

# The Canada Citizen

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

A Journal devoted to the advocacy of Prohibition, and the promotion of social progress and moral Reform.

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F. S. SPENCE, - - - MANAGER.

TORONTO FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30th, 1883.

THE C. E. T. S.

We are much pleased to be able to chronicle the formation of the Toronto Diocesan Church of England Temperance Society. Many isolated Church Temperance Societies have recently been formed, but they needed the federation that was accomplished last Friday evening to give them that union and co-operative agency necessary to the successful carrying on of their important work. We trust that the Church of England in all parts of our Dominion will follow the example that the Diocese of Toronto has so nobly given, and that this useful and growing society will soon assume national dimensions. We hail with joy any movement that has for its object the removal of the awful curse of intemperance. This new society has a splendid field before it. We wish it great success, and shall watch and record its progress with much pleasure and interest.

## A TEMPERANCE HOLIDAY.

THE CANADA CITIZEN is publishing a series of articles upon the different temperance organizations, giving a summary of the history of each, and a short account of its present condition and mode of operation. The question presses itself very strongly:—"Should there not be some more substantial, more tangible bond of union between these societies, all working for a common end?" Our news columns record a movement that has recently been set on foot in Great Britain for the federation of the temperance bodies there. We need something of the same sort in Canada. We have various societies operating in different localities, upon somewhat different lines of action, and among different classes of people. This is all right, but there might be a periodical concert of consultation and encouragement. THE CANADA CITIZEN was instituted for the purpose of providing a central organ that all could support, and that could advocate the interests of all; and the company that publishes this paper is working towards the establishment of a publishing house that will be a central depot for the supply of temperance literature to all. Another step towards co-operative action is the temperance Sunday that we trust will shortly be a day observed in Canada by all denominations. There is, however, a direction in which nothing has yet been done, and in which is open

a capital field for united effort that would result in much stimulation to energy and zeal. We refer to the suggestion that a day should be agreed upon by all the different societies mentioned, to be observed as A NATIONAL TEMPERANCE HOLIDAY—a day set apart to commemorate the good that has been done, a day of festivity, a day devoted to thanksgiving for past successes, of rejoicing in present prosperity, and of discussion of plans and prospects for the future. We want to enlist every agency that can impress upon our hearts and minds—and specially upon the hearts and minds of our young people—the fact that temperance is something great and good, something to rejoice in and thank God for; and we want some means of bringing together, for review, all the divisions and detachments of our grand army of reform. We commend this matter to the consideration of our readers, and shall be pleased to have it discussed in the columns of THE CANADA CITIZEN.

HON. G. W. ROSS.

The Ontario Government is to be congratulated and commended on its latest acquisition. The gentleman who has been chosen to fill the position vacated by the regretted illness of Hon. Mr. Crooks, is not only one eminently fitted by his qualifications and experience to superintend the educational interests of the province; he is also one of those thorough and avowed advocates of Temperance and Prohibition whose presence and co-operation must have a strong effect in the right direction in the councils of the Executive. The esteem in which he is held by his fellow-teachers was shown by his unopposed election to the position of President of the Ontario Teachers' Association at the last annual session of that body, and the confidence placed in him by the temperance community has been repeatedly shown in his being chosen to fill such an important office as that of G. W. P. of the Sons of Temperance, in fact his earliest laurels were won on the temperance platform, to which he, like many others of our prominent men, owes his first introduction to public life.

Temperance men might naturally enough be expected to be the sort of men who would come to the front in a country like Canada, where true merit will nearly always find appreciation. The present able finance minister of the Dominion and many more of our foremost politicians might be named as examples of the success that awaits true merit and adhesion to what is good and right. The temperance cause in Canada to-day is not the cause of a party but the cause of the people, and we rejoice whenever we see one of our earnest workers—no matter what may be his political bias—reaping the reward of his energy and integrity, as well as winning promotion that will give him still better opportunities of aiding the glorious reform, in which so much yet remain to be accomplished.

## WORK!

There is every prospect that the coming winter will be one of unusual activity in the war against the liquor traffic "all along the lines." The Scott Act agitation is progressing in Oxford County in a manner that promises splendidly for a glorious victory. Farther west, as well as down in the east, steps are being energetically taken for its submission. Blue-Ribbon Movements and Bands of Hope are being everywhere inaugurated. Church temperance societies—one of the latest and most hopeful of reform agencies—are rapidly springing into existence. The Good Templars, Sons of Temperance and Royal Templars, all have their organizing agents in the field, and all are reporting good work done.

While so much fresh ground is being broken it is specially desirable that there should be no neglect of that already occupied. Let the existing societies see to it that the veterans stand to their

guns as well as the recruits, and let every division and lodge be this winter a central committee to make and carry out plans for missionary work. Every village ought to have its lecture course, and every church its temperance meetings.

There is sometimes complaints of the difficulty of securing good speakers for these public occasions, but there need not be. The range of temperance literature is now so vast that any speaker need have no difficulty in posting himself as to facts, and he has already a theme that is full of inspiration. Those who wish to secure speakers from a distance can have information in reference to a large array of American talent by applying to Dr. M. Youmans, P.O. Box 410, St. Catharines. This gentleman is making arrangements for a number of eminent workers from the United States. If Canadian talent is more particularly desired, it would be well to apply to the office of this journal. We shall do all we can to bring the best speakers into communication with those who desire their assistance. The time for action is now. Let the watchword of all be "WORK!"

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### Selected Articles.

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#### THE ARGUMENT IN A NUTSHELL.

BY REV. WM. GOODELL.

1. If drunkenness is sinful, then the drinking usages of society are sinful.
2. If the drinking usages of society are sinful, then the liquor traffic is sinful.
3. If the liquor traffic is sinful, then the licensing of it is sinful.
4. If the licensing of it is sinful, then voting for those who authorize the licensing of it is sinful.
5. If voting for those who license or authorize the licensing of the traffic is sinful, the voting for a political party that lives only by maintaining the liquor license system, being in partnership with it and partaking of its unrighteous gains, is sinful also.
6. If it is the duty of Christian ministers to preach against the sin of drunkenness, then it is equally their duty to preach against sinful drinking usages of society, against the sinful liquor traffic, against the sin of voting for those who license it or authorize the licensing, and against the sin of voting for a political party that lives only by maintaining the liquor license system, being in partnership with it and partaking of its unrighteous profits.
7. If such are the duties of Christian ministers then it is equally the duty of the people, especially of church members, and churches, to sustain faithful ministers who thus preach and practice in accordance with their instructions.—*Lect.*

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#### ITS NAME IS LEGION.

If war has slain its thousands, intemperance has slain its tens of thousands. And where is the father who would not prefer to see his son shot down before his face, than to behold him poisoned to a degrading death by these foul harpies whom LEGION has employed?

And who are the men whose fate has thus been sealed in hopeless ruin?

They are young. They were seized and bound while young. Hardly one in hundreds has passed the maturity of his earthly days. Did they begin as purposed, willing drunkards? Nothing was further from their thoughts or their desires. They have waded out most gradually, almost imperceptibly, into the deep. They once looked down upon the inebriate sot with sorrow and contempt, as others now look down upon them. They started with the drop which their fathers gave them, or with the offered glass of friendship, at noon or night, when they lacked the courage to refuse. The demon seized them when they were sheltered, as they thought, far from his abodes, and led them on, his purpose fixed, though yet unknown to them, for their final ruin.

Where did this work of ruin begin? Do not tell me at the tavern or in haunts like that. What gave to pure and innocent youths that taste for taverns? Where did they get the appetite which sought its objects and its pleasures there? You will be compelled to look back far beyond their

public limit, and to feel and to acknowledge the responsibility often coming nearer home. The moderate drinker is but an indentured apprentice to the drunkard. A gracious divine Providence may cripple his ability in his youth, and he may not thoroughly learn his trade. But the habitual glass, however apparently refined, signs his indenture. And no one who starts as an apprentice of the craft, or who leads another to take a single step in its clearly-marked line, has power to define the limits of the course.

God grant that we may never live to see our sons and daughters, so precious in our sight, cast out to perish under the destroying power of this Legion demon! But if we would avoid this terrible sorrow, let us avoid all connection with the habit or the trade. Let us remember that he plucks the lambs from the flock at home, and selects the victims for his holocausts when they and theirs least expect his approach. If you will save the souls of your children from the destruction, or yourselves from all participation in the ruin, banish the "accursed thing" from your habitations; lock up the tempting bottles from their sight; and neither have, nor use, nor offer upon your tables this unnecessary inducement to vice, this direct provision for impoverishment of the health, poison to the bodies, and destruction of the souls of yourselves, and your children, and your friends.—*Rev. Stephen H. Tynng, D. D.*

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### Contributed Articles.

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#### FOUR POINTS WORTH PONDERING.

