

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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TORONTO FRIDAY, JANUARY 25th, 1884.

THE CONVENTION AT MILTON.

The convention that was held last week at the county town of Halton was one of unusual interest and importance. Halton is the only county in Ontario in which the Scott Act is in operation, and while the friends of temperance have been watching events there with the deepest interest, the opponents of the measure have been doing their utmost to make it a failure. A repeal-vote having been threatened by the anti-Scott party, the temperance men called a convention to discuss the situation, and to provide organization to resist any attempt to bring back the days of whisky rule. The reports made by the delegates to that convention are encouraging in the extreme. The Act has proved a success fully equal to the expectations of its warmest advocates, and the people of Halton are evidently determined to resolutely fight for the retention of the benefits it has conferred upon them.

One of the objections most frequently urged against prohibition is the difficulty of enforcing it. The experience of Halton is that the Scott Act there is enforced as well as the license act in other localities. It is easier to prohibit evil than to permit and restrict it. A thorough-going measure of prohibition would be easier of enforcement than a partial one. The success of the Scott Act utterly refutes the (so-called) argument against total prohibition—that it would be impracticable.

Other counties that have been considering the question of voting upon the Scott Act will now be encouraged. They may drop hesitation and boldly go in to work and win, confident not only that their cause is good, but that their efforts are hopeful, and that success will mean a real benefit to the temperance cause, and practical advantage to the whole community.

It must always be borne in mind that the Scott Act is not what we want. It is good as far as it goes, but it has been accepted by temperance men only as an instalment of legislation. It was taken hold of, for the purpose of showing (1) that prohibition is practicable, (2) that the sentiment of this county is in favor of prohibition. Both these points have now been settled. Our position has been

triumphantly established, and there does not exist any more excuse for merely tentative legislation. We will go on doing all in our power to extend the operations of the Scott Act, but at the same time we more earnestly than ever reiterate our demand for what there can now be no rational pretext for denying us—total, absolute prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale of alcoholic beverages.

THE CONFLICTING LAWS.

Sir John A. Macdonald has assured the House of Commons that the McCarthy Act will be put into operation, and that liquor sellers will be required to take out licenses in compliance with its provisions. As we pointed out some time ago, the decision of the Privy Council in *Queen vs. Hodge* did not in terms deny the right of the Dominion Parliament to restrict and license the liquor-traffic. So far there have been definitely settled only two points, namely: 1. The Dominion Parliament may prohibit. 2. The Local Legislation may license and restrict. No ultimate decision has yet been given as to the right of the Dominion Parliament to license and restrict the traffic, even as a matter of trade and commerce. It would seem strange, however, if an authority that could go so far as to say, "There shall be none," could not go so far as to say, "There shall only be few." Neither has it been definitely decided that the Local Legislation which has the right to prohibit nearly all sale in the interest of good government and morality, has not also the right, upon similar grounds, to prohibit the indefinite remaining sale. As the matter now stands, anyone who intends to sell after the first day of next May, must take out two distinct licenses from two distinct authorities, each of which claims the right to prohibit all sale that it does not specifically permit.

It is strange that electors, and legislators, and interpreters of legislation, and even liquor-dealers do not grow sick of this endless, weary, fruitless waste of time and energy and means in vainly endeavoring to regulate an evil that cannot be regulated. It is almost universally admitted that the liquor-traffic is evil. Any sanction of what is evil must be immoral. Liquor-license laws are a disgrace to our statute books, and we ought to at once abandon these miserable, unsuccessful, crime-producing attempts at regulation, and manfully come out for the only right and only practical method of managing a wrong—abolishing it altogether.

Selected Articles.

THE ONE QUESTION.

It has been the fashion to sneer at any movement in favor of Temperance. Rum and beer drinking has been treated as a matter in which only those who drank had any right to be considered—that it was something that the public had nothing to do with.

Under certain conditions this might be correct. If rum was as innocent as beef steak, or, if looked upon as deadly poison, if the consumer were the only one to suffer, this might pass current.

But it so happens that this is not the case. There is not a drop of rum consumed that does not affect the public at large as much as the consumer. Consequently the public has a right to say something as to how and on what terms it can be used.

An examination of the police reports and the records of the criminal courts will disclose the fact that 90 per cent. of all the criminality in the country is the direct result of the use of intoxicants. Every one familiar with the statistics of pauperism knows that 90 per cent. of those who are public charges come to this sad estate through the use of stimulants. Everybody who knows anything knows that rum is the first educator in crime, and the final finisher of the criminal. Everybody knows that rum

is the chief reliance of the gambling hells, of the houses of prostitution, of the brutalities of the prize ring, and of everything that is low and debasing in life. Everybody knows that there is nothing in or about the whisky shop or the beer saloon that tends toward correct living or the good of any community. Everybody knows that where rum is, criminality of every degree and pauperism exist; that it is the concomitant, the very essence, of everything that tends to degrade a people.

And everybody knows or should know that the control of this infernal traffic is almost the first duty of a governing power, and that in no civilized country is it permitted freedom. Germany, where it does the least damage, has it securely in the Government grip, France has it under complete control, and England, suffering more from it than any European country, is trying to solve the problem how best to destroy it.

It is nonsense to say that a trade that points the knife, and aims the revolver of the murderer, that every year kills the brightest, a trade that is the beginning and ending of everything that is bad, is the only one to go on forever absolutely uncontrolled by law. It is worse than nonsense to say that a traffic which imposes upon the public the cost of the police, the criminal courts, and the support of poor-houses and hospitals, shall be permitted to go on its devastating course, uncontrolled and above all law. And it is worse than madness to permit a traffic which has absolutely nothing of good in it and so much of evil, to not only go on uncontrolled, but to give over to its hands the government of cities and states.

Were it a mere passive nuisance it should be under the law and not over it, but it is not. The profits of beer and whisky making, and selling, are so enormous that it has absorbed vast capital and the best business talent. The brewers and distillers are not content with what comes naturally in their way. They are laboring, nights, days, and Sundays to extend their trade. They are using every appliance that shrewd men can devise to make drunkards, that they may have a mortgage upon their labor, they are educating stomachs in drunkenness, to create a market for their product; they are establishing pit-falls everywhere for the youth of the country and the laboring masses. The whisky power is as active as the allurements of the dollar can make it, and that its infernal work is successful the criminal reports in any paper abundantly show.

It is for the people to say whether this flood of criminality and pauperism shall flow on forever, or whether it shall be checked. It is the question of the hour, it is a question which in importance to the country, is above slavery, above tariff, above any question that can possibly come before the people. It is home against the rum mills. It is purity against corruption. The very perpetuity of Republican institutions is involved in it. The one question in America, as in England, is how best to *Pulverize the Rum Power*.

UNIVERSALITY OF THE CURSE.

It is the veriest stuff to talk about any attempt to restrain liquor-selling being the offspring of "intolerance," "fanaticism," "Puritanism," "muckering," etc.

The man who argues such a thing is either an intentional liar, or one hopelessly ignorant of the history of other lands.

There is not a people on the face of this earth—be they Christian, Mahometan, Jew, Buddhist or Confucian—whether they worship in the "meeting-houses" of Presbyterianism, in the gorgeous cathedrals of the Latins or Greeks, in the mosques of Turkey, of Central Asia or the temples of BUDDH and KONG FU-TSE—but what recognize the measureless evils of liquor selling and liquor-drinking, and endeavor to control or eradicate them by stringent measures.

Nor is it a matter of ecclesiastical concern merely. It is not something that only clergymen, priests, rabbis, sohis, brahmins and bonzes sorrow over. There is no form of government under the sun—there has hardly been one since the beginning of time—but what has recognized intemperance as one of the most frightful sources of demoralization of the people, and fought against it with severely stringent laws.

Whether the people are ruled by President Emperor, King, Prince, Sultan, Sheik or Chief—whether they sail the seas, or toil in work-shops, whether they till the soil, or dig in mines, or follow the chase, whether they are Europeans, Turks, Jews, Arabs, Hindus, Chinese, Japanese or American Indians, they have one and all groaned under the woes and miseries of the frightful trade in intoxicants, and sought by teachings and by law to mitigate the frightful curse.

It is a lamentable fact to confess, that to-day, in this boasted land of progress and morality, there is less legal restriction of the liquor demon

than in any other civilized or semi-civilized land. We send missionaries to Turkey, but in Turkey the degradation and misery which exist in this land on account of unrestrained liquor-selling are unknown.

Even in Germany, where "muckers," "fanatics" and "Puritans" are unknown, liquor-selling and liquor-drinking is held in control by laws the rigidity of which has no parallel in the world.

The universality of these repressive laws shows not only the universal recognition of the frightful evils of liquor, but the universal desire of men to curb its pestilential power by law.

To bring ourselves up abreast of the civilization of the world we must bend every energy to *Pulverize the Liquor Power*.—*Toledo Blade*.

