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SAYINGS AND DOINGS

OF NOTED

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATES.

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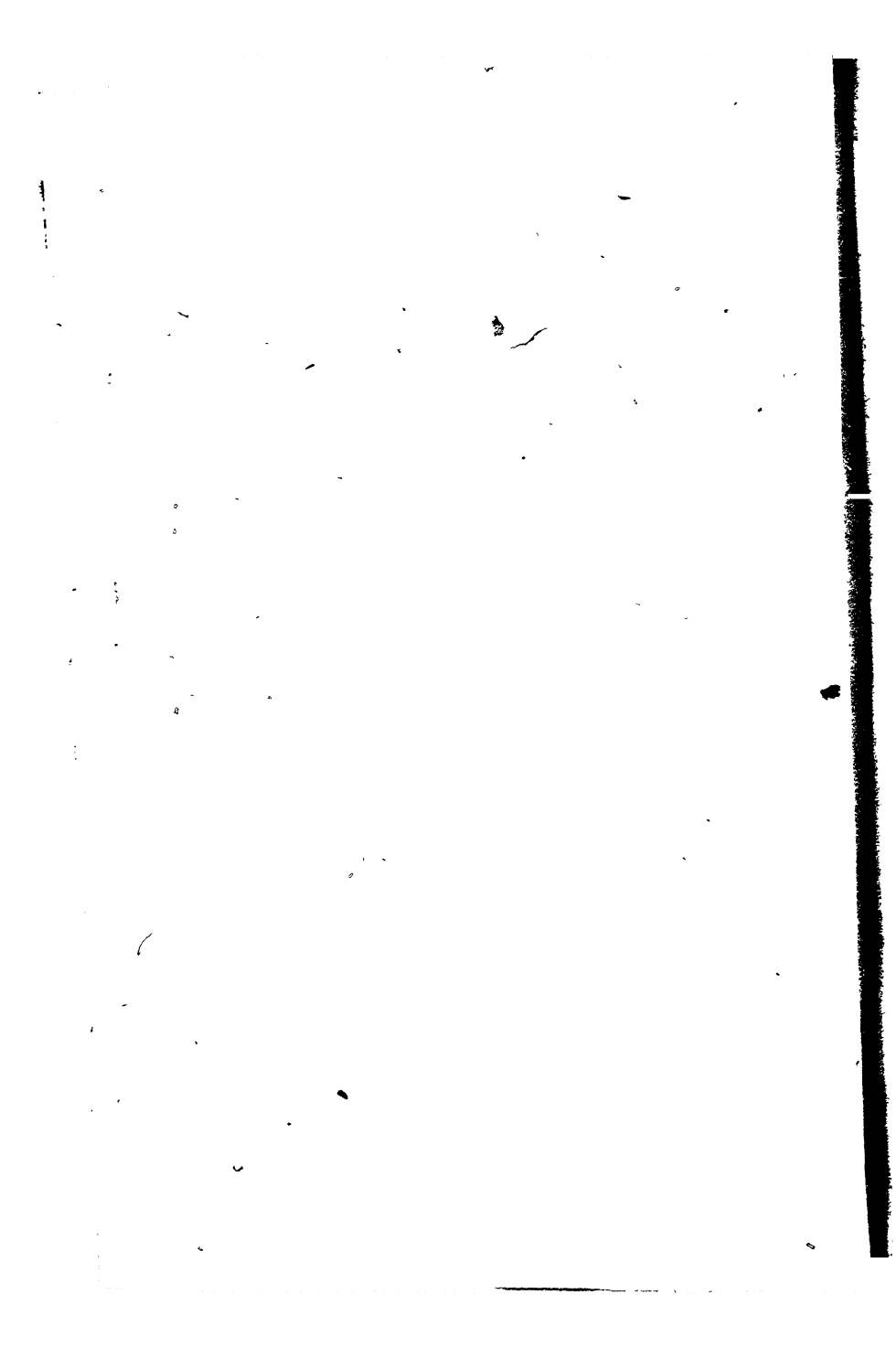
MARIA SIMPSON.



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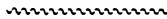




## SAYINGS AND DOINGS

OF NOTED

## TEMPERANCE ADVOCATES.



### CHAPTER I.

#### AN IRON WILL.

“**M**Y niece has carelessly left her note-book within reach,” said Miss Wood to herself one day. “It is not a diary, and contains no personal matter, so I shall look it over, and tell her of it afterwards.”

Turning the leaves, she went on, “Records of Temperance meetings from beginning to end! Here is one of which Hattie told me some short time ago,” and she read aloud:—

“TORONTO, 14th January, 1879.

“Our worthy Patriarch, Brother G. M. Rose, could not attend the Division to-night, for there

was a church meeting of importance at which he was obliged to be present. Mr. Wallace, of Weston, gave an address, in which he informed the members that he joined this Division three years ago through the influence of Bro. Rose, and had always been glad that he had done so. He spoke of the progress of Temperance in Weston, and the good effects of the Dunkin By-law. It looked well for Crystal Fountain Division that Brother G. M. Rose had consented to be the Worthy Patriarch. Brother Rose had spent his whole life in the promotion of the Temperance cause, and none knew better than the speaker the amount of work which he had done, and so quietly, without saying a word about it. Brother Dilworth heartily endorsed the remarks of Mr. Wallace concerning the Worthy Patriarch, and stated that Brother Rose devoted more time and money to the Temperance cause than any other man in Canada."

"I don't care if he does," muttered the spinster, as she resumed:—

"28th January, 1879.—Our Worthy Patriarch, Brother G. M. Rose, welcomed Mr. Edward Carswell to Crystal Fountain Division. The latter responded, and gave a cheering account of the revival of the Order in Oshawa. There were no less than forty young men present at the last

meeting of his Division. All he was, and he was a great deal (it was safe to say so here, where he was not known,) he owed to the training which he had received among the Sons of Temperance. Brother Dilworth replied, expressing a warm affection for Brother Carswell. He had invariably been on the same side with him, in the Grand Division and elsewhere; but he could not say the same of Brother Rose, with whom he had had some sharp encounters. Brother Carswell acknowledged that *he* also had often crossed swords with Brother Rose."

("Highly complimentary to the latter," remarked Miss Wood, to herself, in a sarcastic tone.)

"Brother G. M. Rose replied that he never took those differences out of the Division-room, nor allowed them to interrupt his friendship for individual members. They were working for the same object, but did not always agree as to the best mode of reaching it. 'Be sure you are right and then go ahead.' His motto was 'Write the errors of your associates in sand; but engrave their virtues on the tablets of enduring memory.' All of us, who had lived by the sea-side knew that any writing on the sand would be washed out by the first wave and just so we should for-

get the faults of our brethren, but anything good they did we should always remember”

“3rd February, 1879.—The Grand Worthy Patriarch, Mr. Caswell, paid an official visit to Ontario Division. Brother G. M. Rose, of Crystal Fountain, was called upon for an address. He spoke of the order of Rechabites, of which one Tent still remains in Canada. He signed the Pledge when twelve years old. On attaining his fourteenth year, he was admitted a member of the Adult Total Abstinence Society, and afterwards united with the Rechabites. While in Scotland he read the account of the Sons of Temperance, in America, and resolved to join them if he ever crossed the Atlantic. In the year 1851 he came to Canada, and at once became a member of the ‘Howard Division,’ of Montreal. Mr. Rose said that he wished the ladies to take part in the entertainment to-night, and not look at him. ‘Of course,’ he playfully added, ‘I want you to *admire* me; but not to look at me with that vacant stare, as though you cared nothing about Temperance matters.’”

(The spinster gave a scornful laugh, wiped her spectacles and proceeded.)

“Mr Rose was in favour of steadily moving towards Prohibition, step by step. He did not wish to go more quickly than public sentiment

would sanction. If he advanced to the walls of a fort, he did not want to be beaten back. Some of the counties which had passed the Dunkin By-law were not prepared to enforce it, and it has in consequence been repealed: hence the cause of Temperance has suffered in those localities. Many people thought that when once the By-law was carried their work was done, and in fact several societies had disbanded on that account, but the truth was that their work was only commencing. He said that, unlike the Grand Worthy Patriarch, he did not wish the Order of the Sons of Temperance to last until the end of the world. He hoped the day would come when there would be no necessity for it, when we should have the total abolition of the liquor traffic. The Order would last, however, a long while yet; it was destined by Providence to accomplish a great work."

("Prohibition, probably," sneered the spinster.)

"Mr. Rose said that he had had more pleasure in his twenty-five or twenty-six years' work for the Sons of Temperance, than in all the rest of his life. He nobly added, *The whole pleasure of life consists in doing good.*"

"There is Hattie home again," remarked Miss Wood, as she heard the street door open. "Ronald is with her, so she will not need her note-book.

In an hour's time it will be easy to slip up stairs and read the remaining pages."

When Miss Wood entered the parlour a few minutes afterwards, she glanced at a picture of Mr. G. M. Rose, and remarked in a snappish tone, "Any one could tell that that man has an iron will."

"And so he has," replied Mr. McFarlane, "and indomitable energy and perseverance as well. When defeated by force of numbers in a thing that he deems just and right, he will return to the attack on the first opportunity, as eager for the fray as ever, and never ceases until he carries his point."

"What a *delightful* antagonist," exclaimed Miss Wood, in a sarcastic tone.

The Professor smiled. "Mr. Rose takes pleasure in driving his opponents into a corner and 'giving them a good hammering,' as he expresses it. But he is too generous ever to wish to hear of it afterwards."

The only answer of the spinster was an ugly scowl.

"Some years ago," continued Ronald, "Mr. Rose worked day and night for a whole week, only getting about one hour's comfortable sleep during the twenty-four. He had some work to



carry through and was determined to do it. He would throw himself on a sofa, and insist on being awakened exactly as the clock pointed to the hour. His friends tried to persuade him to give up the work, on the ground that he was attempting too much, but he refused to listen to their entreaties, and carried his project successfully through.

"It was very wrong of him," said the spinner, with a sharp glance at her niece.

"You have no business to judge, Aunt Fanny, for you don't know all the circumstances," retorted Mrs. Somerville. "I am glad that Mr. Rose is more careful now, and never intends to try such a thing again. His constitution is not made of iron, whatever his *will* may be."

"Can you not give us another instance of his indomitable perseverance?" inquired Miss Wood.

"Certainly, madam," answered Mr. McFarlane. "Many years ago, in going to Bowmanville, to attend the Grand Division, he was standing on the platform of the car, when he felt a pain shoot through one of his eyes. He thought it was a particle of dust that had got into it; but almost immediately, he felt a dart of pain in the other. **Still**, he thought it was only dust. But by the time he reached Bowmanville his eyes

were very painful, and in the morning he went to a doctor who told him it was inflammation setting in, but that it could be cured. Accordingly he put some stuff into Mr. Rose's eyes, which hurt him so badly that it fairly made him squirm. The doctor also told him to put on a pair of stained glasses. Mr. Rose did so, and all that day he sat in the Grand Division, his head resting against a pillar, and only being able to see a faint glimmer of light. The next day he was better, and took his proper place, writing away as usual."

"Not one man in a hundred would have sat in a Temperance meeting in such a state," remarked Miss Wood. "My niece," she maliciously continued, "I wish that you had been compelled to be in the doctor's place."

"And have put that horrid stuff into Brother Rose's blue eyes!" indignantly returned Hattie. "I would much rather put it into yours!"

"No doubt of it, my *amiable* and *affectionate* niece," replied Miss Wood, in a sarcastic tone.

"There is no wonder that Mr. Rose exerts a great influence over others," observed Ronald. "Such earnestness and determination as he possesses are very rarely met with."

"Oh," said the spinster, decidedly, "any one who heard him give his valedictory address must

have felt convinced that Mr. Rose has an iron will. He evidently took it for granted that one reason why those reformed men acted so ungratefully was on account of his Prohibition principles, and no doubt it was so. And yet did he not stick to them more firmly than ever? When did he urge Prohibition more hotly and earnestly on the members of the Central Club than on that night?"

Without waiting for a reply, the spinster hastily added, "I suppose, Ronald, that you consider Mr. Rose's conduct as proof positive of your former assertion, viz., that he has another side to his character as well as the red-hot, Prohibition side."

"Yes indeed, Miss Wood," answered the Professor with warmth. "Mr. Rose is blessed with one of those sensitive, finely-organized natures, which are so uncommon in this world of ours."

"It is just as well that the great majority of us are made in a coarser mould," returned the spinster.

Mrs. Somerville looked keenly at her aunt. She had often suspected that the temper of her elderly relative had been soured by troubles in early life.

Miss Wood coolly resumed, "Do you know, Hattie, that Mr. Rose's character, previous to that night, seemed to me to resemble an unfinished picture ; the bold, sharply-defined outlines were there, but it lacked the finishing touches. In my estimation, no man can be a gentleman (whatever his position by birth or otherwise may be) who is not what the name implies—*gentle*."

Mrs. Somerville smiled. "Why, Aunt Fanny, Mr. Rose is enthusiastic and fiery on the platform, but gentle enough in every-day life. A picture would be spoiled if you left out the soft, finishing touches."

"Yes and a character would be spoiled too!" snapped Miss Wood, as she arose and left the room.





## CHAPTER II.

### THE RESURRECTION.

**M**AKING the best of her way up stairs, the spinster seized Hattie's note-book. Turning to the account of the visit of Mr. Caswell to Crystal Fountain Division (February 4th), she read the last few lines.—

“Mrs. Dilworth sang a song about the daisy, after which Brother G. M. Rose remarked, That that song reminded him that he was a very wicked man, for he had promised some time ago, to give the members fifteen minutes with the daisy, and had never done it. He would, however, next Tuesday night if all were well. Sister Taylor sang ‘Love Not.’ Mr. Rose said that it was a sweet song, but he did not like the idea it inculcated. It was written by a woman who had lost her husband and children, and it related her own sad experience. She had, however, forgotten one fact, viz., that when our friends are removed by

death, they are still bound to us by cords of love, and were not lost, because God, the Father of us all, is Love. Tennyson expressed an entirely different opinion. He said:—

‘Tis better to have loved, and lost—  
Than never to have loved at all.’

“Mr. Rose added ‘that those, who had never been in love, could not understand what love was.’ One of the sisters facetiously inquired, ‘Have you been there yourself?’ ‘Been in love?’ playfully returned Mr. Rose, ‘Bless you, *yes*, and I have never got out of it!’”

“A greater compliment to his wife could not possibly have been paid,” muttered the spinster, as she turned to the account of the following week, in order to satisfy her curiosity about the ‘daisy.’—

“Mr. Rose said that to those who had seen it, the daisy was one of the sweetest remembrances of their youth. (‘Very true,’ sighed Miss Wood.) After graphically describing the little flower, with its centre of yellow and margin of pink, he proceeded to read extracts from Montgomery, Burns, Fletcher, and other poets, with all of whom the daisy was a favourite.”

At this point, Miss Wood heard the footsteps of

her niece, who hastily came in, and in a very unlady-like manner, snatched the book from her elderly relative.

"It is useless to be vexed, Hattie. The notes are all about Temperance meetings. I am glad you are not a teacher now?"

"Why?"

"Because you would 'teach the young idea how to shoot' in a Prohibitory direction! And your first, second and last charge to the boys and girls would be, '*Copy Mr. Rose!*'"

Mrs. Somerville laughed. "Very true, Aunt Fanny. I could not possibly give them better advice than to take for their model, Brother G. M. Rose."

"Does he select nice readings for the Division?"

"First-class! They are mostly temperance subjects. He is the head of Crystal Mountain now, you know ——"

"And makes the best and dearest Worthy Patriarch that ever lived!" sneered Miss Wood.

"Yes; how well you know, Aunt Fanny!"

"You are enough to try the patience of a saint," angrily replied the spinster. "No matter what outrageous thing I say, you echo it like a parrot, on condition that it is in favour of Mr. Rose."

On their return to the parlour they found Mr. McFarlane busy with "Talmage's Sermons." He read aloud the following quotation which had interested him.—

"The more money a man has the better, if he gets it honestly and uses it lawfully. The whole teaching of the word of God has a tendency to create those kinds of habits and that kind of mental acumen which leads on to riches. A man who talks against wealth as though it were a bad thing, is either a knave or a fool, not meaning what he says, or ignorant of the glorious uses to which money can be put."

"Oh, that is first-rate," said Hattie, "when wealth is in the hands of liberal men we have a splendid illustration of those words."

"You say there are beautiful thoughts in that book, my niece. Be good enough to mention them."

Mrs. Somerville took the little volume and read the following extract:—

"Often when we were in trouble we sent for our friends, but they were far away, they could not get to us. We wrote to them: Come right away; or telegraph, take the next train. They came at last, yet were a great while in coming. *But Christ is always near*—before you, behind



you, within you. No mother ever threw her arms around her child with such warmth and ecstasy of affection as Christ has shown towards you. Close at hand—nearer than the staff upon which you lean, nearer than the cup you put to your lip, nearer than the handkerchief with which you wipe away your tears. I preach Him an ever present, all sympathizing, compassionate Jesus.”

“Is that one of the beautiful thoughts, my niece?”

“Yes, and here is another. Mr. Talmage represents the dying Christian as ‘going from a home-circle here to a home-circle there.’ One moment after he has said ‘good-night’ to friends on earth, he says ‘good-morning’ to friends in Heaven.”

“That is a fine passage, my niece, I like it well,” said Miss Wood. “Have you any other favourites?”

“Yes, but I will only read this one. It is on the resurrection. Unitarians do not believe that our physical bodies will ever be raised.”

“Then, I hope, they will be compelled to remain in their graves when we come out!” said the spinster.

Hattie’s face burned. “No danger!” she triumphantly exclaimed. “What the Unitarians

believe will not affect their resurrection. Just as sure as they go into their graves will they come out of them again! Otherwise," she mournfully added, "how could we bear to lay them down to sleep?"

"Lay Unitarians down to sleep!" echoed the old maid in astonishment. "I cannot conceive what you mean, Hattie! There is not a Unitarian living that I care the snap of my finger for. Now, read that extract from Talmage."

Mrs. Somerville complied as calmly as she could: "On that day you will get back your Christian dead. There is where the comfort comes in. They will come up with the same hand, and the same foot, and the same entire body, but with a perfect hand, and a perfect foot, and a perfect body; corruption having become incorruption, mortality having become immortality. And oh, the re-union; oh, the embrace after so long an absence. Comfort one another with these words."

"What a *pleasant* belief that of Unitarians must be," remarked Miss Wood. "But, I was thinking of something altogether different, those horrid Prohibitionists, Hattie!"

Mrs. Somerville and her lover could not help laughing, which enraged the spinster, and she went on emphatically to say, "I would not shed

a single tear if all the Prohibitionists in Canada were put under the sod. What, my niece, if the Unitarian doctrine be true? What a delightful thought it would be to you, that, so far as the body is concerned, when it is put into the grave that will be the last of it?"

"*Never*," passionately exclaimed Hattie. "It will rise just as sure as Jesus——"

"Stop, stop, my dear," said the spinster, with a laugh, "don't get so warm over it! Perhaps you think that your friends will come out of the grave with the same personal appearance."

