyment and indefinite hope. When it comes to be explained, the first figure of all—the sure criterion of prosperity—is that of the Excise. It is the Inland Revenue that tells. But what does that mean? It means chiefly that our working people are drinking more beer and spirits, and smoking more tobacco. It means that there is more money passed over the bar of the public-house. Can law prevent, or much check, that which we admit to be the very basis and backbone of our national prosperity? Our people will drink, openly or on the sly, one drink or another, at home or at the “public,” but drink they will, and it is not their betters who will be able to stop them. What, then, is it we must trust, or at least try, to do what laws cannot? There are works of moral improvement which are possible, and indeed, in some instances, found to be effectual. But no moral work ever was achieved without personal agencies. If employers do not see their way to the improvement of their men, then we can only say there lies open a great opportunity for any who will undertake the work. There is room for a great moral reformation and one that shall reach some other points of the British character besides the weakness now in view. The English working man is not what he should be. Some of the results may be magnificent, but the agency will not bear a close and critical examination. But laws will not do the work which has to be done. We want men for that, and these men must see their work before they do it. Among all the writers, all the talkers, all the preachers, all the workers, all the names we see daily blazoned on the roll of English fame, are there none that will set about to abate this nuisance, and scandal—our national drunkenness? It is not to be done by the perpetual invocation of prohibitory laws. It is only to be done by an appeal to the free will, and to the undoubted, though often hidden and disfigured, virtues of our race.

To the Editor of the “Times.”

Sir,—It would be a grievous pity, and a still more grievous mistake, if the stirring note of appeal which you have sounded in your leading article of Friday should be allowed to die away unheeded:—

“Among all the writers, all the talkers, all the preachers, all the workers, all
the names we see daily blazoned on the roll of English fame, are there none who will set about to abate this nuisance and scandal—our national drunkenness?"

Legislation for which, for so many years, we have been waiting and preparing, has now, for the present at least, done what must be presumed to be its best. The need of the moment, as you most truly state, is that of "men" to take up the work where law stops, and bring about a national reform by acting upon the springs of national habit, and so of national character. The question is, where are we to look for these? Surely it will not be wrong to say, in the Christian Church, which is unworthy of its name if it be not in the van of every movement directed against national sin, and whose ministers are pledged at their ordination "never to cease their labour till they have done all that in them lies to bring their people to that agreement in the faith and knowledge of God, that no place shall be left among them either for error of religion or viciousness of life."

Let me point out, then, the materials which already exist for the commencement of such a crusade. The Convocation of Canterbury has had before it for three years a report, founded on an exhaustive inquiry as to the extent and cause of Intemperance, and laying down the lines on which the work of national reform must proceed. This has been followed by a very similar report presented in the last session to the Convocation of York.

What is now needed is an organization commensurate with the Church itself, for embodying and carrying out their suggestions. Such an organization is, I trust, in course of formation. The Church of England Temperance Reformation Society has for more than ten years been quietly and experimentally working upon many of the lines indicated by the Convocation reports. It has pushed forward its parochial (Total Abstinence) Societies, which now to the extent of some hundreds are scattered over the land. It has proved the signal efficacy of these in taking the stumbling-block of drink out of the way, and giving access to the reforming agencies of the Gospel. It numbers its tens of thousands of juvenile members, who are entering into life ignorant of the acquired taste for gin and beer, and many of them zealous opponents of the drinking customs of their class; and while advocating all the subsidiary agencies alluded to in the reports for neutralizing the temptations of the public-house, it has indirectly, through its offshoots, prepared the way for much of the recent legislation.

The London and Manchester Committees of this Society have for the last two or three weeks been engaged in framing a more extensive platform, which, while securing for the Total Abstinence Society its due place, shall gather into united action all—whether Abstainers or non-Abstainers—who are willing to work together for the great end of Temperance Reform. When completed, we shall submit it to the judgment of the rulers of the Church—most glad ourselves to follow rather than lead if any better organization can be suggested; but if it cannot, then asking only for the men—leading laymen as well as clergymen in every diocese—to come out and bear their part in the noblest, and, for a generation it must be, one of the most arduous conflicts with the flesh and the devil.
that the Church of Christ in this or any other country has been called to wage. It will be no little augury of success if we should have from the beginning the aid of the National Press and of the journal which is the leader of it.

Henry J. Ellison, Chairman of this Committee.

Church of England Temperance Reformation Society,
6, Adam-street, Adelphi.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE METAPHORS IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

SOME years ago I had an interesting conversation with Mr. Swainson, the late Attorney-General of New Zealand. In reply to a question of mine respecting the present condition of the native New Zealanders, he gave this remarkable answer, "The New Zealanders are now nearly as bad as the English!" In Dr. W. B. Carpenter's valuable book on "The Use and Abuse of Alcohol in Health and Disease," he has, at page 267, some interesting remarks on the New Zealanders before they became polluted and contaminated by intercourse with English Christians. Speaking of the rapidity with which wounds heal in the case of those who do not use intoxicating drinks, he says: "Thus Hawkesworth, in his voyage to New Zealand, makes particular mention of 'the facility with which wounds healed that had left scars behind them, and that we saw in a recent state; when we saw the man who had been shot with the musket-ball through the fleshy part of the arm, his wound seemed to be so well digested, and in so fair a way of being perfectly healed, that if I had not known no application had been made to it, I should certainly have inquired, with a very interested curiosity, after the vulnerary herbs and surgical art of the country.'

Of these people he states that at that period water was their sole and universal liquor."

That this facility in recovering from wounds arose from their Abstinence from alcohol is confirmed by the surgical experience in campaigns in India, when from accidental causes there was an interruption in the usual supply of spirits. Mr. Havelock, in his "Narrative" in reference to the wounded, after the victories in India, observes: "The Medical Officers of this army have distinctly attributed to their previous abstinence from strong drink the rapid recovery of the wounded at Ghuznee." And Mr. Atkinson, in his work on Afghanistan, is more explicit, stating that "all the sword-cuts, which were very numerous, and many of them very deep, united in the most satisfactory manner, which we decidedly attributed to the men having been without rum for the previous six weeks. In consequence, there was no inflammatory action to produce fever and interrupt the adhesion of the parts." These interesting facts show most clearly the disease and death-producing effects of the poison, alcohol!

We now come to the most remarkable instance of Total Abstinence metaphors...
in the New Testament. Shakspeare uses strong language when he says: "O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!" Ignorantly and unconsciously, Shakspeare used the same metaphorical language as St. Peter in his First Epistle, chap. v. 8. The Apostle says: "Be sober [πνευματικος, literally, be Total Abstainers from Intoxicating Drinks], be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour [καταπτυσα, literally, drink down]." Dean Alford's note is: "This sobriety of mind, as opposed to Intoxication with worldly cares, is necessary to the 'resisting steadfastly'; only he who is sober stands firm." Of all the commentators on this passage whom I have in my library, Dr. Adam Clark is the most clear-sighted. He has the following admirable remarks on it: "It is not everyone that the devil can swallow down. Those who are sober and vigilant are proof against him; these he may not swallow down. Those who are drunk with the cares of this world, and are unwatchful, these he may swallow down. There is a beauty in this verse, and striking opposition between the first and last words, which I think have not been noticed: Be sober, πνευματικος, from πνευμα, not and πιστος, to drink—do not swallow down—and the word καταπτυσα, from κατα, down, and πιστος, to drink. If you swallow strong drink down, the devil will swallow you down. Hear this, ye drunkards, topers, tippers, or by whatsoever name ye are known in society, or among your fellow-sinners; strong drink is not only your way to the devil, but the devil's way into you. Ye are such as the devil particularly may swallow down."

Archbishop Leighton has some very beautiful remarks on 1 Peter iv. 7 and v. 8, to which I would refer the readers of our Temperance Magazine. The good Archbishop himself gave an example of the greatest self-denial in all his conduct and all the actions of his life. It is often said to us Teetotalers, when we refuse to drink the poison alcohol, Why was this drink given to us? I will let Archbishop Leighton answer this question, which we hear so often. On one occasion his sister asked him to eat of some delicate dish. The good man declined saying, "What is it good for but to please a wanton taste? One thing forborne is better than twenty taken." "But," asked his sister, "why were these things bestowed upon us?" "To see," he answered, "how well we can forbear them;" and then added, "Shall I eat of this delicacy while a poor man wants his dinner?" Oh! that we had bishops now who would have such sympathy with poor, lost, ruined drunkards as to deny themselves the use of Intoxicating Drinks for their sake.

WILLIAM CAINE, M.A.

Didsbury, near Manchester.

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

Perhaps the following extract from our illustrated contemporary may in part account for the strange unwillingness of the House to deal thoroughly with the liquor traffic:—

A disease which we learn from parliamentary history, anecdotes, &c., used to be very common in the House, and has never been quite extinct, has, during the session just closed, broken out with conspicuous severity. This disease, to give it a Latin name, is called ebrietas. The main symptom of it is an uncontrollable desire to speak, called in scientific language cacoethes loquendi. When a man has this disease upon him—except he have a very bad type of it, in which case the sufferer cannot speak at all—it is impossible to keep him down. In season or out of season, whether men will bear or whether they forbear, the poor afflicted man will speak. This is one symptom. There are two or three more. When the disease is of a comparatively mild type, a redness of the skin appears, especially in the face, and the eyes sparkle with preternatural brilliancy. When the disease is more severe the face assumes a pallid hue, the eyes become dull, the speech is thick, and the language incoherent. In a more advanced stage the limbs totter. We do not often, though, see members so advanced as this. There was, though, lately an instance of this advanced stage, and very distressing it was to see the poor fellow thus afflicted. But you will ask, Cannot the sufferers be removed? They must be very troublesome and obstructive. Well, I asked this question myself of one of the officials of the House. "Surely," said I, "these poor fellows might be sent home." But he rejoined, "No; there is no order on the books, and without an order the thing cannot be done." This is very strange, and it is a thing devoutly to be wished that, as the disease has been so troublesome this year, some member next year may move an order. Before I close this paragraph I must warn my readers that the cacoethes loquendi alone is not a symptom of the disease which I have described. Without the other symptoms it indicates another and much more common disease—to wit, what is called the varietas egregio sipima, a disease not so distressing, but far more mischievously obstructive than the other, because it is so common; and, alas! I fear that it gets more prevalent every session, and it is quite incurable. It is like mercury, of which it has been said that when once it gets into the system it never can be expelled. I sometimes think that at least a third of our talkers in the House have this disease. The mischief that it does is incalculable. My decided opinion is, that if we could but get rid of it the House might do its work far better and in half the time which it now occupies.

After the above had been written we had a bad case of ebrietas on Monday, the 8th, when the Keogh debate was on. A member—the name of him not to be mentioned here—was seized with this disease early in the evening. We saw that
it was coming on. He was restless, fidgetty, and frequently tried to catch the Speaker’s eye, though without success. Mr. Speaker probably saw that he was suffering from this disease, and would not call upon him to speak. But between three and four o’clock in the morning he leaped to his feet, and though not called by the Speaker, would speak; and then we saw that he had got the disease very badly. His face was fiery-red, his legs tottered, his speech was thick, his utterance was incoherent. The members behind him, seeing how matters stood, tried to pull him down by the tails of his coat, but failed; at last a personal friend of his went in front of him and forcibly pushed him into his seat. Whilst all this was going on some of the members laughed, others chaffed the poor fellow, but the majority, myself included, thought it was a most affecting spectacle.

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

On Sunday, July 28, the Rev. Thomas Rooke preached three sermons in the Church of St. Paul, St. Leonard’s, on behalf of this society.

Arrangements are being made for a meeting in Leeds during the sitting of Church Congress there. The Rev. R. O. West has visited Leeds to make the necessary arrangements in concert with Rev. C. Hudson, Ripon Diocesan Secretary. On Friday evening, August 2, the Rev. T. Rooke addressed a meeting at St. Saviour’s Schoolroom, Salamanca-road, Vauxhall. The chair was occupied by Rev. S. E. Gladstone.

An open-air demonstration of the Cray Valley Total Abstinence Society took place on Saturday, August 17, at Footscray, at which the Rev. R. O. West presided, in lieu of Rev. T. Rooke, who was unavoidably prevented attending, as had been arranged.

On Sunday evening, August 18, sermons on behalf of the Windsor Temperance Association were preached in the parish church by the Rev. T. Rooke; in All Saints’ Church, by the Rev. R. O. West.

The Weekly Board has been continuing its meeting during vacation, and had much business of importance under its consideration in reference to the Leeds Church Congress meeting, and the extending the sphere of the Society’s operations in connection with the Manchester Diocesan Committee.

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.
TO THE OFFICE-BEARERS, MEMBERS OF COMMITTEE, &c., OF
THE CHURCH TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Beloved Friends and Brethren,—

Some ten years since, God put it into the hearts of many of us, living in
different parts of England, to unite in a special work of Christian enterprise, for
the reformation of the intemperate, and the removal of the causes which led to
Intemperance.

A review of these ten years is not without its tokens of the presence of
God with us. There may not have been any great and rapid success,
any such spreading of the work over the length and breadth of the land, as to
cause a sensible diminution of the evil; but there has been a silent growth of the
principles which we have advocated—amidst much opposition, and therefore cross-
bearing to ourselves—there has been, in very many of our parishes, a clearing
and breaking-up of the ground, and a scattering of seed whose fruit must be
looked for in the generation to come; while of the souls which have been
"plucked as brands from the burning," the number will be disclosed only
by the events of the Great Day.

And now God seems to be calling us to a further advance. The legislation
for which we have been looking has at length arrived, falling far short
indeed of what we had aimed at, but bringing in its train many indirect and
important results. It has revealed to us, as no other course of events could, the
vast organisation which exists with interests directly opposed to any great mea-
sure of national reform; it has drawn the attention of our countrymen very
strongly to the magnitude and inveteracy of the evil which we have so long de-
ployed, and it has led to a desire, more or less universally felt, and epitomised in
a recent utterance of the leading journal—for "men" at once to take up the
question and work together for the removal of the national blot.

It is, I trust, in no spirit of presumption that we are offering ourselves as
leaders in the work. For many years we have stood face to face with the evil in
all its intensity; we have investigated its depths, we have painfully and prayer-
fully occupied ourselves with its remedies; in all of this we may humbly believe
God has been proving us as His instruments. Why should we hesitate now as
humbly to believe and hope that so far as we have been found faithful He will
use us for His purpose?

Only it behoves us at once to remember that the work must be His, and that
only so far as it is carried on in His strength can it prevail. If the foe
we have to contend with is but a manifestation in its direst shape of the king-
dom of darkness; if of this manifestation, perhaps of all others, it may be said
that "the enemy has come in like a flood;" if the work that lies before us is the
approaching, the investing, and finally the overthrowing of this special strong-
hold of Satan; and if, finally, passing events are teaching us that with "the
wide and effectual door" there will also be "many adversaries," then surely
there never was a case in which the words were more needed for our constant ad-
monition, "not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts;"
never one when the promise might be more directly pleaded, "When the enemy
cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against
him." Shall I be wrong, then, at the very outset of our joint labours, in address-
ing a word of affectionate remembrance to you as to the paramount necessity
of prayer at this time. We are by the force of circumstances prevented from
meeting together in person at the present time; we can, thank God, meet in
spirit at the throne of grace. Will it not be well, then, that we should set apar
two days, or such portion of them as our other duties will permit, for special
prayer to Almighty God;—for confession of our sins and shortcomings since we
have put our hands to this plough; for meditation on what we can gather from
His Word to be His will in this matter; and then for earnest prayer for His
help—Prayer which, originated at such a time, could scarcely fail to perpetuate
itself throughout the whole of our after-work.

If you agree with me, the days I would venture to name are Tuesday and
Friday in the week after this, to which we might not add all subsequent
Fridays as the day on which our Lord first taught us that the Cross is the way
to the Crown.

The subjects for prayer might be as follows:

I. For Ourselves—

1. Singleness of aim and motive in our whole work.
2. The spirit of counsel and wisdom in all our deliberations.
3. The spirit of unity and brotherly love.
4. The spirit of perseverance and self-denial, that we may be preserved from
"looking back."

II. For the Work itself—

1. The constant presence in it and with us of God the Holy Ghost.
2. The opening the hearts of men to see the truth.
3. The raising up of qualified men to be the movers and leaders of others
4. The unlocking the hearts of the wealthy, and making them willing to give
of their silver and gold.
5. And more especially, at this moment, that He will influence the hearts of
the rulers in the Church to take up the work which we are putting into their
hands.

Your own experience will doubtless suggest others. These may form a basis
for united prayer.

And now, commending you to Him who alone "maketh men to be of one
mind in a House," I am, dear friends and brethren, your faithful friend and
fellow-servant in the Lord,

Henry J. Ellison,
Chairman of the London Committee.
THE CHANGED HAMLET.

BY AUTHOR OF "FRIEND IN NEED PAPERS."

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(Continued from page 156.)

"I WILL begin at the very beginning, neighbours; I will hide nothing; I will not spare myself one pang or make excuses for my sinful ways. But I could not let my poor Maggie hear the wretched tale; she might curse her mother if she heard, and if she had the wits to understand, the fearful injury I have brought upon her—and so I have left her in the house. Poor Maggie! wretched me!

"The first thing I can ever remember is kneeling by my good mother’s knee, and repeating my little prayer and evening hymn; and then her taking me in her arms, and kissing and blessing me, and laying me to rest in my little cot beside her bed. If mother had lived, I think my story would have had a different ending; but she died when I was only seven. Father married again, not a long while after, and my stepmother was a very different woman to what my own mother had been. I don't think she ever prayed herself, and she never made me say my prayers, so I soon forgot all about them. Mother used to be so particular about us all going to church twice every Sabbath, but my stepmother only went when she had some new gown or bonnet to wear, and she never cared whether we children went or stayed away; so after awhile we gave up going to church altogether.