##### A DRUNKARD-MAKING VOCATION.

No drink-seller makes a living by supplying drink to confirmed drinkers only. He must, to sustain and extend his evil business, debauch new recruits from a wider circle. If he only retained, or killed off his manacled slaves, this might be some little palliation of his deadly business. But let every voter ponder well the fact, that every vote for license is virtually a vote that some sober citizens shall become miserable drunkards. Who knows how close relationships the voters may bear to the victims falling into the ranks, on the death-prone march. Drunkard-making is the vocation of every drink-seller.

##### CLEARER LIGHT, HIGHER MOTIVES.

It is notable that just in proportion as good citizens are led to read, hear, and observe attentively, and to think deeply, they wake up to the sad enormity of the evil traffic, and are thus brought to feel so keenly that they become zealous Prohibitionists.

The fact is worthy of weighing, that people are always enlightened over TOWARDS but never AWAY from Temperance principles and practice. Adherents are gained to the cause by increased knowledge, exalted motives and improved principles.

##### REASONABLE HOPEFULNESS.

There is reasonable ground of confidence as to the coming success of our cause, in the quickened shrewdness of the age being led to appreciate the real excellence of Temperance principles and practice.

Advanced and enlightened philanthropy, and love of liberty in effort for human well-being find here fitting sphere of effective operation, as well as a mighty auxiliary to all other patriotic undertakings.

Even well-advised self-interest must come to accept what, at little, if any, cost or inconvenience, contributes so manifestly to vast advantages in so many respects.

##### FAR TOO TAMELY TENDER.

We ought not to be deterred by false delicacy when dealing with the destroyer of humanity. The measure of our good-will toward our fellow-beings must be the true measure of our hatred to that which is working their ruin. Leniency toward the persistent agency of injury, is the direct opposite of true benevolence.

##### EARNEST PATRIOTISM URGES ENERGETIC ACTION.

Stronger love, fiercer fight,  
Till the foul foe take flight,  
The dire traffic must cease,  
Ere our earth enjoys peace.

## WHAT ALCOHOL IS AND DOES.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION CHURCH  
OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION, 12TH NOVEMBER, 1883, BY  
STEPHEN CALDECOTT.

No wise general will go to war without first obtaining a good idea of the power and resources of the adversary he will have to meet. In 1871, urged on by intense national dislike, the French nation, without counting the cost, rushed into war with the powerful German Empire; and not until they had lost vast treasures of money, a large army of men and two magnificent Provinces, did they realize what a fatal mistake had been made. Let not Temperance Reformers make a similar error in entering into the contest with old King Alcohol. Let them calmly consider four very important points. (1) What is the nature of alcohol, (2) how it has obtained its marvellous power, (3) what use it has made of that power, and (4) what will be the consequences if not promptly met, defeated and destroyed. And let it ever be borne in mind in all these contests, that the truth is mighty and will ultimately prevail, and that nothing does so much good as the ventilation of such questions as these, for the more light we can pour in upon the subject of the use of alcohol as a beverage, the more hideous and awful will appear the terrible work effected by its use, and the better able will be the Canadian people to deal with this burning question in an able, thorough and statesmanlike manner.

Well, then, first, as to the nature of alcohol itself—it is not a natural product—it is a chemical result caused by the decay of vegetable matter; it is not a food, building up the main part of the body; it does not go to renew the tissues like albumen, eggs, cheese or flesh; nor does it burn in the body, producing heats like fats and oils. It produces only phenomenal effects, like ether or chloroform. The direct effect of alcohol is to harden the chyle, and thus retard or prevent digestion; hence the first effort of Nature is to expel it, it never assimilates with the body. If an ounce is consumed, then, through the skin, the breath—and in other ways—an ounce is expelled. In a word, alcohol is a poison, active and dangerous, and all the more dangerous because, though it sometimes kills rapidly, it generally kills gradually and by degrees.

At one time it was thought it helped men to perform feats of physical strength; to-day this fallacy has been completely disposed of. Ask our professional athletes what they do when they prepare for some coming contest, and when they are wishful to bring up the body to its utmost physical strength, and they will tell you they carefully exclude alcohol from their diet, and drink chiefly, if not altogether, water or milk. When Tom Sayers prepared for all of his celebrated fights—fond as he was of liquor—and at last it killed him—he carefully abstained. "When I go in for business," said he, "water, and water only, is my drink." Ask Hanlan what he thinks about alcohol when training for a boat race. And at the present moment, Weston, the celebrated English pedestrian, is walking all over the United Kingdom, performing many miles a day of hard walking, and in the evening delivering a Temperance lecture. Again, as a medicine, its benefit is now very much questioned. Dr. Gardiner, of Glasgow, after very careful experiments, has proved that, instead of helping in the case of fevers, it is a dangerous and even fatal fluid. When he first watched its effects upon his patients, he found that 36 out of every 100 died—he gradually reduced the doses, and the percentage of deaths decreased in proportion to the doses, until, at last, he decided to give up its use altogether; and now only 8 or 9 per cent., instead of 36, of his patients die. And thanks to the splendid discoveries of other eminent men of science, the medical faculty are reconsidering their practice, and are using this drug very differently from former days. Further, it is found to be a fruitful cause of disease. Twenty years ago, excepting delirium tremens, what is called "gin drinkers' liver," was considered to be about the only disease caused by alcohol; but now, it has been discovered, that not only this disease, but a number of others are the result, directly, or indirectly, of the use of alcohol. Notably, liver diseases, paralysis, dyspepsia, heart disease and premature old age; and some eminent physicians do not hesitate to declare that 70 per cent. of all the diseases of Great Britain and Ireland spring from the use of alcoholic beverages. Again, it has been proved that heredity of disease result from its use. Dr. Mason has shown that inebriety in parents is a fruitful source of insanity in children—and out of 116 patients at one time under his charge in the insane asylum, 92 were the offsprings of drunken parents. Is not this a fearful fact, and one pregnant with dire results to the future of our race? Another fallacy that has been disproved is, that alcohol keeps out the cold. It is perfectly true that after a dose of alcohol the pulsations of the heart will rapidly increase, but in a short time the reaction sets in, and the heart beats much feebler than before the dose of alcohol was taken.

A few years ago the mail carrier between Laprairie and Montreal had to drive from the village to the city in the month of February with the tem-

perature from 25 to 30 below zero. He started upon his journey about ten o'clock in the evening; before starting, to keep out the cold, he took an extra glass of whisky, and when the sleigh arrived at the hotel in Montreal the man was found holding the reins, but himself held in the cold, icy grasp of death. And in the Arctic explorations it has been demonstrated that only the men who abstained altogether from alcohol could stand the rigours of the climate. Lastly, it attacks the brain. Every poison has its affinity. Nicotine's affinity is the nerves; strychnine's the spinal column; alcohol goes direct to the seat of government and strikes at the brain itself, hence its fascinating power over men of great mental capacity and nervous energy. These are the men most in danger, and from the ranks of the poets, the musicians, the orators, the painters and the warriors of the world, have come a large army of wretched and habitual drunkards. It destroyed the life of Scotland's greatest poet before he had time to sing half his marvellous songs; it destroyed the life of England's greatest statesman in his prime, and with half of his statesmanlike projects fulfilled, it destroyed the world's greatest warrior, while yet a young man; and it brought down the greatest orator of modern times to worse than the level of the brute beasts. Before its wild fascination the most sagacious of men have fallen; and with its iron slavery, men of the firmest will have wrestled, but wrestled in vain.

Why then will men, with knowledge of what alcohol has done, tempt their destiny by holding familiar converse with this vile conqueror? Some dangers there are that must be faced, and he who flees from them is a coward and no man. In the time of battle the soldiers must face the enemies' guns though death may result; in the time of storm, the pilot must stand to the helm though the waves threaten to wash him from the deck; and in the time of pestilence the physician must risk contagion though disease or death may follow. But no man is called upon to swim Niagara's mighty Falls, nor cross the ocean in a sinking ship. Let not men then foolishly rush into danger, where much may be lost and nothing gained.

Let us consider now for a few moments how alcohol obtains its power. Experience shows to us that no drunkard intended to become a drunkard when he first commenced the use of alcohol. Nothing would have given him more offence than to be told, when he first commenced its use, that he would one day become its bond slave. It obtained its power over him by slow degrees, until at last he found himself in the grasp of a monster he could not control. Hence the cause of its great danger. Did men become suddenly and at once drunkards, there would be little danger, as the effect would be too patent, but gradually, insidiously and surely it gains its power. The pleasant excitement which at first is produced by one glass decays, and then two and three and more are requisite, until, when too late, the poor victim finds his health destroyed, his will shattered, and his prospects gone. Well may we exclaim, "Oh, that men will put a devil to their mouth to steal away their brains."

