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The Dominion Church of England Temperance Journal

VOL. I, No. 1.

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THE DOMINION Church of England Temperance Journal.

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A. C. WINTON,
71 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

The Secretaries of the various Branches of the C.E.T.S. throughout Canada will much oblige us by sending in their reports of meetings, etc., on or before the 20th of each month.

PROLOGUE.

WITH this first issue of THE DOMINION CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE JOURNAL an explanation of its *raison d'être*, together with some exposition of its policy and of the principles which it will be its duty to advocate, may not be deemed unnecessary. And, taking a glance over the field occupied by the Temperance Press of Canada, and a review of the work accomplished by it, it need not be difficult to account for the accession of this new addition to the forces in aid of Temperance Reform.

The field is a wide and extending one, comprising a large proportion of the populations not only of the several Provinces and Territories of the Dominion, but of the Province of Newfoundland as well. Over all this field the various Temperance organizations of the land have been zealously at work in the good cause. Among them the Church of England Temperance Society has large constituencies, and has been accomplishing most valuable work in, as we think, the simplest and most effective methods possible to be employed for the greatest good of the greatest number. Other notably zealous organizations have lent their aid to the work, and other Churches have furnished their quotas to the ranks of the workers; and although there has been much diversity of opinion as to the best means to be employed in the interest of a general Temperance Reform, no question can be raised as to the zeal and earnestness of the several organizations which have given their time and energies to the service.

But whilst a great deal of good seed has been sown, as evidenced in the increased and extending desire everywhere apparent for the promotion of Temperance principles, it is much to be feared that a large admixture of tares has been committed to the soil. Paul has planted and Apollos has watered, but has the increase come from Him who alone is competent to give it? Have the workers relied less upon their own strength and ability than they have upon that influence which can alone give them their due effect? We think not. To all appearance, both Paul and Apollos have retired from the contest, dissatisfied with the result of their labours, and have transferred the obligations to other heads and other hands, leaving it to these new allies to adopt such measures as may be deemed best calculated by them to force upon mankind the assumption of a virtue whether or not they may possess it.

In his admirable address to the members of the Peterborough (Eng.) Diocesan Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, and its friends of all denominations, the Bishop of Peterborough recently declared that "it was a dangerous thing when the Church tries to do the work of the State," as it was also "dangerous for the State to try to do the work of the Church. He did not say that the law was not to have a large share in removing temptations to intemperance, and in assisting those who desired to be temperate; but he did say that it was a difficult and dangerous province of legislation when it ceased to aim at the repression of crime and assumed the suppression of vice." These words are as applicable to the work of Canadian Temperance Reformers as they are to those of their co-workers of the old land. By the generality of Temperance Associations almost every plan of operations against the enemy has been employed, but with comparatively trifling effect. The force of "moral suasion"—the exercise of patient and persistent reasoning with men not too far involved in habitually intemperate habits to be affected by its force—has been tried, but not with the enduring effect that was hopefully anticipated from it. Doubtless it was the best of all strictly human agencies, and its great value consisted in the opportunity it afforded of bringing its subjects under more potent and legitimate influences before the chains of vice were too closely riveted upon them, and before morality, principle and self-respect had been totally obliterated by an utterly depraved appetite for alcoholic indulgence. It was a safe tonic for systems that required only a little bracing; for the actually diseased, more potent prescriptions and a more heroic treatment were essential, and the happy conditions which the exercise of mere human reason and philan-

thropic effort were found insufficient to produce have been recently sought to be accomplished by the strong arm of the law. And so the labours of the Temperance Reformer have been suspended in order that the skill and the handicraft of the law-maker should try conclusions with the plague, and in order that men who are vicious should suddenly find themselves made virtuous through the operation of an Act of Parliament.

But if it is the good fortune of the virtuous man that he is "not under the law," and that "the law has no dominion over him," so will it be the evil fortune of the vicious one that his necessity will overcome the law, and make a law unto itself; and as necessity is by common consent the mother of invention there can be little doubt as to which of the parties to the contest will come out victorious. In fact the indications are already abundant of the impotency of the craftsman's handiwork to withstand the persistency and ingenuity of the cracksman's skill. "If," says the Bishop of Peterborough, "all men had right principles, they (the Temperance Law Reformers) might succeed without law; but they would never succeed by law alone unless that law were supported by the principle, the approval, the hearty assent and the willing co-operation of the community. They must have principle, virtue, and above all things religion, at the back of the law, or the law becomes a mere brute and tyrant force which men will break at every opportunity and evade at every turn." This is exactly the experience of every true worker in the cause of Temperance and Total Abstinence Reform in Canada and the United States. It exemplifies and illustrates itself in the inadequacy of the most ingeniously contrived legal instruments to withstand the necessities of depraved human appetite, and the *feræ nature* of those to whom every attempt at restraint is translated by sheer dogged obstinacy into infringement upon the principle of civil and personal liberty. Its utter incompetency has been recognized even by those who looked to it for effective work; and the more thoughtful onlookers, in at least several of the communities in which the law has been attempted to be put in force, have given expression, by appeals to the Legislature for its abrogation or amendment, not only to their opinion of its utter uselessness, but to their indignation at the additional miseries which it has inflicted upon the localities in which they reside.

That a good deal may be done by a wise system of legislation we have no doubt; but legislation, to be effective, must take a subordinate and merely complementary place, instead of the primary and experimental one which it has assumed. There is only one way of dealing with this particular vice, as with every other vice and frailty to which the heart of man is naturally liable, and that is to be found alone in the prescriptions laid down in God's Word, and in the legitimate ordinances of the Christian Church as they are indicated by Him. The man who rests upon his own ability, upon the value of his neighbour's instruction and example, upon the sufficiency of legislation and the work of human heads and human hands to rescue him from the tendencies and the promptings of his depraved nature, is already a doomed man. The inordinate use of alcoholic stimulants is but one of the thousands of vices against which the world is forewarned when it is charged to "be temperate in all things." And if that particular vice alone is to be legislated against, what is to be done as regards the remaining thousand and one, and where is the legislation to begin and where is it to end? And what can legislation do in the way of accomplishing the final salvation of the man who, discarding the use of alcoholic stimulants altogether, is rushing madly to destruction upon the back of some other hideous vice, perhaps far more deadly, if less seemingly conspicuous and obnoxious to the world? Fortunately for us the Almighty in His great goodness and mercy has opened an easy door of escape to all men, if they would only be induced to see and accept it. And it is the special

duty of the Church to point out the legitimate mode of escape, and to lead men to it. If therefore, like the Bishop of Peterborough, we grant our legislative friends to the fullest that those who hesitate in going all the length they would go in the direction of legislation are so much the more bound to be all the more zealous and earnest in their endeavours for the religious remedies and the religious cure of the very evils that others would cure by law, we think they should be satisfied to permit us to test the value of the faith that is in us. And to further these endeavours in every possible way, and to maintain that zeal warm and effective, is our only apology for the appearance of this new adventure of THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

THE EFFECTIVE TEMPERANCE WORK OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND ORGANIZATION.

The value of the system adopted by the Church of England Temperance Reformers is very plainly illustrated in the very simple and satisfactory announcement contained in a note to be found elsewhere among other of the Reports and Proceedings of the several Branches of the Dominion. We refer to it thus particularly as a convincing testimony to the efficiency of the system which we feel it our duty and our privilege to advocate.

The cases are those of several individuals who within a very short period have been rescued from habits of continued and all but confirmed intemperance, through the instrumentality of kindly and considerate religious advice, who have thus been induced to admit the error and folly of their practices, and to look for the only protection from their repetition by reliance upon that sustaining grace which can alone establish them upon a sure foundation. In all these cases the parties have not only become thoroughly reformed, but have become regular attendants upon religious services, and communicants of their Church. They are thus placed in position for attainment of the highest and most valuable conditions of human life which it is possible to secure, and are on the high road to an enjoyment of the best conditions of the life everlasting.

This is our ideal of what really valuable Temperance work should aim at. It is what God has specially provided for, and what the Church of England maintains to be the only effective method of reform. Other people and other Churches may think otherwise, and may strive for the accomplishment of wholesome work, and with the best intentions, by the adoption of other instrumentalities. We are almost willing to wish them the success which we are almost equally sure they can never attain. And we can only consequently anticipate for them the final conviction that they will have to come back to first principles if they set any value upon their time and their labours. It is perfectly idle depending upon "moral suasion," trusting to unwholesome ephemeral and evanescent excitations, or looking for assistance to merely human law for permanently successful results. Their clients and their constituencies must be placed above all law, by being brought into conformity with the law of God, so that neither the merely human law of our legislators nor the natural law of lust shall have dominion over them.

The Secretaries of the several Branches of the Society throughout the Dominion are especially invited to communicate with the Manager as to special rates and charges for subscriptions on account of members, etc. It is especially desirable, where not actually inconvenient or inconsistent with other occupations and duties, that the Secretaries of the several Branches should act as special agents for THE TEMPERANCE JOURNAL. In the meantime all orders from any of them, accompanied by a remittance, will be attended to, and otherwise acknowledged.

Reports and Proceedings

OF THE VARIOUS BRANCHES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY THROUGHOUT CANADA.

ONTARIO.—DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

ST. PHILIP'S BRANCH, TORONTO.

Officers.—Rev. Mr. Sweeny, President; Rev. W. A. Baily Jones, Vice-President; Mr. John Wilson, Treasurer; and Mr. H. Mortimer, Jun., Secretary.

Thursday, April 15.—A meeting in connection with this Branch was held this evening, Rev. W. A. Baily Jones in the chair. Rev. J. M. Wrong, of Wycliffe College, Toronto, addressed quite a large number of members and their friends, on the subject of "Self-denial." He brought this subject before the members with the intention of impressing upon them the meaning of these most important words, as it referred to a work in which the people of Canada and elsewhere had become deeply interested, namely, Temperance; it was also a subject, he thought, that was suitable for the Lenten season. After a short and eloquent speech, the programme was continued by a duet, with music by Miss Middleton and song by Miss Greene, with a few selections from "Tecumseh" by Mr. George Evans. Refreshments were distributed during the evening, and quite a pleasant and enjoyable time was spent. The Branch has been steadily progressing, and has now between 125 and 150 members, quite a number of them having become members during the past year.

We regret to observe that the President, Rev. Mr. Sweeny, has been ill for some time past, and has been requested by his physicians to abstain from further duties for the present. He will consequently have to take some rest. We hope that he may soon recover, and be restored to his work in the Branch, in which he has always taken so much interest.

The annual meeting of the Branch will take place on April 29, when the election of officers for the ensuing year will take place.

ST. PETER'S BRANCH, TORONTO.

Officers.—Archdeacon Boddy, President; S. Caldecott and E. P. Pearson, Vice-Presidents; W. R. Smallpiece, Treasurer; F. W. Mason, Secretary.

