

plies) \$1.08; Mount Forest, (supplies) \$2.40; Ashworth, \$1.15; Flesherton, \$1.89; Clinton, \$2.00; Cobourg, \$1.90; Baltimore, \$5.90.

Note by the Grand Scribe.—Divisions will please take notice that in future all receipts for monies will be acknowledged in the columns of this paper, and not by receipt sent by mail, as formerly. By order of the Grand Division.

To Recording Scribes.

THE Grand Scribe desires to call the attention of those officers to the necessity of correctly preparing their returns to the Grand Division, and promptly handing them to the D.G.W.P., so that they may be promptly sent to the Grand Scribe; and also that all orders for supplies be accompanied by the cash.

The Work and the Workers.

—The *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal*, alluding to the Peruvian Bark cure for drunkenness, says it "lacks faith in the specific virtue of this or any other medicinal cure." And it is about right. Abstinence, with moral and religious aids, the drunkard may with confidence rely upon.

—Sir Wilfred Lawson, the leader of the Permissive Bill movement in the British Parliament, in a recent public speech said: "He had led many and many a minority, but he would rather be in the most miserable minority, than ever walk into the lobby as one of the majority in favour of triumphant wrong."

—Mr. Roebuck, M.P., so well known as a prominent liberal politician, in a speech in Sheffield, said:—"Bear it to heart, that I tell you from my own experience, that there is nothing which militates against the glory of this country so much as the terrible passion for drink, which raises the revenue, but which debases my country."

—P. T. Barnum, who is now seventy years old, was lately con-

gratulated by a friend as being as hearty as ten years ago. Mr. Barnum replied: "I ought to be. I'm seventy though you'd scarcely believe it. I haven't smoked a cigar for eighteen years, nor have I tasted a drop of liquor for many more years. That has kept me young and hearty."

—A crowd of liquor roughs recently in Colchester, Conn., nearly ruined the Gospel Temperance tent of Mr. Hurd, of New Hampshire, who was dealing heavy blows against the traffic with his painted pictures and burning eloquence. They overturned the tent and poured a carboy of vitriol all over it. Thus the liquor interest shows up its true character.

—England's greatest brewer, Mr. Buxton, says: "It is in vain that every engine is set to work which philanthropy can devise when those whom we seek to benefit are habitually soaking their brains with beer or inflaming them with ardent spirits. The struggle of the school, the library, and the Church, against the beer houses and gin palaces, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell."

Correspondence.

To the Editor,

DEAR SIR,—The recent discussion, in the District Division of this city, concerning open and secret societies, makes me desirous of saying a few words, which will be best illustrated by a little incident that happened a few weeks ago. During the session of the District Division in the western part of this city, the Inside Sentinel was apparently off his guard and an intoxicated man made his way into the hall. He was readily recognised by those present as one who had taken the pledge and kept it for months, but had again fallen into his old habits. He occupied a seat near the door and remained perfectly quiet, until the District Worthy Patriarch, Bro. G. M. Rose, as chairman, began to address the meeting. Then the

young man arose and commenced to speak most earnestly, the D. W. P. good naturedly giving way for him. He said that Mr. Rine introduced the Gospel Reform movement into Toronto, and that Mr. Rose had sent for Mr. Rine, "Mr. G. M. Rose—that man over there," pointing towards him. The members naturally smiled at having one of the leading members of the Order pointed out to them as though they did not know him; but the young man was too much in earnest to notice it, and immediately went on to speak warmly of the good accomplished by the movement when himself and numbers of others had signed the pledge. "Of course," he said pitifully, "I fell through, but there were hundreds who did not, and what a blessing free temperance had been to them. The man who had done all this good was Mr. Rose. He was the best friend his (A—)'s family had ever had." The speaker pathetically remarked that "he had a little boy, eight years old, at home, who never went to bed at night without praying "God bless Mr. Rose." The chairman vainly attempted to quiet him, but he would not be satisfied until he had said his say. Some time after he again took the floor and declared that Mr. G. M. Rose brought free temperance to Toronto. Those who were present knew it well and one or two of them tried to silence the intoxicated man, who again emphatically repeated "All I want to say is that Mr. G. M. Rose brought free temperance to Toronto." Soon afterwards he quietly left the Division room. The little incident could not fail to touch the hearts of the members present. Such persons as that unfortunate man, and there are multitudes of them, cannot be reached by the ordinary influence of the Division room. At least so it is averred by those experienced in the matter. Whether open meetings under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance would be more successful in meeting this want is surely worthy of a trial. Those poor wretches to whom free temperance is a boon,