

for, the whole valued at \$500. This being a busy time of year with farmers, makes it harder to keep up the interest, but we have not allowed the Division to suspend working for a single meeting evening, and believe that by so doing it keeps in much better working order. As often as practicable we have programmes consisting of readings, recitations, dialogues, music, &c., also occasionally spelling matches, debates, &c., and by these means make the meetings both interesting and profitable."

—Bro. R. Hopkins, G.W.A., D.G.W.P., says with regard to Quarry Division and the section of Gloucester near Ottawa: "We are busy at work helping the Inspector to bring up persons for selling liquor on Sunday and without license. During the last week we have sent up three; the week before two; since the first of January we have been the means of prosecuting seventeen groggers and hotel keepers. Through the influence of our Inspector and others the Government of Ontario sent us \$10 to assist in paying a detective, and we have one employed by our Division. So you see although we sent no representative to the Grand Division, we are busy at work. We spent \$96 in repairing our hall, and we are now out of debt, and ready to fight to the last. We have forty-five members all in good standing, and our Division is lively and the attendance good."

Correspondence.

To the Editor,

DEAR SIR,—I was pleased to read in your last number the letter signed "Well Wisher." He seems to have discovered the real cause of the decline of the Order, namely "indifference." I hope now, that we have made the discovery, we will no longer be indifferent, but work more earnestly, until the Order is what it was in bygone days, and in every way possible strengthen the hands of the Executive.

SON.

TEMPERANCE MUSIC.

To the Editor,

DEAR SIR.—I have just noticed an able article in the *Casket* (the organ of the Good Templars), which is equally applicable to ourselves, complaining that Temperance music is not used at their entertainments—nay, even appears to be avoided. The same thing is prevalent in our own Order, for we rarely, if ever, at our ordinary gatherings, favour our audience with Temperance songs. Sometimes these selections are pleasing, however; but even that is not always the case. A Division in this city, which shall be nameless, but has always been accustomed to hold its head up pretty high, recently entertained its sister divisions, and a portion of the programme was the silly, vulgar song, entitled "The Belle of the Ball," which is far more suitable for bar-room loafers, than for a Division of the Sons of Temperance. I am sorry to say that the song was favourably received, even the acting Worthy Patriarch applauding it. The introduction of a few stirring Temperance songs would, in my opinion, be a blessing, and I heartily concur with your confrere the *Casket*.—Yours etc.,

G. T. & S. of T.

Toronto, 10th July, 1880.

Miscellaneous.

Beer for Workingmen.

IN England there is a man named William Bailey, a wealthy man doing a large business. He had once been a farm labourer. Some years ago, as he was walking across a hay-field, he saw some men mowing, and he crossed over to them and asked if he might mow. One of them said yes, and handed him a scythe. Soon, one of them remarked, "Why you have mowed before!" "Yes I have," said Bailey, "and at first I drank beer regularly. But, while I was mowing and drinking my beer, the idea suddenly came to me that I could mow just as well without beer."

"Oh, I couldn't work without beer," said one of the labourers. "I couldn't get on."

"After I began to mow without beer, I soon discovered I could get on without mowing," replied Bailey.

"We should like that very well," said the man.

"Oh, no! you can't do without your beer, and you will go on mowing all your lives, without rising to anything better, just because you will have your beer."

There is many a workingman now putting all his savings into the hands of the saloon-keeper, instead of keeping them himself, and that is the reason he does not get on.

"I have backed as many as sixty tons of coal a day since I took the pledge," said a London "coal-whipper." "But before that, if I had done so much, I should hardly have been able to crawl home, and I should have been certain to lose the next day's work."

We might cite the testimony of masons, bricklayers, labourers, furnacemen, moulders, glass-blowers, sawyers, porters, plasterers, in fact all trades on sea and land, doing the hardest work and exposed to the severest cold. These all do their work without beer.

We often meet men who say, "I drink to make me work." To such a one, an old man replied as follows: "Hearken! I once was a prosperous farmer. I had a good loving wife, and two as fine lads as the sun ever shone upon. But we drank ale to make us work. Those two lads now lie in drunkards' graves, and my wife died of a broken heart and lies beside them. Our comfortable home is gone. I am seventy years of age; and, because I used to drink to make me work, it makes me work now for my daily bread. Yes, drink, drink! and it will be sure to make you work."—*Union Handbills*.

"Salvation is a permanent deliverance from both the love of sin and the guilt of sin."—*Joseph Cook*.