During the past season the meetings of this Branch have been held on the second Monday in each month. All meetings, particularly the last one, have been unusually well attended, and since its organization over 300 members have signed the roll. From one of its worthy Vice-Presidents we gathered much information in regard to the work being done by St. Peter's Branch. Several cases had been brought within the ordinances of the Church, in whose lives a very marked reformation had taken place as regards the use of intoxicants. These have since become regular communicants. There has also been great interest manifested by the members of St. Matthews and St. Bartholomew, who have taken part in the meetings, and have done much to assist the Branch in its labours. Throughout the past season some very earnest addresses have been given by various speakers, together with music, songs, readings, recitations, etc. These entertainments have proved attractive to the poorer members of St. Bartholomew and other parishes. One of the interesting sights of these meetings is to see so many mothers, accompanied by their children, and the expression is frequently used by them that these meetings are the only places where they are sure to have a really good time. Much of the effects and success of these meetings are attendant upon the efforts and good work of Miss Boddy and Miss Richardson, and they have been ably assisted by many of the members, who have always come forward when required. Next season it is proposed to organize a Rescue Union, an institution

by which a house-to-house visitation will be undertaken. Meanwhile, a large amount of educational and practical information has been acquired by the members of the Branch, and many, we are glad to say, have been by these means led to become deeply interested in the temperance work, many indeed who have never before thought seriously upon the subject.

ST. ANNE'S BRANCH, TORONTO.

Officers.—Rev. J. McLean-Ballard, President; Mr. Alfred Wright, Secretary-Treasurer.

During the past season meetings have been regularly held in connection with this Branch, on every Friday evening of each week. A new feature, and one which has not been brought as often as it should be before other Branches, is the introduction of debates, when such subjects as the Scott Act, the Crooks Act, the high license system, and the dual basis of the Branch have been brought forward and thoroughly discussed. Much good has resulted from this system, which has instilled into the minds of the members a thorough knowledge and acquaintance with the subjects, and they are matters in which every member of the Society should become interested. The Branch, we are glad to hear, is steadily progressing, many new members having taken the pledge, and, as Mr. Ballard says, there is no doubt that we are exercising a considerable influence for good over many of our members. Much of the success of the Branch is due to Mr. Ballard and Mr. Wright, for their energetic zeal and work, as well as to several ladies and gentlemen who have kindly offered their services when called upon to assist in the programmes.

ST. MATTHIAS'S BRANCH.

The officers of this Branch are as follow: Rev. Richard Harrison, M.A., President; Rev. C. B. Darling, B.A., Wm. Wedd, Wm. Butler, Vice-Presidents; John C. Wedd, Secretary; R. Hall, Treasurer.

The regular meetings of this Branch have unfortunately been interfered with, owing to the alterations which have taken place in the enlargement of the school room. Several very successful meetings, however, have been held. The programmes on all occasions have been well arranged and successfully carried out. Much of the success of the Branch is undoubtedly due to the untiring zeal and energy of Rev. Mr. Darling, who has always taken special interest in the good work. Mrs. Wm. Butler we may also mention as one who has shown her devotedness to the cause by always cheerfully volunteering her assistance to the Branch. The next meeting of the Branch will take place on May 6, when Professor Richardson will exhibit his stereopticon views. A selection of music, songs, readings, etc., will also be provided. The Band of Hope in connection with the Branch, which has only lately been reorganized under the superintendence of Mr. Langley, has been increasing rapidly. The average attendance at the meetings is about eighty, and over ninety have taken the pledge during the past year. Its next public meeting will take place on April 29.

ST. STEPHEN'S BRANCH.

The officers of this Branch are as follow: Rev. A. J. Broughall, President; N. W. Hoyles, Vice-President; C. H. Wethey, Secretary; John Booth, Treasurer.

The public meetings of this Branch are held on every alternate Monday throughout the year, except during the months of July and August. They are usually well attended, and are sure to have good programmes. The next meeting will take place on Monday, May 3, when Mr. H. C. Dixon will give an address. One of the principal

features of this Branch is the introduction of a Penny Savings Bank, the deposits in which have already reached over \$200. Altogether the Branch is in a flourishing condition.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION BRANCH.

The officers of this Branch are as follow: Rev. H. Grassett Baldwin, M.A., President; Mr. J. E. Berkeley Smith, Vice-President; Mr. G. Chillingworth Warburton, Secretary; Mr. Evelyn MacCrae, Treasurer, and a general committee of twenty members.

The Branch is undoubtedly a very successful one, indeed we may say, one of the most flourishing Branches in Canada. The Society at present numbers about 524 members, consisting of the Total Abstinence and Temperance Sections, about one-fifth of the members belonging to the latter. During the past winter not less than 154 members signed the pledge. The monthly entertainments are, as a rule, of an unusually excellent character, the endeavour having been made to make them as attractive as possible, and thus help to draw large audiences. The distribution of refreshments has also been one of the features of these meetings. The meetings have been held on the second Monday in each month and have been very largely attended. The last one for the season will take place on Monday, May 10, and we believe the programme will be an unusually good one, Mr. Warburton, the Secretary, assisted by a party of friends, having kindly promised to supply the music. The members and workers of the Branch have met with much encouraging success, and are consequently enthusiastic over their work. This may be evidenced by the fact that at the last March meeting forty-five persons signed the pledge, thirty-nine of whom were total abstainers. This is really very good work, and we hope and trust that the labours of the young ladies and gentlemen of this Branch may be crowned with continuous success. The results attained undoubtedly show a thoroughly well managed association.

ALL SAINTS BRANCH, TORONTO.

Officers.—Rev. A. H. Baldwin, President; Willoughby Cummings, Esq., Vice-President; Miss E. Croot, Treasurer; H. C. Simms, Secretary. Meetings of this Branch are held every first and third Friday in each month, at eight o'clock p.m. The Branch has been doing good work during the past year, and there are now between 200 and 250 members on the roll. Music, readings, recitations and addresses have been the order of the programmes throughout the winter.

WOODBIDGE BRANCH.

The following are the names of the officers of the Woodbridge Branch, C.E.T.S.: Rev. O. P. Ford, President; Rev. C. H. Short, Superintendent of the Band of Hope; Frank Cortissos, Esq., Sec.-Treasurer.

Since the organization of this Branch last winter, 126 members have signed the declarations, of whom 118 have joined the abstinent section, and eight the temperance section. The meetings have been held every week during the winter season, but during the summer season there will be no indoor meetings. During the past year several public meetings have been held, and many new recruits have been gathered into the ranks. Unfortunately, however, the Abell Works, which employed a large number of men belonging to the Society, have removed from the village, taking about forty families with them.

WESTON BRANCH.

The officers of the Weston Branch, C.E.T.S., are as follow: Rev. R. W. E. Green, President; Mr. Harry Buckley, Vice-President; Miss Savage, Sec.-Treasurer; Misses M. Irvin, L. Conron, N. Conron, A. Malaby, C. Coulter, and Messrs. H. W. Buckley, W. C.

Smith, James Irvine, Wm. Mitchell, A. Malaby and A. Coulter, General Committee.

The Branch consists of 214 members, all told, 211 belonging to the total abstinence section, and eight to the temperance section. The meetings have been held fortnightly in the town hall, and excellent programmes have been given, consisting usually of musical and literary selections, together with a Gospel address. The interest manifested in the work has certainly not been unflagging in interest, and much praise is due to the young people of all denominations who have from time to time so kindly furnished the evening's enjoyment. Grateful thanks are also tendered to the young gentlemen from Toronto and elsewhere, who have so powerfully aided by their Gospel addresses in building up the work on its only true foundation, that of thorough religious conviction and principle. The Juveniles, too, are very helpful in their own way, many of them exhibiting no mean talents. The choir is now practising a service of song, which they hope to have ready in about a month's time. Although the Society will close its indoor exercises during the approaching summer, yet it purposes holding a monthly temperance picnic, at which open-air speeches and music will form part of the entertainment.

DEER PARK BRANCH, TORONTO.

The annual meeting of this Branch was held in the school of Christ Church, on the evening of March 18, 1886, and the following officers elected for the year: Rev. T. W. Paterson, President; A. Coskin, Esq., Vice-President; A. H. Ewing, Esq., Treasurer; J. R. Cooke, Secretary. A committee of eleven were appointed to look after the interests of the Branch as follow:—

Mesdames Roger, Hoskin, Williamson and Snider. Misses Roger, Wray, Smith, M. and A. Huty, M. Hopkins and M. Woolcot.

ST. JAMES'S BAND OF HOPE, TORONTO.

The officers of this Branch are as follow: Rev. H. P. Hobson, President; Miss Thomas and Mr. G. W. T. Shaw, Treasurer and Secretary. The Band of Hope in connection with this parish is a most successful one, and under the painstaking and fostering care of Rev. Mr. Hobson, Miss Thomas and Mr. Shaw, it is bound to flourish. At the beginning of the present year the Band of Hope started with the small number of eighty members on its roll; but to-day it flourishes, and is a testimony of the good work being done by the ladies and gentlemen, who, in their unselfish zeal, have brought it to so high a state of prosperity that, instead of the eighty members of last year, it now numbers over 400. These are divided into twenty-four classes, and are superintended by many willing workers. The meetings are held every Friday, and have been exceedingly well attended, over 295 children being present on Friday, April 16.

ST. JAMES'S, THE LESS, BAND OF HOPE, TORONTO.

The officers of this Branch are as follow: Rev. H. P. Hobson, President; Mr. H. Rundell, Vice-President; Mrs. Rundell, Treasurer; Mr. G. W. T. Shaw, Secretary. There are now over 100 members belonging to this Branch, with an average attendance of about seventy. Meetings are held every Thursday evening, and are very successful.

BAND OF HOPE, CARLTON.

The Carlton Band of Hope has made most satisfactory progress during the past winter, under the superintendence of Mr. James Drewitt. The children are preparing the service of song, "Buy Your Own Cherries," to be given about the middle of May, and which is expected to be a very successful one.

DIOCESE (F MONTREAL.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL BAND OF HOPE.

A largely attended meeting of the Band of Hope in connection with this parish was held on April 7. Mr. Capel, who always takes a deep interest in the Juvenile Branch, presided at the meeting. A good programme, consisting of instrumental music, songs, solos, etc., was given, and was much appreciated. Much praise is due to Miss Coffin, Miss Burt and the Misses Douglas; also to Messrs Shaver and Becket for their assistance. Quite a number signed the roll.

DIOCESE OF QUEBEC.

From the Province of Quebec, we learn that in many of the parishes, Branches of the C.E.T.S. have been formed, and are all doing good work.

SHERBROOKE.

One of the most successful meetings in connection with this Branch of the C.E.T.S. took place on Monday, April 5, and was attended by a large audience. The meeting opened in the usual form. A good programme had been prepared, Mr. Reed and his class of boys kindly taking part. Mr. Reed gave a violin solo, and a song by Mrs. How was well received. Rev. Mr. Thornloe read extracts from an address that had been prepared for delivery by Rev. Mr. Lloyd, but who, we are sorry to say, was unable to be present on account of ill health. The address was a very forcible one in favour of Temperance principles, and appealed most urgently to every one present to take the pledge. We should have been glad of an opportunity to publish some extracts from it, had we received it in sufficient time.