HOW WORKING MEN MAY HELP THEMSELVES.

I met with a passage in the *Times*, which gave me some insight into this, and I never was so startled in my life. It is a quotation from the *Lancet* which is, I believe, the leading medical paper. The passage contains the statistics derived from twelve of the leading London hospitals, and there is a list of the amount of beer and spirits taken by numbers of the working classes who have been in these twelve great London hospitals during the last year. There are some fifty instances; I will only give you a few. It says that many of these patients were there because of their previous habits, and here is the quotation showing what certain patients are reported to have been accustomed to, previous to admission. One had a dail consumption of ten pints of beer and ten glasses of whisky, aged 33; one hard drinker, chiefly of rum, aged 30; another indulged in great excesses, often drank two bottles of brandy a day, aged 43; one, eight pints of beer a day, aged 42; one, two pints of beer a day, with ten glasses of spirits, aged 36; one, ten to twelve pints of beer a day, and four glasses of whisky, aged 22; one, twelve pints of beer and eight glasses of spirits, aged 38; and so on. Fifty or sixty items of this kind, ending with, "The largest consumer of beer said he never exceeded 26 pints a day, aged 35; the largest consumer of spirits only took twenty to thirty glasses of gin daily, aged 30."

Now, these are not statistics invented by me, or by anybody. The facts are taken and recorded by purely disinterested persons, and the remarkable thing is that in the long list only one total abstainer can be discovered. Another thing is in the absence of high ages. A third is that a large proportion of these diseases are self-induced. A single ounce of fact is worth a ton of argument or reason. And I put these plain facts before you, as a proof, not only of the vast quantities of drink taken at very young ages of members of the working class, but also that they are taken by members of a class, which, as I said, can least afford that enormous drain upon their resources.

And now, perhaps, you will answer me—"Very well, this man spent sixpence a day on something that was good for him—beer." In answer to that I will simply say, that whether it is good or not, this is certain—it is not necessary, and our illustrious chairman, to-night, Dr. Richardson, has done more than any living man to bring home to the minds of Englishmen the truth that alcohol is not in any way necessary as food. He would say—and I believe with absolute scientific truth on his side—that it is not a food. That, I will not say, because I know it is disputed; but at any rate it is not a necessary food. Baron Liebig came to the conclusion that nine quarts of beer contain exactly as much nourishment as you might put in a little sprinkling of meal, or on the end of a table knife. In other words, if you were to spend £36 in buying so many gallons of beer, you would have bought as much nourishment only as you could get out of a 5-pound loaf.

That it is not necessary for health, I think is capable of the most easy proof. I believe there are a great many people who say that after middle age they do not find it useful to them. I think that is because they have not discovered something which, without any danger to themselves, would produce the same result. But that alcohol is not a necessary for health can be proved in one moment by the fact that there are hundreds of thousands—it is said 5,000,000, but I do not know—of total abstainers in England who are notoriously as healthy a body as all England contains. It is proved decisively and irresistibly by the fact that there is, it is safe to say, less mortality among the 20,000 now in prison in England than among any other body, and there is no way of accounting for that so decisively as the fact that from the moment that they enter the prison, no matter how large the previous consumption of beer, they are not allowed a single drop, and the fact of their being deprived of alcohol is one of the causes which tend to their extraordinary longevity.—*Canon Farrar*

TO THE WAITING MEN.

"When the temperance party gets strong enough to amount to something, I am going to vote its ticket."—*Cautious Temperance Man.*

But what is your vote, man, and what does it stand for!
As year after year you hold in your hand
This emblem of power, this sign of your manhood,
This voice in the councils in your native land.

Is it owned by a party, or bought for a dollar?
Where habits direct, is it carelessly thrown?
Then the glorious light is robbed of its virtue,
And liberty well might such followers disown.

"My vote is but one"—but units make armies;
One man at the cannon deals death to the foe,
So an honest man's vote carries with it conviction,
And such votes, like bullets, hit hard as they go.

Your vote is a hand, reached out to the fallen,
Or else it's a link in the chain of their woe;
Your vote is a blessing in some unseen fashion,
Or else it's a curse—as the future may show.

Your vote is a prayer, which God hears and answers,
When given to save some poor brother from sin;
Or to evils untold it gives your soul's sanction,
If policy dictates when you throw it in.

Self alone, in your vote, can't be represented;
You vote for your mother, your sister, your wife;
You add to the tears, or subtract from the sorrows,
That make up the measure of somebody's life.

Would you wait till the right is stronger, my brother?
Right always is strongest, and soon it must win;
You're a coward to wait till victory is sure,
And think at the last to come stumbling in.

And remember, amidst all your plans and conclusions,
A time for accounts must surely come;
When principle only can stand the last trial,
What then will you do with your party and—rum?
—*The Michigan Mirador.*

NOT "GO" BUT "COME."

The Rev. W. J. Woods, of Manchester, in speaking at the last annual meeting of the Congregational Total Abstinence Association said:—He did not hesitate to say that he was able to speak for the Lord Jesus Christ, and appeal to the principles which He set going in this world, far more freely, far more ably, and with far more manifest results, because he could speak as a total abstainer, then he could ever have done whilst he stood on the platform of the moderate drinker. When he was a moderate drinker he asked a certain man to sign the temperance pledge, and that man replied, "It is all very well for you to say so, but tell me honestly do you take a glass of Scotch whisky every night?" It was a fact that he did take it. He did not know how the man knew it, yet he was appealing to him to give up the drink. The man went out of the room, went down the street to the public-house, became drunk, went home and broke the face of his wife and kicked his little infant daughter. As a consequence, he was sent to prison for three months. He (the speaker) began to think that perhaps if he had been a total abstainer the man would have listened to him when he begged of him not to touch the drink; or at any rate he could not have left the room with a scornful laugh on his face, knowing that he (the speaker) was using, without being apparently the worse for it, the very thing that he was using and was his destruction. He then made a vow—and with the grace of God he hoped to be able to keep it as long as he lived—that he would never put himself in the false position, that, when he was trying to do the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, his habits would come between the perishing and their Saviour—and so long as he did not

touch it he had not to go to any man and say, "For the sake of the Lord Jesus try and master yourself, go and give up the drink," but "come." This was not the position of the Pharisee, who said, "I can use it and not abuse it; I can tame this devil and master it; you cannot for the devil will master you; I can control it, but you cannot;" but it was the position of one who could say, "I am the brother of the men that have fallen; I am the brother of the men that are perishing; I am the brother of the men who everywhere need a helping hand," and he could say, "My brother, come along with me, and Christ helping us, we will give up the thing that is a curse to the country and a peril to ourselves."—*League Journal.*

PROHIBITION, by driving saloon keepers into some respectable business and thus giving the men opportunity to raise their families respectably, would benefit them to an incalculable degree. Everything about the saloon is so extremely low and vile, that few indeed can daily come in contact with it and maintain their respectability. Few saloon keepers ever retain their ill-gotten gains, which usually take wings and seek a purer and better atmosphere where honesty and virtue dwell, and where there are thrifty business men and women. How many saloon-keepers can you remember who died leaving money made in the liquor business? Had prohibition been in force for the past twenty years many thousands of saloon-keepers, who were looked down upon and filled drunkards' graves, would to-day be living and filling positions of the highest honor. It being true that prohibition benefits the saloon-keeper by forcing him into a business that is free from crime and degradation, we cannot wonder at the vast army of true philanthropists who are working for the good of those who now regard them as fanatics.—*Exchange.*

Temperance Items.

THE CONVENTION IN MILTON.

(From the Report of the Globe's Special Correspondent)

The semi-annual Convention of the Halton Branch of the Temperance Alliance opened at the Town Hall, Halton, at half past ten a.m., on Tuesday, 15th inst. The Rev. M. C. Cameron, President, opened the Convention by reading a portion of the 23rd chapter of Proverbs and offering a prayer. After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting the reports of delegates on the working of the Scott Act in the county were received. Mr. Wm. Hall, of Hornby, said that they had not seen liquor and its effects paraded publicly as it had been before the passage of the Scott Act, and children could now go to and from school without meeting drunken men. In some respects, certainly, the Act had proved a great success. Mr. Wm. Henderson, of Ash, said that the people in his section were nearly all in favour of the Act. Much had been done by the friends of temperance in this county, but much more remained to be done. He recommended that candidates for Parliamentary honors be pledged to staunchly support the cause of temperance. There was no liquor sold in his part of the county so far as they knew, and none were suspected of selling. Mr. Vanfleet, of Kilbride, reported that though he lived only three-quarters of a mile from the Wentworth line the Act was a success in his section. Their neighborhood was morally and socially the better of it. The town constable said that the Scott Act injured him. Before its passage he had collected \$70 in fees, but since its passage he had not collected a dollar. Mr. Earle, of the same place, asserted that all that Mr. Vanfleet had said was quite true, and not too sanguine as it might justly have been. Many who had voted against the Act before were now staunch friends to it. Mr. James, of Gienwilliams, spoke in the strongest terms of

THE SUCCESS OF THE ACT.