"I was a wild, thoughtless girl, quick in temper, and quick in tongue; but as ready to forgive and forget as I was to fly out. I was comely, too, and it wasn’t long before Ned Mundy came a-court ing me. Father was minded to bid him leave me alone, but stepmother persuaded him that it would be a good thing for me to get married early, to steady me down (for she wanted to get rid of me—we often came to words); and so things were let to take their
way. Father was easily persuaded, but he wasn’t quite comfortable all the time. ‘Take care what you’re about, lass! You don’t know much of Ned yet; and those who marry in haste repent at leisure.’ This is what he said to me when I told him I had promised Ned to be his wife. I told him I wasn’t afraid; and my stepmother took care to prevent my having much time for changing my mind, for she speeded on the marriage as rapidly as even Ned could wish. Sometimes I thought of father’s warning, and got frightened to think how soon I should be doing a thing that would be past all undoing; and I almost wished that father had forbidden it straight, or at least that stepmother had not hurried it so, but had given me more time. But it was no use wishing, for almost before I could turn round, Ned and I were married.

“Father was right when he said I didn’t know much of poor Ned; and yet I am sure we might have been happy together if I had been different; but I had not learned to place my tongue under control, and it brought me into a sight of trouble.

“My husband and I went to Liverpool after we were married; for work was slack in my native town, and he said he was sure he could get employment in a larger place. And so it turned out; for he was engaged offhand by an upholsterer, as he was a neat workman, and had some good recommendations. However, before long we began to fall out. I don’t know how it was, but I got more irritable and wayward than before, and then I found out that Ned could not easily forgive. When first we came to words, I thought, of course, it would soon blow over; but the quick word rankled in his breast, and he couldn’t and wouldn’t forget it. I tried to coax him a bit; but when he still continued silent and sullen, I lost my temper, and said sharp and bitter things, and I don’t think that we either of us knew what happiness was again.”

Mrs. Mundy here made a pause in her sad story, and seemed to struggle with some strong emotion. There was such deep attention amongst her listeners that not a sound nor a whisper was heard, until one woman asked (more with the intention of getting her to return to the subject)—

“What do you mean that you were always quarrelling, neighbour?”

“No—not that—but from that time we both took to drink! Yes, you may well start and shake your head! I told you I
should hide nothing of my disgrace. Ned took to drinking out of
the house (at a public)—I took to drinking at home. Poor Ned!
I might have won him back to me at evenings, I don’t doubt, if I
had persevered in being pleasant and cheerful; but I wouldn’t take
the trouble to bring him back into good temper. We both of us
went very quickly down the hill. Ned at last never used to come
home at night sober, and very soon he lost his situation. Then I
took to drinking spirits. I had begun with beer; but as I found I
was getting more and more miserable, I thought that gin would
soothe me better.

“Ned tried to get employment from other upholsterers, but, one
after another, they had to give him up because of his intemperate
habits. His temper became so sullen and morose, that I became
afraid of my own husband; and I learned to place a degree of re-
straint upon my tongue because I dreaded what he might do to
me; I thought that if he were to strike me, as some drunken
husbands strike their wives, I should be tempted to murder him.
So I kept from angering Ned by riling words, because I was afraid
of what I might do if he should hit me; but he never laid a finger
upon me—no; poor Ned—he never gave me a bruise in his life!

“I can’t go on much longer, neighbours,” Mrs. Mundy said,
and her face grew whiter than it was before; “I must tell you the
rest quickly, for it seems as if my heart would burst with grief and
shame at what is still to come. My husband and I began to be in
terrible want, and what we suffered from cold and hunger only
those know who have themselves gone through such straits. But
how could we buy meat when all our money was spent in drink?
Oh, if I could but live my life over again, how differently I’d
behave!

“About this time my little Maggie was born. She was a fair
little thing, and perfect in limb and form. I felt a thrill of plea-
sure when I first held her in my arms, and resolved that I would
give up the drink for her sake. But I soon forgot my good resolu-
tion, and went back to my old bad ways. When Maggie was a
twelve-month old the dreadful blow came.

“One night I was sitting over the fire, with my child on my lap,
and a bottle of spirits near me. I don’t know how long I had been
sitting there, or what quantity I had drunk; I only know that
I had taken so much that I was almost, if not quite, unconscious. But I was roused at last by hearing a noise at the door, and when I looked round I saw some men carrying in another man. I stared at them, but never moved—not even when I saw it was my husband that they had laid on the bed, and who was lying so still. Then I heard a cry of horror from one of the men, and he came to the fire-place and picked something up,—and then—and then—"

The poor woman gasped for breath, and a livid hue gathered round her lips. One of the neighbours lifted her pitcher to her mouth, and said, in a pitying tone, "Never mind the rest now, Mrs. Mundy; you are making yourself ill. Perhaps another time you will be better able to tell us the remainder."

But the few drops of cold water she had taken revived her, and she answered quickly—

"Nay, neighbour, I must tell you now, for no time is to be lost, if you would stay the building of that fatal house. In my maudlin state I had dropped little Maggie in the grate, and never knew it; and she would have been burnt to death, only the embers had all died out.* But I knew nothing till they came and shook me, and told me that my husband was dead, and that they believed I had killed my baby through my drunkenness. Oh, neighbours, if you have hearts in your bosoms, you must pity me for what I have suffered then and have suffered since, even though you must hate, despise, and abhor me. The horror of that moment made me sober. I implored someone to go for a doctor, though the men said it was of no use; still they went, out of good nature.

"The doctor came. Ned, poor Ned, was beyond all human aid—he was cold and dead. Maggie was breathing faintly, and she lived; but her spine was injured, and it has affected her brain; and you know the sad object she is now! All my fault, wretched creature that I am! Can you wonder that I should have no other object in life than to try and make her happy, as I have been the wicked cause of her being so afflicted?

"From that day, neighbours, I have touched neither wine, nor beer, nor spirits. Can you wonder that I should loathe even the

* This was really true.
sight of them? They said my poor Ned's death was caused by heart disease, brought on by excessive drinking. And now, neighbours, after hearing my miserable story, will you have that pest-house put up in the midst of us all? Will you put such a temptation close by your gates? For God's sake, take warning by me, or you will live to repent it."

There was a solemn pause for a moment. Then the same woman who spoke before, spoke again. "Thank you, Mrs. Mundy, for your story, which is indeed an uncommon sad one. We know that it was only pure good-will to us that made you tell it, and I am sure there is not one of us that don't feel for you from the bottom of our hearts. If ——"

"I did not tell you for the sake of getting your sympathy," Mrs. Mundy quickly answered; "I told you for the sake of warning. And now I want to know if you will stop the building of that public-house."

"I don't see what harm it can do us, so long as we don't let ourselves be ——"

"Well, I have warned you," Mrs. Mundy said, interrupting the speaker for the second time. "I have warned, and now the consequences be on your own head."

(To be continued.)

Sunday Scholars and Public-houses.—How Sunday scholars may be retained in connection with the school and the Church after they arrive at the age of fourteen or fifteen, is a question which has long perplexed the minds of managers and superintendents. The returns furnished point, with remarkable unanimity, to the pernicious influence of strong drink as the great cause of the defection among Sunday scholars. The Sunday evening concerts, held at public-houses, are referred to as not only altogether neutralizing all good teaching while the young people remain at the Sunday-school; but as speedily severing the connection altogether between them and the Sunday-school and Church. One correspondent from a large manufacturing town, to show the temptation which the public-house puts in the way of Sunday scholars, supplies the following advertisement which appeared in a public-house window:—"Wanted, Sunday scholars with good voices to sing sacred music on Sunday evenings. Liberal payments will be given." Another clergyman testifies that a large number of young women, brought up at Sunday-schools, were bribed to sing hymns and anthems at the door of a public-house on the Sunday-evening, to attract customers.—Report to Convocation of York.
CHAPTER III.

Winter passed away, together with the early spring, when cold east winds are prevalent. April came, and its balmier air seemed to revive delicate Johnny. True, the dreaded removal to a less respectable part of the town had taken place, but the beautiful country scenes surrounding them were still free to the poor boy to enjoy, if strength would permit. Mrs. White, having proved that there was little or nothing to expect from her husband, put extra pressure on herself. Working doubly hard to keep in the poor lodging they now rented, she managed, besides, to provide for Johnny something more than absolute necessaries. Watchful as he was, he little knew the self-denial and over-exertion this required. But she seemed to live on the renewal of life in him; though it was scarcely possible to keep the candle burning at both ends always. How great her joy one day when Johnny came in with a bunch of violets and primroses in his hand; and with the slightest imaginable tinge of colour in his cheeks!

"Dear Johnny," she exclaimed, "you’re growing, quite a healthy lad, I declare!"

"Yes, mother," he proudly returned, with a smile; "I told you I should be able to go to work again, come spring—God willing," he reverently added.

"Nay, my bonnie boy, not yet; it’s quite too soon yet." And she kissed him fondly, and with a fluttering heart.

"I don’t know about that. What has just struck me, do you suppose?"

"I’m sure I can’t say."

"Why, what should hinder me from gathering these ‘ere flowers”—he held them admiringly—“and selling them for so much a bunch? I could do that now, mother, and so help you a little till I can manage something else."

"Bless the lad! it’s a very pretty idea; only it won’t do for you to be out too long or in unsuitable weather."

But Johnny faithfully promised not to venture on these little excursions excepting in the pleasant sunshine, and when he was fit to take them; so she made him very happy by giving her consent. Accordingly, the first opportunity found Johnny pacing up and down one of the squares with a small basket, in which were daintily laid alternate bunches of violets and primroses. His countenance was radiant with the thought of doing something to “help mother,” and he soon attracted the notice of a lady passing by. She accosted him.

"Why, my boy," said she, "you and your flowers look so attractive, that I am tempted to buy a bunch."

"Oh, thank you, ma’am," he eagerly replied, with a beaming face. "Which will you have?" And he held out the basket for inspection.

She chose the violets, and after in-
haling their sweet scent with delight, placed a penny in his hand.

"But, if you please, ma'am," he said, hastening to restore it, "the primroses are a penny, but the violets only a halfpenny, because they are in such small bunches."

"Well, it was quite right to tell me that, though you may keep it this time." And regarding him with still greater favour, she continued—"And pray, whose boy are you?"

"I'm Mr. White's, the chairman's son." And poor Johnny blushed consciously; yet he tried to hold up his head, all the same.

Mrs. Markham—for that was her name—knew the poor man's history well enough, at least as far as she had been told it by others. She was a particular friend of Mrs. Buckland's, and it will be remembered how much the chairman's worldly position depended upon that lady's influence, one way or the other. Johnny's new friend bade him adieu very kindly, and her thoughts dwelt on him so much as she walked home, that she talked about him to her husband that evening. He was a medical man of great repute in the city.

"Do you know," she began, "I met White's son to-day, and I think I have never seen a more interesting boy."

"Which particular 'White's son' do you mean, my dear? It's no uncommon name."

"His father is a chairman, you know; and I caught sight of the lad carrying a basketful of primroses and violets, and he and they looked so tempting together, that I bought a bunch at once, and—"

"And having fallen in love, asked his name."

"Exactly so." And she laughed gaily; but she looked grave as she went on—

"I'm only afraid the child isn't long for this world; he appears so delicate."

"Let me see," said the doctor, contracting his brow, under the effort to recollect this particular case. "Ah, I think I recollect; the boy had scarlet-fever, hadn't he? But when I attended him the family were well-to-do, and could procure everything he wanted."

"I thought I had told you that White has since taken to bad ways; and that no one will now employ him."

"Why, he appeared a particularly steady, nice sort of man. What has led him to make such a fool of himself, I wonder?"

"I fear, the example of evil companions. Poor people seem so uncertain; I only wish their superiors could understand them better, so as to help them more effectually."

"I wish the same a dozen times a-day," corroborated the doctor, with great earnestness; "it is sympathy, not equality, that we all want. When the poor cease to envy the rich, and the rich to despise the poor, then we shall come to a proper understanding. It's all nonsense, my dear," he added, with a little laugh, "to suppose that riches alone 'make the mare go.'"

Dr. Markham had a right to give an opinion, for his profession took him amongst all sorts and conditions of men; and he was a great observer, with a very large heart besides.

His wife smiled at him proudly.

"I always feel so glad that your knowledge of the world hasn't spoiled
you," she returned. "So many get disgusted instead of trying to find out how matters might be improved, and then doing something."

"That is quite true; but, talking of the White family, I own to feeling much disappointment as regards that boy. When I left off attending him, there was no reason whatever why he should not recover. I think, my dear, you had better call on the mother, and just ascertain how things actually stand."

"I would gladly, William; only when Mrs. Buckland went, she was sadly rebuffed, and I shouldn't like to encounter that kind of thing."

Dr. Markham opened his eyes wide.

"Rebuffed by Mrs. White! You astonish me," he exclaimed. "Well, my dear, you must please yourself, of course, but a less harmless creature never breathed, I should say."

Mrs. Markham soon turned the conversation to other subjects, but she did not feel quite comfortable about this matter of calling.

Meanwhile, Michael Brown and his brother were looking up in the world; and White could not understand why these two men, who had been habitual frequenters of the public-house for years, should now be becoming so prosperous, whilst he could scarcely drag on from one week to another. They had stepped into his own shoes, too, and this bitter fact made him reckless. So it is, dear reader. If we cannot fly to One who always pities and forgives, there is nothing left for us to do but to sink deeper and deeper into sin. White now spent most of the little he earned in drink, gradually getting accustomed to see his wife labour beyond her strength, till he felt scarcely any compunction about it. And if conscience did sometimes accuse him, he would quiet it by saying to himself—"Ain't those fellows more likely to come to grief with a chair than I, who have only lately taken to drink? I would rather lose all than submit to them ladies and their fancies."

And as there seemed a slight show of justice in his reasoning, it made him the more obstinate. But he forgot that having hitherto been noted for his sober conduct, one act of indiscretion was sufficient to destroy entire confidence; and that as his fellow-chairmen only continued what they always had been, nothing better would be looked for from them. Alas, poor man! a time was coming when his heart would be rent with agony and remorse. What a pity that he waited for this!

(To be continued.)

Among the prolific causes of crime, pauperism, and lunacy, your Committee are led to give the drinking customs of the day the most prominent place. Many magistrates, governors of gaols, chaplains of gaols, and superintendents of police concur in stating that of those crimes which obtain public notice, from eighty-five to ninety per cent. are the direct result of drunkenness.—Report to Convocation of York.
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted."—Eph. iv. 32.

WATER-DRINKERS.

What is a Teetotaller? He is simply a Water-drinker. A Teetotaller is neither an ascetic nor a recluse, neither a hermit of the wilderness nor a puritan of the metropolis; he is neither a better man, nor a more righteous man, nor a holier man for his water-drinking in itself; but he is a Water-drinker, and this article is intended to be an apology for water-drinking!

Yes, just think of that! It is neither more nor less than the rendering of an account of ourselves to the public, that, in the matter of beverage, we drink water. For the establishment of this right, we have to indite articles, make speeches, preach sermons, maintain societies, sustain a Magazine specially devoted to the subject, and support a legion of tracts, papers, and periodicals. If Total Abstainers would more frequently assume this broad, abstract platform of their principle, they would disarm opposition, and place their practice on indisputable, un debateable ground. We may, and oftentimes do, lose ourselves in a forest of words and arguments, in
our ordinary disputations on this question; but, if we were to take
our stand on this ground, we should throw the burden of reply upon
those that marvel at us.

Is it not a fact that a Water-drinker in general society provokes
remarks, criticisms, and sometimes unfriendly opposition, because
he is a Water-drinker? Let him say nothing, but silently pass the
decanter, and drink Nature's own refreshing beverage, and we
warrant he will in a trice be launched into a laboured apology for
such conduct. To help such a one through his difficulty, is the
object of this article; to protest against such liberty of modern
society, is the purport of our mission; and to break down the
barrier of prejudice that has rooted itself in the public mind on this
topic, is the cause of the establishment of Total Abstinence
Societies. We desire to see water-drinking as natural and as
universal as the water-supply: and, as this is the only beverage
directly given by God to man, we advocate its use by man, as "the
good creature of God," thus making its use not singular, but
uniform; not exceptional, but universal.

Drink is either natural or artificial; we choose the former, the
natural product of the bubbling fountain, the refreshing draught of
the crystal spring, the harmless, innocent, healthful streams of
water. Need we offer an apology for this? Is it a sign of a
normal state of society that such persons should be accounted sin-
gular? Yet the humiliating fact is too plainly before us—that
modern society deals harshly with us for drinking water only; that
we are, somehow, a minority of men, and feel as though we must
render a reason for our strict adhesion to Nature's own laws and
Nature's own supply.

We speak of "Nature" in her goodlier sense—"the name of an
effect, whose cause is God." The Creator has given to man a
natural thirst, and has supplied to man a natural drink—Water.
This, like air and light, is a necessity of our nature, and is, there-
fore, by the beneficent Hand, universally produced. It nourishes
the herbs, and plants, and trees—they are Water-drinkers, without
any apology being either given or demanded. It refreshes beast,
and fish, and feathered fowl—they are Water-drinkers, without
being accounted singular. It was the drink of man in the long-
lived patriarchal period of man's history, when men travelled far,
and laboured hard, and were indebted to their own bodily strength for what was done, with but little aid from mechanical power. There were giants, too, in those days; and there are none in these days! Whether of these periods, then, ought to offer the apology? Why, of course, the degenerate one!

Accordingly, when we say that we are Water-drinkers, we mean that we would return to the aboriginal appointment of Nature, the natural ordinance of God; yea, that, in our own practice, we have done so. Apart from all experience of other drinks, this is, \textit{à priori}, the simple, rightful, proper, and normal beverage of man. As such, we accept it, and, as God's good gift, we thankfully use it. Any expedient beyond this may be gratifying to the taste, to self-indulgence, to company-keeping, not (in this article) to say anything worse about it; but it is plain it cannot be \textit{necessary} to the use of man. We are Water-drinkers, therefore, on the double score of Divine gift and natural production.

But there are other drinks besides water; these are the artificial beverages, made and manufactured by man out of substances which bear stamped upon their nature some other more natural purpose of the Creator. By far the greater portion of these beverages belong to the alcoholic or intoxicating class, being possessed of a fiery compound, elicited in the art of making them. For which of these shall the apology be made?—for the old or the new?—for the natural or the artificial?—for that which flows in every brook, that falls in every shower, that distils in every dewdrop, or for that which, under a hundred different names, runs in a river of strong inebriating drink, in its desolating march, through every continent, and country, and city of the world?