MANITOBA.

We are glad to hear that there is a flourishing Branch of the C.E.T.S. at Christ Church, Winnipeg, with a membership of about 200. The Rev. E. W. Pentreath is the President.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Branch of the C.E.T.S. at Victoria, British Columbia, is making very considerable progress, and is doing much good. The success of this Branch has been mainly brought about by the energetic work of the President, the Venerable Archdeacon Scrivens and Mr. Charles Wesley Busk, together with the assistance of many willing workers. We wish this Branch all success in its noble work, and hope in our next issue we will have something of a more definite character in regard to its work.

DIOCESE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

Since the organization of the C.E.T.S., in Newfoundland, the various Branches there have in most cases proved very successful. Between the years 1883 and 1885, the success attained by the Society has been indeed gratifying. In many Branches amusement clubs have been formed, which, together with recreation and reading rooms, have done much to bring members together and prevent them from falling into the snares and evils of this wicked world. Societies have also been formed in eleven new places, making in all, up to 1885, fifteen adult Societies and eleven Bands of Hope, consisting of 983 males and 899 females (eighty-nine Section I., 1,793 Section II.), making a total of 1,882 being an increase of 728 during the two years. In our next issue we hope to be able to lay before our readers much information in regard to the work of the C.E.T.S. in this outlying Province.

The annual soiree under the auspices of St. Thomas's Branch, C.E.T.S., was held on February 16. A large number were in attendance and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. A full and entertaining programme, including the exhibition of some very fine pictures by a stereopticon, was given throughout the evening. Much praise is accorded for the admirable character of the programme. To the President, Rev. A. C. F. Wood, M.A., and the various officers under him, the thanks of the Society are due, for their energy and zeal in carrying out this highly interesting and successful entertainment.

On March 1, the annual service in connection with the C.E.T.S. was held in the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist. Long before the hour of opening, the doors were surrounded by people eager to get seats. The nave of the cathedral was reserved for members only, of which a large number were present; amongst them were members of all denominations alike who have lately been showing their sympathy in the good work done by the C.E.T.S. This is the first service of the kind held in the cathedral since its completion; and the large number of people present, coupled with the magnificent interior of this noble temple, impressed many with reverence and solemnity. The services throughout were of a most impressive character.

On March 3 was held one of the most pleasing events of the season, a tea meeting in connection with the Cathedral Branch, C.E.T.S., which was not only a grand success financially, but generally as regards the numbers present and the effective carrying out of the general programme. Although the weather was unpleasant, not less than 300 members with their friends sat down to a well-supplied table furnished in a bountiful style by the ladies who presided thereat. Before bringing the meeting to a close, the Rev. A. Heygate, Diocesan Secretary, and President of the Branch, referred at some length to the prosperous work that had been going on in connection with the Branch, and the excellent manner in which the affairs of the Society had been conducted. After a most pleasant programme, the meeting was closed with the National Anthem.

THE OFFERTORIES.

Following are the offertories received up to date, taken up in the various churches on Temperance Sunday:

Minden, \$1.70; St. Stephen's, Toronto, \$12.49; Church of the Redeemer, Toronto, \$17.35; Grafton, \$4; Etobicoke, \$2.50; Roache's Point, 30 cents; King, \$5.47; Rosemont, \$476; Brampton, \$2.55; Morrisville, \$2.05; Shanty Bay, \$4.25; Harwood, 47 cents; St. Philip's, Toronto, \$5; St. John's, Toronto, \$4; Wau-bashene, \$2.10; St. Mark's, Port Hope, \$7.42; Churchill, \$1.50; Weston, \$6; Tecumseth, \$5.18; Thornhill, \$1; Craighurst, \$1.75; Vespea, \$2.25; St. Peter's, Toronto, \$19.05; Millbrook, \$8.30; Scarboro', \$10; Troy, \$1.35; St. George's, Toronto, \$13.59; Church of the Ascension, Toronto, \$20.50.

A WAIF.

This spray of seeded grass, yellow and dry,
Plucked in the golden summer, months ago,
Still in my vase the pristine grace doth show
With which it bore its freightage arily;
When sunbeams, slanting from the wintry sky,
Find out this waif, and touch it with a glow
Like summer's glory, I, who see it so,
And count its shining germs, in wonder cry—
"This was the least the teeming season brought;
The slightest thread of growth, and yet how fair!
With what prolific potency enfrault!
O, soul of mine, what fruit then shouldst thou bear,
If all thy life are by its laws outwrought,
And of God's fulness hath its perfect share?"

M. E. BENNETT, in *Vick's Floral Guide*.

THE DOMINION
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A. C. WINTON,
 71 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

GENERAL NOTES AND COMMENTS.

As it is just possible that this, the first issue of THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE JOURNAL, may scarcely be regarded as being as full and interesting as it might have been made, we think it necessary to intimate that as yet our arrangements are hardly as complete as we hope to make them. The initiation of a project of this kind is necessarily subject to defects which only a little time and perseverance can remedy. With the addition to our resources of a well-selected exchange list, and the acquisition of regular correspondence and matters of interest from outlying sources, we hope to make the paper increasingly interesting, and one worthy of the support and confidence of the body whose objects and purposes it aspires to represent.

FROM the annual report of the Diocesan Branch, C.E.T.S., of Toronto, issued last November, we find that the state of the Society has been steadily progressing. From the statistics furnished by the Rural Deanery, it is encouraging to find an increase of 460 members in the Abstaining Section, a decrease of eighty-three only in the Temperance Section, and an increase of 514 in the Band of Hope, or a total increase for the year of nearly 900 members of all sections. This total brings the membership of the society in this Diocese to nearly nine thousand, 4,905 of whom are Abstaining Members, 1,087 Temperance Members and 2,843 Juvenile Members. It is pleasing to know that so much good is being done by the Church, and we are sure we express the sentiments of all members when we anticipate that, with the publication of the next report of the Diocesan Branch, a still more encouraging result will be shown. There is yet a great deal to be done. The work requires us to concentrate all our energies against the terrible sin of intemperance. We should exert our utmost powers to impress upon all Churchmen the necessity of supporting this Society, and get them interested in the good work. By this means many of them will be brought to think more seriously upon the subject of intemperance, and be induced to advance the interests of the Society.

AN excellent and valuable accompaniment to the ordinary work of Temperance Associations is the encouragement and inculcation of habits of economy, carefulness and thrift. The Branch in association with St. Stephen's Church, Toronto, has taken the initiative in this direction, as may be seen by reference to its monthly report, and has established a Penny Savings Bank for its members, the total deposits already reaching over \$200. In all probability the larger portion of this sum has been contributed by the junior members and the members of the Band of Hope, and the effect of it will be the establishment of careful habits in early youth, and the provision of an available fund for useful appropriation in later years.

FROM a Short Manual of the Church of England Temperance Society, on brief hints and suggestions for Juvenile and Senior Branches, the problem of how best to provide for the entertainment

and pleasurable occupation of the members of Senior Branches is readily solved by a proposal for the formation of cricket and other athletic clubs, etc. To these may be added, especially during the summer months, fortnightly or monthly picnics and outings, the members providing their own refreshments, with something to spare for those who are less fortunate. At these little festivals all sorts of athletic recreations, with bat and ball, quoits or other games, may be indulged in by the men, with lighter amusement for the female members. Our Temperance Orders will have to compete with the popular amusements of the day by well-devised projects of the kind referred to, and which may be quite as earnestly indulged in with far less expense, and infinitely more physical and moral advantage.

OUR next number of THE JOURNAL will contain all particulars, etc., of the mass meetings to be held shortly in Toronto by the Bands of Hope and the Toronto Diocesan Society. Reports from all parts of the Dominion will also be published. The paper will be sure to be an interesting number, and we would strongly urge upon all members and friends of the Society the necessity of sending in their subscriptions at once. THE JOURNAL will be sure to become popular amongst the friends of Temperance. Now is your time to subscribe for a really good paper, only \$1 per annum.

We learn from Saturday's *Globe* that a license bill is before the Nova Scotia Legislature which proposes to abolish saloon licenses and fix the fee for hotel licenses at \$200, for shop licenses at \$300, and for wholesale licenses at \$500. It also proposes the abolition of bars, and provides that, in order to obtain any kind of license, a two-thirds majority of the ratepayers in any polling section shall be necessary. Although strongly opposed by the members and press of Halifax, the bill is regarded as likely to pass.

THE *British Medical Journal* for March 13 contains a long article on "The Truth about Alcohol." It says: "We take it as conclusively proved, in the first place, that alcohol is not a necessary food, and that the most perfect physical and intellectual vigour is compatible with rigid total abstinence. We may go a step further, and confidently assert that people in perfect health are, as a rule, better without alcohol."

It is expected that the annual mass meeting of the Toronto Diocesan Society, C.E.T.S., will be held in the Pavilion, Horticultural Gardens, on May 13. Names of the speakers will be announced shortly.

WE learn from the *Church of England Temperance Chronicle* of April 10 that His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin will preside at the next Annual Meeting of the Church of Ireland Temperance Society, to be held in Dublin on May 4.

WE are happy to hear from reports received from Newfoundland that the Church of England Temperance Society there is progressing rapidly, and that the Society is becoming a power for good in that ancient and loyal colony. Indeed, the Society there, as elsewhere, occupies an influential position, and is using strenuous efforts to suppress the evil of intemperance. Its members occupy prominent positions in the Lower and Upper Chambers of the Legislature, and throughout the country; everywhere its influence is permeating the land. We are safe in saying, therefore, that its next Annual Report will show that not only a considerable increase has taken place in its ranks, but a great deal of good has been done. The Lord Bishop of Newfoundland (Right Rev. Dr. Jones) is, we are glad to

know, a very strong Temperance worker and takes considerable interest in the Society, and he is, consequently, a most valuable acquisition to the Temperance Cause.

In the *Temperance Chronicle* of November 7, 1885, we noticed that a new Cocoa House has been opened in Liverpool, Eng., at the corner of Hanover and Paradise Streets, at a cost of \$50,000. The house stands on a site formerly occupied by a public-house called the "Jolly Tars," which was one of the most notorious of the forty-seven public-houses surrounding the Sailors' Home. Instead of seeing the saloons crowded with rough and inebriated men and sailors as formerly, there may now be seen sober and industrious people passing in and out, as Mr. T. H. Ismay says, showing what frugality and thrift would do for the people. The attendance at the house is something enormous, and so far the movement has been very successful, there being now fifty-seven cocoa rooms and eight cafés. We would suggest such a project as this to the members of the Temperance Societies throughout Canada.

In this, our first number of THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE JOURNAL, we must appeal to every member and every friend of the cause to give us their hearty support, and enable us to increase its circulation. At our low price of subscription there ought to be no difficulty in securing a large circulation for THE JOURNAL. We hope the members and friends of the Order will bear this in mind, and all subscriptions with remittances to THE JOURNAL will be thankfully acknowledged.

