

during the visits of the lecturers, by indifference and sloth when they leave, or you might just as well have been without their help. Your work cannot be done by the lecturers. Be encouraged by the help received to fresh effort. Do not fear, but work. Duty demands it.

The world needs souls that never quake  
When battling for the right;  
When error's seen, and truth's at stake—  
When foes assail and friends forsake—  
They still keep up the fight.

The world needs souls that never fear  
To do the right, whate'er befalls;  
Though their way seems dark and drear—  
Victory to them shall at last appear—  
Who goes where duty calls.

On December 1st I visited Matsqui Lodge No. 22, at Mission City. Since reorganization it has done well. They have now a membership of between 30 and 40 who are taking hold in earnest. They had a good programme and a very interesting meeting.

On Dec. 2nd I had the pleasure of visiting Hatzie Lodge No. 23 at Dewdney. A Brother said to me: "Our Lodge is not very large, but we are doing a little good. One Brother says we have helped to save him, and we have that to be thankful for." If every Lodge can say this much, that they "have helped to save one that was addicted to the use of strong drink," the Lodge is fully paid, no matter how much sacrifice of time and money.

Our Order has suffered a loss in the death of Sister A. A. Brookbank, R. W. G. S. J. T. It was my pleasure to meet her at Des Moines. I shall not soon forget this noble, Christian woman.

It reminds us that we are passing away. Now is our work day. The light cometh.

With best wishes for a Happy Christmas and a bright, prosperous New Year,

I am yours in F. H. & C.,  
A. E. GREEN,  
G. C. T.

Mrs. ANNA HARRIS' OFFICIAL APPOINTMENTS ON HER RETURN TRIP.

Yale, 14 & 15 .....	December
Agassiz, 16 & morning of 17.....	"
Cheam, evening of 17 & 18.....	"
Sardis, 19th .....	"
Sumas, 20 & 21 .....	"
Dewdney, 22.....	"
Mission, 23 & morning of 24.....	"
Mount Lehman, 24 (night) & 25..	"
Aldergrove, 26 & 27 .....	"
Langley Prairie, 28 & 29 .....	"
Fort Langley, 30 & 31.....	"
Port Hammond, 2.....	January

Send us the small sum of fifty cts. and you will have mailed to your address a copy of this paper dating from January until December, 1894. You cannot spend fifty cents in a better cause than Temperance.

THE TWO ANGELS.

The Angel of Evil stood and said—  
"Take, Mortal, take this cup;  
It will cheer your heart and clear your head  
Take, take, and drink it up!

When you're feeling low 'twill give you tone  
When weak 'twill make you strong;  
It will comfort you when all alone,  
And when the world goes wrong.

You need not indulge to vile excess,  
But use your self-control,  
Yet wine lightens care, subdues distress,  
And stays the fainting soul."

So the Angel of Evil stood and spake,  
As on the cup's full brink  
The red wine gleamed, and he whispered—  
"Take,  
O Mortal! take, and drink!"

But before the tempted one could drink,  
The Guardian Angel rose,  
And cried—Nay, Mortal, beware, and think,  
Nor taste the cup of woes!

Beneath its light lies a fatal spell,  
Its pleasures turn to pains:  
And its countless victims groaning tell  
Of its scorching fiery chains.

Upon the wine when it smiles, look not,  
Nor court the joy it brings;  
For saintly souls it can foully blot,  
And plant a thousand stings.

Abstain, and seek for the grace Divine,  
Which gives you strength to stand,  
And labor to save from treacherous wine  
Your home and native land!"

The Angel ceased, and the listener blest  
The kind and warning voice;  
And whosoever heeds the wise behest,  
Will surely well rejoice.

For Wisdom's ways are the ways of peace,  
And the joys of those will never cease,  
Who join good work to prayer.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cares and crosses  
Crowding round our neighbor's way,  
If we knew the little losses  
Sorely grievous, day by day,  
Would we then so often chide him  
For his lack of thrift and gain,  
Leaving on his heart a shadow,  
Leaving on our life a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us  
Held but gentle blessings there,  
Would we turn away all trembling  
In our blind and weak despair?  
Would we shrink from little shadows  
Lying on the dewy grass,  
While 'tis only birds of Eden  
Just in mercy flying past?

Let us reach into our bosoms  
For the key to other lives,  
And with love toward erring nature  
Cherish good that still survives.  
So that, when our disrobed spirits  
Soar to realms of light again,  
We may say "Dear Father, judge us,  
As we judge our fellow-men."  
—Our Own Fireside.

The following subscriptions have been paid since last issue: New Era Lodge, \$2.50; Wellington Lodge, \$8.00; Matsqui Lodge, \$4.00; J. B. Mann, 50c.; Kamloops Lodge, \$7.00; Fort Langley Lodge, \$4.00; D. J. McKay, 50c.; W. L. Gilchrist, \$1.50.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: *Minnesota Good Templar*, *Templar Educator*, *Y. M. C. A. Recorder* (Victoria), *International Good Templar*, *California Prohibitionist*, *British Indian Templar*, *Temperance Cause*, *Good Templar* (Toronto), and *The Drakeley Budget* (Md.)

At the First Baptist Church, last night, a temperance lecture was delivered by Mr. S. H. Davis of New York, the International Supreme Lecturer of the Independent Order of Good Templars. The Lecturer made an exceedingly eloquent address, and concluded amidst general applause.—*News-Advertiser* (Van.) Dec. 6th.

"ONLY A PAUPER."

"Only a pauper," somebody said,  
As they hurried his body away;  
Only a poor drunken pauper is dead,  
Who had gone so sadly astray;  
So, "Rattle his bones over the stones,  
Only a pauper that nobody owns."

"Only a pauper," not always so;  
A bright little fellow at play;  
A doting mother dreamed not of the woe  
That has fallen upon him today;  
As they "Rattle his bones over the stones,  
Only a pauper, that nobody owns."

"Only a pauper," why should it be,  
This wreck of a life once so fair?  
And why are thousands as fair as he,  
On the same downward road to despair?  
Where "Rattle their bones over the stones,  
Only poor paupers that nobody owns."

The answer is ready; is quickly told;  
Has been told again and again;  
A traffic in lives for unholy gold,  
'Tis the barter of souls, for gain.  
Then "Rattle their bones over the stones,  
Only poor paupers whom nobody owns."

The woe of a God, the curses of men,  
On the traffic, and traffickers fall,  
But all is in vain, so long as they gain,  
That which to them, is their all;  
Price of the bones, "Rattled over the stones,  
The poor, lost paupers whom nobody owns."

Must it thus be, in the land of the free,  
That rum shall here have control,  
Is this what our fathers called liberty,  
To traffic in body and soul?  
Then "Rattle his bones, over the stones,  
Only a pauper that nobody owns."

Does the law give them right such traffic  
to press,  
Regardless of God or of man;  
Dealing in poverty, shame and distress,  
The billows of hell in their van?  
Then hurry their victims over the stones,  
"Only poor paupers, whom nobody owns."

When lifting their crieo, to a God in the  
skies,  
Their hands, and their all, to the fray,  
When lovers of God and man arise,  
To wipe the fell curse away;  
Rumsellers will rattle away over the stones,  
And cease to make paupers "whom nobody  
owns."

GEO. H. BRIGHAM.

There are still some blanks in our subscription books, into one of which *your name* can be accurately fitted for fifty cents.