

OUR SILENT LODGE MEMBER.

See! there he sits, sedate and grim,
No speech we ever get from him,
Never a motion does he make,
Never a word you hear him speak,
Although when voting time comes round
His hand uplifted may be found,
No one suggestion comes from him,
Yet there he sits, sedate and grim.

He likes to hear the members speak,
Although their arguments be weak,
But no remark will he let fall,
He lets the others do it all.
Sometimes we ask him for a song,
That's when our programme isn't long;
But all our asking is in vain—
A silent mood he will maintain.

Again we try him with a joke,
And bits of fun we at him poke,
But still he's proof against our "chaff,"
He never speaks, he'll only laugh.

No robes of office will he wear—
"No, not for Joseph," he'll take care
He knows full well what he's about,
He won't be Guard, inside or out;
He dreads to fill the Chaplain's chair,
Or offer up a closing prayer;
He won't be Marshal, no, nor Chief,
He won't be anything in brief;
Nor on committee will he sit,
He tells the Chief he is not fit.
Nor does he with the sisters talk—
Too bashful he with them to walk.

But still he's always in his place,
And every member knows his face,
And would not like to part with him,
Although he is sedate and grim.

THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

BY MRS. HELEN D. GAGE.

The gloomy night is breaking,
Even now the sunbeams rest,
With a warm and cheering radiance,
On the hilltops of the west;
The mists are slowly rising,
From the valley and the plain;
And a spirit is awaking,
That shall never sleep again.

Hush! ye may hear that listen,
The spirit's stirring song,
That surges like old ocean,
With its solemn bass along:
"Ho! can ye stay the rivers,
Or bind the wings of light;
Or cloud the radiant morning,
With the old and gloomy night?"

Nor shall ye check my impulse,
Or stay it for an hour,
Until earth's groaning millions
Have felt its healing power.
Old Error, with its legions,
Shall fall before my wrath—
No blood, no tear, no anguish,
Shall mark my conquering path.

For my spirit is Progression,
In the vigor of its youth—
The foe of all oppression—
And my armor is the Truth.
And upward, onward, heavenward,
My spirit still shall soar
Till love and peace shall triumph,
And falsehood rule no more."

A local branch of the Prohibition Club was organized at New Westminster on Friday, Oct. 6th, 1893, with the following officers: Peter Latham, President; R. Buckland, Vice-President; Miss Williams, Secretary; J. C. Smith, Treasurer. There was a fair number present at the organization.

AMONG THE LODGES.

NEW ERA LODGE.

We are pleased to report that New Era Lodge is increasing in membership steadily, and the prospects for the future are bright. But it is with regret that we part with so many Brothers and Sisters, Bro. Jas. Irving (one of our Charter members), Bro. and Sister Clements, and Bro. and Sister Buck. We wish them health, prosperity, and a safe voyage to their destination.

The Church parade was well attended by the officers and members in full regalia. The Rev. Mr. Hicks preached an eloquent sermon. For the good of the Order we have been trying the Company System. It is an excellent plan, and we would suggest that the Lodges try it. R.J.T.

HATZIC LODGE NO. 23.

We are pleased to report continued success in this quarter, and the officers and members are determined to do all in their power to advance the cause of Temperance in this part of the vineyard. The Lodge meetings are always interesting and well attended, and with such energetic and popular officers the success of this Lodge is assured. Yours in F. H. & C.,

T. A. BRETT, Reporter.

WELLINGTON LODGE.

I am pleased to report that Wellington Lodge is on the forward march. We had thirty-three initiations last quarter, making our total membership one hundred and three, and thereby giving us the Banner Lodge of British Columbia.

J. A. McDONALD, Reporter.

The following taken from an American exchange, shows one phase of life in the land of liberty:

"The lynching of negroes continues to demand a large share of space in the newspapers. Most of the lynchings are, of course, in the South, and hardly a day passes that a new one is not chronicled. We note a change for the worse during the past few weeks. It has been the explanation that these lynchings occur only to avenge outrages committed upon white women and girls by the blacks. But the application of lynch law, as any one might have foreseen, is extended to other and less inhuman offenses. An account comes from Mississippi of the hanging, by a mob, of two black women and two black men because they were suspected of poisoning a white family. Another account comes from Louisiana, where four negroes were executed summarily because they were suspected of aiding a negro murderer (a member of their own family) to escape justice

and refused to disclose his hiding place. Still more important was the lynching of a negro in Roanoke, Va., the other day for robbing an old woman. The man was arrested and the mayor called out the militia to defend his prisoner. A conflict ensued in which a number of the mob were killed; but so violent became the prevailing sentiment that the mayor and the commander of the militia had to flee for their lives. The negro was found and hung and his body afterward burned. The rage for lynching seems to be extending, and it is this peril to which we called special attention several months ago in speaking of the burning of a negro in Paris, Texas. If a community in which the legal machinery is in running order is justified in lynching a negro because he has ravished a little girl, who is to say that it is not justified in lynching a negro for poisoning a white family; and if that, why not also for concealing the whereabouts of a negro who has shot dead an honored judge? and if that, why not in a dozen other cases? Why not for looting a bank and condemning to penury orphans and widows? Where is the line to be drawn and who is to draw it? Here is the point of peril in countenancing lynch law for any reason in a community whose penal machinery is in order or can be put in order. The Ku Klux Klan was at first organized for what seemed laudable purposes, and the disordered conditions of society in the South gave it a sort of justification; but the course was swiftly downward until midnight murder began to be meted out for purely political purposes and even at times for personal revenge. It is without the slightest sectional feeling that we say the South is again playing with firebrands. There are lynchings in the North as well, and they are no more justifiable than those in the South; but they are less perilous, for in the South the contagion which is one of the characteristics of the lynching mania is re-enforced by the racial divisions and the peril is ever present of its degenerating into a race war. It is bound to have an unfavorable effect upon the flow of capital, the development of industries and the increase of immigration if it is carried much farther. Indeed, it already has such an effect.

Bro. J. A. McDonald, reporter for Wellington Lodge, reports his Lodge as doing good work during September, and still pushing forward in the good way. We regret that for want of space we cannot publish Bro. McDonald's letter in full. We wish Wellington Lodge every success.

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