

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 18th, 1884.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

The legislative season has come. Municipal Councils, Legislatures and Parliament, are all getting ready for the usual annual task of making, unmaking and mending laws. Bills are being drafted, returns are being prepared, speeches are being studied, electors are pressing their views upon representatives, and representatives are trying to catch the drift of public sentiment, unprincipled men are working out schemes by which political exigencies may be made subservient to their private advantage, and men of principle are earnestly preparing themselves for determined efforts towards evolving promotion of the public good from the medley of conflicting opinions and interests. The liquor question will no doubt receive an unusual amount of attention. Public sentiment, antagonistic to the whole drink system, is rapidly assuming such dimensions that politicians dare not ignore it, and the liquor interest wields an influence of such importance that politicians are afraid to alienate it. Even to men who are merely ambitious and selfish the situation must be embarrassing and uncertain, and no doubt they would vastly prefer leaving the matter entirely alone; while many of those whose motives are purer, feel it necessary to move cautiously, fearing that precipitation might bring disaster to their cause. The latter are mainly strong party men, who believe their party the more favorable of the two to what is right, and hence they feel that their first duty is to make that party as strong as possible.

The great danger in this state of affairs is that there is not likely to be much real progress made at once. Dread of the whisky-power will prevent decisive action, respect for the temperance sentiment will prevent inaction, and a vast amount of the time and energy of legislators, and of temperance workers, will be expended in the discussion of feeble attempts at further restriction. Brain-power and golden opportunities will be thrown away, in pruning at the twigs and branches of the deadly Upas-tree, while the solid trunk and roots are growing larger and stronger, and the wretched victims groan in agony beneath the unprevented curse of its polluting influence. Worst of all, we will be in danger of

congratulating ourselves upon having accomplished some good, when we have really only added to the respectability and legal recognition of the dire plague. We want to say very emphatically that while limitation of the traffic, pure and simple, may do good, anything in legislation more than this is not progress towards prohibition; and the liquor business may well laugh in its sleeve to see us fortifying its legal embankments instead of boldly and persistently demanding and working for the only legislation that it really dreads. We have in Canada at present no distinctive political party. There are staunch Conservatives in parliament who believe in prohibition, opposite them sit strong Reformers, who believe in prohibition; they all tell us this is the right remedy for intemperance, and the only remedy; but the men will not break from the party, and each party finds a pretext for delay; and pretexts will be found, and delays will be made, till patriotism somewhere rises above a miserable, jealous partizanship. There is no other question before the country to-day that is half as important as this. What would be the result, if our temperance men in parliament to-day joined hands and said, "We unite for this, we want no indefinite resolutions, we want no to-take-effect-in-the-future legislation, we will stand by the party that will give us immediate, unconditional, total prohibition"? The Government would be compelled to yield to their demand at once, or else give way to a Government that would yield, for our men would hold the balance of power, and there is no such possibility in Canadian politics, as a union of existing parties to support the liquor traffic and oppose the temperance reform.

The situation, then, really is plain. A manly, independent stand is needed, and must be taken if anything is to be accomplished. Shall we find in our House of Commons the courage and principle that will take it? We have men there to whom we look anxiously, and who are eloquent advocates of our cause. Will they prove themselves equal to the emergency? We are not seeking to form a third political party, but some party must respond to the sorrowing wail that goes up from broken hearts and ruined homes, and the stern demand that justice makes for the protection of our homes against a cruel and merciless foe. If no existing party will respond, the temperance representatives of both parties must unitedly compel a response; but if this is not done, there are thousands of temperance electors who are ready to sink party prejudices when they conflict with great national interests, and who, if driven to do so, will not for a moment hesitate to break old party ties, and ignore old dividing lines in their holy zeal for "God and Home and Native Land."

LEGAL SANCTION.

There is no doubt whatever that the sanction of law is one of the most powerful strongholds of the liquor traffic. The fact that law permits a certain traffic is to the minds of many people *prima facie* evidence that such traffic is something that either ought to be tolerated or cannot be prevented. Even with people who recognize the drink system as a terrible evil, the fact of its permission tends to prevent as much appreciation of its enormity as there would be if it were outlawed and disgraced. Besides, most people are inclined to leave the performance of disagreeable duties to some one else, as far as possible, and law having taken hold of the liquor traffic, it is left in the hands of the law. If any other evil of half the magnitude of this were to be suddenly put into operation without the approving seal of Legislative permission, destroying life, ruining morals, abetting crime, and generally cursing the whole community for the enrichment of some few grasping money makers, society would rise at once in overwhelming and practical indignation that would utterly destroy the whole institution and bring swift vengeance upon the heads of its promoters.

It is strange to see good men, with sympathetic hearts, sound-intellects and philanthropic motives, discussing plans for the man

agement and government of an institution that is utterly useless, morally a curse, and that inflicts more actual loss and suffering upon the country than would A HUNTER ACCIDENT EVERY WEEK. Admit for the sake of argument—although the opposite has been proved—that law could not suppress the liquor traffic and that prohibition would not mitigate the evils of intemperance, still there stands before us the considerations that utter condemnation of the liquor business by-law, would open the eyes of many people who are now blind to its real nature. Such law would be an education in principles of morality, whereas the present law exercises a damaging and dangerous influence on public appreciation of an awful evil, and is far from being “a schoolmaster” of the right kind. If the liquor traffic is destructive and bad, the licensing of it is unjustifiable and wrong.

Contributed Articles.

THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ACT IN HALTON.

BY REV. D. L. BRETHOUR, MILTON.

SECOND PAPER.

“Is the Scott Act a success in Halton?” is a question very often asked Haltonians who are found outside of the county. The question is also asked by strangers who come into the county, shewing the interest gathering around the heroic contest the temperance people are waging with the rum power. The efforts made by the liquor party in the county, encouraged by their brethren outside, to bring the Act into contempt, and defeat, if possible, its beneficent intentions, are evidence that the drunkard-makers are in mortal dread of the Scott Act. And well they may, for it has done more to demoralize and destroy their trade than all the laws which were ever placed upon the statute books. The success of the Act means so much, it is not to be wondered at, that the liquor sellers would turn up earth and hell in their frantic efforts to defeat it; would stoop to any and every disreputable method within the power of a trade old and skilled in expedients to evade the operation of righteous laws. In seeking to enforce this law especially, we must look for, and expect to meet difficulties, which are not found in enforcing many other laws. The avarice of the liquor seller, joined with the debasing appetite of the drinker, form a partnership pledged to defy, and, if possible, defeat, the will of the people.

What does the success of the Scott Act mean, and in what respect and to what extent is it a success? I will mention a few of the many things the Act promises to do in every county where it is enforced, and shew to what extent those promises have been fulfilled in Halton.

The success of the Act means the destruction of the licensed liquor-seller's trade of making drunkards under sanction of the majesty of the law. Has it done this? Yes, *absolutely*. There is not a license to sell liquor in the county, but for medicinal, mechanical and sacramental purposes. Any liquor, therefore, that is sold for other purposes is sold illegally. On the 30th day of April, 1882, there were about 42 licensed drinkshops; on the 1st day of May, 1882, there was not one. Liquor-selling in Halton became a crime from that hour. The responsibility of the people for the drunkenness, disease, poverty, insanity, debauchery and crimes caused by the liquor traffic ceased, and the men who violated the law, and the men who aided and abetted them in so doing, became personally liable. The penalties of the Act will come upon the former when they are convicted, and the latter are convicted in the court of public opinion as joint sharers in the guilt. While the temperance people mourn the ruin that still comes upon some, they do thank God it is not with their consent.

The success of the Act means, again, the destruction of the remnant of respectability that lingered around the role of strong drink because of its legal recognition. That respectability is gone forever in Halton. Those hotel-keepers who have been fined for violating the law have by their own act destroyed what respectability they claimed to have had in doing business under license. Liquor-selling in Halton, what there is of it, has become a reproach and shame; it is simply infamous. Its respectability is a thing of the past—there is not even a rag left. The business now stands before the public unmasked of even its hypocrisy of decency. It is rotten, and seen to be so, from the core to the circumference.

There is no excuse for its sale. If a man obey not the law, he is a criminal, and righteously so. What has done this? The Scott Act. The refuge of license is shattered for ever. In this particular the Act is a success, absolute.