He thought where it had compelled the enemy to hide under beds and in dark places it was pretty evident that the temperance people had the upper hand. Before the passage of the Act he, in his capacity of constable, had received plenty of fees, and was frequently called out of bed to arrest people and adjust difficulties. Now he could go to bed and sleep without any fear of being called up for such an enterprise. He knew of numbers who had voted against

the Act who now thoroughly approved of it. Children, who before the Act, were nearly starved and half naked were now well fed and comfortably clothed and cared for. Mr. Morris, of Omagh, reported a greatly improved condition of affairs socially and morally in his region since the passage of the Scott Act. Mr. Lister, of Nassagaweya, reported in a similar strain from his neighborhood. Mr. Warren, of Esquesing, near Acton, said that the Scott Act was considered to be a decided success in his neighborhood; not one had voted against it when the former vote was taken. What drinking was done in Acton was done so secretly that it was hardly recognizable; very few drunken men were now to be seen in Acton. The first objection against the Act was the fear of difficult hotel accommodation, but that was not now to be heard. Rev. R. R. Maitland, of Lowville, reported that the working of the Act in his vicinity was very encouraging; he was of opinion that not a drop of liquor was now being sold in the Lowville Hotel. The outlook for a successful issue in case of another vote on the question was extremely favorable. One man had said to him, "You have no idea of the change for the better among the people here." One gentleman was of opinion that the Act was a decided success in Cumminsville. Some liquor was sold there, but things were very quiet. The Convention then adjourned till half-past one.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The reception of reports of delegates was continued. Mr. Peddie, of Esquesing, said that in his locality the Act had been very successful. Mr. Hartly said that he had been in Milton as frequently since the passage of the Act as he had been before. He had not seen a drunken man in Milton since the middle of last summer. Mr. Menzies, Reeve of Nassagaweya, had named six or seven men that were now sober and churchgoing, owing to the influence of the Scott Act. Very little was now sold in Nelson. The Act had done as much and more than he had ever expected of it. Rev. T. R. Earl, Mr. Hall, of Georgetown; Rev. J. P. Bell, Mr. H. McNair, and Mr. R. S. Hall, all spoke in the most encouraging tone regarding the working of the Scott Act. Rev. James Coultts reported the action of the committee appointed by the last Convention respecting the inspector; they had waited on the Government and laid the case before it, and the consequence was that an additional inspector had been appointed. The Treasurer's report was read by the Rev. T. R. Earl, and adopted. The following Committee on Finance was appointed: Messrs. Robert Warren, R. A. Fleming, Johnson Harrison, James Lister. Mr. John White addressed the Convention on the finance question and the working of the Act, declaring it to have done good in Milton. The following committee on Literature was appointed: Rev. R. R. Maitland, Mr. James Peddie, and Mr. James Hartly.

The committee on finance presented the following report: Your committee having considered the matter of finance, consider that a sum of not less than \$350 should be raised to pay present debts and defray current expenses, and suggest that a subscription be started here among the delegates present to-day and to-morrow, and that the collection taken at the mass-meeting to-night be applied to the same purpose, the remainder to be raised by subscriptions in the different wards of the county. The report was adopted, and, Mr. John White taking charge of the subscription paper, raised nearly \$120 in the hall in a few moments. The report on the committee on literature was adopted, and after it the committee on organization presented a report recommended that one or more persons be appointed in each township to form

WARD ORGANIZATIONS.

This report was adopted and at once acted upon. The Convention then made the following appointments:—For Nassagaweya, Rev. John Neil and Wm. Henderson; Esquesing, Rev. M. C. Cameron and Mr. Geo. Kennedy; Nelson, Rev. Mr. Bell and Messrs. Wood and D. Hartly; Trafalgar, Mr. Johnson Harrison, Dr. Buck, and Messrs. Ireland and Husband.

EVENING MEETING.

At night the hall was filled to its utmost capacity before the hour for opening the meeting had arrived. The chair was occupied by the Rev. M. C. Cameron, who called upon the Rev. C. Coopman to open the meeting by prayer. After prayer the chairman read a letter of regret from Mr. W. H. Howland, who was prevented from being present by a severe attack of bronchitis. The Rev. Jas. Coultts was the first to address the meeting. He strongly advocated total abstinence and the education of children to the taking of the pledge, the earlier the better. He thought that the Scott Act was doing much for the county of Halton. True some old soakers were still in the habit of

getting their drink in dark corners, but temptation was taken away from the boys who were growing up. He held that the license law was contrary to the law of God because it authorized one man to do harm to his fellow-man. He thought that temperance men should be united. There might be important political questions to be settled, but in his time he had never seen a question of one-twentieth the importance of the temperance question. If both candidates pledged themselves fairly and squarely to the temperance party then temperance people could support their own party candidates, but if one candidate pledged himself and the other did not, then every temperance man should support the pledged candidate no matter to what party he happened to belong. The speaker closed his address with a graceful tribute to the *Globe* for the stand it had taken in the temperance question as well as for the commission it had sent to Maine some three years ago to investigate the working of prohibition in that State. This he characterized as the grandest service any Canadian journal had ever rendered the cause of temperance.

Rev. JOHN NEIL was next called upon. He said that it was not his intention to make a general address, but simply to point out very briefly the effect which the Scott Act was having in his own township, Nassagaweya. Formerly every public meeting in the township was marked with more or less drunkenness. Now people got through with their business and went home sober. In his township important

CHANGES FOR THE BETTER

had taken place in the families of many who were accounted hopeless drunkards before the Scott Act was passed. These men themselves testified both in their words and in their lives for the efficacy of the Scott Act. He thought, however, that one of the greatest triumphs achieved by the Scott Act was the removal of temptation from the path of the young. It had been urged against the Scott Act that it had been the cause of perjury, because men had sworn to falsehoods to conceal their guilt when they had broken it. It should rather be said of anything which was so terribly destructive to men's moral nature as to cause them to solemnly call upon their God to bear witness to a lie, merely for the sake of getting it, that the sooner such a fearfully demoralizing agency should be swept away the better for the community.

Mr. F. S. SPENCE, of Toronto, was the next speaker. His address was an eloquent and at the same time a very logical one. By a series of cleverly conceived similes he made very clear the intimate relation which should always exist between moral suasion and restrictive legislation. He made very evident the responsibility of the retailer, the wholesaler, and the distiller of whisky for the crimes committed by men who were crazed with whisky. But the responsibility did not end with the distiller. It also rested upon the Government that licensed the manufacture and sale of liquor and also upon the people who supported such a Government.

Rev. Mr. NELSON, of Lawrence, Kansas, was the next to address the meeting. Prohibition, he said, was as well enforced all over Kansas as any other law on the statute books. Since he had left home he had received the cheering news that the whisky-sellers of Lawrence had at last given up the contest, and had closed their places in good faith.

Grand Worthy Patriarch JOHN McMILLAN, of the Sons of Temperance, of Toronto, was the last to address the meeting. He spoke encouragingly of the state of affairs in Halton.

Mr. JOHN WHITE moved a vote of thanks to the speakers, which was carried enthusiastically.

WEDNESDAY MORNING'S SESSION.

After prayer by the Rev. T. R. Earle the minutes of the previous afternoon session were read and approved. The following local organizers were appointed by the Convention:—

Burlington—Major Kearns, M. P. P., and Mr. John Waldie. Oakville—Mr. Chas. Taylor and Mr. M. L. Biggar. Milton—Mr. W. H. Lindsay and Mr. J. Dice. Georgetown—Dr. L. L. Bennett and Mr. W. G. Wallace. Acton—Mr. James Moore.

It was resolved that the organization of the county be proceeded with at once. It was resolved that the Township and Town Committees be instructed to call conventions in their several municipalities in cases where they think it wise to do so. Some discussion took place relative to the action of the license party in circulating a petition for a repeal of the Scott Act in the county. It was understood that very grave misrepresentations regarding the nature and purpose of this petition had been made to electors by those who were circulating it.

The following Committee on Resolutions was appointed:—Rev. John Neil and Messrs. Geo. Kennedy and J. Peddie. The Com-

mittee reported the following resolution, which was accepted and adopted :—

Whereas the delegates from the different parts of the county attending the Convention have reported that the amount of liquor sold in the towns and villages is

GRADUALLY DECREASING,

and in the rural districts has practically ceased altogether; that the condition of families formerly in a state of misery through drunkenness is much improved; and that many who were formerly opposed to the Act are now speaking in its favour; and whereas the public records show that during the last sixteen months (setting aside convictions made for violations of the Scott Act) crime has decreased about seventy per cent. in the county, and that at the sittings of the last three Assize Courts there were no criminal cases on the docket. *Resolved*, that the Act is a success and that it is doing all that the most sanguine could reasonably expect it would do to decrease drunkenness in the county. After a vote of thanks to the papers represented by reporters at the Convention, the Convention adjourned subject to the call of the President and Secretary; the President, Rev. M. C. Cameron, closing the exercises with the benediction.

