

The Brink of the River.

I HAVE been to the brink of the river,
The cold, dark river of Death,
And still in the valley I shiver
Where my child yielded up his breath.
Chill, chill was the touch of the billow
As it closed o'er my darling's head,
Then left him asleep on his pillow—
My beautiful, beautiful dead.

Oh! dark was the day when the token
Was sent from the palace on high,
That sweet silver cord must be broken,
And the pitcher all shattered must lie.
Oh! that midnight was starless and dreary
When our child had to fight the last foe;
At length, of the conflict weary,
Love loosed him, and sobbed: "Let him
go."

"Great Father, revive the sweet spirit
That is bursting its fetters of clay!"
He slept—he was gone to inherit
The crown and the kingdom of day.
That smile, like an infant's escaping
From danger to mother's own breast,
Told the moment the angels were taking
Our weary one home to his rest.

We pressed to the edge of the river,
And caught but one vanishing gleam,
As he entered the portals forever
That opened the bright city to him.
And still on the borders we linger
And gaze up the pathways we trod,
We hear not the voice of the singer,
But we know him at home with his God.

And silently, ill though I wander
Mid wrecks that are left by the tide,
Repeating the tearful surrender
Of the life that with Christ must abide,
I hear a soft whisper of pardon,
And promise of wiping all tears;
A meeting, beyond this dark Jordan,
To last through unchangeable years.

And oft in my solitude musing,
Sweet breezes my soul seem to stir:
Such balm and such fragrance diffusing
As come from the mountains of myrrh:
The hills, past all sin and all weeping,
When our lost ones are watching for day,
Soon, soon, in Immanuel's safe keeping,
We shall meet—where e'en Death's fled
away.

Green, green are the pastures though lowly,
Where the mourners are led by their
Guide;

And the ground wet with tears should be
holy,

Where we, for awhile must abide.
Oh! green be the fruits from such sowing
Of patience, of faith, and of love!
Thrice precious this season for growing,
More meet for the kingdom above!

Temperance Notes.

A GREAT Temperance Convention was held in Toronto during September, from the report of which we clip a few notes.

Rev. O. R. Morrow, Strathallan, said that except in Woodstock and Norwich, there was very little violation of the Act in Oxford. The Mayors of both these towns had certified that open drinking had been reduced to one-twentieth of what it was. The temperance people waited upon the Dominion-officials to ask them to enforce the Act, but they were met with the objection that there were no funds. The temperance people had done something themselves in the way of enforcing the Act, and some people were fined. He expected that in a day or two one man would have to pay \$450, which would be a little more than a license would have cost him. The liquor sellers were beginning to find that the Scott Act meant something. There could be no doubt whatever that the Act was a great improvement on a license law. (Applause.) The treating system was broken down. They had not seen a drunken man in the county since May last, and he had been out and had kept his eyes open.

Rev. Mr. Ross, of Tilsonburg, spoke of the difficulty caused in Oxford by the

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for the purchase of liquor. Tilsonburg was near the border of other counties and men sometimes went away from home and came home drunk and brought liquor with them. It was all nonsense to say, as some did, that the Scott Act interfered with business, for Tilsonburg was still prosperous, and he had the word of one merchant in the millinery business that he had sold 300 more hats than last year, showing that that number of women and girls had been furnished with new hats more than last year. (Applause). Not a person had been arrested for drunkenness in Tilsonburg since last May.

A report of Mr. Will E. Smallfield, of Renfrew, was read showing that there were many convictions in that town and a strong effort being made to carry out the Act. There was less drinking than before and less rowdiness. Many who formerly opposed the Act were now prepared to admit that it would do good. The shantymen used to come into the town, get drunk, and defy the law, but since the Scott Act came into force there had only been one such outbreak and that was instigated by the angry hotelkeepers, and was directed against Mr. Smallfield and another Scott Act worker, both of whom were roughly handled.

He was assured by a gentleman whose word he could trust, and who knew the facts, that in the rural districts and small villages the Act was a grand success. Not only was treating done away with, but drinking had been reduced to a minimum. Liquor sellers had assured his informant that the Act reduced their sales by sixty-six per cent. People said there was more drinking under the Scott Act before it was enforced. But the fact was people did not notice the enormous amount of drinking, so long as the open sale of liquor was allowed, but when it was made illegal and selling on anything like the former scale, people jumped to the conclusion that there was more drinking than ever, simply because it was called to their attention.

The following resolutions were then moved and adopted:—

1. That notwithstanding the great opposition in the counties to the operation of the Act, arising chiefly from those engaged in the liquor trade, and the lack of sufficient and loyal officers to enforce the law, it has resulted in almost totally destroying the treating system, in largely decreasing the volume of drinking, and also in decidedly decreasing crime.

2. That the counties reporting the Act as successfully observed are those in which the officers zealously perform their duties and in which the temperance people have efficient organization.

3. This committee furthermore deprecate the reckless manner in which a few physicians make use of their power to grant certificates for medicinal use.

Rev. Peter Addison thought a Temperance Convention should be called before the time of an election, every point thoroughly canvassed, and placed before the practical candidates for an expression of their intentions as they accepted or rejected the Prohibitionist platform. The Prohibitionists would know how to deal with them. He was also in favour of requiring some candidates for honours in the gift of the people, not verbal assent merely to the principles of prohibition, but their written signature of acquiescence.