FROM the last issue of *The Week* we observe that Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith have left Canada for a few months' sojourn in England. We trust that we may not lose Mr. Smith's weekly contributions to that really valuable journal; but that we may look to it in the future as we have in the past for his incisive and conclusive commentaries upon the state of affairs just now occupying the public mind, not only of the United Kingdom, but of her associated communities throughout the world. Mr. Smith's presence in England at this particular juncture, on the other hand, will not be without its value; and we are much mistaken if his riper thought and experience than those even of Mr. Gladstone, upon all the subjects now at issue, may not have their legitimate effect upon the councils of British statesmen. There are many points upon which we may differ with Mr. Smith, both in regard to the internal as well as the external economy of the Empire; but these, in presence of the great danger now threatening its integrity, are matters of comparatively secondary consideration. Upon the main issue of British autonomy as a condition precedent to all other conclusions, we are at one with him. So long as the integrity of the British Empire is conserved, the questions of Land Tenure and Fair Trade v. Free Trade with divers other policies may be left to determine their own legality and value. Unlike Mr. Smith, however, we see in a general Confederation of the whole Empire the simplest escape from all our difficulties.

If you want to be posted on temperance work in Canada, subscribe for THE JOURNAL. Only \$1 per annum.

THE Bands of Hope of the various Branches in Toronto will hold a mass meeting in the Pavilion, Horticultural Gardens, on April 30. The members are enthusiastic over the approaching event, which promises to be an immense success. By all means attend the meeting, enjoy one of the best programmes of the season, and don't forget to encourage the little ones in their noble cause.

It is not our purpose, as a rule, to pay much attention to political affairs in the columns of THE TEMPERANCE JOURNAL; our aim being to make the paper accessible to Temperance people of all shades of political opinion. But at this particular juncture, when so many and such grave political measures are attempted to be introduced, affecting not only the integrity of the Empire and its institutions, but aiming at the very life itself of the civil and religious liberties of Great Britain, as well as of her dominions abroad and no less those of the United States, we think we may be excused if we make a few observations in regard to these issues—observations which we are quite sure will meet with approval by Protestants of all denominations—and especially by Church of England men of all shades of political opinion. For, whatever the special diversities of opinion may be among political people in regard to the general administration of the affairs of the Empire, one thing we think we may safely conclude is that there will be little if any diversity at all in regard to the necessity for the preservation of the integrity of the Empire from the machinations of foes within and without. England is regarded all the world over as the bulwark of special religious principles which have been the pride of her people and the admiration of her enemies. Any disaster affecting her integrity or likely to entangle her in early future unpleasant complications cannot fail to affect the whole Anglo-Saxon race and its liberties. Canadians cannot possibly regard these anxieties and disturbances of the land of their fathers with other than the most considerate sympathy and interest—for we are all alike involved in the struggle, and all alike may have to take a hand in if necessary in support of those institutions which have been the parents of our own. If unlimited favours and unlimited eleemosynary aid are to continue to be extended to one portion alone of the United Kingdom at the expense of, and unjustly, to the rest, we can at least enter our protest if we can do no more.

THE opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill and policy grows apace, and with cumulative force. This might have been anticipated from the beginning in relation to a measure of so vast importance, and forced with such unbecoming haste upon the nation. The straits and exigencies of Party Government—of the government of a country in the interests of a few—were never more clearly exemplified before in the political history of the nation, and must have the effect of giving grave apprehension to the more considerate and thoughtful subjects of the realm in regard to its future condition. Mr. Goschen not inaptly stated the case of the Parnellites when he declared, "The real basis of the mischief was that the views of the majority of the Irish people on some of the chief principles of legislation were different from those held in England and Scotland, and from those current in every civilized country," and that "the Irish party were contending for a revolutionary change in the laws of Ireland," such a change—he might have added—as would bring them into direct conflict with the Imperial Government. But Mr. Goschen might have gone still further, and laid the difficulty at the door of race and religion, for it cannot be contended that laws which are good enough for Englishmen and Scotchmen are not good enough also for Irishmen. The fact is, total Separation is the end and aim of Mr. Parnell's policy and that of his aiders and abettors. Mr. Gladstone may not see it in that light; and he may be weak enough to recognize a sincerity in the protestations and averments of the Parnellites which no other man of common sense can give them credit for. At least, those who remember the assurances made upon the occasion of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church—that it was to be accepted as a full condonation of all past and future Irish grievances—will be scarcely willing to accept Irish assurances in the future as readily as they did then. Possibly Mr. Parnell may be

personally sincere; but of what value is his sincerity in presence of the explicit assertions of his trans- and cis-Atlantic adherents, who accept the present measure as but the beginning of the end? But Mr. Parnell is not sincere. Mr. Parnell is a "Nationalist"—an Irish Nationalist. He has accepted the designation as a special distinction—and conferred it upon the members of his faction at home and abroad—and we all understand the meaning of the term. It is possible that Mr. Parnell and his friends may think the rest of the world as obtuse as he is himself; but if he does, he makes a very grave mistake. If it were possible to cut the knot at a blow, and to sever everlastingly the association with Ireland and its plagues of ignorance, superstition and crime, there are few men in the British Empire who would not be ready at once to apply the remedy, and leave her to her best resources. But the loyal men of Ireland Britain never can desert, so long as she has the power and ability to sustain them against their oppressors.

MR. GLADSTONE'S supplementary measure, in aid of his Disintegration Bill, was brought before the House of Commons on Friday the 16th, in the shape of the Irish Land Purchase Bill. This proposal, which is regarded even by Mr. Davitt as a sop to the absentee landlords, appears to be quite as crude and incomplete in character as its predecessor. As Mr. Chamberlain says, it imposes a great burden upon the British taxpayer without the slightest assurance of redemption. If the land is to be transferred from the land owner to the peasant, subject to an annual rent-charge until the total payments equalled the purchase-money, what process does Mr. Gladstone propose for enforcing payments of these annual rent-charges which will be more effective than that already in existence? Is the process of eviction upon failure a part of Mr. Gladstone's scheme; and, in that event, is Mr. Gladstone satisfied to place the Government in the position of the landlords, and accept for it all the odium and all the difficulties now enjoyed by the latter? The fact is, the contention of the Irish is that they shall pay no rent to anybody, for the substantial reasons that neither their dispositions nor the extent of their tenures will permit them to do it. Doubtless the landlords will only be too glad to get quit of properties which are rather a burden than an ease to many of them, and many of which are probably held at the risk of their lives. If the landlords, with the law at their back, have been necessarily driven to absenteeism, what security has Mr. Gladstone that the Government and its agents will not also be forced into the same position? If Mr. Gladstone had been put to contrive a measure in fulfilment of his great scheme of Separation and Dismemberment, nothing could possibly have been invented by him more effective for the purpose than this last mad and treasonable scheme.

It is stated from Washington, under date of Friday, 16th inst., that Mr. Secretary Bayard has called the attention of the British Government to the action of the Canadian authorities in denying to American fishing vessels the privilege of buying ice and bait, and of shipping men in Canadian ports as a denial of commercial rights secured to the United States by treaties and agreements. There is no attempt upon the part of the Canadian authorities to deprive citizens of the United States in Canadian ports of any advantages acquired by them in common with the citizens or subjects of other countries. We presume they will still exercise all the privileges conferred under "the most favoured nation" clause of international law. But that our American cousins should attempt to force us into the sale or exchange of commodities which it is not our interest, and may possibly not be in our power to dispose of, is rather more than even "the most favoured nation" clause can require of us. For

example: our American cousins have had the privilege, under special treaty which they themselves have allowed to expire without even the attempt at renewal which they promised, to enter certain British American ports and there purchase ice for the prosecution of the bank fishery. This season, even though "the parties of the second part" were disposed to sell their ice for the purpose of enabling "the parties of the first part" to outsell them in the markets of the world, they are unfortunately so circumstanced that they have no ice to sell. So unusually mild, in fact, has been the winter in one of the Provinces that no sufficient crop of ice has been secured even for local consumption, much less for sale. Then, to quote their own favoured mode of expression, what are they going to do about it, though the British Government were complaisant enough to entertain and back up their entreaties? Even if we were disposed to do it—which we are not—where and how are we to produce ice for them at this season of the year? And for the bait, would it not be well for our American friends to wait a while before they make their application, until the proper bait season arrives, which is not much before the months of June and July? Perhaps we may be in the same predicament as regards the bait supply, which, unlike the ice-crop, is not quite so reliable, and too often falls far short of the local demand.

THE truth is this clamour about bait and other supplies, and the shipping of Canadian fishermen, is only so much dust skilfully raised for the beclouding of the British vision. What the American fisherman desires is the right of entry and departure into and from sequestered Provincial ports, where he may carry on an illegitimate traffic, defraud the revenues, break the laws, and occasionally commit an outrage where it can be done with impunity. A dishonest and illegal one-sided traffic, carried on under compulsion where possible, is what our friend is most anxious for, and he will move heaven and earth to secure it if possible. But is the Government of the United States willing to sustain him in the project? We shall see.

THEN there is the additional demand that "the vexed question as to the three-mile limit in bays and other arms of the sea" shall be reconsidered. Why? Of what advantage to the American fisherman is the right of entry to an extensive bay if, even then, he has to do his work at the respectable distance of three miles from the shore. What does he want there? There is no ice there, nor any bait; no chance of committing any outrage, nor any opportunity of forcing an unfair and illegitimate trade. There is not even the slightest chance of doing a reasonable "spurt" of work there; no codfish, no caplin, not even a squid or a clam; no possible excuse for even wetting a line. Our American friends should understand that this sort of rubbish is not calculated to do them the slightest credit or to serve any valuable purpose. It is altogether too thin and transparent to be effective.

IN directing attention to the notice in our advertising department from the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company of North America, we may say that very carefully prepared tables have recently been compiled, one of them from the actual experience of twenty leading British Insurance companies by the Institute of Actuaries; the other from the published experience of several companies who separately record the deaths amongst Abstainers. These tables are calculated upon the risks of a hundred thousand healthy lives of both classes from twenty up to sixty years of age, and exhibit a vast and really wonderful preponderance in favour of the Abstainers. They have the additional value of showing, moreover, the greater advantage in insuring only in a company specially devoted to their interests.

THE subject of immigration—or rather the expenditure attending it—has been the subject of considerable discussion in the Dominion Legislature recently, Opposition members taking the ground that the appropriations for this service have been largely in excess of what they should be, having in view the state of the labour markets of the Dominion and the superabundance of mechanics and artisans for present and prospective work. The detailed statements of the Government, however, show that the expenditure on this account has been extremely moderate, assisted passages having been afforded to the amount of \$40,000, and in the cases of but 7,000 labourers and domestic servants alone; none at all having been advanced either to mechanics or other skilled artisans. That the representations of the Knights of Labour have had much to do with the alleged decrease of immigration to this country during the past season there can be little doubt; and the result is that whilst we have had fewer accessions to our population of the more desirable classes of immigrants from England, Scotland and the North of Ireland, where their representations have been almost entirely circulated, less desirable immigration from the Continent of Europe has been received without note or comment, and perhaps in somewhat larger proportions than is either usual or desirable. Whatever the appropriations may be on this account in future—and we think that, in the interest both of Canada and the Mother Country, they should not be allowed to fall off—the main point to be considered is the character and the nationality of the class of emigrants to be courted. These Colonies and Provinces of Great Britain, it should be remembered, are British territories—the national heritage of British-born subjects, purchased and acquired by the treasure and blood of our common British ancestry. And whilst no objection may be raised to the influx of a reasonable sprinkling, from Continental Europe, of those who come here for the purpose of improving their social status, and who are prepared to accept those laws and principles which have made the British and Anglo-Saxon possessions and territories of the earth the favoured localities for settlement, care should be taken at the same time that no undue preponderance should be permitted of the Continental element and all the restless and vicious theories springing from the untrained and irreligious conditions by which it has been influenced. The subject is not at all a party one; it is purely national; and upon the right handling of it will depend much of the future weal or woe of our fair Dominion.

