

The Son of Temperance.

VOL. II.

BRANTFORD, SEPTEMBER, 1880.

No. 5.

The Good of the Order.

A Temperance Epic.

(An Appeal for the Drunkard.)

BY G. G. PURSEY, TORONTO.

"Lead us not into temptation."—*Jesus.*

TWAS centuries ago—Paradise lost!
Hope of regaining Eden, there was none.
Full many a harvest had been gathered
in
Of bitter woe, remorse, disease and
death—
Fruit of a broken law, both just and
good.

Still leaning on a fragile, broken reed,
Still seeking aid from whence no succour
comes,
Man straitened, cast his longing eyes
around,
If haply he might find a remedy,
That would in some degree alleviate
Those dire results, and lull the pangs
within.

A cruel Demon, on destruction bent,
Was stalking weirdly up and down the
earth,
Watching his opportunity to work
A deadly and infernal scheme, well
plann'd,
Which would destroy the last desire for
good,
And seal man's destiny for endless woe.

This end in view, a cordial he'd prepar-
ed—
A potent extract of inverted life,
Whose principle had been distill'd from
death,
Which he alleged those properties con-
tained,
That man in his extremity required,
To lubricate the earthlogg'd wheels of
life,
Invigorate his spirit, heal disease—
At once the panacea for all life's ills.

With goblet running o'er with sparkling
juice
Uplifted high—with fascinating smile,
Persuasive words, affecting sympathy
For man, beneath his burden groaning,
sick at heart,
He readily secured an audience
And broached his deep-lai' plan to
willing ears.
And thus he spake:—"What means that
furrowed brow,
That languid eye, that careworn coun-
tenance?
What mean those deep drawn sighs, that
seem to reach
The inmost chambers of thy tortured
soul,
Straining the tissue-fibres of thy throbb-
ing heart?
Hast thou no friend to whom thou
canst appeal,
Willing and able to repair thy loss?
Art thou content thus hopelessly to live

A drudging beast of burden all thy days,
Perpetual toil, no respite, no redress?
Why e'en the elements are chartered
to oppose,
And frustrate thy designs and enter-
prise:
When grisly want impels to delve the
soil
And plant the wholesome seed, forth-
with spring up
The noxious thistle and the bristly thorn,
Are these with timely thrift plucked by
the root,
Straight is withheld the fructifying
Sun;
Or else the fountains of the sky are
closed;
And should thy husbandry, in spite of
this,
Attain at length to full corn in the ear,
Comes then the cyclone or the thunder-
bolt,
Crushing at one fell swoop thy cherish'd
hopes.
Thy little ones are blighted at the
breast,
The partner of thy bosom droops and
dies,
And thou art left alone despised, forgot!
No comfort here, no hope of future bliss.

'Would'st, if thou couldst, avert thy
dismal doom,
And taste of joys thou hast a right to
feel?
List now to my suggestion; I have
power,
By virtue of a secret I possess,
To change this gloomy aspect of thy fate,
And turn the tide of sorrow from thy
gates,
Show thee bright rays of sunshine
through the clouds,
The present light with joy, the future
hope;
See! I have here prepared, a simple
drink,
Pleasant to taste, delightful in effects;
'Twill nerve supply, and sinew for thy
work,
Thy spirit cheer, remove thy load of
care,
Bury in deep oblivion all the past.
Open thine eyes to all that's beautiful—
Cause thee to feel the measure of a man,
Come, drink, and prove me, if my words
are vain."

Man was beguiled, and took the proffer'd
cup,
And certainly the Demon's words were
true;
For all the virtues that he claim'd were
there
And more, the long sought remedy was
found:
Life, health, and pleasure, this Elixir
gave,
Gloomy forebodings turn'd to joyous
mirth,
Distracting fears gave place to brightest
hope,
All anxious thoughts and pressing cares
retired.

'Here's to our friend, who gave us
wine,' he said,
'Henceforth our tutelary god is he.'

All this it did, and did it all too well;
When care was banished, banish'd too
was love,
Except the love for that which wrought
the change;
With love, all disposition to provide
For hearth and home; duty was push'd
aside;
Under its influence, men could sit un-
moved
And hear their helpless children cry for
bread;
Mothers, erstwhile of tender heart, and
fond,
Now, strange to tell, forgot their sucking
babes;
Man would ignore his sacred nuptial
vows,
Woman, incontinent, degrade her sex,
Sons, spurn their aged parents' rightful
claims,
Daughters, to virtue lost, desert their
homes.

Full well that wily Demon knew the
power
Of that fell drug, t' enchain the appetite,
The passions rouse, excite to hellish
deeds,
The conscience sear, retain its direful
grasp,
And stir up baseness never dream'd
before.

The weaker natures no resistance made,
The stronger dallied, and were overcome,
The pure and chaste gave up to wanton-
ness,
Honour and innocence were undermin-
ed,
Each added draught from that insidious
cup
Welded another link into the chain,
Wreck, spoliation, total ruin, Hell,
Follow'd the wake of that destroying
fiend!

Was it not strange, that man with rea-
son blest,
When such results as these had been pro-
duced,
Should not at once renounce the fatal
cup
And brand the Demon as his chiefest
foe;
Turn back again to God's pure gift and
free,
The health-imparting, royal, sparkling
brook,
In pristine innocence, enough for all?

