

AN OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.

Thank God some of us have an old-fashioned mother! Not a woman of the period, whose white, jewelled hands never felt the clasp of baby fingers, but a dear, old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in whose depths the love-light shone, the brown hair, just threaded with silver, lying smooth upon her faded cheeks: those dear hands, worn with toil, gently guiding our tottering steps in childhood, and smoothing our pillow in sickness, ever reaching out to us in yearning tenderness! Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother! It floats to us like the beautiful perfume of some woodland blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the enchanting memory will echo in our souls forever. Other faces may fade away and be forgotten, but hers will shine on.

When in the beautiful pauses of busy life our feet wander back to the old homestead, and crossing the well-known threshold stand once more in the room, so hallowed by her presence, how the feeling of childhood innocence and dependence comes over us, and we kneel down in the radiant sunshine streaming through the open window—just where long years ago we knelt by our mother's knee, lisping "Our Father!" How many times, when the tempter lured us on, has the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from plunging into the abyss of sin? Years have filled great drifts between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the glory of her pure, unselfish love.

GEMS.

While the use of tobacco—a virulent poison—at first produces the usual effect of all similar poisons, disgust, nausea, leathly sickness, arousing the powers of nature in opposition to it, it is a matter of surprise, a humiliating fact, indicative of the depravity of our nature, that the young will persist in intense suffering, that they may so reverse nature as to compel it to tolerate such an abominable poison weed. It is as unnatural as it would be for the lamb to eat pork, the loon to eat grass, snow to fall in mid-summer, or water to run uphill. One of the most alarming features is the fact that it naturally leads to the use of intoxicants—the two vices being twin brothers.

I would prefer that my son should be safely locked up in prison, adopt-

ing a simple diet, forming correct habits and laboring for the good of the state and the welfare of society, disconnected with all crime, than to have him lounging around the liquor and gambling saloons and places where the "vile weed" is sold, for, to the extent he should patronize them, his course will lead to corruption, immorality and ruin, encouraging the worst vices of our fallen human nature.

In the boy who despises education, Sabbath-schools and religious meetings, spending his Sabbaths in roaming in the forests and fields, robbing bird's nests, killing the young and all within his reach, visiting fruit trees and gardens for pillage, I think I see the germ of the future man—or substitute—drunken, profligate, indolent, useless to the world and a disgrace to humanity, destined to spend the last of life in prison, or expiate his crimes on the gallows.

A GOOD TEMPLAR.

A man may be a Templar and not a *Good* Templar. If he merely keeps his pledge and does nothing else to advance the Order he is a Templar, not a *Good* Templar. If he is profane of speech, violent of temper, and disposed to slander his neighbors, he may be a Templar but he is not a *Good* Templar. If he annoys his Brothers and Sisters in the Order by querulous conduct and angry speech in the lodge room, he is a Templar but not a *Good* Templar. If he cheats in trade, tramples upon his contracts and is unscrupulous in word or deed, he may be a Templar, but not a *Good* Templar. If he cares more for himself than he does for the organization to which he belongs, he is a Templar but not a *Good* Templar. A *Good* Templar must be a good man, a gentleman, a man who is gentle, a man who loves his neighbor as he loves himself, a man a woman can trust and a child can kiss, a man who will not speak ill of you when your back is turned, a man who will not be your friend with friends and an enemy with your enemies—you can trust him with open letters or with sealed packages, with your signature and your bank book. A *Good* Templar should combine the conscience of a Christian with the chivalry of a soldier. He should never lower his colors in the face of the foe.—The late J. B. Finch.

A new Minnesota statute punishes the drunkard by a fine from \$10 to \$40 for the first offence, from 40 to 60 for the second, and ninety days in the workhouse for the third.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

The sheep are coming home,
From far hill pastures, where the wild
winds blow,
To the fold's shelter thankfully they go,
They praise the Lord!

The children, too, come home—
From lands afar— from many a city street—
Beneath their childhood's roof what mem-
ories meet!
Around the bounteous board
They praise the Lord!

Dear Shepherd, bring us home—
When all the days of all our years are told,
Lead to the shelter of thy heavenly fold.
Reclaimed, redeemed, restored,
We'll praise Thee, Lord!
—Julia Taft Bayne.

We beg to acknowledge having received from that well-known caller, "la grippe," a visit. Two members of the editing committee are under the weather, viz: Bro. White, who has been indisposed for some time past, and Bro. Forrester, who, having had a relapse, is now dangerously ill with fever. The other member of the committee feels certain that the sympathy of all Good Templars will be extended to these Brothers.

Love is the first comforter, and where love and truth speak, the love will be felt where the truth is never perceived. Love is indeed the highest in all truth; and the pressure of a hand, a kiss, the caress of a child, will do more to save sometimes than the wisest argument even rightly understood. Love alone is wisdom, love is power; and where love seems to fail, it is where self has stepped between and dulled the potency of its rays.—George Macdonald.

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In one of the great Paris hospitals it was found that of eighty-three patients who suffered from epilepsy, sixty were children of drunken parents.