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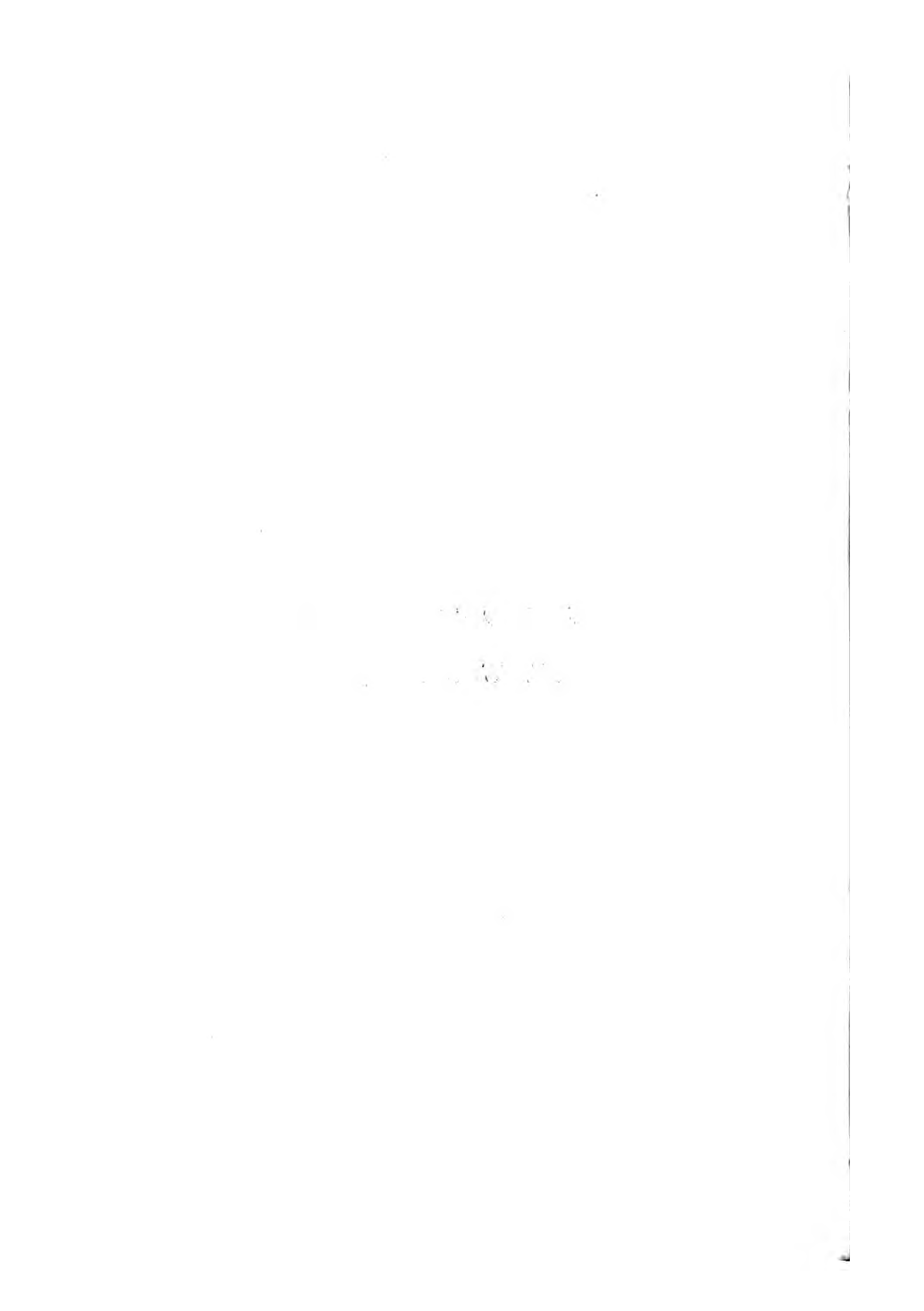
*Helping God to make the flowers
grow, with other original poems, ...*

Joseph Cooper

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*HELPING GOD TO MAKE THE
FLOWERS GROW, &c.*







*Yours Truly,
Joseph Cooper.*

HELPING GOD TO MAKE
THE FLOWERS GROW,

WITH OTHER ORIGINAL

POEMS, HYMNS, SONGS, DIALOGUES,
RECITATIONS, ETC.

BY

JOSEPH COOPER.

MANCHESTER :
BROOK AND CHRYSTAL, 11, MARKET STREET.

MAY BE HAD FROM THE
AUTHOR, EAVES KNOWL, NEW MILLS, DERBYSHIRE.

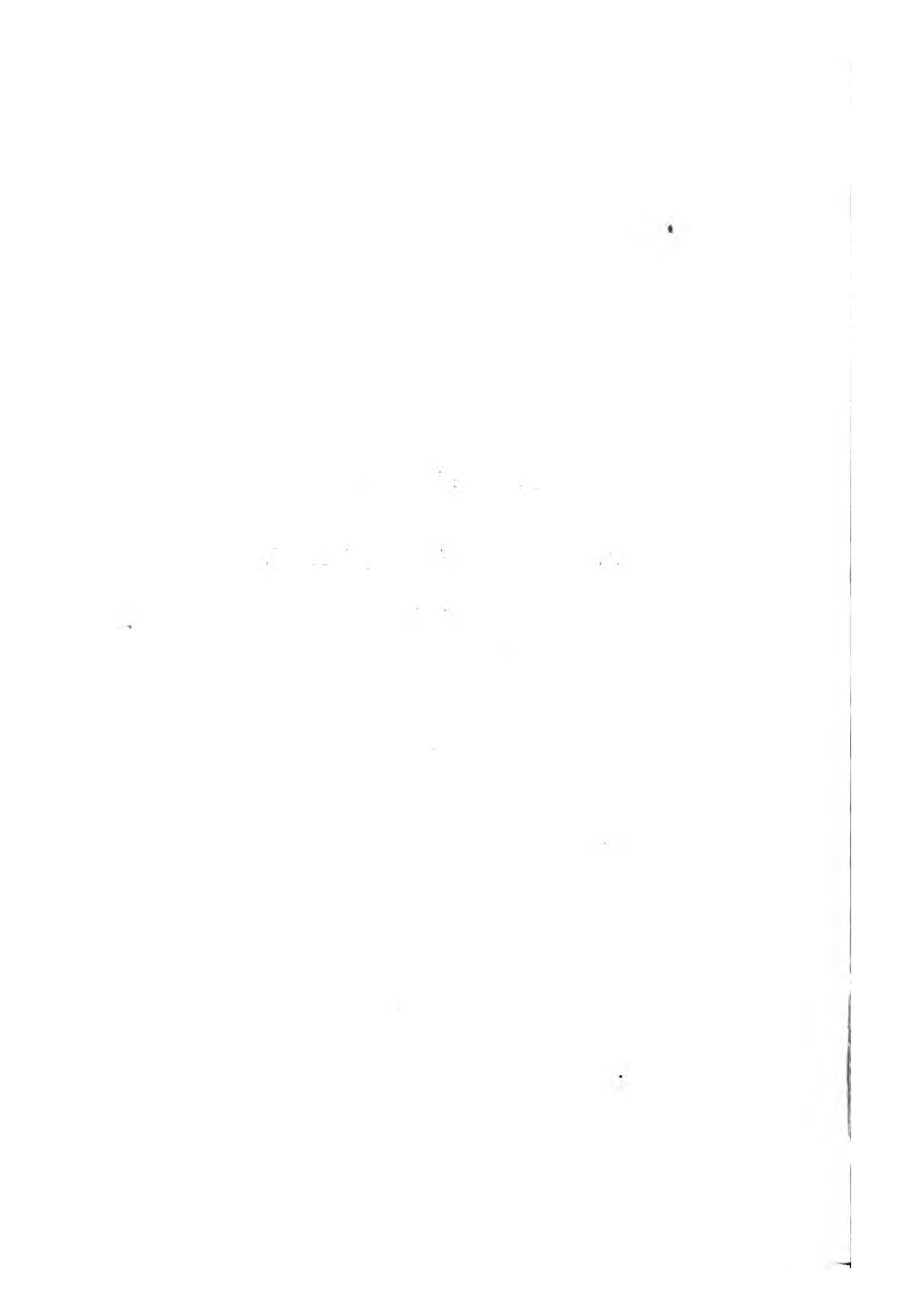
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Respectfully Dedicated
TO
WILLIAM E. A. AXON, F.R.S.L.,
PRESIDENT OF
THE MANCHESTER AND SALFORD TEMPERANCE UNION,
BY THE AUTHOR,
JOSEPH COOPER.

August 5th, 1889.





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GENEALOGY.

MY father, John Cooper, and my uncle Joseph (twins), were born May 7th, 1777, at Misterton, a small town near Gainsborough, in Nottinghamshire. My grandfather, John Cooper, and grandmother, Elizabeth Cooper, were registered in Misterton Church. My mother, whose maiden name was Mary Knott, was born at Greenfield's Farm, Eppleston, near Leek, Staffordshire, and removed while young to Arnold, near Nottingham.





PROEM.

INDULGENT reader, I send out this edition of my Rhymes with a fluttering heart, but a buoyant soul. In the first place, my education has been so scanty that I feel inadequate to perform the task so as to please (not to fascinate) the taste of ordinary readers. However, I would kindly ask my patrons, before critically passing judgment, to kindly read the introduction to my second edition. In the second place, hope seems to bear me up when I think it just possible that my humble craft may be a floating lighthouse on the stream of time, pointing to the shoals and quicksands that abound in the moderation sea,

When my poor pen's cankered with rust,
And th' hand that wields it mouldering dust.





PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION OF
TEMPERANCE RECITER.

HEALTHY BUDS.

MY father dying when I was young, and leaving mother, with seven children, unprovided for, I was compelled to go to work before I had reached the age of seven years. Consequently my opportunity for learning was very limited. Yet I thank Heaven for a good mother, who taught me lessons at night, after from ten and a-half to fourteen hours of hard toil, and sent me, in plain fustian, to the Sabbath school, where I remained as scholar, and teacher in the junior classes, and a comfort to my widowed mother, till above twenty years of age, when, sad to tell, I was lured by custom, nay more, by example of many of the professed followers of Jesus, to go occasionally to the bar-parlour of a public-house, the landlady of which was a member of a Christian church. Never shall I forget the Sabbath evening when the hostess was reading

The Book of Books,
Best boon from Heaven,

how my blood curdled at the chilling speech of a liquor merchant who came in, and seeing her looking at the mirror of truth, the Book of God, roared, in a brutish growl, "Landlady, bring me a glass of brandy-and-water, as hot as hell, and as fiery as blazes." Little did I think then, that the like drink, that had so brutalised the spirit vendor, would be able to drag me from the respectable bar-parlour,

interesting company, and sainted hostess, to herd with the ignorant, lazy, filthy debauchees that loitered in the tap-room. But this, though imperceptibly, step by step, proved too true. A craving, gnawing, burning appetite for strong drinks having been created in the bar, and knowing them to be cheaper in the tap, I became at first an occasional visitor to that volcano, whose burning lava blights, withers, scathes, nay, utterly destroys everything that is virtuous, holy, and God-like, and leaveth its victim a thing at which men might mourn, devils laugh, and angels weep. There, by degrees, I sunk down, down, till ultimately I became a stumbling-block in the way to Heaven, an overwhelming grief to my friends, a laughing stock for the ignorant and vicious, a nuisance to society, and almost brought my kind-hearted, Christian mother with sorrow to the grave. Scores of times have I heard her, with quivering lips, trembling limbs, and big scalding tears rolling from her sunken eyes down her wrinkled cheek, exclaim, "Oh! that it had pleased God to have taken me from her when an innocent child, as she saw nothing but ruin, utter ruin, for this world, and that which is to come!" She reasoned, expostulated, prayed, and wept on her lonely pillow for her lost one, till hope seemed at times to be engulfed in rayless despair. At various times I was turned from my employment, and rambled as a fugitive and a vagabond, heedless of character, friends, body, or soul; drink, more drink, being my one and only desire.

To satisfy the cravings of the drink fiend, I have sold the coat off my back, and boots from my feet. I have bought groceries at the shop where mother had credit, and exchanged them for liquid fire at a *respectable* public-house. I have carried water for the brewer, shovelled in coals, emptied ash-pits, etc., for sups of drink, when I might easily have earned five shillings per day at my own trade, had I not been unfitted to do it by the debilitating effects of poisonous

drugs whose deadly influence crept through every limb, unnerved my otherwise manly heart, and often made me wish that I had been sent into the world a beast, a brute, anything but the image of God, thus transformed into a withered, hopeless, wreck of humanity. As the helpless fly caught in the web of the spider, so was I in the coils of the licensed snarers,* who spread their meshes to catch the thoughtless and unwary, and feed and batten on the woes and wailings of ruined youths, blighted manhood, broken-hearted parents, and squallid orphans.†

Echo from the empty house opposite my own room answers—it is true, too true; my silent threshold, dirty windows, cobwebbed slimy wall, and gory flags, cry to men and heaven on behalf of the three poor orphans who were here robbed of a loving, doting mother, and thrown on the wide world dependent on the cold hand of charity. While writing, another shade passes before my gaze—a family in Bury, in Lancashire, whom I had to call upon on business. Never, never shall I forget the vacant, chilling stare of the poor woman whose husband, after a week's drinking, had stolen from her side in bed, and when she found him he was hanging by the neck in the cellar a lifeless corpse, leaving her to struggle through the world with nine helpless children. Oh! the scenes of ghastly shades, that troop in ghostly

* Hundreds of precious hours, and scores of pounds have I squandered in cards, bagatelles, dominoes, etc.

† The master of the house opposite where I am writing (a waiter at one of the most respectable hotels in Manchester) having drunk a large portion of liquor bearing the name of New Year's Gifts, went home in a state of intoxication, threw the kettle at his wife, and killed her on the spot; was committed to prison; and my brother-in-law, a relieving officer, sent the three orphan children to the workhouse; one of the houses reared by the heartless landlord, where the wrecks of customers are kept by the public purse.

shrouds before my imagination ! But I must draw the screen, and ask the reader's pardon for this digression.

After having, as before described, fallen from a respectable standard in the village where I was nursed on the lap of piety, and trained in the paths of virtue, instructed in the precepts of religion, well versed in the principal texts of the Bible—which I had read from Genesis to Revelation for five successive years, committed a deal of it to memory, along with Wesley's and Watt's hymns, which almost made up our library—joined in church fellowship, and even partaken of bread and wine at the communion table, I sometimes would, but scarcely durst, exclaim with Jonah when in the whale's belly, though "I am cast out of Thy sight, yet I will once more lift my eyes to the place where Thine honour dwelleth ;" for a wounded guilty conscience, like the angel at the gates of Paradise with a flaming sword, seemed to frown forbiddance to my entrance. In this hopeless state, after repeated struggles, and failures, and miraculous escapes from accidental and meditated death, thank heaven a ray of hope appeared in the shape of a Teetotal Life Boat, which I at last warmly grasped, and was safely boarded, and adopted as a brother of the Independent Order of Rechabites, in the year 1844, from which time, through mercy, I have been a consistent abstainer.

I have travelled thousands of miles, in all sorts of weather, but never felt the need of intoxicating drinks ; have been able to work better, eat better, think better, and sleep better without them. In my calling as a traveller, I have sometimes met with great inconvenience, having often been compelled to lodge at a public-house, my means not being sufficient to pay at a first-class one. However, I never stop at one of them if I can get anything like comfortable accommodation at a temperance hotel ; which places, I am glad to say, are becoming more numerous and respectable

throughout the country. May they speedily be found in every town, hamlet, and rural village of this and every land. I spend scores of happy nights in the country towns, amusing the people by reciting temperance tales, or singing something like the following :—

I first went a drinking, without ever thinking,
Of forging strong fetters to bind me a slave;
But soon moderation, did prove botheration,
A false, fatal light, that lured to the grave.

Some of the publicans, to all appearance, seem very obliging, conscientious men, who, I feel sorry, are exposed, with their families, to the fascinating and contaminating influence of the great destroyer, alcohol. For

The Hindoo widow, writhing at the pile
Of her dead husband, Moloch Juggernaut,
And all the heathen superstitions past,
Sink insignificant compared with this
Huge Christian Baal, at whose reeking shrine
Beauty, learning, virtue, hope of Heaven are cast.

He tears Affection from her regal throne,
Love abdicates at the stroke of his wand,
And selfish Lust usurps where she held sway.
Sweet female modesty, Heaven's loveliest touch,
Evaporates, and leaves appalling wrecks
That stalk as brazen fiends, nor shun the open day.

The tender mother, whose maternal heart
Is nerved with strings as sweet as Gabriel's harp:
Or Charity's, whose hand to all is free,
Corroded with his breath, turns fiendish wild,
Till by degrees she poisons husband, child,
To feed her burning thirst, out of the burial fee.

Others, I am sorry to say, seem void of everything that is manly and ennobling; a sort of animated moving machines, without anything like fellow-feeling for their customers; who will fill the reason-dethroning fire-water (while cash comes)

to the draggle-tale mother, when they know her shrivelled children are pining for bread. Wesley, in his sermons, saith (vol. 2, page 121), "All those who sell these drams or spirituous liquors to any that will pay, are poisoners general. They murder his Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither does their eye pity or save. They drive them to hell like sheep. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood, is there. The foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood. And canst thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven, therefore thy name shall be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed, body and soul, 'Thy memorial shall perish with thee.'" Isaiah ix. 20, alluding to such characters, saith, "They shall snatch on the right hand and be hungry, and eat on the left and not be satisfied; they shall greedily seize on whatever comes in their way, but find no comfort therein." These men snatch and devour for six days, and are not satisfied, but reach out their sacrilegious and felonious hand, and unblushingly rob men of their reason, and God of the day set apart for His especial worship.

The day God gave a legacy to man,
A shield to screen him from fierce Mammon's grasp;
A mirror to reflect his six day's deeds,
A magnet to attract his wandering thoughts,
To him the central point of endless rest.

However, these men, who in bygone days were looked upon as respectable members of society, are, with their impious traffic, in spite of all their exertions to raft them-

selves together in the form of Licensed Victuallers' Associations, that they may be able to hold their heads a little longer above the waves of an enlightened public opinion, are fast sinking, sinking, in the estimation of the great movers and mighty levers that are incessantly working for the renovation and elevation of their fellow-men. Such as ministers of religion, philanthropists, and Sunday-school teachers, who are indefatigable in their labours; nurturing and training Buds of Promise and Bands of Hope, whose warblings would enrapture anything but the callous heart of a publican, when in sunny groups their pure mellifluous voices make the welkin ring.

O sign, children, sign,
 Whilst you are young and healthy,
 'Gainst ragged clothes, and pimpled nose,
 Oh, sign, children, sign !
 The pledge, youths, is the only prop,
 For they who sip a wee, wee drop,
 Don't know where they may stop.
 Oh come, come, and sign !

For we will neither touch nor taste,
 Aught that doth harm a brother ;
 And alcohol hath made such waste,
 We'll banish it for ever.

May they spread and increase, till the prairies of Bacchus shall bud and flourish, as the flowery Eden of the Lord.

Reader, by all that is good and holy, I respectfully and prayerfully beg of you to use your influence, and ponder in your own mind what would be the best, surest, and shortest way to rid the world of this ruthless destroyer. It is acknowledged by men of all classes and conditions of life, that it is not needful, but absolutely injurious to a healthy constitution. I am often lost in amazement, when thinking that we, the most enlightened people on the earth, whose

Christian philanthropy yearly spends princely fortunes to spread the Word of Light and Life to Christianise and Evangelise the world, should have sat so long with our arms akimbo, looking heedless, if not calmly on; while hoary-headed custom, ogle-eyed prejudice, and crook-clawed, iron-hearted interest hath let at large such a hydra-headed monster, whose gory fangs reek with the blood of thousands of our own dearest relatives and friends. Surely the groans of slaughtered myriads shall not much longer ring in the nation's ear. *No man cares for the drunkard's soul.* Let us touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing, but cleanse our garments from our country's blood, and set our shoulders to the wheel of the temperance car, and while working pray—

God bless the temperance band,
May they spread o'er the land,—
 And still increase.
Till woe and misery
Shall to oblivion flee,
And all men happy be,—
 And live in peace.





P R E F A C E .

NATURE preserves her rich records
In a Godlike unerring way,
Imprinting extinct animals
On rocks and undecaying clay.

As one of Nature's children,
I too would leave a little mite,—
Life is so dim—bewildering,
We need the smallest speck of light :

I hope and pray these simple rhymes
May do my work when I am dust ;
If one line swims down th' stream of time
'Twill leave in shade the marble bust.

Whether they long survive or lie
In oblivion's opaque tomb,
Thank God the motive will not die,
That, that will live in youthful bloom.

The feeblest steward of the Lord,
Who makes good use of talent one,
Will win in heaven a grand reward,
Stamp'd with the Judge's crest—" Well done ! "



P O E M S .

—o—

SONNET.

TO JOSEPH COOPER, THE POET OF TEMPERANCE.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

Manchester, 1855.

COOPER! pursue, as thou hast done, thy path,
For the redemption of thy erring race,
And may thy writings prove a saving grace
To numbers who have lived as though the wrath
Of heaven they dared to crush them in their sin,
Thy earnest energy is form'd to win
From woe, to bless the ignorant evil-doer,
For thou hast sympathies which cheer the poor,
And teachest them with misery to cope
In language that is redolent of hope.
Thy wages may not be of earthly gold,
But coin that passeth in angelic spheres—
The prayers of wanderers call'd into the fold,
Blessings of mothers, children's grateful tears.



The child replied, "I'm helping God
To make the flowers grow."

HELPING GOD TO MAKE THE FLOWERS GROW.

ONE hot and sultry summer's eve,
After a scorching day,
A sweet girl with a watering-can
To the garden went her way ;
And as she sprinkled drooping plants,
Her stainless soul did glow,
To think that she was helping God
To make the flowers grow.

A mother, with a mother's care,
Went out to seek her child,
And seeing her engaged at work
Enquired with accents mild :
"What are you doing there, my love?
I should be glad to know."
The child replied, "I'm helping God
To make the flowers grow."

'Mid clashing tenets, dogmas, creeds,
This child's the one for me ;
It seems a photograph of Him
Who died upon the tree.
He spent His time in doing good,
Relieving pain and woe,
In deserts wild and wilderness,
Helping God's flowers to grow.

He at the grave of Lazarus
Shed tears and heaved a groan ;
Then said unto the lookers on,
"Take ye away the stone."
He could have done without their aid,
But wished the world to know
That God expects His followers
To help His flowers to grow.

'Tis written, He said, "Learn of Me,"
Be trustful as a child,
While passing through this sin-stained world
Walk blameless, undefiled.
Be beacon-lights set on a hill,
A good example show,
Haply your upright walk and talk
May help God's flowers to grow.

A devout man named Cornelius,
Who prayed to God alway,
And gave much alms unto the poor,
Was called upon one day
By a bright heavenly visitant,
Whose message thus did flow,
"Up yonder's thy memorial,
Thou helped God's flowers to grow."

'Twas ignorance in days of yore
Said hate them that hate you ;
But Jesus taught a nobler creed,
And one more potent too :
When preaching on the mountain-side,
Said, deal not blow for blow,
Bless them that curse you, that's the way
To help God's flowers to grow.

The fields are ripe for harvest-time,
The labourers are few ;
Take spade, or rake, or water-can,
There's work for all to do.
If you can't plough the stubborn field,
Or reap the corn, or mow,
You may remove the weed, and help
To make God's flowers grow.

Cut down, root up the Upas trees
The wicked one hath sown,—
Some that have stood for centuries,
Till they are hoary grown ;
Those licensed dens that dole out death,
And drape the land with woe,
Help us to close them if you wish
To help God's flowers to grow.

Legions of learned, earnest souls
Are preaching with their might,
Wooing, also beseeching men
To come to the true light ;
But while the preacher buildeth up,
Dram-vendors doth o'erthrow ;
Christian, abstain, if you would help
To make God's flowers to grow.

All those who toil 'neath scorching sun
And winter's pinching blast,
E'er life's few sands shall cease to run,
Will have a bright forecast.
As hopes bright sun sinks in the west,
Calm evening's afterglow ;
We'll gild the haven where those rest,
Who helped God's flowers to grow.

Friends, you may help with a kind word,
Or sweet and gentle smile,
To lift the withered, drooping head
Of a stricken son of toil.
We all can work on sunny days,
Likewise 'mid winter's snow,
By "remembering the forgotten"
Will help God's flowers to grow.

The earth's the garden of the Lord,
His flowers grow everywhere,
But flourish most in holy ground—
Plots fertilised by prayer.
Our churches, chapels, Sabbath schools,
Where many here we know
Are by example, word, and purse,
Helping God's flowers to grow.

Friends, let us toil, while yet 'tis day,
Both to be, and do good,
That we may hear the Master say
"Thou hast done what thou could."
When angels shout the harvest home,
May heaven's register show
Our names among the "well done" band,
Who helped God's flowers to grow.



ON A LOCK OF MOTHER'S HAIR,

WHICH RETAINED ITS GLOSSY BLACKNESS EVEN TO OLD AGE.

I VALUE much this raven lock,—
Of all my little earthly stock
It claims my choicest care ;
If I express the reason why,
A scalding tear-drop in my eye
Replies, 'tis mother's hair !

She was to me so kind and dear,
No wonder I this lock revere,
She trained me with such care :
She gave herself and all to God,
"Pointed to heaven and led the road,"
In talk, and walk, and prayer.

She's gone ! and I am left alone
To mourn her gone—with secret moan
To weep, but not despair ;
Faith whispers she is now at rest,
Hath gained the kingdom where the blest
Know neither want nor care.

Soft founts, flow on ; such tears are sweet ;
Mary with tears washed Jesu's feet,
And wiped them with her hair ;
My mother, too, was Mary named,
And her kind love for me hath claimed
That I preserve this hair.

In Memory of

MARY COOPER,

OF NEWMILLS, DERBYSHIRE,

Who departed this life on the 29th December, 1852,

AGED 75 YEARS.

She served the Lord with body and with soul,
He was her shield, her bulwark, and her rest ;
She now hath reached the bright, the heavenly goal,
Hath heard the joyous welcome—"Come, thou blest."



COME AND SEE A CHRISTIAN DIE.

The above were almost the last words uttered by my mother, who was likewise Mother of the Primitive Methodists in New Mills and Glossop Circuits. She went to heaven in 1852, aged 75 years.

“Deep is the sleep of the dead, and low their pillow of dust, but their words are strong in battle.”

On the memorable 18th of June, 1815, my youngest brother was born, and is this day 73 years of age.

GLORY to God! our mother's God!
G He was her strength and joy;
 He held her up in death's cold flood,
 When, with His aid, she smiling said,
 “Come see a Christian die!”

The youngest child of our dear mother
 This day is seventy-three,
 'Twould be a task to find another
 So worthy of the name of brother
 In every degree.

True as loadstone is to steel,
 Honest as open day;
 For all he doth compassion feel,
 Tells of a Balsam that doth heal
 All those who watch and pray.

A Temperance sampler fifty years,
 And 'Primitive' beside;
 The chapel, class, and Sabbath-school,
 Have all been worked by one grand rule—
 Duty and manly pride.

For more than three score years he's toiled,
And seldom lost a day ;
While, harmless as a little child,
He kept his manhood undefiled,—
No one can that gainsay.

His creditors cannot be found,
He owes no one a groat ;
Pays twenty shillings in the pound ;
The precepts still are safe and sound
That our dear mother taught.

Now he is like a stranded ship
That's laid up for repair ;
Bilged by a rock on its last trip,
He in his bedroom made a slip,
And tumbled on a chair.

It shook his frame, and hurt his side,
And made him very ill ;
He creeps about with a short stride,
He moans and groans, and, worse beside,
Is home-bound 'gainst his will.

It seems, as far as we can cast,
His willing labour's o'er ;
Well, well, it may be for the best,
'Tis time his weary limbs had rest,
They often feel bone-sore.

Five times ten years his hard-won pence
Hath helped to feed the club ;
Now 'tis their turn to well dispense
The needful for his maintenance,
Heedless of Parish "Grub."

But, best of all, his hope is bright,
 When blind death cuts him down,
 A day will dawn, without a night,
 And then, henceforth, his new birth-right
 Will be the victor's crown.

Glory to God, our mother's God,
 He was her strength and joy,
 And by her stood in Jordan's flood,
 When, undismayed, she smiling said,
 "Come, see a Christian die."

—o—

MOTHER'S ROOM.

THIS is the room in which dear mother prayed
 Heaven's benison on me and all around,
 And here's the handkerchief that dried the sweat,
 Or the chill death-damp, from her heaven-stamp'd brow
 So calm, so glorified, that all spell-bound
 With wonder gazed and reverential awe ;
 And from those cheeks where time's corrosive hand
 Had soiled the roses' bloom and lilies fair,
 And writ in wrinkled lines, see beauty's wreck ;
 Likewise those heaven-lit eyes that smiled to see
 Death drawing near, heaven's legal messenger,
 To strip her of the thread-bare earthly garb
 And robe her with immortal spotless white,
 To introduce her at the royal court,
 Her heritage, and her eternal home ;
 And thou, soft napkin, almost white as snow,
 Art emblematical of her bright soul,
 That now is chaired among the shining host,
 That, having passed through tribulation's fire,
 Were purified through faith in Him who died
 To save fallen man from an eternal death.

A FESTIVE GREETING.

SIR, Sisters, Brothers, joy to each and all,
 I'm glad to meet you on your festive night,
 With joyous souls and love-lit beaming eyes,
 Thanks be to Him, who hath preserved our lives ;
 While friend and foe have fallen right and left,
 And crossed the bourne where none for aye return.

They're gone ! our vacant chairs reverberate gone !
 Yet in our day-dreams we oft feel them near,
 At times a drawer opens like a grave,
 Then manly eyes gush with frail woman's tears ;
 'Tis right to mourn, our Saviour shed hot tears
 As He bent grief-bowed near a loved one's grave.

We would not call them back to this vain world
 Though oft affection's tears do trickle down,
 When at the stilly, fading twilight time
 We leave them muteless in the cold moonlight ;
 Their coverlet made of Adam's worn-out robes,
 Sapless and withered, fallen rustling leaves.

Anon we look to far-off sunny vales,
 To the eternal summer's starry fields,
 Beyond the grave where fadeless flowers bloom,
 Where tears and pain and death are things unknown.
 And there we hope—what buoyancy in hope—
 To meet our loved ones gone a bit before.

Haply some of our friends are looking out—
 Fathers for daughters, mothers for their sons,
 Leaders for classmates, pastors for their flock,
 But best of all, the Comforter who said,
 “ 'Tis meet I go, but I will come again,
 That where I am there ye may be also.”

Oh ! when He comes on the decisive day,
 When seas shall boil and mountains flee away,
 When sceptres, mitres, crowns and purple thrones
 Will not be worth a Christian pauper's bones ;
 May we by works and faith the scripture test,
 Then hear the joyous well done, come, ye blest.

—o—

ADIEU TO BAR-PALOURS.

A DIEU to bar-parlours, rum, brandy, and gin,
 And likewise to tap-rooms, those hotbeds of sin ;
 Adieu to home-brewed, for we've found it out now
 That the best of home-brewed is distilled by the cow !
 Your wine is a mocker, the wise man hath said,
 We are not to look on it when it is red ;
 When it moves in the cup, and sparkleth bright,
 'Tis sure in the end, like a serpent, to bite.
 His words have been verified sadly too oft
 By those who good counsel have slighted and scoffed ;
 'Twas the downfall of Noah, and likewise of Lot,
 For the poisonous viper was found in the pot.
 Your strong drink is raging, I hear from the tomb
 Of thousands that fell in the pride of their bloom,
 While their heart-broken mothers bend, tearing their hair,
 And, cursing strong drink, they die in despair.
 The wind takes the echo and bears it along
 To the scaffold, where recent a culprit was hung,
 There the ropes, nails, and timber conjointly declare
 That "but for strong drink we'd not been fixed here."
 The condemned cell next catcheth the sound,
 And the chains are the speakers that mutter around ;
 "'Tis true, thou black scaffold," cries every link,
 "And we too were forged by the vendors of drink."

“ Hush, hush ! ” cried the turnkey, as fierce as a Turk,
 “ Were it not for strong drink we should be out of work ;
 I know it is true every word you have said,
 And I would that teetotallers were all of them dead.”

The turnkey’s rash wish threw me into a maze,
 When before me did rush from various ways
 A host of supporters the gauntlet to hurl,
 The blessings of Temperance at once to unfurl :—

A widow, veiled in sombre gloom,
 Whose husband was not teetotal,
 Cried, “ Strong drink lures men to the tomb,
 Oh, younglings, be teetotal.
 My husband tampered with the bowl
 That led him into dens so foul
 And loathsome ; I will seal the scroll—
 Oh ! would he’d been teetotal.”

“ Teetotal ! ” cried an old man, bowed,
 “ Oh, had I been teetotal,
 My son, my son ! ” then wept aloud,
 “ Oh, had he been teetotal ;
 He drank—was sent far, far away,
 Unto a place called Botany Bay :
 Oh, shame upon these locks so grey,
 That I were not teetotal.”

An orphan child, with piteous wail,
 Cried, “ bless the word Teetotal ;
 My cheeks, once red, are sunk and pale,
 ’Cause father wasn’t teetotal.
 I grieve o’er him, he’s dead and gone,
 But, ah ! I mourn a dearer one—
 Poor mother’s laid beneath the stone
 ’Cause father wasn’t teetotal.”

Above the rest there cried a voice,
 "When men are all teetotal
 They will be happy, and rejoice,
 That e'er they turned teetotal ;
 No widow then through drink will wail,
 No dram-struck orphan wan and pale,
 No scaffold then—and scarce a jail,—
 Men, women, be teetotal."