But strong the manacle, the purpose
weak,
And man a slave to sensuality;
Reason and judgment, moral power de-
thron'd,
His downward course an impetus re-
ceived,
The wisdom of the ages cannot stay.
Look back through all the generations
past,

And trace the record of this crying sin.
Were this the only evil rampant here,
It would alone the book of life deface
With many a blacken'd page of horrid
deeds,
And through the downward road to dusky
death

All down the ages has this curse pre-
vailed,
Leaving an awful train of woe behind ;
Thousands of giant minds has it de-
spoiled,
Sparing not mitred brow, nor crowned
head ;

Ermine and chasuble together fall,
The priest and people, both alike have
erred,

The stalwart yeoman and the brawny
serf,
Resign their manhood to this treacherous
fiend.

What Empire, Kingdom, Principality,
Or State, this dread usurper overtakes
Will have to face a formidable foe ;
A mighty conqueror, whose ruthless
hand

Has left its millions reeking in their
blood,
And dragged proud kings beneath his
chariot wheels,
Emptied the coffers of the merchant
prince,

Reduced the affluent to beggary ;
And on th' escutcheon of our fair do-
main,

There is a spot most foul, a fearful blur—
It saps the revenue of any state,
To care for those who care not for them-
selves

And yet we put a premium on crime,
To fatten the excise—and fill our jails—
Disease, Death's hydra-headed har-
binger

From this infatuation gathers strength,
Finding recruits in every walk of life,
Stamping out real enjoyment of that
boon

So rare, yet so desirable, sound health.

Must this unhappy state of things re-
main

Will man who subjugates the elements
To this vile passion yield obedience ?
Soar to the sky upon aerial wings,
Then wallow in the mire among the
swine ?

Can the vicegerent of this beauteous
earth,

Barter his crown for a pernicious drug ?
With powers well-nigh divine measure
the stars.

Then in the gutter lie a drivelling sot ?

Christians, awake, friends of the fallen,
rise

Lovers of right and freedom to the fore !
Advance and with a well directed blow,
Strike at this ruling evil once for all.
The Demon's fancied safe retreat alarm,
Where for long ages he has been en-
sconced,

Behind the social customs of the state,
Protected by the mighty arm of law,
At every vulnerable point lay siege ;
Until this cruel enemy is crushed.

His votaries on 'liberty' declaim,—
Of 'Tampering with the rights of free-
born men.'

Of freedom, unadvisedly they prate,
And talk of what no real existence has.
Is he in freedom, born with appetites
In the ascendant o'er his moral powers,
Subjected, at life's start, to influences

Which drag him down below humanity ?
Is such a one in equilibrium,
Free to choose righteousness, and shun
the wrong ?

Once man was free, ere venom coursed
his veins,
Before he yielded to the tempter's voice,
In balance then, 'twixt good and evil
free ;

But having made sad choice the poise
was lost,
Nor ever will that equipoise be gained,
'Till nature is redeemed, and sin sub-
dued.

What thoughtful parent would obstruc-
tions place,

Before his child, essaying to be free
From leading strings ? Or who would
willfully

Direct his brother, blind, too near a
pitfall,
Saying, 'He's of age, and will his own
steps guard ?'

Man is but a blind child, his mind be-
fogged.

And step uncertain, not quite safe alone ;
E'en in his highest earthly state, much
less

That poor unfortunate, that wreck of
man,
Whose human is quiescent, and whose
form

Is so distorted, as to seem but as
A soulless vehicle of morbid lust.
—But man is there, though hidden from
the sight—

Away in the interiors of the soul,
Guarded by Heaven—sacred to holy
things.

There is a secret chamber, closed to
sense,
Upon whose plastic walls there are in-
scribed,

In characters time never can erase,
The innocence of childhood's simple
loves,

Each pure affection, every tender
thought
Cherished throughout the life, though
now forgot,

The impress of a mother's matchless
love,

The record of a father's guardian care,
All holy aspirations, good resolves,
However faint or transient they might
be,

E'en though, but as the gentle breeze,
scarce felt,

Fanning the soul's half wakened con-
sciousness,

Or as the flickering taper on the sight.

All written there, treasured and guarded
there,
Nothing of good too trivial for His care,
For had not He whose will and purpose
is

The world's salvation this provision
made,

Man would have lost his humanness,
And ceased to be a man. Of mercy this,
For howso'er degraded he may be,
He still possesses, though to him un-
known,

In charge of Heaven, the basis of a man ;
Although the life apparent be as black
As Erebus, and no redeeming trait ap-
pears,

Yet in the stillness of deep solitude,
Or pressed by weight of woe, or trials
sore,

That inner door will sometimes be un-
barred,

A healthy recollection issue thence,
A gentle whisper from the buried past,
Another call from the now forgotten
Heaven,
To turn aside and reason on his state,
And seek deliverance from the galling
yoke.

He loudly calls for help ; brothers re-
spond,
Let all who love their neighbour and
their God,
And seek our Father's kingdom to ad-
vance,
Whose daily prayer ascends before His
throne,
That they from evil be released, and led
Not into such temptations as may press
Too heavily upon a weak unguarded
spot,
Respond, and help to snap asunder
bands
Which, from our apathy, enclose his
soul,
And set him free, as love, and truth
make free.—*Canadian Monthly.*

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Programme for September.