The success of the Scott Act means the destruction of the vicious treating system at public bars, which is one of the most successful agencies in creating the drink habit, and enslaving the drinker. Destroy this, and you paralyze the liquor traffic in the centre of its greatest power. This, to a very large extent, has been done. The amount of liquor sold over the bar, publicly, is infinitesimal. What is sold is for the most part in back rooms, behind locked doors, in dark closets and disreputable places, and then only to the few who are known to be, or suspected of being, favorable to the law-breaker and his business. The many cannot get it at all. The success of the Act in this particular is beyond reasonable contradiction. It is admitted by many of our enemies. The good that has been done in shutting up this way of temptation, which is open and attractive under all license laws, is incalculable. Because of this, many homes, and the hearts of many wives and mothers have been made glad. The success of the Act means, again, the vast lessening of the quantity of liquor used in the county. I know it is said by the favored few, that there is as much liquor sold in the county as there ever was. The statement carries absurdity upon its face, and is therefore its own contradiction. There may be few who drink as much as they did formerly, but very few. A great many who were in the habit of coming to the various towns to sell grain, &c., and do their trading, many of whom lingered until late in the evening, and then went home the worse for having drunk too much liquor, now go home before dark, and go home sober. Others who used to spend all they made at the grogshops, now bring much of their wages home to feed and clothe their families. I do not say all do this, but I do say there is an immense gain to many in this direction. And though the Act is not an *absolute success* in this particular, we are greatly encouraged by the results it has accomplished, and feel ourselves fully justified in defending and sustaining it. Its success means, again, the rescue of many who were entering on the ways of the drunkard by repeated tipping, for they will not stoop to use the degrading methods which the men who break the law ask them to do. To drive liquor into holes and dens is to save multitudes from seeking it, for many who would take a glass if it were on open sale, utterly refuse to degrade themselves to get it. This is a great gain, of which all good men are glad. Shut off the open sale of liquors, as the Scott Act has done, and you hinder many from forming the drink habit, and keep them from entering upon a drunkard's career.

The success of this Act cannot be seen all at once, for a very important part of it lies in its power to educate the younger portion of our people—our sons and daughters. The efforts made to enforce the law, and the success of a great many of those efforts are largely helpful to the formation of right views of the value of law in suppressing illegal and criminal business, and in the formation of correct opinions of the evil and crime of the liquor traffic itself.

The success of the Scott Act means, finally, the arrest of the business of recruiting for the great army of drunkards in the land. Abolish the sale of liquor and you shut up the recruiting shops where men enlist for drunkenness and crime.

There is hardly a drunkard to be found in the nation who has not been made so, either directly or indirectly, by the licensed liquor traffic. Continue license and the great army of habitual drunkards of *seventy thousand strong* in this Dominion, will continue to grow. There is only one effective and permanent method of reducing it, and that is by stopping the causes creating the supply. Prohibition is that remedy, and wherever prohibitory laws have been enforced the number of drunkards has been permanently reduced. This work of saving drunkards is more than the work of a day. The work of preventing their manufacture demands patience and time. In other ways that I might mention, the Act has been a benefit, but these must suffice for the present. In a few of those particulars mentioned there has been *absolute* success, and in the others the benefit has been so encouraging that the temperance people are unanimously resolved to oppose any efforts looking towards its repeal. The liquor-sellers, in any effort they may make to bring back license, will be met with the determined opposition which those only can give who are convinced of the righteousness of their cause.

Milton, January 10, 1884.

(To be continued next week.)

Selected Articles.

RESTRAIN THE TRAFFIC.

SUMPTUARY LAWS.

Men tell us that sumptuary laws infringe on the personal liberty of the citizen. This proposition I deny. John Stuart Mill has wisely and truly said: "That the liberty of the individual ends, however profitable to himself, when it becomes injurious or fatal to another. That pursuits that are injurious to our neighbor must be abandoned or wrongly pursued." Now, sir, the sale of intoxicants is injurious to individuals as well as to communities. Restraining laws only, can protect the individual and community from the baneful effects of intoxicants. Mills said apply his rule and it teaches plainly, that all pursuits of business which are injurious to our neighbor must be abandoned. If an individual or much more, a community, is injured by the business of another, though such business be never so profitable to the person carrying it on, such business must be restrained by protecting laws. Now, sir, the sale of alcohol, as a beverage, is admitted by every reasoning person to be injurious both to individuals and communities. The effect of intoxicants on communities is condemned by Prophets, Apostles and scientists, and known to be—not a small evil—but the greatest of all evils man is heir to. No one claims that the community is benefited by the sale of liquors, as practiced by those now engaged in the traffic. All can testify as to the injury done by liquor in every community.

What, sir, cannot laws be passed to restrain the use of the worst enemy communities have? If laws can be enacted to protect property, why can not laws be made to protect our wives, children, and husbands from those terrible schools of crime? It is a fact that alcohol ruins more bright hopes and prospects than war, pestilence and famine, and I may add, earthquakes. Seeing, then, that alcohol may be called the destroyer of our race shall we be deceived by arguments made by those in the destruction of individuals and nations, and incorporated into party platforms which declare against sumptuary laws, or reasonable laws of restraint on the cause of crime? To claim that laws which strengthen good advice, are curtailing the liberty of the individual is so far from the truth that no one need be deceived.—*Judge A. D. Boren, in San Bernardino Times.*

NURSERIES OF CRIME.

In an address by Hon. George C. Christian, of Chicago, at Lake Bluff, Ill., Aug. 20, the saloon is thus painted:—

"A murder is committed in our midst. Where do the police and detective officers go to find the murderer? Do they go to the church, or the prayer-meeting, or to the Sunday-school, or to the day-school, or to the stores or shop or offices of business? Those places are never once thought of. It is to the saloon, or to some of its ramifications, they turn their attention, and it is in these they sooner or later get on track of their man. It is the gang to be found there who can furnish the desired information.

A robbery or burglary is committed. Some neighboring saloon is at once placed under the sleepless eye of the law officer. The same is true of almost every crime in the entire catalogue.

Did you ever ask yourselves why this is so? The answer is founded in the truest philosophy. The great bulk of crime is committed under the influence and inspiration that grow out of this accursed business, and almost the entire class come from that order of society. **THERE**, they are created and **THERE** they grow and **THERE** they thrive. It is there that their friends and associates are to be found. It is therefore perfectly natural that the officers should seek them there. This is not an idle statement, but it is a fact, borne out by the experience of the police and detective forces of all the cities. It is a circumstance mighty in its power to convince men that the saloon is the home and nursery of crime. It speaks louder than mere statistics. It gives you the common, every-day experience and verdict of the very men who are set apart by our municipal and state governments for the detection of crime and the arrest of criminals. It tells you that the shrewdest men in the community go right to the saloon to find the criminal. The common mind of the community also assents to this proposition."—*Western Wave.*

Charles F. Thwing, in the *Christian Union*, of New York, draws a deplorable picture of the influence of the liquor interest as a factor in the government of the great cities of the United States. Thirteen of the twenty-four aldermen of the city of New York are liquor dealers. Its county clerk is a liquor dealer, and a distinguished student of the municipal politics of that great city says that "the police and the law courts are completely under their control." In Boston the state of affairs is not quite so bad, yet eight out of about sixty of its councilmen are registered in the city directory as liquor dealers. One of them, who is also on the Police Department Committee, not only keeps a saloon, but has twice been convicted of Sunday selling. To elude the State law, which forbids that a license be given to a drinking-saloon, situated within four hundred feet of a school-house, the school-children have been repeatedly turned out of certain school-houses until licenses were given, and in some instances they moved back again. Turning to the west, a striking illustration of the hold the liquor interest upon the country is afforded in the case of Milwaukee, a distinguished citizen of which says that "the saloons practically own the city." Chicago is just as bad, and other places are not far behind.

Probably the state of affairs is not so bad in any of the Canadian cities, but there is danger that they may at any time become so. It is a lamentable fact that those whose line of business is such as relies upon a demand created by the lower appetites and passions, are able to amass wealth much faster than almost any other class. Hence it is that the power of the purse will almost always be found to be great on the side of the liquor dealers. It would be but a trite repetition of a patent truth to say that the progress of civilization and culture, and of Christianity which is the best promoter of both, is to-day more obstructed and more endangered by the traffic in drink than by any other agency that can be named.

What is to be done? Many are working hard and well for radical reform in legislation. The prohibition sentiment is growing rapidly in England, the United States and Canada. But its triumph is still, it is to be feared, far in the future. All experience goes to prove that the most stringent enactments are practically powerless unless strongly backed by public faith and feeling. There are no truer friends of humanity than those who are striving earnestly to create such a feeling based upon such a faith. Let them never relax their efforts for a single day.

