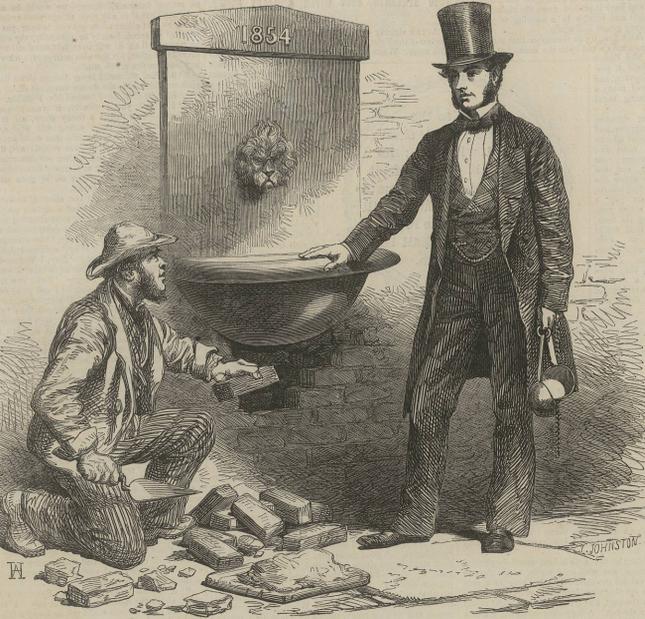




HAVE YOU WOUND UP THE CLOCK?  
I HAVE a plan in my head that I think may be  
useful: a plan that will suit the inmates of a







MR. MELLY SUPERINTENDING THE ERECTION OF THE FIRST DRINKING FOUNTAIN IN LIVERPOOL.

**DRINKING FOUNTAINS.**

SEVEN years ago, a young Liverpool merchant was superintending the erection of the first Drinking Fountain. For two or three years he had been labouring to get the municipal authorities to erect Drinking Fountains, or to allow him to do it at his own cost. At length he was allowed to erect a few. Many ridiculed and opposed the benevolent movement, but Mr. Melly being a member of the "trust" company, persevered in what he believed would be a boon to the working-classes. In the seven years that have since passed, Mr. Melly's name has become a household word, and about one thousand Drinking Fountains erected in all parts of the United Kingdom and our Colonies, testify what may result from the labours of one persevering spirit! Perhaps no movement of modern times has received with more general favour than that for the erection of Public Drinking Fountains. From the peer to the peasant it has found warm supporters. Rich and poor have alike freely contributed for its promotion. It has called forth many pleasing illustrations of the sympathy of the wealthy with their toiling fellow-creatures. One instance deserves special notice. In Victoria Park a magnificent Fountain is now in course of erection by Miss Bartlett Coates. This fountain, which is to cost £2000, is the freest gift of this benevolent lady to the sons and daughters of toil in the Eastern portion of London!

**PERSEVERANCE.**

ROBERT BATES, King of Scotland, being out one day looking at the scenes of his country, was obliged to seek refuge at night in a barn, which belonged to a poor but honest cottager. In the morning when he awoke, he saw a spider climbing up the beam of the roof. The spider fell down to the ground, but it immediately tried again, when it a second time fell to the ground. It

made a third attempt, but did not succeed. Twelve times did the little spider try to climb up the beam, and twelve times it fell down again, but the thirteenth time it succeeded and gained the top of the beam. The king



immediately got up from his lowly couch, and said, "This little spider has taught me perseverance. I will follow its example. Twelve times have I been beaten by the enemy. I will try once more." He did so, and won the next battle. The king was the spider's scholar.

**THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.**

A DOG, crossing a little rivulet with a piece of flesh in his mouth, saw his own shadow represented in the clear mirror of the limpid stream; and believing it to be another dog, who was carrying another piece of flesh, he could not forbear catching at it, but was so far from getting anything by his greedy design, that he dropped the piece he had in his mouth, which immediately sunk to the bottom, and was irrevocably lost.

APPLICATION.—He that catches at more than belongs to him, justly deserves to lose what he has.—*Aesop's Fables.*

**'Bob,' the Fireman's Dog.**

THIS noble animal, so valuable to the Firemen of London, is dead. Poor 'Bob,' whilst running before the engine to a fire, and 'clearing the way,' as usual, was run over and killed on the spot. We gave an engraving with an account of 'Bob,' in No. 101 of the "Hand of Hope Review," in which will be found some interesting particulars respecting him.

**JONATHAN BARBER.**

MANY of our readers will probably remember the appearance of a paragraph in the *Times* a few years ago, stating that Jonathan Barber, the well-known Infidel Advocate, of Nottingham, had publicly renounced his sceptical principles, and expressed himself a believer in the truths of the Gospel. The matter excited great interest, not only in Nottingham, but throughout the country. The "Apology for Renouncing Infidel Opinions" published by Mr. Dearden of Nottingham; and Simpkin and Co. Paternoster Row, will long be a valuable text-book with those who seek to spread Gospel truth amongst those who have unhappily imbibed sceptical principles.

Barber is now dead; and we rejoice to learn from the worthy Vicar of Nottingham, the Rev. J. W. Brooks, that his "end was peace." Shortly before his death he said, "I feel sensible that I am going. My only wish to live was that I might do a little good among those whom I have injured. I cogitated many plans in my head during my lifetime. But God does not now see it right to allow me this honour, but I say *His will be done!* I hope my little publication may do some good, referring to his 'Apology.'—We trust this interesting tract will be read by thousands.

If by reason of our imperfect knowledge, we meet with difficulties in the Christian faith, they are but small in comparison with those which have to be encountered by those who deny the existence of a God, and claim that the revelation He has given of His will.

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—These are just the things for distribution by Christians as they walk 'by the way,' in town or country, or in the shade of some frequented watering-place.—*Becher's Magazine.*

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557 This affecting history of Robert Cutbush, the wheelwright, and his family servants, will, we trust, have the thoughtful perusal of many of our readers. It deserves to be read aloud in every family. We commend it to the notice of wives and mothers.

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