



"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

No. 15, Vol. I.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1859.

[ONE PENNY.]

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### NOTICE TO READERS.

A *jeu d'esprit* on Spiritualism appeared in No. 13 of the *TWO WORLDS*, which, owing to the temporary illness of the Editor, was overlooked. We trust that our Spiritualist readers will believe that we would not knowingly allow the subject of Spiritualism to be burlesqued in our columns, as it was in the instance alluded to.

### THE "FREAKS OF THE SPIRITS."

(From the *STANDARD*, Dec. 27, 1858.)

WHEN "spirit rapping" first came into vogue it was a comparatively harmless sport, bearing about the same relations to "table-turning" that fox-hunting bears to coursing. Humble amateurs in supernatural science were content to spend whole evenings in sitting round a table or a hat, the revolution of which they expected with a patient trustfulness that was almost affecting. None of them had actually seen a table turn with their own eyes, but all had friends who averred their familiarity with the dull phenomenon, and these were persons of the most unimpeachable veracity. The more ambitious, on the other hand, thinking that a revolving hat or whist-table was not such a very exciting spectacle—and so far their opinion was correct—scorned this paddling in the spiritual world, and boldly plunged into the mysteries of "rapping." They formed an acquaintance with some modern Glendower, who could "call spirits from the vasty deep," and who shone as a sort of ghostly lion in select circles, just as a professor of legerdemain, a magic lantern, or an artist on the banjo, flourished among folks of more terrestrial propensities. The striking feature in these grand preternatural displays was not so much the superior talent of the so-called "medium" as the excessive stupidity of the spirits evoked by his genius or his science—two raps signifying "No," and three raps signifying "Yes." This was all that could be got out of the invisible blockheads; and when they were invited to spell a long word frightful was the "bore" that ensued. For, as they could only answer in the direct affirmative or the negative the "medium" was obliged to name all the letters of the alphabet in order till the right one was hit; and the tediousness of the process was further increased by the perverse ignorance or malice of the spirits, who occasionally gave a wrong answer, and whose notions respecting the difference between C, K, and Q were exceedingly vague. The old belief that spirits were distinguished by the celerity of their movements was completely refuted by these lubberly goblins, for while ordinary mortals were sending messages half round the world in a few seconds by means of the electric telegraph the tardy ghosts required about three-quarters of an hour to spell "Constantinople." What Mr. Albert Smith says of the Chinese, that they are in a stagnant state of civilization, was pre-eminently true of the spiritual world, if it was fairly represented by the double and triple rappers; indeed the monosyllable system of the Celestial Empire was admirably easy and convenient compared to the clumsy use of the European alphabet prevalent among the oracles of manufactured mahogany. A very imperfect and unserviceable knowledge of spelling constituted, it was clear, the intellectual store of the mysterious beings whose infinitely stupid

answers were awaited with breathless anxiety by persons who ought to have known better.

We verily believe that "spirit-rapping" would soon have been forgotten altogether had it not received a support in the animadversions of certain well-meaning clergymen, who, while they denounced the "turners" and "rappers" from the pulpit, were actually playing into the hands of a gang of impostors who fattened on the public credulity. People would soon have grown tired of "boring" their furniture for useless information, and have satisfied themselves that the raps were produced by some device less ingenious than that which converts the ace of clubs into a king of diamonds in the hands of an ordinary conjuror. But learned Dr. Wronghead, and pious Mr. Dupely must needs write, and preach, and publish about the sinfulness of communications with the other world, and shrewd "mediums" were delighted to find their exploits advertised *gratis* in the very way that would do the best possible service. The Rev. gentlemen were not aware that in the present wicked state of the world many a man would rather be suspected of dealings with the—EVIL ONE than of inordinate gullibility. To ill-regulated minds there is a gusto in sinning, but there is no gusto in being taken for a fool. So the "mediums" were regarded with a shudder, but they were not suffered to drop into oblivion, and notoriety was all they wanted.

We are not so uncharitable as to believe that the sermons and pamphlets in which the supernatural character of the rappings was assumed were purposely written in the interest of the trumpety necromancers they apparently assailed, and that both parties, like pretended adversaries in a gaming-house, went snacking in the profits of the trade: but certainly if the preachers against spirit-rappers had received a *douceur* from the "mediums" they could not have rendered them more valuable assistance.

However, the "spirit-rappers" have at least found a body of worthy adversaries in the "Primitive Methodists" of Dudley, who have earned for themselves a high rank among the *efficient* adversaries of superstition, as distinguished from those adversaries who play the game of their opponents. There happens to be in Dudley a "spirit-rapping society," the members of which, no longer contented with the stupid recreations that have hitherto absorbed the attention of the *illuminati*, resolved to make a public demonstration of their creed, and thus to convert unbelievers. On Sunday 19th, they accordingly invaded the chapel of the "Primitive Methodists" in a body, some twenty strong, headed by a Mrs. Stocks, and there, in the very middle of the sermon, they effected one of the most formidable "rows" that ever disturbed the meditations of quietly-disposed persons. However the "Primitive Methodists" were not so primitive as their name implied, and would not be duped by a troop of disreputable impostors. Mrs. Stocks, pretending a commission from John Wesley himself, led off the uproar by bawling out her thanks to heaven for allowing her to speak to the poor sinners; but the poor sinners did not participate in her gratitude. Nay, one of her spiritual utterances was trumped by an honest Wesleyan, who, basing his assertion on certain facts known, it seems, at Dudley, told her that she was a woman of "a wicked and adulterous generation," nor did the inspired asseverations of her partisans, that she was an "angel," receive anything like universal credence. In vain did the spirit-rappers shout, and scream, and make ugly faces, and stamp about the aisles; in vain did one of them, a carpenter by trade, neglecting the advice of Bailie Nicol Jarvie's father, the deacon, thrust his arm out so far that he could not pull it down again; the "Primitive Methodists" would not be converted. They were startled a little, of course, by a disturbance that even brought a crowd round their chapel, and one woman fainted, but this sort of terror would have been elicited by the entrance of a mad bull, and had nothing in common with

religious awe. As soon as the panic was over the Wesleyans clapped their shoulders to the wheel, and cleared the chapel of the Pythoness and her attendant rabble.

