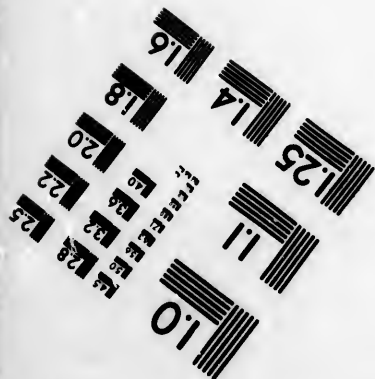
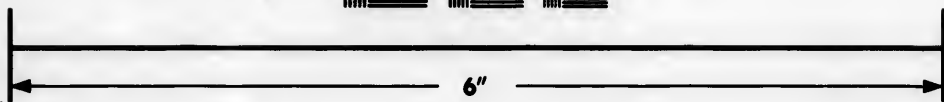
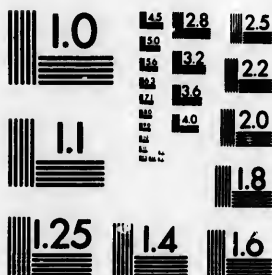


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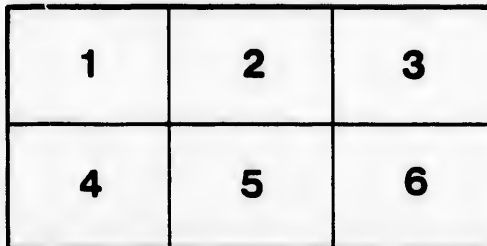
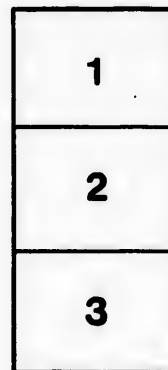
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MRS. LETITIA YOUNANS.

CAMPAIGN ECHOES.

THE HISTORY OF

MRS. LETITIA YOUMANS,

THE FOUNDER OF THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT

IN CANADA.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST OF THE PROVINCIAL WOMAN'S
SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION OF ONTARIO.

INTRODUCTION BY

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

ENDORSED BY LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

SECOND EDITION

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MRS. LETITIA YOUMANS.

CAMPAIGN ECHOES.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

MRS. LETITIA YOUMANS,

THE PIONEER OF THE WHITE RIBBON MOVEMENT
IN CANADA.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST OF THE PROVINCIAL WOMAN'S
CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION OF ONTARIO.

INTRODUCTION BY

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

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DEDICATORY.

TO MY
White Ribbon Sisters
IN THIS
AND OTHER LANDS
THIS
HUMBLE VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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PREFATORY.

At the request of my sisters in the work, I have endeavored to recall the story of my life. It has been no easy task as an invalid confined to my bed, without the aid of any but the merest fragments of notes to call up the memories of the past.

Had I not been blest with a most retentive memory, I would not have ventured to perform the task allotted me. I have endeavored truthfully to recall the transactions of the past, and bring prominently to view circumstances that might be of benefit to others.

To Miss Frances Willard, President of the World's W.C.T.U., I am deeply indebted for many acts of sisterly kindness and official courtesy. In my days of health and prosperity she never failed to recognize me as a sister beloved. During my years of affliction and solitude her sympathizing letters have cheered many a lonely hour. I cannot better express my appreciation of this noble woman than in the language of Bishop J. H. Vincent: "*Miss Willard is the best illustration of the 13th chapter of St. Paul's 1st letter to the Corinthians I ever knew.*" She has labored as faithfully in Canada as in her own country; her

name in the Dominion is a household word. Although I have never had the privilege of meeting Lady Somerset, yet her kind words of sympathy, conveyed through Miss Willard, have called forth my deepest gratitude. One more generous friend, whose kindness I cannot fail to recognize, is my pastor, Rev. A. C. Crews, whose assistance in revising and otherwise preparing this volume for the press lays me under lasting obligations.

Sometimes depressed in spirits or racked with pain, my memories have been transmitted to paper by the aid of an amanuensis. My desire is that I may leave behind me,

“Footprints on the sands of time ;
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's treacherous main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.”

1893.

LETITIA CREIGHTON YOUMANS.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MY BELOVED FRIEND AND
COMRADE, MRS. LETITIA YOUMANS, OF CANADA,
FIRST PRESIDENT, AND NOW FOR A NUMBER OF
YEARS HONORARY PRESIDENT, OF THE
DOMINION WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN
TEMPERANCE UNION.

THE briefest possible definition of our Canadian sister is found in Paul's sententious words, "much, every way." Whether we consider her ample avoirdupois or the remarkable breadth of her views, the warmth of her heart or the weight of her arguments, the strength of her convictions or the many-sided brilliancy of her wit, the vigor of her common-sense or the wide extent of her influence, Mrs. Youmans is a woman altogether remarkable. Like most natures which unite so many royal qualities, and whose kindness and simplicity are, after all, their crowning charm, Mrs. Youmans is a combination, in her ancestry and her experience, of widely varying elements. Her father, John Creighton, was an Irishman, her mother was a Yankee, and she herself was born and reared in Canada. She had the advantage of a close companionship with nature, having been brought up on her father's farm near Cobourg, where she was born Jan. 3rd,

1827. Dr. Van Norman, now a well-known educator in New York city, was her earliest teacher, and from his school, the "Burlington Academy," at Hamilton, she graduated with high honor at the age of twenty years. Here Letitia Creighton remained two years as a teacher. "From her early days," says a Canadian paper, "she manifested in a remarkable degree what have since become the most prominent traits of her character, namely, an intense desire for knowledge, an almost unlimited capacity for hard, intellectual toil, an unwavering determination to devote herself to the realization of a high ideal of life, and an intense sympathy with sorrowing and suffering humanity. The practical view she took of whatever most interested her, prevented this sympathy from being dissipated into mere sensibility, and made her an earnest and active promoter of whatever had for its object the amelioration of the condition of others. While at the Academy she was not more distinguished among her schoolmates for hard work and rapid progress than for her zeal in enlarging the school library, in projecting and sustaining a literary periodical for the improvement of herself and fellow-students, and in setting on foot and maintaining in operation schemes of active benevolence."

At one of the Old Orchard temperance camp-meetings, Mrs. Youmans told us that a speech made by Neal Dow in her home at Picton, thirty years ago, convinced her that the liquor traffic is "the gigantic crime of crimes;" and that

right reason, enlightened conscience, and wise statesmanship all demand its prohibition.

Though always sympathizing with the temperance cause, as with every form of philanthropy, the day of Mrs. Youmans' active public labors was long postponed. She was married at the age of twenty-three, and from that time lived quietly in Picton, Province of Ontario, until the trumpet-call of the "Women's Temperance Crusade" woke in her heart the deepest echo it had ever known. She had already organized a Band of Hope, numbering hundreds of the children of her neighborhood, and the first autumn after the memorable crusade year (1874), Mrs. Youmans, unheralded and uncredentialed, appeared in Trinity M. E. Church, Cincinnati, at the first anniversary meeting of the W. C. T. Union. She modestly stated that she had "come to learn," but was courteously invited to address an evening mass meeting, and her powerful voice rang out for the first time over the historic battle-ground of the new and mighty war. Her American sisters were electrified. What a magazine of power was here, and what an explosion it would cause among the conservatives of the Dominion! From that time on, the name of Mrs. Youmans has been beloved and honored in "the States" even as it had already been "in her ain countrie," and at nearly all the great summer meetings she was wont to be our invited guest, always accompanied by her husband, a dignified and genial gentleman, who was very proud of her.

Her cheery greetings and unswerving bonhomie have greatly helped to strengthen the ties between the two sides of the line, and her favorite prediction about "the women tying together across Lake Erie the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes with ribbons that are total abstinence badges, while the Yankee eagle soars above and the British lion crouches beneath," never fails to "bring down the house."

Mrs. Youmans was for years President of the W.C.T.U. of Ontario, and by her great gifts as a speaker, and her remarkable energy and effective work, did more than any other one to make the W. C. T. U. known in Canada.

Clear and logical as were all of her appeals, Mrs. Youmans was never so effective as on her favorite theme of "home protection," though she declined to give to those words, dear to American White Ribboners, the broader significance they have acquired upon the prairies. Her addresses founded on the books of Esther and Nehemiah, are among the most forcible appeals ever uttered for prohibitory law. All honor to brave Letitia Youmans, and may "the ripe, round, mellow years" of her life's benignant afternoon be crowded full of trophies for the Master whom she loves; for although she now lies on a bed of pain, having been prostrated by that most agonizing disease, inflammatory rheumatism, in August, 1889, our Canadian Great-heart, with her blithe and sunny spirit, still illustrates that wonderful saying of Holy Writ, "The Lord hath not given me a spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind."

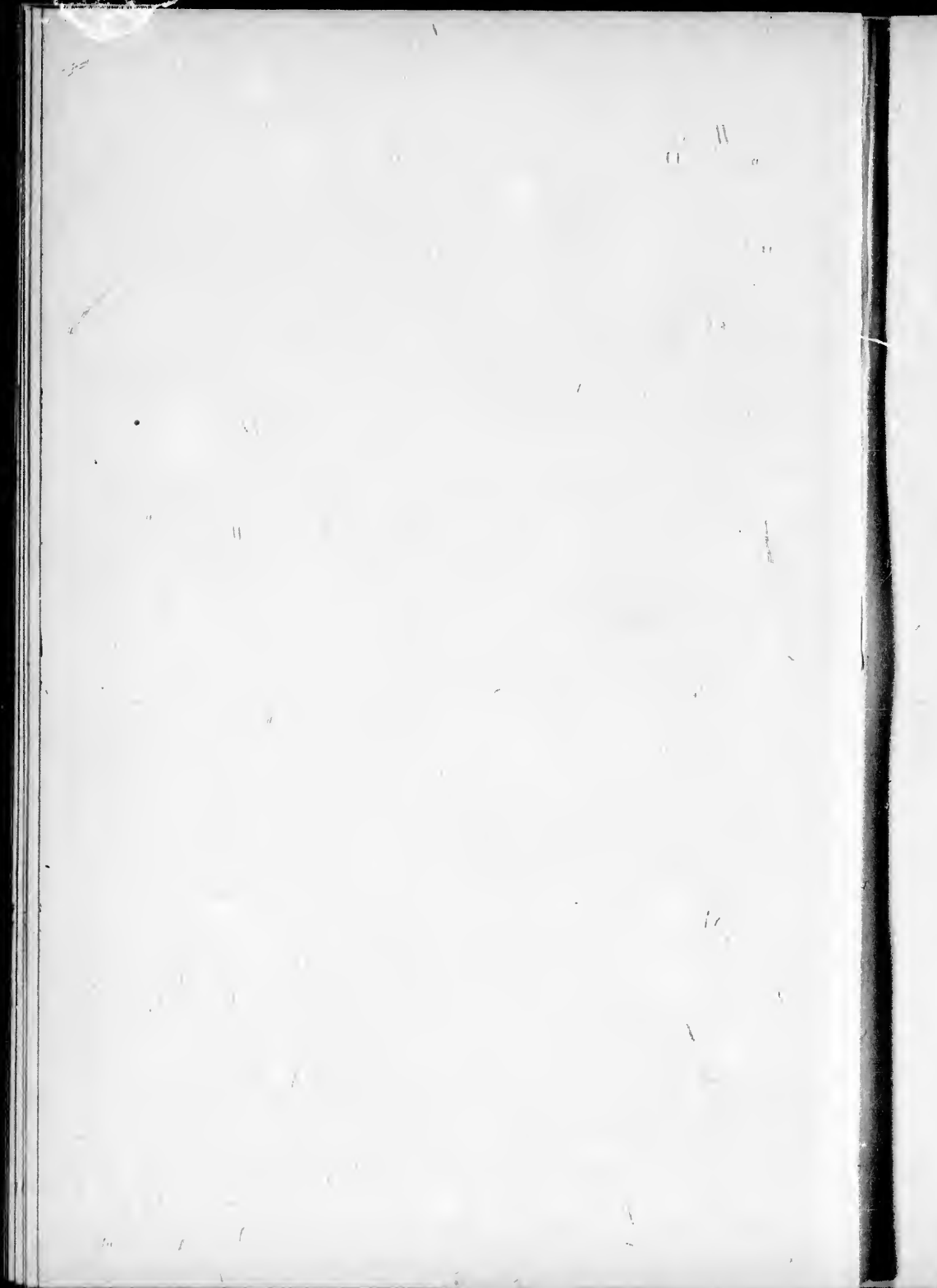
Although unable to use her pen, she has, by the invitation of the White Ribbon women of Canada, in which invitation her American sisters heartily joined, dictated the heroic story of her helpful life. I most earnestly hope that this book, which no woman can read without being glad and proud that she is a woman, may have a large sale, and that the financial outcome of this enterprise may afford our beloved sister a comfortable maintenance now that she is unable to be self-supporting by any other means. If everyone who has listened to that deep voice, those cogent arguments, that motherly heart beating through every word, would buy one of these books, Mrs. Youmans need never have another anxious thought as to the supply of current needs or the provision for her old age. I shall do all in my power to help the circulation of the book in America and England; and by our united efforts in making known its high merits, I am confident we can do a stroke of work for temperance and for one of its most faithful and gifted advocates, who deserves well of the cause and of her comrades.

Lady Henry Somerset joins me in these expressions of affectionate appreciation and good-will.

FRANCES E. WILLARD,

*President of the World's Woman's Christian
Temperance Union.*

EASTNOR CASTLE, Jan. 26, 1893.



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PIONEER EXPERIENCES.

PAGE

- Parentage—Birthplace—Named after a Lady of Rank—Life in the Backwoods—Cutting down the Forest Trees—Glimpse into a Pioneer's Home—The Farmer's Garden. 17

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL DAYS.

- A Primitive Seat of Learning—The Country Schoolmaster who Boarded Round—A Schoolhouse Temperance Pledge—Asiatic Cholera—An Eclipse—Evils of Intemperance in the Early Days—Opening of Upper Canada Academy at Cobourg 28

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOL DAYS—*Continued.*

- Discouragements—The Prospect Brightens—Leaving Home—Training in the Ladies' Seminary at Cobourg—Victoria College Reception—Some Notable Names—Conversion—Graduation—Seminary Removed to Hamilton—Became a Teacher 44

CHAPTER IV.

RURAL LIFE.

- Introduction of Telegraphy and Photography—The Old-time Camp-meeting—The Early Itinerants: Dunham, Losee, Wm. Case, the Ryersons, Anson Green, Richard Jones and Miss Barnes—Opposition of Elder Case to Women Speakers—Lorenzo Dow—Elihu Burritt—Marriage—Pleasures of Rural Life—Churning, Sugar-making—The Care of Poultry—Teaching Again 62

CHAPTER V.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

- Give up the Farm—Suffer the Penalty of Endorsing—Commence Sunday School Teaching—Take Charge of a Bible Class, which eventually numbers One Hundred—How to Retain Older Scholars in the School—The Power of Music—Introduce a Total Abstinence Pledge into the School—Commence a Band of Hope—Thrilling Incidents 82

CHAPTER VI.		
TRIP TO CHAUTAUQUA.		PAGE
Interesting Visit to Chautauqua Assembly—Model of Palestine —Fine Meetings—Singing by P. P. Bliss—Addresses by Rev. Dr. Eddy, Bishop Simpson, John B. Gough, and others—A Woman's Temperance Meeting—The Crusa- ders—Formation of the W.C.T.U. in the United States —Carry Home Fresh Inspiration for Work		96
CHAPTER VII.		
ORGANIZATION OF THE W.C.T.U. IN CANADA.		
Meeting of Women in Picton—Commence Practical Work— Petition the Town Council not to grant Shop Licenses— The Women Appear Before the Council in Person— Make my first Speech in Public—The Dunkin Bill— Edward Carswell's Song—An Election Campaign— Threatened with a Libel Suit—The Temperance Act Carried		105
CHAPTER VIII.		
CONVENTIONS AT MONTREAL AND COBOURG.		
Immense Meeting in the Skating Rink—Various Remedies Suggested—Three Cheers for Prince Edward County— The Tolling Bell—Visit of the Picton W.C.T.U. to Napanee—Interesting Meeting on Board a Steamer— Making it Hot for a Whiskey Seller—Address a Meeting at Cobourg		122
CHAPTER IX.		
VISIT TO TORONTO.		
The Temperance Reformation Society—Form a W.C.T.U.— Address Convicts in the Central Prison—Talk to the Female Prisoners in the City Gaol—Visit the Haven— Look through Gooderham & Worts' great Distillery— Tendered a Banquet by the Reformation Society		133
CHAPTER X.		
GREAT CONVENTION AT CINCINNATI.		
National W.C.T.U. Convention—Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, President—Meet Miss Willard for the First Time—Am Forced into Speaking—Stop off at Guelph on the Return Journey—Grand Lodge of Good Templars—Addresses by G. W. Ross, M.P.P., and Dr. Oronhyatekha—Unions formed at Hamilton, Dundas, Brantford, London, etc.— Incidents of a Meeting in the Centenary Church, Hamilton		141

CONTENTS.

XV

CHAPTER XI.

INCIDENTS OF A CAMPAIGN.

PAGE

96 Meeting at Port Hope—Thomas McNaughton appointed Organizer—A Lost Child—Telling Illustration—Speak at Bethany—A Moderate Drinker's Bad Example—A Doctor's Touching Story—Travelling in the Northern Townships—A Penitentiary Incident—The Dunkin Bill Carried—Good work done by the Ladies of the W.C.T.U.—A Tragic Illustration of the Liquor Curse—Advice to Young Women—Acknowledgment of Services Rendered 153

CHAPTER XII.

TRIP THROUGH LENNOX AND ADDINGTON.

105 A Dunkin Bill Campaign—Pledge Signing—The Blue Ribbon—Nine Farms drunk up—Danger of using Fermented Wine in the Sacrament—Two Boys help me out of a Difficulty—Great Meetings in Napanee—Indirect Influence of Intemperance—It Lets Nobody Alone—Duty of the Minister of the Gospel—More Illustrations from a Penitentiary—Victory in the Two Counties 174

CHAPTER XIII.

HAMAN'S LICENSE.

122 Mr. Gladstone's Famous Utterance—What gives the Liquor Traffic this Power?—Wrapping the Flag around the Business—A Case of Legalized Wrong—Haman a Prototype of the Liquor Sellers of To-day—Queen Esther a Type of the W.C.T.U.—Bowing Down to the Traffic—Prevarication and Falsehood—The Question of Revenue—A Dreadful Tragedy—A Heart and Home Question—A Heroic Woman's Petition—Haman Hung on his own Gallows 184

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MAINE LAW.

133 My First Vote—Duty of using the Ballot—Neal Dow's Speech at Picton—The Maine Prohibitory Law—Its Inspiration—How it was Passed—Visit to Old Orchard Beach—Miss Willard Honored—Prohibition does Prohibit—What we saw in Portland and Bangor—A Sea Captain's Opinion—Witnessing "An Execution" 206

CHAPTER XV.

THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

141 Fredericton Carries the Scott Act—The People Alive on the Temperance Question—Visit to Marysville, the Prohibition Town—The Lumber King's Influence for Temperance—Sir Leonard Tilley's Appeal to Young Men—Fine Meetings in St. John, N.B.—Prince Edward Island.... 220

	PAGE
CHAPTER XVI.	
WITH THE CRUSADERS OF OHIO.	
Convention at Toledo—A Town where no Liquor was Sold— Speak at Hillsboro', Dayton, Akron—Story of the Woman's Crusade—Visiting the Saloons—Bloodhounds let Loose—Praying in the Streets—The Soldiers' Home —Rev. Dr. McCabe—My Husband's Death—Go on with my Work—Organize Several Unions in the Province of Quebec.....	227
CHAPTER XVII.	
ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.	
sent as a Delegate from the Dominion W.C.T.U.—Set Sail from Portland—Greeted by the W.C.T.U. of Liverpool —Go on to London—Warm Welcome from British Sisters—Reception in Exeter Hall—Address by Francis Murphy—Spurgeon's Tabernacle—Spurgeon Wears the Blue Ribbon—City Road Chapel—Edinburgh—Belfast —Dublin—Grave of O'Connell—A Prohibition Town....	247
CHAPTER XVIII.	
BUILDING THE WALLS.	
The Bible a Book of Models—Nehemiah's Prayer and Confes- sion—Influence of the Queen—A Convention Called— Clearing away the Rubbish—Some too Aristocratic to Work—The Young People Help—The Military Depart- ment—Four Stages of a Reform—The Liquor Traffic has no Politics—The Revenue Question—Successful Work— A Demonstrative Meeting.....	260
CHAPTER XIX.	
CALIFORNIA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.	
Los Angeles—San Francisco—Sacramento—Victoria—New Westminster—Chilliwack—Vancouver	279
CHAPTER XX.	
NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.	
Morley Indian Orphanage—Calgary—Medicine Hat—Regina —Winnipeg—Rat Portage—Port Arthur—Owen Sound.	295
CHAPTER XXI.	
WASHINGTON, D. C.	
Visit to the City of Washington, D.C.—Interview with Mrs. Hayes—Baltimore—Philadelphia.....	301
CHAPTER XXII.	
CONCLUSION.	
County of Lambton—Stricken with Inflammatory Rheumatism —A Helpless Invalid.....	310

a 46

CHAPTER I.

PIONEER EXPERIENCES.

227
247
MY birthplace was the hill country of West Northumberland, township of Hamilton, Province of Ontario. The precise locality had been named Baltimore, by a crazy man, who wandered all the way from the State of Maryland in search of his native town. He professed to find it here, and consequently named the place Baltimore, which ever after kept the name.

260
279
Baltimore is situated five miles north-west of what was then known as the village of Hardscrabble, which, as civilization advanced, became the county town of Northumberland and Durham, and subsequently the classic town of Cobourg, for many years the seat of Victoria University.

295
301
My parentage consisted of a wonderful combination of nationalities: my father, a genuine son of the Emerald Isle; my mother, a native-born citizen of the United States; her father a Frenchman from Paris, and her mother a native of Holland.

310
My father spent most of his childhood and youth in the city of Dublin, and consequently enjoyed more privileges of education than most Irish boys of his age. He was a good penman, quick at figures, and had an insatiable thirst for knowledge.

On arriving in America, his finances amounted to just one-half crown. However, with strong arm, clear head and indomitable will, he faced the almost unbroken forests of Canada. He found employment with a farmer during the summer months, and in the winter gathered the children of the scattered settlers, and taught them the rudiments of an English education. The long winter evenings were spent poring over the few books he had brought with him from the Old Country, and what few he could borrow in the immediate neighborhood. The burning of the pine knots he gathered, furnished him the necessary light, for this time was long anterior to the advent of the kerosene lamp, and even the tallow candle was a luxury.

The clergy reserve question of this early period enabled the new settler with small means to appropriate to himself a farm, a deed of which he subsequently might secure, when the land was brought into market by the Government. Accordingly, my father took up a small farm, cleared away the forest trees, and built the old-time log-cabin, furnished it with the rudest kind of furniture, and as small in quantity as a bachelor could well do with. But, alas, for the cooking operations and the domestic arrangements. To use his own terms, his cupboard was a storehouse of comical oddities, and things that had never been neighbors before. His house companions consisted of a cat and dog, and his out-door associates a yoke of strong oxen.

This state of things was in no wise congenial to a warm-hearted impulsive Irishman. He was a firm believer in the maxim that it was not good for man to be alone. He accordingly began to look around him for someone to share his lot, and bring order out of chaos in his solitary cabin. A friend informed him that eighty miles east, in the county of Prince Edward, might be found just the woman he wanted. Accordingly, with his characteristic energy, he secured some business to be transacted in the locality he wished to visit, and armed with a letter of introduction, walked the whole distance.

Before seeking an interview with the lady in question, he was careful to ascertain as to the correctness of the reports that had reached him with regard to her. Like one of old, he soon found that the half had not been told, for in addition to supporting herself and a widowed, invalid mother, she had secured a good supply of household furniture, two cows, and a flock of forty sheep. This accumulation of property, to the young farmer, was a source of wealth he had not anticipated, but she possessed something much more valuable in her native industry and her unsurpassed economy.

The matter was soon settled, for love affairs then did not spin out to the length they sometimes do in these modern times. But who was to tie the nuptial knot? The contracting parties were both members of the Methodist Church, but at this time no dissenting minister was allowed to marry in Canada. Eng-

lish Church clergymen and Roman Catholic priests were the only authorized officials.

Fortunately, however, a magistrate could perform the ceremony, and Squire Cotter, a neighbor, was summoned, and John Creighton and Annie Bishop became husband and wife. The neighbors arranged to escort the newly-married couple to their western home. The invalid mother was carefully and comfortably tucked into a warm bed in a covered wagon, with her faithful daughter by her side to watch over her.

After a long and tedious journey, the place of destination was reached, and now we will leave the weary travellers awhile to rest, and transform bachelor hall into something like a home.

I will now especially invite my youthful readers who know nothing, except by tradition, about pioneer Canadian life, to take a peep into the scene. There is the broad, open fireplace, with its back log, fore-stick, and other adjuncts throwing out light and heat; the hearth is composed of flat stones from the bed of the creek. The rough boards of the cabin floor are scrubbed scrupulously clean. In the far corners of the room are two respectable beds, with ample feather ticks and pillows; an old-fashioned blue and white coverlet. Midway between the two beds stands the pale blue chest of drawers, with bright brass knobs, decidedly the most aristocratic piece of furniture in the cabin. Its ample drawers afforded accommodation for articles too numerous to mention.

A white pine table, scoured to look like snow, and half-a-dozen splint bottom chairs complete the outfit. A ladder in one corner leads to the attic, which no one in modern trailing skirts would dare attempt to mount. Up here are stowed away the spinning wheel, reel, and swifts, and other articles not in daily use.

It is now in the middle of the forenoon, the newly-installed housekeeper has entered fully upon the duties of her office; a large pan of flour sits on the table preparatory to the week's baking; the dough is thoroughly kneaded, and deposited in two iron bake-kettles placed sufficiently near the fire to keep them comfortably warm. Our young readers will now query where the oven is to bake this bread. Just wait a little; the young mistress understands her business—she knows where the oven is. In the meantime the dough swells and puffs until it fills the kettles; the iron lids are then heated over the fire and placed on the kettles. Then a shovelful of hot coals covered with ashes is neatly arranged in one corner of the fireplace. On this she places her bake-kettle; then on the top of the iron lid she places the same fixtures of coals and ashes. In one hour from this time two of the brownest, sweetest bread loaves will be turned out ready for use. Suspended by a wire in front of the fireplace, hangs a fowl frying and sissing, as it revolves around, and is occasionally basted by the young housewife with the dripping which falls into the pan beneath. The

vegetables for dinner are boiling in pots hung on hooks attached to the lug pole in the chimney. The savory articles now placed upon the dinner table made the young benedict's heart dance for joy, and gave him strength for his arduous toils, for there is no denying the fact that properly prepared food invigorates both mind and body.

The time of the singing of birds has come, and spring bursts upon them in all its beauty.

To this frugal housewife a vegetable garden was indispensable. She had accordingly furnished herself with a good supply of garden seeds. In old Prince Edward, where she came from, farm life was considered incomplete without an abundance of garden "sass." At first the hitherto bachelor farmer was quite averse to the trouble of fencing in an enclosure, but woman's persuasion prevailed, and soon a rail fence protected the prospective garden from roving animals. The head of the house spaded up the soil while his better half deposited the seeds. A genial shower or two brought to the surface promising rows of onions, lettuce, beets, etc. Nor was the ornamental altogether neglected, for here and there a scarlet poppy and golden marigold raised its head to add beauty to utility. The virgin soil gave out its wealth of fertility. Such cabbages, corn, and golden pumpkins grew as we scarcely ever see now, since the soil has become impoverished.

Towards the end of the first year, a little stranger appeared in the cabin home, an heir-apparent to

the Baltimore estate. Little Johnnie (for so he was called at once by his mother), like many a transient flower, soon faded away, and at the end of the second week was taken safely home to the Father's house above. The sorrowing parents toiled on improving their homestead, and thus enhancing its value. At the close of another year, an infantile voice again breaks on the ear of the lonely pair, this time a little daughter, who, from the first, seemed to have unlimited use of her lungs, for she was said to be the crossest little creature they had ever known.

This time the father claimed the privilege of naming the child after one who had been to him a protector, guardian and almost more than a mother in the days of his early youth. Lady Letitia Berry was his model woman. Rich in intellect as well as this world's goods, she seemed to live to bless others. Her large estate was the scene of many a gathering of the surrounding peasantry. It was likely in one of these gatherings that my father first attracted her attention as a suitable valet for her two little sons, who were about his own age. She succeeded in gaining his parents' consent that he should come into her family; the chief inducement being a promise from her, to them, that he should receive private lessons from her sons' tutor. He spent several years under the moulding influence of this excellent woman, and on his leaving for America she obtained a promise from him that he would write to her on arriving at his new home. For a length of time this correspondence was

kept up, her letters were carefully perused, and among my earliest memories was looking these over. They were written on large letter paper very closely, and then crossed in a beautiful lady-like hand.

So Letitia was the chosen name.

For two and a half years I shared without a rival my parents' affection and care. Then a second little Johnnie appeared, and I became the happy possessor of a brother.

Now that my father was becoming the head of a family, the thought burst upon his mind that the fifty acres would not be sufficient for the maintenance of an increasing family. He must have a large farm. A block of two hundred acres, within three miles of Cobourg, was now offered for sale, and although almost an unbroken forest, my parents resolved to begin the formation of a second home, and another log-house was built of larger proportions.

My earliest recollections point back to these giant beech and maple trees that came thundering down under the woodsman's axe.

"Oh! what a slaughter of the innocents." And marvellous as it may seem to modern ears, these monarchs of the forest were cut down, rolled together and burned up, simply to get them out of the way, and to clear the ground for the cultivation of food for the settlers. The ashes obtained from the burning of this wood were carefully collected, leached off, and boiled down into potash, which was the only article for which the farmer, at this early date, could obtain

money. One of the sweet recollections of my childhood was the tapping of the maple trees and boiling down the sap, out of which the year's supply of sugar was manufactured.

Over this new farm the deer roamed in apparent security. About a quarter of a mile from our house was a "deer lick," or salt spring, where a mother deer came annually, at the time of the birth of her fawn, secreting it among the bushes, while she grazed around, keeping a watchful eye upon her offspring. Father used to take me by the hand and lead me down to see the baby deer, for which he seemed to cherish a parental fondness. On the approach of fall, the old deer would retreat to the forest, no doubt for better protection. These visits were repeated every year for some time. The neighbors were strictly forbidden to molest these favorite guests; but, unfortunately, a rambling hunter, unaware that any protective game law existed in that locality, aimed a deadly shot, which cut off the great source of my summer's enjoyment.

Not unfrequently did a huge bear venture over the new clearings, and packs of howling wolves were the terror of the sheep and their owners, but amid all these disadvantages, the march of improvement went on. As the adjoining town increased in population, the demand for fuel became greater, and the wood, which had been hitherto cut and burned, was manufactured into cordwood, and disposed of for dry goods, groceries, and sometimes a little money.

Now, I am writing just here for the gratification of my juvenile friends, who never had a glimpse of backwoods life, except by tradition. When the long winter evenings came, the pumpkins had to be peeled and suspended on poles above and in front of the open fireplace for future use ; the corn had to be shelled, which was a staple article for man and beast. Oh ! the delicious Johnny-cakes that used to spring out of that golden meal. I think I see them steaming on the breakfast table now.

And then such butter ! Would that something somewhere approaching its delicacy of flavor would sometimes visit our Toronto markets these days. But to return to the corn-shelling, which was the joy of our youthful hearts. As the kernels were rasped off on an iron bar laid across the wash-tub, the cobs were thrown on the floor and eagerly grasped by the youngsters, and manufactured into houses and fences, until a whole village was laid out. By this time a second brother had arrived, and before he was able to take part in the building operations, would crawl around behind the fortifications, and with his chubby fists deal a blow which would annihilate the whole town. This was generally the signal for a hearty laugh, in which the young marauder took a vigorous part. Now, a word more with regard to these precious corn-cobs. What do you suppose, young friend, was their final destination. Well, this was my first idea of cremation. They were gathered up carefully by my mother and placed in a large potash kettle, outside

the house and burned, furnishing the most beautifully white ashes, which were carefully bottled up, to be used as we use baking soda at the present time. Had you been invited to partake of the fluffy shortcakes inflated by this primitive ingredient, you would have said it was far ahead of our modern baking powders. Thus everything was utilized at this practical period. Our family by this time consisted of five children, three sons and two daughters, myself the eldest of the group ; my little sister Maria the youngest. She was a frail child from infancy, gentle and affectionate in disposition, beloved by everyone, remarkably intelligent and devoted to study while permitted to attend school, but her stay on earth was short. God took her when she was nine years old to Himself.

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL DAYS.

THE spring of eighteen thirty-one was a very important era. I had arrived at the mature age of four years, and my father pronounced it time for me to go to school. The first part of the preparation was to buy a gaily-painted little basket from an Indian woman, for the purpose of carrying my dinner. In this were deposited some nice slices of bread and butter, and a hard-boiled egg. My blue and white calico dress and a sun-bonnet of the same piece completed the outfit. And thus the little schoolgirl was started on her lonely journey of a mile and a half, mostly forest, with here and there a house.

After trudging along until I was pretty well tired, I was attracted by a peculiar sound, and looking ahead, saw a flock of geese which had lately become possessed of a brood of goslings; the father of the family, true to his paternal instincts, at once assumed the protection of his family, and with protruding head and open mouth at once started at a lively pace in pursuit of the invader. My screams of terror brought to the rescue a dear old lady, whose little hut was close by the road side. In my heart I have blessed her for it during the last sixty years, for this was the first great fright of my life. She came out armed with a broom, much to the dismay of his gan-

dership, and thus I was rescued from the jaws of the devourer. She took my hands and rubbed them, for they were cold with fright, then stroked down my disordered hair, and sent me on my way rejoicing, at the same time telling me that the first house on my left was the schoolhouse (taking the forethought to ask me if I knew which was my left hand). In my confusion I reached out my right, but the dear old lady soon set me straight by showing me my left hand. So after a while my pilgrimage was ended by arriving at the primitive seat of learning.

As I look back at it now, it seems to have been about fifteen feet square. Around the sides were fastened rough boards, secured by pins in the wall, which formed the desks. In front of these were the benches, constructed by slabs, with the smooth side upwards, and sticks crosswise at each end for legs. Suspended on these uncomfortable seats, sat some ten or twelve little urchins, whose feet were some inches from the floor. But the most important person in the room was the teacher, seated in an old-fashioned, splint-bottomed chair, with a good piece of sheepskin for a cushion.

He was a jolly-looking, well-kept Yankee school-master, who had crossed Lake Ontario with the philanthropic design of teaching the young Canadian idea how to shoot. I did not attempt to sound his literary attainments, but some way formed an opinion that he was a good, kind-hearted man, and during the forenoon I took my first school lesson.

The sun was shining, and I noticed that all eyes were directed to a certain spot on the floor, which I soon learned was the noon mark, and as the first ray touched the indicated place every book was closed. The teacher rising up with as much dignity as the Governor-General does when he prorogues parliament, declared the school closed for noon. The boys seized the water pail and started toward the spring for a fresh supply of nature's beverage. There was now a regular raid on the dinner baskets, and as I was the only new scholar, my basket was a general object of inspection. One or two of my seniors, evidently not as well supplied as myself, declared my egg spoiled, and that it would make me sick if I ate it, and kindly offered to throw it out of doors for me. However much I was loath to part with it (as my appetite was well whetted by my morning's adventure), I thought it best to accept their advice and permit them to throw it away; but on their return, a suspicious sign on their lips showed the use to which they had put the condemned egg.

I am not sure that the teacher, who was quietly eating his dinner, was cognizant of this interposition; if so, I think he certainly should have protected the newcomer. After our baskets were emptied, and all had partaken of a refreshing draught from the tin dipper in the water pail, the next order from the head department was to get some cedar boughs to make a broom with which to sweep the schoolhouse. This was a pleasing task for us youngsters, and we

soon returned, each one freighted with a bundle of the fragrant bushes. The old broom, which was well used up, was speedily loosened from the handle, and a new one tied by the same string in its place. A nice mat of the superfluous branches was placed in front of the master's chair, as a cool support to his feet during the warm afternoon. The remaining time until four o'clock, seemed of untold duration. My feet were weary from hanging suspended from the hard seat. The summons to my teacher for my lessons was hailed with joy on account of change of posture. I now discovered there was a four o'clock mark as well as the noon mark, and as the sun reached its destination we were dismissed for our homes.

I went over the ground in a much shorter space of time than in the morning, although it was nearly all up hill, but I was full of the day's adventures, and longed to talk over its details. Thus the summer sped away, and when winter came the drifted roads were pronounced impassable for one so young, and I was kept safely under the paternal roof.

The next summer came, and I was again started out on my lonely pilgrimage. We had now a change of teachers. During the winter, the woods in front of the schoolhouse had been cleared away, and a field fenced in, which was planted with potatoes. As the summer progressed, and the potatoes began to develop, the scholars one day at their noon recess were startled by the appearance of a huge bear, who

climbed over the log fence into the enclosure, and, seating himself on his haunches, proceeded to dig up the potatoes with his forepaws, and eat them with evident relish. We watched him with much interest, being both amused and terrified.

We looked forward with apprehension to our journey home, fearing that having partaken of a vegetable dinner, he might take a fancy to a boy or a girl for his supper, and to our eyes he looked large enough to devour any one of us at a meal. We hastened home that night with unusual alacrity, and related the startling occurrence. Our fathers took the alarm, and forming a hunting party, they scoured the woods from day to day, until Bruin was discovered and put to death. He was of such immense size that his skin made a splendid sleigh robe; his flesh was divided into rounds and roasts, and distributed through the neighborhood, for bear's meat was considered an orthodox article of food, notwithstanding the Mosaic prohibition that no animal should be used for food except those that chew the cud and part the hoof. However, the meat did not prove very toothsome, being tough and unsavory.

Our new teacher was a genuine son of the Emerald Isle, with a strong Hibernian accent; a Roman Catholic in sentiment, although a genial, good-natured man generally. I must admit that at times he used language more emphatic than pious. Our principal reading book was the New Testament, for the Bible had not been excluded from the schools.

He taught us to bow reverently at the name of Mary the mother of Jesus. He was faithful in the discharge of his duties, and brought his pupils on well, considering the facilities of that day. He had a wonderful faculty of impressing his pupils with the thought that he was one of their greatest benefactors. On a certain occasion he announced that there would be no school next day, giving as a reason that a large show of wild animals would be exhibited in the town, and he wished us to have a chance to see them. He added, "Tell your fathers unless they get up their teams, and take you all to see them, I will put every one of their horses in pound."

We went home armed with this important mandate, fully impressed that it would be carried out, if the order was not complied with. The result was that some of us at least saw the show. Our teacher now conceived the idea of opening a Sabbath School, and invited all who wished to come to meet him in the schoolhouse on Sabbath morning. The order of exercises was something like the following: Reading in the New Testament, reciting a few verses committed to memory during the week, and a short lesson in the Church of England catechism. When we repeated the creed, which we did frequently, we were taught to bow with great reverence at the name of the Virgin Mary. As a stimulus to faithful attendance and performance of duty, he promised us a prize, and this was the mode of obtaining it: A number of slips of paper were folded and dropped into his hat, then we

came up one by one and picked them out. The one who got the piece with "prize" marked on it received from the teacher's own resources a bit of money then called a York shilling, now called twelve and a half cents. After we had thoroughly committed to memory the Church catechism, the ten commandments and the Lord's prayer, he proposed to take us one Sabbath to Cobourg, to be examined by the late Archbishop Bethune, of Toronto, then Parson Bethune, rector of St. Peter's, in Cobourg.

I remember how weary I was after my three miles' walk, as I stood before the venerable man with his white surplice and clerical aspect. My impression was that he must be the embodiment of all goodness. The rector commended our proficiency, urged us to go on in the study of the Scriptures and the catechism, adding that after a little we would be old enough for confirmation, and be received as members of the church.

This was my first theological training, and it was a wonderful combination: Methodist preaching in a private house once a fortnight; a Roman Catholic teaching me the English Church catechism, at the same time instructing me to bow at the name of the Virgin Mary, and Parson Bethune preparing us for confirmation and admission to the English Church. The good book tells us that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety, and I am not aware that any evil resulted in my case from this variety of tuition.

In the summer of 1835, I was transferred to a school

in another neighborhood, familiarly known as Hull's Corners.

Strange as it may appear, my next teacher was a hotel-keeper, owning the so-called best regulated hotel in the township of Hamilton. He was a gentleman in his manners, affable and polite in his address, and school teaching seemed to fit him much better than liquor selling. Morning and evening he attended the various duties in connection with the hotel, even to attending the *bar*. During school hours his wife performed these duties, and thus they had the twofold source of revenue.

For many years their place was well kept up, and for years everything was apparently prosperous, and he seemed to escape the usual doom of the man of whom it is said, "Woe to him who giveth his neighbor drink."

For a number of years I lost sight of him, but during my temperance work I found he had taken up his home in the United States. He had lost all his property and was supported by one of his children, thus furnishing a striking illustration given by Wesley that the money obtained by liquor selling never goes to the third generation.

During this year Asiatic cholera appeared in Canada, and secured many victims in the town of Cobourg. One morning before leaving for school, an emigrant, looking for work, came to my father's house, bringing his sickle with him, for that was the instrument then used in cutting wheat. He was taking his

breakfast when I left, and to my horror on returning from school they were taking his body away for burial. He had commenced work when he was seized with fearful cramps. He tried in vain to get to the house, but sank down exhausted, and was carried by the other men to the barn for fear of contagion. He was at once wrapped in warm blankets and given hot drinks, while the doctor was summoned. My father looked for the man's wife, and found her in an advanced stage of the same disease, and she died about the same hour as her husband, neither knowing the other was sick.

During this summer a total eclipse of the sun occurred, and I remember how the darkness increased until we could not distinguish each other in the schoolhouse. The fowls in the barnyard went to roost, cattle in the field seemed filled with consternation, while as someone has expressed it, "Nature made a pause, an awful pause, prophetic of her end."

The juveniles believed the day of judgment had come, and oh! how we did wish we had been better girls and boys. A heavy chilliness, such as I have no words to express, settled down upon the earth. It was a great relief to our minds when the darkness began to break away, and light once more dawned.

It seemed to our terrified minds really like a resurrection from the dead.

MY LAST SCHOOLMASTER.

Temperance Taught in School, 1837.

The advent of a new teacher in a country school is always a subject of great interest to the pupils. He is carefully scanned from head to foot, and mental conclusions drawn with regard to his exercise of authority. Our new teacher was a rare combination of firmness, good nature and benevolence, and was well educated for those times. His father, a wealthy lumber merchant, had him prepared for a partnership in his business, but the young man chose to see a little more of the world before settling down, and as a means of replenishing his coffers occasionally took a school. According to the custom of the day, he boarded around among his pupils, a week in a place for each scholar.

