

How I lived for a year or two I scarcely know. I held horses, carried luggage from railways, cleaned boots, and sold newspapers. I got a cheap bed at a coffee-house, and this kept me out of the common lodging houses. This was a blessing, for I have known many a lad ruined there.

One day I was going through a side street in Southwark, and I saw that a potman was wanted at a beer-shop, so I went in and asked for the place, and to my astonishment I got it. It was a low house; scavengers, coal-porters, boardmen, dog-fanciers, and thieves, came in and out all day, and at night it was fearful. Well, I drank a good deal then, and fell into many evil habits, but one day, when "serving" some beer at a baker's shop, I saw the servant-girl, and took quite a fancy to her. After that I tried to keep sober, and made myself look smart and clean, and I saw she took to me a bit. After awhile she consented to walk with me on a Sunday afternoon. "To Kennington Park?" I said. "No," said she, "to church." So I went to church with her.

For some time I kept sober, but one hot night I drank a little, and then went to see her. She saw how it was, and looked silently at me for a long time, and then quietly said, "John you must either give up drink, or give up me." I looked at her. Tears were in her eyes. I said, "I will," and resolved to sign the pledge.

I gave up my situation, and told my employer I meant to become a teetotaler. How he raved and swore! However, away I went to a teetotal meeting, and signed the pledge, and I have kept it for more than two years. I have married my love, and I love her and she loves me; and that's all I have got to say.

Think Before You Drink.

THINK young men before you raise the wine cup to your lips, think what the consequences will be, should you persist in the evil; think would your mother be pleased to know that her son

drank wine. Think before you enter saloons or bar-rooms in the company of drinking acquaintances, for business men, men of reputation, men whose opinions are asked on all questions of importance will not fail to know the fact and will use such knowledge to your disadvantage, should they be questioned as to your character by those of whom you desire assistance or employment. Don't drink for the sake of being called a clever fellow. Think how many of those clever fellows are now wallowing in the mire of drunkenness, who thought when young in drink as perhaps you now think. I will never be a drunkard, I can stop when I please. Such thoughts are dangerous. Such ideas have ruined, wrecked the lives of thousands of the noblest specimens of God's creation. Think before you drink the draught that drives your reason from its throne, deadens your conscience, smothers your manhood, fills your heart with unholy desires, and finally makes him who was created in the image of his Creator the basest, meanest thing on the face of the earth.

Don't think you can drink without danger of becoming a drunkard. Thousands have tried the experiment and failed, fallen beyond redemption. Don't think you have got self-control enough to hold the monster in check. Thousands of wills stronger than yours have by its use become as clay in the hands of the potter. Thousands of the noblest in the land have fallen from the highest places in the gift of our people to fill drunkard's dishonoured graves.

Don't let the sneers of the moderate drinker or the jeers of your more hardened companions influence you in this matter, look about you, and mark the effects of rum. Look for the moderate drinkers of five or ten years ago and you will find that there is no such thing as moderate rum drinking, for in five cases out of six those who call themselves moderate drinkers have become either total abstainers or confirmed drunkards, in the latter

case shunned and abhorred by every decent member of society.

Listen to the promptings of conscience; use your judgment according to its dictates, and by so doing you will lead an honourable life and find a blessed future awaiting you.

Our Divisions.

No. 335, New Edinburgh Division,
"to the front."

A splendid meeting of this flourishing Division was held in the Division-room on Thursday, the 11th December, 1879. After the usual business was over, the doors were thrown open to the public.

The members of Quarry, Bytown and Chaudiere were in attendance.

The sisters of 335, who are always generous, dealt out plentifully, tea, coffee, and cake; and after the inner man was replenished, the following programme was successfully carried out:—Address by Bro. T. Tubman, W. P.; Song by Bro. G. P. Bliss; Address by Bro. Hopkins, G. W. A.; Address by Bro. Hannum, P. G. W. P.; Song by Bro. John Bell; Address by Bro. Lang, County Deputy for Russell; Song by Bro. Sparks, Quarry Division; Address by Bro. Barrett, G. Lecturer; Address by Bro. Cross, Chaudiere Division; Reading, Bro. Tubman, W. P.; Recitation by Bro. Sparks, Quarry Division.

A vote of thanks to the members of No. 335 for the evening's entertainment was passed, and a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close by singing "God Save the Queen."

The Annual Session.

THE Grand Division held its Annual Session in Almonte, commencing on the 2nd December, at 2 p. m., and closing at midnight on the 3rd.

The officers present were Thos. Caswell, G. W. P., W. H. Bewell, G. W. A., Thos. Webster, G. Scribe,