



DOMINION COUNCIL OF CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND, ROYAL TEMPLARS OF TEMPERANCE.
DECENNIAL SESSION, 1905.

faith to dare and win great moral reforms. The reports of these Unions indicate a wide extension of their work and increasing zeal for its accomplishment.

"The Templar" Medal Contests were inaugurated in three provinces, and the first competition between Silver Medalists for a Gold Medal is on this month in Winnipeg.

DOMINION COUNCIL.

National Representative Convention of Royal Templars.

On the 17th of March the Dominion Council of Canada and Newfoundland, Royal Templars of Temperance, will meet in Hamilton. The body is made up of delegates from each of the provincial conventions, and will represent every province and Territory of Canada. The Royal Templar society is the only Temperance Order in the Dominion which has a national organization and which brings together in Council representative Temperance men from all the provinces. The body is not large, but each delegate can speak for a large number of well organized workers, who stand ready to carry out the decisions of the convention. In this number of "The Templar Quarterly" we give a photogravure group of the last Dominion Council, an excellent picture. In this group are representatives of every section of the Dominion, and it was probably the first Temperance convention of which this could be truly said. In the group are seven men who attended every meeting of the Dominion Council, and are likely to attend next month's meeting.

CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM.

JOHN G. WOOLLEY.

This is a Christian country; its foundations were laid in the gospel; the compact of the Mayflower was

signed "for the advancement of the Christian faith, and for the glory of God"; our fathers braved the seas, the snow, the savages, seeking not freedom merely, but freedom to worship God, and from that beginning to this hour our history has been a lyric, epic, romance of liberty through Jesus Christ.

But if you come to analyze the fighting strength of the republic you will be shocked to find, as you will be to hear me say, that the Christian man, as such, cannot be counted on.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
You will find the Christian soldier
Represented by his wife."

The Christian citizen is in the fight, but not in that character, except as a contract chaplain at military posts, an honorary supernumerary in legislatures, a nurse or a sister of charity; the fighting Christian is in all camps indifferently, under all flags, faced both ways, the express type of political feo-de-se, but he is incognito, and after battles he appears in the record as "unknown dead" or simply "missing."

It seems to me that from a slavish old ecclesiasticism we have swung over to a childish and impractical spiritism that sighs and prays, "Oh, Lord, make us right, or about right," "Thy kingdom come,"—gradually—and dawdles and sings,
"I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing."

We have traveled hard at that gait, and gotten only to high license, which is cannibalism in a silk breech-clout instead of nude; and I think now we ought to stop, and stake off a claim and stay, and get acquainted, and improve the water power hereabout according to the intimation in the 115th Psalm: "The heavens are the Lord's,

but the earth hath he given to the children of men," and if some will not consent to do so, let us all pray that nothing may "detail" them.

The world waits and suffers for operative, voting, fighting Christians, not pilgrims, tourists nor foreigners, but domestic free-holders, in the name of Him who hath made us kings as well as priests unto God.

The reproach and weakness of the church is can't—"can't elect," "can't enforce," "can't prevent"; the saloon-keeper is a man who can, and he does, and he will until Christian voters leave off their "t." In Minnesota it takes a brave bird to stand the winter; at my window one evening, when the mercury was falling rapidly and the fine snow flew like powdered glass, a blue-jay swung on the tree-top and shouted, "Hit-him-a-lick, hit-him-a-lick," and away down on the ivy trunk a sap-sucker piped back "Can't." The next morning the sap-sucker lay dead on the drift, but the jay swung in the dizzy top and shouted, "Hit-him-a-lick!" but of course the sap-sucker couldn't.

The church is overstocked with sap-suckers.

Many of our Christian men are brave enough, but are waiting for light, as to methods, not reflecting that power and light are so correlated that when you get one you have the other, as in the case of an electric motor; when the trolley is on the wire overhead, it goes and has light. You say you can't see? You are disconnected; reach up, and touch God and you will see because you go.

But the simple fact is that the average Christian voter, as such, has no definite status in politics; the convention does not regard him for he does not regard himself; he is willing public conscience shall be shot provided the bullet be gold; he is agreed that public virtue he hanged if the rope be silken.