

The Son of Temperance.

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The Good of the Order.

The Origin of Scandal.

(With comic and cheerful expression,
semi-whisper.)

Said Mrs. A.
To Mrs. J.,
In quite a confidential way—
"It seems to me
That Mrs. B.
Takes too much—*something*—in her tea."

And Mrs. J.
To Mrs. K.
That night was overheard to say—
She grieved to touch
Upon it much,
"But Mrs. B. took such-and-such."

Then Mrs. K.
Went straight away
And told a friend the self-same day,
"Twas sad to think"—
Here came the wink—
"That Mrs. B. was fond of drink."

The friend's disgust
Was such she must
Inform a lady, "which she nussed,"
"That Mrs. B.
At half-past three
Was that far gone she couldn't see!"

This lady we
Have mentioned, she
Gave needlework for Mrs. B.,
And at such news
Could scarcely choose
But further needle work refuse.

Then Mrs. B.,
As you'll agree
Quite properly—she said, said she,
That she would track
The scandal back
To those who painted her so black.

Through Mrs. K.
And Mrs. J.
She got at last to Mrs. A.,
And asked her why,
With cruel lie,
She painted her so deep a dye?

Said Mrs. A.
In sore dismay,
"I no such thing could ever say;
I said that you
Had stouter grew
On too much sugar—WHICH YOU DO!"

The Maine Law in Maine.

BY CYRUS HAMLIN, D.D.

RECENTLY there seems to have gone forth into other States the impression that, in Maine, there is a reaction against its prohibitory liquor-law. This is not true, except, perhaps, in two or three cities where in-

fluences are at work which we shall explain. The firm supporters of the law are, first of all, the farmers of the State. They regard the law as having saved the State from ruin during "the hard times" and the great loss of population by emigration to the West. I have been in many of the country towns in different parts of the State, and I do not find any difference of opinion in the large agricultural population. There is an execration of drunkenness among them which is unknown to city life. In the country every drunkard is known to all the town. The misery and wretchedness of his family, his foolish bargains, the dilapidated condition of his farm and buildings, are all rum works that every one has to consider.

A farmer in Penobscot County, not long since, told me that before the Maine Law, and when it was first passed, every farm in his town was mortgaged. He repeated it with emphasis as a well known fact, and added, "They were all mortgaged to rum;" and he went on at length to describe the miseries of those times. But first came temperance lecturers and set people to thinking. Men began to say, "that's so; that can't be denied." And then came a deluge of tracts and temperance speeches, and ministers began to preach about it. For a long time 'twas nothing but *temperance*; then came the law. That finished up the business; that made a sure thing of it.

"But how is it about the farms now? Have the mortgages been lifted?" "Well," he replied, "most of the old rummies had to go to the wall; they had 'to go West.' But I believe every man now owns his farm; I don't know a farm that is under mortgage; and as to our houses and barns and the general look of

things, you can judge for yourself."

The look of thrift was gratifying, but, having to wait an hour at the station, I examined another witness. A man drove up with his waggon and landed three boxes, one of eggs, one of fowls prepared for market, and one of mutton. He told me they were for the Boston market, and that his business was to gather up and forward such products in ice. "But," said I, "can you meet all the expenses of transportation and have a fair profit left?" "If I couldn't" he rejoined, "you wouldn't catch me in this business. First-rate articles presented in first-rate style will always pay. The farmers in this place know what they are about. They don't have no mean stuff round their farms. I give 'em a fair price, they are satisfied, and I make a fair profit. I used to be a farmer, but I find this better than farming, only you've got to be up early in the morning." This testimony of my enterprising witness with regard to the farmers fully corroborated the testimony of the other with regard to the character of the place as redeemed from rum. In such a town it is not possible for this generation to return to a rum administration.

I will take another example far away from the above, in Oxford County.

I was told the town had diminished greatly in population. The young people especially had gone off in all directions, chiefly to Illinois and the far West. But I said to the farmer I was talking with, "Your roads are excellent; I should not expect to see such roads in a town that is running down." "The reason of that," he said, "is this: we have good stuff to make roads of, and we have learned how to use it. We have so few things to be proud