And now let us briefly glance at some of the uses alcohol has made of its power; and we have time only to very briefly notice some of its dreadful work. Amongst other things, let us mention the fact that it has converted 12,000 children in the City of Chicago alone into habitual drinkers. In our own Dominion it has desolated over 100,000 homes, it has made 70,000 habitual drunkards, and every year it digs nearly 7,000 graves. It enters the workshop and takes our best workmen; it enters the warehouse and seizes our ablest salesmen; it enters the church choirs and carries off our brilliant musicians; it enters the lawyer's office and leads captive our most eloquent pleaders; it enters the halls of science and lays its spell upon our most skilled doctors; it enters the warrior's camp and makes willing prisoners of our most daring leaders; it enters even the sacred circle of the Church of God, bringing within its mighty power the minister of the sanctuary, and making him the bond slave of Satan. It laughs at all ties, at all restrictions, at all consequences. Subtle, insidious and alluring, it wins its way alike into the mansion of the rich and the cabin of the poor; the palace of the monarch and the hut of the peasant; and where'er it goes, it leaves its slimy trail behind. It has a mission, and its mission is the mission of death, for, it first allures, then ensnares, and then rends and destroys. Well, indeed, may every lover of his country, and especially every Christian man, exclaim, in the words of the sweet singer of Israel, "How long, O Lord, how long shall this iniquity work."

To night we have not time to dwell upon the terrible consequences that must result to this great Dominion of Canada if this evil be permitted any longer to continue, unchecked, its destructive career. Meantime, what shall we do? Shall we stand coldly by and see our loved ones perish? Imagine, if you can, a vast horde of barbarians to sweep down upon our cities and villages. Should we stand idly by and see our property destroyed, our children killed, and our wives insulted? As one man, all worthy of the name would rush madly forward and drive the wretches back. How shall it be then when a worse foe assails the very foundations of our peace, prosperity and happiness? Will not every one who loves his country wage eternal war against this monster, and like Hannibal of old, make solemn oath, never to cease the contest while the foe is in the field and then when success smiles upon our efforts, and victory perches upon our banners, this grand Dominion of ours, purged from its worst enemy, from the rocky shores of the wild Atlantic, to the slopes of the far Pacific, shall be the happy home of a contented, happy and prosperous—because religious and sober—people.

## Temperance News.

### CHURCH WORK.

#### TORONTO DIOCESAN C. E. T. S.

In response to a summons issued by the Bishop of Toronto, a largely attended meeting of the clergy and lay representatives of branch temperance societies throughout the diocese was held last Friday night at the Synod offices, when the Church of England Temperance Society for the Diocese of Toronto was fully organized.

The BISHOP expressed his sincere gratification at such a promising commencement, putting into actual operation those good resolutions which they had been carrying from year to year in Synod. His Lordship trusted that this would be the commencement of real active work in the cause of Temperance, and that they would be able as a Church to take up that great branch of Christian work, a work that most properly belonged to them as a Church, and as one that was most calculated by God's blessing to strengthen their hands in their work.

On motion of Mr. N. W. HOYLES, seconded by Rev. J. D. Cayley, Mr. George Mercer was appointed secretary.

The roll of parishes was then called when the following answered to their names:—Rev. W. C. Bradshaw, Ashburnham; Rev. Canon Morgan, Barrie, Rev. Rural Dean Johnson, Capt. Blain, Brampton; Rev. R. H. Harris, Brighton; Rev. Dr. Roy, Mr. Patterson, Cobourg; Rev. S. W. Jones, Mr. Martin, Lindsay; Rev. A. Hart, Markham; Rev. Rural Dean Smithett, Dr. Burroughs, and Mr. McCuaig, Omemece; Rev. Rural Dean Stewart, Mr. Evans, Orillia; Rev. Canon O'Meara, Mr. R. Hillard, St. John's Church, Port Hope; Rev. J. S. Baker, Mr. T. Ward, St. Mark's Church, Port Hope; Rev. H. B. Owen, Mr. Thos. Willis, Scarborough; Rev. Rural Dean Forster, Stayner; Rev. W. W. Bates, Thornhill; Rev. J. D. Cayley, H. W. M. Murray, and Foster, St. George's Church, Toronto; Mr. N. W. Hoyles, Mr. George Mercer, St. Stephen's Church, Toronto; Rev. J. M. Ballard, Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Martin, St. Ann's Church, Toronto; Rev. C. Darling, Mr. Barker, St. Matthias' Church, Toronto; Rev. J. F. Sweeney, Messrs. Frost and Wilson, St. Philip's Church, Toronto; Rev. H. G. Baldwin, Mr. Armstrong, Church of the Ascension, Toronto; Rev. C. L. Ingles, Mr. Davis, Parkdale; Rev. J. Davidson, Mr. Hickey, Uxbridge; Rev. G. B. Marley, West Mono; Rev. C. E. Thompson, Weston; Rev. A. J. Fidler, Messrs. J. Ruchy and J. Hopp, Whitby.

The BISHOP stated that according to the returns made to him there are 31 branch societies in the diocese fully organized, and three others partially organized.

#### ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The election of officers was then proceeded with. The constitution of the Diocesan Society provides that the Bishop shall be president, and that contributors of \$50 and upwards shall be honorary vice-presidents. The announcement that Mr. A. H. Campbell had qualified for the position of honorary vice-president was received with applause. Vice-Presidents, Rev. Canon O'Meara and Mr. N. W. Hoyles. The following Executive Committee was chosen:—Rev. Rural Dean Stewart, Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick, Revs. A. J. Broughall, Dr. Roy, Rural Dean Smithett, J. F. Sweeney, C. B. Darling, S. W. Jones, and W. C. Bradshaw; Mr. Holland, Dr. Snelling, Capt. Blain, Mr. B. J. Hickey, Rev. Canon Dumoulin, Mr. H. W. M. Murray, Rev. H. G. Baldwin, Mr. W. H. Howland, Mr. J. T. Jones, Rev. C. L. Ingles, Mr. Walter Darling, Mr. Frank Evans, Rev. John Davidson, Mr. A. Hewson, Mr. Willoughby Cummings, Mr. James Rutledge, and Rev. Rural Dean Allen. Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. George Mercer.

#### RAISING FUNDS.

The BISHOP suggested the manner of raising funds for carrying on the work of the association as a proper one for consideration.

A long discussion took place. Capt. Blain proposed a resolution providing for the levying of a *per capita* tax of twenty cents per annum. Several clergymen said this was so high that it would have the effect of killing the societies in the country places. An amendment proposed by Mr. N. W. Hoyles providing that branches able to do so should contribute \$5 per annum was adopted.

A letter from Dr. Snelling, who was unable to be present because of an accident, was read by the Bishop. Dr. Snelling mentioned several matters which he thought the association should give their attention to.

#### TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.

The appointment of a temperance Sunday was then considered. It was thought that the first Sunday in Lent was the most appropriate day which could be chosen.

The BISHOP promised to appoint that date. His Lordship asked whether the association would authorize him to request other religious bodies to set apart the same day, and to point out that there were special reasons why their society should have temperance Sunday on the date mentioned. The society agreed with the proposal.

#### RÉSOLUTIONS PASSED.

On motion of Mr. N. W. Hoyles, the society adopted the badge of the Toronto Central Society, and recommended members of the society, male and female, clerical and lay, to wear the badge at all times in public.

Mr. HOYLES moved that in the opinion of the society temperance instruction should be imparted in the Public Schools, and that the Executive Committee be authorized to press the same upon the Government, and take concerted action with other bodies in the matter. Carried.

Mr. HOYLES moved a resolution setting forth the importance of circulating sound temperance literature, and recommending the branches to subscribe for the *Church of England Temperance Chronicle*. Carried.

On motion of Mr. HOYLES the Executive Committee was instructed to watch the action of other temperance societies in efforts to secure restriction of the liquor traffic, and where desirable to cooperate.

The appointment of an agent and the establishment of an organ were not considered advisable at the present time.

The Bishop pronounced the benediction, and the meeting dispersed.—*Mail*.

#### TORONTO SOCIETIES' MEETING.

A very successful meeting of the Church of England Temperance Societies of the city was held last evening in St. James' school-house, the Bishop of Toronto in the chair. The school-room was filled. The programme consisted of addresses by the Bishop, Rev. Prof. Clark, of Trinity College, and Mr. N. W. Hoyles, and several musical selections. The Bishop made a few introductory remarks. Rev. Prof. Clark spoke of the work which is being done among all classes in England by the C. E. T. S. After a collection, which amounted to \$31.78, had been taken up to defray expenses, Mr. N. W. Hoyles delivered a stirring address. He quoted the Bishop of Durham to show the necessity of earnest work in the temperance cause, and called upon all churchmen to support the Bishop by active exertion and by contribution in his efforts to set the society actively at work in the diocese. He also urged the ladies to cooperate in the work by making it the custom not to drink. He also pleaded with them not to ridicule or to place any obstacles in the way of any who were endeavouring to keep the pledge. The remainder of the programme was made up of a recitation by Miss Madison, a duet by Misses Madison and Morgan, a piano solo by Miss McCutcheon, which was encored, and a duet by Mr. Howland and Miss Howland. The Bishop expressed his gratification at the large attendance, and suggested that they should hold their next meeting in the pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens, or divide the city into sections and hold several meetings simultaneously to accommodate their friends. The doxology was then sung and the Bishop pronounced the benediction.—*Ex.*

The second annual convention of the American Church Temperance Society was held in Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia. Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, presided. A summary of the year's work was given by Secretary Graham. It was stated that diocesan branch organizations had been formed in twenty-six diocese. An address was made by Bishop Williams and the Bishop of Rochester. The following resolution, moved by Hon. Ex-Judge Arnoux, of New York, was adopted: Resolved, that it is the duty of the citizens to amend the excise law in the direction of restriction, and to aid the authorities in carrying out its provisions with stringency and effect.—*E. Churchman*.

