

ded Rituals, and change in Regalia are in themselves alike futile. They have been tried and have produced but little fruit; none indeed corresponding with the efforts they cost, or commensurate with our wants.

Let us revive the weak, and re-organize the dead Divisions of the Order. This is the privilege and power of every earnest Son of Temperance. All such, who have hearts to work for others' good, and who duly appreciate the importance of our mission and the necessities of our peculiar work in the field should touch these with tongues of fire and reanimate them with a new flame of life and vigor.

Do not be discouraged—but put faith in good works and Heaven. A Church often becomes cold and almost dead—its members weary in the discharge of even the high and holy duties devolving on them—but seasons of refreshing come to all those who earnestly expect and labor for them. So it may be—so it will be with the Sons of Temperance.

As to the Constitution of the Order I do not feel it my province here to suggest amendments. I am satisfied with it in substance. The subject of Ritual is in charge of a Committee who are to report at the next annual session of the National Division, when, it is generally supposed, the most of the Old Ritual will be restored, and I confidently hope, the subject be satisfactorily adjusted.

At the late Session of the National Division, it was resolved that the next meeting should be held in Providence, Rhode Island, on the second Monday of June 1857, and continue for six days. On that occasion it is anticipated that the National Division will review the whole frame work of the Order and make such changes and devise and recommend such measures, as on the matured deliberation, it may deem best calculated to inspire and reinvigorate it.

It is on these accounts highly desirable that there should be a full attendance of Representatives—and especially that the old Delegates who were the life of the Order in the days of its greatest achievements, should be there to aid the National Division with their counsels and encourage its members by their example.

I therefore not only appeal to Delegates elect to give their attendance, and to come prepared to stay the whole Session in counsel with us; but I appeal to members of Grand and Subordinate Divisions who have the means and feel an interest in the Cause, to let no sound, practical, judicious Member of the National Division stay at home, whose means are deficient. If the Grand Divisions are not able to send such, let individuals who can, supply the outlay. Be sure, Brethren, to give us Representatives as far as possible from all the jurisdictions. And that the Representatives may bring the right light and spirit with them I particularly recommend to them to attend their own Subordinate Divisions and also to visit as many others as practicable.

Finally, I again appeal to every Member of the Order who loves the Cause, by "the memory of the past," when our very name carried victory with it; by "the dignity of the present," when the exigencies of the Order demand the utmost exertions of every Son; and by "the solemnity of the future," in which we must answer at the bar of our own consciences, and to the "the Great Patriarch above" for the fate of this Order in

our hands, to go once more heartily and bravely to work.

Go, my Brethren, each and all of you to your Division Rooms, resolved to attend them punctually and cheerfully, and inspire each other with new zeal and ardour in the Cause; rebuild the Divisions—reanimate the Order, and strengthen the bonds of LOVE, PURITY AND FIDELITY. Let each of you consider himself a special committee, and I now hereby constitute you such under the broad seal of my Office, to bring in propositions of membership, and re-establish the position of your respective Divisions.

Let all who have become entangled in other Orders come back to us and renew their early vows, and labors and honors.

If each man will thus go to work in the hope and courage of a true Son of Temperance, and if you will likewise send up Delegates to the National Division fresh from the Division Rooms, in which the hands are clasping and the hearts beating "as in the days of other years," my word for it the Session of 1857 at Providence, Rhode Island, will be remembered in our history AS THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE GREAT REVIVAL.

Farewell! Let us all do our duty, and we are sure to triumph

Yours in Love, Purity and Fidelity,

M. D. MC'HENRY,

M. W. Patriarch, N. D., S. T. of N. A.

By Order,

FREDERICK A. FICKARDT, M. W. Scribe.

DAVID DIGGES.—HIS INITIATION AND EXPERIENCE.

