

Lodges in good working order than there are now... ranks of vice will soon be filled only with the wholly depraved...

At the meeting of this Lodge there were 24 Primary Lodges in Kings, 1020 members belonging to 23 of them, as one was not heard from officially, 187 were initiated during that term and 46 expelled...

To give more statistical information is quite out of the question, as so many of the returns are incorrectly made out, and the headings of the blanks being somewhat ambiguous all the Lodges do not understand them alike...

For instance, some put down the number of male and female members that have joined the lodge since its organization, instead of the number actually belonging at the end of the quarter.

Three lodges have sent no returns, viz, Happy Home, British Standard, which is defunct, and Morning Star, which is living yet, but so crippled by faction that no return was forwarded.

Nearly all the lodges heard from are doing a good work and much interest generally pervades the weekly and fortnightly meetings.

I would respectfully suggest that all Lodges endeavour to get the best penmen and accountants in each Lodge to fill the Secretary's and Financier's office and would recommend that each Lodge provide itself with good books and try to have them well kept.

(The money matters are omitted here, but will appear in the synopsis of proceedings of the Lodges; soon to be printed) To sum up all our force, morally, temporarily, if I may be permitted to coin a term very much needed, and financially, we find that British Templarism is not a myth, or the semblance of a body, but a mighty power, whose influence for good cannot be well calculated.

Our Order is every day becoming better known

and appreciated; every month enlarges our borders and brings more members within our ranks, and should we prosper as we have already, British Templarism will in ten years embrace 20,000 persons in its arms and protect them from the fierce and foul attacks of intemperance by its powerfulegis. On this depends the prosperity of so good an Order.

"And since on us the future fate Of myriads yet unborn may wait,"

our duties are plain and should be performed with all diligence. Intemperance is doing a deadly work. Humanity is suffering all around us on account of this floodgate of iniquity being open day and night pouring ruin and woe into our midst, and by its torrents of vice, tearing from our society, fathers wives, sons and daughters, whose intellects and hearts are so formed, that were they not driven by almost irresistible influences to form appetites for strong drink, would shine as characters worthy of every imitation in the halls of legislation, the courts of law, around the domestic hearth and as members of the Church of Christ.

Husbands and fathers are drawn away from the offices of emolument and honor by strong drink and its concomitant allurements and vices into the path of destruction, and dash from many a confiding wife's heart the hope of happiness on earth, and fill it with horror by the thought that her best friend was in a fair way to fill a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's hell; to say nothing of the misery of body and agony of soul endured in order to provide, as is often the case, for children whose natural protector and provider was so imbruted as to despise their most earnest appeals for succor, and at last to crown all, the wife, perhaps, is hurried in to eternity by a blow from her husband's hand during a fit of mania a potu, and their little ones sent homeless, penniless, and worse than all characterless out into a cold hard-hearted world to live as best they can on the charities of the good, or as is too often the case, noble minded and sensitive children become calloused by the buffs and re-buffs of unfeeling persons, and are driven at last to desperate deeds of blood by the vices that have been planted and nurtured in their very souls by strong drink and its influences.

Wives, too, in both the higher and humbler walks of life have through a love of wine proved recreant to every maternal and conjugal duty, and brought themselves to infamy by this kind of indulgence. Christian husbands are bad, but drunken wives and mothers, who can imagine their turpitude, their immorality as respects influence! As angels fallen make demons, so women habitually inebriated make fiends.

Sons are destroyed by drink. Need I say more! Health of mind and body, reputation and everything noble and beautiful in manhood are destroyed by intemperance—withered, blasted by wine.

And daughters, lovely, light-hearted and virtuous girls ere "sweet sixteen" has come and gone, ere the blush of early womanhood has faded from their cheek, ere the bright and fascinating sparkle of the eye is dimmed, or the sweet notes of girlhood superseded by the deeper tones of maturity, this demon poisons the blood, inflames the passions, and places

the youthful female in a position ill fitted to withstand the attacks of virtue-destroying and soul-jeopardizing caterers of vices the blackest and crimes the foulest that mankind are capable of committing; and through this medium hundreds are ruined annually.

Vices, the most insulting and degrading to human nature are alone supported by strong drink. Gin and beer are the pap and pabula of incipient vices, and moderate drinking is the father of the most glaring crimes of the 19th century.

With these facts before us, does there not a voice that speaks louder and more pathetic, in tones more unmistakable and truthful than ever did the eloquence of Demosthenes or Cicero to an Athenian or Roman audience! An appeal comes from every drunkard in the community to the philanthropic and good, by his actions to save him from ruin. Man overcome by strong drink and goaded to madness by alcoholic stimulants is unable to do right, even when he knows it, and nature insulted by the feed makes every effort to inform all observers that the man is in danger and ought to be rescued.

Therefore, I consider that from every inmate of every Penitentiary, who has been brought there by strong drink, and few there be there who have not been thus brought; from every lunatic in every asylum, put there by wine, and their name is legion; from every frequenter of gilded drinking saloons; from every brothel and every frequenter of such places; from every staggering, reeling drunkard; from every ribald song and obscene oath that strong drink produces, and how comparatively few would there be were it not for gin! from every broken-hearted wife and mother, made so by rum; from every shivering orphan of drunken parents; from every low sink of iniquity in the world; from every groan of despair that is wrung from virtuous females, by the misdeeds of parents, brothers or lovers, who are led astray by the demon drink, that sounds like the hollow moan of lost spirits, and bespeaks an agony of soul that must be felt to be known; from the death-bed scene, or often the death-ditch or street scene of the inebriate hurled into eternity during a fit of delirium tremens; from all these and many, many more, comes a voice of deepest beseeching to all who are free from this destroyer's clutch, to hasten to the rescue of our unfortunate fellow-men who have been led astray by the tempter.

In this long, loud wail of suffering and woe methinks I hear a voice saying "be sober, be faithful be hopeful, be charitable, be united," and that voice addresses us, addresses British Templars, and appeals in tones sufficiently mournful to rend the heart and freeze the blood in its channels, to temperance advocates, to work, to strive for victory over the rum fiend.

Let us learn from the past lessons of wisdom and words of reproof, nor consider that we know all that can be learned respecting the advancement of temperance, for

"Were man to live creval with the sun, The patriarch pupil would be learning still; Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearn'd."

Submitted in F. H. and O. T. W. MUSGROVE, W. C. S.