MR. ROBERT GRAHAM, Secretary of the Church Temperance Society, has recently held meetings and established societies at Jamaica and Oyster Bay, L. I., and at Yonkers and Newburgh. He has, we understand, engagements for months ahead, and expects to



increase the number of local adult societies and Bands of Hope by at least a hundred this fall and winter. The recent Church Congress has given the work increased momentum, and Mr. Graham says the movement now has the approval and support of sixty-three of the sixty-seven American bishops, and a proportionate number of the clergy.

### GENERAL.

Organizations looking towards the submission of the Canada Temperance Act are being formed in a number of counties.

The city of Kingston is having a very successful Blue Ribbon revival.

The Sons of Temperance work is being actively pushed in Prince Edward Island. Rev. J. S. Coffin is introducing the Order into the Bermuda Islands.

During the nine months ending October 23rd, Thos. Hutchings, Esq., P. G. W. P., organized 45 divisions in 7 counties of Nova Scotia; held 169 meetings, and made 94 visits to divisions.

An influential convention was recently held in the Baptist Church, Waterford, to consider the advisability of submitting the Canada Temperance Act to the electors of this county. By a unanimous vote of the convention it was decided to take steps for submission of the Act, and the convention adjourned to meet again in Simcoe on Tuesday, December 4th, for the purpose of organizing a county association and getting petitions in circulation.

Vineland, N. J., was founded in 1861. It is twenty-one years old. It has about 7,000 inhabitants. It has fifteen churches. It has five public schools, and twenty-eight teachers. It has never licensed the liquor traffic. The mayor acts as police magistrate. He has no salary. It has no policeman. Cost of police for 1881, twenty dollars. It appropriated last year \$800 for relief of poor—it has nine poor to take care of. It had of crime in 1881, cases of drunkenness, ten; assaults, five; larcenies, four.

The Home Protection Society of Quincy, Ill., is doing active work in forcing the saloons to close on Sunday. Recently three of the members played detectives, and have filed information against twenty-five or more saloon-keepers.

The Temperance element of Massachusetts has never been so aroused since the days of statutory Prohibition as at present. Gov. St. John, of Kansas, Col. Bain, of Kentucky, and Hon. John B. Finch, of Nebraska, are holding meetings throughout the State, which will continue until the December town elections, at which the question of license or no license is decided. The first meeting was held at Tremont Temple, Boston, last Wednesday, and all three of the distinguished speakers from abroad were present. It was a mammoth meeting, some 300 children participating as a "no license" chorus. This will be a feature of all the meetings. Last year the popular aggregate vote was nearly equally divided, but the Temperance people insist that, under the impetus of the Iowa and Ohio victories, and the developments of the New York campaign, the vote this year will show an immense preponderance in favor of the suppression of the traffic.—*American Reformer*.

About 10,000 new pledges are said to have been taken at Manchester, Eng., during the Gospel Temperance mission held in St. James' Hall.

The *Irish League Journal* of November 1st contains reports of twelve Gospel Temperance meetings held in different places by Mr. T. E. Murphy, the principal of these being at Cork, Limerick and Londonderry. The interest in the Blue Ribbon movement seems unabated in Ireland, and it is now doubtful if the Temperance people will let Mr. Murphy leave for home before next spring.

The Mayor of Birmingham, Alderman White, and the Mayoress, who have been teetotalers for 47 years, were, at a special lodge session, made Good Templars, the principles of which are long-life personal abstinence from using or giving intoxicating liquors, and total prohibition of the manufacture or sale of all intoxicants.

There is nothing so marked in the present condition of Temperance Reform as the concentration of its various branches, and unanimity respecting the necessity of stringent legislation. Evidences of this abound in all directions. The movement for Constitutional Prohibition in Maine is urgently recommended by leading members of all the temperance organizations; the addresses and debates in the National W. C. T. U. at Detroit were all characterized by the same liberal tone; and in Canada, as we learn from the Toronto CITIZEN, Dr. Snelling, the earnest and indefatigable

organizer of the Church of England Temperance Society, is working with excellent success a plan under which every denomination may organize affiliating societies, with the ultimate object of securing prohibitory legislation. But the most extensive, pronounced and practical movement in this direction has just been inaugurated in Great Britain, and is doubtless the outgrowth of the recent great Alliance anniversary, a brief report of which appears elsewhere in this issue. The movement, according to the *Manchester Examiner*, was brought about through an invitation from the British Temperance League, under which representatives of the United Kingdom Alliance, the Church of England Temperance Society, the British Temperance League, the Independent Order of Good Templars, the Irish Temperance League, the Scottish Temperance League, the Scottish Permissive Bill Association, the Western Temperance League, the Midland Temperance League, the Northern Temperance League, the Liverpool Popular Control Association, the Irish Bible Temperance Association, the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, the Order of Rechabites, and the Sons of Temperance, met on October 17, in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Manchester, and after a full and free discussion, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"That in the opinion of this meeting it is desirable to federate the various temperance organizations of the United Kingdom in favor of (parliamentary) measures upon which there is a general agreement, and that a committee of delegates be appointed by this meeting to confer with the British Temperance League, and to draw the basis upon which such federation should be founded."—*American Reformer*.

### Intemperance News.

A large and representative meeting of the Licensed Victuallers' Association of the County of Welland was held at Kick's Hotel, Niagara Falls South, on Friday last. After routine business the following were elected officers for the current year: President, T. F. Brown, Welland; 1st Vice-President, A. Schwaller, Thorold; 2nd Vice-President, L. Boardman, Crowland; Secretary, F. Fischer, Niagara Falls South; Treasurer, T. F. Ellis, Niagara Falls Town. The Dominion Licensed Act was then discussed section by section, and the following motion was unanimously passed in regard to it: "That whereas the Dominion Liquor License Act, on account of the indefiniteness of its clauses and the many restrictions of its sections, hampers the respectable dealer engaged in legitimate trade, and tends to cause loss of property by promoting litigation, without any corresponding benefit accruing to the temperance people; it is therefore resolved that the Welland Licensed Victuallers' Association entirely ignore the Dominion Liquor License Act, and accept licenses under the Provincial or Crooks' Act as best calculated to give equal rights and privileges to all classes of the community."—*Thorold Post*.

Mrs. Mary E. Buckley sued James Sweet, a Brooklyn saloon-keeper, under the Civil Damage Act, for selling her husband liquor. The trial was held before Justice Clements, in the Brooklyn City Court, and a verdict for \$1,180 damages was awarded the plaintiff.—*Lever*.

The following affidavit was attached by a Wisconsin Justice to his bill sent to the County Board of supervisors for allowance. Said Board consists of twenty-four members, all of whom are in favor of license. The justice probably added this affidavit to assist the Supervisors in explaining to their constituents why taxes are high.

State of Wisconsin }  
Waukesha County. } ss.

E. W. Chafin, Justice of the Peace in and for said county, being duly sworn, says: That from Nov. 1, 1882, to Nov. 1, 1883, he kept a record of the causes of all criminal cases tried before him; that out of 281 cases for which the county became liable for the costs, which amounted to \$919.06, the use of intoxicating liquor was the cause of 263 cases; that the remaining 18 cases did not appear to be caused directly by the use of intoxicating liquors, that the justice's fees for said 263 liquor cases were \$860.83, and for said 18 cases not caused by the use of liquor were \$38.13.

Deponent further says that from information received from said 263 defendants, he believes that nine-tenths of them were beer-drinkers, and that their arrest was directly caused by the use of beer.

E. W. CHAFIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of November, 1883.

C. F. HERR, County Clerk.

# Dearest Then, I'll Love You More!

*Andante non troppo e con moto.*

First system of piano introduction. Treble clef, C major, 4/4 time. The bass line features a steady eighth-note accompaniment with a 'Ped.' marking. The right hand has a melodic line with a 'Ped.' marking and a 'p' dynamic.

Second system of piano introduction. Treble clef, C major, 4/4 time. The bass line features a steady eighth-note accompaniment with a 'Ped.' marking. The right hand has a melodic line with a 'Ped.' marking and a 'p' dynamic.