Now, if the Wesleyan ministers of Dudley had been knaves or fools they would have preached a series of sermons on the wickedness of holding communication with evil spirits, and they would have rendered the firm of Stocks and Co. an object of wonder throughout the country; but they went to work like rational, sensible men, and thus they succeeded not only in vanquishing the intruders but in destroying their *prestige*. Adopting, first, a pacific measure, Mr. Morris, the superintendent minister of the "Primitive Methodists," called upon Mrs. Stocks, and asked her what could have prompted her to make such an unseemly disturbance—his very question showing that he would not concede the fact of spiritual influence. Mrs. Stocks simply replied that she was not sorry for what she had done, as the forfeiture of her speech would have been the consequence of a neglect of the work she was commissioned to perform. Mr. Morris, who probably thought that the perpetual silence of Mrs. Stocks would be rather a blessing than a curse, was not at all convinced by this line of argument, so the conference was adjourned *sine die*. The presentation of the olive-branch having failed, the authorities of the Primitive Methodists resorted to stronger measures, and threatened to bring the spirit-rappers before the magistrates unless they would make a public apology for the nuisance they had created. By this menace the sibyl and her followers were taken aback; here was a difficulty of which their familiar spirits had not warned them—a formidable difficulty too, for a disturbance in a place of worship subjects the aggressor to serious penalties. So, turning the matter over in their minds, and regarding the question from a material rather than a spiritual point of view, they made the required apology, and so brought the affair to a close.

The twenty "spirit-rappers" of Dudley are thus clearly demolished. They are not convicted of witchcraft, of inquiry into forbidden mysteries, of dealings with the powers of darkness, or of any such romantic wickedness. They have simply been compelled to brand themselves as a knot of vulgar impostors, whom the most superstitious old woman will regard with contempt.

We believe that in many parts of the country the Primitive Methodists, as distinguished from the other Wesleyans, are styled "Ranters," and are commonly charged with fanaticism of the lowest kind. By their exploit at Dudley they have, however, done so much to establish a character for sound sense, that many a sober and learned divine may regard them with something like envy. Assuredly, if we ourselves wanted to silence a rapping spirit, we would send for a Primitive Methodist.

## Our Letter Box.

### SPIRITUALISM.

To the EDITOR of the *TWO WORLDS*.

SIR,—I am not at present a Spiritualist, neither have I even seen a table move without hands; but I have heard those speak of it who have been one of a party that have seen it, and that without the hidden or secreted machinery of the professor. I take an interest in the controversy that is going on between Mr. Malthouse and the Spiritualists, but wish that they would use milder language towards each other. Allow me just to say in reference to the recipe which Mr. Malthouse has tried to make good capital out of, that if he is disposed to try for himself, he need not be hindered five minutes; if he and two more will just take what is called a hat-box, and place their fingers in a circle inside, as lightly as possible, he will have the pleasure of seeing the hat perform the office of the *table* in less than three minutes, "before the brain begins to swim," and will answer any questions, if he is disposed to ask, and if he desires it, and asks it, he may see it raised two feet from a table, without the least effort on his part to raise it. Now, Sir, if Mr. Malthouse can explain this, upon the principles of magnetism, or any other *ism*, besides spiritualism, he will very much oblige an earnest inquirer after truth.—JOSEPH.

## TEETOTALISM AND THE MAINE LAW.

SIR,—“Ductor Dubitantium” says that I am very full of points and very specious. I have no doubt it does appear more so to him than it does to me. I am glad to see that he has pointed that out. The reasons I had for writing as I did were the following:—1, to be cautious, not knowing what principles to uphold, 2, that it would (and can be) advantageous to use a little language to turn to some good account if he pursued a certain line of argument. Why am I called to an account for not writing that which is entirely applicable to the questions, when he does that which he complains of in me? Why does he not answer those points which are direct? Why does he remain so silent? Does he not show a cowardly (I mean what I say) action, by creeping away from my direct important questions? and then beginning to talk to some gentlemen (I suppose so) who have come into this court. Notice his words, “Evidence, gentlemen, give evidence.” He has not, however, answered to my call for evidence. What has been the style adopted by him. I cannot help laughing; attention, he starts with propositions, and then backs them up with one assertion to each. If he had done away with propositions, and merely asked questions, there would not have been much room to find fault. Notice again, he does not answer any of my questions; but he does not forget to bring in a few questions for me to answer. I am not so easily quieted. I should have liked to have been looking over his shoulder when he was writing these questions. The additional questions are: 1, “If restriction of the traffic is excellent, and is not a failure, why seek to abrogate restriction?” Restriction will accomplish a certain thing; the Maine will accomplish a greater. To be brief, I do not think there is any occasion to turn schoolmaster about this question, and to point out the *ergo* of the syllogism. 2, Do “the majority of the people desire the suppression of the traffic in intoxicating drinks?” This is a question which, neither he nor I can positively answer. It has been answered satisfactorily in several towns lately, for evidence read the *Alliance Weekly News*, price one penny, \* to be had at Mr. W. Horsell’s. 3, The “majority of the people still believe in the usefulness and necessity of alcoholic drinks.” If it can be called a belief it is a very weak one. I never heard a person give a reasonable reason why he did believe so. I know that drinkers of intoxicating (alcoholic) liquors get on what I call the stilts; as for assertions, I can get plenty of them; but when I plead a state of ignorance on my part (for the sake of cutting the argument short) they are thrown entirely upon their own knowledge; not having any fuel to supply them with, they soon shut up shop, as the saying is. I do not see how this so-called belief affects the Maine Law question. Many a man and woman drinks logwood broth, who would be for a Maine Law when we required their assistance; that is, at the winning point. 4, What proofs can be given by “Ductor Dubitantium” that the people of this country will “never” have the Maine Law? I must conclude briefly by stating that I hope he will reply to what I have written, or acknowledge that he is defeated.—J. MANN, Southwark.