The teacher's sojourn at our homes was hailed with delight, although it involved considerable restraint in our hilarity. To the inhabitants of the poultry yard it was a terror, for they were slaughtered without mercy; pies and cakes abounded as they did at no other time, except when a Methodist preacher arrived.

Someone of that day professed to have overheard a conversation between two pullets who had secreted themselves in the currant bushes until the departure of the guest. They then ventured to sing sympathizingly:

“And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?”

I spent three months with this teacher, during which time an incident occurred which had much to do with shaping my future destiny. One day at the noon recess, after disposing of our lunch, the teacher called us up to his desk. He proceeded to speak of the evils of drunkenness, which had become very apparent in our neighborhood, telling us that unless we were very careful, some of us might become victims of this fearful evil. He closed by informing us that he had discovered a safeguard against the danger, and then proceeded to read a temperance pledge which he had drawn up and signed himself. "Now," said he, "I would like as many as are willing to give me their names." At first, the appeal seemed to be only to the boys, for up to that time I had never seen or heard of such a thing as a drunken woman. I resolved to be on the safe side, however, and consequently put down my name.

I am happy to say *that pledge* has never been violated since. This, no doubt, was the beginning of temperance work in the schools of Canada, and if not scientific, it was, at least, eminently practical. Our teacher took the pledge with him to the homes, and in this way obtained many signatures. Would that every common-school teacher from that day to the present had pursued a similar course. I believe Canada would now be free from the curse of the liquor traffic. Someone has said: "The star of hope for the temperance reform is over the schoolhouse."

The late lamented Mr. Crooks, Minister of Educa-

tion for Ontario, instituted the movement of scientific instruction on the effects of alcohol in the schools, in response to a petition from the W.C.T.U. This movement has spread through the different provinces of the Dominion, and we hope to see a law on the statute books of each province, requiring every teacher to teach temperance in the schools, with as much interest as he does any other branch of instruction.

About one mile from my home, in an out of the way place, stood an old log-house with moss-covered roof and dilapidated surroundings. At a certain season of the year, large piles of golden pumpkins surrounded the old building.

Scrawled in almost illegible characters on a board surmounting the fence, you might read (if capable of deciphering hieroglyphics) something like the following:

"PUNTONS BOT HERE A GALLON OF WHISTY
FOR A HUNDRED PUNTONS."

We may translate this into modern parlance, and say: "One gallon of whiskey given for one hundred pumpkins." This man manufactured the pumpkins into whiskey, and thus, early in the history of Canada, were the fruits of the earth which God designed for food converted into liquid fire and distilled destruction. The next object of distillation that came to my knowledge, was the contents of a large storehouse, filled with potatoes to be shipped to the United States. Winter coming on early, navigation closed, and the

potatoes were frozen. In order to save them, they were carted off to the distillery, and made into whiskey. My attention was continually drawn towards the evil of drink. Harvest could not be gathered in, nor a building raised, without the bottle. I used to watch with sorrow the downward course of one of our neighbors. He was one of the first to mount the timbers when a building was being erected, but scarcely ever failed to be injured more or less before the raising was over. This man had a family consisting of a wife and two little girls; the latter had been my companions from infancy.

The paternal grandfather was a member of their family; he, too, was a victim of drink. The wife and mother, a good Christian woman, toiled early and late to supply what might have been provided by him who should have been the natural protector of the home. Up with the sun in the long summer mornings, she would hasten out to the field to gather strawberries, which abounded in that region; on returning with the fruits of her toil, she would prepare the breakfast, dress her children, then arouse the father and grandfather from sleeping off the effects of their drunken debauch. Her household duties hastily disposed of, she started on her weary four-mile walk, carrying her pail of berries to town to be disposed of for necessities. Nature could not long sustain this fearful strain; the hectic flush and the ominous cough soon betrayed the fact that disease was doing its fatal work, and the little ones were soon to be left

motherless, and worse than fatherless. The scene soon closed, and from what had preceded, as well as what followed, one could not but exclaim, "*Poor broken heart, it was well that she died.*"

There was now no restraint to the miserable husband, and his end hastened on apace. He walked into town one day with a neighbor about his own age. I remember seeing them pass my father's house conversing pleasantly as usual. The bar-room was the first place of resort. A mutual treat followed, then one from the liquor-seller, which aroused the Irish blood in one and the Scotch blood in the other. From hot words came heavy blows, and they were ordered out-doors to finish the fight. The subject of our sketch, a man of slight frame, was felled to the ground by his opponent, who, in his frenzy, jumped upon his prostrate victim. A strange, gurgling sound in the throat, a deadly pallor over his face, struck terror to the heart of the assailant, and as he said, it sobered him up instantly with the thought, "I am a murderer." He called aloud to the liquor-seller, who hastened for a doctor, and then went to a magistrate and gave himself up. The assizes had just closed, and he had to lie in the county jail for one year awaiting his trial. Such had been his regret for his fearful crime, that a case of manslaughter was made out, and he just received one more year in jail. But the thought of his horrible deed ever after preyed upon his mind.

The wretched father was now left alone in his

miserable abode ; his constitution, naturally strong, withstood the ravages of alcohol, but yield it must sooner or later. The little farm, small in quantity, but excellent in quality, was heavily mortgaged. The man who supplied him with whiskey and with provisions necessary to sustain life, closed the mortgage, moved him out into a small hut by the road side, with a promise to support him while he lived, and the worst feature of the whole was that the man who put the bottle to his lips was a prominent member of a Christian church. The poor old man did not long survive the removal from his old home. There was no one left to care for him. He would wander out after nightfall with his little jug and basket for food and whiskey. And this so-called Christian man dealt out the soul-poison with as much sanctimoniousness as he assisted the minister on Sabbath to pass around the communion cup.

For several days the aged man was missing ; he was not seen as usual at the door of his hut, and as the door was tightly closed, no one made any advances, until a neighbor, noticing an unpleasant odor coming from the place, went and burst open the door, when a scene presented itself which baffles description. Huddled in one corner was the remains of the poor old creature, really swarming with worms. This was my first impressive temperance lesson, and I still look back to it with horror.

I was now of efficient aid in the household. My mother needed my help, and it was decided that for a

time, at least, my schooling should be suspended. This announcement would have been more afflictive to me had it not been for the fact that I had completed the curriculum laid down in the country schools. This course of study consisted of reading in the New Testament and English Reader, spelling from Maver's Spelling Book, doing sums on the slate, set by the teacher, in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. About this time the Upper Canada Academy was opened in the town of Cobourg, for the education of young men and women. I had looked forward in hopes that I would benefit by it; but alas, in this respect I was doomed to disappointment. The distance was too great for me to walk, and the expense of boarding in the institution too great for my parents' means.

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOL DAYS CONTINUED.

MY prospects now seemed darker than ever, as so many young people were being benefited by the academy.

I kept up my courage as best I could, and learned to bake, wash, iron and spin. Occasionally when an emergency required it (as in cases of threatening storm), I lent a hand in the hay field. All this was developing muscular strength, which was much needed in after life. My eye was, in the meantime, fixed on the goal of learning. What appeared to be the final blow to my hopes was the announcement that the academy was to be transformed into a college, and girls excluded from its halls.

This seemed to me cruelty in the extreme, and no ray of light appeared to penetrate the gloom. Many a night my pillow was wet with my tears over the thought of the Egyptian darkness which surrounded me, but as is often remarked, the darkest hour is just before the break of day. A new ladies' school had just been opened by Professor Van Norman.

My father remained out very late one night, and at the breakfast table the next morning explained the cause in this wise. Said he, "I was at the examination of the new academy last night, and if ever I was

delighted it was with the proficiency of those young ladies. I have made up my mind, Letitia (addressing himself to me), that if *you and I live* you shall be among their number at the next examination." This was an unexpected revelation, quite an electric shock. I scarcely knew whether I was in the body or out of the body. Hastily leaving the table, I sought a place where I could give full vent to my feelings.

The summer glided almost imperceptibly away. Every duty seemed light and joyous, the spinning-wheel buzzed with cheerful sound, as I pulled out the soft white rolls into threads of yarn; the cows seemed to contribute with more than usual bounty of their lacteal stores, and the hens were more than usually lavish for my benefit. All contributed to replenish my wardrobe and provide pin money for my entrance on my new sphere. A nice new pine chest made for the occasion, painted and varnished to order, with fitted lock and key, received my clothing. This was long years anterior to Saratoga trunks.

I remember the events of that leaving home as vividly as though it had been yesterday.

Seated by my father in the little one-horse wagon, as they called it, not a word was spoken for the first mile or more, when he broke the silence by saying, "Well, you have the desire of your heart at last. Your mother will miss you very much, and I will have to work hard to pay your school bills, but if you make good improvement, and come out creditably at the close of the school, I shall feel well repaid for

what we have done for you." I responded with choked utterance, "I will do my very best."

On entering the academy, I was welcomed by the genial principal, Professor Van Norman. The hearty grip of his hand and the kind reception he gave me, dispelled every fear, and assured me that I would be happy under his fostering care. Introductions to the preceptress and other teachers followed. My father returned home, and I was shown up to my room. One of my first acts on finding myself alone, was to thank God that the desire of my heart had been granted.

The next day the school was organized, consisting of about thirty boarders and the same number of day pupils. Most of the pupils had either attended that school or one similar to it. The studies assigned to me were grammar, geography, arithmetic, and English composition, besides reading, writing, and spelling. In the first three, I believe every one of my school-mates had been over the ground before. To them it was merely a review—a pleasant recreation. I alone had to break soil for the first time, and it meant hard plodding toil, constant uphill work. While others played, I had to steal away and delve into the mysteries of moods and tenses, bound continents and trace rivers, also commit to memory dry rules in arithmetic; but the hardest task of all was writing composition. I tried and tried again, and my crude efforts often caused a smile on the face of my classmates. I appealed to the principal to excuse me from this fearful ordeal, giving as a reason that I was

willing to study hard to put something into my head, but to bring something out when there was nothing there to bring out was a very difficult thing. He closed the argument by saying, "If your father will excuse you, I will." The first time my father came in to see me I made the request to him. To my astonishment he was perfectly inexorable. Said he, "I will excuse you from anything rather than composition. I want you to be able to write a nice letter, and sometimes I have hoped that some day you might be able to write a book. I used to look with the greatest admiration on the lady writers when I was a boy in the Old Country. When they visited the town where I lived, people used to go out in a procession to meet them, and the homes where they were staying were thrown open for reception, that all who wished could come in and listen to the recital of their travels, or while they read their own productions. Among these were Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and others of equal notoriety."

Finding there was no redress, I plodded on. A leading motto of this school was, "Conquer every difficulty as you go along." There was no skimming over the surface of things. We were kept a whole week over one lesson in grammar, and about ten days over one principle in arithmetic. By this time the reviewers came into new ground, as well as myself, and this gave me a better chance for my life. I was acquiring a good deal of mental discipline, so that I could concentrate my thoughts with greater ease.

The principle in arithmetic upon which our bark foundered was one in vulgar fractions. Our thorough-going teacher, then Miss Van Norman, now Mrs. Emery, of Burlington, required not only the rules to be committed to memory, but lucidly explained, showing that the pupils understood their practical bearing. The question at issue was, why does multiplying the denominator divide the fraction? The rule was easily committed to memory, "Divide the numerator, if it can be done without a remainder; if not, multiply the denominator." The dullest in the class could recite it glibly. But why does multiplying the denominator divide the fraction, was the required explanation. Day after day we were dismissed to try again, and delve into the mystery. Ten o'clock a.m. each day found us at the blackboard. Sometimes I thought I had mastered the difficulty, but attempting to explain would signally fail, as well as all my other classmates. Ten o'clock p.m. bell sounded all lights out. With an aching head I would fall asleep, repeating the rule, hoping the solution might come to me in a dream, and I have always believed to a certain extent it did, for on the morning of the day that concluded the struggle, I awoke with brighter hopes and a clearer light than I had had for some time. When the five o'clock rising bell sounded, I sprang from the bed, adjusted my room, made my toilet, and was quietly seated at the study table, with slate, pencil and arithmetic before me, cheered with the light of a tallow candle. The monitors visited each

room at six o'clock, looked in, pronounced all right, and departed. I had now one hour's solid thought without interruption. When the breakfast bell rang at seven, I rapped at the door of my teacher, whose room adjoined mine, and asked to be excused from the table, remarking that I intended to breakfast on vulgar fractions. While the others enjoyed their coffee and toast, I believe I experienced a more satisfactory sensation than the gratifying of appetite, for all at once the difficulty vanished, the cloud cleared away, and the mystery was solved.

My class-mates, knowing the cause of my absence, came flocking in to see how my breakfast agreed with me. "Wait till ten o'clock and I will tell you all about it, unless you explain first yourselves."

This circumstance occurred more than forty-five years ago, and I have been grateful ever since to that faithful teacher for the thorough drilling she gave me. If there is one principle I would enjoin more than another upon the teachers of the present day, it is to insist upon a thorough mastery of one rule before another is introduced.

One of the most pleasing events of this winter was a reception given at Victoria College on Christmas eve. Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mr. Webster, the moral governor, and lady were to preside. Our school received an invitation. It was a state occasion, and to those of us who hailed from the country, it was a fiery ordeal to be marched in single file and presented to our hosts and hostesses. The warm, fatherly

grasp of Dr. Ryerson's hand, and the welcome extended to us, dispelled every fear. I pause here for a moment, and mentally call the roll of those assembled that evening in the halls of Victoria College. First in the list arises J. G. Hodgins, who afterwards became Deputy Minister of Education; his sister Isabel, who became the wife of J. L. Biggar, who also was one of the guests that evening, and for many years M.P.P. for East Northumberland. Both have long since passed away to the better world. Rev. N. F. English and Miss Mary E. Lyon, neice of Edward Jackson, of Hamilton, who afterwards became Mrs. English; both of these have also passed away from earth. W. T. Aikins and Miss Louisa Piper, of Toronto. Miss Piper became the wife of W. T. Aikins. Rev. D. B. Madden and Miss Ann James (afterwards Mrs. Madden); Miss Van Norman (who became Mrs. Luke, of Oshawa), and Miss Jane Van Norman (now Mrs. Emery, of Burlington); Rev. I. B. Howard and his sister, Miss Maria Howard, afterwards Mrs. Holden, of Shannonville.

The pupils of our rival school, under the superintendence of Prof. Hurlbut and lady, were also guests on that occasion. Among their number were Miss Mary E. Adams, now Preceptress of Whitby College, who has ever since been one of the most efficient educators of our country; her sister, who became the wife of Rev. Francis Coleman, and mother of Dr. Coleman, long and honorably connected with Victoria College, and now occupying a chair in Toronto University;

Miss Mary Biggar, now Mrs. Dr. Rosebrugh, of Hamilton; Oliver Springer, afterwards Judge Springer, of Hamilton, and Miss Sisson, who afterwards became Mrs. Springer; D. Beach, Dr. Browse, Rev. James Gray, H. A. Massey, Esq., and many others who have since occupied prominent positions in Canada, whose names do not suggest themselves to my memory. Thus ended my first term at Cobourg Ladies' Seminary.

After a few days at home, which I utilized to the best advantage, the closing term of the session commenced. Some new studies were taken up, and the mental discipline already acquired, rendered my task much lighter than before, although incessant plodding was still necessary, and when apparently unsurmountable obstacles presented themselves, a motto which I had adopted came to the rescue: "Perseverance conquers all things." January, 1844, indicated my seventeenth birthday. The long-coveted desire of my heart was gratified by the superior advantages then enjoyed of improving my mind.

My indebtedness to my heavenly Father for all His mercies pressed heavily upon me. From a mere child the Spirit of God had striven with me and showed me the necessity of an interest in the merits of Christ.

At one time, during a season of revival when others were being converted, I presented myself for prayers, but I was told that I was too young, being then about ten years of age, and that I had better wait awhile. This seems to me to have been a mistake. Christians

instead of bringing the children to Jesus, too often allow them to grow up in sin, until their hearts are so hardened as to be almost impervious to the Spirit's influence. Never, at any subsequent period, have I had keener consciousness of sin, nor a higher sense of my responsibility to God than I had at this time. But they gradually wore away, and at times skeptical thoughts intruded upon my mind.

I remember hearing the sentiment advanced that some people were constitutionally skeptical, naturally inclined to infidelity, and I began to conclude that I must be one of that number. I cannot here forbear a note of warning to parents. Be very careful what ideas you advance in the presence of your children. Often when busy with their toys, and you have no notion they are listening to your conversation, they are treasuring up what you say, and thus shaping their future destiny. As an illustration of child-thought, I will refer to some of my own at the age of eight. I used to manufacture my own dolls, and I had a large number. One day while dressing them, my mind was engaged with the thought of the very many people who lived in this world, and also how it could be possible that one being like God could destroy them all if He chose. While thinking of this I became tired of my dolls and commenced to destroy them. At once light dawned upon my mind. It was I who made these dolls, and I have the power to destroy them. God made all people, and He has the power to destroy them. It was all quite plain to

me, and the difficulty which had oppressed me now vanished.

But to return to the school. Our principal was a devoted Christian, and impressed upon his pupils the necessity of consecration to God. While he assisted us in ascending the hill of science, he seemed still more anxious to lead us to Calvary. And while not ignoring the laurel wreath, he pointed out, with greater earnestness, the superior beauty of the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Friday evening was set apart for religious services, in which members of all churches represented in the school took a part. The unconverted were always made welcome; but it was quite optional whether they took any part or not. On one of these occasions, our principal gave an earnest appeal for immediate consecration to Christ, asking those who would enlist in His service to make it known by rising. As I now remember it, every one not hitherto decided, arose at once. I hesitated a moment, when a friend* at my side affectionately pressed my hand, saying now is your time. I then arose and from that moment I felt that I was committed to the service of God, and in a little prayer-meeting a few evenings afterwards, with a few of my schoolmates, who, like myself, were seeking to realize the pardoning love of God, we were enabled to venture upon the sin-atonement sacrifice, and claim Jesus as our Saviour, and take Him as our guide.

I fancy I see that little group of four now, kneeling side by side, and from overflowing hearts exclaiming:

*Miss Jane Poole, now Mrs. (Rev.) Chapman, of London.

“ Oh ! for such love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break ;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.”

Three of that group have long since gone home to heaven, and I, the only survivor, have been for the past four and a half years a helpless invalid, confined to my room.

The remainder of the session, which terminated in May, was similar to that of the preceding term. Our composition exercises still continued to be a weekly dread and drudgery. But from them there was no release, for which I am now devoutly thankful.

As the time for examination and closing exercises approached, a certain number were selected to prepare essays.

A number of subjects were suggested as topics. I chose for mine my old motto, “ *Perseverance conquers all things.*”

Our rooms were decorated with evergreens, paintings and drawings; the work of the pupils ornamented the walls. A platform was extemporized in one of the larger rooms. Two of the best pianos of the day were procured, and quartets, duets and solos were interspersed between the recitations. The closing evening came, when our essays were to be read. Oh! what a throbbing of hearts, what almost breathless anxiety, as one after another was called upon to read her schoolgirl essay. Just in front of the platform sat the *honored guest* of the evening, Dr. Ryerson,

Principal of Victoria College. With apparently deep interest he listened to our girlish ideas, and the emotion he at times manifested inspired us with courage. I might remark in passing that that benevolent, intelligent face was then, as it ever was afterwards, an inspiration and benediction to me. The College Faculty formed a part of the audience, and others of the *elite* of Cobourg were present. But more to me than all the rest, was a plain, old-fashioned farmer, who watched with keenest interest every exercise in which I took part, and listened with rapt attention as I read my essay. I ventured a glance at him as I sat down, and the expression of gratification which came over his features, was far more to me than the hearty applause with which I was greeted. To know that he was gratified was sufficient reward for all my labor, and as the reader has already doubtless inferred, *that man was my father.*

The parting hour had now come, and we who a few months before had met as strangers, had learned to love each other as sisters. We were now to separate, some of us never to meet again on earth, but we had reason to hope that we would meet, if not here, in that "*better land where parting is not known.*"

Going home to take part in household duties was a much needed change. The knowledge I had acquired from books, seemed to give new zeal to the practical duties of life. But as someone has said, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." The few drops at the fountain had only excited the thirst for a deeper

draught, and the principal urged my return the coming session. As my father had other children to provide for and educate—three brothers and a sister, younger than myself—I was firm in the belief that some way would be opened up, and so went cheerfully on with a daily routine of life in the farm-house.

What was my surprise one pleasant afternoon, when a stranger called and introduced himself as a trustee of a school some four miles distant, and said he had learned that I had just returned from the Academy, and would be a suitable teacher for their school section. My parents were called in to the consultation, and it was decided that if Principal Van Norman considered my qualification sufficient, I would venture to accept the situation. The exact amount per month I have forgotten, but one thing I remember distinctly—I boarded around among the scholars, and had every alternate Saturday as a holiday. The school-house was a snug little frame building, recently erected, but, alas, no sheltering shade trees protected us from the scorching rays of the sun during that summer. My pupils, numbering about twenty, were all young, many of them at school for the first time; but they were as quiet and orderly in their habits as could be desired under the circumstances.

I do not now remember of a single case of insubordination during my stay there. I now had solitude to my heart's content—sometimes a walk of more than a mile through a dense forest accompanied by the little ones, at whose house I was entertained for

the time being. The pleasure with which these children brought home their teacher, and the hearty welcome of the parents, made the rustic hospitality truly gratifying. The best in the house was always brought out, and I was treated as a royal guest. It was a pleasure and a variation to me to assist the mother in washing up the tea dishes, or take up her knitting work and add an inch or two to the stocking she was manufacturing, and thus the summer passed pleasantly away. I was delighted with the progress of my pupils, and I think the parents were equally pleased.

I left the school with regret, but it was now decided that I should return to the Academy. My summer wages being the first money I had ever earned, must be utilized to the best advantage. Accordingly, a young lady who, like myself, was necessarily an economist, joined in renting a room to board ourselves, or rather, to be provided for by our parents. We were fortunate in securing a very pleasant room in a quiet family near the school. Our parents provided us abundantly with provisions, generally cooked, and plenty of fuel. We thus enjoyed all the privileges of the classes at very much less expense. I had now one year of uninterrupted study, with the exception of the usual vacations. In the meantime our principal resigned his professorship in Victoria College, having long been impressed that his life-work was to promote the cause of female education.

The city of Hamilton was chosen as the scene of

his future labors. He arranged with parties there for the erection of a large building suitable for an academy, fitted up with what was called the modern improvements of that day. Accordingly, in October of 1845, he opened a school under the title of Burlington Ladies' Academy, situated on the corner of King and Bay streets. Here we had superior facilities for instruction in a much more extensive course of study.

At the earnest solicitation of the principal, my parents were induced to allow me to go to Hamilton and finish my studies, under these conditions, that when I had completed this course, I was to receive a situation in the school as teacher, and by this means liquidate the expense incurred. The course consisted of the common English branches—botany, physiology, natural philosophy, chemistry, meteorology, natural history, astronomy, rhetoric, selected parts of the English classics, geometry, moral philosophy, geology, "Paley's Evidences of Christianity," and French, with exercises of composition throughout the entire course. There was a second course called the "ornamental," for which I had not time to spare, neither did my inclination run particularly in that direction.

The summer of 1847 brought me to the close of this course of study, and according to the common phrase, my education was now finished, but in my own estimation it had only commenced. I had merely acquired the mental discipline requisite for future investigation. I cannot forbear, in this connection,

mentioning a circumstance which for a time preyed heavily upon my mind. A young lady, who like myself had a severe struggle to obtain an education, and was exceedingly desirous to do something for the benefit of others, was suddenly seized with illness, and passed away before the goal was reached. The thought that this might be my lot was very depressing, in view of the indebtedness I had incurred, and my intense desire to do some good in the world. A few days before my final examination my health declined. Our school physician was called in; he prescribed some simple remedy, and encouraged me to venture to go through the review. Being one of the Board of Examiners, he said he would watch proceedings and see that I was not over-taxed. I was not able to dress myself, but one of my school friends kindly assisted me to dress and help me downstairs.

The subjects in which I was to undergo an examination alone were Mental and Moral Philosophy, "Paley's Evidences of Christianity," and Geology. The exercises being closed, I received the congratulations of the Faculty and Examining Committee, and was awarded my diploma.

My strength was now exhausted, and with the assistance of others I reached my room, and requested for a little time to be left by myself. A sense of devout gratitude to God filled my heart. I bowed before Him, and consecrated myself anew and without reserve to His service, to use whatever ability, either natural or acquired, that He had given me to His

glory. After a day's rest, I was taken to the steamer by my father and conveyed to my home, Cobourg. An epidemic now prevailing through the country called Canadian cholera seized me, and for several weeks there was little hope of my recovery. Hundreds were being carried off by the same malady. Oh! the struggle of those days. Must I be cut off before my life-work had begun. But God in His infinite mercy saw fit to raise me up and restore me to health, and at the close of the summer vacation I was permitted to return to Burlington Academy, to take the position of first English teacher. My new position was one involving great responsibility, and called forth every faculty of head and heart. In addition to conducting recitations in the schoolroom from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., leaving out the 12 o'clock lunch hour, I daily visited the pupils in my section in their rooms. There were at times, lonely, homesick ones to cheer and comfort; indolent, indifferent ones to stimulate to greater industry and energy, and sometimes sick ones over whom to extend a mother's watchful care, and thus the weeks and months sped on. One of the most noticeable characteristics of the Burlington Academy was the religious influence brought to bear upon its inmates. While not at all sectarian in its teaching, it was truly evangelical in its influence. Scarcely a session passed without being marked by a number of conversions. Our Faculty consisted of members of all the Protestant churches. The pupils were allowed to choose their own place of worship, accompanied by one of the teachers.

In many instances a thoughtless, giddy girl, with no special leaning to any religious denomination, was brought under the influence of divine truth, soundly converted to God, and then sought a home in one of the churches most congenial to her views, and was ever after a consistent Christian.

CHAPTER IV.

RURAL LIFE.

DURING this time the march of improvement was going on in our country. Postage rates were lowered. An ordinary letter from Cobourg to Hamilton would cost ninepence (fifteen cents), as we paid according to distance.

About this time daguerrotype pictures, the first step towards photos, were introduced, and they were the wonder of the day. I remember well sitting in the artist's office for the first time.

The next wonderful development was telegraphing. Among the first messages on the wires to Hamilton were tidings from Quebec with regard to the father of one of our pupils, who had been immersed in the river by the breaking down of the old-fashioned stage, and before he could be rescued his feet and hands were severely frozen. Each day brought news from the sufferer, which, by the ordinary way of the stage-coach, would have taken at least two weeks between each message. I need scarcely say that the daughter was devoutly grateful for this, and we all joined with her in gratitude to science for the invention. At the close of my second year's teaching I discovered that my health was not so robust as formerly, and my

physician suggested that the mental strain was too great, and that I needed rest longer than the summer vacation would afford me, it being unusually short that year. Accordingly I resigned my much-loved position with all its pleasant associations.

After a period of relaxation such as life in the farmhouse can always abundantly supply, I found the old-time vigor return, and with it my desire to engage in my old pursuit.

I had now an application from Rev. Daniel McMullen, proprietor of Picton Ladies' Academy, to act as an assistant in his school, which had already gained considerable notoriety.

Miss Mary E. Adams, now Principal of Whitby College, was Preceptress. I concluded to accept the position, and accordingly arrived in Picton the latter part of October, 1849.

The journey, all the way by steamer, at that inclement season, is still vividly impressed upon my mind.

No sea-sickness on the Atlantic when going to the Old Country ever produced the awful sensation of the waves of Lake Ontario. It was joy supreme to once more find myself safe on *terra firma*.

I was again surrounded by new scenes, a stranger in a strange place, for few faces greeted me that I had ever seen before.

The citizens were then, as I believe they have been ever since, slow to make the acquaintance of the newcomer; but when once their friendship is gained, they are ever found to be the tried and the true. Mr.

and Mrs. McMullen exerted a fatherly and motherly influence over every member of their school family, and I soon felt quite at home in my new surroundings.

I had learned much by tradition of Prince Edward county. It is one of the oldest settled parts of the Province, its banks of snow-white sand ever a favorite resort in summer.

The famous lake on the mountain, several hundred feet above the adjoining waters of the Bay of Quinte, was said to contain a whirlpool, where anything that approached its circles disappeared forever. At another point no lead and line had ever been able to sound it. The fish caught in these waters were said to bear a strong resemblance to those of Lake Erie, and the supposition was that by some subterranean passage this lake was supplied from Lake Erie.

The nearer I approached this famous curiosity, the less I heard of these wonderful characteristics, and was compelled to conclude that "*Distance lends enchantment to the view.*" This county was the scene of some of the earliest missionary labors in Canada.

As I visited the homes of some of our pupils, it was my delight to listen to the narrations of the older people with regard to the early itinerants. The names of Dunham, Losee and Wooster were fresh in their memories.

Later still, William Case, or as he was better known, "Elder Case," the Ryerson brothers, William, John and Egerton, Anson Green and Richard Jones,

and last, but not least, the elect lady, Miss Barnes, who had been sent over from the United States as a missionary to the Indians. This lady had been accustomed to take part in the pulpit ministrations of her own country, and the Lord had greatly blessed her labors. But among the preachers in Canada there were many who adhered to the sentiment, that a woman should not be suffered to speak in the Church.

In those days most of the preaching places were private houses; and soon Miss Barnes' labors were eagerly sought after.

One old lady, with glowing countenance, told me of a sermon preached by Miss Barnes in the door of her house, the interior of which was filled with women, and the large yard in front occupied by the men of the congregation. "The text on that occasion was from *Ezekiel's vision of the waters*," she added. "When the preacher spoke of the spread of the Gospel, and quoted in raptured accents, *the waters were still rising*," said the old lady, "I fancied I could see the waters of life flowing in until the earth was filled with the *glory of God*."

The old-fashioned camp-meetings of those days were delightful reminiscences of the old inhabitants. The eccentric Lorenzo Dow often appeared on the scene, and poured forth his torrent of fiery eloquence. But one of the greatest attractions was the lady evangelist, who would bring as many as possible of her Indian friends to these feasts of tabernacles. She, of course, was expected to address the people, although

some of the preachers strenuously objected. Among this number was Elder Case, to whom we have already alluded. It was said that his objection to a woman speaking in public was so great that at first he would not sit upon the platform during her address; but such was the great influence that attended her administrations, that his prejudices were overcome. In fact, his mind on this question became completely changed, and in a certain sense, he met with a change of heart, for he actually offered his heart and hand to Miss Barnes to walk with him this life. This proposal the lady graciously accepted, and they spent many happy, useful years together; a blessing to each other and a benediction to the world.

One more incident in connection with these old-time camp-meetings. A large number of Indians had become converted, and would erect their long tent of green boughs adjoining the camp-ground, that they might enjoy the religious services, sometimes worshipping with their white brothers in a large enclosure, sometimes holding meetings among themselves in their own tent, in the Indian language.

On one occasion the Christian Indians invited a pagan tribe to come and hear about the Great Spirit. As the latter mingled from day to day with their Christian friends of the forest, they were brought under the Spirit's influence, and began to give encouraging tokens of surrender to Christ. A special meeting was arranged on the camp-ground. The earnest words of the white preacher were conveyed to the

hitherto dark mind by an interpreter. The mists of superstition and paganism were cleared away, and the Sun of righteousness arose with healing in His wings. Silent, earnest prayer went up from the heart of every Christian in the assembly that God would make this an hour of decision.

When a direct appeal was made, the head of the old pagan chief was bowed low. His muscular frame seemed rigid; for a little time there was a solemn, death-like silence. Slowly the old chief arose to his feet, and in response to a request that had been made, that all who would that day come to Jesus, should bow at a railing erected in front of the platform, he in childlike simplicity kneeled at the altar, and was immediately followed by his braves, until the railing was completely encircled with the whole tribe bowing in the presence of God. The Christian Indians then gathered around them, and pointed them to the Saviour of sinners. The voice of prayer and praise ascended all over the camp-ground in the language of the Indian and the white man. And thus was literally fulfilled, "*A nation shall be born in a day.*" That tribe ever after remained Christian.

In the spring of 1850, Miss Adams resigned her position, and I was elected to take her place, and I filled that position until the close of the academic year. During that time I formed an acquaintance which shaped my whole future destiny.

Hitherto teaching had appeared to be my life-work, either in a school, such as I had been associated with,

or a foreign mission field. But now another view arose, a more quiet, retired sphere of usefulness, which seemed to me a home mission. The subject of matrimony had not engaged much of my thoughts; whenever it did intrude itself upon my mind, the place I gave it was not, where will I be the happiest, but how can I be most useful. This is not a pleasing theme on which to write.

My own feelings shrank from writing an "autobiography," and it was only at the earnest solicitations of friends that this book was ever commenced. But now I have set my shoulder to the wheel, I am desirous that it shall be strictly truthful, and that nothing shall be left out, the recital of which may tend to the help of others.

The offer of marriage which I now received, would suggest to many a young woman of my age insurmountable obstacles, not by any means in the person of the solicitor, but in the circumstances which it involved.

Three years previous he had been bereaved of the companionship of an excellent wife, and was now sole guardian of a family of eight, some of them not much my junior in age, others of them helpless children. Yet there was not so much disparity in our ages as might suggest itself.

Here I may offer a few words of relief to my young lady readers, who are shocked at the apparent want of romance in the affair; who too often look only at the wedding trousseau, the bridal tour and the con-

gratulations of friends, forgetful of the future beyond, and forgetful that

Life is real, life is earnest.

Then to those who may be contemplating a similar step in life, may I offer a word of admonition. Mark well the motives by which you are actuated. Marry no man for the sake of a home. Have sufficient moral courage to be willing, if necessary, to walk through life the path of single blessedness. I do not hesitate to present the man to whom I then pledged my heart and hand as an embodiment of the characteristics which would ensure happiness in the marriage relation. The son of a devoted Christian mother, he in boyhood became a decided Christian, and by the same maternal influence he was pointed out the evils of intemperance, and pledged to total abstinence. These principles were strictly adhered to through life.

He was a British subject, loyal to his country, well persuaded in his political views, and yet no blind adherent to partyism; benevolent almost beyond his means to every good cause. Although not holding a college diploma, his mind was well stored with useful knowledge, and his house abundantly supplied with the best reading matter of the day. He never was an aspirant for public offices, his home being ever the dearest spot on earth to him. I refer to these traits of character, not at all by way of eulogy to one who has years since gone home to Heaven, and whose memory is still engraven on my heart.

I was not ignorant of the fact that to take the place of a deceased mother was to assume the title of stepmother, which is by no means a popular position.

To my mind a family bereft of a mother's care is a subject of deepest sympathy, and the woman who takes their mother's place, and extends to them a mother's affection, should secure filial regard.

There are, however, many untoward circumstances to be taken into consideration. Anxious relatives and over-zealous neighbors, prying into the newly-formed relationship, will discover grievances which the parties most interested would never have detected. A course pursued by the second mother, which would have been all right on the part of her predecessor, will at first be criticised, then openly condemned, and thus a barrier thrown in the way of the good the children might otherwise have received.

I am now addressing myself particularly to the young woman contemplating a position similar to the one I assumed. If the man whom you take as your husband has children, be sure there is room in your heart for them, as well as for him. Do not on any account cherish a sentiment like that of one whom I could mention, who remarked to a man whom she was about to marry, "I will do my duty to your children, but do not expect me to try to be a mother to them." That expression, to my mind, was too cold and heartless to ever have escaped from woman's lips.

I would say, exert every energy of head and heart

close your eyes, if necessary, to many of the foibles of youth and childhood ; labor on patiently, seek wisdom from Him who has promised to give liberally, and upbraideth not, and leave the result to Him.

September 2nd, 1850, found me in my own home in the country, four miles from the town of Picton. For seven years I had been a resident of the city and town, but had never lost my relish for rural life, nor forgotten the many useful lessons learned and duties practised while under my mother's care. These were of incalculable benefit to me in my new vocation. Although supplied with good domestic help, I found abundant exercise in the supervision of affairs. Winter was approaching ; beds, bedding, and personal wardrobe needed special attention ; new articles to be manufactured and old ones to be rejuvenated, household stores to be supplied for winter, which at that period involved the manufacture of many things which have since become obsolete. The sewing machine had not then made its appearance on the stage of action, neither had the knitting machine been introduced. Woman's hands were the family machinery of the day. Soap and candles had to be made. The modern mode of lighting houses was still unknown. The rock had not then poured out its rivers of oil as it does in this present day.

Some of our neighbors over-solicitous for my husband's welfare, were very fearful that he had made an injudicious choice—one who was ignorant of life on the farm, and perhaps reckless of expense, and would ultimately lead him to bankruptcy.

Some of them asserted that I could not even boil a potato without looking into a book to see how it was done. To the latter part of this charge I will, to a certain extent, plead guilty.

I had some years before come across a volume written by Catherine Beecher, sister of Harriet Beecher Stowe, entitled, "Domestic Economy and Recipe Book." I resolved to purchase it, and if ever I became a housekeeper, avail myself of its aid. It has been in my possession ever since, and if there ever was a helper to an amateur housekeeper, it is this same volume.

It leaves no item of domestic management untouched, and I consider it better to look into a book and find how to do a thing right, than to run the risk of spoiling it.

But the teaching of Miss Beecher did not altogether supersede the early instruction of my mother. The testing experiment of my ability to fill my new position was the making of soap. There seemed to be an idea prevalent that no amateur could succeed in this department. However, the soap was bound to come.

A large leach was properly constructed, and filled with ashes, from which we extracted the lye. The large kettles were hung over the out-door fire by masculine hands. Then my part of the programme commenced, and during the whole process my book was my faithful mentor. My chemical knowledge of the combination of alkaline and oil came to my aid.

I proceeded on a small scale at first, carefully experimenting upon the union of the ingredients. Sometimes the alkaline was too strong, then I would test its affinity for water; and the oil, or soap grease, as it was commonly called, predominating, then I would increase the quantity of alkaline. Thus I labored with as much earnestness as the great philosopher did in his search for specific gravity. I found here the use for my motto, "Perseverance conquers all things." My labors were crowned with success, when two large barrels of beautiful soft soap were stored away, and additional for honors, my book instructed me how to make a large quantity of hard soap. This was a step in advance of my more experienced neighbors, and seemed to settle the question of qualification for my new position.

A second part of my programme, and one to which I attached special importance, was the mental culture of those committed to my care. The standard of education in that locality had for some time been very low. The schoolhouse was out of repair, and a diversity of sentiment with regard to the erection of a new one had caused the school to be suspended for the winter. The alternative I proposed was a school of our own at home. Accordingly the sitting-room was extemporized for that purpose, the necessary articles of furniture supplied, and our winter session commenced.

Never was I more interested in the advancement of my pupils. We had graded classes on a small

scale, from the little tot of three years old, with her A B C book, to those of maturer years, with more advanced studies. Our neighbors looked in occasionally on this unusual scene, and applications became numerous, that their son or daughter should be admitted to join the circle. It was hard to say no, with my interest in the young people, and soon the room was filled to its utmost capacity.

Christmas came, and we must of course have a vacation. During the interim the trustees offered to repair the schoolhouse and make everything comfortable, if I would accept the situation of teacher.

That little word "no," the shortest word in our language, was always very difficult for me to pronounce when the welfare of the rising generation was involved. The schoolhouse was on my husband's farm, a few rods from our home.

I had a most efficient housekeeper, who had had charge of matters for a year or two before I came. Therefore, I had no valid reason to decline. Accordingly after the holidays were over we took possession of the renewed premises.

The neighbors' children came flocking in, and young people from the adjoining neighborhoods came, hired their board, and joined our ranks. It was on the whole a busy, pleasant winter. The long evenings and alternate Saturdays enabled me to keep an oversight at home.

When spring came we had a general review of the work of the winter.

Parents and patrons seemed delighted with the improvement made, but I had decided henceforth to confine my labors to my own home.

A new schoolhouse was erected and an efficient teacher employed, so that I felt relieved from future tuition of even my own family.

Although shut out from the busier scenes, and from what once seemed indispensable to happiness, I found that there were sources of enjoyment of which I had not dreamed, even in ordinary occupations of life.

The sugar-making in the spring was to me of special interest. A grove of some three hundred sugar maples near the house poured out an abundant supply of saccharine fluid which, being boiled down to the consistency of syrup, was brought to the house for the purpose of sugaring-off, as it was called. This process it was my privilege to superintend, and the product added materially to my culinary stores.

Gardening was next in order, and here my knowledge of botany enhanced the interest with which I watched the process of vegetation.

The domestic animals were no small source of enjoyment to me.

It had been my privilege some years previous to meet the celebrated Elihu Burritt, commonly known as the learned blacksmith, who had detailed to me in private conversation the interest he took in rural affairs, and hence aroused an interest in them I would not otherwise have experienced.

He stated that after his long lecturing tours and his

return home, he experienced great pleasure in visiting his friends in the stables and barnyard. The horses would toss their heads and neigh as he approached them. The stalwart oxen enjoyed to have him stroke down their long, smooth horns; and, said he, "I loved to look into their honest eyes, knowing there was no deception there." The sheep would follow him around the yard, and the feathered tribe never failed to give him a hearty greeting.

Although some years had elapsed since meeting Elihu Burritt, the enthusiasm he infused was still alive, and I resolved to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with my dumb friends.

I have no sympathy with the idea, now too prevalent, that farm life is a drudgery and utterly destitute of interest.

With the modern inventions which facilitate labor, the farmer may be, if he will, the most independent man in the country, and his wife one of the most intelligent and happy women.

My poultry-yard was to me an untold source of enjoyment as well as profit. Allow me to recall some of the improvements in this department. From a few diminutive barnyard fowls, almost as wild as the birds of the air, stealing their nests in the grass and bushes, and of the least possible value to their possessor, I developed an improved stock, both in habits and avoirdupois. Their limits were circumscribed by a high fence and convenient poultry-house.

I found it exceedingly easy to cultivate their

acquaintance so as to almost interchange sentiments. A stormy day was my favorite time for visiting them. With my knitting work in hand, I would take a seat on a stool, fixed for the purpose in their home, and watch proceedings. They would really seem to appreciate their protection from the elements, and to realize in some way that I was their benefactor. Sometimes a matronly hen would approach me, and in their peculiar vernacular, confide to me confidentially her future prospects as to progeny. I would reply in her tones as much as possible, thus keeping up, as long as I could, the peculiar dialogue.

We had now a large quantity of eggs, both for home use and for the market, and chickens innumerable for the same purpose.

I cannot close this part of my subject without reference to the dairy department.

The patient, useful cows each morning and evening contributed their stores to the household larder. We were not slow to discover that improved stock, generous nourishment and protection from the inclemency of the weather greatly enhanced the value of our dairy products.

A scanty, dried-up pasture in the summer, and straw diet and no shelter in winter from the storms, would never help the farmer to grow rich.

When the foaming pails of milk were brought in, I loved to strain it away into pans, and after the cream had properly risen, skim it off, and convert it into golden butter.