That this may quickly come to pass,
 Friend, brother, be teetotal ;
 Just sacrifice that single glass,
 Oh, Christian, be teetotal.
 Abstain, 'twill lengthen life's short span :
 Be thou a good Samaritan,
 And raise thy fallen fellow-man,—
 To do this, be teetotal.

—o—

THE CRIPPLE ; OR, OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

Elihu Burritt, lecturing in Manchester on "the necessity of an Ocean Penny Postage," related an anecdote of a poor cripple who had only one relative, a sister, that had emigrated with a promise to send for him. Being unable to work, the parish allowed him two shillings per week ; a few weeks ago a letter from his sister made his sad heart leap for joy. Fancy his feelings when the postman told him he could not leave it until he got two shillings—charged for postage.

A POOR helpless cripple thus pensive did moan :—
 "In Britain's first city I'm left all alone,
 No soft eye to pity or smile upon me,
 Since sister, dear sister, hath crossed the blue sea.
 "I love my dear sister, and sister loves me,
 And love, like the rainbow, can span the broad sea ;
 The rainbow of sunbeams and drops is combined,
 And smiles cry through tears, 'we yet shall be joined.'

“ Kind guardians dole me two shillings per week,
 Mayhap they may think me akin to the leek,
 That’s best when ’tis seasoned by sharp winds and frost,
 But my sister, my sister, won’t let me be lost.

“ Ah, no ! she will send for me over the main,
 The thought is a balsam that soothes gnawing pain ;
 What’s that loud rap-a-tap ? the postman is here—
 A letter from sister, my own sister dear.

“ This, this is more welcome than flowers in May,
 Oh dear ! it is sealed with ‘ Two shillings to pay,’
 Two shillings ! my all to buy food for a week,
 Go—don’t take the letter ; oh ! heart, wilt thou break ?

“ Here, take the two shillings—my food, feed the post,
 My sister’s an angel—oh, were I a ghost ;
 The bard says we’re made of such stuff as are dreams,
 I’ll read her bright letter, and live on its beams.”

One word, my dear Christians, show Christian-like love,
 Kind letters, as harbingers sent from above,
 Are lights to the blind-folded, feet to the lame,
 And they who o’ertax them I fear are to blame.

Let such benign blessings pass free as the air,
 (Just one royal Queen’s-head would pay wear and tear,)
 They’re stereotyped olive leaves borne by the dove,*
 They are sacred caskets of kindred love.

* Noah’s Messenger on Mount Ararat.

[The above was printed for the Ocean Penny Postage Bazaar, held in Manchester, and Elihu Burritt told me that it would become an heirloom in his own family.—J. C.]

THE DRUNKARD'S BURIAL.

MUSING in fresco, 'neath a pine-crowned hill,
Where hum of bee and a meandering rill
 Their matins chimed ;
While lambent zephyrs gambolled 'mid green bowers,
And filched rich fragrance from the blushing flowers,
 I sat and rhymed.

No eastern Nabob lolling 'neath his vines,
'Mid wreathing smoke, and quaffing choicest wines,
 While woman smiled,
Could *ever* feel half the extatic joy
I felt,—as calm as the serenest sky,
 Or sleeping child.

I thought what God-like, heavenly harmony
Blended in all that I could hear or see,
 Above—below :
That not one blade or flow'ret sprung in vain :
All chaste as virtue,—not one blot or stain,
 But pure as snow.

But then I dreamed of man—my fellow-man,
How he had swerved, and thus became a ban
 Or broken link :
And in my dream I saw a dark, broad way,
By which unthinking men oft went astray,
 Lured on by drink.

By the roadside were swinging, gilded signs,
Writ on 'Accommodation, Spirits, Wines ;'
 A father grey
Came staggering out of one, but he anon
Soon disappeared—but worse, ah ! *worse*, the son
 Had learned the way.

I saw the buoyant youth, his mother's pride,
(The widowed one whose husband lately died)
 Upon the road ;
His hair hung graceful ; his demeanour proud ;
He called, he drank,—and soon I saw a crowd
 At their abode.

I asked the cause of the bewailing crowd,
"The *cause*—the *cause*," a wild voice cried aloud,
 " My son, my son
Hath like his father died,—is dead through drink ;
I cannot bear ; I'm wild, I'm mad,—I sink,
 Drink fiends, laugh on."

She laughed, then grinned with a dread maniac stare,
She clenched her fist, then tore her dangling hair,
 And death-struck fell :—
The sight was chilling ; could I paint the scene,
'Twould be as frightful as the place, I ween,
 Where fiends do yell.

The sable scene grew dark and darker still ;
The very drink that sire and son did kill,
 Both cold and warm,
Was at the funeral handed round in mugs ;
While one professor cries, as th' pot he hugs,
 " A sup won't harm."

They drank, and some went staggering to the grave,
But one had fallen asleep in th' old church nave,
 And there he snored.
The burial ended, all went to th' Church Inn,
And though 'twas Sabbath eve, those drunken men
 Like wild beasts roared.

Looking once more adown the dismal road,
I saw a slimy pit,—'twas deep, not broad—
 Half filled with mire ;
Black fiends were dancing round, and from within
A hollow voice cried "*gin*,—we died through gin,
 That liquid fire."

Turning my head I saw another reel,
And senseless fall beneath his waggon wheel,
 And th' crimson tide
Came rushing from his ears, his mouth, and nose,
I cried, "*help, help*," none hearing I suppose,
 The drunkard died.

Twelve jury then were sworn to well decide
Upon the cause by which the poor man died,—
 Oh ! blush, my nation—
That jury, sitting at the self-same inn,
Pronounced a verdict which I think a sin—
 "God's visitation."

Had I been on the jury, I'd have stayed
All day—all night—till the next evening's shade
 Before I'd given
Such verdict, clothed with incongruent guile,
That doth our boasted charter so defile,
 And insults Heaven.

My friends, though this be called a dream half told,
I've seen such sights (although I'm not grown old)
 Through ale and wine ;
But now, I think, we've found a certain cure,
'Tis—touch not, taste not, shun the ale-house door,
 And come and sign.

HAYNAU FLOGGING THE HUNGARIAN LADY.

In the year 1848 a fierce Revolution broke out in the kingdom of Hungary, headed by the patriot Kossuth, against the Austrian Government, who had ruled them with an iron hand. A number of Hungarian ladies of noble birth, anxious to help their fathers, husbands and brothers in the desperate struggle for Freedom, assisted them by inscribing on their banners mottoes to excite their patriotism. For this *crime*, when the Austrians, helped by the Czar of Russia, had succeeded in quelling the Insurrection, the Austrian Marshal, Haynau, determined to punish the women as well as the men (whom he shot and hung), and to do it effectually, as he thought, took prisoners some of the noblest ladies in the land; he stripped and flogged them in the market-place of Pesth. A thrill of horror ran through the whole of Christendom when the occurrence was made known. The following lines were written on the occasion:—

THE moon had hid herself beyond the curtain of the clouds: the sun rose in a murky garb and blood-red face, as though he blushed to witness such a scene. The warblers of the groves were mute as death. The cricket and grasshopper ceased their melody. Nature seemed paralysed.

When, lo! a fierce Hyæna marshalled forth a hundred thousand—what?—Monsters? Devils?—Images of God clothed in Satanic terror. At each step, Buda trembled, as if Etna and Vesuvius travailed.

Now is seen the flashing of ten thousand glittering spears, as if Death and the Fates would gorge to satiety. Now, in the cannon's distant roar, I hear—what? The cursing of some vile perfidious traitor—murderer? No! 'Tis the wailing of God's last and most exquisite handywork, given to man to cherish and protect—'tis helpless woman! whose father's manly heart had dared defiance to a perjured despot's yoke. He and his nerved compatriots bravely beat the proud

oppressor's clan ; till, by the assistance of the Hydra Czar, he fainting fell.

Ah ! again that piercing scream comes like the damp of death upon my brain, or Egypt's mingled wail when all the first-born in the land were slain. What is her crime, that thus unrobed, exposed, and held to scorn, all modesty outlawed, lashed with a two-fold scourge, the stripe doth only lacerate her back ? But, ah ! the shame doth pierce her bleeding heart with two-fold torture.

Stay ! here I read her black and heinous crime ! 'Tis, that she—rising ere the lark's trilla, or the shrill clarion of the cock, had heralded the morn—assiduously had plied her snowy fingers o'er the canvas wide ; had scattered flowery wreaths that made e'en Flora blush ; and in their midst, in flaming characters, had writ :

“ A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.”

Ah ! she faints, articulating freedom ! Heaven
Send thy guardian angel to assuage her pain,
Or snap her clanking fetters. May her spotless
Soul, freed from that beauteous wreck, its
Mangled tenement, on seraphs wings be borne.
To bask in liberty, and light, and bliss.





“CLENCH THE NAILS.”

The author, speaking at the Annual Tea Meeting of the Primitive Methodists, New Mills, exclaimed with deep emotion, “Nine out of every ten scholars, when they leave school, are lost to the churches. Where are they? Echo cries, Where are they? Many of them are crushed under the gory hoof of the drink fiend. Parents, teachers, when you give instruction, Clench the Nails with the Temperance Pledge.”

The chairman, springing on his feet, and tapping the speaker on the back, cries, “That’s it, that’s it.”

Another speaker, whose towering brows were tresselled with silvery locks, leaping forward, and striking the chairman on the shoulder, exclaimed, “I’m with you, I’m with you, and have been for thirty years; so ‘Clench the Nails!’”

THE CARPENTER OF NAZARETH.

GOD made a hedge around His servant Job,
We can't describe the timber, but the rails
Were knit so close, and built so firm and strong,
That even Satan could not draw the nails.

The tempter still, as in the days of yore,
Lurks where the sons of God meet, never fails,
And ever breaks the fence, and robs the fold,
If e'er the Shepherd fail to clench the nails.

The teachers in our far-famed Sabbath Schools
Would shield our youths, but oft their effort fails ;
We know by sad experience one chief cause,
They do not use the Pledge to clench the nails.

The fiend strong drink makes havoc in our schools,
And sends our loved ones to the hulks and jails ;
And will do, spite of all our prayers and tears,
Until we use the Pledge to clench the nails.

In retrospect I see a bright-eyed youth,
Who for a crime was sent to New South Wales ;
Who might have been a Christian teacher now,
Had those who trained him only clenched the nails.

A father *Super* in a Sabbath School,
The son a convict dragged by transport sails ;
I think I hear a moan on wind and wave,
And from the father's grave, cry, Clench the nails.

Not long ago yon school rang with a voice
That now is blended with foul oaths and wails ;
With curse ye, Marez, on her parched lips,
On those who ought, but failed to clench the nails.

Kind Christian teachers, we have worked long years,*
 And still would hope—but hope deferred oft fails;
 But still we ask, nay beg, with prayers and tears,
 That by example you would *Clench the nails*.

—O—



I NAILED IT ON THE WALL.

A short time ago I entered a coffee tavern in New Mills, when I saw two men who were evidently enjoying meat pies and coffee. One of them addressing me, I replied, "You have the advantage of me; I have not the pleasure of knowing you." He answered, "But I know you. It's two years this day since the centenary procession of the Sabbath Schools; you were then distributing a quantity of temperance tracts called 'Clench the Nails!' I read one of them at home, then nailed it on the wall in my house, and prayed to God to help me to

* The three make over one hundred years' teetotallers.

keep my pledge. My mate here, who had often drunk with me for a week together, watched me until December, and then he 'Clenched the Nails,' and has been reaping the blessings of temperance eighteen months. I am thankful to tell you that I've only been absent from a place of worship *once* in the two years, and that was unavoidable." This pleasing narrative suggested the following lines :—

TWO years ago this very day
 I flung the drunkard's cup away,
 And on the Lord did call
 To help me whilst I 'clenched the nails,'
 And nailed it on the wall.

Ere then I drank a week at once,
 And people dubbed me a soft dunce,—
 Heedless of health or pence ;
 But thank the Lord, *that* little tract
 Hath taught me common sense.

That pledge hath drawn the viper's sting,
 I now am happy as a king,
 And laugh when th' landlord rails ;
 But inly mourn that years ago
 I did not clench the nails.

Thro' grace, each blessed Sabbath day
 I join with those who preach and pray ;
 I also make a rule
 The good I learn from th' pastor's aid
 I teach in th' Sunday School.

'Tis wonderful ! amazing ! strange !
 Bewildering ! to behold the change,
 When mem'ry wanders back
 To th' Sunday Schools' Centenary Day
 And *that* small temperance tract.

Friends! spread good tracts, both far and wide,
 By express trains, Atlantic tides,
 By merchantmen and mails,
 Till Christendom shall shout for joy—
 “We all have clenched the nails.”

—o—

WI' GRIEVIN' O'ER TH' CHILDER AN' THEE.

(A PARODY.)

A W'VE just put o' th' foyer th' last cob,
 An' th' soles are worn off my owd shoon,
 Aw've nowt t' ate bu' thoose tay-leovs o' th' hob,
 'At 're stew'd till they're white up o'th oon ;
 Aw've sowd my owd coat, does ta know ?
 We wur loike t' other ate it or dee ;
 Aw'm grieved, mon, aw'm wastin' loike snow,
 We' grievin' o'er th' childer an' thee.

“When aw took little Sally to bed ”
 Tears rowl'd down her whackerin' chin,
 For what thinks ta th' pratty thing said—
 'At tha'd sowd th' sheets an' blankets for gin :
 So aw lapp'd her i' straw an' some rags,
 An' patted her soft curly yed,
 An' tow'd her t' be good an' go t' sleep,
 An' her feyther 'ud bring her some bread.

An' Dick, mon, aw grieve moor o'er him
 Than aw th' rest o' my troubles an' cares ;
 Tha tow'd him tha'd drink no moor gin,
 “He sed, when he're sayin' his prayers.”
 Then he look'd i' my face an' he said—
 Aw wish the're no drink to be had !
 “An' he cried till his een wur quite red ;”
 Mon, thy drinkin' is killin' that lad !

They sobb'd till they fell fast osleep,
 Then aw crept down th' stairs very sly,
 An' wesh'd their owd clooas—but they're weet—
 An' they'll ha' t' lie i' bed till they're dry :
 Then aw set till aw're feeort to deeoath,
 For summut coom into my yed
 'At chocked me, it fair stopp'd my breeoth,
 For aw thowt 'at aw seed thee laid dead.

Aw'll ha' another glass an' goo whoam,
 An' aw'll clewt thee an' th' childer o reawnd ;
 So budge it, an' mind when aw com,
 Aw'll pur thee till t' yells loike a heawnd ;
 Aw'll ne'er be deproived o' my glass,
 Or sauced if aw goo up o' th' spree ;
 Aw'll show thee whoa's th' mestur, my lass,
 O' booath yon childer an' thee.

—o—

SOBER THOUGHTS.

No. I.

MAN, I am told in Sacred Writ, is made
 And moulded in the image of his God !
 And God is holy, pure, and clothed in light ;
 I see, too, in that mirror, man hath fallen,
 And sunk as low, ah ! lower than the brute ;
 But, then, forsooth, I see man need not lie
 In that forlorn and pitiable state,
 For Heaven hath given him power to will
 His rags or robes, his misery or bliss.
 More,—He hath given to them the power
 To reason, and select the good from ill,
 To store the wheat, or throw the chaff to th' wind.

And can a thinking man insult his God
 And injure self? If one, the other's sure,—
 First creating, then pampering false taste
 For fiery drinks, for deadly alcohol,
 That warms, that cheers,—but blighteth while it cheers ;
 Then flattering heals,—then blighteth deeper still,
 Until the fell contagion hath wide spread
 Through blood, through brain, then in carbuncles foul
 Doth pile its wreck between his blood-shot eyes—
 A silent monitor that crieth death.

There must be something radically wrong,
 And strange as wrong, a something off the square ;
 Ah ! here it is,—'tis all in the first glass.
 No one was ever born a drunkard—but
 Thousands can trace their ruin to th' first glass ;
 Millions of hopeful youths have been undone—
 Their ban, blight, ruin, sprung from the first glass ;
 Oh ! preach this unto youths in Sabbath Schools,
 At home, abroad, in workshops, in the lanes—
 Our youths will soon be men (if rightly trained),
 Be men, who thinking for themselves, what's best
 To build the system and adorn the mind !
 Till then, till then, will mantraps, legalised,
 Infest our towns and desolate our homes,
 Our daughters be our blush, our sons our bane,
 And we a by-word unto other states.
 But when men think, and, thinking, act as men,
 Nor eat nor drink but what they're sure is good,
 Then will the malt tax speedily be doomed,
 And spirits false, encased in sparkling glass,
 Be driven from the land, as country ghosts
 Have fled, palled with the press and Sabbath Schools.

Then will those dens—those hot-houses of vice,
 Be closed on Sabbath until Saturday—
 “To-let,” “to-let,” write on the crumbling walls.
 Mayhap some thrifty man may cleanse one through,
 And hang with drapery, choice, rich, and rare,
 The place that long hath manufactured rags ;
 Some one, perhaps, may make a baker’s shop
 Of it that long hath gulp’d poor children’s bread.
 I fancy one cleared of its mugs and kegs,
 Its shelves replaced with the world’s worthy bards,
 Who thought and writ for those who would not think,
 A library free,—and “freely used ;”
 Another turned into a ragged school,
 To instruct the last poor drunkard’s children,
 A nursery to train their youthful minds
 In virtue’s path, the path that leads to heaven ;
 Then will that lovely text be verified—
 “Where sin abounded, grace doth more abound.”

Will you that hear me help to bring to pass
 This great, this God-like renovating sight ?
 The world’s fell woe or bliss lie in th’ first glass,
 Oh ! give it up,—come, sign the pledge to-night !

—o—

BODLE THE BOUSER.

(A LANCASHIRE TALE.)

A GOGGLE-EYED fuddler, as usual, ’bout brass,
 Sat studyin’ one mornin’ heaw t’ raise another glass ;
 He’re a bit of a coalyer, or raither a snob,
 But he noather liked wark nor them ut set him at th’ job ;
 He liked ale—O, three-penny ale !

He walk'd int' owd Neddy's so neat and so nimbly,
Sayin'—"Dang it, owd Ned, aw shud like t' go up th'
chimbly ;"

So owd Neddy says—"Dang it, owd Bodle, goo up,
An' I'll gi' thee a quart o' good ale for to sup,
O' good ale—O, three-penny ale !"

So Bodle at wost set th' tone foot o'th' top bar,
An' went climbling aloft like a gradely jack tar ;
Well, owd Neddy 'ur so pleas't, he sheawts "hey, lads, hey,
Owd Bodle's gwon chlyen up th' chimbly to-day,
For some ale—good three-penny ale !"

Then owd Neddy sheawts "Bodle, goo on, lad, goo on,
Go through wi' it, Bodle, theaw'rt a reet un, bi th' mon ;
Aw like a brave fellow, aw do i' my heart,
An' if t' gets eawt at th' top, mon, aw'll gi' thee a quart
O' good ale—good three-penny ale."

But while owd Ned sheawted like a nat'ral clown,
Bodle let goo his howd, an' coom shutterin' deawn ;
He leet wi' his hinder-end thump o'th' top bar,
Roll't deawn, an' a gradely blush-boggart he wor,
O for ale—O, three-penny ale !

He're so buried i' soot, he could hardly be seen,
While owd Neddy stood leaughing an' wipin' his een,
Sayin'—"Ta' thy woint, Bodle, theaw'st have a quart moor,
My chimbly wor ne'er swept uz chlyen afore ;
Nan, bring th' ale, that three-penny ale !"

So yo' seen wot contrivances men han for drink,
To get it without oather credit or jink ;
For to credit a drunkard folks dunnot like th' job,
And jink's eawt o'th' question when a hole's in the fob,
Made by ale—O, three-penny ale !



Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise.—*Cowley.*

THINKING.

THOUGHTLESS persons think that thinking
 Is an idle waste of thought ;
 So leave the task to other people
 Who have been correctly taught.
 They say that Mr. Twaddle knows best,
 He is a man of knowledge,
 Who ought to know, because he got
 His learning at the college.

They make themselves *mere things*—not men !
 Simple vitalized machines,
 When they have grown to man's estate,
 Their soul is in its teens.
 They lend themselves, as handy tools,
 Unto the shrewd and wily,
 Who make their craze seem gospel truths,
 Because their tongues are oily.

A woodbine planted near an oak,
Instinctively doth cling,
A child tucked to his mother's skirt
Is a sweet, pretty thing.
But to behold men pin their faith
Upon another's sleeve,
For earthly bread, and heavenly hope,
Makes men and angels grieve.

If men would cultivate the soil,
Then sow the seed of thought,
The soul would be a paradise,
With blooms of fruitage fraught.
No noxious blight, nor dank mildew,
Nor chilling winds could wither—
Bright thought—true "things of beauty
Would be a joy for ever."

When I began to write these lines,
'Twas a dull relaxing day,
The sun was veiled with sombre gloom,
Ducks swimming round the hay.
My thoughts were wild, like Macbeth's ghost,
Or a lost dog in a fair,
Having read, till grown quite weary,
In a cosy, low-backed chair.

I got my paper, pen, and ink,
Not knowing what to write,
When something seemed to say—man—
Think—thinking's the soul of light,
That scatters bugbears, spectres, myths,
And chaseth phantom foes ;
Makes deserts smile, and prairies
To blossom as the rose.

If men would only learn to think,
One thought would breed another,
And represent the dwarf who said—
“I’ve got a great big brother.”
The brain is an exhaustless mine,
Where gems of every hue
Abound—but only deck the brow
Of the deep thinking few.

—o—

A HUNDRED BRITONS SOLD BY AUCTION.

FACTS are more strange than fiction,
Ours is a strange, true tale ;
A blood-and-tear-stained drunkery
Was advertised for sale.

A club met in that den of death,
It numbered near five-score ;
The vendor vowed they made it worth
Four thousand shillings more.

They were dirt cheap, two pounds per head,
Dan Long, Joe Short, John Jones,
Would pay far better interest
Than timber, lime, and stones.

Dick Lark would sing a charming song,
Fred Joke tell a smart tale ;
Chums clap and shout a loud encore,
While Filpot sold his ale.

But our strange tale grows stranger still—
You may have caught the cue—
But the next scene exhibited
Will have a greenish hue.

The wisest men may be sold once,
More likely when in teens ;
But these were sold a second time
By Brother Evergreens.

The wise proposed a change of place,
The landlord cried " No, no,"—
Not in the room, but in the ear—
We won't name names—you know.

They went about with 'suasive tongue
And a sweet smiling face,
And got a large majority
To vote for the old place.

The landlord stood a bowl of punch,
And Creepsleeve sang a song ;
Some would have left in sheer disgust,
But having paid so long,

There they remain under protest ;
However, I'm so told,
They never go—just send their pence
To th' room where they were sold.

These auction clubs may last awhile,
But in the end must wane ;
I hope the wise will try once more—
Yes, try and try again.

I heard a worthy brother say
He had three healthy boys,
Ready to join, but for the drink—
Friends, shift and win the prize.

But for the springs, the lakes will dry
 And leave but sand and clay ;
 And if you lose the hopeful young
 You'll see "another day."

Let landlord doff his coat and work,
 Nor longer count your gold ;
 Remember that the time will come
 When you'll be feeble, old.

That sober sons may be your crutch
 When tottering to the tomb,
 Teach them to neither taste nor touch
 Death's draught i' th' auction room.

—o—



A GRADELY DRYING-IN.

I MET a man the other day,
 Who said, "How do you do, sir?"
 I answered, "I am very well,
 But don't remember you, sir."

No wonder—he was very like
The knife of Silly Daffs,
A family favourite that had worn
Three blades and three new hafts.

His face was wrinkled like ploughed ground,
Or washerwoman's thumb,
Bedecked with carbuncles and wens,
The brand-marks of "King Rum."

A threadbare coat hung on his back,
As meant to frighten crows,
And all the warmth from his blue veins
Seemed centred in his nose.

The greasy vest, hung round his breast,
Was far too wide and long ;
One in the trade would think it made
For "Bawsen-bellied Bung."

His shrunken legs had grown too long
For his thin shiny breeches ;
His dangling hose and shoe-cut toes
Sucked in the slush like leeches.

He said, "I worked along with you
A many years ago ;
You may not know me, I'm so changed,
They called me 'Drunken Joe.'

"Joe Bu——y—you may recollect
I drank till I'd no 'tin,'
Then went to th' workhouse, where I got
A gradely 'drying in.'"

* * * *

At that time he would smack his lips
 And say he'd often had
 Ale good, and middling, and some worse,
 But never any bad.

—o—

THE EXILE'S SOLILOQUY.

In the year 1848, revolution and civil discord disturbed the whole of Europe: in some countries upsetting thrones and dynasties, and creating sorrow and trouble in the homes of the masses of the people. So much poverty and wretchedness existed that a large number of exiles from Poland, Hungary, Germany, and France came to this country in the fervent hope of improving their condition, but were horrified to find that our social customs of drinking intoxicating drink produced greater sorrow, crime and poverty than they had left at home. Hence the following soliloquy.

THANK heaven! I'm here on Britain's isle,
 Nor tyrant's wrath, nor ban nor broil
 Need fear;
 I'll look around to find a spot
 Where sweet content shall shield my cot
 Through the year.

Looking to the left--

I see on this a danky dell,
 That darkleth while I gaze;
 Wild shrieks, mixed with a funeral knell,
 Fill labyrinth and maze.

Looking to the right—

I see on this a sunny vale,
 Smiling 'neath Heaven's bright ken;
 Home, home, sweet home, swells on the gale,
 Sung by athletic men.

Looking to the left—

I see on this a host of slaves,
Upon destruction's brink ;
Dropping into unhallowed graves,
Self-sacrificed by drink.

Looking to the right —

I see on this sweet freedom's sons,
With smiling joyous face ;
Drinking good tea with currant buns,
While music fills the place.

Looking to the left—

I see on this the lurking thief
Skulking in bed all day ;
His stay with us will be but brief—
He smells of Botany Bay.

Looking to the right—

I see on this the sober man
Rising from bed at five,
With mind and nerve doing all he can
To store his little hive.

Looking to the left—

I see on this a female stroll
With painted neck and face,
To drown her sorrow in the bowl,
And live by her disgrace.

Looking to the right—

I see on this a damsel fair,
Pure as the dew-sprent bell ;
“Sweet innocence—her shield from care ;”
Creation's loveliest spell.

Looking to the left—

I see on this a massive wall,
With bars and bolts and chains ;
Its inmates do my soul appal
With their bewildered brains.

Looking to the right—

I see on this a pleasure-park,
With trees, and shrubs, and flowers ;
There sober men, blithe as the lark,
Enjoy their leisure hours.

Looking to the left—

I see on this poor men on tramp,
Their shoes are out at th' toes ;
Their clothes are threadbare, thin, and damp,
While they look down their nose.

Looking to the right—

I see on this a man well clad,
Leaving his daily toil ;
While little Tommy cries dad, dad,
Kate meets him with a smile.

Looking to the left—

I see on this three brazen balls,
Well known as two to one ;
There drunkards make repeated calls,
Till stock and money's gone.

Looking to the right—

I see on this a Savings'-bank,
Where temperance men repair,
To save as much as once they drank,
Or what they well can spare.

Looking to the left—

I see on this a large saloon
Open on Sabbath night,
Where man with man, more like baboon,
Do growl, and roar, and fight.

Looking to the right—

I see on this a house of prayer,
And this I much revere ;
Men, worthy men, are flocking there,
God's righteous will to hear.

Looking to the left—

I see on this a large bastile,
Built for the needy poor ;
Some weep, while some with ghastly smile,
Approach its ponderous door.

Looking to the right—

I see on this a noble band,
Like suns 'mid satellites—
Soothing the blow of death's cold wand—
They're named the Rechabites.

Looking to the left—

I see on this the spendthrift reel—
Ah ! see his pale lips quiver ;
No one for him doth pity feel ;
He sinks, he's gone for ever.

Looking to the right—

I see on this the sober man,
With health writ on his brow ;
Owned as a fellow citizen,
Who's signed and kept his vow.

Looking to the left—

I see on this a maniac wild,
With fiendish glare and grin,
Murdering his wife or darling child,
The fruits of damning gin !

Looking to the right—

I see on this the maniac tamed,
Now harmless as a lamb ;
His heart is now with love inflamed,
To serve the great I AM !

Looking to the left—

I see on this a transport ship,
With convicts bowed with care ;
A long adieu is on their lip,
While they tear off their hair.

Looking to the right—

I see on this a special train,
With gents and ladies fair,
Taking a trip unto the main,
To breathe the fresh sea air.

Looking to the left—

I see on this a scaffold high,
That alcohol hath built,
For man to hang, to swing, to die—
To expiate for guilt !

Looking to the right—

I see on this an old man sink—
Calm as the setting sun—
While hope illumes death's shivering brink,
Faith cries—"Thy will be done !"

Looking to the right—

I see on this a neat, neat cot,
 The prettiest I've seen yet ;
 It is a sweet and lovely spot—
 I wonder if 'tis let.
 There's something writ above the door,
 'Tis writ both neat and clear ;
 " My tenant, be he rich or poor,
 Must drink no wine or beer,
 But he must sign what's writ below,*
 And keep it all his life.
 'Twill 'gender bliss—'twill banish woe ;
 His children and his wife
 Shall bless the deed, shall crown the act,
 And the Teetotal leaven
 Shall show the world the pleasing fact—
 That Temperance springs from Heaven !

* I promise henceforth to abstain
 From aught that steals away the brain,
 And to discountenance its use ;
 For tasting leads to the abuse
 Of this appalling beverage !
 Oh ! may I ever keep the pledge."

—o—

A SHIFTLESS MAN.

I WISH that something would turn up,
 O dear ! I'm tired of waiting ;
 All the friends that I have are not worth a sop,
 With all their frothy prating ;
 I'm starved alive, whilst others thrive,
 O dear ! O dear ! if something shortly don't turn up,
 It is a case, I fear.

John Tompkins lent me a few crowns,
Bless me, he's worth a mint !
He'd ne'er missed as many pounds,
But his heart is made of flint ;
He cannot feel for others' weal,
O dear ! O dear ! if something shortly don't turn up,
It is a case, I fear.

I wrote to my rich neighbour, Jones,
And told him I was pining ;
He might be made of pebble-stones,
With all his piteous whining ;
His callous heart can't feel this smart,
O dear ! O dear ! if something shortly don't turn up,
It is a case, I fear.

My wife has pledged her wedding-gown,
With old "*Gripes*" for three-and-five ;
He should be scouted out of town,
For he'd skin a man alive.
It's *two* to *one* her dress is gone,
O dear ! O dear ! if something shortly don't turn up,
It is a case, I fear.

Old Crookclaws a coarse letter sent—
Bless me, he's got no feeling ;
He says next week he'll have his rent,
Though I should promise kneeling ;
He's waited long, and law is strong,
O dear ! O dear ! if something shortly don't turn up,
It is a case, I fear.

I wish that something would turn up,
O dear ! I am almost crazy ;
My bit of club-pay now must stop,
They hint that I am lazy ;

It's very strange how friends do change,
 O dear! O dear!
 It is a case, I fear!

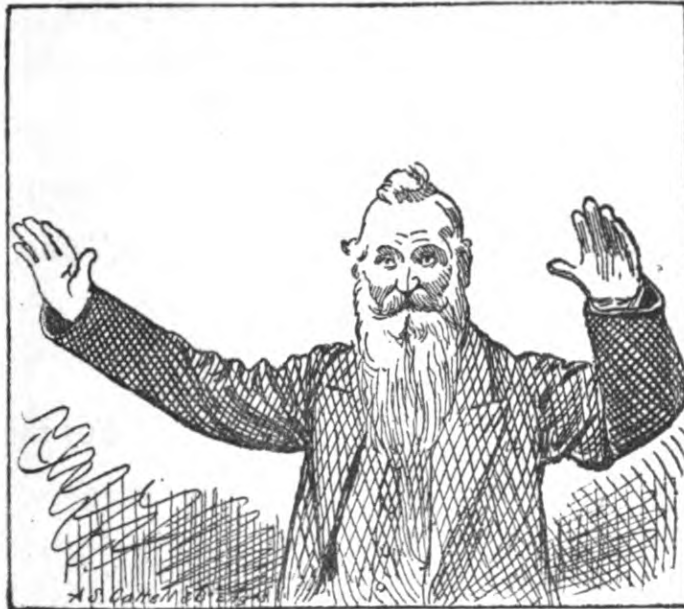
—o—



TIMOTHY'S COMPLAINT.*

JOHN GOOD-INTENT, a Sunday saint,
 So oft had Timothy's complaint
 Before he went to bed ;
 That rumour ran from ear to ear—
 Old Sally says—"The thing's quite clear ;
 The weak part—is the head."

* "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities."



WHAT NEXT?

At the conclusion of the Temperance Campaign in the Public Hall, New Mills, on Saturday last, a picture was exhibited worthy the pencil of one of the "Old Masters." The chairman, Mr. BRUNSKILL, a grey-headed veteran, has been in active service upwards of fifty years:—

WITH outstretched arms, and flashing eyes,
 And a voice like a wind-god ;
 Or an inspired prophet—cried
 "We've mapped the fields we've trod."

What next ?

We've stormed the forts of Liquordom,
 And with God's help we trust
 Ere long the drink-fiend must succumb,
 And mingle with foul dust

Till then !

Till then let's work, no duty shirk,
 We've battled fifty years,
 Let's peg away, and Heaven will pay,
 Those who dry widows' tears.

Work on !

Let's work and pray, the God of power
 May make those lick the dust,
 The parasites who now devour
 The famished orphan's crust.

Shorn lambs !

And leave them homeless, shoeless, 'lone,
 Street arabs wandering wild ;
 We weep, and in the spirit groan,
 God bless the drunkard's child.

For them !

For them ! we pledge ourselves anew,
 To die, or win the fight,
 To do as much as men can do,
 God give us strength to smite ;

Amen.

—o—

ANSWER TO DR. SPENCER T. HALL'S FRIEND,
 WHO HAD BEEN WONDERING WHERE HE WOULD LIKE
 TO BE BURIED.

