

"That loaf served us all the Sunday,
And I went to work next day.
Since that time I've been tectotal—
That is all I've got to say."

MRS. CARLILE, THE PIONEER OF BANDS OF HOPE.

Whilst it is possible to pay undue reverence to the past, it is, on the other hand, a practice at once pleasing and salutary now and again to recall to mind early days and early workers in the great field of philanthropic enterprise. Hardly any great movement owes its origin to one individual; when the time of its birth arrives, the thought teeming in the minds of many, takes definite form in that of one, and falling on prepared ground, grows and prospers. Yet still one or two names always recur to our thoughts when any special work is mentioned, and no well read friend of Bands of Hope,—still less any old worker in its ranks—will fail to associate the name of the subject of our sketch with the inception and earlier stages of the cause we have at heart.

The land of Father Matthew was also that of Ann Jane Hammil, who, born in County Monaghan in 1775, became the wife of the Rev. Carlile. Their married life at Bailieborough passed happily and uneventfully, until there a fell crushing blow. The death of Mr. Carlile left his wife a widow, burdened with all the care and responsibility of a young family. The brave heart of the mother, however, soon overcame the grief of the wife, and for the sake of her children Mrs. Carlile removed to Dublin.

The loss of her husband would seem to have created a void in the heart of Mrs. Carlile, which only active benevolence could fill, for soon after her arrival in the capital, we find her busily employed in work from which anyone less brave would have shrunk with dismay. She devoted herself to the visitation of prisons—at that time most shamefully misconducted—and of fallen women. Whilst engaged in this work, the connection between crime and strong drink was strongly impressed on the mind of Mrs. Carlile. Forty inmates of a prison was owing to the use of strong drink. This circumstance, and others of a similar character, acting on a tender conscience and loving heart, had its legitimate effect, and Mrs. Carlile became a total abstainer. Like Mrs. Fry and others similarly engaged in England, Mrs. Carlile endeavored to make her good work permanent, and to her initiative is due the Dublin Penitentiary, which is still doing useful work; and a Sailors' Home in connection with a Sailors' Temperance Society, which owed much to her influence. Soldiers and Sailors shared largely in the thoughts and efforts of this excellent woman, but the work in which she most delighted was that of guiding the young, and those who had influence with them, to a right and wise decision with regard to strong drink. In pursuance of a project for the delivery of a series of addresses in Sunday and Day Schools, and Factories, Mrs. Carlile in 1847 visited the town of Leeds, where her arrival was most opportune. The Rev. Jabez Tunncliffe, whose mind was greatly exercised by the sad circumstances connected with the death of a young man in whom he took a warm interest, was earnestly engaged in the promotion of Juvenile Temperance, and at a large meeting of children convened by him, Mrs. Carlile spoke with a power which produced lasting effect. It was at this meeting, or at one shortly following this, that the name which has now travelled round the world, which is borne by societies in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the West Indies, the South of Africa,—indeed, wherever the English language is spoken,—was first bestowed. By whom and when is a matter of some little doubt, but that the name arose in connection with this effort at Leeds, and under the auspices of Mrs. Carlile and Mr. Tunncliffe is an interesting certainty.

Mrs. Carlile's power of public speech was not developed, or, at least, was not exercised until she was well advanced in her useful career. She commenced with addresses to women only, but as zeal increased diffidence gave way, and all ages and both sexes shared ultimately in the harvest of her thoughts. Her addresses were instinct with life, and told with special power on the young, many of whom, in their riper years, can still bear testimony to the thrilling character of her appeals. Perhaps, however, the best proof of effectiveness in this respect is the fact that she administered the pledge to over seventy thousand people. Blest with an excellent constitution, of active and temperate habits, and with a strong will (a more important factor in longevity than is generally supposed), Mrs. Carlile preserved her great powers almost to the end of her long life. With advancing experience those powers acquired additional effect, and the mellowing influence of declining years tended to yet further perfect a beautiful character.

A sharp trial awaited Mrs. Carlile before she entered into rest, in the accidental death by drowning of her only son Francis, a young man of great promise; a sad blow to a heart already suffering under the loss of a much-loved daughter.

An interesting letter from Father Matthew to Mrs. Carlile is still extant, and breathes a spirit most creditable to both correspondents.

It is matter for rejoicing that in the Temperance cause, and especially in its juvenile development, may be found a common rallying ground for earnest men and women of all denominations.

On March 14, 1864, Mrs. Carlile closed her long and useful life of eighty-nine years. Power and gentleness were certainly the leading traits of this excellent friend of the young. Surely she is to be numbered with those of whom we may say, "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."—*The Band of Hope Chronicle*.

TAUGHT BY A CHILD.

Once upon a time a tired temperance worker sat by a desk in a library and asked, "To what end do I work?" The cause is great, but the success is so small! On every hand grog-shops and saloons stand open. Strong drink each year destroys its thousands. If cholera or yellow fever slew one-half so many, the country would be up in arms, and the government would go to the rescue; but it is only the case of the thousands slain by the demon of drink, and the licenses are granted and the government takes the taxes! Said the weary worker: "Here is a letter from a friend; her son is a maniac from strong drink. This woman, once my friend, is in an inebriate asylum. This man, once honored, goes to-day to a drunkard's grave. Why do we toil? We cannot stem the tide." Then came from the next room soft sounds of children's voices: "Betty, oo tant reach the top of dat botetere to dus' it." "No-o, Tottie, but I can dust the chairs, and there will be that much dust less. Mamma says to do what I can, Tottie." "An' I does what I tan. I tant seep with a broom, but I tan seep with a brush. I tant seep all the room, Betty, but I tan tate up all the dirt I see."

"There's some behind the sofa, Tottie, you can see and not reach." "At's not my blame," says valiant Tottie. "I'll dus' up all I tan reach. If we don't do nothin', Betty, the room will loot pretty bad. If we do all we tan, it will loot pretty good." "And, perhaps when we get done the boys will come in and put all in a litter again," says Betty, "may be it's no use trying." "If v. try all we tan," says Tottie, "we'll feel better in our hearts. An' we'll please mamma; an' I know dis, Betty, all dis dus' I have dot up in my jan won't be on the floor."

"See here," says Betty, "lets we do all, every bit we can, and then go out and sit on the step, and may be an angel will come in and do the rest—sweep under the sofa and dust the high places." When the children went out, some one who had received a lesson went in and finished the room, considering that when God's workers do all they can they may be sure a strong arm will reach out to do the rest. When the children came, they smiled and saw the work of the angel.—*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

HOW THEY PLAY THE PIANO IN NEW ORLEANS.

"I was loafing around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the oldest locomotive engineers running into New Orleans, "and as I had nothing to do I dropped into a concert and heard a slick looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself that he knew the machine he was running. He tapped the keys away up one end, just as if they were gauges and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up, as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed out on the main line, as if he was half an hour late.

"You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges, and getting faster and faster, until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old '36' pulling a passenger train, and getting out of the way of a special." The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz saw, and I got excited. About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little, he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle away back in the tender, and—Jerusalem Jumpers! how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that she was pounding on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ash pan.

"But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of corn stalks, the trees appeared to be a mud bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumble bee. I tried to yell out, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug, went down grades fifty feet to the mile, and not a confounded brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute, and calling for more steam. My hair stood up like a cat's tail, because I knew the game was up.

"Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the head light of the 'special.' In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people mashed and mangled and bleeding and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead standstill, with the door of the fire-box of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing at the people before him. If I live to be a thousand years old, I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."—*Times Democrat*.