C. E. T. S.

The Toronto Diocesan Church of England Temperance Society has announced an immense mass-meeting to be held in the Pavillion of the Horticultural Gardens, Toronto, on the evening of Monday, March 3rd. Prominent and able representatives of different denominations will deliver addresses. The preceding day, Sunday, the 2nd, has been set apart by the Bishop as a temperance Sunday. It is expected that special sermons on the subject of temperance will be preached on that day in all the Episcopalian churches.

A branch of the C. of E. Temperance Society has been established in connection with St. George's Church, Guelph. Mr. Hoyles, of Toronto, attended on Friday, the 4th, to give the benefit of his experience to the new branch, and gave a very interesting and impressive speech. In the opening address the Archdeacon gave his reasons for supporting the C. of E. T. S. on its two-fold basis. He held that the Church was the grand Temperance Society, and that we are bound at our baptism to recognize this, for we are pledged to keep our bodies in temperance, soberness and chastity. And further, it is impressed upon us that our bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost, and whosoever defileth that temple him will God destroy. The C. of E. T. S. is based on this doctrine, recognizing temperance as the law of the Gospel, and tota' abstinence as a rule of expediency in certain cases. He denounced the fanaticism of those who in very intemperate language denounced the temperate use of wine as a crime, and even followed the heresy of the Gnostics, forbidding the wine our Saviour enjoined, thus vitiating and profaning the Sacrament. At a subsequent meeting held on the 7th, a large number joined the new society, about equal numbers in the two branches. It was determined further, on the recommendation of the Archdeacon and Rev. Mr. Irving, that the constitution of the branch in the Episcopal Church in the United States be adopted as much better adapted to the social circumstances of this country and its requirements, than that of the English church. Both societies are on the same two-fold basis of temperance and total abstinence. —*Dominion Churchman.*

A well attended meeting took place in St. Peter's schoolhouse on Wednesday evening, on the occasion of the inauguration of a branch of the Church of England Temperance Society. The chair was occupied by the rector, Ven. Archdeacon Boddy, who, in opening the proceedings, expressed his pleasure at seeing such a large company present, and trusted that all would join the society. Dr. Snelling delivered an earnest, practical address on temperance work in this diocese, after which an adjournment took place, during which refreshments were served. Pledge books were also sent round, and about eighty persons took one or other of the four pledges of the society. On resuming, Mr. Lye gave a song, and the proceedings concluded with an address by Mr. S. Caldecott, in which he called attention to some of the admitted evils of the use of liquors, many of which were of a startling character, markedly the increasing number of "women tipplers," of which Toronto appeared to have a very large number. He urged self-abrogation, sympathy, per-

sonal effort, and combination as essential to the reformation of the intemperate, and the advancement of the grand cause of temperance reform in Canada.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

THE GRAND DIVISION OF ONTARIO met in Ottawa on Tuesday the 22nd inst. We hope to give our readers a full report of its proceedings next week.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

A NEW DISTRICT LODGE, a grand convention of representatives from the Lodges of the county of York and the city of Toronto was held on Thursday of last week in the Hall of the Toronto Union Lodge on Yonge street, Toronto. Fourteen Lodges were represented. The meeting was very enthusiastic. The chair was taken by Bro. F. S. Spence, Toronto District Deputy, who stated the object for which the convention was called.

After a number of earnest addresses, resolutions were carried in favor of organization and a District Lodge was at once formed. The following officers were elected :—

W. C. T.,	Bro. John Morrison,	Dominion Lodge.
W. V. T.,	Sister Mason,	Woodbridge "
W. S.,	Bro. C. Hollingshead,	Woodbridge "
W. F. S.,	Bro. W. Norris,	Union Star "
W. T.,	Sister Smellie,	St. John's "
W. M.,	Bro. J. Leake,	Unity "
W. I. G.,	Sister C. Ward,	Union Star "
W. O. G.,	Bro. Brown,	Weston "
W. Chap.,	Rev. Bro. McCollum.	Carleton Union "
P. W. C. T.,	Bro. Sanderson,	Richmond Hill "
W. R. H. S.,	Sister Miller,	St. John's "
W. L. H. S.,	Sister Jackson,	Dominion "
W. D. M.,	Sister Leake,	Unity "
W. A. S.,	Sister Cordingly,	Albion "

The newly elected officers were then installed by Bro. G. J. Fanner, York County Deputy.

In the evening an open meeting was held under the auspices of the Toronto Union Lodge. The hall was crowded. Bro. Morrison, Dist. W. C. T., presided. A carefully prepared address was delivered on "The Science of Temperance," by Bro. Spence, Dist. Dep. The audience was remarkably appreciative and interested. Other members kindly contributed literary and musical selections.

On Saturday night the Toronto District Lodge met in Wolsley Hall, and resolved to merge its identity in the newly-formed Lodge, cordially approving of its formation.

We take the following encouraging notes of progress from *Truth*, the official organ of the G. L. of Canada :

NEW LODGE.—At Ancaster, Wentworth County, a new lodge was instituted by Bro. R. W. Dingle, of Dundas, assisted by the members of his lodge. "Mountain Village" Lodge begins work with good prospects of success. Meetings every Tuesday evening. James E. Ritchie, L. D.; Sister Jackson, W. V.; Bro. Jackson, W. S.; J. Collins, W. T.; G. McCrimmon, W. F. S.; J. Crooks, W. M. Bro. Dingle since writes, saying: "The last time I visited the new lodge they initiated five new members and several proposals were received. They are doing well."

HAMPDEN, GREY CO.—Bro. T. C. Smith, L. D., of the newly organized lodge, writes :—"At a public meeting held in the school house, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 28th, it was decided by those present to form a temperance society in connection with the I. O. Good Templars. On Wednesday, Dec. 12th, the officers of Refuge Lodge initiated thirty-eight persons into the Order and organized the lodge, to be known as Hampden Lodge, No. 133. The officers were installed by Bro. C. Ramage, L. D., of Refuge Lodge. There is a lively interest being taken in the Lodge just now, which I hope may continue. Eight persons have joined us since the organization, making a present total of forty-six members in less than a month. If they continue to come in as it is thought they will, I trust to have a good report for another quarter."

ANOTHER NEW LODGE.—On Friday evening of last week "Peninsula" Lodge was instituted in the city of St. Catharines with twenty-four charter members, by Bro. T. W. Casey, G. W. S. The new lodge is composed of excellent material, being all active and

WHEN THE ROBINS NEST AGAIN.

WALTZ SONG.

By FRANK HOWARD, ::

Composer of "Only a Fansy Blossom."

Of Thatcher, Primrose & West's Minstrels.

ff dim in u en do.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of triplets in the treble clef, while the left hand plays a steady accompaniment in the bass clef. Dynamics include fortissimo (ff), diminuendo (dim), and accents (in, u, en, do).

I will re-turn, he said to me; I will come back, my love, to thee;..... When nature smiles, on land and

p mf mp

The first system of the song features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes triplets and various dynamics such as piano (p), mezzo-forte (mf), and mezzo-piano (mp).

sea, I will return a-gain to thee. When the Ro-bins nest a-- gain..... Then my bon-nie blue eyed lad.....

mp mf p mp

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. It includes a section marked "REFRAIN" with a double bar line and a key signature change. Dynamics include mezzo-piano (mp), mezzo-forte (mf), and piano (p).

And the flow-ers are in bloom,..... When the spring-time's sun-ny smile..... Seems to ban-ish all sor-row and If my heart is true till then..... Has

1st Time. Rall.

The third system contains the first time through of the second line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a waltz rhythm. The section is marked "1st Time." and "Rall." (Ritardando).

gloom..... prom - ised he'll re - turn to me, when the Robins nest a - gain..... Life seems so bright when in

2nd Time. Fine.

The fourth system contains the second time through of the second line of lyrics. It concludes with a "Fine" marking. Dynamics include piano (p) and mezzo-piano (mp).

thought I'm with thee, Coro, love,— hast-en,— come back to me; We'll build our nest with the Ro-bins in spring-time, Donald! re-

turn, love, to me.....

rit. mf

2nd time Sca

1st Time

Moderato e sostenuto.

Last night in a dream,..... I saw his proud ship wreck'd at sea,..... And I felt that my

3rd Time. Sca.

heart's dear love,..... Could nev-er come back to me..... But the spring time and Ro - bins will c me And

accel. rall. a tempo.

Sca.

with them the brav - est of men,..... For his last words were, darling, I'll meet you.... When the Robins urst a-gain,.....

Sca. loco.

rall. a tempo. D. C. R. fruin al Fine

General News.