## HYDROPATHY FOR THE PEOPLE.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE SUBJECT.

Philosophy, Wisdom, and Liberty support each other—he who *will not* reason is a *bigot*—he who *cannot* is a *fool*—and he who *dares not* is a *slave*.—SIR W. DRUMMOND.

HAVING, as we conceive, shown in the preceding chapter from Facts and from the Scripture of Divine truth, that the popular opinion, in reference to the natural duration of human life is erroneous, and believing that philosophy is always consonant with Facts and with Holy Writ, we proceed to examine their joint testimony on the subject.

And here we premise, that God has evidently established a three-fold law, which must be obeyed by man, in order to his enjoyment of health and longevity. Those laws are *moral*, *mental* and *organic*. These are the laws of God—the reflections of his holy and blessed character and perfections. It is evident that an infinitely wise and good Being must suit his laws to that which is to be governed. There must be *adaptation*. *Moral laws* are not suited to *irrational* creatures, nor *mental laws* to *material* things. Mere matter is governed entirely by organic laws—mind by intellectual laws. Hence it is, that as moral agents, we are under moral laws, as accountable beings to God. These laws, by which we are to be governed, or by which we shall be judged and condemned at the last day, are revealed to us in the Scriptures; and have special reference to our conduct towards God, ourselves, and our fellow-men. And though the full amount of happiness or misery, resulting from the manner in which we observe these laws, will not be realized in this life, yet God has often made obedience to those laws a *condition* on which has rested the manner in which he has intended to deal with his rational creatures; this was more especially the case with the Jews, his ancient people. Hence we read of such *promises*, founded on such *conditions* as the following, viz: “If ye will walk in my statutes, and keep my commandments and do them; then will I give you rain in due season, and the land shall yield her increase, and

the trees of the field shall yield their fruit. And your thrashing shall reach into the vintage, and the vintage shall reach into the sowing time, and ye shall eat your bread to the full, and dwell in your land safely.” “This is a nervous and beautiful promise of such entire plenty of corn and wine, that before they could have reaped and thrashed out their corn, the vintage should be ready, and before they could have pressed out their wine, it would be time to sow again. The Prophet Amos, chap. ix. 13, expresses the same blessing in the same manner: The ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him who soweth seeds.”—DODD. “The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick.” “And ye shall serve the Lord your God, and he shall bless thy bread and thy water, and I will take sickness away from the midst of thee,” Ex. xxiii. 25.

On the other hand, God threatens them, “If ye will not hearken unto me, and will not do all these commandments; and if ye shall despise my statutes, or if your soul abhor my judgments, so that ye will not do all my commandments, but break my covenant, I will do this unto you; I will even appoint over you, terror, consumption, and burning ague, that shall consume the eyes and cause sorrow of heart. And if ye will walk contrary unto me, and will not hearken unto me; if ye will not be reformed by me by those things, but will walk contrary unto me; then will I also walk contrary unto you, and I will punish you yet seven times more for your sins. And ye shall eat the flesh of your sons, and the flesh of your daughters.” “This was literally fulfilled at the siege of Jerusalem.” Josephus, “Wars of the Jews,” book 7, chap. 2, gives us a particular instance in dreadful detail of a woman named Mary, who, in the extremity of the famine during the siege, killed her sucking child, roasted, and had eaten part of it when discovered by the soldiers! See also Jer. xix. 9. The Lord shall make the pestilence cleave unto thee, until he have consumed thee from off the land. The Lord shall smite thee with consumption, and with fever, and with an extreme burning; with the blotch of Egypt, and with emerods, and with the scab, and with the itch, whereof thou canst not be healed.” See Lev. xxvi. 14, etc., Deut. xxviii. 15, etc. These are astonishing declarations and prophecies, and though delivered more than 3000 years ago, are now fulfilling in the persons and sufferings of the Jews, affording demonstrable proof that obedience to the laws of God will secure his blessing, and that disobedience will insure his curse.

In the New Testament, all moral excellency is based on faith in God; on the belief of his paternal goodness, and the merciful and gracious character of the Lord Jesus Christ. The work of the Holy Spirit on the heart, producing repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ! enabling the subject of its influence to turn from sin, and to walk in the ways of God.

