

never be obliterated. It is with these influences as it was when Hamilcar administered to young Hannibal the oath of eternal enmity to the Romans; they burn into the tender soul so deeply that the abrasions of time are powerless to remove or efface the inscription. They are like the sculptures of Egypt, which, though baptized by the dews of more than three thousand years, glare now as sharply upon the spectator, and tell their story with the same fidelity as in the moment when they received the last touches of the sculptor's chisel. In the lodge room the young are personally taught the beneficent doctrines of temperance; the language of humanity, the deep murmurs of Mount Sinai, the voice of the Almighty, with all their impressive influence, meet them in these halls of sobriety. They here learn to hate, with an undying hatred, the enemy of their reputation, of their homes, of their temporal prosperity, of their eternal salvation. They vow allegiance to Right, and enmity to Wrong; they pledge themselves to Truth, as active auxiliaries, in forms which will abide in their remembrance through all the years of their being, and which will act powerfully to give cast to their destiny beyond the grave.

Another beautiful feature in the Order is that the whole family circle may appear intact in the lodge room. The father and son, the mother and daughter, may all acquire a knowledge of, as well as an interest in, the business of the Order, and be at liberty to discuss it among themselves, free from restraint, and to their mutual benefit. A mutual confidence is thus cherished, and they become mutual helps in the hour of temptation. If the father meets the tempter, memory holds up to his mental vision the solemn pledge that was witnessed by the wife of his bosom, by the son whom he has cherished with all a father's pride, and by the daughter who is the light of his eyes—the gentle and beloved dove that nestles in his yet warm and unsullied affections. The idea of meeting these with all his broken vows and sullied honor, with his soul bowed down and writhing beneath such a burden of shame, should put to flight a legion of fiendish tempters and give him the strength of a Hercules, not only to resist, but to do mighty battle for the cause of right, and the defence of those priceless gems which a kind Providence has entrusted to his guardianship.

Another advantage of the Order is that it affords woman full scope for the exercise of her influence. No class of society has been so deeply

cursed by intemperance as woman. She has been cursed in hopes as bright as the noon-day sun clouded to the darkest mid-night. She has been cursed in seeing the husband of her choice, the object of her fondest affections, changed into the vilest fiend; in seeing her children, who are dearer to her than life, torn from her loving embrace, and crushed into shapeless masses of disgrace and immorality. She has been hurled, like a beautiful star, from her throne of expectation, through a night of hopeless gloom, to a grave dishonored and despised. It is felt, therefore, that she should have a place of equal privilege and importance with man in this organization. Here she can stand with the warriors to do battle for herself, her husband, her children, and humanity.

Still another advantage of the Order is that it unites into one combination, to secure the end it is striving for, all the elements of influence which go to make up the power of society. All classes, all races, and all creeds here find a common enterprise, in which they can engage on common grounds and common principles. They can act together for common safety. There is no separation, no sections; the whole force is a unit, and is brought to bear directly on the common enemy. Childhood and youth; the affections of a beloved and devoted son; the smiles, the easy, graceful, willing tenderness, the magic power of a cherished daughter; the viewless but prevailing and transcendent influence of the adored and adorning wife; the charm of home, under the sunlight of its many precious adornments—all these combine in the Order and through the Order to protect the home and its cherished inmates from the destroyer's power. They are forces which go abroad and act upon society, and, by their union, contribute a weight of influence that dares to meet and grapple with the giant enemy, and that cannot fail to eventually banish it from the earth.

In these, and many other characteristics of the Order, are shown its marvellous power to consolidate and utilize abstainers. It makes a family circle where before there was disunion and disorder. It lays hold of the young at the most critical time of life, and secures their adhesion to principles of abstinence. It provides means of temperance, discipline and instruction. It offers the most comprehensive agency for watching the movements, impending the progress, and pursuing the final overthrow, the great enemy—the drink traffic. It is cosmopolitical in character, and makes

no invidious distinctions as to race, sex, condition or creed. It is an invincible human force, which, under God, must triumph over the foe.

### THAT COMPETITION—FINAL COUNT.

	Votes.
E. V. Vatstone, Vancouver Lodge	310
Rev. A. E. Green, Richmond	286
A. R. Carrington, Nicola Lake	182
W. W. Forrester, Dominion	93
Lewis Hall, Perseverance	64
W. C. Pound, Vernon	61
Other votes	60

Total votes.....1056

All deputies receiving less than 50 votes have been omitted in this count.

I hereby certify that the above is a true statement of this competition, and I award to Vancouver Lodge, No. 10, the first prize, viz., one Lodge Deputy's Collar. F. Tuttle, maker; and to Richmond Lodge, No. 12, the second prize, viz., one dozen Badges, F. Tuttle, maker.

CHARLES SAMUEL KEITH.

### ONLY SIXTEEN.

(SELECTED) BY B. H.

Only sixteen? So the papers say,  
 Yet on the cold, stony ground he lay;  
 'Tis the same sad story—we hear it every  
 day—  
 He met with his death on the public high-  
 way.  
 Full of promise, talent and pride,  
 Yet the rum-fiend conquered him, so he  
 died:  
 Did not the Angels weep o'er the sad scene?  
 For he died a drunkard and only sixteen.  
 Oh it were sad he must die all alone,  
 That of all his friends not even one  
 Was there to list to the last faint moan  
 Or point the suffering soul to the Throne  
 Of Grace, if, perchance, God's only Son  
 May say, "Whosoever will may come,"  
 But we hasten to draw a veil o'er the scene  
 With his God to leave him—only sixteen.  
 Ye rum-sellers come view the work you  
 have wrought,  
 Witness the suffering and pain you have  
 brought  
 To that poor boy's friends—they loved him  
 so well!  
 Yet you dare the wild beverage to sell  
 That beclouded his brain, his reason de-  
 throned  
 And left him to die out there all alone;  
 What if 'twere your son instead of another,  
 What if your wife were that poor boy's  
 mother, And he only sixteen.  
 Ye citizens who vote for license to grant  
 Permission to sell, do you want  
 That record to meet you in the last great  
 day  
 When the heavens and the earth shall pass  
 away?  
 When the elements melting with fervent  
 heat  
 Shall proclaim the triumph of right com-  
 plete,  
 Do you wish to have his blood on your  
 hands  
 When before the Great Throne ye both  
 shall stand, And he only sixteen.