CANADIAN.

PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.—The Dominion Parliament was formally opened on Thursday of last week by His Excellency the Governor General. There was a large attendance of onlookers. The speech from the Throne expressed satisfaction at Lord Lansdowne's appointment, congratulation on the prosperous condition of the Dominion, and foreshadowed some measures of importance.

The address in reply was moved on Friday by Mr. McMaster and seconded by Mr. Lewis. Mr. Blake criticised the speech and the Premier replied. In his speech he asserted the intention of the government to enforce the McCarthy License Act. Some formal business was transacted.

On Monday a number of returns were laid on the table, and several petitions were presented. Notably that of the new "Methodist Church" for incorporation. The following bills were introduced and read a first time: To extend the provisions of the Act respecting offences against the person—Mr. Cameron (Huron). To further amend the law of evidence in criminal cases—Mr. Cameron (Huron). An act respecting carriers by land—Mr. McCarthy. Other business was formed.

On Tuesday the following bills were introduced and read the first time: An Act to consolidate and amend Acts respecting the election of members of the House of Commons—Mr. Cameron (Huron). An Act to provide for the punishment of seduction and like offences—Mr. Charlton. Sir John briefly explained changes in the ministry. Mr. Macpherson had been made minister of the interior, and he (Sir John) had become President of the Council and Superintendent-General of Indian affairs.

On Wednesday Mr. McCarthy introduced a bill for constituting a Board of Railway Commissioners for Canada. Sir John Macdonald introduced a bill respecting the electoral franchise. Both were read a first time.

No business of importance has yet been transacted in the Senate.

THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE met on Wednesday. Col. Clarke, of Wellington Centre, was re-elected speaker.

Letters patent have been granted to the Hamilton Vinegar Works Company, with a capital of \$50,000.

The annual exhibition of the Ontario Poultry Association opened at Toronto on Thursday. There were over one thousand entries, and every class was well represented. London, Guelph, and Hamilton send large exhibits.

Dr. Dowling, Liberal, has been elected for South Renfrew, Ont., by 265 majority over Mr. Devine, with Griffith and McNab to hear from. Dr. Dowling had been unseated by the election court, so that his election does not change the position of parties in the Legislature.

Mrs. John Cochran, wife of a Toronto butcher, committed suicide on Saturday by cutting her throat. She was under severe mental depression.

Ellis Collier, an elderly man, was found Wednesday, about five miles from Milford, Ont., frozen to death. He left the village on Monday night in an intoxicated condition, and not having reached home his friends instituted a search for him, and discovered his remains in a snow-bank, a part of his coat only being visible.

The nomination of candidates for the House of Commons for West Kent was held at Chatham, Sheriff Mercer acting as returning officer. Henry Smyth, ex-M.P., Liberal-Conservative, and Dr. Samson, Reform, were nominated.

On Saturday afternoon, at the International Bridge, Ont., Thomas Cavanaugh, a Canada Southern switchman, was struck by a car, which knocked him down and ran over him, cutting off an arm and leg. He was removed to his home at Fort Erie, where he lingered in great pain until midnight Sunday, when he died. He was fifty nine years of age, and leaves a wife and family.

The recent snow storms have been the heaviest known in Canada for many years. In the northern part of Ontario, trains and stages have been delayed or blocked in many places. Sleighing is good everywhere.

Wm. Branton, labourer, aged about 38, was killed on the Grand Trunk railway near Vosburg siding Saturday night last. Deceased lived at Louisville, and leaves a wife and four children.

The Quebec crisis is over at last, Judge Angers having positively refused to re-enter politics, Messrs. Ross, Taillon, Blanchet, Robinson and Lynch were formally sworn in as successors of the Mosseau Government this afternoon, the ceremony taking place at Spencerwood owing to the illness of the Lieutenant-Governor, who is down with an acute attack of inflammation of the lungs, which causes much anxiety to his friends. The sixth portfolio in the cabinet remains vacant for the present.

Cyprien Talbot, of St. Paul du Buton, P. Q., Montmagny, has been killed by a blow from the arm of a wind-mill going at full force, which crushed in his skull.

The New Brunswick Legislature will meet the last week in February.

Nominations have been made of candidates for the vacant seat in the

Commons for York County, N. B. Thos. Temple is the Government candidate, Geo. F. Gregory the opposition. A warm fight is expected. The election is next Tuesday.

The bark *Dramah*, from Natal for Halifax, has been abandoned at sea in a sinking condition. The crew were saved.

FIRES.—Erskine Church, in Toronto, was burned on Sunday afternoon. The Sunday-school was in session when the fire broke out, and the scholars had a narrow escape. Loss, \$30,000. Insurance, \$20,000.—The Collingwood soap factory, with its contents, amounting to four hundred packages of soap and two thousand dollars' worth of stock was totally destroyed by fire at 8.30 on Thursday last, cause unknown. Insured for \$2,000 or \$3,000 in the Northern or Scottish Imperial.—The St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery, with the exception of one wing, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday. This was one of the most extensive conflagrations that has occurred here for years. The loss is estimated at \$150,000, insured in British and Canadian offices for \$122,000 and American offices for \$43,880, making an aggregate of \$166,480. The cigar factory of Davis & Son adjoining was damaged about \$10,000: fully insured. Origin of fire unknown.—The same day Kenneth McKenzie's saw mill at Glencoe was burnt, as was also the Albion Hotel at Niagara Falls.—At Hamilton, the building occupied by the *Spectator* office and a number of merchants was badly damaged by fire. The *Spectator's* loss is \$50,000. Insured for \$21,000. The other establishments were damaged only by water. The loss on the building is covered by an insurance of \$16,000.—In Cornwall the Commercial Hotel was burned along with adjoining buildings. Losses very heavy.

UNITED STATES.

The Mexican Treaty was rejected by the United States Senate by a vote of 37 to 21, not two-thirds in the affirmative.

An earthquake shock has been felt in North Carolina. The crockery on the tables was shaken. At Beaufort the jar was sufficient to shift a stovepipe from its position.

At a boiler explosion in the shoe manufactory of E. C. & E. Wallace, Rochester, N. H., five men were killed and several injured.

Thomas Walls, Toronto's absconding merchant, has been capiased at Chicago. He professes to be penniless.

At Somerville, Ky., seven members of Henry Kendall's family have been poisoned by "Rough on Rats" put in biscuit in mistake for baking powder. Kendall and a son will die.

The Consumers' Powder Co.'s mills, nine miles from Scranton, Pa., blew up, one mill at a time, between 10.20 and midnight, on the 17th, destroying nine of the ten mills. Certainly one man, and probably many more are killed. Communication is cut off.

The village gas works at Malone, N. Y., exploded on Saturday. The building and adjacent structures were demolished, and a watchman and a boy severely bruised. The village will be without gas until the warm weather.

At Reading, Pa., there is great destitution among members working in the ore beds. Their pay was recently reduced from 75 to 65 cents a day, and the store-keepers refuse to give them credit. The operators say the reduction was necessitated by the fall in the price of iron. Hundreds of miners are also idle.

An *Evening Post* special from Bloomington, Ind., say: "Word came from Clear Creek, six miles south of here, that a woman named Adams had been frozen to death. A stranger passing by heard groans in the house, and on going in found a man near the stove almost dead. In a bed was a dead woman with a live baby in her arms.

F. W. Nickerson & Son, agents for the Savannah line of steamers, received from New Bedford, Mass., the following despatch: "The steamer *City of Columbus* is ashore on Devil's Bridge, Gayhead, and is fast breaking up. About 100 lives were lost. Will leave on an early train in the morning. Saved by the cutter *Dexter*. S. E. WRIGHT, Master." The ledges on which the *City of Columbus* struck are considered by mariners one of the most dangerous points on the coast. They consist of a formation of submerged rocks, constituting a double ledge of outer straits, which is called the Devil's Back, both ledges being called the Devil's Bridge. They are abreast of the Gay headlight. The *City of Columbus* had 80 first class and 22 steerage passengers, about one-third of whom were ladies and children, and a crew of 45. The total number of persons saved was 23. Five dead bodies have been recovered, and 119 are missing.

FIRES.—Nirl's paper mill, at Lockport, N. Y., was burned last week. Loss \$40,000.—Knowles' Opera House, with the postoffice and two stores, burned. Loss \$50,000.—At Las Vegas, N. M., the Montezuma hotel has been burned. Loss a quarter of a million; insurance, \$100,000.—The gaol at Kingston, Tenn., was burned by prisoners or their friends. Five criminals escaped. The gaol was one of the best in the State.—At Chicago E. Schneider & Co.'s candle factory was burned. Loss \$150,000.—A fire in the Exchange Court, New York, on the 17th, damaged brokers' offices to the amount of \$150,000; \$20,000 worth of West Shore bonds, and one hundred shares of Union Pacific were burned.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Eleven miners were killed, and several wounded at a mine near Swansea Wales, by the breaking of a rope which was lowering them into the mine.

