

3. They shall have power to adopt by-laws, and regulations for their own management and operations.

4. The incomes of the existing London and Manchester societies shall be at the disposal of the total abstinence committees in each province respectively as at the present time, and shall be collected and disbursed by them; each committee being responsible only for such expenses as are incurred with its sanction for work done in its own province.

5. Affiliated Societies: Parochial temperance societies and bands of hope may affiliate themselves to the parent society by contributing not less than 10s. per annum to its funds, such societies shall be entitled to the following privileges, viz.: 1. a copy of the society's periodicals and other publications; 2. a deputation for sermons, annual or quarterly meetings, on payment of travelling expenses, so far as the engagements of the society will permit; and 3. representation by a delegate, who shall have the same rights and privileges as a member at the annual meetings of the members.

*Present Committee.—Vice Presidents:*

*Southern Branch:*

Chairman: Rev. Canon Ellison, M. A.  
 { Rev. R. Maguire, M. A.  
 { Rev. T. Rooke, M. A.  
 Committee.

*Northern Branch.*

Chairman: T. Dale, Esq., F. G. H. S.  
 { Rev. C. N. Keeling, M. A.  
 { Wm. Touchstone, Esq.  
 Committee.

*MEMBERSHIP, FINANCE, &C.*

1. Members; Members shall be those who agreeing with the general principles of the society are subscribers of not less than 5s. per annum.

2. Finance: The guarantee or common fund shall be at the disposal of the Council for expenses of legislative action; the formation of diocesan and branch societies; the publication of magazines, tracts, &c.; printing the documents of the societies, advertising and for the general expenses of the society.

3. Diocesan and Branch Societies: Diocesan societies will be formed as speedily as possible throughout the country, and branch societies in most of the large towns. The framework of a constitution for these will be provided for by the parent society, but it will be left to each local society to adopt or vary its regulations as its committee may decide. The diocesan and branch societies shall collect subscriptions for the parent society, and after deducting necessary expenses of the same, shall transmit the balance to the chief offices in London and Manchester respectively, not later than March and September in each year. Subscriptions may be given either to the common or special fund.

**Select Tale.**

**THE MAN-TRAP AT ASHDALE.**

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

FOOTSTEPS were heard—a form darkened the door—some one entered—but Mrs. Pratt did not look up, nor pause in her work. The sun had gone down, and twilight was gathering dimly. Mrs. Pratt leaned closer to the window that she might catch the fading rays and a little while longer continue her work.

'Sarah!  
 'Well?'  
 Mrs. Pratt did not turn nor look towards the speaker. Her voice was a low sad murmur.

'Sarah!  
 The hand of the speaker now rested lightly on her shoulder.

With a quick movement and with some surprise in her manner, Mrs. Pratt turned herself from the window.

'O Edward!  
 Her voice choked and her eyes filled with tears.

'Sarah,' and Mr. Pratt seated himself beside his wife, placing his hand gently on her's as he did so, and looking earnestly and tenderly in her face. 'Sarah, I have a little good news for you, if good news can come in just such a shape. Old Killigrew is dead.'

'Dead!'  
 Light and shadow were blended on the face of Mrs. Pratt. Death is an awful thing, come in almost any shape it will, and in the case of a man like Killigrew it was awful in the extreme. Yet the intelligence caused a throb of pleasure in the heart of Mrs. Pratt.

'Yes; he fell dead about two hours ago, while standing behind his bar. He died with the toddy stick in his hand, and a glass of whiskey before him. I wouldn't like to go into eternity with all the sins against humanity that lie on his conscience. The very thought makes me shiver.'

And Mr. Pratt shuddered as he spoke.  
 'Is the tavern to be closed?' asked Mrs. Pratt, hope and anxiety blending in her voice.  
 'I saw Parker, old Killigrew's son-in-law' as

I came along, and he told me that not another drop of liquor should be sold there while he lived. He means to farm the place himself. It's first-rate land, though neglected and run down.