1ST WEEK. — Debate: "Is it
right and proper that temper-
ance men should be taxed for
the support of the wives and
children of drunken parents ?"
Make arrangements for a soiree
or social, the profits of which
to be devoted to the Lecture
Fund of the Grand Division.

2ND WEEK.—Readings, Recita-
tions, Vocal and Instrumental
Music.

3RD WEEK.—General conversa-
tion, and devise plans for bring-
ing into the Division all the
young people who have not
yet joined, and don't overlook
the middle aged or old.

4TH WEEK.—The officers of the
Division to deliver short ad-
dresses, summarizing what has
been done for the advancement
of the cause of Temperance
and the Order of the Sons dur-
ing the three preceding weeks.

Our Divisions.

The Divisions in Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—you will greatly
oblige me by inserting the follow-
ing in next month's *Son*.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS, —
Through our paper, permit me
to thank you, one and all, for
the kindness and attention you
showed me during my recent
pleasant and most agreeable visit
to your beautiful city, well named
the "Queen City."

Your rule appears to be, that strangers once within the Division Rooms become members of your family. I can vouch for the practical manner in which you carry out this law, for be it "Ontario," "Crystal Fountain," "Coldstream" or "New Dominion" Division, outsiders are sure of a hearty and cordial welcome. Such was my experience, and from what others had communicated, a treatment I fully expected.

Every member seems to vie with the other in making the visitor quite at home, and even my bashfulness (don't smile Bro. Millar) succumbed to the genial warmth, so much so, that by the way my tongue went I might have been in dear old "Chaudiere."

It affords me further pleasure to congratulate you on your comfortable, well furnished halls, your good attendance, and the admirable spirit displayed at your meetings, well worthy the emulation of every Division of the Orler.

Without appearing invidious, for I had kindness from all, I desire to express my acknowledgments to G.W.P. Rose, and to Bros. Millar, Caswell, Farley, Dilworth, MacMillan, and last, but by no means least, my old co-labourer and worthy Bro., Wm. Stewart, for all the trouble they took in conducting to my comfort and consequent enjoyment during my sojourn in Toronto.

Assuring you that whenever any of your members visit the Capital, we here will endeavour in some measure to reciprocate the kindness ever shown by you to the "Sons and daughters" of Ottawa, and earnestly wishing you continued prosperity.—I am, very sincerely yours, in L., P. and F.

BROOKE.

Ottawa, 17th Aug., 1880.

In Memoriam.

THREE young ladies went out, July 26th, to enjoy an afternoon's ramble, and finding some small saplings, began swinging on them as they had often done when

little girls. One broke short off with Elizabeth Brown, letting her fall about 18 feet with her back across a small pole. Maria Brown, her cousin, took her up, thinking her dead, while her sister Isabella ran frightened home with the sad tidings; her friends carried her home, where she lingered ten days, and then sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, without one pang or struggle, August 5, aged 14 years 3 months and 13 days. She had been initiated into Wild Rose Blossom Division, No. 70, Sons of Temperance, the week before the accident, and gave promise of being a very useful member. The Division greatly regret their loss and deeply sympathise with her sorrowing friends.

This sweet rose-bud
Without one single thorn,
Has fallen off,
In life's fair hopeful morn.
The fragrance sweet
Of loving word and deed,
Shall fill for aye
The heart's that mourning bleed.

WM. S. HOWELL.

Sombra, Ont., August, 1880.

The Victims.

A Doomed Army.

"TRAMP, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching." How many of them? Sixty thousand! Sixty full regiments, every man of which will, before twelve months shall have completed their course, lie down in the grave of a drunkard! Every year during the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice; and sixty regiments stand behind this army, ready to take its place. It is to be recruited with our children and our children's children. Tramp, tramp, tramp,—the sound comes to us in the echoes of the footsteps of the army just expired; tramp, tramp, tramp,—the earth shakes with the tread of the host now passing; tramp, tramp, tramp, comes to us from the camp of the recruits. A great tide of life flows resistlessly to its death. What are they fighting for? The privilege of appeasing an appetite, of conforming to a social usage, of filling sixty thousand homes with shame and sorrow, of loading the

public with the burden of pauperism, of crowding our prison houses with felons, of detracting from the productive industries of the country, of ruining fortunes and breaking hopes, of breeding disease and wretchedness, of destroying both body and soul in hell before their time. Meantime, the tramp, tramp, tramp sounds on,—the tramp of sixty thousand yearly victims. Some are besotted and stupid; some are wild with hilarity, and dance along the dusty way, some reel along in pitiful weakness, some wreak their mad and murderous impulses on one another, or on the helpless women and children whose destinies are united to theirs; some stop in wayside debaucheries and infamies for a moment; some go bound in chains from which they seek in vain to wrench their bleeding wrists, and all are poisoned in body and soul, and all are doomed to death. Wherever they move, crime, poverty, shame, wretchedness, and despair hover in awful shadows. There is no bright side to the picture. We forgot: there is just one. The men who make this army get rich. Their children are robed in purple and fine linen, and live upon dainties. Some of them are regarded as respectable members of society, and they hold conventions to protect their interests! Still the tramp, tramp, tramp, goes on; and before this article can see the light, five thousand more of our poisoned army shall have hidden their shame and disgrace in the grave.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

"It is a growing popular error that stimulants, like ale, wine, and bourbon, are beneficial. The pulpit must fight that error. It is sweeping souls to damnation."—*Dr. Cuyler.*

"An upright mind may indeed be disturbed and shaken for a time by the arguments of scepticism; but these will be ultimately repelled, and, like conquered foes, will strengthen the principle by which they have been subdued."—*Dr. Channing.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Scottie"—Yes; the Rose-Belford Publishing Co., Toronto, have just published an Edition of the "Temperance Act of 1878," (the Scott Act), and it can be had by addressing a letter to them. Single copies 10 cents each; by the hundred 8 cents.