The division had closed about half an hour, and most of the members had retired from the halls where the meetings were held. Some eight or ten of us, remained to consider a subject which had been referred to us as a committee, and the minute hand pointed to twelve, when a knock at the outer door of the ante-room drew the attention of all present. One of the number advanced, asked who knocked, and returned presently with the Worthy Patriarch of the division, who informed us that David Digges was below and desired to be initiated that evening.

"Impossible," answered one of the number, "it is already Sunday morning and we cannot now go into initiation—he must wait."

"But," said the W. P., (who was a reformed man and always deeply excited whenever an habitual drinker applied for admission,) "David says that he cannot go home until he is a Son of Temperance, and I tell you boys, we must call a meeting, open the division, and initiate him, if it takes us until sunrise tomorrow."

There was no resisting the importunity of our worthy friend, and very soon the preliminaries were arranged, and the candidate in the ante-room, awaiting examination.

It fell to my lot to prepare Digges for initiation; and I shall never forget his appearance when I approached him in the ante-room. He was seated in a chair, uncovered, his hair disheveled and his finely formed head resting upon his hand, apparently plunged in the deepest meditation. I stood and viewed him for some moments without interrupting the reverie. It was plain that he had been drinking during the day. The red wine had mounted into his cheeks, and the fierce heat was swelling the veins of his handsome face. But over all this were the lines of bitter thought, and I could read there what was passing with-

in as he went on retrospecting the past, calling up wasted opportunities, squandered fortune, blighted hopes, and well-nigh blasted health. And then, as he thought of the refined, gentle, accomplished wife, and the innocent, happy-hearted, bright eyed girls at his home, tears fell from his eyes and dropped heavily upon the floor, at his feet. How my heart honored and loved the man for those great and glorious tears, drops more beautiful and precious in the sight of good men, of angels, and of God, than the rarest gems or diamond of purest ray.

But I could not pause long. My errand was soon done, and I returned to report him qualified and ready to proceed.

He was introduced into the room and welcomed, as he crossed the threshold, as one worthy to enter the circle of honour, where all may find a safe refuge from the destroyer who smiteth wherever he cometh.

It would be tedious to follow him through all the steps of the initiation, though there was that in his manner and deportment, which invested the ceremonial with unusual interest to those who participated in it. All had known him long, almost from his childhood, and not one in that group, but had sighed to see him slowly sinking into the slough of intemperance. But now he was changed—and in the compressed lips, on the set brows, and in the firm decided step, there was enough to show how fixed was his purpose, without regard to the sincere frank tones of his utterance. At times his voice faltered, but it was only when he heard those touching allusions to the blight which falls upon the drunkard's home, contained in the old ritual of the Order, which rarely failed to move the stoutest votary of Bacchus.

And yet David Digges had never been what the world calls a drunkard. He had long drunk moderately, and only now and then got on a regular "bust," and reeled home to his wife. Still he drank habitually, and on more than one occasion had been visited by those horrible attacks which only the habitual drinker can properly conceive of and adequately describe; and his physician had warned him that a few more such attacks would bring him to the grave. And even had it been otherwise, his constant potations unfitted him for serious application to business, and so his fortune was slowly wasting away.

These thoughts were busy within all of that little band who were engaged in the initiation of David Digges, and there was not one present who, at its close, did not warily grasp his hand and congratulate him upon his entrance into the fraternity.

And when it was done, and we were about to separate to go to our homes, the newly made Son of Temperance rose, and asked if he might address a few words to the members present. Permission was readily granted, and he proceeded to tell us how he had been long considering the step he had taken, impelled thereto by the highest considerations which could influence human action, and how the appetite for strong drink had induced him to procrastinate. He had that day been to a dinner party and taken a glass or two of wine and then, while the revel was wildest, had resolved to break off from his cups, and to gladden the heart of those who loved him most, by becoming a Son of Temperance. And now, Brethren, continued he, I have solemnly renewed my pledge before you all, and though I know that a fiery ordeal awaits me, yet I will not, so help me God, yield in the struggle