IT matters little where we lie,
 When we have said our last good-bye
 To foe and friend ;
 If we have worked and done our best,
 While slumbering on our mother's breast,
One will us tend.

The Maker of the earth and sky
 Will guard the apple of His eye ;
 This mouldering clay
 May turn to dust. Then by the blast
 Within a thousand graves be cast
 Ere the great day,

When death shall heave his final groan,
And bone shall join his fellow-bone
 For ever more !
The grub turned to a butterfly,
Shall wing its way above the sky,
 And there will soar,
To join the choir who shout and sing—
O cruel Death ! where is thy sting ?
 Thou victor, Grave,
Art vanquished by the great I AM !
Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb
 Who died to save.

—o—

THE TEETOTAL PLEDGE AND THE
PUBLICAN'S TAP.

THE teetotal pledge and the publican's tap
Hath wrestled for full forty years ;
The pledge hath strewn flowers all over its path,
The tap hath run hot, burning tears.
The pledge hath been blessing the lost one's abode,
And clothing his children and wife ;
The tap hath been wrecking both villa and cot,
And grinding the suicide's knife.
The pledge hath been feeding both churches and schools,
And teaching poor children to read ;
The tap hath writ "*vacant*" on many a chair,
And draped the lone widow in weeds.
The pledge hath made orators, statesmen, and bards,
And spread intellectual light ;
The tap hath been squandering its time over cards,
And veiling the mind in black night.

The pledge hath been feeding the body and mind,
And lining the vest and the purse ;
The tap hath been making the blind lead the blind,
A withering blight and a curse.

The pledge hath kept tailors and hatters at work,
The butcher, the baker, and Co. ;
The tap left the shop-score unsettled last week,
And made the poor grocer cry " Oh ! "

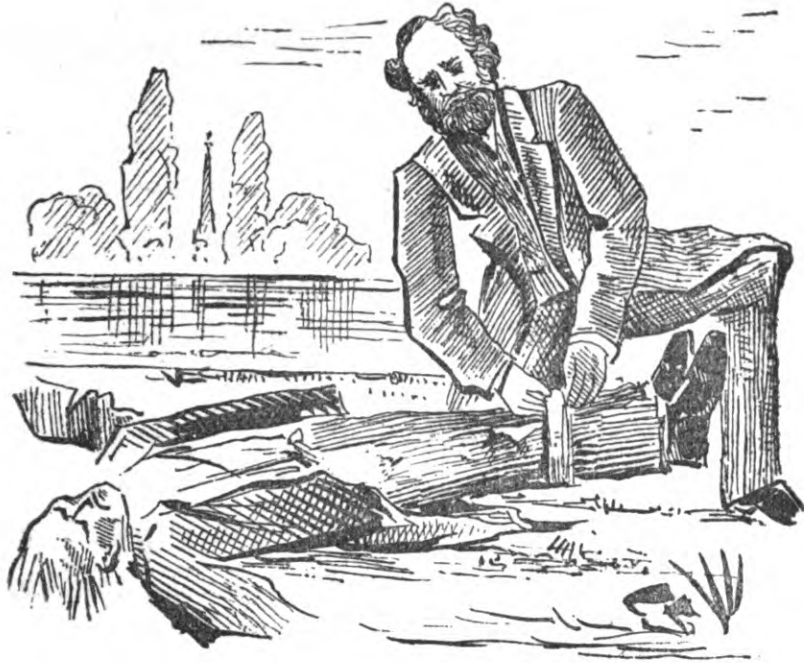
The pledge hath sent numbers to breathe the sea air,
To equip them for winter's chill blast ;
The tap sang the chorus, " Away with dull care—
We can die in the workhouse at last."

The pledge makes a brother of all that do sign,
No matter how sunk or bereft ;
The tap calls Sir Bung a respectable man,
The pledge echoes ditto—*o'er the left.*

The tap cries, " Poor stomach, I know thou art weak,
Take a drop ere thou gets into bed ! "
The pledge replies, " Think, don't saddle th' wrong horse,
Is it th' stomach that's weak or the head ? "

The pledge and co-partner religion now shed
Sunbeams on the twilight of time ;
The tap and its compeers when spared to old age,
Are surrounded by spectres of crime.

The youth who ne'er prophesied unless he knew,
I think was a very shrewd chap ;
But if my dear mother's old Bible be true,
The pledge will ere long slay the tap.



His limbs grew frigid, crooked, stiff,
I bound them with my garter.*

THE DRINK-FIEND'S PANORAMA.

I'VE seen mankind in various forms,
Upwards of threescore years—
Its births and christenings, bridal wreaths,
Its palls, graves, coffins, biers.

I've seen the good man bowed with grief,
Till tears have drenched his bed,
Because he could not honestly
Procure his children bread ;
Have seen the same one in old age,
With earthly needs supplied,
But more—far more—with final breath
Shout "Glory !" when he died.

* Forty-four years ago.—J. C.

I've seen the man of wealth and fame,
His hounds, guns, grooms, and steeds,
All gone, forgotten as a dream,
His grave o'ergrown with weeds.
I've seen the proud and haughty one,
Who scarce could deign a look,
Drink, sink uncared for and expire
In the blank workhouse nook.

I've seen stars of the pulpit,
Beaming with Bethlehem's light,
Fall into cold, damp cellars,
Scathed with the drink-fiend's blight.
I've heard them preach with 'suasive tongue,
Love glistening in their eye ;
Have known them fall drunk in the street,
The scorn of passers by.

I've seen the profound scholar,
Well-versed in classic lore,
Rave like a jabbering maniac—
A loathsome, drunken boor.
The doctor, lawyer, squire too,
And Rev. D. D. Shunk,
Arraigned with Hodge the clodhopper,
And fined for being drunk.

I've seen the swollen-eyed widow
Cower in the begrudged nook,
Been chilled to hear her chid and snubbed,
And her own child's black look.
That widow once was affluent,
The old, old tale's the truth—
Drink tore from her poor bleeding heart
The husband of her youth.

I've seen the young man in his strength,
Well-built in chest and limb,
Laugh and exclaim with emphasis—
Drink could not injure him.
I've seen the same one bound in chains—
Self-forged had been each link—
Become as helpless as a child,
In the strong coils of drink.

I've seen the blushing maiden,
Pure as the flowers in spring,
Lured from the school and homestead
By the same subtle thing.
Her fair brow become brazen,
Her cheeks forget their blush,
I could pourtray her loathsome den,
But sympathy cries—*Hush!*

I've seen a many chilling sights,
The next one makes me shiver ;
A fellow-workman drunk o'er night,
Next morn "dead" in the river.
Drink had benumbed his nerves and brain,
He stumbled in the water ;
His limbs were frigid, crookèd, stiff,
I bound them with my garter.

I've seen the landlord block the door
On the poor drunkard's wife,
And shake his fist in her pale face
While th' partner of her life
Was squandering on his fiery drinks
Their pining children's bread,
Who had to sob themselves to sleep
On shavings for a bed.

I've seen that landlord bloated till
 His eyes bulged from his head,
 But I will close my lines on him,
 For he, poor thing, is dead !
 He tried the water-cure some time,
 But appetite cried " Rum !"
 And now he sleeps where I must soon,
 Lord, help me to be dumb.

I would not judge poor erring dust,
 But, Christian brother, *think*,
 If He who sees such scenes as these
 Can bless the drunkard's drink.

—o—

THE QUIET WOMAN.

I have often been surprised at the taste of men who hang over their doors such brutal signs as the Black Bull, Red Lion, &c. ; but was the other day excessively disgusted while looking at the figure of a woman with her head cut off, and the crimson tide trickling down her fair bosom, as she hung and swung over those deadly words :—" Licensed to be drunk on the premises."

WHILE passing through a country town one day,
 I saw a sight most horrible to view :
 A female form hung o'er a house of death,
 Where vice is nurtured, virtue nullified ;
 And, staggering 'neath its shade, a ghastly band,
 Cursing, wailing, gulping deep draughts of death,
 Conspicuous in this motley crowd there reared—
 A what ?—a something in the form of man,
 Nor like the man that heaven once made supreme,
 In His own likeness and in His own form,
 Upright, erect, and panoplied in love ;
 But more like him that's named in sacred writ,

A wallowing swine, that eats the fallen acorns,
But ne'er lifts head to see from whence they fell ;
The swine ?—Ah ! no ; the likeness is not true ;
The swine doth only eat, and grunt, and sleep,
But thus fulfils the purpose whence 'twas sent ;
For it hath got no reasoning faculties.

Only six springs have decked the mead with flowers
Since he entrapped a lovely maiden fair,
And promised in the sight of man and heaven
To be her stay, her succour and support :
The faithless wretch hath paled that rosy cheek,
And struck the lustre from that angel eye ;
Those lovely eyes that palled the electric light,
Are dim, and clouded like November's sun,
That scarce is seen, but veiled in mist and tears ;
That lovely form, more graceful than the swan
That glideth down yon limpid, silvery lake
In jealous pride, vieing with its shadow,
Is bowed and droopeth like a thirsting flower,
Or weeping widow o'er her own one's grave,
Where buried lies her every earthly tie.
That throbbing bosom, where bright buoyant hope
Late revelled, ravished with luxuriant mirth,
Doth heave and creak like to a shattered bark,
When surging seas and dashing billows roll ;
Her bridal robes are dwindling one by one :
Fabrics of silk, and satin, and soft velvet ;
Bracelets, brooches, neck-beads, friendly trinkets,
Are vanished like the cloud of yesterday,
While patch on patch, neat stitched on that old gown,
Bespeak a thrifty, but a weighed-down form ;
Each patch—nay more—each stitch hath cost a tear.

Her first-born son, a bonny, bright-eyed boy,
Reluctantly she sends to beg for bread ;
She'd smile to send him to the ragged school,
But ah ! the father drinks, and he must beg ;
While that pale youngling, nestling on her lap,
Doth sob, in sleep, because the fount is dry.

Now, see the brute comes staggering to his den,
His clothes besmeared with mud, but his black soul
No pencil e'er could paint the opaque shade ;
The fiery lava he hath gulped for years
Hath shrivelled up compassion, and surcharged
The animal propensities with rage :
"Reason, choice jewel of the soul, is choked
With worse than nightshade, deadly alcohol."

Now, see that nuisance both to earth and heaven,
Belching his venom on his half-starved wife,
Who, trembling, cannot flee, but death-struck falls
A victim to the hand she dying loves.

And can an English legislature grant
A license unto men, to make men mad ?
And can philanthropists look calmly on,
Nor by example teach men to abstain ?
And can professing Christians take their drops,
From this pestiferous fount of rayless death ?
They may.

Can woman's tongue be still, if it hath power to move ?
No ; speak it will, and such fell deeds reprove :
And this the vendor knew ; and in his dread,
To make her quiet—he cut off her head.



BENDED KNEES.

WHEN Flora's donned in summer bloom,
 Arabia mingles rich perfume,
 With every passing breeze,
 Bewitching the material sense ;
 But, there's a heavenly influence
 Pervading bended knees.

I've seen a many "long" short years,
 Begemmed with smiles, bedewed with tears,
 Quaffed life's draught to the lees ;
 And now declare, at seventy-five,
 The sweetest honey in life's hive
 Is sipped on bended knees.

Our Saviour who, at close of day,
Went to the mountain side to pray,
 Hath said, Friends, "learn of me";
Do as I do, with one accord,
Hold secret commune with the Lord
 Upon the bended knee.

I've climbed the hills to watch Sol rise,
Pencil the clouds, and gild the skies,
 And burnish lakes and seas;
That is a sight supremely grand,
But neither sun, nor sea, nor land
 Can soothe like bended knees.

I've passed a many sunny hours
In flowery dells and bosky bowers,
 'Mid old ancestral trees;
Some of these sights were truly fine,
But none so soothing as the wine
 We quaff on bended knees.

List to an old man's best advice—
If you would live in Paradise,
 Prayer is the golden key
That opens heaven's effulgent door,
And all may find it, rich or poor,
 Who seek on bended knee.

Thank God, the worst of all may come,
In th' Rock of Ages there is room,
 'Twas cleft for you and me;
We all may know our sins forgiven,
Enjoy an antepast of heaven,
 Upon the bended knee.

Oh, is it not supremely grand
To hold a title for a land
 From all encumbrance free?
We all may have that title deed
Who in the name of Jesus plead
 Upon the bended knee.

Then let us from this moment start,
Present to God a contrite heart,
 Who doth our motives see ;
The Great Physician of the soul
Will make each wounded spirit whole
 Who seeks on bended knee.

The crystal fountain that doth rise
Near the bright throne above the skies,
 'Mid green ambrosial trees,
Doth spread its arms to every part,
When God beholds a broken heart,
 Imploring on His knees.

It flows by faith from heaven to earth,
A precious draught of priceless worth,
 And, best of all, 'tis free—
Free as the air and sun from heaven,
And all may wash and be forgiven
 Who humbly bend the knee.

Come, come, my friends, no more delay,
But, like the publican, thus pray—
 “ ‘Be merciful to me !’
Though I'm unworthy, Jesus died,
Through Him may I be justified,
 I pray on bended knee.”



I'LL READ IT TO MY MOTHER.

The following lines were suggested through having promised the loan of a Volume of Papers read at the Manchester Literary Club, to my friend H. B——, Esq., who replied with a smile that shed a halo around the words,—“I'll read it to my Mother.”

THE bees pipe matins in sweet flowers,
 Hay scents the new-mown mead,
 Wooing me to the bosky bowers,
 To meditate and read—
 To rub my thoughts 'gainst bards of old,
 Till they with lustre glow ;
 Like amber clouds in burnished gold,
 When summer's sun sinks low.

Enamelled vales and blushing hills
 Are redolent of May,
 Fresh bubbling springs and tinkling rills,
 As loadstones lure away.

The eglantine with roses crowned,
Blushes ere it I greet ;
And then the fragrance all around
From thyme and meadowsweet.

Sweet meadowsweet, sweetest of all
The star-bespangled vale,
Shedding its perfumes in the *Hall*,
And where grim want doth quail.
But I've a *sweeter* flower than it,
As pure as dew on heather ;
I have it in our home-stead set,
Heaven christened it—my Mother.

Thin silvery tresses wreathe her brow,
Her kind blue eyes are dim ;
I'll give them lustre :—yes, just now,
Before our evening hymn.
I'll read this book, these gems of lore,
Lent by a scribbling brother,
I'll take it home, and read it o'er,—
I'll read it to my Mother.

Her withered roses then will smile
Like cherubim or saint ;
That *smile* will gild our domicile,
When Flora's hues are faint.
The outward eye just sees the one,
The *soul* admires the other ;
'Mid amaranthine flowers, there's none
So sweet as that named—"Mother."

The proverb says "Some games arn't worth
The candle they consume,"
And were some books sunk in the earth,
No one would seek their tomb.

This,—this is like the honey-comb ;
 Rich thoughts knit close together :
 I'll share its sweets at home, "sweet home,"—
 I'll read it to my Mother.

—o—

LET IT HANG! LET IT HANG!!

"LET IT HANG! LET IT HANG!!" were the last words that the writer had the pleasure of hearing from the lips of the late much respected JAMES LEECH, when speaking in Mather Street Temperance Hall, Manchester, October 10th, 1858, the last Sunday Evening but one before his death, alluding to the pledge he signed 20 years ago, that had become soiled with age; his daughter offered to remove it, but he exclaimed, "Let it hang, let it hang; it's Father of all that's here."

LET it hang! let it hang! 'tis the father of all
 I possess in my sweet little cot,
 I owe it so much, no one shall it touch,
 It's been my preserver, and my "old Father's" crutch.
 Let it hang! let it hang!

When first it became my companion, dear girl,
 It found me six feet under ground;
 For full twenty years I have hugged it in tears,
 And as it gets older, it more lovely appears.
 Let it hang! let it hang!

At first when I joined it in wedlock I vowed
 To be true to it while it proved so to me;
 And no turtle dove is more true to its love,—
 It's as near to my heart as the hand to the glove.
 Let it hang! let it hang!

Let it hang! let it hang! cry numberless home-steads,
 'Tis the sun that illumined our gloom,
 It hath driven despair to his own fiendish lair,
 Our children's children shall lisp in their prayer,
 Let it hang! let it hang!

Let it hang! let it hang! cries the lone widow's tears,
 As they drop on the cold workhouse floor,
 Drink killed my good man! and my only dear son!
 Though I sink to my grave as thousands have done,
 Let it hang! let it hang!

Let it hang! let it hang! cries my pen as it moves,
 'Tis the anchor that saved *thee* from wreck,
 When by drink tempest tost, and all—all but lost,
 It saved thee, and likewise a numberless host.
 Let it hang! let it hang!

Let it hang! let it hang! it is destined to chase
 The direst curse from our earth;
 We may not see the day, but can all work and pray,
 Till Drink and its dark train are buried for aye.
 Let it hang! let it hang!

—o—

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "TEETOTAL."

Dicky Turner, one of the five who came to the conclusion that so long as men drank the first glass, so long would drunkenness continue, in his stammering warmth exclaimed, "I'll be te-te-te-teetotal!"

OH! what a very curious word
 Is te-te-te-teetotal,
 To some, indeed, 'tis quite absurd—
 A stalking ghost—teetotal;
 Others there are who bless the hour
 When first they felt its magic power,
 Such benign blessings it doth shower
 On those that are teetotal.

But 'tis not in its curious name,
 Simply the word teetotal,
 That hath won it such blazoned fame,
 The world-renowned teetotal.

But it hath wrought such 'stounding deeds,
That customs grey, and hoary creeds,
Awe-struck at its rays recede,
'Palled with the sound—teetotal.

'Tis simple, almost every child
Can solve the word teetotal,
Men who were brutes, and almost wild,
Are now tamed and teetotal.
Men who scarce knew th' left hand from th' right,
Whose minds were black as sable night,
Are thinkers now, and read, and write,
Through being first teetotal.

Just ask that bonny blooming girl
To solve the word teetotal,
For she a pretty tale can tell,
About the word teetotal :
“ My girl ! ”—she makes me no reply ;
Ah ! now, that tear-drop in her eye
Bespeaks she feels ecstatic joy
Whilst thinking on teetotal.

“ Teetotal, sir, hath brought me this,*
And this, sir, is teetotal ;
They called me Dolly, now 'tis Miss,
Since father turned teetotal.
He used to drink gin, ale, and wine,
And clothe the landlord's daughter fine,
Whilst I and brother had to pine,
Before he turned teetotal.

“ Poor mother, then, did sit and cry,
When father weren't teetotal,
And I and Tom stood trembling by,
When father weren't teetotal ;

* Frock and bonnet.

I said that we stood trembling by,
But, sir, we often had to fly,
For father had a fearful eye
Before he turned teetotal.

“ But now as soon as th’ clock strikes six,
Since father turned teetotal,
My mother doth the tea-cups fix,
And th’ cups, sir, are teetotal ;
Then father smiles, and drinks his tea,
And we join in a temperance glee,
Then father kisses Tom and me,
Saying, dear ones, be teetotal.

“ And then we say our evening prayers,
We pray—now we’re teetotal—
Then mother takes us up the stairs,
And th’ bed, sir, is teetotal ;
When father drank, on straw or hay
We slept, or wept the night away,
But now we’re hung in curtains gay,
Sir, is not th’ bed teetotal ? ”

—o—

“YOUNG MAN, MAKE YOUR RECORD CLEAN.”

On Tuesday last, February 21st, 1885, J. B. Gough fell down in the pulpit and expired, just after uttering the following words—“ Young man, make your record clean.”

THIS saying may for ever rank
Amid the pearls from heaven’s bank,
That glitter on the pages—
The Book of Books, to mortals given,
The pilgrim’s guide, from earth to heaven,
Graved in the Rock of Ages.

Like steel to loadstone, ever true,
 So let the maxim be to you—
 Let faith by works be seen ;
 'Twill be a safeguard while below,
 A heaven-stamped passport where all go,
 Who keep their Record clean.

—o—

DETERMINED TO ABSTAIN.

I'VE joined the Band of Hope, boys,
 And mother says she's glad,
 The best drink in the drunkery—
 The very best—is bad.
 That father tampered with the drink,
 That blighted all our joy,
 Made dear mamma a widow
 And me an orphan boy.
 And almost every family,
 In country and in town,
 Hath lost sweet sleep, and had to weep
 A loved one stricken down.
 The farmer from his team and plough,
 The pastor in his gown,
 The squire in his velvet pew,
 Alike *it hath* cut down.
 It heeds no politics or creed,
 Nor prayer, nor sigh, nor tear,
 Or how the widow's heart doth bleed,
 Or orphans quake with fear.
 Thank God ! one thing makes Fill-pot blue,
 Makes bogles haunt his brain,
 That's Band of Hope boys, such as you,
 Determined to abstain.



A REAL HERO.

The very thought made the matron's face beam "like a dew besprinkled rose in a cloudless June," as she related the following incident to the writer, who is one of the Guardians.

THERE'S here and there an Alpine rose,
 In regions of eternal snow ;
 And now and then heroic deeds,
 That men and angels ought to know.

Weary and bone-sore invalids
 Bless the drug that lulls their pain ;
 The ship-wrecked mariner's parched lip
 Is grateful for a drop of rain.

Some one who looks on this cold world,
 Where man to man is so untrue,
 May smile to see the rose—the drug,
 And wonder if our tale be true.

'Tis true the guardians of the poor
See cases quite bewildering ;
Old age, when tottering on sticks,
Forsaken by their children.

Hunger, they say, is a sharp thorn,
A heartless child pricks deeper still ;
The magistrates are justified
In sending such to tread the mill.

I don't like either thorns or mills,
And doubtless you would rather
Hear how the hero of our tale
Treated his helpless father.

He found him in the huge workhouse,
And kindly asked to take him out ;
But how to do so great a feat
Filled the old man with fear and doubt.

"I'm very ill, and fear the cold
May do me very serious harm."
"Here, put my coat on," cried the son,
"This—this will keep your thin limbs warm."

"I cannot walk, my darling child,
The thought my feeble brain doth rack."
"You've carried me long years ago,
Dear father, come, get on my back !"

He strutted with him on his back—
Proud as a peacock with spread tail.
A noble action such as this
Might make a sword-flushed hero pale.

TO DR. SPENCER T. HALL,
ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

DEAR doctor, artist, poet, sage,
I don't exactly know your age,
But think you're turned three score ;
Ah, me ! your senior by some years,
Blushing may write with burning tears
And eyelids red and sore.

I clouded th' summer of my days
By drink and its poor waifs and strays,
A reckless, hopeless crew ;
Now, when unbinding autumn's sheaves,
I find too many bitter leaves
Of wormwood, gall, and rue.

But I must drink the bitter tea,
And thank the Lord that now I see
The sinfulness of sin ;
And strive to walk in wisdom's way,
That if my neighbours go astray,
Perchance I some may win.

While grief-bowed o'er my squandered time
I'm glad that thou didst use thy prime ;
For in December's nook,
I spend some spring-like, sunny hours
Culling the bright, sweet-scented flowers,
That sparkle in thy book.

The pictures of those sainted men
Who long have passed beyond our ken,
Here live in all their prime,
I see them grouped within my room
Laughing at death and the cold tomb,
And will do through all time.

Permit me, on thy natal day,
 With earnest, fervent heart to pray
 That He who made thy brain,
 May keep it vigorous, brilliant, clear,
 Till thou the welcome voice shall hear,
 "Well done!—come with Me reign."

—o—

"AND THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE SAY,
 COME."—Revelation xxii. 17.

Some time ago, we had an earnest minister, who worked hard in the Teetotal and Good Templar Cause. His indefatigable labour was blessed by Heaven, and abundantly crowned with a circle of the most intelligent and intellectual young people in the district.

When the Conference removed him, I was very anxious that his successor should fill his place, not in the pulpit only, but on the teetotal platform. I went to hear him preach, when he took for his text—Revelation xxii. 17, "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come."

Knowing both by experience and observation that there is a spirit of PEACE and spirit of WOE, suggested the following lines:—

"THE Spirit and the Bride say, Come ;"
 Poor sin sick-soul, and be set free ;
 Myriads have come, but yet there's room
 For struggling penitents like thee.

Thousands have heard the sweet word 'Come,'
 Have come with fluttering prayers and tears ;
 Then sung of heaven, their future home,
 And walked the path for months and years.

Their walk and talk have halo shed,
 Alike in church, abroad, at home ;
 But now with chuckling fiends 'tis said,
 They hopeless, heedless, outcasts roam.

The tempter veiled in ruby wine,
Or *stout*, or *pale*, or sparkling ale,
Cried “Come, friend, taste, ’tis very fine,
’Twill strengthen, I ne’er knew it fail.”

Ah! thirty thousand yearly take
A nibble at the subtle bait;
Thus thirty thousand Christians make
Shipwreck of all that’s good and great.

We look, we weep, we stand aghast!
And cry, Oh, heaven, can naught be done
To stay this withering, scathing blast,
That’s slaying father, brother, son?

Oh, that mine eyes were as the brook,
Or fountain flowing filial tears,
Cried Jeremiah in the Book,
The chart by which the Christian steers.

Paul, panoplied with Christ-like zeal,
To save a weaker brother—friend;
Cared not for self, but other’s weal,
Lest they should stumble or offend.

Unto the weak became I weak,
Yes, as weak as any other;
What for, brave Paul? that I might save
A weakly, stumbling, helpless brother.

The words of Wesley, writ in light,
That all his followers might read,
Cry preachers, members, shun the blight,
That makes the church to blush and bleed.

His shade still cries, young man, don't lag,
I reared the ladder firm and high,
Come, scale the rampart, wave the flag,
A Christian hero, live and die.

Hugh Bourne, with a true seer's ken,
Left tipping Christians without plea,
When asked to join the temperance men,
Replied, Teetotalers joined me.

The footprints of your brother young,
Cry, my dear colleague, keep my track ;
I laboured long with brain and tongue,
Oh, tend my flock from turning back.

Lone widows cowering, chin on breast,
With dull red eyes, and burning tears,
Cry, Christians, give the fiend no rest,
Succour the helpless, soothe their fears.

That frantic, fainting mother's child,
Whose voice still echoes in our school,
Was lured by drink, by drink defiled,
Plunged and was drowned in the dark pool.

Thousands of erring sisters stand,
With "Curse ye, Meraz" on their lip ;
Oh, come and with a Samson's hand,
Strike at the monster thigh and hip.

Come with the patriarch's stubborn grasp,
That cries I will not let thee go,
Till thou art dead, thou venom'd asp,
That long has draped the world in woe.

Come, come, my friend ; come, come to-day ;
Come, join us Templars, cheer us on ;
The smile of heaven will be your pay,
With well-done, faithful servant, ' Come.'

—o—

THE DYING WIDOW'S PRAYER FOR A
MAINE-LAW.

WHEN Jemmy signed the pledge
A many years ago,
My sad heart leaped for joy,
Hope gleamed and banished woe ;
My dim eyes grew more bright,
I blithe as lark did sing,
Walked stately as a queen
With Jemmy my liege king.

Our children soon were donned
So neat, from top to toe,
And laughed at chilling winds,
At winter's frost and snow.
With satchel, books, and slate,
They skipt to school each day,
While health's bloom on their cheeks
Rivalled the roses gay.

Soon Jemmy changed his rags
For West-of-England black,
And never kinder husband
Put broad cloth on his back.
He dressed our half-starved mop
With my patched thread-bare gown,
And brought me bombazines
From the first shop in town.

We left the low damp cellar,
And took a lovely cot,—
I've heard tell of a Paradise,
And thought that was the spot!
And true, it was a Paradise,
And would have been till now,—
But oh! those widow-making blots,
They broke my Jemmy's vow.

He went unto his club neat clad
Upon the festive day,
They put gin in his ginger beer,
And laughed as though in play.
But that was cruel play for me,—
My Jemmy, from that hour,
Was never sober for a day,
He lost all moral power.

He drank until our all was gone,
Even the children's bed ;
He drank till—oh! that woeful night—
They found him lifeless, dead!
I fain would live to guard my boys:
Oh help! I sink—I die!
The widow's curse upon the drink,
With His, who rules the sky!

Oh, ere I die, one boon I crave—
Christians, stop the taps!
And guard my pretty orphan boys,
Ere drink their virtue saps.
Ah! but for them I fain would rise,
Nor look o'er Heaven's brink,
Until the day when men won't sell
Or buy death-dealing drink!



NOTICE.

A Sick and Burial Club will shortly be opened in this house, "Green Man Inn." The front of the house was almost choked with large barrels. Query—Bung's Physic.

MR. BUNG AND THE TEMPERANCE MISSIONARY.

I SAW one day when on the way
Outside a noted town,
In a new street quite clean and neat,
A "Notice," rather brown.

I paused and gazed, I felt amazed,
Then said—"Sir Fillpot Bung,
You often brew Wormwood and Rue,
But this is 'over strong.'

“I would not be a member, sir,
Of such a thoughtless lot ;
In frosty, cold December, sir,
Your club will be ‘too hot.’

“Seventy quarts of medicine
In each one of these kegs,
Were I your patient, and could shift,
Wouldn't I ‘move my pegs.’

“Yes, if I went on crutches, sir,
At every step cried oh !
I'd keep out of your clutches, sir,
And say, ‘hands off—no go !’

“None of that medicine for me,
Such stuff would poison dogs ;
'Tis only fit for such as thee,
And other two-legged hogs.”

I asked some women if they thought
Their father, son, or beau,
Would join Sir Fillpot's guzzling club,
They answered—“Not for Joe.”

Men don't improve in such a den,
But plenty are made ill ;
'Tis a quack nostrum again,
A sugar-coated pill.

No man with sense would take his pence
To feed a bloated drone ;
But join the Sons of Temperance,
Or “Dub” a Bank “their own.”

I hope that all within this room,
 Both full-grown men and boys,
 Will join the "Rechabites or Sons,"
 Their club's named "Truly wise."

—o—

THE LAST MIRACLE.

The priest took the bottle of beer on Sunday, and returned it on Monday, and when the parties tasted the liquor they found that the beer had been transformed into water.

IN the journey of life we strange incidents meet,
 Some tickle, while others deject ;
 The one I'll relate 'twas told in the street,
 By the spiritual guide of his sect.

His reverence had tried persuasion and threats,
 But both seemed of little avail ;
 When Barney and Michael just snift the dear "crater,"
 The end was the old, the old tale.

A smack of the lips, then, "Bedad, I'll stand treat now,
 A drop of good whisky and ale ;
 Drink, Patrick, my boy, then tap with your blackthorn
 The man who does tread your coat-tail."

A shrug and a grin, a warm shake of the hand,
 "Drink again, don't look so shy, sir ;
 Hurrah for old Ireland ! my dear native land !
 Bedad I'm the broth of a boy, sir.

"Bad luck to the beast who disputes what I'm saying,
 I care for no beast, brute, or squire ;
 Hurrah ! drink again ! do you say it's not true ?
 Now, Barney, I swear you're a liar."

“ Magee I say ditto, by the ghost of St. Patrick,
I only said ‘ Jam, that’s not true ;’
If you don’t believe me, do you doubt my shillelah,
You hypocrite, heretic—hoo !”

Thump, bang, then a scramble for pint-pots and poker,
And crashing of tables and chairs,
A wild pandemonium, lashed with tornadoes,
And chorus of wolves, cats, and bears.

—o—

MY FIRST LETTER FOR 1889.

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY AND QUARTERLY REVIEW,
BUFFALO, N.Y., JANUARY 1ST.

ON the first day of eighty-nine,
A missive tinged with ocean brine,
Arrived from Buffalo ;
Its notes were sweet as marriage chimes,
Requesting me to send my rhymes,
And (if one) my photo.

I should be pleased for to comply,
But if I do so, by-the-by,
’T would be poor twaddle ;
I don’t know grammar, yet I know
They do not want at Buffalo,
Eggs that are addle.

They want the Nightingale that sings ;
The Eagle with the storm-clad wings,
Its perch the moon-rocks ;
That promenades upon the clouds,
Heedless of the strutting crowds
Of crowing barn-cocks.

They want a poem that will fly
Like a bright comet through the sky,
 With sweeping tail ;
To catch the eye of all mankind,
And make the *topic* for the blind,
 Its *wondrous* sale.

A sonnet that will live for aye,
Make college-boys forget their play,
 And soothe the weary ;
The cripple leave his cosey nook,
To sip the balsam from the book,
 Spell-bound and cheery.

Written with sappy ink that flows
In the thin veins of pink and rose,
 That smile with bloom ;
And thoughts that breathe a fragrance,
That doth enchain—bewitch the sense,
 And scent the room.

The pen's more potent than the sword,
The poet mightier than the lord
 Of entailed castles,
Who struts about in coat of mail,
Bespangled like the peacock's tail,
 'Mid crouching vassals.

Your Magazine will put to shame
The Magazines with tear-stained fame
 And sulphur's breath ;
Whose mission is to curse the earth,
Find grizzly hell-hounds a snug berth,
 And surfeit death.

I hope the Quarterly Review
 Will make red-jackets—*rather blue*,
 'Shamed of their calling.
 The cannon's roar, and trumpet's blast,
 Red-war a monster of the past,
 Truly appalling !

Though war's *appalling*, drinking's worse,
 'Tis an unmitigated curse,
 An untold evil ;
 Well might the bard of bards exclaim :—
 " *If I did not know thy name,*
 I'd call thee devil."

Would people only read and think,
 And ostracise the muddling drink,
 This world of sin
 Would be a paradise once more,
 When angels as in days of yore
 Abode with men.

Your book's a casket of rare gems,
 That leaves in shade the diadems
 Of Kings and Czars ;
 Lights from above, brimful of love,
 Types of the lamb and cooing dove,
 And fadeless stars.

If you maintain its graphic pages,
 Doubtless it will be for ages
 A household charm.
 When on the *Knowl** I stand tip-toe,
 Your *mart* appears (at Buffalo)
 Bees in full swarm.

* My cot 430 feet above the river.

I am too old to foliate gold,
And stamp it in dame nature's mould,
 Each outline true ;
And 'tis the *truthful* that you want
To make the care-for-naught and saint
 Read the Review.