My young lady reader exclaims with horror, "You don't mean to say you did the churning with your own hands?" Be patient, fair young friend, while I describe the *modus operandi*, and let you into the secret. Modern machinery for manipulating the cream had not lent its assistance.

I had discovered that, comfortably seated by the churn, with a book poised before me on a rack, slowly and surely came the butter while I pored over the contents of the volume, and in this way killed two birds with one stone.

Butter had been with me a hobby in my girlhood days, for my mother excelled in that department, and when she saw fit to compete with others always took the first prize at the county fair.

I was then, as I am now, a strong believer in hereditary traits, hence I resolved to aim at excelsior. In this connection I cannot refrain from giving expression to the gratification I have experienced in reading of the efforts on the part of the Ontario Government concerning the butter-making of this Province. This is a much needed reform. I think I will not be called a croaker if I express my disgust at the article called butter too often presented on the Toronto market. If I am credibly informed, carloads of the inferior, condemned article are shipped away to be used as oil for machinery. I speak whereof I know, that it requires no more labor or expense to produce first-class butter than an inferior grade. Now that the travelling dairy is abroad, and the Agricultural Col-

lege at Guelph is open to young women as well as young men for tuition in this department, it is fondly to be hoped that butter-making will not have to be classed among the lost arts in this country.

I would suggest to the young farmer in quest of a wife, "Among the other qualifications you seek for in the woman of your choice, be sure she possesses a first-class diploma for butter-making." One item more in connection with the dairy. The hot weather of summer was more favorable for the making of cheese than butter. In this I had no early instructions to fall back upon, neither was the book to which I have referred sufficiently explicit, so I was compelled to seek the counsel of one experienced in the matter. It was not a very difficult lesson to learn—not at all to be compared with vulgar fractions before mentioned. To me it was exceedingly interesting. A room in my husband's flouring mill, not used in the summer, was an admirable place for operations. The apparatus for packing the flour in barrels proved to be a first-class cheese press, and here the milk was transformed into curd, the process bringing fresh to my mind scientific principles stored away during my school days, which at the time seemed dry and uninteresting, little dreaming that at some future day they would be of practical utility. I have already said that a knowledge of cheese-making was easily acquired; in this assertion I allude merely to the theory.

To insure success requires a level head, a steady

hand, and the utmost punctuality in every step of the process. The large airy room proved an admirable place for curing the cheese. It proved a quiet resting-place for reading and contemplating after the morning task was over. Each day added to my stores, and I used to gaze with a great deal of self-complacency on this new exploit.

The second season of my dairy experience found me a competitor for the prize given for the best cheese and butter. It seemed at first presumption to aspire to such distinction, yet I ventured, and to my gratification, as well as that of my husband, Mrs. Arthur Youmans stood at the head of the list for cheese and butter-making in the township.

It seemed now an established fact in the neighborhood that book learning does not disqualify for the practical duties of life, and that a woman may possess a literary diploma without endangering her success in domestic affairs.

In bringing to the light these homely, common-place details, I am oppressed with the thought that they savor too much of egotism, and yet I am conscious that my sole object has been to present a faithful detail of actual occurrences, and thus hope to stimulate some weary, discouraged one, who might find herself similarly situated, that there is a dignity in labor, and solid satisfaction in what some would consider a treadmill routine, companionship even in the brute creation, that nature all around us is an open book, and the transition easy from nature up to nature's God.

Before closing this part of my history, I would sound a note of warning to the occupants of the farm: and first allow me to address myself to the farmer himself. Make everything in connection with household duties as convenient as possible for your wife and her helpers. Be sure that she has sufficient help, and that she is not over-taxed in any respect. She should have occasional relaxation and change of scene, even at the expense of a little outlay. Better retard a little, if necessary, the payment of the mortgage, than to run the risk of a mortgage on your wife's mental and physical constitution.

My visit to the London (Ontario) Insane Asylum drew my mind out in this direction. I was astonished at the large number of women confined there, and on enquiry of the superintendent, Dr. Buck, "What class of women was most largely represented?" he replied, to my astonishment, "Farmers' wives." I asked him what he thought was the cause. He replied, promptly, "Hard toil and monotonous mode of living."

CHAPTER V.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK.

I HAD been eighteen years on the farm discharging to the very best of my ability the duties that devolved upon me, and my family had grown up to manhood and womanhood, and the sons had chosen other avocations than those pursued by their father.

He now resolved, with my full consent, to dispose of farm and mills, which necessarily involved so much responsibility and labor, and spend the remainder of our lives free from business cares. I am reminded here of my resolution on commencing this sketch, to withhold no experience, no matter how trying, that might be a warning to others.

My husband, who was always ready to lend a helping hand to those in trouble, had repeatedly involved himself in financial difficulty by endorsing notes. Shortly before our marriage he had become responsible for a large amount.

This he did not attempt to conceal from me, nor did it in the least effect my decision in sharing his lot in life. And it was the strongest incentive to me to be what God intended woman should be, "a helpmeet to man."

As we read together the Book of Proverbs, we were both astonished at the minuteness with which it por-

trayed the danger of those who became surety for others. I refer to such passages as the following: "He that hateth suretyship is sure;" and "He that becometh surety for a brother shall smart for it."

As we continued my husband would say, "Oh! that I had read this book more carefully earlier in life."

Whether Solomon had had any experience in this direction, I know not. But of one thing I am fully convinced, that "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God; and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof and instruction in righteousness."

While we are commanded to love our neighbor as ourselves, there is no intimation that we are to love him so much that we will injure ourselves and our families.

Someone has laid down this rule for anyone who is solicited to place his name to a promissory note: Before attaching your autograph, settle the question satisfactorily in your own mind, "Am I able and willing, should it be necessary, to assume this responsibility when it becomes due?" If you cannot answer in the affirmative, respectfully decline.

We moved to the town of Picton, and now began slowly but surely my temperance work.

I had had in the past a deep interest in the Sabbath-school, and had done everything in my power to promote its interest as a teacher. In coming to town, the thought occurred to me, "Now is the time to take a little rest on the Sabbath." But lo! and behold! the superintendent met me at the close of the morning

service, and with that genial smile for which W. J. Port is noted all over the country (for he was for many long years the faithful guardian of the Sabbath-school), greeted me with this salutation:

"Mrs. Youmans, I have a class waiting for you. The girls' Bible-class is without a teacher; will you take it?" With that characteristic weakness which I have already mentioned, my inability to say "no" when the welfare of young people is implicated, I responded in the affirmative, and that afternoon found me seated in a class-room, surrounded by some eight or nine bright young girls who had just entered their teens.

We spent a few Sabbaths in pleasing perusal of our lessons, when one afternoon the superintendent came in, making the request that the Bible-class of boys might that day join us, as they were destitute of a teacher. He added, "they are pretty lively, and may possibly give a little trouble, but I hope for the best."

They were accordingly admitted, and they took up the lesson with apparent interest, and proved themselves well worthy of the position, and gentlemanly in the truest sense of the word.

The next Sabbath they requested to take their place with us again, and were never afterwards excluded, and here allow me to say, I have always been an advocate of the co-education of the sexes.

There seems to be a mutual stimulus that calls forth emulation, self-respect and advancement supe-

rior to the old-time method. I rejoice that the doors of our High schools and universities are now thrown open to our young women, and the results are proving very beneficial to both sexes. But to return to our Bible-class. It increased in interest and numbers from week to week, until our room became altogether too small to accommodate them. Then we were permitted to occupy the body of the church, which gave us ample room to expand.

The question then agitating the minds of Sabbath-school workers was, How to retain the older scholars, for it was found that in too many instances, as they approached the transition period between child and man and womanhood, they slipped out of the school.

It was now evident to me from practical observation, that if we would retain these older ones, they must be entertained according to their advancement in years.

As the infant class teaching would not satisfy the intermediate classes, neither would the intermediate programme be satisfactory to the Bible-class.

St. Paul imbibed the sentiment that I would like to inculcate here: "When he became a man he put away childish things." While the good old Bible is the text book, and while the moral and spiritual welfare of his pupils should be the special care of the teacher, at the same time, the social and intellectual part of their nature is not to be ignored.

The service of song is a most important element in

these advanced classes. An occasional essay on some Bible character, and a recitation on a similar subject, exercises the mental powers and tends to keep up a variety, which is a necessary stimulus.

A provincial Sabbath-school convention was about this time held in the town of Belleville. It was the first I had ever attended, and it was to me an inspiration in Sabbath-school work, such as I had never experienced.

We had at that convention, Philip Phillips, the singing evangelist, whose ministrations convinced me that singing must have a large place in my class.

William Reynolds, of Peoria, Ill., the prince of Sabbath-school superintendents in the United States, brought forth from his treasury of experience thoughts which, to me, were more precious than silver or gold.

I returned to my Sabbath-school class, feeling that it was the most desirable spot on earth, and that I occupied a place more to be coveted than Queen Victoria on her throne.

I had now an ample stock of theories and ideas which, to me, were fresh, rich and rare. All that remained was to test them by practice.

I was now what might be called a real enthusiast, and there is contagion in enthusiasm which youthful minds seldom fail to contract.

My class proved to be co-workers with me in every plan proposed. Shortly after this the church was enlarged, and a room prepared quite large enough

for the Bible-class, and while always an integral part of the Sabbath-school proper, we were allowed at times to conduct our own exercises.

As an illustration of the power of music over the youthful mind, I cannot forbear mentioning a circumstance in connection with this class :

During one summer, for a number of weeks I had been prostrated with low fever, and very slight hopes had been entertained of my recovery. But, on becoming convalescent and able to resume my place, what was my grief to find my class dwindled down from ninety to about twenty. This to me was a real sorrow of heart. The question, "Where have they gone? can I ever collect them together again?" was the perplexing problem. Try the magic power of music, was the mental response. A commission of inquiry was instituted, for the members of the class were to me an advisory committee in all emergencies.

It was ascertained that among our young men were some who could play on different instruments, clarionet, cornet and flute. We thus organized an orchestra, with a service of song on week evenings. The class now began to show fresh signs of animation; the old members came back bringing new ones with them, until more than the original number assembled on the Sabbath.

There is a power in music that is well nigh irresistible. I believe it brings us nearer the heavenly world than any exercise in which we engage, and sometimes it seems to me that invisible intelligences

hover around us, catch up the strains and echo them through the heavenly mansions.

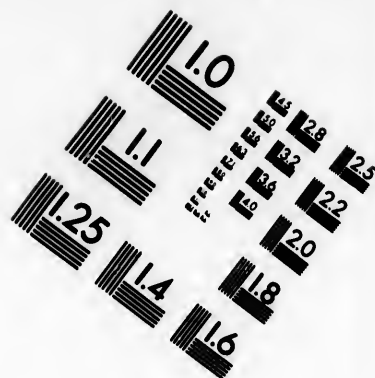
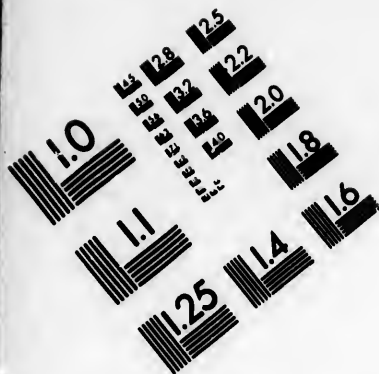
In my intercourse with the young people (for I visited them at their homes as much as possible), I found occasionally that intemperance was doing its deadly work in our town. Finding that I sympathized with them in their trials, tales of sorrow were communicated to my ears. "Oh," said one dear young girl (in the strictest confidence), "my heart is just breaking; father is so kind and good to us when he is sober, but liquor makes him a raving maniac. He hurled a burning lamp at mother the other night; sometimes he pursues us with a kettle of boiling water. I fear that sometime he will take our lives."

A widowed mother said to me on another occasion: "My son was brought home intoxicated last night for the first time." He had but recently entered the class, and this was a startling revelation to me. The serpent had actually coiled himself into my class. Said she, "When my husband died, I was left helpless and alone, with two little children, nothing but my two hands to support us. My friends offered to adopt the children, and thus lighten my burden, but I could not be parted from my little ones. I toiled on, early and late, sent them to school as soon as they were old enough, until my son was qualified to enter a store as clerk. He is just beginning to help me a little, but now my hopes seem all blighted; what shall I do?" The case to me seemed hopeless. In that little town of less than three thousand inhabitants were nine

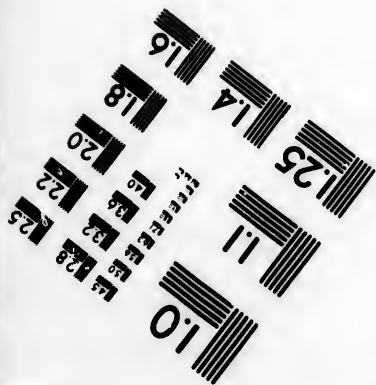
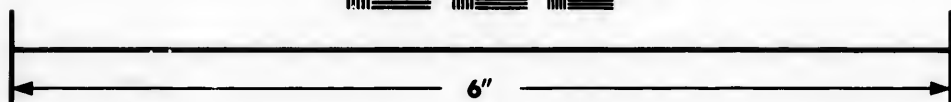
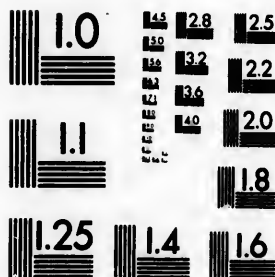
open doors to entrap that boy; nine individuals (for I could not call them men) had government authority to ruin that widow's son, and break his mother's heart.

Just adjoining my own home was a heart-broken wife and mother, stitching away day and night to support her family, while the man who had promised at God's altar to support and protect her until death, and who might have had a first-class salary as an accountant, was spending what little he did earn in a bar-room, and sharing the pittance of his wife's earnings with the children. The liquor purchased on Saturday night for Sunday use, she had sufficient nerve to say should not be brought into the house. Accordingly, he hid it in the barn in winter, and in the grass in summer. On one occasion, the children came in on Sunday morning, and said, "Mother, we have found father's bottle." She paused a moment asking God to direct her, and then said, "Show me where it is." She followed them to the garden, they parted the grass, and placed the bottle in her hands. She said, "Children, I want you to kneel down," and then, holding up the bottle, she said, "Here is the cause of all our trouble, and the reason I have to work so hard, and why you cannot get books to go to school, and sometimes we have not even enough food or fire to keep us warm. Now, there is one thing that would make me suffer still more than I have yet, that is, if one of my children should ever get to be a drunkard, it would break my heart. Raise your right hands to heaven (they raised





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those little hands, with streaming eyes fixed on their mother). Now," said she, "I want you to promise—and *God will hear the vow*—that you will never taste anything that would make you a drunkard." They made the solemn promise while she broke the bottle. I have sometimes wished that that scene could have been photographed, and suspended on the walls of our Dominion Parliament when the prohibition question was up. "It might have helped to get the country ready for prohibition."

One more incident, and I am done in this line. A cry of murder broke on the night air less than a block away from our own house. The neighbors rushed in, when a heart-sickening sight presented itself. A young man was stretched on the floor bathed in blood, the razor with which he had attempted his life grasped in his hands. The doctor was summoned, the wounds dressed, and with the greatest difficulty his life was preserved. His young wife and child, who had a short time before left the room, came to his side. I ventured in after the excitement had a little abated, my husband having been one of the first to respond to the call for help.

The young man's father who had been sent for, had arrived, and was standing at the head of the bed; the doctor had forbidden him to speak to his son, saying the effort to reply would cost him his life. I think I see that venerable form now, with snow-white hair, and tears streaming down his face, gazing on his ruined boy.

I have narrated these circumstances to show how I became aroused to active work in the temperance cause; not that the enemy had entered my own home (its shadows had not crossed my threshold), but it was desolation all around, and it seemed to me that inaction was criminal.

Self-protection then seemed the only remedy. Accordingly, a total abstinence pledge was introduced into the Bible-class. Another department of work was now suggested to my mind; that was, if possible, to rescue the children. A group of small boys ranged on the front seat at a temperance meeting arrested my attention. They had come early, and evidently selected a place where they could hear and see to advantage. Their attention to the speaker, and apparent appreciation of a good point in the discourse, suggested the idea of a juvenile organization. A short interview with them at the close of the meeting resulted in an arrangement to meet me at my own house the next evening.

But how was I to proceed, was the perplexing question. I had never attended a Band of Hope meeting, and knew nothing of the manner in which it should be conducted. However, a hasty search among some temperance papers discovered an abstract of rules for such societies.

I would remark, in passing, that for several years I had been reading (at the time I knew not why) everything on the temperance question to which I could gain access, and it seemed to turn up in every quarter.

The *Montreal Witness*, ever faithful to the temperance cause, was one of our home papers.

The monthly publications of the temperance society of New York, under the able guidance of J. N. Sterns, came, I know not how, into my hands. They proved a most efficient help to me, and ever since have been a temperance encyclopedia of information.

But to return to my juvenile friends. They came according to appointment, and in good time, full of fun, at first, and then of enthusiasm for the new undertaking. "It would be just jolly to have a meeting of their own, and not so pokey as some of the old folks' meetings."

This was the plan of action: To meet on Saturday afternoon, and bring others with them. "And we can have girls, too, can we not?" said some of them, evidently firm in the belief that it was not good for boys to be alone. Full consent was at once gained to this suggestion; accordingly, Saturday afternoon found us assembled in the Bible-class room of the church, after obtaining permission from the proper authorities. We numbered that day about twenty, an equal number of girls and boys. These were to constitute a sort of charter membership, each one to be a recruiting agent, receiving the title of leader of a circle, with full authority to enlist others. The stipulated number was to be fixed in each circle.

The pledge taken was as follows: *I solemnly promise, God being my helper, not to use intoxicating liquors of any kind, not to use tobacco in any form, and never to use bad language.*

Our meetings were to be weekly, and to be opened by repeating the Lord's prayer and singing. Other exercises were to be arranged as circumstances suggested.

Each leader had his or her own seat, and seldom failed to bring in some new recruit. In an incredibly short period of time the twenty leaders had each a list of four members, in addition to their own names, and thus the band attained the respectable number of one hundred. The meetings grew in interest as the numbers increased.

But here an obstacle, that often obstructed a good work, presented itself. Although there was not the least thing sectarian in the movement, yet it began to be whispered around, "It is a Methodist affair; Mrs. Youmans herself is a Methodist, and the Methodist Church is going to run the whole thing." We did get quite a number from other churches, but nothing like the representation to be desired. This obstacle must be removed, or many who might be benefited would be excluded; accordingly, a suitable hall was rented at the rate of twenty-five dollars per year, to be used one hour during the week. A second-hand organ was purchased for sixty-five dollars, and all this without one dollar in the treasury. The initiation fee for those who were able to pay, was ten cents each. This was hardly sufficient to buy catechisms, singing books, and other appliances. Although not an incorporated body, and no financial backing, our credit proved to be good in the market.

We were too independent to ask for subscriptions or donations to help us, but proceeded at once to prepare for public entertainments.

It was difficult then to get suitable readings, recitations or even singing; 58 Read Street, New York, proved a golden store, where we found help fresh, rich and rare.

The *Youth's Temperance Banner*, for which we subscribed one for each family, was a monthly delight, as it came in fresh from the press and was distributed.

Our first public entertainment proved a grand success. The parents all came out with pleasure to see and hear their own children. Those who had none of their own, and consequently a monotonous time at home, came to spend a pleasant evening; and even the crusty old bachelor looked as though he would like to be represented in that juvenile crowd.

The influence of the entertainment was most gratifying, and the financial results exceeded our most sanguine expectations. These meetings were kept up at suitable intervals, and were quite sufficient to pay off past indebtedness and pay off all current expenses; and I must remark here that the strictest watch was kept over every sentiment uttered on these occasions.

Every recitation, dialogue or song rendered, even by the youngest of the crowd, inculcated some strictly moral or temperate sentiment. Nothing merely comic was ever tolerated, so that the entertainments never degenerated, as is sometimes the case, into mere buffoonery. I have reason to believe that sentiments,

dropped from almost infantile lips, took hold of hearts under other circumstances impervious to such influences.

The result of our removal to the hall, and the public meeting which advertised proceedings in their true light, was a large accession to our numbers, until nearly every family in town was represented. But let no one imagine (though pleasing in its character), all this was carried on without arduous effort and unremitting labor.

If there is anything that requires unflinching assiduity, unfailing punctuality, and in fact entire devotion, it is in work for children. The leader should be at her post before the first child appears on the scene, the programme all ready, the machinery oiled and ready for action. Nowhere is the old maxim more applicable than right here, "*Variety is the spice of life.*" If possible, have something new and varied for every meeting, something to influence both head and heart; and I would add, let these meetings always be held during the daytime; do nothing to keep children out after night. Monday afternoon, at the close of the day schools, we secured, and the exercises were never prolonged so as to become irksome.

CHAPTER VI.

TRIP TO CHAUTAUQUA.

THE summer of 1874 was to me memorable in shaping my future life-work. As I now retrospect the past, I recognize the DIVINE HAND in guiding my path, and preparing me for future duties. Years spent in the country had given me more time for reading and reflection than could possibly have been my privilege in city or town. Where there were many household cares, there was exemption from the routine that generally absorbs woman's time, such as formal calls, evening parties, etc.

Stormy Sabbaths, when the weather was too inclement and the roads too much drifted to attend church, I would employ my time hoarding up knowledge and stowing away ideas for future use. As it now recurs to me, those Sabbaths at home were never monotonous or wearisome. While I loved to attend the house of God and join in divine worship, still I found lessons in trees, sermons in brooks, and good in everything.

In the discharge of my duties, both in the Bible-class and in the Band of Hope, I needed constant accessions to my stock of helps; for the teacher must keep in advance of her pupils, otherwise she cannot be a true leader.

The Sabbath-school periodicals now announced an

assembly to be held at Lake Chautauqua, the newest and best methods of Sabbath-school work to be discussed by specialists in the different departments from various localities of the United States. Normal classes were to be held each day, and a thorough drill in Bible study. A special attraction promised was the Palestine Park, a model of the Holy Land, laid out with great care and minuteness.

To my husband the latter was the special inducement. He had cherished a life-long hope to visit Palestine and wander over the scene of the Saviour's life and labors while on earth. This hope had now about vanished, so that the prospect of a miniature representative of the Holy Land prompted him to fall in with my proposal to visit Chautauqua.

We took the train for Chautauqua, which we found to be a Methodist camp-ground, pleasantly situated on the shores of Lake Chautauqua. A short trip on a little steamer brought us to our place of destination. The Assembly, as it was called, had not yet opened, so that we had time to reconnoitre and locate ourselves. Comfortable lodgings in a private house were secured, and very much to my husband's delight, quite convenient to the Palestine Park, which to him became a daily resort.

A brief reference to this model of the Holy Land may not be amiss. About two acres of land bordering on the lake were set apart for the purpose. Water was forced up through the centre by means of an engine to supply the River Jordan, which, after pur-

suing its course through the country, was emptied into the Dead Sea by means of another engine. The cities and villages of ancient Palestine were indicated by groups of plaster of Paris. Every place of interest in sacred history was faithfully represented. There was Capernaum on the shore of the Mediterranean, which the lake represented; Bethany, the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, and even the location of the fig tree the Saviour cursed.

Each day there was a pilgrimage of the crowd to this attractive spot. An oriental guide in Arab costume walked on one side of the river, while his audience kept the opposite shore. As we approached a place of interest, he called a halt, and explained. One of these I remember was where the swine ran down a steep place and perished in the waters; another, when we reached the place where Moses went up into the mount to get a view of the promised land. This scene was really touching, as we were reminded of the toilsome journeys and life labors of the faithful leader excluded from entering the land to which he had brought his people. As we stood on the shore and glanced across the narrow lake to the beautiful landscape beyond, many an eye was suffused with tears, while the grand old hymn was sung:

“On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye,
To Canaan’s fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.”

It is not my intention, neither would it be advisable

to go into anything like a minute detail of this feast of tabernacles. Each successive day brought a bill of mental and moral fare, fresh, rich and rare. Music was of the highest order; singing by the whole congregation, led by P. P. Bliss, while the tones of a silver cornet reverberated through the grounds. Bible reading and prayer commenced and closed the exercises of each day. Normal Bible-classes met for drill each forenoon. The afternoons were set apart for lectures on different topics. The speakers were among the most eminent of the United States. Among others, there were several bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Dr. Eddy and Bishop Simpson of the number; John B. Gough, T. DeWitt Talmage, and others whose names I do not recall. It was indeed a "feast of reason and flow of soul."

A children's day found the juveniles flocking in every direction. Steamboats crowded to their utmost capacity, with banners flying and enspiriting music, landed their occupants on the wharf. While I stood gazing on the Stars and Stripes which floated at the masthead and fluttered all through the grove, I longed for one more look at the old Union Jack. Never was there a more enlivening scene than that presented by these happy juveniles as they gamboled through the grove, or sat down to their lunch, for which they had an evident relish, after which they formed a line of march to the great Auditorium for a mental repast. Short, pithy addresses were given, and Frank Beard, the celebrated cartoonist, afforded them no little merriment by his remarkable sketches.

But most memorable to me among the varied exercises, was the woman's temperance meeting announced for each afternoon at four o'clock. A tent, seating some two or three hundred, was the place of resort. The meeting was for women only, to be conducted by themselves. It was understood that St. Paul's order was reversed, and that a man would not be suffered to speak in the church. Nevertheless, the brethren flocked in large numbers to be silent spectators of the proceedings, and stood in respectful silence outside.

The canvas sides were rolled up for ventilation, so that the outside worshippers could see and hear to very good advantage. The first meeting was conducted by Mrs. (Dr.) Knox, of New York State.

The earnest prayers and testimonies which constituted the programme soon revealed to me the fact that I was in the midst of the Crusaders. They were evidently women of mental culture, good social position and deep piety, not by any means belonging to the class I had supposed. They referred with gratitude to blessings received while praying in saloons, to perishing ones rescued and sorrowful homes made happy. While they spoke and prayed, hearty responses came from masculine voices outside, and tears streaming down manly cheeks could be perceived on every side.

During one of these meetings, an opportunity was given for requests for prayer. A pale, sad-looking woman in widow's attire arose, and with choked utterance asked prayers for her son. She said, "He is my

only child, my sole dependence. Up to the present time he has not known the taste of alcoholic liquor, for there has been none sold in our village. Recently they have opened a saloon opposite the store in which he is a clerk. I am so afraid that he will be led astray." This request met with a hearty response from the company. The leader said, "Let us kneel right down and take this request to the throne of grace." No one was named to lead in prayer, but a clear, earnest voice took up the petition, and carried every heart with it to the mercy-seat. It was not a stereotyped prayer, but an importunate pleading for a needed answer to a request. It was really conversing with One who she believed heard and would reply. She referred to the Saviour's work on earth; to His sympathy and help to the widow of Nain. She recognized Him as the same yesterday, to-day and forever, claiming that this widow's son should be the special object of His care.

My mind went back to my Canadian home and our ruined young men; to the nine places of legalized temptation, and so much apathy and indifference by even the Christian people. I resolved more firmly than ever that something must be done to rescue the perishing of Picton. One afternoon public exercises in the Auditorium were given exclusively to temperance. Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing was the principal speaker. This was the first lecture I had ever heard delivered by a woman. It was an eloquent appeal for total abstinence and prohibition. Its glowing

sentiments found a deep lodgment in my heart. Dr. Fowler, now Bishop Fowler, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, brother of Mrs. Willing, next told us what he had seen of the Woman's Crusade in Cincinnati, when stationed there as pastor of the church.

He stated that the Crusaders had visited the saloons, and aroused public sentiment, so that the traffic was beginning to suffer from its effects. The liquor-sellers had influenced the mayor to issue a proclamation that there should be no more obstructing the sidewalks, nor praying in business places.

But the women chose to obey God rather than man. They came out as before; paused in front of a saloon, ranging themselves so as to leave room for the passers-by, as they sang, "Jesus, Lover of my soul." A policeman approached the leader, laying his hand upon her shoulder as she sang, and said: "Madam, you are under arrest." She looked up into his face and continued the strain, "Let me to thy bosom fly," then pausing, said: "We were never arrested before; what do you wish us to do?" He looked perplexed, as if driven to his wit's end. She continued, "We women begin our proceedings with prayer. Shall we pray now?" He nodded his assent, and the company was instantly on their knees, praying earnestly for the saloon-keeper, the policeman and all victims of intemperance. When they arose from their knees, the policeman led the way to the courtroom. A crowd had assembled, attracted by the unusual trial that was about to take place. The accused were seated in front of the judge's

bench, while gathered close around them were ministers, lawyers, doctors, wealthy merchants and leading citizens, in many cases the husbands and brothers of the arrested women, naturally deeply interested in the proceedings.

The presiding magistrate, evidently much embarrassed, read the indictment. His position was anything but enviable, but he must go through the formula. So, after eulogizing the criminals on their high standing in society, and their adherence to law and order, expressing a hope that there would be no recurrence of that day's proceedings, dismissed them on suspended sentence; and, added Dr. Fowler, it was well that he did, for had he committed them for even one hour, there was not sufficient cement in the city to keep the walls of the lock-up together.

The Assembly was now drawing to a close, and the temperance women met together for the last time. A different programme was arranged for that afternoon. After singing and prayer, the lady presiding pronounced that it was decided to take steps towards the formation of a Woman's National Temperance Association. She requested the women to arrange themselves in groups according to the states they represented. This matter was soon adjusted, and I was surprised to find that the different states were so well represented. I alone was left out in the cold, being the only Canadian woman. My husband, standing very near the enclosure or tent, addressed the lady presiding, "Mrs. Willing, could you take in Canada?"

She responded smilingly, "Certainly, we will make it international."

There was a moment's pause, to see what Canada would do; but I, fearing to take too much responsibility without consulting my sisters at home, hesitated to join the ranks, resolving at the same time that Canada should not be neglected.

The preliminary steps for organization were now taken, and the following officers *pro tem.* were elected: Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing, President, and Mrs. Emily Huntington Millar, Secretary.

The closing day of the Assembly was set apart for a review of the subjects studied during the session, and the awarding of diplomas. I had studied diligently the topics assigned us, and felt quite prepared for a successful examination; but a previous engagement at home induced me to leave the preceding day. Thus I was deprived of the honor of being a Chautauquan graduate.

We now journeyed homeward, highly gratified with what we had seen and heard. We crossed the national boundary lines freighted with a stock more precious to me than silver or gold, and yet we escaped the tariff, for my merchandise was not dutiable.

I had now fresh material for both Bible-class and Band of Hope, and the germ at least of a Woman's Temperance Union. The latter sprang into existence a month or two later, but not until after a similar Union had been formed in Owen Sound, which deprived Picton of the distinction of forming the first W.C.T.U. in Canada; but she stands second in the list.



CHAPTER VII.

ORGANIZATION OF THE W.C.T.U. IN CANADA.

NEVER did a more fearful, timid company of women assemble together than that which met in the lecture hall of the Methodist Church in Picton, to discuss the subject of organization of a Woman's Temperance Society. Not one of the number felt qualified to take an office. They could not see what they could do when the men had failed in their efforts. After much discussion it was resolved that each one should take the part assigned by her sisters, that all that was expected of her was that she should do the best she could, and if she desired it, be released at the end of three months. The work we undertook for the first week was to ascertain what families were suffering from intemperance.

When we came together at the next meeting, there was not sufficient time to present the fearful discoveries. Week after week continued to reveal dreadful things. While doing all in our power to relieve the innocent victims, the women and children, we were powerless to rescue the drunkards.

An inquiry was instituted. What agency is most effective in this work of death? On this point there seemed to be one sentiment, the licensed groceries, which are sending the liquor into the families to be

drunk on the Sabbath, and thus preparing the boys to take their father's place in the near future. It was decided, by the advice of our gentleman friends, who were our Advisory Committee from the first, to petition the town council to grant no more shop licenses.

It was now mid-winter, and the time for licensing was March. The petitions were now accordingly drawn up and circulated. Every elector was to be visited, and his name, if possible, secured. An animated discussion took place at one of the meetings as to who should present the petition to the council. Some proposed a minister of the gospel; others suggested, put it in the hands of a lawyer, who is used to pleading in court. Another idea was, let us take the petition ourselves. This thought was perfectly appalling to some of our number. "It will seem so bold. Oh! it will be so unwomanly for us to appear before the council board, we will certainly lower ourselves in the public estimation." "But," argued the one who first spoke of it, "If one of our sons was under the sentence of death, would it be considered unwomanly for the mother to plead with the proper authorities for his pardon? Every right-minded person will see that this act will only be asking the protection of our loved ones."

The plea prevailed. It was decided that before going to the council, we should meet at the house of one of our number just opposite the hall, for prayer, and then proceed in a body to the council chamber.

Two evenings before the regular meeting of the

council, we were informed that the chamber was already lighted, and the licenses were to be issued that night. The news spread like wild-fire from house to house. A gentleman, who was our faithful ally in the work, rushed to the livery stable, and procured a large sleigh, drove around and gathered up the forces of the W.C.T.U., but, strange to say, the horses balked, actually went on strike, refusing to carry the cold water freight; so, true to their colors, they left the sleigh, and, in great haste, walked the rest of the way. Nevertheless the season of prayer was not omitted.

The husband of one of our number volunteered to let us know the proper time for entering the hall. On being informed that our time had arrived, with palpitating hearts we entered the august presence of the town fathers. Seats were assigned us in front of the jury, who were to decide our case. The petition (which should have been placed in the hands of a member of the council, and his sympathy enlisted) was merely laid on the table by the janitor.

His Worship the Mayor took up the document, and glancing over it, said, "There is a petition from the ladies. Who is to present it? Will any member of the council volunteer his services?"

The case now seemed hopeless, for temperance men on that board were few and far between. To our great relief, S. M. Conger, Editor of the *Picton Gazette*, and member of the council, read the petition, at the same time expressing his approbation, and laid it before the council. But we were not to get off as easy

as that. The mayor insisted that someone should advocate the petition. He addressed himself to us, saying, "Ladies, have you selected any gentleman to speak in your behalf, or will one of your number address the council?" This was indeed a testing time, a trial we had not anticipated. We looked at each other almost in blank despair, when one of our number, catching my eye, nodded encouragingly, as much as to say, "Do please try." Almost unconsciously I arose to my feet. A mountain weight of responsibility rested upon me, and the pent-up agony of the past found vent in words which did not seem my own, but voiced the sentiments of another and a higher source. It was a literal fulfilment of the promise, "It shall be given you what ye shall speak." A canvas panorama seemed to pass before my mind, on which were depicted the suffering families, the freezing in the snow-drift under the influence of drink, and the amputations resulting therefrom. Although the liquor demon had not entered my own home yet, his ravages were all around, and should I have held my peace, the very stones would have cried out against me.

The hall was now filled up by spectators, drawn together by the strange proceedings. The council took sides, for and against the petition; men in the audience were allowed to take part, and the battle of words ran high. Old temperance men, who had grown discouraged and had almost laid aside their armor, were quickened into life.

One member of the council proposed that if the licenses were withheld, the men who expected to get them should be compensated for their loss, as they had quite a stock of liquor on hand which would remain unsold. It was now nearing midnight. An adjournment was moved, which was coupled with a promise that should the ladies the following evening bring a majority of ratepayers, their petition should be granted. The next day, although the weather was unfavorable, the canvass of the town was completed.

We again met for prayer before entering the council chamber. Our number was greatly increased; the one who had done the pleading the night before, was again urged to voice the company; she had put her hand to the plough, and dare not look back. As an object lesson for the council, she requested that two of our number, who had suffered severely from the traffic, should sit at her right hand. It was with difficulty that the women found an entrance to the hall, for it was packed to the door. A policeman escorted us to seats he had reserved for us in the front. In addition to the townspeople, numbers from the country had flocked in to witness the strange scene. Our champion again presented the petition, which was eagerly scanned and compared with the ratepayers' list. The friends of the traffic found, to their satisfaction, that we had a minority of names on that list; nevertheless, we had a good majority of the property-holders of the town, as some of the petitioners held land in every ward; but this plea, though

valid, was not allowed to prevail. Such was the tide of sympathy with the petition, on the part of the crowd that something must be done by way of compromise at least. Will anyone volunteer to buy up the stock of liquors left unsold? was the question proposed, but no one was prepared to make the venture. Another proposition was to renew the license for sufficient time to sell out the stock.

The mayor, addressing himself to the women, said, "Will that satisfy you, ladies?" as if we were the only ones interested. Our answer was: "We women are not well posted in law, but we are aware that you cannot issue a license for less than a year, and we understand the traffic well enough to know that the stock of liquor now on hand will be supplemented so as to last a year." The evening was passing, and the discussion must be brought to a close. The assertion was repeated, "These men must not sustain loss; will you ladies buy up the liquor, or become responsible for it?" The response was, "Yes, we will buy the liquor and pay full price, on condition that the liquor-sellers will compensate the loss of two of our number." Then the speaker, laying her hand on the shoulder of the woman at her right, said, "This woman's husband is in a drunkard's grave, cut off by delirium tremens. Will they compensate her losses? Then, reaching over to the woman next her, it is well known to the gentlemen of the council that this woman is suffering untold agonies from the effects of the liquor on her husband. Can they compensate her? No! gentlemen of the

council, there is not money enough in this town, nor in the universe, to compensate these two." She added, "We have brought you the names of three hundred citizens, asking that these licenses should be withheld; three individuals ask that they shall be renewed, which will you hear—the three, or the three hundred? We have endeavored to show you the evil this liquor is producing, and yet we have failed to portray its awful consequences. Now, we will make a proposal, if these three men will come forward, and show that they have benefited a single family, we will withdraw our petition." The applicants for licenses were in an anteroom, off the platform, awaiting a decision. Every eye in the crowd was now fixed on that door, but it remained closed. After a sufficient pause, the speaker added, "I will go still farther; if those men will show that they have even benefited a single individual, by the sale of their liquors, we will withdraw our petition, and leave the hall." And still there was no response—a silent consent to the fact, that evil and only evil was the result of the traffic. We added by way of conclusion, "The decision will evidently be against our petition; it will be asserted that we are defeated; but remember, gentlemen of the council, it will only be an apparent defeat, merely the signal for renewed effort, for we have nailed our colors to the mast; we have covenanted together never to give the matter up until the traffic is swept from this country." We now paused to see a vote taken. The yeas and nays were called for. The nays prevailed; and the

liquor-dealers took their friends in the council home for an oyster supper.

We went to our homes, cast down but not destroyed. On reviewing our situation at our next weekly meeting, it was resolved to commence at once to pledge the electors, at the next municipal elections, to support men who would vote against these liquor stores. But a second thought prevailed. Why spend a whole year opposing only three licenses, while it is in the power of the electors to abolish every license in the country?

The adoption of the Dunkin Bill was the means proposed. It had been carried in the country some years before, and was working admirably, when it was discovered that the seal of the municipality had not been attached to the document. An appeal was made to the courts to set it aside, and, strange to say, the absence of a little bit of sealing wax overthrew the best protective law that Prince Edward had ever enjoyed. As a proof of efficiency, the late J. P. Rolin, ex-M.P.P., had interviewed the leading men of the town, and ascertained that they had done more business and taken in more money during the months that the law was in force than they had the corresponding months of the previous year. Still the law was allowed to go by default, and the country went back into the hands of the drunkard-makers. It was very doubtful whether the electors could be induced to rally again around this standard. However, we resolved to try.

A meeting was called in one of our homes, and our gentleman friends invited. Here we were reminded of the necessity of being wise as serpents and as harmless as doves, as an impression was gaining ground that this "woman's movement was instigated by party politics." Some said 'twas the stratagem of the Conservatives, some said it was a Grit manoeuvre; but we knew that home protection was the guiding star.

In sending out the invitations, care was taken that each side of politics should be evenly represented.

When the meeting was called to order, the president explained the object we had in view—that the young men of our town, and, if possible, the older ones, should be saved from the ravages of intemperance; that the only means of defence was the Dunkin Bill. That has been tried and proved a failure, was the objection. It is needless to go into the discussion that followed, but woman's persistency prevailed, and the brethren resolved to back up the movement by their votes, on condition that we would take the preliminary steps.

We had now secured the influence of the town; we must also have the co-operation of the county, as it was a county measure. A convention was called, in which every municipality was well represented. The proposition to give the Dunkin Bill another trial was laid before them, and earnestly discussed. The frivolous technicality that had overthrown the law before, had disgusted very many, and seemed to cause

a distrust in law and law-makers ; but as this was our only weapon of defence, it was resolved to give the measure one more trial, guarding, at the same time, against every possibility of error.

We were now committed to a Herculean task. The county consisted of nine municipalities ; each of these was to present a petition containing the names of, at least, thirty electors. The county was to be canvassed from Carrying Place to Long Point, and those who understand the geography of Prince Edward, are aware that that meant from Dan to Beersheba.

Here my old motto came in splendidly, "Perseverance conquers all things." Letters were written to leading ladies in the different localities, as well as to ministers of the gospel, asking their sympathy and co-operation. The canvass was at length completed. We had secured influential politicians to head each list. The petition proved to be the largest that had ever been presented to the county council.

In the meantime, the leaven of public sentiment was working. Two of the councillors who had opposed our petitions in the town were leading merchants ; they had proved that the most sensitive nerve in a man's organization is that which goes through his pocket-book. Some of their most profitable customers had withdrawn their patronage. These two men wrote letters of apology to the Woman's Union, pleading by way of excuse that they were pledged to their constituents, but always hereafter would be found on the temperance side.

The children of the Band of Hope were doing their part bravely, talking temperance in their homes, singing it on the streets, and pouring out hot shot prohibition sentiment in their recitations in their public meetings. Through their influence, Edward Carswell (who was a great favorite with us) was brought to the town to lecture. This was considered quite a triumph, as the Sons of Temperance had tried repeatedly to get him and failed. He was considered a Prince Edward boy, as he went out from our town to lecture. He was expected on an early morning boat, and the President of the Band of Hope, Master Herbert Wilson, in company with his secretary, drove down with his carriage and span of Shetlands to meet their speaker. Master Wilson, now Dr. Wilson, is a prominent citizen of the North-West, and has been (if not still) President of the Council; and Dr. Willoughby, another of the escort of that morning, was noted for bravery during the North-West rebellion, and was at one time under sentence of death by the notorious Riel.

Mr. Carswell's lecture did us much good. The officers of the Band sat on the platform, wearing their badges. The children led the singing, and many a parent's heart was glad that night to see their children promoting so good a cause.

Before Mr. Carswell left, he composed an ode dedicated to the Picton Band of Hope, to be used as a campaign song, which we subjoin :

*Dedicated to the Picton Band of Hope, and published in the
Picton papers.*

WHEN CANADA IS FREE.

Get ready for the jubilee,
 Hurrah ! Hurrah !
 When old Prince Edward shall be free,
 Hurrah ! Hurrah !
 The girls will sing, the boys will shout,
 When alcohol is driven out,
 And we'll all feel gay when Canada is free,
 And we'll all feel gay.

We are only children now, you know,
 Hurrah ! Hurrah !
 But temperance children always grow ;
 Hurrah ! Hurrah !
 The girls will all be women then,
 The boys, of course, will all be men,
 And we'll all fight rum till Canada is free,
 And we'll all, etc.

