

Your rule appears to be, that strangers once within the Division Rooms become members of your family. I can vouch for the practical manner in which you carry out this law, for be it "Ontario," "Crystal Fountain," "Coldstream" or "New Dominion" Division, outsiders are sure of a hearty and cordial welcome. Such was my experience, and from what others had communicated, a treatment I fully expected.

Every member seems to vie with the other in making the visitor quite at home, and even my bashfulness (don't smile Bro. Millar) succumbed to the genial warmth, so much so, that by the way my tongue went I might have been in dear old "Chaudiere."

It affords me further pleasure to congratulate you on your comfortable, well furnished halls, your good attendance, and the admirable spirit displayed at your meetings, well worthy the emulation of every Division of the Orler.

Without appearing invidious, for I had kindness from all, I desire to express my acknowledgments to G.W.P. Rose, and to Bros. Millar, Caswell, Farley, Dilworth, MacMillan, and last, but by no means least, my old co-labourer and worthy Bro., Wm. Stewart, for all the trouble they took in conducting to my comfort and consequent enjoyment during my sojourn in Toronto.

Assuring you that whenever any of your members visit the Capital, we here will endeavour in some measure to reciprocate the kindness ever shown by you to the "Sons and daughters" of Ottawa, and earnestly wishing you continued prosperity.—I am, very sincerely yours, in L., P. and F.

BROOKE.

Ottawa, 17th Aug., 1880.

In Memoriam.

THREE young ladies went out, July 26th, to enjoy an afternoon's ramble, and finding some small saplings, began swinging on them as they had often done when

little girls. One broke short off with Elizabeth Brown, letting her fall about 18 feet with her back across a small pole. Maria Brown, her cousin, took her up, thinking her dead, while her sister Isabella ran frightened home with the sad tidings; her friends carried her home, where she lingered ten days, and then sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, without one pang or struggle, August 5, aged 14 years 3 months and 13 days. She had been initiated into Wild Rose Blossom Division, No. 70, Sons of Temperance, the week before the accident, and gave promise of being a very useful member. The Division greatly regret their loss and deeply sympathise with her sorrowing friends.

This sweet rose-bud
Without one single thorn,
Has fallen off,
In life's fair hopeful morn.
The fragrance sweet
Of loving word and deed,
Shall fill for aye
The heart's that mourning bleed.

WM. S. HOWELL.

Sombra, Ont., August, 1880.

The Victims.

A Doomed Army.

"TRAMP, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching." How many of them? Sixty thousand! Sixty full regiments, every man of which will, before twelve months shall have completed their course, lie down in the grave of a drunkard! Every year during the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice; and sixty regiments stand behind this army, ready to take its place. It is to be recruited with our children and our children's children. Tramp, tramp, tramp,—the sound comes to us in the echoes of the footsteps of the army just expired; tramp, tramp, tramp,—the earth shakes with the tread of the host now passing; tramp, tramp, tramp, comes to us from the camp of the recruits. A great tide of life flows resistlessly to its death. What are they fighting for? The privilege of appeasing an appetite, of conforming to a social usage, of filling sixty thousand homes with shame and sorrow, of loading the

public with the burden of pauperism, of crowding our prison houses with felons, of detracting from the productive industries of the country, of ruining fortunes and breaking hopes, of breeding disease and wretchedness, of destroying both body and soul in hell before their time. Meantime, the tramp, tramp, tramp sounds on,—the tramp of sixty thousand yearly victims. Some are besotted and stupid; some are wild with hilarity, and dance along the dusty way, some reel along in pitiful weakness, some wreak their mad and murderous impulses on one another, or on the helpless women and children whose destinies are united to theirs; some stop in wayside debaucheries and infamies for a moment; some go bound in chains from which they seek in vain to wrench their bleeding wrists, and all are poisoned in body and soul, and all are doomed to death. Wherever they move, crime, poverty, shame, wretchedness, and despair hover in awful shadows. There is no bright side to the picture. We forgot: there is just one. The men who make this army get rich. Their children are robed in purple and fine linen, and live upon dainties. Some of them are regarded as respectable members of society, and they hold conventions to protect their interests! Still the tramp, tramp, tramp, goes on; and before this article can see the light, five thousand more of our poisoned army shall have hidden their shame and disgrace in the grave.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

"It is a growing popular error that stimulants, like ale, wine, and bourbon, are beneficial. The pulpit must fight that error. It is sweeping souls to damnation."—*Dr. Cuyler.*

"An upright mind may indeed be disturbed and shaken for a time by the arguments of scepticism; but these will be ultimately repelled, and, like conquered foes, will strengthen the principle by which they have been subdued."—*Dr. Channing.*