

Good Templars' Departm't.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada.

T. W. CASEY, G. W. Secretary, Editor.

Good Templar Prizes.

Don't forget about the following prizes offered to Good Templars obtaining subscribers for TRUTH.

I. To the Sister sending in the largest number of subscribers, a beautiful set of fine gold bracelets, valued at \$8.

II. To the sister obtaining the second largest number, a Templar gold brooch, or locket valued at \$5. These prizes will be given by Bro. James Johnston, of Toronto.

III. To the Brother procuring the largest number of subscribers, a gold Templar's pin or \$4 worth of temperance books, as may be preferred; by the Grand Secretary.

IV. To the Brother obtaining the second largest number, a gold pin, or \$2 worth of temperance books, by Bro. J. B. Nixon, G.W.T.

The names to be procured any time up to February 1st. Send to TRUTH office for any further information needed.

NEWS FROM LODGES.

RUTHVEN, ESSEX CO.—Eric Lodge is reported by Bro. Geo. Wightman as making good progress. There are now 89 members.

MORE ADDITIONS.—The Good Templar ranks continue to increase. On Sunday last the wife of Bro. F. S. Spence, City Deputy of Toronto, and editor of the *Canada Citizen*, presented him with a daughter.

TIVERTON, BRUCE CO.—Bro. A. G. Montgomery writes that in Bruce Lodge there is a large attendance than usual. They expect, with a united effort and the blessing of God, to accomplish a good work during the coming winter.

ALLISTON, SIMCOE CO.—Alliston Lodge has been reorganized after having been dormant for two or three years. J. Dunham, W.C.T.; Mrs. J. Faithful, W.V.; J. Palmer, W.S.; John Faithful, L.D. It meets on Thursday evenings.

KARS, CARLTON CO.—We hear from Bro. W. Lindsay of Salamander Lodge that their prospects are good for getting a large increase in the membership this quarter. A prize has been offered to the member who will bring in the largest number during the quarter.

BRACEBRIDGE, MUSKOKA.—Bro. E. Wardell writes that Beaver Lodge is in a more healthy condition than he has heretofore known it to be. Among its members are the representatives of forty different families. There are excellent prospects for doing good this winter.

GODFREY, FRONTENAC CO.—Bro. C. Howarth, L.D., writes: "We had a public installation of our officers and an 'open lodge' meeting. There was a good attendance, excellent speeches, readings, and music. I am sorry to say we have a decrease of members, because of some pruning out for non-payment. We are in hopes that, during the quarter, we shall be able to increase our number again."

PARKDALE.—Hope of Parkdale Lodge is meeting with encouraging success. At the last meeting four new candidates were initiated and at a recent one six. On Monday evening the hall was filled, and among the visitors were Bros. Casey, G. W. Secretary; Mr. & Mrs. Jackman, Jordon, Morrison and others of Toronto. Visiting members always welcomed at the meetings on Monday evenings, at the Town Hall building, Parkdale. C. Brooks, W.C.T.; L. L. Hannah, W.S.; J. B. McLaughlin, W.C.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.

Sunday afternoon temperance meetings are held weekly in Toronto as follows. In each case the hour of meeting is 3 o'clock.

At Occident Hall, Queen street, West, corner of Queen and Bathurst.

At Temperance Hall, Temperance street, near Yonge street.

At Temperance Hall, North Toronto, on the Davenport Road.

Visitors are always welcome to any of these meetings, and pledge books are always ready.

A public temperance entertainment of music, readings, recitations and speeches every Saturday evening at Occident Hall, commencing at 8 o'clock. Admission 5 cents. Next Saturday evening there will be a fine exhibition of dissolving views, and the Bolt Company's Brass Band will be in attendance. Be sure and attend, and you will find it a pleasant evening's enjoyment.

Go Forward.

BY J. B. GOUGH.

Men have very strange ideas of God's dealings with us in Providence, and of faith in Him. What is faith? To walk right to the edge of the precipice, and then stop? No! walk in Faith. What, step my feet upon nothing? Yes, upon nothing, if it is in the path of duty: boldly set your feet on nothing; and a solid rock, firm as the everlasting hills, shall rise up beneath your feet every step you take in the path of duty—only do it unwaveringly and in faith. What we have to do, brethren, is to settle the point—are we right?