'Will he keep his word?'  
 'Parker? Yes, indeed. If he says a thing, you may depend on his doing it. He has always been opposed to the old man's keeping bar.'

'And what a curse to Ashdale that bar has been, O Edward!'

No wonder Mrs. Pratt was overcome by her feelings; no wonder she said that bar had been a curse. Ten years before, as she stood beside her young husband, she had been the proudest, happiest heart in Ashdale. Since then alas! none was so humble and grief-stricken; for in that bar her loved and honored husband had trailed his manhood in the dust of a debasing sensuality.

Than Edward Pratt a kinder-hearted man could not be found. But he had neither a decided will nor strength of purpose. The current in which his life boat happened to be usually bore him along; and even when conscious that it was gliding towards a dangerous sea, he opposed to it a slight resistance.

Very soon after their marriage Mrs. Pratt discovered in her husband a fondness for stimulating drinks. A prompt, yet gentle and loving remonstrance accomplished all she had hoped to gain—the dangerous tempter was banished from their house. All had been well, from that time forth, had not the tavern of old Killigrew, the only one in Ashdale, stood directly on the way along which Mr. Pratt daily went to the store where he was employed as clerk.

Often in returning home he would be in company with young men who never passed Killigrew's without a word with the companionable landlord and a taste of his well-mixed liquor. It was not in the aimable and complacent Mr. Pratt to say 'no' on these occasions.

Soon his wife became aware of the temptation that was in his way, and of his almost daily yielding to its enticements. She talked to him soberly, yet gently and lovingly as before. Her words aroused no impatience—no anger—no stubborn self-will. He loved her too well to pain her with even a frown.

'I'll not darken Old Killigrew's door again, if it troubles you, Sarah. I don't care for his liquor. As you say, it does me no good.'

'I shall be so happy!' sobbed Mrs. Pratt, hiding her tearful face on the breast of her husband. 'There is nothing else in life to trouble me.'

On the next morning as Mr. Pratt was passing the tavern, old Killigrew—who, if not behind the bar mixing up his tempting compounds, was sure to be at his door watching for his customers—called out:

'Hey! Neddy my boy! what's your particular hurry?'

'I'm a little late,' replied the young man, evasively, keeping on his way.

'Stop, Stop!' cried the landlord, 'Here! Why, my dear fellow one would think you had the business of the world on your shoulders. A man should never be in too great a hurry to speak a word with an old friend. What's become of Phillips? I haven't set my eyes on him for a week.'

'The truth is,' said Pratt, who now paused 'it is the opinion of his friends that he has been coming here a little too often.'

'Pooh! Nonsense! too often! I never saw him when I thought he'd been drinking too much. It's ridiculous! And he's silly enough to mind them? Well, well, if he thinks he's in danger he'd better stay away. He must have a weak head.'

Killigrew spoke contemptuously. Pratt felt the landlord's sneering manner almost as much as if it had been applied to himself. It cost him no light effort to say 'Good morning,' and pass on without taking a drink at the bar.

'I wish this old man-trap was on the other side of Jericho!' he murmured, as soon as he was fairly beyond the sphere of its dangerous attractions; or that I didn't have to pass it three or four times a day. If old Killigrew lays hold of me after this fashion, I'm afraid my good resolutions are not going to be worth much. O dear! I wonder what good ever comes of this rum selling and rum drinking? As to the harm, one needn't go far to look for that.'

Musing thus, Pratt went on his way. At dinnertime, both in coming home and returning to the store he succeeded in getting past old Killigrew's 'man-trap' without being hailed by the watchful landlord. But his good resolutions were not proof against the influences that assailed him in the evening. Later than usual he lingered at the store, in order to avoid, by so doing, the company of one or two young men who always stopped to drink at Killigrew's. He thought he had escaped them, but it was not so. They were in the tavern porch as he came along, and, having taken their cue from the landlord (who was keen sighted enough to see what had been passing in the mind of Pratt, and feared to lose a customer), assailed him with influences that he had not strength of mind to resist. 'Just to satisfy' them as he

said, he consented to drink a single glass. But that did not satisfy either of them or the tavern-keeper. A second glass was almost forced upon him; then followed a third, which, purposely made stronger than usual, completed the overthrow of his reason.