Heavy gales are prevailing throughout Great Britain. The barque Madras, from Pensacola, has been wrecked in the River Dee. Five men and five women in various parts of the kingdom have lost their lives during the gale.

A Paris despatch says it is reported that the French commander has been instructed not to attack Bacninh until he received further orders.

The Turkish Government has issued a circular to the European Treaty powers in which the course of the Khedive of Egypt is alluded to in terms of harsh condemnation. The Porte insists that the Soudan shall not be abandoned without its consent.

Tales and Sketches.

LONDON GIN-PALACES.

More than one-fourth of the daily earnings of the denizens of the slums goes over the bars of the public-houses and gin-palaces. To study the drink phase of this burning question let us take the districts from which I have drawn the facts and figures I have submitted to your readers in previous articles.

On a Saturday night in the great thoroughfare adjacent, there are three corner public-houses which take as much money as the whole of the other shops on the other side of the way put together. Butchers, bakers, green-grocers, clothiers, furniture-dealers, all the caterers to the wants of the populace, are open till a late hour; there are hundreds of them trading round and about, but the whole lot do not take in as much money as three publicans—that is a fact ghastly enough in all conscience. Enter the public-houses and you will see them crammed. Here are artisans and laborers drinking away the wages that ought to clothe their little ones. Here are the women squandering the money that would purchase food for the lack of which their children are dying. One group rivets the eye of the observer at once. It consists of an old gray-haired dame, a woman of forty, and a girl of nineteen, with a baby in her arms. All these are in a state which is best described as "maudlin"—they have finished one lot of gin, and the youngest is ordering another round. It is a great-grandmother, grandmother, and a mother and her baby—four generations together—and they are dirty and disheveled and drunk, except the baby, and even the poor little mite may have its first taste of alcohol presently. It is no uncommon sight in these places to see a mother wet a baby's lips with gin and water. The process is called "giving the young'un a taste," and the baby's father will look on sometimes and enjoy the joke immensely.

But the time to see the result of a Saturday night's heavy drinking in a low neighborhood is after the houses are closed.

One dilapidated, ragged wretch I met last Saturday night was gnawing a baked potato. By his side stood a thinly-clad woman bearing a baby in her arms, and in hideous language she reproached him for his selfishness. She had fetched him out of a public-house with his last halfpenny in his pocket. With that halfpenny he had bought the potato, which he refused to share with her. At every corner the police are ordering or coaxing men and women to "move on." Between 12 and 1 o'clock it is a long procession of drunken men and women, and the most drunken seem to be those whose outward appearance betokens the most abject poverty.

Turn out of the main thoroughfare and into the dimly-lighted back streets and you come upon scene after scene to the grim, grotesque horror of which only the pencil of a Dore could do justice. Women with hideous distorted faces are rolling from side to side, shrieking loud snatches of popular songs plentifully interlarded with the vilest expressions. Men as drunk as themselves meet them, there is a short interchange of ribald jests and foul oaths, then a quarrel and a shower of blows.

Down from one dark court rings a cry of murder, and a woman, her face hideously gashed, makes across the narrow road pursued by a howling madman. It is only a drunken husband having a row with his wife.

A friend of mine, who is never tired of trying to urge the people of this district to temperance, not long since found a man sitting up naked on a heap of rags, shivering with the death throes on him, and crying for water for his parched throat. His wife in a maudlin state of intoxication, was staring helplessly at her dying husband. A coat was given to wrap round the poor fellow. At night when my friend returned, he found the man cold and dead and naked, and the woman in a state of mad intoxication. She had torn the coat from the body of the dying man and pawned it for drink. In these districts men and women who are starving will get grants of bread, and some of them will even ask for the bread to be wrapped in clean paper. Do you know why? That they may sell one loaf to some one for a copper or two, and get drunk with the money. Men will come and buy a pair of boots in the morning out of their earnings, and pay 7 shillings for them. At night they will return to the same shop and offer to sell them back for 4 shillings. They have started drinking, and want the money to finish the carouse with.—*G. R. Sims, in the London Daily News*

HOME-BREWED BEER.

BY MRS. E. C. ALLEN.

The harvest of rich and golden sheaves
Had been safely gathered in
From the well-tilled fields of Farmer Brown
And the feast and mirth begun.
There was good roast-beef, there was pudding rich,
And plenty of wholesome cheer;
But the glasses were filled from the crystal spring,
Instead of with home-brewed beer.

And visitors wondered to see the change,
For William Brown's farmhouse
Had long and far been famed for the skill
Of his clever, thrifty spouse.
And especially was it whispered round,
In homesteads far and near,
That none to beat her could be found
In her tap of home-brewed beer.

"I'll tell you, my friends," the farmer said,
As he met inquiring eyes,
Why water instead of home-brewed beer
To-day each glass supplies.
My first-born son, dear to my heart—
Words cannot tell how dear—
To-day a homeless wanderer roams
Because of our home-brewed beer.

"He learned to love it whilst a boy,
And the taste grew with his years,
I saw his danger when too late,
I sought with bitter tears
To win my boy, my first-born back
From the power of the deadly snare;
But all in vain—he cared for naught
But to quaff the accursed beer.

"One day when drink had made him mad,
And passion made me wild,
I struck him, and he returned the blow,
And savagely I fought my child.
I cast him forth from his childhood's home,
I banished him—though 'twas here
He had learned to love the dangerous taste
Of his mother's home-brewed beer.

"But, oh! since then my stricken heart
Hath enlightened my once dark eyes
To see my folly, and, though so late,
To choose a course more wise.
No child of mine again shall learn
From father or mother here,
Nor servant be taught by me to love,
The taste of home-brewed beer."

—*Canada Casket.*

STAND BY YOUR COLORS.

"There is a meeting at the school-room, Barton," said Mr. Graham, to his teamster, "will you come?"

"What's it about, master?" asked Jack Barton.

"Somebody's come down to tell us about this Gospel Temperance movement," rejoined Mr. Graham.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Jack. "Well, I've heard of it, but I don't know that it concerns me."

"Nor me, that I know of," said 'is master; "but I've a fancy for going, and I should like to see you there."

"I know what you mean," said Jack Barton. "You think I might join because I take a drop of drink occasionally."

"More than a drop, Jack. Sometimes you leave your work for a day at a time."

"I don't deny it, master, but others do the same."

"I know it, and more's the pity."

Neither of the speakers were temperance men. Mr. Graham was what is known as a moderate drinker, and was proud of never

having been, as he supposed, "the worse of it." Little ailments he had, and was frequently in the hands of the village doctor, who told him that he had a "sluggish liver," and treated him to occasional pill and potion, that gave temporary relief and nothing more. Mr. Graham had never suspected that his liver was injured by alcohol, but that knowledge was to come in time.

He was a coal merchant, and had a very good business. Jack Barton was his head teamster, and a very good man when not "away on the drink."

"You can take that ton of coal to the Grange, Jack," said Mr. Graham, "and be back by half past six. The meeting does not begin till eight."

"I don't promise you I will come," said Barton.

"I hope you will," replied Mr. Graham.

A few minutes before eight o'clock they both happily appeared at the schoolroom, and were early to get a very good seat. The room was completely filled, the last to appear was "Drunken Maggie," the most disreputable woman in the place, who stood in the doorway and scowled defiance at the lecturer and those who supported him on the platform.

The speaker was not a great man. He was only a dim star in the constellation of temperance lecturers now gathered in the sky, so long darkened with ignorance of the evils of drink; but he had truth to support him, and many things he spoke of struck home.

It was an old story that he told, but as good as new, for many who sat there felt it come home to themselves. Mr. Graham became thoughtful, Jack Barton attentive, and drunken Maggie ceased to scowl. The only person in the room who affected to smile at the illustrations and arguments put forward, was the landlord of "The Flapwing," who had come in to "see what it was all about;" and his smile was that of a man who is hard hit and tries to make the best of it.

"Come up and sign here," said the lecturer in conclusion. "Pledge yourselves to have no more poison, and live decent lives. Let every man and woman take the Blue Ribbon—the ribbon of sobriety, decency and thrift."

All did not go up, but more than the landlord of "The Flapwing" expected obeyed the call of the lecturer, Mr. Graham and his man, Jack Barton, being among the first. The very last to ascend the platform was drunken Maggie, whose appearance was hailed with a burst of laughter from "The Flapwing" landlord and a little knot of men around him.

"Ah! you may laugh," she said, turning to them, and pointing direct at the landlord; "but I've done with you, and when a few more follow, you may laugh in another fashion. There's my name. I sign myself out of the public-house and into a decent home again."

Drawing her rags around her, she, with her head erect, marched out of the room, and that night "The Flapwing" was quieter than it had been for months. Not half the usual customers assembled to drink their substance, their health, and their very lives away.