Now, it is not my duty to show everybody that he is wrong, but it is my duty to see that I myself am right.

You remember when the children of Israel went out of Egypt they were a band of escaped fugitives. Their ranks were encumbered with the presence of many women and children, and their mighty but meek leader was armed only with a rod. Here come the chariots and the horsemen of Pharaoh treading on their very shadow. A pillar of fire went before them by night, and a pillar of cloud by day, and they marched till they came to the shores of the Red Sea: and then—what? Read the magnificent narrative: "And the Lord God said unto Moses from out of the cloud, 'Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward.'" That was the only command. How can they go forward? There is no other command for the children of Israel; but to Moses there come the words, "Stretch forth thy rod," and the way opened. God never yet gave us a duty to do but He opened the way for us when we were ready to do it. He never gave an impossible command yet. So the waters stood in heaps. Tramp, tramp, tramp—went the three millions through the bed of the sea; and their enemies came in after them, and it was in the night time. Now . . . what? "Forward!" "But our enemies are in our rear." "Forward!" "Yes, but before us is we know not what. The waters are on either side." "Forward!" "Yes, but we can almost feel the very breath of the horses upon our necks, and hear the chariot wheels grind in the shingle as they pursue us." "Forward!" And the pillar that went before them passed over and stood in their rear. It was light unto them; it was darkness to their enemies: "and they came not near each other all the night." Those who had obeyed the command, "Forward!" stood on the other side, and then "the Lord God looked out from the pillar of fire, and troubled the Egyptians, and brake their chariot wheels." Those who had obeyed the command, "Forward!" saw the wrecks of chariots and the carcasses of the horses and the bodies of men strewn the strand.

Brethren, settle the matter: "Am I right?" and then forward all with a hope and a prayer, "God speed the right; and use us as instruments in His hands for that grand and glorious purpose!"

Good of the Order.

FOR READINGS & RECITATIONS.

The Factory Chimney.

The busy builders' heavy task was very nearly done,
The new built factory's window panes were glist'ning in the sun;
The only part unfinished was the chimney great and tall,
Which towered high above the rest, and overlooked them all.
The scaffolding had, like a net, enclosed the chimney high;
But, piece by piece, 'twas taken down, till—clear against the sky—
The workmen looked as small as flies the chimney top around,
With just a pully-block and rope to bring them to the ground;
And when their task was ended, and the men were lowered down,
A busy hive where toil could thrive was added to the town.

Loud cheered the lookers-on to see the noble work complete;
Shook hands as men and foreman too came down upon their feet;
Then down they hauled the running-rope, and, as it dropped to ground,
Their "Hip! Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" was heard by all the country round.
But, as the echoes died away, a solitary cry came faintly through the evening air! and people wondered why;
A cry as from a lonely man lost in the wilderness—
And whence it came no one could tell—that cry of dire distress;
Till one looked up—then looked again; then cried "Oh! neighbors—stop!
Lord save us! See—Look! can it be—a man left on the top!"

"Where be my men," the foreman cries, "Step here, and let me see
Who is the missing man of us—if missing man there be:
Just nine beside myself went up to finish on that job;
Here's Jake and Sandy, Mike and Ben; long Dick, and Jim and Bob—
Where's the Timmy Brown? Oh, here thee be—thou'rt always backward Tim,
And where is George the mason, lads?—It surely can't be him?
He worked on t'other side from us"—"He did, bedad!" said Mike—
"Hold on a minute while I shout—he's started home belike—
GEORGE! GEORGE, MY LAD! WHERE BE THEE NOW?" he shouted loud and clear.
Down from the height, midst waning light, a faint voice answered—"Here!"

"God help the man!" "God pity him," the awe-struck people groan,
"A hundred yards above our reach—all helpless and alone;
If we could but send up to him a line of thinnest string;
Then add a cord, and then a rope; aye, that would be the thing,
But there is not enough of wind to raise the smallest kite."
"And is there then no other way by which to reach the height?"
"Aye: we could build right up to him, but that would take so long;
And ev'ry hour must weaken him, although he was so strong.