"*Yes*," emphatically returned Hattie, "it was that *same* Jesus, why should it not be that *same* friend."

"You are right, Hattie," said the Professor. "Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, etc., all agree in that. We shall have our friends restored to us in Heaven."

"So I firmly believe," replied Miss Wood. "My stupid niece took my words in earnest. I was only teasing her."

On the following day, the spinster inquired, "Have you been to church, Hattie?"

"Yes, to the one which Mr. Rose attends. Aunt Fanny, you know that he never comes to the Club now, but was expected last night; he——"

"Did not honour them with his presence," suggested Miss. Wood. "I wish he had, not that I care to hear him, but you will never enjoy a speech or a song from that platform until he is on it again; and in a happier mood than he was the last time!" she spitefully added.

"I went to Mr. Rose's church, to see if he was there, because I feared he was sick," remarked Hattie.

"Was he present?"

"Yes;" and Mrs. Somerville smiled.

"And didn't look very ill either, I'll warrant," snapped the spinster.

"Oh, no; I am thankful to say that he seemed quite well."

"Did you listen to the sermon?" asked the spinster.

Hattie looked surprised. "Why I can give you a long account of it, Aunt Fanny. The text was, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for—'"

"That will do; I don't want a long account."

The next morning when Mrs. Somerville returned from her usual walk, Miss Wood handed her several slips of paper, saying, "Here are some wood engravings for your scrap-book, my niece."

"I don't want any but Temperance men in there, Aunt Fanny. Oh, these are all right," she added

in a tone of surprise, "Messrs. Affleck, Murphy, T. H. McConky, and actually two of Edward Carswell!"

Miss Wood laughed. "Yes, I thought you would like them," she said, "and I have another here, Mr. David Millar."

"I am glad of that."

"Sit down, and I will read you a few paragraphs from this short account of him."

Mrs. Somerville was tired and willingly obeyed.

Her aunt resumed, "Mr. Millar is by birth a Scotchman; and, as is common with the patriotic sons of the 'land of brown heath and shaggy wood,' holds the land of his nativity in affectionate remembrance. He was born at Culross, in the lively and historically interesting County of Perthshire, and is in the prime of life, being now about forty years of age. The excellent educational advantages which are open to all classes in Scotland are well known, and amply evidenced by the proverbial intelligence and fund of general information possessed by the 'Canny Scot.' One of the most successful and arduous class-teachers of the middle counties, to whom many a successful man in the colonies and at home is indebted for the rudiments of his education, resided in Cul-

ross. Under the tuition of this gentleman, Mr. John Christie, Mr Millar remained for ten years. He learned the dry-goods or drapery business, as it is called in the old country, in the manufacturing town of Dunfermline, which business he has followed ever since. After remaining in Glasgow several years, he followed the example of hundreds of his compatriots, and crossed the Atlantic to seek a home in the New World. On his arrival in Canada, Brother Millar joined the Sons of Temperance, and when he settled in Toronto he became connected with the Crystal Fountain Division, in which we believe he has held every position. During the eight years he has been prominently identified with the cause in Toronto he has laboured zealously for its interests, and as a working member of the Temperance Reformation Society has been excelled by none. Elected to the Grand Division, he soon made his power felt there, and last year was elected to the high and responsible office of Grand Worthy Patriarch, which he stills holds to the satisfaction of the brotherhood."

"That must have been written about two years ago, Aunt Fanny."

"So it was. The account goes on to say, that Mr. Millar does not confine himself to one branch

of the great Temperance army. He works amongst the Good Templars and ——”

The spinster stopped abruptly. “That is Ronald’s ring at the door, Hattie ; don’t you bring him in here, for I want to write.” So saying, she hastily thrust the slip of paper into Mrs. Somerville’s hand, and sent her out of the room.





### CHAPTER III.

HIS FAME WILL NEVER HAVE A REST.

**A** DAY or two afterwards, Miss Wood, having seen nothing of her niece all the morning, went upstairs to seek her. Mrs. Somerville was in her room, a half-trimmed hat before her and a look of extreme dissatisfaction on her face.

"Oh horrible!" exclaimed her Aunt. "Just leave it alone. I *told* you that you could not do it. A more tasteless person never lived."

"I agree with you for once," said Hattie crossly, as she began to pull off the feathers and ribbons. Miss Wood seized her wrist, saying sharply, "Stop, be more careful; I would be ashamed to go into such a temper about nothing, so I would."

Mrs. Somerville pouted. "I'll wear my old one."

"Nothing of the kind. You must take this hat



to the milliner's, as I told you to do in the first place."

"I won't."

The spinster looked with mingled pity and anger upon her contrary niece. "Then I shall have to trim it for you," she said.

"You !"

"Yes *me!*" answered the old maid ; "do you suppose I can't trim a hat ?" So saying, she hastily gathered feathers and ribbons together, and added, "You must come and read something to amuse me ; it will not take long."

Mrs. Somerville felt relieved when she saw her aunt fairly at work, but had no sooner commenced to read than Miss Wood interrupted her.

"That's a new scrap-book, Hattie," and she took the volume from her niece and turned over the leaves. "You have begun with a picture of Mr. Rose and a sketch of his life."

Hattie laughed and took the volume on her lap.

"Aunt Fanny, this article is from the *Weekly Advertiser and Temperance Advocate* (dated, June 9th, 1877) :—

"GEORGE MACLEAN ROSE, ESQ.

"It is with unusual gratification that we lay before our readers, this week, the portrait of one

of the most consistent total abstainers of our country—George Maclean Rose, Esq. of Toronto. Amongst the very many warm advocates of Temperance with which this city now so happily abounds, there is not one more indelibly faithful, or more pertinently useful to the cause, than this devoted gentleman. Without the title of an enthusiast, and without the disposition of a martinet, he is ever unostentatiously the right man in the right place ; and if able common sense on vivid perspicuity is ever required to lead a meeting or conduct a movement, the practical logic of Mr. Rose's influence is an almost sure guarantee of success. He sees a point with the lightning glance of a Napoleon ; defends an issue with the rapidity of a Wellington ; and supplements such abilities with the well-known 'canniness' of a Scot. He has a 'will to do and the soul to dare' in everything ; a will more than potent in its unerring rectitude ; a soul brave as a Bayard for good. In him the State has indeed a pillar.

“ Mr. Rose is now at the head of the celebrated firm of Hunter, Rose & Co., of 23 and 25 Wellington Street west, in this city. He is forty-seven years of age, young enough to add many a philanthropic laurel to those already so nobly won. His firm is, perhaps, the first of its kind in To-

ronto, if not in Canada, and the new building in which they now conduct their printing, publishing and book-binding business, at once attests their ability and their success.

“The subject of our sketch commenced life as a little compositor in the Royal Burgh of Wick, Scotland (in which place he was born and bred). This was in the office of the well-known *John O’Groat Journal*. At twelve years of age he became a Temperance boy, and from that date to this he has ever been an unswerving Temperance man. In his progress to success, he has gone through many gradations, but they have all been unfalteringly upwards, and soon his fame must have a kindly rest, while others look on and take courage. There is no office in the Temperance ranks that he has not filled with dignified and enviable distinction, and a better Grand Worthy Patriarch time has not seen.

“We believe our wood-cut to be an excellent one; but the very best that art could produce would but feebly represent the telling expression of the original. Long may he be spared to bless the cause of Total Abstinence with his energy, his excellence, and his example, and to adorn every sphere in which he moves, with that considerate

beneficence and manliness so truly inseparable from his Christian nature.' ”

“That article was evidently written two or three years ago,” remarked Miss Wood. . “I don't like it at all, but doubtless you endorse to the full every one of those words of praise.”

“Indeed I do, but there is something there that is not correct.” Hattie's cheeks burned as she earnestly continued, “His course in life has been onward and upward—higher and higher. Heaven is a state of eternal progression; therefore, through the grace of Jesus, the fame of Brother G. M. Rose will never, *never* have a rest!”





## CHAPTER IV.

### NO COMPROMISE WITH THE DEVIL.

“**D**ID you enjoy the meeting of the Division, Hattie?”

“Very much,” replied Mrs. Somerville. “Mr. Rose told us this evening that we ought to consider Tuesday-night a red-letter night, and make no other engagement for it. A discussion arose, in which a member bitterly inquired, why the liquor-dealers were not always fined when they broke the law. Brother Daniel Rose warmly explained that Temperance men had not the making of those laws, otherwise things would be very differently managed. However imperfect in its details the Dunkin Act might be, it degraded the saloon-keeper from a respectable calling, with the Queen’s license in his pocket, to the position of a thief or other law-breaker. He gave us a most interesting account of the effectual working of the Maine Law. In Portland he had seen Neal Dow stand up on a cask in the court-house,

and announce that they put the liquor-sellers on the same footing as malefactors. Brother G. M. Rose stated that the saloon-keepers were not in a good position now. Our laws were hurting them or they would not wish them repealed. The brewers themselves confess that the Temperance movement has injured their business to such an extent that they can scarcely live. And say what they may, the Dunkin By-law is as well enforced in York as any other law. And as to the petition which had been forwarded to the Government at Ottawa, notwithstanding the boasted honesty of the liquor-dealers, it had been proved that many bogus names had been attached to it. It is by God's blessing that we have such a man as Mr. Dobson, in Yorkville, to look after our interests there."

"I can't bear him," muttered Miss Wood.

"Indeed, Mr. Dobson is a credit, an honour to Yorkville. How nobly he has enforced the Dunkin By-law. Brother McMillan said he would move that we form an alliance with the Brewers' Association, and agitate for the Prohibition of *distilled* liquors. Some of the members objected to such a debate. Brother Daniel Rose nobly remarked, 'that, as Sons of Temperance, we had nailed our colours to the mast and would never

go back.' Brother G. M. Rose stated that the brewers were pressing the question on Temperance men; it was being discussed on the street corners, and therefore he would allow the Division to debate the matter."

"Yes, and oppose such a compromise to the death!" remarked Miss Wood.

"No doubt of it, Aunt Fanny. He was wise to let the subject come up for discussion, for otherwise some of our members might be led away by the specious arguments of the liquor men."

Miss Wood bitterly remarked, "Neal Dow, the bigoted fanatic, speaks of a 'hempen tether' for rumsellers. Mr. Daniel Rose is a man of the same stamp. You have told me more than enough. Good-night."

"Just wait a minute, Aunt Fanny——."

"If you are going to pronounce an eulogium on Neal Dow, you may save yourself the trouble," interrupted the spinster. "I know he had so much to do with the Maine Law, that it was said he both framed and passed it. But what about his brother in Temperance, Mr. Daniel Rose? Now be quick and don't keep me standing here all night?"

Mrs Somerville hastily replied, "Mr. Daniel Rose has had abundant experience in things pertaining to the cause, for he is a teetotaler of forty years' standing.—"

"He must have signed the Pledge when very young," drily remarked Miss Wood.

"Yes. He has been the Grand Worthy Secretary of the Good Templars, in the Province of Quebec, and is well acquainted with the workings of the Order."

"By that you wish me to understand that his opinion possesses weight. What do you suppose it matters to me. Good night."

On the following Monday evening, a Temperance concert was given in the Mission Church on Chestnut street. Miss Wood willingly accompanied her niece. To the delight of the latter, Mr. G. M. Rose occupied the chair. His address was warmly applauded by the "Rine Boys," some of whom had a hand in getting up the concert. He said he had left them to do the work—that is, so far as the speaking was concerned—"he has not spoken in the clubs, lately," muttered the spinster—but he had still been working, for he made it a rule daily to put in a word for Temperance. He spoke of the influence which all might exert by so doing. Last Wednesday he



was speaking to a member of Parliament, a man socially above him, and urged him to give up the use of intoxicating liquors. He informed Mr. Rose that it was none of his business. Mr. Rose answered that it *was* his business. That man now lay dead; he died a drunkard. I could not save him, added Mr. Rose. It was awful to think of a man going from earth in such a state to give his account. The speaker went on to say that he was pleased to see so many familiar faces among them, and that he felt like going down among them and saying:—"Come on boys and sign the Pledge." I told you that I was not to make a Temperance speech, added Mr. Rose, you must forgive me, I couldn't help it!

"Short and sweet," whispered Hattie to her aunt. "He pleased them well, and profited them too."

The next evening, the debate at Crystal Fountain Division took place. Miss Wood requested her niece to tell her the particulars.

"With pleasure, Aunt Fanny. Brother McMullan moved the motion required, and suggested that a compromise with our enemies was the best thing at present for Temperance men. Brother Dilworth declared that it would be the most un-

holy alliance that ever was formed. He could lay his hands on men in this city to-night who were killing themselves, body and soul, through drinking beer. He could go and rake up bones from the Necropolis which had been buried there from the same cause. Brother G. M. Rose said, he had often been approached by agents of the brewers on this subject, but as he had decided objections to entering into a compact with persons who were doing the devil's work, he emphatically declared it was contrary to his principles, and also to those of the Order of the Sons, to entertain the proposition in any shape or form. He then spoke of the effects of lager beer drinking on the people in Germany, and those of the same nationality in America, and declared that although, perhaps, few cases of drunkenness could be seen among them, yet the effects were such that, in a great many cases, they resembled beer-kegs more than human beings. In England, he continued, while the beer-laws were in operation, there was virtually free trade in malt liquors, and London was transformed into a perfect Pandemonium. No, friends, he nobly added, we cannot go back on our principles; our motto is Forward—Forward!"

"Just what I anticipated," remarked Miss Wood.

"Brother McMillan still advocated the motion, or pretended to do so, saying 'of two evils we should choose the least.' Brother Daniel Rose replied that, as Sons of Temperance, we should choose *no* evil. Brother G. M. Rose spoke of California as a wine-producing country and also a country of drunkards. The condition of the State is so alarming that the whole vineyard business will have to be given up. The motion in favour of an alliance with the Brewers' Association was then put to the Division and unanimously lost."

"You must have had an interesting debate," remarked Miss Wood; "I should like to have heard it."





## CHAPTER V.

### THE SOCIAL CONCERT.

ON the evening of Saturday, March 15th, the Central Club held one of its special monthly concerts. Miss Wood took her usual seat in Albert Hall, close to her niece, and inquired, "Aren't you glad that Mr. Rose is to take the chair for them to-night?"

"Yes," replied Hattie, "he is very forgiving."

At this moment, the caretaker's little boy passed up the aisle. Mrs. Somerville put two or three button-hole bouquets of rose-buds, etc., into his hand and told him to go up on the platform and lay them on the chairman's table. The child obeyed with alacrity.

"What are those flowers for?" angrily demanded Miss Wood.

"To smile a welcome to Mr. Rose," said Hattie. "I am sure we shall all rejoice to see him with us again."

"Flowers can't smile," growled the spinster.

"Better than you can, Aunt Fanny!"

"Ah, what a horrible compliment, my niece!"

Mr. Rose arrived in good time, and shortly before the concert commenced, took his place on the platform.

Miss Wood pinched the arm of her niece and whispered, "Mr. Rose has put one of those little rose-bud bouquets in his button-hole. Aren't you glad?"

"Yes, indeed," and Hattie smiled.

It had been duly advertised on the programmes that Mr. Rose was to be the chairman, and the hall was crowded as it had not been for many a day. In his opening address, which was very short, he said he had been asked to give an account of the origin and object of the Club, but it was not necessary, for they were already well known. He was pleased to see so large an audience, and never remembered a concert of the Club being so numerously attended by respectably-dressed men and women. A most cheering sight to him was a well-dressed working man—one who, when his daily labour was over, would go to his room, wash himself, straighten his collar, and put on an extra fine shirt. The Saturday meetings of the Club were intended as a substitute for the tavern; the

chief object, however, was to make them all Tee-totalers. He spoke of weak-kneed Temperance people who had no faith in themselves, no faith in Providence, who believed that evil was made to last. "We believe that *good* was made to last; and it is our duty to work so that good may be brought in." Rose emphatically added, "We shall never be satisfied until every man, woman and child shall have joined this great Temperance army."

The eloquent address was deservedly applauded.

"Mr. Rose is just as popular as ever," muttered Miss Wood, with a scowl.

"He fills that chair with the good-nature and quiet dignity so characteristic of him," whispered Hattie.

A song was given by Mr. Alexander, about the capture of a slave ship by a British man of war, and the release of the negroes who were stowed in the hold. It concluded with the sentiment that "under St. George's Cross there never trod a slave!"

"Mr. Alexander has sung a beautiful song for us," observed Mr. Rose, "which we Britishers all appreciate; but it's not true, nevertheless. *There are many slaves under the British flag; every one that uses intoxicating liquor is a slave!*"

"That is very true, Aunt Fanny," whispered Mrs. Somerville. "Oh, does not Mr. Rose make an admirable chairman?"

Songs, etc., followed, and finally the proceedings were brought to a close, by the piano-accompanist, Mrs. Christie, playing, "Hold the Fort," at Mr. Rose's request.

"There was something in the chairman's speech that I did not like at all," remarked Miss Wood.

Mrs. Somerville looked surprised. "Why, Aunt Fanny, what could it be?"

"Those observations about working men washing themselves and putting on clean clothing. But doubtless you have heard him say things of a like nature before?"

"Yes, and hope to do so again," briskly replied Hattie, "for it was capital advice. I have heard him advocate the establishment of coffee-houses (before these were started, you know,) with the upper apartments for sleeping rooms, in which to accommodate unfortunate drunkards who were trying to reform. He particularly insisted that all such establishments should have a bath-room, where they could give the said drunkards 'a good scrub' and make them clean and respectable."

"Do stop, Hattie!"

Mrs. Somerville laughed. "Was it not very good advice he bestowed on them this evening? And no one had a better right to give it!"

"I care nothing about his advice," sneered Miss Wood, "but you are welcome to appreciate it, if you choose."

She then favoured her niece with a lecture on the beauties of Moral Suasion *vs.* Prohibition.

Hattie gravely replied, "Moral suasion is all very well, Aunt Fanny, but we must go further than that. You remember the old song,—

"The drunken army will never grow less,  
And I'll tell you the reason why;  
'Tis because the young ones learn to drink  
As fast as the old ones die."

"Close up the liquor-dens and save the children," she added excitedly.

"My niece, you do get so warm in discussing these matters. See how cool and collected I am!"

"We have different natures, Aunt Fanny. Suppose you and I were drunken men, desirous to reform, should we like one who was just out of the gutter himself to give us some help, or should we prefer a hand that was never stained to be stretched out to save us?"

The spinster frowned. "I know which *you* would prefer, Hattie, and partly agree with you."



"Do you know what is Mr. Rose's leading characteristic, Aunt Fanny?"

"No, and don't want to! Ronald is filling your head with a great deal of nonsense."

"I'm going to tell you in the hope that it will do us both good. *It is a determination to make the world better!*"

"I don't care if it is," grimly returned Miss Wood. "There are lamentably few in our city of whom such a thing can be said. All Temperance people ought to feel proud of Mr. Rose!"

"Oh, they are proud of him, Aunt Fanny."

