

Temperance Department.

SCOTT ACT WORK.

PERTH COUNTY.—A convention for Perth County to consider the propriety of submitting the Scott Act to the electors has been called, to be held in Stratford, on Thursday, May 15th.

ONTARIO COUNTY.—A County Convention for Ontario has been called, to be held on the Queen's birth day to take action. Ontario county also carried a Dunkin by-law by a fine majority years ago, and probably the leading temperance men are quite as willing to work now for a more complete and restrictive measure.

YORK COUNTY.—There will be a convention for York county, to be held at Richmond Hill on Wednesday 30th inst., to consider the Scott Act adoption. It will be remembered that in York County the Dunkin Act was carried years ago by a large majority. It is probable that temperance sentiments is quite as strong now.

FRUITS OF THE TRAFFIC.

CHOKED TO DEATH.—A man named Laforte, a hard drinker, choked to death while eating a beef-steak at an Ottawa saloon one day last week. Such deaths among inebriated men are not uncommon.

ANOTHER VICTIM.—A labouring man, in his prime, named Pierre Gagnon, a Frenchman, took an overdose of whisky in a Montreal tavern on Saturday last and died from the effects of it.

A PANIC.—At a Brooklyn theatre on Saturday last a drunken man found his way among the audience and raised an outcry which was mistaken by the audience for an alarm of fire. There was a general panic for a few minutes, but fortunately, no serious damage was done.

Saved.

President Davis was a man of remarkable sympathy. There lived near him a drunkard who was as degraded as humanity well could be. He had once been a man of high respectability and influence, and a member of the church. The president, with his wife and family, paid him a visit, and found him the picture of wretchedness, gloom, and despair. As they entered he scarce looked up; for he hated the sight of others, and knew they could take little interest in him. President D., passed directly up to him and taking him by the hand, said:

"Mr. B., we have come out to make you and your family a visit. We were talking about you yesterday, and we have come out to spend the afternoon with you."

The drunkard looked up astonished. This was new language to him. The conversation went on from one subject to another, and he was treated in all respects as a man.

At last President D. began to talk with him about his peculiar besetment. The steps by which he descended were clearly marked, and those by which he could ascend and escape. At a favoured moment the question was put: "Will you not now claim your liberty from this bondage?" The man had noble sentiments which could be appealed to. He took the pledge. As the President was about to leave, he saw that Mr. B's countenance had fallen, and his heart was sad.

"What now, Mr. B.?" said he.

"Ah," said the man, "tis of no use. I have resolved a hundred times. With all the magnanimity of thought, I have resolved before my family, I have resolved in public, I have resolved in my closet, I have taken solemn oaths that I would never drink again. But one and all they have been like the morning cloud. In the hour of temptation I have yielded step by step, and fallen, fallen lower than before. So it will be now. I shall live a drunkard, and die a drunkard. Let me alone!"

"Nay, hold," said the President, "you

have the power to say no; you need not yield."

"Ah," said Mr. B., "the difficulty is, that, when tempted, I do not, shall not, quell my appetite."

"But," said President D., "did you not feel strong a few moments ago?"

"Yes, because you influenced me."

"Very well; do you not suppose I could talk to you and bring you into that state of mind to-morrow?"

"No doubt."

"Then if you are tempted, come to me. Will you do it?"

The drunkard hesitated, finally resolving to trust him, he said, "I will." His heart arose, courage came, and that night and for many days it seemed like a dream; too good to be true. So days passed, but by-and-by his appetite raged again uncontrollably. "Crave," said Mr. B., "crave a little more, and I will mount my horse and ride to the President's."

At last temptation was too strong, and he hastened to him. The President met him, felt for him, and by that mysterious influence of love helped him to become so absorbed in other thoughts as to forget his craving. Whenever the temptation rose again, he said: "Crave but a few moments longer, and I will go to the President." Eight years passed, and he had become reformed, happy, and respected. Here was faith in the personal influence of man.

Reader, if you would fly to Christ thus, you would find Him far, far beyond man in the power of his personal sympathy. Yes, "the power of God, and the wisdom of God is able to save to the utmost." Do you look upon yourself as a difficult case? Remember that great physician like hard cases, and the Good Physician came to save such as you. He understands just your type of disease.

