

J. O. Good Templars.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada, I. O. G. T. Items of information in regard to the Temperance work everywhere always thankfully received by the Editor, T. W. Casey, G. W. S., TRUTH office, Toronto.

Encouraging.

Our friends are giving great encouragement to the Publisher of TRUTH by their hearty co-operation. Bro. J. H. James, of Glen Williams, is one of our best practical workers, and has always something tangible to report. Last week he gladdened the heart of the Publisher of TRUTH by a handsome subscription list of thirty-three new subscribers. Who will beat this record?

Bro. M. Lynch, of Danville, P. Q., also a real practical worker, has sent in five new names, with the promise of more to come.

Mrs. M. A. Heather, of Peterboro, a working Templar of more than twenty years standing, has also sent a good list, with more to follow.

Bro. John Linklater, L. D., of Leeburn Lodge, in renewing his subscription, writes:—"I am very much pleased with TRUTH, and since it became the organ of our Order, it is better than ever."

NEWS FROM LODGES.

GLENNVILLE, YORK Co.—A new Lodge, "Blossoming Rose," No. 441, has been instituted by Bro. Thomas Garbutt, L. D., of Newmarket. There were twenty-six charter members, and they have a good lodge room of their own. John G. Mums, W. C. T. and L. D., (Newmarket, P. O.) Carl Gleason, W. V.; John E. Sharp, W. S.; Richard Kirton, W. C.; A. Gleason, W. F. S.; W. H. Sharp, W. T. Night of meeting, Friday. We are glad to learn that Bro. Garbutt has more work in prospect.

HAMPDEN, GREY Co.—Hampden Lodge No. 133 was instituted on the 12th ult. by Bro. Charles Ramage, L. D. of Varney. Night of meeting, Wednesday. Bro. Ramage writes: "In company with several excellent members of Refuge Lodge I organized the new Lodge last night. I have scarcely ever attended where more apparent genuine enthusiasm prevailed." Henry Byers, W. C. T.; Lizzie Young, W. V.; T. C. Smith, W. S.; Robert Henderson, W. C.; John Cooper, W. F. S.; Miss L. Mather, W. T. Hampden P. O.

NICOLSTON, SIMCOE Co.—Never Surrender Lodge was resuscitated by Bro. W. H. Rodden, on Tuesday of last week. It has been dormant for some time. The members of Alliston and West Essa assisted in the work. Wm. Miller, L. D.; W. G. Kniler, W. C. T.; Emma Cunningham, W. V.; J. Kniler, W. F. S.; Amos Cunningham, W. T. Night of meeting, Tuesday. In connection with the above Bro. Rodden writes: "On approaching the valley in which Nicolston is situated the glare of an apparent conflagration issued therefrom, illuminating the tree-tops on the surrounding hills. As the merry party from Alliston drove into the place, making it resound with the chorus of the Templar odes, a great flaming bonfire, together with the lusty cheers of the assembled villagers, greeted their arrival." Bro. Rodden reports that he recently visited Alliston Lodge on Thursday evening of last week and found it in a prosperous condition. He also reports the prospects good for working lodges in the following localities, as soon as the holidays are over, in consequence of his efforts: Tottenham, Creemore, Acton, and Rockwood.

The Temperance concerts each Saturday evening are held in Occident Hall, Queen and Bathurst street. There is always a good programme. It is a pleasant place to spend an evening.

A series of fortnightly Saturday evening Parlor Concerts have been arranged for the winter evenings at Wolesley Hall,

corner of Yonge and Gerrard streets. They are under the direction of a joint committee of the Sons and Good Templars. One will be held on Saturday evening, 12th prox., commencing at eight o'clock, and they will be continued on the second and fourth Saturday evenings of each month. Admission five cents.

Good of the Order.

FOR READINGS & RECITATIONS.

The Outcast.

Shun not him whose heart has been
Nurtured in the school of crime,
Who, familiar grew with sin,
Since he ran life's flowery prime.

In his bosom cold and dark,
Which emits no generous rays,
Hidden lies a tiny spark
That may rot the world ablaze.

By your actions you decide—
Every word you speak to-day—
Whether Heaven his steps shall guide,
Or from truth he further stray.

Be with grace and wisdom fraught;
Seize an impulse all divine;
And a ray from mercy caught,
In the gracious heart will shine.
—Christian Secretary.

Banish All the Crew.

D. N. FENGELLY.

Tune: Auld Lang Syne.

Come, temperance bands,
Throughout the lands—
Red Ribbons, White and Blue,
Dare finish up the work began;
Dare banish all the crew.

CHORUS:

Come, let us dare to do, my friends;
Come, let us dare to do!
Dare banish cider, beer and rum;
Tobacco banish, too.

We've striven long these hands to form,
Of people tried and true;
To finish up the work begun,
And stop this business, too.

CHORUS:

Bring up the rest, make no defense;
Come, join Red, White and Blue;
Come, show yourselves for temperance,
And to this contest true.

Of lager beer we stand in fear,
Gin, rum and whiskey, too;
Come, finish well the work, nor fear
To banish all the crew.

CHORUS:

The day will come—it draweth nigh—
When 'neath the spangled blue,
We'll raise our standard Heaven-high,
With motto, "Dare to Do!"

Then glory crowned from all around,
'Neath the spangled blue,
When every heart will then resound,
You've dared the right to do!

On Wine.