We are also under *mental laws*, as intellectual beings. We have capacities for knowledge, improvement, and the expansion of our intellectual powers. This capability should be cultivated; because if left to itself we can expect but little progress. We differ from animals by the reason which we exercise, and for which their instinct is a substitute; if our minds are neglected, we only show that we have a capacity for improvement, but as to the actual employment of that capacity we might almost as well be brutes. Let man be trained—his capabilities be employed—give him opportunities to unfold and improve his faculties, and he shows at once his vast superiority to all the creatures amidst which he is placed. Nay, it is almost impossible to set bounds to the extent of his powers. “Who can easily weigh the vast sense of Plato, or master the keen logic of Aristotle, or grasp the scientific research of Newton, or fathom the all-comprehending philosophy of Bacon? Cultivate the human intellect, and in the chemist’s laboratory it can analyze or compound the various substances of the earth; it can resolve them into their original elements, or re-construct them into their appropriate forms: Cultivate the mind, and, by an unerring geometry, it can measure the earth, and even the heavens; with the mariner’s compass, it can sail a ship to any part of the globe, and at any hour tell the place which she occupies on the immense expanse of water. Cultivate the mind, and availing itself of steam, made of nature’s beverage, it can effect land or water travelling with the speed of the wind; inventing types, it can receive and communicate thought to an indefinite extent; and, by reason and memory, it can possess itself of the knowledge of all antiquity.” Is not such a mind worth cultivating? Let us remember that every child has this mind in embryo! That it will be trained in some form. Reading, study, and reflection are as necessary to mental health and vigor as food, digestion, and exercise to physical. By the diligent use of these a man may excel in intellectual things, but if he neglects them, he remains mentally sick and dwarfish.

LOWE BROTHAM lately made the following remarks on the importance of temperance:—“It is absolutely necessary for the improvement of the people, and without it all our efforts at teaching, whether in primary schools, or in lectures,

or giving them the means of instruction by opening libraries and reading rooms to them—all these avail nothing if the beer-shop and the gin palace spread their pestilential lures around them, and open their doors to corrupt them, while we are opening our doors to instruct and reclaim them. Without inculcating the absolute necessity on all ranks, but on the working classes especially, of temperance, we do absolutely and positively nothing.”

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

K.—We have received a communication detailing many particulars of a spiritualist *seance* at the house of Mr. Whitaker—such as writing on glass, knotting handkerchiefs, &c.—but as they are of a kind almost identical with those already published in previous numbers, we think they will not add to the interest which our readers feel in that part of the subject.

## THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

## Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

BY PAUL BETNEYS.

## CHAPTER XXX.

CONTAINS A FEW SELECT TRUTHS ABOUT HOMES, HABITS, AND HEALTH.

“Much as I love my freedom, friends, and home,  
I’d rather now, far rather now be doomed  
To end my days in hopeless banishment,  
Or die a felon on the gallows tree,  
Than die a DRUNKARD.”

J. Lawrence.

In a former section, we for convenience reduced society to two classes, the good and the bad, and attempted to define the former by rule. It may not be out of place here to glance at the class we styled bad. But as the varieties of this class will be discussed in the course of this work, we will not set down a rule to govern the arguments and facts that will be introduced. To make a charge of badness against an individual, a class, or a party, is but an assertion, and we hold it to be a fair rule of argumentation that an assertion, unless proved to be *true*, remains as such.

It may be said that our native land is the mouthpiece of the world. In every habitable part of the globe her native tongue is heard. Her ingenious sons are known in every country. Our little spot of earth exercises in her trade and commerce an influence which is the envy of many nations. She calls such vast domains her own that the sun never sets upon them. She is as willing to defend a foe as she is ready to maintain her own rights, and is ever willing to dispense peace. Considering her limited native resources, such is her progress in arts, sciences, and manufactures, that she stands out before the world unrivalled. She welcomes—gives a home and protects without restriction, the persecuted of any land; and in her unbounded benevolence extends her wealth and sympathies with a cheerful hand to the needy of any country. And unlike any other nation she not only tolerates, but encourages and fosters the religious institutions of any people, be they native or foreign, however contrary to own established ones. Her political institutions, and general social arrangements, are based upon and carried out—as are also her charitable ones, on the pure principles of Christianity and humanity. In her impartial and just administration of law, and in the efficiency of her general and local government, she is unequalled by any other state. She may be considered as the garden of the world, the star of the earth. What country can surpass her in her love of order? and who can boast of halls more hospitable, or of edifices more noble? Her stately mansions, and well-kept parks, with her miniature hills, and mossy dales, her quiet villages, the music of her merry bells, her peace-loving people, her neat, well ordered, and pleasant country roads, her busy towns, and their great hives of industry, all conspire to prove that England stands foremost amongst the nations of the earth.

But this is only the surface; we have a complicated knot in hand, and which we design to “untie in lieu of cutting it.” To accomplish this we must dig a little, and grope our way among the festering masses of poor suffering humanity, who, although the nerve, bone, and sinew of the colossal greatness of England have accumulated a weight of bad habits which gall them in heart and life, increasing the need of improvement, placing obstacles in the way of remedy, and casting a chilling blight over the homes and hearths, producing crime, pauperism, and premature death. We believe that we are under the mark in asserting that one-third of the labouring classes have not the most remote idea of that working man’s blessing—domestic comfort—as a result of economy. Whilst another third, although they may have a yearning for it, are so held in subjection by their acquired vices, that they have not the moral courage to make an effort to attain to it; and the remaining third, from the same cause, can enjoy it but partially. And this remaining third includes all the various trades who obtain a fair remuneration for their labour, and live in decent houses, in decent streets, and who are enabled being in receipt of liberal wages, to maintain their habits and vices with some degree of impunity, whilst ill health or any other direct misfortune *does not* assail them. And two-thirds of this class, were they asked the question, would, we dare affirm, acknowledge that should sickness or loss of employment occur, their difficulties would be inextricable, and alone resulting from improvidence and carelessness in the expenditure of good earnings in drinking usages and other acquired follies.