Remedies Against Drunkenness.

The *Bobcaygeon Independent* is an ably conducted journal, but very eccentric in its ideas. It is strongly opposed to prohibition, and has little of good usually to say about the methods used by the total abstinists in the promotion of the temperance work. It is evidently ill at ease, however, about the results of the present licensed drink traffic, and has many articles and suggestions of its own in regard to the important subject. In a recent editorial article the following suggestions are made. Coming from one opposed to the usual methods of work they are of interest.

The *Independent* says:—"Drunkenness is a vice which it is most desirable to extirpate, and the best way to accomplish such a result is to make it disagreeable. If every sober man should refuse to associate either directly or indirectly with a drunkard, in one month there would be hardly a drunkard left in the Province. It is all very well to advocate Prohibition, but the lower classes can not be made sober, until some other meeting places are provided for them than taverns. The bar-room is the sole place of amusement and recreation open to thousands of the people—close the bar-room and you shut them out from their only place of meeting—you condemn them to a joyless life of solitude. The bar-room is a bad place to meet, its pleasures are coarse, gross, sensual and bad, but it is pleasure, and it is the only pleasure which is available to a numerous class. It is easy enough for the respectable middle classes to keep out of bar-rooms—they have other amusements, other sources of pleasure—but the day laborer has no other place to go when he feels the natural and human desire for companionship. And then—but this we whisper in your ear, and we wouldn't like some people to know that we said it—there is occasionally a good deal of fun in a bar-room, and how is that fun to be replaced if you close all the taverns? The temperance people have succeeded, after great, strenuous, persistent and most praiseworthy efforts, in spreading the temperance sentiment from the upper class to the middle class, but

the greatest difficulty still remains—to plant the sentiment firmly in the minds of the lower class. It will not be done by force, or violence or penal enactment. It must be done by other means. The lower classes will not abandon the taverns until they have somewhere else to go. The remedy for drunkenness is quite as likely to be found in skittles as in Prohibition. A comfortable skittle alley might do wonders in promoting temperance, and there is no knowing how many souls might be saved by billiards and coffee. All this is matter for reflection, and in the meantime it is satisfactory to find that temperance is making such good progress, that our legislators have decided to exclude liquor from Agricultural Show Grounds, and have seriously discussed its exclusion from the Parliament buildings. When Ottawa legislators and statesmen talk of giving up liquor there is great hope for the progress of sobriety. The outlook, we say, is encouraging, and the time can not be far distant when all classes alike will regard drunkenness with disgust, and shun a drunkard as a black-guard."

NEWS AND NOTES.

OCEANS OF WHISKEY.—A telegram from Louisville, Kentucky, gives indication that the whiskey trade assumes enormous magnitude there yet. It says: "In March 771,000 gallons of spirits were withdrawn from bond in this district. The tax paid amounted to \$694,000. It is estimated that there are 24,000,000 gallons of whiskey in bond here. No financial trouble is anticipated among whiskey men."

THE OLDEST ABSTAINER.—Mr. Joseph Livesy, of Preston, England, is now in the ninety first year of his age, and is supposed to be the oldest pledged total abstinence living. He was one of the famous "Seven men of Preston," who drew up and signed the first total abstinence pledge of which there is any record in England. He is still in good health, and takes an active interest in the total abstinence work.

A GOOD INDICATION.—The *Welcome* says:—"There are fewer public houses in the United Kingdom at the present day than there were in 1860 by one thousand two hundred and ten, although the population during that period has increased some seven millions. We think that there is no better proof of the advanced temperance sentiment of the country than this. If the years in the future be like the ten past ones we shall hope to see the end of the drink traffic at no very distant day."

MORE PROGRESS.—It appears that the temperance men of Elgin County are about to take steps towards prohibition. A telegram from St. Thomas, Ont., says:—"At a meeting of the Royal Templars of Temperance the question of submitting the Scott Act in this city and county came up for discussion. The members spoke freely on the matter, and it was unanimously decided to ask the Executive Committee of the Elgin branch of the Ontario Alliance to call a convention to be held in the city of St. Thomas on Friday, 25th of April, to decide the matter."