But in the meantime, what? The people in many sections of the United States are arousing themselves to give a practical answer to this practical question. They are setting about the enforcement of the prohibitions which in most cases are in some shape already upon the statute books, prohibiting the sale of liquors to minors, or on Sundays, or after midnight, or to habitual drunkards, or within certain prescribed localities. Let the friends of temperance in Canada do the same all along the line. No one can doubt that the rigid enforcement of the restrictions we have would greatly curtail the worst forms of the traffic and result in incalculable good to thousands. It is too true that many earnest advocates of temperance and prohibition are weak-kneed and often positively cowardly about enforcing existing laws. There is an objectionable odor about the business from which they shrink. They fear to create enmities, or to be brought into contempt as informers. Out upon such mawkishness! Those who know that they are doing right, are engaged in a good cause, the cause of philanthropy, of humanity, of God, as this is when engaged in with right motives, should play the man. They should shrink from no approbrium, and quail before no threats or dangers.

The legal restrictions placed upon the liquor traffic—restrictions which are without a parallel in any other line of business—are in themselves a logical admission that the traffic itself is injurious and ought not to be tolerated. The enforcement of these restrictions would be most salutary in several ways. It would greatly diminish the worst evils of intemperance. In doing so it would afford the best demonstration of the good to be gained by still greater restrictions. By minimizing the numbers of both dealers and drinkers it would lessen the opposition to prohibition, reduce its money powers and recruit the ranks of the radical reformers. Let the prohibitory clauses of our liquor Acts be enforced at all costs and hazards,—*Canadian Baptist.*

Temperance Items.

Paris, Ont., has a Blue Ribbon Society, with a membership, as reported a week ago, of over a hundred, and rapidly growing.

Over two hundred have signed the pledge through the instrumentality of the Temperance Association of Mitchell, Ontario.

More than thirty of the mining companies of Colorado make total abstinence a condition of employment.

About three hundred employees of the New York Post Office are members of the temperance societies of that city.

A convention of Scott Act Supporters was held on Wednesday and Thursday of the present week at Milton, in Halton County, where the law is in operation. The meeting was very enthusiastic and interesting. We hope to give a full report of it next week.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF INTEMPERANCE.—The annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Intemperance was held last week at Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, President, in the chair. The gathering was not large, but fairly representative. In opening the meeting the chairman expressed regret that he felt compelled to ask them to elect another President, as he found himself unable to devote all the time that was necessary to the proper performing of the duties connected with that position. Rev. Mr. Burton, Secretary, presented the Society's report for the year, which showed a satisfactory condition of affairs, but contained nothing of special interest. Mr. Matthews, Treasurer, reported that the receipts during the year had been \$126.04, and the expenditure \$72.41, leaving a balance in hand of \$53.63. A discussion then arose on the question of lengthening the hours for liquor traffic, which it was alleged is being agitated in some quarters. A general and emphatic condemnation of the agitation was expressed, and a resolution was moved by Mr. Rose and seconded by Mr. Burton, embodying this condemnation and instructing the Secretary to take steps in conjunction with other societies to endeavor to prevent the lengthening of the hours for the sale of liquor.

Mr. Matthews brought forward the subject of establishing an asylum for inebriates in Canada. He said there are in Toronto alone between three and four hundred men and women who are such slaves to the vice of intemperance that nothing can cure them save their removal out of reach of the temptations at present surrounding them. There were several asylums of the kind he suggested which work successfully in the United States. Mr. Rose said an asylum of the nature proposed had been established in Ontario, but had failed in attaining its object. Rev. Mr. McLeod remarked that the great difficulty that had been found always to exist in connection with this kind of asylums was that they could not compel the victims of intemperance, no matter how hopeless their condition, to become inmates of them. A resolution was at length formulated and passed, calling upon the Executive Committee to consider the question of the advisability of the establishment of some inebriate asylum, as the society believed such an institution to be highly desirable. A short discussion next took place with reference to the literature issued by the Society, and Mr. Rose suggested that the sermon recently delivered by Canon Farrar, and which has excited much interest in temperance circles, should be printed and circulated through the country. The suggestion was not unfavorably received, but it was deemed better to leave the matter in the hands of the Publication Committee. Grocers' licenses was the next subject considered, and a unanimous opinion was expressed by the representatives present of both the abstaining and the non-abstaining members of the Society in favor of the separation of the sale of liquor from that of groceries. Rev. Mr. McLeod told of the evil done by grocers with liquor licenses giving spirits as Christmas boxes to some of their customers who had only just been rescued from intemperance. He gave several instances. Rev. Mr. Milligan remarked that a great deal of tippling is done in those grocers' shops where liquor is sold. The following resolution was at length passed with the expressed approval of all present. "That this Society believes that the separation of the selling of liquor from that of groceries is expedient, and therefore instructs its executive to take the matter into consideration."

In consequence of Rev. Mr. Macdonnell's retirement from the presidency. Rev. Mr. Milligan was appointed to that position, general regret, however, being expressed that any change was necessary. The Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Council were re-elected, with the exception of two or three members of the Council, who

are leaving the city or cannot attend the meetings, for whom substitutes were provided.

The meeting then terminated.—*Globe.*

A HIGH SCHOOL DEBATE.—On Friday evening of last week an open meeting of the Weston High School Literary Society was held, at which the attendance was fair and the programme full. The event of the evening was a debate on the subject, "Resolved, that Moral Suasion is preferable to Prohibition," Messrs. Glassford and Wilson sustaining the affirmative, while Messrs. Dunton and Glassford took up the negative. The affirmatives sustained that the state has no right to interfere with a man's sumptuary liberty; that the reformation effected by prohibition is not genuine, and that moral suasion must finally triumph since it is inseparably connected with education, which is steadily advancing. On the other side it was contended that intemperance is an offence against the state, hence the state has a right to restrict the evil, and that moral suasion is less effective than prohibition which reaches the masses. After a careful review of the arguments advanced, Mr. Wallace, Principal of the school, gave his decision in favor of the affirmative.

The Hon. J. B. Grinnell, the founder of Grinnell, Iowa, said to a *Chicago Tribune* reporter recently, "In Grinnell there has not one been sent to jail, to the poor-house, or to the penitentiary for twenty-five years, and it is needless to say there are no saloons. We can stand a cyclone occasionally, if you keep whisky away from us."

A number of Maine girls have formed themselves into a protective union and adopted a series of resolutions for their government. The following extract from the Constitution and By-Laws gives a very fair idea of the nature, aims and objects of the society: "That we will promise marriage to no young man who is in the habit of tippling, for we are assured that his wife will come to want and his children go barefooted."—*Rescue.*

At a temperance meeting at Milwaukee lately, at which Mayor Stowell, a Democrat, but of strong temperance views, spoke, there were several addresses, in which it was loudly hinted that the Prohibition party of the country was preparing to nominate a Presidential ticket in 1884. It is said that the movement has acquired considerable headway in Iowa, Indiana, Alabama, Maine and other States, and that an organization for that purpose is going rapidly forward. Ex-Senator Windom is spoken of to head the ticket.—*American Temperance Union.*

KANSAS.—Kansas offenders against the prohibitory law are getting largely disappointed over some Democratic judicial decisions. The man appointed by Gov Glick, as they supposed to lock up the law instead of its violators, has recently given them wholesome reprimands and good sized fines. To one of them he said:

"Mr. Zimmerman, you were fairly tried, you had able counsel, and you were tried by a fair and impartial jury. Your offense is that of open, deliberate, wilful, and persistent violation of the prohibitory liquor law. It is true that when a person as you have done deliberately and knowingly persists in violating that law, the penalty ought to be more severe in such a case than where the offense is committed through ignorance, or, as it were, by accident. The business in which you are engaged, Mr. Zimmerman, is of that character as to meet with the disapproval of all good people in the civilized world, and as a business wherever conducted, is productive of evil and is a source of crime. However much we may be pleased with a law, Mr. Zimmerman, it is not in our place to hold it in defiance, but it is the duty of every citizen to obey it until such time as the legislature removes it from the statute books. You are not ignorant of the law, Mr. Zimmerman, but rather than obey it you prefer to carry on an illegal business and wilfully and deliberately set the law at defiance. Have you any legal objection to offer why sentence should not be pronounced against you?"

The guilty individual was unable to offer the necessary plea, and was fined seven hundred dollars. The court proceeded to try his partners in the crime, inflicting on all together not less than twenty-five thousand dollars in fines.—*Union Signal.*

Resolutions adopted by the Continental Congress in 1774: That it be recommended to the several Legislatures of the colonies immediately to pass laws the most effectual for putting an immediate stop to the pernicious practice of distilling, by which the most extensive evils are likely to be derived if not quickly prevented.—*Et.*

Intemperance Delus.