I hope some bard with harp new strung,
Will sing its worth with flaming tongue
 And words of fire ;
But having lived my little day,*
I now may fling my pen away
 And go up higher

To see the Grand Review above,
A Magazine brimful of love,
 With just one prayer :—
That you and I, and our compeers,
Whene'er we quit this vale of tears,
 May shake hands there.

Mr. Charles W. Moulton,
Buffalo, N. Y.

—o—

A REPRIEVE.

WRITTEN IN BED, 8TH SEPTEMBER, 1888.

THREE weeks ago, the leveller grim death's
Cold, grisly fingers plugged the valves of breath.
Life's engine stopped, or pulseless was its stroke,
My guttural throat reverberated—choke.
Strong women wept, the doctor shook his head
And sighed, "'Tis hopeless—he is almost dead !"

* Being born in 1810.

Thanks be to Him who raised the widow's son,
 It may be my poor work is not all done ;
 But I am hopeful that my lengthened life
 May end whilst battling in the holy strife :
 I'll print my rhymes,* and humbly hope and trust,
 That they may do my work when I am dust.
 Lord, give me valour in the Christ-like strife,
 To slay more after death than in my life.

—o—



BUTCHER JONES.

THIS is the trembling drunkard's child,
 Imploring Butcher Jones
 To trust her poorly mother,
 One penny-worth of bones.

* This was my chief trouble when I thought I was leaving them unbound.

AN ANSWER TO THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

The Local Government Board having addressed a circular to all Boards of Guardians in the Kingdom, asking for information as to the extent of the distress, and what action is being taken to relieve it, Mr. JOSEPH COOPER, the veteran Derbyshire poet, of New Mills, who is not unknown in Blackpool, has written, by way of reply, a poem of a dozen verses. Having attained the ripe age of 75, Mr. COOPER does not hesitate to state that—

Every effect must have a cause,
And the chief cause, I think—
Nay, more ! am sure three-fourths of th' poor
Are made so through strong drink.

This idea is carefully worked out, and, finally, the following appeal is made to those who have the framing of our laws :—

You ! make it easy to do right,
And hard to do the wrong ;
The poor will bless you when you smite
The bottle and the bung.

Shut up the drink shops on God's day—
They are the *one* chief cause
That makes men on the Monday play,
And in the end outlaws.*

Give the people Local Option,
And I can you assure,
After its complete adoption,
There will not be many poor.

The Poem has been signed by the Chairman and some of the Guardians of every parish in the Hayfield Union, and the signed copy has been forwarded to the President of the Local Government Board in London.

I'VE watched with an observant eye,
Upwards of forty years,
And sad to tell the reason why
So much distress appears.

* The London Riots.

Nay, not appears ! it is too true,
It grieves me to the soul
To see men shivering, blanched and blue,
Craving for parish dole.

And many of them sterling men,
Old England's strong back bone,
Alas ! are picking oakum
Or breaking useless stone.



Every effect must have a cause,
And the chief cause, I think—
Nay, more ! am sure three-fourths of th' poor
Are made so through strong drink.

They follow fashion, do not think,
Nor care th' weight of a feather,
Squandering their hard-earned cash on drink,
Heedless of wintry weather.

When comes a time that trade is slack,
And little work to do,
Ah ! then poor men, alack, alack,
Their nose is pinched and blue.

I've helped them with advice and prayers,
With sympathy and tears,
And what my scanty purse could spare
Has succoured them long years.

I pray you grant a nation's prayer,
Uttered on ruin's brink ;
All you who for Old England care
Abjure the drunkard's drink.

I've lived threescore and fifteen years,
 And I may live, perhaps,
 To give you law-makers three cheers
 When you have stopped the taps.

You! make it easy to do right,
 And hard to do the wrong;
 The poor will bless you when you smite
 The bottle and the bung.

Shut up the drink shops on God's day—
 They are the *one* chief cause
 That makes men on the Monday play,
 And in the end outlaws.*

Give the people Local Option,
 And I can you assure,
 After its complete adoption,
 There will not be many poor.

—o—

SOMETHING LIKE HEAVEN.

GRIM death is oft drawn with a scythe in his hand,
 And near him a glass running small grains of sand;
 He is oftentimes called a relentless being,
 Though his ears are quite deaf and eyes void of seeing.
 When doctors and nurses can give no relief,
 He knows no affection or motherly grief;
 Is impartial and bribeless, alike mowing down
 The Pope with his Mitre, the King with his Crown,
 The sweet blushing maiden and whistling clown.

If time be an hour-glass through which life's sand runs,
 Surely all thoughtful parents will train up their sons

* The London Riots.

To shield the frail vessel, and husband the sands,
 For wisdom's more precious than titles or lands.
 There's many a rich man the "Trimmer" calls great,
 Who has scarcely a sensible thought in his pate ;
 Who ne'er seems to reason, or ever once think,
 What is best as a food or most wholesome to drink.
 They follow old custom, the parson and squire,
 Who drink till they set their poor brains all on fire ;
 Poor short-sighted creatures curtailing their lives,
 And bequeathing to th' parish their children and wives.
 While the landlord grows fat manufacturing more,
 If you wish he will give you two dozen to th' score,
 For a penniless drunkard's a nuisance and bane,
 Like dry reeds when the sugar is pressed from the cane.
 Yet "these drones" get a license, as "*good honest men,*"
 After breaking up homesteads again and again.
 God hasten the day, God hasten the hour,
 When a "Statute" shall give to the people the power
 To stay further spread of the publicans' leaven,
 Then England's fair homes would be "something like
 heaven."

—o—

THE GOSPEL TEMPERANCE MISSION.

In the Public Hall, New Mills, November 24th and 28th, 1888.
 Speaker, Bro. Rev. S. Chorlton, M.A., Pits Moor, Sheffield.

I'M old and feeble, nearly done,
 My sun's short race is almost run
 To the far west ;
 But thank the Lord, my hope is bright,
 That truth and zeal will win the fight,
 When I'm at rest.

O Lord God of the Universe,
None can eradicate the curse
 But Thee alone ;
The power that healed the withered hand
Can drive the drink-fiend from our land
 To realms unknown.

Thy promise runs—"where two or three"
Do all they can, and call on Thee
 In earnestness,
That Thou wilt listen to their prayer ;
Nay, more—Thy own right arm make bare
 To help and bless.

We puny worms have tried long years
To stem the fount that distills tears
 From orphan's bread ;
We cannot open statesmen's eyes,
But fervid pray the widow's sighs
 May haunt their bed.

Those drink-made widows Thy choice gems,
And famished orphans poor shorn lambs,
 Cringe in the cold ;
While the big brewers roll in wealth,
Regardless of their victims' health—
 Their god is gold.

O Lord our God, we cry, how long
Shall the twin drink-fiends—*still* and *bung*—
 Pollute the land ?
Help us to write, a vow on high,
That we will slay the fiends or die
 With sword in hand.

O Lord, we pray, Thy sword unsheathe,
 And lay the drink-fiend cold in death,
 No more to rise,
 To curse the earth, and insult heaven,
 And may the heedless be forgiven
 And act more wise.

—o—

WISEACRES.

TWO firm owd cronies of the barrel
 When staggerin' whoam together,
 Get into a puzzlin' quarrel
 About the wind and weather.

One said "Yonder's a glorious sun,
 Just reet for mendin' th' crops,
 Come, let us giv a cheer, owd mon,
 Hoorra! for Malt and Hops."

"Tha thinks at aw'm a chil't fro' th' schoo'
 Or else a gradely spoon ;
 (*Hic*) Aw con see as well as thee,
 It is nur th' sun, it's th' moon."

"It's th' sun, aw tell thee,
 Tha moight think a fellow very green,
 Aw ne'er see th' moon look aw've as breet—
 Aw con believe me een.

"Aw'll ask that chap ut's proppin' th' wall,
 He'll settle it very soon ;
 Aw say, owd mate, what's yon great leet,
 Dust caw it sun or th' moon?"

"Which on um ! aw see two mysel',
 But noather very cleer,
 Aw think the'r moons, but conno tell,
 As aw'm a stranger here."



TH' OWD FOX.

AIR—"O, *Threepenny Ale!*"

AW'VE bin at th' great brook for the good o' me health,
 Where aw met dim eyed poverty, heartease, and wealth :
 Aw conno remember one-tenth aw did see ;
 But one thing aw'll tell, till the day that aw dee—
 A rich bit, a gradely rich bit.

A mon that had hobbled on sticks a long time,
 And seen his poor dupes borne to th' grave in their prime,

H

Limped into an office in which aw wor set,
 When aw cried in amazement—"th' owd mon's alive yet!
 Aw'm surprised,—ah! more than surprised."

The mon that aw spoke to, this sakrit did tell—
 "Owd Fox'y sells Jerry, but he drinks none hissell':
 He geets porridge for supper, not beef, pork, and cheese;
 He'll have to be run o'er if ever he dees,
 Will th' owd Fox, that cunning owd Fox."

So lads learn a lesson from this simple song,
 Meal porridge will make you both healthy and strong;
 While others gulp Jerry you drink milk and tea,
 And then you'll be certain to live—till you dee,
 Like th' owd Fox, that cunning owd Fox.

—o—

THE POOR MAN'S DAY.

SABBATH! thou art in truth the "poor man's day!"
 'Mid all his toil and sweat to earn a crust
 For his dear household ties—in want more dear!
 Thou art to him a smiling oasis,
 A sunny side to darkling, boding cares.
 Thou comest as heavenly dew to his faint soul,
 As zephyr's balmy breath, richly surcharged
 With woodbine fragrance and the field-bean's sweets:
 Thou bearest thy Maker's impress on thy brow—
 A photograph that speaks its author God.
 This day God gave a legacy to man;
 A screen to shield him from fierce Mammon's grasp;
 A mirror to reflect his six days' deeds;
 A magnet to attract his wandering thoughts
 To Him, the central point of endless rest.

Well may we blush for man's ingratitude
 To the kind donor of this priceless gem !
 This "mountain light," kept polished, would illumine
 The chilling gulf which heroes quake to pass ;
 But 'tis so dimmed by man's insatiate lust—
 His burning thirst for gain, unhallowed gain !
 That myriads falter, stumble, and are lost.

We teach our children in the Sabbath School
 To love and reverence this holy day ;
 But, oh ! these precious lambs are soon beguiled—
 Oft lured by music to a vile saloon,
 Where hymn and psalm, and scoffer's blighting wit,
 And debauchee's foul oaths, and harlot's wiles,
 Quick drag them downward to the drunkard's doom.

And thus our lovely plants,
 Whose graceful foliage and whose odorous bloom
 Once beautified and blessed our happy homes,
 Are blighted by a pestilential breath.
 Can nought be done to cleanse the poisoned air ?
 Hark ! hark ! a voice now echoes from the sky—
 Men, parents, patriots, why not try ?

—o—

MRS. THEY-SAY.

THEY say, and I believe 'tis true,
 I heard it yesterday ;
 Mind,—no one knows, but one or two,
 What I am told,—they say.

They say Miss Fanny Sly doth throw
 Herself in Love-all's way ;
 I'm told by those who ought to know,
 Having watched her many a day.

I always thought Grab-all was rich,
But they say he's as poor
As a starved weasel in a ditch,
And duns besiege his door.

I heard John Swipes had signed the pledge,
And Mary sung for joy,
But they say it is only fudge,—
He drinks it on the sly.

John Smith was thought an honest chap
When they made him warden,
But they say he was caught on th' nap
One night i' th' vicar's garden.

Miss Stretchup thinks herself no dirt
When she's her satin on,
But they say she's a horrid flirt,
And owns more hearts than one.

Ann Fisher thinks she's hooked Tom Spoon,
And talks of being married,
But, they say, Tom would just as soon—
Or sooner far—be buried.

Squire Silverspoon makes a great show,
And owns a heavy purse,
But they say Mistress does not know
How oft he smiles at th' nurse.

John Smoothtongue keeps some wretched tea,
His coffee only chicory,
And they say, that, 'twixt you and me,
His breath smells very liquory.

Ann Wouldbe makes a gaudy show—
I'm sorry for their Jack ;—
They say her clothes, from top to toe,
Smell of the Scotchman's pack.

Miss No One's says she's thirty-four,
But they will lay a wager
That she is upwards of three-score,
And greyer than a badger.

Mark Lapstone makes a grand display
Of boots with polished leather,
But, they say, bless you, well-a-day,
They're useless in wet weather.

They say Frank Yardstick's woollen-ware
Is more than one-half cotton,
And Betty Tattle says she'll swear
That most of it is rotten.

Last night Dan Smiles and Betty
Were linking jig by jog,
But, they say, "What a pity,
They fight like cat and dog!"

Frank Doogood seems to be a saint,
But they say it's all sham,
Long-faced hypocrisy and cant,—
A wolf aping a lamb.

I've got a lot more news to tell
At tea, some afternoon,
But I must go, for I can smell
My bread burning i' th' oon.



A YARMOUTH STEAK.

THIS is the poor drunkard's wife,
 Inured to hunger's pinch,
 Cooking (for four) a Yarmouth steak,
 Full sixteen ribs to th' inch.

—o—

THE COMMISSION OF LUNACY.

The Commission of Lunacy for the year 1877 shows an increase of 1,902. Of this number 744 were males and 1,033 females, making 1,777 pauper patients. The medical officer for the St. Pancras Workhouse states that nearly 25 per cent. of the patients admitted to the *insane ward* came in from the *direct effects of intoxicating drink*.

I'VE read of shipwrecks, famine, war,
 Atrocity by Turk and Czar,
 Till I have seemed to thrill.
 This fearful group's wild, vacant stare,
 Eclipse the Turk or Russian Bear—
 It makes my blood turn chill.

This picture's more appalling far
Than massacre of Turk or Czar !
Who crushed the bleeding Pole.
Those fiends destroyed the vital spark,
But *these* live moping in the dark—
A body without a soul !

Seventeen hundred and seventy-seven
Robbed of the brightest gem that Heaven
Made at creation's birth.
The power by which we reason,—think !
Unravel mysteries link by link—
The clasp of Heaven to earth.

That precious jewel of the soul,
Which lights man to the sainted goal,
Without its boding gloom ;
Merely a babbling machine,
So out of gear—'tis only seen
In the old lumber room.

Seventeen hundred and seventy-seven
Stripped of the choicest gift kind Heaven
Bequeathed to thankless man ;
Their vacant stare and jabbering tongue,
Cry—thinking men—there's something wrong
That caused this awful ban.

We can't account for seventy-five
Out of the hundred that survive,
When robbed of power to think ;
But twenty-five per cent. we know,
Can track the footprints of the foe,
'Tis the arch fiend—strong drink.

A hue-and-cry rings through the land
 If a long firm or plundering band
 Hath done some great exploit,
 While Sir Fill-pot, for heaven-cursed gain,
 Strips myriads of their wealth and brain,
 Calm silence cries—all right!

We see her fangs and gory paw,
 Shielded by something—misnamed law,
 For 'tis not equity
 That one man for unhallowed gain
 Should rob another of his brain—
 Then burthen you and me.

I long to hear the passing bell
 Toll the drink traffic's funeral knell
 In alley, street, and lane.
 Till then the dealers should be made
 To keep the paupers that THE TRADE
 Hath caused to be insane.

—o—

OLD DOLLY'S RESOLUTION.

OLD Dolly says signing the pledge
 Is only childish play,
 Having tried it more than once herself
 Ah!—"Three times in one day."

And there are many people yet
 Who blame our institution,
 Because, poor things, they've only got
 Old Dolly's resolution.

A SHEET OF BLANK PAPER.

A SHEET of blank paper lies here getting soiled,
I think might be well utilised,
If made to persuade one poor drunkard's child
To loathe what made father despised.

The mind of young children is almost a blank,
But day by day makes its imprint,
That need not be shown, it is very well known
Young saplings are easily bent.

Their weal or their woe, in this world and th' next,
Rests a great deal on the teacher,
But more on the mother, than on any other,
And father, as a home preacher.

Actions, not words, give a bias to youth ;
Advice may be given each day ;
If we don't refrain, and strictly abstain,
Our loved ones may stumble some day.

We repeatedly see worthy moderate men
Sip their sparkling glass for long years,
Anon—we see one sweet daughter or son
Bewail their example in tears.

We grope in thick mist when we try to explain
How such things as these come to pass ;
But this we are sure, almost every door
May weep o'er the bottle and glass.

The old adage says to keep free from the dust,
Mind and keep outside the mill door ;
And we would suggest, as safest and best,
Sign the pledge, and then you'll be sure.



DRUNKEN BUTCHER.

A DRUNKEN butcher on the spree,
 When leaving the "Blue Bell,"
 Hollo'd "Ales meat and drink for me,"
 Then fell in the canal.

A passer by said "Friend, I think
 If what thou said is true,
 Thou now may add to meat and drink
 Washing and lodging too."

—o—

LINGERING FLOWERS.

WHILE resting on this turfey lea,
 Viewing the lingering flowers,
 With retrospective eye I see
 Bright days and pleasant hours :

The sun's soft beam
Doth faintly stream
O'er herb and plant ;
Now a dark cloud
Doth bear their shroud,
While wild winds whistle, laugh, and rant.

Sweet flowers, I mourn to see you fade,
And, drooping, hang your head,
To think that you will soon be laid
Low, withering, cold, and dead :
Yet why repine ?
The power divine
Doth deem it best
That flower and blade,
And all He made,
Should bloom awhile—then sink to rest.

Let wild winds howl, or roar, and laugh,
Or cold rains drench your graves ;
This is your truthful epitaph,
Nor like some flattered knaves :
“ We drank fresh dews,
Our spangled hues
Smiled in the sun ;
Our fragrant breath
Was sweet in death,
And dying, cried, ‘ Thy will be done, ’ ”

Thus life is blended, shine and gloom ;
But Heaven's unerring rule
Will light our passage to the tomb,
And our worst passions school,
To smile 'mid tears,
And darkling fears

Throw to the wind ;
 Then we shall rise
 Unto the skies,
 And heavenly fragrance leave behind.

—o—

THE PAUPER'S SOLILOQUY.

Many poor people, made so principally by drink, have called at my house, asking for an old coat, or shirt, or other article of clothing, and not having much more than supplies my own wants, I, as one of the Guardians, have advised them to go into the workhouse, where they would be sheltered and provided for, and the answer has generally been—"O, Mr. Cooper, we do not like the thought of the workhouse."

THE Workhouse, I am told, is clean,
 With comfortable bed,
 A snug retreat where aged and maimed
 May rest their weary head.

The food is wholesome, fires bright,
 Old folks get pipes and tea ;
 But there's a something unexplained
 That sends a chill through me.

At times I feel inclined to go,
 And ask to be let in,
 Which minds me of the narrow gate,
 That won't admit one sin.

If I go there the law runs thus—
 "Admit no box, nor bags,"
 Only the pauper's skin and bones,
 And strip them of their rags.

I've damaged my once robust frame,
 And squandered all my store ;
 A moving shadow—a mere wreck
 Of what I was of yore.

This garret's cold, I see the stars
Blink through the broken slate,
The fire scarce glimmers in the bars,
"To Let's" wrote on the grate.

My porridge pan is fouled with rust,
Because I'm short of meal ;
The shop-book's full of trust ! trust ! trust !
Thank God I ne'er did steal.

My friends have dwindled, one by one,
Who used to *seem* so kind,
I wish they'd put spectacles on,
They seem very near blind.

Some time ago at th' *Friendship Inn*,
Where I squandered my wealth ;
They feigned, and smiled, complacently,
With "Sir, here's your good health."

They drank my health, spirits and wine,
Alas ! my living too,
And left me here to starve and pine ;
To drink wormwood and rue.

They tell me the Workhouse is so clean,
With a warm and cosey bed ;
A snug retreat where fools like me
May rest their crazy head.

To live within the Workhouse walls
Means—farewell, household goods,
Though worthless to the outside world,
As dear to me as gods.

That old oak-chest was grandfather's,
His name's engraven there,
He gave it to my dear mother,
For me, her son and heir.

And mother—my doting mother,
With her expiring breath,
Asked me to keep her bridal bed,
Till I was called by death.

Alas! alas! on that old bed
Death shot his fatal dart;
My blood turns cold as frozen lead,
To think that we must part.

That picture!—(Oh! I drank the frame),
'Tis dear to me as life;
I can't go to the blank Workhouse,
And leave my sainted wife.

Those toys upon the chimney-piece,
Belonged my cherub child,
Leave them!—no, no, I never will,
I'm dizzy, crazy, wild.

Gaunt hunger gnaws my skinny bones,
My brain!—how it doth swim;
O for a pistol, poison, rope;
What's that? the river's brim!

A wild rush o'er the foaming spar,
Where wave on wave is tost;
Dram-seller, write this on your bar—
"Another drunkard lost."



PRIZE POEMS.

No. 1.

Good Templars' Watchword, Christmas, 1880.

LOOKING OUT.

A MAN sat with a key in hand,
 His cushion the cold ground ;
 Muttered (hic, hic), "it's very strange,
 The *town* is turning round.

What must I do? (hic) this I'll do,
 I have it to a tee ;
 I'll sit until my house comes round,
 And then pop in the key."

SET A BOUND TO YOUR DRINKING.

“**S**ET a bound to your drinking,”
 Said a medical man ;
 “I do,” said the patient, “but rat it ;
 It’s so very far of,
 When I do all I can,
 I am drunk before I get at it.”

—o—

BACCHUS, THE GOD OF WINE—

“AGENT OF THE DEVIL.”

“Spirits and poison are synonymous terms.—SIR A. COOPER.

BACCHUS—who shall paint the evil
 That hath sprung from thee and thine !
 Crafty agent of the devil !
 Blending rayless death with wine—
 In dark ages
 Thought by many half divine.

Thou hast o’erthrown mighty nations,
 Alexander thou laid’st low ;
 Thou has thinned all ranks and stations,
 Causing sin and pain and woe,
 And destruction,
 Where thy burning streams do flow.

How the thinking heart doth shiver,
 At the sight of slain and gore ;
 Thou hast slain, with blood-stained quiver,
 Britain’s sons from shore to shore,
 And the parents,
 Thou hast from their children tore.

See that widow, broken-hearted,
Hear her groans and see her tears ;
Think how oft her breast has smarted,
And her mind been filled with fears,
When her husband
Worshipped at thy shrine for years.

See their children—once respected,
When their cheeks with health did glow,
Now how squalid and dejected,
Pictures of despair and woe,
And bare-footed,
Begging they are forced to go.

That besotted Bacchanalian,
Once the mark of JESUS wore ;
Now from GOD a wandering alien,
Loving piety no more,
And is dying
On destruction's crumbling shore.

Thou hast fed the worm and raven,
More than pestilence and war—
Hast unfitted men for heaven—
Parted dearest friends afar,
And conveyed them
Down, low down, in thy dark car.

Could we paint the gloomy picture,
Fierce as fury, black as hell,
Men would bow unto thy sceptre,
And thy votaries buy and sell—
While the Christian
Does thy moderate use so swell.

Methinks I hear the monster sneer,
 " Firm abstainers will be few,
 While professors they revere,
 And legislators help me through,
 I shall flourish,
 In spite of all Teetotallers do."

O that some Divine afflatus,
 Would our blinded eyes unfold ;
 Shew the miseries that await us,
 Then unite us—young and old,
 To prevent thee
 From being ever bought or sold.

—o—

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

OH! thou who doubt'st the Christian's hope,
 Or think'st it but a guileful rope of sand,
 That, when cold death shall strike the fatal blow,
 Shall not be strong enough to bear him o'er
 Oblivion's dark maze and horrid gulf,
 But let him sink as doth the leaking bark,—
 Tread gently, and behold the good man die.
 Stand unperceived behind that curtain there,
 And hark that tremulous but guileless tongue,
 Parched with burning fever, or with ague chilled,
 Or with the flattering consumption paled,
 (No matter which) the sweet consonant sound,—
 The harmony that faith and hope combined
 Strike on the harp of God's eternal word
 Shall tingle in thy ears and paralyse
 Thy sable soul ; and self shall ask of self
 What makes the Christian smile 'mid racking pain ?
 And answer sure—it is the Christian's hope.

JOHN AND JOCK.

SAYS Bowsey Jock—"yond's two o'clock,
 What does thee call it, Rover?"
 "It's only one,"—said tipsy John,
 "I heard it strike twice over."

—o—

ROSES FOR THE DEAD.

ONCE more we make a pilgrimage
 To deck our loved one's tomb
 With ladslove* and her favourite flowers,
 White roses in full bloom.

Though all are mute beneath the soil,
 It may be they can see ;
 If so, these flowers will win a smile ;
 If not, it pleaseth me.

To scatter rose leaves on her breast,
 Sweet buds and blossoms rare,
 (Placed where her precious head doth rest),
 Bound with my grizzly hair.

The zephyrs sighing round her tomb,
 And the green leaves that wave,
 Join with me to solicit room
 For my heart in her grave.

Mary, for a short time adieu ;
 When a few fleeting hours
 Hath past, I hope to dwell with you
 'Mid Heaven's ambrosial bowers.

* Ladslove—Branches from the shrub which she planted in our garden,
 at Eaves Knowl, some twelve years ago.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

WHAT makes this shivering cold sensation—
 Is it drink, drink ?
 I'm dying !—no, 'tis weak imagination ;
 Give me drink, drink.

I've lived a life of vile transgression—
 Worshipped drink, drink ;
 But now what's use of childish, soft confession ?
 Give me drink, drink.

My child is doomed to live on pity, oh ! cold pity,
 Fruits of drink, drink !
 Oh, dear ! begone, thou mournful ditty ;
 Give me drink, drink !

My wife died broken-hearted ; oh, yes, broken-hearted ;
 Fiendish drink, drink ;
 I see her—ah, the chasm ! we are parted, ever parted ;
 Give me drink, drink.

This is water ! you are mocking ; ah, yes, mocking,
 Give me drink, drink ;
 I'm dying—help, help : oh, 'tis shocking ; oh, oh,
 shocking ;
 Give me——giv——drink !

—o—

ADAM'S ALE.

ADAM'S ale and Samson's stout,
 Is the best drink for me ;
 Young people, please tell me its name,—
 The middle letter's—T.



PRIZE POEM.

No. 2.

A DRUNKEN DOG.

THEY called Sam Hog a drunken dog,
Because he was not able
To go to bed, and rest his head,
But lay under the table.

—o—

A PRICELESS PICTURE.

A PICTURE that can't, we suppose,
Be bought for gold at any price ;
Sweeter than amaranthine rose,
Culled by a saint in paradise,

Is a curly-headed, dimple-cheeked,
 Bright cherub, on its mother's knee,
 Lispings, "Our Fader which art in heaven,
 For Jesus' sake remember me."

And mother's fixed and star-like gaze,
 As though she would its future scan ;
 And heart brimful of love and praise,
 Responding to the prayer—*Amen.*

—o—

THE CENTRE FIGURE IN MY STUDIO,—
 CHRIST BLESSING CHILDREN.

BEHOLD the centre figure stands,
 With placid brow and stainless hands,
 'Mid buds and bloom.

The heart that children doth embrace,
 Is worthy of the chieftain's place,
 In every room.

He tells the warblers in the spring
 To skim the sea on lightsome wing,
 To greening bowers.

To propagate and tend their young,
 While hills and vales ring with their song,
 In twilight hours.

He, the Chief centre of all space,
 Keeps suns, moons, planets in their place ;
 And every star.

Worlds never seen by finite eyes
 Revolve in order through the skies,
 But never jar.

THE NIGHTMARE.

A MAN half-dreamy, half-awake,
 Had crushing pain from feet to head,
 Lo, in the morning, at day-break
 A drunken mate lay 'cross the bed.

The mate had been at the "White Horse"
 Squandering his hard-earned brass ;
 The case, though bad, might have been worse
 If the nightmare had been an ass.

—o—

THOUGHT PROGRESSIVE.

NOBLE, most noble, is the gift of thought,
 The mysterious power of handing it
 To unborn myriads, shews sublimity ;
 And then to clothe our thoughts with ærial wings
 That bear them to the lordlings' palaces
 And straw-thatched peasant's cot, shadows infinity.

How different from the dark and chilling past,
 When few but pale-faced monks in cloisters dim
 Could brood o'er parchment soiled by midnight lamp ;
 When if one ray of sunshine chanced to dart
 From sonneteer or poet's buoyant soul,
 'Twas given to Bacchus and his blood-stained camp.

A Watts and Stephenson yoked to their thoughts,
 Herculean elements that prompt obey
 Their bidding, and do ply gigantic strength
 To bear the luxuries and needs of man
 O'er surging seas and prairies scarce known,
 To new-found worlds they fly, earth's breadth and
 length.

Yet 'mid this mighty grasp of intellect
That threadeth oceans, grey hills granite-ribbed,
And flasheth thought on lightning's vivid wing,
A wily monster coileth round the heart
Of my loved country, causing writhing throes
And sad contortions with his fatal sting.

Chameleon hath not half the varied hues,
Or sharp-toothed serpent a more deadly fang,
Nor scaly crocodile the crafty wiles ;
The hydra veils his sting in roseate wine,
Blue-ruin, amber-stout, sparkling and pale,
All shapes and shades to screen his deadly coils.

The Hindoo widow writhing at the pile
Of her dead husband, Moloch, Juggernaut,
And all the heathen superstitions past,
Sink insignificant compared with this
Huge Christian Baal, at whose wreaking shrine
Beauty, learning, virtue, hope of Heaven, are cast.

He tears affection from her regal throne,
Love abdicates at the stroke of his wand,
And selfish lust usurps where she held sway ;
Sweet female modesty—Heaven's loveliest touch—
Evaporates, and leaves appalling wrecks,
That stalk as brazen fiends nor shun the open day.

The tender mother, whose maternal heart
Is nerved with strings as sweet as Gabriel's harp,
Or Charity's, whose hand to all is free,—
Corroded with his breath, turns fiendish, wild,
Till by degrees she poisons husband, child,
To feed her burning thirst out of their burial fee !

Can Christian legislators tolerate,
 And harbingers of Heaven walk heedless by
 Nor strain one nerve to fell this monster bane ?
 They have too long been wrapped in selfish cloaks.
 But thought progresseseth : my loved country yet
 Shall act as nobly as the State of Maine.

—o—

THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

WHILE standing by the drunkard's shallow grave,
 His last parochial bed,
 My mourning muse a sable pall did weave
 With a mysterious thread.

'Twas dark as hopeless death in midnight gloom,
 Or horrent, grim despair ;
 When nought but forked lightning doth illumine
 The rumbling, surcharged air.

'Twas dark, dark, dark ! yet on it I could read—
 “ My bark, bark, bark, was swamped among the weed
 That springs so rampant on this deadly sea—
 Man—man ! abstain, or you will follow me ! ”

—o—

MADNESS.

TWO thousand springs hath decked the meads,
 And woodlands rung with gladness,
 Since the old Greek philosopher
 Defined “ two ” kinds of madness :
 One springs from physical disease,
 The other inspiration ;
 They call “ those mad ” who deviate
 From the customs of a nation.

ONE LESS.

THEY say there's too many of us, Father Mahon,
I've been a-thinking at mass,
If your reverence made Biddy and me into one,
Bedad, there would then be one less.

—o—



THE BREWER'S DOG.

I SAW three men the other night,
Two propping up the middle one ;
It was a sad appalling sight,—
His locomotive power all gone.

I asked whatever was the cause,
That made him helpless as a log,
They answered, after a short pause—
He's bitten with the brewer's dog.

What have they done with the fierce brute,
 Has he been hung, or shot, or drowned?
 They answered—shot, or drowned—tut, tut,
 Not so, he's living safe and sound.

Few people care th' weight of a straw,
 Though he maims hundreds every night;
 And more, he's licensed by the law,
 And what is lawful—must be right.

—o—

TO THE DONORS AND FOUNDERS OF THE
 WIDOW AND ORPHANS' FUND.

RECHABITES NO. 1 DISTRICT.

THAT man's a man, who for himself doth think,
 And freely gives the world his thoughts in ink,
 With good intent.

That man's a man, who, thirsting after light,
 Doth rub his thoughts on others till they're bright,
 As by Heaven lent.

That man's a man, worthy the name of brother,
 Who, sacrificing self, will help another,
 Though but a trifle,
 'Tis hallowed more than his whose thirst for fame
 Gives grudgingly large sums to win a name,
 Or conscience stifle.

That man's a man, the image of his God,
 Who plucks one twig from the afflicting rod
 Of widows weeping;—
 Who wipes one tear, prevents one sigh or groan,
 Heaven smiles "well done, these relics are my own,
 Left to your keeping."

That man's the man eternity will honour,
 Who to the widow's fund shall be a donor ;
 He shall be blest,
 Outgoing and incoming ; and his store
 Shall fail not, and when life is o'er
 Wear Heaven's crest.

—o—

A LOST HOUSE.

An Indian chief, speaking at a temperance meeting in London a short time ago, related an anecdote: The Indians pride themselves on never being lost, but one day some white men came across an Indian who was drunk, and said, "That man's lost, you see," whereupon the Indian replied, "I'm not lost; it's my wigwam that's lost."

AN Indian hunter's never lost ;
 Those wandering, hawk-eyed tribes of Ham,
 From untrod swamps, wild woods, strange coasts,
 Can find their hut or own wigwam.

The wigwam is the Indian's home,
 Where his heart's dearest treasures lie ;
 For them he doth 'mid wild beasts roam,
 And would, if needful, for them die.

The bear and lion he doth slay,
 And hoards their skins for sale or barter,
 Seeing no danger—well-a-day—
 Swaps them for British fire-water.

He takes the fiery water back,
 In lieu of shells, their prized wampum,*
 And often gets on the wrong track,
 Reeling bewildered with the rum.

* Wampum—Strings of shells used as current money of the Indians.

Some white men found one in that plight,
 And said, "That Indian's lost, you see!"
 He answered, "Indian's here all right,
 'Tis the wigwam that's lost, not me."

—o—

A DERBYSHIRE WORTHY.

Amongst the lowly band of devoted Christian workers, none has been more earnest or sincere in his profession than our esteemed townsman, Mr. Levi Wyatt, of Chapel-street, now in his 74th year, who, through failing eyesight, has been compelled to give up work, and conform to the rules of a club. He is not able thereby to attend the Sunday-school, where he has been a teacher 54 years, and one of the Superintendents for about 40 years. For a long time the Scholars have given prizes to the Teachers who have not been absent more than once in the year. Our friend Wyatt has always won a prize.

FOR nearly half a century
 Our friend hath won a prize,
 Presented by the scholars—
 Our precious girls and boys.

Not one of pearls and rubies,
 Silver, or burnished gold,
 But books—the heart doth treasure,
 And make that gift two-fold.

Good books! the counterpart of life,
 Where leaf doth follow leaf,
 Recording some small worthy act,
 But Sabbath Schools the chief.

Our heaven-plumed hero's elbowed through
 Obstructions rugged—great,
 Like steel to loadstone ever true,
 And seldom been too late.

We deem the above a passport
 To the paradise of bliss !
 If they're not genuine—well-a-day
 To him who scribbled this.

—o—

TOO LATE.

“Local Option, or Prohibition, cannot rescue me; but it may save the boys.”—A RUINED DRUNKARD.

I'LL give my vote and feeble aid,
 To check a curse, misnamed a trade ;
 Nor man nor fiend can so degrade,
 Unlearned and wise ;
 It can't my burning fetters break,
 This puny help is for the sake
 Of the dear boys.

I followed fashion—did not think
 What danger lurked within the drink,
 Till I was on this hopeless brink,
 By custom tost.
 Habit hath now begotten crave ;
 Craving's a passion—I must have
 It, though I'm lost.

I would, but can't my passion wane ;
 For when I now try to abstain,
 My shattered nerves and restless brain
 Revolting cries :
 Give, give me drink, at any cost,
 Though health, and wealth, and soul be lost,
 And heaven's joys.

The fiend hath left me without hope ;
 A drivelling imbecile I mope ;
 Almost impelled to stretch a rope,
 'Neath frowning skies :
 I feel the demon at my throat,
 'Tis now too late to give my vote,
 Or save the boys !

—o—

FRANKLIN'S PRINTING PRESS.

“Thoughts” that occurred to me on reading a description of Franklin's *first* printing press, lying in the Museum at Washington *covered* with dust:—

I AM old and time-worn, younglings. May I crave attention while I feebly draw an outline of my chequered pilgrimage. . . . A century and more had rolled down time's insatiate gulf, since I, in Lincoln's Inn, 'came first acquaint with an abstemious boy of scanty means—but buoyant, pushing hope beat in his pulse, flashed in his eye, and gave the stripling a giant's soul ; while some, tweedling their thumbs, and sighing o'er their fate, have passed forgotten as the insect-tribe of yesterday. His tucked-up sleeves, incessant toil, and indefatigable mind, drove back the mist of ignorance, knocked off the fetters of tyrannic rule, made him a sun 'mid learned satellites. He sank to rest in peaceful grandeur. Awfully sublime ! his name is revered, and shall be till time shall melt in vast eternity !

—o—

I PITY THE DRUNKARD.

I PITY the landlord, whose unhallowed gains
 Are got by depriving poor men of their brains ;
 I pity the man, but I blame the profession
 That opens the floodgates of woe and transgression.

I pity the drunkard, for I know the first glass
Crieth "Stomach, just let another or two pass,
It will ease you of pain, it will drive away sorrow,
And help you to do your hard work on the morrow."



I pity his wife, in her tatters and rags,
When she shuffles her feet as she moves on the flags ;
Yes, I pity his wife, for aught else would be sin,
When her husband hath spent all her clothing in gin.

I pity their children when crying for bread,
Whose chamber's a cellar, and shavings their bed ;
Yes, I pity their children, who've no other choice
Than to live 'mid debauchery, thraldom, and vice.

I pity the man that can't feel for another—
 Who will not abstain for the sake of his brother ;
 Yes, I pity the man whatsoe'er be his creed,
 His mind must be biassed or callous indeed.

—o—

ONE MORE SABBATH.

My Age, 78 years—4056 Sabbaths.

THANK Heaven ! for one more Sabbath Day,
 When people meet to sing and pray,
 And join to praise
 The great Dispenser of all good,
 The Patriarch's and the Widow's God,—
 Ancient of Days !

Though old and weak, the will is there,
 I fain would join in praise and prayer,
 And add my mite :

Thank God, mine is a glorious creed,
 'Tis this,—the will portrays the deed
 As suns do light.

When John was unto Patmos driven,
 He had a glimmering peep of heaven
 One Sabbath Day :

Whene'er we read his thrilling story,
 We feel a gush of heaven's glory
 Upon the way.

If what we read such joy creates,
 The rapturous seems within the gates,
 None can divine :

Lord, help me now to work and pray,
 And with my final breath to say,
 'Heaven now is mine.'

Paul's definition I believe,
The joys of Heaven none can conceive,
But the Omniscient :
But Christ hath said, I will prepare
A mansion for my loved ones there,
And that's sufficient.

—o—

TO THOMAS SWINDLEHURST, THE
TEETOTAL KING.

WE hail thee, reverend father, friend,
Most worthy sire and honoured guest,
Hero of countless tearless fights,
Knowing the conquered call thee blest.

Thou found thy country writhing 'neath
A blighting, withering, scathing foe ;
Marshalled thy forces, led them on
The drink fiend's bulwarks to o'erthrow.

Thou, with a giant's nerve and soul,
Hath dealt such fatal deadly blows,
The gory monster now doth gasp,
Prostrate convulsed in dying throes.

Now time hath furrowed thy broad brows,
And tresselled it in honoured white ;
We fain would prop thy feeble hands,
To guide the columns in the fight.

The brave recruits, the Bands of Hope,
Are pledged to give the foe no rest
Till he succumbs, for aye lies low,
And earth with sober sons is blest.

MY SANDS OF LIFE.

In my seventy-seventh year. December, 1887.

MY sands of life are almost run,
 My poor old joints grow stiffer day by day,
 My earring thicker, and my eyes more dim,
 Yet I am clear in head, and sound in limb ;
 Effects spring from a cause, and I allege
 The cause unto the Heaven-stamped Temperance Pledge.

—o—

SPIRIT RAPPING.

WHILE passing by a spirit vault,
 Or rather a man-trap ;
 A-thinking of the bubble tale,
 That spirits now do rap ;
 That tables, too, are made to move,
 And hats to turn around,
 And such like strange grandmother's tales,
 That did the young astound.
 I saw a sight that did convince,
 And I'm a convert still,
 That spirits may be made to rap ;
 Nay more—be made to kill.
 At night, 'tis said, that spirits stalk
 Through labyrinth and maze ;
 'Twas night when I beheld the sight
 Which filled me with amaze.
 It seemed as if those spirits fell,
 That erst did crave the swine,
 Did pass in confused revery,
 Or broken rank and line.

They came adown a crooked still,
And entered at a tap ;
And, Judas-like, they kissed the lip
Of him who first did rap.

A politician rapped for one,
A man with a grey pate,
And scarcely were it entertained,
Before it rapped the State.

This did the politician please,
He sent some others down,
And they his head, and State too, rapped,
And both came tumbling down.

An artizan, a man well skilled,
Was the next one who rapped ;
And ere the fiend had done its work,
He seemed as if kidnapped.

Another one, a kind good soul,
Before he took the dram,
Was father, friend, and husband dear,
And served the great I AM.

But ah ! he let the spirits rap,
In moderate, sportive play,
Whose serpent coils wrapped round his heart
The closer every day.

At length they poisoned filial love,
His home lost all its charms ;
He rapped his wife because she wept,
And th' baby in her arms.

He rapped her if she stayed up late,
 Or if she went to bed ;
 He rapped her till he broke her heart
 And fell before him dead.

Then Justice wrapped his blood-stained hands
 With bands of burnished steel ;
 And then the spirits through his brain,
 As monomaniacs reeled.

He was condemned :—and then they wrapped
 A rope around his neck ;
 The gravel rapped upon the boards
 That held the awful wreck.

And now the orphans have to rap,
 And crave a crust of bread :
 Oh ! that the spirit vendors must
 Find them both board and bed.

—o—

AN OLD MAN'S VALENTINE.

MR. EDITOR,—This morning, on opening my letters, I was amused to find one that contained a valentine, the principal figure in which was a lady encircled in a heart stamped with roses and forget-me-nots, which had such a striking resemblance to my dear wife (who has been in heaven five years) as to suggest the following lines.

I'VE passed the mile-stone sixty-seven,
 The eighth may be in th' court of heaven,
 That—that I can't divine.
 I can but say, "Thy will be done,"
 To Him who gave His only Son,
 Earth's loveliest valentine.*

* A token of love.

But if this year should be my last,
I hope 'twill be with wisdom passed,
 Nor blush with tear-stained wine,
Or other drinks that work such ill,
That friend and foe alike doth kill—
 Satan's choice valentine.

I thank the friend who sent me this,
So like my Mary, now in bliss,
 I say at sixty-seven.
The wrapper bears the Stockport post,
Or I might deem a sainted ghost,
 As post-boy, came from heaven.

That graceful bearing! auburn hair
Waving round a brow so fair!
 Mary in every line!
With roses and forget-me-not
Stamped on a heart—oh! that's the spot
 Where dwells my valentine.

I've spent some precious, precious hours
Strewing thy grave with spring's first flowers,
 Wondering if thou couldst see.
Now, now I've got bright flowers returned,
Thy semblance in a heart inurned;
 Mary! comes it from thee?

I don't know who the friend can be
That sent thy likeness unto me,
 But know thou erst would join
In thanking one who thinks of me,
But can't re-fill the place of *thee*,
 My own sweet valentine.



POLICE STATION.

TO th' Lockups they're dragged
 Where they squat till next day,
 While friends are bewailing them lost,
 Then sent to pick oakum, or otherwise pay
 A Fine of Five Shillings and costs.

—o—

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

The following lines were suggested by the fervid tone and poetic address of a gentleman at Whitehaven, to whom I had sent (last week) a parcel of my temperance rhymes, he having sent for more by this morning's post. October 10th, 1879.

THE Garden of Eden, what a charm in the name,
 In Whitehaven's suburbs on the fringe of the main,
 I should feel justified in breathing a prayer,
 If forced to leave here, I might find a home there.

One reason is this, I should certainly think
There's no soulless thing here who fattens on drink,
Seven days in each week, manufacturing sighs,
Red noses, blotched faces, parched lips, and swollen eyes.

I don't know the friend who has sent for my rhymes,
But have read William Howitt's "Man of the Times";
He is very like him in one sense I should think,
A sterling sworn foe to the tyrant—strong drink.

The man of the times had love mingled with zeal,
He sacrificed self for his country's weal;
When gaunt famished crowds were beset with a trap
He rushed to the rescue and stood in the gap.

His soul wept o'er skin and bone, children and widows,
More!—his patriot zeal with emphasis bid us
To follow his footprints, to strangle the foe
That battens on tears, desolation and woe.

When Arabia's simoon whirls showers of hot sand,
Or China's typhoon, engulfs harbour and strand,
And frenzied tornado's roar rendeth the air,
All people can lean on kind Heaven in prayer.

No guilt-stricken conscience disturbeth their rest,
They know 'tis the hand that doth all for the best,
Yet cannot confide in our *guide posts* to light,
Who parley with fire water, mildew, and blight.

Let us purge our prayers—the heart-searcher loathes sham
Sending dogmas and creeds to the offspring of Ham,
While we send as their consort the fiend alcohol,
Slaying Pagan, and Christian—both body and soul.

Dear Sir, with this scribble, I send some more rhymes,
 Some but so and so—others have poetic chimes,
 While one charms the ear, and others the heart,
 Oh, Sally, and the rag-bag will make Sir Bung—smart.

Work on, heaven's blessing will gild well-spent years,
 Bright laurels at last will be gemmed with the tears
 You have dried ;—the victor will wear well-done's crown
 When the drink fiend is chained with his father—Low
 Down.

—o—

CHILLING FIGURES.

In Two Years the Alliance Liquor List registered the
 following black Catalogue :—

- 303 Cases of Serious Accident, or Striking Bodily Peril.
- 594 Robberies, of or by Drunken Persons.
- 1453 Alarming Brawls or Violent Assaults.
- 357 Attempted or Actual Suicides.
- 212 Manslaughters or Wilful Murders.
- 1017 Premature, and generally Violent Deaths.
- 462 Cases of Gross Cruelty to Wives and Children.

FRIEND! as I make my weekly call,
 These chilling figures cry,
 Oh! rescue others ere they fall,
 And through the traffic die.

They ask your aid to dry the fount,
 Whence springs more burning tears,
 Than Time's untiring tongue could count
 In twice six thousand years.

They do but name some waifs and strays
 Gulphed, through the trade, by death,
 Could they but show all to noon's gaze,
 The world would gasp for breath.

They cannot paint the clammy lips,
 The bleared and glassy eyes,
 Whose wailings pierce the darkest depths,
 And cleave the blushing skies.

A Doomsday Book—and that alone—
 The fearful deeds will tell,
 Of him they're seeking to dethrone,
 And toll his cold death knell.

They echo prayers from soddened lips,
 That moan on wind and wave ;
 "Oh ! spare the pirates, swamp their ships
 In a deep *Maine-law* grave !"

—o—

AN APPEAL FOR A MAINE-LAW.

The specimen underneath was written for and inserted in the *Maine-Law Almanack*, published by W. Bremner, 15, Piccadilly, Manchester, in 1856.

OH ! could I paint in graphic hues
 The scalding burning tears,
 That have been shed o'er dying—dead,
 Through drink, these last few years.

Oh ! could I show the wasted wrecks,
 And blighted, withered forms
 Of widowed ones, whose husbands, sons,
 Through drink are food for worms.

Oh ! could I sound the chill death-knell,
 The sighs, the sobs, the groans
 From loathsome cells and licensed hells,
 Drink's stronghold and black thrones.

Oh ! could I show the Christian church
 The jewels she has lost—
 That from her crown have tumbled down
 By strong drinks tempest-tost.

Oh ! could I build a monument
 Upon each blood-stained bourne,
 Where men in drink have crossed the brink
 That none for aye return.

Good men would come unto my aid
 To fell the hydra foe,
 And drive the fiend by licence screened
 Where evil spirits go.

—o—

LET ME SMELL THY BREATH.

JACK said to Bill, "I'm very ill,
 And cannot raise a drop ;"
 Bill answered Jack, "Rags from my back
 Have just been sent to 'pop !'
 And with the brass I got one glass
 That just saved me from death ;"
 Jack said, "I pray thee, come this way,
 And let me smell thy breath."

—o—

THE TEETOTALLER'S COT.

THE fire burns bright, the flickering blaze
 Gives heat and light ; its glimmering rays
 Illume my humble cot :
 Here I can rest, and peaceful muse,
 And feel so blest—for nought profuse
 Would I exchange my lot.

This hard day's toil is o'er and past,
And for awhile my care I'll cast
 Unto the wind.

And chat with thee, my love, my wife,
Who art to me the source of life,
 From dross refined.

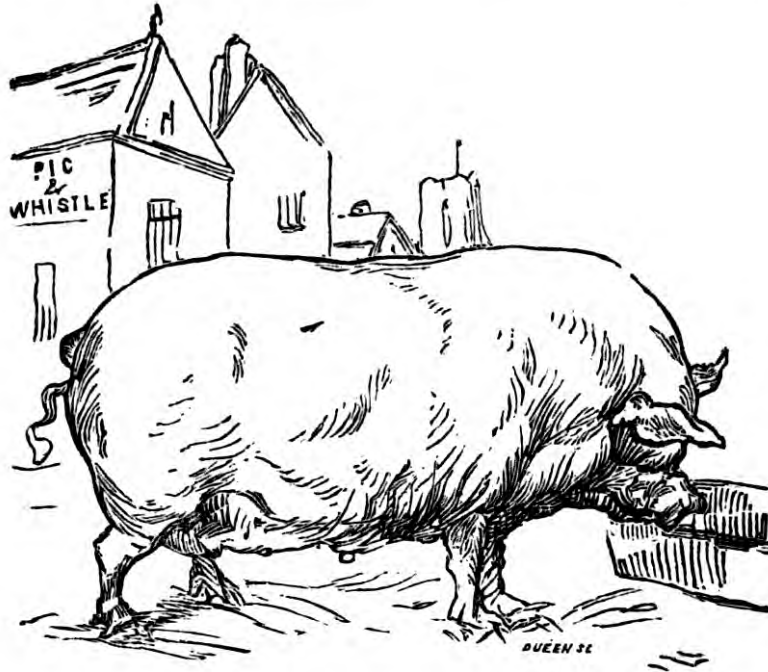
The North-winds blow a chilly blast—
The fleecy snow is falling fast
 Upon the ground.

How hard for they who have no home,
Who have to stray and wildly roam
 The country round.

Who have to sleep in barn or cote,
And sigh, and weep, till wild dreams float,
 And rack their brain ;
Till in despair, with half-froz'n breath,
They groan a prayer, that cold grim death
 Would end their pain.

Our Tom and Dan are fast asleep,
And little Ann doth closer creep
 Unto thy breast :
We are safe from harm, this cold, cold night—
And then, the charm—our rent is right—
 Love, we are blest !

“ Our troubles, Will, are light as air ;
But come what may we'll equal share,
 And be content :
And walk upright, as Heaven doth will—
By day, by night, 'twill bliss distil,
 And love cement.”



PIG AND WHISTLE.

HERE'S the landlord's fine fat pig,
 If I am not mistaken
 The simpletons who buy it meal,
 May whistle for the bacon.

—o—

JOHN MILTON.

“I've nothing to conceal from God or man.”

THE Bard, reclining at his cottage door,
 Where jessamine and woodbine sweetly breathed
 Fragrant perfumes, till his fine senses cried :—
 “Here is a paradise in miniature,”
 While velvet violets, and pimpurnels,
 The blushing rose, and the tall daffodils,
 Drinking fresh dew, and cradled in the breeze,
 Grateful to Heaven—returned untainted praise—

There the sublime and Heavenly Bard did muse
 Until the hallowed rays fired his great soul,
 And bright electric sparks flashed from his pen,
 That in indelible and blazoned rays
 Portrayed the fall of angels and of man.
 One sunny morn, seated in buoyant mood,
 His friend—one of the pious, peaceful friends—
 Addressing him, in his plain homely style,
 Drew from the Bard that graceful string of pearls,
 “I’ve nothing to conceal from God or Man.”

—o—

THE BACK WAY TO THE RED LION.

YOUNG men, beware, beware of the “back way ;”
 Thousands, misguided, have been led astray ;
 That ignis-fatuus bright
 Hath lured the sprightly youth and wrinkled age ;
 Ah ! ’tis a blood-stain on th’ historic page,
 Black as chaotic night.

He that could see into the human heart,
 Hath marked the shoals and sandbanks, on the chart,
 Or guide from sin and woe :
 Hear ye what he with emphasis doth say—
 “ *They that love darkness rather than the day,
 Are men and heaven’s foe.*”

If you do wish your wife to starve in rags,
 Your children to collect their food in bags,—
 “ Please, ma’am, a crust, I pray,”—
 And be the scoff or bye-word of the town,
 To bear the sneers of every country clown,
 Then march up the “back way.”

If you do wish to pauperise yourself,—
 (While others fatten on your hard-earned pelf,
 And sport in plumage gay),
 And in the workhouse die, with no kind friend
 To wipe a tear, or to your needs attend,—
 Walk, walk up the “back way.”

But if you wish to be a man—A MAN!
 Then follow reason’s dictates; that’s the plan,
 To make you blithe and gay:
 Abstain—’twill give both a clear head and eye,—
 Then cry beware, beware, to passers-by,
 To shun that dark “back way.”

Once more I say, young man, beware, beware,
 Nor touch, nor taste, but shun the fatal snare,
 I ask, I beg, I pray;
 But if you still will quaff the fatal drink,
 And reason hurl down hopeless ruin’s brink—
 That, that’s the dark “back way.”

—o—

COMPENSATE—WHICH? THE WIDOW OR THE WIDOW MAKERS?

Lines addressed to Mr. Edwin Booth, of Glossop, on his 30th Teetotal Anniversary, by one whom he invited to the feast given by his daughters, but was prevented by indisposition.

IN the strength of the Lord, for three times ten years,
 You have wielded the sword of freedom and truth,
 Knocked cankering fetters from drink-caused grey hairs,
 And, better than that, built a fence round the youth.*

* Mr. Booth is a stonemason.

You are one of the masons that are well worth their rations,
Would to God we had more of your stamp in the nation !
We might then lay a wager no Lordling or Major
Would insult us by winking at “ Bung’s Compensation.”

While thinking of this, it mayn’t be amiss
To tell compensators they will find by and by,
When too late to rue, the old maxim’s true,
“ The gods often blind before they destroy.”

Accept my regards for your kind invitation,
And please to give “ ditto ” to donors of tea ;
The next line would rhyme with the Pub’s compensation,
But that word is obnoxious to both you and me.

And yet if we go to the root—compensate,
We find that the word and its meaning is good ;
Those who take a man’s rights should remunerate,
But HE MUST HAVE THE RIGHT, be that understood.

Big Brewers have turned the word upside down,
And now it sounds hollow, ludicrous, bad ;
And their M.P.’s are laughed at by many a clown,
For being so simple and acting so mad.

Why put a wrong tax on the burthened ratepayers
Because they won’t guzzle their porter and ale ?
Having broken the shackles forged by the man-slayers,
Must they now feed the Pubs with balls of BLACK MAIL ?

If we must compensate, let it be the lone widow,
Whom the Drink-fiend has robbed of sleep and of bread,
With her heart in the grave, and her form like a shadow,
And groaning a prayer—“ Would to God I was dead.”



TOM HARDUP.

TOM HARDUP asked Miss Gaudy Bung
To chalk him up a stout ;
She said, “ If you don’t hold your tongue,
I’ll knock your soft brains out.”

Tom said, “ You are too late for once,
That’s very plain and clear ;
I must have been a brainless dunce
When first I came in here.”

THE PHOENIX PARK TRAGEDY.

MEN stand aghast, strong women weep,
E'en children feel their warm blood creep,
And dread the dark ;
A wail blends on the milkmaid's song,
And curses hiss from th' collier's tongue
On Phoenix Park.

Not on the Park, but the black deed
That makes the heart of nations bleed,
And blush to tell
That there is yet on earth a place
Where deeds are done that would disgrace
Black fiends in hell.

Hacking, stabbing sterling worth,
Who had not made one foe on earth,—
A walking blessing,
Seeking not self, but others' good,
Left weltering, drenched in his own blood,
By base assassin.

The nation's heart hath sworn a prayer
To track the cut-throats to their lair,
And make them swing
'Twixt earth and sky, for either place
Would blush and hold it a disgrace
To lodge such things.

Things made of sin and ignorance,
With passions choking common sense,
Wild as the wave ;
The proper place for such as they
Is Kilmainham and Botany Bay,
Or felon's grave.



OPEN THE BAG AND LET'S GET IN.

JOE Thirsty and Jack Ever-dry
 Were fixtures at the Old White Hart,
 Till they lost work and character,
 And were compelled to roam apart.

One day Jack chanced to meet Old Joe,
 When on the verge of hopeless ruin,
 And said, "Old shopmate, let me know
 Whatever, ever are you doing?"

Joe answered, "When I spent my brass,
 For nights I had to pad the stones,
 And now alas, I'm man and ass,
 I pick and carry rags and bones."

Jack said, "Thee talk of walking th' stones,
 And bare bones peeping through thy skin,
 Just look, lad—I'm all rags and bones,
 Open thy bag and let's get in."

A SALVATIONIST MIRACLE.—THE BACK YARD
OF A DRUNKERY CONVERTED.

A DRUNKEN butcher in High Peak
Was so transformed the other week,
People were lost in wonder.
Among the group one "Mrs. Bung"
For once made a slip o'th' tongue
Or an egregious blunder.

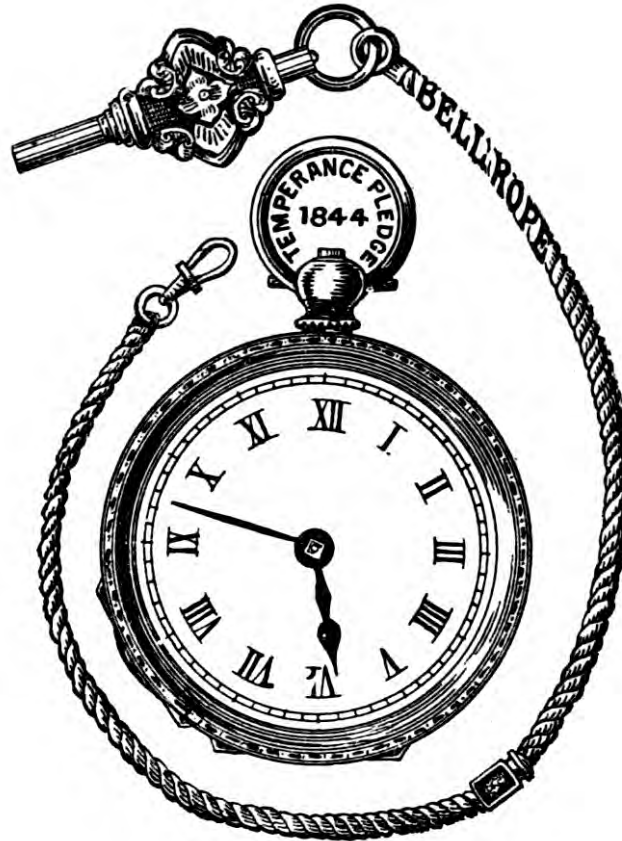
She said the thing seemed very strange,
But whether grace had made the change,
As swearing I've asserted,
She could not say, but from that day
Their backyard was converted.

—o—

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

THE Drunkard's wife!—oh, sad, sad doom,
For her who feels the smart!
Heaven-crested hope can scarce illumine
Her dram-struck, blighted heart.
She's hoped for years, for years, for years,
And every hope's been vain;
Now darkling fears, dark fears, black fears,
Hang palling o'er her brain.

She's wept, wept, wept, and still doth weep—
Ah, no! the fount is dry;
The fiend despair hath stolen her sleep,
And that once angel eye
Is raised to heaven, to curse, curse, curse,
Those poisons from the still,
That ruined her's; but, worse, worse, worse,
Doth thousands yearly kill.



BELL ROPE.

THIS is my father's lever watch,
 When wintry winds do bellow ;
 The factory bell may ring or knell,
 His bell rope's 'neath the pillow.

He never earned a heavy wage,
 But spurned delusive liquor ;
 Now in old age, I dare engage,
 He's happy as a vicar.

He says while others spent their coin,
 Nor caring what was th' end on't ;
 It's very fine in life's decline
 To know they're independent.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON, F.R.S.L.,

Guest at the Manchester Literary Society's Annual Christmas Supper,
December, 1887.

THE honours of our Guest this night
We all agree are richly won,
'Neath laurel bough, that wreathes his brow,
And writ in light, *Good work well done.*

He is the hero of the feast,
And none begrudge his bays ;
May he live long, and works be sung,
Both now and through the coming days.

—o—

WILLIAM E. A. AXON, F.R.S.L.

FRIEND Axon, accept the kindly regards
Of one who admires true seers and bards,
So few men are found, who are true men all round,
No wonder we love the learned and profound.

I don't wish to flatter,
But say on this matter,
Yes, say and repeat it again ;
I have found one of late,
Rather small, very great,
Small body, large soul ;
And the topstone of all,
A world-wide and priceless estate.
He is richer by far
Than Monarch or Czar,
With their bright precious stones,
Crowns, sceptres, and thrones,
And all the gew-gaws of the great.

He has, we trow,
Well burnished his brow
With the gold-dust of ages,
Culled from the grim pages,
The giants of thought, the deathless sages.

I wish him good health
To distribute his wealth,
It will grow as he gives to another ;
May his children and wife
Be the pride of his life,
And the writer of this call him Brother.

—o—

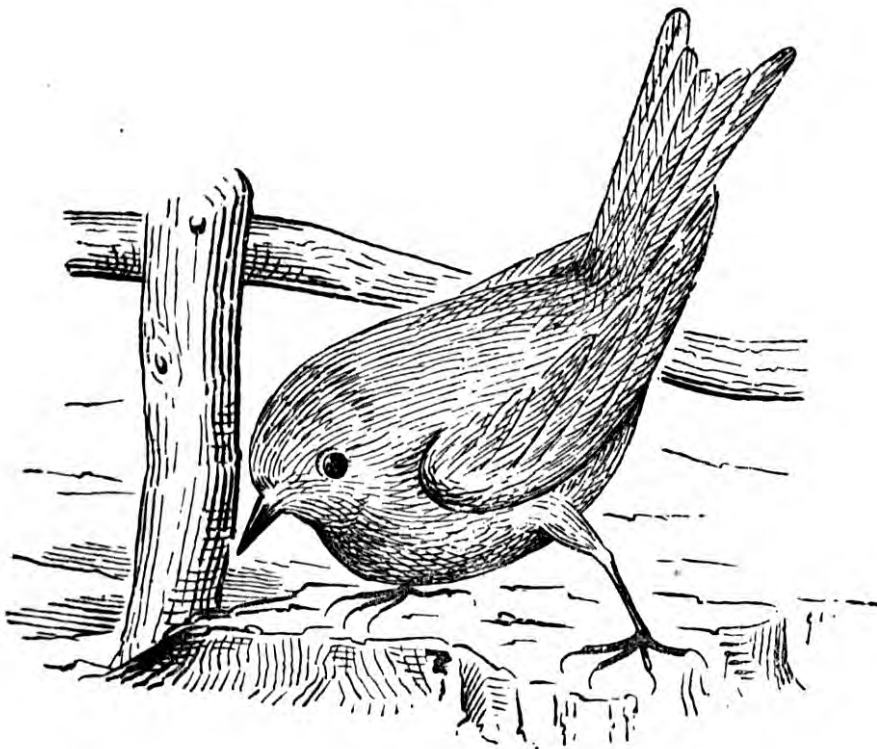
THE BLUE-BELL AND ROSE.

UPON a dank but sunny bank,
A lonely blue-bell sighed—
“ Oh ! that I were as thou art there,
Bright rose, smiling in pride.
“ When Sol doth rise to gild the skies,
I'm lone and 'plaining ;
Whilst thou in pride on zephyrs ride
From rise till waning.
“ Buried in moss, I cannot toss
My head or show my charms ;
Whilst thy bright hues each lover woos,
And draws thee to their arms.”
“ Hush ! ” said the rose, “ or tell thy woes
To one more thy compeer ;
'Tis meet that thou shouldst lowly bow
To me, as prince or peer.”

A shepherd's boy, a-passing by,
Espied the rose so gay ;
In his old hat he pressed it flat,
And plodded on his way.

The awe-struck bell then pealed a knell
For the departed great ;
Then heaved a sigh, with thankful eye,
And blessed its humble state.

—o—



ROBIN, MY GARDEN PET.

I'M pleased to see thee, pretty bird,
Once more hopping in my garden ;
Thy look suggests as plain as words,
I wonder if the "bard" is in.

My pet, I'm gleaning thoughts that breathe,
Tho' th' brain that coined them's mouldering dust.
Come whistle—let's twine them a wreath,
And then I'll crumble thee a crust.

I'm glad to see thee look so well,
Though, like me, a little older,
But more particulars we'll tell
When days wax short and nights grow colder.

I hope while nestling in the wood,
With fragrant bloom and berries drest,
Nursing thy tiny, precious brood,
No prowling urchin robbed thy nest.

My dear old friend, I'll answer thee,
A good name hath a double charm ;
Babes in the wood have shielded me
And kept my pretty chicks from harm.

I knew no one would hurt thy brood,
Who had been taught to feel or think,
But there are children vile and rude
Whose parents love the fiend "strong drink."

Who never read God's Word or pray,
But waste their time in field or lane.
These dram-struck Arabs—well-a-day !
Often delight in others' pain.

Oh ! that mankind would learn from thee
To train their young, and like thee sing—
"The best of drink for you and me,
Is water from the crystal spring."

“BLESS THE LADS.”

THE patriarch in days of yore,
 Whose reverend locks were silvered o'er,
 Whose years had numbered seven score,
 Lifting his eye
 Unto the sky
 With faith did cry :—
 “Oh ! angel that redeemed me,
 And from all evil set me free,
 I supplicate on bended knee
 To bless the lads.”

My mother, who for forty years
 Had served the Lord with prayers and tears,
 And cast on Him her doubts and fears,
 The widow's friend
 His aid did lend
 Her to befriend ;
 Having found Him an able guide
 That had her life-long wants supplied,
 Dying—to Him with faith she cried :—
 “God bless my lads.”

—o—

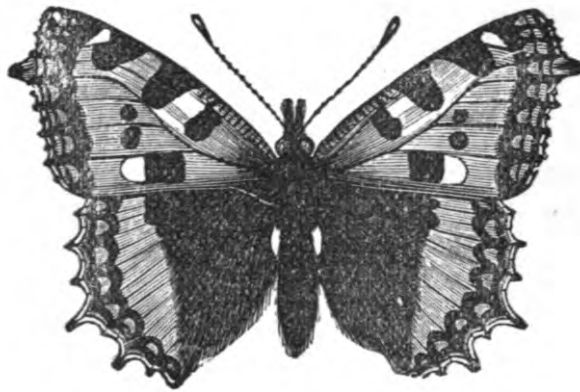
IN MEMORIAM—

THOMAS PENROSE, P. M. MINISTER, WHO ENTERED INTO
 REST OCT. 28TH, 1888, AGED 73 YEARS.

WE mourn, yet rejoice, to record the story,
 A chieftain hath fallen, hath risen to glory.
 Fallen like the brave, to rest in the grave,—
 Fallen in the strife, after spending his life
 For the glory of God, and the good of mankind ;
 The fallen rose hath left sweet fragrance behind.

When great heroes die, scribes blazon their fame ;
His record's on high, he hath written his name
 In sin-defiled homesteads, and dram-stricken sties,
 That are now gemmed with smiles, and tear-stained eyes,
 Tears emphasise loss ! smiles supplement *gain*,
 The grave holds the root, but the rose will remain
 A gem in the crown of the Lamb that was slain.

—o—



THE BUTTERFLY.

THY struggles, innocent, are vain,
 Thou can't get through that window-pane,
 'Tis a transparent light ;
 Ah no, thou'rt out of freedom's track,
 And if thou would'st get safely back,
 Retrace thy steps aright.

Remember thou art prisoner here,
 And though thou see'st no cause for fear,
 Grim death is near at hand.
 Take my advice, look out, beware
 That spider in the corner there
 Hath got a deadly wand.

Though prisoner, thou hast got some hope,
 For with thy feelers thou must grope,
 Thou fallest and triest again.
 Thou'st taught a lesson unto me,
 To struggle on till I am free,
 And all my fellow-men.

I'll help thee, I have got the power,
 Thou shalt enjoy the mead and bower,
 The sun and summer sky.
 I ope for thee the window-pane—
 Now, there is liberty again,
 My tiny friend—good-bye.

—o—

THE CHILDREN'S TRIBUTE TO
 DR. SPENCER T. HALL.

(A Wreath of Daisies comprising some thousands of Flowers.)

OH, could that sympathetic heart,
 And philosophic brain,
 Renew its wonted fire again ;
 The song, the anthem, and refrain ;
 The words and notes
 Would tune the throats
 Of children, culling daisies.

Daisies twined by youthful hands
 To deck a poet's grave,
 The most elaborate marble towers
 Can't vie with nature's starry flowers ;
 The hand of God
 Hath decked each sod
 With gold-gemmed, silvery daisies.

Their wreath is emblematical
 Of Heaven and endless bliss,
 'Tis studded like a honey-comb,
 Some drooping, others in full bloom ;
 They seem to say,
 " He's had his day,"
 We children pray,
 " God bless him 'neath the daisies."

—o—

OLD FOLKS' CHRISTMAS TREAT, DEC. 27TH, 1880.

Mr. Henry Barber said Mr. Joseph Cooper had been compelled to go to Nottingham, but he had not forgotten them, and had sent the following, with a request that he would read it to the meeting.

DEAR aged friends and neighbours,
 Though I'm engaged elsewhere,
 I join with you sincerely
 In fervent, heartfelt prayer,
 That God may bless our chairman
 And his noble-hearted wife—
 Add to their wealth unfailing health,
 A long and prosperous life.
 Being some fifty miles away,
 Listening to song and glee,
 I can't enjoy your smiles to-day,
 Your plum cake and nice tea.
 On tiptoe I can see weak eyes
 Once more look bright and shiny,
 When they are told the feeble old
 Are using new guilt china.
 'Tis sweet to see the flowers in May,
 Fringing the bubbling spring ;
 'Tis sweet to watch the lambkins play,
 And hear the cuckoo sing ;

More sweet to see the tottering poor
 Made welcome guests—not lackeys :
 The thought calls forth impulsive cheers
 For the true-hearted Mackeys.

—o—

THE OLD FOLKS' CHRISTMAS TREAT,
 NEW MILLS, 1884.

[Lines composed and read by one of the Old Folks in his 75th year.]

SIR, sisters, brothers, by this time
 You may have heard that I spin rhyme,
 Heedless of creed or faction ;
 Where'er I see true sterling worth
 I laud the cause that gives it birth,
 I heed not words, but actions.

I'm seventy-four, a good round age,
 Yet still am able to engage—
 Nor grudge my feeble labour—
 To write a song or tell a tale,
 To laugh and chat, but abjure ale,
 And thus advise each neighbour.

But this is not a fitting time
 For me to spin a lengthy rhyme,
 We're met for social greeting ;
 I'm glad to see you here once more,
 Some sixty, others turned four score,
 This is a lengthy meeting.

Thank God, the day's returned again,
 When feeble women and old men,
 In this inclement weather
 Have been regaled with buns and tea,
 Charmed with sweet music, song and glee,
 Had a rich feast together.

But o'er the feast there broods a shade,
That havoc in our ranks hath made ;
 Those " Old familiar faces,"
That were a charm to look upon,
Are gone ! ah gone ! for ever gone !
 And none can fill their places.

We mourn them gone, but well we know
Though we shall meet no more below,
 We may shake hands " up yonder,"
Above the star enamelled shore,
We then may meet to part no more,
 For death no more can sunder.

Grim death can't enter that abode,
None but the pure, the truly good,
 Whate'er their rank or station.
Good works, with earnest faith and prayer,
Are the credentials which pass there
 From every clime and nation.

Betimes in dreamy retrospect
We wonder who will next ! and next ! !
 Be laid beneath the daisies ;
Let's pack our things, prepare to flit,
And then we need not fear a bit,
 Threading death's chilly mazes.

A well-spent life, with faltering breath
Can grasp the icy hand of death,
 And say, " I'm glad to meet thee,
These poor old bones, oft racked with pain,
I'll leave with thee, and go and reign,
 Where long-lost friends will greet me."

Dear friends, may all of us at last
 Have permits for the heavenly feast,
 Prepared "Beyond the river."
 And shout, and sing, with one accord,
 All glory! glory to the Lord,
 For ever and for ever.

Just one word more before we part,
 Though we don't feel o'er young and smart,
 At the fag end of life ;
 Let's just for once forget our years,
 And give our President three cheers,
 And ditto for his wife.

—o—

OLD FOLKS' CHRISTMAS TREAT,
 NEW MILLS, 1885.

Respectfully dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. MACKIE, the donors.

I TOLD you last year I was seventy-four,
 I suppose I may now add another ;
 I would not appear to my sisters a bore,
 Or wish to dictate to a brother,

But kindly instil, we are tenants-at-will,
 And the notice to *quit's* almost out ;
 Let's look out a home, in the kingdom to come,
 There is one for us all, I've no doubt.

But let us make sure, for no evil doer
 Can enter the mansions above ;
 God's "Word" shows the way,—believe, watch, and
 pray,—
 To *Him* who's the essence of love.

L

The kingdom of grace is a prepared place,
 And all must prepare who would go ;
 I hope no one here will have cause to fear
 Of gnashing their teeth down below.

From this festive night, let us all do right,
 God will help us if we only try ;
His Son for us died,—ah ! better beside,—
 He hath risen and gone up on high,

To prepare a place, in the kingdom of grace,
 For all ! yes all, who sincerely try ;
 Though ever so poor, of one thing I'm sure,
 There's a mansion for all 'bove the sky.

Up ! up in the skies, there'll be no blind eyes,
 Deaf ears, crutches, or rheumatic pain ;
 We all shall feel young, and join in the song,
 Hosanna to Him that was slain.

There's one grand thought more, on the heavenly
 shore,
 We shall meet the loved ones we've lost :
 Paul said, "I believe, no one can conceive
 The bliss of the glorified host."

May we all be there, is the fervent prayer
 Of a neighbour and elderly brother ;
 No one here need doubt, "None will be shut out,
 Who fear God and love one another."

* * * * *

Mr. Chairman, I rejoice,
 Am thankful in my heart,
 Once more to raise my feeble voice,
 And take a humble part,

In thanking you, and your dear wife,
 For th' good things freely given ;
 And pray, after this chequered life,
 We all may meet in heaven.

—o—

OLD FOLKS' CHRISTMAS TREAT,

IN THE PUBLIC HALL, NEW MILLS, DECEMBER 27TH, 1888.

Reprinted from the "High Peak Advertiser."

John Mackie, Esq., J.P., Chairman, said it was a pleasure to see so many there that night, each year they missed some who had fallen out of their ranks, reminding one of the uncertainty of human life. They would all that night miss a familiar face, that of Mr. Joseph Cooper, but he had not forgotten them, for he (Mr. Mackie) held in his hand a bundle of papers he had sent for distribution among them. Mr. Cooper had been at all their Annual Gatherings, and had always been ready to give them amusement and good advice. He would read to them the poem Mr. Cooper had sent, and afterwards distribute them. He was sure all present wished Mr. Cooper all the health and comfort he could have. Mr. Cooper had always manifested his interest in religion and temperance, and as his strength was failing, he would have the satisfaction of knowing that he had taken part in the warfare against intoxicating drink, which was the means of filling HOSPITALS with those who had lost their *health*, ASYLUMS with those who had lost their *reason*, and PRISONS with those who had lost their *characters*. Mr. Cooper had been a great champion, and had fought very hard in the warfare against intemperance. He concluded by reading the following touching poem, which had been composed for the occasion by Mr. Cooper:—

IT seems my chair will be "To Let,"
 I do not see how I can sit
 With the Old Folk ;
 I doubt if I can raise the wind,
 And past experience whispers :—*Mind*,
 Or thou may choke.

Wise men will use the talent given,
 Make earth the vestibule of heaven,
 As wise men act ;
 (Always prepared to cross the bourn
 From whence no travellers return,)
 Their things all packed.

The *line* is safe, no one need fear,
 The *ticket's* printed very clear,
 The blind may read it :—
 “When th’ soul and body’s rent asunder,
 Christ hath prepared a home UP YONDER,
 Long as we need it.”

We can’t conceive how long ’twill be,
 No one can grasp eternity,
 But the omniscient.
 The Christ-built mansions stand upon
 The “Rock of Ages,”—I, for one,
 Say that’s sufficient.

—o—

THANKS TO MRS. MACKIE,

The lady who so kindly sent a large bundle of woollen shawls and comforters, her own knitting, for distribution among the most worthy inmates of the workhouse, December 27th, 1875.

DEAR Madam, I present my thanks
 In no cold formal way,
 But in my inmost heart of hearts
 With bended form I pray,
 That God may crown your basket,
 His angel guard your store,
 And guild your path with sunshine
 Until you reach fourscore.

You must have toiled when weary,
 Through many a long, long day,
 Knit, knitting these warm garments,
 What for? to give away ;
 To give :—there lies the secret ;
 That was the magic charm
 That moved your tired fingers,
 And braced your aching arm.

To give to the lone widowed one
 Cowering with chin on breast ;
 To give to orphans sighing
 For a kind mother's breast :
 To give to palsied, feeble, weak,
 Maimed, deaf, and dumb, and blind,
 Is Christ-like, for He freely gave
 His life, to save mankind.

—o—

KINDLY GREETINGS.

MRS. E. ARNFIELD, an old friend,
 With this doth kindly greeting send,
 Praying God bless you !
 May gracious heaven upon you smile,
 And each one in your domicile,
 Tend and caress you.

That, that they do, there are but few
 Who're blest with friends so kind and true,
 And you deserve them.
 You have a good example set
 They will not easily forget,
 And may preserve them.

As wife and mother, mistress too,
 They're far apart that equal you ;
 I'd fain increase them ;
 To do that :—let us check the sin
 That springs from drinking ale and gin,
 And those that fleece them.

I thank you for the part you played
 When we knocked down the tear-stained trade,
 (The voice o'th' nation,)
 And rent big brewers' game asunder,
 With accents loud as summer thunder,
 No Compensation !

'Tis gratifying to surmise,
 When'ere the soul's above the skies,
 Works truly just
May LIVE, to be a beacon-light,
 And storm-tossed mariners by night
 Will bless dead dust.

Then let us work our little day,
To-morrow we may rest away
 From earthly labour !
 The mansions in the realms above,
 Are set apart for those who love
 God, and their neighbour.

—o—

WORTH CALLING FAME.

Respectfully dedicated to the Booth Family, Glossop, whose sympathetic letter drew from a feeble old man the following lines:—

BERTHA, Rhoda, Emma, Wilfred,
 Many thanks for your kind letter,
 Though feeble, blessed be the Lord,
 I now can write a little better.

Bertha, Rhoda, Emma, Wilfred,
I soon must bid all friends good-bye,
But our dear Lord hath pledged His word,
The truly faithful never die.

Bertha, Rhoda, Emma, Wilfred,
A crawling grub turns butterfly ;
An emblem true, that I and you
May soar with angels 'bove the sky.

Bertha, Rhoda, Emma, Wilfred,
Grub-like I'm sinking in the shell,
Isn't it surprising, I *am* rising
Nearer the home where old friends dwell.

Bertha, Rhoda, Emma, Wilfred,
The *promise* rends death's garb of gloom,
Trust me ever, "I will never"
Leave my loved ones in the tomb.

Bertha, Rhoda, Emma, Wilfred,
It may be when my work is o'er,
That I may wait at the golden gate,
To greet you on the blissful shore.

Bertha, Rhoda, Emma, Wilfred,
Sometimes green fruit is shaken down,
But ripe must fall, not one but all,
The sage, philosopher, and clown.

Bertha, Rhoda, Emma, Wilfred,
May you be Templars when I'm gone ;
Christ-like labour *saves* a neighbour,
And He to such will say—"Well done."

Bertha, Rhoda, Emma, Wilfred,
Templars make crutches for the lame,
And leave behind eyes for the blind,
And that's the stuff worth calling fame.

—O—



PRIZE POEM.

No. 3.

“A KNEELER.”

FOR three half-pence they sold a gill,
And sitting room likewise :
A “stand up” was far cheaper still,
One penny got the prize.

Joe Green went into the Blue Boar,
 And thus said to the dealer :
 “ *This* halfpenny is all my store—
 Please let me have a kneeler.”

—o—

BRAVERY OF A LADY,

(One of the officers of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars, Miss FOSTER, of Milnthorp), who is confined in her room through plunging into the River Bela, and at great peril dragging out a drowning man.

GOD bless our Sister Foster
 While confined in her room,
 But for Thy care we'd lost her,
 Her home had been the tomb ;
 That is, the earthy part of her,
 For Bela, veiled with ice,
 Would have been tracked by angels,
 Her guides to paradise.

Thou who made light from chaos,
 Whose throne is in the skies,
 Hath promised to repay us
 For every sacrifice.
 Her offering is typical
 Of Him who shed His blood ;
 To save a priceless soul from death
 She plunged in the cold flood.

We see her grasp the stiffened limbs,
 We gaze with bated breath,
 Our blood turns chill in every vein
 As she combats with death.

He's lost! ah, no, he's saved! thank God,
 Our sister's won renown
 From the Humane Society,
 All but the martyr's crown.

Opponents say the Templars
 Are empty, fulsome, vain,
 Just blest with one idea—
 Can do naught but abstain.
 We show a brilliant sample
 In our brave Sister Foster,
 Whose gallant feat is ample
 To stamp her lodge with lustre.

—o—

TEMPERANCE SHOTS AT RANDOM.

“**F**RIEND HODGSON, with his unique shots
 Hath bagged some priceless birds;
 He makes a hit with tact and wit,
 Sweet smiles, and winning words.

The champion shots at Wimbledon,
 Who never miss th' bull's eye,
 Will be forgot, when Hodgson's shot
 Is 'echoed above the sky.'

His shot turns ravens into larks,
 And hawks coo like the dove,
 That by-and-by will sing on high
 In flowery realms above.

Some birds he's bagged were like plucked geese
 When in the landlord's tether,
 Now plump and sound, spring from the ground,
 Crowing in fine feather.

Old friend, fire on! crack, crack away :
 God will thy efforts bless
 While time doth run,—ay, when the sun
 Is ‘less than nothingness.’”

—o—

DRUNKARD'S NOSE.



Dear and deadly flowers are those
 That blossom on the drunkard's nose.

ACROSTICS.

—o—

BROTHER A. E. ECCLES, P.G.W.TR.*

B LESS the Lord, there yet is found
 R ight Good Templars all round.
 O pen purse and open heart,
 T win brothers, 'twere a sin to part ;
 H owe'er that be, 'tis plain to see,
 E ccles is "A one," and long will be
 R enowned alike on land and sea.

* Written for his Silver Wedding.

A. grand Good Templar, Worthy Brother,
 E. ver at work to save another.
 E xcelsior is our hero's glory !
 C ome and help's writ on his flag ;
 C hristian worker, young and hoary,
 L abour always, never lag ;
 E ternal bliss will be your wages,
 S heltered in the Rock of Ages.
 P. atriarchs, Prophets, Saints and Sages,
 G. ood Templars of by-gone ages,
 W. ill strike their harps when Christ the Son,
 T.R.iumphantly says :—" Friend, well-done !"

—o—

WILLIAM E. A. AXON, F.R.S.L.

W ISDOM in the Book I'm told
 I s better far than heaps of gold ;
 L eaneth not on birth or station,
 L iveth to improve the nation,
 I n word and deed, nay every act,
 A lways ready with a fact,
 M oreover done with wit and tact.
 E. verywhere in the coming time
 A. xon will stand erect—sublime.
 A uthors and sages, light and learning,
 'X cepting none we dub discerning ;
 O pening his books alike will find
 N otes that pourtray a man of mind.
 F. or years may Axon wield his pen,
 R. evered alike by all good men ;
 S. ociety,—each creed and faction,
 L. earn Wisdom at the shrine of Axon.

BRO. JOHN EDWARDS, D.C.T., P.G.Co.

B LACKBIRD and thrush will soon be singing,
R obin to Mistress *Robin winging,
O n every hand bright flowers springing.

J oybells seem chiming, while I'm rhyming
O n spring's enchanting festive time ;
H ow things will laugh, and grateful quaff,
N ature's *home-brewed Good Templar's* wine.

E very shrub and budding bower,
D rooping plant and blushing flower,
W ill welcome the refreshing shower.

A non the fruit and waving corn,
R ejoice when the rain-clouds are born ;
D ispensers of life-giving water,
S upreme drink for every creature.

D eath may come before the spring,
C omrades at our graveside sing ;
T hat secret's God's, the King of kings.

—o—

MRS. E. A. LEWIS, BLACKBURN, GOD BLESS HER.

M y sister Lewis, an old man
R enders his thanks for work well done,
S ocial, moral, victories won.

* Robin will leave my cot in spring,
And soar away on lightsome wing,
And with his fellow-warblers sing,
Till woods and groves and welkin ring.

If I keep toddling on the Knowl,
And you will kindly so far stroll,
And just peep at my *cot* and me,
I'll spread you a Good Templar's Tea.

E. arth and heaven may well rejoice.

A. ngelic choirs, with harp and voice,

L aud and applaud your Christ-like labour ;
E ver at work to save your neighbour,
W inning souls from woe to bliss,
I s the true badge of righteousness,
S uch as the Lord delights to bless.

B edlam or pandemonium homes
L ook neat and sweet as honey-combs,
A seraph from the courts above
C ould not dispense more social love,
K indness beams in parents' faces,
B lessings in the child's embraces,
U sury at the three balls,
R um and ruin alike falls,
N ow *prayer* is heard, instead of brawls.

G od, who promises, *hath* blessed
O ther toilers in the past,
D auntless in their Lord's behest.

B old as a lion in his lair
L ewis, armed with faith and prayer,
E nters cellars—anywhere,
S ympathizing makes new friends,
S tops the tap and misery ends.

H eaven bless you and yours too,
E xclaims your rescued life-boat crew ;
R ich laurels crown the faithful few.

BROTHER REAY, WIDNES.

My Guest at Eaves Knowl, 25th May, 1888. His 39th Birthday.

B LOSSOMS abound, hills, woods and glen,
 R enew their youthful prime again ;
 O n every hand the cuckoo's voice
 T hrills gloomy souls till they rejoice.
 H eaven sent a special flower *one* May,
 E arth's florists named it "Poet Reay ;"
 R ing ! joy-bells, ring ! *his* natal day.

R enew his bloom, Lord, bless his soul,
 E ach day that o'er his head doth roll ;
 A non God's angels seem to say,
 Y onder's a crown for "Poet Reay."

W ell may the wise man say of old,
 I n lieu of riches, wisdom woo ;
 D auntless, fearless, constant, bold,
 N ever swerving, always true ;
 E ver at work, heedless of pay,—
 S uch—such a one is Brother Reay.

—o—

BROTHER JOHN HENRY MUSK.

"Ruth Ransom's Reward."—See *Watchword*, January 14th, 1889.

B eing unwell, confined at home,
 R eading our "*Watchword*" for this week,
 O n page fourteenth I dropped upon
 T *emplar* work that drenched my cheek.
 H ow soul-reviving to behold,
 E arnest workers, young or old,—
 R ight Good Templars—sterling gold.

J ohn H. Musk has penned a sketch
 O n Brother Smart and Sister Ransom,
 H onest as day, in every way,
 N othing wanting, picture's handsome.
 H is plot is laid with skill and taste,
 E very outline true and chaste,
 N othing we could wish erased ;
 R eader, examine it at leisure,
 Y ou there may find a charming treasure.
 M usk can write a touching story,
 U pon either love or glory ;
 S uch tales as HIS—*For little money*,
 K eep you spell-bound, sipping honey.

—o—

BRO. ROBERT HUNTER, D.CH.

B runskill's mantle hath fallen on
 R obert Hunter,—Brunskill's gone
 O 'er the river to Canaan.
 R echabite, Good Templar too,
 O ther sections—not a few.
 B rothers in the grand crusade,
 E ager to stem the tear-stained trade ;
 R esolved to slay the fiend or die,
 T rusting in Him who rules on high.
 H ave found in him a man of skill,
 U ndaunted and determined will ;
 N one can call him mean or fearful,
 T eaching others to be cheerful.
 E ver there at duty's calling,
 R ushing on where ranks are falling.
 D oing good is Hunter's creed,
 Chaplain in time of need.

M

JOSEPH COOPER.

J ust seventy-four, let all the people know it,
 O ur friend, Joseph Cooper, the Derbyshire poet,
 S o hale and so hearty, from morning till night,
 E ver ready to sing you a song or recite ;
 P ut this in bold letters that all men may see,—
 H e *never drinks anything stronger than tea.*

C ould the men who are loud in the praises of ales
 O nly *look* on the author of “Clenching the nails,”
 O f this I am certain, no more should we hear
 P roclaimed from their lips ‘there is virtue in beer ;’
 E verywhere be it known that the man is a gainer,
 R esolving to be from strong drinks an abstainer.

Widnes, Nov., 1884.

T. REAY.

—o—

JOSEPH COOPER.

J ust think of it, ye who to carping are given,
 O ur friend, Joseph Cooper, at seventy-seven,
 S till wielding his sword in the thick of the fight,
 E lse “Moses-like,” pleading with God for the right,
 P athetic in speech and amusing in song,
 H eroic and brave when contending with wrong.

C ould those silly people who foolishly think,
 O ur lives are prolonged by the use of strong drink,
 O nly see this old veteran whose life has been spent,
 P roclaiming that men should abstain and repent,
 E re long in reality England would be
 R egarded by all as the land of the free.

Widnes, April 10th, 1888.

T. REAY.



TEMPERANCE MINSTREL.

ORIGINAL HYMNS & SONGS.

OPENING HYMN FOR BAND OF HOPE MEETINGS.

AIR—“*Sweet Rest in Heaven.*”

O GOD, our heavenly Father,
Whose throne is in the skies,
We bring to Thee our firstlings,
Our precious girls and boys,
And humbly ask Thy blessing
Upon our hopeful band,
May they stand true, united,
The bulwarks of our lands.

CHORUS—Save the children, O Lord,
Save the children, O Lord,
Save the children, save the children,
Save the children, O Lord.

Strong drink bites like a serpent,
And like an adder stings ;
It drapes in woe the peasant's cot,
And palaces of kings.

The pastor and the scholar,
 Alike it doth befool ;
 Hangs tablets in the house of prayer,
 And robs our Sabbath School.—CHORUS.

Hope looms in the Band of Hope,
 The drink-fiend must succumb,
 When full-grown men and women
 Abhor the name of rum,
 And every other liquor,
 That feedeth death and sin ;
 Then the grand millennium
 Will seem as if set in.—CHORUS.

—o—

ASSIST US WHILE TRYING THE CHILDREN
 TO SAVE.

THOU great Three in One,
 Our hope and our trust,
 Who gave Thy dear Son
 To save sinful dust ;
 While drunkards are dying,
 And filling the grave,
 Assist us while trying
 The children to save.

The curse of our land,
 Vile spirits and ale ;
 Oh, may they withstand,
 And never say fail,
 Till drink, the destroyer,
 My country's foe,
 And heaven's defier
 Is chained down below.

May all who enlist,
 Work with hand and heart,
 Our God will assist
 If we do our part.
 To those who keep toiling
 In frost and hot sun,
 The Judge will say, smiling,
 "Come up, friends, well-done."

—o—

NO, MY FRIEND, NO!

AIR—"Whiter than snow."

OUR Father, we ask for Thy blessing this night :
 May every one present resolve to do right ;
 When asked for to parley with man's deadly foe,
 As staunch true abstainers, say no, my friend, no.

CHORUS.

No, my friend, no, no, my friend, no,
 As staunch true abstainers, say no, my friend, no.

The liquor that brought shame on Noah and Lot,
 And thousands of good men, whose names are forgot,
 By the blessing of God, shall not us o'erthrow,
 If pressed for to sip, we'll say no, my friend, no.
 No, my friend, no, &c.

O Lord, cause professors to ponder and think,
 What brothers and sisters are ruined by drink,
 That fathers and mothers, young miss and her beau,
 May say to the tempter,—no, no, my friend, no.
 No, my friend, no, &c.

O Thou who made Samson so sturdy and great,
 Who tore down the pillars and shouldered the gate,
 A life-long abstainer—the Bible says so,
 May we as young Samsons have strength to say no.
 No, my friend, no, &c.

—o—

THE PLEDGE.

AIR—“*The pearl for me.*”

THE pledge has rescued myriads
 From an untimely grave ;
 When every hope had withered,
 It stretched a hand to save.
 It's dried the weeping mother's tears,
 And banished squallid children's fears.
 When I such wonders see,
 Oh, that's the pledge for me,
 Oh, that's the pledge for me.

Cold, damp, and slimy cellars
 Are changed for clean warm cots,
 And cottages for villas,
 Wise sober men from sots ;
 Men who scarce knew left hand from th' right,
 Are thinkers now, and read, and write.
 When I such wonders see, &c.

The venom tongue of slander,
 Doth sometimes give us pain,
 When they assert that we expect
 The pledge will heaven gain ;
 But good men say, it clears the way
 For those who teach, and preach, and pray.
 When I such wonders see, &c.

Oh, Christian, come and help us
 To pull the strongholds down ;
 Not faith alone, but labour,
 Will win the starry crown.
 Oh, come and sign, let all combine,
 To banish spirits, ale, and wine.
 And shout from sea to sea,
 Oh, that's the pledge for me,
 Oh, that's the pledge for me.

—o—

TEMPERANCE FOUNT.

AIR—“*Isle of Beauty.*”

TEMPERANCE fount, thou source of pleasure,
 Health and wealth do spring from thee ;
 May thou ever be a treasure,
 Dear as miser's gold to me.
 Eyes are brighter, hands more steady,
 Dizzy heads are clear, and think,
 Since we changed hot whisky toddy
 For thee—Nature's healthy drink.
 Wine dethrones the human reason
 And destroys kind filial love,
 Fosters envy, wrath, and treason,
 Makes a vulture of the dove ;
 Virtue's shield, to bibbling drinkers
 Fails as barrier 'gainst the bane ;
 So we pledge ourselves as thinkers,
 Now and henceforth to abstain.
 We as men, as neighbours, brothers,
 Would not live for self alone ;
 But would share our joy with others,
 Dry the tears of those that groan.

Our great mission is to lost ones,
 In dark alley, pent-up lane ;
 Drink-benighted, custom-tost ones,
 To induce them to abstain.

Christian, sign to save a neighbour,
 Show you for his weal do care ;
 He will bless your earnest labour
 Who doth hear and answer prayer.
 We must sow the seed, and harrow,
 He will give warm sun and rain,
 Who doth note the fallen sparrow,
 Smiles when men for good abstain.

—o—

DRUNKEN JOE.

AIR—“*Jeannette and Jeannotte.*”

YOU are going to get drink, to get drink, my dearest Joe,
 And our landlord wants his rent and that you surely know,
 We are sure to have the bailiffs, or you locked up in limbo,
 So do give up your drinking,—oh, do, my dearest Joe.

I'll only have one glass, my dear, at th' sign of Fox and Goose,
 So do dry up those briny tears, for weeping's of no use ;
 I mean to moderate myself, and that the world shall know,
 I'll lay aside the epithet of There goes drunken Joe.

I've often heard you say the same, and you got drunk that
 night,
 So do give up that single glass, it fills me with affright ;
 For our children plod bare-footed, through the winter's frost
 and snow,
 And drink has been the cause of it, you know the same,
 dear Joe.

* * * * *

I've been and had a glass, my dear, and met with an old friend,
Who said, my neighbour, never fear, for I'm the boy to spend :
I both can work, and drink and work, there's more than me
say so,

That I'm as savage as a Turk, so drink again, old Joe.

I drank, and drank, and drank again, till sure 'twas time to
pay,

You would not have me shabby then, and, sneaking, creep
away ;

Besides I am the master here, and that you soon shall know,
That if you speak but half a word, I'll knock you down,
by Joe.

—o—

YE BONNY LADS AND ROSY LASSES.

AIR—" *Oh, how He loves.*"

COME, poor drunkard, be teetotal,
Come, come, and sign ;
Bid adieu to glass and bottle,

Come, come, and sign.

The pledge has knocked off burning fetters,
Placed poor outcasts with their betters,
Made from chaos men of letters,—

Come, come, and sign.

Come, ye sippers, drunkard makers,
Come, come, and sign ;

Don't supply the undertakers,

Come, come, and sign.

You prop a traffic by example,
That doth every virtue trample,
Stop the trade—the pledge is ample,—

Come, come, and sign.

Come, ye parents, save your children,
 Come, come, and sign.
 From a custom so bewildering,
 Come, come, and sign.
 Shield each lovely son and daughter,
 From the fiend that reeks with slaughter,
 Drink—and give them limpid water,
 Come, come, and sign.

Come, ye children, young and healthy,
 Come, come, and sign.
 The pledge can make you hale and wealthy,
 Come, come, and sign.
 Ye bonny lads and rosy lasses,
 From A B C to Bible classes,
 Join the Band of Hope in masses,—
 Come, come, and sign.

—o—

NATURE'S TOILET.

AIR—" *I won't be a Nun.*"

COME, listen to my ditty,
 Young men and rosy girls ;
 And if you think it pretty,
 Sing it, you beaux and belles :
 That you won't drink of rum,
 No you won't drink of rum ;
 And they who wish your company
 Must bid adieu to rum.

We point to Nature's toilet,
 When lovers come to woo,
 The eglantine and violet
 Do quaff the morning dew :
 And we won't drink of rum, &c.

Good men of old ate barley,
 And sucked grapes from the vine ;
 But told us not to parley
 With red and sparkling wine :
 And we won't drink of rum, &c.

The Bible tells a story
 That one saw in a dream,—
 Angels and saints in glory,
 Drink from a crystal stream :
 And we won't drink of rum, &c.

We drink the limpid water,
 From rills and crystal springs ;
 To parent, son, and daughter
 It health and pleasure brings :
 And we won't drink of rum,—
 No, we won't drink of rum.

—o—

A MAINE-LAW HYMN.

TO all who wish to walk aright,
 In man and in their Maker's sight,
 We ask their friendly aid.
 To those who love their fellow-man
 We kindly say, do all you can
 To stop the drinking trade.

The trade—no, 'tis too good a name
 For that which brands our Isle with shame,
 And virtue veils with gloom—
 Call it the blight, a deadly thing,
 It slays alike priest, poet, king,
 And crams the gaping tomb.

The women in the State of Maine
 Long taught their children to abstain,
 Nor touch with lip or hand
 The Tempter clothed in roseate wine,
 That like a serpent does entwine,
 And waves a deadly wand.

The youths thus trained now stand in might,
 Firm as a far-seen beacon light
 Upon a dangerous sea,
 And with united voices cry—
 Close, close the dens where myriads die,
 Oh, set poor drunkards free !

Ye ladies of my native land,
 Abstain, make a determined stand
 To save your girls and boys !
 Your labours shall be crowned and blessed
 By Him who doth our actions test,
 The great, the good, the wise.

—o—

THE TEETOTALLER AT HOME.

AIR—“*Nature's Gay Day.*”

I FIRST went-a-drinking, without ever thinking,
 Of forging strong fetters to bind me a slave ;
 But soon moderation did prove botheration,
 A false, fatal light, that lured to the grave.

CHORUS.

But now I'm Teetotal—te-te-te-Teetotal,
 My wife now is donned in plumage so gay,
 Both she and the younglings are te-te-Teetotal,
 And skip like young lambkins when sporting in May.

I long drank a portion, led by an old notion
 Of spending at night what I earned in the day ;
 My better-half weeping, whilst others were sleeping,
 For the weal of her loved one by drink led astray.

Chorus—But now I'm Teetotal, &c.

O'er night all was sparkling, next morn all was darkling,
 O'er night all was mirth, next morn all was woe ;
 I oft talked of mending, but oft'ner was spending,
 But now I've my foot on the neck of my foe.

Chorus—For I am Teetotal, &c.

Now I've left off fooling, my children get schooling,
 Reciting at night what they've learned in the day ;
 My boys write so witty, my girls sew so pretty,
 No prince or princess is more buoyant than they.

Chorus—For I am Teetotal, &c.

Whilst others are boosing, or midnight carousing,
 I talk with the worthies of every age ;
 My wife sits by sewing—her cheeks with health glowing,
 Oft quoting some text of the sacred page.

CHORUS.

For now I'm Teetotal—te-te-te-Teetotal,
 My wife now is donned in plumage so gay,
 Both she and the younglings are te-te-Teetotal,
 And skip like young lambkins when sporting in May.

—o—

THE DEATH OF KING ALCOHOL.