THE conference between a delegation of the Temperance Societies and the License Commissioners, which took place in this city a few days ago, deserves some special mention. The object of the meeting was for the purpose of impressing the Commissioners with the necessity of reducing the number of licenses; to prevent the granting of licenses on the Island, and to enforce certain by-laws connected with the License Act. We are glad to know that the Temperance men have taken this course, and we heartily support any measures which may tend to enforce legitimate authority. We think there are quite enough saloons in Toronto to accommodate its citizens with out increasing the number.

WE must fight king grog on his own ground, and this can be best done by preventing, with the aid of the present law, an increase in the number of saloons. At present, however, we believe with the Rev. Septimus Jones, that it would be unwise for us to urge a measure that would too suddenly decrease the number of licenses, and the sooner Temperance people understand this, the sooner will our land be free of the terrible evil. If Temperance people will only band themselves together to prevent an extension of the system, and assist in the enforcement of the present law, and the suppression of all unlicensed dens, a great amount of good, we are sure, will be

accomplished. But as regards the granting of licenses on the Island, we utter our solemn protest against such an act, so entirely unnecessary. The Island is the common resort of ladies, children, and invalids, who make it their summer picnic and camping ground; there they are free from the impure air of the city, and breathe the refreshing air of the lake. Surely the Commissioners will not hand this attractive resort over to the hands of a few men who would like to make it the resort of revellers and gamblers, in order that they may make money by it. Our present system in this city is not by any means what it ought to be, our parks are comparatively few and far between, and we can, therefore, ill afford to spare any of them. Pleasure-seekers need all the fresh air they can get, and we hardly think the Commissioners will commit such an unwise act, as to deprive our citizens of a popular and favourite resort, by handing it over to the service of saloon-keepers and intemperate men. By all means, let us keep our parks and summer resorts pure and free from all such contaminating influences.

AFTER the first of May the Scott Act will be in force in the following places:—St. Thomas, Peterboro', Brant, Leeds and Grenville, Kent, Lanark, Lennox and Addington, Elgin, Lambton, Wellington, Frontenac, Lincoln, Middlesex, Victoria, Ontario, Northumberland and Durham; Brome and Chicoutimi, Que.; and Guysboro', N. S.; making in all sixty-three counties and cities of the Dominion of Canada in which the Act will be in force. Before that date (May 1) it was in force in forty-five counties and cities, thus showing an increase, after the 1st of May next, of eighteen.

ANNUAL MEETINGS.—The annual meetings of the following Branches will take place for the transaction of business and the election of officers:—St. Philip's Branch, Toronto, Thursday, April 29; Church of the Ascension, Toronto, Monday, May 10; St. Matthias's, Toronto, Thursday, April 29. It is hoped that the members of these Branches will turn out in full force, as business of importance will be brought before the meetings.

AT the Band of Hope Festival which takes place in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens on the 30th, the chair will be occupied by Dr. Daniel Wilson. Addresses will be delivered by Hon. S. H. Blake, and by N. W. Hoyles and S. Caldecott, Esq's. A silver collection will be taken up.

WE send a number of copies of THE JOURNAL to members and friends of the Temperance cause, hoping that they will sustain our work. The paper will be regularly sent to their addresses until notified to discontinue.

WE trust that the many friends of our enterprise who have favoured us with their subscriptions will be good enough to send in the same as soon after the receipt of our initial number as may be convenient.

WE would draw the special attention of those of our readers—and they are likely to be very many—who require music and musical instruments, to Mr. Claxton's advertisement on another page. His stock of instruments is quite equal to the necessities of the professional and amateur instrumentalists of Canada, and the selection of music is all that can be desired, either in classic or other valuable collections.—Catalogues may be had on application.

THE attention of our readers is called to the advertisements of *Grip* and the *Educational* which appear in another column. Both papers are staunch supporters of Temperance; indeed *Grip* has already earned a reputation for itself in Temperance circles, as witnessed by some of its well-executed cartoons.

Young People's Column.

HAL'S TRIP TO NIAGARA.

BY ROSALIE GRAY (MRS. D. H. MANN).

"Say, Hal, have you seen the new scholar?" asked Fred Smith, as his schoolmate, Hal Vinton, came up the steps.

"No," was the reply, "who is he?"

"Ted Fancher; his father is old Sam Fancher; he's always drunk, you know. I just want you to see what a figure Ted cuts; his clothes are all patches and darns; they look as if he had outgrown them years ago; they scarcely come below his knees and his elbows."

"He is not to blame for that," replied Hal.

"Hope he doesn't expect us fellows to associate with him," continued Fred.

"Why not?"

"I am not in the habit of going with drunkard's boys," was the reply, with a supercilious toss of the head.

Just then the school bell rang, and thus the conversation ended.

The new scholar was an object of much attention; he certainly was an odd-looking figure; his clothes were whole and clean, thanks to a loving mother's care, but they had a liberal supply of darns and patches, and the arms and legs seemed to have grown out of them in a most reckless manner. The boy seemed shy and awkward, on finding himself among those who were so much better dressed, and who had evidently enjoyed far greater advantages than had fallen to his lot. He appeared bright, however, and was well up in his studies with those of his age. Hal watched him closely, and made up his mind that he would be his friend.

Recess came, and all rushed out to their play. Ted stood aside watching the others, who were having a merry game of ball; and in a few minutes Hal went up to the new comer and invited him to join them. Some disdainful looks passed among those who considered that they belonged to the aristocratic families of the village, and a few whispered audibly:

"We don't come to school to play with a drunkard's son."

Ted's face crimsoned, and, withdrawing his hand from Hal's grasp, he turned to go away. But Hal caught his hand, and, addressing the others, said:

"He is not responsible for his father, and I shall play with him if no one else does."

This speech, uttered with an air of determination, had its effect upon all. Hal was a fine, manly boy, and a general favourite with his schoolmates. They all knew that when he had made up his mind that a thing was right he would carry it through, however much self-denial it might involve, and now, rather than lose Hal from their play, they were willing to admit the newcomer.

As Ted's awkwardness wore away under friendly influences, his companions found him a very agreeable acquisition to their number. He had a pleasant, obliging disposition, and was always ready to explain a difficult problem to those who were not so quick as himself at mathematics; to lend a book or a pen, or to help in every way in his power those who called upon him for assistance.

Hal sometimes met him in his home, as Mrs. Fancher did sewing for Mrs. Vinton, and Hal not infrequently carried it to her. He always found the tiny cottage neat, although devoid of most of the comforts of life. A suit of his clothes soon replaced the darned and patched habiliments in which the drunkard's boy had first appeared in school, for Hal was growing rapidly, and Ted was considerably smaller than he.

Sometimes, while making these visits, Hal found Mr. Fancher at home, and once or twice he tried to induce him to sign the pledge, but in this he met with no encouragement; for some years the wretched man had given himself up to drink, and it seemed now as if his better nature had ceased to exert itself. Mrs. Fancher was a pale, tired little woman, who worked hard to procure the necessaries of life for her family.

Ted had looked upon Hal as his champion from the first day that he entered the school, and he regarded him with feelings of the deepest affection; he was dreading the approaching vacation because he knew that he should see then but little of his dearly loved schoolmate. Hal, on the other hand, was anticipating it with the utmost delight, as he had a very fine trip in contemplation. His father had

promised to take his entire family to Niagara for two or three days, and thence to Saratoga for a couple of weeks; and as Hal had not been from home much, and never to any place of importance, it seemed to him that he could scarcely wait for the time to pass which must intervene before he could begin his trip. He was looked upon as a person of much importance by his schoolmates, in view of his expected travels, as none of them had never been on so extensive a journey.

"Have you heard about poor Ted?" exclaimed Fred Smith one morning, as he overtook Hal on his way to school.

Fred had changed entirely in his feelings towards the drunkard's boy since the day on which our story opens; he was now his firm friend.

"No," replied Hal, "what has happened to him?"

"His father threw him out of the window last night, in a drunken fit, and the doctor is afraid he has injured his spine and crippled him for life."

Hal turned pale when he heard this sad news, and involuntarily the question came into his mind, "Why do I have everything and poor Ted nothing?"

As soon as school was dismissed Hal wended his way to the cottage, where he found his friend lying in bed moaning with pain, as both his spine and head had been seriously injured. Hal's sympathies were fully aroused, and he felt anxious to do something to relieve the sufferer. But little could be done, however; he brought in ice and lemons that the sick boy might have cooling drinks; and the ice on his head seemed in a measure to soothe him.

For one week longer school was in session, and each day, as soon it closed, Hal was on his way to the bedside of his friend, who seemed to be growing gradually worse; the pain and inflammation were increasing, and the poor tired mother looked paler and more worried than ever.

It was Friday afternoon; and the long vacation had commenced, and Hal was looking forward to the trip, which was to begin the next week. There was something so exhilarating in the thought that even poor Ted's sufferings seemed to grow dim to him, until the more than usually pale face and red, swollen eyelids of Mrs. Fancher recalled his friend forcibly to his mind, and raised fresh fears.

"Is he worse?" he asked, almost holding his breath.

"Yes," was the reply, "his eyes are quite inflamed now, and the doctor tells me that he is in great danger of becoming blind."

Hal burst into tears of sympathy; he could not bear the thought that poor Ted might be a blind cripple.

"Can nothing be done?" he asked.

"Nothing," was the despairing reply; and then she added, "O, this wretched poverty! if I could take him to New York and put him in the hospital there, an operation could be performed upon him, which might result in his perfect restoration to health. He could stay there free of charge, but it would require at least twenty-five or thirty dollars for me to take him on and bring him back, and alas! I have not twenty cents."

Hal looked very sober; with lightning speed a thought which was not altogether welcome had flashed upon his mind. He said but very little, and stayed but a few minutes with his friend; then he walked slowly home. He was fighting a battle with himself; it seemed to him that his promised trip had never looked so alluring as it did then. He tried to picture the grandeur of the Falls of Niagara, about which he had heard so much, and the fashionable hotel, overlooking the Rapids, at which they were to stop, the broad piazzas and magnificent views, the charming music, the crowds of handsomely dressed people, the many obsequious servants. He had been told of all these things, but they were so new and strange and incomprehensible to the village boy that he had longed to see them for himself; it seemed to him that if he should give them up now he would be giving up a very large part of his life. And the long ride in the cars, he anticipated much pleasure from that. Then there was Saratoga, with the variety of waters, and everything that was to be so new and wonderful to him; could he resign it all? Then came the thought, why should he? He was not even related to the boy whose own father had thus blighted his life; what claim could he, a stranger, have upon him?