The chilly night is closing in, and, mayhap, in its gloom,
His heart and brain won't bear the strain and he may meet his doom."

"Hist! Here's the wife—poor George's wife!"—and midst the parting crowd,
A woman swiftly made her way, while many sobbed aloud;
Her eyes were bright and tearless, but her heart was beating wild
For him—the husband of that heart—the father of her child.
They told her how a slender cord might save—if it could reach;
"But now," said they, "there is no wind."
"Thank God," was all her speech,
She waved her hand for silence; and they breathlessly stood still,
While she essayed to speak to him she'd loved through good and ill—
"George! George, my husband! Canst thou hear thy own—thy faithful Bess?"
Down through the shroud of gathering cloud he cried, "God bless thee!"—
Yes!"

Cried she, "Take off thy stocking, George, that I have knit for thee."
The people asked—"What can she mean—its crazy she must be!"
But when she cried "Unravel it, and let the thread come down!"
A mighty cheer broke from them all, and rang throughout the town.
"Will someone fetch some string and cord!"
"Aye!" And with might and main
To house and shop men swiftly ran—then panting back again;
And in their wake came hundreds more, from road, and street, and lane,
One feeling thrilled the multitude—one sympathetic pain:—
Ah! let the cynic sneer about man's selfishness and sin;
But here's that touch of nature such as makes the whole world kin.

As up through gathering darkness there, the waiting crowd had gazed,
They saw a white speck waving, and they murmured "God be praised!"
It was the thread descending, with a something at its end—
A bit of mortar tied to it to help it to descend.
"Lord," prayed the wife, "The winds and waves obey Thy sovereign will—
Do thou rebuke this gentle breeze: Say to it,—'Peace be still!'
My husband's life hangs on that thread. In mercy save it then."
And all around who heard that prayer cried fervently "Amen."
And safely came the little weight, with thread of worsted blue,
To link again the loving twain, whose hearts were tried and true.

They tied to it the slender string. "Pull gently up they cry.
He pulls the thread; "Twill surely break," the doubters whisper nigh;
Up goes the thread; up goes the string—and with it many a prayer—
Until the patient man above shouts that he has it there.
"Now tie this cord to it," They do, and soon he holds the end.
And now he lifts and loops the rope. He's ready to descend.
And tremblingly they lowered him, and, when he reached the sod,
Cried "Hallelujah!" "Praise the Lord!" and "Glory be to God!"
While she, the faithful heroine, who'd braved their weak alarms,
Herself grew weak; she tried to speak—but fainted in their arms.

And so, whilst keen and stalwart men thought how they might begin
To reach their comrade—thus cut off from all his kith and kin—
A woman's love devised a way far readier than their skill,
And made her husband save himself, responsive to her will.
How weak that thread, how strong the faith that made her heart so brave:
The feeblest means, when blessed by God, how powerful to save.
What wonder many bore a bit of worsted thread away
To treasure as memento of that most eventful day;
And George from then wore on his breast a bow of worsted blue:
Which, through his wife, had saved his life to serve his God anew.

* * * * *
Full many a year has passed since then, but while time rolls away
Still history repeats itself: it re appears to-day:
The Scripture saith "The drunkard is as one alone at last,
In peril swaying on the top of some high vessel's mast;
But even such Love's skill can reach—and rescue from the grave;
The Ribbon Blue—divinely blest—will bring the means to save:
'Twill bring to hand the Temperance cause of Faith, Hope Charity;
And then the Gospel rope attached ensnares true liberty.
So to the Gospel Temperance cause our hands and hearts we give;
And stand we true and wear the Blue as long as we shall live.

—JOSEPH MALINS.

HUMBERSTONE, WELLAND CO.—HUMBERSTONE Lodge I. O. G. T., meets Saturday evenings at Templars' Hall. Visiting members always welcome. W. C. T., W. L. SCHOFIELD; W. S., A. M. NEFF; L. D., JAMES KINNEAR, Port Colborne, Ont.