Could those thoughtless young men have seen the ashen, agonizing face of the anxious wife, when her husband came staggering in that evening, they would not have boasted so gleefully of having 'sent Pratt home as merry as a fiddler.'

From that time the weak young man stopped almost daily at the tavern to drink. The temptation was in his way, and he had not sufficient strength of purpose to resist its allurements. This was continued for months, until, under the gentle, yet often tearful, solicitations of his wife, he again resolved to stand up firmly against the pressure of a current that was too steadily bearing him onward to the sea of destruction. And he did stand up firmly for a time. But in this contest the odds were against him. Old Killigrew saw the struggle that was going on in his mind, and took a wicked pleasure, apart from his love of gain, in assailing the young man's good resolutions on every occasion that was presented. Sometimes, after alluring him into his bar—either through personal influence, or by means of gay young men who frequented his house—Killigrew could not induce him to take anything but a glass of water. Oftener, however, he gained his purpose more fully, and maddened the young man's brain with his fiery potations.

And so the work went on. There was a pitfall in Pratt's way, and ever and on he stumbled therein. Ah! If the pitfall could only have been removed. It served no use whatever: gave nothing to the common good; was a constant source of annoyance, injury, and loss to the people of Ashdale. It had been dug by Killigrew, and was always kept deep and dangerous by him, in order that he might profit by the weakness and injuries of those who weakly or unwarily stumbled over the half-concealed brink.

'Why did not the people of Ashdale cause the pitfall to be closed up? Why did they not remove this man-trap? is asked in a tone of surprise.

'They had no power to do so, we answered.

'No power!'

'You may look surprised, but it is even as we say. Killigrew had the law on his side.

'The law!'

'Yes, for all you seem so incredulous. The law of the State in which Ashdale was situated, provided, by special enactment, for the digging of just such a man-trap as the one maintained by Killigrew. And any person, not having the love of man nor the fear of God before his eyes, could, by the payment of a few dollars into the State Treasury, obtain the right to make for himself such a pitfall in any highway or street in any village, town or city, in the Commonwealth.

'Preposterous!'  
 It is true—alas! too sadly true. Witness the crowded jails, almshouses and insane asylums; witness the crime, destruction and squalid misery that rest like black clouds over all parts of that State where population clusters thickly—and those licensed man-traps are to be found by the score in every neighbourhood. It is true, alas! too sadly true!

But for this pitfall in the way all might have been well with Pratt; but his feet were always on its fatal brink. Steadily, for nearly ten years, had he been going down, down, down; and at the period when he came home sober, for the first time in many months, and announced to his wife the death of old Killigrew, he was almost helpless in the hands of his adversary. All manly strength was gone when the temptation was before him. It was in vain that he went out in the morning, strong in his purpose to keep sober through the day; the sight of Killigrew's tavern fired his appetite to a degree that left him no power of resistance. It was in vain that he stroted homeward in the evening, promising himself that he would meet his wife and children without a stain on his lips. Alas! he could not bear onward against the whirlpool of desire that instantly encompassed him when he came within fatal proximity to Killigrew's.

Well might his sorrowing wife feel a thrill of pleasure in every heart fibre at the announcement of Killigrew's death. He had been doing an accursed work in Ashdale for years. Broadcast had been sown the seeds of anguish and desolation; and in her heart and home had many of these evil seeds fallen, taken quick root, springing up and bearing bitter fruit. Nor did she attempt to stifle this pleasure as unseemly, in view of the passage of a fellow mortal to his great account in eternity. She was glad the tavern keeper was dead—so glad, it was useless to effect concealment.