Tiny, as yet but an infant in experience, had, nevertheless, drunk deeply of the bitter cup of adversity, and had mixed much among the various classes in his world—“the bad;”—but as his intellect expanded, and his sensitive nature

\* Comparative Statistics bearing on the opinions of the “people” in reference to this question may be found in the *Temperance Star*, price 3d. London: W. Horsell.

caught a glimpse of the light of good, and discriminating and appreciative talent dawned upon his growing mind, he compared it with the bad, and wondered, and wept. Still, whilst Mercy hovered over him, the hag, Polly continued to be his favourite, and with his friends he rallied around her standard, but only to help her to make daily some heart-aching achievement; but this, through mercy, was preparatory to a crowning one for good. Like an angel of light, Lizzy was the anchor of his heart, a comfort, a solace, a help-meet indeed, soothing and controlling the angry passions of his nature. At this stage of his life, and at every other, she has been the only one to win him by gentleness and kindness from giddy fancies or to keep them in subjection. She has been his mainstay and counsellor under circumstances which few need desire to have had to contend against. Like a fond mother has she guarded him from himself, and from others. She saw the days, and knew and appreciated too the energy with which he combated the difficulties of life. And when her own noble heart has felt as if it would break, she has been enabled to suppress her grief, command her strong emotions, whilst every feature in her kind face has been distorted with the effort, and all this for Tiny; yes, for Tiny.

The winter approached, and work became scarce, and but few weeks had passed away, ere Tiny was discharged from his employment. One by one the articles of furniture were sold to buy bread, and our young friends, with each a little one on their knees, wept over their misfortunes. At these times Lizzy would say: "Where are your friends now, Tiny, they don't care for you." On one occasion when this question was put, and starvation stared them in the face; Tiny replied, "We have sung our sweet songs together at home, Lizzy dear, and I have sung in company much for the amusement of others, and now, in our deep distress, I wonder whether we could get a little money by singing in the streets? Will you go with me, Lizzy?" Lizzy answered in the words of Holy Writ "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge." "We will go out to-night, then," said Tiny, "into dark places where we are not known; we will try." Sad necessity! the days of November were cold and foggy, and this day they had not tasted food; the babies cried for some, and the parents wept because they had none to give. Cheered with hope of success in their enterprise, they borrowed a few pence and bought some food for the children, and put the elder one—a boy—to sleep, wrapped their thin clothing about their own slender forms, and hungry and cold, with want-worn and haggard countenances they sallied forth. The weather was piercing cold, but they went forth in hope. They determined to go to Regent's Park, and as they walked up the New Road, carrying the infant by turns to rest each other. Tiny called to mind many of the bitter scenes of past years, and as he pointed out the spots where each had occurred, he recited the dismal tale over again. When they reached the park they rambled about for near an hour, hoping to find a spot where no passer-by would see them. At length hearing sounds of merriment proceeding from the kitchen of a noble looking mansion, they stopped, each asking the other who should commence first. Tiny made an attempt but his lips were parched, and he shook with the cold as if in an ague, and his heart beat so audibly that in vain he assayed to begin. No, he thought, this must not be, shall not be; and with a speed which has since astonished him to think of, he ran away from the spot, and did not stop till he found himself on the bridge in the park, where, leaning over the iron railings, he looked down on the calm waters beneath. The bright clear moon threw her silvery light on the limpid water, and the sharp wind bent the fragile boughs of shrubs and trees, each movement of which was reflected in the water so still and tranquil. But one object marred the beauty of the scene, and that was Tiny's pale and haggard countenance, for the quiet waters returned the wild glance of his eye as from a mirror. Startled at the reflection, as though he had seen an apparition, he turned from the scene, and lifting his hat from his head suffered the cold wind to play among his hair, and to fan his burning brow. As he did so he thought how calm and serene all nature seemed around, but what a tempest of contending passions was raging within himself. He looked toward heaven, and thought of God. "Is God a silent witness of our sufferings?" said Tiny, aloud. "And has he refused peace to the mind and sustenance to the body of a creature who by the power of his will he has called into existence? Yes, there is no mercy in God nor man. The times and seasons come and go at the periods appointed for them; composition and decomposition—creation and destruction is sure to all created nature. And why does not my time to depart come quickly?" A well-known voice said, "Father;" and Lizzy took his hand in hers, and pale and breathless she led him into a more frequented road than the one in which she found him. She spoke kindly to him, but he answered not; but casting his eyes towards those noble edifices which surround this locality, he said aloud, "Who gave the right to the inhabitants of those stately halls to revel in luxury and dissipation, while I and mine, and thousands like us, are starving? Have not we out of our blood and sinews produced all that you squander and riot in, and then die at your very doors? you never toiled for it. How has might overcome right? God made men and women, not rich and poor, and if his word is to be believed, when the curse went forth that henceforth man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, how comes it that you have escaped it? Curse you! curse you!" he raved aloud. "I have a spirit within me that shall commence a crusade against you which shall bring down a heavy bill for you to settle. Come out—hear me—you—"

"Move on, there," said a voice, and the light from the bull's-eye of a policeman's lamp fell full on his face. Poor

Lizzy spoke not—she was bewildered—but with a beseeching look, and a nervous grasp of his hand, she hurried him away.

Tiny submitted himself to the safe guidance of his wife, and walked mechanically along any road she wished to take him, and through many streets well-known to him, but he heeded them not, till they came to Portland-place, and here, faint and heart-sore, he halted, and leaned against a lamp-post. At this moment a man in appearance, called by some persons a gentleman, neared the place where they stood; he looked at both—passed along—turned and looked again. Lizzy walked hastily towards him, "Sir," she said.

"My dear," he replied.

She continued, "My husband is ill, has no work, no money, will you give me a penny for him?"