THE WORK IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The temperance movement is apparently making handsome progress in South Carolina. Under the state law, the sale of intoxicating liquors of every kind is prohibited absolutely excepting in the incorporated cities, towns and villages. In such places, intoxicating liquors may be sold upon the payment to the county of the sum of \$100, in addition to whatever license may be charged by the city, town or village. Fruits prepared with spirituous liquors, bitters or other beverages of which spirituous liquors form an ingredient come under the head of intoxicating liquors, and stand on the same footing. Provision is made for what is known as "local option" in the places where intoxicating liquors may be sold. When one-third of the voters in any such town or village petition for an election, upon a question of "License" or "No License," for the sale of intoxicating liquors, a special election to determine the question must be held on or about December 1st, and if a majority of votes, at the special election, are in favor of "No License," no license for the sale of intoxicating liquors shall be granted for the ensuing year. Under these provisions a number of elections have been recently held in different parts of the state.

According to the reports that the *News and Courier* has received, the voters of no less than thirteen cities have decided in favor of "No License," and the citizens of six have voted in favor "License." In the parlance of the day, the "No License" towns are known as "Dry," and the "License" towns are known as "Wet." The following table shows the total population of the cities and towns in which elections have recently been held. Wherever we are not able to give the population of the town, we give the population of the township, and mark such place with an asterisk. The population is taken from the United States census of 1880:

DRY.					
*Allendale	- - -	2,580	Yorkville	- - -	1,330
Ninety-Six	- - -	468	Bamberg	- - -	648
Marion	- - -	824	Greenwood	- - -	745
Winnsboro'	- - -	1,500	Graham's	- - -	-
Spartanburg	- - -	2,353	Martin's Depot	- - -	-
Orangeburg	- - -	2,140	McCormick	- - -	-
Blackstock	- - -	56	Ridge Spring	- - -	130
Chester	- - -	1,899	Maysville	- - -	396
Union	- - -	1,267	Williston	- - -	426
Total,	- - -	-	-	-	16,762
WET.					
Sumter	- - -	2,011	Blackville	- - -	684
Greenville	- - -	6,160	*Manning	- - -	1,140
Elko	- - -	140	Nichols	- - -	122
Total,	- - -	-	-	-	10,566

In Martin's Depot, McCormick, Ridge Spring, Mayesville and Williston the sale of liquors is prohibited by statute. Both Manning and Blackville went "dry" at the election last year and have changed "wet." The most exciting contests were in Greenville and in Sumter. In Greenville there seems to have been considerable fraudulent voting on the part of the liquor dealers, and after the election the families of some of the leading advocates of "No License" were shamefully treated by a gang of drunken rowdies. The election in Sumter, it is said, will be protested on the ground of illegality, and there is talk of petitioning the Legislature to prohibit by law the sale of liquors in the town. While Blackville, in Barnwell County, has changed from "dry" to "wet," it should be noted that at the recent primary election in Barnwell County, to obtain the sense of the people of the whole county, on the question, the vote for Prohibition or "No License" was 1,365; and against Prohibition 272.

The cities, towns and villages in which the "No License" system prevails are few in number, but the number is steadily increasing. They who conscientiously advocate the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors are not likely to change their opinion, and it is not surprising that they should, by reason of their earnestness and perseverance, make many more converts. The local option system, combined with the prohibition system in the rural districts, gives every opportunity for disseminating prohibition views without bringing the question into state politics. The local elections in this way are safety valves, which it would not be discreet to remove, or fasten down.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

But a few years ago there was no temperance organization in China. Now a temperance hotel is advertised in Hong Kong, and at Shanghai there is a lodge of Good Templars, and a good able temperance paper published weekly, called the *Temperance Union*.

PRENZIED WITH DRINK.—A young man named Michael Kane, who resides on River street, had a narrow escape from putting an end to his life yesterday morning. For the past few days he has been drinking hard, and while suffering from an attack of *delirium tremens* he left his home, taking a loaded revolver with him. He was found at the corner of Duke and George streets, flourishing the weapon and acting as if bereft of his senses. Judging from the action of the would-be suicide that he meant mischief, two men rushed up behind him and pinioned his arms. During the struggle which ensued the revolver exploded, the bullet just grazing Kane's temple and inflicting a slight wound. This seemed to bring him to his senses and he allowed himself to be taken home, where a keen watch will be kept on him.—*Toronto Mail*, Dec. 10th.

A BRUTAL SON.—Michael Hays, a lad of about nineteen years of age, was brought into the Central police station last night by P. C. Coulter. He was the worse of liquor, and his hands were smeared with blood. The constable said that he had run into 98 Jarvis Street on hearing cries of murder issuing therefrom. On entering he found the prisoner unmercifully beating his mother, who was lying on the floor. Mrs. Hays was badly cut about the head.—*Toronto Mail*, Dec. 10th.

NEW YORK CITY has nearly 4,000 dram shops kept by women, of whom 1,104 are Germans, and 2,549 are Irish. Only one, it is said, is a native American.

THE CONSUMPTION OF BEER.—An American contemporary publishes some statistics respecting the brewing of beer, collected from the leading countries of the world. It appears that the German people are not, as has generally been supposed, the largest consumers of beer and other malt liquors. The production of beer in the German Empire is said to amount to ninety-two quarts annually per head. In the Austrian Empire the production of beer only reaches an average yearly supply of thirty-four quarts for each inhabitant. In Great Britain, each inhabitant is credited with 115 quarts of very strong beer. In the United States, the production of beer per inhabitant is forty quarts; in Denmark, it is 112 quarts; in Belgium, 71; in France, 24; in the Netherlands, fifty-one; in Norway, forty-three; in Sweden, forty; in Switzerland, thirty-nine. In Russia only four quarts of beer are manufactured for each inhabitant, while the production in Italy is but a tenth part of that amount. Apparently malt liquors are not manufactured in Spain, Portugal, Greece and Turkey. In most wine producing countries, the consumption of malt liquors is very small. In Russia, distilled liquors are principally drunk. The three Scandinavian countries consume large quantities of both fermented and distilled liquors. The consumption of beer and other malt liquors is increasing faster in the United States than in any other country in the world. The consumption, however, is chiefly limited to the Northern States. In the states south of the Ohio River there are very few breweries and little demand for them. New York, Pennsylvania, and the States west of them, produce nearly all the beer made in the entire country.—*British Medical Journal*, Dec. 8.

GERMANY is pre-eminently a beer country. We are assured from time to time that the free use of beer in America would do much to lessen the prevalent intemperance and the evils which accompany it. Beer, however, does not appear to have wholly regenerated German society. According even to the *Washington Sentinel*, beer-organs, vagabonds and beggars have become alarmingly numerous in that country. It says, "It is estimated that there are two hundred thousand vagabonds and beggars in the German Empire, including thieves, pickpockets, and other swindlers, and the authorities estimate the annual loss to the honest people by their operations at the enormous sum of \$25,000,000." It mentions the lax administration of "even the mild laws of Germany against vagabondage," and says, "The evil has become so very great that the Government is understood to be preparing a severe law for bringing scoundrels of the vagabond class to justice." From what we know of the results of profuse beer-drinking in this country it is not at all surprising to be thus assured of the great prevalence of vagabondage in Germany. We venture to suggest to German statesmen that it might be a more effective means of restraining vagabondage to lessen the quantity of beer rather than to make war upon the vagabonds themselves after they have graduated from the beer-shops.—*Advocate*.

"TIME WILL ROLL THE CLOUDS AWAY."

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by

HARRY BIRCH.

Moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Time will roll the clouds a - way, Annie, And the sun will shine a - gain..... Tho'
All the world seems now so cold, mother, Since they took thy form a - way..... Oh,
Oh, I nev - er shall for - get, mother, How you used to watch and pray..... That

life it may not all be sun - shine, Neith - er will it all be rain..... Yes,
now my heart is near - ly bro - ken, Will the clouds ere roll a - way?..... I
we might meet a - gain in Heav - en, When life's clouds should roll a - way..... Yet

just be - fore the day 'tis dark - est, But the light will come a - gain..... No
have no one now left to love me, On - ly griev - ing life a - way..... Oh,
tho' the sky is dark a - bove me, Still must come a bright - er day..... And

life it can not all be sun - shine, Nei ther can it all be rain.....
 moth - er my poor heart is break - ing, Will the clouds ne'er roll a - way.....
 this fond hope s all cheer me moth - er, 'Till the clouds have roll'd a - way.....

CHORUS.—Refrain.

Refrain.
 An-nie dear,..... keep up cheer,..... In this life there's night as well as day,..... Time will
Alto.
 Annie dear, keep up cheer, In this life there's night as well as day, well as day,
Tenor.
 Annie dear, keep up cheer, In this life there's night as well as day, well as day,
Bass.

roll..... time will roll..... Time will roll the darkest clouds a - way.....
 Time will roll, time will roll, Time will roll the darkest clouds a - way, clouds away.
 Time will roll, time will roll, Time will roll the darkest clouds a - way, clouds away.