Then a vision rose before him of a cripple, with a pale face and sightless eyes; and Christ's words came unto his mind:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

His resolve was taken now. That evening Mr. Vinton was

somewhat surprised by the question from his son, "Father, what will be the expense of my share of our trip?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "I can answer that question better when we return; somewhere from thirty to thirty-five dollars, all told, I suppose; why do you ask?"

"Because," was the blushing reply, "I thought if you would just as soon let me have the money I would rather do something else with it."

Mr. Vinton cast a surprised and searching look upon his boy, and he felt that he could trust those clear honest eyes, and he replied, "I will give you the money, if you desire it, Hal, but we shall be very sorry to lose your company on the trip."

"And I shall be very sorry not to go with you, sir," was the reply, "but my money may be the means of saving poor Ted from becoming a blind cripple. And father," he added, "when I think how much our Saviour suffered for me, it makes me feel mean to know that I hesitated about this comparatively trifling sacrifice."

"May God bless you, my son," was the reply, "and help you ever to walk in the light of His love."

The next day Hal carried the money to Mrs. Fancher, who burst into tears of joy. Mr. Fancher was at home, and he was sober this time; even he was touched by the sacrifice Hal was making so freely, and when the boy asked him to sign the pledge, he replied:

"I will, and with God's help I will keep it. If a stranger can do so much to repair the injury I have done my boy, surely his own father ought to be willing to do what he can."

From that day he never drank a drop of liquor, but he worked faithfully, and supported his family.

Ted and his mother went to the hospital, and when a few months later they returned, with Ted in good health and in full possession of his eyesight, Hal felt that his trip to Niagara had afforded him far more pleasure than it could possibly have done had he really taken it.—*Official Organ.*

THE MISER'S SON.

BY J. M. GRIMDALE.

Old George Hammond was a miser: everybody said so, and what everybody says must be true. He was a regular good old-fashioned miser too, who lived by himself behind his little shop, and starved and scrimped himself, and went about in winter a nice bright purple with the cold, because he would not waste money on coals, and who kept his savings under a board, and counted them up every night.

A nice little pile of savings he was reported to have, for, in spite of the fact that he was a miser, he had the sense to keep his little all-sorts shop fairly well stocked, and he was scrupulously honest. It is true he had been known to break a very small biscuit into quarters rather than give a hair's-breadth over weight; but, then, many a man less honest might have taken the biscuit out altogether, and old Hammond would never have done that. The people were rather proud of their miser; his possession was quite a distinction to the village, and his house was one of the first pointed out to the new curate; and the Rev. John Pounceby was human enough to go in for a pound of those very biscuits to see if the anecdote was true, but, to his disappointment, the weight was exact the first time, so that there was no need for any manipulation on the part of the miser; and the curate was rather ashamed of what he had done, now that it had not had any result, and felt uncomfortably sure that everybody knew quite well what was in the paper-bag which he squeezed so tightly under his arm. So they did before his little journey to his room over the baker's shop was accomplished, for the unfortunate bag burst on the very threshold, and the vicar's wife, who was passing at the time, and who had told him the little story, smiled in a particularly knowing way.

Old Hammond had not always been a miser; he was not one of those small-souled, narrow-minded men with whom gain has been the one idea since their childhood, and whose life has been one long dream of exchange and barter. Circumstances, not nature, had had the making of this particular miser.

George Hammond had married, somewhat late in life, a fair and sweet young creature, who had died in giving birth to her first child, and this child, for his mother's sake and for his own, was the idol of Hammond's life. He toiled early and late for the boy; earnestly he strove to be both father and mother to him, and, after his clumsy manner, he succeeded, and the boy had a happy time of it. But he was a merry, restless, careless young fellow, who received all that his

father gave him as a right, and no one but Hammond himself was surprised, when the news went round one morning that Rob had run away from the village and gone for a sailor.

It was a terrible blow to the father; it did not seem as natural to him, somehow, as it did to other people that the boy, to whom he had never refused anything he could grant him, should sneak off when his back was turned, instead of stating his wishes in an open straightforward manner; but he put a bold front on the matter, and would never listen to a word against his son. If he was satisfied—and no one had ever heard him say that he wasn't—what business of anybody else's was it, he would like to know!

But his life seemed very blank and dreary without the boy; there was nothing for his love to expend itself on now, but the scraping and gathering together of a little fortune for Rob. Every good bargain, every fresh gain, was gloated over for the boy's sake; but he was not a miser yet; his hand was still ready on behalf of the hungry, his ears still open to a tale of woe.

For a few months the boy wrote pretty frequently. It was a fine life, he said. He only wished he had his father with him. He had not been sea-sick, like other land-lubbers going for the first time; he got on first-rate with the men, and he was sure that, if his father could only see him, he would agree with him that running away had been the best step he could possibly have taken, all which comforted old Hammond very much, though he used to have an uneasy feeling, as he folded up his son's letters, that it couldn't last, for he'd heard lots of stories about people who did ungrateful things like his boy had done, and they always got paid out somehow.

"Not as I blame him much," he persuaded himself; "it was a dull life for the boy with only me to keep him company, and may be I kept him to myself too much."

But there came a time when week after week passed, month after month, and old Hammond watched the postman in vain. It's dreary work waiting for letters, whether it's a parent eagerly expecting news of the absent child, or a young author in suspense over the fate of his first manuscript. At first, Hammond used to ask every morning, but when the answer was always, "Not this morning, Mr. Hammond," it began to make him feel sick when he saw the man coming, so that he could not get his voice to put the question, so he only watched in silence, and the postman used to hurry very much when he got to that part of his round to put old Hammond out of his suspense. He would have liked to shake his head before he got up, only he thought the old man would rather he didn't, for he did not seem to like other people to know he was watching.

Then, one day, the vicar came into the little shop with a newspaper in his hand.

"Mr. Hammond," he said, gravely; "was not your son's ship called the *Rocket*?"

"Yes," said old Hammond, trembling violently, he hardly knew why.

"Then I am afraid I have bad news for you," continued the vicar; "shall I tell you, or shall I leave you the paper?"

Twice the man tried to answer, but no words came, so he only held out his shaking hand for the paper, and motioned to the vicar to leave him. He sat for a while holding it helplessly between his hands, and then got up and looked round for his glasses, not that his sight was at all bad, but Hammond, in common with many people who are not ready readers, fancied that glasses were a material assistance in that difficult operation.

It took him a long time to find them, for he could not at first sufficiently collect his thoughts to remember that he had left them in the last book he had read—a highly illustrated copy of the adventures of "Sinbad the Sailor," which he had read with entranced interest, but many thrills of horror; for might not his son be passing through just such adventures while he sat quietly reading of them?

He found them at last; but he had not chafed at the delay, for his heart told him but too truly that nothing he anticipated could be worse than the truth; and then, just as he had adjusted the spectacles, and was about to commence his search in the paper for the part that concerned him, he became aware of curious faces pressed against the glass of his shop—of pitying glances levelled at him from the door, for ill-news flies apace, and he was now almost the only person in the village who did not know that Rob Hammond's ship had been lost with all hands. He went slowly out, while the little crowd fled on all sides as he appeared, put up his shutter, closed and locked his door, and sat down alone in his little parlour with his lonely grief.

This had happened years ago. The vicar who had brought him the ill news was dead now, and the new one was an old one, and few people remembered that Hammond had ever had anything different in his life to what it was now. It was only by chance that the Rev. John Pounceby learnt the old man's story.

"And what made him become a miser?" he asked his informant.

"Well, you see, sir," was the answer, "while he loved the money for the sake of the boy he was pretty safe, but when the boy got took he began to love it for his own sake, and that's a bad thing for a man."

So that is a true and particular account of how George Hammond became a miser. So far, it is nothing very remarkable. Anybody can become a miser if he have only a sufficient amount of perseverance and self-denial; but the remarkable part is yet to come. George Hammond left off being a miser, and this is how it happened:—The Rev. John Pounceby was walking down the village street one day wrapt in thought, and the subject of his thoughts was this same George Hammond. Since he had heard the old man's story he had been particularly sorry that he had ever made him a subject of vulgar curiosity, and as a little amends he had never passed his shop since without just putting his head in and making a civil remark on the weather or the depression in trade, or some similar subject dear to the British heart, and the old man quite appreciated these attentions; at least, he would have done so, if he had not had an uneasy suspicion in his mind that some day or other the young clergyman would ask him for a subscription to one or other of the local charities. Often this dread thought rising up chilled the warmth of his response, and on this particular day he fancied he detected something so very supplicating in his glance, that he cut the reverend gentleman short, in the midst of a most scientific remark upon the state of the barometer, by plunging into his little sanctum at the back, under pretence of his cookery needing immediate attention.

"As if he ever had anything to cook!" said John to himself. "I wonder how it is I never make any way with the old man! I really should like to make friends with him."

So disturbed in his mind was the curate that he quite lost count of his present surroundings, and walked bang into the arms of Mrs. Hethdale, an amiable widow who acted the part of orier in the village, and was celebrated for being able to spread a report in exactly one-quarter of the time taken by any ordinary gossip; and she no sooner saw the pre-occupied look on the face of Mr. Pounceby than she immediately determined, in her own mind, that the doctor's pretty daughter Alice was at the bottom of it; for she was certain she caught the curate's eye straying in her direction twice, at least, on the previous Sunday; and the story of the impending engagement was public property in the village before evening.

After this encounter, Mr. Pounceby proceeded with more care, and determined to take a short walk to settle his mind. He went right through the village, and was just passing the pretty little church which stood on the outskirts, when he caught sight of a stranger wandering about the quiet churchyard.

A stranger was a novel sight in the village, and though Mr. Pounceby had resided but a short time therein, yet he knew well every native in it, and was perfectly certain that this man was one he had never seen there before, and being naturally, as we have seen, of a somewhat inquiring disposition, he stopped, and, leaning both arms on the top of the low wall, gazed at the intruder.

"A sea-faring man," he murmured to himself. "I wonder what he's doing there."

What he was doing was evident enough. He walked from tombstone to tombstone, carefully, anxiously studying every inscription, while the curate studied him.

"About thirty, I should think," soliloquized his watcher, "and old for his age."

The man suddenly became aware, by that mysterious feeling which comes to us under such circumstances, that he was not alone, and, turning quickly, caught sight of the clergyman, who, seeing that he was observed, vaulted lightly over the wall, and advanced toward him.

"You are looking for something, my friend. Can I help you?"

"I am looking," said the man, solemnly, "for my father's tombstone."

"You are a sailor?" asked the curate.

"Yes."

"Have you been long away?"

"Fifteen years, come next August," was the answer.