The villain brought his face near to hers and whispered. Tiny saw her shrink as it were from herself, and glide away from him; and as the fellow raised his head Tiny moved toward him—their eyes met; when lust rages through the soul it speaks through the eyes. Tiny read him. What a mercy he had not a fitting instrument with which to do the dark deed that in a moment suggested itself to his overwrought imagination; he felt strong, and would have cloven the skull of the adulterous beast in twain.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## FAMILY PICTURES.

THEY arrived at home late that night, and took a heart-rending view of their sleeping children—then at each other; and folded in each other arms, with no eye but that of an allseeing God upon them, they wept over their misfortunes and insults till calmness stole upon them. Cold, weary, and hungry, they retired to rest, consoling themselves, as many do, that when things are at the worst, they must mend.

God speaketh once, yea twice, but man perceiveth it not. Several days of want and privation succeeded the one last mentioned, during which, the youngest of the two children died, and was buried, adding another draught to the bitter cup. Tiny procured a little slop-work, and Lizzy sat down with him to make common shoes, but her health gave way, and she took to her bed. Bitter, above all bitter hours, was that in which Lizzy commended her child to Tiny's care, kissed him fervently, and told him she was going to die.

"Thank God," exclaimed Tiny, a few days after Lizzy had told him she was going to die. "Thank God, you are so much better, what should I do without you? However, you are much better. Doctors don't know everything; you have cheated them, and death too, this time."

"We have much to be thankful for my dear," said Lizzy. "God has spared me for your sake; I hope we shall do better in future; we have had a heavy trial; but if we would acknowledge God in all our ways he would direct our path."

"He don't do much for us then," said Tiny.

"We are both very wicked," replied Lizzy; "but I hope as we grow older we shall get wiser. God helps them who help themselves, you know, and who do with all their might whatsoever their hands find to do."

"I'm sure I work hard," said Tiny, "for what little I get. I ain't a drunkard. I do the best I can."

"Well, my dear," said Lizzy, "I am not finding fault with you; you are very kind to me, very kind." Lizzy appeared excited, she hid her face, and wept; and as much that she said in Tiny's wisdom looked like foolishness, and not wishing to argue with her, or to add to her deep grief, he thought it best to hold his tongue, and as usual when she wept, he too was moved to tears.

Tiny plied his awl diligently early and late, nursed his wife carefully, and their remaining child between whiles. He worked and thought, and as thoughts of an infidel and democratic character came athwart his mind, his eye flashed, his nostrils expanded, and volumes of smoke were emitted from the short pipe which graced his mouth, and enveloped the bushy crop of hair which surmounted his head. His sewing awl darted with much force and much further into the leather than there was any necessity for. Lizzy watched his every action, and it caused her much anxiety.

In a former section we referred to valuable and blessed exceptions, and in fancy we are led to look into the abode of one of those golden links which are numerous among the labouring classes, and are to be found in all corners of London, and elsewhere, and by whom comforts are enjoyed on wages of fifteen or twenty shillings a week. We have seen the exterior of an humble dwelling, over the door of which was as it were written Godliness! and while the destroying angel puts to moral death multitudes of our unwise fellow-toilers, that mark saves the humble poor. An air of order, cleanliness, comfort, and decency is sure to pervade such dwellings as these; yet none other than the occupants themselves can tell how many domestic and personal sacrifices are made in consequence of low wages to attain to an elevation of contentment, the certain reward of economy, perseverance, and industry. Look on that hard working man, who with honest and manly pride can call such an abode his. See the bustle and activity of that bosom friend, his wife. Should it be Saturday, the renovating day, note the clean doorway and window sill, whilst the interior bespeaks order and happiness. The old stove is polished, the hearth is tidy, and the little household decorations show, as it were, a new face. It is evening, the little ones are washed, and with an affectionate mother's kiss still warm on their loving lips, are laid in their tiny bed. The tea is ready, the fire burns brightly in the grate, and the happy wife listens with hope to each approaching footfall. The old Dutch clock ticks in the corner; now it strikes. The

time has arrived when the trusting and confiding wife expects to greet her toil-worn husband. Now the well-known step is heard, and as this happy son of toil enters his comfortable little home his partner receives him with an honest welcome. The kettle on the hob seems to sing welcome. The cat purrs, and rubs against his legs, and means welcome. And there, at his favourite side of the fire, stands his old arm chair. On the hearth, propped up by the old bright fender, are the slippers ready to ease his tired feet; and as a heartfelt glance of love and affection beams forth from the eyes of his helpmeet, and which is rightly appreciated by an affectionate husband only, may be seen the head of a beloved child peering at "daddy," from some nook or make-shift cot in the corner, its face smiling welcome to "home, sweet home." And whilst over their frugal meal matters of a domestic kind are good-naturedly discussed, the kind father produces from his capacious pocket, a few trifles, perhaps a little book for Jenny, or a doll for Mary. But to-morrow is Sunday, and with a mother's pride, the poor change of clothing—clean and well mended, and which shall make her children look smart on the Sabbath morn, are arranged to hand; whilst on the floor in a corner are several pairs of tiny boots ready cleaned, in which to encase tiny feet. But softly, now the Giver of all good is to be thanked at their family altar for mercies received during the day, and a blessing implored for the night, and with cheerfulness they retire to rest. Sunday morning is ushered in, the greatest of all temporal blessings vouchsafed to erring man; a period of time which waits upon us with the regularity of the seasons, as certain as death in its coming, and as full of beneficence to the spiritual-minded man as the summer's sun is to all animated nature.

Family devotion being over, they feel that their children are an heritage of the Lord, and are like olive plants round their table. In the midst of the trials and difficulties of his life the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. "She will do him good and not evil; all the days of her life her husband is known in the gates. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband too, he praiseth her."