PROTECT THE BOYS.

In making a plea for Prohibition for the protection of the boys, Governor St. John uses the following illustrations: "A statute of the United States says you shall not sell intoxicating drinks to Indians. Remember that the white man is as good as an Indian, and is there a single reason why we should give the protection of Prohibition to the wild savages of the plains and withhold it from the civilized white man? If it is good for one, it is good for the other. You cannot, under our laws, cruelly kick your own dog, because we have a statute prohibiting cruelty to animals. You cannot get a license to kick dogs, it makes no difference how much money you may offer; you cannot get a license for any such purpose. Just a little further over in this statute book it tells you that at all seasons of the year you are prohibited from killing turkey-buzzards. Is it not high time we were giving as great protection to the boys of Kansas as we give to the dogs and the turkey-buzzards of the State? We protect the buzzards, we protect the dogs, but we have been licensing the destruction of the boys. In the triangular fight between the buzzard, the dog, and the boy, I am for the boy all the time."—Y. T. Banner.

General News.

CANADIAN.

Recruiting has commenced in Toronto for the new Cavalry-Infantry School.

The writ for the Kent election has been issued; nomination will take place on the 22nd and polling on 29th.

A stringent anti-Chinese bill will be introduced in the British Columbia Legislature, declaring it unlawful for Chinese to enter British Columbia, and imposing an annual tax on all Chinese over fourteen years of age.

John Brown, an employee of the Canadian Pacific railway, was fatally injured by a snow-plough near Arnprior. He leaves a widow and six children.

A fire at Morrisburg on Wednesday totally destroyed the building owned by Thos. Dardes, and occupied by J. W. Gibbons as a general store. The stock is a loss, estimated at \$4,500. Dardes is not insured; Gibbons is insured by \$1,500 in the Royal.

The following appointments to the Senate have been made:—Mr. J. G. Ross, of Quebec, in the place of the late Senator Price; Hon. A. Lacoste, Montreal, in place of the late Senator Bureau; Dr. McMilian, of Alexandria, in place of the late Senator Brouse; Mr. James Turner, of Hamilton, in place of the late Senator Hope; ex-Sheriff McKindsey, of Halton, in place of Lieut.-Governor Aikins.

John Bonneau was accidentally killed in the bush at St. Thomas, P. Q., on Saturday by a log falling on him.

At Montreal, a young lady, a daughter of Mr. Doracher, committed suicide by taking rat poison which she bought in a druggist's. No cause assigned.

A brakeman named Dussault has been killed at Chaudiere by a Grand Trunk train. He was thrown under the wheels of a train he attempted to board while in motion.

A freight train ran off the track on the I. C. Railway near St. Thomas, P. Q., and three cars were badly smashed, but no one was hurt.

A man named Edward Adams escaped from the county gaol at St. Thomas, by jumping from a window. He was serving a short term for larceny.

The quartette of children born recently to Mrs. John Howie, of Hanwell, York Co., N.B., one of which died recently after birth, are all dead, the three remaining having expired on Tuesday.

In the Bothwell election trial a recount of the ballots gave the seat to Mr. Mills, by nine votes. There are charges of bribery, both personal and by agents, against both the petitioner and the respondent, which will be investigated.

The two Louders and Tompsett, arrested for the murder of Mr. Lazier, near Bloomfield, were committed for trial.

Last week a man was killed on the Kingston and Pembroke Railway by a passing train. He had been lying on the track. A bottle of whisky was found beside him.

The day before a man was found dead in the snow near Shelburne. He also had a bottle of whisky with him.

Ex-Judge Loranger, who is as the head of the commission for revising and codifying the Quebec statutes, publishes a letter, stating

that the report of the commission to the Government declares unconstitutional and *ultra vires* the liquor license law enacted by the Federal Parliament last session, and which came into effect on the 1st inst., and that the provincial law on the same subject has been consolidated among the statutes of Quebec as in full force.

The produce of the coal mines of Nova Scotia, during the first three quarters of 1883, amounted to 1,078,996 tons, an increase over the same period of the previous year of 97,463 tons. Sales during the same period aggregated 996,060 tons, an increase of 93,137 tons.

A fatal accident occurred to Mr. John P. C. Burpee on the Boston and Albany railroad at Boston last Monday. Mr. Burpee left St. Johns, N. B., on Tuesday last for New York, and was returning home when the accident occurred. Deceased was a brother of Hon. Isaac Burpee, and was associated with him in business for many years. He retired from business seven years ago with an ample fortune. He was about forty-five years old, and leaves a wife and four children.

UNITED STATES.

Delmonico's body has been found with indications that the famous restaurateur had died from exposure.

Pennsylvania anthracite coal producers will operate on half time till the Spring.

There are 314 cotton mills in the Southern States, having 1,276,000 spindles and 25,000 looms.

On the Georgia Pacific Railroad, near Decatur, Ala., a drunken negro shot and killed Conductor Pope (colored). The railroad hands hanged the murderer to the nearest tree.

The sugar cane of Georgia has been injured by the frost; the orange groves of Mobile have also been damaged by the cold weather.

On Tuesday near Weatherford, Texas, the west-bound Texas Pacific train was wrecked by a broken rail. The train was running 25 miles an hour. Two coaches were thrown on their sides. About 30 persons were injured.

At Lebanon, Pa., the powder magazine on the Cornwall ore hills exploded on Monday. A workingman named Posey who had entered the magazine just previous to the explosion, was blown to atoms.

During a riot among Italian labourers at Erie, Pa., one was killed, one fatally wounded, and several injured. Two of the contestants were rivals for the hand of a 14-year-old girl. The parties and their friends met and a general fight resulted.

At Lancaster, Pa., two boys, aged 14 and 15, enticed a small boy into an out-of-the-way place, and under threats of cutting the little fellow's throat, inflicted with blunt instruments injuries from which he died. The boys have been arrested.

Near the same place, Mrs. George, a widow locked her two children in the house yesterday while she went to visit. When she returned one child, aged three years, was found burned to a crisp.

By a coasting accident at Haywardville, Mass., six or eight persons were severely hurt. A double runner struck a sled on which James O'Leary was seated, severing his leg; he died in half an hour. Two ladies named Hollsback were internally injured.

Great damage has been done at Atlantic City, by the sea to property along the beach. Boarding-houses, stores, dwellings, bath-houses, and other buildings are washed away. The railroad is also washed out.

The mine inspector of the middle district of Luzern county, Pa., reports 488 accidents in the mines during the past year, 204 slight, 196 serious, and 88 fatal. Thirty-six widows and ninety-five orphans were left by the latter.

Seventeen vessels and 209 lives have been lost in the Gloucester, Mass., fisheries during the year. Forty men are known to have left widows, and the number of fatherless children of which there is record is 68.

The Maine ship-building industry has been more satisfactory this year than was expected on account of the prevailing low freights. There were 174 vessels built against 168 last year, comprising 9 steamers, 13 ships, 4 barques, 6 barquentines, 2 brigs, 133 schooners and 7 sloops. The work was more evenly divided than last year.

The Statistician of the Agricultural Department, at Washington, has completed the preliminary estimates of the principal crops of the country for the year. They show that potatoes as well as all other roots, and oats have grown luxuriantly and yielded abundantly. The average yield of corn per acre is nearly 23 bushels, or 12 per cent. less than the average. The quality of the corn north of the fortieth parallel, however, is worse than for many years. The wheat crop is slightly in excess of four hundred million bushels, and the cotton product about six million bales.

A terrible railway accident occurred on Tuesday near Bradford, Pa. The engineer of train No. 2, between Wellsville, N. Y., and Bradford, while rounding a curve, discovered oil on the track. He reversed his engine, but too late, and the brakes could not hold the train. It dashed into the oil, which was fresh and gassy. Sparks from the firebox ignited the oil, the flames instantaneously enveloping the train, which dashed down the steep grade at the rate of 45 miles an hour. There were about 40 passengers on board, who became panic-stricken and jumped from the doors and windows into the snow, which was three feet deep. Half a mile from where the flames seized the train the engine and train were de-railed. Three women were burned to death. Five men escaped with slight injuries. Three met their death being burned to a crisp, and three are likely to die.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The value of exports from Great Britain to the United States fell off \$14,000,000 during the fiscal year ending September 30, 1883, as compared with the preceding year.

The display of energy at Woolwich arsenal, and the arrival there of immense stores, such as are required by an army on the march, have given rise to the belief that the English Cabinet will soon decide to despatch reinforcements to the army in Egypt. A mountain battery, pack saddles, and harness for camels have been shipped to Egypt.

