

## I. O. Good Templars.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada, I. O. G. T. Items of information in regard to the Temperance work everywhere always thankfully received by the Editor, T. W. Casey, G. W. S., TRUTH office, Toronto.

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### Toronto W. E. Y. P. Association.

At the regular meeting of the Young People's Association in connection with the West End Christian Temperance Society, held on Friday evening last, the Treasurer and Financial Secretary's report for the quarter ending Dec. 31st was read, in which was shown that there was a balance on hand of \$34.55 and that there had been 60 members initiated during the quarter. After the report had been read, the following officers for the ensuing quarter were installed by the Hon. President, A. Farley Esq.:

President, Bro. H. C. Tugwell; 1st Vice-Pres., Bro. Munns, 2nd Vice-Pres., Bro. M. J. McCarthy; Chaplain, Bro. J. Powe; Treasurer, Bro. W. Penny; Secretary, Bro. J. W. Fielding; Assis. Sec., Bro. W. Bateman; Finan. Sec., Bro. Huntington; Marshall, Bro. J. Woodward; Deputy-Marshall, Sis. M. Munro; Inside guard, Bro. E. Blacklock; Outside guard, Bro. F. Cook.

### NEWS FROM LODGES.

EMERSON, MANITOBA.—There is a flourishing lodge at Cameron, with Bro. David Fraser as L. D. Bro. W. H. Heron writes: "The work is doing well here and the lodge is in a flourishing condition."

CO-OPERATION WANTED.—The Grand Secretary will be glad to hear from any parties where new Lodges of the I. O. G. Templars may be organized, or dormant ones resuscitated. Letter addressed to T. W. Casey, G. W. S., Napanee, Ont., will receive prompt attention, and the necessary arrangements for work will be made.

HISTORY OF THE ORDER.—Bro. W. H. Rodden, 46 Hayden St., Toronto, has on hand a few copies of Rev. Bro. Parker's history of the I. O. Good Templars from its commencement. It is a well written and reliable work, recommended and endorsed by the R. W. Grand Lodge. It is probably the only reliable history of the Order procurable. Price, post paid, \$1.25. Send orders direct to Bro. Rodden.

NEW LODGE.—At Ancaster, Wentworth County, a new lodge was instituted by Bro. R. W. Dingle, of Dundas, assisted by the members of his lodge. "Mountain Village" Lodge begins work with good prospects of success. Meetings every Tuesday evening. James E. Ritchie, L. D.; Sister Jackson, W. V.; Bro. Jackson, W. S.; J. Collins, W. T.; G. McCrinnon, W. F. S.; J. Crooks, W. M. Bro. Dingle since writes, saying: "The last time I visited the new lodge they initiated five new members and several proposals were received. They are doing well."

HAMPDEN, GRAY CO.—Bro. T. C. Smith, L. D., of the newly organized lodge, writes:—"At a public meeting held in the school house, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 28th, it was decided by those present to form a temperance society in connection with the I. O. Good Templars. On Wednesday, Dec. 12th, the officers of Refuge Lodge, initiated thirty-eight persons into the Order and organized the lodge, to be known as

Hampden Lodge, No. 133. The officers were installed by Bro. C. Ramage, L. D., of Refuge Lodge."

There is a lively interest being taken in the Lodge just now, which I hope may continue. Eight persons have joined us since the organization, making a present total of forty-six members in less than a month. If they continue to come in as it is thought they will, I trust to have a good report for another quarter."

ANOTHER NEW LODGE.—On Friday evening of last week "Peninsula" Lodge was instituted in the city of St. Catharines with twenty-four charter members, by Bro. T. W. Casey, G. W. S. The new lodge is composed of excellent material, being all active and intelligent young people. There are good prospects that the number of members will be doubled in a few weeks. The officers elected and installed are:—W. C. T., Wm. C. Steele; W. V., Miss Bessie Weaver; W. S., Wm. Kerr; W. T., Miss Senkler; W. F. S., Bro. Black; W. M., Bro. Kay; W. I. G., Miss D. Hennegan; O. G., Thomas Johnson; W. C., Bro. Silverpiper; Lodge Deputy, Charles Robinson. Night of of meeting, Monday. The new lodge is largely the result of the active efforts of Bro. Steele and some others, formerly members of the Order in other localities.