From Quinte's Bay to Wellington,
 Hurrah ! Hurrah !
 From Marysburg to Consecon,
 Hurrah ! Hurrah !
 The struggle now is going on,
 And when the mighty victory's won
 We'll all feel gay that whiskey's reign is o'er.
 We'll all, etc.

It will not do to simply say
 Hurrah ! Hurrah !
 For others work—yourself deny,
 Stand by the right till by and by
 We'll all feel gay that Canada is free.
 We'll all, etc.

One of the editors added : "Through the exertion of one lady, Mrs. Arthur Youmans, Picton has, perhaps, the finest Band of Hope in the Dominion."

At the summer sitting of the county council, we went in a body to that august assemblage. As on a previous occasion, our visit was preceded by a prayer-meeting. One of the very men who opposed our petition at the town council, volunteered to advocate our cause and present the petition. After reading the document, he stated that it was the largest and most influential petition that had ever been presented to that body, that it contained the leading names in each municipality, and that every councillor would find there the signatures of his constituents. He closed his remarks by saying, "If we expect to be re-elected next January, the prayer of this petition must be granted."

The document was passed around to each member, and carefully scanned. There were some significant nods to each other, when another member arose and seconded the motion already made. The vote was taken for the petition without an opposing voice.

The county clerk was requested to fix the day for polling, and take all other preliminary steps. We could scarcely credit our senses, that the whole work was done without opposition, for we had expected a severe contest. But we were not to get off so easily; the council was in the best of humor, and demanded a speech from the ladies. This was not a difficult task, for our hearts were filled with gratitude and admiration for the noble stand that had been taken for the right. But most of all, we praised the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

Now, it was our duty to watch as well as pray. The county clerk, through whose blunders the bill had been overthrown before, might possibly make a mistake again. Notices were to be posted in each municipality four weeks before the day of election. At the closing of the second week after the polling day was fixed, he was interviewed by our secretary. In answer to the question, How are you getting along with the bills? he replied, "Splendidly, they are all up except one municipality." It was objected that that municipality will not have sufficient notice to meet the letter of the law.

He was quite annoyed, saying, "When all the rest is right, it will not matter." "Well," said the secretary, "we will see about that." A meeting of the Union was at once called, and after earnest consultation it was decided to secure advice of R. A. Harrison, of Toronto, who was considered the highest authority in municipal law.

A letter was sent at once stating the case, and requesting an immediate telegram giving his decision. Promptly came the answer, *Wrong*. There was now evidently no safety without legal supervision.

Mr. Harrison assumed the guidance of affairs, and wrote down minute directions for every step up to the day of polling.

A new polling day must be appointed, the old bills must be taken down and new ones substituted, each one being in their place full four weeks before the voting.

The clerk was only too glad to obey orders, for a storm of indignation was bursting upon his head from every quarter.

We now entered upon the campaign. Meetings were advertised throughout the county; ministers and leading laymen from the town were solicited to take part in them.

The women went in carriages or on the little steamers that plied the bay. I have already intimated that we were looked upon with distrust by some politicians who feared party influence.

An election contest had recently taken place, and the smoke of the battle had not quite cleared away, in one of the townships, where, strange to say, both of the candidates belonged to one church, and there was not the best of feeling among the brethren. We dreaded that municipality more than the whole county, fearing our motives would be misconstrued; but there was no retreat, we must meet the lion in his den. The meeting was large and enthusiastic. The leading men on both sides were out in full force, and evidently deeply interested. While addressing the audience, a war incident came forcibly to my mind. I feared to bring it out, lest it might be considered personal. But, like Bancho's ghost, "It would not down," so out it came, hit or miss.

A battle was raging, when the commander noticed one of the enemy's guns that was sweeping off a large number of his men. He called two of his captains to him, and pointing out the destructive agency, said,

"Combine your companies, and take that gun." Said one of the officers, "We *cannot do it*, general, for we two are not on speaking terms." The commander spoke in thundering tones, "*Shake hands this minute and take the gun.*" The illustration took effect.

A leading politician sprang to his feet before the meeting closed, and fully endorsed what had been said, adding, "We politicians have been at loggerheads, but we will shake hands and take this gun." A leading man in the other political party quite as enthusiastically added his approbation to the movement. He urged the women to proceed with their work, saying, "Your hands are not fettered like ours; you have neither business nor politics to obstruct your way. Go ahead; you will find us at the ballot box at the appointed time." The meeting closed, and we went on our way rejoicing.

A few days after this I received a lawyer's letter, demanding a retraction of certain sentiments uttered in one of the meetings, and an apology; otherwise an action would be entered for one thousand dollars damages. A respectful answer was returned, that no names had been mentioned, neither had there been any intention to injure anyone personally, consequently there was no apology to offer.

The next day the high sheriff of the county stood at my door, with an ominous document in his hand. Seated in a carriage outside was his escort, the county judge. The sheriff proceeded to read the writ, for so it proved to be, citing me to appear at court, in answer to the charge already made. My husband said, "I

will stand by what my wife has said if it takes my last dollar."

No sooner had the minions of the law taken their departure than our local member, who lived just across the street, came over to sympathize. He said, "I watched that whole scene from my window. Those two dignitaries came to make the affair as impressive as possible, and chose the noon hour, when the men would be going home to dinner, in order to give it publicity; but don't you flinch, let it go through, and we will have the greatest temperance meeting at the court house at the next assizes that has ever been held in this county." I may remark in passing, that R. A. Harrison was guiding our ship, and the liquor men found their craft was in danger, and it was now war to the knife. R. A. Harrison's legal aid was solicited, and he agreed to come to Picton when required, and defend the suit. A local lawyer was to take the preliminary steps. Everything was adjusted for taking the suit into court when it was quietly dropped.

One of the liquor-sellers who had prompted the action, was heard to remark, "Of course, we cannot do anything with her, only to scare her and stop her mouth for a while." But the scare had the contrary effect. The writ proved admirable kindling for the temperance fire.

The meetings increased in interest and numbers until the day of polling. When the different outposts were heard from, the majority was over six hundred for the Dunkin Bill.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONVENTIONS AT MONTREAL AND COBOURG.

PETITIONS had been pouring in to the Dominion Parliament from all parts of the country demanding the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

So strong was the agitation, that something must be done before the next general elections. The Government called the convention to meet in Montreal, September 17th, 1875, asking all temperance organizations to send delegates, that the subject might be thoroughly discussed as to the demands of the people. The convention proved to be a representative one. The delegates from the different provinces were numerous and influential. Politicians were not wanting to guard the interests of the respective parties. A variety of proposals was made, such as higher license fees, more restrictive measures, severe penalties for law-breakers, and the adoption of the Dunkin Act. The last named law had been on the statute book since 1864.

The only municipality in Ontario that had adopted it was the county of Halton. Immediately after coming into force, it was quashed through some informality, and the people let it go by default.

This measure was framed by Judge Dunkin, of the county of Brome, Quebec, and adopted very soon

after its passage by this constituency, proving to be most effective in the suppression of the liquor traffic.

Several townships in Ontario availed themselves of its protection. In some of them it is still in force, and although numerous efforts have been made to repeal it, the people refused to allow it to be overthrown. The mention of the Dunkin Bill seemed to arouse the convention; the pros and cons were vigorous for and against. Prince Edward county, that had voted only one week before, was held up as a beacon light. One delegate from the west stated that the steamer on which he came contained one hundred delegates, and as they passed the Prince Edward shore, the delegates all came on deck and gave three hearty cheers for the prohibition county and the women who led the van.

This announcement brought out the intelligence that a Prince Edward woman was there as a delegate. The voice of the convention now was to hear from her. I happened to be the delegate in question, and regardless of entreaty and remonstrance, I was almost by main force brought to the platform.

What I said was neither premeditated nor treasured up in my memory, except one illustration that came forcibly to my mind. A temperance meeting had a short time before been held in the State of Indiana. A very large audience was assembled. The church bell tolled at short intervals; someone asked the pastor to explain the tolling of the bell. He replied, "I have directed the sexton to toll the bell every eight

minutes during the progress of this meeting, for it has been ascertained by careful computation, in the United States alone, every eight minutes a drunkard dies." Then, laying his hand upon the Bible, said, "This book tells me that no drunkard can inherit the Kingdom of Heaven." I added, "Would that a bell could be suspended in the dome of the Dominion Parliament, that when the prohibition question is up, it might toll every time a drunkard dies in Canada."

Our W.C.T.U. was now invested with considerable personality. We were not an incorporated body, yet were acknowledged to be an organization not to be ignored, and recognized by other temperance organizations. A deputation of the Right Grand Lodge of Good Templars was about to visit Napanee, the next county town, on their way to a convention in the United States. We resolved to go in a body and attend a reception to be given them, but how were we to get there was the perplexing question.

The boat for Napanee that day carried a bar, and one of our resolutions was not to patronize liquor groceries nor anything that helped on the traffic. We had a little steamer, whose commander, Captain Port, was a true Christian man, but his trip that day was to Belleville. We chartered his boat to take us to Napanee, some twelve miles off his route, and then, returning, call and take us home. We were met on arrival by leading temperance men of the town, who urged us to give an address of welcome from the W.C.T.U. of Picton to the guests. It fell to my lot to

prepare the address, which, I supposed, would be placed in the hands of the secretary to be read. An immense audience was assembled in one of the churches, and after the welcome from the order in the town was given, it was announced that a greeting of the W.C.T.U. of Picton would then be presented by one of their number. Mrs. Youmans was called to the platform, and, alas, for poor me, I felt I would rather, like Jonah, have been cast overboard into the deep. The thought of facing that sea of eyes was overwhelming. I had never stood on a public platform in my life. I could not do it, but did venture to read the address from the aisle.

At the close of the meeting we went on board our temperance steamer *en route* for home. The little cabin was crowded; it was now eleven p.m.; we had a three hours' sail before us, and needed something to keep up our spirits. Several gospel hymns were sung, and then it was proposed that we have a gospel testimony meeting, each one who had ever been injured by the liquor traffic to state his or her experience.

The late Jacob Spence, of Toronto, was the first to address us with his usual earnestness. Then Rev. W. Afflick, of England, told how he had suffered from the drink, of having his limbs broken twice while in a fit of intoxication, of hunger, destitution and wretchedness before he signed the pledge. One after another spoke freely of what they had themselves endured, either directly or indirectly, from the traffic. One gentleman

spoke of a sister whose husband had broken her heart; another of a father, whose downward career had desolated their home. The meeting was strictly informal; each one seemed to speak out of the fulness of his heart. As we drew near the end of our journey, it was proposed that, as we had heard so much of the evil of the liquor traffic and the injury it had done, it would only be fair play that, if anyone had anything to say in its defence, he should be allowed to speak.

I had noticed during the proceedings, that a man sitting in full view of the speakers, with his chair tipped back against the wall, was the leading liquor-seller in our town, and had the most money invested in the traffic; and he was the leader in opposing our movements. His hat was pulled farther and farther over his face, until it was almost entirely obscured. He sat there as motionless as a statue. His daily avocation had been denounced in the most unlimited terms, and still he had not a word to say in its defence. When the whistle announced our place of destination, he sprang from his seat as if shot from a gun, and darted out for the gangway. He stated afterwards that that was the hottest three hours he ever spent in his life.

This happened in May, 1875, previous to canvassing the county, and before I had even conceived the possibility of addressing an audience. After the Montreal convention, requests came from various quarters for me to come and get the women organized

and to work. This seemed to be the missing link that had been wanting in the temperance work.

A convention was about to be held in the town of Cobourg for the purpose of uniting two orders of Templars; it was expected to be largely attended and a meeting of great interest. To my astonishment I received an invitation to be one of the speakers in the mass meeting.

This was indeed an ordeal. Cobourg, if not the immediate place of my birth, was the scene of all my childhood and youthful memories. It was my father's place of business for the last twenty years of his life, and there were still many of his old friends remaining. I knew curiosity would draw them out, and I dreaded their criticisms; however, to Cobourg I must go. A warm invitation came from one of my father's special friends to be his guest. He and his excellent wife showed me every kindness during my stay. The evening of the mass meeting proved to be most unfavorable; one of the officers called to see me early in the evening, and remarked, "Our prospects for a good meeting are threatened, it is as dark as pitch and storming furiously; I fear we will not have a baker's dozen out to-night; a carriage will come for you shortly." I retired to my room trying to comfort myself with the thought, if I break down, there will not be many to witness the catastrophe. I put on my wraps, then seated myself awaiting the summons to go. While sitting there I thought I realized exactly how a criminal felt when waiting for the officers to take him to the gallows.

On arriving at the hall, the gentleman referred to opened the carriage door, with the exclamation, "We are all right, the hall is packed!" and so it proved to be, for it was with great difficulty we worked our way through the crowd to the anteroom. On taking my seat on the platform, I saw at once that I was surrounded by familiar faces, some of them from several miles in the country, attracted by curiosity to hear what the Baltimore girl had to say on the temperance question. Cobourg was always a conservative town, adhering tenaciously to time-honoured rules. What was popularly known as woman's rights was in this town at a discount. Strong-minded women and blue stockings were below par. Still, I believe the good people felt they had some vested rights in me, and were prepared to receive me graciously.

We hear sometimes of stage fright which is said to seize the speaker when first appearing before the public. My trouble on that occasion was a choking sensation, which threatened to obstruct utterance. However, some benign influence came to my help, and the impediment was removed. It seemed imperative that I should define my position; accordingly I assured the audience that I had not come there to advocate woman's rights, but that I had come to remonstrate against women's and children's wrongs. But there is one form of woman's rights in which I firmly believe, and that is, the right of every woman to have a comfortable home, of every wife to have a sober husband, of every mother to have sober sons.

These inalienable rights had been wrested from us by the liquor traffic, and I have come here to appeal for protection for our homes and our children. This assertion seemed to strike the key-note of the meeting, and received a hearty response by way of general applause.

The term prohibition is obnoxious to many, but the idea of protection is congenial to everyone. The term protection has its political aspect, and hence is adverse to the sentiment of one of the parties; but home protection is a platform on which all parties and creeds can stand together. And thus I talked for one hour at least, without a written note, the memories of years coming to my rescue.

The meeting was pronounced a grand success. The audience numbered some thirteen hundred. One amusing incident in this affair I must not omit to mention. My husband had accompanied me as far as Belleville, where he had business to transact that required immediate attention. He saw me safe on board the cars, promising to meet me the next day, to return home together, which he accordingly did; and as we took the steamer homeward bound, our conversation naturally turned upon the events of the previous evening, and he inquired most minutely into the particulars, even asking me if we had a good meeting, saying, "Surely, no one would turn out on such a fearful stormy evening," thus drawing out of me a full description, and the assurance that the hall was packed to its utmost capacity. On reaching home, I found

two of my lady friends waiting to hear the result of my venture.

My husband sat quietly listening while they plied me with about the same questions he had asked while coming down on the steamer. One of the ladies said, "Do you suppose all those people could hear you distinctly?" My husband, not giving me time to answer, responded, "Yes, I am sure they did, for her voice was clearer and more distinct than any speaker on the platform." I looked on in blank amazement. My friend exclaimed, "Why! did you go with Mrs. Youmans?" "Only as far as Belleville," said he, "but finding I had got through my business sooner than I expected, I ascertained that a train left Belleville that would reach Cobourg at eight o'clock p.m., and that another would leave Cobourg for the east at half-past ten. I resolved to see and hear for myself just how my wife would acquit herself in her new sphere. I seated myself so if possible to escape her observation. It was really refreshing to listen to the observations of those around me, when she referred to old times in Cobourg, such as, 'What was her maiden name?' 'Where does she live now?' 'What kind of a husband has she got?' And on leaving the hall, one person asked me what I thought of the lecture. I replied, 'Oh, I suppose it was very good for a woman.' The man gave me an indignant look, as much as to say, 'I guess you are in league with the traffic.' On the way to the station the lecture was the main subject of conversation with the crowd going to the cars,

and finding I was from Picton, they were anxious to know what position the lady speaker occupied in her own town. I told them that as far as I knew, she bore a very respectable name among her neighbors. 'Does her husband amount to anything, or does he drink?' I vouched for the truth of his sobriety, saying that he was a man of strong temperance principles, but otherwise I did not know much about him."

I may add here that I, too, knew he was a man of strong temperance principles, for he carried them into every transaction in life. For years before our marriage, he had prepared unfermented wine for the church. As a farmer he never sold a bushel of grain to be manufactured into alcohol. When the wheat crop was a failure several years in succession, he was obliged to raise rye. Finding that the Lower Canadians were glad to get rye flour, he bought up a sufficient quantity from his neighbor, in addition to his own crop, to make up one hundred barrels of flour, and ship them to Montreal. He had the bran and middlings to feed his cattle. He thus netted as much profit on his rye as others, and best of all, had a clear conscience.

As for hops and barley, he said he would not desecrate the ground with them. He persistently refused to grind malt for a distillery that then was the scourge of our town.

When applied to for plank to make heads for beer barrels, he replied, "You can have my lumber for any

purpose except to help on the liquor traffic, but for that you can never have one single plank." On bringing freight on the boats, he would never patronize a vessel that carried a *bar*. And as to patronizing groceries that sold liquor, it was utterly out of the question. He was a strong prohibitionist in principle. I love to recount these characteristics, and now in my loneliness and widowhood I thank God for thirty-two years of companionship with one so good and true.

CHAPTER IX.

VISIT TO TORONTO.

THE Temperance Reformation Society, of Toronto, sent me an urgent request to come and organize the ladies of the city; but a previous engagement called me to the county of Leeds first.

I addressed an audience in the town of Brockville on the evening of my arrival. The next morning, accompanied by a deputation of Good Templars, by whose invitation I had come, I found myself in an omnibus, *en route* for Toledo, about twenty miles north, to attend a convention. After a vigorous afternoon session, a mass meeting was held in the evening, which closed about ten o'clock.

After hastily partaking of some refreshment, I started in an open buggy for Brockville, to catch the train for Toronto, at which place I arrived the next forenoon, and was met at the station by members of the Reformation Society,—as I recall them now, Rev. John Shaw, Mr. James Thompson, Mrs. Luke Sharp, and others. I was taken to a delightful home, where I was informed the lady had asked the privilege of entertaining me. My escort informed me, before leaving, that that hack and driver were at my disposal to go when and where I liked through the city during my stay. But conscience would not allow me to

trespass on their liberality except when doing the work assigned me.

Public meetings were arranged in different halls and churches. The ladies came together in the afternoon for the special purpose of organization. I found them to be an earnest, devoted company of Christian women, zealous of good works. They seemed to feel deeply the ravages of intemperance, but had already so much work on their hands that there was no time for any new undertaking; besides there were a number of organizations already at work. Sons of Temperance, Good Templars and Reformation Society; surely these could cover the whole ground. The afternoon passed away, and we adjourned, to meet the next day.

The adjourned meeting brought large accessions to our number and increased interest. A spirit of prayer pervaded the company, and the inquiry was: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" A reference being made to the work already in hand, such as relieving the poor, visiting the hospitals and the haven, I inquired: "What is the cause of all this work?" With one consent they all replied: "The liquor traffic, to a very great extent." "Then," I said, "would it not be better for a time to drop some of these, and concentrate your efforts so that the cause may cease?" It recalls to my mind an incident which will perhaps more clearly illustrate my meaning. A lady returning, after a temporary absence, found the house in the utmost consternation—servants busy with

dippers and mops to dry up the water, which was flowing over the floor. She inquired: "Have you examined the faucet?" The answer was: "No! indeed, ma'm, we have not had time to look at the faucet." She examined it herself and, finding it open, turned off the water. The women saw the point, and fell at once into line for definite, persistent and aggressive temperance work.

On Sabbath morning the city missionary called for me to go to the Central Prison, to address the convicts. On our way he informed me that the hackman who drove us was paid by the Government for taking Christian people to the prison. I was now collecting facts for my work, and this was to me an important item. The absurdity of the idea was, on the whole, quite amusing. Licensing men to make drunkards of our young men; incarcerate them in prison, and then pay hackmen to take Christian people there to teach them for one hour once a week. A company of women would have legislated more wisely than that. They would have cut off the traffic, and saved the hack fare.

But the Government hack brought us safely to the Government institution; and, as the chaplain conducted us to the platform, we were informed there were two hundred and fifty in the company before us, being the Protestant Sabbath-school. A Roman Catholic service was going on in another part of the building.

I inquired: "How many of this number do you

suppose are brought here through drink?" His answer was: "Perhaps one-third." I listened while they sang: "Depth of mercy can there be, mercy still reserved for me." I saw the tears trickling down some of their faces. One poor fellow wept convulsively. The chaplain asked me to take a class, whose teacher was absent. I took my seat in front of eight boys, apparently not past their teens. They seemed so glad to have some one to talk kindly to them. After going over the lesson, "I want to talk to you," I said, "as your mother would if she were here. I do not wish to know your name, nor the cause of your being here, but I would like to know just what drink has had to do with it?" I appealed first to one on my right. He said: "Drink, and nothing else. If I had not been brought here, I would have been dead now, for I was drinking myself to death." So on through six of the number. The seventh said he was not a drunkard, but his parents drank, and led him to steal. The eighth persisted that drink had nothing to do in his case; he looked more hardened and defiant than the others, and my settled impression was that drink was responsible in his case.

I inquired of the chaplain if that class was a fair representation of the prisoners. He informed me that it was. "Well, then," I responded, "instead of one-third, as you have estimated are here through drink, there are at least seven-eighths."

In addressing the prisoners collectively at the close, I said, "Boys. don't think I am unkind if I say I am

glad you are in here." They looked for a moment indignant. I said, "I mean it. I am glad these walls are thick and those gates strong, so that you cannot get out to the liquor nor the liquor get in to you.

"You are better protected than the young men walking the streets of Toronto to-day. You have in here a prohibitory liquor law which (Heaven helping us) we will have some day for the whole country. Then you can go out safe from temptation." I urged them to give their hearts to God, and seek divine help in the struggle that would await them on being released.

The next day I was taken to the city gaol to talk to the female prisoners. The matron informed us there were seventy present, this being all they could spare, as it was washing day.

I found it a more difficult task to arrest the attention than I did the previous day at the Central Prison. On some faces there was a sneer, on others a look of incredulity. It seemed to me there was no response to my utterances. I thought of the three magic words—mother, home, and heaven. Then I spoke of the days of their childhood, when they knelt at mother's knee and said, "Our Father." I saw the tear glisten in many eyes. I dwelt on the home of their childhood, and the happy days of innocence, before they wandered away. And now the Saviour was waiting to receive them, and said, as He did to one of old, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee."

The stony hearts seemed melted, and the aprons

that went up to many faces to wipe away the fast-flowing tears, led me to hope that the seed sown would bring forth fruit if even after many days. I sat down by the matron, while the lady who came with me addressed them. I inquired, "Had drink anything to do with bringing these women here?" "Yes," she said, "it had everything to do with it. Every one of them was a drunkard." Then she added, "Did you notice the nearest buildings outside the gate are licensed liquor shops? Those girls, some of them, get the liquor as soon as they get out, and some of them are in again the next day." She pronounced the word license with a bitter emphasis, and well she might, for the license system is our national crime; it is a foul blot on the statute book of a Christian country.

This prison scene was a new revelation to me. I had not the slightest idea that women were, to such an extent, the victims of drink. In fact, I was ashamed of our Government boasting of British liberty, and yet selling the people to the drunkard-masters.

Had there been any better state of things across the lines, I should have fled for refuge to the opposite shore, and felt myself powerless to do anything. But their flag bears as dark a stain as ours.

These two flags must be washed, and women's hands, that have always done the washing of the world, are going to be chief instruments in erasing the dark blot.

I visited the Haven, and found a large number of unfortunates who had here found a shelter and help in their time of need. As I looked at these youthful victims (for many of them were little more than children), and then at their helpless offspring, I asked my usual question, "What has drink to do with this?"

The matron's response was: "A very great deal. Their seducers were almost invariably drinking men, some of them holding high positions in society." I was informed afterwards that in Toronto, at this time, there were over one hundred that were known to be houses of ill-fame, besides many more that were known as of doubtful repute, and that each of these houses sold liquor by the bottle.

I addressed the children on several occasions, and obtained a large number of signatures to the triple pledge, against alcohol, tobacco, and profanity.

The last place of interest I visited was the great distillery. I had seen the storehouses where the fruits of the traffic were housed, and was anxious to see the old tree itself that produced the fruit. Here a new and startling revelation awaited me. My escort was an influential citizen, so we were treated with courtesy, and every desired information was given. One of the leading officials showed us through the premises. He informed us that during the working season they employed seventy men, consumed forty tons of coal per day, ground up 3,000 bushels of grain, and turned out 9,000 gallons of proof spirits. We paused by the vats containing the juice of the

grain, and were told their capacity. I thanked my informant for his politeness. "But there is one more question I would like to ask, if you can answer it." Pointing to the vats, I said, "Have you any idea of the number of drunkards' graves, desolate homes, and lost souls these vats contain?" He hesitated a moment, and then, with a forced smile, replied, "That depends upon the appetite and good sense of the men who drink it. But I want you to understand that we are running this institution on temperance principles."

"Indeed;" I said. "Please explain."

"Well, this is the way: if we find a man in our employ intoxicated, we dismiss him at once."

"Oh!" said I, "this is the first I ever knew there was a prohibitory law in force in Gooderham's distillery. Then you must admit that the article you manufacture incapacitates, both mentally and physically, for any useful employment."

He replied, "There is another aspect to this question. We hold a Government license for the manufacture of this article. And when in full blast, we pay eight thousand dollars per day of revenue into the Government. There are three officials placed here to see that the Government is not defrauded."

Before I left the city the Reformation Society gave a farewell tea in the Temperance Hall, at which we spent a most enjoyable evening.

CHAPTER X.

GREAT CONVENTION AT CINCINNATI.

THE National W. C. T. U. of the United States was now thoroughly organized, and about to hold the first Annual Convention in Cincinnati.

I needed just the schooling that meeting would furnish. My motto was, Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Then the work to which I now seemed committed was new, and I needed light on the subject.

I wrote to Miss Willard, the Secretary, whom I had not seen at that time, to know if a foreigner would be admitted to their councils, and on what conditions. She answered promptly, giving me a hearty welcome, and assuring me of generous hospitality during the Convention.

In due time I received a letter from the Local Committee at Cincinnati, confirming Miss Willard's invitation, and enclosing a billet.

The journey was long and lonely to one like myself, who was unaccustomed to travel; but the hopes of the benefits to be received kept my spirits up, and a cordial welcome from my host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Glen, made me feel quite at ease in their elegant home. The lady who roomed with me was Mrs. Prentiss, of Bangor, Maine.

This gathering was really a representative one, there being delegates from all parts of the United States. Among them there was but one face I had ever seen before, J. N. Sterns, Esq., of New York, whom I had met at the Montreal Convention.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, of Philadelphia, was President. She had risen to great prominence in the Sanitary Commission during the war; was a leading officer in the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a most efficient worker in the temperance reform. Miss Frances Willard, the Corresponding Secretary, had just entered the temperance ranks. She had resigned a lucrative position in the North-Western University, and had decided to give her time and talents to the temperance work. She was youthful, attractive and possessed of great magnetic power. I was irresistibly drawn to her, and she has been my faithful friend ever since. Although we did not always see things in the same light, yet we agreed to disagree where it was necessary, but more of this hereafter.

To me it was a matter of profound astonishment that these American ladies could conduct a meeting with such business-like ability; that they could move and second resolutions and amendments with such parliamentary skill, in fact, quite superior to similar gatherings conducted by men. I was courteously invited to a seat on the platform each day, and treated as an honored guest.

I had no responsibility, so had abundant time to

take notes and treasure up methods of work to be utilized in Canada. I would no doubt have had a free and easy time all through the Convention, had it not been for the aforesaid gentleman, J. N. Sterns, betraying me into the hands of the Philistines, by informing the ladies that I had addressed the mass meeting in Montreal. He added, "She will no doubt beg off, but don't excuse her."

I had begged an invitation to the Convention as an humble learner, to sit at their feet and be instructed. It was, to my mind, simply preposterous to assume the role of speaker on such an occasion; however there was no appeal, and on being announced I ventured before the audience.

My reception was most generous. They seemed to enter at once into sympathy with their Canadian cousin, and, strange to say, I felt wonderfully at home. Alluding to the ties of sympathy which had recently bound us together, I expressed the gratitude of British hearts, on hearing that their flags drooped at half-mast when our beloved Prince Consort was taken away; that while the bereaved family bowed around the death-bed of the royal husband and father, prayer was ascending in their behalf all over the United States. "Then when bereavement came to the Republic, British sympathy was similarly manifested, when your martyr President was assassinated. In Canada, we, too, felt that we had lost a friend. And while you bore his remains to their last resting-place at Springfield, our flags drooped low.

"The last time the Prince Consort ever used his pen, was in behalf of a peaceful settlement of a difficulty which might have involved the two nations in a tide of war. These ties of sympathy have drawn us more closely together, and now this latter-day movement among the women is drawing the hearts of the nations still more closely together. That little difficulty that occurred between us a hundred years ago is now well-nigh overlooked. It was a little naughty in you to pour out old King George's tea, but then the old man really deserved it. And allow me to say right here, if good Queen Victoria had swayed the sceptre then, there would have been no occasion of spilling her tea. However, I am empowered to say that if you will pour out your rum and lager beer, we will give a receipt in full for the tea bill, and we will at the same time pledge ourselves to destroy our Canadian whiskey. And this will be certainly the best reciprocity treaty that the two countries can possibly have."

On my homeward journey, I stopped off at Guelph to attend the Grand Lodge of Good Templars. The mass meeting on that occasion was held in the Pres-

NOTE.—Privately before leaving, I was informed (as a good joke at my expense) that one of their ladies, not very well posted in Canadian history and geography, was quite amused when she heard that a Canadian woman was to appear among them, and was exceedingly curious as to her style of dress, wishing to know how near it would approach to the aborigines; and was agreeably surprised, after listening, that the Canadian woman could speak very good English.

byterian church. The platform presented a unique group of speakers. Most prominent was G. W. Ross, M.P.P., of Middlesex, the prohibition leader in the Dominion Parliament, and we have never had such a valiant champion for the temperance cause at Ottawa; Oronhyatekha, the Mohawk chief, whom the Prince of Wales took home and educated; Wabuno, a Delaware chief, and my humble self. Mr. Ross' speech that night was the ablest defence of prohibition I had ever heard, and I cannot forbear to refer to his address before the Parliament, which was a most exhaustive review of the utter insufficiency of the license laws, and the expense which the liquor traffic was annually costing the Dominion. His arguments were unanswerable. He showed that the traffic was costing the country \$41,000,000 at that time, and as the revenue was only \$5,000,000, there was an annual loss of \$36,000,000. He gave a detail of facts and figures, which have never been contradicted nor disputed.

Had the Government at that time been true to the best interests of the country, they would have passed a prohibitory liquor law, with efficient provision for its enforcement.

Wabuno was arrayed in full war dress, feathers in his hair, and tomahawk and scalping-knife in his belt. He thanked the white folks, in broken English, for what they had done for the Indians in sending them teachers and Bibles, but he said it was too bad that the ship that brought the missionary, also brought

the fire-water, and while a few Indians became Christians, many became drunkards. "It used to seem to me that the preacher came with the Bible in one hand and a bottle of fire-water in the other."

Since then I have often seen a church on one side of the street, and a saloon on the other. The Indian's idea would at once come to my mind—"Bible in one hand, fire-water in the other"—constant counter-acting forces.

There is a noticeable place in the city of Toronto, once pointed out by a traveller, with this remark, "These Canadians have got things terribly mixed up." He stood gazing at the Government House on one of the four corners, and a large church on another, a college on the third, and a saloon on the fourth. Said he, pointing to one, "There is legislation," and to the college, "There is education"; and to the church, "There is salvation"; and to the saloon, "There is damnation."

Oronhyatekha, the Mohawk chief, on being introduced, bowed gracefully to the audience, and addressed them in a style that did credit to his English education. Among other shrewd, witty sentiments, he expressed great pleasure that the white people were getting up where the Indians were one hundred years ago.

This, of course, elicited a tremendous round of applause. He said that more than one hundred years ago the chiefs discovered that fire-water was killing their people. They went to the Government, and

demanded that the whites should stop selling whiskey to the Indians. They did not beg nor plead one bit, but just said, "You must stop this work."

The Indians have ever since been better protected than the white people. The Indian wigwam was more safely guarded than the palace home of the white man; the papoose more securely shielded than the most prominent citizen's son. Why? Because those chiefs, in making that demand, showed that they meant business, and stood firmly by the request until it was granted. When our temperance leaders get equally in earnest, and stand shoulder to shoulder in unbroken phalanx, their motto: No compromise with the foe; when they manifest a stronger attachment to home and family than to party politics, we will have the long-desired boon—a prohibitory liquor law.

Through the influence of several ladies, arrangements were made for the formation of a W.C.T.U. in Hamilton. I was invited to lend a hand. My old friend, Mrs. (Dr.) Rosebrugh, gave me a hearty welcome to her hospitable home, where she and her noble husband showed me every kindness. Their doors have ever since been open to me in my journeyings, and it would seem like ingratitude in me did I not give this expression of my feeling for their unbounded goodness.

The ladies' meetings were a success, both in number and influence. A Union was formed without any difficulty. The one sentiment seemed to be, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

A sentiment then largely prevailing throughout Canada was that the most prolific source of intemperance was the liquor stores, where the liquor was sent home with the family groceries, to be drunk, in many instances, by the children as well as their parents.

The city council was to meet the next week for the renewal of licenses, and it was resolved that the Union should go in a body and present the petition to have shop licenses withheld. This was, indeed, to "beard the lion in his den," for the liquor-sellers were out in full force. A majority of the council feared to oppose the interests of their constituents.

We were introduced by Dr. Rice, who ably defended our cause. I did my best to plead for the protection of the homes of Hamilton, but all in vain. Avarice and appetite prevailed, and the licenses were renewed as usual.

A mass meeting was advertised to be held in the Centenary Church; some incidents in connection with that event are still vivid in my mind. Sheriff McKellar was the chairman of the meeting, accompanied by the officers of the newly-formed Union. I met him and the pastor of the church in the vestry; a line of march was then formed to the platform, and, like a procession to the gallows, it was headed by the sheriff, and then came the officiating clergyman following after the culprit. These were my thoughts as I ascended the steps.

However, the execution was not as formidable as I

anticipated, for I found myself surrounded by many old friends.

A mass meeting of children was convened at my request, before I left the city.

I may be pardoned for adding that it has always been my custom while spending a Sabbath in a place, to ask the privilege of talking to the children, although I never solicited an engagement to address the adults. Work among the children has ever been with me a specialty. My experience with the youth of Picton had convinced me that they were our source of power.

Dundas, London and Brantford were my next places of destination. In each place a Union was formed, and the ladies went vigorously to work.

The main object aimed at this time was a personal total abstinence on the part of the members, pledging the children against alcohol, tobacco and bad words, relieving the poor, circulating the total abstinence pledge, influencing the churches to use unfermented wine at the sacrament, and also to patronize no store where liquor was sold; and in every possible way to rescue the perishing. The ultimate object in view was entire suppression of the liquor traffic.

In the meantime, the ladies of Toronto were hard at work along these lines. The number of licensed places in the city at that time was about three hundred. It was deemed advisable to make an effort to curtail the traffic, not only in the city, but, if possible, throughout the Province. Petitions were presented,

(numerously signed) to the Local Legislature, asking for prohibition for Ontario, if in their power to grant it; but, if not, to curtail the traffic to the utmost extent.

These petitions were supplemented by others in the different localities where Unions were at work, and presented by the ladies at the next session of Parliament. The Government treated them with the greatest possible courtesy, and even thanked them, saying, "You have strengthened our hands in the work which we have already undertaken." It was ascertained, however, that the Province had not the power to pass a prohibitory law.

The Ontario Government then resolved on a more restrictive License Act. A bill was formed by the Hon. Mr. Crooks. The provisions of this Act were more restrictive than any previous one. This bill received the name of Crooks' Act, from its framer.

When it came into force a large number of licenses were cut off, and thus the traffic was greatly diminished. Of course the new measure received the bitterest opposition, but in a little time the strife ceased, and the new regulation produced the most satisfactory results.

One little incident in the city of Toronto deeply impressed my mind. A lady of highest respectability had suffered fearfully from the traffic; she entered heartily into the work. Her husband, a leading business man, and once an alderman, had become a victim of intemperance; she had suffered tortures untold

through his downward career, although they still maintained their place in society.

At the time of the formation of the Union, he was evidently trying hard to resist temptation. He had often done so before, but the appetite had invariably overcome him. At this time this devoted wife was watching and praying for his deliverance. One morning before breakfast he was missing; his wife at once surmised the cause. She hastened to the gilded saloon where he had so often been led astray. There, standing before the bar, she found him, where the tempting liquors were being poured out. Laying her hand beseechingly on his shoulder, she said, "My husband, come home with me." He turned at once to accompany her.

She, pausing a moment, looked the dealer in death full in the face, and said, "This business shall be stopped; the Christian women of this city have companied together to work and pray until the last bar is closed." That wretched husband knew his wife was right; his conscience backed up what she did, and for a time he struggled, but was finally overcome again.

Not very long afterwards I visited her on her death-bed. She had previously, while in health, told me of her sorrows and sufferings. She now lay there pale and emaciated, her eyes sunken as if they had wept her last tears. She said to me, "You know something of what I have passed through. I thought I had realized all the heart could bear; but when I visited my husband in the prison, where he was indicted for

a crime that might end his days in the penitentiary, my cup of misery overflowed. It really seemed to me that my heart broke. They carried me to the carriage, and from the carriage up to this room. I shall never leave it until they take me to the cemetery. I have committed my all to Him, who has said: 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' I now patiently await my release from earth." Of her it may be truthfully said, poor broken heart, it was well that she died.

There are thousands of these suffering ones, all over our country, as truly martyrs as any who ever perished at the stake. And yet the Government traffics in the bodies and souls of the people.

May God have mercy on a professedly Christian Government that replenishes its coffers with this blood-money; for every dollar that goes into the revenue from the liquor traffic is corroded with the life-blood of its victims, and will rust the bottom out of the national till.

CHAPTER XI.

INCIDENTS OF A CAMPAIGN.

IN December, 1875, a Convention of Northumberland and Durham was called at Port Hope, and it was decided to canvass the two counties in the interest of the Dunkin Bill. Thomas MacNaughton, Esq., M.A., LL.B., of Cobourg, was appointed secretary to communicate with the different localities to arrange meetings. Never was there a more faithful or energetic organizer appointed to any work. The most remote and obscure places were found fully prepared for the work, a comfortable home provided for me, and the sympathy and co-operation of friends secured.

The amount of writing that this correspondence involved must have been very great, and none but one whose whole heart was in the undertaking, could have accomplished what he did, and "He now rests from his labors, and his works do follow him."

Northumberland and Durham had their respective representatives in the Dominion Parliament, and were united for municipal purposes. Northumberland West was my birthplace, and I was now to visit some of the scenes of my childhood. I had no relatives in the county, but quite a number of friends I had known in earlier days. My visit to Cold Springs, some twelve miles north of Cobourg, was one of deep

interest to me. There, in the long ago, an incident had occurred that made an indelible impression on my mind. Stretching away for many miles from this place was a tract of country, known as the Plains. The soil having been pronounced too light for agricultural purposes, the Plains were left in their native state.

An overgrowth of shrubs and bushes, and any quantity of huckleberries, were the sole products. This place was the favorite resort for summer picnics and pleasure parties, from both town and country. On one occasion, a leading merchant of the town of Cobourg, accompanied by his family, went out to spend the day. After a pleasant outing, the family prepared to return home. But what was their surprise to find that one of their group was missing, a little girl, about five years old. Search was in vain. The mother and the other children returned home, with instructions to advertise, and offer a reward. The agonized father remained in the locality, searching for his daughter. The next day brought crowds of people, both from town and country. It was harvest time, but the farmers left the grain in the field; the mechanics their shops; the merchants their stores; and all combined to find, if possible, the missing one. The search continued day after day, the interest rising higher and higher, the father increasing the reward offered.

The morning of the fifth day came, and found a crowd of earnest seekers at the usual place of gathering, ready to renew the search. A heavy rain had

fallen the night before, and it was generally supposed the child could not survive the exposure.

As it was decided that this was to be their last day, a desperate effort was resolved upon. The men were divided into companies, each under a captain. They were to extend their ranks as far as possible, and should any company succeed in discovering the lost one, they were to fire a signal, and the next in line repeat the signal, until the whole of the companies were to be brought together. The band to which my father belonged was led into an almost impassable thicket. Trees had fallen across each other; high bushes were standing closely together. The ground was soft and spongy underfoot. Some of the men complained loudly of being brought into such a place, and still they pressed their way on. One man exclaimed: "If there were a hundred children here, we could not find one of them."

He had scarcely uttered the sentence, when he shouted, "As sure as I live, there is a child now." A little retreating form was secreting herself among the branches of a tree that had recently fallen. He sprang forward and seized her in his arms, she using every effort to get away.

When asked her name, she said, "My name is Jane Eyre, and I am looking for my father, Mr. Eyre." She was assured that she would be taken right to him. They told her not to be alarmed at the firing of the guns.

The happy signal was given, and responded to all

along the line. Then the eager searchers hastened to the place appointed for their meeting, the happy finder clinging to his precious burden. Others of the party would offer to relieve him, but his answer always was, "I will not give her up until I place her in her father's arms."

The several companies met at the appointed place with hearty congratulations. A procession was formed to go to the town of Cobourg, the happy father and the finder, with the child between them. The captains of the different companies occupied the first wagon. A table-cloth was extemporized into a flag, and they proceeded on their journey. As they passed the different farm-houses, the shout went up, "The child is found!" The inmates came flocking out, waving hats and handkerchiefs. Never before nor since has there been such intense excitement in the counties of Northumberland and Durham.

In addressing an audience in this place, I referred to the circumstance. Several of the old men listening to me had taken part in the search. The old enthusiasm seemed to rekindle in their hearts. I endeavored to press home the fact that since that memorable event many of the children of these counties had been more hopelessly lost, and there had been no rallying to the rescue, there had been no effort worthy of the name to save the perishing. I urged them to rally now around the standard, and with the old-time ardor, to save the children. I have reason to believe I never had a more telling illustration to present to any audience.

My next engagement was in the village of Bethany, in West Durham. Driving hastily across the country to take the train, my escort pointed out objects of interest. Passing a saw-mill, he reined up a little, to show me the arrangement by which the sawdust was prevented from going down the stream. I enquired the reason for this precaution. He replied, "The new law to protect the fish, makes it necessary to prevent the sawdust from entering the stream, as it kills them."

This, to me, was a precious item—a grand illustration. The Government would protect the fish, but had neglected to save the boys. It was a new law, and as an illustration, I believe, had a telling effect upon an audience.