Drunken Maggie became sober Maggie in real earnest, and Jack Barton was a sturdy supporter of the temperance cause ere the week was out. Mr. Graham was quiet, and said little, being, as a matter of fact, not so well content with having signed the pledge. He was afraid that that liver of his would be weakened by abstinence, and he consulted the doctor upon it. The doctor told him that he could have alcohol prescribed for him. "And I recommend," he said with a smile, "that you have a glass of port wine at eleven, and another with your dinner, and perhaps a little negus just before going to bed."

Mr. Graham went home but imperfectly relieved. He doubted if the prescription was an honest one. The force of habit, however, and a liking for drink, which he never suspected was in him, helped the doctor.

In the morning he put a glass of port wine into a physic bottle, and went down to the yard, where he helped Barton and others to weigh out some coals. It was a warm day, and taking off his coat he hung it on a nail in the wall.

By-and-by the longing came upon him, and with a sheepish face he looked at his watch.

"Nearly eleven o'clock," he said; "it's time I took my physic."

"Liver still bad, master?" said Jack.

"Yes," said Mr. Graham; and going over to his coat, took out the bottle.

He was about to raise it to his lips, when Jack Barton came forward with a mug in his hand.

"My liver's uncommon bad too, master," he said, "and I'll take

a drop."

"But it isn't prescribed for you," said Mr. Graham, with a very guilty countenance.

"If two people have got the same complaint," insisted Jack, "only one need go to the doctor. Money can be saved that way. Come, master, in the old days you gave me a glass of beer when I asked for it. You won't refuse me physic now."

"I'd rather not, Jack," said Mr. Graham.

"If you don't master, I shall suspect that you are not keeping the pledge. We signed out and out to keep it together, and if the doctor says drink is good for you, why shouldn't it be good for me?"

"You never touched it, Jack?"

"Not I, master. I signed not to do it."

"Barton," said Mr. Graham, "it is you who are the master, and I the man. You rule your appetites, and I'm a slave to 'em. But I'll be master now. Good or bad for me, doctor against or for it, I'll have none of it;" and with great force he dashed the bottle against the wall, shivering it to fragments.

"If you hadn't done that or something like it," said Jack Barton, "I'd have broken the pledge too, and gone off for the day, I would; because I was angry to see you wasn't quite straight, and when a man's angry, he often does foolish things."

"Trust me, Jack," said Mr. Graham; "I've done with it now. I owe you something for the good turn you've done me this mornin'g."

They worked on, Jack Barton in a quietly triumphant spirit, and Mr. Graham good-humoredly. The liver complaint was quite forgotten by the time the dinner hour came; and leaving the yard, the coal dealer walked homeward.

As he entered the main street of the village, he met the now sober Maggie, already the better in appearance for sobriety, going homeward too. She was a widow, with two children, who, at one time, lived, like the birds, on what they could pick up; but now she had a loaf of bread and the remnant of a cold joint, which some friend had given her, in her apron.

"That you, Maggie?" he said.

"Yes, master," she said.

"What have you got there? Anything from the public house?"

"No," she said, smiling; "and yet perhaps it is. A few days ago this loaf would have gone to 'The Flapwing,' but now I'm taking it home to the children."

"And you've touched no strong drink lately?" he asked.

"Mercy on me, no," exclaimed the woman, with a shocked look on her face; "don't you call to mind that I'm pledged?"

The moderate drinker, once so proud of being able to take a little, felt still more humiliated in the presence of this woman, whom he must look upon as the vilest of the vile, as a human scare-crow, as a thing too loathsome to touch. SHE had not trifled with the pledge, while he had sought by a sophistry, alas! too common, to evade it.

"Perhaps," he said, in a low voice, "you did not miss your drink."

"Master," she said, with a passionate movement of her hand, "I suffered tortures. I felt as if I could NOT live without it for the first three days. Something stronger than chains seemed to be trying to drag me to the public house, but I put a strong grip on my pledge, and I prayed and prayed like the sinful woman I am, in a poor, broken way, and I was saved. Not miss my drink, sir? I had been living on it, if the life I led could be called living."

"Was it so bad as that?" he asked.

"Worse than I can tell you," she answered; "for I'm an ignorant woman, and can't put my feelings into words. The craving was ALMOST as horrible in its way as the feelings I used to have after days of drink—the time when I was MAD, and saw creeping things on the walls, and had evil spirits whispering in my ears that I had better kill my children and myself, and end it. You have never been a drunkard and don't know what you are talking about when you ask me if I missed my drink."

"But sober man as I professed myself, one who was a drunkard has shamed me," he rejoined. "Do you miss your drink now?"

"Thank God, no," Maggie said, with a fervor that was intense, even to the verge of declamation; "and what's more, I loathe the thought of it."

And then they parted, and he went home glad, as few men are, that he had been humiliated.

"I'll have no more dallying with friend and foe," he said, "but stand to my colors or die."

And he has been true to his word for months without dying—nay more, he is a better and a stronger man; and the doctor has lost a patient, as well as "The Flapwing" a customer. The doc-

tor is not sorry. He does not dispute that temperance may have been beneficial, but at the same time he believes that his general treatment has had a desired effect. As for the landlord of "The Flapwing," he is very irate, and asks what "the country" is coming to when "vested interests" are being knocked to pieces "by a parcel of tea-drinkers."

By-and-by he may learn that our drink-ridden land has come fully to its senses, and turned its back on brewer and distiller and all that appertains to their destrutive business.

The temperance banner is up; it floats bravely, and many are rallying round it. What is the duty of these now sober people? To stand fast to their colors through all, and not to budge, though the shafts of ridicule assail them.—*Canadian Band of Hope.*

For Girls and Boys.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

Let's go off by ourselves—he shan't come," said Edward Morrison to his cousin, Johnny Slade. He was speaking of Rob Carpenter, a boy whom Johnny was inclined to like; indeed, down in his very secret heart Johnny liked Rob better than he did Edward; but Edward was his cousin, and had always ruled with gentle little Johnny.

"Mother likes Rob," said Johnny, doubtfully.

"Well, my father says Mr. Carpenter is nothing but a drunkard," rejoined Edward.

"That's all the worse for poor Rob. Oh! do let's ask him. We're going to have chicken and ham sandwiches and milk and cake; he don't get that sort of dinner home, I bet."

"I don't care; if Rob's asked I wont go, and then you can't take Touser."

Edward knew that would decide the matter with Johnny, for Touser was his great pet and admiration, and, sure enough, the little boy said no more about inviting Rob. It was arranged that early on Saturday morning Edward should bring over his fishing-rod and Touser, and the cousins should start for a day in the woods.

But, though they knew nothing of it, Rob had heard their conversation; his face had grown hot with shame as he heard his father called a drunkard; his angry temper had calmed as he listened to kind little Johnny pleading to share his nice lunch with him.

"I just hate that Ed. Morrison," he said that night to his mother. "I might have gone to the woods to-morrow with Johnny Slade if it hadn't been for him. I'll pay him up for it."

"But if you do you cannot pray for father," said Mrs. Carpenter, quietly.

Rob looked uneasy. "Won't God listen?" he said at last.

"No, not if you are unforgiving and angry. And after all, Bob, isn't it natural that Ed. should like to get off alone with Johnny? Wouldn't you like better to be with Johnny alone, than with Johnny and Edward?"

Rob knew very well he would, and could say nothing.

"No, no, dear," Mrs. Carpenter went on, "if you can do some kindness for Edward, do it for Christ's sake, and the answer may come all the sooner to your prayer. If only poor father had work again, I really think he would not drink."

"If"—how Rob longed to find some position for his father—that father seemed so clever when he had not touched liquor for a day or two! Rob wandered off after tea thinking of this and hardly noticing where he was till he heard some words, which attracted his attention and made him walk very softly and listen eagerly. It was quite dark, and two men just in front of him were talking in low tones, yet Rob, whose ears were very sharp, could catch every word.

"We must poison the dog—he's a yapper. I'll throw a piece of meat to him in the afternoon. The boy will have him off in the woods, and I can easily meet them and give a bit to the dog when the boy's not lookin'."

"Then we can get it at night. They go to bed early Saturdays."

Rob trod on a little twig just then that cracked beneath him, and the men hearing the step said no more and turned off at the next corner. But Rob had heard enough. He said not a word to his mother. Ed. would be well punished; they would poison Touser. But then it flashed across him that the men intended to rob Mrs. Morrison. He remembered, too, what his mother had told him. The boy could not sleep for some time trying to decide what to do, and when he did fall asleep he slept so heavily that it

was late on Saturday morning before he was up. His usual Saturday "chores" kept him busy for quite a time, so that when he could leave and run up to "Squire" Slade's he found the boys had started for the woods an hour before. But Rob was eager to save Touser now, it was not so much that he forgave Ed. that he thought of the poor little dog, and of the dreadful robbery that might follow. So he hurried through the woods, turning here and there, till suddenly, pushing aside the leaves of a low tree, he came upon the boys, with Touser between them, about to eat their lunch. Ed's face looked vexed enough, but Rob pretended not to notice, told what he had heard, and certainly made a great impression.