An apology for Water-drinking! And must we make this deep obeisance, and bow this lowly reverence to our fellow-men, because we drink what God hath made, what Adam did partake of, what patriarchs did thrive upon, what Noah drank, and it had been well had he drank naught else? Shall we apologize because we breathe the free air of heaven? or offer a reason that we behold the light of the golden sun? or respectfully excuse ourselves before our peers, because we eat the bread that God bestows, and speak our native tongue, and live as Nature bids us live? We offer no apology for these; then, neither do we owe apology for drinking water.
If any one deems us singular because we dissent from common custom and habitual use, we answer,—prove to us that any other beverage is more natural, more necessary, more freely and universally and unfailingly bestowed, more ancient or primeval, more according to the ordinance of God, and the custom of the ages nearest to man’s Divine original—and we will stay our protest, and be no longer Water-drinkers. But, till then, that which is now must give way to that which was first; and the common custom and habitual use of to-day must yield its submission and allegiance to the unrevoked law and the universal use of Nature, that gives no deadly drink in the fountains and rivers of waters.

But someone, perhaps, would argue thus: “We do not object to you because you are Water-drinkers, but because you argue with us and desire to make us Water-drinkers also.” Yes, we argue with you, no doubt; but have you not been the first to provoke the argument by looking so wondrously at us, and by remarking on our customary beverage, and, not unfrequently, by using undue compulsion and persuasion, to induce us to drink other beverages than water? So long as we dissent from common custom, you account us to be singular folk; and singular people must always apologize, and to apologize is to justify, and to justify is to argue. Thus, it is you that have begun the argument by that expression of surprise, by that awkward shrug of the shoulder, as though you meant to say, “A Water-drinker! explain yourself; do you mean to condemn me because I drink a glass of wine?”

The fact is this: There are thousands and tens of thousands of us, who can live, and be healthy and strong and happy, without any stronger drink than water. Some of us do this because we can do it; and others of us do it because we desire thereby to show our friend and neighbour that he can do it. We simply revert to the natural beverage, because it is good, and healthful, and satisfying, and leaves no sting behind—neither headache, nor heartache, nor other residue of woe. We abjure the artificial beverage, because it contains radical evil, essential sorrow, the seeds of bitter fruit. We say, the world was created without it, lived many of its long-lived generations without it, and can, therefore, live without it again, and that it would be better without it at all; and, if we are persuaded, as we must be, by every-day experience of society, that
the world would be better without this intoxicating drink, what can we do better towards ridding the earth of this foul blot, than by beginning with ourselves individually (Water-drinkers!); then extending the influence to our families, then proceeding to our friends, and thence working out into general society, until the whole be leavened? If the name “Teetotaller,” or “Nephalist,” seems to involve too much, and to commit us too far, then let us call ourselves “Water-drinkers.” No one can object to that.

We maintain, it needs no apology to be a Water-drinker. The apology ought to come from the other side—on chronological, and physical, and moral grounds. Water was first, and still is best; God is the Creator of the water; man is the sub-creator of the hurtful drink;—who, then, shall offer the apology? Man’s normal state of physical health was under the régime of Water-drinkers; life, and health, and strength degenerate, in all ages and in all lands, under the influence of the intoxicating drink,—who, then, is to offer an apology? Water-drinkers, as such, offer no wrong to society, are impelled to no deeds of violence, are goaded on to no unfatherly, unmotherly, unmanly, unwomanly degradation by strong drink; whereas, man’s moral state has ever, and in every place, become down-trodden, degraded, and desperate, in the precise ratio of the introduction and use of intoxicating liquors;—who, then, shall apologize? This much we are bold to say—Water-drinkers need no apology for water-drinking; yet, for love’s sake, for reason’s sake, for humanity’s sake, we have thus ventured to plead the cause of Water-drinking; and would say, in the words of Pindar’s well-known Greek ode—“Water is best;” or, in the language of Byron, who knew the contrast well, and writes in his “Don Juan:”—

’Tis pity wine should be so deleterious,
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious!

The Islington Guardians have decided that in future no beer will be supplied to paupers in the workhouse, except as a medicine in cases of disease or infirmity.

A Good Example.—The Teetotallers of Canterbury have appointed a “vigilance committee” to see that the provisions of the new Licensing Act are peremptorily enforced by the police.
OUR LIST OF ABSTAINING CLERGY.

This month we print a list of Abstaining Clergy, which will be completed in the next two numbers of our Magazine. We do so for the purpose of putting it before our friends and subscribers, in order that it may become to them a kind of proof-sheet before the list is published separately. We have had considerable difficulty in ascertaining its accuracy, and shall not be surprised to find many changes required in it even still. We should be glad, therefore, to receive such corrections as soon as possible. We are afraid that several have fallen away on the one hand, but we are sure, on the other, that many have, from various reasons, never sent in their names. May we earnestly press upon those clergy who are Abstaining, whether by pledge or not, to let us have their names? In this movement, if we cannot have the bishops of our Church in the forefront, let our parish priests, at least, be seen in full numbers, showing that they are alive to the importance of this movement. We trust that those who perceive any inaccuracy, will at once be good enough to communicate it to us for correction.

THE COUNCIL MEETING.

A Council Meeting was held at the Society’s office on August 29—Rev. B. Nichols, of Mill-hill, in the chair—when the new scheme of the Society’s operations was, with some alterations, approved, and the Executive Committee appointed plenipotentiaries to carry out the details in connection with the Manchester Committee. After a vote of thanks to the Chairman, the Council broke up.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT LEEDS.

Having again failed to get this subject of Temperance inserted for consideration at the forthcoming Congress—nay, even being refused fifteen minutes, under the head of Church work—it has been determined to hold a special meeting at Leeds on the evening of Tuesday, the 8th October. A platform of able speakers has been
LIST OF ABSTAINING CLERGY.

It is particularly requested that any information relating to correctness or the reverse of this list, will be at once communicated to the Editor, as the list will be published separately immediately.

Canterbury.

Alcock, Rev. J. P., Vicar of Ashford.
Badger, Rev. E., Incumbent of Kingsdown, Dover.
Clarke, Rev. W., Incumbent of Wingham, Sandwich, Kent.
Gull, Rev. G. Eckford
Langston, Rev. S. H.
Sitwell, Rev. A. H., Vicar of Minster, and Chaplain to Archbishop of Canterbury.
Streeter, Rev. G. T. P., Curate of Bickley, near Bromley.
Wheeler, Rev. J. B., South Norwood, Surrey.
Woods, Rev. E. S., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Dover.

York.

Battersby, Rev J., Incumbent of St. Simon’s, Sheffield.
LIST OF ABSTAINING CLERGY.

CHORLTON, Rev. Samuel, Curate of St. James's, Sheffield.
CLARKE, Rev. Alured J., Rector of Elvington.
GUILDING, Rev. J. M., Vicar of Sowerby, near Thirsk.
KEANE, Rev. W., Vicar of Whitby.
LAMBERT, Rev. Alfred, Vicar of Monk Bretton.
MARTIN, Rev. H., Curate of St. Paul's, Sculcoates, Hull.
PARR, Rev. E. G., Minister of St. Peter's, Middlesbrough-on-Tees.
PYM, Rev. C. Melville, Curate of Christ Church, Doncaster.
ROBINSON, Rev. G., Incumbent of St. Michael's, and Chaplain to Workhouse, Hull.
ROBSON, Rev. Thomas, Vicar of Marske-by-the-Sea.
SMITH, Rev. A. Clarke, Vicar of St. John's, Middlesbrough.
STEEL, Rev. R. J., Vicar of East Harlsey, Yorkshire.
TALBOT, Rev. E. R., Curate of St. Jude's, Sheffield.
TERRY, Rev. T. H., Vicar of Seaton Ross, Pocklington.
WILTON, Rev. R., Curate of Londesborough.
WOOD, Rev. Abram, Curate of Holy Trinity, Hull.
WRIGHT, Rev. H. H., Incumbent of St. James's, Sheffield.
YOUNG, Rev. J. E. M., Rector of St. Saviour's, York.

London.

BATTY, Rev. G. Staunton, Curate of St. John's, Fulham.
BROWN, Rev. J. Todd, Chaplain, City Union, Homerton.
BURNET, Rev. J.
CAY, Rev. A., Vicar of Whetstone, Middlesex.
CONOLLY, Rev. Coleman, Curate of Christ Church, Watney-street.
DALTON, Rev. W. H., Vicar of St. Jude's, Chelsea.
Fitzgerald, Rev. G. S., Rector of Wanstead.
FLEMING, Rev. James, Incumbent of Camden Chapel, Camberwell.
FIRST, Rev. J. D., Vicar of Winchmore Hill.
GREGORY, Rev. J. G., Minister of Park Chapel, Chelsea.
HAWTAYNE, Rev. W. C., Vicar of Whitton.
HEATHFIELD, Rev. John, Curate of St. Michael's, Chester-square.
HERRING, Rev. A. S., Vicar of St. Paul's, Clerkenwell.
HIGGS, Rev. W. H., Curate of Ealing.
HITCHMAN, Rev. R.
LIST OF ABSTAINING CLERGY.

JACOB, Rev. J. A., Minister of St. Thomas's, Paddington.
KANE, Rev. J. B., Curate of St. James's, Pentonville.
KNIGHT, Rev. R. J., Vicar of Harrow Weald.
LOVERIDGE, Rev. R., Vicar of St. Philip's, Bethnal-green.
MAGUIRE, Rev. R., Vicar of Clerkenwell.
MOON, Rev. C., Mission Curate, Bethnal-green.
NICOLS, Rev. B., Vicar of Mill Hill, Hendon.
OUGH, Rev. C., Curate of St. James's, Clerkenwell.
PENNEFATHER, Rev. WILLIAM, Vicar of St. Jude's, Mildmay Park.
PRESCOTT, Rev. P., Chaplain to the City of London Union.
RICHARDSON, Rev. T., Incumbent of St. Benet's, Stepney.
ROGERS, Rev. J., Vicar of St. Thomas's, Charterhouse.
ROOKE, Rev. T., Chaplain, St. George's Hospital.
SARGENT, Rev. J. P., Mission Curate, Bethnal-green.
SHEPHERD, Rev. R., Curate of St. Michael and All Angels', South Hackney.
SKIRNE, Rev. CLAREMONT, Incumbent of St. Peter's Episcopal Chapel, Pimlico.
SPENCER, Rev. Dr., Incumbent of St. Matthew's, Marylebone.
STEPHENS, Rev. H., Finchley.
STONE, Rev. S. J., Curate of St. Paul's, Haggerstone.
STUART, Rev. CHARLES, Chaplain of Paddington Workhouse.
STUBBS, Rev. S. D., Vicar of St. James's, Pentonville.
WEST, Rev. R. O., Secretary to Church of England Temperance Reformation Society.
WHITTEMORE, Rev. W. M., Rector of St. James's, Aldgate.
WILSON, Rev. W. T. H., Curate of St. Jude's, Mildmay Park.
WORSFOLD, Rev. J. N., Vicar of Christ Church, St. Pancras.

Durham.

BODDY, Rev. J. A., Rector of Elwick Hall.
BULLICK, Rev. C. A., Incumbent of St. James's, Hartlepool.
BULMER, Rev. W. H., Rector of Boldon, near Gateshead.
BUTLER, Rev. G. W., Curate of Stanhope.
COCKIN, Rev. W., Rector of Bishop Wearmouth.
COCKIN, Rev. W., Jun., Curate of Lowick, Northumberland.
COLLINGWOOD, Rev. C. S., Rector of Southwick, Sunderland.
DUGGAN, Rev. M., Vicar of Cornforth.
LIST OF ABSTAINING CLERGY.

Fox, Rev. G. T., Vicar of St. Nicholas, Durham.
Fleming, Rev. D., Vicar of Coxhoe, near Ferryhill.
Herbert, Rev. S. A., Rector of St. James’s, Gateshead.
Holme, Rev. E., Newbiggin, Morpeth.
Hooppell, Rev. R. E., Head-Master of Marine Schools, S. Shields.
Houldney, Rev. W. E., Curate of Gateshead.

Winchester.

Allen, Rev. Dr., Rector of St. George the Martyr, Southwark.
Carey, Rev. J. D.
Clarke, Rev. J. Erskine, Vicar of Battersea.
Davidson, Rev. F., Vicar of Scholing, Southampton.
Eardley, Rev. Stenton, Vicar of Immanuel Church, Streatham.
Fox, Rev. G. E., Vicar of Hale, Farnham.
Galagher, Rev. G. F.
Hill, Rev. T. P., Curate of Shere, Surrey.
Lingham, Rev. J. F., Rector of Lambeth.
Lowry, Rev. Alexander, Chaplain of Portsmouth Borough Gaol.
Pyne, Rev. T., Hook, Kingston-on-Thames.
Snafe, Rev. A. W., Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene, Southwark.
Tugwell, Rev. F., Vicar of St. Andrew’s, Lambeth.

Bangor.

Edwards, Rev. H. T., Vicar of Carnarvon.

Bath and Wells.

Dring, Rev. H., Weston-super-Mare.
Gale, Rev. J. A. E., Rector of Treborough, Somerset.
Shaw, Rev. W. S., Curate of Tiverton.
Stedman, Rev. J., Curate of Weston, Bath.
Taylor, Rev. R. A., Rector of Norton Malreward, Bristol.
Watson, Rev. J. B., Portishead.
LIST OF ABSTAINING CLERGY.

WILLIAMSON, Rev. J., Vicar of Theale, Somerset.

Carlisle.

CLOSE, Very Rev. Francis, Dean of Carlisle.
ALLNATT, Rev. F. J., Vicar of Grinsdale.
ASHWORTH, Rev. ARTHUR, Holme Cultram.
DARLING, Rev. J., Vicar of Bampton, Penrith.
DUNCAN, Rev. J. J., Incumbent of Natlands, Kendal.
DOUDNEY, Rev. D. A., Vicar of St. James's, Denton Holme, Carlisle.
GABRIEL, Rev. E., Incumbent of St. George's, Kendal.
HODGSON, Rev. G. C., Vicar of Barton, Penrith.
LAMB, Rev. JAMES, Vicar of Cumrew, Cumberland.
LONGLEY, Rev. JOHN, Incumbent of St. John the Baptist, Blackford.
RAIKES, Rev. F. F., Incumbent of Milnthorpe.
SCOTT, Rev. J. A., Curate of Wigton.
SHEPHERD, Rev. W. M., Vicar of Newton Arlosh.
SMITH, Rev. ARTHUR JOHN, Incumbent of Levens, Milnthorpe.
SMITH, Rev. DANIEL, Curate of Kirkby Thore, Penrith.
SMITH, Rev. H. R., Incumbent of Grange Cartmel, Lancashire.
SUMMERS, Rev. W., Incumbent of Cartmel, Fell.
TAYLOR, Rev. EDWARD, Vicar of Temple Sowerby, Westmoreland.
TAYLOR, Rev. RICHARD, Vicar of Arledeon, Whitehaven.
WILLIAMS, Rev. WILLIAM, Vicar of Christ Church, Cockermouth.

Chester.

AITKEN, Rev. W. H. M. H., Incumbent of Christ Church, Everton.
BAGNALL, Rev. S., Incumbent of Weston Point, Runcorn.
BARDSLEY, Rev. JOHN W., Vicar of St. Saviour's, Liverpool.
BARDSLEY, Rev. R. W., Vicar of St. John's, Bootle.
BIRKETT, Rev. J., Incumbent of Christ Church, Winsford.
BLAKENEY, Rev. Dr., Vicar of Christ Church, Claughton, Birkenhd.
BONE, Rev. J., Curate of North Meols, Southport.
BULFIT, Rev. W. T., Curate of Holy Trinity, Southport.
Burrows, Rev. H., Curate of Waterloo, Liverpool.
Cheel, Rev. J., Incumbent of Holy Trinity, St. Helen’s.
Clarke, Rev. Thomas J., Vicar of St. Paul’s, Southport.
Consterdine, Rev. J. W., Incumbent of St. Philip’s, Chorley-Wilmslow.
Cooper, Rev. F., Vicar of St. Thomas’s, Southport.
Cronshaw, Rev. J., Vicar of St. Thomas’s, Wigan.
Davis, Rev. J. W., Curate of Runcorn.
Donaldson, Rev. G., Macclesfield.
Fair, Rev. Campbell,
Feilden, Rev. G. R., Rector of Bebington, Birkenhead.
Fenton, Rev. S., Vicar of St. Mary’s, Wavertree.
Flaherty, Rev. W., Curate of Parr Mount, St. Helen’s.
Grenfell, Rev. A. S., Park Gate, Cheshire, near Birkenhead.
Hammond, Rev. R. H., Incumbent of St. James’s, Toxteth Park, Liverpool.
Heffill, Rev. W., Incumbent of St. Mark’s, Dukinfield.
Hetherington, Rev. John, Liverpool.
Hesketh, Rev. C., Rector of North Meols, Southport.
Hobson, Rev. Richard, Vicar of St. Nathaniel’s, Windsor, Liverpool.
Linton, Rev. Henry, Incumbent of St. Paul’s, Birkenhead.
Mathias, Rev. W. B. S., Curate of St. Matthew’s, Toxteth, Liverpl.
Metcalfe, Rev. James, Curate of St. Peter’s, Higher Tranmere.
Nadin, Rev. J., Vicar of Christ Church, Crewe.
Oakden, Rev. J., St. Stephen’s, Congleton.
Powell, Rev. T. W.
Roper, Rev. E., Church Missionary Society.
Rycroft, Rev. Dyson, Incumbent of Christ Church, Kensington, Liverpool.
Salt, Rev. George, Rector of St. Bridget with St. Martin’s, Chester.
Sinden, Rev. W., Vicar of St. Peter’s, Macclesfield.
Swift, Rev. B., Vicar of St. James’s, Birkdale, Southport.
Taylor, Rev. J., Incumbent of St. Thomas’s, Stockport.
Thomas, Rev. R. D., Incumbent of Christ Church, Chester.
THE "GUARDIAN."

Thorne, Rev. J. P., Curate of St. Thomas’s, Liverpool.
Tomkins, Rev. P.,
Whitworth, Rev. W. Allen, Vicar of Christ Church, Liverpool.
Winslow, Rev. C. D., Incumbent of St. Barnabas, Liverpool.
Yonge, Rev. Richard, Vicar of Weston, near Crewe.