The Hon. Mr. Vidal said:—

This matter of prohibitory legislation did not rest with legislative bodies, but with the people of the country. The change in favour of temperance which is so noticeable during the last few years, was, under the blessing of God, due to the action of the Christian Churches more than to any other agency, and in the same agency they must put their trust for the future. He further expressed his conviction that at the next general election the question of Prohibition would be the leading question of the day.

THE GUELPH PROTESTING MINISTERS.

Rev. Mr. Ross then moved the following resolution, which was carried unanimously:—

Resolved.—That this Convention records its warmest approval of the action of the Guelph ministers, for their manly, straightforward, consistent action in retiring from a recent banquet where wine was placed upon the table; and we recommend their example to all temperance workers.

On this subject the *Daily News* says:—

A lot of snobbish newspapers are blaming the Guelph ministers who left the banquet-room at the Ontario model farm on the occasion of Governor Lansdowne's visit to the institution as soon as they saw that wine was placed on the table. Now these ministers, as pronounced temperance men and prohibitionists, did just exactly right, and ought to be commended for their pluck and consistency, instead of being abused by a set of supple-jointed dough-faces. The model farm is in a Scott Act constituency. These clergymen had worked and prayed and voted for the Scott Act, and rejoiced over its passage. How the same people who are now condemning them for putting conscience and principle before social amenities, would have jeered and sneered and held them up to scorn as sneaks and hypocrites, had they, out of a weak compliance with custom and fashion, participated in the banquet!

How are the enthralling tyrannies of social observances, which tend to keep up the drinking habit, ever to be broken through unless someone has backbone enough to make a beginning? What is the use of would-be social reformers always whining and moaning over the despotism of fashion and the bondage of conventionalism, if they have not courage enough to make a break and take a firm stand themselves for what they believe to be right when the occasion offers?

The Guelph clergymen did the only manly, straightforward, consistent thing that was open to them. The fact that Governor Lansdowne was present, obviously could not make a particle of difference so far as the principle of the thing was concerned. If a minister thinks it wrong to lend his countenance to drinking by being present at a banquet where liquor is passed, the presence of all the princes and potentates of the earth won't make it a bit more right for him to violate his conscientious scruples on the point.

All honour, therefore, to the prohibition clergymen of Guelph! If there were more men like them in the ranks of temperance reformers, who would stand to their guns on all occasions, their cause would progress more rapidly and be less retarded by popular suspicions of the sincerity and singleness of purpose of its advocates.

"The Dark Arches of the Adelphi."

YEARS ago, before the Thames Embankment was made, and when the steep lanes that ran from the Strand down to the river ended in rickety wharves, and taverns to which coal-heavers resorted after their work was done in unloading the barges that were then moored alongside, a great deal was said and written about "the dark arches of the Adelphi." The arches that supported the neat, aristocratic-looking streets of that neighbourhood formed a series of subterranean caverns, where the unaccustomed visitor might very easily miss his way, and find himself wandering amidst a gloom that was somewhat appalling, and with strange distant rumbles and booming echoes, and sitting shadows on the black walls, and sometimes voices that sounded strangely unnatural close beside him, and the sound of fugitive feet, set flying by a warning whistle. It was a dangerous place to be lost in by day, and still more dangerous by night. Strange stories were told of the horde of homeless and lawless men and boys who made it their refuge, sleeping in the vans and coal-waggons that were drawn up there after dark, or on sacks of straw and shavings collected there no one could tell how. A gang of young desperadoes were said to have banded themselves together there, in nightly orgies, making fires with pieces of coal scraped from the waggons, or picked up on the wharves or in the mud upon the shore when the tide was down. By these they sat, shivering too, in their rags, and amidst the damp and heavy atmosphere of those dark caverns, but provided with candle-ends that were stuck in lumps of mud or in pieces of stick or old bottles, and making a feast of the food filched from market carts, shop-doors, or hucksters' stalls. That the "dark arches" became not only a public scandal, but a public danger, a good many people still remember, and the fraternity of poverty and crime which infested them was routed out. It would, perhaps, be too much to say that in some of those remote recesses which still remain here may not be found, on any night in the year, a few homeless creatures who strive to hide themselves—to shrink into holes and corners, and keep out of the eye of the wind and of the police; but the place is not essentially a resort of the criminal class, and there is little opportunity there for making it a place of permanent concealment.—*Cassell's Family Magazine for August.*

It is said that John Wesley was once walking with a brother, who related to him his troubles, saying he did not know what he should do. They were at that moment passing a stone fence to a meadow over which a cow was looking. "Do you know," asked Wesley, "why the cow looks over the wall?" "No," replied the one in trouble. "I will tell you," said Wesley, "because she cannot look through it; and that is what you must do with your troubles: look over and above them."

A BUDDHIST temple, burnt twenty years ago, is being rebuilt in Cloto, Japan. It is of most expensive wood and will cost \$3,000,000. More than a ton of large ropes, made of their own hair, contributed by the women of Japan, will be used to haul the timbers for the temple to their places. This temple is to be a Mecca for the faithful all over the Empire.