

Temperance Column.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

ARTICLE I.—(Continued.)

That the cause thus advocated rapidly gained ground is shown by the introduction in 1871 of Mr. Bruce's Bill, truly described as "thorough, honest, and calculated in ten years to have changed the face of the country," and in many of its main features agreeing remarkably with the legislation, on which there is a large consensus of opinion at this moment among the active adherents of the Temperance cause. But this Bill was withdrawn in face of a violent and combined opposition from various quarters, and only some fragmentary measures were passed, good in themselves but inadequate to meet the gigantic evil. Meanwhile the more directly religious work of the Society went steadily on, extending its scope, but as yet failing to touch in any satisfactory degree the great mass of the clergy and of Churchmen generally.

An epoch of infinite importance in its history was inaugurated in 1869, by the report of a committee of the Southern Convocation, under the presidency of Archdeacon Sandford, on "National Intemperance," which, for fulness of information, wisdom, and boldness of proposal, stands even now in the very foremost rank of official documents on this great subject. It is, we may remark in passing, well worthy of consideration whether it might not be brought by the same venerable authority up to the circumstances and needs of the present time. Moreover, the report, as coming from a representative assembly of the Church itself, carried with it an unmistakable Church authority, and suggested the possibility of some universal Church action. The golden opportunity was seized by the ready co-operation of Canon Ellison, as President of the Society, and of Archdeacon Sandford, as the chairman of the Convocation Committee. Both Convocations passed a formal resolution approving the principles on which the Society was ready to work, and commending it to "the hearty support of all members of the Church of England."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MONO MILLS MIRACLE.

A TALE THAT READ LIKE A NOVEL.

The Story of George Hewitt—Helpless for Thirty Years—At Last Finds Relief in a Simple Way—The Story Corroborated by Reliable Witnesses.

Orangeville Post.

For several months The Post, in common with many other journals of Ontario, has been publishing accounts of miraculous cures in various parts of Canada and the United States. We must confess, however, that we have paid little or no attention to these reported miracles, and probably our indifference would have continued to the end had it not been for a little incident that occurred in our

office when Washburn's circus was in Orangeville a few weeks ago. Mr. Stewart Mason, a respectable young farmer of Albion township, called at our office on business on that occasion, and as he was leaving we happened to ask him—a course generally pursued by the newspaper man in search of news—if there was anything new in his vicinity. He replied that there was nothing very startling and followed this up by asking us if we had heard of the wonderful cure of a man named Hewitt at Mono Mills. We confessed ignorance, and then Mr. Mason said that from what he had heard it was undoubtedly another miraculous cure through the agency of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills. We had become so thoroughly imbued with the idea that the various details of miracles in other parts were only a new and catching tale in the booming of patent medicines that we must admit Mr. Mason's intimation of a genuine local cure at once excited our interest. We took a note of the name and quietly made up our mind to investigate the matter at our earliest convenience. We came to the conclusion that there must be something in it, for Mr. Mason, a respectable and reliable young farmer, would not for a moment be suspected of equivocating on a matter in which he never had any interest, much less in one which did not concern him. A few days ago The Post despatched a representative to Mono Mills to make a full investigation of the alleged cure of George Hewitt. He first called on Mr. John Aldous, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, and after a few usual preliminaries asked him if he knew a man named Hewitt, in the village. "Is that the old man that wasn't able to move a short time ago, and is now getting all right so fast?" queried Mr. Aldous. The reporter nodded assent, and in less time than it takes to tell it the quill-driver and the obliging Mr. Aldous were on their way to the neat and comfortable home of Mr. Samuel Benson, with whom it was learned Mr. Hewitt resided. The Benson home is in the eastern suburb of the village, and upon the reporter and Mr. Aldous calling, they were courteously received by the busy house-wife, who was not too busy, however, to spare time to tell The Post all about her interesting boarder and his miraculous cure. Mr. Benson was not at home, and The Post at once suspected that a gentleman of between 50 and 60 years, who occupied a chair in a corner of the cosy room, was no other than the famous Geo. Hewitt. The surmise proved correct. Mr. Hewitt shook hands with the scribe, remarking as he did so, "I could not have taken hold of your hand a few months ago." When the object of the visit was announced, Mr. Hewitt, who is an intelligent, well educated man, began to dilate in glowing terms on the wonderful change that had come over him. "Shall I tell you the whole story?" asked he of the reporter, and upon the latter intimating his desire to hear all, Mr. Hewitt gave him the following narrative:

MR. HEWITT'S WONDERFUL STORY.