The Nationalist meeting announced to be held in County Fermanagh, on Sunday, was prohibited by the authorities.

The garrison at Enniskillen has been ordered to make preparations to accommodate one thousand additional troops, which are to be sent there in view of the Nationalist meeting announced the coming week.

At the weekly meeting of the Irish National League Edward O'Sullivan in a speech said the Orangemen who attended the recent meeting at Dromore were imported hirelings. He deplored the death of one of those Orangemen, but laid the man's death at the door of the landlords, who, he said, had brought ignorant dupes to Dromore to assail a peaceful meeting.

Earl Granville has opened negotiations with the French Government for a settlement of the dispute regarding the Newfoundland fisheries. The basis proposed for a settlement by Earl Granville is the purchase by England of the French rights in Newfoundland waters.

Reports from Spain continue to be very disturbing. The Spanish Parliament has been turned into a beer garden, and the patched up alliance between the various Liberal groups is broken. The War Minister's proposals of an increase of payment to the officers of the army is suspected as forecasting a *coup d'etat*. Nobody seems to know why, but the impression is general that Alfonso will soon have to fight for his crown.

At Marseilles an extensive strike of sailors has occurred. Fifty-six steamers have been abandoned by their crews.

An explosion of fire-damp occurred on the 11th, at the Ferfay coal mine, Arras, France. Seven men were killed. Twelve who were injured were rescued. Five others are missing, and, it is feared, have perished.

Hugo Schencke, an engineer, has been arrested at Vienna on a charge of murdering four girls after having obtained their money under promise of marriage.

It transpires that the real difficulty between the German Prince Frederick Charles and his wife was cruel and inhuman treatment. It is said the Prince has been drinking heavily and beat his wife brutally. It is rumored that the Princess is not satisfied with separation, and will demand a divorce.

The Russian Government professes to have discovered a deeply laid plot against the Czar and Czaritch.

The military tribunal at St. Petersburg has sentenced a number of public officials to terms of from eight to fifteen months' imprisonment for malversation in office.

A despatch states that troubles have broken out in the Khyber territory. Abdu-Lanur, the most powerful of Khyber chiefs, was shot in a bloody feud on Monday. Since 1879 he has been the steady friend of England.

A letter from Honolulu says there is much excitement in the kingdom because of an attempt of Claus Speckels, under a mortgage proceeding, to secure some Crown lands. The people threaten a revolution.

A gentleman at a fancy fair, lately, being solicited to buy something by a young lady who kept a stall, said he wanted to buy what was not for sale, a lock of her hair. She promptly cut off the coveted curl and received the sum asked for it, namely, five guineas. The purchaser was showing his trophy to a friend. "She rather had you," said the friend. "To my certain knowledge she only paid three guineas for the whole wig."

Tales and Sketches.

DEAD!

"My son Absalom! My son, my son!"

Dead: turned at once into clay;
Dead: he that drew life from my breast;
Whom I clasped to my heart yesterday,
And close to its pulses had pressed!
Dead: and his face ashen gray!
Dead: the wild spirit at rest!
My son, my son!

Dead: but not shot through the heart
In battle 'gainst wrong for the right.
'Twere noble from life thus to part,
And fall slain in a chivalrous fight;
But to think how he died is the smart,
A darkness unbroken by light!
My son, my son!

Hadst thou died in a cause that was good,
Standing up for the right and the true.
Thy mother had said—ay, she would—
Let death make a gap 'twixt us two,
Without tears ' had bid thee adieu!
My son, my son!

Dead: stricken down by a blow
Dealt out by a passionate hand!
In the wink of an eye-lid laid low,
His blood welling out on the sand,
And crawling all red in its flow,
Till it crept to my feet where I stand!
My son, my son!

Dead: killed in a wild drunken brawl—
Ah! here is the sting and the shame;
Ah! here is the wormwood and gall;
This burns in my bosom like flame;
Would that tears had dropped on my pall
Ere this blot had blackened his name.
My son, my son!

Thus to die with a wine-maddened brain,
Besotted, befooled and beguiled!
I curse from the heart of my pain,
In words that sound frantic and wild,
The wine—but my curses are vain:
They cannot restore me my child.
My son, my son!

Yet my grief is but common, they say;
Others feel the same anguish and woe:
Sad mothers and wives face the day,
And their eyes with hot tears overflow,
As weeping, they pass on their way,
And cursing the wine as they go
My son, my son!

I tell you in God's holy name
That this is the scourge of the land,
Its burden, its sorrow, its shame,
Burnt deep on its brow like a brand;
Striking hard at its honor and fame,
And crumbling its strength into sand.
My son, my son!

We mothers and wives lift the cry,
And pray you, O men, for your grace;
Come, help for your stations on high,
As ye hope to look God in the face,
Who sees us, as weeping we lie,
And ask you for ruth from your place.
My son, my son!

O poets, your aid we implore;
Chant no longer the praises of wine
Dash the wine-cup down on the floor;
You dishonor a craft so divine.
Ah, indeed, you would praise it no more
If your son lay dead there like mine!
My son, my son!

O singers, well skilled in the song,
Who stir the sweet air with your breath;
As your voices move thrilling along,
Dare you laud the cup that is death?
Dare you lend your great gift to such wrong?
If so, from your brows tear the wreath!
My son, my son!

Here the cry from the madhouse and jail;
Hear the moan of the starving and poor;
Hear the widows and orphans' sharp wail,
Who, like martyrs that groan and endure,
Lift to God their white faces so pale.
And, though speechless, His pity adjure.
My son, my son!

Help all! Free the slaves from their bands;
Help, and take part in this fight;
Strike the fetters from paralyzed hands!
Like Samson, rise up in your might,
Break the chains, like green willow wands.
Do this in God's name for the right!
My son, my son!

Oh, scorn not, I pray you, the cry
Of a mother, a widow undone,
But, even though you pass it by,
It will move the great God on his throne.
He hears from the dust where I lie,
Where in ashes I weep for my son.
My son, my son!

— Delaware Signal.

A TRUE SKETCH.

BY MISS C. BURNETT.

Not many years ago a young lawyer in Southern Illinois won and wed a lovely girl, an only child of one of the first families in the city of C—. Her father gave her, as a wedding gift, a beautiful cottage, elegantly furnished, and situated only a single square from their own home. "We cannot have our darling far from us," they said. On the morning that Lucy left her childhood's home, a home of luxury and culture, the bride of one to whom she gave all the wealth of a woman's affection, she pictured to herself an Eden where she and her hero would live in such bliss as only young lovers dream of. Alas! the fatal delusion! Before the "honeymoon" was past, her idol lay cruelly shattered. He who had been her hero appeared in a form so debased, so repellent, that she so gentle and pure could but shrink from a presence she could not endure. Who can picture her anguish when she saw nothing was left for her to honor of him who had once been her pride? Love betrayed led to bitter despair; grief maddened her brain, and there by the side of him who had promised to love, cherish and protect, but now drunk, beastly drunk, she took her own life. Death she thought she could meet bravely; but not the faces of former friends. From her bosom hope fled when love died. When he woke from his drunken stupor he found only the lifeless form of the lovely bride whom he had taken in the beauty and hope of youth from the home where she was shielded, caressed and honored.

He, the object of her only trust, as she gave him her beauty, her youth, her name, her hopes, her love, her future. For all this untold wealth of affection, so lavishly bestowed upon him he returned only disgrace and sorrow and shame. He forgot his plighted honor, forgot all, when the demon drink took possession of him.

"Only one drink" he had said, when an old companion had offered to treat. "She will never know it. Oh God! she must not know that I love the intoxicating cup! I will not become a drunkard, but I cannot stop entirely. I must do as others do." Only one drink! How many by this snare have lost home, happiness, heaven? As usual, the one drink led to others, till reason fled and consequence was drowned. At the close of the midnight revel he was borne by some of his pretended friends to his home, only to awake to the consciousness that love and reason had fled from her he loved, so truly loved, and life was gone. What was his agony none can tell. O rum fiends, right well did ye do your work. One life sacrificed, and another so darkened that happiness can never more be felt. Listen to the wild cry "I am her murderer, since I made her do it!" burst wildly from her lips. We leave him alone in his grief, and may God have mercy on him, and make him a chosen instrument for the salvation of others!

Was he alone guilty? I ask. No, a thousand times no! The society that not only tolerates, but receives and flatters the tippler is partially guilty. The men who permit laws to remain on our statute books that are calculated to dupe the honesty by showing a pretence of justice, while under them the best and bravest of our land are being borne down to certain destruction, are alike guilty. To the extent of our influence we are all guilty who quietly sit down with folded hands and say, "It does not concern me."