Miss Wood lost patience and angrily told her niece to be off to bed.





## CHAPTER VI.

### PROTECTION.

THE next morning, at breakfast, Miss Wood reminded her niece of the great good which had been accomplished by moral suasionists, such as Murphy and Reynolds. "Even here at our own doors, what a noble work has been done," she went on, "as well as in the country around. Mr. McConkey, who was at one time a saloon-keeper, has labored with considerable success during the past year. All along the line of the Northern Railway (to say nothing of other places visited), various clubs have been established by him, and the majority of them are doing well."

"Is not Mr. McConkey a Prohibitionist?" inquired Mrs Somerville.

"Perhaps so; but, you may depend upon it that for every speech on Prohibition he gives at least a score on moral suasion."

"The two should go together, Aunt Fanny."

"Oh yes," was the snappish reply, "you make me think of Edward Carswell, who compared Temperance workers, who were moral suasionists and nothing more, or Prohibitionists and that alone, to a bird trying to fly with one wing. Of course they failed to accomplish their purpose. Others would try both wings—moral suasion and Prohibition, but, to use Mr. Carswell's *elegant* expression, 'they clipped them mighty short!'"

Mrs. Somerville laughed. "The illustration was a good one, Aunt Fanny. Of course, Temperance workers make mistakes as well as every one else."

In the evening there was an open meeting held by the Crystal Fountain Division, for the installation of officers, and Miss Wood accompanied her niece.

Mr. G. M. Rose performed the ceremony. During the programme, he was called upon for a speech, much to the delight of Hattie and the annoyance of her aunt.

Mr. Rose spoke of the Division in general, and hoped that the newly installed officers would do better than their predecessors, for there was room for improvement. ("Except in *his* case," whispered Hattie.) He was pleased to see so many members of the other Divisions present. Those

from Don Mount had entertained ~~us~~, instead of our entertaining them. As for our own members, to-night, they were few and far between. Perhaps they were in the hall upstairs (where Mrs. Susannah Evans Peck was lecturing at the time); but they ought to have been here. If they neglected their duty so much the worse for them! Though there were one hundred names on the books of Crystal Fountain Division few of these attended regularly. Many persons apparently joined us in order to obtain a kind of certificate of character, for Temperance men were valued as employees even by those who were not total abstainers themselves. A man seeking a situation was often asked the question, "Are you a teetotaler?" And Mr. Rose thought that many joined the Division merely to be able to say, "I belong to the Sons of Temperance." It spoke well for the Order, but said very little for the men who became members from such a motive as that. One of our objects in coming here, night after night, beside the advancement of Temperance, was to learn to become better—better men and women. Another was to save the boys. Save the boys and girls too, and Prohibition will come of itself. During the last twenty years, Temperance had gone forward rapidly.

No reform had made such progress except Christianity. "*We must work for Prohibition,*" earnestly added Mr. Rose, "*I believe it will come.*" If men and women became sober and trained up their children in like manner, the end would be gained. If this generation do their duty, we shall have Prohibition in the next generation.— "Talk of vested rights! Have we no vested rights?" inquired Mr. Rose, raising his voice with warmth. "Yes, we have, and we should call upon the Government to protect *our* vested rights! We, the people, were many, the others, the rum-sellers few, and if our young men, our people, were destroyed, the country was destroyed too." Mr. Rose concluded by quoting the lines from Goldsmith, relative to the accumulation of wealth, and said he thought these lines were very applicable when applied to places in which there were drinking saloons.—

"Ill fares that land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;  
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made,  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

He spoke of the old British Corn Laws, which protected the rich at the expense of the poor.

The people might starve so long as the wealthy landlords got good prices. That was *protection*; and Mr Rose had always hated protection ever since. He went on to refer to an article in one of our Canadian Magazines, addressed to ladies, but which did not speak of the Temperance question as such. It stated that liquor was the cause of all the poverty in our country, and supposing it to be put away, the poor could provide for the winter and would not be in need. He was sorry that some of our Temperance friends thought that their work was accomplished when they had passed the Dunkin By-law. "*If we had Prohibition to-morrow,*" emphatically declared Mr. Rose, "*we should have a great work before us, for we have a desperate enemy to fight.*" He could smile at the simplicity of some who had recently joined our ranks (doubtless referring to the Reform Clubs), and thought that *they* had done everything for Temperance; whereas the 'Sons' had been working steadily for the advancement of the cause for many years, and had been eminently successful. He then concluded by urging the members to attend faithfully the meeting of the Division, and thus build it up and spread abroad the principles of the Order.

On her return, the spinster complained loudly that there was no programme worth speaking of, except Mr. Rose's Prohibition address, and wished she had remained at home.

"Ronald and I enjoyed ourselves very much, Aunt Fanny," replied Mrs. Somerville. "Mr. Rose's speech is always the best part of our installation meetings."

On the following Friday night, Mrs. Peck lectured in the Queen Street Methodist Church, near Brock Street.

"You missed a treat, Aunt Fanny," said Mrs. Somerville, as she took off her hat. "The lecture was upon 'Woman's Work' and was really interesting. At the close, Mr. Millar moved a vote of thanks from the Temperance Reformation Society to the trustees of the church for giving them the use of the building. Mr. G. M. Rose seconded it, and eulogized 'Friend John Wesley' as the leading temperance man of his day. Had the Methodists attended to the words of wisdom he uttered with regard to temperance, things would now be different and we would not have required to listen to the able lecture delivered by Mrs. Peck to-night. Mr. Rose thanked the Methodists for their church, and complimented them on being so forward in Temperance matters and willing to

assist in the work. He never knew of a Methodist church being asked for Temperance purposes and refused. The Presbyterians were not so forward; for there were too many among them who were fond of their "toddy," but they were waking up by degrees. The Church of England also was bestirring itself; and many prominent men among the Roman Catholics in this and the old country were Temperance workers. Mr. Rose said that he believed in woman's work—this was a Woman's Rights' question—he believed in woman's rights, yes, believed in giving them the franchise. Some of them would make better rulers than the men. Men had to work, plan, and provide for their families, but women could think over the momentous matters of government while rocking the cradle. When women get the franchise the drink-traffic will be destroyed. Then we shall have the Millenium, *and the sooner it comes the better.*

The spinster clapped her hands and laughed heartily. "Do you believe in 'Women's Rights,' my niece?" she asked, in surprise.

"No, I don't," answered Hattie, with a pout, "but I liked Mr. Rose's speech all the same." And to avoid any further discussion she left the room.





## CHAPTER VII.


### HONOUR.

“**M**Y niece, such a strange thing has happened ; Matilda Harding has turned over a new leaf. Her husband since his failure has got a good situation, and yet she insists in giving music lessons to earn money and help him to retrieve his lost position. She does not hesitate to trim hats or make dresses, and is now employed on my new silk. I told her she would have a bridal trousseau on her hands before long.”

“Don't be too sure, Aunt Fanny,” replied Mrs. Somerville, with a sly glance at her lover, “Ronald and I may have a quarrel——”

“A quarrel ! you had better not, I can tell you.”

Hattie laughed, and her aunt impatiently went on, “Matilda has good pluck and good sense both. Of course, I do not refer to Tom Harding, but in these days of deceit and dishonesty, I have not much faith in those who fail.”



“Nor I,” remarked the Professor. He then added with a smile, “Hattie will be apt to give me a lecture for being so dishonourable as to mention this——”

“Never mind what she says—go on.”

“Very well. I have heard Mr. Rose earnestly declare that he would sell his coat to pay his debts before he would become a bankrupt.”

The spinster laughed scornfully, and Hattie regarded her lover with evident displeasure.

“You have no business to say those kind of things, Ronald; you——”

“Hold your tongue, my niece,” laughingly returned Miss Wood. She then added in a bitterly sarcastic manner, “It was all very fine for Mr. Rose to say that, when there is not the slightest danger of such a thing.”

“What you say in regard to him may be true,” replied Mr. McFarlane, “still there are occasionally times of national calamity, such as war or panic, and the most solid establishment may then become shaky and possibly fall.”

“A *likely* thing that we shall have either war or panic,” sneered Miss Wood. “But should such a crisis occur, and the worst come to the worst, do you suppose that Mr. Rose would ever make good those words? ‘Sell his coat’ indeed—never!”

"Yes he would," earnestly replied Mrs. Somerville.

"You have certainly unbounded confidence in his honour," scornfully exclaimed the spinster. "I believe you would take his simple word against the oath of all the ministers in the land."

"Yes, I would," calmly replied Hattie, "because Mr. Rose means just what he says."

"I think so," bitterly returned Miss Wood, "if those words are a specimen of it." She added, after a pause, "What took place at the Division to-night?"

"Mr. Rose advocated a change in our programmes," gravely replied Hattie. "He said that many of the young men in our Division would like to learn to debate; and the ladies also ought to take part, because before long they would have to go into our pulpits, and so forth, and cease to regard 'getting married' as the great end of life. They would be obliged to do so, as there were more women than men in the world, and they could not all have husbands. In the little islands north of Scotland, the Orkney and the Shetland Isles, there were eight thousand more women than men, it was therefore impossible for them all to marry. In the New England States there were forty thousand more women

than men, and the women, it was said, had petitioned for a law permitting a man to have two wives; but he was glad to say the request had been refused, for it was impossible, as they all knew, for a man to live in a house with two women without coming to grief."

"You may well laugh Hattie," indignantly returned the spinster. "Did Mr. Rose actually say all that stuff?"

Mrs. Somerville smiled. "I am giving you his words as neatly as I can remember them; and you cannot deny Aunt Fanny that they contain good, solid sense. The playful manner in which they are expressed you must know is characteristic of him. He went on to remark, "that men were too valuable to the state to be sacrificed in that manner, and that they were therefore taken care of—protected." At the close of the evening, he gave out the subject for debate as follows:—

"Woman—is she physically and intellectually equal to man?"

"I should like to hear it," rejoined Miss Wood.

Some short time afterwards, the spinster remarked to her niece, "So the debate was adjourned because that paragon of perfection, Mr. Rose, took it into his wise head to go to Yorkville and preach Prohibition at the mass meeting of Dunkinites."

"Aunt Fanny, I am so sorry at having missed that speech."

"It can't be helped; read this account of it in the *Globe*."

Mrs. Somerville took the paper and commenced:—

"Mr. G. M. Rose said he was very deeply interested in the Dunkin Act movement. Last year they gained a great victory over the liquor traffic, and were they now to go back on this record, and allow the sale of liquor to be resumed with all its attending evils? If they did their duty they would not be troubled about this matter for three years. The Act had been as well enforced as any Act we have on our Statute book. If any man broke this Act, he stood in the same position as the man who stole his neighbour's coat. The law-breaker was a law-breaker all the world over. They had to fight a terrible battle, they had a strong foe, and he appealed to the men, particularly to the young men, to do their utmost to gain the victory over intemperance. He made an especial appeal to the ladies to secure votes against the repeal—(cheers.)"

"I am sorry for your disappointment, Hattie," remarked Miss Wood gravely, "you must live in hopes of better success the next time."



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE MODERATION PARTY.

“**Y**OU look ill, my niece,” observed Miss Wood, “otherwise I should not feel at all pleased at such a wasted Sabbath morning. Surely you can remember a sentence or two.”

Hattie smiled as she answered, “Towards the close of his sermon, Mr. Powis spoke so beautifully of Christ.”

The spinster looked a little surprised.

“He had just been speaking of human nature,” continued Mrs Somerville, “and had instanced the cool nod, the assumption of intellectual superiority, the cold platitudes of the generality of mankind, and then he spoke of our Saviour, saying how different from all this was Christ! His nature was open and honourable, for He had nothing to conceal. ‘Jesus was clear as crystal. He was the *child*-man, he was the *babe*-man, so blessed and unassuming.’”

Miss Wood looked more surprised than before. "It was a strange description of our Lord," she remarked, "but probably a true one. The world has only produced *one* Jesus Christ, and it is vain to look for another."

"Very true, Aunt Fanny."

The spinster continued, "That beautiful description of our Saviour could never be applied truthfully to anyone else on earth."

Hattie thought otherwise, but decided to keep her opinions to herself. After a pause, she remarked, "I was at a Methodist revival meeting the other night, and the minister spoke of Dr. Steele's 'sanctified pen.' It made one think of your essays on "Woman's Rights" and kindred subjects. Aunt Fanny is *your* pen sanctified?"

The old maid reddened. "How impertinent you are, my niece! Here is a question for you. I often see you writing letters to your father and Ronald. The Bible says we are to 'do all in the name of the Lord Jesus;' that is one of your favourite texts."

"Certainly; but I don't understand what you mean."

"You soon will! Just think of the letters you have written, not only to your father and Ronald, but to every one else in the past year, and tell

me how much of those silly epistles would have been missed out if the Lord Jesus had been looking over your shoulder?"

"None at all," immediately replied Hattie. "Do you suppose I am afraid of *Him*? I should be sorry indeed to write a letter that I could not conscientiously ask His blessing upon."

"I am happy to hear it. Always keep close to that rule, my dear niece, and you will never go far astray."

When the debate came off, Miss Wood was anxious to hear an account of it. Hattie declared her head ached so badly that she only remembered a few words. "Mr. Rose was strongly on the affirmative side," she observed with a smile. "He spoke of the physical work which is ably performed by women in Scotland, the Orkney Isles, etc. In regard to mental capability, he instanced the self-denying labours of Florence Nightingale, and the military skill of Joan of Arc, who led an army, and saved her country. He stated that, in proportion to their size and weight, the brain of a woman was larger than that of a man. He said that women will yet play an important part in our parliaments."

"I am glad to hear it," interrupted Miss Wood.



"Woman that was once degraded, now occupied a very different position, thanks to Christ and his religion! That is all I can remember, Aunt Fanny. The debate is not concluded yet."

"That is a good thing; you will do better next week." After a pause she inquired, "Hattie, when is your wedding to be?"

"On the first Tuesday in June," replied Mrs. Somerville, colouring deeply.

The spinster sprang from her seat. "And just one short month to prepare! What could you be thinking of?"

"There is plenty of time," laughed Hattie.

The next morning Miss Wood sent for Matilda, and at once set her to work. Noticing the industrious "butterfly" giggle, the spinster demanded the cause.

"You were so busy with this bridal-dress, ma'am, that you did not notice the orange-wreath which your mischievous niece has pinned around your lace cap."

The old maid tore it off, thinking to herself what a ridiculous figure she would have presented had any callers appeared.

On the following Sunday, (May 11th), the Temperance Reformation Society held its usual afternoon meeting. Miss Wood enquired of her

niece whether her memory was any better than on the previous Tuesday night.

"Oh, yes, Aunt Fanny," eagerly returned Mrs. Somerville. "Mr. Rose was there; we were so glad to see him come in. Mr. Pell was speaking at the time about Dr. Crosby, who had lectured on the previous Friday. When he had finished, the chairman called upon Mr. Rose to speak, and insisted on his coming forward to the platform. He complied, but stated that he had not come to the meeting because he had anything special to say. He had been present at Dr. Crosby's lecture and rather liked it. The society spoken of by that gentleman had been instrumental in closing up two thousand unlicensed grogeries in the city of New York, and was accomplishing good. But, unfortunately, Dr. Crosby had been asleep for thirty or more years. He seemed to him to be a veritable Rip Van Winkle, for he was far behind the times. All his theories had been tested by Teetotalers more than thirty years ago, and had proved failures. 'Dr. Crosby did not give the whole of the programme,' observed Mr. Rose, 'but I'll give it now.' He then proceeded to tell us that Dr. Crosby's new society for business men had three Pledges, the red, white, and blue, the same colours that we had in the Order of the

Sons of Temperance. We might see them over our heads (referring to the triangles which were painted on the ceiling,) the red representing Love; the blue, Fidelity; and the white, Purity. However, these colors did not signify these with Dr. Crosby. The first rule of the society was 'not to drink during business hours.' That, Mr. Rose regarded as good, so far as it went. The second rule was 'not to treat.' That was good also, for it destroyed all sociability in drinking, reducing it to a mere animal gratification. In that case, men would only take liquor because they liked it. The third rule was 'not to drink anything stronger than wine or beer.' That plan had been tried long ago and had failed. Where did the recruits come from who were constantly filling up the ranks of the drunkards? Certainly not from the total abstainers; that was an impossibility. No, they came from the ranks of such men as Dr. Crosby, who advocated moderation and believed that men could drink without any danger of becoming drunkards. The head of that society was a liquor-dealer, who had made his money by selling liquor, had got rich by it, and was selling it still. The speaker did not believe in that man's professions of zeal for Temperance, so long as he continued to sell that which was causing all the

evil. Dr. Crosby had complained that the total abstainers would not work with his 'moderation party.' That was not the case. They were willing to work with any party who were earnestly trying to put down the drinking saloons and taverns. When the teetotalers wanted to close up the saloons in Toronto, two years ago, did 'moderates' support them? Did they support the Dunkin Bill? No, they left it to a handful of Temperance men, who on that occasion nobly did their duty. Referring to the enforcement of the license law in Toronto, Mr. Rose said that it was considered necessary for an informer to taste the liquor offered for sale before he could become a proper witness against an illicit seller. In that case, would he or any one else in his position be justified in entering a groggery, so as to help to ferret out the evil-doers? He thought would scarcely be wrong, but would leave it for settlement between the man and his Maker.

"Were you not horrified, my niece?" exclaimed the spinster, with a sneering laugh.

"Yes, of course I was," replied Hattie.

"I thought so," bitterly exclaimed Miss Wood. "Just think of him polluting his lips with liquor! Go on; I'll not interrupt you again, unless in his speech he said some other outlandish thing."

Mrs. Somerville resumed, "Mr. Rose repeated the statement of Dr. Crosby, 'that we, teetotalers, are in a minority; all the respectable and moral are against us; from which I infer,' continued Mr. Rose, 'that we are not respectable and are of questionable morality.' He went on to say that all great reforms had at first been inaugurated by what is known as the lower classes, and the higher classes were generally compelled to join in, in spite of themselves, by the force of public sentiment. They had always been barriers in the way. It was true that this movement had been conducted by working men, more than by any others. '*I don't care if it is not considered respectable,*' emphatically continued Mr. Rose, his voice rising as he spoke, '*I am willing to be in a minority!*' As one of the Sons of Temperance lately observed, 'we have nailed our colours to the mast'—*I have nailed my colours to the mast, and will fight it out to the bitter end!*'—Mr. Rose resumed his seat amid great applause."

"Your memory has improved, my niece."

"There was great room for it, Aunt Fanny. Mr. McFederis made some remarks relative to hero-worship——"

"I hope you took them home."

“He would worship intellect in a man, but not the man himself. He spoke of Mr. Rine, and declared that some people would be willing to kiss the sole of his shoe, or his foot, and treasure a hair of his head for a keepsake——”

“I have no patience with such childish nonsense,” exclaimed Miss Wood. “Of course there is a difference in persons; for instance, it would be an honour to kiss the hand of our gracious Sovereign.”

“Certainly Aunt Fanny, I quite agree with you in that.”





