

I. O. Good Templars.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada, I. O. G. T. Items of information in regard to the Temperance work everywhere always thankfully received by the Editor, T. W. Casey, U. W. S., TRUTH Office, Toronto.

NEWS FROM LODGES.

CARROLL, BRUCE Co. Bro. C. W. Kelling, W. S. writes:—May Flower Lodge, situated in Brant Township, was organized six months ago. We initiated fifteen members last quarter, and have now a membership of 53, with good prospects of future increase.

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.—The Lodge at St. Catharines was established a few months ago. Bro. J. A. Dyer W. S., writes:—“Our Lodge is increasing in membership every night. There are from one to five initiated at every meeting. We are about to move into a new hall. Our members are taking a great interest in the temperance work, and attend regularly.”

NEAR WASHAGO, SIMCOE Co.—Bro. W. H. Finney writes:—“Under the excitement caused by the movement for the Scott Act in Simcoe County there was a meeting of Triumph Lodge, which had been for some time dormant. The members resolved to have another meeting next week and get into working order again so as to be ready to assist in the coming contest.”

ROTHSAY, WELLINGTON Co.—Bro. J. F. Gamble writes: We have here a good lodge of 90 members and interest all the time. We have been at work about eighteen months and have built a new hall at a cost of \$600. It is all paid for but about \$250, and we propose holding a lawn social and concert on the 24th of May. A Dramatic Club has been formed in connection with the lodge.

DISTRICT LODGE.—The next regular session of the Toronto and York County District Lodge is appointed to be held at Newmarket on Tuesday, May 13th, commencing at 10 o'clock. The Secretary, Bro. C. Hollingshead, of Woodbridge, writes: “It is expected that the 23 lodges of the City and County combined, will be fully represented. Arrangements will be made for reduced rates of railway fares.” All members in good standing will be welcome as visitors.

PARRY SOUND.—Parry Sound Lodge has been nearly dormant for a time, but work has been resumed again with good prospects of success. It was long one of the best and most reliable lodges north of Toronto. There is a very fine hall, the property of the lodge, with other valuable property. The W. O. T., Bro. Wm. Beatty is one of the most extensive business men in the Province. W. C. T., Wm. Beatty; W. V., Mrs. W. Bregg; W. S., W. S. McKinlay; F. S., J. Galna; W. T., Mrs. W. Beatty; W. M., F. Elden; I. G., G. White; W. C., Rev. R. Clark; L. D., A. L. Healmer.

BRAMPTON.—Bro. T. H. Dickin writes: “We had a grand time at our Lodge meeting last night. There were five new members initiated and seven others proposed for membership. Our members are working earnestly and mean business. We are going to initiate a lodge at Stanley Mills next Monday night, and expect to re-organize one at Edmonton in a few days. The Good Templars and Sons attended the P. M. Church on Sunday evening. About 70 turned out in a body and a grand sermon suitable for the occasion, was delivered by Rev. T. Griffith. He made a strong appeal to moderate drinkers and others.”

NONLTON, YORK Co.—Bro. John Doolley writes:—“Our Lodge was re-organized in January, with 20 members, and it now numbers nearly one hundred, with full a dozen proposals now on the books. We are now extending our bonds, and getting in members from outside of our own locality. The success of our Lodge has been the wonder of the people, and has been a surprise even to ourselves.

We have a large proportion of young people among our members, and our young people are the hope of our cause and our Country. Only let them be properly trained in temperance principles and future success is assured. Our Lodge has done a noble work with the young people. Several now occupying public positions were first brought before the public in connection with our Order. We expect to have a public demonstration on Queen's Birthday and the G. W. Secretary is expected to meet with us and take part.”

LEEDS, HURON Co.—Bro. Webster Brown writes: Our Lodge was formed in January 1876, and is located on the Lake Shore road, Colborne township. After meeting a time in the Presbyterian church, the members united with the congregation and built a hall in the rear, which was burned in December '70. It was then resolved to build another hall, and that was completed in 1879. The work has gone steadily on since. The hall is well painted and painted is being taken to embellish it with pictures and other ornaments, so as to make it as attractive as possible. We have had some successful public demonstrations, and several friendly contests among the members to make our regular meetings as attractive and as interesting as possible. The Lodge has also taken steps for a county convention to promote the adoption of the Scott Act in Huron County. We are now having a course of lectures, given by the members at the regular meetings, on temperance questions. One lecture has been given by Bro. John G. Clutton, on “A Good Templar's Duty,” which was practical and to the point. Others are to follow.

