

influence that we are desirous of expelling this great evil—the rum traffic from our land, which is the cause of desolating what might be happy homes and dragging their victims into everything but personal freedom.

Partaking of intoxicants not only affects the physical man, but blights the immortal spark that is implanted in each one of us, and would direct us right if heeded. Then this great enemy gets possession of us. In order to free ourselves from its grasp we must form firm resolutions to leave it; and just here is where signing the pledge is a great help. It acts as a hedge around our every day life, and do we not need something to help us? We cannot go into our neighboring towns and villages without seeing many places where the poison is sold, and I am sorry to say our government sanctions this traffic and makes it a legitimate business for the person paying a license fee. The rum-seller, by paying this, has the right to sell that which will drag his fellow man into degradation and ruin.

Is it not time, then, that every sober-minded citizen was aroused to his responsibility to implore best wisdom to enable him, by his influence and at the *ballot box*, to rid our beloved country of this great scourge, so that not only individuals but this great nation might know what is meant by personal freedom from the rum traffic.

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Soon after New Years several families residing in the northern part of Friend's neighborhood (Yarmouth) decided to form a Literary Society, to meet once a week alternately at four houses, which has been kept up by seven families and occasional visitors, numbering in all from twenty to thirty-five persons. Our arrangement was that the family at whose house we met made out the programme and selected the chairman, who was then voted for. The exercises were participated in by the gray-haired fathers to the wee little ones, the latter often reciting some suggestive temper-

ance piece, and occasionally a very amusing little verse, the older Friends giving some profitable reading or remarks, the middle-aged and young people readings or recitations and singing. We followed them up for several weeks, found them very interesting, but, the roads getting bad, we decided to close with an oyster supper at the residence of Edward G. Schooley. Folding doors were opened, and a table laid for thirty-six persons.

At 9 o'clock we assembled in the parlor for the last exercises, Alfred Baker occupying the chair. We had the company of Jonah Zavitz and wife from Lobo. At the close an essay was read by Jennie Zavitz, which brought the feeling forcibly to mind that this was our last evening together, and many expressed a regret and a hope we might be permitted to meet again next winter

R. S.

The following is the essay read by Jennie Zavitz:

In our efforts to combine sociability with instruction, we have been abundantly rewarded and I am so thankful for the interest manifested by all the members of our reading circle that I am willing to express it on this occasion which closes these opportunities for the winter of 1888.

Believing we have reason to be encouraged by the evidence received that even the little ones are interested and that these minglings, where each has been willing to contribute to the pleasure of the whole, have been profitable as well as entertaining.

The truth has been plainly presented—that intellectual pleasures are more full of enjoyment than the mere physical, and few who partake of them go unimproved away.

Let the experience serve as a beautiful lesson for all our future lives and endeavor to store up in our minds those gems of prose and poetry that so continually drift within our reach, remembering that character is largely found by the selection we chose and the senti-