## CHAPTER IX.

### THE WOMAN QUESTION.

“O you sent for me, Fan,” said Dr. Mays.  
“Yes,” sorrowfully replied Miss Wood.  
“You know that Hattie has always been somewhat Armenian in her views (a three-parts Methodist), and when Ronald insisted on her uniting with the Presbyterian Church before their marriage, she declined to sign the ‘Confession of Faith,’ declaring that it would be perjury, for she did not believe it. Your daughter offered to go to church with him, but would promise nothing more.”

Dr. Mays frowned. “Mr. McFarlane is a stiff Calvinist; good natured in everything else, he is obstinate and determined in the matter of religion.”

“I was astonished; he has humoured her childish whims, but in that church affair he does not seem to recollect she has a conscience as well as himself.”

“Tell me all, Sister Fanny.”

"Why, Ronald and Hattie have parted—the engagement is at an end; and he has gone back to the States this morning."

"Let him go!" muttered the doctor.

"Hattie did not know you were coming. Here she is, just home from the Division."

Mrs. Somerville came in as gleefully as usual, and was rejoiced to see her father.

"Hattie you do not seem to care in the least, I thought you loved Ronald."

"So I do, papa," and Mrs. Somerville coloured. "He will soon see his mistake, and it will be all right." With a saucy look at her spinster-relative, she added, "I have not the slightest objection to stay with Aunt Fanny for another six months!"

The old maid shook her head. "You don't take my feelings into account in the matter at all. Now tell us what Mr. Rose said in the debate to-night on the 'Woman Question.'"

"He commenced by reading a little poem entitled 'My love and I,' which was composed by a school-girl (Elizabeth McKenzie, of Richmond), when only thirteen years of age. He asked whether any boy of thirteen could compose such a poem as that. He spoke of school-girls in Scotland, where as a general thing they were not



educated, a little reading and writing being considered quite sufficient; but with regard to the boys, they were better treated, and one of the family was generally educated for the ministry. Scottish fathers were tyrannical and would not allow their children to sit at the table until they were seventeen years of age or so, when they were regarded as one of the family. Mr. Rose proceeded to speak of women's work and wages. In his establishment women had been taught printing, but when they had become so skilful that they could earn as high wages as men, or even higher, they took a fancy for some one, went off and got married, so that all the trouble of teaching them was in vain. He had had girls in the office who earned as much money as any of the men. It had been objected that women ought to stay at home and rock the cradle—'suppose they have no cradles to rock?' All women do not marry, for they are more in number than men. He declared that it was wrong for a woman to consider it the chief end of life to get married. He believed that she was physically equal with man, and though smaller than man, yet in proportion to her size, she had as much brain. He spoke of the difference in training, of African regiments of women, and so forth. In the old patriarchal

times women were held in bondage, and were often in our day not much better treated by some men."

"Thank Heaven, those days are past!" exclaimed the spinster.

"With regard to mental capacity, Mr. Rose turned to the members who were on the opposite side, and assured them that many women could do more real work by going out into the world than by staying at home simply attending to domestic duties. In comparison to their opportunities women have as good a record in the field of literature as men. 'Has Lord Lytton, has James Payn, has Wilkie Collins, has Dickens, put more choice things in print than George Elliot?'"

Miss Wood smiled; she enjoyed the account.

"Mr Rose instanced the strength of mind and will possessed by 'Queen Jezebel,' and coming down to our own day, the wisdom and goodness of heart of Queen Victoria. That was in speaking of women as rulers you know, Aunt Fanny."

The spinster's eyes brightened, as she exclaimed, "There may be some chance of our getting into parliament after all!" She then began to inform Dr. Mays of the low state of the Central Club, and declared that the only gleam of sunshine it had since the new year was at the special concert, where Mr. Rose presided.

“Two or three of the other concerts were tolerably well attended, Aunt Fanny, but not like that one. The Club has been going down for the last six months, and now it is almost dead.”

A week passed, during which time a letter came from Ronald; after reading a page or two, Hattie tore it in pieces and threw it in the fire, to the astonishment of her aunt.

“My niece, you are so cross and hasty; why did you not show that letter to me? I am older and can give advice.”

“It was *for the whole world* that Jesus died, and not for the elect few,” hotly returned Mrs. Somerville. “Aunt Fanny just think of the greater part of mankind being doomed to eternal misery, and no Saviour provided for them! It is most horrible.”

“So it is. Was that letter Calvinistic?”

“Yes. It makes one think of the man who reported the sum and substance of a sermon he had just heard to be as follows:—

‘You shall and you shan’t,  
You will and you won’t;  
You’ll be damned if you do,  
And you’ll be damned if you don’t.’

“I exceedingly dislike to hear you use such language, my niece,” gravely replied Miss Wood.

Hattie answered the letter, or rather that part of it which she had read, but the spinster was ignorant of the contents. She saw, however, that her niece missed her lover more and more, and was glad when the Grand Division was held at Grafton, hoping it would give Hattie something else to think about.

On Mrs. Somerville's return, Miss Wood inquired whether she had enjoyed herself.

"Yes, very much. The debates were excellent. Oh, you ought to have been there!"

"What about the public meeting at Oshawa, on the road to Grafton?"

"It was a failure. The speakers did not come. I assure you, Aunt Fanny, it was a mercy that Mr. Rose and others were not there. It was disappointing enough at the time, but we had reason to be devoutly thankful for it afterwards."

"How so?" carelessly inquired Miss Wood.

"Because a lamp that was over the platform exploded and the two or three speakers present had a narrow escape. Mr. Carswell regarded it as providential that none of the other gentlemen came, for had the platform been crowded with speakers, the flaming oil could not have failed to have come upon their heads and shoulders, causing serious, if not fatal injuries."

"And you were 'devoutly thankful' that Mr. Rose's golden hair and its precious owner were both in Toronto out of the reach of danger!"

"I was indeed! The platform was all in flames, and the hall itself was saved with difficulty.

"It was a blessing that no one was burned," gravely remarked Miss Wood.

"Yes, and it was owing in a great measure to Mr. Carswell's presence of mind. You know that he has been ill for a long while, and has not yet fully recovered. He was feeling very unwell that night, but did his utmost to quiet the audience, and helped to extinguish the flames by throwing his overcoat upon them. In fact it was he who saved the Town Hall from being burned."

Miss Wood frowned. She did not like the noted lecturer at all.

Hattie went on: "I saw such a large beautiful picture of Mr. Edward Carswell, in his home at Oshawa. It was presented to him by the National Temperance Society. I had also the pleasure of an introduction to his wife and family. He has three of the most lovely girls you ever saw."

"That will do," snapped the spinster. "You know I have no liking for Dunkin men. Was Mr. Rose at Grafton?"

“Yes, it would not have been the Grand Division without him ! A discussion arose about a new regalia worn by the Grand Worthy Patriarch. Mr. McMillan found great fault both with the colour and shape, and Mr. Rose partly agreed with him.”

“What a senseless discussion for grave representatives to indulge in ! I am surprised at Mr. Rose !”

Mrs. Somerville coloured. “You know that he has an innate love of neatness and order. Of course he wished the regalia to be all alike—‘uniform’ to use his own expression.”

“It would be better,” acknowledged the spinster.

“One of the members suggested that the old regalia might have changed colour in fifteen years. ‘Yes ; see how my hair has changed in that time !’ jocularly returned Mr. Rose. The dispute was settled in favour of the G. W. P.”

“Who prepared the report on Mr. Caswell’s address ?”

“Mr. Rose. He was busy writing all the afternoon.”

“When not otherwise occupied.”

“Yes, he is a wonderful man, and has the faculty of being able to write and at the same time

to pay close attention to every point that comes up for discussion. A debate arose with regard to a District Division which blamed the Grand Officers for not sending them lecturers. Several members replied, Mr. Rose among others. It was late in the afternoon and nearly time for adjourning when he took the floor, but every member listened with breathless attention. Mr. Rose defended the Grand Division with his usual fiery eloquence, his voice at times rising to a shout. He reminded them that they only paid 28 cents a year *per capita* tax, and it was impossible for the Executive of the Grand Division to do much outside work with so small a sum. We were to use the money in extending the Order, not in aiding Dunkin-Act and Scott-Act campaigns. As *individuals* we should do such work, but not as Divisions. 'Give the Grand Division money, and we will revolutionize Canada!' He spoke of — Division, which had been building a hall some years ago, instead of paying its *per capita* tax. It got thirty dollars behind, and then asked the Grand Division to forgive the debt, which it did, though not wisely; and he now discovered in the returns that that Division was again behind. It was just such Divisions that found fault, not those which, like

the Crystal Fountain, send their twelve dollars, or more, quarterly to the Grand Division as capitation tax, and never call for lecturers, but wish them to be sent to parts where they are needed. He declared that no church or other society was carried on so economically as the Grand Division, and hit Mr. McMillan a severe rap over the knuckles because he had complained of extravagance. He thought it surprising that with the small means at its disposal, the Order had done so much good. Why, about ten years ago, the organization had run down in Ontario to 4,000 members, and now they numbered more than 10,000. (He did not say, Aunt Fanny, how much was owing to his own unwearied efforts, but *we* knew it.) The G. W. P., he said, received no salary, though he lost a great deal of time in visiting Divisions. He would not do the work of the Grand Scribe for the salary which was paid to that officer, for he had been Grand Worthy Patriarch, and had some knowledge of the work required. Had he (Mr. Rose) devoted the time to his business which he spent in the service of the Sons of Temperance, when he was Grand Worthy Patriarch, he to-day would have been richer by several thousand dollars. He said that, if they were willing,



he would move that each member pay fifty cents capitation tax, for it would have to come to that. The Grand Division could be run on about fifteen cents per head, and the remainder used in propagation work. We have enough Temperance men in Canada to raise a guarantee fund of one hundred thousand dollars to carry on such campaigns as the Dunkin Act and Scott Act, by each person contributing a dollar. In England the United Kingdom Alliance had a guarantee fund of one hundred thousand pounds. Is it not, Brother (looking at Mr. Manning, who bowed assent). £100,000, continued Mr. Rose, which was used in employing agents, lecturers, etc. Mr. McMillan had accused the Grand Division of extravagance, and he (Mr. Rose) wished the newly initiated members to understand the true state of affairs. It was nearly time for adjournment, as I told you before, Aunt Fanny, but Mr. Rose had all eyes, and doubtless all hearts, with the exception perhaps of one or two of the malcontents."

"I wish you knew that man personally," remarked the spinster impatiently.

Hattie smiled. "I do know him a little, Aunt Fanny, but have only known him during the last few months."

"You evil-minded, contrary thing, I know why you did not tell me. You have too much pride to confess yourself wrong. I told you that 'distance lends enchantment to the view;' that if you were even slightly acquainted with Mr. Rose you would cease to hold him in such high estimation. Now be good enough to express the exact truth. Is it possible that your views of Mr. Rose have undergone no change since you have learned to know him?"

"My views *have* undergone a change," calmly replied Mrs. Somerville.

"Then confess I am right!"

"You are altogether wrong," emphatically returned Hattie. "It is true my opinions have been modified, but not in the direction you speak of. I thought very highly of Mr. Rose before, in regard to the Temperance cause, you know—"

"And now, in addition, you think highly of him for his own sake!"

Hattie smiled. "*Yes, for his own sake!* I had not the faintest idea that he is what he is."

"I have no patience with you," angrily exclaimed Miss Wood.

"Aunt Fanny, I have realized to my sorrow the truth of my remarks about 'distance,' etc.,

over and over again, but Mr. Rose is a bright exception."

"Then I suppose that what you wished for months in vain has been fulfilled, and now you have had the pleasure of shaking hands with that man."

"Yes, and it has given me pleasure to become intimately acquainted with him."





## CHAPTER X.

### ULTRA-TEMPERANCE.

“GO on with that account,” growled Miss Wood. “Did they have a session on Tuesday evening?”

“Yes, a long and a very interesting one. Mr. Rose read his report as chairman of the committee on the address, and it was taken up clause by clause. Remarks were made about itinerant lecturers; and the members were cautioned against giving their support to unworthy persons, lest the Order might be disgraced thereby. Mr. Manning mentioned an instance in which he had been disappointed in a person who came to him recommended by one of the members of the Grand Division. Mr. Rose fully agreed with Mr. Manning and spoke of some one who came to Ottawa as a lecturer, and had treated the Sons very badly. He said he had a code of signals all through the Province, so hearing of this person's conduct in Ottawa, he determined how to treat her if she

came to Toronto. Soon afterwards inquiries were made about her by parties from Brockville. He immediately informed them of her behaviour to the Order. Some time elapsed before she appeared in Toronto. On arriving there she made her first visit to the then Grand Worthy Patriarch (Mr. Millar), who politely referred her to Mr. Rose. 'Mr. Rose does not like me!' said the lady. 'How do you know?' 'Oh, certain parties in Brockville informed me that he said so and so.' Mr. Millar advised her to go to Mr. Rose, and if that gentleman had anything against her he would say it. 'So,' continued Mr. Rose, in his usual jocular way, 'the lady and her husband appeared before my Serene Highness.' He immediately informed her of the manner in which she had treated the Sons of Temperance in Ottawa. The lady acknowledged she had done wrong, and asked Mr. Rose's forgiveness."

"I would never have done it—*never!*" screamed Miss Wood, "but, I suppose that you would, Hattie, if even you unintentionally vexed him!"

"Yes, indeed—sooner than not. Now, don't interrupt me again. Mr. Rose owned that he was soft-hearted and could not refuse to forgive

a lady. Then she asked his assistance in getting up a meeting, which he promised. She spoke of the Lieutenant-Governor taking the chair. Mr. Rose doubted whether he would consent to do that, as he was not a total abstainer, but suggested that he might give the lecture his distinguished patronage. 'Do you know him?' asked the lady. 'Yes.' 'Will you introduce me?' Mr. Rose very kindly consented to do so, escorted her to the Government House, and fulfilled his promise. The meeting was held in a theatre, where many people will go who will not attend church. A Temperance lecture in an opera house is sure to draw the attention of such persons. Mr. Rose occupied the chair. The meeting was a large one and very successful. He said he merely mentioned this to show how careful we ought to be in giving our recommendations. Mr. Manning replied that he knew how soft and tender-hearted the brother was in regard to the ladies. ('All nonsense!' muttered the spinster.) He did not think that Mr. Rose had acted wisely in his behaviour to this person. Having his code of signals all over Canada, Mr. Rose was well known and his example would be looked up to and copied. A discussion then arose about the cider question. Mr. J. McMillan

wished to have the second decision of the Grand Worthy Patriarch struck out. This is it. '2. Running a cider mill and making cider for pay is a violation of the Pledge.' Mr. Rose opposed Mr. McMillan and spoke warmly against the use of cider. There was plenty of cross-shooting between the members, some of whom objected to Mr. Rose speaking so many times. Mr. Carswell, in particular, said, 'Oh, *Rose*,' in such a tone that it made the representatives laugh. Mr. Rose calmly replied, that it was a point of morals and he was not ashamed. (Aunt Fanny, he had no reason to be ashamed; what he said was of importance and entirely to the point, while many of the other members spoke—well, in just the opposite manner, and so often that I was tired of seeing them take the floor.) The Grand Division, on the motion of Mr. Rose, went into committee of the whole, in order to allow a free discussion. There was a long and somewhat tedious debate, but very spirited speaking from Mr. Rose and from Mr. Manning, on the right, the only safe side of the question. Mr. Manning forcibly reminded us of the higher law, to abstain from all appearance of evil. Mr. Rose spoke strongly against cider. He told the story of the gentleman on whose grounds there was a dangerous pre-

cipice in the approach to his residence. In answer to his advertisement for a coachman, three applicants made their appearance. He asked each how near he could with safety drive to the precipice. The first thought that he could come within five or six feet; the second, within three feet; while the third man declared that he would keep as far from the precipice as possible. Naturally enough the gentleman engaged the one who believed in keeping out of the reach of danger. Mr. Rose earnestly remarked that just so *we* should keep as far from the precipice as possible in regard to cider. He does not even know the taste of it himself. One of the members had asked what they were to do with their small potatoes or apples, when he replied, 'Give them to the pigs, or send them to us in Toronto!' On the vote being taken, it was found there was a decided majority against the manufacture of cider. Mr. Rose's speeches had done good."

Miss Wood laughed. "What harm is there in a little apple-juice?" she sneeringly inquired.

"Mr. Rose said that farmers' sons frequently became drunkards through having acquired a love for alcohol by using cider in their boyhood."

"Was that spoken to the Grand Division?"

"I think it was afterwards, Aunt Fanny."



“What extreme views the man has ! And he evidently puts them in practice.”

“Certainly,” said Hattje ; “it is a blessing that there are some ultra-Temperance men ! Mr. Rose does not even use sauce to his puddings.”

“There is not one Temperance man in a thousand who would be so scrupulous,” remarked Miss Wood.

“They never use it at his house,” went on Hattie. “Mr. Rose dislikes sauce on account of the liquor which is so often put into it. He would, many years ago, visit a saloon at the request of a friend, and partake of a glass of soda water ; but having discovered that bartenders sometimes drugged temperance drinks, he gave up the practice. Aunt Fanny, I did not think that any one could have been so wicked as to drug soda water for *him*, such a well-known Temperance man as he is !”

“I don’t see what business he had to go there at all,” coldly returned Miss Wood. “Was *that* abstaining from all appearance of evil and keeping as far from the precipice as possible ?”

Mrs. Somerville coloured. “Aunt Fanny, how could he possibly know that they would be so vile as use liquor that way ? Such things are only learned by painful experience. If you knew

Mr. Rose a little better, you would appreciate the unbounded confidence he has in the good side of human nature. He thinks that 'every man has a little bit of God in him, so to speak, and that he is not totally depraved.' As for keeping as far from the precipice as possible, I think even *you* must acknowledge that he carries his own advice out to the letter. Just think," added Hattie with a smile, "how the non-abstainers among his friends must feel when they see Mr. Rose using a mixture of milk and sugar instead of the usual sauce!"

"His thoroughly consistent conduct must be a standing reproach to them!" emphatically returned the spinster, whose conscience compelled her to make the acknowledgment.

"Aunt Fanny, Mr. Edward Carswell was telling me about a beautiful wreath of hair-flowers he saw in the States. It was made by a society of ladies for a bazaar, and was composed entirely of the hair of Temperance men. They took a handful of his hair ; you know he has a fine supply."

"I wonder that you did not beg some on your own account," scornfully returned Miss Wood.

"Oh, I did, Aunt Fanny, and got it, too ! See here, I cut off those two little locks myself."

"You are more brazen than I supposed, my

niece. Now, what are you going to do with it. Collect enough for a hair-wreath?"

"No indeed; that would be a shame! It is far nicer as it is. There are two or three other Temperance men whose hair I would like to have as well."

"Oh, I dare say," spitefully returned Miss Wood. "Don't you wish you had a specimen of Mr. Rose's golden locks?"

Mrs. Somerville sighed. "Where is the good of wishing, Aunt Fanny? It is too bad," she added with a pout, "Ronald might have got a little piece for me in some way or other."