Select Readings.

Hearth and Home.

S. B. STERNING.

Out of the noise and out of the strife,
To the hearth so calm and bright,
The men come home to women who wait
In the firelight's happy light.
For hearth and home is the dearest place
To men and women who love;
And when peace is there a blessing floats
From our Father's home above.

The tender kiss, and the baby's coo,
Then gladdens the tired heart;
The care and glare of the busy day,
Like wearisome dreams depart.
The soul's joy shines in the loving smile
That welcomes the dear ones home;
Wife's world is in its sheltering walls,
In cot or 'neath palace dome.

Oh, God of love, guard over such homes,
All over our beautiful land!
Let quiet hearth's life's guidance be
To mansions not made with hands.
For hearth and home is the dearest place
To men and women who love;
And when peace is there a blessing floats
From our Father's home above.

Meropites.

Judges 4, 21.

REV. J. LAWSON, DELTA.

They find Intemperance
Continues to advance
Throughout our land;
Let none their duty shirk,
Let each resolve to work
At God's command.

Our duty is to show
And let our neighbors know
Whose side we are on;
All who to God belong
Hate and abhor the wrong,
And 'twill be shown.

Let all who Jesus name,
All who "Giver claim
Through Jesus' blood,
Like the Great Teacher prove
Their earnest, Christian love
By doing good.

Example, it is true,
A vast amount will do,
But this alone
Is not enough to save
The drunkard from the grave—
Work must be done.

The curse of God was sent
On those who were coolest
Not to oppose
His servants, though they still
For him to be killed
His people's foes.

The agents of the devil
In cunning works of evil
Are up and doing;
To avenge unlawful prey
They're watching night and day,
Their work pursuing.

The devil never sleeps,
And so he always keeps
His servants busy;
Wherever liquor sold
His servant you behold
Not idle, is he!

And shall God's servants dare
Their precious time to spare
Themselves to please?
And slight this sacred word,
Its warnings disregard,
And take their ease?

Up, Christian brother, haste,
No time for us to waste.
Or idling stand;
Our lives are passing by,
Quickly the moments fly,
And death's hand.

Thousands are 'round us dying,
And for our hipocrisy,
Ruined by drink;
O, let us try to save
Those still above the grave,
On ruin's brink!

Let us in earnest be
Our children to keep free
From Satan's snare.
In Temperance bands unite,
And put the foe to flight
With work and prayer.

"Wait a Wee."

"What is patience?" and the question,
Passed the waiting classes through.
While the teacher paused and listened,
But no child the answer knew.

Till at length a little Scotch girl,
"Remembering the silence broke."
"Wait a wee and chime weary."
Were the teacher words she spoke.

And I think a "ruth lies deep,"
In that thought for you and me,
Where the voice of duty calls,
Work and watch, but "wait a wee."

"Wait a wee," the Autumn dith,
Violent rest beneath the snow,
"Diana weary," in the springtime
God's own love will bid them grow.

"Wait a wee," the rain is falling,
And the day in darkness lies,
"Diana weary," clouds that scatter
Frame a rainbow in the skies.

Heed not though another chideeth,
Let your heart's true love unfold,
Like the "satan," it enters
To a boundless hall of gold.

Art thou struggling, fainting, dying?
"Wait a wee," thy storms are past,
Nerv' thine arm to do and conquer,
Courage! thou shalt win at last!

"Wait a wee," oh, heart be patient!
Strong to do and bold to dare,
Earnest, steadfast, loyal, loving,
Strength renewed shall follow prayer.

By the Fire.

Shesat and mused by the drift-wood fire
As the leaping flames flashed high and higher,
And the phantoms of youth, as fair and bright,
Grew for her gaze in the ruddy light;
The blossoms she gath' red in life's young days
Wreathed and waved in the flickering blaze;
And she laughed through a sunny mist of tears,
That rose at the dream of her April years;
And over and aye the sudden rain
Plashed on the glittering window-pane.

Sober and saddened the pictures that showed
As the drift-wood logs to red coals glowed,
And the fancied figures of older time
Passed with the staid step of their prime;
The daisies and snowdrops bloomed and died,
Red roses and lilies stood side by side,
While richer, and fuller, and deeper grew
The lines of the pictures August drew;
And ever and aye the falling rain
Screamed thick and fast on the window pane.