Enquirer—The M.W. Scribe regulates the prices of supplies to the Grand Division.

P.P.W.—You are mistaken. When the junior P.W.P. of a Division is absent, the W. P. has the privilege of calling any P.W.P. to the post of honour.

N.D.—There are no proxies allowed in the Order.

✉ We will mail to any address, a copy of the SON OF TEMPERANCE for one year, for twenty-five cents if payment is made in advance.

The Son of Temperance

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AND CAN BE PROCURED OF

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BRANTFORD, SEPTEMBER, 1880.

A Division at Work.

MEMBERS of the Order sometimes discuss the question of withdrawals and suspensions and endeavour to find out why, in the past they have borne such a large ratio to the admissions. A thoughtful study of the subject, however, will convince any candid mind that the causes have been perfectly legitimate, and for the most part, could not be avoided. In one sense, a large number of withdrawals and suspensions are the necessary results of the successful workings of the Order. From a cursory view, the statement seems to contradict itself; but let us examine some of the causes that produce withdrawals.

(1) Take for example a man who is possessed of some natural ability, but who has been for several years the victim of an appetite for strong drink. During which time he has rapidly fallen from one position of trust to an-

other, till even his suffering wife and family are compelled to flee for their lives. At this time, a member of a Division asks him to join, and try to be a man once more. He may reply, as others do every day—"It's of no use, there is no one who cares for me now. I might as well drink on and die as soon as possible." The Son of Temperance tells him of persons who have been saved by the Order, some of whom were formerly his companions; and the man thinks if they can keep the pledge there is hope for him, and allows his name to be proposed for membership, and he is admitted. Every member of the Order is very familiar with the result. Often there is a severe struggle for the mastery of the perverted appetite, and sometimes through the influence of the man's old associates, he is led to violate his pledge. Occasionally he does so twice, but very rarely the third time. In a few months, such is the radical change in the personal appearance of this man that he would not be recognized as the ragged and bloated inebriate of the past. Returning health of body brings health to his mind and he is once more master of his faculties. His abilities are promptly recognized by the Division, and he is elected to a position of honour. His home is re-established, situations of responsibility are offered and accepted, and he enters upon a career of usefulness. Members of other societies have been watching his progress, and now invite him to join different associations, such as the Odd-Fellows, Knights of

Pythias or Masons, for they are glad to obtain such recruits, as they command a premium. Such are the inducements offered that he no doubt joins all. The church extends her arms, and himself and family pass her hallowed portals. At this point his varied duties conflict. No doubt two or more societies meet on the same evening, and of course he can only attend one. He, therefore, is led to argue, that as he is now a safe and sound temperance man there is no use in his being in the Division room every evening, and he neglects to be there for several meetings. Most Divisions are constantly initiating new members, so that when he does attend he sees so many new faces that he cannot feel at home; and so he either asks for a card of withdrawal, or stays away and neglects to pay his dues, and is suspended by the Division.

(2) Lady members have a variety of reasons for staying away from Division meetings. In our experience I have heard the following given repeatedly:—"I am living so far from the Hall now, that I cannot walk there after a hard day's work." "If I went I might have to come home alone late in the evening, and I dare not risk an assault." "I am married, and am keeping house, and my household duties are such that I cannot go out evenings, as I used to." "I have a babe to take care of, and of course you cannot expect me to attend the Division." These are certainly valid reasons, and the persons who made them could not be blamed heretofore for wishing to

withdraw from a Division which they could not attend.

The recent organization of the **SONS OF TEMPERANCE NATIONAL MUTUAL RELIEF SOCIETY** has changed the *status* of membership in the Order. Formerly there was no special inducement for persons to continue their membership except a feeling of love for the Order and a firm desire to work for the cause of Temperance, but now, all members of the Relief Society are such only as long as they remain members, in regular standing, of a Division. Therefore they must pay their dues whether they have time to attend the meetings or not.

If the membership of the Division is large, it is not necessary for all to attend the meetings regularly. It is only small Divisions that need the presence of every member.

From the Grand Scribe.

Receipts from Divisions, from July 13th to August 12th.