CLINTON, HURON Co.—Of Clinton Lodge, Bro. Jacob Taylor writes:—"I am glad to say that the lodge is on the increase. I have no doubt but what in the future many will be able to look back and say that they were glad the I. O. G. T. was started in Clinton. Our Lodge consists chiefly of young people. Quite a number of young men who, before they joined us, were reckless and wild, are now sober and industrious, and respected, not only by themselves, but by others. In order to make a lodge successful, especially among the younger people, I believe we must make it interesting and entertaining. We have a programme prepared every time we meet, consisting, at times, of readings and recitations, and at other times we have debates, spelling matches and impromptu speeches. Since the winter set in we have had two public entertainments, both of which were very successful. We intend visiting Seaford Lodge on the 11th, and Bro. Rev. J. Kenner has consented to preach us a temperance sermon on the 13th, when we intend marching in a body to the church. Several of our members have left here, and I expect to be among the next to go, but Clinton lodge has got a good start, and is bound to do a good work."

ENCOURAGING.—Letters are coming by every mail such as cheer both the publisher and the editor of TRUTH. Bro. Daniel Young, of New Glasgow, Ont., in sending in the name of a new subscriber says: "I am delighted with TRUTH, and will get you all the subscribers I can." Bro. Poole, L. D., Cantown, Ont., has also sent in a number of subscribers during the past few days. Bro. P. McPherson, of Tiverton, has also just in six subscribers, with more to come. Bro. M. Lynch L. H., of Dunville, P. Q., has forwarded another good list of yearly subscribers for TRUTH, and has kindly arranged with an active agent to make a thorough canvass for it. That is just the kind of encouragement we would like to get everywhere. Bro. T. H. James, Glen Williams, has also sent additional names. His list of new subscribers now numbers forty. He wears the belt. TRUTH has the satisfaction of knowing it has warm friends everywhere it circulates. Mr. E. D. Mills, Lake View Lodge, Cross Lake, Keewatin, writes:—"I am certainly very much pleased with your magnificent paper. I am interested and profited in the reading of it. I will try and get you subscribers."

HUMBERSTONE, WELAND CO.—HUMBERSTONE LODGE I. O. G. T. meets Saturday evenings at Templars Hall. Visiting members always welcome. W. C. T., W. L. SCHOFIELD; W. S., A. M. NEEF; L. D., JAMES KINNEAR, Port Colborne, Ont.

## Good of the Order.

### FOR READINGS & RECITATIONS.

#### Go Not Back.

My Brother, go not back,  
The pledge is taken now;  
I see it in the healthful smile  
That plays upon thy brow;  
I see it in the sparkling eye,  
So dull and dim before;  
Then go not back, my friend,  
To sure destruction's door.

My Brother, go not back,  
Press on in virtue's way;  
Be steadfast to thy sacred pledge,  
And truth shall be thy stay.  
Hope, bright as morning's dawn shall spring  
Where'er thy feet may tread;  
Then go not back, my friend,  
To path of terrors spread.

My Brother, go not back  
To sorrow and to vice,  
To reap the bitter fruits of sin,  
Where none of glory rise;  
Where, strangers to the joys of earth,  
Life will be steeped in woe;  
Then go not back again, my friend,  
But upward, heavenward, go.

My Brother will not go—  
I read it on his cheek,  
I see it in the tears that flow,  
And when I hear him speak  
He has resolved in God's own strength,  
Who will I know, sustain,  
Never, while reason holds the throne,  
To touch the cup again.

#### The Widow's Appeal.

Stay, stay thy hand—Oh, tempt him not,  
For he is all that's left to me,  
The sunshine of my lonely lot,  
The partner of my misery—  
My youngest born,  
His father's pride—  
Oh tempt him not,  
Take all beside.