Chichester.

Marriott, Rev. E. H., Vicar of Farnhurst.
Marsden, Rev. C. B., Curate of Westfield.
Marsh, Rev. W. Wilson, late Incumbent of St. Leonard’s-on-Sea.

Ely.

Browne, Rev. J. T., Vicar of Isleham.
Faraker, Rev. R., Curate of Roxton, Beds.
Hammersley, Rev. J., Rector of Gedding, Suffolk.
Hutton, Rev. T., Rector of Stilton.
Imrie, Rev. J., Curate of Soham, Cambridge.
Leeke, Rev. E. T., Vicar of Christ Church, Cambridge.
Perry, Rev. Samuel Edcar, Newmarket-road, Cambridge.
Ram, Rev. S. J., Incumbent of Pavenham, Bedford.
Scott, Rev. J. J., Curate of Christ Church, Cambridge.

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THE GUARDIAN.

We are surprised that the Guardian was not ashamed to insert the following paragraph, considering the attitude it has always assumed in reference to the Temperance movement: “Archbishop Manning and the Roman Catholic clergy of London generally are making strenuous efforts to establish in London a ‘Catholic Temperance Association,’ which shall have branches throughout the metropolis. The association is to be modelled on the Temperance League, and has already had within a few weeks some thousands of members enrolled, the result being that in many neighbourhoods in the East-end of London, chiefly inhabited by Irish people, disreputable scenes, principally on Saturdays and Sundays, have ceased, and order and peace been apparent in their stead.”
MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

BOW, DEVONSHIRE.—A successful meeting in favour of our Society was held at the School-room here on Tuesday evening, August 6, the Rev. C. Gillmor, M.A., Rector of Bow, in the chair; when an admirable address was delivered by the Rev. John Power, M.A., lately incumbent of Bedford Chapel, Exeter, and now Rector of Dodbrooke, South Devon. The room was crowded, and much interest was evinced, many persons not having been previously aware that any Temperance organization specially in connection with the Church of England was in existence. Mr. Power's facts and illustrations were of a very telling character, as they were exclusively what belonged to his own experience, and had come under his own personal observation. The acknowledgments of the meeting were tendered to Mr. Power by Mr. Fred. Ellacott, in a few well-chosen remarks; and a vote of thanks was carried by acclamation. There was no collection, because the meeting (as a first one) was tentative, and was thought best to be free. It is hoped that one result of the meeting will be the opening in the village of a Temperance Reading-room, to be supplied with newspapers, magazines, and suitable books, so that men may have some other place to turn into, besides the public-house, to spend an hour or two in the evening.

WINDSOR.—On Sunday, August 18, sermons on behalf of the Windsor Parochial Temperance Association were preached in the parish church, by Rev. Thomas Rooke, and in All Saints' Church, by Rev. R. O. West.

STAINES.—On Tuesday evening, September 10, the Rev. Thomas Rooke gave a short address at the meeting of the Staines Parochial Guild. The Rev. W. Furse in the chair.

OPENING OF A NEW TEMPERANCE HALL AT GRAPPENHALL.—The tenth annual festival of the Grappenhall Band of Hope, which is in connection with the Manchester, Chester, and Ripon Diocesan Church Temperance Society, was held recently. Upon the same occasion the new Temperance Hall, erected near Cliffe-lane Bridge, through the generosity of Mr. Naylor, was opened. The munificence shown by this gentleman to the Temperance cause at Grappenhall is worthy of imitation. The total cost of the hall, including the interior fittings, will be about 1,000l. Outside the hall, cut in stone, are the following verses, which are extracted from a poem by Anderton (brother of Mrs. Naylor):—

If He who was all free from sin,
    From yon bright climes of bliss withdrew,
To welcome even drunkards in,
    Shall we not love the drunkards too?
Are not the souls of drunkards Thine,
    Thine for a price paid down?
Lord, fit them evermore to shine,
    Bright jewels in Thy crown.

The children met at the new hall shortly after two o'clock, when they were
joined by a detachment of Good Templars from Warrington, and a number of friends. The procession, which was composed of about 700 children, proceeded to Thelwall Park, headed by the Grappenhall Brass Band. After marching through the grounds, they returned via the Dog and Dart, and Stanney Lunt Bridge, to Grappenhall, and back to the Temperance Hall, where a good tea had been provided, through the kindness of Mr. Naylor, for all under twelve years of age. The elder members of the society and their friends afterwards partook of tea. A public meeting was held after tea. Alderman Farish, of Chester, présided, and he was supported by the Rev. J. Birkett, M.A., of Winsford, Mr. Naylor, and several other gentlemen. Songs and recitations were given during the evening, and a few appropriate words of heartfelt thanks to Mr. Naylor for his liberality were uttered by the speakers. The band played several lively airs, and the evening was spent very pleasantly.

The conclusion of "The Changed Hamlet" is unavoidably left over till next month.

A Novel Test of Drunkenness.—At a meeting of the Islington Guardians lately it transpired that the master of the district workhouse has discovered an easy method of settling whether a person is drunk or sober; and now that the stringent regulations of the new Licensing Act are in force, the fact is well worthy the attention of police inspectors and magistrates. The master's plan is to require an over-festive pauper to say "Truly rural;" and if he cannot, he pronounces him to be drunk. The Guardians have sanctioned this test.

Harvest and Drunkenness.—The returns received by your committee also show that the season of harvest is marked by a lamentable increase of drunkenness, as the result (1) of the immoderate allowance of beer to men at work in the fields; (2) in many cases of the unreasonable refusal of any other beverage than beer; and (3) of the unrestrained indulgence in beer too common at harvest suppers. The following brief extracts from the returns may suffice in support of each of the above statements:—"Harvesting leads beyond doubt to considerable drinking; and I often think it is the seed of the evil in many a young person. Drink is freely dispensed to men, women, and boys, especially when the weather makes the harvesting operation difficult, as an inducement to greater exertion in the work. After this kind of indulgence for several weeks, labourers find it hard to return to sober habits, especially as harvesting brings in good wages; and many young lads, I fear, never do return." "Some masters are so hard, that they will not give a man a drink of anything if he will not drink beer, even though he be a pledged Abstainer." "Very unseemly practices take place at harvest suppers given by the farmers; the whole company finishing up in a state of disgraceful intoxication or perhaps a fight."—Report to Convocation of York.
CHAPTER IV.
And now we must enter a fresh abode. It is not far from the renowned "Red Lion," though very inferior to the comfortable habitation once sheltering the Whites. The street in which it stands is further back, being inhabited by quite a different class of people; and here, in a dilapidated dwelling, live Michael Brown and his wife, with a troop of miserable "let-go" children. They house Tim, too. To say they were "looking up in the world" seems a contradiction; but so long as Michael and his brother had money in their pockets to spend as they liked, they cared little what sort of "kennel"—to use their own expression—covered their heads. If Michael's wife had been careful, from the first, to keep her house in order, and to be always ready to receive her husband when he came home, things might have been different. She married Michael with her eyes open, loudly protesting that she should be able to reform him. But she soon tired of the attempt, and became satisfied to keep both a slatternly house and person, that she might spend half her time gazing out at the street-door. "When I can get all I want elsewhere," thought Michael, "what does it matter to me?" But then, most of his earnings went elsewhere, and when Mrs. Brown complained, he would only say, "If you've never cared for my comfort, why should I care for yours?" It is time, however, to enter this wretched home. First we see a washtub standing on an old chair scarcely able to support it. Clothes are in every stage from wet to dry; the floor seems splashed and bespattered all over, and a rickety table is covered with soap-suds. How comfortless! not to mention children screaming and squabbling around. A miserable picture indeed, but not an uncommon one.

"I say, woman," said Michael, both with roughness and disrespect, "clear these 'ere things away, directly. I ain't a-going to stop long, but I want table-room."

"You stop long!" she answered, haughtily. "You're too flush of money for that. Me and the children may get turned out o' doors, for what you care. But I should like to know how you've come by them riches; they ain't honestly got, I'll be bound."

"I'd advise you to keep your tongue in your head, and not meddle with me," he growled, with a threatening look.

Poor woman! in her way, she had a certain sort of wisdom, and knew the man too well to try him further. Tim entered at this moment, and the brothers began to converse in low whispers, but as Mrs. Brown seemed to become absorbed in her washing again, they soon grew careless and loud in what they said. She heard all.
“Now, haven’t we been lucky?” giggled Tim; “and if it hadn’t been for me, we should have missed it altogether.”

Michael nodded assent, though his brother reminded him of this fact oftener than he liked.

“White will look up no more,” he answered in his turn; “and that proud wife of his may take herself to the union, with the little ‘un, whenever she likes. She’ll end there, anyhow.”

“I don’t know that,” was the doubtful reply; “in my opinion she’ll work her fingers to the bone, first.”

“Ay, she’s pluck for it, but she hasn’t the strength. The woman looks as white as a sheet, already; so don’t tell me.”

“And he such a saint, to treat his wife so!” chuckled Tim. “But I knew he’d never stand the notion of them ladies a-bringing him into team. We pulled the right string, my man.”

“And have tricked the whole lot on ‘em,” returned Michael. “Why, Mrs. Trim’s Sarah says as her mistress would sooner think of flying than trusting herself with White. Really, them girls’ll take in any amount of stuffing; if I’d said he had committed murder, they’d almost have believed it.” And then both men laughed, and went out together.

Mrs. Brown’s suspicions were amply fed; and there being some honesty in her rough, ill-tutored nature, she determined to hunt out and expose whatever of foul play there might be. At least, this was what she declared to herself. But, as she thought about it, conscience asserted its rights, and loudly told her what a different wife she ought to have been; and how, perhaps, she might have saved a world of misery and disgrace. What would she not have given, at that moment, to have broken through untruth, idle habits, that had, alas! become a part of her being! Sometimes our knowledge comes to us too late. Mrs. Brown, after hurrying up the washing, and cleaning the kitchen in a fashion, put on her bonnet, and went out. She knew where those families that had employed White resided; and going from house to house, she acquainted herself with the stories retailed against him. Servant-maids—indeed, people in general—are too ready to tell or hear some new thing; and Mrs. Brown being a fresh listener, it was very pleasant to enlighten her. As she managed her part adroitly, no suspicions were felt as to her real motives; so, when her round was finished, she was in possession of sufficient to form a very serious accusation against her husband and brother-in-law, should the actual truth come to light,—even making allowances for the usual amount of exaggeration. True, White frequented the public-house; but baser tales were afloat, for which there was no foundation but slander. An honest impulse made the woman long to go to Mrs. White, and tell her everything; on the other hand, she trembled to do so, not knowing what the issue might be. No doubt, White ought to be cleared, at any cost; yet, her own husband and children! It was a pitiable situation to be in. She entered her dwelling, full of misery, and found Michael there before her. Mrs. Brown was not expecting him; so, without giving herself a moment to consider, she burst out with,—
“Oh, Michael! my man, what have you done all this for?”

He was startled, conscious of doing many a thing that would prove inconvenient if known. She made the best of this little advantage, by continuing,—“This wicked gossip about John White is all lies; and you know it.”

“Well, it ain’t no business of mine, if I do; nor yours either.”

“Ah, but you and Tim are at the bottom; that I’ve found out for certain,” was the fearless answer.

“It’s you that lie, then!”—and he finished the sentence with a terrible oath.

Though used to such language, Mrs. Brown shrank back; but, feeling if ever she were to get an influence over her husband it must be now, she replied,—

“Now, Michael, you know that if you’re found out it will come awkward; and what’s to hinder?”

The man changed his tactics, thinking it worth while to try and throw dust in his wife’s eyes.

“You’ve got a wrong notion, altogether,” he said. “Because White made a fool of himself, that’s no reason why I shouldn’t step into his shoes, now they’re vacant.”

“It isn’t that I’m blaming you for, but because you and Tim have set on foot what won’t bear daylight. But the truth will come out, sooner or later.” And she shook her head prophetically.

“And if it does, I shall be out of harm’s way,” he boastingly cried. “You’re cunning, my lass, but you ain’t quite up to me yet.”

His tone was so full of meaning, that it alarmed her very much.

“Oh, Michael! you surely ain’t a-going off?” she tremulously asked. “There’s me and them poor helpless children; only think!”

“No, no! don’t you fear,” he hastened to say, feeling that he had been too precipitate; “only be a wise woman for once, and hold your tongue.”

An indescribably dread took possession of Mrs. Brown’s mind; for what if his conduct towards White were the least culpable of his actions, and he were even now obliged to fly from justice, may be, with ill-gotten gain in his pockets? Mrs. Brown, however, felt completely under his power; and looking despairingly up at him, she exclaimed,—

“Oh, Michael! I would have been an honest woman, but,—”

But he only laughed in her face, and went out.

It was the last time he ever saw her.

All this time, Mrs. White was struggling against her unhappy condition, with less and less of hope to help her on. A proud, defiant spirit steeled her husband’s heart to every better feeling; and the habit he indulged in had a maddening effect as well. Johnny was now everything to his mother; and to see him recovering both health and strength was her one great comfort. The season of violets and primroses had passed away; besides, Johnny felt he must do something more substantial than selling flowers; but he still looked so delicate, that no one would employ him, when hard work was in the question. What was to be done, then? for the boy had once caught his mother busy at it when she ought to have been in bed, and the thought of it made him very
miserable indeed. One day, however, he hastened home with something to tell her.

"Mother, dear," he exclaimed, running in with the bright smile he always wore for her sake, "I've got some work that will do for the present. It isn't what I like, but that doesn't much matter."

"Oh, but it does," she quickly returned; "and you're not fit to work at all yet. What can your father mean, to bring us to this?"

"But I am fit to work, mother, and you mustn't fret. You'll see father will come right, only give him time. I always have thought so."

She looked up, ready to catch hold of even a straw of hope. But Johnny's was no straw, after all.

"Mother," he went on, tenderly, and with eyes modestly cast down, "I pray for father every day, so he must come right."

Mrs. White hid her face in her hands, and wept bitterly; while Johnny stood by, wondering what he should do.

"Would to God that I had your faith, child," she exclaimed at last. "But the Almighty don't always see fit to answer our prayers—leastways, not just as we want Him to."

"May be, mother," said Johnny; "and if we were asking for riches and such like things, I could fancy we might be disappointed; but when we only want father to be good, that makes a difference."

It was a happy thought of Johnny's, and a fresh light kindled up Mrs. White's eye. Had she allowed faith to slip from her grasp, after all, whilst secret murmurings had taken its place? It seemed so. She raised her streaming eyes to Heaven, and with clasped hands, said softly, "'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise;'" and then, looking down fondly on Johnny, she added, "God bless you, my boy! It does make 'a difference;' for surely it was to make us good that Christ died."

Yes; when asking for purity and salvation, whether for ourselves or others, we are perhaps the most nearly fulfilling the mind of Christ. The two continued to comfort each other with good words; but Johnny had to tell what the employment was that he had found.

"It's to Wainwright's I'm going, mother," he said, when the conversation turned.

"The cabinet-maker's in Lime-street, I suppose?"

"Yes; they want a boy to rub things smooth, previous to polishing. It isn't pleasant to do, and hurts the hands dreadful; anyhow, it does at first, as they say I shall have to wear something to protect 'em."

"Then, I'm sure it's hard work."

"Well, in a way; only I can get nothing else just now. But I mean to do all I can to get strong, mother, for I've lost lots of good places because of my looks."

His mother sighed deeply, and exclaimed with the utmost anxiety,—

"Oh, do be careful, my bonnie boy, do! It will kill your mother if you put yourself back."

And Johnny was careful. He would have been for her sake alone. Nevertheless, the work proved so trying and
disagreeable, that he found it difficult to keep even as well as he was; as to improvement, that seemed out of the question. But Johnny possessed hope, that most precious gift of youth; therefore he was not going to give in if he could help it. (To be continued.)

CHURCH BELLS.—The Exeter Gazette published the following extract from a sermon by the venerable Chancellor Phillpotts, on the restoration of the church bells of St. Mewan’s, Cornwall:—Commenting upon the first and most obvious use which our bells serve—to call together the inhabitants of each parish to public worship—the venerable Chancellor says: “Jews used trumpets for this purpose, but a good peal of bells can be heard four times as far as any trumpet; and even for ourselves, with all our manifold modern inventions, bells are better than any clock or watch, which you may get to look at; but bells—will ye, nill ye—hear them you must; and how admonitory to all is their inarticulate speech! To the idle, careless Sabbath-breaker they seem to say: ‘Awake, thou that sleepest, prepare to meet thy God.’ To the drunkard, who is spending his Sunday at the alehouse, and says to his companions, ‘Come, we will fill ourselves with strong drink, and to-morrow shall be as this day and more abundant,’ they call aloud, so that he cannot but hear: ‘Awake, ye drunksards, and weep and howl, all ye drinkers. Woe to him that giveth his neighbour drink, that puttest thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken also, that thou mayest look on his shame. Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God. Woe to them that are mighty to drink!’ While to the graceless gadders about on the Lord’s holy day, they cry, ‘Ye bring wrath upon Israel by profaning the Sabbath, doing thine own ways, and speaking thine own words, and neglecting my house of prayer. Rise up, ye women that are at ease; hear my voice, ye careless daughters, give ear unto my speech; many years shall ye be troubled, for the vintage shall fail, and the gathering shall not come.’ And warn, too, they do the worldly-minded, who either openly buy and sell on the Lord’s-day, or in their secret hearts repine at the restriction put upon them, saying, ‘When will the Sabbath be gone, that we may sell corn?’ making the ephah small and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances by deceit—not giving, as we say, a penny’s worth for the penny. To such these church bells ring out their weekly warning, that for all these things God will bring them into judgment; while to the gracious and godly that keep the Sabbath from polluting it, and choose the things that please Him and take hold of the covenant, that join themselves to the Lord to serve Him and to love the name of the Lord, these same bells send forth a sweet sound of pleasant invitation and seem to utter an echo of God’s good promise when He says: ‘Them will I bring to my holy mountain and make them joyful in my house of prayer; their burnt-offerings and their sacrifices shall be accepted on mine altar; and thus saith the High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy: I dwell in the high and holy place; with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit; to revive the spirit of the humble and to revive the heart of the contrite ones—peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord, and I will hear them.’"
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"Make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way; but let it rather be healed."—Heb. xii. 13.