ROYAL CITY, \$1.26; Martintown, \$2.10; Crystal Spring, \$2.94; Allenwood, \$2.17; No Surrender, \$4.62; New Edinburgh, \$2.89; Box Grove, \$1.54; Oshawa, \$3.50; Table Rock, \$3.29; Brougham, \$4.00; W. & P. Grove, \$1.33; Solina, \$5.00; Embro, \$1.00; Mt. Hurst, \$1.33; Malton, \$1.95; Rising Star, 38 cents; Coldstream, \$3.00; Bowmanville, \$5.00; Colborne, \$6.72; Haldimand, C., \$2.05; Manilla, \$3.43; Horton, \$2.45; Goodwill, \$2.94; Trent Bridge, \$1.82; New Dominion, \$2.24; Huron, \$2.17; Mt. Carswell, \$1.89; Ravine, \$2.31; Laskey, \$5.39; Union Star, \$3.43; Stamford, \$3.15; Huron Belle, \$1.00; Exeter, \$4.20; Midland, G. L. \$3.01; Orono, \$5.95; Ethel, \$7.04; Salem Star, \$1.20; Orillia, \$4.63; Rideau U., \$2.45;

Zephyr, 77 cents; Cardwell, S. G., 63 cents; York, S. G., \$1.54; Palgrave, \$1.54; Oxford, \$3.70; Taunton, \$1.89; Good Hope, \$1.96; Mount Meldrum, \$3.29; Haldimand, \$3.50; Newtonville, \$3.22; Mount Albert, \$1.50; Harwood, \$5.49; Plainville, \$7.00; Stanley Mills, \$1.05; Forest Home, \$1.96; Tilsonburg, 70 cents; Green River, \$2.66; Franklin, \$1.12; Cedardale, \$3.64; Crown, \$2.73; Bronte, \$2.45; Byron, \$5.25; Ashworth, \$2.94.

Son of Temperance Fund.

(All contributions sent to the Grand Scribe, will be duly acknowledged in this column.)

BOX GROVE, \$1.00; Union Star, \$1.50; Oshawa, \$1.00; W. Smith, Montreal, \$1.00; A. D. Vose, Woonsocket, 25 cents; Ethel, \$2.00.

Lecture Fund.

THE season for Lecture and agency work is now upon us and there never was a better opportunity for our Divisions to make a special effort on behalf of this fund. A public meeting, social or other entertainment, could, with very little sacrifice by the members and with no expense to the Division, be got up, and the proceeds, devoted to the Lecture Fund. By united efforts in this way, though the amount may be small from each, the aggregate would reach quite an handsome sum and greatly assist in the propagation of the Order. On the 29th day of September, our Order will be thirty-eight years old, and doubtless the Divisions will celebrate our anniversary in a becoming manner, this then would be an appropriate time when our members could successfully hold a meeting on behalf of this fund. Such an effort would greatly help each Division as well as provide the necessary means to revive dormant and organize new Divisions. Let a member in each of our Divisions move in the matter at the next meeting, and have our suggestion carried out.

New Divisions.

The following new Divisions have been organized since the Semi-Annual Session:—

Deans, No. 46, County of Haldimand, by Bro. A. Williamson, County D.G.W.P.

Lighthouse, No. 60, at Eddystone, County of Northumberland, by Bro. J. Jewell, G. Chaplain, and members of District Division.

Sunbeam, No. 390, Jerseyville, County of Wentworth, by Bro. R. M. Barratt, P.G.W.P.

No. 153, Township of Grey, County of Huron, by Bro. A. Panabaker, D.G.W.P.

Wild Rose Blossom, No. 70, Sombra, County of Lambton, re-suscitated by Bro. J. H. Reid, D.G.W.P.

The Work and the Workers.

Reports from Deputies.

—Bro. Daniel Brotherston, D. G.W.P., reports the two Divisions under his charge, namely Pleasant Valley and Jarrat's Corner, as getting on well. An open meeting held lately by "Pleasant Valley," was largely attended and did good in making the cause known in the neighbourhood.

—Bro. Jos. Mealy, D.G.W.P., reports that Oxford Mills Division is in a flourishing condition and have about sixty members in good standing. The other evening five new members were initiated. Kemptville Division lately visited Oxford Mills, and all had a good time generally. Kemptville and other Divisions in Bro. Mealy's neighbourhood are beginning to work, and we may expect to receive good accounts from them this fall.

—Bro. J. B. Turner, D.G.W.P., says with regard to Union Star Division, that "all things considered I think I may safely say that we are in a fairly prosperous condition. We are in a thinly settled and poor farming community, yet have a membership of 48 with an average attendance of 22. We have a hall 24 x 36, also shed for horses, all paid

for, the whole valued at \$500. This being a busy time of year with farmers, makes it harder to keep up the interest, but we have not allowed the Division to suspend working for a single meeting evening, and believe that by so doing it keeps in much better working order. As often as practicable we have programmes consisting of readings, recitations, dialogues, music, &c., also occasionally spelling matches, debates, &c., and by these means make the meetings both interesting and profitable."

—Bro. R. Hopkins, G.W.A., D.G.W.P., says with regard to Quarry Division and the section of Gloucester near Ottawa: "We are busy at work helping the Inspector to bring up persons for selling liquor on Sunday and without license. During the last week we have sent up three; the week before two; since the first of January we have been the means of prosecuting seventeen groggery and hotel keepers. Through the influence of our Inspector and others the Government of Ontario sent us \$10 to assist in paying a detective, and we have one employed by our Division. So you see although we sent no representative to the Grand Division, we are busy at work. We spent \$96 in repairing our hall, and we are now out of debt, and ready to fight to the last. We have forty-five members all in good standing, and our Division is lively and the attendance good."

Correspondence.