Vocal entry, first system. Treble clef, C major, 4/4 time. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Yes— I'll love you, Oh! how dear - - - ly, Words but faintly can ex-". The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, C major, 4/4 time, with a 'sf' dynamic marking.

Vocal entry, second system. Treble clef, C major, 4/4 time. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "press, This fond heart beats too sin-cere - - - ly,". The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, C major, 4/4 time, with a 'sf' dynamic marking.

E'er in life to love you less; No— my fancy nev - er ran - ges,

*Cres.*

Hopes like mine can never soar, If the love I cherish changes, 'Twill but

*p*

be to love you more, to love you more! 'Twill but be— 'Twill but be to love you

*Cres.*

more!

*f Ped.*

2  
 Though the world hath many sorrows,  
 And perchance they may be ours,  
 Love from tears a brightness borrows,  
 Like the earth from summer show'rs;  
 We will share our griefs and gladness,  
 In the future as of yore;  
 And in all your hours of sadness,  
 Dearest, *then* I'll love you more,  
 I'll love you more! Dearest, *then*—  
 Dearest, *then* I'll love you more!

3  
 Youth may pass, but ask not whether,  
 When you're old I'll love as true;  
 Shall we not grow old together,  
 And time's changes mark *me* too?  
 Life may cease, but then to heaven  
 Will my pure affection soar,  
 Yes—when freed from earthly leaven,  
 Dearest, *then*, I'll love you more!  
 I'll love you more! Dearest, *then*—  
 Dearest, *then* I'll love you more!

## General News.

## CANADIAN.

Mr. Allison, the Reform candidate for Lennox, has been elected by a majority of six.

J. E. Rose, Q. C., of Toronto, has been appointed to the judgeship rendered vacant by the elevation of Justice Osler.

An act of incorporation will be applied for at the approaching session of Parliament for a proposed railway from Vaudreuil to Ottawa. The proposed line will pass through Prescott county, and will touch at Vankleek Hill, Hawkesbury, and other places *en route*, leaving L'Original six or seven miles to the eastward. The probable amount of capital that will be asked for is one million dollars.

The Napanee, Ont., Post Office and some adjoining buildings were burned down on the 24th; loss, \$20,000.

A very heavy gale from the southward, accompanied by rain, prevailed at Belleville on Monday, and a considerable amount of damage was done to property.

The steamer *Eclipse*, from Algoma for Port Sarnia, was caught in a gale on last Wednesday night off Pine Tree Harbor, and is supposed to be lost with all hands, as a part of the wreck and three bodies came ashore with life preservers marked *Eclipse*. The papers found on one of them identified them as Capt. Wm. Bush, of Sarnia, and James Moore, engineer, of Thessalon. John Drew was cut loose from the steamer, alone on a scow, which drifted ashore at Pike Bay, and he is saved—the only known survivor.

About 7 a.m. on Saturday, a fire was discovered at Elliott & Co's., wholesale druggists, Toronto. The whole block had a narrow escape of meeting the same fate as twelve years ago, when it was burned to the ground. The loss is estimated at about \$25,000, chiefly caused by smoke and water.

The murderers Greenwood and Phipps, and another prisoner have escaped from Sandwich jail.

David Spence's large flouring-mill at Guelph was burned last week. Loss about \$40,000.

John Kelly, section-man on the N. & N. W. R., at Hamilton, endeavored to lift a handcar from the track out of the way of the yard engine, when he was struck on the head by the engine and instantly killed.

A fire broke out at Port Perry on Monday night, and nearly devastated the town. The total loss is about \$150,000.

A. Hirschey's machine shop and saw-mill at Ridgeway were totally destroyed by fire last week.

At Mount Whaley, N. B., a young man named Benjamin Smith was shot dead during the firing of a wedding salute.

A stevedore named James Henson, living in Grafton street, Halifax, N. S., while taking dinner had a large piece of beef stuck in his throat and was choked to death.

A two-story brick building in Cobourg, owned by Mr. Doody, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday. Loss \$4,000.

## UNITED STATES.

Two thousand railroad freight handlers are on strike at New Orleans because of the employment of non-union men. One thousand men will be brought from New York to take the place of the strikers. A damaging freight blockade is anticipated.

Sojourner Truth, the famous lecturer and coloured reformer has died at her home, in Battle Creek, Mich. She was 108 years old, according to the best data herself and friends could obtain. Much genuine grief is felt on account of her death both among white and black people.

A car in the rear of a Boston, Barrie and Gardner railway train turned over and went down an embankment just after leaving North Worcester station Wednesday afternoon. There were between fifty and sixty passengers in the car, all of whom were injured, some seriously.

Carmel, a small village in New York, has had a shameful tragedy in its county jail. The jailer became intoxicated himself, and gave so much liquor to the eight prisoners confined in the jail that they became drunk and noisy too. Then the jailer went in and beat one man dreadfully on the head, and finally shot another one in the left breast. The latter is not expected to recover from his wound. The jailer has been locked up in his own jail, but as he had his family there also, he is allowed the free run of the building, and the other prisoners are afraid he may kill more of them.

John Scullen, a dissolute fellow, on Saturday shot and killed Owen Plunkett, in a New York cigar factory. Scullen first shot at another workman, but missed him, and then fired at Plunkett. No cause known. Scullen was jailed.

The Rev. John Fore threatened the life of Mrs. J. Walker, near Plytonia, Ky., because she refused to marry him. On Wednesday she met Fore and shot him dead.

Nellie Fullerlove, aged 18, wife of Richard Fullerlove, aged 65, was fatally shot at Paterson, N. J., by Patrick O'Hara, a former lover. O'Hara when arrested claimed that Fullerlove shot his wife.

A fearful fight occurred between rival gangs of labourers at Murrysville, Pa. Each party claimed possession of a natural gas well. Fire arms were freely used and several men killed.

Albany, Green County, Wis., was nearly destroyed by fire early on Tuesday morning. The flames spread rapidly, sweeping away every business building in the place, including the post office and two newspaper offices. No adequate facilities existed for fighting the fire. A number of people barely escaped. Three men named Roberts were severely burned; Edward Dodge was crushed by falling timbers; Thomas Dorman, John Samuel, Thomas Gravener, Charles Mathels, and Thomas Falloway were probably fatally injured from the same cause. The temperature is at zero, and the suffering of the people is great.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The police at London arrested a man named Wolff, a member of the Advanced Socialists' Club. Two infernal machines of sufficient power to demolish any building were found in his house at Westminster. One consisted of a large zinc pail nearly filled with blasting powder and gun cotton, covered with scrap iron, with a fuse at the bottom. The second was a large tin cooking utensil, similarly prepared. The machines were intended to blow up the German embassy.

Mr. Milner, Conservative, has been elected to Parliament for York, England, to succeed Mr. Leeman, Liberal, deceased.

George Warden, the late Manager of the London and River Platt Bank, was sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude for stealing the funds of the bank.

Sir John Hawley Glover, lately Governor of Antigua and the Leeward Islands, has been appointed Governor of Newfoundland.

The German Crown Prince is visiting Spain, and meeting with most enthusiastic receptions.

The Privy Council has proclaimed Newry under the Peace Preservation Act.

Seventy-five thousand cotton operatives in North-East Lancashire have determined to resist a five per cent. reduction in wages, and a great strike is probable.

Two thousand five hundred operatives in Sir Titus Salt's mills at Bradford are thrown out of employment in consequence of the strike of sixty spinners.

Lord Rossmore's commission as justice of the peace in county Monaghan has been suspended, owing to his action on the occasion of the Orange and League meetings at Roslea, county Fermanagh.

King Alfonso of Spain has proclaimed a general amnesty to all private soldiers imprisoned throughout the kingdom for military offences. This releases 1,200 prisoners.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Standard* states that he has had an interview with M. DeLesseps, who has just returned from England. M. DeLesseps said that he was highly gratified with the results of his tour in England, and that he regards the settlement of the question of the construction of a second Suez Canal as virtually accomplished.

Two steamers collided on Lake Geneva. Twenty passengers were drowned.

A Belgrade despatch says ten persons who lived in the Seatitchar district have been shot for taking part in the recent insurrection. Several others are awaiting trial.

The Dutch barque, *Judithe*, bound to Loviso, from Furmerend, was lost near Mandal, Norway. Of fifteen on board, fourteen were drowned. The captain was the only survivor.

A St. Petersburg despatch says:—Three young ladies attached to the court have been arrested on the charge of being connected with a Nihilist conspiracy.

The Nihilist-organ of St. Petersburg gives harrowing details of the sufferings of political prisoners in the Peter and Paul fortress, where, it states, they are treated like murderers. No distinction is made between men and women, or between sick or healthy. Several prisoners have gone mad, committed suicide, and corporal punishment is frequent.

The British man-of-war *Dryad* has arrived at Zanzibar from Madagascar, and reports that a French man-of-war had bombarded the unforti-



fied town of Vohemar, on the north coast of Madagascar, on Nov. 8, without giving any previous notice. Five British subjects were killed, and much property belonging to neutrals destroyed or plundered.