MORE TESTIMONY.—Mr. Edward Carswell, of Oshawa, so well known to most Canadian temperance workers, has been spending some time in Kansas, and he thus writes in regard to the success of the prohibitory law in that State:—"I have not seen an intoxicated person nor a drop of liquor bought or sold, nor any indication of its being kept since I have been in the state, and have stopped at hotels every day. The law is thoroughly obeyed. I am astonished that it is so well enforced and that the eastern papers lie about it so."

A DRINKING HANGMAN.—The *London World* says the colony of Victoria has a hangman of bibulous propensities, but these are satutely utilized. When drunk this antipodean executioner, by name

Upjohn, is also riotous, and gets into trouble. Then he is sentenced to a term of imprisonment, during which he is kept strictly sober for duty. After a satisfactorily performed execution he is allowed out, commits himself, and is re-sentenced. Mr. Upjohn's life thus consists of imprisonment, an occasional "drunk," carefully timed so as not to interfere with his functions, and now and then an execution to break the monotony.

UNIVERSITY TEMPERANCE LODGES.—A correspondent of the *Citizen*, writing of the success of the Temperance League in connection with Toronto University College states that though it was only organized last November there is now a membership of 212, composed of 13 graduates and 119 undergraduates and students. Few graduates have been asked to join but those still connected in some way with the College. There is the "double bar-rolled pledge," and of the students 170 have signed the total abstinence, and 29 are "moderates." Thirteen of the members who signed the moderate pledge at first have since joined the total abstinence section.

THE POLICE DRUNKS.—The *Globe* of the 10th says:—"The character of the prisoners entered as 'drunks' on the Police Court calendar yesterday was somewhat different from the usual. Ann Healy, an old grey-headed woman had left gaol only last Monday. The magistrate said she had better go back again. 'Your honor might as well kill me,' said the woman. The court thought not, and sent her down for 60 days. Mary Farrell, another frail old woman, said the best thing would be for her to go back to gaol, and she goes down for 30 days. Mary Walsh appeared on complaint of her husband. He said he was not able to manage her. The wife said he did not try much to help her to manage. But she was discharged, and will try to do better. Said one of the audience to an officer, 'These poor wretches must have their hearts broken, stupid with drink and being hauled round cells and prisons.' The official replied, 'Nonsense, they have no hearts to break. It is the hearts at home that break.'"

At Vanity Fair.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

At Vanity Fair, as we bow and smile
As we talk of the opera (after the weather),
As we chat of fashion, and dirt and style,
We know we are playing a part together.
You know that the mirth I wear I borrow;
I know our smile is a mask of sorrow,
We know that under the silk and lace,
And back of beautiful laughing faces,
Lie secret trouble and dark despair
At Vanity Fair.

At Vanity Fair, on dress parade,
Our colors are bright and our sabres gleaming,
But you know my uniform's worn and frayed,
And I know your weapons, despite their gleaming,
Are dull and worthless and badly battered;
That close inspection will show how tattered
And stained are the banners that flaunt above us;
That comrades hate, while they swear they love us,
That robbers like Picasaro, wals gaunt-eyed
Care
At Vanity Fair.

At Vanity Fair, as we strive for place
As we push, and jostle, and crowd, and hurry,
We know the result is not worth the race—
We know the prize is not worth the worry;
That in striving for self we must wound each other—
That much of our gain means loss for another;
That the crown of bay leaves fades while it grows;
The brow of the victor, with thorns—not car-
res;
That honors are empty and worthless to wear
At Vanity Fair.

Yet, at Vanity Fair, as we pass along,
We meet brave hearts that are worth the knowing;
We see a silent, firm somewhere glowing,
A good grain of sense under robes of fashion;
Weath'ring temptations lurk strength and passion;
And fair, fine Honor, and god-like Resistance
In halls of pleasure may have a sister's place.
And we find pure altars and shrines of prayer
At Vanity Fair.

It is a good thing to compose music,
but it is often better to compose oneself.