To the Editor,

DEAR SIR,—I was pleased to read in your last number the letter signed "Well Wisher." He seems to have discovered the real cause of the decline of the Order, namely "indifference." I hope now, that we have made the discovery, we will no longer be indifferent, but work more earnestly, until the Order is what it was in bygone days, and in every way possible strengthen the hands of the Executive.

SON.

TEMPERANCE MUSIC.

To the Editor,

DEAR SIR.—I have just noticed an able article in the *Casket* (the organ of the Good Templars), which is equally applicable to ourselves, complaining that Temperance music is not used at their entertainments—nay, even appears to be avoided. The same thing is prevalent in our own Order, for we rarely, if ever, at our ordinary gatherings, favour our audience with Temperance songs. Sometimes these selections are pleasing, however; but even that is not always the case. A Division in this city, which shall be nameless, but has always been accustomed to hold its head up pretty high, recently entertained its sister divisions, and a portion of the programme was the silly, vulgar song, entitled "The Belle of the Ball," which is far more suitable for bar-room loafers, than for a Division of the Sons of Temperance. I am sorry to say that the song was favourably received, even the acting Worthy Patriarch applauding it. The introduction of a few stirring Temperance songs would, in my opinion, be a blessing, and I heartily concur with your *confreere* the *Casket*.—Yours etc.,

G. T. & S. of T.

Toronto, 10th July, 1880.

Miscellaneous.

Beer for Workingmen.

IN England there is a man named William Bailey, a wealthy man doing a large business. He had once been a farm labourer. Some years ago, as he was walking across a hay-field, he saw some men mowing, and he crossed over to them and asked if he might mow. One of them said yes, and handed him a scythe. Soon, one of them remarked, "Why you have mowed before!" "Yes I have," said Bailey, "and at first I drank beer regularly. But, while I was mowing and drinking my beer, the idea suddenly came to me that I could mow just as well without beer."

"Oh, I couldn't work without beer," said one of the labourers. "I couldn't get on."

"After I began to mow without beer, I soon discovered I could get on without mowing," replied Bailey.

"We should like that very well," said the man.

"Oh, no! you can't do without your beer, and you will go on mowing all your lives, without rising to anything better, just because you will have your beer."

There is many a workingman now putting all his savings into the hands of the saloon-keeper, instead of keeping them himself, and that is the reason he does not get on.

"I have backed as many as sixty tons of coal a day since I took the pledge," said a London "coal-whipper." "But before that, if I had done so much, I should hardly have been able to crawl home, and I should have been certain to lose the next day's work."

We might cite the testimony of masons, bricklayers, labourers, furnacemen, moulders, glass-blowers, sawyers, porters, plasterers, in fact all trades on sea and land, doing the hardest work and exposed to the severest cold. These all do their work without beer.

We often meet men who say, "I drink to make me work." To such a one, an old man replied as follows: "Hearken! I once was a prosperous farmer. I had a good loving wife, and two as fine lads as the sun ever shone upon. But we drank ale to make us work. Those two lads now lie in drunkards' graves, and my wife died of a broken heart and lies beside them. Our comfortable home is gone. I am seventy years of age; and, because I used to drink to make me work, it makes me work now for my daily bread. Yes, drink, drink! and it will be sure to make you work."—*Union Handbills*.

"Salvation is a permanent deliverance from both the love of sin and the guilt of sin."—*Joseph Cook*.

Love.

BY MISS HERGAL.

(Extract from "Kept for the Master's Use.")

"ON that always very interesting part, called a 'Corner for difficulties,' of that always interesting magazine, *Woman's Work*, the question has been discussed, 'When does love become idolatry? Is it the experience of Christians that the coming in of a new object of affection interferes with entire consecration to God? I should like to quote the many excellent answers in full, but must only refer my readers to the number for March, 1879. One replies: 'It seems to me that He who is love would not give us an object for our love unless He saw that our hearts needed expansion, and if the love is consecrated, and the friendship takes its stand in Christ, there is no need for the fear that it will become idolatry. Let the love on both sides be given to God to keep, and however much it may grow, the source from which it springs must yet be greater. Perhaps I may be pardoned for giving, at the same writer's suggestion, a quotation from *Under the Surface*, on this subject.

Eleanor says to Beatrice:—

'I tremble when I think How much I love him; but I turn away From thinking of it, just to love him more;

Indeed, I fear, too much.'

Dear Eleanor, Do you love him as much as Christ loves us?

Let your lips answer me.'

'Why ask me, dear? Our hearts are finite, Christ is infinite.'

'Then, till you reach the standard of that love,

Let neither fears nor well-meant warning voice

Distress you with "too much." For He hath said

How much—and who shall dare to change his measure?

"That ye should love AS I have loved you."

O sweet command, that goes so far beyond

The mightiest impulse of the tenderest heart!

A bare permission had been much; but He

Who knows our yearnings and our fearfulness,

Chose graciously to bid us do the thing That makes our earthly happiness,

A limit that we need not fear to pass, Because we cannot. Oh, the breadth

and length, And depth and height of love that passeth knowledge!

Yet Jesus said, "As I have loved you."

'O Beatrice, I long to feel the sunshine That this should bring; but there are other words

Which fall in chill eclipse. 'Tis written, "Keep Yourselves from idols." How shall I obey?'