At Bethany, I was entertained by old friends of my father's, Mr. and Mrs. Grandy, who had crossed the ocean with him many years before. I had never met them before, but it was to me a very interesting visit. Another incident in connection with West Durham comes to my mind. An aged man called to see me one morning. He told me he was ninety years old, and had been a member of the Church for sixty years. He related many things of interest regarding the early settlement of the country. I looked at him with interest, thinking what a life of usefulness he must have led.

My hostess informed me afterwards that he had been a moderate drinker all his life. I inquired if he had ever been brought to trial by the Church. Her

reply was that he had always been considered a consistent member, had never been known to be intoxicated. I said, "But he has certainly set a very bad example, one dangerous to be followed by younger persons."

This brought vividly to my mind the responsibility of professing Christians, not to lead astray by their example. A few days afterwards, I found myself seated by a lady in the stage whose countenance indicated sorrow. We entered into conversation, as fellow-travellers often will. She, learning the nature of the work in which I was engaged, referred to what she was suffering from—intemperance. I soon discovered she was the daughter-in-law of the man of whom I have written.

She said, "I used to cherish a hope that my husband would yet be reclaimed, but I have now reason to fear that that hope will not be realized." She added, "He is one of six brothers, and they are all as far gone as he is," and then with a deep-drawn sigh, she added, "The worst of all is, they have no one to blame but their aged father. He always kept liquor in his house, drank it himself, and treated others. The boys learned to drink, but not moderately like their father."

It reminded me of what J. B. Gough has said: "Some men can no more drink moderately than you can blow up a powder magazine moderately. To drink at all, is to go headlong to destruction."

My mental inference was this, that that father,

with all his sixty years in the Church, will meet those six ruined sons at the judgment seat, and they will be swift witnesses against him.

An eminent Scottish divine has said that the moderate drinker is the most dangerous drinker in the community, and that the moderate drinker in the Church is worse than the moderate drinker out of the Church. Oh, that the Church of God would arise in its might, and expel the destroyer!

These counties were prolific in incidents that afterwards furnished me material for my appeals to the people. I had no time to sit down and prepare a regular address, but there were burning thoughts coming to me day after day, which were calculated to meet every emergency.

My journeying was nearly all by private conveyance, and I am deeply indebted to my escorts for information kindly given. On one occasion, while driving westward from Port Hope along the lake shore, the driver pointed out, as we passed, a beautiful farm, a substantial house, ample barns, sheds and outhouses, and a noble old orchard. "The man that owns this place now," said the driver, "came to this country a poor man, with quite a large family to support, and with not more than five dollars in his pocket. He came here and hired to the man that then owned this place. The proprietor had inherited it from his father, with everything necessary to commence life as a respectable farmer, but he was a victim of drink. Business was neglected and the farm mortgaged.

The hired man worked away, was sober and industrious, and laid by a little every year. His employer became more and more deeply involved. At length the mortgage was closed; the sheriff's sale was announced. All must go. By this time the hired man had sufficient in the bank to pay the first instalment on the place. He purchased the farm, and in due time he and his family moved into the large house. Now," said my informant, "he owns the place without encumbrance, and is one of the wealthiest men in this locality."

This incident used to meet the objection that the rich man could keep what liquor he wanted in the house, while the poor man could not even get his glass of beer; that it enabled the poor man to save up his money, while the rich man was putting his into a five-gallon keg, and pouring it down his throat.

On one occasion, while speaking in the village of Bowmanville, a physician was on the platform. He related the following touching incident from his own experience: One of his patients, a good Christian woman, had passed away with consumption. Her little daughter, whom he was now attending, was also a victim of the same disease. The father was a wretched inebriate. "One afternoon," said the doctor, "as I was about to enter the wretched abode, I overheard the conversation, and pausing at the open door, saw the miserable father kneeling beside the bed. Little Mary's hand was putting back his matted hair. I remained quiet, so as not to disturb the interview. She said, 'Father, I am going to leave you.

I cough dreadfully every night, and get weaker every day. Mother is gone to heaven; I will soon be with her, and you will be all alone. Then, father, what will you do?' A shudder came over the man's frame as he buried his face in his hands. The little one continued, 'Mother will meet me at the gate, I know she will, father, and she will ask me if you are coming too. What shall I tell her, father?' He said, with choked utterances, 'Tell her I will try hard.' She paused a moment, then added, 'Mother will ask me if you have given up drink. What shall I tell her?' He hesitated, evidently fearing to make a promise he had so often broken. She repeated the question, when he sobbed out, as from the depths of a broken heart, 'Tell her, God helping me, I will never taste another drop.' The child clasped her thin, pale hands together, and looking upward, while a halo of glory had settled down upon her face, she uttered, 'We will all be together there, and nobody sells whiskey in heaven.'

As I went from place to place in the northern townships, although the roads were rough, and many times the weather very unfavorable, yet I invariably found the little country churches full to overflowing. The people in these places are not surfeited with all kinds of entertainments, as they are at the frontier. They were eager and anxious to hear, and I always enjoyed talking to them. Father, mother, and all the children would turn out, even to the baby in its mother's arms.

I have seen a public speaker greatly annoyed if a

baby cried, but this was never the case with me. I considered that some of those mothers could never get out unless they took the infant with them, and they had rights as well as others. Sometimes there would be a contest as to which should have a hearing—the youngster or the speaker. On one occasion, three young aspirants united their vocal organs together. I was obliged to call the choir to my assistance.

I sat down quietly until the juveniles had secured their desired boon, when they remained quiet the rest of the evening, and I was allowed to proceed with only one other interruption; that was the case of a little tot who mounted the pulpit behind me, and with open music book, but not being able to read, commenced to sing something she knew. So she sang very loudly, "Shoo fly, don't bodder me." Being suddenly called to order, all went on properly.

In every locality I found staunch temperance men and women looking and longing to see the country free from the liquor traffic, the victims they sought to rescue being led away by the temptation which surrounded them. The township of Haldimand had labored long and faithfully for total abstinence. They are said to have the oldest division of the Sons of Temperance in Canada. A noble pioneer worker, Mr. Thomas Clark, told me that he had labored for years to save one poor inebriate. He had induced him to sign the pledge and given him employment, but all in vain; the temptation would overcome him, and on

sobering up he was always repentant for what he had done. On one occasion he came to Mr. Clark, and said, "I don't want to die a drunkard if I can help it. Can you do anything more for me?" Said Mr. Clark, "I looked at him with the deepest sympathy. It came across my mind if ever he was to be saved, it must be where the liquor would not tempt him, and I replied, 'Yes, I can tell thee what to do that will keep thee out of a drunkard's grave.' With eagerness he said, 'Well do, pray tell me what to do.' I said, 'I have a valuable horse out there in the pasture. If thou will go out there some night and steal him, I will put thee where thee will not fill a drunkard's grave.' He looked shocked at the answer, but it seemed to my mind that the only protection for him was the walls of the Provincial Penitentiary."

This circumstance recalled an incident related to me by a minister who visited the penitentiary, and conversed with the prisoners in their cells. One of them inquired anxiously if there was any hope of a prohibitory law being passed. Said he, "I do not want to leave this place until there is, for if I do, I will be sure to be back again."

Oh, what a reflection on the laws of a Christian country, that they legalize that which fills the cells of our prisons and penitentiaries!

Going from Brighton to Campbellford by stage one cold, wintry morning, the only passenger beside myself was a poor victim of the traffic, seated beside the driver. He had in some way ascertained how I

was employed, and looking back with, as I thought, despair depicted in his countenance, said: "You talk temperance do you?" I responded in the affirmative. He then replied, "Well, go on, do all you can. *God bless you.* I suppose it is too late for me though." Then seeming to be thinking aloud rather than addressing any individual, he spoke of a wife who had been the best woman who ever lived, how she had watched over him, and cared for him; but now, said he "Nobody cares for poor old Jim." He mumbled something about the Crimean war, about Balaklava and Inkerman.

He left the stage before I did, so I had the opportunity to inquire of the driver who he was. I learned that he was an old British soldier, who had fought in some of the bloodiest battles of the Crimean war, had several times been wounded, and had always been noted for his bravery.

Said the driver, "He has tucked away somewhere in those old garments of his, more medals for bravery than anyone ever brought to these parts. He had just returned from Cobourg where he received his pension money. It is nearly all spent now, and he will be dependent upon charity until the next comes due."

The driver gave me one more item, which subsequently was of great use in the Dunkin Bill campaign. Said he, "The township through which we have just passed has been under the Dunkin Bill for several years. There is no liquor sold now; had there been bar-rooms along this road as there used to be, that

poor victim would have been drunk by this time; but now he has left the stage quite sobered up." Here was a tangible proof that Prohibition does prohibit.

At the eastern extremity of Northumberland, not far from the town of Trenton, the following scene had been recently enacted:

A poor inebriate, inflamed by whiskey, returned after night to his miserable abode. The family, hearing his approach, and dreading the dire consequences, flew for refuge to a neighbor's house. The poor maniac ransacked his place with a lighted candle in his hand; some combustible material was ignited, and very soon the place was in flames. Before he could be rescued, life was extinct.

On hearing the details of this fearful tragedy, the legal aspect of it presented itself to my mind. Here was a fourfold crime, each indictable by law.

In the first place, there was dishonesty. The man who sold the liquor did not give an equivalent for the money he received. Secondly, there was cruelty to that family that was obliged to seek shelter in a neighbor's house. Thirdly, there was arson; and fourthly, there was murder—a human life was taken. It reminded me of the legend of St. Patrick. It is said that on one occasion, Patrick was teaching temperance. He told his hearers that a certain man was so under the influence of Satan that he was obliged to obey every order. So the mandate came that this bond-slave should do one of three things: Steal a sheep, kill a man, or get drunk. The man

reasoned after this fashion: "If I steal a sheep, I will be transported for life; if I kill a man, I will be hanged; and so I better get drunk." So he accordingly drank the whiskey, and, under its influence, he stole a sheep; and before he sobered up he killed a man. Rev. John Wesley denominated the African slave trade, "The sum of all villainy." Senator Blain calls the liquor traffic, "The gigantic crime of crimes," and Mr. Wesley's expression is not one whit too strong to be applied to the liquor traffic.

When the voting time came, the counties carried the bill by a large majority. But the towns of Cobourg and Port Hope, the great centre of the liquor influence, having the privilege of voting separately, defeated the measure. In both of these towns the opposition was bitter, and the struggle a fearful one. The temperance people worked for God and humanity. The motive on the other side was avarice and appetite. Bribery and intimidation were the order of the day. Business men, who stood up for the right, were boycotted.

Meetings were held alternately in these towns. The great champion from Toronto was brought down to support the liquor cause. The two parties wore their respective colors—the temperance people the blue, the whiskey men the red. One day in the town of Port Hope, I met a nurse wheeling an infant in a carriage, accompanied by two or three small children; each of them wore the red ribbon. The death emblem on the infant impressed me deeply, and recalled what

had been said in other days: "His blood be upon us and upon our children." Among the many noble workers in the town of Port Hope, I remember distinctly the Rev. John Shaw, pastor of the Methodist Church; his eldest daughter, an accomplished musician, trained the children to sing at the meeting. With her own hands she prepared beautiful mottoes for the hall. One that I remember was, "Protect the Children." This silent appeal caught the eye, while the audience listened to the youthful voices, and, no doubt, secured many votes. Miss Shaw has long since "ceased from her labors, and her works do follow her."

The W.C.T.U. of these towns were foremost in the conflict; they went from house to house soliciting votes, and the canvass brought to light horrifying evidences of the deadly work going on by the traffic.

Just at the time the struggle was going on, a circumstance occurred which aroused public indignation against the traffic, and especially stimulated the W.C.T.U. to vigorous effort.

A woman who had formerly lived in Toronto, and had there been a victim of intemperance, had become converted; and, in order to escape old companions, had left the city and come to reside in Port Hope. She there united with the Methodist Church, and was a regular attendant at all the means of grace. She supported herself by going out to sew by the day. One of her patrons, a generous Christian woman, kept, as many another misguided mother does, a brandy bottle, the contents to be used for medicine only.

The sewing woman frequently saw the medicine administered to the children. She remarked to someone that it was a fearful temptation to her; she said she could not resist the impulse to take a little to allay the craving of appetite. She became irregular in the discharge of her duties, sometimes would not be seen for several days. On one occasion, she was seen wandering on the commons, with a bottle in her hand, attempting to cross the Midland Railway. Just about its junction with the Grand Trunk, she was crushed under the wheels of the cars, thus affording another plea that women should work for temperance, and that no woman should put a stumbling-block or occasion to fall in her sister's way.

I was taken one morning to witness a scene I shall never forget. In a dreary, dilapidated building, a forlorn-looking object sat upon an old lounge; by his side, on the floor, was a bottle partly filled with liquor. Standing as near as possible, for the filth, was a minister of the gospel and another Christian man. We learned that the poor drunkard had spent his last money to buy that liquor, and fastening himself in the house, determined to drink himself to death; but someone had forced an entrance. I went into an adjoining room, found a faded carpet on the floor; a large family Bible, which gave evidence of being much worn, lay on a table. A book-case, filled with books, occupied one corner. I glanced over their titles, and found they contained reading-matter of the highest order. They were works of history, science and the-

ology. In an adjoining bedroom hung a woman's and children's clothing. I inquired, "Has he a family?" The reply was: "His wife, a good Christian woman, died some time ago. Prof. Burwash, used to visit her; she died trusting in Jesus." This recalled the words of J. B. Gough, of his first wife: "Poor, broken heart, it was well that she died."

The children were scattered among strangers. We returned to the poor object. Prayer was offered while we stood with bowed heads, for such was the state of the floor it was impossible to kneel. The poor victim responded heartily to the prayer.

The minister (Rev. Mr. Fish) inquired, "You were once a member of the Church, were you not?" He sobbed aloud as he replied, "Yes, and one time was proposed for an elder."

I looked at that bottle of legalized whiskey, for it was no doubt sold under the protection of a license. It had transformed this man, made in the image of God, into this poor wreck, just on the border of an awful eternity.

Someone has penned these lines (it seems to me a scene like this must have inspired the thought)—

" Licensed to make the strong man weak,
Licensed to lay the wise man low,
Licensed the wife's fond heart to break,
And make the orphan's tears to flow."

This tragedy was almost under the shadow of Victoria College. The university town, of all others,

should be protected from the liquor traffic. Where the young men of the country assemble, away from the guardianship of home, the laws of the country should shield them.

The mother who trains her boy to fear God, to love his country, and to defend it in time of danger, has a right to claim (when her son goes forth to battle with life) that his country's laws shall be his safeguard, and not his destroyer.

More than one sad instance might be cited of the seducing influence of the drinking usages of that town. A young man, the son of a minister, passing through his college course, fell a victim to the destroyer. His force of intellect alone tided him over the graduation contest. He possessed a mind of the highest order, was a universal favorite on account of his wit and brilliancy. He became headmaster of a grammar school in an adjoining county, married an estimable young lady who, like many another deluded one, fondly hoped she could reclaim him. But, alas, this is a rash experiment, resulting in almost every instance in failure.

My advice to every young woman is, marry a total abstainer or no husband. The tendency of alcohol is downward, faster and faster. So it was in this case. He struggled hard to reform, but appetite would overcome him. He lost his position in the school, and with it seemed to go all hope for the future. In a fit of despondency, he wrote a note of farewell to his young wife, begged her to keep their two little boys, if possible, from that which ruined him; then, with a

revolver, rushed into eternity. I detail these scenes, not so much by way of exhibiting the tragedies, as to make prominent the principle they involve. In fact, the leading motive which had induced me to attempt this autobiography, is to hold up a danger signal where it is needed, and to suggest admonition to those who come after me. In the town of Evanston, Ill., the seat of the Northwestern University, an area of four miles around the college buildings is protected by a stringent prohibitory law. Would that every university town had the same safeguard.

The closing of the polls showed a majority in both towns against the bill.

A scene was enacted that night in the town of Port Hope which capped the climax of the atrocity of the liquor traffic. The Methodist burying-ground was entered, and between twenty and thirty tombstones entirely destroyed. The pastor of the Methodist Church and his family had been foremost in the conflict. The object was, no doubt, to intimidate them in the future.

The temperance people could truthfully say, in the words of Edward Carswell:

“ We have fought a goodly battle,
And though worsted in the fight
We are not dismayed ; but proud to think
We battled for the right.
And though we fail a thousand times,
Yet again we'll try,
And kiss the rod and trust in God,
And wait for by and by.”

We will close the campaign of these counties with the following letter, from T. MacNaughton, Esq., M.A., LL.B.:

“MRS. YOUMANS IN NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

“*Dear Mr. Editor,*—Now that the campaign of Sister Youmans in these counties has closed for the present, I thought some acknowledgment should be made for her painstaking and very efficient services. During her canvass of these counties, she has addressed about fifty public meetings, having an average attendance of about 300, or about 15,000 people in all. Probably about one-half of those she addressed never heard a public address on temperance before. Judging from facts, of which I have been notified, I am of opinion that converts to abstinence and prohibition were made at each meeting from the ranks of those who were opposed to the movement.

“She has been the honored instrument of awakening an interest in, and zeal for, our holy cause, which never, to the same extent, existed in this part of the country before. And this is true of towns as well as country places.

“The attendance in the towns of Port Hope, Cobourg, and Bowmanville, and in the large villages of Millbrook, Brighton, Hastings, Campbellford, and Warkworth, may be put down at over 400 at each meeting. In several places, such as Bethany and Campbellford, it was impossible to accommodate, with standing-room, the crowds of people who came, and very many had to return to their houses without the opportunity of hearing her. With true largeness of heart, Mrs. Youmans did not confine her visits to the large central places, but held meetings in rural localities never before visited by a first-class speaker, and in every place excited the same enthusiasm, and created the same intense interest in the cause.

“Considering that Mrs. Youmans is not as young as she was, and has not strong health, we cannot sufficiently appreciate the great fatigue and physical weakness which she suffered in these

zealous and self-denying labors. She addressed five or six audiences every week, and travelled occasionally fifteen miles in a day over terrible roads, and in the most stormy weather, to keep her appointments. Frequently in her letters, she expressed an apprehension that she would not be able to complete the campaign, but often expressed her willingness to die in the work, and appreciated with great earnestness the shortness of work to be done. She has left us, but no doubt we shall hear of her great success in Hastings county. She has left us, but her spirit remains to animate the many associations of ladies she has formed in the chief towns and villages of these counties, and we have seen what beneficial effects have been wrought through the lead of the Woman's Temperance Society of Toronto, organized by her, in the many thousands of petitions to the Ontario Legislature, signed by Canadian women, and in the deputation of hundreds of them to present those petitions inside as well as outside the bar of the House. The influence through these agencies tells also in the action taken by the Legislature in the introduction of a bill by the Government to curtail the number of licenses one-half, and remove the control of licenses altogether—the greatest blow which has been struck against the liquor traffic in Canada, and which fully commits Mr. Mowat and his colleagues to take part in the irrepressible conflict with the infernal traffic, a conflict which, we hope and pray, will never flag till this stronghold of Satan is overthrown.

“Yours fraternally,

“THOMAS MACNAUGHTON.”

CHAPTER XII.

TRIP THROUGH LENNOX AND ADDINGTON.

MY work being finished in Northumberland and Durham, I joyfully turned my steps homeward. Oh, the magic influence of that word "home." None, but the lonely wanderer who finds himself again within its sacred precincts, can fully realize that there is "no place like home." My first duty was a readjustment of domestic affairs. Numerous requests came from various places, with the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." The most imperative of these was from the adjoining counties of Lennox and Addington. I submitted the matter, as I invariably did on all such occasions, to my husband. His reply was, "Go, by all means, if you can do any good." Never in my entire work did he object, except in cases when he considered I needed rest. The season of the year was most unfavorable for the proposed campaign. The Bay of Quinte had to be crossed. The ice was not yet out, but it was unsafe to travel; a crack had formed from Marysburg to the Adolphustown shore. This had continued to widen until there was sufficient room for a small boat to pass over. I embarked on this little craft and ventured out between the icy walls on either side. I shudder yet, when I think of

the risk incurred in case of anything happening to the oars or oarsman; but He who is the same upon the water as He is upon the land brought me safe over.

A good audience greeted me that night in the hall, and the spirit of the meeting proved that Prohibition was the watchword there, as well as in the western counties.

My journeys now were to be entirely by carriages. The roads in many instances were well-nigh impassable, yet on I plodded from place to place feeling that God was in the work, and He called me to be a laborer in His vineyard.

I had, from the first, been impressed that total abstinence and prohibition should go together; that while one hand grasped the prohibition law, the other hand should hold out the total abstinence pledge; that the young especially should be enlisted, and the children have, as John B. Gough used to say, the total abstinence pledge placed between their pure lips and the first glass of intoxicating liquors.

It was no small task for one evening to present the different provisions of the Dunkin Bill (our only available substitute at that time for prohibition), to meet the current objections to it, and then present a total abstinence pledge, and perhaps for an hour, plead for signatures. I was favorably impressed with the idea of the blue ribbon badge, inasmuch as it was founded on Scripture. (See Numbers xv. 38.)

The list of signatures was left in each locality. I now regret that I did not note the number of pledges

taken. My only clue to it is a note kept of the cost of narrow blue ribbon used, which through the counties amounted to over twelve dollars. These counties, like the preceding ones, afforded abundant illustrations and arguments against the liquor traffic.

It was the same old story of property squandered, health and reputation destroyed, and homes made desolate. Two of the townships of Addington had adopted the Dunkin Bill some years before, and they were a standing proof of its superiority to a license law.

I was credibly informed that in one locality there were nine farms, almost adjoining each other, all drunk up once, and some of them twice, by their owners.

Every locality presented the fact that industry, sobriety and economy secured success, and that a contrary course invariably led to ruin.

In one of these places I was first deeply impressed with the danger as well as wrong of using fermented wine at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. A minister of the gospel vouched for the following fact: That one of his members, who previous to joining the Church had been an inebriate, was evidently a reformed man until the wine cup was placed in his hand at the communion table. There the old appetite was revived. He returned to his home, and such was the struggle for supremacy that he seized a bottle of medicine which he had prepared for his horse and swallowed its contents. His life was saved with the greatest difficulty. I now saw clearly that "Woe to him that

giveth his neighbor drink" was as applicable to the minister as to any other class of the community.

The county of Addington was at this time comparatively new. The roads were difficult to travel, but the people were generous, hospitable, and eager to hear the new gospel of temperance and prohibition, and especially curious to see the novelty of a woman speaker.

When I called for an expression as to how many would vote for the measure (which was generally a part of the programme), hands went readily up in all parts of the room. Sometimes when I suggested that women and children should express their views, oh! what a crowd of hands went up.

Would that the women and children of Canada could settle this question. It would be a complete annihilation of the traffic.

My meeting on Sabbath morning was arranged for a schoolhouse some five miles north of the town of Napanee. On approaching the place, I found the people sitting around in their carriages in earnest discussion.

The whiskey men of the town had induced the trustees to refuse the use of the schoolhouse. Presently a suspicious noise was heard inside the door. A smile went around the crowd, and soon the door flew open, and two brave little fellows, with faces all aglow, took off their hats and bowed, saying, "Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, you are perfectly welcome." They had kindled a fire, and we were soon comfort-

ably seated. The opposition aroused the people so much that we had a grand meeting.

I could not refrain from expressing my admiration of the noble boys who had opened the door, and said I hoped they would live to be men and represent the county in the Dominion Parliament. Then I was sure when we presented our petitions for prohibition, we would meet the response, "Certainly, ladies and gentlemen, your requests shall be granted."

One thought that I endeavored to impress upon the minds of the people was, that many persons were injured by the liquor traffic indirectly, but that they failed to recognize the cause of the injury.

My largest meeting in this county was in the town of Napanee. The Methodist church was packed to its utmost capacity.

That night I was especially led to impress upon the audience that the destroyer was getting very near to every one of our homes; that there was perhaps not one present who could truthfully say that the traffic had never injured him directly or indirectly.

I was entertained that night by an old friend, a widow noted for her intelligence and piety. The next morning at breakfast, she looked very seriously at me, and said, "I think you temperance lecturers are sometimes inclined to exaggerate. You stated last night that you believed that everyone present had in some way been injured by the liquor traffic. I think that was too strong an assertion altogether. I lay awake a long time last night thinking it over,

and I recalled my relations of whom I have any knowledge, and not one of them was ever a drunkard." She had been twice married, and referring to her husbands, said, "Neither one of them ever tasted liquor. And I am not aware that any of their relations were victims." I remarked that there were exceptions to all general rules, and that hers was certainly an exceptional case. I thanked her for the admonition, and the conversation turned upon some other topic. But the thought would not leave me; so I enquired the cause of the death of her last husband. I knew he had been accidentally killed. I asked, "Was the horse you were driving very wild or refractory?" She replied, "He was just the contrary. We were driving slowly along, conversing, when a drunken man galloped up behind, shouting at the top of his voice. It frightened our horse; he ran away; we were both thrown out, and my husband was taken up dead." I said, "Why, Mrs. —, did you not say that the liquor traffic had never hurt you? It actually killed your husband, and you are now a widow through its agency." Her eyes filled with tears, as she responded, "Well, I declare, I never thought of that before."

I had a long drive before me that day down to the village of Bath, and all the way my mind was occupied with the thought, how can I arouse the people to a sense of their true condition, and that wherever the liquor traffic exists there is danger. I was taken to a comfortable farm-house, and could not fail to observe

that the mother and daughter were dressed in deep mourning; a great sorrow had visited the family. The eldest son had secured a good government position on the Pacific coast, and after spending a few years out there, was returning home to spend the summer. He had written home, stating the name of the vessel upon which he had taken passage. The sad news soon reached them that the ship went down, and all on board perished. The particulars of the catastrophe were these: The captain of another vessel, celebrating his birthday, plied his men with liquor. Under its influence, they were incapacitated for guiding the ship, and ran furiously against the other vessel, causing her to sink, and then refused assistance to the victims.

Said the mother, as she concluded the narrative, "My son was a total abstainer; he never touched liquor, but it murdered him." I said in my heart, "Thank God, there are those who do recognize the hand of the assassin." We frequently hear the remark, "Just let liquor alone, and it will let you alone." But the fact is, it lets nobody alone.

A minister of the gospel who had been stationed in the town of Napanee a few years before, received a telegram announcing the death of his son. He hastened to the place, and received the sad information that his son had rushed into eternity by his own hand in a fit of delirium tremens. He sat down beside the coffin, and for hours never uttered a word. For more than thirty years he had been a faithful

preacher of the gospel; and the Bible tells us that no drunkard can inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. I met that afflicted father some years afterwards on the temperance platform in the county of Leeds. On being introduced to the audience, he stood for a moment without uttering a word, then in faltering accents he began: "I arraign the liquor traffic of Canada as a murderer. It is indeed a murderer of fathers, a murderer of mothers, and a man-slayer."

That father had let the traffic alone, but it had not let him alone. It had wounded him in the tenderest feelings of a parent's heart. I have heard with indignation the advocates of the traffic say to the minister of the gospel, "You preachers have no business to meddle with this matter. You don't pay taxes; you had better attend to your preaching, and let politics alone." If there is any subject that should be fearlessly advocated from the pulpit, it is the duty of Christian people to unite in uncompromising hostility to the foe.

Towards the close of this campaign, a meeting was arranged at Portsmouth. Members of different denominations were on the platform; among others, the Rev. Canon Dodds, who took an active part in the meeting, and on being called upon to pronounce the benediction, before doing so, appealed to his own people, saying, "To-morrow is the Sabbath; will you think over what we have heard to-night, and pray earnestly to be guided aright? If you do, I am sure you will go next Tuesday and vote for the Dunkin Bill."

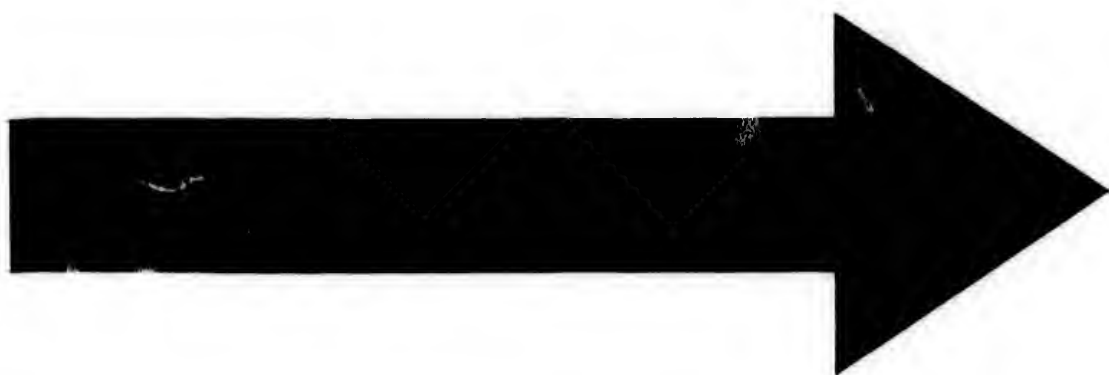
My home, during my stay in Portsmouth, was just opposite the penitentiary. My host and hostess being intimate friends of the warden, Mr. Creighton, I was afforded every facility for gleaning facts and figures from that institution. The estimate of the warden was that seven-tenths of the convicts were there through the influence of liquor. He kindly gave me the privilege of conversing privately with any convict I wished. There was one individual that I was very anxious to interrogate, as he was quoted by the advocates of the liquor traffic as a temperance man, and that the liquor had nothing to do with his incarceration.

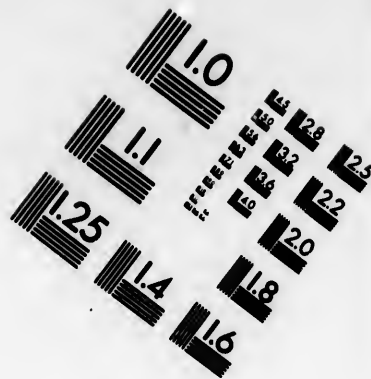
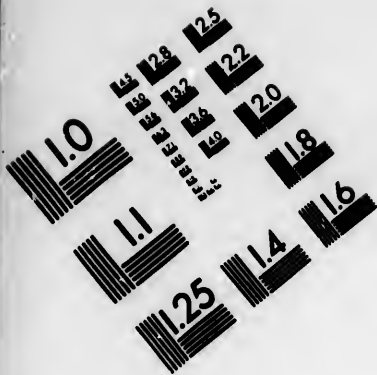
When the guard brought the individual in question up, I stated to him the work in which I was engaged, and my desire to get information. I inquired: "Would you be willing to tell me what was the cause of your being here?" He answered, without a moment's hesitation: "Drink, and nothing else." I asked: "Did you drink because you liked the taste of liquor?" "Not by any means," he said. "I would not have given a straw to have bought a bottle, and carried it away and drank it myself. It was the jolly company of the bar-room, treating and being treated, that has made me a drunkard."

How forcible the words of Isaiah, when he calls the traffic, "A refuge of lies, a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell." This testimony from the convict was just the argument I needed in defence of the Dunkin Bill. While that measure did not pre-

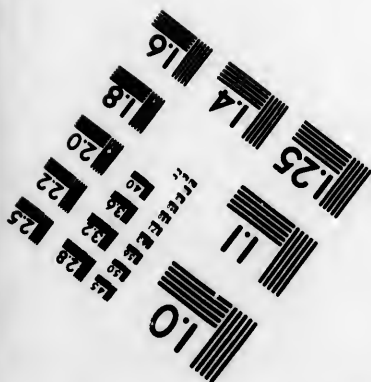
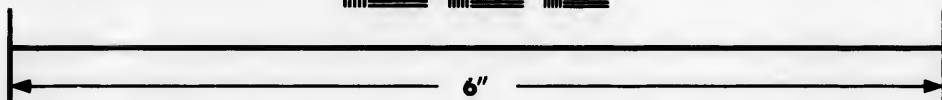
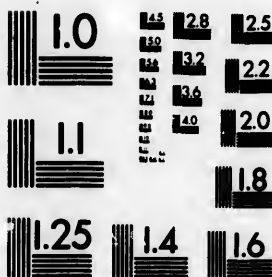
vent an individual from keeping liquor in his bottle, it rendered the bar-room sale a dangerous operation; besides the fines on the liquor-seller, there was the danger to the customer of being brought up as a witness, and a respectable man would rather not figure in a police court.

When the time for voting came, I made my way home as soon as possible; and as the law required one day for every four hundred voters, there was nearly a week before the returns were made. A telegram brought me the pleasing intelligence of eight hundred majority for the bill.





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CHAPTER XIII.

HAMAN'S LICENSE.

MR. GLADSTONE says, in reference to England :
“The traffic in intoxicating liquors is producing more devastation than the combined influence of war, pestilence and famine.” The question before us to-day is: “What has given the traffic this power?”

There is a little principle underlying our laws which is the key to the situation ; and, as my audience to-day is international, I might remark, although we parted company one hundred years ago, and differ in our form of national government, yet the fundamental principle of jurisprudence is the same in both countries still. What we license, we make a legitimate branch of business ; we throw the strong arm of the law around it, or, to use a still more expressive simile—we wrap the flag of the country around it. Everyone present will be ready to admit that whatever has the Union Jack, or the Stars and Stripes, protecting it, has tremendous power at its back. It is a deeply humiliating fact that these two flags, that should protect our homes, are wrapt around their destroyer.

* This address, which has been delivered by Mrs. Youmans, in almost every part of Canada, as well as in the United States, is here reproduced, having been especially requested by many friends. It was first given at the International Temperance Camp meeting, 1,000 Island Park.

I am sometimes accused of disloyalty by opposing what my country sanctions. Says the objector: "This traffic is legalized; these men have a right to sell." My answer invariably is: "They have the privilege to sell. They cannot have the right to do what is wrong."

Every right-minded person is ready to admit that the traffic is morally wrong; and what is morally wrong cannot be legally right. I found very early in my temperance work that Bible argument is by far the most effective in sustaining temperance truth. The question that now loomed up before me was, Is there a case of legalized wrong in the Bible? I had firm belief in the declaration that "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, and instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished for all good works." I believed if there was a case of legalized wrong, it was given for our admonition.

This question followed me incessantly. I turned back the pages of memory, searched faithfully the pages of sacred writ, and almost concluded there was not a case of legalized wrong in the Bible.

I always loved the history of the noble Queen Esther, and was lead to peruse again the interesting narrative. As I read, Haman loomed up to view, until he really overshadowed my noble heroine, and actually presented an embodiment of the principle for which I had sought, *a case of legalized wrong.*

As I sat in the solitude of my room, with the Bible open before me, and read the fearful details of Haman's scheme, I exclaimed with devout gratitude, "*Eureka*, I have found it at last." Now, let us for a little time inquire candidly into this matter. Haman is before us, the prototype of the liquor-sellers of the present day; and inseparably connected with his history is that of the illustrious Queen Esther, the first woman that ever went to a government to ask to have a wicked license law repealed, or to claim home protection.

Haman is introduced to us as the first man in the Persian Court, next to the king. The royal mandate has gone forth, all heads are to bow as Haman passes by. The first point of analogy presents itself here. In every department of society, heads are bowing to the liquor traffic. The wealthy brewer or distiller, with his matched team, liveried coachman and fine carriage, in which is seated his elegantly-dressed wife and daughter, drives down the street. Hats are touched and heads bowed in every direction.

Politicians, with scarcely an exception, are most obsequious to the traffic. Business men too, often pay homage, regardless of principle; and worst of all, the Church itself sometimes bows its head. A wealthy wholesale dealer occupies a front pew, and his ominous frown sometimes causes the preacher to soften the truth, if not entirely suppress the woe denounced against those who give their neighbor drink. A golden coin, or a crisp bank-note thrown

upon the collection plate often covers a multitude of sins. But the Church is getting its head more erect.

A minister of the gospel in the county of Oxford, after preaching a faithful sermon, was followed to the vestry by one of his churchwardens, who, with a menacing gesture, exclaimed, "You will never get another dollar of my money for your support." The intrepid minister replied, "I would rather saw wood for my living than to have your blood money." A Presbyterian minister in the county of Lambton was assailed in a similar manner by one of his officials, who did not sell liquor himself, but feared the falling off of those engaged in the traffic. He said to his pastor, "We did not hire you to lecture on temperance, but to preach the gospel." The response was, "God called me to preach His gospel, and He holds me responsible for proclaiming the whole truth. I shall obey Him rather than man."

But to return to Haman. There is one head that refuses to obey. The head of Mordecai is always straight up, not through wilfulness or obstinacy, but because there is neither mental nor moral worth in Haman to demand a bow, and Mordecai would submit to have his head severed from his body before he would bow to such a man. Oh, for more such heads! It would not take many to save the country. Haman did not fail to observe this one upright head. The record says he was filled with rage; and he seems to have had tremendous capacity for rage. Revenge on one man would not satisfy him; he must strike a

blow at the whole race to which the offender belonged. He first consulted his gods, that he might have supernatural help in the diabolical undertaking, and then committed himself to study out the most successful plot.

I have often thought he took the night season for his meditations. As he sits there alone, the difficulties involved loomed up before him. To take life under ordinary circumstances would be murder. It might cost him his own life. But Haman was well posted in legal lore. If there were any characters in those days corresponding to our modern lawyers, doubtless he had been a lawyer in the city of Shushan. The thought is suggested to Haman's mind—get government authority to do it, and it would be a legitimate branch of business; then the government will be partners in the business. But Haman wishes to take the life of the whole Jewish nation, to which Mordecai belonged, and that would involve a falling-off of the revenue. Haman is equal to this emergency. He prepares a patriotic address, with which to approach the king. "There is a certain people scattered abroad over the king's provinces whose laws are diverse from the king's laws. Therefore, it is not for the king's profit to suffer them."

Haman does not deign to give the Jews a name, although he knew their name as well as he knew his own. They are scattered abroad, as though there was only one here and another there, when they were really an immense nation. "They do not keep the

king's laws." Now, they were as loyal as any subjects the king had. He began with prevarication, and ended with falsehood. I need scarcely suggest that the liquor traffic is prolific of more prevarication, falsehood and perjury than all other causes combined. Haman now comes to the desired point. "Let it be written that they may be destroyed, and I will pay into the king's treasury ten thousand talents of silver." This was the provision to forestall the objection of the falling-off of the revenue. Haman had made an estimate of what the Jews were paying. Perhaps he was the minister of finance, and knew the exact amount. The king accepted the proposal; he took the ring from his finger, and gave it to Haman, saying, "The people are given to thee to do with them as seemeth good to thee, the silver also."

Sir Leonard Tilley, our Minister of Finance, tells us that when Canada demands Prohibition, the Government is prepared to dispense with the revenue. The United States Treasury is equally prepared to do without the silver of the traffic, according to their own statements.

Now, let us look for a moment at this ring. It bore a seal, and a document no matter how vile its character, or how much blood flowed through its influences, if it bore the impress of that seal, it was law throughout one hundred and twenty-seven provinces, all the way from Ethiopia to India. Oh, the tremendous power of that ring! Thank God, no person in the United States or Canada possesses such a ring, neither

the President of the Republic nor the Governor-General of the Dominion, and yet the ring has its counterpart in both countries. When the elector goes to the ballot box and marks that little mysterious paper, he puts the ring on the finger of his favorite candidate, and chooses him to legislate for him during the term of office to which the candidate is assigned.

In what relation does the elector stand to the one for whom he votes? Just the same as the king did to Haman,—accessory before the fact to whatever his substitute does during his term of office. Oh! that God would roll upon the heart of every elector the tremendous responsibility of the franchise.

The vote is a trust that God has given; its record is taken up in heaven, and God holds the electors of these countries responsible for their destiny.

Haman can write what he pleases, and seal it with the king's ring. When the liquor-dealer receives or renews his license, he has a blank indulgence to be filled up with as many broken hearts, desolate homes and lost souls as he can crowd in for a whole year; and the State has no more right to sell indulgences than the Church.

The letters or licenses are made out and stamped with the king's ring. And this is what the scribe wrote at Haman's dictation: "To destroy, to kill, and to cause to perish all Jews, both young and old, little children and women, and take the spoil of them for a prey." This is a *fac simile* of the liquor licenses of the present day.

They kill, destroy and cause to perish in every conceivable way. One victim of the drink habit enters the licensed place of death, and quaffs the soul poison. Maddened by the draught, he rushes out and plunges his knife into the heart of a friend, and expiates his crime upon the gallows. One rushes into eternity by his own hand, by a pistol shot or rope. Another plunges into a watery grave; another, stupefied by the drink, lies down upon the railway track, and is crushed by the wheels of the cars; another perishes in the snow-drift. The language of the traffic is: "Anywhere, anywhere out of the world." All done by special Act of Parliament, God holds the people responsible for the slaughter.

Haman's license included aged men, little children and women. These innocent victims are by far the greater sufferers from the liquor-seller's license.

I saw it all combined in one fearful tragedy in a recent visit to the town of Peterboro'. The lady by whom I was entertained, called me to the window one morning, and pointing to a building with closed shutters, she said, "That was the home of Ryan, the wife murderer." She proceeded to detail the dreadful occurrence. Ryan was a respectable citizen of this town, only an occasional drinker; when sober, a kind husband and father. As his little daughter testified at the trial, "When pa was sober he was always so kind to me and mother." The lady continued: When he drank, he was a perfect maniac. On the morning of the murder, his father said to his daughter-in-law,

"We had better have James confined in the lock-up, I am afraid he will take someone's life." She replied, "Father, I cannot consent to that, our son has just gone to college to prepare for the ministry; I would not for the world, ever have it thrown up to him, that his father was once a prisoner." Before the sun went down that day, that devoted wife and mother was in eternity, murdered by her husband; and he was in a felon's cell, to be tried for his life.

I read a letter written by Ryan in the penitentiary, addressed to George A. Cox, Esq., then a resident of Peterboro', now well known in Toronto, asking Mr. Cox to sell his house and lot. He said: "Get all you can for them, as well as the furniture. (He specified a piano and other articles, showing that they had a well-furnished home.) Will you see that my poor children get the benefit of the sale?" Referring to his aged father, he said, "God forgive me for bringing down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. He is about to take my children to the Western States, and I hope he will take them so far that they will never hear of their wretched father." Then he spoke of his wife (here the letter was tear-stained). Said he, "She was the kindest woman that ever lived, she never gave me a cross word, nor even a frown; and yet I so cruelly murdered her, and here I am in this gloomy cell to spend my life." He concluded the letter with this request: "Mr. Cox, if you ever get a seat in Parliament, vote this cursed traffic out of the country as soon as possible."

This is the view of the traffic from the cell of the penitentiary and from the scaffold.

Would to God that such men as George A. Cox were our law-makers. "For when the righteous rule, the people rejoice; but when the wicked are in power, the nations mourn."

Mr. Cox kindly lent me Ryan's letter for a time, and I used to read it to the audience when appealing for the support of the Dunkin Bill. I believe it gained many votes for the measure. I enquired, "Where did Ryan get his liquor?" She replied, "In one of our first hotels. A licensed, well-regulated place, as it is called." If licensed liquor did not nerve the robber's arm and whet the murderer's knife as effectively as unlicensed, then there might be some excuse for licensing. But as long as the effects are precisely the same, let no one have a license to sell the drunkard's drink.