The British steamer Nisero, from Sourabaya, was recently stranded on the coast of Acheen. The Dutch authorities were powerless to assist the steamer because a hostile rajah threatened to kill the crew if the ship was touched. A British gunboat has been ordered to the scene.

The report that the False Prophet had annihilated the Egyptian army led by Hicks Pasha is fully confirmed. There is great fear of a general Mohammedan uprising. The withdrawal of British troops from Egypt has been stopped.

Delegates from the Australian Legislatures have all arrived at Sydney, the conference to consider measures looking to the annexation of New Guinea, and the federation of the English Australian Colonies.

Three thousand Chinese troops attacked Haiduong on the 17th inst. The French garrison, supported by a gunboat, held out from 9 o'clock in the morning till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the Chinese retreated. The loss of the French land force was twelve killed and wounded. The French gunboat had its hull penetrated by the enemy's shot in several places, and eight of the crew were wounded.

War has virtually been declared between France and China, and hostilities will probably begin at once. England is seeking to prevent the outbreak and mediate between the two nations. She is also taking steps to protect her own interests and subjects in China.

News has just been received that the schooner Bush was lost at sea on her voyage to Guayamas, Mex. Four of her crew and twelve passengers were drowned.

There has been a crisis and a change in the Ministry at Lima. New appointments have given general satisfaction.

## Gales and Sketches.

### A WASTED LIFE.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the celebrated war correspondent, in the *Sydney Morning Herald* tells the following sad story of his brother's life:—"Up among the heather hills of Northern Scotland two brothers were reared together in a Presbyterian manse. They went to the parish school together, and thence to the University. Both had rebellious, forward blood in their veins. The younger, and by far the more brilliant brother, remained at the University until 'sent down' for a madcap piece of youthful folly. In shame for his mishap, he must needs run off to sea, and sailed all over the world, till at length, some twenty years ago, he stranded somehow on the coast of Queensland. Since then, but vague and piecemeal tidings of him reached his relatives—for ten years past none at all. It has happened now to the elder brother—the war correspondent lecturing brother—to pay a visit to Queensland; and he naturally betook himself to search out the career of the errant son of his father. The story of that career came in scraps. Now the scapegrace was on a cattle station 'up north'; now shepherding on the Burnett; now reefing on the Morlish goldfield, itself all but a memory ere now; again in sugar at Mackay; later, roadmaking about Roma, and then another spell at shepherding at Mount Abundance; still later in the washpool about Toowoomba; and last of all in the graveyard of that place, after a long illness in its hospital. The old, familiar, sad story of a wrecked life and a premature death! Yet no voice anywhere to utter aught save kind and loving words of the brilliant, reckless waif, always cheery, always a true friend—to all, save himself, alas; strewing his vagrant path with blythe humour with yet remembered scraps of verse, here humorous, there tenderly pathetic. To the searching brother came men from afar off, just to testify the love they bore to 'poor old Alick,' rugged miners from Charter's Towers, bush hands from the Downs, station managers who had 'bossed' him, and had been chaffed or praised in his ever-ready verses; and the hospital warder, too, in Toowoomba, who had closed his eyes (his own somewhat dim as he told the sad, simple story); and the good old Presbyterian minister, also, to whom as the sands were running out the son of the manse turned with the rekindled instinct of his boyhood. There were vague stores of a little book of poems that had been published somewhere; but that trail was faint, until a Rockhamton man, who had known and loved him whose name among his fellows was 'Alick the poet,' brought to the brother the little green volume, whose title-page bore 'Voices from the bush,' by Alexander Forbes."

To this a correspondent of the Auckland *Evening Star* adds the following particulars of this sad and wasted life:—"His poems excited my attention while in press at the *Northern Argus* office, Rockhampton, and it may be safely asserted that for vigour and pathos a few of his compositions are excelled only by earth's greatest poets. In youthful Queensland a single man like Mr. Forbes might have saved an independence, cultivated his genius, and shone o'er all Australasia like an electric light; instead he has left but a flickering light, and subsided into eternal darkness. We are apt to smile when science assures us that alcohol is a narcotic poison, but

when the smiles of incredulity, the stormy blasts of ridicule, exhausted, pass away, the facts remain, and like the 'still small voice,' assert themselves with irresistible power. Keen, observing scientists have long since learned to divide drunkards into two great classes: the first, with its subdivisions, embracing all kinds of 'filthy drunkards'—men who drink to intoxication merely for the love of transient pleasure, and the second class, embracing all affected with nervous diseases called 'dipsomania,' 'mania a potu,' &c., brought on by constant use of that beautiful limpid liquid, alcohol. These diseases drag men imperceptibly from position and refinement to the depths of ruin and shame. Then we have the statesman staggering in rags, the clergyman blaspheming God, and the honourable banker a thief and liar. Unlike the first great class, they cannot forsake the drink at will, but have to struggle fiercely for months with an almost overwhelming force. Having the usual cares of life to battle with, in fits of depression they again in many instances resort to that fatal stimulant, from which they formerly so often derived temporary relief, to but sink deeper into ruin, with lessened hope and energy for another effort, until—

"Forsaken by his friends, he pines alone,  
Then drops into his grave unpitted and unknown."

While everything which teaches us self-respect, such as education, etc., acts as a safe-guard against us falling into the first great class of filthy drunkards, everything conceivable has signally failed to save moderate drinkers from the diseases which silently transfer from honour to disgrace; and will continue to fail until we can alter the constituent properties of alcohol.

That Mr. Alexander Forbes belonged to a division of the latter much-to-be pitied class, there can be little doubt; and it is sad to reflect on his most lamentable fate:

"Yet there within the sparkling glass  
He knew the cause to lie;  
This all men own from zone to zone—  
Yet millions drink and die."

—*Australian Paper.*

### "BRANDY IS DEAD."

"Brandy is dead!"

So the men said, so the women said, and so the children called to each other as a piece of news.

A drunken good-for-nothing. A so-called man whose brain had become dissolved in liquor, whose mind was enfeebled, and who had disappointed everybody by not dying in the gutter, instead of having the roof of a tenement house over his head.

Why should any one grieve when such a vagabond passed away? The world may owe him room for his bones to rest, but nothing further. So in "Brandy's" case men said that he was well out of the way, and women clattered their dishes in the rooms below, and cared not for the presence of the dead.

When the undertaker came to bear the body away a dozen people crowded into the room, and among them was a bootblack. Some said that "Brandy" looked well in a coffin; others spoke lightly about his face having at last lost its ruby color, and the dead pauper was no more than a dog in their minds, and why should he have been? One can be a man or he can be a vagabond. If he becomes a vagabond let him lose the respect of men. All had a heartless remark except the bootblack. He stood at the head of the coffin and looked from face to face and said:

"Brandy was low-down, and he died like a beast, and you are all sneering at him! Did any one among you ever give him a chance? Did he have a home when he was a boy? Did men try to encourage him and guide him aright? Is there a man in this room who ever took him by the hand and spoke one kind word? Didn't everybody look upon him as a dog?"

There was no answer.

"Aye! Brandy was low down!" whispered the boy as he laid his hand on the coffin. "He was ragged and hungry, and poor and homeless, and without one single friend. What man among you could have stood out against it any better? Poor old man! They know all about it in Heaven? Let me help to carry him down."

And when the dead had been driven away, and the boy had disappeared, more than one man said:—

"After all, we might have made it easier for the poor old man. I wonder that some of us never sought to make a man of him, instead of helping him down."—*Detroit Free Press.*

### PROHIBITION NEEDED.

It is absurd to think that this question of liquor traffic can be settled by moral suasion, and does not require a prohibitory enactment. To the accursed traffic we owe pauperism, lunacy and a general laxity of morals. A man will go through rain and tempest to get rum, but not for bread. The thirst cannot be controlled with the temptation at hand, therefore the traffic must be abolished. That a prohibitory enactment could only be enforced with difficulty because of the vicious elements in the country, is one of the strongest reasons in favor of a prohibitory law.—*Tribune.*

## NOTHING AND SOMETHING.

BY MRS. FRANCIS E. W. HARPER.

It is nothing to me, the beauty said,  
With a careless toss of her pretty head;  
The man is weak, if he can't refrain,  
From the cup you say is fraught with pain.

It was something to her in after years,  
When her eyes were drenched with burning tears,  
And she watched in lonely grief and dread,  
And started to hear a staggering tread.

It is nothing to me, the mother said;  
I have no fear that my boy will tread,  
The downward path of sin and shame,  
And crush my heart and darken his name.

It was something to her when her only son  
From the path of right was early won,  
And madly cast in the flowing bowl  
A ruined body and ship-wrecked soul.

It is nothing to me the merchant said,  
As over the ledger he bent his head;  
I'm busy to-day with the tare and tret,  
And have no time to fume and to fret.