"By fair means or foul," suggested Miss Wood.

"If I could not get it honourably, I would not have it at all," crossly answered Hattie.

"It is all very well to talk in that way, my niece," laughed the old maid. "It is very true that I never take the trouble of putting my letters out of your reach, for fear of your reading them, that would be quite unnecessary; but when it comes to a lock of Mr. Rose's hair, why I don't think you could safely be trusted."

Hattie laughed. "In that case you take it for granted, Aunt Fanny, that I should turn thief!"

"Not a bit of it. I meant you would *meddle*

with anything that was such a treasure in your eyes—not steal it.”

“On Wednesday morning,” continued Hattie, “the debate on Mr. Rose’s report was resumed, each clause being taken up separately. In regard to one of them, Mr. Rose remarked that it also embraced the sisters. Mr. Carswell immediately moved, for a joke, that ‘there be a committee of one appointed, consisting of himself, to embrace the sisters!’”

“What a senseless thing!” exclaimed Miss Wood.

“You know, Aunt Fanny, that mirthfulness is one of Mr. Edward Carswell’s leading characteristics. Mr. Rose took not the slightest notice, but calmly went on with the report.”

“The best thing he could do,” remarked the spinster.

“Mr. Carswell interrupted several times in the same funny manner, and at last observed to a person who sat near him, ‘If I say much more, I’ll get Rose mad!’ The person replied with more emphasis than politeness, ‘Don’t you do it!’”

Miss Wood laughed. “It must have been aggravating,” she remarked. “Did Mr. Rose keep his temper?”

“Yes—most admirably.”

“And you were very glad?”

"Of course I was. Do you suppose I would like him to get vexed?" hotly returned Hattie. "The clauses were all adopted. His report was really excellent, and full of matter for debate. During the afternoon session there was some discussion about deputies, their courtesies and so forth. Mr. Millar remarked that Mr. Rose, according to his own account, was pliable, and in certain respects it was very true, 'but,' continued Mr. Millar, 'just turn a crank and you will find him as immovable as a rock!' Aunt Fanny, the session was one of perfect harmony, and gave great pleasure to all concerned."

"I suppose there was a mass-meeting in the evening."

"Of Wednesday—yes. I will tell you about it before long."





## CHAPTER XI.

### THE MASS-MEETING.

“I AM ready for that account, my niece.”

“All right, Aunt Fanny. The mass-meeting was well attended, the town hall at Grafton being crowded. We spent such a pleasant evening.”

“Then, I’ll warrant that Mr. Rose was one of the speakers!” scornfully exclaimed Miss Wood, “otherwise, you would be too much disappointed to enjoy the remarks of the remaining Temperance worthies.”

“Yes, and he pleased them all so well. The Grand Worthy Patriarch was the chairman, and delivered a brief address. Mr. Rose was then called upon; he came forward and informed the audience that the speakers had only been appointed at five o’clock, and consequently had had no time to prepare. That might not matter so far as it concerned Mr. Manning, who had been a long while on the war-path, ‘but,’ continued

Mr. Rose, 'for a little fellow like me who is not accustomed to appear before large audiences, it is a different thing.' He then spoke of Bible times, of Eve eating the apple, and of how we discussed the cider question last night and came to the conclusion that apples had done a great deal of harm. He said that he was not born in Canada, though he wished that he had, but he had lived in it for twenty-seven years. He was born in a glorious country which had never been conquered, which had struggled for civil freedom, for religious freedom, and yet *the people were slaves to-day*—because they were so fond of drinking whisky. Canada was arousing herself and shaking off the curse. He then spoke of the intoxication of Noah, and declared that 'if his wife had gone for him and told him she would have no more such nonsense, a great deal of evil might have been prevented.' If any man in this hall got drunk his wife would be apt to say something about it when he got home. He said he expected *his* wife would, at all events."

"What nonsense," exclaimed Miss Wood. "A man who has been 'Temperance' from his youth to talk in such a way."

"Aunt Fanny, I wish you would not interrupt me. Mr. Rose protested that he durst not do it."

(become intoxicated you know), and he held that his wife was a more sensible woman than Mrs. Noah. In that age, women were kept down and did not know their true position. He then alluded to the Rechabites, and how they were held up as examples worthy of imitation. At length, men began to inquire how to do away with the evil of intemperance. In Germany, a society was commenced on the plan of allowing three 'horns' a day. It became very popular, even princes joining it. The horns were of a great size, a foot or so in length, and such horns kept the people continually intoxicated. Then moderation societies began to be formed among the Anglo-Saxons. They did not work well either. The appetite for liquor continued to grow, and the man who drank wanted more and more. 'You know, friends, that

' All habits gather by unseen degrees,  
As brooks run to rivers, rivers run to seas.'

Then the true remedy was found when Total Abstinence societies began to be formed. Mr. Rose said that we now were not merely lopping off the branches of the tree of intemperance, but pulling it up by the roots. The appetite for liquor was thus stopped in its growth. These societies did



great good, for total abstainers never become drunkards."

"All very true," assented Miss Wood, who had feared a long address on Prohibition.

"Mr. Rose said that if a man never took the first glass he would never take the second; and emphatically repeated, '*It is impossible that a total abstainer can ever become a drunkard.*' He then described the Washingtonian movement and the organization of the Sons of Temperance, with its glorious motto of 'Love, Purity and Fidelity.' This society was formed in the city of New York, over thirty-five years ago, and shortly afterwards a missionary was sent to the Province of Quebec (then Lower Canada), who succeeded in organizing the Montreal Division. Its members not being made of the right stuff, it soon ceased to exist. A few months later, however, out of its ashes sprang the Howard Division, which has ever since been doing good work for the cause. At a later date another missionary came over to Brockville, Province of Ontario (then Upper Canada), and organized Brockville Division—the Division that now works in that town. He alluded to the selfishness of the 'Fathers of the Order,' in excluding ladies from the meetings, and said that when the ques-

tion of admitting them to the Divisions as visitors first came to be discussed, he was courting a young lady, and was like some other young men in the habit sometimes of standing at the gate with her for an hour or more on a cold winter's night; he, therefore, threw in his influence in favour of the ladies, believing that after having first spent a couple of hours together in the Division-room, the *gate part* would simply be a brief and pleasant termination of the night's proceedings."

The spinster laughed. "Mr. Rose was certainly very candid," she observed.

"Did you ever know him to be anything else? He then went on to relate how a young lady once invited her lover to visit her, assuring him that her father had introduced a wonderful kind of light, which could be turned up or down at pleasure. The love-sick young man, of course, accepted the invitation, and was delighted with the arrangement. No doubt, coal-oil lamps were a great improvement on candles, and he knew, from the experience of a friend of his that such was the case. The gentleman was paying his respects to a fair damsel, and becoming oblivious of time, forgot to use the snuffers. Sometime afterwards the young lady's mother, on entering

the room, discovered by the length of the un-snuffed candle-wick how long he had been there. Mr. Rose then urged the young people to join the Order, assuring them that among the benefits accruing from membership, they could be married by the Chaplain in open Division without having to pay a wedding fee, and he promised to get the issuer of marriage licenses to give them that document at cost price—ten cents. Only think of getting married for ten cents! Why, in his case, besides having to pay for the license—\$6.00—he paid the minister, who had to travel quite a distance, a large sum for ‘making him happy.’”

“I fear, Hattie, that you will not remember as much of the remaining addresses,” remarked her aunt.

“Don’t interrupt me, please; you put things out of my head. I have not done Mr. Rose’s speech even the shadow of justice. He spoke of the Cause of Temperance with his usual warmth, and declared with intense earnestness that ‘*it was a cause to live for and to die for,*’ and if we continue to work and pray, the traffic in intoxicating liquors will soon be unknown in the land, and Canada will become one of the happiest countries on the face of the earth.’”

"I suppose the audience applauded him," growled the spinster.

"Of course they did, Aunt Fanny, over and over again."

"How long did Mr. Rose speak?"

"I thought it was only for ten minutes, but afterwards I learned to my great surprise that his address was forty minutes in length. Oh, it seemed so short!"

"I'm glad I did not hear it—the report is quite enough for me. Who was the next speaker?"

"Mr. Manning."

"Well, go on."

"I can't tell you a word."

"How long did his address take?"

"I think it was at least an hour and a half."

"Then, why in the world cannot you tell me about it?"

"Because during the time he was speaking I was taking notes of Mr. Rose's address."

"And what were you doing while Mr. Rose was delivering it?"

"Why, listening to it—enjoying it. As soon as Mr. Manning came forward, I took pencil and paper and noted down the points that were fresh in my memory. That took up a good deal of the time."

"People would think that you were taking notes of Mr. Manning's oration."

"I could not help that."

"Now, my niece, if you do not care to tell me anything more about the mass-meeting, or are unable to do so, just inform me about the return home."

"Wait until some other time, Aunt Fanny," said Mrs. Somerville wearily.

"All right; I see you are tired. Mind you are prepared to answer my questions to-morrow morning. You had better go to your room now and have a good night's rest."

A sudden thought occurred to Hattie, and she remarked, "Mr. Webster, our Grand Scribe, was the last speaker; you will like to hear——"

"No, I won't," interrupted Miss Wood; "he is a Dunkin man, and an extra bitter one at that. I know something of his record in Brantford."

"I am glad you do," warmly returned Hattie, "for it is one of which any Temperance man may feel proud. I repeat, it is a *glorious* record, and like that of Mr. Dobson's in Yorkville, will shine 'in the light of eternity.'"

The spinster scowled and peevishly replied, "I won't hear a single word of Mr. Webster's speech. Good night."



## CHAPTER XII.

“FOLLOW MR. ROSE.”

“WELL, Hattie, how did you get home?”  
“On the cars.”

“I don’t want any of your nonsense,” snarled Miss Wood.

“All right,” returned Mrs. Somerville calmly. “At Grafton, when the train came in, Mr. Webster kindly took my satchel (which was quite unnecessary, for it was not heavy,) and told me to ‘follow Mr. Rose,’ who was then leading the way to the cars. Aunt Fanny, those words have been running in my mind ever since. Indeed, I wish I *could* follow Mr. Rose in a very different sense from what he intended.”

“My niece, there is only One whom we may safely follow, and that is Christ.”

“Why, Aunt, did not St. Paul say to his converts, ‘Be ye followers of me, even as I, also am of Christ?’”

"Yes, but—." The spinster scarcely knew what to reply. After a pause, she tartly inquired, "Why don't you follow Mr. Rose then if you admire him so much?"

"That is more easily said than done, Aunt Fanny," answered Mrs. Somerville gravely. "His standard of usefulness is very high."

Miss Wood laughed mockingly. After a while, she inquired, "Was Mr. Rose in the same car with you coming home?"

"Yes, and in a seat near me. I was sorry to see him so completely tired out.

"The work of the session was heavy upon him. The first night he could not sleep. The second night was a short one, on account of the mass-meeting, and because he had to be ready for the early train. He was so tired that morning that he could have slept till ten o'clock if they would have let him. When in the cars he leaned his head on his hand and closed his eyes. Some short time after, Mr. Caswell came and roughly waked him up."

"And Mr. Rose was as cross as a bear," suggested the spinster.

"No, he was not, though nearly every one else would. Mr. Caswell told him to 'wake up; this

was not the place to sleep.' Mr. Rose opened his eyes and replied, 'I'm not asleep; my head aches.'

"And you felt more sorry for him than ever?"

"Yes, Aunt Fanny, and troubled as well," answered Hattie, gravely; "you know he was on his way to Toronto, where no doubt an accumulation of business awaited him."

"Oh, he will be all right—never fear? There is one thing you have forgotton to tell me, my niece, how did Mr. Thomas Caswell perform his duties? He is very young for a Grand Worthy Patriarch."

"He did well, Aunt Fanny. His address was somewhat brief, but it included all necessary information. One of his decisions, on the cider question, was hotly disputed as I told you; but, thanks to Mr. Rose, the decision was sustained. I was very glad, because the subject is an important one. It caused trouble both to Mr. Rose and to Mr. Millar when they filled the office of Grand Worthy Patriarch. Mr. Caswell was the chairman at the mass-meeting. Between the speeches, a National Division regalia was presented to one of the Past Worthy Patriarchs, Mr. Wilson, who resided in the vicinity of Grafton. The audience loudly applauded, as Mr. Caswell



gracefully presented the token of esteem and placed it round the neck of the old veteran."

"You must have had a good time, my niece. I am glad that you enjoyed the session, and managed to keep Ronald out of your head."

Mrs. Somerville's face clouded at the mention of her lost lover, and she went upstairs to her room.

The days passed on, and the election of officers for the Central Club was held on the 21st June. The meeting was a public one. The old Temperance veteran, Mr. McFederis, asked "if there were any chance of getting back our former treasurer, Brother G. M. Rose, as we had done little good since we lost him."

"No one can dispute such an obvious fact," muttered the spinster.

The election of a Treasurer was accordingly postponed until it could be seen whether Mr. Rose was willing to take it, but it afterwards appeared that that gentleman was too much occupied with other matters to be able to do so at present.

"It's too bad," growled Miss Wood, "after the members going down on their knees to him, so to speak."

Hattie laughed. "It was the best thing they could do," she said. "If Mr. Rose cannot be

treasurer just now, he will perhaps give the Club his influence and support."

"Then it will live," eagerly exclaimed the spinster.

Three weeks or so afterwards, Mrs. Somerville told her aunt that there had been very few present at Crystal Fountain Division, on account of the reception to Edward Hanlan (15th July, 1879).

"Was Mr. Rose away?"

"Oh, no, *he* was with us, Aunt Fanny, and made a most interesting address. He simply informed us that 'he was trying an experiment.' On the Wednesday previous, in going to his office, he met two drunken men on Wellington Street. One of them remarked, 'Mr. Rose, I want to speak with you,' and went on to say that he was bringing a young man, his companion, to him to sign the pledge. Mr. Rose took them to his office. The young man was about twenty-nine years of age, and had once been a merchant in Montreal, but had fallen very low through drink. He was clothed in filthy garments. His drunken companion felt an interest in him, and wanted him to sign the pledge. He refused to do so, and Mr. Rose would not insist on it against his will. Finally, after much urging from his comrade, Mr. Rose putting in a word now and then, the young man gave his

consent. Mr. Rose has always some Sons of Temperance pledge cards lying on a shelf, so he reached one down and read it to the young man, who again refused to sign. Mr. Rose told him he had better do it. 'If I sign it, I'll keep it,' said he. 'That is just what I want you to do,' answered Mr. Rose. The man put down his name. He then stated that he was staying at the house of a city missionary, but had been turned out. Mr. Rose wrote to the said missionary, offering financial assistance, and asking him to take the young man in and give him another chance. The latter departed with the recommendation in his hand. Evening came, Mr. Rose was at his home, on Clover Hill, 'poking about his garden,' as he expressed it, when the young man again appeared. He told a long story of his past misdeeds, and wished to do better now. The missionary would not again take him in. 'What do you want me to do for you?' asked Mr. Rose. 'Give me a line of recommendation to a boarding-house on —— Street.' The street was a disreputable one, and Mr. Rose said he would not do it, but added, 'I will take you into my own house and give you another chance.' The young man was perfectly astonished. Mr. Rose called his wife aside and told her that he wanted to try

an experiment on this man, keep him at his own home, under his own eye, and reform him, if possible. The man was ragged and dirty, and the members of the family did not like the idea of taking him into the house. 'The time may come, though God forbid,' he said to them, 'when some one may have to do the same for one of our own, and we will feel very grateful for it.' He was then taken in charge."

"It was a most Christian act to take that unfortunate dissipated man into a comfortable home such as 'Braeside,'" said the spinster.

"I'm glad you will acknowledge it, Aunt Fanny. After tea Mr. Rose took him to the bath-room, saying, 'there was nothing like cold water.' First seeing that the bath was well supplied with water, he said to the young man, 'undress yourself and get in there.' He did so, and remained so long in the bath that Mr. Rose almost feared he had committed suicide, but afterwards discovered that he was all right."

"No danger," said the spinster, "an intoxicated person knows well when he is in good hands."

"After the bath Mr. Rose told him that though he felt badly now, it would pass off. 'I am going away to-morrow,' he said, 'and you must come

with me.' The young man declared he would not go. 'You must obey me and do just as I say,' emphatically replied Mr. Rose. To this he objected, as his clothes were not fit to be seen. Mr. Rose dressed him in a suit of his own. I saw the man at an excursion the next day."

"A Sunday-school excursion?" inquired Miss Wood.

"Yes, there were several Sunday-schools on the grounds, and as it was rainy, their interests unfortunately clashed with one another. I was pleased to see that Mr. Rose's courtesy and kindness won golden opinions from every one."

"No more of your own comments," growled the spinster; "go on, I say."

Hattie laughed. "Later in the evening he was put to bed. Mr. Rose knew the poor fellow was craving for a drink, so he said 'here is a splendid jug of cold water by your bed-side—if you want anything more, call me.' He was afraid of *delirium tremens* coming on. The next morning he talked with him seriously and told him that if he would earnestly strive to reform God would help him. Relating to him the parable of the 'Prodigal Son,' Mr. Rose earnestly remarked, 'If you have had enough of husks, come back to your Father and he will satisfy you.' On being questioned, the

young man acknowledged that he had been in the jail, in the inebriate asylum, the hospital, etc., and said that liquor was smuggled into all those places. While professedly trying to reform, he abstained by day but took liquor at night. Mr. Rose spoke sharply to him, telling him that he had deceived his friends, for, when professing to reform, he was acting the hypocrite by drinking on the sly, and asked, 'Are you going to deceive me?' The young man protested that he would be honest with him. On being questioned about his clothes, he confessed to having a good suit in the pawn. That morning Mr. Rose went with him to redeem them, but the pawnbrokers, doubtless feeling ashamed, declared that they had never seen the man. Then taking him to his office Mr. Rose told him that if he were thirsty, there was a tap in the corner to which he always went himself when feeling dry. He added, 'I am going away to-day, and you must come with me.' The man refused. 'You must obey me,' repeated Mr. Rose emphatically. He then told him that his Sunday-school had an excursion to Victoria Park, and he must come too. The young man did not feel inclined, but Mr. Rose's strong will prevailed. (You know, Aunt Fanny, that the poor fellow was nervous and shaky with drinking so long.) 'He stuck

to me like a burr all day,' said Mr. Rose, 'and was as docile as a baby.' For a part of the time, having other things to attend to, Mr. Rose gave him into the charge of Mr. T. H. McConkey, the Temperance lecturer. The young man is still at 'Braeside,' where he can get no liquor, and occupies a place at Mr. Rose's table, and is in every respect treated as one of his family. He spends his time reading, and never goes out except when with Mr. Rose. It is needless to say that he took him to church last Sunday. In a week or two, if still willing to do well, Mr. Rose will bring him down and introduce him to the Division. On seeing the city missionary afterwards, the latter declared that he had to give the man up. 'You gave him up!' said Mr. Rose, 'to whom did you give him up—the devil?' The missionary was surprised. 'I mean it,' went on Mr. Rose, 'there are only the two ways—if you give a man up, you give him up to the devil?' Aunt Fanny, the Division was greatly interested in the account and——"

"I don't wonder," answered Miss Wood, "so am I."

"Mr. Pell replied that Mr. Rose is possessed of great kindness of heart, as well as great tact and management. He hoped that no unpleasant

consequences would ensue from the risky experiment, and that Mr. Rose might be blessed in his work."

"Do you know if he ever tried such a thing before?"

"Yes; he had a man in his house at one time for three months, and although the person, after leaving, broke out again, yet for a long time past he has been a total abstainer."

"Three months!" echoed the spinster, "what a strange man Mr. Rose must be."

"It is a thousand pities that there are not more like him!" warmly replied Mrs. Somerville.







## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE LOCK OF GOLD.

“MY niece, do you remember you wanted something for a New Year’s gift and would not tell me what it was—a ‘little thing that would lie in the palm of your hand, a thing that money could not buy, and that *if* you possessed it, you would not part with it for all the jewellery in the world.”

“I have got it, Aunt Fanny!” joyfully replied Hattie.

“Have you? Then it is quite lately. I guessed afterwards what it was you wanted, viz., a lock of hair!”

“Will you promise to keep your hands off if I show it to you?”

“Yes,” gravely replied Miss Wood. “Anything so precious to you will be sacred in my eyes, never fear!”

Hattie showed her treasure with childish joy.

The spinster smiled. "Well, I am heartily glad for your sake."

"Isn't it beautiful, Aunt Fanny? Oh, I was so thankful to get it and call it my own!"

"No doubt of that, my niece."

"I wonder if Ronald sent it to her," thought Miss Wood to herself; "he has written several times lately." Then noticing the calm, happy look of her niece, she said aloud, "What bright things are passing through your mind, my dear?"

"Aunt Fanny, if ever I get to Heaven I will try to get a lock of Christ's hair! I think it must be very much like *this*, for all the old painters give it the same golden colour."

On Sunday evening, 27th of July, 1879, the experience meeting of the Central Club was held in the Albert Hall. Mr. Hassard, the President, called on "Brother G. M. Rose, the Father of the movement," to give them an address. He was sitting in the second row of seats, but stepped out so as to be better heard, and getting excited, was standing in the middle of the floor before he got through with his speech, which was a most spirited one, and held the members in close attention. Mr. Rose spoke of the President calling him the "Father of the movement"—why, that was making him three times the age he really

was, for this movement existed long ago. In fact, it had existed thousands of years ago, for the Jews were cursed by intemperance, and sought means to get rid of the evil. But if Mr. Hassard meant that he (Mr. Rose) had something to do with the inauguration of the Gospel Temperance Movement in Toronto, he was correct. He was glad he had something to do with it. God, in His providence, had intended him for the work, for from his childhood Temperance work came as natural to him as eating his porridge and milk for breakfast. "I cannot give such an experience as yours, and thank God for it." But, though he had not suffered personally, he had seen much of the evil effects of liquor. He then told us how, during his apprenticeship to the printing business in Scotland, he used to go to the tavern on Saturday nights, not to drink, but simply because it was the custom. His father drank moderately, but none of his children took after him, for he signed the pledge before they were old enough to learn to drink; consequently, they were all teetotalers, and he hoped the reformed men would bring up their children in like manner. His fellow workmen at the printing office would go to the tavern on Saturday nights, and he went with them; but the sight of liquor was extremely dis-

tasteful to him; he hated it, and while they drank until they were muddled, he was the only sober man in the crowd. They would come back to work on Monday morning quite seedy-looking, while he was fresh and brisk. Finally, he called them together in the work-shop and told them how unwise they were in spending their money on liquor; "henceforth," said he, "you go your way and I'll go mine." They acknowledged that they were wrong, looked foolish when he addressed them, and though they remained friends, he went *his* way and they went theirs. Mr. Rose generally used to go fishing on Saturday afternoon, which was a holiday, as it is with us, and in the evening took a walk with companions who were teetotalers like himself. When a lad, his mother told him so much of what she had seen of the misery caused by strong drink, that he resolved, if ever he had a voice, a *commanding voice*, he would put down the accursed thing. He then spoke of the folly of wasting money at the tavern. If a man spent a five dollar bill in a tavern, he got no value for it; but, if he went to a furniture store and bought an easy chair for his wife, or took her home a nice dress, he got the worth of his money. Supposing there came a scarcity of work, the chair if

sold would realize nearly its original value ; but money spent in liquor was wasted. He was glad that the tavern-keepers had been so plainly spoken of—he was glad to hear a man say that he hated them. “ *I hate them,*” said Mr. Rose, “ but not vindictively, I do not hate any one in that sense, but I hate the traffic.” Stretching out his arms, as though he would embrace some one, Mr. Rose inquired, “ Am I to put my arms around the tavern-keepers—am I to love them ?” He thought it was an impossibility to love the men who were dragging those down whom we were trying to save. Reformed men should keep away from the sight and smell of liquor. Some time ago he heard one of them say in this hall that “ if put into a beer-barrel it would not affect him in the least.” Before a fortnight had passed that man had fallen; he had over-estimated his own strength. “ None of us are strong ; we are all weak. *God never failed a man who trusted in Him,* never. God helps those who help themselves.” Mr. Rose wished the experience meetings to be carried on, but thought the reformed men should try to forget the past. It did no good to remember it. There were things in his own past life that he did not like to think of. “ What a marvel that

he will acknowledge it," whispered Miss Wood to her niece. "A man must cast off his old drinking associates, good fellows though he may think them. Some persons find it very hard to do this. '*A man had better give up his old companions than lose his soul!*' He then spoke of having a grand winter campaign with 'the boys,' and resumed his seat amid great applause."

"I am very glad that Mr. Rose is once more taking part in the meetings," observed Miss Wood on her return home.

"So am I, Aunt Fanny," earnestly replied Mrs. Somerville, "there is hope for the old Central Club once more."

A few weeks afterwards, Miss Wood remarked to her niece, "you will be pleased to hear, Hattie, that a friend has been telling me of Mr. McConkey's success in the country around. More than 1500 persons signed the pledge in Kincardine—1200 in Bowmanville——"

"Many of the latter were already teetotalers," interrupted Mrs. Somerville, "and they merely signed to encourage the drunkards to come forward."

"And very rightly. In Arthur, Alliston, and other places, the results have also been gratifying.

The Blue Ribbon Club of Brampton, which was organized by Mr. T. H. McConkey, numbers 1100 members."

Mrs. Somerville gravely replied, "I am very glad to hear of the success of Temperance work in any form ; but those Blue Ribbon Societies have seriously injured our Lodges and Divisions."

"You have not spoken of Crystal Fountain, lately."

"The meetings have been very poorly attended, Aunt Fanny, and are often quite dull. Mr. Rose has been away during several evenings recently; he was absent from the city you know, and we have missed him dreadfully. I hope he will be there to-night."

"When did you hear from Ronald?"

"This morning; he is coming back to Toronto in September."

The spinster smiled complacently, as she observed, "And this is the 19th of August. I am glad to hear you say so."

Mrs. Somerville returned from the Division in good spirits, and informed her aunt that Mr. Rose was present, and had given them a most interesting account of his travels in the States."

"I should like to hear about it, my niece."

“Certainly Aunt Fanny. During his stay in Chicago, Mr. Rose visited the ‘Washingtonian Home,’ and was very much pleased with it. The superintendant received him kindly ; and after dinner, showed him over the building. There was a room set apart for experience meetings, and a nice chapel or hall for Temperance purposes, as they have both a Lodge of good Templars and a Division of the Sons of Temperance in connection with the Institution. There was also a reading-room and a smoking-room. The inmates were kindly treated. Out of 1141 inebriates who had passed through the ‘Home,’ not 120 had broken the pledge. On Sunday evening, Mr. Rose, accompanied by a friend, took a walk in the low part of the city, among the ‘ten-cent a-night’ boarding-houses. Rough-looking men were sitting on the steps, but even in such an unpromising locality a Gospel Temperance meeting was being held. In returning Mr. Rose and his friend went in for a few minutes. A young man was giving his experience. He had been a hard case and expressed thanks for his deliverance to the Temperance people and to Christ. Persons in the audience who wished to be prayed for were requested to remain after the meeting was closed. An intoxicated man asked



Mr. Rose what were his views on the subject of prayer. Mr. Rose replied that he would explain them after the meeting. On the way to his hotel he fulfilled his promise, and emphatically said to the inebriate, '*God will never make you a Temperance man unless you take the first steps yourself!*' The drunkard related the story of his fall, and Mr. Rose gave him good advice and urged him to reform, which he promised to do. Mr. Rose then gave him his address in Toronto, asked to write to him, and then bade him good bye."

"He still believes in moral suasion as well as Prohibition," muttered the spinster.

"Of course he does, Aunt Fanny; Mr. Rose believes in everything that is good. He described the public parks of the city, in which ladies and children were as safe as in their own homes. He also told us about the beer-gardens. They are merely large rooms in which the Germans congregate with their families to drink lager. Mr. Rose was well pleased with the result of his observations in Chicago. He only saw but one drunken man on the streets; and as for drinking in the hotels at table, he only saw one person indulge, and he was an Englishman, who could not do without his beer. Nearly all the Divisions of the Sons of Temperance in Chicago were closed during

the hot weather. On the only evening which he had to spare (for he went on business) there was but one Division open, and that was four miles away. He was not acquainted with the city, and remarked to us in his usual manner, 'I was afraid to risk my precious life by going such a long distance at night without some one to accompany me.'

"Were you not rejoiced that he condescended for once to take a little care of himself?" inquired Miss Wood.

"Indeed I was," earnestly replied Hattie, "for Mr. Rose evidently takes pleasure in walking through the most dangerous streets of any city he happens to visit. He has done so in New York, Boston and Buffalo, and it seems that Chicago was no exception, for he gave a graphic account of the worst parts of the city. I do not see what we should do if we lost him," mournfully added Mrs. Somerville, "for the great majority of Temperance men get tired of the work so soon. Mr. G. M. Rose is a glorious exception!"

"Remember, that 'man is immortal till his work is done,' my niece," thoughtfully replied Miss Wood; "and as for the cause, do not look on the dark side; you are so prone to make the worst of

every thing. Here is a piece of poetry which is admirably fitted to encourage us all."

Mrs. Somerville smiled as she read it aloud.

Never doubt a righteous Cause—  
Go ahead !

Throw yourself completely in ;  
Conscience shaping all your laws,  
Manfully through thick and thin  
Go ahead !

Do not ask who'll go with you —  
Go ahead !

Numbers!—spurn the coward's plea :  
If there be but one or two,  
Single-handed though it be,  
Go ahead !

Better days are drawing nigh—  
Go ahead !

Making duty all your pride,  
You must prosper, live or die,  
For all heaven is on your side—  
Go ahead !





## CHAPTER XIV.

### TEMPERANCE TALKS.

“**A**RE you nearly ready, Matilda?”  
“Not yet, Tom; can you not tell Miss Wood how Temperance is progressing in the West End?”

“Certainly,” and Mr. Harding at once complied; after which, Miss Wood remarked, “Very few of our members have got educated up to Prohibition as yet, and I am not sorry.”

“Mr. Charles Walker is an exception,” said Hattie. “He has taken the full ground, and is not only a Temperance man, but a sincere Christian—yes, and a Prohibitionist too.”

“Then, as you say, he is an exception,” replied Mr. Harding, “for nearly all the members believe in moral suasion alone. During the first stages of the Reform movement in Toronto, and just before the submission of the Dunkin By-law, it was resolved by the Club that they would not give out notices of the Dunkin meetings.”

"What a shame!" exclaimed Hattie; "that was before Giovanni and I came to Toronto.— Are you *sure* it was the case?"

"Yes."

"Did Mr. Rose approve of it?" inquired Hattie in surprise; "I feel positive that he could not."

Mr. Harding emphatically replied, "No; Mr. G. M. Rose advocated Dunkin on all occasions, and nothing would stop him."

The spinster shrugged her shoulders. "It was just like him," she remarked; "he certainly has the strongest will of any one I ever saw. If he takes anything into his head, it would most assuredly be a difficult matter to stop him."

"What a blessing!" exclaimed Hattie, with a laugh, "for if Mr. Rose takes anything into his head it is good you may depend upon that."

Mr. Harding smiled; he could fully agree with the assertion. "You had a debate at Crystal Fountain Division some time ago," he said. "I should like to hear about it. The subject was, 'Have the results of the Temperance cause been adequate to the labour expended?'"

"It was deeply interesting," replied Mrs. Somerville. "Mr. C. Cameron had made some very discouraging remarks; and quite naturally Mr. Rose wished to have the subject debated. He

emphatically declared that the result *had* been adequate to the labour expended, and no other great reform had accomplished so much in so short a time. He instanced the comparatively slow progress which Christianity was making in the world, and Christianity was nearly two thousand years old. The Temperance Reform only dated about forty years back, and the progress it had made was such, Mr. Rose confidently asserted, that we should have the liquor traffic outlawed in this country fifty years from now. He spoke of having met the reverend gentleman on the street who had sent for Dr. Crosby from New York. He told him the moderate drinkers ought to be ashamed of themselves for bringing over a man to advocate such principles in our city. Dr. Crosby's cure for drunkenness was moderate drinking. 'Where do the men come from, who fill up the ranks of the drunkards who die annually?' Mr. Rose raised his voice as he emphatically answered, '*They don't come from the total abstainers—they don't come from the Sons of Temperance.*' Therefore the Division decided to hold a debate. On the evening when it came off there was some preliminary discussion. Mr. C. Cameron had of course denied that the results were adequate to the labour

expended, and he took a most gloomy view of the whole case. Mr. G. M. Rose replied that Mr. Cameron was altogether wrong. Temperance had spread more rapidly than Christianity itself. Eighteen hundred years had passed since Christ proclaimed His gospel, and yet there were many in so-called Christian Europe who had never yet heard His name. Mr. Rose did not know a single reform that has had such an influence as Temperance. The rich man's hall and the poor man's cottage had been reached. Even in Toronto there were many persons who did not know anything of Jesus Christ; but speak to them about the Rine movement, and they were all acquainted with that, because thousands had been directly benefited by it."

"Did Mr. Rose mean to reflect on Christianity?" inquired Miss Wood.

"What a senseless question, Aunt Fanny!" angrily replied Mrs. Somerville. "You know right well that Mr. Rose considers Temperance a part of Christianity, not a separate thing from it."

"I always knew that Temperance was part and parcel of his religion," answered Miss Wood. "Go on."

“Mr. Rose spoke of the Washingtonian movement, and of the labours of Father Mathew in Ireland. It was God who gave that man such wonderful power to influence the masses. He also spoke of ‘good, old Robert Grey Mason,’ in the north of Scotland, who revolutionized his native town. Every tavern was shut up in a population of ten thousand; and the Maine Law was not needed there. Mr. Beaubien said that the success of the Temperance cause was to be judged by the number of drunkards it had raised. Total abstinence had not benefited those who had never fallen.”

“What a glaring error!” exclaimed Miss Wood.

“It was, indeed, Aunt Fanny. Mr. Cameron contended that the results were not adequate to the labour bestowed, and compared the Rine movement to the South Sea Bubble, and so forth.”

“What could the man be thinking of?” inquired Tom Harding in surprise.

“He has peculiar religious views,” answered Mrs. Somerville, “and believes that the world will get worse and worse until Christ comes to reign as King. He read a number of verses which he supposed proved his position.”



"Mr. J. McMillan said that many persons had been saved by Temperance from filling drunkards' graves, and went on earnestly to speak of the value of a single soul."

"That was the best point in the whole discussion," warmly answered Miss Wood. "When it comes to the value of an immortal soul, there is no getting over that."

"Mr. J. McMillan also spoke of the education of public sentiment during the last forty years. Everybody knows that alcohol is a dangerous thing, and a deadly poison. Temperance work was not merely to reclaim drunkards, but to prevent people from ever falling into the snare. There had really been very little labour in behalf of the cause, and that little had been erratic, and performed by fits and spells. The mistakes of Temperance advocates, such as Mr. Rine, had nothing to do with the cause."

"Mr. Rose said that the Chaplain (Mr. Beau-bien) had not studied the question, or he would not suppose that Temperance was a benefit to the drunkard alone. He maintained that it was a benefit to all. As an instance, he told us that his father, who was a moderate drinker, took the pledge in 1840. Each of his four sons and his two daughters also signed the pledge.

They and their families were all teetotalers, and exerted an influence for good on the world."

"It is very clear that Temperance is a greater benefit to those whom it preserves from drink in the first place," remarked Mr. Harding, "than to those unfortunates who have fallen very low, and at the eleventh hour are rescued by its blessed influence. The Rev. T. L. Cuyler says that 'it is better to save one child than twenty sots.' Possibly the words sound harsh, but I think they are true."

Mrs. Somerville resumed, "Mr. Rose spoke of the effects of Temperance work in Maine. There were formerly a number of breweries in the State, but now there was not one, and in some parts of the country liquor is almost unknown. Temperance has influenced the whole of New England. He maintained that the prophecies quoted by Mr. Cameron referred to the Jews, and not to us, and many of them were fulfilled years ago. He said we were in a miserable position if Mr. Cameron's views were correct. (You know, Aunt Fanny, that Mr. Rose believes the world is getting *better* and not worse.) He earnestly remarked 'If we abandon the Temperance reform, it will be a bad thing for Christianity.' Knowing the methods and interior economy of the Rine move-

ment, he could declare that it had accomplished much good."

"You always manage to remember more of Mr. Rose's speeches than of any others," snarled the spinster. "Now do go on and tell us something further about him; I'll give you an hour."

Mrs. Somerville laughed.

"Anything and everything that comes into your mind," growled her aunt. "Matilda has not finished my jacket yet, and we might as well be usefully employed; now, go on, I say!"

"Take her at her word, Hattie," said Matilda with a smile, "and Tom will not mind then if he wait an hour for me."

Mrs. Somerville gladly complied. "Mrs. Hardy visited our Division some time ago," she remarked, "and made observations about the poor of the city, casting reflections upon every one in general and Temperance people in particular. Mr. G. M. Rose was then our Worthy Patriarch and he answered her well, by calmly stating that more was done in Toronto towards relieving the poor than in any other city. He feared that there were too many charitable institutions, and that Canada would become burdened with a pauper population, as was the case with England. There were societies in Toronto for the relief of the poor, and

the Sons of Temperance did their full share of the work. The destitution in our midst was almost invariably caused by improvidence and intemperance. He thought that it would be a good plan to compare notes (as the sister had suggested,) and ask one another weekly what we had done for Temperance. Very much might often be accomplished by a few words. We ought to talk Temperance to those with whom we come in contact. He also spoke of the drunkard and the difficulties which beset his path when he tried to reform. He might make up his mind to do better, but he would have to struggle for some time to recover himself."

"Go on; I'm attending," said Miss Wood.