Haman's plot is completed; he and the king sit down to drink. This is a heart and home question; for both of these countries are occasionally guilty of the same outrage. The king and Haman too often sit down to drink, at Ottawa, as well as at Washington, and both countries have reason to blush at the national debauch.

Even the mournful procession of a martyred President has been the scene of a drunken revel. Oh! that the day may speedily dawn on both of these countries, when the question asked by the elector, when his vote is solicited, will not be, "What is your

political creed?" but, "Are you a total abstainer? and will you vote to protect your country from its greatest enemy, the liquor traffic?" It is the most important question of the present day, away above and beyond any partisan issue; one that will live in both countries, when the names of Conservative and Liberal will be forgotten in Canada, and the title of Republican and Democrat will cease to exist in the United States.

I have not the least doubt that Haman provided the liquor for the banquet. For, with his shrewd knowledge of human nature, he knew that if the king's brain was kept clouded with alcohol, he would not be likely to ask any troublesome questions, and if he could be kept away from the beautiful Queen Esther, he might not find out that her life was involved. No doubt Haman rejoiced that his scheme was working admirably, for Esther had not seen the king for thirty days.

Mordecai, who had been the guardian of Queen Esther before she was called to the court, was the king's gate-keeper. Deeply impressed with the peril of his people, he put on sackcloth and ashes, and went down the streets, uttering an exceeding great and bitter cry. Queen Esther, looking from her latticed window, recognized her good old relative. She could not go out, as women can nowadays, to interview Mordecai. She accordingly sent her attendants to ascertain the trouble, and to convey raiment to Mordecai, that he might put away his sackcloth, But

Mordecai was too much absorbed in the doom that was hanging over his people to listen to the friendly message from the queen. Esther was not to be baffled; she at once assumed her queenly prerogative and sent a commandment to know what it was, and why it was—two plain, pointed questions, just such as a woman knows how to put. And the answer must be a direct one. Mordecai sent her a copy of the license, also the sum that Haman had paid for his license.

When she read the former, she would find that her own life was at stake; and when she had read the sum that Haman had paid for the privilege, she knew that he meant business. Mordecai also sent a request that she should go to the king, and ask for the lives of the people.

Humanly speaking, there were two mountainous obstacles in the way. In the first place there was an edict of that haughty monarch, that should anyone approach him uninvited, unless he saw fit to extend the golden sceptre, their life was the forfeiture. Secondly, Esther had not seen the king for thirty days. All this time he had been drinking with Haman. She had reason to believe that she would never see his face again. Her royal predecessor had been deposed from the throne and banished from the kingdom, at his caprice. She sent to remind Mordecai of these circumstances. His reply was: "Think not that thou shalt escape in the king's house, more than the rest. If thou holdest thy peace, then will deliverance come

from another quarter." Mordecai was strong in the belief that a deliverer would be raised up. Queen Esther saw her responsibility, and assumed it with no doubt as much fear and trembling as any modest retiring woman ever went into the Crusade. Her request to Mordecai was: "Gather all the Jews that are in Shushan (the original expresses that every man, woman and child must be brought together), and fast ye for me three days and three nights; eat and drink nothing." Not even a cup of cold water was allowed to break the fast. It was to be a complete humbling of themselves before God. Then she added: "I will go to the king, and if I perish, I perish." She was willing to die, if necessary, for her people. Would that that spirit might actuate the law-makers of both these countries, that they might be willing to lose their seats, and be laid in their political graves, if such should be the case, for passing a prohibitory law. The Jews fasted, and although the record does not say they prayed, yet we know that when they fasted they did pray. Another strange omission in the book of Esther is, that it does not mention the name of God, and yet God is as legibly written in every chapter as in any other book in the Bible.

The three days of fasting and prayer are passed. Esther puts on her royal apparel, and, I doubt not, she adjusts it with greater precaution than she had ever done before; and if there were any articles of clothing particularly pleasing to the king, they are no doubt selected; although her dependence is in prayer,

yet she does not neglect the externals. She approaches the king as he sits on his throne, no doubt with her heart going up to the Throne of Grace.

As soon as the royal eyes rest upon her, the golden sceptre is extended, and the king inquires: "What is thy request?" Her answer is: "Let the king and Haman come to the banquet that I have prepared." Is it possible that she has invited Haman, knowing, as she does, his wicked plot? What does the woman mean? Well, in the first place, like any other good wife, she selects company congenial to her husband, and Haman was the king's favorite. She does not invite him as some ladies invite guests nowadays, hoping he will not accept the invitation. She is no doubt anxious for his presence when she brings the accusation against him, for she is one of the few who will not tell a story behind a person's back, that she is not willing to say to his face.

The guests are seated at the banquet, and the king inquires again, "Esther, what is thy request? It shall be given thee, even to half of the kingdom."

If Esther had been an ambitious woman she might have secured half of the one hundred and twenty-seven provinces. But she has a higher aim in view. She hesitates, she does not falter. Her eye of faith is steadfastly fixed upon Him who has said, "*I will guide thee by Mine eye.*" The Holy Spirit doubtless suggests, "The Jews are not humbled enough yet. Another night of fasting and prayer." She replied, "Will the king and Haman come to-morrow, and then shall I present my request."

The king does not fly into a towering passion as he was accustomed to do when his request was not complied with. He goes out as meek as a lamb, for God's hand is upon him in answer to prayer.

Haman returns home more proud and arrogant than ever. On his way he passes Mordecai, whose head is as erect as ever; he would not bow that head to save it. The record says that Haman was filled with indignation. He calls his family together, he reminds them of his riches, of the high place he occupies in the kingdom; and as the crowning item informed them that he was the only one invited with the king to the queen's banquet. And to-morrow I am invited again. But see how little a thing it takes to make a wicked man unhappy. Says Haman, "All this profiteth me nothing, as long as Mordecai refuses to bow to me."

Haman's wife responded, "Let a gallows be built fifty cubits high, and hang Mordecai." What a suggestion! to come from a woman. Some people think women are angels; but she must have been a fallen angel, if angel at all. The idea just suited Haman, and although it is the midnight hour, he orders the gallows to be built at once. But a fresh difficulty is here presented. He could not execute Mordecai under the old license, for the time had not yet arrived. To kill him now would absolutely be murder. Haman must have a new license of special permission.

To illustrate: A young man goes into a saloon and calls for a glass of brandy. Should the liquor-seller

draw a revolver and shoot him down, that would be murder in the first degree; but if he gives him a glass of brandy, and the young man under its influence goes out and shoots himself, that is a legitimate branch of business. And yet the liquor-seller is accessory before the fact to the death of that young man.

Another difficulty presents itself. Even Haman dare not approach the king uninvited. He goes as far as he dare, to the outer court, and there he stands, waiting for something to turn up.

But what is going on in the royal bed-chamber. The king has retired to rest as usual; he cannot sleep; God is troubling his guilty heart. He does not call for music as usual, although the best musicians of Persia are in an adjoining room, to allay by their sweet strains the evil spirits that were supposed to keep the king awake. He asks for someone to read for him, and, strange to say, he asks for the Chronicles of the Kingdom. The statute book of either the United States or Canada would be considered rather dull reading for the midnight hour. But God Himself is now guiding the matter. The people have humbled themselves and done their part. The reader opened to the very place that pointed out the king's duty. His life had been saved by the interposition of Mordecai, just before Haman was promoted to the premiership, but Mordecai was left to watch the gate.

Very much like the government of the present day, the best men seldom get the best offices. A minute

of this transaction had been entered in the chronicles, and this was the first item read to the king. He interrupted the reader by asking, "What has been done to Mordecai." Josephus says the king laid his hand on the arm of the reader and said, "Stop, I will hear no more, until I hear what honor has been done to the man that saved my life." The king asks abruptly, if it be abrupt, "Who is in the outer court?" How did he know there was any person there. It was too far to hear a footfall. A strange, mysterious power overshadows him. Someone informs the king that Haman is there.

Just the very man whose presence is required. Business of state is to be transacted. The premier's presence is necessary. The king says, "Tell Haman to come in." Haman needs no urging; he stands at the royal bedside.

The king says, "Haman, what shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor?" Haman had received all the honor in that court in the past, and no doubt he expected to in the future. Very likely he had it all prepared in his mind what he would like to have done to himself some day. His response is a prompt one, as if premeditated:

"Let the royal apparel and the crown that the king useth to wear, be placed upon the man, and he be placed upon the king's horse, and let one of the most noble princes array him, and bring him on horseback through the street of the city, and proclaim before him, 'Thus shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor.'"

Then the king said, "Make haste, and do even as thou hast said, to Mordecai, the Jew, who sits at the king's gate." He pointed him out so there could be no possibility of a mistake. Poor Haman! He goes out, not to hang Mordecai, but to do him the greatest possible honor. He had to do it promptly, and no doubt despatched it as quickly as any of us ever did a piece of disagreeable work in our lives. He went home with his head bowed down; but how was it with Mordecai? Although he had received the greatest possible honor, he was not in the least puffed up or elated, but went straight back to his old business to watch the gate.

The messengers now came to hasten Haman to the queen's banquet. They are seated at the banquet, but the king does not wait for Esther to present her request. He exclaimed, "What is thy petition, Queen Esther? And what is thy request? and it shall be performed, even to half of the kingdom." Her response was, "Let my life be given me at my request, and my people at my petition, for we are sold, I and my people to be destroyed, to be slain and to perish." And they were sold for ten thousand talents of silver. This is a heart and home question to both of these countries. The people of the United States are sold to the liquor traffic for sixty million dollars, and the people of Canada for five and a half millions; and yet we hug our chains and sing of liberty.* Canadians sing:

*The revenue of the two countries at that time, 1878.

“ Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !
Britons never shall be slaves.”

In the United States they swell the chorus :

“ My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee we sing.”

And yet, neither song is correct. The United States is not a land of liberty, and Britons are slaves. But give us a prohibitory liquor law, and these will be the grandest countries on the face of the globe.

The king exclaims, “ Who is he ; and where is he that durst presume in his heart to do so ? ” Esther (fixing her eye upon Haman, who stands there quivering like an aspen leaf), said, “ The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman.”

We understand now why she invited him to the banquet. The king now, for the first time, does something worthy of imitation. He might have ordered Haman's death on the spot, for he had plotted against the queen's life, and was thus guilty of high treason. The record says the king went out into the garden, doubtless to cool off, and take time for reflection. When he returns the attendants cover the head of Haman ; this is the signal that he has to die. There is a solemn pause ; the king seems unable to proceed. A strange mysterious power is resting down upon him ; it is the power of God in answer to prayer. Someone breaks the silence by exclaiming, “ There is a gallows out there fifty cubits high, which Haman

has made for Mordecai." The king said, "Take him out and hang him on it."

This is the strongest, saddest point in the whole analogy. The Bible tells us that "he that diggeth a pit, shall fall therein himself." I would ask my hearers who have passed the meridian of life, to call up the liquor-sellers they have known for the last thirty years, and see how many of them have escaped being drunkards and going into drunkards' graves.

The late Roland Burr, of Toronto, magistrate, said he had kept a record of one hundred liquor-dealers' families in one street for fifty years. In these families there were two hundred and fourteen drunkards, forty-five widows, two hundred and thirty-five orphans, forty-four sudden deaths, thirteen suicides, four murders, three executions. Loss of property in real estate once owned by these families, \$293,500.

HAMAN HUNG ON HIS OWN GALLOWS.

May God have mercy on the liquor-sellers of the present day!

The late Horace Greely said that liquor-selling was murder, and the money obtained from it the price of perdition.

Rev. John Wesley said, "Liquor-sellers are poisoners-general of his majesty's subjects; that they drove them to hell as sheep to the slaughter; that there was blood on their threshold, on their floor, and on their walls." He also said that money made by liquor-selling never went to the third generation.

One or two more points of analogy: the ring was taken from Haman and put upon the finger of Mordecai. There was change of government, and the city of Shushan rejoiced. But Esther approaches the king again; this time as deeply in earnest as on a former occasion. You ask, what ails the woman? Haman and his sons are executed, what can she possibly want more? The golden sceptre is extended; let us listen to her request.

She says, "If it please the king, and I have found favor in his sight, let it be written to reverse the letters that Haman, the Jews' enemy, has devised."

That edict stood upon the statute book, and could be taken up and put into execution at any time; and she knew there was no safety to her people until it was repealed. Queen Esther actually asked for constitutional amendment.

There is no safety for the homes in either country until the license laws are repealed. Had the king been like many of the crafty politicians of the present day, he might have dodged the question by saying the country is not ripe for it. But his heart is right now, and his head devises the plan.

The king said to Esther the queen and to Mordecai the Jew: Write ye also for the Jews, as it liketh you, in the king's name, and seal it with the king's ring. And they wrote that the Jews should stand for their lives, and destroy, slay and cause to perish all that would assault them, and to take the spoil of them for a prey.

Then Mordecai went out from the presence of the


king in royal apparel of blue and white, and with a great crown of gold, and with a garment of fine linen and purple; and the city of Shushan rejoiced and was glad. The Jews had light and gladness, and joy and honor, just what will come to many a desolate home when the liquor traffic is put down, and they set apart two whole days to celebrate the victory.

We are working in both these countries for the passage of a prohibitory liquor law, and when the victory is won, let us have an international holiday; beginning with July first, which is our Dominion holiday, and closing up with the fourth, which is the United States Independence day. And we will take the two intervening days to celebrate the passage of the prohibitory law.

This is the programme proposed. The assemblies shall meet at Niagara, where the two countries are tied together by the Suspension Bridge; each country on its own soil; the women of the W.C.T.U. to lead the van; the United States women to plant the Stars and Stripes on their side of the river, and the Canadians to erect the Union Jack on their side; each party to have bunting enough to meet in the centre of the bridge, where the two flags are to be tied together with white ribbon; the American Eagle to poise on the top, while the British Lion is to crouch underneath; the Eagle to see that no Canadian whiskey crosses over to his domain, while the Lion guards the Canadian shore from Yankee rum. Thus we will have annexation, in spite of the politicians; and the best reciprocity treaty that could be enacted.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MAINE LAW.

 IN the year 1885, the Ontario Legislature gave unmarried women the power to vote at the municipal elections. I had always believed that when I had the privilege to vote it would be my duty to do so; for I was firm in the belief that it is a duty to "Do all the good you can, to all the people you can, in all the ways you can, and as long as you can." So strong was the opposition in Canada to what was commonly termed "woman's rights," that I had good reason to believe that, should I advocate the ballot for women in connection with my temperance work, it would most effectively block the way, and it was already uphill work for a woman to appear on a public platform.

It used to seem to me that I was just the snow-plow preceding the train to clear the track.

I saw, in this respect, the necessity of being as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove. I was firm in the conviction that it was my duty to appeal to the men, the natural protectors of the homes, to use the power that was in their hands to protect those homes; and that this could only be done at the ballot box.

Even the term prohibition, when applied to the

liquor traffic, was obnoxious, so much so that I would announce my subject as "home protection," assuring my audience that I had not come to advocate woman's rights, but to remonstrate against woman's wrongs; to claim for every wife the right to have a sober husband, and every mother to have a sober son, and a comfortable home for herself and children. This assertion of rights would invariably insure a hearty response.

When in 1885 the Ontario Government gave unmarried women the municipal vote, *my duty was quite plain*, to vote myself and urge my sisters to do the same.

It did seem a dear price to pay for a vote when my husband was taken away; however, I was thankful for even this innovation on the laws of the past.

It is a problem I have not yet been able to solve, why a woman having a husband should be disqualified from voting any more than a man who had a wife. An old-fashioned maxim declares, "It is a poor rule that won't work both ways."

If only widows and spinsters are allowed to vote, then surely bachelors and widowers should be the only men eligible to the same privilege.

If this amendment to the municipal vote could be secured, it would no doubt adjust matters.

The first Monday in January, 1885, found the W.C.T.U. of Picton assembled in the house of their President to discuss the momentous question of going to the polls. As Samantha Allen says, some of the

number "had been to the well pole, the hop pole, and the bean pole, but none of these seemed anything like as hefty as the one where a little slip of white paper had to be lifted into the ballot box."

The question now to be decided was, "Shall we go in a solid body, or go one at a time, in a sort of Indian file?" The latter mode was adopted, and I was selected as the first offering on the altar of female suffrage. A sense of responsibility aroused all my energies as I started across the street (for we were just on the opposite side of the way from the polling place). On opening the door, I found the room occupied by a number of men, and dark with tobacco smoke. The sickening fumes struck me full in the face. Just as it had often been said, "The polling place was not a fit place for women." Nevertheless, I ventured inside. The men gazed at me in astonishment, and then at each other, as much as to say, "What does the woman mean?"

Fortunately I espied a little group standing apart, composed of good temperance men. Bowing to them, I said, "You will remember, gentlemen, that I am a citizen this morning." A smile of complacency passed over every face, and pipes and cigars suddenly disappeared, and I was politely escorted into the inner room, the mysteries of the ballot paper explained, and a still more secluded spot pointed out where I could designate the men I chose to represent me in the town council.

While alone marking that paper, a deep sense of

personal responsibility rested down upon me. None but the eye of God was cognizant of the act, and I would not have dared to be influenced by mere party principles, or any other unworthy motive.

This wondrous feat being accomplished, I returned to the outer room, and found the windows open and the smoke all cleared away. My mental inference was, such will be the effect of women taking part in public affairs, it will clear up the moral atmosphere most amazingly. My report to my sisters induced them to go without hesitancy and deposit their votes.

Having a vote in another ward of the town, a carriage was sent to convey me; and aspiring candidates, waiting at the door, eagerly helped me to alight, notwithstanding my inconvenient avoirdupois. I had always been treated with kindness and respect in the town of Picton, but that morning I was evidently of more consequence than ever I had been before. That little slip of paper had a wonderfully elevating influence. The superintendent of the railway offered to hold the train fifteen minutes, to enable me to vote before starting to meet an engagement in the West.

While visiting British Columbia, two earnest Christian temperance women walked twenty miles, over muddy roads and through inclement weather, to circulate a petition against issuing licenses in that locality, where there was about to be an effort made to establish the traffic. This forty miles' journey was heroically taken, prompted by mother love, and yet neither of these noble women could drop a ballot to

secure the desired end. They were, both of them, in delicate health, and have since gone home to heaven.

This circumstance impressed me more forcibly than anything else of the injustice of excluding women from the ballot box, and now that the women of Ontario have the municipal vote, the duty is imperative to use that vote for the country's good. It is, to my mind, as much of a duty to vote as to pray. While the one is done, the other should not be left undone.

An event of considerable interest to me was the visit of Neal Dow to Picton. From my earliest recollection, I had been impressed with the evil of intemperance, but had looked upon it as a sort of necessity, a something to be endured, and that the only remedy was moral suasion. But the champion of the new enactment, viz., prohibition, fresh from the battle-field and flushed with victory, aroused a wonderful enthusiasm in favor of legal enactment for the overthrow of the liquor traffic. He related the circumstance that first opened his eyes as to the power of the traffic. While seated in his office, in the city of Portland, the broken-hearted wife of a drunkard approached him, and, in faltering accents, said, "Mayor Dow, I have come to ask a great favor. Will you go to — saloon, and ask the proprietor not to sell any more liquor to my husband? I have been to him, but he treats me with scorn."

I went to the place and found the rum-seller behind the bar. I told him my errand, and urged that he

would sell no more liquor to the husband. He looked me defiantly in the face, and retorted, "Are you aware, Mayor Dow, that I have a license to sell liquor in this city, that I have paid my money for the privilege, and that it is a legitimate branch of business? Now if that man comes with money he shall have liquor." Said Mr. Dow, "I saw as I had never seen it before, just where the power of the traffic was; that it was in the license the man quoted; that to take away the license would make the traffic illegal, disreputable and criminal. An inspiration came over me such as I had never felt before, and looking the liquor-seller as sternly in the face as he had me, I replied, 'God helping me, you have had the last license to sell liquor in this city that you'll get to the day of your death.' I returned to my home, shut myself up in my room. I thought, and wrote, and paced the floor until morning, and when the sun arose the next day, the Maine Law was blocked out in the rough."

Every sentiment uttered by this grand champion of the right was engraven upon my heart. So vivid was his delineation of the scene that I seemed to witness the whole transaction. The liquor license loomed up before me as a soothing cordial for a guilty conscience, and the statute book of the United States as a pillow for a guilty head. The solemn accents of Isaiah seemed to echo down the centuries, "Woe to him that justifieth the wicked for reward." While listening to General Dow on that occasion, a fire was kindled in my heart that has never been extinguished

since ; but little did I think it should ever be my duty to advocate this question or any other on a public platform.

However, August, 1878, found me, accompanied by my husband, *en route* for Old Orchard, Maine, to attend the International Temperance camp-meeting. It is sometimes said, "Wonders will never cease," and this to my mind was a proof of the truth of the assertion—an old-fashioned Canadian woman to take her place among the champions and orators of the great republic ; but I had enlisted, "for life, or during the war." I had consecrated every energy to the overthrow of the great destroyer, and now that a new door was open, I ventured in the strength of Him who has promised to use the weak things of the world to destroy the mighty. There was no state of the union invested with so much interest to me as the State of Maine. It stood there as a city set upon a hill. It had been represented, and misrepresented, according to the views and wishes of those who had visited it. Thousands assembled day after day on the old camp ground. The pioneer prohibitionists were there in full force. They would sit for hour after hour on the hard plank seats listening to the stern array of facts and figures, which proved the superiority of prohibitory enactment over the oft-repeated failure of license laws or restricted regulations.

The staff of speakers consisted of Dr. Babcock, president of the association ; Professor G. E. Foster, secretary ; Miss Frances Willard ; Dr. Boole, of New

Jersey ; Dr. Reynolds, of red ribbon fame ; Francis Murphy, of the blue ribbon army, and numerous others of more or less distinction. One pleasing little incident of this meeting I recall with very much pleasure. At the close of the meeting, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, of Stroudwater, had planned an excursion a few miles out of the city to visit one of nature's choicest retreats. The party consisted of the persons whose names have just been enumerated. Mrs. Stevens informed us on the way out that the dell which we were about to visit was to be dedicated to Miss Willard. On reaching the spot, we were struck with admiration at the wild beauty of the scene which surrounded us. A carpet of verdure under our feet was studded with wild flowers of various hues. The trees, whose branches were interlocked over our heads, seemed to speak of ages of the long ago. The feathered songsters were pouring forth notes of joy. The crowning beauty of the scene was a bubbling spring bursting forth among the rocks ; its pure, cold water proved a refreshing draught after our drive.

We stood around the spring, and drank from cups provided by Mrs. Stevens for our use. An informal meeting was arranged, opened by singing and prayer. Short addresses were delivered, and Miss Willard, the special guest of the occasion, was introduced. She gave us one of those bright and sparkling addresses by which she has always won all hearts. She repeated what she had already stated on the camp ground—her

entire consecration of body, soul and spirit to the temperance cause. Dr. Babcock then proceeded to consecrate the place, to be henceforth called "Willard Dell." We filled our cups with water, and poured them out upon the sod; then closed by singing the doxology. At Miss Willard's request, we gathered a bouquet of flowers, ferns and mosses, which she expressed to her mother at Evanston, with a graphic sketch of the afternoon's proceedings.

Saturday and Sabbath we spent in the city of Portland. My husband devoted a good part of Saturday to a tour through the city to ascertain if prohibition did prohibit. He visited all the likely and unlikely places, but discovered no vestige of the traffic; no one under the influence of liquor, and no probability of obtaining the contraband article.

Before leaving Portland, Mr. Dow invited us to accompany him to the sheriff's office, to see the confiscated liquor. He informed us that they were obliged to employ a special sheriff and officer for the enforcement of the prohibitory law. On entering the building, we found a large room occupied by numerous boxes, barrels and kegs of different sizes and colors, all carefully labelled. Some bore the inscription, "Sugar," others, "Hardware," and various other articles, not by any means indicative of their real contents. We had only to remove the heading, which had already been loosened, to ascertain that they had sailed in under false colors. Some barrels contained bottles of liquor packed in sawdust; some of the boxes

contained a large jug of spirits carefully stowed away in the same article. There was also a variety of lead pipes, that had been discovered coming down through obscure places in the walls, conveying liquor to some out-of-the-way place, where the thirsty customer could have his wants supplied. An old-fashioned, pine wash-tub, of the capacity of about four pails, was said to have been found under a bed in an attic, which was reached by two flights of rickety stairs, and covered by an old calico dress. Everything indicated that the traffic was brought to the smallest possible compass.

I remarked to my husband that I sincerely wished that all the whiskey in Canada was placed under just such restrictions; that the individuals who drank were compelled to get down on their knees and crawl under a bed to obtain it.

We inquired what was the fate of the confiscated liquor. The sheriff replied that, after being advertised, if anyone could prove that he had paid the United States tax, and intended the article for his own private use, he could pay the expenses, and take it away. "But," he added, "it is very seldom claimed. Then," said he, "we have a day of execution, and the article is destroyed."

I inquired if it would be possible for us to witness an execution. The response was: "If you had been here yesterday, you might have been gratified to your heart's content, but as Canada and the United States are on pretty good terms, I will venture to accommodate you to-day." Accordingly, he rolled down a

barrel, and poisoning it upon what he called a sewer-box, knocked in the bung; the contents came foaming and hissing out, as if in great agony to escape. It seemed to me, no wonder that the men who drank it displayed such fearful antics under its influence. On inquiring where the liquor went, we were informed that the sewer was connected with the ocean. It was certainly a hard fate for the fish, but better destroy them than the men.

This was our first visit to evil spirits in prison, and it suggested the idea that the State of Maine had placed things on a right basis. Put the rum in gaol and leave the men out, for if the rum had got inside of the men, both would have found themselves inside of prison walls.

Our next place of destination was Augusta, the capital. Having a few days to spend here, my husband again constituted himself a royal commission to explore for the effects of alcohol. Saturday is generally a high day under license law for the exhibits of the traffic. Hotels, railway stations, wharves and other public places are generally sample-rooms for the traffic.

The policemen usually have very lively times and the lock-up is in great demand, but Augusta seemed perfectly oblivious of these transactions, and the Canadian explorer returned to his temporary home to report another failure.

We visited the city gaol, found four prisoners: three of them were serving out a term for the violation of

the prohibitory law. I shook hands with them, and quoted mentally from Murphy's pledge card, "With charity for all," gentlemen, I am glad to see you here; and "With malice toward none," I hope they will keep you here until you resolve to go into better business.

Some remark was made indicating that I was from Canada. Upon hearing this, one of the prisoners assumed an air of injured innocence, and in most pathetic terms appealed to me, saying, "I hope you will tell your people when you return home that the law is unconstitutional." This was the only remark of the kind that I heard in the State of Maine, and reminded me of the old adage,

"No rogue e'er feels the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law."

A tour of the State of Maine would be incomplete without a visit to the city of Bangor, and here it was said the law was more openly defied than in any other part of the state. We were the guests of Mrs. Prentiss, one of the wealthiest ladies of the city, and president of the W. C. T. U. Here we had time to investigate and drive around the city; learn the workings of the prohibitory law and the crusade which was still fresh in the minds of the people.

A Russian man-of-war was anchored off the coast, and there had been repeated interchange of sociability between the citizens and the officers. A reception was given by the city to the officers of the ship, and

when the commander responded, he stated that he always liked to anchor off the coast of Maine; that it did his men good to get ashore and get land breezes and land fare; that when they visited Maine they always returned sober, but any other state they generally became drunk and had to be disciplined.

This I considered to be the highest tribute to the effectiveness of the Maine law I had yet received, as it came from one who was not by any means a temperance man.

We spent some six weeks travelling through the state, visiting towns, villages and rural places; found that there were young people grown to be men and women who had never seen a drunken person, and did not know the taste of intoxicating liquor.

"How did you manage to get the law passed?" was the question asked of Neal Dow. "By hard, unremitting toil," was the response. "We sowed the State of Maine knee-deep with temperance literature. We took tallow candles in our pockets and went out to the log schoolhouses, lighted them up, and poured hot shot prohibition arguments into the ears of the farmers. We interviewed members of the Legislature, watched closely the formation of the bill to see that there were no loopholes; we left no stone unturned, and the Lord crowned our efforts with success."

The question is frequently asked, "Is there no liquor sold in the State of Maine?" "Certainly there is," says Neal Dow; "but under very different circumstances to what it used to be. The men who

sell it are not doing a legitimate branch of business; they are law-breakers now. There are other laws broken in Maine as well as the prohibitory law. We have a law against stealing, and yet hen-roosts are robbed and sheep stolen. One law-breaker is just as respectable as the other."

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CHAPTER XV.

THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

HAVING completed my investigation of the State of Maine, my next trip was to the Maritime provinces. Business matters now called my husband home, and I was obliged, very reluctantly, to pursue my journey alone. My first engagement in New Brunswick was at St. Andrews. For six weeks I had not seen the slightest vestige of the liquor traffic, but now it was apparent on all sides, for New Brunswick was under a license law.

St. Andrews is in very close proximity to the State of Maine, only separated by a narrow river. Calais, the adjoining town on the Maine side, had a vigorous W.C.T.U., and they had stipulated that I should give them one evening. I found that saloons were planted as close as possible to the Canadian side of the river, so that the thirsty ones from Maine could have easy access to the beverage they could not procure at home. I was informed that there were frequent cases of drowning while crossing the river; that they were invariably persons returning from Canada to Maine. Canadian whiskey had dethroned reason, and consigned them to a watery grave.

On arriving at Fredericton, the capital, I was met at the station by Mrs. Steadman, and taken to her

hospitable home, where I received every possible kindness from herself and her husband, Judge Steadman.

A series of meetings in the city had been arranged, preparatory to a vote on the Scott Act, which was about to take place. In these meetings, the county sheriff and Judge Steadman took a prominent part, and everything indicated that the better class of the community were fully identified with the temperance movement. The result was that Fredericton was the first city to adopt the Scott Act, for as one of old said, "The people had a mind to work."

I visited a number of localities in the province, and found the people generally alive on the temperance question. One little incident I cannot fail to note, as showing the general sentiment of the liquor traffic. At a junction where we had to wait for some time, and expected to take dinner, but found that the hotel had been burned the night before, a temporary substitute for a bar had been constructed, so that liquor could be obtained, but no provision whatever for the hungry.

The woman who presided on the occasion was entertaining a group who loitered around with an account of the fire and the loss she had sustained. One of the listeners, evidently a stranger in the locality, inquired which party in the election won the day. "Well, indade," was the response, "I couldn't tell you the names of the parties, but one of them was for the whiskey and one of them was agin it,

and the one that was for the whiskey won the day." I took a note of this utterance, and have frequently used it since, in proof that the liquor traffic has no politics. It is neither Reform or Conservative, but self-interest, and that alone. The old lady did not know the name of the victorious party, but she knew their leading characteristic, and that was sufficient for her purpose.

Before leaving Fredericton, I received an invitation from Marysville, a little town across the River St. John, to visit the place, and give them what they were pleased to term "a lecture." Perhaps I might remark right here that I have never dignified any of my talks by the term lecture. There always seemed to me to be something so stilted in the term that I have invariably ignored it as applied to myself. My hostess, Mrs. Steadman, informed me that, as the invitation came from Mr. Gibson, who was appropriately called the lumber king, and was really the proprietor of the place, that I must of course accept it. I had heard of Marysville as a prohibitory town, and had now an opportunity to test the validity of the reports that had reached me. As I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, I had ample opportunity to investigate the matter. Like all truly magnanimous spirits, I found my host and hostess extremely reticent as to the part they had taken in benefiting the place. In fact, it required quite a pumping process to discover the real state of affairs. I was compelled to ask a direct question which admitted of no evasion, I said,

"You own this entire village, do you not, Mr. Gibson?" He replied, "Yes, I do"; and added, "Would you like to know how I came to be the proprietor?" I replied, "Yes, I believe it was something in connection with the temperance question." His answer was, "Yes, that was just it. I found that the men in my employ who did not touch intoxicating liquor, were industrious, and their families prosperous and happy, while the reverse was the case with those who drank. I resolved to banish the evil from the place, and accordingly bought all the land that I could possibly secure, and now," said Mr. Gibson, with an emphasis that I shall never forget, "that infernal stuff shall never be sold in this place while my head is above the ground." "But," I said, "what will you do in case the liquor should be sold contrary to your regulations? For you know as a general thing those who engage in the traffic, if they cannot sell it legally, will do so illegally." "I am well aware of that," replied Mr. Gibson; "I will first try the effect of law in the matter, and if that fails to remove the difficulty, I'll get a hickory club that will regulate the business, and take the law into my own hands, and give myself up, and pay the fine." I looked with inexpressible admiration at the holy indignation Mr. Gibson manifested. He seemed to me a modern Nehemiah come to judgment. It seemed to me that it would not take many such men to redeem Canada, that they would soon supplant the leaky laws passed by our legislatures in their "moments of weakness."

I spent the Sabbath at Marysville, and attended the Methodist church, built wholly at Mr. Gibson's expense. It was the most beautiful structure of its size that I had ever seen. I shall not attempt a description of it, but simply say it was furnished with an excellent pipe organ, was carpeted and cushioned throughout, plentifully supplied with bibles and hymn books, each of which bore the inscription, "Marysville Methodist Church." Mr. Gibson named the place after a loved daughter who, a few years before, had passed away to heaven. I was informed by a gentleman, who drove back in the carriage with me to Fredericton, that the cost of the church was over sixty thousand dollars, and its seating capacity about six hundred.

The parsonage, school building, town hall, and house for teacher, all built and owned by Mr. Gibson; also houses for men in his employment were neat and attractive structures.

In the recent trial before the royal commission in Fredericton, Mr. Gibson's testimony in favor of prohibition was the most conclusive evidence taken. His exemption from losses by fire and incapacity of workmen he attributed to the absence of alcoholic liquors. On being asked by the commissioners how much capital he had invested in his business, he replied, "About four million dollars."

The next point of interest to me in New Brunswick was the city of St. John; it was shortly after the great fire. The city was again rallying its energies. My meetings were well attended, the first one being

presided over by Sir Leonard Tilley ; his presence was no doubt the great attraction. His election had been contested, and he had been busy all day in the court. The pledge was presented at the close of the meeting, and Sir Leonard's appeal to the young men was most effective. He made this statement : " All that I am to-day, under God, I owe to signing the pledge forty years ago, and keeping it. Now, boys, come and give us your names." The young men came flocking up, wrote down their names, and put on the blue ribbon.

I was informed at Fredericton that when Sir Leonard resided there, the example of the Government House stamped the Fredericton Society. Would that every governor, from the Governor-General down, would set such an example.

During my stay in St. John, Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Turnbull showed me no little kindness. Mrs. March, my hostess, who has since passed away to the eternal world, was most devoted in her hospitality.

Prince Edward Island was to me a place of special interest ; if I might be allowed to coin a term, it appeared to me a " baby kingdom." Everything seemed to be in miniature. The little Parliament Buildings, Government House and other appendages reminded me of the days of my childhood, when we used to play house-keeping. Nevertheless, it was a bright, wide-awake little place. My hostess, Mrs. Kennedy, just the one to make a stranger feel at home, and Mrs. McGowan, wife of the Government librarian, who drove me around to see the sights, and cheered

me with her merry conversation, made me forget the long distance I was away from home.

It was a matter of deep regret that duty called me away before I had time to visit Nova Scotia, which is the only province in the Dominion I have not reached.

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CHAPTER XVI.

WITH THE CRUSADERS OF OHIO.

IN the early summer of 1879, a request came from Mrs. Dr. McCabe, of Delaware, Ohio, President of the State W.C.T.U., asking me to deliver the annual address at their convention, in the city of Toledo. Although weary with an extended tour in the Eastern States, I could not forego the privilege of meeting the crusaders on their own soil, and learning more of that glorious pentecost of which I have already spoken. That convention was to me an inspiration, which has thrilled me ever since. At its close, I was solicited to take a tour in the coming autumn, with which I complied.

I can only mention a few of the many places I visited. The first that comes up to my mind is Oberlin, Ohio, the home of the sainted Finney, and the seat of the great university. The gentleman who met me at the station and conveyed me to my place of entertainment, informed me that they would not allow liquor to be sold in that place. He said: "The law does not absolutely prohibit, but the people will not have it." I inquired: "How do you prevent it?" He replied: "They generally try to get the small edge of the wedge in first by a tobacco shop, which we know means liquor in the near future. The women get

together, and hold a prayer-meeting ; and they crusade him. The men call an indignation meeting, and appoint a committee, visit him from day to day, until they crusade him, and dog him out of the place. It seemed to me that the spirit of the departed Finney hovered over this place.

A point of great interest to me was

HILLSBORO', OHIO.

My home was with Mrs. Judge Thompson, the first crusader. I now felt that I was at the cradle of the crusade. I had from Mrs. Thompson's own lips the story of the bloodless war.

She told me of Dr. Dio Lewis' lecture in 1873. She was ill and unable to attend it, but her family were there. On their return, they related to her the doctor's proposal : That the women should organize and visit the saloons ; and would you believe it, they have chosen you to be their leader. They said : " Mother, what will you do ? " The Judge, sitting by, said : " Children, don't trouble your mother any more tonight ; give her time to think. You know where she goes for advice."

" The next morning," continued Mrs. Thompson, " my daughter came into the room, with the Bible open in her hand, saying, as I was praying, ' This morning, the Lord gave me this Psalm, for you to read in your first meeting.' She pointed to Psalm cxlvi., which has been our crusade Psalm ever since."

They met, according to arrangement, in the Presby-

terian church for prayer-meeting. After a season of prayer and consultation together, they formed themselves into a procession, and proceeded to the saloons, singing,

“ Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
He shall lift up thy head.”

They continued the crusade from day to day, until many saloons were closed, and the traffic commenced to repel the invasion. A druggist, whose sales had fallen off largely, entered a prosecution against the women for injuring his business. A learned counsel was employed to defend the plaintiff. He was armed with a pile of law books, that he might cite the rulings of other courts. The criminals sat in front, their hearts going up to God in prayer. The advocate commenced an eloquent address, by referring to the songs of Zion which were chanted in our churches and places of worship, and the sacredness of prayer, which, he said, should only be offered in places consecrated for God's worship; that saloons and liquor stores, where God's name was never heard, except in profanity, were not suitable places for prayer. He was evidently making a deep impression upon the minds of the court prejudicial to the woman's movement. One dear old lady of the number, seemingly oblivious of her surroundings, was mentally praying, “ Lord, confuse him ; Lord, confuse him.” The lawyer adjusted his spectacles, and read from one of his

books. Then, laying his glasses down on the table, with the end protruding over the edge, he proceeded with his eloquent plea. Just at this moment, a little dog frisking around, sprang up, and, seizing the spectacles, ran away with them under the seats; and when he needed them again, he looked on the table, then felt on his head, and then in his pockets, but in vain. He tried to read without them, but the print was too small; he stumbled through as best he could, but made a miserable failure. The Lord had evidently confused him in answer to prayer.

I was particularly struck with the part that the dogs were permitted to take in this crusade. In one of their elegant homes, a house dog walked unceremoniously from room to room, evidently perfectly at home in every apartment. I inquired of my hostess if there was anything peculiar in the history of the animal. "Oh, yes," she replied, "he was our crusade dog. He went with us to the saloons. He used to trot on before us, and pause in front of the door. When we knelt down, he stood beside the lady who led in prayer, and on one occasion fought the saloon-keeper's dog (which had been let out upon us) while we prayed."

In one of the principal cities, a saloon-keeper vowed if the ladies approached his place of business he would let his blood-hounds loose on them. The intrepid band, not in the least daunted by the threat, knelt in front of his door, the leader a little in advance of the others. As she, with uplifted hands,

was supplicating the Throne of Grace, the two vicious animals came bounding out, and crouched as if awe-stricken by her side; she laid her two hands upon their heads, and concluded her prayer.

Daniel's God, who closed the lions' mouths, was there that day. At one of the national conventions, this circumstance was mentioned. The lady presiding made the request that any present who witnessed that scene should rise to their feet. Four ladies responded.

THE CITY OF DAYTON

Was to me of very much interest. My hostess, Mrs. Dr. Berger, was all aglow with the fire of the crusade. She told me that, on one occasion when they visited a lager beer saloon, they were ordered out, and they knelt on the pavement in front. She was leading in prayer. The saloon-keeper seized a pail of dishwater, and, rushing upstairs, opened the window, and threw it over her head. She added, "Such was the power of God resting down upon us, that the filthy contents of the pail did not disturb our devotions." She continued, "I asked a lady afterwards if I did not look dreadful with those apple peelings dangling from my bonnet. The lady who had been present at my wedding a short time before, replied, 'You did not look half as beautiful when you stood at the marriage altar with your bridal veil and orange blossoms.'" She showed me the rich dress and expensive shawl hung out in an outhouse as souvenirs of the battle. The ladies took me out to the Soldiers' Home, where a

large number of the disabled soldiers of the war were comfortably provided for. A beautiful church was erected for their use. A meeting had been arranged in the building for me to address them. I shall never forget that audience. Some of them came in on crutches, others had lost both arms, very many were totally blind. It was, indeed, an affecting sight. At the close I requested anyone who might be from Canada to come up and speak to me, and was surprised at the number that responded of our own Canadian boys that had taken part in the fearful struggle.

Everything was evidently being done to make these poor fellows as comfortable as possible. There was a large menagerie of animals; an artificial lake, with some of the rarest aquatic birds, and a tank or reservoir containing alligators. The soldiers were accommodated in cottages, containing about thirty each. I was informed that they were dying off very rapidly. No liquor was allowed to be sold on the ground. It was three miles from the city, and the ladies informed me that during the months of summer, the three miles were strewed with drunken soldiers, and out of the \$80,000 of pension money annually paid, at least \$50,000 found its way into the till of the saloon-keepers.

The next place that I visited was Xenia. The principal object of interest here was the Home for the soldiers' orphans, where they were comfortably housed, clothed and fed. Good schools were provided,

and they were taught trades to prepare them to take their place in the battle of life.

THE CITY OF AKRON

furnished me with many suggestive ideas. I visited that place by invitation of F. Schumacher, Esq., the leading temperance man in the place. His extensive mills and elevators formed the leading industry of the city. The Sabbath School, in connection with the M. E. Church, was considered to have the model schoolroom of the continent. L. Miller, Esq., was superintendent; he had planned the building and its furnishing. There was everything that could contribute to make the school interesting and attractive. Maps and charts adorned the walls. A first-class organ and piano, accompanied by an orchestra of other instruments, discoursed the sweetest music. The infant class room was evidently a juvenile paradise. The whole arrangement was my ideal, for I had always considered that the Sabbath School should have the best furnishings and provisions in connection with the church. I have only space to mention some of the leading objects. There were fountains playing, and plants in their richest luxuriance. When the sliding doors, which partitioned off the different rooms, were thrown open, and the building arranged into one large auditorium, it was a fairy scene. To me it was a vision of a life-time; I seem to see it yet.

