

able cause of a very large proportion of the poverty, pauperism, and crime of the country, and almost all the misery and wretchedness of the people. In all these excursions a number of temperance tracts were distributed among the homes of the people, and particularly among the children. Incidents coming under his observation furnished the texts for his bitter denunciation of the saloon-keeper.

In 1851 Neal Dow's missionary work was finished; the state of Maine was saturated with prohibition sentiment. He returned to Portland, was elected mayor, and prepared a bill to introduce into the Legislature. On the last day of the session the bill became a law. In his own words, "That bill outlawed liquors kept for sale, and doomed them to seizure on sight, to confiscation and destruction." As a result of this law the liquor traffic disappeared entirely in the rural districts, and in the larger towns it was reduced to 5 per cent. of its former proportions. The practical results in Maine were accomplished in one act.

In 1884, by a majority of nearly 50,000, Maine adopted a constitutional amendment by which the "manufacture, sale and keeping for sale of intoxicating beverages is forever forbidden." In 1857, in 1866, in 1874, and again a few years ago, Mr. Dow, upon the invitation of the United Temperance societies of Great Britain, crossed the Atlantic and delivered many public addresses there. In 1880 he was the presidential candidate of the Prohibition party.

Mr. Dow offered his services to the Governor of the state of Maine at the breaking out of the war, and was appointed colonel of the Thirteenth Maine Volunteers. While at Ship Island Col. Dow received a commission as brigadier general, and was transferred to the command of Forts Jackson and St. Philip. In October Gen. Dow was transferred to the command of the district of Pensacola and employed himself in building a strong stockade. Before this work was finished he was ordered to New Orleans and assigned to the command of the forces at Carrollton. In May he was ordered to Port Hudson reaching there only two days before the first assault on that stronghold. At this assault Gen. Dow was wounded in the right arm and by a ball passing through the left thigh. He was taken to a planter's house in the rear of the lines, where he was captured on the 30th June by a party of Logan's cavalry. He was ultimately taken to Libby prison, and was then transferred to Mobile. At the end of two

months he was returned to Libby prison, where he remained until the 15th of March, when he was exchanged. Although most anxious to remain in the service until the close of the war, Gen. Dow was compelled by reason of failing health and strength to tender his resignation.

As a member of Arcana Lodge No. 1, of Portland, Me., Bro. Dow has been faithful to our Order for more than 40 years.



This influential personage is not a stranger even in this Province.

THE PITFALL FOR MAN.

Yes, it was a terrible thing, and no mistake, that so many of our bright, promising boys should be swept away from our sight so suddenly. And our men, what a brave lot they were? full of life; and yet, "it is impossible to express the sympathy of the people that heard the sad news."

Where is the sorrow found, then? Look at the homes of their suffering families; there is not a smile to be seen, or a dry eye, in that family circle, now their joy and comforter had gone. Who was going to win them their bread, since that loving father, or brother, who had only a few hours before left a kiss imprinted on their cheeks when leaving for their day's duty in the bowels of the earth, which never let them come forth to her smiling surface again? What sorrow we feel when we think of these miners and those who are left to struggle on alone? and yet, dear Brothers and Sisters, how many are going down and down into the pit of sin and drunkenness. We all know how a trap is laid for the cunning fox, and the way the pit is dug and then covered over, and the tempting morsel of meat is put upon it to attract the attention of the passing prey. And yet we are blind to the pit that is so carefully dug, to snare us and our loved ones, should we

linger near to view its gaiety; and many of our good, kind-hearted boys, eager for enjoyments and harmless pleasures; it is them who are most quickly caught in the foul snares of sin and taken down into its deepest pits. It is not the gin-and-water den that get our men and boys, but the palace-like saloon that sucks them in, to drag them down lower than the lowest of the beasts of the fields, ruins them both in body and soul, and destroys many a loving heart.

Dear Brothers and Sisters, this is the reason we see "the tears of the widows and orphans, and hear the low, sad wail of agony sent up by broken hearts, bright hopes and prospects blasted, and manhood shorn of its glory." Is this not enough to make us remember our duty both to the honor of God and man? We know of the work we have to do; then let us raise up and do it by prayer to our God and by our votes for Prohibition. Then we will close the pit which ruins our manhood; then we will drive away the curse from our land, and add another mark to the record of good work done by our beloved Order. Also, another step, towards the heavenly prize, "for by our works shall we be known."

Yours in F. H. & C.,  
A MEMBER.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

AIR—"Ring the Bells of Heaven."—Sankey

Ring the bells of temperance, there is joy to-day,  
All our forces met to slay the foe;  
We may sometimes differ as to means and way,  
But we're all in earnest, this we know.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory how the glad bells ring,  
Glory, glory hear the nations sing!  
'Tis the temperance army, like the mighty sea,  
Ringing out the anthem of the free.

Ring the bells of temperance, clear our onward way,  
Broken-hearted millions to us cry—  
Calling us to rescue them from Satan's sway,  
Lift our motto, "Try Again," on high.

Ring the bells of temperance, grasp a brother's hand,  
Chase a sister's dark despair away;  
"Him that overcometh," by His word we stand,  
He will give his strength to those who pray.

Ring the bells of temperance, no uncertain sound  
Falls on our listening ears today,  
Never mind the battle raging all around,  
Stand, if need be, in the thickest fray.

Ring the bells of temperance, ring them loud and clear,  
Let them drown the clamor and the din;  
One, our end and Leader, banish every fear,  
In His Name the victory we must win.