CHURCH CONGRESS.

CHURCH TEMPERANCE MEETING AT LEEDS.

PUBLIC MEETING, under the auspices of the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society, was held recently at the Philosophical Hall, Park-row, Leeds. The Society was founded in 1862, and is under the sanction of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and has for its objects the reformation of the intemperate, and the removal of causes which lead to Intemperance. There was a very good attendance. The chair was occupied by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Sierra Leone, and there were also present the Rev. R. Maguire, of Clerkenwell; Rev. Melville H. Scott, Derby; Rev. A. Hudson, Bingley; Rev. C. N. Keeling, M.A., Manchester; Rev. R. C. Wanstall, Dawley Magna; Rev. Dr. Gale, Garsdon; Rev. F. J. Moore, Foxdale, Isle of Man; Rev. A. F. Torry, Hull; Rev. W. Robinson, Manchester; Rev. A. Salt, Dent; Rev. A. J.
Clarke, Elvington; Rev. J. Erskine Clarke, Chelsea; Councillor Knowles, Blackburn; Mr. W. Touchstone, Manchester; and Mr. W. D. B. Antrobus and Rev. R. O. West, Secretaries.

The Rev. A. Hudson, of Holy Trinity Church, Bingley, read a portion of Scripture and offered up prayer.

The Chairman, who was loudly cheered, said he had been a Teetotaller for upwards of twenty-one years, having first adopted the principle in Leeds. (Hear, hear.) He was pleased to have this opportunity of showing his sympathy with all who were employed in the cause of Temperance in the great towns of England, and though removed from the sphere of action, he was still one with them in the great cause. (Cheers.) It might be interesting to know how the carrying out of Temperance principles had agreed with him on the West Coast of Africa. When he first went out there he was anxious to continue a Total Abstainer. (Hear, hear.) After he got up from the fever, which they knew was exceedingly bad on the West Coast, he took every three days a little champagne and claret. It was considered necessary to take these stimulants to gain a little strength. When he was visiting places where the water was confessedly bad, it was simply a matter of prudence to mix a little brandy with the water. With those exceptions, he had been enabled to adhere to his Teetotal principles—(applause)—and he thought they had agreed with him. (Cheers.) He had, however, not been out long enough to form a judgment on this matter. (Hear, hear.) He regretted the grievous prevalence of Intemperance, but hoped that the New Licensing Act, the better education of the people under the Education Act, and the dissemination of Temperance principles, would stem the great sin of Intemperance. (Applause.) The Society, which they intended to make better known, had now been in existence ten years, and it had done much good work. (Hear, hear.) The Temperance question presented several grounds of encouragement, and amongst these one of the most gratifying was the establishment in Leeds of the British Workmen houses without the drink, which had taken deep root and spread through the land. (Applause.) With the operation of various measures, and when the public-houses in the land were reduced to a reasonable number, the next twenty years would see a great improvement in the habits of the people, so that
they would hardly know the England of that day as compared with the present. (Applause.) With the spread of education and the wider influence of Christian opinions, the artizan would be greatly benefited, morally and socially, and the principles of Temperance would gather force and ultimately prevail. (Applause.)

The Rev. C. N. Keeling, M.A., one of the Hon. Secretaries, stated that the Society was not intended to be apart from the Church, but to work in harmony with it—Christian work and the Temperance work going hand-in-hand—and in this manner many would be gathered into the fold of Christ who otherwise would not have been. He showed that the plan he had sketched had worked well in Manchester, the parochial machinery having been used. They tried to get Sunday-School teachers interested in the work, and he hoped the time would come when a Temperance Society and a Band of Hope would exist in every parish in the kingdom. (Applause.) The members of the Society were anxious to do practical work, and he believed they were moving in the proper direction. (Applause.)

The Rev. Dr. Gale, who was heartily received, said he had been a Teetotaller for upwards of a quarter of a century, and had never felt the want of stimulants. He had done his work without drink, and was of opinion there was no necessity for drink at all. (Applause.) He was the first clergyman to join the United Kingdom Alliance, and he should have condemned himself greatly had he not joined the Alliance. He felt that they were bound as Christians to clear the country from the dangers of the drink traffic. He rejoiced in the establishment of the British Workmen houses without the drink, as they had done, and would continue to do, a great amount of good, and would tend to gather people within the fold of Christ. (Applause.)

The Rev. R. Maguire described the process of the Temperance movement in the Church, which had gone on prospering, and had now assumed large proportions. Recently a gentleman at Liverpool had presented 100l. to the Society to aid in its work. He was glad to know that Archbishop Manning had been in his (Mr. Maguire’s) parish on Sunday, and had put Clerkenwell Green to a good use by inducing many people to take the Temperance Pledge. He hoped these people would keep the Pledge. Had he
been at home, he would have deemed it his duty to have extended a welcome to Archbishop Manning. (Applause.)

The Rev. M. Scott entered into an argument to refute the idea that drink gave strength, and showed that men were not only stronger for not taking drink, but that they were also more reliable, and it had been seen on the Settle and Carlisle Railway that the many Teetotallers were the only men that trust could be placed in. (Applause.) In hospitals, too, where drink was not used, there were less deaths. (Hear, hear.) A medical man had told him that Total Abstainers were seldom ill at all, and when they were ill they got well directly. (Laughter and applause.) He was allowed by the Bible to abstain, and believed the system of the Gospel to be a system of perfect liberty. It allowed him to take a glass of beer if he pleased, but at the same time the Bible allowed him to give up that liberty for his brethren's sake if he liked. (Cheers.) In his class of life, dinner parties were a great temptation, and it became necessary to avoid these temptations. (Applause.) He was glad to have the opportunity of helping on the cause of Temperance in the Church of England. (Cheers.)

Councillor Knowles, of Blackburn, gave the result of his experience as a Teetotaller for twenty-seven years, and mainly through its influence he had been able to raise himself from a position of comparative poverty to one of comfort. He felt indebted to Dr. Lee for putting him in the right track. He had for twenty-seven years been a Sunday-school teacher, and his experience showed him that the greatest obstacle they had had to contend with was drink. (Hear, hear.) As the vice-chairman of the Blackburn School Board, he could say that they never had an application on behalf of a Teetotaller's child. But it was very different with regard to the children of drunkards. (Hear, hear.) Now was the time, he contended, for the Church of England to move in the direction of Temperance, if it was bound to be the Church of the people. (Hear, hear.) They must take up the Temperance question. (Applause.)

The Chairman was glad to find that Mr. Knowles had given them an illustration that Temperance and Christian work went hand in hand, and he announced, amid applause, that Mr. Knowles had given 100l. to the Society.
The Rev. A. Hudson reminded the audience that Leeds was behind Bradford in Temperance work in the Church. They had had a meeting in Bradford, and great good had followed from it. He hoped that the movement would spread in the churches, and that good fruit would result in Leeds from the meeting of that evening. He was rather jealous on one point, and that was that the British Workmen movement had not met with support from Churchmen as a body. (Hear, hear.) He did not know that they were unfriendly to the movement as a body, but they had not supported it. (Hear, hear.) He appealed to the people of Leeds to give an earnest of their sympathy with the Temperance cause by extending liberal support to the Society. (Applause.)

Mr. W. Touchstone said the Society had received promises in the North of England to the amount of 970l., but it was intended to raise a much larger sum than that, as they had a great power arrayed against them. He concluded with a warm appeal for support to the Society in the work it was endeavouring to carry out.

Mr. G. Ward drew attention to the literature of the Society, and hoped that its publications would meet with a large sale. He was glad to find that Mr. T. Collins was the only person who had come forward in the conference that afternoon to say a word in favour of beer-houses and public-houses. He trusted that Leeds would come up to Bradford in the matter of Church Temperance Societies, for he did not know of one in Leeds. He moved a vote of thanks to the Bishop of Sierra Leone, and hoped that the water there might be improved, so that his lordship would not have to dilute it with the nasty stuff he had mentioned. (Laughter and applause.)

The Rev. F. J. Moore seconded the motion.

The resolution was carried by acclamation, and the Bishop of Sierra Leone having responded, the proceedings closed with the doxology and prayer.
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY ON THE DUTY OF THE CLERGY RELATIVE TO INTEMPERANCE.

We rejoice to give the following extract from the Charge just delivered by his Grace the Lord Primate: "There is one dreadful evil overspreading the whole land, which makes havoc of thousands of our working men—the evil of Intemperance. It will be the bounden duty of every clergyman to see what efforts can be made in his parish to bring men to an understanding of the misery of Intemperance. I say not what association you are to join yourselves to; but this I do say, that unless you make distinct and positive efforts to meet this evil, you will be neglecting an evil which is eating out the very heart of society, destroying domestic life among our working classes, and perhaps doing greater injury than any other cause which could be named in this age."

LIST OF ABSTAINING CLERGY.

It is particularly requested that any information relating to correctness, or the reverse, of this list, will be at once communicated to the Editor, as the list will be published separately immediately.

Exeter.

Bennetts, Rev. Thos. J., Incumbent of Treverbyn, St. Austell.
Chope, Rev. T. H., Vicar of Hartland.
Clarke, Rev. S. Childs, Incumbent of St. Thomas's, Master of Grammar School, Launceston.
Gillan, Rev. J. H., Curate of St. Feock, Cornwall.
Gillmoor, Rev. C., Rector of Bow, Devon.
Jones, Rev. J., Torquay.
Kendall, Rev. James, Vicar of Lanteglos, Cornwall.
Lakers, Rev. J., Vicar of Liskeard.
Lyde, Rev. J., Chaplain to Borough Prisons, Plymouth.
McCormick, Rev. W., Curate of Collumpton, Devon.
LIST OF ABSTAINING CLERGY.

PODMORE, Rev. R. H., Vicar of Rockbeare.
PYE, Rev. F. W., Rector of Blisland, Cornwall.
RUDALL, Rev. ALFRED.
SHIELDS, Rev. JOHN S., Curate of Ilsington, Newton Abbot.
TAYLOR, Rev. A. R., Rector of St. Stephen's, St. Austell.

Gloucester and Bristol.

ALFORD, Rev. GEO., Vicar of St. Paul's, Bristol.
ALLAN, Rev. GEO. A., Vicar of St. John's, Cinderford, Forest of Dean.
BAYLIE, Rev. Dr., Vicar of Shepscombe.
EMERIS, Rev. J., Rector of Upton St. Leonard, Gloucester.
EMRA, Rev. J., Rector of Biddestone, near Chippenham.
ETCHES, Rev. W. H., Vicar of Longborough.
GALE, Rev. Dr., Rector of Garsdon.
HARDMAN, Rev. J. W., Incumbent of Felton-hill, Winford.
HARRINGTON, Rev. D. O., Secretary Irish Church Missions, Cheltenham.
HEYWOOD, Rev. N., Incumbent of Lower Easton, Bristol.
HEYWOOD, Rev. OLIVER, Incumbent of Oakridge, near Stroud.
HOLLAND, Rev. P. E. S., Curate of St. James's, Gloucester.
HOWARD, Rev. T. H., Vicar of Warmley, Bristol.
HOWARD, Rev. T. H., Jun., Curate of Temple Church, Bristol.
KIRK, Rev. W. B., Curate of St. Matthew's, Bristol.
LOCKETT, Rev. W., Rector of Littledean.
LUCE, Rev. J. J., Curate of St. John's, Cheltenham.
MANSFIELD, Rev. A., Incumbent of Shirehampton, Bristol.
PAGE, Rev. A. S., Incumbent of Selsley.
PERRIN, Rev. G., Vicar of Nailsea, Bristol.
ROBINSON, Rev. W. W., Kingsdown, Bristol.
SANDFORD, Rev. W., Vicar of Kingswood, Bristol.
SAUNDERS, Rev. W., Minister of St. Silas', Bristol.
SCOTT, Rev. F. J., Incumbent of Holy Trinity, Tewkesbury.
THWAITES, Rev. E. N., Incumbent of Blaisdon, Gloucestershire.
WARD, Rev. RICHARD, Curate of Cheltenham.
WOLSTENCROFT, Rev. T., Rector of Syde, Gloucestershire.
WRIGHT, Rev. W. H., Vicar of St. Paul's, Cheltenham.
LIST OF ABSTAINING CLERGY.

Hereford.

EDWARDS, Rev. T. H., Incumbent of Bishopswood, Ross.
HARRIS, Rev. John, Curate of Madeley, Salop.
HUTTON, Rev. T. P., Rector of Yockleton, Shrewsbury.
KIRWOOD, Rev. G. H., Vicar of St. Martin’s, Hereford.
LUMB, Rev. W. E., Vicar of Sibdon with Halford, Salop.
MARSHALL, Rev. W. J., Curate of Much Marche, Ledbury.
NUNN, Rev. PRESTON, Curate of Church Stretton, Salop.
THOMAS, Rev. T. K., Rector of Winforton.
VENN, Rev. John, Hereford.
WHITEFORD, Rev. C., Rector of Burbford, Tenbury, Salop.

Lichfield.

AUDEN, Rev. John, Incumbent of Horninglow, Burton-on-Trent.
BARRETT, Rev. Thomas, Curate of Coven, Brewood.
BODINGTON, Rev. A., Vicar of Marchington, Hanbury.
BRAMELL, Rev. John, Incumbent of Branstone, Burton-on-Trent.
BRASHER, Rev. S. B., Vicar of St. Paul’s, Derby.
BULKELEY-Owen, Rev. T. M. B.
CHAWNER, Rev. W., Vicar of Crich, Derby.
CHETTLE, Rev. W. W., Irish Church Missions, Derby.
CLIFF, Rev. S. O’Malley.
CROSSE, Rev. M., Vicar of Newhall, Burton-on-Trent.
DALTON, Rev. W., Vicar of St. Philip’s, Penn, Wolverhampton.
DENNING, Rev. J., Chaplain of Shrewsbury Gaol.
DIXON, Rev. Dr., Vicar of Quarry Bank, Brierly Hill.
DOBREE, Rev. O., Knypersley Parsonage, Congleton.
EVILL, Rev. A., Vicar of Mayfield, Ashbourne.
FENTON, Rev. T. J.
FINDLEY, Rev. W., Vicar of Willington, Burton-on-Trent.
GRIER, Rev. R. M., Vicar of Rugeley.
HINCHCLIFFE, Rev. E., Rector of Mucklestone, Staffordshire.
HOWARD, Rev. G., Rector of Fenny Bentley, Ashbourne.
LIST OF ABSTAINING CLERGY.

KENDALL, Rev. W., Incumbent of St. Thomas's, Castletown, Stafford.
LATHAM, Rev. E., Assistant Master, Repton School.
MOLINEUX, Rev. C., Curate of St. Michael's, Derby.
MOONEY, Rev. W. J., Curate of Bushbury, Wolverhampton.
MORRALL, Rev. J., Whitchurch, Salop.
MORRIS, Rev. JAMES, Vicar of Little Dawley, Salop.
MOSSE, Rev. H. M., Rector of Heage, Belper.
PAINTER, Rev. W. H., Curate of Holy Trinity, Derby.
PANTING, Rev. L., Vicar of Chebsey, Staffordshire.
PARNELL, Rev. E., Curate of Christ Church, Burton-on-Trent.
SATCHELL, Rev. W. F., Head Master Grammar School, Shifnal.
SCOTT, Rev. M. H., Vicar of St. Andrew's, Derby.
SMITH, Rev. G. E.
STAMER, Rev. Sir T. L., Bart., Rector of Stoke-upon-Trent, Rural-Dean.
TEAGUE, Rev. J., Incumbent of Whitfield, Glossop.
WALKER, Rev. P. M., Vicar of Edensor, Staffordshire.
WALTON, Rev. C. B., Curate of Darlaston.
WANSTALL, Rev. R. C., Vicar of Dawley-Magna.
WANSTALL, Rev. G. F., Curate of Heath Hill, Salop.
WOOD, Rev. H. W., Wetton, near Ashbourne.
YOUNG, Rev. A. M.

Lincoln.

BENNETT, Rev. H. LEIGH, Vicar of Mansfield.
BENWELL, Rev. H. F., Curate of Massingham.
CAMERON, Rev. G. T., Vicar of Heckington, Sea ford, Lincolnshire.
DISNEY, Rev. J. W. K., Vicar of Clareborough, Notts.
FLOWERS, Rev. W. H., Vicar of Ulceby.
GEORGE, Rev. John, Vicar of Deeping, St. James's, Lincolnshire.
HARE, Rev. W., Vicar of Owersby.
HOLT, Rev. J. M., Vicar of Keelby, Ulceby.
HUMBLE, Rev. J. R., Curate of Spalding.
LILLIE, Rev. W., Chaplain to Union, Nottingham.
SENIOR, Rev. W., Nottingham.
SUTTON, Rev. T., Vicar of Marton, Gainsborough.
WHITEHEAD, Rev. G., Curate of Marham, Notts.
WOODGATE, Rev. P. J., Curate of Edwinstowe, Ollerton.
LIST OF ABSTAINING CLERGY.

Llandaff.

Allen, Rev. E. E., Rector of North Kerry, Cowbridge.
Davies, Rev. D., Curate of Aberdare.
Osmar, Rev. J. W., Curate of St. Mary's, Cardiff.
Rees, Rev. Thomas, Incumbent of Llanishen and Lisvane, Cardiff.
Walters, Rev. H., Curate of Abertillery, Newport, Wales.

Manchester.

Adams, Rev. R., Rector of St. Thomas's, Redbank, Manchester.
Anderton, Rev. Henry, Curate of St. Thomas's, Preston.
Attlee, Rev. Simmonds, Curate of Holcombe, Manchester.
Bardsley, Rev. James, Rector of St. Anne's, Manchester, and Hon. Canon of Manchester.
Bardsley, Rev. G. W., Curate of Kersall Moor.
Baron, Rev. R. B., Curate of St. Anne's, Manchester.
Barrett, Rev. George, Curate of Leesfield, Oldham.
Barton, Rev. C., Rector of Flixton.
Bourke, Rev. Thomas, Incumbent of Gee Cross, Hyde.
Bradbury, Rev. Walter.
Brickel, Rev. R., Rector of Hoole.
Caine, Rev. W., Rector of Christ Church, Denton, near Manchester.

Chapman, Rev. D. F., Incumbent of St. Peter's, Preston.
Chapman, Rev. T., Incumbent of Christ Church, Chadderton, Oldham.
Clarke, Rev. A. B., Rector of Collyhurst, Manchester.
Coghlan, Rev. J. H., Senior Curate, Oldham.
Dewes, Rev. A., Vicar of Christ Church, Pendlebury.
Downing, Rev. G. A. W., Manchester.

Edwards, Rev. F. S., Curate of St. John's, Hopwood.
Edwards, Rev. John, Rector of Christ Church, Bradford, Manchester.

Ellison, Rev. J. R., Rector of Albert Memorial Church, Harpurhey.
Fielden, Rev. G., Vicar of St. James's, Clitheroe.
Fowler, Rev. J. T., Vicar of Whittle-le-Woods, Chorley.
LIST OF ABSTAINING CLERGY.

GARDINER, Rev. R., Curate of St. Paul’s, Hulme.
GARRETT, Rev. Dr., Rector of Moss-side, Manchester.
GREEN, Rev. S. F., Rector of St. John’s, Miles Platting.
GRUNDY, Rev. G. D., Incumbent of St. John Baptist, Hey.
HAWORTH, Rev. A., Rector of St. Catherine’s, Manchester.
HEPPENSTALL, Rev. H., Curate of St. Philip’s, Manchester.
HEWLETT, Rev. E., Rector of St. Paul’s, Chorlton-on-Medlock.
HEWLETT, Rev. Dr., Vicar of Astley, Manchester.
HEYWOOD, Rev. H. R., Vicar of Swinton, near Manchester.
HODGSON, Rev. W., Vicar of Christ Church, Colne.
HORE, Rev. E. C., Rector of St. Peter’s, Lavensholme.
HUGHES, Rev. H. P., Vicar of Shuttleworth, Bury.
HUMFREY, Rev. T. C., Vicar of Trawden, Lancashire.
HUTTON, Rev. W., Vicar of St. Philip’s, Manchester.
INGRAM, Rev. R., Vicar of Chatburn, Clitheroe.
JEFFREY, Rev. N. S., Vicar of Blackpool.
JELLCOCH, Rev. G. S., Vicar of St. Peter’s, Chorley.
JONES, Rev. NEVILLE, Vicar of St. George’s, Bolton.
JUDSON, Rev. R. K., Curate of Christ Church, Salford.
KEELING, Rev. C. N., Curate of St. Saviour’s, Chorlton-on-Medlock.
KENNEDY, Rev. W. S., Vicar of Shireshead, Garstang.
KENT, Rev. R. B., Curate of St. Matthias, Salford.
KENWORTHY, Rev. E., Curate of Glodwick, Manchester.
LEATHBY, Rev. W., Curate of St. Paul’s, Ardwick, Manchester.
LINDSAY, Rev. T., Curate of St. George’s, Manchester.
MAYALL, Rev. R., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Over Darwen.
MILNER, Rev. J. W., Incumbent of Heapey, Chorley.
MOLESWORTH, Rev. W. N., Vicar of Spotland, Rochdale.
NICHOLSON, Rev. R., Incumbent of St. Paul’s, Burnley.
NIGHTINGALE, Rev. G., Incumbent of Holcombe, Bury.
PATTISON, Rev. J. B., Nelson in Marsden, Colne.
PETHERICK, Rev. GEO. W., Vicar of Denshaw, Delph, Yorkshire.
POCKLINGTON, Rev. J. N., Rector of St. Michael’s, Hulme.
RAWSTORNE, Rev. W. E., Vicar of Penwortham, and Hon. Canon of Manchester.
ROBINSON, Rev. W., Incumbent of St. Clement’s, Manchester.
ROBINSON, Rev. R., Vicar of Chipping, Preston.
SALTS, Rev. Alfred, Curate of Rochdale.
SHEPHERD, Rev. J. P., Vicar of St. Thomas's, Preston.
STONE, Rev. Wilson, Curate of St. Paul's, Blackburn.
WADDINGTON, Rev. J. B., Vicar of Low Moor, Clitheroe.
WATSON, Rev. J., Rector of St. Jude's, Manchester.
WEBB, Rev. Wm., Curate of Holy Trinity, Blackburn.
WHITWORTH, Rev. W., Vicar of St. Mary's, Rawtenstall.
WILSON, Rev. T. P., Vicar of Haslingden.

Norwich.

BALLANCE, Rev. J. D., Vicar of Horsford and Horsham, St. Faith's.
BENEST, Rev. J. W., Rector of Little Cressingham, Norfolk.
EDWARDS, Rev. H., Curate of Fundenhall.
FIRMIN, Rev. Robert, Vicar of Yoxford, Saxmundham.
GREAVES, Rev. Cyril A.
LEE-WARNER, Rev. J., Thorpland, Hon. Canon of Norwich.
LORING, Rev. E. H., Rector of Gillingham, Norfolk.
NASH, Rev. T. A., Incumbent of St. Philip's, Heingham, Norwich.
OSBORNE, Rev. J. F., Chaplain to the Hospital, Norwich, and Rector of Eccles-next-the-Sea.
RANDALL, Rev. J. M., Vicar of Langham, Norfolk.

Oxford.

RUSSELL, the Rev. Lord Wriothesley, Canon of Windsor, Hon. Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, Rector of Chenies, Bucks.
BROWN, Rev. W. Bryan, Curate of St. Ebb's, Oxford.
COLLIER, Rev. H. C., Curate of Bicester.
CLUTTERBUCK, Rev. J. C., Vicar of Long Wittenham, Berks.
CUNNINGHAM, Rev. F. M., Rector of Witney.
ELLISON, Rev. H. J., Vicar of Windsor.
FRY, Rev. Dr., Oxford.
GRLLS, Rev. Thomas G.
HARRIS, Rev. F., Vicar of Chipping-Norton.
HASLAM, Rev. W., Vicar of Little Missenden, Bucks.
HATHAWAY, Rev. E. P., Vicar of St. Ebb's, Oxford.
Hawtrey, Rev. S. T., Mathematical Master at Eton.
Meade, Rev. John, Rector of Newton Purcell.
Seymour, Rev. W. S., Curate of Chenies, Bucks.
Turner, Rev. James, Vicar of Deddington.
White, Rev. H.
Windle, Rev. H. E., Curate of Iver.

Peterborough.

Agraman, Rev. W., Curate of Paston-cum-Werrington.
Butler, Rev. Dr.
Colles, Rev. W. M., Vicar of Melton-Mowbray.
Davys, Rev. E., Incumbent of Holy Trinity, Leicester.
Isaacs, Rev. A. A., Vicar of Christ Church, Leicester.
Merry, Rev. S. W., Vicar of St. Mark’s, Peterborough.
Pochin, Rev. E. N., Vicar of Sileby, Leicestershire.
Redyard, Rev. G.
Sale, Rev. E. T., Rector of Boditiongton, Northants.

The new Licensing Act has not been unfruitful in results. A decrease of drunkenness is reported from several of the large towns; and on the other hand the measure has produced at least one case of suicide. The legal sanction given to the extreme views of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends appears to have induced an earnest disciple to take an important step. The young lady to whom he was engaged to be married not being a Total Abstainer, the ardent lover yielded to the advice of his friends, and broke off the match. The young lady, on her part, put herself under the wheels of an express train. With this condition of things before our eyes, it is reassuring to know that there is at least one class of the community upon whose determined natures the restrictive provisions of the Act are likely to have no sinister influence. The inmates of the Brentford Union Workhouse have evidently their own views upon the subject of intoxicating drinks, and they have been carefully matured. From a report presented at a meeting of the Board of Guardians it would appear that the pauper mind is sufficiently strong to reject the influence of the new creed. During one year 80,000 pints of beer, 900 pints of wine, and 900 pints of spirits were consumed by a number of fewer than 60 inmates. As the result of this courageous protest against impending legislation, a bill of 760l. was presented to the Guardians, who strangely enough took a rather harsh view of the matter.—Globe.
THE CHERRY TREE.

Circed by many a vernal flower,
And decked with blossoms fair to see,
It stands the glory of the bower,
That Cherry Tree!

Ripened by summer’s genial beam,
By seasonable moisture fed;
How soon, amid the green leaves, gleam
The cherries red!

The blackbird on the blossomed bough
Might sit at eventide and sing;
But blackbird’s voice is banished now,
And blackbird’s wing.

No cruel guns the songsters shoot,
No smoke amid the foliage curls;
The gentle guardians of the fruit
Are those two girls.

Oft on a summer morning fair
Beside the tree are heard their feet;
And oft, with merry laugh, they share
The cherries sweet.

The pleasant songs and fruits and flowers,
The green below, the blue above,
The fragrance of the summer hours,
They dearly love!
THE CHERRY TREE.

For once they lived 'mid noise and smoke,
   And crowded in a narrow room,
And morning after morning woke
   To care and gloom—

Until their father laid aside
   The sin which easily besets,
And bravely scattered far and wide
   The tempter's nets.

Then vanished gloom and scanty fare;
   God's blessing smiled on self-restraint;
And household peace supplanted care,
   And joy, complaint.

The gold which once took wing and flew
   When self-indulgence held its sway,
By prudence cherished, quickly grew
   From day to day.

And now the country house is bought,
   And health and happiness abound;
A cottage, with all comforts fraught,
   And garden ground.

And when the loving circle meet,
   On summer eve, from duties free,
What marks their father's favourite seat?
   The Cherry Tree!

   RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

—The Family Friend.
MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

Our Clerical Secretary has commenced what we trust will prove to be a successful winter campaign. On Friday evening, October 4th, he attended the anniversary meeting of the St. Saviour's Parochial Temperance Society, Manchester, and delivered an address. On Saturday, the 5th ult., he addressed a meeting in the Slaidburn Grammar School; on Sunday, the 6th, he preached a sermon on behalf of the Society in the Slaidburn Parish Church. During the Congress week he was present with Mr. Antrobus, the Manchester Secretary, at Leeds, to give information on the working of the Society. On Friday evening, the 11th, he and Mr. Antrobus met a number of Church of England Sunday-school teachers in the Corn Exchange, York, and aided in the formation of a branch society. On Sunday, the 13th, he preached three Temperance sermons at Darlington, at which place he addressed a meeting on Monday evening, when a branch of the Society was formed for Darlington and district; Mr. Antrobus giving valuable suggestions on organization, &c. On Tuesday, 15th, Mr. West preached a Temperance sermon in St. Saviour's Church, York, afterwards attending a meeting in the vestry of the church, for the appointment of office-bearers in the new branch; and on Thursday, the 17th, he preached on "Temperance" at St. James', Pentonville, the service being one of a series of special services for the week.

DARLINGTON.—The following is an extract from report forwarded. On Sunday last, special sermons were preached by the Rev. R. O. West, Clerical Secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society, in the morning and evening, in St. Paul's Church, and in the afternoon, in St. Cuthbert's Parish Church. On Monday evening, a public meeting was held in the Lecture-room, Central Hall, to establish a branch of the Society for Darlington and district. After being opened by singing and prayer, the Chairman explained the object of the meeting, and having formally proposed "that a branch of the Church of England Temperance Society be formed for Darlington and district," called upon the Rev. R. O. West to support it. Mr. West, in his speech, set forth the distinctive features of the Society in question, seeking to make it a religious rather than a mere moral influence, and urged upon Churchmen the necessity of doing something to diminish the evils of Intemperance. Mr. W. D. B. Antrobus, the Manchester Organizing Secretary, also dwelt upon the evil effects of Intemperance, especially as seen in the failure of Sabbath-school teaching. The meeting, having given a hearty vote of thanks to W. Thompson, Esq., for presiding, separated after singing and prayer.

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

"IF SINNERS ENTICE THEE, CONSENT THOU NOT."

CHAPTER V.

It was on a Sunday morning. The sun was shining in at the windows, and the bells were ringing for church. Mrs. White and her son had had their meagre breakfast; and their room, though poor and small, was almost cheerful, because so clean and tidy. The only uncomfortable, untidy object within it was White himself. He was leaning over the fireplace, with face unwashed and hair dishevelled, and his dress bore the dust and mire of many a day’s wear. How different from what once had been! Mrs. White kept looking alternately at her husband and the bright sun, whose rays were glancing upon him at that moment. The merciful God bestows His kind gifts alike on the evil and on the good; of the former, He says, in long-suffering love, “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.” But White no longer thought of this; and it was in vain that his wife bestowed such looks of entreaty; he did not even see them. But those bells, ringing out so loudly, called to him to come to the House of God; and they brought to her recollection the time when both he and she went regularly together. Often had they done so before, but never so powerfully as on this particular morning. She spoke to him, for she could not help it.

“John,” she said, softly, and with a tremulous voice, “what should hinder your going to church? It is such a fine morning, and that bright sun do seem to say, ‘O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever.’”

She had not meant to say so much when she began, having long ceased to venture on persuasive language to her husband.

He turned round in a dreamy sort of way, and the light fell full on his face as he did so. What a miserable, sin-worn face! He made no effort to answer.

“Did you hear me, John?” she gently repeated.

“Ay, I heard you, but I ain’t fit to sit alongside of the gentlefolks. It’s the fine clothes as makes the church, now-a-days.” This was said mockingly.

“You didn’t used to think so, once,” she replied. “Besides, John, dear,”—and here she ventured on the loving tone of former times—“when you’re in your nice black coat, there are few men as look better.”

An unpleasant expression took possession of his features; and he said carelessly, and with a defiant laugh—

“I’ve got rid o’ that; and if you want to know why, it was for drink. The trousers and waistcoat have gone too.” Then he stared up at her, to enjoy the effect of this speech.

She covered her eyes with her
hands, whilst she returned, in low, depressed accents—

"Oh, John! it was only the other day that I brushed them all, and laid them back in the drawer, so neat and nice. But go to church as you are. I don't care how you're dressed, if you'll only go."

"Oh, I daresay, but I sha'n't. Church and I have bid good-bye to each other for ever."

"No, no!" she cried; "I know it's not for ever. Oh no!" And she began to weep tears that he had never seen her weep before. Time was when they would have shocked him, but not now. He looked just a little astonished, and then, an idea suddenly occurring to him, he inquired, "Pray, has parson been?"

"That's nothing to do with it, John," she replied, with a shake of her head; "you needn't think it."

"But has he been?" shouted he, savagely, glad for something to go into a rage about. "I won't have any of your long-faced gentry here; so now you know."

"No, he hasn't," she replied, between her sobs, "at least, not as I know of."

But White's anger was by no means cooled.

"If he ever darkens my door," he threatened, "I'll —" He clenched his teeth, and shook his fist. "And if you dare to deceive me, I'll —" And then he shook his fist at her.

She was a little woman, but almost looked tall as she said, slowly and solemnly—

"John, if I never go to church again, nor see a good gentleman, I'll never deceive you."

He was completely cowed; and as she turned her sorrowful, reproachful gaze on him as she left the room, he felt fascinated. That look was never forgotten, to the end of his days.

Let us return for awhile to unhappily Mrs. Brown. After her husband was gone, she sat for a long time just where he left her. At last, however, the children came rushing in from their uproarious play, and she was obliged to see to them. When they were all in bed she seated herself in the same listless way, knowing that Brown would not be back yet awhile; and her thoughts took a hopeless, wearisome round as before, making her wish she could drown them altogether—a wish vain indeed. When the dim light of dawn was already visible, Tim made his appearance alone. "Where is Michael?" asked the anxious wife, strangely alarmed.

"Michael?" he repeated, stupidly, and reeling into a chair. "That's more than I can tell you. He'd to take a lady to Alston somewhere about ten o'clock, and I haven't seen him since."

"Then go in search of him, Tim. I'm sure something has happened."

"Thank ye, that's more than I shall do," was the heartless reply; "for I'm a-going to turn in. It's always like you silly women, to make a fuss about nothing."

Aware that argument was useless, she felt strongly inclined to seek her husband herself; but then, if he should come home in the meantime, it would go hardly with her to be found absent. Another hour or two passed in wretched suspense, and a step was again heard outside, though not the step she most wanted to hear.
It paused at her door; her own name was called, and she had to open to a sad messenger. She doubted not for a moment that he brought ill-tidings of her husband. Such forecastings do come to us sometimes.

"What I've got to tell you ain't pleasant," said the man, awkwardly. He was kind-hearted, so shrank from what he had to do.

"I know that," she replied, staring vacantly into his face; "only be quick with what you've to say."

"I'm real sorry," he began, glancing anxiously at his miserable victim, "but poor Brown has happened an accident; a bad one, too." He paused a moment, to continue — "I can't imagine as how it occurred; but somehow, in crossing that 'ere bridge on the road to Alston, he—" Again he paused, to clear his throat.

"For mercy's sake, man!" she cried, "out with the worst." And she buried her face in her hands.

But I will not further describe the despairing agony of this unfortunate woman. This much, however, must be told the reader: Alston was a village, about a mile out of town, and Michael Brown had, according to appointment, taken the lady safely to her home; but on his way back he called at the Half-way House for a draught of ale, intending to finish up the evening with his boon companions, as usual. Meeting, however, with several friends, he was induced to stop, till in no condition to go on alone, much less to take his chair. Stranger still, he chose a bye-path, where, though the way was good, a brook crossed it in one part, and fields spread out on either side. Over this brook was placed some rude planking, improperly designated a bridge. No doubt the night air affected Michael; otherwise there was little to fear, the brook being shallow. But as a labourer passed in the early morning, he was horrified on finding the miserable man lying in the water, quite still, with his face downwards, whilst the chair had run back a little way into the field. No one could exactly tell how it had been done, but it was supposed that stupefaction had prevented Michael rising after the fall, and that thus had he, in all probability unconsciously, slipped into eternity. Poor man! he was "out of harm's way" now, though differently from what he had anticipated. Only a few days after this terrible event, a serious robbery occurred in the city. After it, Tim was seen and heard of no more; and poor Mrs. Brown could not help putting "two and two together," however unwillingly. Her grief for her husband was all the more poignant because, after Tim's flight, the police were down upon her. But they were soon satisfied that she was no accomplice, and a gipsy encampment having been in the neighbourhood just before the robbery, they concluded that he had joined it; and thus the matter was obliged to rest.