"It's a long time," said Mr. Pounceby, gently.

"You may say so," said the man; "it's a long time to be alone in the world."

A sort of idea flitted through the curate's brain that this would be a good opportunity to say something very appropriate, but, unfortunately, he could not think what, so he let it pass.

"What name are you looking for?" he asked.

"George Hammond," was the unexpected reply.

Yes, really very unexpected to that very dense curate, for, you see, he was not reading the scene as a story where it is quite an understood thing that such events should happen, but enacting it as an ordinary individual, to whom such sudden resurrections are both unexpected and startling.

"George Hammond!" he repeated, in rather a dazed tone, but with a sudden stir of joy at his heart on behalf of the old miser. "Why should you look for his tombstone?"

"Because I am his son," replied the man, rather aggressively.

"Who has a better right?"

"Why seek ye the living among the dead?" Unconsciously the old familiar words broke from the lips of the curate.

The man started.

"Say that again!" he said, half fearfully.

"No, no!" exclaimed the young man, hurriedly, looking anxiously over his shoulder, lest some one should be there who would report his irreverence in quoting Scripture to the vicar, "Oh, no! I didn't mean to say it that time. But, man, where have you been all these years, while your father has mourned you as dead?"

"My father mourned me as dead!" exclaimed the man.

But what need to repeat all that was said between the two young men, or to enter into the old story of misunderstanding and false reports? Suffice it to say that in a very few minutes the curate and the sailor were striding, side by side, down the little village street. When they arrived at Mr. Pounceby's lodging he stopped and said, "You wait here while I go and break the news to him." And the sailor obeyed.

The clergyman hurried on alone, rejoicing that he should be allowed to be the bearer of such good tidings; but suddenly, just as he was turning into the miser's shop, a horrible thought struck him. What if, after all, Hammond did not treat it as such very good news; what if his cursed love of gold had utterly supplanted that old love, and his son should simply be looked upon as some one who had a right to his money and welcomed accordingly? The curate felt so faint at the thought that he sat down rather abruptly on the high chair facing the old man across his counter.

"Mr. Hammond," he said, abruptly; "I want to ask you something."

"It's coming," thought the old man; "it's that subscription; I thought it would, sooner or later," and his face took its hardest and most forbidding expression.

"Do you think," proceeded the young man, "that money is the greatest good?"

"He's deep, he is," thought the miser, "but I'll be a match for him yet;" and he answered cautiously, "That depends, sir."

"Is there any one thing," asked Mr. Pounceby, "any one thing that you would give all the money you possess for?"

"No," said the old man, decidedly—"no, there ain't; unless it might be a bank-note, more worth than the lot, and I shouldn't care to do that. Bank-notes is risky."

"I have been told," said the curate, trying another line, as that one appeared rather blocked, "that you did not, in the first place, begin to save for yourself. Is that true?"

The old man's face worked. Even a distant allusion like this to his lost son was too much for him.

"No one," he said angrily, "hasn't no business to interfere in my affairs. I don't interfere with nobody, and I don't expect nobody to interfere with me."

"George Hammond," said Mr. Pounceby, bluntly, finding his attempts at preparation about as successful as such attempts usually are; "your son is alive. He has come home!"

The old man bent his white face across the counter, until it nearly touched the young one's.

"You wouldn't tell me a lie!" he gasped.

Mr. Pounceby got up without a word and left the shop, and in a very few minutes the sailor entered and found his father in exactly the same position in which the curate had left him, and vaulting over the narrow counter, clasped him in his arms.

Oh, how tongues did wag in the village that day! The wonderful adventures of Sinbad which the old man had shivered over years ago were nothing to the adventures with which Rob was credited, and for days the little shop was never without half-a-dozen loungers leaning open-mouthed over the counter, and there was general rejoicing when it was learned that Rob was not going away again, but was going to help the old man keep shop.

And yet a few weeks after this Mr. Pounceby sat thinking over the Hammond's, father and son, with deep dejection.

"How very different truth is from fiction!" he said, sadly: "If this had been a story—and I thought it was just like one at first—the end would have been, 'and they lived happily ever after,' but—what is the reality?" Here Mr. Pounceby sighed deeply; and let the foot he had been nursing on his knee fall with great violence upon the tail of his landlady's ill-tempered black cat, whose friendship he had, with great labour, gained, but with whom he would now have to begin all over again. "What is the reality? Old Hammond scrimps and scrapes just the same as ever, and his son seeks comfort where he has evidently been in the habit of seeking it, and is on his way to become a confirmed drunkard! It is very hard to understand," mused the curate—"very hard to understand."

Alas! it was only too true. Overwhelmed with joy as the miser had been to receive back his son, yet his ruling passion retained its hold as strongly as ever; and the son, those past years of his life, had been none of the steadiest, and the dull monotony and sordid bareness of the miser's home were unbearable to one used to a life of change and variety. Truly things looked badly, but under all was a very firm, true, tender love between the two men, and "upon that," said Mr. Pounceby, "upon that I build hopes." For this brave-hearted young curate still had hopes. He raked up all he could about the old man's past history, to learn something by which he might influence him, and so unearthed a faint, faded tradition of the fair young wife, and, armed with this, presented himself before the old man.

"Where's Rob?" he asked.

The old man pointed somewhat sadly across in the direction of the village inn.

"Oh!" said the curate quietly, "perhaps it's as well, after all, that his mother was spared the trouble that must come," and then he quietly turned the conversation to other things, and soon took his leave.

That night, as the old man counted over his golden store, he missed one of the pieces. Frantically he searched in the hole from which he had drawn them, eagerly he counted them over and over. One was gone, and where?

Only too well the old man knew. Who but one person could have done it, and that one his son? His son a thief! What was it the curate had said? "The sorrow that must come." Ah! surely, and it had come; and whose fault was it? Who had put temptation in the way of a weak man? All through the night the old man lay thinking. He heard the stumbling, unsteady steps of his son returning, but he made no sign.

All night long a bitter struggle raged in the old man's heart—his son or his gold? his gold or his son? He knew he must lose one or the other. Oh! it was a hard fight. Must he give up the saving of years? and if he did, would the sacrifice be of any avail? That was the question. If he could only be sure, he almost thought he could do it.

It was a bitter, bitter struggle, but toward morning it ended. The old man fell into the calmest, sweetest sleep he had known since that morning when he waked and found his boy gone.

As the curate sat at his breakfast that morning there came a somewhat timid, hesitating knock at the door, and, in answer to his invitation to enter, in walked old George Hammond.

In his hand he held a large black bag.

He stood hesitating for a moment, and then suddenly thrusting it into the hands of the astonished young man, murmured, "For the parish—for my son!"

And hurried from the room as if afraid to trust himself in the same place any longer.

The curate opened the bag and took one glance at the glittering contents, and then, like the simple true-hearted young fellow he was, knelt quietly down beside his table and returned thanks, earnestly asking that the sacrifice might be effectual, as far as the son was concerned.

And it was.

"You see, sir," he said to the curate, with tears in his eyes; "when he came to me, I said I have given up all that I have worked for all these years for your sake, Rob, won't you give up the drink for mine, and let us begin life over again, working for each other, and those around us? What could he do, but say yes!"

And Mr. Pounceby agreed with him that it was the only thing possible.

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

VARSIETY'S LAST DI-VARSIETY.

It was a merry candidate,
With a voter from afar;
Like western grizzly-hunters, they
Were "admitted 't' the bar";
And the voter, sampling various things,
Lighted a fresh cigar.

He smole the while a knowing smile,
And eke a wink wunk he,
As to the merry candidate
He spake quite pleasantly,
"By the great horn spon I ask thee why
Thou buttonholest me?"

"Oh, nothing," said the candidate,
He said it carelessly,
"You'll keep my name in mind, of course,
F. Tompkyns Leatherby;
Just vote the yellow ticket straight,
And—have another with me?"

"The ballot is," the voter quoth,
When he had wiped his chin,
"The ballot is the means by which,
That is to say, we win
Er,"—"Yes, just so, of course, ahem!"
The candidate chipped in.

The other said, "The way I vote,
Of course you want to know,
Why, opposite the names I put
A cross, you see, just so!
And then I fold the paper up,
And then outside I go.

"And then I don't tell every one
About my vote, but wait
And take in all the fun, you know,
And never ope my pate,
Except to"—"Take another drink!"
Up spake the candidate.

And having filled the flowing bowl,
They straightway emptied it;
Now for an empty flowing bowl
No sane man cares a whit,
And so they filled it up again,
And straightway, as was fit,

They drank it off. The voter seemed
To have almost a skinful;
The candidate looked on his friend,
Thinking it all quite sinful;
Besides, when going in to vote,
His friend might stagger in full.

And lest the voter should get worse,
He said, "It's rather late,
You'd better get your vote in now,
For if you longer wait,
You'll,"—"Thass all ri'," the voter then
Assured the candidate.

"Whass the use, olefeller, ye know,
O' botherin' yerself 'bout me?
I voted more'n anhourago,
'Rah fur ourside—we!
Thassallri', I didn't vote,
Fur Tomp-p-kinson-l-leather-by!"

H.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER ON TEMPERANCE.

I think it is very kind of you to welcome me as the successor of that great king of men, Bishop Temple. I am only trying with unequal steps, to follow in his footsteps, but I am sure that every week that I am permitted to spend in Devonshire the more I admire that man for what he has done — the noble trees which he has planted in this great country, which are bearing fruit still and I believe will bear fruit. I feel that it is especially kind of you to welcome me, because some of you may know that I am not a Total Abstainer, as he was. Still I rejoice in, and I yield to none in hearty love for, Temperance. I was heart and soul with those who were Total Abstainers in my parish; we worked together, toiled together, laboured together as one for the great work of Temperance. I believe that the real power of Temperance may be expressed in two words, "Be master." The body is a very good servant, but the body is a bad master. There must be mastery over your bodies. There was a noble Greek word which signified "having under control your whole being." As one has said, "Be a noble blood horse, but a trained blood horse, that is obedient to its rider." That exactly expresses the Greek word. I feel that we, in this great Temperance cause in which we are united, whether like the strongest man that ever lived, Samson, or whether like that lion-hearted forerunner of our Lord, John the Baptist, we are Total Abstainers — or whether, like our Divine Lord and Master, we see it to be our duty to receive those gifts of God with thankfulness which He has given, and not to abstain — whether it be so or not, still we have but one motto, that we, God helping us, will be master over ourselves, and will try our very utmost to help our brothers and sisters also, that they shall gain the mastery where they have been worsted in days gone by. The English are said to be an Imperial race, and I believe it is so. How wonderful is the Empire that God has given to this land! When I was in India five years ago, and saw the teeming multitudes of that land, and a little sprinkling of Europeans amongst them, I thought again and again of the words of Herbert Edwards. He said with regard to the mutiny — "Why, if they had thrown their turbans at us they would have smothered us." But God gave to England that mighty Empire. Wherefore? Not for the aggrandizement of man, but for the glory of God. We are an Imperial race; but then an Imperial race must remember it has a great responsibility attaching to it in regard to the Empire which God has committed to its care. And O! how mournful is it that this Imperial race, masterful as it is in governing other nations, yet should not be master over itself! I rejoice to notice that you began the meeting with the reading of the Word of God and with prayer. I am sure that is our real strength. We are founded upon the Word of God; we go forth in the Spirit of God, and that only. I shall never forget a woodman in my parish in Dorsetshire, where I was from 1852 to 1855. He was a very interesting man, and he had a still more interesting wife—a charming creature she was—and they had a very nice family. But, you know, this woodman from time to time was overcome by drink. Many is the time I have pleaded with him, and I tried again and again, and at last I said to him: "Now, will you do something for me? I have brought you." I said, "a very handsome quarto Bible, beautifully bound. Will you give up that which has been your degradation—for I am all for Total Abstinence for those who cannot take a little without taking too much—and will you pledge yourself to me for six weeks not to touch the drink, and not only to do that—for he had done that before, and failed again and again—but to read with your family a few words of God's Holy Book, and offer a prayer at your family altar?" The man said he would. I said if he would do so I would make him a present of the Bible and write his name in it. He kept his pledge; and when I came there again I was permitted to write his name in the Bible. He took the pledge again for six weeks more. The man became altogether a changed man. I went back to the parish nearly twenty years afterwards, and I asked the pastor of the parish how my dear friend was going on. He said: "He is one of the comforts of my life. He and his wife have been regular communicants ever since." There was the power of the Word of God and prayer. I do think that if we carry on this work resting on the Word of the living God, and going forth in the spirit of God and with prayer—for prayer moves the hands which move the world—then we shall find more and more that God will bless and own our labours. Fifty years looking back! O! if we think what wealth has been squandered in Intemperance and vice among the nations of the earth, our hearts