"So they wanted to poison Touser!" exclaimed Ed. "I say, I'll lead him home by this cord, and we'll see the fellows, and then father'll get them arrested. Father will be mighty thankful to you, Rob," said Edward, quite forgetting his prejudices.

Mr. Morrison was indeed thankful, and when the men were safely locked up, for other robberies had been committed by them, he asked Rob if there was not anything he could do for him.

"You're too young for business yet, my boy, but come to me in three years and I'll take you."

"Oh! sir, if you could. There's father—could you give him a place?"

Mr. Morrison hesitated. He did not like to tell a boy his father drank! But Rob went on:

"Mother says if he could only get a steady place he wouldn't drink, sir. And if I get him to take the pledge will you try him?"

"But what can he do, boy?" asked Mr. Morrison, touched by the boy's earnestness.

"He can keep books, sir, and write letters, and—"

"Well, we happen to need an assistant at the books. Let him call to-morrow if he has signed the pledge—that is understood between us, boy."

Rob nodded and ran off to tell the good news. Luckily he saw mother first, and she took the matter of telling his father what had happened upon herself.

At first Mr. Carpenter would not hear of signing any pledge, but when he found that his boy had been praying for him, and how God had sent this opening so evidently in answer to the boy's prayers, the father's heart was touched, and he signed the pledge, and did it with earnest purpose to keep it. Thus far he has kept true to it, and if Ed. should want to get Johnny off by himself, at least he cannot say of Johnny's great friend and playmate, "his father is a drunkard."

But Ed. does not coax Johnny off alone; he is less selfish now, and has not forgotten that, but for Rob, Touser would have been poisoned.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

CIDER.

BY LIZZIE T. LARKIN.

I curse the day, said Farmer Brown,
That ever I made a drop;
For there's my Fred to ruin gone;
I doubt if he can stop.

And yet I've made it year by year,
And in my cellar stored;
I've drunk it with my family
Around the social board.

And if a neighbor happened in
To have an evening chat
'Twas, "Have some cider with us, friend,"
Ere he could doff his hat.

And so the cider-mug went round,
And all must have a drink;
How strange it seems to me to-day
I didn't stop and think!

There's Harry, too, he loves the taste;
I see it more and more,
I've been a fool, it seems to me,
To be so blind before.

I saw him going up the road
A day or two ago,
And wondered why he looked so queer
And walked so very slow.

I'm glad I saw and took him home
Before he got to school,
To show to all who saw him there
His father was a fool.

The boy was drunk ; on cider, too ;
I smelt it in his breath,
I laid him on his mother's bed,
And oh ! he looked like death.

A fool and blind I've been for years
To make the wretched stuff,
I'll make no more, God helping me ;
It's cursed us long enough.

My boys ! what can I do for them ?
'Twas said in days of yore,
" 'Tis useless, when the horse is gone,
To lock the stable-door."

I'll lock it, then, for other boys,
Lest they to ruin go ;
I'll labor night and day for Fred,
My boy ; I've loved him so.

God help me win him back again
To soberness and truth,
And grant my Harry may not be
A drunkard in his youth. — *Y. T. Banner.*

THE SALOON KEEPER'S GAIN.

" I have made a thousand dollars during the last three months," said a saloon keeper, boastfully, to a crowd of his townsmen.

" You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener.

" What is that ?" was the quick response.

" You have made wretched homes—women and children poor, sick, and weary of life. You have made my two sons drunkards," continued the speaker, with trembling earnestness, " you made the younger of the two so drunk that he fell and injured himself for life. You have made their mother a broken-hearted woman. Oh, yes ; you have made much—more than I can reckon up, but you'll get the full amount some day."—*Ex.*

INDEPENDENCE.

I said to a young man : " Why won't you sign the pledge ?" He said : " I won't sign the pledge because I won't sign away my liberty." " What liberty ?" " Liberty to do as I please." Young man, is that liberty ? Any man that does as he pleases, independent of physical, moral and divine law, is a mean, miserable slave. There is not so pitiful a slave that crawls the face of this earth as a man that is a slave of evil habits and evil passions. Therefore, what is it to be free ? To be capable of self-government is to be free. To abandon every habit that you consider wrong is to be free. To fight against that which holds you in bondage is to be free. I tell you a man that overcomes an evil habit is a hero. I knew a man who said he would give up the use of tobacco. He used to chew. He took a plug of tobacco out of his pocket and threw it away, and said : " That is the end of my job." But it was the beginning. How he did want it ! He chewed gentian and chewed chamomile flowers and chewed anything to keep his jaws going. Nothing satisfied him. He said the very tip of his tongue clamored for the stimulant. He said : " I will go and get another. I will buy another plug and when I want it awfully, then I will take a little." And he did want it awfully, and took his knife and piece of tobacco, and then he said he thought it was God's spirit striving with him. He held it in his hand, and said : " I love you, and I want you. Are you my master, or am I yours ? That is a question I am going to settle. You are a weed and I am a man. You are a fiend and I am a man. You black Devil, I will master you if I die for it. It never shall be said of me again. There is a man mastered by a thing. I want you, but I will fight you right through." He said it was over six months before he could get over the desire for that tobacco ; but he fought it right through. That man was a hero. A hero has to battle against an enemy. Cocks can fight and dogs can fight ; but for a man to battle against himself, to conquer every evil desire and wicked passion in the sacred name of duty, that is to be noble and that is to be brave.—*John B. Gough.*

Our Gasket.

JEWELS.

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.

The readiest and surest way to get rid of censure is to correct yourself.

Any man may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of their temperament.

The best part of health is fine disposition. It is more essential than talent, even in the works of talent. Nothing will supply the want of sunshine to peaches, and, to make knowledge valuable, you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom.

BITS OF TINSEL.

A bad clerk is the wrong man in the write place.

" That prisoner has a very smooth countenance," said the judge to the sheriff. " Yes ; he was ironed just before he was brought in," said the sheriff.

" Lands are measured in rods, leagues and so forth," said the teacher. " Now what is a surveyor ?" " A land leagurer!" shouted one of the boys.

" Walk slower, papa," cried the little girl, whose short steps were no match for the strides of her masculine progenitor, " can't you go nice and slow like a policeman ?"

" Here, waiter, bring me some grammatical and typographical errors." Waiter—" Sir we haven't any—just out, sir. Anything else, sir ?" Guest—" Then, sir, why do you have them in the bill of fare ?"

A Scotch witness, somewhat given to prevarication, was severely handled by a cross-examining counsel. " How far is it between the two farms ?" said the counsel. " By the road it's twa mile." " Yes, but on your oath, how far is it as the crow flies ?" " I dinna ken ; I never was a crow."

" Why do you mutter that way when you read ?" asked a man of an old negro who sat mumbling over a newspaper. " How ought I read, sah !" " Why, read without moving your lips." " What good would dat sorter readin do me, sah ? I couldn't heah it ! When I reads I wanter read so I can heah what I'se readin' about."

A sick little child, on whom his mother had just placed a poultice, was lying in bed. He followed with his eyes the clouds that were playing hide-and-seek in the heavens. Suddenly the moon disappeared behind a nebulous mass. " Look," said the child, " they have a poultice on the moon."

WHITTY SAYINGS.—A mediocre writer, employed on the same subject as Douglas Jerrold, says, " You and I are rowing in the same boat."

" Yes," replies the wit, " but not with the same sculls."

Another inferior artist is eating soup at the Garrick Club. He praises it to Jerrold, and tells him it was calf-tail soup. " Aye," says Jerrold, " extremes meet."

These are strong specimens, but take milder ones ; still the character is there.

Pecuniary calamity overtook a friend of Mr. Edmund Burke. Another friend went to console him, and, like Job's comforters, told him it was all his own fault. " How could you be so unfeeling ?" said Mr. Burke when he heard of it.

" Unfeeling, sir !" says the other. " Why, I went to him directly and poured oil into his wounds."

" Oil of vitriol," says the statesman.

Of course I need not say that a thousand examples of the kind are to be found in literature.

A young lady walking in her garden with Sydney Smith, pointed out to him an everlasting pea, reported to blossom beautifully, " but," she said, " we have never been able to bring it to perfection." " Then," said the kindly wit, " let me bring Perfection to the pea," and so led her by the hand to a closer inspection of the flower.

Coulon, a famous mimic of Louis XV's time, took off the king as well as his subjects. The king heard of it, and insisted on seeing the imitation. He was not offended at it, and gave Coulon a fine diamond pin, and says : " Coming to me this ought to be paste ; but coming from Your Majesty, it is naturally a diamond." Is the element of wit extinguished here by the good nature ? I trow not.