A few weeks had passed away when a forlorn figure, with a shabby fold of crape round her bonnet, knocked hesitatingly at Mrs. White's door. It was all the bit of mourning she could afford.

"Doesn't Mrs. White live here?" she tremulously asked of the woman who answered the knock.

"Yes; but she's ill, and not likely
o see anybody again.” This was said rather rudely, for none despise the dirty poor more than the clean of their own class.

"I'm sorry for it," returned Mrs. Brown, feeling dismayed; "for if she's really going to die, I'm doubly anxious to see her. Oh, I really must."

"You can't, then!" And the door was shut in her face.

Utterly spiritless, the despised one retraced her steps. Neither was she, poor thing, long for this world, for a broken heart soon put an end to her existence. The last few days of her life she spent in the hospital, and there met with one ray of comfort, since a lady, a frequent visitor, gave the sympathy she needed. This lady was none other than Mrs. Buckland, and to her the unhappy woman confessed what lay so heavily on her heart.

And speaking of Mrs. Buckland, had she not to accuse herself of giving too much heed to tale-bearing? She too thought so as she listened to Mrs. Brown's story. But we all have faults, and, knowing this, we surely ought to try to exercise that spirit of charity which the command to love one another enjoins. It was still in Mrs. Buckland's power to soothe the dying hours of this despairing one, and she did so with humility and thankfulness.

"Can there be hope for a poor sinner like me?" asked the trembling, conscience-stricken woman.

"Oh yes! 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin,'" was the earnest, though gentle response.

It seemed enough for herself, but the next question was painful indeed.

"My husband! my poor, poor Michael! Isn't there a word for him?"

she asked, in tones of anguish indescribable.

To this no answer could be given. We know that the Bible says "Judge not, that ye be not judged"; but it also says—"He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy;" and beyond the Bible we must not go. So Mrs. Buckland could only take refuge in silence and prayer, whilst this poor woman passed away, saved, yet so as by fire, and with her last moments embittered by uneasy thoughts about her departed husband. But what of her children? Theirs was a fate which too often falls on the children of drunkards. The inheritance of sin is a sad one; and, in spite of many efforts on their behalf, only one of this large family turned out respectably and well. Oh, that parents would oftener remember that, whilst heedlessly indulging their own passions, they are also sowing seed which may, in the end, ruin their offspring, both soul and body!

(To be continued.)

Temperance puts wood on the fire, meal in the tub, money in the purse, clothes on the children, vigour in the body, intelligence in the brain, and spirit in the whole constitution.
TEXT FOR THE MONTH.

"The Lord is faithful, who shall establish you and keep you from evil."—2 Thess. iii. 3.

FAREWELL.

This is the last number of the present series of our Magazine, and therefore we have prefixed the word that stands at the head of this article. The enlarged ground our Society is taking up demands a change of our Magazine, which will be issued in January, under the title of "The Church of England Temperance Chronicle," and will be henceforth the organ of our Society on the wider basis of operations, which its first number will fully explain. Our own old name will be reserved for a larger and a Quarterly Journal, which it is intended should be issued on April 1, and which will be supported, as well as The Chronicle, by a staff of well-known writers on Temperance and social subjects. While saying, then, to our readers, "Farewell," say we to our successors, monthly and quarterly, "God speed."
LIST OF ABSTAINING CLERGY.

It is particularly requested that any information relating to correctness, or the reverse, of this list, will be at once communicated to the Editor, as the list will be published separately immediately.

Ripon.

Bayldon, Rev. G., Vicar of Cowling, Yorkshire.
Brooke, Rev. J. Ingram, Rector of Thornhill, Dewsbury.
Calvert, Rev. T. B., Vicar of Thornthwaite, Ripley.
Donagan, Rev. H. R., Vicar of St. Thomas's, Bradford.
Fox, Rev. S. W. D., Curate of St. James's, Halifax.
Greene, Rev. Henry, Curate of Thornhill, Dewsbury.
Hearn, Rev. E. M., Vicar of Stamforth, Settle.
Harrison, Rev. H., Incumbent of Idle, Leeds.
Hough, Rev. George, Vicar of South Crossland, Huddersfield.
Hudson, Rev. A., Incumbent of Holy Trinity, Bingley.
Hulbert, Rev. C. A., Incumbent of Slaithwaite, Huddersfield.
Hull, Rev. R. Bevan, Curate of Thornhill, Dewsbury.
Irwine, Rev. A. P., Vicar of Bingley.
Laycock, Rev. W., Incumbent of South Owram, Halifax.
Lovegrove, Rev. E., Curate of Woodside, Horsforth, Leeds.
Mitchell, Rev. J. H., Incumbent of Cullingworth, Bingley.
Rice, Rev. J. G., Incumbent of St. Bartholomew's, Bradford.
Routh, Rev. J. O., Hawes by Bedale, Yorkshire.
Sheepshanks, Rev. J., Vicar of Bilton, near Harrogate.
Whitney, Rev. Thomas, Incumbent of Marsden, Yorkshire.

Rochester.

Bramston, Rev. W. M., Rector of Willingale Doe, Essex.
Gibson, Rev. H., Rector of Fyfield, Essex.
LIST OF ABSTAINING CLERGY.

HOLDEN, Rev. W. T., Curate of Bocking, Essex.
MACNAMARA, Rev. R. Y., Vicar of Moutuinessing, Essex.
STUART, Rev. W., Vicar of Mundon, Essex.

St. Asaph.
FOULKES, Rev. T. B., Vicar of Llanyblodwell.
JAMES, Rev. D. LLOYD, Incumbent of Pont Robert.
JENKINS, Rev. E., Rector of Llangyniew, Welshpool; and Pre-
bendary of Llandaff.
MOOR, Rev. C. T., Vicar of Sarn, Newtown.

St. David’s.
ACWORTH, Rev. W., Rector of West Walton, Pembroke.
ARMSTRONG, Rev. Dr., Vicar of Llanstadwell, Pembroke.
COOK, Rev. C., Incumbent of Holy Trinity, Swansea.
EVANS, Rev. B., Incumbent of Llanstephan, Carmarthen.
HARRISON, Rev. R. H., Vicar of Builth, and Rural Dean.
MEIGH, Rev. J., Curate of St. Mary’s, Swansea.
MOORE, Rev. E.
THOMAS, Rev. J., Head-Master of Grammar School, Haverford
West, and Vicar of Clarbeston.
THOMAS, Rev. O. D., Morriston, Swansea.
THOMAS, Rev. T., Incumbent of Cerrigynana, Builth.
WILLIAMS, Rev. DAVID, Vicar of Llanelly, Carmarthenshire.
WOLFE, Rev. E. J., Curate of Swansea.

Salisbury.
ACWORTH, Rev. C. G., Vicar of Trinity, Trowbridge.
BLATHWAYT, Rev. R. V., Rector of Lillington, Dorset.
COLLARD, Rev. E. C., Vicar of Alton Pancras, Dorchester.
DARBY, Rev. W., Curate of Swanage, Dorset.
GREATVES, Rev. TALBOT, Rector of St. Mary’s, Weymouth.
HANDELEY, Rev. A. B., Rector of Fisherton Anger, Wilts.
KELLY, Rev. J. G., Rector of Mappowder, Blandford.
METHUEN, Rev. H.
METHUEN, Rev. F. P.
MILES, Rev. H. B., Rector of Burleston, Dorchester.
MOULE, Rev. H., Vicar of Fordington, Dorset.
PENNY, Rev. G. H., Vicar of Abbotsbury, Dorset.
RAIKES, Rev. H. P., Curate of Chelseybourne, Dorset.
WALKER, Rev. R. G.
LIST OF ABSTAINING CLERGY.

Sodor and Man.

AIREY, Rev. ROBERT, Chaplain of St. Mark's, Douglas, Isle of Man.
Caine, Rev. T., Vicar of Lonan, Isle of Man.
HEATON, Rev. W., Vice-Principal of King William's College, Douglas, Isle of Man.
HOWARD, Vicar of Onchan, Isle of Man.
HOWARD, Rev. T., Rector of Ballaugh, Isle of Man.
KISSACK, Rev. E. W., Vicar of Church Rushen, Isle of Man.
MOORE, Rev. F. J., Incumbent of Foxdale, Isle of Man.
WHITE, Rev. H. G., Curate of Ballaugh, Isle of Man.

Worcester.

SANDFORD, Ven. Archdeacon, Alvechurch, Redditch.
ADDINGTON, Rev. J., Chaplain of Worcester County Gaol.
ALLAN, Rev. WILLIAM, Leamington.
BREAY, Rev. H. T., Vicar of St. Matthias', Birmingham.
BULLOCK, Rev. C., Rector of St. Nicholas', Worcester.
GWTHER, Rev. H., Vicar of Yardley, Birmingham.
KEATCH, Rev. F., Incumbent of St. Paul's, Blackheath, Birmingham.
MAYALL, Rev. C., Curate of St. Matthias', Birmingham.
MINSHULL, Rev. T. E., Assistant Minister, Castle Bromwich.
PARKER, Rev. M., Curate of St. Saviour's District, St. Matthias, Birmingham.
REYNOLDS, Rev. P., Vicar of St. Stephen's, Birmingham.
RIDGEWAY, Rev. C. J., Vicar of Trinity, North Malvern.
ROBINSON, Rev. G. W., Vicar of Walmley, Birmingham.
SCOWCROFT, Rev. J. H., Vicar of St. Matthew's, Birmingham.
THOMAS, Rev. JOHN, Vicar of Attleborough, Nuneaton.
THOMPSON, Rev. JOSEPH H., Vicar of Cradley.
TONGE, Rev. G., Incumbent of Sparkbrook, Birmingham.
WEBB, Rev. A. S., Vicar of Stockingford, Nuneaton.
WILLIAMS, Rev. THOMAS, Vicar of St. John's, Stourbridge.
WRIGHT, Rev. W., Vicar of St. Peter's, Worcester.

IRELAND.

Armagh and Clogher.

ASHE, Rev. ISAAC, Rector of Kildress, Cookstown.
ECCLES, Rev. J. G., Vicar of St. Peter's, Drogheda.
KINCH, Rev. F. H., Curate of Newtown-Hamilton.
MCNEESE, Rev. J., Incumbent of Donoughmore, Dungannon.
LIST OF ABSTAINING CLERGY.

Rainsford, Rev. J. G., Rector of Dundalk.
Reeves, Rev. C. R., Curate of Caledon.
Rutledge, Rev. Dr., Rector of Armagh.

Dublin and Kildare.
Benson, Rev. C., Rathmines School, Dublin.
Bradshaw, Rev. M. C. N., Curate of St. Andrew, Merville, Donnybrook.
Fleming, Rev. R., Curate of St. Michael’s, Dublin.
Fletcher, Rev. J. S., Minister of St. Barnabas, Dublin.
Greene, Rev. W. C., Rector of St. John’s, Dublin.
Hardman, Rev. J. W., LL.D., Curate of Graystones, Wicklow.
Harvey, Rev. A. T., Minor Canon of St. Patrick’s and Curate of St. Anne’s, Dublin.
Hayes, Rev. F. C., Curate of St. Andrew’s, Dublin.
Mills, Rev. Thomas, Incumbent of St. Jude’s, Dublin.
Moore, Rev. J. C., Curate of Geashill.
Neligan, Rev. Maurice, Minister of Molyneux Church, Dublin.
Pim, Rev. John, Rector of Nurney, Naas.
Plunkett, Rev. Lord, Treasurer of St. Patrick’s Cathedral.
Ross, Rev. W. S., Curate of St. James’s, Dublin.
Tomkins, Rev. P. J., Curate of Arklow.
Townsend, Rev. H., Curate of Blessington, Wicklow.

Meath.
Berry, Rev. E. F., Vicar of Trim.
Haire, Rev.
Marshall, Rev. T., Rector of Dunshaughlin.

Cashel, Emly, Waterford, and Lismore.
O’Connor, Rev. T. C., Curate of Temple-touhy, Templemore.

Cork, Cloyne, and Ross.
Burke, Rev. J. Lardner, LL.D., Curate of Litter, Fermoy.
Collis, Rev. M. A. C., Rector of Queenstown.
Dunscombe, Rev. N. C., Rector of Macroom.
Powell, Rev. D., Curate of Douglas, County Cork.
Spring, Rev. Edward, Vicar of Magourney, Couchford.

Derry and Raphoe.
Craig, Rev. William, Incumbent of the Free Church, Derry.
Forde, Rev. H.
Homan, Rev. Knox, Incumbent of Balteagh, Newtown.
LIST OF ABSTAINING CLERGY.

Down, Connor, and Dromore.

Beauchlerk, Rev. C., Incumbent of St. Mary's, Belfast.
Cooper, Rev. T., Curate of Portstewart, Belfast.
Daunt, Rev. E., Curate of Whitehouse, Belfast.
Ffolliot, Rev. H., Rector of Ballywillan, Portrush.
Ffolliot, Rev. J. R.
Harrick, Rev. E. J., Minister of Magdalen Chapel, Belfast.
Hodson, Rev. H., Rector of Derrykeigan, Dervock, and Prebendary of Connor.
Hopkins, Rev. I. G., Curate of Ballymacarrett, Belfast.
Irvine, Rev. M., Minister of St. Stephen's, Belfast.
Johnston, Rev. W., Curate of St. Stephen's, Belfast.
Lyll, Rev. I., Rector of Knockinturn, Coleraine.
O'Flaherty, Rev. I., Curate of Inch, Downpatrick.
O'Hara, Rev. J., Rector of Coleraine.
Preston, Rev. G. H., Curate of Bushmills.
Slack, Rev. W. R., Incumbent of Newcastle.
Stewart, Rev. John.

Kilmore, Elphin, and Ardagh.

Adams, Rev. S., Curate of Drumcliff, Sligo.
Archer, Rev. John, Curate of Clongish, Newtownforbes.
Ashe, Rev. H. E., Curate of St. John's, Belturbet.
Card, Rev. R. J., Curate of Kilcommock, Kenagh.
Elliott, Rev. A. G., Rector of Munterconnaught, Newtownore.
Fowler, Rev. A. C., Curate of Bailliborough.
Hutchinson, Rev. W. H., Curate of Urney, Cavan.
Johnstone, Rev. Henry, Rector of Boyle, and Prebendary of Ardagh.
Leaghy, Rev. Daniel, Vicar of Kilmactranny, Elphin.
McClelland, Rev. W., Incumbent of Tessagh, Mount Talbot.
Moneypenny, Rev. A., Vicar of Lavey, Ballyjamesduff.
Moore, Rev. T., Rector of Drumgown, Cootshill.
O'Neill, Rev. H. H., Rector of Knockbridge.
Phillips, Rev. T. G. J., Perpetual Curate of Killoughter, Redhills.
Preston, Rev. J., Curate of Killenkere, Virginia.
Shone, Rev. S., Rector of Urner, Co. Cavan.
Stewart, Rev. H. W., Incumbent of Russagh, Rathowen.
Tate, Rev. R., Curate of Rossinver, Bundoran.
Thompson, Rev. J. N., Incumbent of Kilronan, Ballygar.
Limerick, Ardsfort, and Aghadoe.

Carleton, Rev. J. G., Curate of St. John's, Limerick.
Hudson, Rev. T., Incumbent of Aghlish, Killarney.
Norman, Rev. Edward, Nicar of Drishane, Ardsfort.

Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin.

Dickson, Rev. J., Minister of Kiltegan, Baltinglass.
Ellison, Rev. H., Incumbent of Shillelagh.
Hobson, Rev. J. Meade, Rector of Maryborough.

Tuam, Killala, and Achonry.

Townsend, Ven. H., Archd. of Achonry, and Rector of Killoran.
Moore, Rev. Arthur, Incumbent of Emlaghfad, Ballymote.
Nangle, Rev. Edward, Rector of Skreen.

SCOTLAND.

Maynard, Rev. J. W., Glasgow.
Brown, Rev. R. C.,
Hare, Rev. H.,
Huleatt, Rev. H.,
Sykes, Rev. W.,
Symonds, Rev. G. D.,
Johnstone, Rev. E. M.,
Price, Rev. R.,

Chaplains to the Army.

Chaplains to the Navy.

COLONIAL and FOREIGN.

Cheetham, Right Rev. Dr., Lord Bishop of Sierra Leone.
Alcock, Rev. J., Missionary, C.M.S., Ceylon.
Allnutt, Rev. J. C. P., Incumbent of Portland.
Barker, Rev. R., Incumbent of St. Paul's, Geelong.
Bates, Rev. James, C.M.S., Ningpo.
Bateman, Rev. Rowland, Dera Ismail Khan, West Indies.
Beecher, Rev. M. H., Vicar of St. James's, Melbourne.
Bichard, Rev. G., Chaplain to Seamen, Mauritius.
Bishop, Rev. J., C.M.S., Cottayam, South India.
Breman, Rev. J. D., Maryborough, Victoria.
Bower, Rev. F., C.M.S., Candenade, South India.
Brodie, Rev. D., C.M.S., Derajat, Calcutta.
Budd, Rev. Theodore, Heathcote, Victoria.
Carter, Rev. S., C.M.S., Allygurh, Calcutta.
Codd, Rev. Francis, Portage-du-Fort, Montreal.
Cribb, Rev. A. W., Missionary, C.M.S., Foo Chow, China.
LIST OF ABSTAINING CLERGY.

DESPARD, Rev. G. Pakenham, Melbourne, Australia.

Dowbiggen, Rev. R. T., C.M.S., Cotta, Ceylon.

Evans, Rev. W. B., B.A. Incumbent of Durham, Huron.


Fitzgerald, Rev. David W., Rector of Charlotte Town, Prince Edward Island.

Garrett, Rev. A. C., Rector of Nanaimo, British Columbia.

Good, Rev. T. D., C.M.S., Jaffna, Ceylon.

Gilbertson, Rev. J., Seymour, Victoria.

Griffith, Rev. E. M., C.M.S., Kandy, Ceylon.

Henderson, Rev. W., Pembroke, Co. Renfrew, Canada.

Hughes, Rev. T. P., Missionary, C.M.S., Peshawur, India.

Hurst, Rev. J., Windsor, Canada West.

Jackson, Rev. T. S., Incumbent of St. Peter's, Glenelg, Adelaide.