sink within us. But the past is gone, and the future, God helping us, is ours, each one in our little day. Oh! if the Master does not return here in the meantime, I believe that in another fifty years the record of the triumphs of the great Temperance movement in our land will fill the hearts of those who are spared to see the centenary of this Society with overflowing praise. I am quite sure that the more we pull together—not one condemning another, but rejoicing each one in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and giving credit each to the other for acting with uprightness before God and man—that that blessed dwelling together in unity will be one of the strongest pleas which we shall use, and which God will bless for the overcoming of this dreadful evil, which is eating as a cancer into so many hearts and so many homes, and which can and does yield to the power of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ by the omnipotence of the Holy Ghost.

THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE ON COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

How important it is to be very careful with regard to the question of temperance. A drunken man is an abomination—it would be a shame to compare him with a beast, because a beast does not get drunk—but if a drunken man be an abomination and a horror in the sight of man and in the sight of God and in the sight of angels, what shall we say of a drunken woman? And yet, my sisters, there are such persons. I was talking to a man on this subject, and said to him, "Do you think a man who had once become a drunkard can be saved from it?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I have seen many who have been drunkards and who, by taking the pledge or by other means, have been brought back, but never a woman yet." Now, that is a very fearful thing. It would seem that when a poor, gentle woman is depraved by that horrible vice, it sinks into her gentle nature, defiles her pure body more than it does the rougher nature and coarser body of us men. Let that be a warning to you, my dear sisters. O, resist the very first temptation to the evil of which I have been speaking. There is a matter in connection with this about which I give you a little advice. It is a delicate question, but one about which, I think, you won't be offended. It is in regard to marriage, and I will tell you the kind of advice I want to give you. When you are going to marry, inquire whether the young man you are attached to—and who, I hope, is attached to you—is sober and steady; and, if he is not, then don't take him. He may say, perhaps, "I do give way sometimes, but you know, Jane, if you will only take me, and take care of me, you are just the person to keep me right—you are my guardian angel. If you will only take me, I shall be such a good boy, and you will never have cause to find fault." I say, give him this message: "Reform yourself first, and then come to me and I will talk to you about that other little matter afterwards." Never take a fellow on trust; do not take a man to reform him. It is much like having a hedge between you and a bull. If a bull is going to behave himself, and be very calm and so forth, there is no great harm done if you are on the same side of the hedge; but if he is ramping about and very savage, do not be deceived because he walks away for a little while as if there was no harm in him. Do not let him on your side of the hedge; keep the hedge between you. So do not take a husband until you are sure he has reformed.

THE SOCIAL GLASS.

And now cannot we say a word about offering, in a social way, the glass to young men? There are many to whom the bar-room is no temptation because of its coarseness, but there is in their blood a morbid craving for stimulants. The glass of intoxicating drink has a charm in the warm, bright room, where company and laughter drive back reflection, that it could not have alone, or in bad company. Ladies, wives, mothers, sisters, you suffer most when the demon Intemperance has been aroused. Will you, in thoughtlessness, tempt any to commence the way of shame? It may be only one in a hundred to whom the glass may prove the opening wedge, but you will risk that. There may be no harm in a glass of wine; there may be no danger in an occasional glass of beer. There is, no doubt, a temperate use of it that leaves hundreds none the worse for it. But that is not the question. "If meat make my brother to offend,

I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

Do not mar these pleasant days by making the path of sin more dangerous and attractive to the young men to whom your house is a welcome substitute for home. Whatever your own views may be in the matter, this you can resolve—that no one will say of you that the first wrong step was taken at your house, when, for the first time, the charm of wine and drink was made familiar to those gathered at your board. The life in America is so active, restless and one-sided; the hurry after the one thing—money—is so absorbing that intemperance is a sin more common than it would be likely to be in a less stirring land. Then there are so many born wanting in will power, because their parents have destroyed it by generations of self-indulgence, that there is no knowing when the passion may be aroused, and a useful, earnest life, blighted by the gratification of an appetite, end in destruction. Even those who may choose to run the risk themselves should think and pray ere they recklessly expose those in whom, as friends, they should have an interest. The risk is too great, the danger too near, to permit any tampering with it. For the sake of your own peace, beware!—*Christian Hour*.

A GIN-SHOP SIGN.—A man who had opened a gin-shop was about to put up his sign, and requested his neighbour's advice as to what he should put on it. The man replied, "I advise you to write on it 'Beggars made here.'"

Several children of a family were once playing in a garden, when one fell into a tank. When their father heard of it, he asked what they had each done to try to help their brother. Beginning at the youngest, he said, "John, what did *you* do to rescue your brother?" The little fellow answered, "Father, what *could* I do? I am so young that I could not do anything, but I stood and *cried as loud as I could*." If each cannot bring a ladder or rope, all can *cry*, all can plead with God.

"I never can learn all that," sighed out a little one. And it really was quite a long column. Just then her eyes rested upon an ant tugging along with a big burden. She forgot the lesson to look at the busy ant. What hard work it had to drag that dead beetle! It would pull and rest, pull and rest, but got at last home. The little lass took up her book, and the spirit of the ant came into her. One pull at a time, one word at a time. She hung on to her lesson as the ant to its load. After a while she sang out, "I know it. It isn't hard at all."

Adam Clarke, when a youth, was placed with a linen merchant in Coleraine, who was not very conscientious, and thought that anything was fair in trade that would help him to make money. Young Adam was more scrupulous, and consequently was frequently brought into opposition with his employer, but for a time the difficulties were got over amicably. At length the time for the Dublin market approached, and the master and his assistants were busy preparing for it. Measuring off one of the bales of linen, the master found it a few inches short; so turning to Adam, who happened to be near, "We'll soon make that all right," he said; "Come, Adam, you take one end, I'll take the other, and we'll soon stretch it the few inches that are wanting." Adam, feeling this would not be honest, respectfully but firmly declined, and another workman had to be called. The result was that Adam lost his situation, his master telling him he was not fit for trade, and that he had better look out for some employment more congenial to his own mind. Adam took his advice, and studied for some years, eventually becoming a very celebrated preacher.

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

Educate men without religion and you make them but clever devils.

Will-power is to be cultivated. It can, like the memory, be strengthened by unceasing practice.

Words mean very little or very much according to the sense intended to be conveyed.—*Prince Albert*.

Anybody who gives way for the sake of an easy life will end by having a life without a moment's ease.—*Lord Palmerston*.

Let us seek liberty and peace under the law; and following the pathway of our fathers, preserve the great legacy they have committed to our keeping.

"I am resolved," writes Bishop Beveridge, "by the grace of God, to speak of other men's sins before their faces, and of their virtues only behind their backs."

Roughness is a needless cause of discontent; severity breedeth fear; but roughness breedeth hate; even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, but not taunting.

The truth cannot be burned, beheaded or crucified. A lie on the throne is a lie still, and truth in a dungeon is truth still; and the lie on the throne is on the way to defeat, and the truth in the dungeon is on the way to victory.

IRREGULARITIES.

A German physician defines the main difference in the effects of whiskey and beer to be: "Viskey makes you kill somebody else; mit peer you only kills yourself."

"Are you a marrying man?" was asked of a sombre-looking gentleman at a recent up-town reception. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "I'm a clergyman."

"My lad," said a lady to a boy who was carrying newspapers, "are you the mail boy?" "You doesn't think I see a female boy, duz ye?" replied the little urchin—a literal, if not a literary reply.

One day a little girl said, "Mother, I feel nervous." "Nervous!" said her mother; "what is 'nervous'?" "Why, it's being in a hurry all over!" was the reply. The mite had given a definition worth placing in dictionaries.

A woman, returning from market, got into a South Hill street car the other day, with a basket full of dressed poultry. To her the driver, speaking sharply, said: "Fare!" "No," said the woman, "Fowl!" And everybody chuckled.

At a lecture on "The Decline of Literature," the eloquent orator shouted, "Where are the Chaucers, and Shakespeares, and Miltons, and Spensers and Macaulays? Where are they, I say?" And a voice answered sadly from the gallery, "All dead!"

It is a pitiable sight to see a woman who, but one short week ago, possessed an angel's sweetness of disposition and a child's artlessness of character, watching at the head of the stairs, at two o'clock in the morning, with a towel-roller in her hand.

Colonel Yerger got Sam Johnsing to hold his horse while he, the colonel, went into a saloon. "I expect you are pretty thirsty, ain't you, Sam?" asked the colonel, when he came out, wiping his mouth. "Dat all depends on you, boss. Hit's fur you ter say. I never am much thirsty at my own expenses."

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Band of Hope Festival.

A MASS MEETING OF THE BANDS OF HOPE BRANCHES, C. E. T. S., will be held in the PAVILION, HORTICULTURAL GARDENS, on FRIDAY, April 30.

Hon. S. H. BLAKE, N. W. HOYLES, Esq., and S. CALDECOTT, Esq., will address the meeting. The Orchestra of All Saints Church, and the Choir of St. Stephen's will assist in the Programme.

The Chair will be taken by Dr. DANIEL WILSON, President of University College, Toronto.

Doors will be open at 7 o'clock p.m., and Entertainment begun at 7.30.

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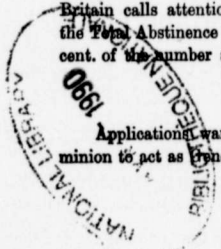
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