The drift-wood died down into feathery ash,
Where faintly and fitfully above the ash;
Slowly and sadly her pulses beat,
And soft was the fall, as of vanishing feet;
And hush and even, as from guarded grave,
She saw the grass of the valley wave;
And like evens in rain, seemed to sigh,
The "wet west wind" that went wandering by,
And caught the sweep of the sudden rain,
And dashed it against the window pane.

The Little Coat.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB HILLY.

Here's his ragged "roundabout,"
Turn the pockets inside out;
See! his penknife, lost to use,
Tucked shut with apple juice;
Here, with marble, top and string
Is his deadly "reveling."
With its rubber, limp at last,
As the sparrows of the past!
Beer was—buckles—leather straps—
Bullets and a box of caps—
Not a thing of aid, I know,
Not but a wayward scheme—
Knew the ticks, lice and red,
For the little wretch said:
Such as this his money kept—
"Jesus wept!"

Here's a fading hook-and-line,
Tangled up with wire and twine,
And dead snail-worms, and some
Sticks of lead and chewing-gum,
Blast with ments that can but come
From the oil of rebellion.

Here—a soiled, yet dainty note,
That some little sweetheart wrote,
Dotted—"Vine grows round the stump,"
And—"My sweetest sugar lump,"
We pined in this—a padlock key
Where he's filed a touch-hole—see!
And some powder in a quill
Corked up with a liver pill;
And a spungy little chunk
Of "punk."

Here's the little coat—but O!
Where is he we censured of?
Don't you hear us calling, dear,
Back! Come back, and never fear!
You may wander where you will,
Over orchard, field and hill;
You may kill the birds, or do
Anything that pleases you!
Ah, this empty coat of his!
Every tatter worth a kiss!
Every stain as pure as snow,
As the white stars overhead;
And the pockets—homes were they
Of the little hands that play
Now no more—but, absent, thus
Beckon us.

A Grand Old Poem.

Who shall judge a man from manners
Who shall know him by his dress?
Peasants may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for sunning loaves;
Crumpled shirt and dirt jacket,
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thought and feeling—
Satin vests could do no more.
There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed and overgrown,
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While the value thrives the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,
Gif forgets his fellows then,
Masters, rulers, lords, remember
That your meateat hinds are men;
Men by honor, men by feeling,
Men by thought, and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine,
In a man's ennobling name.
There are foam embroidered oceans,
There are lute wood-clad hills;
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to Him all famed distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth or fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Lying only to rejoice;
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifts up its voice.
Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with love, lightness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose world-hood voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

Sample-Rooms.

Samples of wine and samples of beer,
Samples of all liquors sold here;
Samples of whiskey, samples of gin,
Samples of all kinds of "bitters"—step in.
Samples of ale, and porter and brandy,
Samples as large as you please, and quite handy.

Our samples are pure, and also you'll find
Our customers always gentle and refined,
For gentlemen know when they're taken
Enough.

And never partake of common stuff,
Holds these samples within, you know,
There are samples without, of what they can
Do.

Samples of headache, samples of gout,
Samples of coats with the elbows out,
Samples of boots without holes or toes,
Samples of men with a broken nose;
Samples of men in the gutter lying,
Samples of men with delirium dying,
Samples of men cursing and swearing,
Samples of men all evil doing;
Samples of lonely, tired men,
Who long in vain for their freedom again;
Samples of old men worn in the strife,
Samples of young men tired of life;
Samples of ruined bodies and lives,
Samples of drablike homes and wives;
Samples of aching hearts, grown cold
With anguish and misery would;
Samples of noble youth in disgrace,
Who meet you with averted face;
Samples of hungry little ones,
Starving to death in their dreary homes,
In fact there is scarcely a woe on earth,
But our "samples" have no turned or given it
Birth.

Oh, all ye helpers to sorrow and crime,
Who deal out death for a sickle's dime,
Know ye that the Lord, though he may delay,
Has in reserve for the last great day
The terrible "wee," of whose solemn weight
No mortal can know, till the fearful scale
Is closed, and all with one accord
Acknowledge the justice of their reward.
T. W. Casey, Editor.

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