Jacob, Rev. Joseph, C.M.S., Agra.

Keys, Rev. George, Exeter, Huron.

Kirkby, Rev. W. West, York Fort, Rupert's Lund.

Lonsdell, Rev. R., Rector of St. Andrew's, and Canon of Montreal.

Mahood, Rev. J. E., C.M.S., Foochow, China.

Mallett, Rev. W. G., Missionary, C.M.S., Azingurh.

Marryat, Rev. C., Incumbent of Christ Church, N. Adelaide, and Archdeacon of Adelaide.

McCullagh, Rev. J. C., Incumbent of St. Paul's, Sandhurst.

McKee, Rev. James, Trevandrum, Madras.

Perry, Rev. C. Stuart, Incumbent of St. Jude's, Melbourne.

Piper, Rev. J., C.M.S., Hong Kong.

Pope, Rev. T. G. P., Chaplain at Lisbon.

Ridley, Rev. Wm., C.M.S., Peshawur.


Rosser, Rev. E., Yoruba, West Africa.


Sampson, Rev. E., Missionary, C.M.S., Bombay.

Shackell, Rev. H. W., C.M.S., Benares.

Shirt, Rev. G., C.M.S., Hyderabad.

Smith, Rev. J. T., British Chaplain, Foo Choo, China.

Spaight, Rev. A. B., C.M.S., Dera Ismail Khan.

Sparshot, Rev. T., C.M.S., Kisulendi, E. Africa.

Stackhouse, Rev. A., Chaplain of Longford, Tasmania.

Watson, Rev. H. C. M., Christ Church, Kilmore, Melbourne.


Wood, Rev. D., Jaffna, Ceylon.

Wollaston, Rev. H. N., Incumbent of Trinity, East Melbourne.
THE CHANGED HAMLET.

(Continued from page 177.)

The old stern hard look came over her face again, as she turned away and strode up the hill to her own cottage. The neighbours watched her till she had entered and shut her door, and then they looked at each other a little uncomfortably, and laughed a little scornfully. But their hearts would have been more filled with pity if they could have seen her going up to her poor half-idiot daughter, laying her head fondly against the girl’s coarse brown locks, and saying, in a voice of touching sadness, “I have hurt myself, Maggie, to no purpose! I have torn open hideous wounds, which bleed and smart, all for the sake of warning others; but they won’t be warned! I have placed myself in their power to point the finger of scorn at me, and all for no use. Oh, Maggie! Maggie! is my punishment never to end?”

But Maggie could only look surprised and bewildered at her mother’s words; she could neither understand their meaning, nor sympathise with their sadness.

It was a noble thing that the widow had done—a case of real self-sacrifice; and though she was not to receive praise from her fellow-men, yet her conduct of that day was to be rewarded by One who sees the secrets of every heart. Feeling more heavy-hearted and miserable and overburdened than usual, as the telling of her story had brought all the painful events of her past life more vividly before her, she thought of Mr. Stanworth’s last words to her: “Have you, when weary and heavy-laden, gone to Jesus and found rest?”

“No, I have never found rest—never!” she said to herself. “I should like to go to the Lord Jesus; but how shall I find Him? Will the Bible help me, I wonder?”

She took down the Holy Scriptures from the shelf, and placed the book on Maggie’s knees, while she seated herself on the ground, and listlessly turned over the leaves. Was it chance or the guiding of the Spirit that caused her eyes to fall upon the following passage: “Call upon Me in the time of trouble; so will I hear thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.” She had seen these words often befor-
but they had never spoken to her heart as they did now. Another passage caught her eye: “I will heal their backslidings; I will love them freely.” Oh, she thought to herself, if only God would heal and forgive her sins,—if only He would love her, how happy she would be! She would never feel lonely again, if she thought He cared for her. But was it possible that a pure and holy God could love such an impure, sinful creature? had she not sinned too deeply for pardon? Like an arrow, darted into her mind the recollection of that blessed assurance: “If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.”

“Oh, Maggie! my own little Maggie! I think I see a light—I think I see a way out of my trouble,” she exclaimed, in joyful wonder; and yet the tears were streaming down her cheeks the while; but they were the first tears she ever shed which had no bitterness at their source. She was lost in amaze at the fact that though she had known these passages more or less all her life, yet she had taken no more heed to them than if they had utterly unconcerned her. How could she have been so blind, and have remained in darkness so long, when she had such a “lamp” for her feet, and a “light” for her path.

And now, for the first time in her life, Mrs. Mundy prayed. She did not “say her prayers,” remember; but she really prayed. She spoke to the Most High God, and told Him all she knew about herself; and all her doubts about herself; and she knew He was listening to every word. Oh, the peace and comfort that that knowledge brought! She did confess her sins, and weep over them and bewail them; and she asked God to forgive her for Jesus Christ’s sake. It was the beginning of a new life to her—in truth, it was the beginning of life everlasting; and her pastor’s last prayer for her was answered.

But what of the public-house? In an incredibly short space of time, the building was finished; and it did not take long afterwards for Mr. and Mrs. Black to decide that it had been “an uncommon good speculation.” The inhabitants of Sunnyside, as we have seen, had been by no means averse to its erection; but, in course of time, they had occasion to remember Mrs. Mundy’s warning, and to regret most bitterly that they had not taken her advice.
The women found that their homes now were not as happy as they had been; the pleasant evening was among the things of the past. Husbands, fathers, and brothers would "drop in" at the public-house when their work was over, "just to have a chat and a look at the papers;" but of course drinking went on at the same time. It was wonderful what a large amount of money went in this way; and, altogether, the difference that it made in home comfort was great. It was not only the men who drank (though of course the larger proportion was of that sex); some of the women, also, followed the vile example set them by members of their own family, and debased themselves by intoxication. The noise of quarrelling was by no means unusual at Sunnyside, in these days: the sight of drunkenness—hideous drunkenness—soon ceased to be something new and shocking. The character of the little hamlet was totally changed.

Five years had passed away, during which time their beloved pastor, Mr. Stanworth, had remained abroad. But now his health had so much improved that he resolved to return to England; for he was longing to see old friends, old places, and old faces again. Especially he was anxious to revisit the scene of his former labours—the village in which he had dwelt, and preached, and worked hard, as a minister of the Gospel of Christ, and the hamlet, belonging to the same parish, in which he took such pride and deep interest.

He had seen Sunnyside last in a wild storm of wind and rain, when the waters were flooding the gutters, and running in little streams along the road. On the day he revisited the spot, the sun was shining warm and bright; the air was soft and balmy; the road was dry, and the hedges were fragrant with the smell of violets. Yet, somehow, a feeling of disappointment crept over Mr. Stanworth's heart as he approached his favourite hamlet; he thought the place scarcely looked as clean and as attractive as formerly. But that must be his mistake, his fancy, surely! He had not seen Sunnyside for so long, and his residence in the beautiful south had made him too exacting and particular. Yet, no; the nearer he approached, the more he saw that there was a change—a very painful change—a very decided change. The little gardens belonging to each cottage were neglected and trodden down, and overgrown with weeds. The wicket-gates were broken, or off their
hinges. Dust-heaps were cast recklessly out into the road, right in front of the cottages; and unpleasant odours saluted the olfactory senses, the like of which used not to be, five years since.

"What is the meaning of all this?" Mr. Stanworth inquired of a woman whose face was unknown to him. "Sunnyside is so altered since I saw it last, that I cannot account for the change. What is the meaning of it? Can you inform me?"

"What is the meaning of it?" she repeated, bitterly. "That is the meaning of it!" pointing, as she spoke, to the top of a new roof which reared itself up behind the little knot of cottages. "Perhaps your Honour did not notice the top of that there house? and perhaps your Honour did not know that that there house be a public?"

Truly the cause was sufficient for the change! Drink, then, and all its inevitable evils, had occasioned the sad metamorphosis. Neglected, idle, dirty, ragged children were playing in the road; and when he went into the cottages and remonstrated with the mothers for not sending them to school as they used to do, the answer came, with more or less sullenness, that "times was changed, and money was more scarce than it used to be." In every cottage he entered, save one, he could trace in some way or other the baneful influence of drink. Our readers do not require to be told in whose dwelling the curse was no longer seen! I say "no longer," because, alas! even in hers there was a standing record of what drink had done, in poor Maggie's deformed limbs and wandering wits.

It was a relief to the disheartened minister to enter Mrs. Mundy's cottage. On the widow's countenance there was a change to be remarked, as unmistakable and striking as any in that hamlet. She had found "the Pearl of great price;" and on her face was peace! And she told Mr. Stanworth that though her daughter could not "take in" any worldly learning, yet it was strange how she seemed to like and understand the Bible stories! and she had learned one or two texts, her favourite one being "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." She seemed to feel that it suited her need and her case; for though Maggie was twenty now, was she not in intellect and in helplessness a "little child?"

(The End.)
JOHN WHITE;

OR,

"IF SINNERS ENTICE THEE, CONSENT THOU NOT."

CHAPTER VI.

And now I have to relate what further befell the White family. Only too true it was that she who, for some time past, had been the chief stay of the little household, was suddenly struck down and made helpless. She had never reckoned on such a catastrophe herself, all her anxiety having been for her husband and Johnny—how the one might be won back into the path of rectitude, and both be preserved from the worst effects of poverty. They, too, had taken for granted she would ever continue the same; so the blow was all the heavier when it fell. In this way it came. On the Sunday morning following the one on which Mrs. White tried to persuade her husband to go to church, he was cowering over the fire-place in the same attitude, when she hurriedly sank into a chair, and called to him.

He started to her side in haste; for her features had assumed an ashy hue, and her limbs were turning stiff and rigid.

"Johnny!" he cried, in alarm, "run for Dr. Markham; quick!"

The boy, after one look of horror, darted off, and never paused till he reached the doctor's house. A servant took him to her master immediately; and Johnny found him, hat in hand, hoping to enjoy the rare treat of ac-

companying his wife to church. She entered the room at the same time.

"Oh, Sir!" cried Johnny, finding relief in tears, "do come; quick! for I'm sure my mother is a-dying."

Dr. Markham looked reproachfully at his wife, and exclaimed, as he hastened from the room—

"If you had looked after that poor woman when I asked you, this, perhaps, might have been avoided."

His tone was severe—the only time it ever had been so; and poor Mrs. Markham thought the reproof so just, that he never had to repeat it. As to her husband, he felt as if he were somehow to blame, too. "She's just the woman to kill herself for the sake of others," he thought, as he hurried along with Johnny; "I knew she was."

On entering the dwelling, it seemed as if no exaggerated account had been given. White was stooping over his unconscious wife, trying to force brandy through the closed lips; whilst, at the same time, he supported her falling limbs. He looked up in agony on Dr. Markham's entrance. Ah, wretched man! if only he had had the last year of his life yet to live! All the old affection, lying dormant so long, returned with overwhelming strength; and he was struck to the heart with remorse. "Oh, wretched man that I am!" was his constant cry; for there lay Mrs. White on her
bed, speechless and motionless, like one dead already. For White to have turned to work at this present time, would have been impossible; all he could do was to sit and watch over the invalid, in silent anguish. And he could not—he dare not pray. Mercifully for the afflicted family, kind friends did what they could; the doctor being constantly in attendance, and the doctor's wife being more assiduous in her care, because so late in bestowing it. Mrs. Buckland helped, too, now deeply regretting that she had misunderstood the faithful woman's real character. And Johnny—we must not forget him—noble-minded boy! every day he went regularly to his employment, working harder, if possible, with a breaking heart the while.

One evening, his father came from the sick-room, and began to talk to him.

"Oh, Johnny, lad," he said, "she'll die; I know she will; she must;" and he drew his thick veined hand across his haggard brow.

"Don't say 'must,' father," replied the poor boy, the tears rolling down his cheeks; "think how we love her; and God knows we do." And then his sobs broke forth.

There were no such innocent tears for him. "Ay," he returned, in bitter despair, "and that's how He is going to punish me. I tell ye, lad, it ain't possible she can live; I feel it ain't."

"But how often mother has said herself, that 'with God, all things are possible,'" put in Johnny, simply. "So you shouldn't say that, father."

He shook his head unbelievingly, and replied, "It's no use; it's too late—too late. But oh, Johnny, boy, I'm sure there's something your mother wants; for she has looked at me so eager-like, a time or two. If I only knew what it was, I—"

"Maybe, father, it's the parson," hurriedly suggested his son, though doubting his prudence.

"That's it! that's it! Oh, my God!" exclaimed White, trembling in every limb.

He covered his face with his hands; and Johnny turned away, unable to bear the sight of his father's remorse. At last the latter said, in a sepulchral tone—

"Go, boy; fetch him; ask him, for mercy's sake, to come at once.

Johnny did as he was bid, leaving his father alone to his misery. But when White cried out, "My God!" he was not taking the name of the Almighty in vain; and such a cry is never unheard or unheeded. Somehow, at thought of a clergyman's visit, comfort stole into the wretched man's heart. Might he not, after all, be able to speak of hope? In prosperity, some may dare to treat the minister of God lightly; but the same will value his visit as that of an angel, when the hour of trouble arrives. And is he not the messenger of Heaven, the ambassador for Christ?

Mr. Cole, the one now before us, gladly obeyed the summons, as readily returning with Johnny as the kind doctor had done. He was taken into the sick-room by the conscience-stricken White. There he knelt down to pray; and when he rose from his knees, he thought an expression of peace rested on the rigid face, not there when first he saw it.
"But, my good man," asked he, on holding out his hand at the cottage-door, "why did you not kneel down with me? Have you no faith in the power of prayer?"

"For her, I have," was the subdued reply; then, smiting his own breast, he mournfully shook his head. But as the good clergyman stood in an inquiring, though kindly, attitude, he felt forced to explain himself.

"Ah, Sir," he said, "I'm one of them as have looked 'back.' I've got the Bible at my fingers' ends like, and have been accustomed to go reg'lar to church, and to pray, too;—so there is nothing left for such as me."

"There is faith left, my poor fellow. If you can believe for your wife, you certainly may for yourself."

"You don't know, Sir, how bad I've been; no one can have sinned against light and knowledge more than I. Oh, that poor wife of mine! her patience has been that of an angel. I remember how, when first I was beginning to go wrong, she once said to me, 'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not;' and I was only a brute to her for it. But her words have come to my mind many a time since, though only to be drove away, together with everything else."

"Nevertheless, they fastened on you, 'as a nail in a sure place.'"

"Only to make my remorse the deeper, Sir. When she is gone, despair will be my portion for ever."

Mr. Cole felt that White was in no mood to be reasoned with; so he only said, whilst clasping the unhappy man's hand firmly within his own, "Well, if you will not pray for yourself, I will pray for you. So now, good-bye, and God bless you, till I come again."

"Oh, do come, Sir! as often as you can, till—till —" He could say no more.

"I understand you; I will, indeed." And, with another sympathising shake of the hand, Mr. Cole departed, deeply touched with the interview.

And, in spite of White's determined effort to resist anything in the shape of hope, a comfort and power accompanied the judicious visit of this loving minister, which laid hold of him strongly. He could not help it; and no doubt, the fact that his wife yet lived had an encouraging influence. One morning, when seated by her, with his heart in his eyes, he felt sure her lips moved. What did she wish to say? He stooped anxiously over her, and they seemed to form into something like "pray." He pray! how could he? Yet she asked him. He was sure of that; and her request acted like a voice from heaven on his troubled spirit. He sank at once upon his knees, crying, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner;' and having dared to begin, his heart was opened to pour forth all their great need into the ear of his long-suffering, forgiving Father. As he concluded, he saw a life-like expression on the sick woman's countenance, about which there could be no doubt. Was it possible that, with renewed hope springing up in his own breast, life was also reviving in hers?

"Oh, my God!" he again cried, "give her back to me. 'Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done.'"

He added this to his petition in all sincerity, feeling that if indeed the Almighty should sever the tie below, He
had mercifully granted them both ‘life everlasting’ hereafter. And was not that enough?

Mrs. White, however, contrary to expectations, looked up from this time, and neither could doctor nor clergyman reconcile the fact, but through the “power of prayer.” A few weeks passed, and she was able to rise from her bed. Not that she ever became the same woman; there being always a weakness of the limbs, and a tremulous movement of the head, to remind him, for whom she had suffered, of his debt of gratitude. As to White himself, his future course was that of a man conscious that he was forgiven much; therefore, he “loved much.” His repentance proving so sincere, Mrs. Buckland, who, the reader knows, was in the full merits of his case, fulfilled the promise she had given long before. Through her means, a subscription was raised for the purpose of buying him another chair. This was done, with the understanding that he was to pay back by instalments what had been advanced; so in time he was enabled to make a respectable livelihood, in the old way. The faithful Johnny did not leave the cabinet-maker’s, as he had once hoped to do; better still—his activity and industry gave such satisfaction, that his master put him to something higher altogether, raising his allowance accordingly. Johnny was highly delighted; and though space will not allow me to follow him further, it is enough to say that a race begun so well gives every promise of ending well.

And here, one word to my readers. Though White did, at last, forsake his evil ways, we must allow that he was a “brand plucked out of the burning,” and that he formed an exception to the general rule. Surely, both he and the companions he chose teach us that the Bible warning, “If sinners entice thee, consent thou not,” is not one to be lightly despised.

E. H.

MILL-HILL, MIDDLESEX.—On Tuesday evening, November 12, the monthly tea-meetings of the Mill-hill Christian Temperance Society were resumed, the President of the Society, the Rev. B. Nicols, Vicar of the district, being present. These meetings, which have been regularly held in the National Schoolroom during the last twelve years, had been discontinued since December last in consequence of the infirm health of the President. At the urgent request, however, of some members of the Society, the above meeting was announced; and it was highly gratifying to all friends of the Temperance cause to find how well the “call to arms” was responded to by the Tectallers. One hundred and forty were present at the tea. At the general meeting afterwards, the room was completely filled with an attentive and earnest audience. The speakers were the President, H. S. Wilde, Esq., and four working men. The President feelingly expressed his great satisfaction at finding, though the leader had been laid by, that the cause had not suffered, the members holding fast their principles, and being as enthusiastic as ever. Let persons of station and influence advocate and practise Total Abstinence from intoxicating drinks as an example, and more will be accomplished to make us a thoroughly sober, in-