Soon the children of blessed parents trudge off to the Sunday School—that great mother of the moral world—and are greeted by their teachers with Christian affection,—teachers who bring on to the world's stage, through their self-denial and anxious solicitude, a race of beings, some of whom may be destined to fill with credit, the highest offices in the power of man to grant to his fellow.

Soon is heard the sound of the bell with its iron tongue, summoning the humble and pious of high and low estate, to the only earthly house of equality; where rich and poor, alike, take refreshing draughts from the sweet waters of eternal life, a rich provision in the economy of grace to purge from the poor man's heart and soul the bitter remembrances of the past week's toil and sin; he feels that "to-day only is his, yesterday and to-morrow are both in eternity."

His neighbours, perhaps, irrational and immoral, find him always willing to do them a "good turn;" and his enemies, even they, allow that he is the best of husbands and fathers. Should death remove any of his loved little ones, his heart is of flesh, the same as those of other men; if philosophy teaches him to endure the affliction like a man, faith in God tutors him to enjoy it like a Christian by turning it into a blessing; and having but limited means, economy to him is no disgrace, because it is better for him "to live on a little, than to out-live a great deal; he is not over elated by successes, nor too much cast down by disappointments. "The solace of religion softens his fatigues, and sustains him in and through all the way of his labouring life."

And this picture of life, of health, and of happiness, all working men may attain to and enjoy, however limited their resources, by the acquirements of temperate, virtuous, and religious habits. Let not the labouring man infer from these remarks, that we are certain that the low wages received by the economic and contented Christian man is sufficient to supply the wants of a growing family; we know better. Neither must the intemperate and profligate man infer from the same, that his liberal weekly wages are considered more than sufficient to supply the growing wants of those dependent on him, if he was wise enough to apply them to the purposes for which it is presumed he had earned them; quite the reverse. But it is obvious to every thinking man, that the one wastes in riot and extravagance, that which, if added to the scanty income of the other, would lighten his domestic cares, and prevent him becoming a dependent on the well-meant bounty of those who are willing to help the man who is persevering under difficulties. For it is an indisputable fact that three-fourths of those whose domestic misery obliges them to intrude their wants upon the notice and sympathies of the benevolent, belong to that class, who, when in the receipt of good wages, squander them in pursuit and support of vicious tastes and habits, and whilst so engaged their moral turpitude has too often proved a snare to unwary and thoughtless youth.

(To be continued in our next.)

*Holloway's Pills for the Effectual Cure of Sick Headaches, Bile, and Disordered Stomachs.*—These wonderful pills cured the Earl of Aldborough and another nobleman of similar complaints, after the most eminent surgeons in England and on the Continent had been consulted in vain. This renowned medicine will cure any person, however bad his case may be, who is suffering from general debility, headache, indigestion, or bilious complaints. These pills act on the very main-springs of life, so that no disease, notwithstanding its severity, can resist their influence. In stomach and bilious complaints, depression of spirits, the student, man of pleasure, and commercial man will find these pills a life elixir, requiring, whilst taking them, no particular restraint in diet or occupation.

**Soiree to Dr. Lees, and Col. Realf, of Kansas, U.S.**  
**THE Demonstration in St. Martin's Hall.** At the Conference, on Tuesday Evening, December 28th, held at Aldine Chambers, Paternoster-row, the following gentlemen were elected to carry out a Maine Law demonstration in St. Martin's Hall.—Messrs. W. Horsell, F. Wright, W. Malthouse, W. Pope, A. Andrade, John Bowen, H. Brown, R. B. Starr, C. V. Boniface, G. Grove, J. Humphries, Isaac Conter, J. W. E. Corner, with power to add to their number. All societies and persons interested, will please communicate. Conference adjourned, to Wednesday, January 5th, 1859, at Eight o'clock.—W. MALTHOUSE, hon. sec.

**DR. LEES, THE ALLIANCE, AND MR. GOUGH.**  
 To the Publisher of the TEMPERANCE STAR.

DEAR SIR,—Will you do me the favour to admit a few lines of explanation in regard to the advertisement of *Goughiana* in your columns, which may prevent misunderstanding and mischief. R. C. of Bristol, and R. D. A. of Ipswich, have been writing to the Alliance Leaders, complaining that I should have advertised the extracts from the Temperance Review and American Journal, &c., after I had consented to the insertion of that paragraph in the Alliance, in which R. C. rectifies his own misapprehension. That advertisement was my contemptuous answer to the Glasgow and Edinburgh escapades; and was inserted in the *Christian News*, and posted to you, several days prior to R. C.'s letter (not as he says since), and had, therefore, nothing to do with it. I recalled the advertisement from the Alliance News, but allowed the definite order for its insertion, sent to London and Glasgow, to remain uncountermanded; and my withdrawal of it from the Alliance having been so badly appreciated, I regret that I ordered its withdrawal even there. *Goughiana* consists of historical extracts; and I don't feel that history must be ignored to suit anybody, or because a late oath is in flat opposition to it. It is so much the worse for the "oath"—not for the fact. The old sin is not the worst of it; the new denial is the main fact.

The gentlemen who write to the Alliance Leaders asking them to influence me (gentlemen who never complained of the recent outrages upon myself) will please to mark that the Alliance is not at all responsible for my actions, not I for theirs. I have given them my aid, my money, my thoughts for some years, when they have asked me; but I do not suffer dictation either from them, or any of their friends; and I suggest, therefore, that Messrs. C. and A. *et hoc genus omnes*, if they have anything to say, should write to myself like men.—Yours truly, F. R. LEES, Dec. 12, 1858.