It was something to him when over the wire  
A message came from a funeral pyre—  
A drunken conductor had wrecked a train,  
And his wife and child were among the slain.

It is nothing to me, the young man cried;  
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride—  
I heed not the dreadful things ye tell,  
Can rule myself I know full well.

'Twas something to him when in prison he lay,  
The victim of drink, life ebbing away,  
As he thought of his wretched child and wife,  
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.

It is nothing to me, the voter said;  
The party's loss is my greatest dread—  
Then gave his vote for the liquor trade,  
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards made.

It was something to him in after life,  
When his daughter became a drunkard's wife,  
And her hungry children cried for bread,  
And trembled to hear their father's tread.

Is it nothing to us to idly sleep  
While the cohorts of death their vigils keep,  
To gather the young and thoughtless in—  
And grind in our midst a grist of sin?

It is something—yes, for us all to stand,  
And clasp by faith our Saviour's hand—  
To learn to labor, live and fight,  
On the side of God and changeless right.—*Ind. Forester.*

## Ladies' Department.

## FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

It is a wonder to many that the subject of female suffrage has received so little attention from the leading statesman of the civilized world.

The boast of our Christian civilization has been that it has raised women from the degradation of slavery in which she is found in heathen countries, and has made her, as she was originally designed to be, the equal and partner of man. But she is only, as yet, made his equal so far as it is pleased to suit the lords of creation. The home is made bright with her presence, childhood-life receives its bias from her hands, her wants are made from the same purse, and withal shares the comforts and honors of the home with her liege lord, yet when counsel is wanted for the guidance of the nation she must occupy an inferior place. She may advise her husband and manly sons at home, but when men find it necessary to make the influence of their franchise felt, she can do nothing.

She may hold property, own horses and carriages, hire servants, and control large sums of money, but can have nothing to say directly in the voting of the nation. She has a voice but no vote.

A woman may be the political, ecclesiastical and magisterial head of the nation, but, as a woman, she can neither sit as a member of the legislative assemblies nor vote for those who do. Laws may be enacted which are oppressive to her, and restrictions made that afflict her. She may be much opposed to the measures, yet she has no alternative but to submit, and wait for the day which shall remove the inconsistency from the records of our national charter, and make her in *reality the equal* of man. The unreasonableness and incongruity of her position are the more noticeable as we reflect upon the subject.

She may have a servant to care for her horses or dig her garden for ten dollars a month, a man perhaps who can neither read nor write his own name. She must calmly hold her tongue while her noble servant goes forward like a man and a citizen and casts his vote.

What can the politicians of the day be afraid of, that they do not originate a movement to wipe out this stain and remove this dishonor from our fair name? Can they be afraid of being hen-pecked, as men say? Surely not. It must be by common consent that the matter has been overlooked. Why should we fear the opinion and vote of our wives, our mothers, our sisters? Why should we not rather seek to realize the full measure of their cooperation? The liquor business, which is the crowning crime in the land, and which is the most fruitful source of women's sorrow and suffering, is threatening the very existence of our liberties, and we need the help of women to meet the giant wrong. She has already made her influence a felt power in the home, the school, the church, upon the platform, and in general literature, and in the controversy with this sin against God and man, displays the power of her convictions and shows that both head and heart are in the work.

Just one step more is necessary. Put the ballot in her hands, upon the same terms and conditions as held by men, and the decisive battle will soon be fought. Gathering to our side the mothers, wives and sisters of our country, we will soon drive back the heartless, greedy, sometimes fashionable, but often drunken crowd that prop up the trade in strong drink.

Why should we be weak at the ballot when by judicious agitation we may almost double our voting strength?

The comparative indifference of woman to her rights in the question of her franchise is to us a matter of astonishment. When she says *she must* possess this right it will be conceded to her. We wish she would *speak* and *speak quickly*. Her sons and brothers, husbands and lovers are in danger. The dearest interests of humanity are assaulted by the meanest, most selfish, unrelentingly cruel and bloodthirsty foe that ever entered a field of conflict. His name is legion, and with the slyness of a common thief, and the blishments of arrant hypocrisy he sends his detachments into our homes, and in untold ways leaves no stone unturned to destroy our choicest treasures. The blasting of the pestilence follows him, and worse than the devastations of the sickening plague mark his movements.

We need, and must have the voting power of the women. We call them to the rescue. We must have their ballot for prohibition, then soon this law will come, and by it, with one strong blow from the arm of imperious justice, man is free. We hail the noble women who are in the field—those female apostles of the glad gospel of freedom—Mesdames Willing, Wittenmeyer, Johnston, Burt, Lathrop, Geddes and Youmans, the fearless Miss Willard and others. We are glad to say "many others." We greet them as eloquent and able workers with us.

The world is being benefited by their logical arguments and faithful appeals, and the seed of a broader charity, and a nobler philanthropy is being sown. They will soon possess the additional power, and the sacred trust, of personal franchise. The angel of the rolling seasons is hastening the time.—*Royal Templar's Advocate.*

"Politics has to do with the safety, peace and prosperity of the Nation and the preservation of the morals of the people. The women of this country teach school, practice law, are skillful physicians, lecture, preach, write history, publish newspapers, are superintendents of public institutions, and surely ought to be as capable of judging what is good for the safety, peace and prosperity of the country, as is the average ward bummer whose "influence" is estimated by the number of dram shop loafers he controls."—*Illinois State Sentinel.*

## Our Gasket.

## JEWELS.

As stars upon the tranquil sea  
In mimic glory shine,  
So words of kindness in the heart  
Reflect the source divine;  
O then be kind, whoe'er thou art,  
That breathe'st mortal breath,  
And it shall brighten all thy life,  
And sweeten even death.

From the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height.—  
*Carlyle.*

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.—*Adam Clarke.*

He that is choice of his time will also be choice of his company, and choice of his actions.—*Paley.*

Be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.—*Southey.*

It is easy enough to make sacrifices for those we love; but for our enemy we have to struggle and overcome self. Such a victory is noble.

Never seem wiser or more learned than the people you are with. Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out merely to show that you have one.

If we examine closely into what appears solely as the result of chance, we shall find in many instances that stern qualities, consciousness of situation, and hard plodding work account for the most of the successful results attained.

Consider how much more you often suffer from your anger and grief than for those very things for which you are angry and grieved.—*Marcus Antonius.*

Lost wealth may be replaced by industry; lost knowledge by study; lost health by temperance or medicine; but lost time is gone forever.—*Samuel Smiles.*

## BITS OF TINSEL.

Why is a leaky tub like a poor rule? Because it doesn't hold good.

Positive, wait; comparative, waiter; superlative, go and get it yourself.

What is characteristic of a watch? Modesty, for it keeps its hands before its face and runs down its own works.

"How shall we stop the great evil of lying?" asks a religious weekly. Don't know, give it up. It's a habit you ought never to have fallen into.

Eva, noticing a flock of noisy, chattering blackbirds, said, "*Mamma, I guess they're having a scwing 'ciety!*"

A Quaker's advice to his son on his wedding day: "When thee went a-courting I told thee to keep thine eyes wide open. Now that thee is married I tell thee to keep them half shut."

"I would like scalloped oysters," she remarked. He answered, meaning to be funny, "I don't know how to scallop oysters." "Then bias some," said she.

Johnnie was sent to town for a quarter of a pound of salt-petre. He astonished the store-keeper by asking for a quarter of a mile of salt-petre.

De reason dat we tinks dat our'mudders could beat anybody cookin' is because we kain't carry de boy's appertite inter ole age.

A young man who sat down upon a black piece of iron in a blacksmith shop and unceremoniously sprang seven feet in the air with a wild shriek of despair, says he don't think much of Hot Springs as a health resort.

"A young man having asked a girl if he might go home with her from singing-class and being refused, said: "You're as full of airs as a musical box." "Perhaps so," she retorted; "but if I am, I don't go with a crank."

A boy of eight years was asked by his teacher where the zenith

was. He replied: "The spot in the heavens directly over one's head." To test his knowledge further, the teacher asked: "Can two persons have the same zenith at the same time?" "They can." "How?" "If one stands on the other's head."

A Pennsylvania young lady was kissed against her will and she sued for damages. The jury gave her one cent. That is to say, the jury gave her a cent because she had not herself given assent.

## For Girls and Boys.

## LOOK OUT YOUNG MAN.

When it is said of a youth that "He drinks," and it can be proven, what store wants him for a clerk? What church wants him for a member? What dying man will appoint him as executor? Letters of recommendation, the backing of business firms, a brilliant ancestry cannot save him. The world shies off. Why? It is whispered all through the community, "He drinks! he drinks!" That blasts him. When a young man loses his reputation for sobriety he might as well be at the bottom of the sea. There are young men who have their good name as their only capital. Your father has started you out to city life. He could only give you an education. He gave you no means. He started you, however, under Christian influence. You are now achieving your own fortune, under God, by your own arm. Now, look out, young man, that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not create any suspicions by going in or out of liquor establishments, or by any odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush of your cheek. You cannot afford to do it, for your good name is your only capital, and when that is blasted by the reputation of taking strong drink, all is gone forever.—*Exchange.*

## PRIZES.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

It was near the close of a warm, bright afternoon in March, when a knot of children gathered about the steps of the Pineboro schoolhouse, all talking at once, and plainly much excited over something that had just been said to them within doors.