'Oh, not by loving less, but loving more. It is not that we love our precious ones Too much, but God too little. As the lamp

A miner bears upon his shadowed brow Is only dazzling in the grimy dark, And has no glare against the summer sky,

So, set the tiny torch of our best love In the great sunshine of the love of God, And, though full fed and fanned, it casts

no shade And dazzles not, o'erflowed with mightier light."

A Substitute for Beer.

THE English are enormous beer drinkers. On the principle that of two evils the lesser is to be chosen, beer is to be preferred to gin or other more heating and destructive compounds, but to so great an extreme has the drinking of beer been carried, the English employers are beginning to enquire whether a substitute cannot be found for that. A London paper notes with satisfaction the experiments of Sir Philip Rose with his farm labourers. Sir Philip found that when giving them beer accidents happened sometimes, and that the men got sullen and stupid, "the boys noisy and rough with the horses," and the women excited. He substituted cold tea with milk and sugar, and it took well. Since then he has had better work done by his labourers at harvest time, and the women have been very grateful for the change, because, as Sir Philip says, they are able to save more money than formerly. It is economical also, the yearly expense for tea being but twenty-five dollars. In Scotland, unless the thinnest of "table-beer" is drank, the favourite liquor of the harvester is buttermilk. Then, in other places, a weak gruel of oatmeal and water, kept in a cool place, is found most refreshing and palatable. Perhaps in time they may add the Yankee beverage, "switchel," a compound of water, molasses and vinegar. In time, public opinion, heightened by experience, will drive out of use all alcoholic stimulants for labourers

at work. It is about as sensible to put fire inside of such men as it would be to add a hot stove to the heat of the sun.

—The sudden death of the hard drinkers, now so numerous, seem to have little effect upon those left behind. No matter how many of our companions are drawn into a whirlpool, we have no idea that we can ever be seduced within its fatal power.

—Beware of beer guzzling. It prepares the stomach for the stronger drinks of rum, whiskey and brandy. It is the genuine stimulant which provokes the great appetite.

Directory.

Grand Division of Ontario, Officers for 1880.

G.W.P., G. M. Rose, Toronto,
G.W.A., A. R. Hopkins, Gloucester.
G. Scribe, Thos. Webster, Brantford.
G. Treasurer, David Millar, Toronto.
G. Chap., John Jewell, Plainville.
G. Conductor, James Brooks, Wexford
G. Sentinel, G. P. Bliss, New Edinburgh.
P.G.W.P., Thos. Caswell, Toronto.

Grand Division, Sons of Temperance of Ontario, holds its next Annual Session in Oshawa, first Tuesday in December, 1880.

[Each Division, contributing the sum of one dollar annually is entitled to have its card inserted in this Directory.]

Alberta Division, No. 185, meets first and third Thursday each month, in basement of stone church, Paris Plains.

Almonte, No. 114, meets in Temperance Hall, Almonte, Co. of Lanark, every Tuesday evening.

Ashworth, No. 84, meets in Temperance Hall, Ashworth, Co. of Ontario, every Friday evening.

Arran Division, No. 315, meets in their Hall, Arran, Co. of Bruce, every Wednesday evening.

Bethesda Division, No. 372, meets in their Hall, Binbrook, Co. of Wentworth, every Saturday evening.

Box Grove Division, No. 273, meets in their Division Room, Box Grove, County of York, every Saturday evening.

Cedardale, No. 55, meets in their Hall, Cedardale, Co. of Ontario, every Thursday evening.

Chaudiere Division, No. 333, meets in their Division Room, Cor. of O'Connor and Sparks Streets, Ottawa, every Friday evening.

Cobourg Division, No. 9, meets in their Division Room, Cobourg, every Wednesday evening.

Crown Division, No. 356, meets in their Hall, Granton, Co. of Middlesex, every Friday evening.

Crystal Fountain Division meets every Tuesday evening, in the basement, Temperance Hall, Temperance St., Toronto.

Ethel Division, No. 149, meets in their Division Room, Ethel, Co. of Huron, every Friday evening.

Galt Division, No. 296, meets in their Division Room Galt, Co. of Waterloo, every Friday evening.

Greenbank Division, No. 331, meets in their Division Room, Greenbank, Co. of Ontario, every Saturday evening.

Green River Division, No. 105, meets in their Division Room, Green River, Co. of Ontario, every Saturday evening.

Haldimand Division, No. 56, meets in their Hall, weekly, Co. of Northumberland, every Wednesday evening.

Harvest Home, No. 317, meets in their Hall, Wexford, Co. of York, every Tuesday evening.

Huron Belle Division, No. 177, meets in their Division Room, Lochalsh, Co. of Huron, every Friday evening.

Laskey Division, No. 220, meets in their Hall, Laskey, Co. of York, every Friday evening.

Leskard, No. 98, meets in their Hall, Leskard, Co. of Durham, every Friday evening.

Malton Division, No. 295, meets in their Hall, Malton, Co. of Peel, every Wednesday evening.

Mount Albert Division, No. 289, meets in their Division Room, Mount Albert, every Tuesday evening.

Mount Meldrum Division, No. 210, meets in their Hall, Agincourt, Co. of York, every Monday evening.

Newton Division, No. 243, meets in their Division Room, Clarke, Co. of Durham, every Friday evening.