[The Proprietor of this Paper begs to say he received the printed advertisement, prior to 26th of Oct. last, and that Dr. Lees has not recently advertised it in his columns.]

**DISTINCTIVE MARK FUND.**

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 Further subscriptions will be received by Mr. WILLIAM MALTHOUSE, 8, Penton-row, Walworth, London.  
 Next Conference, January 14, 1859.

**FOUR ALMANACS FOR 1859.**

**THE Trade and Advertisers are informed that** W. HORSSELL is now publishing the following ALMANACS for 1859, in fcap. 8vo.—

- The Christian Tradesman's Penny Almanac; interleaved with ruled paper for cash and memorandums, 2d.
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Dr. F. R. LEES

**WILL Deliver a LECTURE (D.V.) on TEMPERANCE and the MAINE LIQUOR LAW, on Monday, January 17th inst., in Myddelton Hall, Upper-st., Islington, on behalf of the funds of the "Caledonian Temperance and Health Reform Society," Holloway. Doors open at Seven o'clock, Chair to be taken at Eight precisely by Robert A. Wainwright, Esq. Admission.—Reserved Seats and Platform, One Shilling; Body of the Hall, Sixpence.—G. R. Grove, Hon. Sec., 26, Upper Victoria-road, Holloway, N.**

**THE NINETEENTH ANNUAL TEMPERANCE SERMON** will be preached (D.V.) in New Church Street Chapel, Edgware Road, by the Rev. Dr. Burns, on Lord's-day afternoon, Jan. 9th, 1859. Service to commence at Three o'clock. All friends of Temperance are invited to be present.

**TO THE BOYS OF OUR BANDS OF HOPE.**  
**A HANDSOME COPY of the "STRUGGLES of a VILLAGE LAD,"** will be presented to any boy under 14 years of age, for the best reply to a letter, signed "H. Smart" in the *Temperance Star* of the 11th inst.; the reply not to exceed the length of the letter, and to embrace two points: 1. Its gross ignorance; 2. Its unprovoked impertinence; for the reason that though ignorance might be pitied and overlooked, impertinence deserves chastisement.—Replies to be sent, addressed, A TRIED TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE, care of the Editor of the *Temperance Star*.—Advertisement.

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**TO TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES & MEMBERS OF THE ALLIANCE.**  
**ANOTHER LONDON CONFERENCE.**

**ON WEDNESDAY, JAN. 12th,** a Conference will be held in the WELCH CHAPEL, ALDERSGATE ST. (below the General Post Office, on the same side), commencing at Eight o'clock. The Report of the Committee appointed at St. Martin's Hall Conference, Dec. 10, will then be presented and considered. Three Delegates from each Temperance Committee, and all subscribing members of the Alliance, are eligible to attend and vote. All friends of the Alliance may be present.

**TO TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.**

**COL. REALF,** the American Temperance Orator and Prohibition Advocate, will accept a limited number of Lecturing Engagements.—For Terms, &c., Address—Mr. George Smart, Hon. Sec. New Temperance Association, 44, Mighell-street, Brighton.

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**SOUTHWARK TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.**

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 "Moderation leads to drunkness."  
 "Total abstinence is the only preventive of, and cure for drunkness."

A Temperance Society on Total Abstinence Principles has been formed for Southwark and its localities to hold Weekly Meetings, on THURSDAY EVENINGS, in Dunn's Lecture Hall, 39, Bridge-House-Place, Newington Causeway, for the purpose of diffusing information on the subject in these parts, and in the earnest hope that the exertions of the Committee may stem the overflowing tide of Drunkness which is so demoralising and debasing the districts aforesaid.

The first Public Meeting will be held on THURSDAY EVENING, the 6th of JANUARY, at 8 o'clock, and the Chair will be taken by

**GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, Esq.,** who will be ably assisted by Messrs. Whittaker, Campbell, McCurry and other eminent advocates.

Tea will be provided for about 100 members and friends of the cause, to be on table at six o'clock. The Hawkestone Hall Brass Band will attend: also the accomplished Mrs. Sprado will preside at the pianoforte, and sing some favourite pieces; and the committee will do their utmost to inaugurate their new society in a manner which will make it thoroughly effective and beneficial.

Tea being over, the public will be admitted at eight o'clock, free of charge.

The committee assert their claim to the support of those respectable inhabitants of those parts, who wish to see the onward progress of peace, order, temperance, and religion.

Tickets for the Tea, One Shilling each, may be had of Mr. HAINES, No. 209, High-street, Bow; Mr. WORLEY, next the Elephant and Castle; Mr. PURVIS, Blackfriars Road; Mr. HOWLETT, Vauxhall Cross; Mr. G. C. CAMPBELL, 350, Oxford-street; Mr. J. MATTHEW, Ivy Lane, St. Paul's, and York House, Walworth Road; Mr. J. THURGOOD, 6, Eagle Terrace, City Road; Mr. JOHN BOWEN, 22, Sutton Street, York Road, Lambeth; Mr. C. F. JOHN, 58, Monever-street, Hoxton New Town; Mr. ANDRADE, 22, Prior Place, East Lane, Walworth; Mr. W. MALTHOUSE, 8, Penton Place, Walworth; Mr. TWEEIDIE, 337, Strand; Mr. B. F. WESTON, Secretary, 1, Woodland Terrace, Brunswick Street, Devon Road; and at the Hall, as above.

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To Total Abstinents the *CHRISTIAN NEWS* commends itself as the first, and, for some years, the only Temperance newspaper in the United Kingdom, having, from the time of its starting in 1846, cordially and effectively advocated the claims of the Total Abstinence movement. It was the first, also, which brought into notice the desirability and feasibility of a Maine Law for this country.

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