But to return to my mission to Akron. My husband accompanied me there. We were met at the

station by Mr. Schumacher, with his liveried coachman and carriage. We were to be his guests, and never was hospitality more genially given or gratefully received than that extended by himself and his excellent wife. As the name indicates, they are natives of Germany, and when alone, speak the German language.

My husband, who was always deeply interested in milling, accompanied Mr. Schumacher through his extensive manufactories, consisting of mills for grinding barley, oats and wheat, with two large elevators. My husband said he was spell-bound with the variety and completeness of the machinery, the order and despatch with which everything was conducted, and the neatness with which every operation was performed.

As I have already stated, I resolved in bringing out this volume, to suppress nothing that might be of practical utility to my readers, and I feel that I would be recreant to my vow did I not bring to light valuable ideas calculated to benefit others. Mr. Schumacher informed us that he erected the barley mill to see how many ways barley could be prepared for food. Mrs. Schumacher kindly furnished us with samples of her husband's productions. During our stay of several days, we had at different times very nicely prepared pot and pearl barley, porridge made of barley meal, griddle cakes made from another preparation, and excellent bread from barley flour. The culinary skill with which these articles were

prepared, made them most appetizing, and proved the correctness of Edward Carswell's little ditty :

“Grain was made to be eaten,
And not to be drank,
To be cooked into food,
And not soaked in a tank.
Make it up into loaves,
And your children are fed,
Brew it up into beer
And you will starve them instead.”

Mr. Schumacher will, I am sure, pardon if I reveal still farther the ideas he furnished me. His family consisted of himself and wife, his aged mother of eighty years—bright and energetic as a young girl—two sons and a niece. The eldest son had just attained his majority, and had secured the prize offered by his father of five hundred dollars, if he reached the age of twenty-one without knowing the taste of alcohol or tobacco. The second son, still in his teens, was determined to claim the same prize. He remarked to me pleasantly one day, “I think I have property enough now to give my boys a good start in the world. I am buying farms for some relatives who need help. When that is done, I am going to lay up for the temperance cause.”

Many people will help the churches liberally, but seem to have no duty in the line of temperance, which I consider is quite as important.

I addressed a large audience on Sunday afternoon in the opera house, and in the evening, a union meet-

ing of Baptists, Universalists and Methodists in the M. E. Church.

Before leaving the city I accepted an invitation to return a short time after, for the opening of a temperance hall in connection with the Universalist Church which was being erected. This hall was to be used for ordinary temperance meetings, and by sliding doors was to form a part of the main auditorium when required for a mass meeting.

In consequence of this temperance annex to this church, Mr. Schumacher increased his subscription from ten thousand dollars to twelve thousand.

The National W. C. T. U. has shared largely in his donations. His latest gift of five hundred dollars was towards the introduction of scientific instruction on alcohol in the public schools of the *United States*.

I mention these facts that other men of wealth may be induced to follow his example.

The greatest need of the W. C. T. U. in Canada is money. And we have men who are contributing thousands to foreign missions, colleges and other philanthropies, who could well afford to "help these women" who are working for "God, home and humanity." One more visit, and I must bid adieu to Ohio,

DELAWARE,

the seat of the Methodist University. My home was at the residence of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. McCabe. The latter was then President of the State W. C. T. U. Dr. McCabe had just returned from the city of Wash-

ington, where he had been invited to attend the silver wedding of President and Mrs. Hayes of the White House. He had performed the marriage ceremony twenty-five years before. He wore the identical coat which had done service a quarter of a century ago at the nuptial ceremony. It was well preserved, and not at all antiquated.

The faculty of the college, by the suggestion of Dr. McCabe, invited me to address the students in both these seats of learning. This being my first experience in addressing the literary institution, it was quite an ordeal, but not at all unpleasant, as the faculty manifested such an interest and treated me with such cordiality as secured the earnest attention of their pupils.

A little incident occurred a short time previous to my visit to Delaware, that showed the esteem in which Dr. McCabe was held by the college authorities.

He was about retiring from his professorship, ripe with honors as well as years, beloved as a citizen, honored by his Church, and held in highest esteem by his co-workers in the college.

His door-bell rang one evening, and a note was handed in with a remark, "There is a horse and carriage for you at the gate." The note contained an address of tenderly-worded sympathy and regard from members of the faculty, asking his acceptance of the accompanying gift.

On going out to the gate, what was the surprise of Mr. and Mrs. McCabe to find a noble animal of the

most improved kind, with a finely-finished harness, and an elegant carriage with necessary equipments.

The generous donors, knowing well the sympathetic nature of the esteemed couple, took this modest way of presenting the gift. I will only add that Dr. McCabe is a near relative of Chaplain McCabe, who served in the American Army during the Rebellion, and is now well known throughout the United States and Canada as an eloquent speaker and singer.

November 1st, 1882, is a marked era in my life history. Our Provincial Convention was about to be held in the town of Milton. My husband, who for several years had accompanied me in my travels, had business engagements which demanded his presence at home. Very reluctantly I started on my journey alone. A series of engagements had been made for me in the State of Michigan, to commence after the Convention. My husband was to meet me and accompany me there. The Convention being over, I was to spend a few days with a friend in Hamilton.

A mysterious foreboding of impending trouble took possession of my mind. An inward voice seemed to say, "Go home!" and so much did it impress me that I yielded, and took the train for Picton. I travelled until twelve p.m., and then was obliged to remain over at Trenton Junction until seven a.m. When only a few miles on our way, the conductor came and sat down in front of me and inquired, "When have you heard from home?" I replied, "A day or two ago." His response was, "I am sorry to tell you that your husband was very ill yesterday."

There was something in his manner that impressed me deeply. I inquired, "He is not dangerous, is he? Surely he is not dead?" His reply was, "We will hope for the best, but you had better be prepared for the worst." The whistle then announced a stopping place. The conductor said, "I will telegraph, and get a reply at the next station." I looked to God for strength to meet the emergency; and when the conductor returned, I read in his countenance the sad intelligence; and yet I inquired, "Is he gone?" It will be unnecessary to attempt to describe to those who have experienced a similar shock; and to those who have not, no language can convey its import. It seemed to me it must be a dream, and yet it was a stern reality.

My first thought was, he is in heaven. I had not the slightest doubt of that, for, like one of old, "He walked with God." On arriving at Picton, our old and long-trying friend, W. T. Yarwood, Esq., met me at the station. He, too, has since entered into rest. He took me to his home, where my husband had the previous evening suddenly passed away, smitten with heart disease. As I gazed at his lifeless remains, there seemed the same smile of welcome that always greeted my return.

Telegrams had been sent to the different members of the family, and although so hastily summoned, they all met at the funeral. His sons carried him to the grave, and as the earth fell upon his coffin, it was a consoling reflection that, although he had not left

them a rich worldly inheritance, he had bequeathed them what was far better, a noble example. The sons, five in number, now all heads of families themselves, had yet to learn the taste of alcohol and tobacco.

The next day being communion Sabbath, it was arranged by the suggestion of the eldest son, Rev. J. S. Youmans, of Cleveland, Ohio, that the family, consisting of five sons, three daughters and myself, should together commemorate the Saviour's death, doubtless for the last time on earth.

On inquiry of my friend, Mrs. Yarwood (who stood at my husband's side when he passed away), if he left any message for me, she replied, "He went too suddenly to leave any message." My thoughts at once reverted to the letter he sent me a few days before, closing with this remark, "Do all you can, your reward will come in the great future. Your affectionate husband." I accepted that as his dying message, and none could have been better.

The thought came with overwhelming force, I can never go out alone, my journeying must cease. My mind was directed to the experience of Ezekiel, which I failed to remember that I had ever read before. "Son of man, behold, I take away the desire of thine eyes at a stroke ; yet weep not, let not thine tears run down. Bind thy tire on thine head, and thy shoes on thy feet, and restrain not thy lips to speak to the people. And that night my wife died."

The next objection presented was, "your travelling

alone will call forth unfriendly criticism." The words of Isaiah were given in response: "Every tongue that shall arise against thee in judgment, thou shalt condemn." I said, "It is enough, Lord, I will take Thee at Thy word." Accordingly I went on with my life-work, missing, oh, how sadly, the strong arm on which I had leaned; the tender sympathy that had always been mine; the gentle criticism of sentiment, style and manner which none but a bosom friend would bestow; but most of all, the earnest assurance, "I prayed for you all the time you were speaking." Thank God for those prayers.

All through the weary journeyings of that long, cold winter through the State of Michigan and the Province of Quebec, I realized the presence of Him who said, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." And again, "Thy Maker is thy husband," and "underneath are the everlasting arms."

January, 1883, found me in Ottawa to address a series of meetings under the guidance of Mrs. (Major) Tilton, whose sisterly sympathy and hospitable home were most congenial to my heart at this time. Major Tilton, whom I had never met before, and their dear little son, who has since gone home to heaven, contributed much to my enjoyment. The staunch little teetotaller showed me the blue ribbon that he had requested his mother to sew firmly around on his coat so that the boys at school could not tear it off—a beautiful illustration of nailing the colors to the mast. The two little sons of Sir Leonard Tilley, his

companions, were equally staunch in the temperance principles.

During this visit, I met Sir John A. Macdonald for the first time. I found that he remembered his first law practice in the town of Picton, and his voluntary defence of a colored boy, who was indicted for a criminal offence. He was evidently keeping his eye upon the temperance work, for he inquired very significantly, "How did it come that the Dunkin Bill was repealed in your county, Mrs. Youmans?" I replied, "Had you and the Ontario Government given us as good officials as they have in some other counties, it would not have been repealed"; adding, "Law without machinery for enforcing it, and efficient agents to perform the work, is of little avail." He was affable and genial, and I ventured to inquire, "When will we have the prohibitory law, which we have been encouraged to hope for?" Leaning back in his chair with a look of most complete satisfaction, he said, "Just as soon as men are sent to parliament who will pass the law."

Oh, for a telephone to reverberate from one end of this Dominion to the other this truth into the ears of every Christian temperance elector! And this class holds the balance of power in Canada to-day! Send men to Ottawa and Toronto as politicians, and they will legislate for party interests. Send them there pledged to prohibition, and we will have efficient protection for our homes.

There was much in the capital to interest and

entertain me: among other things, the opening of the Houses of Parliament; the pomp with which the Governor-General entered and took his seat on the throne; the antics of the usher of the black rod, as he summoned the Commons to the Bar of the Senate; and last, but not least, the bevy of ladies in half dress on that cold January day. Oh! how I did pity them, and thought how much better to have put the silk that trailed on the floor around their arms and shoulders. A lady sitting near me (we were in the Senate gallery) whispered, "You never saw such a sight as that before." I assured her that I had. She said, "I would like to know where." I replied, "In my own garden. I have seen many such a flock of butterflies." I might enumerate many other things, but space will not permit.

I hasten on to the city of Montreal, invited by the Quebec branch of the Dominion Alliance, for the purpose of forming a W. C. T. U. It was just at the close of the winter carnival; the ice palace was still lighted up, reminding one of the palace of the Empress of Russia centuries before. The late Rev. Thomas Gales, whose death has been such a heavy blow to the temperance cause, devoted himself, in connection with one of the ministers of the Presbyterian Church, whose name has escaped my memory, attended each of the ladies' meetings, and urged the necessity of organization. The meetings were largely attended, and much interest manifested. The ladies were evidently intelligent, devoted Christians, anxious

to do good, but were fearful of committing themselves to anything that would not be womanly. After three afternoons of explanations and pleading, an organization was completed, with an efficient staff of officers; and it has been most gratifying in the years that intervened, to read of the victories they have achieved.

My route was now to the city of Quebec by the way of Three Rivers, the only available point on that side for the formation of a union. I was kindly entertained at the Presbyterian manse, and succeeded in forming a small Union at Three Rivers. In the old walled city of Quebec everything seemed to speak of antiquity. I was kindly entertained by Mr. Gegie, the energetic secretary of the local Union, which had been formed there some time before, at the suggestion of Hon. S. H. Blake. Here I met for the first time that lady-elect, Mrs. Middleton, whose fame is in all the churches. Several days were allotted me here, and although they were stormy, were rendered interesting by the hearty co-operation of my white ribbon sisters, and the Young Men's Christian Association, as well as that of some of the churches. The children's meetings were seasons of special interest. I shall never forget some of the bright answers of those Quebec boys and girls. Here I had confirmed a statement made to me that there had been a funeral in the province of Quebec, and alcohol had been buried. Mrs. Gegie had assured me that such was the case, and proposed that we should drive out next day to see the grave. But, alas! a heavy snowstorm (such as

Quebec knows how to manufacture) prevented us. I however succeeded in securing the following details of the transaction: Father Chiniquy, a Roman Catholic priest in an adjoining village, had so aroused the people upon the temperance question that the traffic was completely annihilated in that locality. The good priest, exulting over the victory, said, "Now, that alcohol is dead, the best thing is to bury him." So a box filled with empty bottles was placed upon a bier, and carried out to the burying-ground, and interred with much formality on the part of the priest. A cross was erected over the grave.

I had looked forward with much interest to visiting Stanstead, as it was the seat of a literary institution, and a borderland between the United States and Canada. A W.C.T. Union had already been formed there. A letter from the secretary informed me that I had three engagements for the Sabbath: At 10 a.m., at Stanstead Plains; at 3 p.m., for Rock Island, Vermont; at 7.30 p.m., Beebe Plain. I showed the letter to my hostess, saying: "That is a regular imposition; I only agreed to speak in the town of Stanstead, and here they are about to drag me to the United States, and back again." She laughed heartily, and said: "You don't understand the geography of the place. Stanstead town is called Stanstead plain; Rock Island is really a part of the town—some of the buildings, a part of them in the United States, and a part in Canada; and Beebe Plain less than a mile from either place." Here I found, as I

often did, it was best not to cross the bridge until I got to it.

En route to Montreal, I visited and formed Unions at the following places: Cowansville, Coaticoke, Danville, East Farnham, Sherbrooke, Waterloo, Sutton, Knowlton, St. Andrews, Lachute, Granby, Richmond and Melbourne. I had previously formed Unions in Huntingdon and Aylmer.

These Local Unions were united into a Provincial Union in the autumn of 1883. They have steadily added to their numbers, and departments of work, and the blessing of God has attended their efforts.

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CHAPTER XVII.

ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

MAY 2nd, 1883, was a memorable era in my history. The Dominion W.C.T.U., to which I had been appointed President, had elected Mrs. (Rev.) M. Fawcett and myself as delegates to the British Woman's Temperance Association. We sailed from Portland, Maine, May 2nd. Rev. D. V. Lucas and Mrs. Lucas, my daughter, Miss Sophia Youmans, and myself constituted our party. I have neither time nor inclination to go into the details of the sea voyage; a journey of eleven days, in which old ocean exhibited its power to be disagreeable, found us approaching the English shore. In these few days' experience, I had seen much to sadden my heart, not only with regard to the perils of the deep, but to human depravity. Great as are the evils of intemperance on the land, it is even worse on the ocean. If there is one place more than another from which alcoholic liquors should be excluded, it is where human life and destiny are placed, humanly speaking, at the disposal of men whose brain should be unclouded by alcohol.

I was not unmindful of the sentiment of some of our most eminent scientists, that the smallest portion of alcohol deranges, more or less, the functions of the brain.

We had daily proof that the officers of our ship, with one exception, imbibed freely. The chief engineer, who occupied the head of one of the tables, invariably kept his wine-glass inverted. When the ship was heaving in the midst of the storm, it was a consoling thought to my mind, that the one (humanly speaking) in whom our destiny was more immediately placed, had his mind free from the derangement of alcohol.

The appearance of birds in the rigging of the ship indicated the approach of land; and we hailed them as the harbingers of mercy. Those of our fellow-passengers who were on their homeward journey rejoiced as they neared the English shore. But to those who, like myself, were getting farther away from home, a feeling of loneliness crept over us. A dense fog prevented us from getting a view of the Irish coast, which we expected to be our first glimpse of the Old World. The pilot that conducted our ship into port had come on board and taken his place. I retired to rest, grateful for the thought that, at least for a time, I should find myself on *terra firma*, although, to me, it was to be the land of the stranger. I was awakened the next morning by the stewardess, who handed me a letter of greeting from the Women's Temperance Association, of Liverpool. They had waited several hours, as our ship was behind time, and they were obliged to return to their homes. I was instructed to take a carriage to a certain house, where entertainment was awaiting me. This sisterly welcome was most gratefully received.

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MISS WILLARD,
Pres. United States W.C.T.U.

MRS. LUCAS,
Pres. British W.C.T.U.

MRS. YOUNG,
Pres. Canadian W.C.T.U.

An amusing incident occurred as we joined our travelling companions on the dock. I had not, in all my journeyings, transgressed the tariff laws of America, and I was congratulating myself that there would be no interference from Custom House officers. What was my surprise, when a sturdy official laid his hand upon my trunk and demanded to know if it contained intoxicating liquor or tobacco? Rev. Mr. Fawcett did not give me time to respond, but, with a hearty laugh, said that he would vouch that that trunk contained neither of the contraband articles.

One of the first things that attracted my attention on the streets of Liverpool was the squalor of many of the women and children that we met.

Another was the immense size of the horses that were attached to carts and other vehicles. Also the

The picture of Miss Willard, Mrs. Lucas and Mrs. Youmans, on the opposite page, was taken at Minneapolis during the W. C. T. U. National Convention of 1886. Mrs. Lucas, sister of the Hon. John Bright, and at that time President of the W. C. T. U., was seventy years of age, and had crossed the ocean solely for the purpose of attending the Convention. The meetings were attended by immense multitudes. At one morning session, no less than 10,000 people were present. When Miss Willard expressed her fear that Mrs. Lucas might be cold, the good lady replied, "A cold like this, would keep British blood warm any where."

The President introduced Mrs. Lucas as representing "Mother England," and Mrs. Youmans appeared for "Younger Sister Canada." The British and American flags were tied together with white ribbon, while the great audience sang "God Save the Queen," and "My Country 'tis of Thee." The enthusiasm was wonderful, and the scene one long to be remembered.



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unusual proportion of the beef hearts exhibited in the butchers' windows. I mentally inferred, if the human hearts of England are in proportion our reception will be most hospitable; and in this I was not mistaken. Our British sisters were most hearty in their welcome and hospitality; but, to my dismay, I found that I was advertised to speak that very night, although I was still reeling with the motion of the ship. Rev. J. B. Anderson, who visited Canada some years previously, had offered his church to the ladies for any number of meetings they wished to arrange.

Before speaking inside, Mr. Anderson was in the habit of speaking outside of the church to the crowd who could not be induced to enter the building.

These consisted of Roman Catholics and different nationalities, all bearing unmistakable indications of drink and degradation.

This Baptist mission church, as well as two others, was supported by the generosity of John Houghton, a name well known in religious circles in England. He was devoting his ample means to the good of humanity. He supported the churches, paid the ministers' salaries, and contributed largely to the wants of suffering humanity. The ladies informed me at the close of that first meeting that the ground on which I stood that evening was almost the identical spot where Wilberforce addressed just such a motley group, pleading for the abolition of African slavery; and the crowd surged around him evidently intent on taking his life.

I thanked God that African slavery had been abolished, and took courage that the still greater slavery of the drink habit would yet be overthrown. A series of meetings had been arranged for several days ; some for mothers' meetings ; and most novel of all, to me, was a meeting of butchers, at twelve o'clock, on one day.

These earnest British women were entering every open door, rescuing the perishing in every possible way. John Houghton, with his ample means, was acting as God's steward, by supplying their temporal wants. He was drawing many into the gospel net that would not have been reached in any other way. No applicant for charity ever escaped without a hearty exhortation to come to Christ. Crowds used to follow his carriage as he drove along the street and the blessing of those who were ready to perish was constantly invoked in his behalf. He has since gone home to heaven.

From Liverpool, we proceeded to London. Mrs. Margaret Bright Lucas, then President of the British Women's Association, did everything in her power to render our stay pleasant and instructive. She arranged a reception in Exeter Hall, inviting representatives of the United Kingdom Alliance and British Temperance League to take part in the reception. Robert Ray, of the League, and W. H. Raper, of the Alliance, gave addresses. Francis Murphy, the Blue Ribbon evangelist, also took part and gave an address.

A representative meeting of different organizations

was held in Cannon Street Hotel. Messrs. Ray and Raper contributed very much to the enjoyment of this visit in London.

To Mr. Raper I was indebted for access to the British Parliament while in session, and an introduction to Sir Wilfred Lawson.

Westminster Hall was, to me, a place of special interest. Mr. Raper conducted us through it, and presented the different scenes in connection with the coronation of the different monarchs of whom I had frequently read.

Most notable of the places visited was Westminster Abbey, that city of the noted dead. The sensation produced in my mind, as I wandered among the monuments and tablets of the departed of all ages, is still vividly before me. My first Sabbath in London I was privileged to hear Mr. Spurgeon, in his great tabernacle. He was, to my mind, the model preacher. The immense crowd that thronged the place from Sabbath to Sabbath was the highest tribute of his popularity. Yet one thought seemed uppermost, as he gazed on his audience, and that thought was his responsibility to God for his message he was about to deliver.

At the close of the service I was favored with an introduction to this noted divine, and was delighted to find the blue ribbon in his button-hole, indicative of his temperance principles. We intended to hear Canon Farrar, in Westminster Abbey, in the afternoon, but, being a little late, the crowd was so great

we could scarcely get within sound of his voice. In the evening we attended a blue ribbon meeting in Exeter Hall, conducted by Francis Murphy. My time was altogether too limited for visiting the great city, and I can now only glance at a few of the many places of interest,—the British Museum, Kensington Museum, the Fisheries Exhibition, which was just about being closed. I was astonished beyond measure at the extent, value, and variety of the British fisheries. St. Paul's Cathedral and the Tower of London had hitherto only been viewed in the distance; they were now a pleasant reality.

In the Tower we inspected a model of the rack and other instruments of torture used in the Spanish Inquisition. It seemed incredible that man's inhumanity to man could ever have reached such atrocity, and yet we have in our own day, in these nominally Christian countries, a system quite as diabolical. I need scarcely name it—a License System. I believe there is a time coming when these license laws, which disgrace our statute books, will be regarded as great an atrocity as these relics of barbarity to which I have referred.

The last place visited in the city of London was City Road Chapel. The old parsonage, and especially the room in which Mr. Wesley died, seemed redolent with sacred memories. As I sat in Mr. Wesley's chair and wrote on his desk, the sentiment came forcibly to my mind, "The chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the ordinary walk of

life, quite on the verge of heaven." I gathered some verdure from the grave of Wesley, and also from the grave of Dr. Adam Clarke, just adjoining, and have cherished them since as choicest relics. I must not fail to note an interview with Dr. B. W. Richardson. It was to me a rare privilege.

After leaving London, I spent a few days at Warrington with Mrs. Margaret Parker, whom I had met in America; then to Blackpool, by invitation of the Women's Association for a series of meetings; then on to bonnie Scotland. The noble work of the Christian people in rescuing the children from lives of vice and destitution is beyond all praise. We saw them in the Rescue Home when first brought in, in a condition that beggars all description. Here they are bathed, clothed, and when sufficiently renovated, are sent to the training home at Wiers. This home is well worthy of note. It consists of cottages accommodating about thirty children each. A man and his wife are appointed as father and mother to the family, and the family management seemed to be complete. We glanced into two or three of these while the family were at dinner, and were deeply impressed at the devout attitude of the children when the blessing was asked; their deportment throughout the entire meal would put to the blush many an aristocratic family. One article of food which the children seemed to relish very much was a soup of lentils. At my request, I was allowed to taste it, and I must say I was not surprised at Esau's preference of the article;

but, poor fellow, like many a one of the present day, he paid too dearly for the gratification of his appetite. These children are sent to school, and trained morally and spiritually until considered qualified to be sent out to the distributing home in Canada, where they are under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, at Marchmont Home, Belleville, and distributed among the many families who apply for them. I will only add that Mr. and Mrs. Wallace keep close watch over these children in their new homes. The blessings of those who are ready to perish are eminently the portion of this devoted couple.

There was much in and around Glasgow to interest. The temperance women gave me a reception before leaving, after several public meetings. One line of work in which they were earnestly engaged, was getting alcoholic wine off the communion table. They told me that so far they had only succeeded with one church, and that numbers of persons who regularly worshipped in other places, came there to commune, as their conscience would not allow them to partake of alcoholic wine. From this circumstance, this church had received the name of the "unfermented church."

In Edinburgh we were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Blakie, of world-wide fame. This noble couple did everything possible to make our visit enjoyable. They took us to many places of interest; most noticeable, perhaps, was Holyrood Castle, the home of the ancient kings of Scotland. The rooms occupied by Mary of

Scots; and other monarchs, seemed to proclaim more loudly than words could, "Passing away, passing away!" St. Giles' Cathedral was invested with very much interest. I gazed in wonder at the performance of the beadles, who assisted in conducting the services. It seemed to me that if Jennie had been there, she would have hurled her stool as indignantly as she did at the head of the prelate on a former occasion.

Last in my places of visit, although not by any means least, was Ireland, the birthplace of my father.

We landed at Belfast, and, after a short stay there, proceeded to Dublin. Rooms had been engaged for us at a first-class temperance hotel, by a noble Quaker family, who were unfortunately obliged to be out of the city at the time. They had left directions that no pains should be spared to make our stay enjoyable.

Phoenix Park, that had lately witnessed the assassination of Lords Cavendish and Burke, the two victims of Fenian conspiracy, was the first place we visited. We had our choice between a close carriage, and an Irish jaunting car, but, as sight-seeing was the object, we chose the latter. Everything was full of interest; and while our host and hostess kindly pointed out objects as we passed, our Hibernian driver was most loquacious in his effort to entertain. As we viewed with horror the spot where the victims fell, the driver exclaimed: "That was the most disgracefullest action that ever tuck place in a Christianable countree."

The Dublin University and the Irish Parliament buildings far exceeded my expectations of those insti-

tutions. As we walked through the latter, I said to our host: "These buildings deserve a parliament to occupy them." He shook his head, saying: "It would be a dark day for Protestants; for popery would rule here." Yet I had my own opinion, instituting the comparison that if Canadians were similarly situated, and her representatives were obliged to sit in the British Parliament, and when voicing the requests of their constituents, should be voted down by English members, as had been recently done when the Sunday Closing Bill for Ireland was before the House, I believe Canada would not submit any more than do the Irish people of the present day. But this is the question at issue at the present time, and it will be settled by wiser heads than mine.

I visited the grave of Burke in the Catholic cemetery, as well as the tomb of O'Connell. In the latter place, I gathered a sprig of shamrock from the grave of O'Connell, and remembered his staunch utterances, as I read them in the days of my childhood. His motto: "Agitate, agitate, agitate," is applicable to every form of moral and political reform. It is especially essential in our temperance work.

BESSBROOKE.

The prohibitory town on the main line from Dublin to Belfast had a crowning characteristic, that was, the prohibition of the liquor traffic. John Grubb Richardson had kindly invited us to his home. He has since gone home to heaven, rich in the sheaves which he gathered

The first thing which struck me was the beautiful verdure of the sod, which no doubt gives Ireland the name of Emerald Isle. On these grounds I gathered the finest roses I had ever seen.

A meeting had been convened in one of the Templars' Halls. The number was small, as many of the inhabitants were away to the summer resorts. Those who remained were mostly of the working class. The meeting took a most informal character, as I had reason to believe the people were anxious to inquire about America, and especially about Canada. I had read of the history of the place, but was anxious to hear it from their own lips.

The dialogue that ensued was something like the following :

"What is the population of this place?"

"Four thousand."

"How long since you had liquor sold here?"

"Thirty years."

"Have you a poor-house?"

"No!"

"A gaol?"

"No."

"A pawnbrokers' shop?"

"No!"

"How many constables?"

"Not one."

"How many policemen?"

"Just one, and he has but little to do but walk around the streets and count the buttons on his coat."

"Have you any magistrates?"

There was a moment's pause, and then the response :
" We buried the last one last week, and we don't intend to be troubled with any more."

" Was there much agitation in the place during the recent outbreak throughout the country ?"

" No, we were as quiet as any town you have in Canada."

" Well," I responded, " from what you have told me, I believe the most explosive article is alcohol, by far worse than nitro-glycerine or dynamite. Had St. Patrick destroyed the whiskey when he banished the snakes, you would have had a blessed, happy country by this time."

We went the rounds of the extensive flax mills, saw the manufacture of the linen in its various stages, and the immense number of operatives in the different departments. Mr. Richardson brought in his workers in families, furnishing employment for his men and boys in marble factories, while the women were engaged with the linen—a wise protection for the young girls. We visited the schools, found them neat and comfortable, the children well clothed and supplied with books.

Mr. Richardson was doing then what our good Lady Somerset is doing now, closing the public houses on his estates as soon as the lease expires. They told us the Sabbath was well observed, the people, with very few exceptions, attending the different churches.

Adieu to Ireland. Dear old Ireland. May your grievances be redressed. May your Home Rule be a rule of righteousness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BUILDING THE WALLS.

DURING the progress of the late Civil War in the United States, one of the most distinguished generals that took part in that fearful struggle, was found very frequently, during his hours of leisure, stretched out on the grass under the shade of a tree, with the Bible open before him and a map of the seat of war.

He stated that there never was a military commander equal to Joshua, and there were no military tactics on record so helpful to the general of the present day as those laid down in the Bible wars. The Bible is a book of models; it furnishes one for every department in life. If we would have a model of piety in childhood, we have it in Samuel; of devotion in youth, we have it in Timothy, if the evangelist seeks for a model, where is there one to equal the Apostle Paul. For any work of moral reform, and especially for our temperance work, I know of nothing to compare with the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem. The condition of the ruined city was truly descriptive of our country through the ravages of the liquor traffic; the walls were broken down, the gates burned with fire, the young men carried away captive, and Jerusalem was a reproach. Our walls

are broken down; many a family altar has been demolished in consequence of the one who led the family devotions being destroyed by drink. Many of our young men are carried away into a captivity that enslaves both soul and body. Jerusalem was a reproach.

The greatest reproach to these Christian countries is the existence of a legalized liquor traffic. Said an infidel to a church member as they passed a saloon, and saw the young men going in, "Do you know what that means according to your theory? Is it not eternal destruction? If you Christians really believed what you profess, you would never cease to work and pray till the last saloon is closed up." When the Mahomedan sees one of his number reel on the streets, he says he has left Mahomet and gone to Jesus; thus Christianity is reproached. Oh! that the thought of this terrible reproach would burn deep down into every Christian heart.

In the character of Nehemiah we have a model leader, one to whom no one can say, "Physician, heal thyself." There is not the slightest blemish attached to him. The Bible is truthful in its delineation of character; there is no effort to conceal any defect; when Abraham transgressed, it was brought to the light; when David sinned, it was not concealed. Then there were those who, like Enoch, walked with God; and Nathaniel, who was an Israelite, in whom there was no guile. We may safely conclude when an individual is as fully portrayed as Nehemiah, and no defect is pointed out, that he stands without reproach.

Nehemiah is introduced to us as a young man, or, at least, not past the meridian of life; we infer this from the office he held, which was never given to one advanced in years. He was a stranger in a strange land, but there was nothing disreputable in his exile; he had not left his country for his country's good; he was a prisoner of war; he was a young man of prayer. When the intelligence reached him of the desolation of Jerusalem, he wept and mourned and fasted certain days. It was not a sudden outburst, like an April shower, for we find by consulting the context that it continued for several months, not of course continually, for his time was not his own, but at his intervals of leisure. Doubtless when there was revelry and dissipation in the palace, Nehemiah might have been found with his windows open towards Jerusalem laying the whole matter before God, for he says he prayed to the God of heaven. His petition is a model prayer; he approached God with that reverence and humility which should ever characterize our approaches to the Majesty of heaven. His prayer is largely made up of confession; he confessed his own sins and the sins of his father's house, saying, "We have dealt very corruptly with Thee, and have not kept Thy commandments."

The Bible is a complete compendium of the temperance question, and yet how often are its precepts ignored. It teaches us total abstinence: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it gives its color in the cup, when it moves itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an

adder." "Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink" is too often unheeded by professed Christians, and these Christian nations have actually instituted a system by which it is a legitimate branch of business to deal out liquid death and distilled destruction. I believe before this curse is removed, days of national fasting and prayer will have to be observed. God has been dishonored, confession should be made. From the phraseology of the prayer, it is evident that while Nehemiah's hands were employed in serving the king at the table, his heart was going up to God in supplication, and this is one of the most beautiful features of our holy Christianity that the discharge of necessary duties does not hinder communion with God. The burden of his prayer was, grant me mercy in the sight of this man—that was the king. It was the duty of the king's attendant always to bear a cheerful countenance, but on this occasion he tells us that his countenance was sad. The king inquired the cause of this sadness, saying, "Thou art not sick; this is nothing but sorrow of heart." Nehemiah tells us that he was very sore afraid; he did not realize that God had heard and answered his prayer. Like many of us, if our prayers were answered we would be as much alarmed as Nehemiah was; he, however, ventured to tell the king the true state of affairs. The king then inquired what was his request. Before Nehemiah ventured an answer, he says he prayed to the God of heaven. How delightful the thought that, swifter than the lightning along the

telegraphic wire, the message goes up to heaven and the answer comes down.

Nehemiah's request was that the king would send him to Jerusalem to build the walls. Nehemiah throws in here by way of parenthesis, "the queen also sitting by him," and there is not the least doubt that the queen's influence greatly helped Nehemiah's cause. Nehemiah asked for letters to the governors beyond the river, or in other words for a pass that he might travel safely, and for an order to the keeper of the king's forest, that he might have timber to make gates for the palace and for the walls of the city. These requests, he tells us, were granted, not because he had managed the matter so adroitly, but because the good hand of God was upon him; he gave God all the glory. The escort which the king had provided consisted of captains and horsemen, no doubt an imposing procession, showing the estimation in which Nehemiah was held by the king. As he approached the city he dismissed a greater part of his attendants, and continued unobserved three days, examining the ruins and making an estimate of the work he had to do. He tells us that he told no man what God had put in his heart to do. He knew how to keep his own counsel, a most suggestive thought for those whose duty it is to enforce the liquor laws—not to confide to their most intimate friends the case they have in hand until the object is accomplished.

Nehemiah went out at night with a few men and quietly investigated the ruins. He went entirely

around the city, and found but one place through which his horse could enter on account of the rubbish that was piled up in every direction. Nehemiah evidently concluded that the most difficult part of the work would be to clear away the rubbish, for a substantial wall must have a good solid foundation. Those who have pulled down old walls preparatory to rebuilding, know right well the difficulty of clearing away the rubbish. After Nehemiah had made the necessary discovery, he then called a council of the priests, the nobles and the rulers, and laid the matter before them.

In modern times we would call it a convention, and it was a model one, for it consisted of Church and State. Nehemiah put the matter strongly before them, especially the reproach brought upon them by their enemies, and how God was dishonored. No doubt it was a difficult task to rouse those old apathetic men, who had hung their harps upon the willows and sat down to weep, instead of throwing off their coats and going bravely to work to restore the city.

But one downright, earnest heart will sometimes rouse a whole slumbering community, and this was the case with Nehemiah, for they resolved right then and there to rise up and build; and the order of building was just the plan for our temperance work—each man was to build over against his own house. This was more convenient; it was for home protection, and would secure more efficient work.

The first work, of course, was to clear away the rubbish, and this is most imperative in building our temperance walls. In many homes there is an accumulation of rubbish that must be cleared away; in the cellar there is the so-called sweet cider bubbling up, showing its alcoholic nature; the home-made wine, just as intoxicating as the wine of commerce, although not quite so much adulterated; the cordials, bitters, and patent medicines, all alcoholic in their combinations. The pantry contains rubbish in the form of flavorings for puddings, pies, and sauces. The fruit closet has its wine jellies and brandied peaches. The medicine chest has its ever-available flask of gin or whiskey, to be used in case of emergency, such as sudden cold or chills. The nursery has its rubbish, in the form of cordials and soothing syrups, to entrap the infant as soon as he enters upon the journey of life. Oh, what a work to be accomplished in the homes! Would that every parent was at work building over against their own houses.

The work began in the right place in the community. The first man that rose up to build was the high priest, and with him his brethren, the priests. Judgment must begin at the house of God. Oh, that the high priest of every denomination would rise up and build—the bishops and archbishops, doctors of divinity and pastors of churches, elders, deacons, class-leaders, Sunday School superintendents and teachers, all in the genuine Apostolic succession. What a mighty host, if all were earnestly at work. How soon the

work would be accomplished! I do not hesitate to state that the world is waiting for the Church to rise up as bright as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners.

Each priest had to build over against his own house, and unitedly to build the sheep-gate, the place where the people came in with the sacrifices. How great the responsibility of the man who stands upon the walls of Zion! His duty is to guard the entrance to the Church, to see that those who are coming in do not incur the woes denounced in the Bible; that there are no moderate drinkers—none who are in any way engaged in the liquor traffic, or who rent buildings for the sale of liquor, for the man who rents the building is as guilty as the one who sells the liquor over the bar. "Though hand join hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished."

I would say to the minister of Christ, be faithful in the discharge of your duty, shun not to declare the whole counsel of God; deal kindly, but as firmly as you will wish you had, when you kneel at the death-bed, or read the burial service over the grave.

I can only enumerate a few of the different classes who rose up to build, not omitting some who refused to build. There were certain nobles who refused to bow their necks to the work of the Lord; there are too many of this class at the present day, who look upon temperance work as altogether too plebeian for their patrician position in society.

In one of our Ontario cities a few years ago, an

earnest temperance worker called at an elegant residence to obtain the signature of the lady of the house to a petition for the purpose of restricting the liquor traffic. The lady solicited received the request with cool indifference; said that she never meddled with such affairs. When the applicant ventured to suggest that her own family might be injured by the traffic, she answered with haughtiness, "she would risk her family, they were all right," and coolly dismissed the applicant. A few months later, the lady who had been thus coolly repulsed, received a letter requesting her to call at a certain number, and to bring her pledge-book. What was her surprise on reaching the place to find that it was the same she had already visited with her petition. She was shown into the drawing-room, and the lady of the house at once recognized her. She burst into tears, and exclaimed: "Why, Mrs. Johnson, is it possible this is you; when you were here before my son was absent at college; I expected he would soon graduate with the highest honors, but he has come home ruined with drink. I heard that there was a lady in another part of the city who was doing a great deal to save the young men. I thought it might be possible you could do something for my boy."

"Well," said Mrs. Johnson, "before I see your son, will you kindly tell me if you have liquor on your table, and if you drink it in the presence of your son?" "Why, certainly," was the response; "we have our wine and my husband sometimes has his brandy, but we

take it in moderation." "Well," said Mrs. Johnson, "your son will never be saved until you relinquish this practice; you must sign the pledge in his presence, and promise never to tempt him again." The lady hesitated, but finding there was no other alternative, said, "I will do so," and led the way to her son's room.

Stretched out on a lounge was a fine, physically developed young man, but a perfect wreck of the liquor traffic. The mother fell on her knees by his side, and bursting into a flood of tears, admitted the wrong she had done him, promising that it never should be repeated. Then writing her name to the pledge, she begged him to do the same; he arose slowly, and with a palsied hand traced his signature after that of his mother. "But," said Mrs. Johnson, "there was a want of resolution in his manner that convinced me that that noble lady had bowed her head twenty years too late to save her boy."

One more of these nobles passes in review before me. As he sits in his office he is interviewed by a temperance committee, asking him to preside at an important temperance meeting. He answered haughtily: "I'm not in that line of business. If you need money I will give you a subscription, but I do not care to identify myself with this movement." A few hours later the same gentleman sat in his carriage at the railroad depot, his elegant turn-out and liveried coachman indicating the man of wealth. He seems restless and nervous; there is evidently excitement among the crowd on the platform. All eyes are

directed towards the expected train. He overheard the words accident, killed, wounded ; he sprang at once from the carriage, for on that train were his wife and daughter. He rushed to the railroad office and demanded an explanation. He was informed there had been an accident, but they had not yet learned its nature or extent. He demanded, "Furnish me a car and send me to the scene of the accident." He was informed that it was impossible, for every available car had already gone with workmen and surgeons. He paced up and down the platform frenzied by this dreadful intelligence.

When the car containing the wounded and dead entered the depot, he was the first to spring on board, and there, cold in the embrace of death, lay his wife and daughter. When the particulars of the accident were made known, it was ascertained that a pint of whiskey in the hands of a switchman had done the fatal deed. This noble was ready now to bow his neck to the work of the Lord. He finds it is his business now, as he sits alone in that palatial home, to do everything in his power to overthrow the destroyer, but too late to save his loved ones.

The merchants and goldsmiths, leading business men, built their part of the wall, but it is stated it was the son of one of the apothecaries that built his part. We might inquire why the father did not build. Very likely he had customers among those who were opposed to the building of the walls, for there were those who were as much opposed to the building

of the walls of Jerusalem as there are those now opposed to the temperance work.

Among them were the Ashdodites, and it is a singular coincidence that a lineal descendant of this tribe has taken an active part in opposing the building of our Dunkin Bill and Scott Act walls, but he has retired from the ranks of late. Then there were the Ammonites and the Arabians; very likely these were customers of the old apothecary, and he feared to lose their patronage; but it was well that the son did what the father refused to do. A most suggestive thought was that the apothecaries fortified Jerusalem. Now, there is not the least doubt but that the drug stores of the present day will be the last ditch in which the enemy will be entrenched; kept there in the form of pure alcohol for mechanical and medicinal purposes only.

Jerusalem was at this time divided into two parts, presided over by two rulers. The ruler of the first part seems to have risen up at once to build, but the ruler of the other part was more tardy. No reason is assigned for this, but perhaps he was waiting to see whether his constituents were going to build their wall, and thus ascertain if the work was popular. It seems that when he did commence workmen were scarce, for his daughters helped him to build. I would like if possible to enlist every young lady in the temperance work; would suggest that each one keep an autograph pledge book, in which her own name is inserted and the names of her friends, and

when that young friend calls, in whom she is specially interested, be sure that the book is forthcoming. If he gets up on his manly dignity and talks about his British liberty, then let her stand up on her womanly dignity, and no matter what struggle of heart it may cost, say, "Now, young man, your name to that pledge and its principles carried out, or else you will walk your road and I'll walk mine for life," for it would be infinitely better to have your maiden name written on your tombstone, aged 80, than to be the wife of a drunkard.

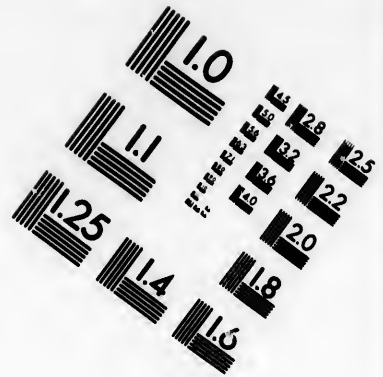
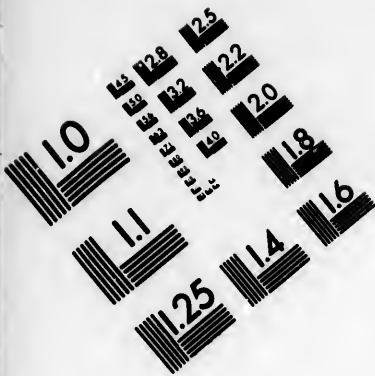
It is a gratifying fact that the young people of the present day are coming up grandly to the help of the Lord against the mighty. In one locality where the vote was taken on the Scott Act, a young man who had just come of age, whose name was on the voters' list for the first time, seemed perfectly delighted that his first vote should be for prohibition; but, strange to say, he was smitten down by sickness, and when the voting day came he was in eternity. The father said as he stood by the coffin of his only son, that it seemed as if a voice said to him, "Father, you know what I wanted to do to-day; go and cast your vote."