Take all beside, but leave my boy,  
Nor tempt him with the accursed bowl,  
He is the widow's only joy,  
The solace of her troubled soul.  
Father and friend  
Thy victim fell,  
Oh, spare the boy  
I love so well.

Thrice have I seen the cold grave yawn,  
And swallow, in its darksome gloom,  
The forms I loved from earliest dawn—  
And thou, alas, didst seal their doom.  
The tempting bowl  
Thy hand didst hold,  
And all was done  
For paltry gold.

Those painful scenes I can forget,  
This bruised heart can heal again,  
And burning tears shall no more wet  
These pallid cheeks now sunk with pain.  
All is forgiven  
If thou'lt but swear  
By hope of heaven  
Thou wilt forbear.

And tempt no more my darling boy,  
To taste those bitter dregs of woe,  
No more the mother's peace destroy;  
But onward let thy footsteps go,  
To seek the lost  
From virtue's ways,  
And joy shall crown  
Thy future days.

#### A Leap-Year Episode.

Can I forget that winter night  
In eighteen eighty-four,  
When Nellie, charming little sprite,  
Came tapping at the door?  
"Good evening, miss," I blushing said,  
For in my heart I knew—  
And, knowing, hung my pretty head—  
That Nellie came to woo.

She clasped my big, red hand, and fell  
Adown upon her knees,  
And cried: "You know I love you well  
So be my husband, please!"  
And then she swore she'd over be  
A tender wife and true—  
Ah, what delight it was to me  
That Nellie came to woo!

She'd lace my shoes and darn my hose  
And mend my shirts, she said,  
And groan my comely Roman nose  
Each night on going to bed;  
She'd build the fires and fetch the coal,  
And split the kindling, too—  
Love's perjuries o'erwhelmed her soul  
When Nellie came to woo?

And as I, blushing, gave no check  
To her advances rash,  
She twined her arms around my neck,  
And toyed with my mustache;  
And then she pleaded for a kiss,  
While I, what could I do  
But coyly yield me to that bliss  
When Nellie came to woo?

I am engaged, and proudly wear  
A gorgeous diamond ring,  
And I shall wed my lover fair  
Some time in gentle spring.  
I face my doom without a sigh—  
And so, forsooth, would you,  
If you but loved as fond as I  
That Nellie who came to woo.

#### Forward, Still Forward.

BY EVELYN L. FARRAR.

Forward, still forward, each year growing  
bolder,  
The call to our ranks may be heard from  
afar;  
Onward, aye onward; yes, shoulder to  
shoulder,  
At home and abroad we're engaged in the  
war.

All are united, each comrade a brother;  
The faith we profess in our lives shall be  
seen,  
Rest we, ah! never, until the drink vices  
Bring no more reproach on our country  
and Queen.

Down with the vice which now seeks to de-  
stroy it,  
And up with our cause, which is spread-  
ing with years;  
Thousands, ah! thousands of sad hearts will  
bless us;  
So come, join to night with the brave  
volunteers.

Loyal, united, like those who before us  
Our leaders in battle the foremost have  
been,  
We swear to bear onward the Temperance  
banner,  
Until it floats proudly o'er the country  
and Queen.

#### Beyond These Chilling Winds.

BY NANCY AMELIA PRIEST.

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy  
skies,  
Beyond death's solemn portal,  
There is a land where beauty never dies  
And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by  
shade,  
Whose fields are ever vernal,  
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,  
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet the balmy  
air,  
How bright and fair its flowers;  
We may not hear the songs that echo  
there,  
Through those enchanted bowers.

That city's shining towers we may not  
see  
With our dim earthly vision,  
For Death, the silent wardon, keeps the  
key  
That opens those gates elysian.

But sometimes when down the western sky  
The fiery sunset lingers,  
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,  
Unlocked by silent fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,  
Gleams from the inner glory  
Stream brightly through the azure vault  
afar.  
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! Oh land of love divine!  
Father all wise, eternal,  
Guide, guide these wandering feet of mine  
Into those pastures vernal!