TUNE—" *Cheer, Boys, Cheer.*"

SIGN, boys, sign, no more of foolish drinking,
 Look to yourselves, take care of number one ;
 Show you are men—men capable of thinking,
 Thanks be to God, your reason is not gone :

Bid farewell to brandy, rum, and whisky,
 And all such drinks that do intoxicate ;
 Water will make you bright, blithe, and frisky :
 The Pledge as a lever will raise a fallen State.

CHORUS.

Sign, boys, sign, be sober, boys—be sober,
 Sign, boys, sign, thank God 'tis not too late ;
 Sign, boys, sign, the golden word Teetotal—
 Sign, boys, sign, for the Pledge will raise a State.

Sign, boys, sign, don't wait until to-morrow,
 One bit of paper will dry the briny tear,
 One drop of ink will drown all your sorrow,
 One quiver of the pen will slay dull care :
 Thousands who've signed still give adhesion,
 Whose life like December is now turned to May ;
 Unlettered men are wise as a Grecian,
 Darkness is chased by the bright Temperance ray.

Chorus—Sign, boys, &c.

Sign, boys, sign, thick darkness is receding,
 Bright sunbeams dance where gloomy bodings lay,
 Peace fills the breast so long torn and bleeding—
 Bleeding o'er their friends by drink led astray ;
 Wondrous changes—scenes quite enchanting,
 A live panorama is passing in view,
 Sober-thinking men, all that were wanting,
 But what their own heart and Heaven must do.

Chorus—Sign, boys, &c.

Sign, boys, sign, old Alcohol is dying,
 His eyes quite sunk, and fallen is his jaw ;
 Jackals do whine, some of them are crying—
 We all shall be ruined by the new Maine-law ;

Don't mind their cant, his death-doom is written
 In blazing letters, red upon the walls ;
 The groans of the dead that by him were smitten,
 Join in wild chorus to see his downfall.

CHORUS.

Sign, boys, sign, be sober, boys—be sober,
 Sign, boys, sign, thank God 'tis not too late ;
 Sign, boys, sign, the golden word Teetotal—
 Sign, boys, sign, for the Pledge will raise a State.

—o—

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

AIR—" *Home, sweet home.*"

A POOR squallid orphan sat crying for bread,
 Its once-loving parents were laid with the dead ;
 He plained a wild death-dirge, and sighed to the gale,
 While a tear in his eye told a heart-rending tale.

CHORUS.

Ale, ale, stout and pale,
 What heart-strings are broken,
 Through spirits and ale.

" My father through drinking was carried home dead,
 My mother, heart-broken, beside him was laid ;
 I now a poor outcast, without friend or home,
 This cold chilly night, through the wide world must roam.

Chorus—Ale, ale, &c.

" My best clothes are now got both ragged and torn,
 The people all shun me, some treat me with scorn ;
 My prayers and my tears alike can't prevail—
 I'm pining for bread, because father loved ale.

Chorus—Ale, ale, &c.

“ My mother, when living, oft told me to pray,
 And God would protect me, by night and by day ;
 Oh, mother, my mother ! thine image I see—
 Oh, God of my mother, come take me to thee ! ”

Chorus—Ale, ale, &c.

He sighed a deep sigh, he heaved his last groan,
 And the next passer-by found him cold as a stone ;
 Ah ! vendors of drink, this is no fictitious tale,
 For thousands like him are made orphans by ale !

Chorus—Ale, ale, &c.



—o—

LANDLORD, SPARE THAT SOT.

AIR—“ *Woodman, Spare that Tree.* ”

OH, landlord, spare that sot,
 Think of his wife and child,
 Don't fill that deadly pot,
 It drives him crazed and wild ;
 His wife is bowed with care,
 His children cry for bread,
 Oh ! do the drunkard spare,
 I pray thee, in their stead.

He once was good and kind,
 As husband e'er could be ;
 His children then could find
 A place upon his knee ;
 His wife to him was dear,
 She was his joy and pride ;
 But now she quakes with fear,
 And trembles at his side.

'Tis drink that stole his brain—
 'Tis drink that's drained his purse ;
 Thus all affection weaned,
 I quake to hear him curse :
 Now see his eyeballs roll ;
 Ah ! see that maniac grin :
 Have pity on his soul,
 Don't damn it with thy gin.

And shall I plead in vain ?
 Wilt thou not spare the sot ?
 Wilt thou thy garments stain
 With that death-dealing pot ?
 I sorrow for the man,
 I grieve for thee likewise :
 Oh, that the great " I AM "
 Would open thy blind eyes !

—o—

STINGO.

AIR—" *Mon at Mesthur Grundy's.*"

TOTHER Setthurdy neet, aw thowt it wur reet,
 Aftor a hard week's laybur,
 For t' get a quart, at th' owd White Hart,
 Wi' Bill at Tom's my naybur ;
 So in aw went, an' sixpense spent
 In a quart a real stingo,
 It wur so good, it warnt my blood,
 Aw wur t' double mon, by jingo.

In comes Sam Blakes, who sells wut cakes,
 Keaw-heels, an' triope, and trotters :
 Owd Bawsun Ned, ut Betty wed,
 And in lawm Jenny totters ;

I asked Ned t'sup—he swoipt it op,
 Says he by gum—"What stingo!"
 Aw'll stond a quart wi' o my heart;
 Awm a gradely mon, by jingo:
 Owd Fidlur Ben, 'gan playin' then—
 He made th' owd fiddle t' spake, mon;
 We doanced an' sung—th' ale wur so strung,
 Aw bawstunt one o' my clogs, mon;
 At twelve o'clock, they turned eawt th' stock,
 My yed it reelt wi't' stingo;
 Aw wur drunk enoof; aw fell in soof,
 Aw could no' stur, by jingo;
 A mon in blue his trunchun drew,
 And thumped me on my back, so;
 Believe me, sur, aw could no' stur,
 So he dragged me off to limbo;
 Theer o't' next day, awr forced t' stay,
 My yed an' booans they warch't so;
 Aw made a vow, aw kept till now,
 Aw'd drink no more owd stingo.

—o—

RAG BAG.

AIR—"Uncle Ned."

THE landlord too long hath sat at his ease,
 Snug counting the lone widow's pence;
 With belly as round as a great Cheshire cheese,
 But that is the road to his sense.

CHORUS.

So shut up the tavern and the vault,
 And furnish the landlords with bags,
 Too long they have fed on other people's bread,
 And now let them gather their rags.

The landlord fattens on things that are choice,
 And doth chatter, and flatter, and lie,
 Whilst his customers starve,—both his wife and the mice,
 When seen have a tear in their eye!—CHORUS.

The landlady rustles fine satin and silk,
 But if each drunkard's wife had her share,
 Her great blooming face would be turned white as milk,
 Her back clothed in cotton—or bare.—CHORUS.

The landlord's children are sent to the school,
 Donned in clothing so choice, rich, and new,
 Whilst the poor drunkard sot, though he thinks he's
 no fool,
 Lets his own wear an old clog—and shoe!

CHORUS.

So shut up the tavern and the vault,
 And furnish the landlords with bags,
 Too long they have fed on other people's bread,
 And now let them gather their rags.

—o—

WHEN EACH PUBLICAN KEEPS HIS OWN
 PAUPERS.

AIR—“*Red, White, and Blue.*”

TO extinguish a trade more destructive
 Than pestilence, famine, or war,
 Let a prison, workhouse, and asylum
 Be joined to each publican's bar.

CHORUS.

When each publican keeps his own paupers,
 There will not be so many in the trade;
 And if any one of them refuses,
 Then surely he ought to be made.

When a man's sent to the workhouse through drinking,
 Who ought find him victuals while there?
 The one who unmanned him for labour,
 I think, should provide th' greatest share.—CHO.

When a man's sent to prison through drinking,
 Who ought find him skilly while in?
 The one that supplied him with liquor,
 And robbed him of virtue and tin.—CHO.

When a man's lost his senses through drinking,
 And falls in a pit or canal,
 Who ought keep his widow or orphans?
 The one that the liquor did sell.—CHO.

When a man's sent to th' asylum through drinking,
 And gibbers with wild vacant stare,
 The one that for gain stole his reason
 Ought t' keep him as long as he's there.—CHO.

—o—

THE GOOD TIME DAWNING.

TUNE—"Cheer up," &c.

THE drunkeries have had their day,
 Though selfish men may grumble,
 We'll close the pits and clear the way
 In which so many stumble.

CHORUS.

For we will neither touch nor taste
 Aught that doth harm our brother;
 And alcohol hath made such waste
 We'll banish it for ever!

We had a small instalment given,
 An hour or two on Sunday,—
 But we'll petition men and Heaven,
 Till we get it for Monday.

Chorus.

The ladies now are on our side,
 Which makes the traffic quiver ;
 Before this fair teetotal tide
 'Tis doomed to sink for ever.

Chorus.

The great and good in every land
 Are joining in the crusade ;
 And the strong-armed Alliance Band
 Are pledged to form a blockade.

Chorus.

But our great hope is in the youth—
 Those rosy lads and lasses—
 Who in their search for health and truth
 Do spurn the sparkling glasses.

Chorus.

For they will neither touch nor taste
 What harms their friends or father,
 And alcohol hath made such waste
 They'll banish it for ever.

Chorus.

—o—

THE INVITATION.

AIR—“ *Oh ! come, come away.* ”

OH ! sign, drunkard, sign,
 'Tis time you gave up fooling,
 Look to yourself and save your pelf,
 Oh, sign, drunkard, sign,

Oh, do not seal your own dark doom—
You need not line a parish tomb—
Hope in the pledge doth loom.

Oh! come, come and sign.

Oh! sign, sipper, sign,
There's danger, man, there's danger—
That sparkling thing's a deadly sting.

Oh! sign, sipper, sign,
Oh! dash the tempting fiend away,
For myriads it hath led astray.

Ere thou, too, fall a prey,
Oh! come, come, and sign.

Oh! sign, parents, sign,
To save your sons and daughters.
'Twill drive your fears, 'twill spare your tears.

Oh! sign, parents, sign,
Who would not have a girl or boy
To live and like the drunkard die,
Under a rayless sky—

Oh! come, come and sign.

Oh! sign, children, sign,
Whilst you are young and healthy,
'Gainst ragged clothes and pimped nose.

Oh! sign, children, sign,
The pledge, youths, is the only prop,
For they who sip a wee, wee drop,
Don't know where they may stop.

Oh! come, come and sign.

Oh! sign, Christian, sign,
To show a good example,—
Show that you feel for others' weal.

Oh! sign, Christian, sign,

'Mid all the gloom of mental night
 You then may be a beacon light,
 Guiding other men right.

Oh ! come, come and sign !

—o—

THE MOUNTAIN SPRING.

SCOTCH AIR—" *My Highland Home.*"

THE spring, the spring, the lucid spring,
 Meandering clear and bright ;
 Thou beverage best for slave or king,
 I love thee day and night.

Let others laud the ruby wine,

Let sages of it sing :—

Thy praise, and thine alone, be mine,

Thou limpid, rippling spring.

Thou bubblest from the mountain side,

And in the bosky dell,

Pure as a doting lover's bride,

When wrapped in Cupid's spell.

Thou deck'st thyself with lovely green,

And flow'rets round thee spring ;

More graceful than an Eastern queen,

Art thou, thou tiny spring.

Thou art a nation's choicest wealth,

Thou art my country's pride ;

Thou art the source of blooming health,

Content and bliss allied.

Thou com'st like zephyrs o'er my brain,

Or dew to flow'rs in spring ;

My sanguine love shall never wane

For thee, thou priceless spring.



PLUM PUDDING.

First Sunday, after Tom's father had signed the pledge, they had beef and pudding; second Sunday, pudding and beef; third Sunday, father in the bottom of the chapel, and Tom with the scholars in the gallery, called out in the middle of the sermon—"Daddy, shall we have pudding or beef first to-day?"

O H! that I could sing
 Like the little bird in spring;
 My sweetest song should be,
 The Teetotal Society.

CHORUS.

Daddy drinks no beer,
 Makes me sing, so "cheer, boys, cheer,"
 Plum pudding, lots of pie
 For Tom, the true "Teetotal Boy."

Mother's tears are dried,
 Liza Ann, her father's pride,

Sits smiling on his knee,
While he reads Band of Hope for me.
Chorus—Daddy drinks no beer, &c.

Now I get good clothes,
Loving words in place of blows ;
Each day I read and write,
When school is closed, I fly my kite.
Chorus—Daddy drinks no beer, &c.

My poor legs and feet,
Once frost bitten in the street ;
Fear neither cold nor bruise,
With knitted stockings, home-made shoes.
Chorus—Daddy drinks no beer, &c.

—o—

“MY POOR JOE!”

AIR—“*For he's been, Oh, he's been!*”

WHEN I lived with my parents mine was a happy life,
I knew no care or sorrow till I became a wife,
It was not wedlock's bondage that caused my grief and woe,
It was drink, the vile drink, it was drink, the vile drink !
The vile drink, that hath ruined my poor Joe.

When first he came a wooing and won my heart and hand,
He was as good a Christian as any in the land ;
No maiden in our parish could claim a brighter beau,
It was drink, &c.

Too oft, after a hard day's work, he called at th' “Gaping
Goose,”
And though in tears I cautioned him, he found some weak
excuse,
On footings, loosings, and the club, an appetite did grow,
For the drink, &c.

When he had lost a rare good shop, and had to go on tramp,
 The heartless landlord dubbed my love, *a lazy, drunken scamp*,
 The ingrate's language breaks my heart, adding insult to woe,
 When his drink, &c.

I and our babes are pining for lack of daily bread,
 The iron-hearted bailiffs have sold our bridal bed ;
 My eyes are red with weeping, my reft heart bleeds with woe,
 O'er the drink, &c.

I'm dying on old rags and straw, lacking the means to live,
 My food is in the landlord's maw, how can I him forgive ?
 He's wrecked our home and broke my heart, and laid
 our children low,
 With his drink, &c.

—o—

TEETOTAL ANTHEM.

AIR—" *God Save the Queen.*"

GREAT God of earth and skies,
 Open the drunkard's eyes,
 To see his state ;
 Show him that gin and ale
 Make men to weep and wail ;
 Orphans and widows pale,
 Throng th' workhouse gate.

God save the drunkard's wife,
 Bowed down with care and strife,
 Day after day ;
 Doomed to foul kicks and blows,
 In lieu of meat and clothes,
 Thinking to end her woes—
 Makes life away.

God save the landlord too,
May he in earnest view
 His ill-got gain,
Blighting all germs of good,
His hands defiled with blood,
Grieved for by great and good,
 May he abstain.

God bless the temperance band,
May they spread o'er the land,
 And still increase,
Till woe and misery
Shall to oblivion flee,
And all men happy be,
 And live in peace.

—o—

RAGGED JACK.

THERE was a drunken man,
And he had a famished son,
Who often had to cry for bread, bread, bread !
The father spent his jink
On Fill-pot's foolish drink,
Which made him a cripple in the head, head,
 head !

A bobby on his beat
Found him sleeping in the street,
And took him to the lock-up to snore, snore,
 snore !
Next day, against his will,
He was sent to tread the mill,
Which made his poor bones very sore, sore,
 sore !

As he was coming back,
 He was met by ragged Jack,
 Who kissed him, and said, I love you, you, you !
 We may be 'appy yet,
 If you will only get
 A little bit of ribbon plue, plue, plue !

He signed the pledge that night,
 And now it is a sight
 To see him in the Sunday pew, pew, pew !
 With a bright beaming eye,
 Brimful of holy joy,
 Thanking God for the magic blue, blue, blue !

He has got a new suit,
 From the crown to the boot,
 Not off the pegs—they are new, new, new !
 And a once famished son,
 Ragged Jack's master John,
 And struts like a Nabob in blue, blue, blue !

—o—

OH, SALLY ! OR, BONIFACE'S LAMENT.

AIR—" *Lilly Dale.*"

AW think this wold is welly at an end,
 Or else it's upsoide down ;
 For nobody has onny brass for t' spend,
 Not a groat where they once had a creawn.

CHORUS.

Oh, Sally ! eh, Sally ! what mun we do ?
 The people winna drink eawr thrippenny beer,
 Nor even the best we can brew.

Aw once could fill my heawse onny day,
By gettin' two dogs to run a race ;
But neww there's noane o'th' owd dodges 'ull pay,
Aw really deawbt it's a case.

Oh, Sally ! &c.

Th' wakeses and fairs once paid very well ;
But neww it's cheop trips and fresh air :
And wheer it'll end, whoy nobody can tell,
An' th' railway folk dunna care.

Oh, Sally ! &c.

My waistcoat once wor loined wi' th' best,
Roast beef, plum puddin', an' eggs ;
Neww it hangs loike a sack,—an' oh what a pest,
Folk thinks ut it's come off o' th' peggs.

Oh, Sally ! &c.

Aw've vowed o'er and o'er us od never work ogen,
Work—never wur a part o' my creed ;
An' but for th' teetot'lers an' Maine-law men,
Aw never shud have had onny need.

Oh, Sally ! &c.

Th' election days are a long time between,
But they us't' make a stunnin' bill ;
An' neww it's a crime if a candidate's seen,
Or known t' give us voters a gill.

Oh, Sally ! &c.

Thoose strawberry noses are no good to me,
Aw conna pay th' malster wi' chalk ;
An' th' young men neww have no green i' theer ee,
Sin they heard thoose teetot'lers talk.

Oh, Sally ! &c.

Th' wost new fangle, an' eh there's a deel,
 Is that uz they kone th' Band o' Hope ;
 Thur's nowt left but work, an', Sally, aw feel
 Od as soon lap my neck wi' a rope.

Oh, Sáally ! &c.

* * * *

Aw've long beg'd and pr'yd, as thad giv' up the trade,
 An' work like a gradeley chap ;
 But it seems plane to me, that i'th' workhouse wist dee,
 For aw conna get a ribben for me cap.

Oh, Jemme ! eh, Jemme ! &c.

Wen aw talk about workin' it fare taks the wind,
 As for angin tha't none such a foo' ;
 But na, lad, aw'll tell the a bit a me mind,
 Oather workin' or angin ol doo.

Oh, Jemme ! eh, Jemme ! &c.

—o—

ARM OF THE LORD.

ARM of the Lord ! make known Thy power,
 Set captive drunkards free ;
 Date their deliverance from this hour,—
 Our hope is all in Thee.

Too long the drink-fiend's held in chains
 The images of God ;
 For want of thought the despot reigns,
 Revels in tears and blood.

We thank Thee for the mighty change
 That Temperance hath wrought ;
 Still give Thy cause a wider range,
 Till all are wisdom taught.

Omnipotence alone can stay
 This fiery, deadly stream :
 Make bare Thy arm, again we pray,
 Poor drunkards to redeem.

—o—

WELL DONE!

HOW soul-elevating,
 And cheering the thought,
 Old friends will be waiting
 At the pearly gate.
 A father, a mother,
 A daughter or son
 To echo the welcome—
 “Come up, friend—Well done!”

If we but endeavour
 God will give us grace,
 And we shall for ever
 See them face to face.
 We can't grasp for ever,
 'Twill outlive the sun,
 But if we endeavour
 Th' work will be—Well done!

It needs no professor
 To teach us our creed,
 The weakest possessor,
 While running, may read ;
 If we work and rely
 On God's bleeding Son,
 We shall all by and by
 Hear Him say—Well done!

BLESS THE LORD! BLESS THE LORD!

TUNE—"Christ for me;" or, "We're travelling Home."

WE feel our sins are all forgiven,
 Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!
 We've got a passport signed in Heaven,
 Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!
 We came and did for mercy cry,
 Our voices reached the realms on high,
 And now we've peace and love and joy!
 Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!

We bless the Lord for all His grace,
 Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!
 We soon shall see Him face to face;
 Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!
 Who to the dying thief did say,
 "In Paradise we'll meet this day,
 My Blood hath washed thy sins away!"
 Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!

We do not wish to go alone,
 Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!
 But say to all beneath the sun,
 Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!
 "There's room for you upon this road,
 Repent, forsake, believe in God,
 And He will cleanse you with His Blood!
 Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!

Above the bright ethereal blue,
 Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!
 There're mansions both for me and you,
 Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!

Ah! bless the Lord! we all may stand,
 In robes of white and harp in hand,
 Up yonder in the gloryland.

Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!

—o—

LET NOT ONE BE LOST.

AIR—“*Do not pass me by!*”

BLESS the Lord, who healeth sinners ;
 When, with contrite soul,
 They rely on Christ's atonement—
 He says, “Be thou whole!”

CHORUS.

Praise Him! Praise Him! He gave up the ghost,
 And for sinners now is pleading, Let not one be lost.

Jesus left His throne of glory,
 To atone for sin ;
 Writ in light the priceless story,
 All a crown may win.

Chorus—Praise Him! &c.

Millions now are safely landed
 On the golden strand,
 When their feet were in the river,
 Christ lent them a hand.

Chorus—Praise Him! &c.

We shall join with saints and angels,
 If our work's “well done,”
 And for ever, and for ever,
 Glorify the Son.

Chorus—Praise Him! &c.

BANDS OF OAK.

At the last election of the Local Board of New Mills, a friend of mine was asked the following question:—"Is Cooper that mon at works at th' Bands o' Oak?" Answer:—"That's him."

AIR—*Jeannette and Jeannot.*

MY father fed the "Jug and Glass"
 For many long, dark years;
 Poor mother, then, alas! alas!
 Oft bathed our cheeks with tears.
 We children wept, craving for bread,
 That crammed the brewer's maw;
 And often wished that we were dead,
 When shivering on bare straw.

CHORUS.

Sir "Bung's" a fitting job, friends,
 His warehouse is a poke;
 My father banks his "fob," friends,
 His children Bands of Oak.
 They calls us Bands of Oak, friends;
 Old England's Hearts of Oak;
 Let's fire away—work, watch, and pray,
 God bless the Bands of Oak!

The oak has been old England's shield
 For ages past and gone;
 Her foes have at its prowess reeled,
 The oak's the tree "A One."
 We've signed the pledge to rid the land
 Of the lost drunkard's yoke;
 No foe, we know, for long can stand
 Before our Bands of Oak.—Chorus.

May all who join our oaken band
 Be loyal to their trust,
 And drive the drink-fiend from our land
 Into forgotten dust !
 With one accord, we pray the Lord,
 To add weight to our stroke ;
 Let every one respond " Amen,"
 God bless the Bands of Oak !—Chorus.

—o—

THE BIBLE.

AIR—" *Sweet Rest in Heaven.*"

THE Bible's a rich treasure,
 The Christian's law and chart,
 A fount of heavenly pleasure,
 That wells up in the heart ;
 All who by its precepts live,
 When soon or late they die,
 'Twill illumine their sunless tomb,
 With glory from on high.

CHORUS.

May the Book be our guide,
 May the Book be our guide,
 May the Book be,
 May the Book be,
 May the Book be our guide.

The prophets, priests, and sages,
 Drank at the living spring,
 And people of all ages,
 Its healing virtue sing.

We give our feeble praises,
 And pray all Adam's race,
 May each possess a copy,
 Of Thy free saving grace.
 May the Book be our guide, &c.

—o—

HE HATH RANSOMED MY SOUL.

AIR—"Sweet Rest in Heaven."

THANK God I now am happy,
 Yes, happy as a king,
 I've heard the name of Jesus Christ,
 And love that name to sing.
 His name shall be my guiding star,
 While in this vale of tears,
 And when I rise above the skies,
 I'll sing through endless years.

CHORUS.

He hath ransomed my soul,
 He hath ransomed my soul,
 He hath ransomed,
 He hath ransomed,
 He hath ransomed my soul.

I've proved mere worldly happiness—
 Yes, proved it o'er and o'er—
 Like glistening dead-sea apples,
 Is rotten at the core.
 But now I'm drinking at the fount
 That's mixed with no alloy,
 And hope ere long to sing the song
 Above the starry sky.
 Chorus—He hath ransomed, &c.

We would not like to go alone,
 But say to all, "Come on!"
 Let's all prepare—there're mansions there
 For each and every one.
 Prophets, apostles, dear old friends,
 Will welcome us on high;
 Then bless the Lord with one accord,
 We all shall sing with joy.
 Chorus—He hath ransomed, &c.

—o—

THE BONDMAN'S FREE.

AIR—"Rock of Ages," and "Depth of Mercy." 1777.

THANK the Lord, the bondman's free,
 Jesus Christ hath ransomed me;
 I am now a child of God,
 Washed and cleansed in Jesu's blood.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory be to God,
 For the all-atoning blood.

When I cried with earnest prayer,
 "Me, the chief of sinners, spare;"
 Jesus whispered, "I forgive!
 I have died that thou might'st live."—Chorus.

Friends and neighbours, none need fear,
 Jesus Christ will lend an ear,
 When you fervently do pray,
 He will wash your sins away.—Chorus.

A bright hope my bosom cheers,
 When I leave this vale of tears.
 Christ will lead me by the hand,
 To the bright and glory land.—Chorus.

Then all trouble will be o'er,
 We shall sing for evermore—
 Hallelujah to the Lamb,
 Glory to the Great "I AM."

Glory, glory be to God,
 For the all-atoning blood.

—o—

WE COME TO GATHER THEM IN.

THE Blue Ribbon Army is marching along,
 Preaching and praying, and singing the song—

We come to gather them in !

Poor destitute outcasts, every sort,
 May sail with us to the heavenly port,

We come to gather them in !

Gather ! gather ! we come to gather them in !

We've got a commission from the Ancient of Days
 To gather them in from slums and back ways,

We come to gather them in !

We gather those in the landlord kicks out,
 Whose clothing and shoes have gone "up the spout,"

We come to gather them in !

Gather ! gather ! we come to gather them in !

Tatterdemalions, who shuffle split clogs,
 After throwing self-esteem to the dogs,

We come to gather them in !

Under old rags or holes stitched together
 Are gems belonging to God, our Father—

We come to gather them in !

Gather ! gather ! we come to gather them in !

From the lowest class to the highest station,
 From every tribe, and every nation,
 We come to gather them in !
 Our creed's very easily understood,
 Repent, forsake, believe in the blood,
 And He will gather you in !
 Gather ! gather ! And He will gather you in !
 Just now is the time ! just now is the day !
 The road to ruin is joined with delay,
 We come to gather them in !
 Come ! just as you are—a sinner undone—
 Rely on the merit of God's bleeding Son,
 And He will gather you in !
 Gather ! gather ! And He will gather you in !

—o—

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST.

AIR—" *The Lion of Judah.*"

WE are soldiers of Christ well equipped for the field,
 Our motto is never, no never say yield ;
 Determined to conquer, to conquer or die,
 And when the strife's ended we'll sing up on high.

CHORUS.

All glory to Jesus ! who cancelled my sin,—
 All glory to Jesus ! for ever, Amen !

The forerunner, John,* drank no spirits or beer ;
 He cried out " Repent ; make the path of Christ clear !"
 That preachers and teachers may both have fair play,
 We cry to the drink-fiend, " Stand out of the way !"

Chorus—All glory to Jesus, &c.

* A person in charge of a Religious Tract Depot designated me one of John the Baptist's disciples—a water drinker ; but *he was a disciple of Christ !* He drank wine !

The beautiful maxim we echo once more,
 That "coming events cast their shadows before."
 We see the time dawning on every hand,
 When bottle and bung will be swept from the land.

Chorus—All glory to Jesus, &c.

Lord, help us to work, believe, watch and pray,
 To hasten the promised millennium day,
 When Jesus shall reign in the hearts of all men,
 And Heaven's grand choir sing the anthem again.

Chorus—All glory to Jesus, &c.

—o—

A JUBILEE SONG.

The Jubilee of the Total Abstinence movement took place at Manchester
 on Saturday, September 2nd, 1882.

WHEN Israel out of Egypt came,
 And *bondsmen* were made *free*,
 They sang hosannas with acclaim,
 The hallowed Jubilee.

Like them we would our voices raise,
 And join in songs of glee ;
 An offering give of heartfelt praise,
 A hallowed Jubilee.

Though custom overlong had *bound*,
 The Pledge hath set us *free* ;
 Numberless happy homes resound,
 The Temperance Jubilee.

Grateful for th' Pledge, and Thy dear Son,
 We pray on bended knee,
 That we may hear Thee say—"Well done !"
 At the last Jubilee.

RAIN DROPS—DEW GEMS.*

ADAM'S Ale and Samson's Stout
Is best for slave or king,
Drawn from the breast of mother-earth,
As lullaby I sing.

CHORUS.

Rain drops, dew gems, bubbling from the spring,
Rain drops, dew gems, bubbling from the spring,
Make roses smile, and violets sweet,
And robin redbreast sing.

Adam's Ale and Samson's Stout,
Brewed in the flowery dell,
Renews the blood—assuages thirst,
Health—wealth is in the well.

Chorus—Rain drops, &c.

Adam's Ale and Samson's Stout,
Distilled from lakes and seas,
Bottled in gold-fringed silv'ry clouds,
And filtered in the breeze.

Chorus—Rain drops, &c.

Adam's Ale and Samson's Stout,
Undoubtedly is good,
Kind nature manufactures it,
And its dispenser's God.

Chorus—Rain drops, &c.

—o—

OLD BONNY-FACE.

OLD "Bonny-face" doth spread
His coils at each street end,
And there is snugly clothed and fed
With what poor dupes do spend.

* With music, 3d.

CHORUS.

The mother's only gown,
 And father's Sunday coat,
 Frocks, caps, and clogs, do all go down
 The landlord's great red throat.

He's got a thick red neck,
 Small is his moral powers ;
 His traffic, like a vulture's beak,
 Vitality devours.—Chorus.

We know some of the tricks
 Whereby he gets so fat ;
 He uses chalk with a few nicks,
 Whenever he meets a flat.—Chorus.

Our famed teetotal *pill*
 Has given his trade a check ;
 But when we get Permissive Bill
 We'll bleach his thick red neck.—Chorus.

He then must work or pine,
 Or share the pauper's fate ;
 He's injured me, he's injured mine,
 I would he'd emigrate.—Chorus.

CHORUS.

The mother's only gown,
 And father's Sunday coat,
 Frocks, caps, and clogs won't then go down
 The landlord's wrinkled throat.



THE SAWN CASK.

—o—

THE following incidents in reference to the early life of the author of this work may prove both interesting and instructive.

Fifty years ago my mother, while listening to a Teetotal lecture, saw the danger of her children playing with edged tools. The day following she got my brother to cut our beer barrel into two parts, and never brewed any more beer for the wakes, which was the custom in those dark ages.

Of seven children born in the village of Thornsett, one of the four hamlets that form the township of New Mills, nestling at the foot of the High Peak of Derbyshire, three still remain—Joseph, William, and Thomas. I was born in the second decade of the Nineteenth Century, and I am now 78 years of age, spending the twilight of my days in a flower-fringed cot, where the forget-me-not and sweet rose in bloom gives out rich perfume. The bright daffodil and light pimpernel make a paradise fit for a seraph to dwell in.

While life's cloudless sun sinks in the far west,
Hope riseth, and points to my home with the blest
In a calm eventide afterglow:
With the hum of the bee, and breeze from the sea
When the wind-gods are harping on the boughs of the trees,
All the joy-bells seem ringing in the soul of J. C.

Brother William, aged 76, is domiciled in the valley of apples, Glastonbury, Somerset, a superannuated Primitive Methodist preacher. His name is chronicled in the history of Primitive Methodism as one of its pioneers. He is spending the eventide of a chaste, virtuous, and upright life in a fruit and flower garden, a living illustration of the Scripture's dowry: "Honour, riches, and length of days."

Thomas, up to 73, went cheerily to his accustomed labour, with a well-furnished larder and a hunter's relish. He had a good appetite, and was happy when "tight." He tells an amusing story on this point. Having been told that it was beneficial for health to abstain from supper he tried the experiment; rolled and tossed, tossed and rolled, but was unable to find the right side on which to sleep. So he got up and made a mess of porridge, put a poultice on his chest, and then slept like a top.

I and Thomas are members of the Rechabite and Sons of Temperance Orders, and have contributed, jointly, to the funds of these and other Societies for upwards of one hundred years, and the months of our sick pay might be counted upon ten fingers.

The trio may well praise the Giver of all good for a discreet and pious mother,* who was left a widow with seven children, four of whom have passed to the majority. For

* A GOOD MOTHER.—Woman is the oldest schoolmaster, mother of bodies, mother, also, of the cultivated mind—body and soul feeding on the mother's breast, which colours the mortal thought of fourscore years. What a difference between a girl bred in a family of thinking, well-cultivated men and women, and one with a family of no education, no desire for it, no thought. A vast estate, a great house, rich furniture, teachers of dancing, music, mathematics, language, painting, history, philosophy—I would give them all for one good, refined, elevated, noble woman, to cradle her little immortals, not only to her bounteous lap but also in her affluent mind.—*Theodore Parker.*

them she worked and prayed, prayed and worked, her faith being kindred to the "Old Tar's":

"Then old Tom Lostock he set to work,
He prayed like a Christian, and fought like a Turk."

My mother, who first entertained the Primitive Methodist Preachers in the New Mills and Glossop Circuits, toiled early and late to procure meal (flour, five shillings per dozen, being out of the question) to make porridge for seven hungry children. To economise time and save a farthing candle she dedicated the twilight of each day to praise and prayer, when, on bended knees, with the zeal of an apostle and the simplicity of a child, she laid all her perplexing troubles on Him who hath said, "Fear not, My right hand shall uphold thee;" then, with the stubborn grasp of the old Patriarch, exclaim, "'I will not let Thee go, unless Thou bless me.' Thou hast promised to be a Father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow; I will trust Thee where I cannot trace Thee. Blessed be the name of the Lord." Then with a hallowed calm beaming on her placid brow, she would teach her children to read from the A B C to the New Testament, which exhausted her stock of learning. Her pupils often nodded and gave graceful bows, being so drowsy and exhausted with ten to twelve hours' hard labour for sixpence per day. When she had got the children to bed, covered and tucked, snug and warm, she would darn their stockings, patch their clothes, "Thank God, and rest in sweet repose." Her severest and almost overwhelming trouble, told by her to the writer, was that two of my elder brothers were refused admittance as members in a sick and burial society, with an insinuation that they might be a heavy burden to the society, as our father had died at the early age of 39 years.