The promise of that hour did not prove vain. The tavern was closed, and Edward Pratt went daily to his business and returned home at evening a sober man. If, as was often the case, he felt a desire for stimulating drink, he

quenched the desire in a draught of pure cold water. Yet, even as he passed the old tavern stand, around which soon waved fields of ripening grain—the ground had run to waste before—he felt a desire to enter, but there was no bar there now, so the morbid desire was fruitless of evil consequences.

Thus it went on for three years. In that time, not a drop of anything intoxicating had passed the lips of Edward Pratt. How striking the change in all round him! Worn out furniture was renewed, abundance of good clothing for children as well as parents, gave an air of thrifty comfort. Cheerful, happy faces were seen, where before was sadness, palar, want, and tears.

Three years of sober industry! How, in that short time, had the wilderness been made to blossom as the rose!

One day about this time, Mr. Pratt came home with a serious countenance and a dejected air. His wife noticed the change, but said nothing at first—waiting until her husband should speak of what troubled him. He seemed to recover a little at the tea-table, and talked pleasantly, but, after supper, withdrew to himself, and sat most of the evening in deep thought, with his head resting in his bosom. Several times his wife whose anxious attention was removed from him scarcely a moment, heard a low sigh escape from his lips. A little while before retiring he said to her, speaking abruptly and with something so strange in his voice that the sound caused a thrill to run along her nerves:

'Parker sold his place last week.'

'He did! To whom?'

Mrs. Pratt spoke in a startled manner.  
 'To a man from Brockville, who is going to open tavern again.'

If a heavy blow had fallen on the poor woman she could not have sunk down more gloomily. If a death pang had entered her heart, the groan from her lips could not have been more fraught with agony.

'He opens to-morrow,' said Pratt, in a for bidding voice.

'Oh Edward!'

The unhappy wife arose, and moving to the side of her husband, flung her arms around him, saying as she did so—'Let us go from here.'

'Where was responded gloomily.

'Oh, anywhere. Death and eternal destruction are opening at our feet. Come, come! Let us flee for our lives! Let us go this hour. I will bear hunger, cold, anything that may come upon us so that we escape this evil.'

'I have thought it all over, Sarah,' replied the poor victim, sadly. 'We cannot go anywhere and be free from curse. The law sanctions the evil, and under the protections of the law it throws out its allurements everywhere. Oh, that I was strong enough to resist. Heaven knows how earnestly I have sought to overcome this fatal desire; but the moment I come within sight of the accursed temper my whole being is inflamed. Reason is obscured; reason grows weak: and I fall under the luring gaze of a serpent.'

Oh, what a night was that; spent watchfully in prayer and weeping—at night, the anguish of which years would fail to cover with the dust of forgetfulness! Morning dawned at length. To one condemned to die it scarcely had broken more drearily.

'I will strive to be a man, Sarah. I will look up for strength,' said Mr. Pratt, as he pressed the hand of his wife and parted from her at the door. 'Pray for me'

Tears were in his eyes as he turned away and her cheeks were wet. The voice of Pratt was not confident. He felt that he was too weak for his enemies.

And he was too weak. Evening brought him home with all his bright manhood obscured. One short month sufficed to do the work of ruin. Then his poor wife stood pale, tearless, and heart-broken above his grave! He fell so low that he made no effort to rise again, and died in drunkenness and despair.

The poor widow was not long from his side; and now his children's home is the almshouse. The 'man-trap' in Ashdale is open still. And for the privilege of scattering ruin and death around him the new owner pays the State fifty dollars a year; and the State takes the money with an eager hand, and seems to think her bargain a good one.

The *Boston Daily News* of April 21st. says: Hon. Henry Wilson delivered an interesting lecture at Music Hall, Providence, R. I., on the evening of the 18th inst., in which he paid a glowing tribute to the great apostle of temperance, Father Mathew, and earnestly endorsed the doctrine of prohibition, stating that he had never changed his opinions on the subject and did not propose to do so now. This demonstration was received with much applause by the audience, and it should be a subject of pride to the people of America, that one so high in authority takes such a noble position on this great question.