

station, and we leave at another. He never thinks of us again, we never think of him again. Is that a type of our Christian attachment? Oh no. We are in heaven to rise up amid infinite congratulations to renew our association. The only difference between our acquaintanceship here and our acquaintanceship there, will be that there we shall know each other better and love each other more. Death will not strike anything out of our association but its imperfections. Wading down into the river of death, it will only bathe off our impurities. If you now count me to be your friend, when I shall have quit all my sins, and follies, and imperfections and my entire nature is uplifted before the throne of God, you will have for me a millionfold greater attachment. If my friendship to you is merely because you invite me to grand entertainments, or because you allow me to have your name on the back of my notes, such a mercenary and half-hearted attachment as that *cannot stride across the grave*. But this communion of heart with heart, this mingling of sympathy with sympathy, this feeling which leads us to carry each other's burdens, and weep in each other's sorrows, and laugh in each other's joys—all these are prophecies of eternal intimacy. You and I may soon part, we may pitch our tents in different zones, our graves may be cleft in opposite sides of the earth; but the scene in which we now mingle will be renewed under milder skies. And so I strike hands with you to-day in a friendship which shall bloom immortal after the mountains have crumbled, and the stars that flower in celestial gardens shall have wilted in the hot breath of a judgment day."

Self-denial.

BY DR. CUYLER.

UNTIL all who profess to be followers of Jesus are ready to give up every indulgence that is a stumbling block to others, Christianity will be shorn of

much of its power. An intellectual man—now fighting the appetite for strong drink—said to us not long since:—"I once went to hear Rev. Dr. ——— preach, and I admired his genius; but when I heard that he used wine in his social intercourse with his church, I left his congregation at once. I could not go to hear the gospel of self-denial from a man who did not practice it himself. I wanted a pastor who would *help me up*, and not one whose example pulled me down." We do not wonder at the conclusion this victim of past temptations had reached. He was battling with evil habit, and he *distrusted* the Christianity that put a hindrance in his way. Brother Christian, here is a field for your self-denial. 'Touch not' the glass that is your neighbour's ruin."

Alcohol in Health and Disease.

DR. BUCKE'S able and convincing essay on this subject has been published in pamphlet form. To the friends of Total Abstinence it should be of special interest, for it maintains firmly their views, while to all classes of the community it can be of great service, as it discusses from a practical point of view a very important question. Experience is usually the best test for any theory, and Dr. Bucke has had special advantages for applying this in the management of the Insane Asylum, at London, of which he is superintendent. Copies can be had from the Grand Scribe, at ten cents each.

Selections.

"If we would be happy, we must seek to be useful."—*Anon.*

"He who despairs of great effects never accomplishes them."—*Dr. Channing.*

"A great idea, if seized on clearly and vigorously, burns like a living coal in the soul. He who deliberately adopts a great end has, by this act, half accomplished it, has scaled the first barrier to success."—*Dr. Channing.*

"Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another's."—*Anon.*

Whatever your sex or position, life is a battle in which you are to show your pluck, and woe be to the coward. Whether passed on a bed of sickness or in the tented field, it is ever the same fair flag, and admits of no distinction. Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. *Men were born to succeed, not to fail.*—*Anon.*

Broad the tract that lies before us;
Never mourn the days of old,
Time will not tomb'd years restore us—
Past is iron—future, gold!
Savage: learn till civilized;
Slave: your fetters shake till free;
Hearts that struggle, souls despised!
Work your own high destiny;
All things yield to steadfast will,
Progress be our watchword still.
—*Extract from "Rose Reader."*

You tell me that a liberal culture is needed for men who are to fill high stations but not for such as are doomed to common labour. I answer that Man is a greater name than President or King. Truth and goodness are equally precious in whatever sphere they are found.—*Dr. Channing.*

Directory.

Grand Division of Ontario, Officers for 1880.

G.W.P., G. M. Rose, Toronto,
G.W.A., A. R. Hopkins, Gloucester.
G. Scribe, Thos. Webster, Brantford.
G. Treasurer, David Millar, Toronto.
G. Chap., John Jewell, Plainville.
G. Conductor, James Brooks, Wexford
G. Sentinel, G. P. Bliss, New Edinburgh.
P.G.W.P., Thos. Caswell, Toronto.

Grand Division, Sons of Temperance of Ontario, holds its next Semi-Annual Session in Orillia, last Tuesday in May, and the Annual Session in Oshawa, first Tuesday in December, 1880.

[Each Division, contributing the sum of one dollar annually is entitled to have its card inserted in this Directory.]

Alberta Division, No. 185, meets first and third Thursday each month, in basement of stone church, Paris Plains.

Almonte, No. 114, meets in Temperance Hall, Almonte, Co. of Lanark, every Tuesday evening.

Ashworth, No. 84, meets in Temperance Hall, Ashworth, Co. of Ontario, every Friday evening.

Arran Division, No. 315, meets in their Hall, Arran, Co. of Bruce, every Wednesday evening.

Bethesda Division, No. 372, meets in their Hall, Binbrook, Co. of Wentworth, every Saturday evening.