"Last winter, at Ontario Division, Mr. Rose informed us that the Licensed Victuallers had been petitioning the Government to repeal that clause of the Crooks' Act which compels them to close early on Saturday night. He also stated that something would be done the next day to checkmate them."

"Well—"

Hattie smiled. "There was an account of the checkmating in the *Globe*. A deputation of Temperance men, consisting of Mr. Rose and others, waited on the Ontario Government, and

their wishes were respected. Notwithstanding his multitudinous business cares, Mr. Rose is always at the post of duty."

"Very true," emphatically replied Mr. Harding.

Mrs. Somerville went on, "One evening a communication was read from the Grand Scribe relative to the Lecture Fund. Mr. Jas. Dilworth explained that it was a plan devised by Mr. G. M. Rose, some years ago, for the purpose of keeping lecturers in the field and had been very successful."

"You would fain make me believe that everything good originated with that man!"

Hattie laughed. "I have pleasure in assuring you that the Lecture Fund of the Grand Division *was* originated and carried out by Mr. G. M. Rose, and for a long while it was called the '*Rose Fund*.'"

"I don't doubt it, my niece."

"Ten years ago, the Order of the Sons of Temperance was in a bad position financially, and no money could be spared for lecturers. It was then that Mr. Rose devised the scheme, which he explained to the Grand Division, and promised if they would pass the motion for him, to be back in half an hour with twenty-five dollars of collected funds. They did so; he found no difficulty

in fulfilling his promise to the letter; and the scheme proved a great success. Lecturers and organizers were at once placed in the field."

"Go on, you cannot be tired so soon."

"Not in the least, Aunt Fanny. *You* will probably be tired first. In connection with a business matter, Mr Rose stated at the Division that 'education will not shield a man from the consequences of over-indulgence in intoxicating drinks.' He repeated his former strong assertion, that '*drink is the great leveller.*' On the same evening I learned that the Temperance Hall in which Eastern Star Division used to meet—"

"Between here and the Don?"—

"Yes, that hall was built by the members of Crystal Fountain Division, more especially by Messrs. Millar and Rose, who had more to do with it than anybody else. The good that he has been doing all his life long is only known to God."

"I don't want any of your comments, my niece!"

Hattie smiled as she went on, "Now, I will give you an instance of Mr. Rose's kindness of heart. You know that he crossed the Atlantic when quite a young man. In sailing around the north of Scotland, the storms made many of his fellow-passengers sea-sick, so much so that they could not taste their usual food. They were suffering

a good deal, and he attended to their wants by making *gruel* for them and feeding them with it until they recovered."

"Go on?" growled the spinster.

"At a Division meeting which was held some time ago, Mr. Rose spoke of Mr. J. Moore, who had died that morning. He had been a Son of Temperance for a number of years, and had now gone home to the Great Patriarch above. When residing in Quebec, he had invited Mr. Moore to become a member of the St. Lawrence Division. 'I asked him to join,' said Brother Rose, 'to please me.' Mr. Moore did so, only intending to remain for three months; but he afterwards declared they were the happiest three months he had ever passed. His connection with the Order continued for many years. He was a member of Crystal Fountain at the time of his death.—Mr. O'Hara, of Bowmanville, was called upon for a speech. He said that before he had ever heard of Crystal Fountain Division, he had heard of one of its members, viz., Mr. G. M. Rose."

"You all seem of the same mind," snapped the spinster; "what there is to admire in that man, is more than I can see?"

"There is *everything* to admire in him," warmly replied Hattie. "Mr. O'Hara went on to char-

acterize him as an 'Irish Rose.'—('Scotch—*Scotch*,' called out some of the members) 'Oh, he is Scotch, is he?' remarked Mr. O'Hara, amid the laughter of the Division. 'I thought he was a genuine Irish Rose and had been to the Blarney Stone.'

Miss Wood smiled. "Then you do have some fun occasionally," she remarked.

"Oh yes, Aunt Fanny. Mr. Craig spoke that evening and informed us that when a French Division was organized in Quebec, some years ago, Mr. G.M. Rose assisted in the preparation of the ritual. The clergy were opposed to secret societies, and it soon went down. Not long ago, and during the warm weather, Mr. Rose gave us such an interesting account of the state of Temperance in Quebec, when he went to reside there in 1859. Two Divisions existed in the city—the Gough and the St. Lawrence. The latter was a military Division, and he (Mr. Rose) preferred to unite with it, because he had often crossed swords with the members of the Gough at the Grand Division. The St. Lawrence was composed almost entirely of the Royal Canadian Rifles, and when the regiment was recalled there were only six members left. Instead of giving up in despair, they worked bravely together, made some radical



reforms (among which was the admission of ladies), and by dint of steady perseverance, the Division became more prosperous than ever. Mr. Rose stated that though we had a hundred names on the books of Crystal Fountain, he had rarely seen it so low as at present. In the warm weather the members imagined that they could enjoy themselves better elsewhere, which he thought very absurd. It would be a misfortune if Crystal Fountain Division went down. He did not think there was any danger however of that, and said we must do the best we can."

"I have heard enough of speeches for one night," peevishly remarked Miss Wood.

"All right, Aunt Fanny. I'll tell you something else. Before Mr. Rose left Scotland, and when he was about twenty years of age, he had the measles, and not knowing any better, went out, caught a cold, and suffered a relapse."

"That was a dangerous thing," gravely returned Miss Wood. "It was a marvel he did not die."

"So it was, Aunt Fanny," earnestly replied Hattie. "I feel sure that God had a special purpose in sparing Mr. Rose's precious life. Just think what an influence he has exerted for the Temperance cause in Canada, and the amount of good he has accomplished! He was ill for a long while

(I think for a whole year), and a neighbour who kept a cow used to bring him a glass of new milk every morning before he left his bed. He was not thoroughly cured until he crossed the Atlantic ; that made him all right, for the sea voyage had a good effect. Aunt Fanny, when I think how much depended upon the life of that one man, it is very evident to me that God never makes a mistake. He raised up Mr. Rose to do a special work, as much as He ever did the apostles and prophets of old."

"That will do, my niece ; you were right in supposing that I would be tired first. Just keep your further stock of information for another time."





## CHAPTER XV.

### THE EXHIBITION.

“ I AM sorry you could not go out to-day, Aunt Fanny. There was a Temperance meeting in the Park this afternoon, but the chairman was an ignorant man and very tiresome. Mr. Rose was present, and I felt so disappointed that he did not speak. This evening there was a well attended meeting in Albert Hall, and Mr. Rose gave us a short address. He alluded to the meeting in the Park as a great success, and was glad that the Temperance party had succeeded in drawing the people from the infidel stand (where every Sunday, you know, Aunt Fanny, free-thinkers are in the habit of propagating their pernicious views). He blamed the said infidels for opposing the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ, and declared that Temperance was a part of that Gospel. Mr. Rose said that evil was not made to last, and added with a shout that rang through

the hall, 'goodness was made to last—goodness is alone eternal!'"

"I am sorry that I could not be there," remarked the spinster.

"It was a pity, Aunt Fanny. Mr. Rose spoke of a proposed Temperance procession, and hoped it would be given up, because it was unwisely planned and would be sure to fail. He would like to see one similar to that which took place some years ago in Toronto, when the various Temperance societies marched in order, and the procession extended from Parliament Street to the West end. He then spoke highly of Mr. McFederis and his speeches in the Park; but said that the chaplain of the Club (who had acted as chairman) talked too much. When Mr. Rose heard the other speakers, he felt that he would like to stand on the stone too that had been used as a platform, but the chaplain gave out the verse of a hymn and made a long speech—then another verse and another long speech—after which he said that as he knew Mr. McFederis was to speak he felt there was no room for him. Aunt Fanny," passionately went on Hattie, "you can imagine how angry I was on hearing that! A ten minutes' speech from Mr. Rose would have influenced the crowd as that chaplain would never do, if he

talked for a whole year, continually inflicting on us his 'good works' and gloomy experiences——”

“ If you cannot help losing your temper, my niece——”

“ It is difficult to do, Aunt Fanny. I wonder what Mr. McFederis was thinking about to allow such persons to waste precious time, when other speakers were present who could speak right well and would have done a world of good.”

“ My dear niece, Mr. McFederis, of course, did not like to interfere—it was a delicate matter.”

Hattie bitterly went on, “ Ignorant persons may push themselves forward and take precedence of those who are infinitely more deserving in this world ; but happy things will be different in the world to come ! ”

Miss Wood smiled at the warmth of her niece. “ I do not feel well,” she said, “ so you may read a chapter for me, Hattie. Find the xiii. chapter of 1 Corinthians.”

“ The one on charity ! I *know* that.”

“ Yes, as a parrot does ! How much good did it do you ? ”

“ A great deal, I hope,” said Mrs. Somerville laughing, as she commenced to recite the chapter.

On the following Tuesday evening, when Hattie returned from the Division, her Aunt inquired

whether Mr. Dilworth was present, for she had missed him from the Club of late.

“Oh, yes, I believe it would almost break that man’s heart if anything went wrong with Crystal Fountain Division. You know Mr. Dilworth was once a soldier, and his experience was a sad one. He was the youngest sergeant in the British army, and was promoted several times, but strong drink took away his honours again and again. He joined the Sons of Temperance at Halifax, and has been a consistent member for sixteen years. When his regiment was stationed in Toronto, he was instrumental in bringing fifty-one soldiers into Coldstream Division, with some of whom he is still in correspondence, and they have kept the pledge to this day. Brother Dilworth left the army and settled in Toronto. To-night, the Worthy Patriarch was absent, and he had forgotten to return his book of ceremonies. Mr. Dilworth occupied the chair, and went through the whole performance most admirably, without even a scrap of paper to guide him.”

Miss Wood laughed. “He was the best Secretary we ever had: I wish he was back in the Club. Go on, my niece.”

“Mr. Rose spoke of the Temperance demonstration which had been abandoned. It was unwise-

ly planned by a few enthusiasts. As to Reform clubs in general, he said that it was getting so now that unless a man had been bad—very bad—he was of no account at all in the estimation of the members of these clubs. They thought that no one had any interest in the Temperance cause save themselves, which was a pity as well as a great mistake. The Rine movement and all the clubs were brought about by the Sons of Temperance. Outside of the Good Templars, the Sons, and other societies, there was more disunion than ever. We must educate the people up to Prohibition and then they will be united.”

“Most excellent advice,” exclaimed the spinner with a mocking laugh.

“I never knew Mr. Rose to give any other than excellent advice,” calmly replied Mrs. Somerville. “One of the members complained that the initiation fees and dues in our Division were too high, and prevented persons who were poor from uniting with us. Mr. G. M. Rose replied that such parties could not be admitted free of charge, and said that it was necessary to have a good financial basis, or the Division would drag out a miserable existence for want of money, as Rechab and others had done. Crystal Fountain was more prosperous than those Divisions which had lower rates. And he

declared that joining our Order was the best investment that ever was made. It was a Savings Bank.—(‘ No interest,’ remarked a sister.)—‘ *Compound Interest!*’ emphatically replied Mr. Rose, who went on to speak of the money wasted in drink. He would ask those who complained of the dues, the questions, ‘ What have you saved by being a Son of Temperance? How much would you have spent, had you *not* been a Son of Temperance?’ ”

“ Those remarks were certainly very good,” said the spinster.

“ I am glad you think so,” replied Hattie. “ Mr. Rose is a pillar of strength to any society which he honours with his presence.”

On the following Tuesday evening the Division was adjourned on account of the small attendance.

“ The Exhibition keeps them away,” observed Hattie. “ I intend to go to-morrow and see what it is like for myself.”

And so she did. On her return, Miss Wood eagerly inquired, “ Is it worth my while to go?”

“ You will be foolish to stay away, Aunt Fanny; for there are so many beautiful things. The rockery and fountain—”

“ Oh, never mind about *them*,” impatiently



interrupted Miss Wood; "tell me about the books—the books," and she pushed her manuscript to one side.

"There was a fine display, Aunt Fanny, from all the leading publishers in the city. Mr. G. M. Rose's firm (Hunter, Rose & Co.) have a large compartment which is filled with beautiful specimens of work. At each end of the stall are handsome cloth-bound books, arranged very neatly in the form of pyramids. They bear the label of 'Every-day Work.' Among them, I noticed Mrs. Brassey's 'Voyage in the Sunbeam'—'A Modern Symposium'—'Canada under the Earl of Dufferin,' and numerous others. The table between the two pyramids was covered with other kinds of bound books. The firm has already published over two hundred different works, all handsomely bound. There were specimens of electrotyping and stereotyping which won first-class prizes. Large frames hung on the wall, between the pyramids of volumes, containing specimens of various kinds of binding, in morocco, and leather, and cloth."

"So the firm of Hunter, Rose & Co. obtained several first-class prizes?"

"Yes, and *deserved* them. One was for the 'best book-binding, assortment of cloth cases.

On the tables were laid copies of the 'Rose Library,' which consists of cheap editions of standard literature. Of course the 'Library' takes its name from the publisher, Mr. G. M. Rose. There were also specimens of his magazine, the *Canadian Monthly*, both in separate numbers and bound together in volume form, in which they make a large, handsome book. I sent a few single copies to a friend in the States, Aunt Fanny, who was once a Canadian teacher, and she expressed herself as proud at the sight of such specimens of her country's literature."

"I don't wonder, for the *Canadian Monthly* is a first-class magazine," remarked Miss Wood.

"You would not like to do without it, my niece, I am sure."

"I should not, indeed. See, here is one of the cards issued by the firm—

If you want your work executed Cheaply, Neatly, and Quickly,

GO TO

**HUNTER, ROSE & CO.,**

**Book and Job Printers,**

ELECTROTYPERS AND STEREOTYPERS,

**BOOKBINDERS, PAPER RULERS, &C.**

25 WELLINGTON STREET WEST.

TORONTO.

I brought it home for your card-basket."

"Hattie what *will* you put in there next!"

Mrs. Somerville laughed.

"Go on, my niece."

"I cannot begin to tell you of all the beautiful books, etc., shown by Hunter, Rose & Co.; it was a hard matter to keep my hands off them. You must go and see for yourself."

"So I will," briskly replied Miss Wood.

"Aunt Fanny, I did not notice any of those dear little gems, the 'Rose Readers,' containing most admirable selections for Temperance meetings; but there were so many books that I might possibly have missed them. Let me read for you as a specimen, a verse or two from this poem, which was composed by Alexander McLachlan, the Canadian poet, at the request of Mr. Rose, for the meeting of the National Division, held at Ottawa on the 17th June, 1874. Mr. Rose was then the Grand Worthy Patriarch of Ontario. Now, pay attention," and Hattie reads as follows:—

"D R I N K.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We call ourselves Christians, and build holy fanes,  
 Yet license our neighbours to addle our brains;  
 We keep the *Still* going—the foundation of crime—  
 And build jails and gibbets—O wisdom sublime!

We spread out the snare, dig the dark pit of sin,  
Then hang up the victim because he fell in ;  
We make the temptation and punish the crime—  
And thank God we live in a virtuous time ;  
And so goes the farce on ! till, what do you think ?  
Good people believe in *religion and drink !*

“ We call ourselves Christians who live in the light,  
And pity the nations that wander in night ;  
We feel for the heathen on ruin’s dark brink,  
And send them out Bibles, gunpowder, and drink ;  
But while far away to the heathen we roam,  
We stand much in need of conversion at home ;  
For a good sober heathen is better by far  
Than Christians who ‘ practise too much at the bar.’

“ We’ve met here, my brothers, to hasten the time,  
When men won’t be tempted to madness and crime.  
We’ve met here as Christians, determined to try  
To stifle the fountain and stop the supply ;  
To give our religion a practical root,  
And make it to bear its legitimate fruit.  
We call on our rulers to take up the cause,  
And pass *Prohibition* as one of our laws ;  
And help to get rid of the sins of the past,  
And leave earth at least somewhat better at last.”





## CHAPTER XVI.

### DR. GUTHRIE'S MOTTO.

“**N**OW, Aunt Fanny, with your good leave,  
I will take the rest of that hour.”

“What hour?”

“Why the other evening you told me to tell you anything and everything about Mr. Rose that came into my head.”

“Oh, I remember. Well, as Matilda needs my assistance, you may go on. I am glad you thought of it, for it will amuse me ; and, as for you, I am convinced that you like to hear yourself talk.”

Hattie laughed. “That depends altogether upon the nature of the subject, Aunt Fanny.”

“Go on, and lose no time,” growled Miss Wood.

“Very well. I have heard Mr. Rose describe the Temperance movement in the north of Scotland, and how his native town was benefited by the labours of Robert Grey Mason. That was many years ago. He spoke of a long procession which was headed by Mr. Mason and a

reformed man who had been a very bad character, and a terror to all the boys in the place. Mr. Rose, who was then a youth, led the juvenile society and carried a temperance banner bearing the inscription in golden letters, 'The Young Recruits of the Coldstream Guards.' You see, Aunt Fanny, he has been most actively at work for the cause all his life long; others have assisted for a while, then, becoming weary, left the ranks; but Mr. Rose never seems to think of getting tired—to use his own expression, he '*would like to die at work—to die in harness.*' Would to God there were more like him!"

"You may safely say that, my niece, for unfortunately there are very few."

Mrs. Somerville thought there were none at all, but wisely concluded to keep her opinion to herself, and calmly proceeded. "The Reform movement in the North of Scotland did great good; of course some of the old toppers went back to their cups, which was to be expected, but it resulted in the building of a hall, which for purely Temperances purposes is not equalled in Scotland."

"The movement in Toronto has been almost a failure," lamented Miss Wood. "It grieves me to

see our clubs either dead or in a languishing condition."

"Mr Rose says that they are ruined by having such large Executive Committees, into which incapable persons, or even worse, obtain entrance, and mismanage affairs generally. The West End Society is doing better than the others, because it is carried on by three or four workers who have the power in their own hands. In speaking of the state of the cause many years ago, Mr. Rose said that it was a difficult matter to be a consistent Temperance man then, though it is easy enough now, on account of the change in public opinion. Temperance men were scoffed at and ridiculed; they could seldom obtain halls in which to hold their meetings, and were often obliged to erect platforms on the street-corners. Aunt Fanny, it provokes me to hear those reformed men (many of whom are already tiring and falling back), not only claim to have done everything for the cause, but casting bitter reflections on our noble Temperance veterans, the pioneers of the movement, who are worthy of all honour. What a happy thing it is that God 'seeth not as man seeth,' but will 'reward every one according to his work.' The day is coming when all such vainglorious fools—they

are nothing else—will pass for just what they are worth.”

“And that will be precious little,” laughed Miss Wood ; “but you are getting excited, my niece, so we will leave that branch of the subject. Was Mr. Rose at the Division last night ?”