Orono Division, No. 79, meets in their Hall, Orono, Co. of Durham, every Wednesday evening.

Oshawa Division, No. 35, meets in their Hall, Oshawa, every Monday evening.

Plainville Division, No. 398 meets in their Hall, Plainville, Co. of Northumberland, every Thursday evening.

Royal City Division, No. 1, British Columbia, meets in their Division Room, New Westminster, B. C., every Thursday evening.

Sheridan Division, No. 101, meets in their Hall, Sheridan, every Monday evening.

Solina Division, No. 40, meets in the Division Room, Solina, every Friday evening.

Standard Division, No. 148, meets in their Hall, Branchton, Co. of Waterloo, every Thursday evening.

Stirton Division, No. 136, meets in their Hall, Stirton, Co. of Wellington, every Saturday evening.

Triumph, No. 156, meets in their Division Room, Charing Cross, County of Kent, every Friday evening.

Tyrone Division, No. 126, meets in their Hall, Co. of Durham, every Thursday evening.

Union Star Division, No. 284, meets in their Hall, at Enterprise, County of Durham, every Thursday evening.

Zephyr Division, No. 275, meets in their Division Room, Zephyr, Co. of Ontario, every Tuesday evening.

Advertisements.

[We will insert for one year, Business Cards similar to those underneath, for \$2.00.]

HUNTER, ROSE & CO., Printers, Bookbinders, Publishers, Electro and Stereotypers, 25 Wellington St. W., Toronto.

CAMERON & CASWELL, Barristers, Attorneys, Solicitors, etc., 64 King St. E., Toronto.

JOHN McMILLAN, Baker, Confectioner, and dealer in all kinds of Fruit. Sales on Commission. 397 Yonge St., Toronto.

DAVID MILLAR, Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, 510 Queen St. W., Toronto.

SUPPLIES FOR DIVISIONS.

The following will be mailed on receipt of price:

THE ODES OF THE ORDER.—Set to music; on thick board, double size card, with hinge. Price per dozen, 75c.

THE BOOK OF LAWS.—Comprising the Constitutions of the National, Grand, and Subordinate Divisions of the Sons of Temperance of North America, together with the Code of Laws, Digest of Decisions of the National and Grand Divisions, Forms for Trial and Appeal, Order of Processions and Funerals, Regalia, etc.; also the By-Laws and Rules of Order of the Grand Division of Ontario, to which is appended the Acts incorporating the Order in Ontario. Price, Paper Covers, 15c; neatly bound in heavy Cloth Covers, 40c.

PLEDGE CARDS OF THE ORDER.—Neatly printed. Every Division should have a supply for circulation at public meetings. Price one dollar per hundred.

DISTRICT DIVISION RITUALS, also the Constitution of District Divisions. Price 5c. each.

CANADA TEMPERANCE ACT OF 1878. With Suggestions how to bring it into operation. Price 10 cents per copy, 12 copies for \$1.00. Sent post free on receipt of price. Large quantities at a reduction.

AFFLECK'S TEMPERANCE GEMS. A collection of twenty-eight Hymns and Songs, suitable for Temperance meetings. Divisions of the Sons of Temperance, Temples, Cadets of Temper-

ance, Bands of Hope, Sunday Schools, etc. A package containing one dozen will be mailed free of postage to any address, on receipt of 50 cents.

The following is a Price List of Supplies, which are supplied by the Grand Division. The attention of Divisions is called to the report of the Finance Committee of the Grand Division, which requires that all orders for supplies should be accompanied by the Cash.

Send P. O. Order when it can be obtained, if not, Registered Letter; and if sending stamps, send only in three or one cent denominations, and address

THOMAS WEBSTER, G. S.,
Brantford, Ont.

Please observe these instructions strictly in ordering supplies and remitting Cap. Tax.

Charter and Supplies for New Division.....	\$8 50
One Blue Book.....	1 25
One Set Officers' Cards (seven in set).....	1 00
Officers' Cards (single).....	15
Twelve Ode Cards (\$5 per hundred).....	60
One Quire Blank Returns.....	25
One " Proposition Sheets.....	25
One " Treasurer's Bonds.....	25
Fifty Constitution and By-Laws (6c. each single).....	2 50
Six Withdrawal or Travelling Cards.....	75
Public Ceremony Book (set of six 50c) single.....	10
Hodge's Manual of Business.....	15
Horton's Manual and Instructor.....	15
Decisions of the National Division.....	15
Book of Laws, single.....	15
Odes of the Order, set to music, per doz.....	75

CADETS' REQUISITES.

Charter and Set of Books, &c., complete for a new Section.....	2 00
One Red Book, extra.....	25
One Set of Officers' Cards.....	1 00
Ten Ode Cards.....	25
Twenty-five By-Laws.....	75
One Set of Ritual.....	1 00

BANDS OF HOPE.

Charter and Books, &c., or a new Band of Hope.....	1 00
Rituals.....	06

Blank notices and Forms of all kinds; Note and Letter Paper, with Emblem of Order, Name, Number and Location of Division, printed on heading. The publications of the National Temperance Society, and all kinds of Temperance Literature, Dialogues, &c., supplied to order. The cash should accompany all orders.

ADDRESS—

THOS. WEBSTER,
Brantford, Ont.

Printed by Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto.