

Association, has not overlooked this depressant action of alcohol, and has put this fact so clearly that I shall quote a paragraph. "Thinking that this action of alcohol was not sufficiently recognised under the false name stimulant, I wrote an article in a public journal to demonstrate it. I showed, for example, that if we go into a house when the whole family are grieving over the loss of one of their members, and we find that they had all been imbibing spirituous fluids, the object is to drown their troubles in the bowl. It would be absurd for them to have taken a stimulant to excite greater manifestations of grief. The reason is not far to seek why a miserable wretch should spend his last penny on a glass of gin. He sits in the garret gazing at the naked walls, his weeping wife and starving, shivering children around him. He would, were he able to, put another picture in its place representing comfort and happiness, but he has not the strength of mind to set about making the change. He swallows down a glassful of the anaesthetic liquor, a dissolving view immediately takes place, and all is changed. All is now *coulene de rose*, although he himself is a little stupid. I daresay many of my hearers have read an article by the well-known Russian author Tolstoi, or the evils of wine and tobacco as the great causes of crime and disease. Several distinguished French writers have commented upon it, but possibly the response of mankind generally may be found in that of Dumas fils. He says: "The man drinks because it makes him cheerful and gives him forgetfulness and sleep. Who would not wish to forget the evil which he has done or the evil done to him by others. Those persons who have not had a happy life and do not reflect, find a glass of wine or a pipe a pleasant companion or a trusty friend. They have had some disquietude or a troubled conscience, and the glass or the pipe put them into an agreeable frame of mind, and modifies the course and color of their ideas, and may even give them imagination, eloquence and courage. The priest may in vain promise eternity, or the philosopher in vain counsel imagination, but the little glass of *eau de vie* that burns, or the little packet of herb which ignites, procures for him at once, without the least effort, what the one promises and the other counsels him to do. It is not complete felicity nor absolute forgetfulness, but is the dulling of thought, the obscuration of consciousness—a mental lethargy—before which realities continue to move without ceasing. Animals are happy, for they

do not think at all. This is the depth of his reasoning and the conclusion of his philosophy." It may be remembered that in the School for Scandal, when sitting down to the gaming table, Charles Surface says: "Let me throw in a bottle of champagne and I never lose—at least I never feel my losses, which is exactly the same thing."

The reason for drinking is obvious; in small quantities wine takes away the sensibility, and thus annihilates trouble; in larger quantities or with spirits it produces complete forgetfulness.

As wide as the world—"Wherever the heart hath sorrow, wherever the heart hath woe," will be the tendency to drown dull care with the "flowing bowl," opium or other intoxicant, and while we exercise our utmost powers to suppress the traffic and to shield those who suffer from neglect and abuse we do well, but let us not forget to furnish that intellectual, moral, social and religious nourishment that a human soul requires for a healthy existence, so that there may be "beauty for ashes," and vigor in the place of alcoholic lethargy. In the various exercises of the Lodge the unfortunate, struggling against the billows of habit and appetite, may find interest and assistance, and what there may lack, a sympathetic Saviour can supply. The wail of the drunkard is a cry in the darkness for light, hope and peace, and the transition from self-indulgence and depravity to the higher life and nobler purposes that characterize the exercises of the lodge room, and still further, onward and upward to the life eternal and joy unspeakable, should be the motto and purpose of all Good Templars.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS, 1893-4.

G.C.T.	Rev. A. E. Green	Richmond
G.V.T.	Mrs. A. Hill	Wellington
G. Conn.	Rev. J. Rollins	Ashcroft
G.S.J.T.	Rev. J. Calvert	Shopland
G.Sec.	Dr. L. Hall	Box 53, Victoria
G.Treas.	S. Gough	Nanaimo
G. Chap.	Rev. J. A. Wood	Vernon
G. Mar.	A. R. Carrington	Nicola Lake
P.G.C.T.	C. S. Keith	New Westminster
<i>(The above constitute the Executive).</i>		
G.E.S.	W. L. Gilchrist	Esquimalt
G.G.	Miss Ida Fox	Sapperton
G. Sent.	P. J. Pierson	Chemainus
G.A.S.	Mrs. L. Hall	Victoria
G.D.M.	Miss Bamfield	Spring Ridge
G. Mess.	D. C. McLaren	Kanloops
D.R.W.G.T.&		
Vice-Chanc'or	C. S. Keith	New Westminster

Next annual meeting is at Nanaimo, in September, 1894.

DISTRICT LODGE NO. 3.

J. A. Shearer, D. C. T. Langley
T. Coyle White, D. Sec. New Westminster
Next meeting at Mission City, February, 1894.

DISTRICT LODGE NO. 2.

H. Harold, D. C. T. Nanaimo
....., D. S.

DISTRICT LODGE NO. 1.

—Earle, D. C. T.
E. C. Wildey, D. Sec. Esquimalt
Next session in March, 1894.

OFFICIAL.

Any circular or notice printed in the "Official Department" or any matter over which "Official" is placed in this GOOD TEMPLAR paper is to be regarded as an official communication, and must be read as such by every Lodge Deputy or Secretary to his Lodge at the first meeting thereof after the paper has been received. Should the communication be of a nature requiring action to be taken before the regular Lodge meeting, it will be the duty of the Lodge Deputy so bring the matter immediately to the notice of the Chief Templar.

OFFICIAL.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS—

It is with deep regret I report the loss, through diphtheria, of one of our "Jewells" of Sapperton. I am sure the Temples throughout the jurisdiction will unite with me in sympathy for "Jewells No. 17," in the loss they have sustained, and for the parents of the little one, in the heavy grief that has fallen upon them.

The morning flowers display their sweets

And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray

The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away—

Yet these new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;

Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

I am sorry also to report the closing down of two Temples. Of one there is hope of resuscitation, of the other but a faint possibility. I am about to organize two new Temples, and hope a great deal more of this work may come to hand during the month.

The new supplies are to hand. I am prepared to furnish Constitutions, Ode-Cards, Rituals, &c., &c., at list prices.

I am ever pleased to hear from Superintendents relative to their work and state of their Temples, and ever ready to give what assistance may be within my power.

Vernon has recently organized with a membership of 35, with Rev. J. A. Wood as Supt. Bravo! Vernon. Vive, Vernon!

Yours in T. L. & P.,
J. CALVERN, G.S.J.T.

Do you want cheap and reliable insurance on the assessment plan? If so, write Lewis Hall, G. S., Box 53, Victoria.