The time is coming when we must meet the thousands who are going down, daily deeper, under our eyes, while we are not so much as lifting our voice or giving our vote to save them. Sisters, such a death as I have mentioned for a time arouses us to action, but it is our unceasing, prayerful effort alone that will banish this course from our land.—*Union Signal*.

PROVERB WILL ON CLIMBING LADDERS.

Some lads were eating their dinners in a blooming orchard, and told Proverb Will they had a long ladder to get the highest apples with; whereupon Will said, "It's a good thing, lads, to aim at the highest part of life's tree. Low levels are damp, and only moles live under ground. A young man idle means an old man needy. It is better to climb a little than to sit doing nothing. Men who sit in the beershop in summer will go to the workhouse in winter. Up at five helps to thrive, but folks who drink much sleep long, and get aches and pains of all sorts. They are late at market, and lose their toil, for the first dog catches the hare, and they are last out of the public-house and first into the ditch. Some ladders are short, and soon climbed, and you don't get many apples with short ladders. Much gold means much toil—much knowledge comes out of much thought. Think of ease, but work on, lads, and don't lose a ripe apple for want of stretching your arm to get it. Do well and learn well. Working is better than drinking. Some folks are always at the tap, but he who drinks when he's not dry will often be dry when he has no drink. Aye, and the more they drink the thirstier they get, for, ever drunk ever dry."

"But," said a ruddy-checked lad, "I likes a jug o' beer."

"Yes, I know thou does, for I've seen thee pull at it, and I've seen thee afterwards asleep in the bars, instead of being out in the field. We should live and learn, for life is sometimes half spent before we know how to live. Beer makes a heavy head and a light purse, a fast tongue and a slow foot. A poor man's table is soon spread, and that's a reason why he should keep out of the ale-house. No one gets any good there. Three visits a day to the 'Dun Cow' will keep us all at the bottom of the ladder, and a bad custom is like a good cake, better broken than kept. The more wise customs we have the better, and teetotal's a good custom, for it never does harm, and cats that catch mice are worth their milk."

"Well," said red cheeks, "I don't mean to sign yet."

"No," said Will, "maybe not. Boys will be boys, but if you don't sow corn you will have thistles. You cannot get blood out of a stone, nor gold out of a quart jug. Beer is the key of the workhouse door. It kicks the ladder down, and tumbles us into the mud. Steady men climb high, and strong arms win the day. Rum is ruin, gin is death. Drink makes the eye blink, but water makes good health better, and old eyes young. So, lads, you must give up drinking, and swearing, and all bad living. The ladder of life is before you—climb high lads, climb high. And don't forget, lads, what we sung on Sunday up at chapel—

Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above."

And now let's to work and do our duty like honest folk, for good words will not fill a sack, and he that sleeps will never climb a ladder either short or long."—*George W. McCree in Temperance Record*.

ON TRUST.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

A steaming, sultry September Sunday afternoon in Water street. Nineteenth of the population are thronging the pavement, while a steady flow of half and wholly intoxicated humanity are coming and going through the side entrances to the frequent groggeries whose front doors are ostentatiously shuttered and barred.

Dejected, thirsty, and, in local phraseology, "Down on his luck," stands Dan Powers, aged twenty-three, occupation, longshoreman. Enforced sobriety is Dan's present status; for he has neither cash nor credit on this Lord's day—his week's earnings were swallowed the night before.

"Pious folks tells about God's carin' for folks," muttered Dan, as he looked grimly about him at the accustomed scenes of misery and vice; "but I notice he keeps mighty shy of places like Water street."

"Only trust Him,
Only trust Him,
Only trust Him just now."

The words, blended with the music of the Mission-house melodeon, floated to his ear above the oaths and ribald conversation on every side, as though to give his bitter assertion the lie. And, somehow, there drifted across his wayward mind the words of a dying mother who had entered into rest amid surroundings of suffering and poverty such as I cannot well depict to you.

The tenth or eleventh street-row for the day was going on just then. Big Mike, pugnaciously drunk, had smitten a street Arab who had been pelting him with pieces of brick. Gathered then, with fiendish yells, boys of every size and fell upon the bewildered bully like a swarm of rats.

Despite his struggles they dragged him to the ground. Embryotic murderers struck at him with their pocket-knives. Two or three young ruffians kicked him in the face with their iron-heeled shoes, while red-faced viragoes and coarse-featured girls applauded and added their strident voice to the general din.

"The 'cops' are coming!" and at the sight of a blue-coated official leisurely approaching a block away, the struggling, swaying crowd surged across the narrow street just in time to separate Frank Burchard from her escort. He was a mild mannered youth, and being greatly dismayed at the sight of what he mentally termed a "howid wabble," he fled round the nearest corner.

"Wonder how she likes the looks of us chaps whose money helped old Burchard build his big house up town?" muttered Dan to himself, as the young girl looked helplessly about her. For Dan had seen this young lady with her father, who was a wealthy stevedore, and knew her to be his daughter. Mr. Burchard owned a row of tenement-houses in Water street. It was none of his business that there were two flourishing grogeries in the basement of each. He didn't sell the liquor. "Dirty business, but clean money," he sometimes said when his agent paid him over the quarterly rent collected in this locality. Yet to call money clean when some of it is stained with the blood of souls, savors of something more than mere moral blindness.

Yet, the appealing look of the young girl, as she stood for a moment bewildered and terrified, seemingly not knowing which way to turn, roused a certain innate chivalry in Dan's breast, and stepping forward, he asked her respectfully where she wished to go.

"To the Mission-house, please," was the tremulous answer. Dan raised his eye-brows a very little, but said nothing, except, "Come this way, Miss, then," and for the first time in all his life Dan Powers walked along the pavement by the side of a pure young girl, whose very presence made him strangely sensible of his own degradation.

"This is it," Dan remarked briefly, as in silence they reached the Mission-house, and was about turning away.

"I wish you would go inside," urged Frank, gently, but Dan shook his head. He took no stock in that sort of thing, he said with a short laugh.

"Lord, help me—in thee do I put my trust," was the breathed prayer that rose from Frank Burchard's heart. And urged by an impulse which she now knows to be given of God, she walked after Dan, and touched his sleeve with her small gloved hand.

"Please come," she again urged, entreatingly. There was something in the pleading look of the clear gray eyes that Dan could not resist, and he followed her into the building.

There were about fifty persons there. Not such as would be found in an up-town church, by any means. There were rags and bloated faces, low foreheads and penitentiary-cropped heads of hair. Half a dozen rough-looking, bronzed-faced sailors were scattered among the audience, and all were listening eagerly to Jerry McAuley, who himself was speaking.

"There's no man in Water street down so low that he can't reform and repent if such a one as I can," he was saying. "I tell you it wasn't the good moral folks that Christ came to die for, it was for just such wretches as I am—just such sinners as you and I are, brother," he said—and it seemed to Dan that the speaker's eye was looking directly into his own. "I used to think God didn't care for the likes of us down in Water street," continued Jerry McAuley thoughtfully, "but since I've took him on trust, I see that it's us not caring for him, is where the trouble comes." Dan started. Here was an answer to his own bitter questionings of an hour before. It couldn't be such a hard thing to be a better man, when Jerry McAuley had turned round. He knew considerable of Jerry's past life, as indeed all Water street does.

Another man arose, whom Dan vaguely remembered as the most degraded of drunkards five years before. He made no boast of his previous vicious life, as you will sometimes hear. Only a simple, unaffected statement of his exceeding sinfulness, and how, when he had trusted past and present into Christ's keeping, he had been helped beyond measure to begin a new record—that was all.

Scarcely had he finished, when a woman in the opposite part of the room rose. Tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"You haf heard what he who just now do speak," she said brokenly; "he is mine husband. I cannot talk this language like him with many words, but I know. Six years ago our home was hell. Now it is heaven." And she sat down.

So one after another, reclaimed from gutter and grogshop, from crime and corruption, testified to the saving power of Christ. And then followed a tender appeal from the leader of the meeting, to any and all who would repent and lead a different life, to manifest such desire by coming forward.

As the notes of a hymn rose heavenward, one after another, with shame-stricken faces and bowed heads, advanced to the altar.

Frank Burchard glanced around. Two large tears were coursing down Dan Powers' face, but he did not stir. Again her heart went up in an earnest cry, and this time it was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And then unhesitatingly, Frank Burchard arose, and making her way to Dan's side, she said in a low tone, "Will you not go with the others, and learn to trust in the same Jesus?"

Only God knows the struggle it cost her to say these words, for she was naturally shy and reticent in speech. But it was the turning point in Dan

Powers' life, and the timid entreaty decided the fate of a human soul.