My widowed mother could bear with Christian fortitude the iron hand of poverty, and sleep in peace upon a bed of

straw after their feathery bridal bed had been sold to pay the rent ; she could pinch and pine and ne'er repine ; but the insinuation that the children were unsound was sharper than a serpent's tooth—it stung her to the heart. For well she knew that their father had sacrificed a strong, robust constitution, while trying to mitigate the excruciating pangs of a worthy master, an esteemed friend, and death-struck neighbour, whose skull was fractured with a stone which a workman accidentally dropped from the scaffolding at Moseley's new house at Thornsett. There being no doctor in the neighbourhood in those days, my father set off to Chapel-en-le-Frith for one, and he being away from home, he ran to Stockport, about twenty miles distant. On returning home, tired and weary, he sat down to rest by the wayside, fell into a deep sleep, and was drenched through in a thunderstorm, thus bringing on rheumatism, which forced him for years to hobble on crutches. Pecuniary circumstances subsequently failed, and ultimately the Parish Overseer conveyed my father and family in a cart to the Poorhouse at Sterender. My eyes are blinded with sympathetic tears when I think of my poor rheumatic father being driven in a common cart for sixteen miles along a rough and rugged road. Tom Hood might have read the heartless incident when he wrote the lines :—

“ Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns.”

My elder brother was born in the poorhouse, and lived to the ripe age of 74, thanking God for a good and pious mother, and he has been “ safe in the arms of Jesus ” five years.

Moseley and my father commenced the first Sunday-school in the district of New Mills about ninety-six years ago, in a house at the back of Top o' Thornsett, the fourth door from

the present school. The first school was removed to New Mills (the Wesleyan); and our house being damaged with a large stone that rolled down from High Wall's Farm, crushing the roof in, my mother just escaping with her life, they removed to the empty School-house, where the brothers—Joseph, William, and Thomas—were born. The writer recollects a second School being opened at Thornsett upwards of sixty years ago, where he earned his first sixpence for reciting the third chapter of Daniel. I had also a striking impression made upon my back for playing truant, I and other scholars having wasted school hours in burying a favourite donkey which had grown white with years, and was a pet of the lads for its humorous tricks, docility, and almost human reason. We lads dragged it to "Thornsett Hey old coal set," dug a deep grave, sung over it, and I wrote the following in chalk:—

"Near this stone, beneath this grass,
Lies old Joshua's favourite ass;
But though she's dead, she's left a foal,
On which old Joshua carries coal."

Old Joshua was a poor old miser and helpless bachelor, "so thin, lean, and leathery, that you would have expected his cheeks to crackle if he had laughed." He lay ill a long, long time; the family were so weary with attending to him, that I occasionally called at the house to assist them. On one occasion, I and Mrs. W.— had placed him in what we considered an easy position, and had just washed our hands to have a cup of tea when the old man asked to be moved again. The good lady kindly replied, "We have just done that, do look to the Lord." Joshua in reply said, "I do look to the Lord, but I look to you to *shift me*; and if you dunno I will roll on the floor." I prevented him from doing so by pressing my foot against him. The last that I saw of

old Joshua was his shank-bones, like thatch pegs, poking out of forgotten dust. The wall of the burial ground had fallen down, and left his bones exposed to the nipping winds and piercing cold. But I heard no moaning wail, "*Shift me.*" He was sleeping as cosily as Nelson under the dome of St. Paul's, or Pharaoh embalmed in the Pyramids of Egypt.

"The glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armour against fate;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings.
 Sceptre and crown must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
 * * * *
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Michael Moseley came from Worksop to Thornsett, and "put out" handloom weaving, and my father came from Arnold, in Nottinghamshire, as an apprentice, at the time when the Right Hon. John Bright's father was serving an apprenticeship at Low Leighton to the same business.

Michael Moseley was the father of the late Dr. J. M. Moseley, "a man of parts and principles." On his marriage he wanted our house for his sisters to live in, but he did not give mother notice to remove by a certain time. No! He kindly asked her to oblige him by getting another house and gave her two pounds for expenses. Forty years after the death of his father, the remains of his dear wife were borne to his father's grave in Mellor Churchyard. On that occasion the doctor engaged my brother John to assist him in gathering the bones from his father's grave, and they succeeded in making almost a perfect skeleton. They reverently laid the mouldering frame with his sainted wife in a new tomb. I wrote some lines on the death of Mrs. Moseley, which the

doctor tacked to his bed-post, and read both night and morning :

I knew her well, her name was dear,
 Alike to all around ;
 I loved her, and I now revere
 The sacred hallowed ground
 Where now she sleeps in calm repose,
 In her forefathers' tomb,
 Pure emblem of the fallen rose,
 Retaining its perfume.
 I mourn with husband, children, friends,
 Who cannot help but weep ;
 But cheering hope with sorrow blends,
 For 'tis not death, but sleep.
 She loved her Saviour, who hath said,
 (And likewise drawn death's sting,)—
 'I count the hairs upon your head,
 And I'll the righteous bring
 Forth from the cold and silent tomb,
 To walk with Me in white ;
 In amaranthine bowers to bloom,
 And feast within My sight :
 To bask in pure and heavenly beams,
 Where God the Son doth shine ;
 Where love in hallelujah teems ;'
 May Catharine's death be mine !

I had great faith in Dr. Moseley as a medical practitioner ; so much so, that on one occasion, I rode fourteen miles by coach to consult him. Having been located in Manchester for some time, I was most courteously ushered into the doctor's best room. After the usual compliments had been passed, the servant brought in the sparkling decanters. "Now, Mr. Cooper, shall I have the pleasure of handing you a little brandy, or a glass of wine?" said the doctor. I replied, "Thank you, but I am a teetotaller." "But a little will be of service in your condition," he said ; and I

replied, "Thank you, but my pledge is similar to that of the exemplary John Wesley. He would not taste of intoxicants but in *extreme necessity*. I take the meaning of extreme necessity to be that the doctor's skill is baffled in all other respects. Now, doctor, if you will pledge your word and honour that you have nothing in your dispensary that will do me as much good, and that I shall die if I don't take it, I will, but I would not like to drink it on any other condition." The doctor smiling, said, "What would you prefer?" I said, "A little hot water, sugar and nut-meg, if convenient." He said, "You cannot drink anything better."

I became possessed of that receipt in the following way: When Mr. Blackburn, the champion chess player in London, was born, his parents resided in Manchester. His father was an intimate acquaintance of mine. Mrs. Blackburn in her confinement was dangerously ill; the doctor ordered them to give her brandy. Mr. Blackburn replied: "Doctor, my wife is a teetotaller, and would not drink brandy if she was in her own mind." The doctor: "Then give her a little warm water, sugar, and nut-meg; it will do just as well." "O! shame, where is thy blush? Woe unto him who putteth the bottle to his neighbour's mouth."

When will medical men do as they would be done unto? When! when will doctors be manly enough to prescribe innocent curatives, in lieu of that which is cursing the earth? When will the Christian church sound the alarm, and act as promptly as my widowed mother, who years ago got my brother to cut her beer barrel into two parts, and afterwards used them for washing and baking purposes.

One of the first preachers in the Primitive Methodist Connexion was an eloquent, earnest, evangelist, who "wept over perishing souls, and would fain have swept them into the kingdom of Heaven on a torrent of tears;" who won his way to almost the highest pinnacle in the Connexion, was

shorn of his strength by Delilah, the drink fiend, having nursed the serpent in his bosom, till in the end it "stung him like an adder," and laid him helplessly drunk in the streets of London. He sank in utter darkness, without a line in the *Connexion's* "obituary."

Another lonely minister, well remembered by the people of New Mills, was turned out of the ministry, and rambled as a fugitive and vagabond for many long and bitter years. I once passed my word for him to have goods and get orders for publications, and I gave him a shilling for victuals. He spent the money in drink and pawned the samples. On another occasion I came across him in a Temperance Hotel in the town of T——. He had been carrying goods for a man who had left him as security for their meat and lodgings. The old lady who owned the house was a Methodist. When I told her what a noted preacher he previously was when he was stationed in the New Mills circuit, she said he might take what he had with him and she would forgive the debt. I answered, "No, you shall not lose all; I will pay you a part of it."

The last time I saw poor Mr. —— he was crossing a street in Manchester with a dirty shoe-maker, on their way to an old cellar, where I understand he "winked out."

In recalling to mind the old woman who kept the house where the expelled minister was left as surety, it sent a sulphurous flash from the drink fiend's pandemonium. Her son was a debauched votary of Bacchus. He neglected his family, squandered his time and money on a vitiated appetite. His abused wife went out to wash and clean for others, in order to procure a miserable existence; and worse than that, the child was left in charge of a doting grandmother, who in her feeble state allowed him to grow up like a wild colt, stupidly soft, and utterly spoiled. When he fancied himself a man, he went to the parsonage to whisper

love, and look unutterable things in the eyes of one of the domestics. Being ordered out of the house was felt as an insult by a lad who had thrown stones at his grandmother, and had been his own dictator from childhood, and always would do as he thought fit. So he equipped himself with a pistol and carving knife, and again being refused admittance stabbed or shot the Mr. and Mrs., and one or two of the domestics, for which he was hung in the bloom of youth, self-sacrificed at the shrine of England's drink-god, that for ages has been nurtured in the bosom of the Church.





TEMPERANCE DIALOGUES.

TEMPLAR, TIPPLER, & CO.

A TEMPERANCE DIALOGUE FOR FOUR ADULTS AND THREE
JUVENILE MEMBERS OF THE BAND OF HOPE.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

Templar; Tippler; Warbler; Mrs. Templar, sewing; Frank, drawing;
Liza Ann, sewing; Tom, reading.

Tippler.—Templar, my friend, I am so glad we've met,
I have not seen you—how do you do, old mate?
Come on, my boy, I'll stand a treat to-night,
The best glass Mother Fill-pot has on tap—
Ale, porter,—no! rum, brandy, wine,
Or punch, that doth the three combine.

Templar.—I'm glad to see you well,
And hope your friends are all the same.

Tippler.—Why most of them are hale, bluff, and strong,
But our old pal, Joe Good-Trump, sipped his last;
But come, just take a glass, and—

Templar.—Not to-night.

Tippler.—What's matter! have you signed the pledge?
Like some deluded, temperance, total fools,
Excuse me, Tem—

Templar.—I do excuse you, friend, but I feel grieved
 To hear you give an appellation unto men
 Who ought, and will ere long be counted wise,
 The seers, and—

Tippler.—Your language sounds so strange within my ears,
 Appellation! *seers, seers*,—what's meant by seers?
 It's different, Tem. to what you used to talk
 At th' Pig-and-Whistle and at th' old Split-crow.

Templar.—I don't profess to know the lexicon ;
 Johnson, Walker, and the learned say
 A seer is one who foresees future things ;
 But if I give a definition, I should say,
 They're men that see an evil on one hand,
 And a remedy on the other.
 The Temperance men see licensed parasites,
 With lurking, glittering dens on every hand,
 Where, spider-like, they entrap thoughtless flies,
 That flutter round their sparkling decoy,
 Anon in twitching spasms die.
 "But their repeated crimes have washed them
 white,"
 They're so familiar grown with sin and shame,
 That drink-wrecked homes, bleared eyes, foul
 oaths,
 Poor widows' groans, and orphans' tears,
 Are only trifles,—just moths in a sunbeam,
 While their larder and their till is brimful ;
 They sit at ease, withering the choicest hopes,
 Blighting the brightest germs,
 Scathing our loveliest sons,
 Rending the doating and kind mother's heart,
 Erasing filial and paternal love,

Chasing the blushes from the maiden's cheek,
 And placing in their stead demoniac smiles,
 Making the sire a terror in his home,
 And son to strike the sire with impious arm ;
 In fact, they drape the land with the black weeds
 of death.

They likewise see that the teetotal pledge
 Can slay the hydra-headed fiend,
 As stripling David with a pebble-stone
 Fell the defyer of Israel's God ;
 The pledge can renovate and elevate
 The poor outcast inebriate,
 And make him useful—good—great.

Tippler.—You are almost an orator ;
 We used to say, I wonder if he can sing.

Templar.—At that time we used to sing
 “We'll not go home till morning,
 Till daylight doth appear” ;
 But now we sing—and thankfully,
 “Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 There's no place like home.”
 Did you ever hear the song
 Called the Teetotaller at home ?

Tippler.—No, but I should be glad to hear it,
 I was always fond of music.

Templar.—I've no doubt but that friend Warbler,
 The gentleman on my left, will accommodate us.
 Mr. Warbler, will you please favour us with your
 song ?

Warbler.—My cough is troublesome but I'll try.

THE TEETOTALLER AT HOME. (See p. 196.)

Tippler.—Then I suppose these are your family.

Templar.—You see my pretty children, and the sweetener
of my life,
I wish that every sober man was blessed with
such a wife ;
Just what a woman should be—prudent, thrifty,
smart ;
She loathes strong drink, and well she may,
It almost broke her heart.
My dear, just say a word or two,
I know you're rather shy,
But lead the way, 'twill stimulate
Our lovely girl and boy.

Mrs. Tem.—When Templar signed the pledge
A many years ago,
My sad heart leaped for joy,
Hope gleamed and banished woe ;
My dim eyes grew more bright,
I blithe as lark did sing,
Walked stately as a queen,
With Templar my liege-king.
Our children soon were donned
So neat from top to toe,
And laughed at chilling winds,
At winter's frost and snow ;
With satchel, books, and slate,
They skipt to school each day,
While health's bloom on their cheeks,
Rivalled the roses gay,
Soon Templar changed his rags
For West-of-England black ;
And never kinder husband
Put broad-cloth on his back.

He dressed our half-starved mop
 With my patched, thread-bare gown,
 And brought me French merinoes
 From the first shop in town.

We left the low, damp cellar,
 And took a lovely cot,
 I've heard tell of a paradise,
 And thought that was the spot !
 Sir, I could tell you scores of things,
 Would tune your heart with joy,
 But I could like you just to see
 Pictures drawn by our boy.

Frankey I know is waiting,
 I see his anxious look ;
 My boy, now show the stranger
 Your pretty, pretty book.

Frank.—Please, sir, these are some of my sketches—
 (See pp. 98, 110, 144, 150.)

Tippler.—Astonishing ! children preaching Teetotalism,
 What harm has drink done them,
 Or what benefit can they have reaped from it ?

Templar.—My daughter, can you answer my friend's question ?

Girl.—Please, father, I will try—

“Teetotal, sir, hath bought me this,*
 And this, sir, is teetotal ;
 They called me Dolly, now 'tis Miss,
 Since father turned teetotal.

* Frock and bonnet.

He used to drink gin, ale, and wine,
 And clothe the landlord's daughter fine,
 Whilst I and brother had to pine,
 Before he turned teetotal.

“ Poor mother, then, did sit and cry,
 When father weren't teetotal,
 And I and Tom stood trembling by,
 When father weren't teetotal.
 I said that we stood trembling by,
 But, sir, we often had to fly,
 For father had a fearful eye
 Before he turned teetotal.

“ But now as soon as th' clock strikes six,
 Since father turned teetotal,
 My mother doth the tea-cups fix,
 And th' cups, sir, are teetotal ;
 Then father smiles, and drinks his tea,
 And we join in a temperance glee,
 Then father kisses Tom and me,
 Saying, ' dear ones, be teetotal.'

“ And then we say our evening prayers,
 We pray—now we're teetotal—
 Then mother takes us up the stairs,
 And th' bed, sir, is teetotal ;
 When father drank, on straw or hay
 We slept, or wept the night away,
 But now we're hung in curtains gay,
 Sir, is not th' bed teetotal ? ”

Tom (lispng).—Please father, shall I sing for the gentleman?

Templar.—Do, my son, my darling boy !

PLUM PUDDING. (See p. 208.)

Tippler.—My friend, I'm glad I met with you,
 And your sweet girl and boy ;
 And then to hear the Warbler's song,
 Hath filled my soul with joy.
 I feel ashamed whene'er I think
 That I have lived so long,
 Quaffing the drunkard's muddling drink,
 And singing th' drunkard's song.
 I once thought the teetotallers
 Were anything but wise,
 But what I've seen and heard to-night,
 Hath opened my blind eyes.
 I can't express my feelings,
 But see that you are right,
 Henceforward I'll abandon drink,
 God bless you all, good night !

Templar.—Please join us in singing our favourite hymn—
 NO, MY FRIEND, NO ! (See p. 189.)

—o—

THE FLEECE INN ;
 OR, FILLPOT, THE POOR-LAW GUARDIAN.

A DIALOGUE FOR THIRTEEN.

CHARACTERS—Mr. Fillpot, Miss Fillpot, Four slatternly Women,
 Four Tap-room Topers, Policeman, Chairman and Clerk to Board of
 Guardians.

(Three voices.) AIR—" *Dame Durden.*"

OWD Fillpot kept the "Golden Fleece,"
 Or those he *fleeced* kept him ;
 They cackled like a flock of geese,
 When th' jug was full to th' brim.

CHORUS.

There was Sam, and Tom, and Jack, and Jim,
 Likewise Owd Bawsen Bill,
 Who every night, took great delight
 In drinking Fillpot's swill.
 They found the money! Bung stored the honey!
 Dick chaffed Billy! All were silly!
 And Spunger told a tale:
 Thus every grade were paupers made,
 Through drinking Fillpot's ale.

Owd Fillpot kept a *servin*g maid
 To ogle at young men,
 She was a sly and crafty jade,
 With lovers nine or ten.—Chorus.

Owd Fillpot now may shut his shop,
 He's little malt to brew;
 Men will not drink a single drop,
 Now they have donned the *Blue*.

CHORUS.

There is Sam, and Tom, and Jack, and Jim,
 Likewise Owd Bawsen Bill,
 Who every night, took great delight
 In drinking Fillpot's swill;
 NOW save their money! HIVE their own honey!
 Dick and Billy are not so silly!
 To hearken Spunger's tale!
 But every grade are better made,
 By shunning Fillpot's ale.

PART I.

Miss Fillpot. Father, I wish you would give up selling

intoxicating liquors and commence a more respectable business.

Mr. Fillpot. Tush, love, tush! I don't know any other trade by which we could finger the shiners with so little labour; and I must have the cash to pay for mother's outings to the sea coast and other fashionable resorts, my dog and gun, Johnny's education at the boarding school, and your music and dancing master.

Miss F. But, father, the trade is now looked upon as a low, grovelling, loathsome, odious, and (by thinking people) an infamous traffic. A person said in my hearing the other day, that all who made a living out of the blood and tears of grief-bowed widows and famished orphans, had sunk far below the standard of men; they were merely animated pauper-manufacturing machines.

Mr. F. My darling, you seem to forget that we are licensed by law to sell what these fanatics call deadly drink! I am proud to say that I hold a license, granted by the most honourable august assembly in the world, and bearing the impress and image of the Empress of India and Britain's honoured Queen. Besides, I console myself with another fact: the "Fleece Inn" is as respectable a house as most of the glittering hotels which are patronised by the most gorgeous swells in the Lushington parish; but the "Fleece Inn" is so heavily handicapped. We have (at a great cost) to get up pigeon shooting, almanac shows, dog races, clog dancing, &c., while Jim Bung, Tom Heavyside, and Dan Blodger sit on cushioned seats in rich clubs. Sick, burial, amalgamated, Masonic, and other societies, too numerous to mention, where the members "tip" their noses on the Saturday night, make zigzags going home, drop asleep over their prayers, and yet join in singing psalms on the Sunday. We

know that many of those sly soakers turn up their toes and wink out before their time ! Sometimes very suddenly ; but they generally leave one or two sons to fill up the gap. The old proverb is very true—"Fresh fools are born every day, and we must devise traps to catch more of them." Cheer up, love, we must have the cash.

Miss F. But, father, a great many people, when passing by our house, turn up their nose as though the "Fleece Inn" was an infectious lazarus.

Mr. F. I am aware that the "Fleece Inn" has, for some time, been ostracized, and pointed at with the finger of scorn ; but I will show those long-faced, Sunday-closing hypocrites, bigoted fanatical teetotallers and meddlesome good templars, that the "Fleece Inn" is a respectable—nay more, a most honourable house.

Miss F. How, father, how ?

Mr. F. You may rely upon my word, that is if you will studiously help me to play my little game.

Miss F. Trust me, father ; trust me !

Mr. F. In a few weeks there will be an election for gentlemen to serve on the Board of Guardians, and very few tradesmen are sufficiently rated to qualify them for that important duty. And best of all is this : by the "composition act" the owners of cottage property pay the poor rates ; so that any loafers or lazy spongers who never think of paying either rent or rates—yes, scamps that I would not trust a gill of fours—can vote for a Poor-Law Guardian. Now, love, I want you to be very affable and free, very accommodating for the next few weeks, when Betty Slattern, Sally Lovedrop, Jenny Popall, and Molly Starvechild, call for their "tooth-warmers." Be sure to give them a "Rousing Springer," and

a wheedling whisper. Many of your father's friends talk of nominating him as a fit and proper person to represent the interests of the ratepayers on the Board of Guardians. And Mr. Fillpot vows, if he is elected he will make a thorough, radical, sweeping reform at the Boardroom. He will reduce the fat bloated official salaries, and give the money to the utterly destitute widows and orphans.

Miss F. Well, father, I will do all I can to influence our customers to vote for you; I will give them kind words, sweet smiles, and good measure!

Mr. F. That will do nicely. (*Exit F.*)

(*Enter four slatternly women.*)

Miss F. Good morning, ladies! have you seen the nomination papers? Father is putting up for guardian, so come and drink his health.

Betty Slattern. Hurrah for Mr. Fillpot, hurrah!

Sally Lovedrop. Ahr Jack shall vote for Mr. Fillpot.

Jenny Popall. I'll try to persuade ahr Tum to vote Fillpot.

Molly Starvechild. I'll make my chap vote for Fillpot, hurrah.

(*Scene: Four loafers in the taproom.*)

No. 1. Fillpot ul get in.

No. 2. Ah, an' we shall get in (workhouse).

No. 3. I shall plump for Fillpot.

No. 4. Thy wife ul mack thee; I know who wears th' breeches.

No. 3. I'll fettle th' breeches wi' me clogs!

No. 4. Come on, lad, an' I'll crush toothery of them nose-berries.

(A row.)

Mr. Fillpot. Fetch th' police, fetch th' police.

(A policeman walks in at the same time as a toper runs with the Election returns.)

STATE OF POLL.

Jones, Manufacturer	715
Fillpot, Innkeeper	710
Goodman, Grocer	514
Scattergood, Draper	501
Fitman, Baker	307

Policeman (after reading the figures, ejaculates). All right, I must close both ears and one eye when I walk by the "Fleece 'Um"; Mr. Fillpot's a Guardian. *(Slips out at the back door, wiping his mouth.)*

Toper No. 1. Au told yo Fillpot ud get in.

Toper No. 2. And I told you we should get in (work-house).

Mr. F. This lot's no brass; clear out, clear out.

PART II.

(Scene: Boardroom, Clerk, Chairman, &c.)

Clerk. Shall I read the result of the Election?

Chairman. If you please.

Clerk. "Lushington Union.—I do hereby certify that the Election of Guardians of the Poor for the several parishes in the Lushington Union has been conducted

in conformity with the order of the Local Government Board, and that the schedule hereunder written is true :

Jones, Manufacturer	715
Fillpot, Innkeeper	710
Goodman, Grocer	514
Scattergood, Draper	501
Fitman, Baker	307

I declare the first three names duly elected as Guardians for the Parish of Degradation in the Lushington Union.

JONATHAN HEEDLESS,

Given under my hand, Returning Officer.
this 1st day of April, 1801."

Relieving Officer (to Chairman). Shall I call the names?

Chairman. Yes. (*Enter Betty Slattern.*) Well, Betty, what is your business?

Betty. Gentlemen, I am come to ask you for relief. My husband is out of work, and our children have not bitten bread for two days, only toothery cold potatoes that one of our neighbours gave them.

Chairman. Where is your husband that he does not apply himself?

Betty. He's gone in search of a job.

Chairman. I understand your husband worked at the railway: how did he lose his work?

Betty. He got rather too much drink at the "Blue Dog," an' it made him poorly, and when he went they'd "shopt" his place. (*Enter Biddy Drabble.*)

Chairman. What is your wish, Mrs. Drabble?

Biddy. I am wanting you to give me a little help.

Q

Chairman. Where's your husband? He must come himself.

Biddy. My husband, after spending all his wage on drink, is gone on tramp and left me and the childer without a crust of bread, an' I have not a spark o' fire i'th grate.

Chairman. You and your children must come to the 'house, and the officer will take out a warrant for your husband.

Mrs. Mournful. Sir, my husband, after several days' hard drinking, had become so bewildered that he got up in the night and tumbled down the stairs. I shrieked and wakened one of our neighbours, who ran for a doctor. When the doctor came, he pronounced him dead. His neck was broke with the fall. I come to ask you to give me a coffin and burial expenses.

Chairman. I understand your husband was in a club—was he not?

Mrs. Mournful. He was in a club, but had run out of benefit. (*Sensation.*)

Chairman. Well, *Mrs. Mournful*, the Guardians will give you a coffin and allow you and your children seven shillings per week, and you must try to get a little with washing and cleaning.

PART III.

SCENE: *The drunkard's hovel. An old barrel for a table, a bottle for a candlestick, shavings for a bed, and filthy straw for blankets.*

Betty Slattern. Well, owd lazy bones! Ah, tha may pouch that lip, but tha'rt worse than idle; tha wur "born tired."

Joe Slattern. Shut up, shut up! an' tell me if tha's get summat to buy puddin'-dust?

Betty. Well, th' Guardians will allow us six shillings per week for the next fortnight. But you will have to go to the workhouse-yard, and break stones from nine o'clock in the morning until five o'clock at night; and should we require any more relief, you must apply yourself or we must go and live in the workhouse.

Joe. Break stones, break stones; not for Joe! unless the Guardians boil them till they're soft. Break stones! No, no! not for Joe. I will tell thee what must be aur next move: In the morning you and the children must start off on a "grand cadge"; Jack can sing that pathetic song, "The Drunkard's Child" (that one which the lady gave him who leaves us tracts); the youngster can join in the chorus; you collect the bawbees, and I will stay at home and keep the fire warm.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD. (See p. 199.)

SCENE: *The street. Betty Slattern, with a small baby made of old rags, and a gin bottle wrapped up under an old shawl, looking down her nose with one eye, and the other imploring sympathetic ladies to drop a copper, while Jack sings, and—thanks, sings and thanks, till a policeman appears on the scene.*

Policeman. Now then, there—walk off—walk off! (*Finis.*)



THANKS TO THE MISSES R. AND G. HALLEY,
OF HASTINGS.

A CCEPT my thanks for your choice present,
That leaves in shade woodcock and pheasant,
Turkey and hare :
All those are useful in their way,
To grace the feast on Christmas Day,
And drive dull care.

But, ladies, your artistic treasure,
While memory lives will be a pleasure
To look upon ;
And one, I hope, my friends will make
An heirloom for the donor's sake,
When I am gone.

That, that, of course I can't divine,
But, till I with the angels join,
In starry realms,
'Twill be the queen in my small cot,
'Mid roses and forget-me-not,
And priceless gems.

There's nothing new upon the Knowl,
With which to gild this homely scroll,
Or it embellish ;
Of all things needful we've enough,
And nurse contentment—that's the stuff
To make it relish.

Aaron the " cat " at nights doth roam,
But on the whole seems quite at home
In the next house ;

He is the pet of everyone,
 But ere you dub him free from sin,
 Consult the mouse.

Some flowers you left look wan and pale,
 Battered with sleet and arrowy hail,
 Some yet in bloom ;
 We long to leave a monument,
 Like flowers that breathe ambrosial scent,
 In the mute tomb.

My housekeeper and trusty friend,
 With me doth kindly greetings send,
 Hoping your " Polly "
 May coo at our next door in spring,
 While lark, and thrush, and cuckoo sing,
 And all be jolly.

As for myself I'm much the same,
 And hope, whene'er you change your name,
 Your new protector
 May be all round as fine a man
 As your grandfather Robertan,
 The far-famed doctor.

—o—

POETRY.

(Written in my 79th Year.—J. C.)

TRUE poetry will pleasure bring,
 When other charms have fled,
 And men will sing the old new song,
 When fast asleep in bed.

Poetry fascinates the eye,
 We read and read again,
 Till by-and-by we weep for joy,
 And bless the poet's pen.

Poetry is the title page
On nature's mystic scroll,
And every age brings forth a sage,
That breathes in it a soul.

The poet's home is in the heart ;
The head's the upper story,
Bedecked with gems and diadems,
And sunbeams fringed with glory.

The poet's heart is wide as space,
The outcast is his neighbour ;
Soothing their grief, gives him relief,
Heedless of cost or labour.

The poet's piercing eye surveys
The gone and coming time ;
And pictures true, in native hue,
The sottish and sublime.

The poet's muse makes flowers profuse
Within his study grow,
And scent the room, with rich perfume,
While others bud and blow.

The poet looks from earth to heaven,
And learns from nature's God,
To breathe a soul into his scroll,
Then men pronounce it good.

The poet is the *coming man* ;
His thoughts will glow when read,
Till time is old, and suns are cold,
And all creation dead.

THANK GOD.

THANK God for this bright sunny morn,
The drooping flowers and stooping corn
Will raise their head.

The beasts, the birds, all things that live,
Will join in praising Him who gives
Their daily bread.

But for the sun all life would die,
Or like a ruined chaos lie
In opaque night.

Well may the saints and angels sing
Hosanna to the King of kings,
Who made that light.

The unique Power that made the sun,
And lines on which the planets run—
The truly Wise
Hath promised and will give me grace,
And by-and-by a fitting place
Beyond the skies.

—o—

JOHN BULL, MAN, FORSHAME.

JOHN BULL, man, forshame, whining over bad trade!
Wipe thy eyes, man, and look at the paupers thou'st
made ;

Thou wouldst hardly believe it, at least, so I think,
What a lot of clammed skulkers thou'st made with thy drink.

There's Molly in tatters, and bare-elbowed Tum,
Who have sold bed and blankets for whiskey and rum ;
And kicked out their children, with bare, bleeding feet,
To pick up a copper or crust in the street.

If they manage to get it, man, that means more drink,
 But if not successful, they chopfallen slink
 Into some slimy hovel, back slum, or old tub,
 And for supper they join with the pigs at their grub.

Man, shut up the drink-shops, and furnish with bags
 The tricksters who traffic in ruin and rags ;
 The leeches who gorge on the blood of their neighbour,
 Born tired, or as bad, too idle to labour.

Show some gradely sense, man, turn o'er a new leaf,
 If you want better trade, John, I'll tell thee in brief,
 You must grant Local Option to deal with the drink,
 Or write thy name "Ichabod," England must sink.

The money that's squandered on spirits and beer,
 Would find beef and pudding-dust many a year,
 And make gradely trade, not a loom would be still,
 Nor a man in all Oldham would work the tread mill.

—o—

GOOD-NIGHT.

The following was given in answer to a boy who enquired—
 "What is an Acrostic?"

G stands for all creation's God,
 O mnipotent in earth and sky.
 O ceans tremble at His nod,
 D emons at His mandate fly.

N o poor sinner need be lost,
 I f in Him they truly trust ;
 G od is good as well as great.
 H eaven and earth are His estate—
 T houghts like these do elevate.

ACROSTIC.

SISTER ECCLES, P.D.V.T.

Sing, sing the song of ancient days,
It's meet we give to God the praise,
Since Sister Eccles is restored.
Templars, we trust will praise the Lord,—
Every sister, every brother,
Rejoice and sing His praise together.
Evangeline we name our sister,
Christian labourer for her God,
Carrying ransoms, breaking fetters,
Living for her country's good.
Every outcast is her neighbour,
Sparing neither purse nor labour.
Pleasure springs from doing good,—
Doing good when and how we can,
Virtue bespeaks the gentle blood,
That makes us love our fellow-man.

October 1st, 1888.

—o—

ANOTHER GOOD-NIGHT.

(August 30th, 1888.)

ANOTHER good-night! thank the Lord!
thank the Lord!
For refreshing sleep, and sweet rest.
For ever and ever be His name adored,
On earth and the realms of the blessed.
Our God is all love—thank the Lord!
The essence of love undefiled;
His love is as pure, far more, I'm sure,
Than a mother's love is for her child.

The Giver of grace—thank the Lord !
 Will see to His children's wants ;
 We will trust Him for ever, nor doubt Him, no,
 never !
 The jewels of God are His saints.

—o—

SEPTEMBER 19th, 1888.

(Written in bed.)

A GLEAM of glory undefiled,
 Pencils with living light my room,
 And seems to say, trust God alway ;
 He warms and gilds His loved one's tomb.

—o—

TO BROTHER REAY, WIDNES.

YOU'VE past the milestone, thirty-nine,
 And I've seen seventy-seven ;
 May you and yours, with me and mine,
 All land at last in heaven.

Thank God, we need not fear nor doubt,
 If we do all we can ;
 Unerring wisdom's marked the route
 For every living man.

We may be feeble, weak, or blind,
 But if our acts accord
 With our profession, we shall find
 The needful in the Lord.

Life's a short day, let's peg away,
 The course will soon be run,
 Then we shall hear, in accents clear,
 The Judge say—Friends, well done !

TO MY FRIEND, T. REAY, WIDNES.

A CCEPT my best thanks for your verses of song,
They will help an old fellow to toddle along,
And lighten dull hours ;
They cheer and refresh, like the warm breath of spring,
When the lambkins are skipping, and warblers sing
In fragrant bowers.

It braces the nerves, and equips for the fight,
When other brave veterans tell us we're right,
And will by and by
See the fruit of our labours and gather the grain,
The Judge say—Well done ! 'mid a song and refrain,
Of stars 'bove the sky.

Then let us work on, there is pleasure in labour,
In working for God, for truth, and our neighbour,
Our compensation
Will help us to sleep, to live, and to die,
And burnish our mansion above the blue sky,
For endless duration.



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