

to espouse the cause of the Supreme, as of the Seceders, when they understand the merits of the question. According to our delegate they were with him by chance, and not from choice; and yet he asks you to receive it as a foregone conclusion, that they will follow him in his erratic course because they did not condemn the Executive Committee by refusing to receive their report. They did, however, condemn the Committee as soon as they obtained a little insight into the state of affairs, and dismissed every one of them from office. Thus to a great extent the whole circular supplies its own refutation."

"The friends of the Supreme Grand Chief will pardon me for not making any reference to the slander pointed at him. The lovers of 'peace and harmony' have on all occasions, since the Rev. Wm. Savage exposed their perfidy to the Primary Lodges, held up our Supreme Chief as guilty of some great crime, for faithfully performing the duties of the high office to which he was elected by the unanimous vote of his brethren of the Grand Lodge of Canada West; but they have by every effort to destroy the character of Mr. Savage, only raised him and lowered themselves in the esteem of all rightly informed and unprejudiced Good Templars: and I am confident this last effort will not be more successful than former ones. But Mr. MacNab says they have ceased to 'envy the position he now occupies.' Perhaps so! To cease their abuse of the man would be better evidence."

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

This dreadful malady is thus described by one who experienced its terrors: "If you can imagine all the powers of heaven, earth and hell arrayed against you at the same time, without one consoling thought to comfort you, or the most distant hope or prospect of relief, and that nothing remains to you but fear, trembling, self-condemnation, terror, and utter despair; if you can, by any stretch of imagination, bring this dreadful picture to your view, then you will have some faint idea of what is so appropriately called the Horrors!"

Thackeray says that "when a man is in love with one woman in a family, it is astonishing how fond he becomes of every one connected with it. He beats time when the darling little Fanny performs

her piece on the piano, and smiles when wicked little Bobby upsets the coffee on his shirt."

For the Weekly Visitor.

THE WORM OF THE STILL.

I have found what the learned seemed so puzzled to tell,
The true shape of the devil, and where is his cell,

Into serpents of old, crept the author of ill,
But Satan works now as a Worm of the Still

Of all his migrations this last he likes best;
How the arrogant reptile raises his crest;
His head winding up from the tail of his plan,
Till the Worm stands erect o'er the prostrated man.

Here he joys to transform by his magical skill,
The sweet milk of the earth to the essence of hell;
Fermenting our food, and corrupting our grain,
To famish the stomach and madden the brain.

By his water of life what distraction and fear!
By the gloom of its light what pale spectres appear!
A demon keep time on his fiddle finance,
While his passions spring up in a horrible dance!

Then prone on the earth, they adore in the dust,
A man's baser half, raised in room of his bust;
Such orgies the nights of the drunkard display,
But how black with ennui, how benighted his day!

With drams it begins, and drams must it end,
A dram in his country, his mistress his friend;
Till the ossified heart hates itself at the last,
And the dram nerves his heart for a death-doing blast.

Drink, O! drink deep, from this chrySTALLINE round,

Till the tortures of self-recollection are drowned;

Till the hopes of thy heart be all stiffen'd to stone,—

Then sit down in the dirt like a queen on her throne.

No phrenzy for freedom to flash o'er the brain,
Thou shalt dance to the musical clank of the chain;

A crown of cheap straw shall seem rich in thine eye,

And peace and good order shall reign in the sky!

Nor boast that no track of the viper is seen,
To stain thy pure surface of beautiful green;
For the serpent will never want poison to kill,
While the fat of your fields feeds the Worm of the Still.

TELL YOUR MOTHER.

I wonder how many girls tell their mother everything? Not these "young ladies" who, going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and cartes de visite with young men who make fun of you and your pictures, speaking in a way that would make your cheeks burn with shame, if you heard it. All this, most incredulous and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they gaze at your fresh young faces admiringly, and send or give you charming verses and bouquets. No matter "what other girls do," don't you do it. School girl flirtations may end disastrously, as many a foolish wretched young girl could tell you. Your yearning for some one to love, is a great need of every woman's heart. But there is time for everything. Don't let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtations. Render yourself truly intelligent, and, above all, tell your mother everything. "Fun" in your dictionary would be indiscretion in hers. It would be no harm to look and see. Never be ashamed to tell her who should be your best friend and confidant, all you think and feel. It is very strange that so many young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which is most important that she should know. It is very sad that indifferent persons should know more about her own fair young daughters than she herself.—Fanny Fern.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS, I. O. G. T.

- Rev. Jno. McLean, London Chief
- Bro. P. W. Day, Collinsbay Councillor
- Sister M. A. Heather, Peterboro Vice
- J. W. Ferguson, Hamilton Secretary
- S. Morrill, London Treasurer
- J. McNeil, Guelph Marshal
- Sister Rutlan, Collinsbay Dep. Marshal
- Sister Perry, Napance Inner Guard
- Bro. Tuttle, Iroquois Outer Guard