

movements of Good Templarism have been a prominent cause of revival in the great modern reformation, and stimulated older societies to greater zeal and enterprise. Jealousies and enmities may have cropped out here and there, but the general and aggregate results have been decidedly gainful, and should occasion the deepest emotions of gratitude to the great Father and Friend of human kind, upon whom we must always feel our dependence for every good and perfect work.

Amidst all our successful efforts, we have been frequently reminded of the increasing vigilance of our adversaries. They have been alarmed, for their craft is endangered. Revelling in the luxury of gains wrung from the blood and tears of hecatombs of the slain and myriads of living sufferers, they rebel against restrictive or prohibitive legislation. They humbly give you leave to use moral suasion, if only they retain their legalized privilege of sale. They know the evil proclivities of human nature and baffle the best efforts of Templars, while they legally expose the temptation to drink their accursed liquors. Thousands have fallen victims to their treacherous snares, and our wish is spoiled by the power of the law, which ought to be on the side of justice and humanity. The dreadful enormity of deriving vast sums of National and Municipal revenues from the liquor traffic is perpetuated. The insane and suicidal policy finds its advocates in the halls of legislation, while murder and crime, ruined homes and lacerated hearts cry aloud against the atrocious wrong. Great Britain and America, the two christian nations most distinguished as accelerating the colonization and civilization of the world; by their commerce in strong drink have most inconsistently contributed to the corruption of christianity and to the decimation of mankind. The islands of the sea—the great antipodal continent—the Asiatic and African sufferers through the traffic in strong drink are unitedly protesting against this modern mystery of iniquity.

" From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain."