



### Mother's Band of Hope.

To the White Ribbon sisters of Quebec Provincial W. C. T. U.

Before this letter reaches you we hope that our fourteenth annual report will be in your hands for study and reference. You will remember that the plan of work committee recommended that Mothers' Bands of Hope be organized for the weekly study of a lesson on temperance. We could not secure a series of lessons such as we would have liked, consisting of songs as well as of lessons, so recommended that unions procure the 'Northern Messenger,' and give a copy to every mother who will teach her own or other people's children the weekly lesson. The 'Messenger' will publish two catechisms on purpose for the Mothers' Bands, 'Scientific Temperance Teaching for Boys and Girls,' and 'Catechism for Little Water Drinkers,' for the very wee ones. The 'Messenger' costs twenty cents a year each, in clubs of ten. Leaflets specially adapted for mothers, can be obtained at 58 Reade street, New York, 150 pages for ten cents, or 2,000 pages for \$1.00. Nos. 9, 12, 34, 51, 57 and 59 are recommended. Mothers' and children's pledges can be obtained free from Mrs. R. W. McLachlan, 55 St. Monique street, Montreal, or from Mrs. Sanderson, Danville. Wherever Mothers' Bands are established in a neighborhood or village there could be a public meeting held monthly, or oftener, for the review of lessons. Then the children could be taught in the home to make scrap-books for the sailors, or lumbermen, or help to make comfort bags. Time could be found in the long winter evenings for work of this kind, that cannot be undertaken in the public meetings. All the family could take some part. Readings and recitations that have been prepared for the Mothers' Band will be acceptable at the larger monthly gatherings, and the children living too far from the centre of population to join a public Band of Hope, will enjoy all its advantages at home. The responsibility will be more evenly divided than it is at present, and the absence of a teacher or superintendent will not close the meetings for weeks or months as the case may be.

Wishing you every blessing for all the days of 1893, we are very sincerely, your friends and comrades,

MARY E. SANDERSON,  
E. W. McLACHLAN.

[These catechisms will be commenced in the 'Messenger' on Feb. 17. To secure the complete set subscriptions should be sent in at once.]

The pledges are as follows:—

#### THE MOTHERS' PLEDGE.

I promise, God helping me, by precept and example to train my children in the principles of Purity and Total Abstinence from Alcohol, Tobacco and other Narcotics.

#### BAND OF HOPE PLEDGE.

I will not buy, I will not make,  
I will not use, I will not take,  
Wine, cider, beer, rum, whisky, gin,  
Because they lead mankind to sin.

I will not smoke the smokers' pets,  
Those useless things called cigarettes,  
I will not chew, I will not snuff,  
Nor waste my time cigars to puff.

I will not curse, though many dare,  
Open their lips to curse and swear;  
My words shall be both pure and plain,  
I will not take God's name in vain.

### A Startling Instance.

[Copied from Adrian 'Times,' Michigan, Dec. 31, 1896.—Hudson, a town near the city of Adrian—same county.]

Henry Williams, son of Richard Williams, a widely known and influential family in Wheatland Township, Hillsdale Co., Mich., a young man twenty-three years of age, a graduate of Hillsdale College, became addicted to the cigarette habit, and the other day in company of his affianced, while on his way to obtain a marriage license, as he stepped from the train fell to the ground unconscious, and was saved from bodily injury by the conductor.

Though after thirty hours he regained consciousness his mind was a blank. He did not know his most intimate acquaintances. His father and a classmate are the only ones he recognizes now. Neither does he know his home and former haunts. He is unable to read English, but converses when moved out of apparent lethargy. He still retains his knowledge of the German and other languages, but cannot count more than two in his mother tongue, though he counts readily in German. Physicians say that cigarettes have affected his heart and caused a blood clot at the base of his brain.

Young Williams was in the city yesterday with his father. He was as completely under the care and direction of his parent as a child. Obeys his father implicitly, but apparently sees nothing, hears nothing, unless aroused and his special attention called thereto.

When he met his brother here yesterday, he did not know him, and although a frequenter of Hudson, disclaims all knowledge of the place.

Mr. Williams says since the illness of his son, he has heard of numerous instances in the county of injury from the same cause.

A prominent young dentist, formerly of Hudson, has lately had paralysis of one side of his face from the same cause.

And yet tobacco factories multiply, and cigarette fiends are on the increase. Nothing short of prohibition of the manufacture and sale of these deadly agents can answer the demands of a healthy public sentiment.

In the same county, a woman writes me from another neighborhood: 'A young man near me, lying in a critical condition, given up by the physicians, cause—the cigarette habit.' Thus it is heralded from every locality, and sometimes there seems as though all we do and say counts for naught against this fearfully growing evil, but I am comforted that I am not to be held responsible for aught, if I am only found ever on duty, protesting and protesting, this I mean to be doing whether success or failure follows.—Mrs. G. S. Bradley, 'Anti-Tobacco Gem.'

### Rum By The Yard.

Mrs Helen M. Gougar gives special attention to the crime and financial phases of the liquor traffic. She engaged the Chicago Press clipping Bureau to clip from the press all crimes reported to be due to the liquor traffic from Jan. 1 to May 1, 1895, four months, no duplicates or police items to be furnished, She pasted them on a piece of cloth the width of an ordinary newspaper column. It made two hundred and ten feet, or seventy yards. The summary stands:

Four hundred and fifty incidents, one hundred and twenty-two murderers, one hundred and thirty-four murdered, sixteen women murdered, sixteen children murdered, thirteen wives murdered by drunken husbands, one hundred and twenty families afflicted, ninety-five assaults, fights and brawls, forty-two suicides, fourteen women drunk, six divorces, six embezzlements. The bureau read at the time of furnishing this, but about

one-third of the papers of the country. Let it be remembered, also, that the telegraph is out of reach of a large part of our country, and many crimes committed never reach the wires. She has investigated forty-three of the mobs and burnings of human beings, that make us blush as a nation for our brutality and lawlessness, and finds that the criminals were drunk at the committing of their crimes, and the mobs were fired by liquor before being roused to their brutal deeds.—New York 'Observer.'

### Offensive Smoke.

Most tobacco-using ministers, says an exchange, would be astonished if they knew to how many of their congregations, their stench of person renders them offensive; how many house-keepers open their doors and windows, to air their rooms after their pastor's social call; how many persons shrink from the nauseating odors of the tobacco perfumed study when desiring religious counsel. For, be it remembered that it is not his person alone which the use of tobacco renders offensive; his smoking-room and his whole house suffers similarly. Curtains, carpets, furniture, pictures and books, all reek alike with the foul residuum of stale tobacco smoke. There is no such a thing as a clean room where tobacco is used. Said a gentleman recently: I had a smoking clergyman at my house for some weeks. He smoked in the room which he used as a study; he has been away from us now five months. We have done everything in our power to cleanse that room; but on a damp day, when the air is heavy, the smell of the old tobacco smoke is distinctly perceptible there.

### My Refuge.

These lines were written by Ellen L. Goveh, a Brahmin, of the highest caste, adopted daughter of the Rev. W. T. Stone, of Bradford England.—'Sabbath Reading.'

In the secret of his presence how my soul delights to hide!  
Oh, how precious are the lessons, which I learn at Jesus' side!  
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,  
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to 'the secret place' I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of his wing,  
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a clear and crystal spring;  
And my Saviour rests beside me, as we hold communion sweet;  
If I tried I could not utter what he says when thus we meet.

Only this I know: I tell him all my doubts and griefs and fears;  
Oh, how patiently he listens, and my drooping soul he cheers.  
Do you think he ne'er reproves me? What a false friend he would be,  
If he never told me of the sins which he must surely see.

Do you think that I could love him half so well as I ought,  
If he did not tell me plainly of each sinful word and thought?  
No! he is so very faithful, and that makes me trust him more;  
For I know that he does love me, though he wounds me very sore.

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?  
Go and hide beneath his shadow; this shall then be your reward;  
And whenever you leave the silence of that happy meeting place,  
You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your face.

You will surely lose the blessing, and the fulness of your joy,  
If you let dark clouds distress you, and your inward peace destroy;  
You may always be abiding, if you will rest at Jesus' side;  
In the secret of his presence you may every moment hide.