"I'm goin' to sit up nights."

"I aint goin' to a single party!"

"What do you s'pose she'll give us?"

"A book, I guess, don't you?" The fact was, Miss Preston, the young school-mistress, had offered a prize for the scholar who should be most punctual for the next three months, and should pass the best examination at the end of that time. She thought it would be an excellent plan to make them more prompt and studious; and she soon found it was succeeding only too well.

About a quarter of the school, principally boys, gave up extra work after the first few days, but the rest were more earnest than ever before. It became plain in the course of a month, that the contest was really between the three best scholars, Joe Keith, Sue Briggs, and little Sallie Pearson. The pale faces and shadowy eyes told of their efforts, and Miss Preston felt it her duty to caution her three pupils more than once not to work so hard. She noticed also with pain that each one of them was very, very anxious for the others to miss or be late, and so lose all chance for the prize.

One day, therefore, she asked Sallie, the youngest, to stop a few moments, after school. When the rest had all gone, she called the little girl to her side and spoke to her kindly.

"Sallie, dear," she said, "why are you working so hard at your arithmetic and geography?"

The child opened her eyes wide. "Why, to get the prize, Miss Preston," she answered. "Is that why you looked so pleased this afternoon, when Susie forgot that river in China?" Sallie hung her head.

"I suppose it was, ma'am."

"Was that kind?"

"But you told us"

"Well?"

"You said we were to—you said—you said"—Here she stopped with a trembling lip. She was so tired and nervous from her long study hours, that she could not bear much. Miss Preston knew this, and knew too, that while most of her other pupils were strong

country children, this was a frail little creature at best, and her heart went out to the wee, drooping figure with her gingham dress and brown curls.

"My dear little girl," she said gently, "is that the Bible way?"

"No, ma'am; but you said we were to study hard."

"Yes."

"Then how can we tell, and how can we help taking the prize away from somebody else, if we get it ourselves?" Miss Preston smiled and stroked the curls.

"You're asking pretty hard questions, dear, but I guess we can answer them. Let's see what the Bible says. Have you looked?"

"No, ma'am. I didn't know there was anything in it about school or prizes or study!"

"Try Romans 12, 10."

"In honor preferring one another," read Sallie slowly from the Testament on the desk. "But please, ma'am," she added eagerly, "how could anybody ever get prizes?"

"Why, in the first place, Sallie, if you do what the verse bids you, that won't prevent Bob or Sue from winning the prize, will it?"

"No, Miss Preston. Why, I see, I see 'twould just help them! But," in a puzzled tone again, "suppose they should do the same thing?"

"Then there would be three of you trying for the prize just the same, only in the best sort of a way—each one trying to make the other win."

Sallie laughed outright. "What a funny kind of trying!" But she said more soberly, "I wish there was some sort of a prize that I could get without taking it from anybody else."

"Look at the fourteenth verse of the third chapter of Philip-  
pians."

Sallie read the verse over twice to herself, thought a moment, held up her face brightly to be kissed, and ran off home.

The very next morning Sallie was not in her seat when the bell rang. She presented herself fully five minutes late, with a flushed but resolute face. At recess she lingered behind the rest, and, after a slight hesitation, walked up to the teacher's desk.

"My child, I hope you didn't stay away on purpose this morning," said Miss Preston, kindly.

"No, ma'am; I didn't think you would want me to do that, even to help Sue; but she started from home without her atlas, and was half way to school before she remembered it. Then I happened to come along, and she told me, and I said I would run back and so I did. That's what made me late."

This time it was the teacher's voice that trembled a little. "You were a brave girl, Sallie," she said, stooping to kiss the child's forehead; "if my dear little scholar does that all her life, she will be the happiest person in the world. Now run out and have a good play in the fresh air."

The June exhibition came at last. The school-house had been prettily decorated with evergreen, oak-leaves and wild flowers, and all the scholars wore their brightest and neatest dresses and jackets. The day was fair, and by ten o'clock the platform was filled with a long row of fathers and mothers and sisters, fanning themselves and whispering busily about this and that girl or boy who was to take part in the exercises.

First, the boys spoke pieces, standing up manfully, making splendid gestures, and addressing the fathers and mothers now as Romans, now as fellow-citizens, and now as gladiators. The girls then went through a nice little dialogue, which was much applauded. As soon as the clapping had died away, the examination commenced.

Question after question was quickly answered or bashfully missed. John Keith kept his eyes on the floor, and gave his answers sturdily without pause and failure. Sue Briggs and Sallie stood side by side, their hands tightly clasped behind them, and their little figures swaying to and fro in their eager interest. At last Sallie was left floating on an Asiatic Gulf of which she didn't know the name, and only Joe and Sue were left.

"Joe, where is the strait of Belleisle?"

"North-west of Newfoundland," said Joe to a knot-hole in the floor just in front of him.

"What is the capital of Patagonia, Sue?"

"It hasn't any ma'am."

"Right. Joe, what large river is in the extreme north-west of the United States?"

Joe hesitated. Rivers innumerable curled and twisted themselves before his eyes, but he couldn't think of the right one. He looked up at the ceiling, glanced at the row of faces on the platform, and said faintly, "Colorada."

"That is in the south-west, Joe. Can you tell me, Sue?" she asked of his red-ribboned little neighbor, who was fairly trembling with eagerness.

"The Columbia!" and the examination was over.

Miss Preston then stepped forward, and, after a pleasant welcome to the visitors, continued: "At the beginning of the term, I promised a prize to the scholar who should be most punctual and studious during the spring months, and should pass the best examination to-day. I find that three of my scholars have been foremost,"—here all the mothers stopped fanning, and the room was very still—"and so nearly side by side that it is extremely difficult to decide which of them deserves the prize. Upon the whole, therefore, I have determined to give two books: the first to the most studious and best-behaved boy in the school, Joe Keith." As she said this, she handed Joe a nicely bound copy of "Tom Brown at Rugby."

"The other prize for best scholarship and punctuality has been fairly won by Susie Briggs, and to her I give this book of poems."

When the red ribbons had fluttered down the aisle and back, Miss Preston paused a moment longer, then added: "In closing I ought to say that the remaining one of those three scholars is just behind the other two in both respects, having recited her lessons well and having been tardy but once during the entire term. But as she is at present trying for a higher prize, it has taken her time and attention so that she cannot receive a book to-day. Her name is Sallie Pearson." While the teacher said this, she looked very lovingly toward the little girl of whom she was speaking. The other children were puzzled, but Sallie smiled back in return, with such happy eyes that she seemed already to have won a portion, at least, of the "prize of the high calling."—*Watchman*.

## STITCH IT ON

A BLUE RIBBON RHYME.

BY THE REV. THOMAS SPURGEON.

Oh, if I could, I gladly would, sing sweetest of the bards,  
In honour of the bravest one amongst the Coldstream Guards.  
I laud the exploits of a lad whose name is Henry Brown,  
He'll ever have a palm in hand, and on his head a crown.  
From conquering he'll to conquer go, he'll climb the highest hill,  
Though he will still his standing keep, he'll not keep standing still.

This lad once ventured to his school decked in the Temperance  
Blue,  
The fellows felt for him at once—'twas fellow-feeling, too!  
They made him well-nigh black and blue, you'd scarcely call him  
Brown,  
But though he coloured up, he would not pull his colours down.  
They badgered him about his badge, and raised a cry and hue;  
They gave him not a bit of peace, and stole his piece of Blue.

He therefore to his mother went—"Oh, stitch it on!" he cried;  
"They do not care a pin for pins—untidy 'tis if tied!"  
"My buoyant boy," she fondly said, "you are your mother's son,  
In right good soil the Blue is sown, so I will sew it on!"  
The needed needle's work was done, Blue on his blouse he bore,  
A man, though but a year ago he wore a pinafore.

He went to lessons as before (his ribbon now was taut),  
Determined if they took to fight, they shouldn't take the fort.  
His mates designed to checkmate him, but found his colour fast,  
For he to master then had nailed his colours to the mast.  
They blew him up about his Blue, but goading was no go,  
And when they saw it was so sewn, they also looked so so.

He cared not for their chaff a straw, he scorned their every scoff,  
For having donned the Blue, he was too much a Don to doff.  
They tried to pluck it from his coat, but he had pluck and grit,  
And when they called him "Rechabite," he did reckon a bit.  
Well done, brave boy, you did them Brown, young hero of the  
Blue;  
I hail you Blucher, and your fight a second Waterloo!  
—*Sword and Trowel*.