"In old Ireland, thirty years ago,

I was scaling a stone wall one day when I fell backward and had my spine injured so seriously that a short time later I became almost entirely disabled. The fatal effects of the fall were gradually but only too rapidly felt, and looking back on a stretch of time extending five years over a quarter of a century, there is little more in the prospect than a picture of pain and gloom and suffering. About twenty-eight years ago I came to Canada and am known around the country here for miles. Until twelve years ago I could sit on a chair when placed on it, and manage to move myself around a little. Then even that comfort was suddenly taken from me. One day I was unintentionally thrown off the chair, and the second fall may be said to have done all but end my life. There was not a ray of hope for me, not a sign of a break in the dark clouds. Ever since then my pitiable condition is known to every one in these parts. All power to use either arms or hands, legs or feet, completely left me. I could be propped upright in a chair, but something had to be put in front of me to keep me from falling forward. Usually a chair like this," and as Mr. Hewitt spoke he lifted and drew forward a chair which was near him, "was placed in front of me and on this I would rest my arms. Not only was all power left my limbs, but every feeling likewise. Why, you could run a needle right into my flesh and I would not know what you were doing unless I saw the act. A myraid of flies might light and revel on me, but I would be in happy ignorance of the fact. When I was laid in bed I could not get up or move unaided if I was given all creation. The only part of my system in which any strength seemed to remain, was my neck, but at last even my head fell forward on my breast, and I was indeed a pitiable sight. My voice, formerly as clear and ringing as it is to-day, seemed to go like the strength and feeling from the rest of me, and sometimes I would scarcely be able to make myself understood. I know you hear me with incredulity, for you can scarcely believe that the helpless and hopeless invalid I have described is the man who now sits before you, cheery, vigorous and hopeful. On the legs, which a short time ago were helpless and seemed useless, I can now walk with a little assistance, being able last evening to go to my room with my arm on Mrs. Benson's shoulder. Why, man, a few months ago I could not do that on the promise of inheriting the kingdom of heaven." Here Mr. Hewitt stamped both feet on the floor with much vigor and enthusiasm. "In those days," he resumed, "if I ever wrote anything it was by placing the handle of the pen between my teeth and getting through with the work that way. Don't ask me if I tried the best doctors. I spent a fortune, thousands of dollars, in trying to get cured. I consulted physician after physician, and paid some of them high fees for their services. They all failed utterly and hopelessly failed, to give me the slightest relief. You can put that down in big black letters. Of course you have heard what has wrought

this wonderful change in me. I read in the Post and other papers of a miraculous cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I never dreamed that there was even a glimpse of hope for me through the use of this much advertised remedy. Miracles might be worked on one side of me, but there was no chance for me. I was like the downy leper, a hopeless outcast, a being whose sufferings and disabilities would end only with the period of earth existence. One day I picked up a paper and read the Saratoga miracle that case where Mr. Ruant was miraculously restored by the Pink Pills, and at once concluded to try the amazing cure on myself. There must be some chance for me, I thought, when a man who was as helpless as Mr. Quant got such relief. I had no money, but I sent to Mr. W. J. Mills, our popular general merchant and postmaster, and he procured me a supply of the Pink Pills, and these I immediately commenced using with the joyful result I have described. My voice is fully restored, my head is upright and more, my chest (once so shrunk and hollow) is rapidly filling up, I am quickly securing the use of my legs and arms, and can feel the slightest touch on any part of me. Is there not a miracle here, indeed, and would I not be a base ingrate if I refused to sound the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills? Even if I get no better than I am now I shall be forever grateful for what has been done for me. But I have great hope that the cure will go on until I am completely restored. I drove down to the village last twelfth of July. It was in April I commenced using the pills, and the friends who saw me could scarcely believe their eyes. It was like the appearance of a spectre or an apparition. "Oh, I tell you, sir," said the grateful man with enthusiasm, "it is my full intention to write a pamphlet on all that I have gone through, on all that has been done for us, and you may be sure that the chief prominence will be given to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are a boon which cannot possibly be too widely known."

THE STORY CORROBORATED.

The reporter could scarcely believe that Mr. Hewitt's voice, now so silvery and resonant, was ever the squeaky, feeble and indistinct organ of speech he had indicated, and the scribe questioned Mrs. Benson on this point. She said that every word Mr. Hewitt had related was literally true, and on the question of the restoration of his voice she was corroborated by Mr. Aldous, and other respectable witnesses whom the reporter met in the village later in the day. Mr. Aldous said he was not surprised at the hesitancy of people about believing the wonderful cure. He did not think that he himself could credit it if he had not been an eye-witness of the whole affair. He had known Mr. Hewitt for years, knew that his former utter helplessness was as he had described, and either he had to say it was not Mr. Hewitt who sat before him or to admit the miraculous escape. "These pills," said Mr. Aldous "are certainly a wonderful remedy."