

did I pray to God to give me an everlastingly increasing capacity to hate with a burning hatred any instrumentality that could make *such a thing* of a being *once as fair as that child*.

OUR HOPE IS IN THE YOUNG.

The hope of our temperance enterprise is the children; and again I say, "God bless the children! God save them from the influences that are degrading so many thousands!" If we can but operate upon the children, we feel as if the day of triumph would soon draw near. Will you help us? Help us for the sake of your own children, and the children of others, that these may be saved from the power and influence of intemperance.

I will not detain you further than to say, I am sure I have had a very attentive audience. These boys and girls have behaved exceedingly well, and have done credit tonight to their instructors and teachers. I leave this city this week for three months, but hope to come back again; and if in the spring we can get a large number of children together, with all my heart will I come to speak for them. While I am a Temperance advocate, if I can further any good movement relating to *children*, I feel myself bound to do it with all my heart. God bless you, dear children, and throw the mantle of his love around you. God save you, and all dear to you, from the curse which is fatal to so many. Such is my sincere and earnest prayer! Good night to you all.

(Loud cheers kept up enthusiastically by the children, until Mr. Gough had retired from sight.)

Which of Dicken's heroes is like a pair of stuffers? Answer, Pickwick.

"HE HAS NOT AN ENEMY IN THE WORLD."

WASN'T! Well, we are sorry for him! For he has mighty little character who has no enemies. He is nobody who has not got pluck enough to get an enemy. Give us rather, as our ideal of virtue and manliness, one who has many enemies—one who has made them by his manhood and downright sincerity, candor and fearless love of the thing he sees to be right. The man of earnest purposes, strong will, and love of principle, for its own sake, must have enemies. But this so far from being ill, is to him a good. The strong tree is more deeply rooted and fastened in the soil by the blast than the summer breeze. A man never knows how much there is of him till he has confronted and braved bitter opposition.

"WHISKY drinking never conducted wealth into a man's pocket, happiness to his family, or respectability to his character—therefore, whisky is a non-conductor and it is best to let it alone."

Whisky drinking conducts misery and shame into the family, profligacy and crime into society, topers into the gutter, rowdies into the lockup, to the penitentiary, and the gallows—therefore whisky is a *conductor*, as thousands who "go upon a *train*" find to their cost, exacting as its *fare* all that is *fair* in character or in prospects, applying the *breaks* to hopes, hearts, and heads, and finally *dumping* its freight of debauched humanity into a drunkard's grave. "*It is best to let it alone.*"—*Prohibitionist*.

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