

contentment stealing over me, everything seemed as peaceful and beautiful as it must have been before the white-man ever drove his red brother out and dyed these hills with blood, for in this vicinity were fought many bloody Indian battles. We reached Watkins which is at the foot of the lake, about evening, and having secured a good night's rest at the Glen Mountain House set out in the morning to explore the beauties of the glen. It consists of a number of glens or sections, rising one above another and forming a series of rocky arcades and galleries, at times widening out into vast amphitheatres, and presents a beautiful combination of glen, mountain, lake and valley. The length of the glen is three miles, and the ascent is about eight hundred feet. A stream of water comes tossing down from the summit to the lake, and along the channel of this stream we walked or crawled as necessity required.

It would be an ungrateful task for me to attempt to portray the beauties of this romantic spot, nowhere have I seen such natural scenery, and so fascinated was I with the spot that I then and there registered a vow that when clients were numerous and I should be in a position to lead my fair one to the altar, hither should I come to spend my honeymoon.

After a climb of several hours we reached the summit which is called Table Mountain, and here, in all its glory, the view was stretched out before us.

Eight hundred feet below us lay the village of Watkins, to the north, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the lake with the hills in the background, and here and there a farm house, the whole presenting to the eye a magnificent and fascinating picture. Reluctantly we retraced our steps, and by night were once more speeding towards home *via* Niagara Falls, and feeling more satisfied with my summer trip than I ever remember being before.

A. C. F. B.

### THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

How widely discussed is this question of to-day. It fills several columns of our daily newspapers, and the rest bear traces of its influence; the weeklies keep a special corner for it, and its own sheets are a legion in number. It is a new lever lately wrought, for the handle of which politicians will shortly be squabbling. The writer consequently feels some diffidence in attempting to say anything on the question itself, but on the views of its supporters, the prohibitionists, he would make a few remarks.

To say of a man that he drinks, is, in the eyes of some good folk, sufficient to classify him as a worthless outcast; by this expression they do not necessarily understand him to be an habitual drunkard, for however moderate he may be in his potations, the fact of his taking liquor suffices to stamp him in their estimation as a dangerous character,

and one whose company polluted. For with them the temperate man, differs but little from the drunken sot, the latter being, in their consideration, merely a more developed case of the former: both, they seem to believe are on their way to ruin, only one is in advance of the other in their march to destruction. Abstinence, not temperance, is their virtue, indeed temperance in their eyes appears as vice moderated. The decision thus presented by this opinion, generalized, would contend that in the case of luxuries which might be abused, not he who used with moderation, nor he who used in excess, but he who made no use was acting aright, thus immediately inferring that the luxury in question was an unmixed ill. Such is their extreme position; brought on, no doubt, by the terrible social evils of drunkenness, but maintained by the iron bands of their fanaticism.

In one of their principal publications appeared a story of a certain labourer who, according to his custom, took a single glass of beer which made him so sleepy, it being a warm day, that on his way home he laid down on a railway track (comfortable spot) to doze, and narrowly escaped death from a passing train. This paper did not wish to prove that the man was drunken, but that it was a folly and a vice to take beer at all; however, the improbability of the tale leaves it no force as an argument, and throws discredit on the cause by the evident attempt to stretch the truth. The extreme views taken by many prohibitionists are well illustrated by a motto which the writer observed in the house of a very worthy couple. It represented a vase, containing some oval-shaped things, round the base of which coiled a serpent, while over it encircled the words "touch not, taste not, handle not," the observer was puzzled for a moment what to make of it, until suddenly it dawned on him that the contents of the vase were intended for grapes, not eggs, and that the warning thus distantly conveyed was one advising total abstinence. The good woman of the house had evidently followed out the precept, not regarding Solomon's words on the subject of wine which maketh glad the heart of man and oil to make him a cheerful countenance, for her face wore a rather sour expression.

Some of the effects which this course of conduct has produced are very much to be regretted. Seeking support from the Scripture for their narrowed views, they have twisted some texts and have perverted others entirely, thus instead of following the teachings of Scripture, they have endeavoured to make Scripture follow them. In avoiding excess they have turned to asceticism, not understanding that virtue is a middle course between two opposing ills; for the dangers of excess have given them a panic in which many of them appear to have forgotten what constitutes the true moral course of action. Certainly there is no harm in voluntary abstinence, and in certain cases it may be advisable, but the danger lies in attempting to enforce it on others, and, while endeavouring to prove theirs to be the sole moral position to be taken on the subject, in