"Well! why should I say more?" From Jerry McAuley's Mission-house, which reaches a class that no other organization can hope to do, there are some who go back to their wallowing in the mire, as from every department of religious labor. Dan Powers has not been one of these. His story is a simple one, but has the merit of strict truth. He makes no efforts to fathom God's mysteries now. "It's plain sailin' enough for me," said Dan, not long since, "for I've took the whole thing on trust."—*Christian Weekly*.

For Girls and Boys.

SELLING TO DECENT PEOPLE.

A temperance discussion once sprang up in a stage-coach crossing the Alleghanies, and the subject was handled without gloves. One gentleman maintained a stoical silence until he could endure it no longer; then he broke out strongly, saying:

"Gentlemen, I want you to understand that I am a liquor-seller. I keep a public-house; but I would have you to know that I have a license, and keep a decent house. I don't keep loafers and loungers about my place, and when a man has enough he can get no more at my bar. I sell to decent people, and do a respectable business."

When he had delivered himself, he seemed to think he had put a quietus on the subject, and that no answer could be given. Not so thought a Quaker who was one of the company. Said he:

"Friend, that is the most damning part of thy business. If thee would sell to drunkards and loafers, thee would help kill off the race, and society would be rid of them. But thee takes the young, the poor, the innocent, and the unsuspecting, and makes drunkards and loafers of them; when their characters are gone thee kicks them out, and turns them over to other shops to be finished off; and thee ensnares others and sends them on the same road to ruin."—*Prohibition Banner*.

WHAT LITTLE ARTIE DID.

Little Artie and his brothers, three of them, and dear little fellows they were, all were brave and self-reliant, and had been brought up by their parents in the right way.

As these children lived some distance from town, it was found necessary to leave them at home when father and mother attended meeting; especially was this the case in cold weather. Through the summer months the children were often taken along, to their great delight. And as their parents were Methodists of the good old-fashioned kind, the boys were in the habit of hearing—at such times—the hearty "Amen" break forth from their father's lips when the sermon was particularly enjoyable.

One cold Sabbath day these children were left at home, with many cautions to be very careful; yet hardly had the parents left ere the woodwork near the stove-pipe was discovered to be on fire, and out of the children's reach; but, with wonderful activity and energy, the eldest climbed upon the table and put out the flames.

When the father and mother returned they shuddered to see the danger to which their dear ones had been exposed, and with thankful hearts praised them for their courage.

"How did you manage, Tommy, to reach the fire?" asked their father.

"Why," said Tommy, "I pushed the table up to the wall and got upon that."

"And did you help your brother, Jimmy?" to the next.

"Yes, sir; I brought him a pail of water and handed him the dipper."

"And what did you do?" said the proud father to his pet, the youngest of the group.

"Well, papa," said Artie, "you see I was too small to help put out the fire, and so I just stood by and hollered 'Amen'!"—*Kind Words*.

A TALK WITH TOM.

You want to know, Tom, what is the first quality of mankind?

Well, listen. I am going to tell you in one little word of five letters. And I am going to write that word in very loud letters as though you were deaf so that you may never forget it. The word is "TRUTH."

Now, then, remember truth is the only foundation on which can be erected a manhood that is worthy of being so called.

Now, mark what I say, truth must be the foundation on which the whole character is to be erected, for otherwise, no matter how beautiful the upper stories may be, and no matter of how good material they may be built, the edifice, the character, the manhood, will be but a sham which offers no sure refuge and protection to those who seek it, for it will tumble down when trial comes.

Alas, my boy, the world is full of such shams of manhood, in every profession and occupation. There are lawyers in this town who know that they have never had any training to fit them for their work, who yet impose upon the people, and take their money for giving them advice which they know they are unfitted to give. I heard of one lately who advised his partner "never to have anything to do with law books, for they would confuse his mind!"

There are ignorant physicians who know that they are ignorant, and who can and do impose upon people more ignorant than themselves. There are preachers without number pretending to know what they never learned. Don't you see that their manhood is at best but a beautiful deceit?

Now, I want you to be a man, and that you may be that, I want you first and foremost to be true, thoroughly true. I hope that you would scorn to tell a lie, but that is only the beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretence, all effort to seem to be otherwise than what we are.

When we have laid that foundation then we can go on and build up a manhood, glorious and godlike after the perfect image of Him, the perfect Man, who said that He was born that He might bear witness to the truth.—*Bishop Dudley.*

THE WATER DRINKERS.

I passed a garden where roses bright
Were clustering close to the lilies white;
The noonday sun was ablaze o'erhead,
"We're very thirsty," the flowers said.

"Thou lovely lily so fair to see,
O wherefore should'st thou thirsty be?
For gladly into thy cup I'll pour
The sparkling wine from my choicest store!"

The lily folded her pure white cup,
And closed each ivory petal up!
The rosebud shook in the breeze her head;
"We drink the rain and the dew," she said.

I took my wine to the birds that flew
Around the bank where the flowers grew;
They would not come of my glass to taste;
The lark flew up to the sky in haste.

The thrush sang "no" from her leafy spray,
The robin hopped with a chirp away;
The blackbird raised from the stem his head,
"Our drink is that of the flowers," he said.

I saw a child on that summer's day,
Amid the flowers and birds at play;
I brought him wine, but he answered "no,"
With rosy lips as he bade me go!

"I do not care for the red hot wine
While water fresh from the stream is mine!"
He smiled, and merrily shook his head;
"My drink is that of the birds," he said.

turned; his father was watching near,
His step was firm and his eye was clear.
He took my cup but he dashed it down,
And quickly cried with angry frown,

"I will not look on the cup whose glow
Has sired so many to deepest woe!"
The mother smiled, as she shook her head;
"Our drink is that of our child," she said.

—*Women's Herald of Industry.*

True politeness is the last touch of a noble character. "It is the gold on the spire, the sunlight on the corn-field."

No life can be well ended that has not been well spent; and what life has been well spent that has had no purpose, that has accomplished no object, that has realized no hopes.

Our Casket.

JEWELS.

The more we help others to bear their burdens the lighter our own will be.

Whatever you would have your children become, strive to exhibit in your own lives and conversation.

When you fret and fume at the petty ills of life, remember that the wheels which go round without creaking last the longest.

Conversation should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceitedness, novel without falsehood.

With reference to our individual cultivation, we may remember that we are not here to promote incalculable quantities of law physics or manufactured goods, but to become men, not narrow pedants, but wide, seeing, mind-travelled men.

A CHEERFUL WIFE.—What a blessing to a household is a merry, cheerful woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days or little disappointments—one whose milk of human kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity! Such a woman, in the darkest hours, brightens the house like a piece of sunshiny weather. The magnetism of her smiles and the electrical brightness of her looks and movements infect every one. The children go to school with the sense of something great to be achieved; the husband goes into the world with a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people annoy and worry him through the day, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself; "At home I shall find rest!" So day by day she literally renews his strength and energy. And, if you know a man with a beaming face, a kind heart, and a prosperous business, in nine cases out of ten you will find he has a wife of this kind.

BITS OF TINSEL.

Grief is a queer passion. It increases the sighs, and still causes one to pine away.

Judging from the excessive prices charged in America, Egypt is not the only country suffering from false profits.

"I'm not a free trade," said a Pittsburg father one morning, as he led his son out of the pantry by one ear, "but I am opposed to such attacks on sugar."

A young lady had a narrow escape at fire a few nights since. About half her back hair was burned. Fortunately she was not in the building at the time, having put on her other hair and left the house only an hour before the fire broke out.

—One-half of the mistakes in telegrams result from bad punctuation. The operator always runs the message straight along, putting neither capitals nor punctuation marks.

The other day a Chicago newspaper received this telegram which, without any punctuation, read very queerly:

"The procession at Judge Orton's funeral was very fine and nearly two miles in length as was also the beautiful prayer of Rev. Dr. Swing from Chicago."

I found the following paragraph in a Wisconsin newspaper.

"A sad accident happened to the family of John Elderkin on Main street yesterday. One of his children was run over by a waggon three years old with sore eyes and pantalets on which never spoke afterward."

One morning after I had lectured in Lacrosse, Wis., I took up the morning paper and was surprised to read this startling paragraph:

"George Peck in intemperate editor from Milwaukee fell over the gallery last night while Eli Perkins was humorously lecturing in a beastly state of intoxication."

"The coroner's jury brought in a verdict that Mr. Peck's death was caused by his sitting too long in a cramped position listening to Mr. Perkin's lecture which generally produces apoplexy in the minds of the Jury."

A Nebraska newspaper once punctuated a paragraph about their new school house:

"Our new school house which was burnt last week was large enough to accomodate 300 pupils four story high. The school house will be rebuilt by a brother of the former architect who died last summer on a new and improved plan."—*Eli Perkins.*