“Yes, he occupied the chair, and did it splendidly. A discussion arose relative to the absent members, and he suggested a programme for the following Tuesday night. Two of the sisters were to give us songs, and a third the subject for a spirited debate. Mr. Dilworth was asked to relate his experience in the British army, in regard to the moderate drinkers and the total abstainers. Mr. Rose referred to the discussion on this subject, which is now going on in England, and alluded to the fact, that one of the leading physicians, Dr. Richardson, after being for years a moderate drinker, had become a total abstainer, and had written a text-book on alcohol for the use of schools. With regard to the absentees, Mr. Rose did not believe in punishing the dozen or so of members who attend regularly. They were doing their duty and ought not to be scolded ; the meetings should be made interesting for them. Aunt Fanny, were it not for Mr. G. M. Rose, Crys-



tal Fountain would have no life in it, and might as well surrender its charter at once."

"I pity the Division that is in such a state," remarked the spinster.

"And I bless God for giving us Mr. Rose," warmly replied Hattie. "The Temperance Cause has its ebbs and flows; our Divisions are low at present, but the tide will soon turn, never fear."

"I hope so, too: go on. Anything and everything, remember."

Mrs. Somerville smiled. "Then I will tell you a little of what Mr. Rose saw in New York. The city is well supplied with various pleasure resorts in its immediate vicinity, and are easily reached. One of these is Manhattan Beach. On the evening he visited it, there were about 20,000 people present at the principal hotel. The calcium lights showed the bathers in the surf in such fantastic forms that the effect was very beautiful, and it looked like a fairy scene. Another day he joined in an excursion down the bay, and coming back on the last boat, found it crowded with roughs, who got into a fight and made the trip unpleasant. The same night he went out walking with a friend, and as usual, saw fit to inspect one of the worst streets in the city. He says that the disreputable places and

gambling dens, described by Talmage, are easily found by persons who look for them; there are also streets in which a man's life is not safe, and houses into which it is impossible to enter without being robbed. The said houses contain rooms for lodgers and a man may lock himself in with apparent security, but the doors are of a peculiar construction, and can be opened from the outside. A young man who had been robbed in one of these houses was obliged to obtain money from him before he could return to Canada. Mr. Rose was determined to see with his own eyes some of the low places he had heard and read about, and accompanied by two friends, who were well acquainted with the city, entered several questionable saloons.

"What a foolish thing," exclaimed the spinster; "I am surprised that a man of his experience of the world was not more prudent. It is a marvel that he was not robbed or even worse."

"So it was, Aunt Fanny," gravely replied Mrs. Somerville; "Mr. Rose ought to know that his life is valuable, and why he does not take better care of himself is more than I can understand. There were worse places still in the city, but he did not visit them, because it was absolutely unsafe to do so without the protection of the police.

In the heart of New York is a place called "Five Points," which derives its name from being the focus of five different streets. It used to be the very worst portion of the city, but has been improved of late years—a Mission Chapel and brick stores have taken the place of some miserable dwellings. Still, a few minutes walk from Five Points will take you into dens of wretchedness. Mr. Rose tried boarding at a hotel on the European plan, and found it less comfortable and more expensive than our Canadian custom. He went on Sunday to Grace Church, which is a beautiful building."

"Yes, I have heard of it before."

"In regard to the National Temperance Society he says it will furnish lecturers to those who apply for them, but the principal part of its work is the publication of tracts and books. Mr. Rose attended a large Temperance gathering where 7,000 persons were present. So you see, Aunt Fanny, the cause is not dead in New York, nor likely to die."

"Indeed, I should hope not. Now, by way of a change you may read one of Mr. Rose's favorite pieces for me. You say he has always first-class selections for the Division. Now, be honest. Did

you never hear him read anything silly to excite the mirth of the members?"

"*Never*; do you suppose he would soil his lips with such trash as some of our temperance men do?" returned Mrs. Somerville warmly.

"You need not get angry, my niece. I am sure you have heard Edward Carswell relate some most ridiculous stories."

Hattie laughed. She could not deny it.

"Now, go on."

"This Temperance poem is one of Mr. Rose's favorites. I will read it to you from the second volume of his little gems."

"THE YEAR THAT IS TO COME."

What are we going to do, dear friends,  
In the year that is to come ;  
To baffle that fearful fiend of death  
Whose messenger is rum ?  
Shall we fold our hands and bid him pass,  
As he has passed heretofore,  
Leaving his deadly poisoned draught  
At every unbarred door.

What are we going to do, dear friends ?  
Still wait for crime and pain,  
Then bind the bruises, and heal the wounds,  
And soothe the woe again ?  
Let the fiend still torture the weary wife,  
Still poison the coming child,  
Still break the suffering mother's heart,  
Still drive the sister wild ?

Still bring to the grave the gray-haired sire,  
Still martyr the brave young soul,  
Till the waters of death, like a burning stream,  
O'er the whole great nation roll :  
And poverty take the place of wealth,  
And sin, and crime, and shame  
Drag down to the very depths of hell  
The highest and proudest name ?

Is this our *mission* on earth, dear friends,  
In the years that are to come ?  
If not, let us rise and do our work  
Against this spirit of rum.  
There is not a soul so poor and weak,  
In all this goodly land,  
But against this evil a word may speak,  
And lift a warning hand.

And lift a warning hand, dear friends,  
With a cry for her home and hearth,  
Adding voice to voice, till the sound shall sweep  
Like rum's death-knell, o'er the earth.  
And the weak and wavering shall hear,  
And the faint grow brave and strong,  
And the true, and good, and great, and wise  
Join hands to right this wrong.

Till a barrier of bold and loving hearts  
So deep and broad is found,  
That no spirit of rum can overleap,  
Pass through, or go around.  
Then the spirit of rum shall surely die ;  
For his food is human lives,  
And only on hourly sacrifice,  
The demon lives and thrives.

“ And can we not do this, dear friends,  
In the years that are to come ?  
Let each one work to save and keep  
Her loved ones and her home ;  
Then the ransomed soul shall send to Heaven  
A song without alloy,  
And “ the morning stars together sing,  
And God’s sons shout for joy.”

“ Aunt Fanny, don’t you think that is very good ? *I* do.”

The spinster remained sullenly silent.

Nothing daunted, Hattie went on. “ Some years ago, Mr. Rose visited London, Ont, and, going one night to the Division, found it in a dismal condition. A few members sat around the stove, until 9 o’clock, and then adjourned for want of a quorum. Soon afterwards, he went to reside in London, and one of the members informed him that a few of the old hands were banded together, had everything their own way, and he thought it useless to attend any longer. Mr. Rose persuaded him to return and also became a member himself. The elder portion of the Division had resisted all attempts of the younger ones to build a hall, though there were funds on hand to do it. Mr. Rose became the leader of the young party, and the Division increased to such an extent that the obstructionists were put in a minority, and had

little or no influence. When he left that city, the Division presented him with a beautiful edition of Burns' works, in testimony of their esteem. On the evening of the presentation, the few old members looked on, in anything but a pleasant mood. Since that time the Division has not prospered, doubtless because it then lost its leader.— I suppose you know, Aunt Fanny, that Mr. Rose has had a number of testimonials ?”

“I don't want to hear about them.”

“But *I* want to tell you,” laughed Hattie. Another Division presented him with the works of Shakespere; and, on leaving Québec, the old St. Lawrence——”

“Now, you are not going to read that address ——”

“Just a few lines, Aunt Fanny. Be patient; you told me to tell you anything that came into my head:—

‘MOST WORTHY BROTHER ROSE, your untiring zeal in the discharge of the duties of the various offices which you have filled in the Division during a long course of years, call for some special mark of the regard of its members, and they accordingly present you with this gold medal, which, although it may possess no great pecuniary value, they trust you will accept as the exponent of

warm and heart-felt feelings, and a slight testimony of the esteem and respect in which they hold your character as a man and a faithful Son of Temperance.'

"On leaving Ottawa, the Good Templars and the members of our Order, presented Mr. Rose with the large and beautiful gold medal which he wears in that picture; and his total abstinence friends in Toronto, evinced their esteem and affection by the presentation of a handsome silver salver, pitcher, and goblets."

"Of what interest is all that to me?" growled Miss Wood. "It only aggravates me to think that you are all of the same mind in regard to Mr. Rose."

Hattie laughed and went on. "When the Dunkin By-law was about to come in force in Ontario, Mr. Rose, in course of conversation with a friend from the country, advised that a Temperance mass-meeting be held in Uxbridge. 'Invite us to go out there,' said he, 'and we will stir up the people to enforce it.' The advice was taken, and on the evening before the Act became law, Mr. Rose, Rev. Mr. Dewart, Mr. W. H. Howland, and Mr. A. D. Stewart went out to Uxbridge. They were told on the train that the tavern-keepers were going to create a great



disturbance and break up the meeting. They did not say that they were Temperance advocates, but merely declared their intention of 'going to see the fun.' The venerable Dr. B. Workman, who had once been Mr. Rose's Sunday School teacher, and was much respected in Uxbridge, went to the meeting to assist in keeping order, although he was over eighty years of age, but all passed off quietly. The taverns closed at 12 o'clock that night. At the earnest request of Dr. Workman, Mr. Rose put up at his house. Before retiring to rest, he asked to be awakened in the morning, for he did not wish to oversleep himself and be late for the train. However, he awoke at five o'clock, got up, and strolled around the village. On his return to the house, the doctor jocularly remarked, 'Rose, you have been out early in search of a little drop, but it's no use—*Uxbridge is a Dunkin village!*'"

Matilda laughed heartily. "It was a good joke on the part of the worthy old doctor to say such a thing to a life-long temperance-man like Mr. Rose."

"So it was," replied Miss Wood. "How much longer would you talk, my niece?" I am tired of hearing you."

"Is that all the thanks you give me?" laughingly returned Mrs. Somerville.

"Oh, it has passed the time nicely," said her aunt, "for I do not like sewing at all."

"Then, leave it to me, Miss Wood."

"So I will, Matilda; you can manage this by yourself, now."

"Aunt Fanny, wait a minute before you go off to your study. Don't you think that the verses which Dr. Guthrie used so frequently to recite at the close of his public meetings are suitable for Mr. Rose?"

"I do not remember them."

"Why, the verses that were Dr. Guthrie's motto," answered Hattie in surprise, "you must surely have often seen them. And they may well be applied to Mr. G. M. Rose. I will repeat them for you, Aunt Fanny—

'I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true;  
For the Heaven that smiles above me,  
And waits my coming too.  
*For the cause that needs assistance,  
For the wrongs that need resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.'*"



## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE DISTRICT DIVISION.

“**Y**OU would enjoy the meeting of the District Division, my niece, as Ronald was with you.”

Mrs. Somerville laughed; she had got her lover back again, without any compromise with conscience, and was in excellent spirits.

‘Now, tell me about the proceedings.’

“All right, Aunt Fanny. The people of Wexford received us in the most kindly manner, and treated us hospitably. The Conference, instead of being opened at ten in the forenoon, according to previous announcement, did not meet until nearly three in the afternoon. It was evident they needed some one to infuse life into the representatives, and I am glad to say Mr. G. M. Rose was present to do it; and he did wake them up to action with several of his impulsive speeches. You ought to have been there yourself to have heard him, for I

find it impossible to report some of his impromptu addresses."

"I know it. Just do the best you can, and give me some slight idea at all events."

Mrs. Somerville proceeded: "There was the usual routine business, and we should have had no discussion at all, had not Mr. Rose prepared a short report on the Secretary's address, containing two or three good subjects for debate, and then moved that the District Division go into committee of the whole to consider the same. The result was a brotherly and very interesting interchange of thought. I could not help feeling both pleased and proud, Aunt Fanny, to see how Mr. Rose's words went home to the hearts and consciences of all who heard them. The subject of ministers not taking a more prominent part in our Divisions was incidentally mentioned. Mr. Rose said that the District Division was a most suitable place to discuss such a matter, because, in the subordinate Divisions, it would likely assume a personal aspect, and a minister, however indifferent to duty he might be, would always have some friends to defend him. Mr. Rose said that *he* would not take his cue from the clergy. If right, he would do his duty whether they did theirs or not; if he were wrong, he would try to

mend his manners and then go ahead! He wished that ministers in general would take more interest in the Temperance work, but added, with characteristic force, *I don't like a Division to depend upon the clergy.* If the clergy do not do their duty, that is no reason why the members of a Division should neglect to do theirs."

"Most excellent advice," remarked the spinster drily.

"One or two of the delegates thought that the ministers were kept away by unsuitable songs and readings at our meetings. A discussion then arose relative to the per capita tax, which several of our Ontario Divisions wished to reduce. Mr. Rose stated that the matter had been taken out of our hands. Finding that some members had so little love for the Order that they demurred to pay the small sum necessary to support it, the National Division had stepped in and settled the amount of per capita tax, because they would not have the Order crippled or destroyed. He spoke of the Good Templars, who have a low per capita tax, and, in consequence, are in financial difficulties. If God has given us means, added Mr. Rose, we should use them for the good of humanity. He said he would oppose any reduction of the per capita tax, but would advocate a

different plan of distribution. A part of it might go to District Divisions, and be applied by them in organization work in their immediate vicinity. He, then told us a portion of his experience when Grand Worthy Patriarch, and his advice to the Grand Scribe, viz., to send out lecturers, who would organize Divisions and thus extend the Order. The new Divisions, in a few months, would pay per capita tax, and in that way the money spent on lecturers would come back to the Grand Division. He also spoke of the *Son of Temperance*, which is the organ of our Order, and called the attention of the members to various articles in the number he held in his hand. He mentioned a correspondent's letter, in which a previous correspondent, signing himself 'Old Son,' had been mercilessly abused for suggesting a reform in the manner of keeping the books and other financial matters of the Grand Division. In the October number, 'Old Son' had given his reply. Aunt Fanny, the members evidently liked the idea of having a paper of their own; and I hope the Divisions will give it a cordial support."

"They ought to do so, at all events," replied Ronald, "for the little paper will not only be a

benefit to the members individually, but also to the Order at large."

Hattie resumed, "Mr. Rose went on to speak of the nature of entertainments in Division-rooms. If a man can sing, he ought to sing a good, wholesome song—or read, or recite—then the matter selected should be of an elevating kind. Anything of an improper nature should be frowned down. If a person sang a ribald song, Mr. Rose would not leave the Division on that account. It might set him against the *man*, but not against the *Division*. He went on to tell us of a soiree in Toronto, when a person came upon the platform, and he disliked him at first sight, because he had come before the audience with blackened face and hands, just as he had left his work. He commenced to sing a vulgar song. Mr. Rose knew what was likely to come from such a beginning, and at the end of the first verse, hissed the singer. At the second verse, other members joined in the hiss, and when the man had finished the third verse he was compelled to sit down. This man's brother, who had promised to aid in the entertainment, felt greatly annoyed at the manner in which his brother was treated by the audience, but he was told he would receive the

same treatment if he introduced anything that was objectionable."

"All that was very good and most opportune," remarked Ronald. "It is a pity that we have not a few more men with sufficient moral courage to put down what is certainly an evil."

Mrs. Somerville continued, "Mr. Rose said that the younger members would sometimes sing a vulgar song without knowing any better. Such cases ought to be leniently dealt with; the older members should shew them the impropriety of such conduct, and try and raise their tastes to a higher plane. In speaking of the young being compelled to attend to various duties, Mr. Rose told us of the time when he was young and forced to go to church three times each Sunday, but he said sermons then did him no good, for his whole thought while in church was how to get out of it again."

"The bad boy!" exclaimed the spinster.

Hattie laughed. "I'm afraid that the same thing could be said of a good many men, Aunt Fanny, only they are not so honest in confessing it as Mr. Rose. When he was older and could understand a sermon, then church-going became a pleasant and voluntary act."



"I wonder whether he goes anything like regularly now," observed the spinster suspiciously.

"There is not such a faithful member in his church," hotly replied Hattie, "the minister not excepted."

"Much you know about it," sneered Miss Wood; "go on."

"In regard to propagation work, Mr. Rose said he was tired of employing highly-paid lecturers, and thought that we could do more good by making use of the men in different localities who had Temperance at heart. For instance, we pay certain lecturers \$5.00 to \$10.00 per lecture, and in a literary sense good value is given for the money, but being forced to leave the place immediately after the lecture, he could not so easily organize a Division as a person living in the locality. But for some portions of the temperance work, first-class lecturers are a necessity, an absolute necessity."

"That may be. So you had a ride of eight miles or more, before reaching Wexford."

"Yes. There were other delegates in the same conveyance, among whom was Mr. Rose, and in coming home he recited poems for us, so you may be sure we had a right good time."

"Of what kind?" growled Miss Wood.

“Of all kinds,” answered Hattie; “both secular and religious. Truly he has a most wonderful memory; it is a perfect store-house. Here are a few verses, from different poems he recited, none of which I have ever seen in print.

\* \* \* \* \*

“I never cast a flower away,  
The gift of one who cares for me,  
A little flower—a faded flower,—  
But it is done reluctantly.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“I never speak the word ‘farewell,’  
Except in accents soft and broken,  
With heart-felt yearning for the time  
When it shall never more be spoken.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Love is no letters traced in sand  
The waves may wash away,  
Love, graven on the human heart,  
Is holy, pure and free.  
It came from heaven, and is a part  
Of God’s divinity.”

“So these are specimens from Mr. Rose’s collection. What else did he recite?”

“More than I can remember, Aunt Fanny. I will only mention two or three. A scene from

'Roderick Dhu,' Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' 'Lochiel and the Wizard,' 'Duncan Gray,' Addison's hymn on the 'Creation,' and another hymn on the 'Birth of Christ.' Ronald," she added suddenly turning to Mr. McFarlane, "recite to Aunt Fanny that beautiful poem on Love. I cannot remember it at all. You know it is about love being 'the soul of the infinite plan,' 'love framing the world,' and so forth, and is I think to be found in a rare old poem called 'Silent Love,' written by James Wilson, a native of Paisley, in Scotland."

Ronald at once complied, and recited the following extract from the poem:—

"Love framed the world, and love created man,  
Love is the soul of the infinite plan ;  
Love is the spring of every glorious deed,  
Love makes the patriot for his country bleed ;  
Love is the bliss of every Christian mind,  
Love makes the generous to the needful kind ;  
Love makes the mother o'er her infant weep,  
When death has closed its eyes in icy sleep ;  
Love bids the heathen worship at the sun,  
When truth and science have not yet begun ;  
Love made famed Wallace as a lion bold,  
When she he loved was basely slain of old ;  
Love was the parent of the first tear shed,  
When gentle Eve beheld her Abel dead ;

Love breathes more sweet than Seraph ever sung,  
Its accents are too soft for human tongue ;  
Love has its sighs, on whose fair wings are borne  
A beam of gladness brighter than the morn ;  
Love makes me write this retrospective lay,  
Whatever readers think, or critics say !  
Hush, then, nor deem it wisdom to be free  
Of love's gold links, no man e'er loved like me !”

“ Well Hattie, what about the other delegates from the city, did they all take part in the discussion ? ”

“ No, Aunt Fanny. Of course the ladies did not ; but the gentlemen, especially Mr. J. McMillan and Mr. Caswell, the Grand Worthy Patriarch, did good service, and both spoke well and forcibly.”

“ Now that you have given us such a pleasant evening's entertainment, I will say good night, and wish you refreshing sleep and pleasant dreams.”

THE END.

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