"Fill the goblet again"—said Lord Byron
in mirth
When he deeply had quaffed of the pleasures
of earth—
"Let us drown in its depths the dark cares
that annoy,
'Tis the only true fountain of pleasure and
joy!"

Was he right? all allow that it oft causeth
mirth,—
To revels loud, long and protracted gives
birth;—
In the bright flush of youth it may gladden
the soul
But,—is wisdom o'er found in the depths of
the bowl?

Wine can do much 'tis true. It can rob us
of health,
It will help the young spend thrift to squander
his wealth;
It can wean us from home—to that home can
bring pain;—
It has oft broken hearts. Can it heal them
again?

With the clear, ruddy glow which health
paints on the cheek,
And a frame which knows not what it is to
be weak,
We may dare the false spirit which dwelleth
in wine—
Will such daring bring credit to your name
or mine?

When the fire brightly burns and the lights
are aglow,
When the mind is impatient and time moves
too slow,
When pleasure's proud minions come forth
at her call,—
Then wine—rosy wine—may be fairest of
all.

But when o'er the frame comes the cold
chill of age,
And the soul flutters hard in its poor fleshly
cage,
When, with labor, comes hardly the quick-
failing breath,
Wine may deaden the sense.—Will it cheer
us in death?

Far better, ere comes the last hour of great
need,
To rely on a Friend who a friend is indeed;
Trust not in false wine, for the courage to
brave
The cold shades of death, and the gloom of
the grave.

—ANNE KING.

Better than Gold.

FATHER RYAN.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for another's woes,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in a humble
sphere,
Doubly blest with contentment and wealth;
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when the labours close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumber
deep.

Bring sleeping draughts on the downy bed
Where luxury pillows its aching head,
The toiler simple opiate dreams
A shorter route to the land of dream.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires pass away;
The world's great stream will thus unfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home.
Where all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love and the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife,
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or
sold

And centre there, are better than gold.

Where Are You Going, Young Man?

Where are you going so fast, young man,
Where are you going so fast,
With a cup in your hand and a flush on
your brow?
Though pleasure and mirth may accompany
you now,
It tells of a sorrow to come by and bye;
It tells of a pang that is sealed with a sigh;
It tells of a shame at last—young man—
A withering shame that will last.

Where are you going so fast, young man?
Where are you going so fast?
In the flush of that wine there is only a
bait—
A curse lies beneath that you'll find when
too late;
A serpent sleeps down in the depths of that
cup;
A monster is there that will swallow you
up;
A sorrow you'll find at last, young man—
In wine there is sorrow at last.

There's a reckoning day to come, young
man;
A reckoning day to come,
A life yet to live, and a death yet to die,
A sad parting tear and a sad parting sigh;
A journey to take, and a famishing heart,
A sharp pang to feel from Death's chilling
dart;
A curse if you drink that rum, young man—
The bitterest curse in that rum.

An Eastern Legend.

An aged man came into Abraham's tent.
The sky was dark and all the plain was
bare
He asked for bread: his strength was well-
nigh spent:
His haggard look implored the tenderest
care.
The food was brought. He sat with thank-
ful eyes,
But spoke no grace, nor bowed he toward
the east.
Safe-sheltered here from dark and angry
skies,
The bounteous table seemed a royal feast.
But ere his hand had touched the tempting
fare,
The Patriarch arose, and leaning on his
rod,
"Stranger," he said, "dost thou not bow
in prayer?"
Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship,
God?"
He answered, "Nay." The Patriarch sadly
said:
"Thou hast my pity. Go! eat not my
bread."

Another came that wild and fearful night.
The fierce winds raged, and darker grew
the sky:
Put all the tent was filled with wondrous
light,
And Abraham knew the Lord his God was
nigh.
"Where is that aged man?" the Presence
said,
"That asked for shelter from the driving
blast?"
Who made thee master of thy Master's
bread?
What right hadst thou the wanderer forth
to cast?"
"Forgive me, Lord," The Patriarch an-
swer made,
With downcast look, with bowed and
trembling knee.
"Ah, me! the stranger might with me
have staid.
But, O my God, he would not worship
Thee."
"I've borne him long," God said, "and still
I wait;
Couldst thou not lodge him one night in
thy gate?"

—Harper's Magazine.

Would Have an Easy Time.

"Say, how long do these mosquitoes
bite?" asked a guest of an Arkansas hotel,
as a colored gentleman entered with a pitcher
of water. "I have been lying here fighting
'em for an hour. How long do you sup-
pose they will keep up this business?"
"Well, I dunno, sah. 'Cordin' ter how
manny da is."
"There are ten thousand."
"In dat case, sah, it's 'cordin' ter how
hungry da is."
"They are as hungry as wolves."
"Den yer's mighty likely ter hab trouble
wid 'em, sah."
"Why don't you put a bar over the
bed?"
"Case nobody eber sleeps in dis room
but one night. When a one night man
come along we give him dis room. Didn't
nobody sleep in heah las' night an' dat's de
reason da's so hungry. Ef yer'd happen ter
strike dis bed jes' arter a fat man had been in
in it, yer'd had an easy time, sah."—Arkans-
saw Traveller.

At the banquet: "Fellow-Irishmen, I
am glad to be with you here. I hope we
shall meet often. Gentlemen, you may
not have supposed it, but I am myself
something of an Irishman. I have a cork
leg."

Neighbors are very considerate in Nor-
way. When a baby is born a placard is
nailed up on the door informing the com-
munity of the fact. Those who wish to
move out of the vicinity are thus enabled
to do so in good season.