They built the wall over against the armory or the military department, and this is a place where our wall is sadly demoralized. When our volunteers go out for their annual drill, intoxicating liquors flow freely in the camp, and many who never were intoxicated before fall a victim. Is there no redress for this grievance? Must our young men be sacrificed

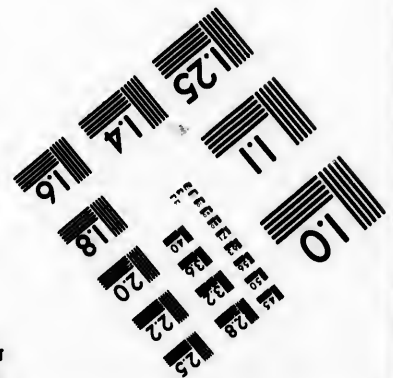
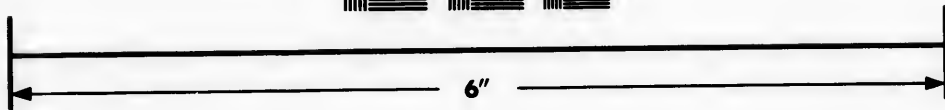
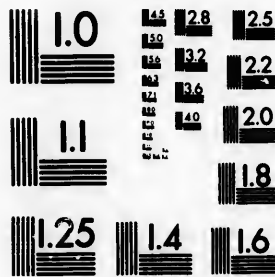
to the greed of the liquor-sellers? The men of Judah refused to build, and this was the strange excuse they made: there was so much rubbish to be cleared away that the strength of their burden-bearers was exhausted. To my sorrow I have found this obstacle in the way sometimes when urging ladies to join the W. C. T. U. They were willing to give up the use of alcohol as a beverage, but could not dispense with alcoholic flavorings in their culinary operations; mince pies could never be thought of without brandy, nor pudding sauce without something in the same line, but, alas, for the sad consequences of these mistaken preparations.

In one of my visits some years ago to a prison in Ontario, the matron related the following circumstance: A young man was sentenced to penitentiary for a term of years; his mother came to bid him good-bye; she was about to throw her arms around his neck when he pushed her away indignantly, saying, "Mother, you are to blame for the whole thing. Your brandy peaches first gave me the taste for liquor." That mother went to her desolate home to mourn over her folly and to clear away the rubbish which had ruined her boy. I have not time farther to enumerate, but merely to say that the wall was built all the way round and half way up and joined together, because the people had a mind to work. Oh! what great things will be accomplished when a whole community acts in concert. And now the enemies begin to show themselves; when the walls were made up





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and the breaches began to be stopped, they were very wroth and combined together to fight against Jerusalem, and they were a most formidable combination, consisting of Sanballat and Tobiah, the Arabians, the Ammonites, and the Ashdodites.

In those days, as well as at the present, every great reform had four stages. The first is indifference; the second, ridicule; the third, bitter opposition, and the fourth, triumph. When they began to build the wall very little attention was paid to it; as the work proceeded they began to ridicule it. Sanballat ridiculed the appearance of the wall; Tobiah declared if even a fox should go over it he would break it down. This was just the case when the Maine law was passed. The enemies declared that it was not worth the paper it was written on; and the foxes tried to go over it, but they found it dangerous travelling. I discovered some of them in a trap in Augusta gaol. They were there with time to think over the error of their ways. If the liquor traffic is pushed against the wall of Prince Edward Island, the shock is felt all along the line to Vancouver. The brewers, distillers, wholesale dealers, hotel-keepers and corner grocery men unite together, the press is subsidized, the pulpit muzzled, and all combine to repel the opponent. The liquor traffic has no politics, no creed, no nationality; it is protean in form and chameleon in color; self-interest, and that alone, is its guiding star. But how is it too often with temperance men? I blush to admit the fact that they will pray together in prayer-meeting, sit

side by side and applaud the most ultra-prohibition sentiments, but when the time comes that a little slip of paper will strike a harder blow than a policeman's club, where are they then? Part of them, reformers; the rest, conservatives, in Canada. In the United States, the dividing line is republicans and democrats. They must stand by their party, while the liquor men go up in solid phalanx and sweep the country.

Nehemiah was now in a critical position, but he was equal to the occasion. He says we made prayer to our God and set a watch against them day and night. Politicians tell the women to pray, and the Christian men to keep temperance out of politics; but Nehemiah believed in both. He placed the families in the most secure position possible; the effective force worked with one hand and bore a weapon in the other. After everything was arranged, Nehemiah delivered a grand military harangue. He first roused their courage: "Remember the great and terrible Lord, fight for your brethren, your sons and your daughters, your wives and your homes." It was for "God and home and native land" the very motto of our W. C. T. U. He closed the address by saying, "Our God will fight for us." And how did they work? From the rising of the morning until the stars appeared, and none of them put off their clothes except for washing until the wall was built.

One leading objection of the opponents we cannot omit to mention, on account of its remarkable coincidence with the objection to prohibition at the present

day. They said if this wall is built the people will cease to pay toll or tribute to the surrounding kings, and thus the revenue will be injured.

This revenue question is an old, old story. It began in the days of Nehemiah, and men in their hours of weakness have been echoing it down the ages ever since. When Sanballat and Tobiah found that they could not intimidate Nehemiah, they tried another stratagem. They invited him to come down and argue the matter, but Nehemiah was too wise for them. The message he sent back was, "I'm doing a great work, and cannot leave it to come down to you." I often thought, in the days of the Dunkin Bill and Scott Act contests, if the temperance men had paid no attention to the Sanballat that strode through the country challenging them to controversy, he never would have attained the notoriety that he did.

The wall was completed in fifty-two days; the top stone was brought on with rejoicing, because the people had a mind to work, and now the time had come that Nehemiah had promised the king to return. He had one important duty to perform, and that was to appoint the governor. He does not tell us to what political party he belonged, but informs us of the character of the man he selected, that he was a faithful man, and feared God above many: a grand platform for any politician. If every elector would cast his ballot for a man whom he could point out to his son as a safe example to follow, our country would

soon be redeemed from the anarchy and corruption in which it is too often involved. And now that the wall was built, Nehemiah prepared for the worship of God, and the people began to pour in their money, and there was a great desire expressed to hear the word of the law. The people assembled themselves together in the street, and Ezra the scribe brought out the book of the law of Moses before the congregation of men and women, and all that could hear with understanding; and Ezra stood upon a pulpit of wood, and as he opened the book, all the people rose up, and Ezra blessed the Lord, the great God, and all the people answered, Amen, Amen. And as he read, some of the people wept and some of them shouted. I believe it was one of the most demonstrative meetings on record, almost equal to an old-fashioned Methodist camp-meeting. They wept, doubtless, when they were reminded of the commandments they had violated, and also lest they should again be unmindful of His precepts. They drew up a covenant and signed it; the priests and the Levites, the princes and the nobles, and everyone that had knowledge and understanding signed the covenant. One of the most prominent clauses was the observance of the Sabbath, and yet, after all this precaution, Nehemiah observed there were some who still brought in burdens on the Sabbath day. The men of Tyre brought their wares just outside the gates, so as to entice the unprincipled Jews to patronize them, just as the modern men of Tyre used to bring their wares as near to the prohibi-

tory wall as possible. Nehemiah was not slow to discover this, and finding that his law did not reach it, neither had he the power to supplement the law, he did not ignobly drop the matter, but went resolutely out to the marauder, and I think I see the fire flash in his black Jewish eye as he said, "Take these things hence, or I'll lay hands on you," and they picked up their wares and retreated.

Would that we had a Nehemiah both at Toronto and Ottawa who would frame laws adequate to the work they have to perform, and then provide machinery for enforcing them.

CHAPTER XIX.

CALIFORNIA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

IN the month of March, 1886, being very much afflicted with asthma, I was induced to visit California. I left home in Picton with a large snow-drift in my yard, murmuring the little ditty,

“Away from cold, and ice and snow,
And off to orange groves we go.”

On the morning of the eighth day we entered Los Angeles, and found the men cutting their barley, the Chinamen peddling their vegetables, and the orange trees laden with their golden fruit. My niece, Miss Maggie Creighton, who was my travelling companion, and myself found ourselves quite exhausted by the journey, and glad to find a resting-place for several days in the Natick House, a comfortable hotel. Here I was soon discovered by the W. C. T. U. President of Southern California, to whom my old friend, Miss Willard, had sent word of my intended visit to the State. She urged me to take a series of engagements, and so much was I entranced with the beauty of the country that I consented, when I should have rested and allowed my diseased lungs to recuperate. Pasadena and Riverside were the first places visited; at the latter place I found my old friend Mrs. Mott, of Picton, spending the closing years of her life with her

daughter, Mrs. Castleman, whose husband was one of the wealthy men of that place. Mrs. Mott took me for a drive several miles through orange groves, hedges of geraniums and calla lilies. At the end of this drive we found ourselves on the grounds of Ontario friends, the Crawfords and Brethours, former residents of Brantford, Ontario. I will not attempt a description of their beautiful lawns, and verandas covered with climbing roses, and cypress trees trained in the most fantastic shapes.

Mrs. Brethour took me to her kitchen door to see her lemonade fountain. It proved to be a lemon tree of large proportions, covered with the finest fruit I saw in the whole State. "Here," she said, "is where I get my lemonade for dinner."

Mr. Crawford's house was just across the way; its surroundings were quite as beautiful, and everything indicated prosperity.

Leaving Riverside, I proceeded southward to National City and San Diego, where several meetings had been arranged by Mrs. Aylward. Returning northward, I spent a Sabbath at Colton, where I was entertained at the Presbyterian manse. Arrangements had been made for me to speak twice in the church, the sexton of which proved to be a man from the town of Picton. He told me many things of interest about the place, among others that the attic of the church was filled with bees busily engaged in making honey, and as a proof of the assertion, presented me with a fine specimen of their production.

I found, before leaving the State, that it was no uncommon thing for bees to get possession of the attic of a house.

Returning to Los Angeles, the W. C. T. U. had arranged two meetings for the Sabbath, one in the Methodist and the other in the Congregational church. At the close of these meetings I was astonished at the number of Canadians that came up to shake hands, many of whom I had never seen before; but it seemed a pleasure to them to meet anyone from Canada.

From Los Angeles we proceeded northward, to visit my brother at Visalia. It was, indeed, delightful to visit the friends from whom we had been so long separated, but sad to call to remembrance the brother who had first found his way to that far-distant country, and had recently passed away to the eternal world.

Then on to San Francisco, taking in intervening points. Some two or three weeks were spent here speaking in different parts of the city. At one of these meetings the ladies had the two national flags tied together with white ribbons over the platform. An old English lady at the close of the meeting rushed up clapping her hands, and exclaimed, pointing to the Union Jack, "Oh, the old flag! the old flag! I haven't seen it for ten years."

From San Francisco onward to Sacramento, and the mining regions 150 miles to the north of that city. When informed that my place of destination was called Grass Valley, I expected to find a strictly rural popu-

lation, but was not long in finding much of the culture and refinement of city life. The owners of the mines were the Coleman Brothers, formerly of Ontario. Here we found an energetic W. C. T. U., which claimed to be the oldest union in existence, having been formed March 25th, 1874.

Meetings had been arranged in the Methodist and Congregational churches. Here I observed an arrangement in church service superior to anything I had hitherto noticed, that was, the first half-hour of the morning service was given especially to the children, who came out in large numbers, and really seemed to enjoy the brief sermon for their benefit. It had always seemed to me that the children were too much neglected in the public worship of God. The mass meeting in the evening was a perfect enthusiasm; there were very many old English miners in the audience, who were most demonstrative when anything was said that met their approbation. The ladies had manufactured a British flag and suspended it over the platform; this aroused their old British loyalty, for many of them, like the lady in San Francisco, had never seen the Union Jack since they left the mother-country. At the close of the meeting a large number came forward and signed the pledge, which was always to me a pleasing sequel to a series of meetings.

On returning to San Francisco an invitation was awaiting me to visit Pacific Grove, one of the most interesting points in the whole trip, a summer resort

for all parts of the State. The occasion of my visit was a day given to the W. C. T. U. during the progress of the Methodist camp-meeting. The dear old presiding elder who had charge of the meeting was very much afraid that the temperance meeting would injure the religious influence of his meeting; he begged me not to talk prohibition, saying that would kill everything. Dr. Macdonald, the millionaire temperance man of San Francisco, was highly indignant at this restriction. He remonstrated vigorously, and the result was that I was allowed to take my own course, only to be sure and adhere strictly to Bible lines. We had a good hearty prayer-meeting before the general address. Mrs. Churchill, who had charge of the meeting, was an earnest, old-fashioned Methodist. We all entered heartily into the devotional exercises; the ministers seemed to forget their fears, and during the progress of the address applauded heartily the most ultra utterances.

Here I met an old settler of the country, Mr. Jack, a staunch Presbyterian in sentiment, but contributing largely to the finances of all the different churches. He had just given \$5,000 towards the erection of the Methodist college, and several hundred to purchase a telescope for the same institution. He owned 70,000 acres of land in that section of the country, "but," he added, "the more land I own the poorer I am."

An urgent request from the W. C. T. U. of British Columbia induced me to embark on the steamer *Queen of the Pacific*, for Victoria. I had long wished to get

a glimpse of the "Golden Gate," but, alas for human hopes and prospects, old Neptune entered his protest, and ordered me to my berth without one glimpse of the desired object.

There was quite a sensation on board the vessel caused by a young couple who, in disguise, had taken steerage passage. When the ship was well out in the ocean, they came to the Captain's room, and asked him to unite them in marriage. This he very good-naturedly did, as the commander of a ship has authority to solemnize matrimony when five miles out from land. The happy couple then took cabin passage, and went on their way rejoicing. On the morning of the fourth day we found ourselves anchored at Victoria, British Columbia.

VICTORIA.

According to previous instructions, we remained quietly on board until the arrival of a deputation from the W. C. T. U. We were taken to the pleasant home of the Hon. John Robson, who, with his excellent wife, had volunteered to entertain us. The Union Jack was floating over his house, and on my remarking that it did me good to see the old flag again, our host replied, "That flag goes up only on state occasions, such as the arrival of the Dominion President of the W. C. T. U." His never-failing fund of wit and good humor made our visit a very pleasant one. The ladies informed me that I was to have a few days' entire rest, which was a most gratifying

announcement, then a reception and other things to follow.

Miss Willard had preceded me about a year, and had taken the capital by storm, and planted the white ribbon standard. A reception had been tendered her, to which all the members of the Legislature were personally invited; quite a number signed the pledge, among the rest, our host, Hon. John Robson. He put on the white ribbon, and was accustomed to say he was one of Miss Willard's converts. The stand that he then took for temperance was of the greatest importance in the Province, as he held the twofold office of Minister of Education and Provincial Secretary. We were favored with a most enthusiastic reception, then a public meeting in the opera house, with regard to which a Victoria paper makes the following comments:

"Mrs. Youmans, the President of the Dominion W. C. T. U., at present on a visit to this Province, delivered a lecture in the Theatre Comique on last Wednesday evening. The subject was 'Haman's License,' and the lecture a good, clear, logical piece of reasoning, comparing the license given to Haman, in the Book of Esther, to slaughter the Jews for ten thousand talents of silver, to the present license laws regulating the traffic, whereby the peace, happiness and prosperity of many homes are sacrificed for the price paid by the saloon-keeper for a license to carry on the business. The lecture was a powerful, intellectual effort. Taken from a Bible standpoint, the

parallel was a very strong one, and even those who do not agree with the speaker could not but admire the admirable manner in which the subject was handled. There seemed to be an entire absence of any effort at stage effect; it was a woman's address, delivered in a womanly manner, and, in our judgment, by far the ablest temperance address we have ever listened to in Victoria."

During my stay in Victoria I addressed the Chinese through an interpreter, and the Provincial Teachers' Association, on the subject of scientific instruction on alcohol in the schools. From Victoria we proceeded to Saanich, Nanaimo, Wellington and Comox, the latter place being 150 miles up the Gulf of Georgia. In these remote places I found breweries being established, and was glad to know that the Good Templars were extending their outposts. Many things of interest might be noted in these remote regions, but space forbids. In every place I found the sentiment very strong for entire prohibition. I took a plebiscite, as I used to tell the people, for the purpose of reporting in Ontario their views with regard to prohibition. On asking all in favor to raise their hands, there was a general upraising.

From Comox to New Westminster, where the energetic President of the Union, Mrs. Jas. Cunningham, had everything in readiness for a series of meetings, including a provincial convention. Miss Willard had already formed the nucleus for the latter during her visit to Victoria. We had delegates from every

available point in the Province. Hon. John Robson came up, to urge the ladies to petition for scientific instruction in the schools; he informed us that he had a bill prepared to bring before the House, and he wished to have it sustained by a very large petition from the ladies. Since that time he received the highest honor that his Province could confer, being appointed premier. Just in the midst of his popularity and usefulness, he was called away suddenly from earth, but, no doubt, to a brighter inheritance in our Father's house above. The children's meeting during this convention made a deep impression upon many minds. The little ones assembled at the school-house, and were formed into a procession, with banners and mottoes. One motto was, "Tremble alcohol, we're growing up." This motto was seized by a saloon-keeper, and wrested from the hands of a boy who carried it.

During the convention the ladies were invited to the house of Mrs. David Robson for tea. Here a pleasant surprise awaited us. The Indians who were encamped on the shore of the river, taking part in the salmon fisheries, came over after tea by invitation of Mrs. Tait, the missionary's wife, to see their white sisters. We found the large kitchen packed to its utmost capacity with men, women and children. Mrs. Tait told them, in their own language, that we were there for the purpose of putting away the fire-water. She asked them to sing, and they favored us with one or two hymns, which we greatly enjoyed; then Mrs.

Robson sang, as only she can, "A Child of the King." I talked earnestly to the crowd seated on the floor, and Mrs. Tait translated my words into their language. They seemed to have a dread of the fire-water, and were quite ready to sign the pledge when it was presented. Mrs. Tait informed me that several of the young people could write; these were invited up first, and took up the pen 'with evident satisfaction to write their own names. We pinned on the blue ribbon, which they seemed to consider a badge of honor. As the evening was wearing away, I proposed to give the ribbon, and have them come next day and sign their names; to this they objected, not willing to wear the badge till they were pledged. I could not but admire their integrity.

While listening to Mrs. Robson as she sang in the meetings, I was wonderfully impressed with the power of song. An incident was related to me of the efficacy of Mrs. Robson's voice in reaching the heart of a hardened criminal. He was under sentence of death for murder in New Westminster gaol, and had refused the services of ministers of the gospel and Christian men. Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Robson requested permission of the sheriff and gaoler to visit the prisoner, but were refused, as he had said he didn't want to hear anything about religion. So strong was the desire on the part of the ladies to benefit the condemned one that they returned again, asking only the privilege of singing. With the consent of the criminal, this request was granted, and the

ladies standing outside the grates sang with grateful utterances the songs of Zion. As the singing proceeded, an official who was with the prisoner in the condemned cell, noticed for the first time, evidence of emotion in his countenance. Before the singing was concluded, tears were flowing down his cheeks. The ladies were soon sent for to return, as the prisoner was now not only anxious for singing but for prayer and reading of the Scripture. The poor man had been brought up in the most abject ignorance; he could not read, and said he had never heard of Jesus. He listened with great interest to the story of the cross, accepted the offers of salvation and rejoiced in a sense of the pardoning mercy of God. This case was a peculiarly painful one. After receiving the death sentence, a motion was made for a new trial, and thus the execution was postponed for a length of time. During this period of suspense he held fast to the promises of God, and when the death sentence was renewed, he met the trying hour with perfect resignation, expressing a firm belief that he was going home to heaven. I would urge my young friends to cultivate the gift of song; it is a talent for which we are accountable, and the only exercise of this world which we are sure will be perpetuated in heaven.

CHILLIWHACK.

From New Westminster we proceeded to Chilliwack, an Indian reserve on the shore of the Fraser River. Here we found a vigorous, wide-awake W. C.

T. U., that would have done credit to any community in Canada. They had provided us with an entertainment at a model little temperance house, kept by Mrs. Harrison, a former resident of Ontario. The house was a model of neatness and comfort; the flower garden (into which the guest-chamber opened), now in full bloom, was a perfect inspiration. Now that I lie upon my invalid bed, shut out from the beauties of nature, I seem to inhale the fragrance of those blossoms, and see the brightness of their hues. The ladies met us here for a reception, when a programme was prepared for the ensuing week. The use of the Methodist camp ground had been secured for the Sabbath. A union meeting for white people and Indians was arranged; the day proved propitious, and the people came from every direction. The missionary was there in full force with his band of Indians. One part of the day was given to the children, the other part to the adults. An interpreter translated the English addresses into the Indian language. The day was a memorable one. The foliage of those British Columbia trees far exceeded that of our Canadian forests; the maple leaves were the finest specimens of the kind I had ever seen, being at least twice the size of our sugar maple.

The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held in the Methodist Church, on Monday afternoon. The Union was well represented from Sumas as well as Chilliwack; the Secretary was at her post, while her infant a few weeks old was sleeping quietly on the

sofa in the pulpit. The President of the Union, Mrs. Wells, filled her position with ease and dignity; she was quite youthful and vigorous in her appearance, and yet she was looked upon as almost the mother of the community, their only medical help when fifty miles distant from a regular physician.

I learned at this meeting that all the children in the community were united in Bands of Hope; the women, with scarcely an exception, belonged to the Union. They were faithful in their attendance at the meetings, although some of them were obliged to ride seven miles on horseback, carry a baby in their arms, and ford a river. The men were forming Good Templar Lodges and thus doing their part, but the question may be asked, why the need of all this labor when the place was under a prohibitory law (for Indian reserve is the strongest form of prohibition). If a barrel of whiskey was rolled off on the Chilliwack wharf, the head was knocked in by the Indian Commissioner and the contents poured on the ground; even a bottle of the article found in the pocket of a person could be seized and destroyed. These people had learned that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, that while men sleep the enemy sows tares. The liquor traffic was trying persistently to get a foothold to get the reserve law repealed and supplanted by license, which would place the Indians as well as the white people at the uncovenanted mercy of the drunkard makers.

I cannot fail to mention a pleasant afternoon spent

at the residence of Mr. McGillvary, M.P.P. Mrs. McGillvary was Treasurer of the Provincial Union. I met here, old friends from Prince Edward County, the Chatseys, and visited the Indian Industrial School, under the care of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Tait. I regret to learn it has since been burnt down.

Everything that I saw of the missionary work in British Columbia was most encouraging.

While in Victoria, I was invited by Rev. Thomas Crosby, to visit the little missionary ship *Glad Tidings*, planned and built by Engineer Oliver, who had been converted and redeemed from the drink traffic through the labors of the missionaries. He had full charge of the vessel as captain and engineer, and was laboring earnestly for the conversion of everyone with whom he came in contact. We had a delightful season of prayer in the little cabin.

The route of this vessel was from Victoria to Port Simpson, used by the Rev. Thomas Crosby, in his mission work among the Indians of Northern British Columbia. It was built in 1884, by the contributions of his friends throughout Canada.

VANCOUVER.

My visit to Vancouver was shortly after that disastrous fire—every house but one had been swept away. The city was rapidly rising up from the ruins. I was informed that the first building erected was a saloon, and before its completion a plank, extended from two stumps, served the purpose of a bar for the sale of

liquor. The W. C. T. U. was one of the first organizations to rally; by their invitation I visited the place, and addressed a meeting in a hall built by the members of the Presbyterian Church, to be used as a place of worship. The minister had led the way in manual labor, even to digging post-holes, and other work quite as laborious. His example stimulated his people, and, consequently, they were the first to have a place of worship. The drive from New Westminster to Vancouver was for the most part through what we would call a pine forest, but there the name is fir. The fire had overrun the place, and many of the trees were standing skeletons, just ready to succumb to the blast. The diameter and altitude of these trees was something wonderful; it reminded me of the expression of an old Yankee when he viewed Niagara Falls for the first time, "*Oh, what a place to build a mill!*" To an Ontario lumberman there would be an idea of wealth beyond computation, if he only had a market for his products, but the C. P. R. has opened up means of communication with this grand province. I have said nothing of the salmon fisheries, although I was in the midst of them for some weeks. The supply of fish is rapidly becoming less, for they have been slaughtered most unmercifully. Large quantities being caught in the past, more than could be used, a small portion considered the most delicate part of the fish, was preserved, the remainder being thrown back into the river.

Mr. Wells, of Chilliwack, informed me that when he first came to that place, a branch of the Fraser that he was obliged to ford was so filled with fish, at a certain season, that his horses could not put down their feet without stepping on them. This reference to the fisheries recalls an incident that occurred at New Westminster. I was honored by a call from the Hon. G. E. Foster, then Minister of Fisheries; he was up there on a professional tour, to see that the fish were properly protected. As we had always talked temperance in former days when we met, I ventured to broach the subject again, notwithstanding the great disparity in our positions, he at just about the head of the Government and I only a humble citizen.

I ventured to inquire when we would have a prohibitory law. His response was that there were serious obstacles in the way, that it was a question very difficult for legislators to handle. I referred to my recent visit to Chilliwack, and inquired if the whole country could not be put under Indian reserve law. That would answer our purpose admirably. "*What,*" responded the hon. gentleman, "*would you have Canadians turned into Indians?*" I replied, "Yes, better be Indians than drunkards." Adieu to British Columbia, one of the brightest gems in our Dominion.

CHAPTER XX.

NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

ARRANGEMENTS had been made before leaving Victoria for a series of meetings along the line of the C. P. R. The first place of destination was Morley.

The principal object of interest here was the Indian Orphanage in connection with the Methodist mission, under the supervision of Rev. John McDougall. Mr. Jas. A. Youmans, my nephew, and his wife had charge of the children, and our home was with them during our stay. The Indians had just received their presents from the Government, so that the youngsters were rejoicing in the possession of some bright gay articles of clothing, as well as numerous ornaments. We had brought a basket of fruit from Victoria, which I gave to my friends. They called the children together and showed them what they had never seen before— oranges, peaches, pears, apples and grapes. The fruit was divided among them, and it was truly amusing to see the look of wonder that passed over their faces as they tasted the delicious articles. We who are accustomed to abundance of fruit, can have no idea of what a luxury it is to those who are deprived of it. The orphanage was supplied with flour and beef by the Government, as well as all the Indians on the reserve.

On leaving the train we were obliged to ford the Bow River in a lumber wagon, which was not a very pleasant operation, as the current was swift and the water came up to the bottom of the wagon. The mission house, schoolhouse and orphanage were all constructed of logs but very comfortable. The orphanage was kept scrupulously clean; the supply of furniture was exceedingly scant, so that part of the children had to wait while the others took their meals so as to use the same dishes. I took a note of these things, knowing that the Woman's Missionary Society of Ontario would gladly supply their needs.

I met here Miss Augusta Adams, formerly of the Ladies' College, Hamilton, and her nephew, Mr. Coleman, graduate of Victoria College. They had come out for the benefit of their health, and were rustivating upon a ranch. The Sabbath we spent at Morley was a memorable one. Very much to my regret, Mr. McDougall was absent attending the General Conference in Toronto. His colleague, Mr. Steinhaur, very generously allowed me to occupy his pulpit. The morning service was for the benefit of the young people and was really a unique affair, as I was obliged to have the assistance of two interpreters; the first one changed my English into the Cree language, and the second translated the Cree into the vernacular of the Stoney, as the audience belonged to that tribe. My subject of course was temperance, and as usual when addressing young people, I coupled tobacco with liquor. My Stoney interpreter stood up there in all the native

dignity of the Indian, and dilated with energy on the evil of the fire-water, but when he approached the subject of tobacco, a change came over his countenance as well as his voice. The young Indians were evidently very much amused, and my Cree interpreter almost laughed outright. I learned afterwards that old Stoney was an inveterate lover of tobacco, and when his idol was attacked he was greatly annoyed, but he passed it over as gracefully as he could and dealt very mildly with the weed. I would that I could describe the old gentleman for the benefit of my youthful readers, but that would be utterly impossible. He had, I think, been a Government interpreter, as he wore some sort of a regimental coat, was minus one eye, which defect was obscured by his long hair being brought down over it and tied together with a string at the side of his chin. Some mishap had deprived him of the use of one arm, so that altogether he was a mutilated specimen of Indian manhood.

I was particularly impressed with the contrast between the children of the orphanage and those who came in from the reserve. The former occupied seats and were clothed like white children; the latter, with cotton handkerchiefs tied on their heads, and little blankets round their shoulders, squatted down on the floor, ignoring the use of seats, each one trying to hide behind the other. The evening service was designed for the white people, so that I had no need for an interpreter. After a short address, I proposed that we should have signatures to the pledge; the

response at first was rather tardy, but after David McDougall, who was the leading man of the place, came forward with his wife, there was no more delay. The railroad men from across the river came up with the others. One white man, after writing his name, said, "I have two kegs of the stuff in my cellar now, but I will save it to catch lynx." This testimony proved the effects of the Lieutenant-Governor's permit system. Mr. David McDougall gave a very spirited address during the evening. Pointing to the Union Jack floating from the rafters, he said, "Mrs. Youmans, that flag floated here all through the North-West rebellion; these Stoney Indians were always loyal to the Government, but this fire-water has almost destroyed them." He closed by saying, "I feel to-night like fighting till the traffic is driven out of the territories." It seemed to me as if the spirit of his sainted father, who perished on the plains in the discharge of his duty, was hovering very near us. If the women who are engaged in the missionary work could visit these outposts, and see the contrast between the Christian and the pagan Indians, they would rejoice that they are permitted to engage in such a glorious work.

I met the ladies of the neighborhood the next day at the orphanage, and formed a W. C. T. U. Mrs. Graham, recently from Cobourg, was appointed President, and Miss McDougall, daughter of the missionary, Secretary. Next *en route* was Calgary, an important railroad junction, and rising rapidly in population. Rev. Mr. Betts and his excellent wife

were working heroically to plant the standard of the cross. Mrs. Betts, in the absence of her husband, had arranged for one or two meetings. I met the ladies, and formed a small union.

The next point of destination was Medicine Hat. Here we were most hospitably entertained in a railroad car used as a substitute for a house; for buildings were very scarce. The Methodist missionary was living in a shanty attached to the church, and when the storms came on they were obliged to take refuge in the church, and yet they seemed contented and devoted to their work. *En route to Regina* we had as travelling companions some members of the mounted police force. One of them had been in Her Majesty's service in India; he was out of health, and on his way to the hospital. He proved to be a cousin of the Marquis of Lorne. He described the stratagems by which the liquor was brought in from Montana, and the vigilance of the police in arresting the law-breakers. In Regina we were the guests of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart. I addressed three public meetings, met the ladies and formed a union.

At Qu'Appelle a meeting had been arranged by Mrs. Andrews, wife of the Methodist missionary. The audience was small, but from facts obtained in private conversation at the close, it proved to be of considerable interest to me. A member of the old Hudson Bay Company gave some important facts with regard to the working of the prohibitory law and its superiority over license. Another gentleman gave me the testimony of a missionary to the Blackfeet Indians,

who stated that he would not risk his life twenty-four hours with that tribe if the law was repealed. They heartily condemned the permit system, and yet said that with this difficulty prohibition was much better than license. May God have mercy on the men who deprived the Territories of the protection they had gained.

In 1883 I had visited Brandon, Portage la Prairie and Winnipeg, and formed unions in each of these places; it was now pleasant to renew the acquaintance then formed and to find the temperance sentiment was still rising. We spent the Sabbath at Winnipeg, met the ladies of the local union, and arranged for a provincial union. Then on to Rat Portage, where a meeting had been arranged by Rev. Geo. Long. Had a very pleasant visit at the parsonage before leaving for Port Arthur. Very much might be said of this romantic place did time and space permit. Here we took passage on board the steamer *Athabasca* for Owen Sound. The vessel was well fitted up and the officers most obliging. The weather was propitious, so that there was not a ripple on the water the entire journey. Two of the passengers in whom I was most interested was a Church of England minister and his wife, who had been captured by Riel, and treated with great cruelty. We spent the Sabbath on board, and the Captain invited me to speak to the passengers, which I did, and presented the pledge. Quite a number signed and put on the blue ribbon. We arrived safely in Owen Sound, just in time to attend the Ontario Provincial Convention.

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CHAPTER XXI.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

AMONG all the places that I visited, none was invested with more interest than the city of Washington, D.C. I went there by invitation of the District Union. The President, Mrs. Dr. Riley, planned the meetings and conducted the campaign. I was delightfully entertained at the Holly Tree Inn, the W. C. T. U. Coffee House. This proved to be a model temperance house, and was conducted on the European plan; the lodging rooms and restaurant were separate institutions. You could get a comfortable meal at any price you saw fit to offer, and everything served up in good style. Mrs. La Fetra, who had the oversight of the lodging department, was a prominent officer in the W. C. T. U. She was a cultured Christian lady, well calculated to give character to such an establishment. She is now at the head of a very large and fashionable house of entertainment in connection with the W. C. T. U. of the city.

Allow me to remark in passing, that there is no more efficient aid to the temperance cause than that afforded by a well-conducted hotel from which the contamination of the liquor traffic is excluded. My first meeting in Washington was in Lincoln Hall, Sabbath afternoon. Private invitations were sent to

each member of Congress and senator. The general public were, of course, not excluded. This was truly a mass meeting, and hundreds went away for want of room. In the evening of the same day, the Foundry Methodist Church was placed at our disposal at the hour of public service. Dr. Lanahan, the pastor of the church, treated us most courteously. This church was named after the old Foundry Church in England, occupied by Mr. Wesley. It is the church attended by the President of the United States when he happens to be a Methodist.

Meetings were arranged during the afternoons of the week in halls in different parts of the city, and in the evenings in the different churches. These afternoon meetings were truly gospel meetings. Special pains were taken to gather in the victims of the traffic. The object of the evening meetings was to get the churches interested in the temperance work, and especially to enlist the ladies in the W. C. T. U. work. In this respect they were successful, for each successive evening made converts to the white ribbon movement. The afternoon meetings, of which I would speak more particularly, were seasons of great interest. Special pains were taken to find out the victims of intemperance and invite them to the meetings, and every afternoon found more or less of this number present. One afternoon a wreck of the traffic found his way into the hall, and knelt very near the door; two of the ladies came to him, and urged him to give his heart to Christ. He wept bitterly while

they talked, and begged them to pray for him. After they had offered prayer, they urged him to pray for himself. He answered them, "I cannot pray, ladies, I am too hungry; I am nearly starved." This, of course, roused their sympathies, and they assured him that he should have a good meal at the close of the meeting. This assurance caused a fresh outburst of grief on his part, as he said, "I have a wife and two little children who are just as hungry as I am, as we have had no food for two days." At the close of the meeting he received an order for a substantial meal for himself, and a good basketful of provisions for his family. Another afternoon, on the way to the hall, the ladies met a policeman taking a woman to the lock-up; they begged him to resign her to their care, saying, "We can do her more good than you can." This he did reluctantly; and the poor creature, realizing that she was in the hands of friends, spoke freely of her sorrows and her downfall. She was the daughter of one of the proud families of Virginia, her father a judge, and she the wife of a lawyer. By the time they reached the meeting, she appeared to be quite sober. She begged them to pray for her, and as they pointed her to the sinner's Friend, she was enabled to trust in Christ for salvation, and rejoiced in a sense of forgiveness. Said Mrs. Riley, in speaking of the circumstance afterwards, "When that poor soul received the blessing, I was as conscious of it in my own heart as when I was converted myself."

One more incident in connection with these meetings. A young man was found one afternoon in an obscure corner of the hall, the most abject being that had yet presented himself at the meeting, tattered and filthy beyond description, yet he found warm-hearted sympathizers in these devoted women. When they pointed him to Christ, he said, "I am too wicked to be saved." Then they assured him that Jesus could save to the very uttermost. Earnest prayer went up in his behalf until the stony heart was melted and the message of salvation was accepted. They had him conducted to a home which was provided for such destitute ones; here he was bathed and furnished with comfortable clothing, and returned to the meeting the next day so changed in appearance that he could hardly be recognized. The ladies inquired his name and found that he was the son of a prominent business man in New York city. They urged him to return to his father, but he refused, saying he had disgraced the family and they would not receive him. The ladies then requested that they might write to his father; consent was reluctantly given and a letter was immediately dispatched. A telegram was soon received by the ladies, that read as follows: "Praise the Lord, my son was dead but is alive again, was lost but now is found. A letter containing money is on the way, take good care of my boy and draw on me for all the funds you need."

I have no words to describe the faithfulness of these devoted women, and the zeal they manifested in

rescuing the perishing. They rejoiced over these returning prodigals as a mother would over her own son. They were not by any means women of leisure, they were in most cases heads of families, had many domestic affairs and were engaged in church work. As Christian women always should do, they regarded temperance work as an essential part of Christian duty.

One Sabbath evening our meeting was in the Methodist Metropolitan Church. It was elegantly furnished, brilliantly lighted, and was by far the most imposing edifice in which I had ever ventured to address an audience.

While in Washington, I was favored with two interviews with Mrs. Hayes, who was then Mistress of the White House. One was on her public reception day, and the other was a private interview in her parlor. I found her to be all she had been represented, simple and unassuming, dignified and, I might say, queenly in her bearing, and quite as approachable as many a woman in the most humble position, although the first lady of the land. She directed the usher to show us the principal objects of interest in the rooms, and to give me any plant I might choose from her private conservatory. I need scarcely add that this plant has received the tenderest care, and I have now in my window a slip taken from the original.

The ushers showed us the punch bowl, presented to General Grant by the Japanese embassy. This article,

he added, has never been used since Mrs. Hayes was Mistress here, and the White House was never so pure as it is now. Neither the President nor his sons use alcohol or tobacco. We were presented to President Hayes on his reception day, and found him quite as genial as his worthy wife.

Among the many places of interest visited in Washington, I shall only mention one; that is, Ford's Theatre, where Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. I was pleased to learn that it was closed forever as a place of amusement after that fatal night. The Government bought the building, and it was used as a surgical and medical museum. Among other relics that it contained was the spinal marrow of Wilkes Booth, preserved in alcohol, and the vertebræ of the neck through which the bullet that killed him penetrated.

Before leaving the city we took a day to visit Mount Vernon, the old home of George Washington, sixteen miles down the Potomac from the city. It was the month of January, the weather was as warm as June with us, and the sail on the river was delightful. The old cottage home was surrounded by a wide veranda, and bore every indication of antiquity. On entering the hall, the only noticeable object was a large key suspended against the wall. This, the usher told us, was the key of the Bastile, which was presented to Washington by La Fayette, as he stated that the principles of the United States had done more to open the Bastile than anything else. In the

old parlor was Martha Washington's spinning wheel, and the harpsichord that her husband presented her with on their wedding-day, and an arm-chair that came over on the *Mayflower*. On the second floor was the room occupied by La Fayette while a guest in the place. The room adjoining this was the one in which Washington died; it was considered the most sacred spot in the building. In the attic above was the room selected by Mrs. Washington for herself after her husband's death, as its windows looked out upon his tomb. Here she remained in seclusion, seldom seeing anyone but her colored servant.

A short distance from the old mansion was the tomb of Washington. We were informed that the Prince of Wales, when visiting the place, stood by the tomb with uncovered head. There were the old barn and stables, the brick for which was brought from England by Washington. There was the strictest prohibition with regard to removing any relic from the place, and yet I succeeded in securing a branch of the willow that had been planted by the grave in which Washington was first interred. The original had been taken from the grave of Bonaparte at St. Helena. The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association own the mansion and contiguous grounds; they are endeavoring to restore them as nearly as possible to the condition they were in during the life of Washington.

After leaving Washington, we spent two weeks in Baltimore, speaking in different parts of the city under the auspices of the State Union.

Mrs. Dr. Thomas, State President, took charge of a deputation to visit Annapolis, the capital, and interview the Government with regard to local option, a bill which was before the House. We had a respectful hearing before a select committee of the House of Representatives, and were permitted to address the Senate in a body. The leader of the House left his seat and took his place beside Mrs. Thomas, while she explained the object of our mission, and introduced me as a speaker to advocate their cause. It seemed to me almost too much like foreign intervention for a Canadian woman to address a United States senator; however, I made the venture. At the close of my address, Mrs. Thomas bowed in prayer, and offered a most earnest supplication that those who had the power to protect the people should be deeply impressed with a sense of their responsibility, and that such laws should be enacted as would glorify God. I must not omit to mention that we were accompanied by Dr. Thomas and another gentleman, both of them influential politicians. No doubt their presence and sanction contributed very much to the success of our expedition.

A week's engagement at Philadelphia enabled me to see a little of the Quaker city. I visited an inebriate asylum for women, superintended by Dr. Scott, a competent lady physician. I found here women of different ages and classes of society, slaves of the drink habit, shut away by their friends from the tyrant which had conquered them. Here, for the first

time, I saw a husband weeping over an inebriate wife. He had for fifteen years sought to save her, but was hopeless and heart-broken.

During my stay here I had an interview with the mother of Charlie Ross, the little boy who had been kidnapped a few years before. I found her to be an intelligent Christian lady, sad and sorrowful, yet seeking to be resigned to her sore bereavement. She believed her child was still alive, and the other children prayed for Charlie every night.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

AS I review the past, a host of memories come trooping up, so that it is difficult to select material for a closing chapter. Many circumstances quite as interesting as any that have been narrated demand more than a passing notice. Kind and loving friends whose names I have not even mentioned, have contributed much to my welfare. The county of Lambton, Ontario, should have had an earlier notice. It was among the first to take up the Dunkin Bill, which was carried with a good majority, but I say it to the disgrace of our law-makers, it was allowed to be overthrown by a frivolous technicality, which could in no way effect its validity. When the Scott Act agitation commenced, Lambton was again in the field. Undaunted by the previous defeat, they fought like brave men long and well, and gained another grand victory, when another ridiculous technicality was found to overthrow the law. Still again they buckled on their armor and renewed the conflict. All honor to the brave men and women of Lambton County. In the Scott Act campaigns of Ontario, I had a share in each county contest except one. The states of the neighboring Republic, in each of which I spent several weeks, were Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hamp-

shire, New York, Virginia, Michigan, Illinois, Minnesota and Kansas.

After eighteen years of unremitting toil in the public temperance work, I was suddenly seized with inflammatory rheumatism, in the month of August, 1888. In a few days I was deprived of the use of my limbs, and since that time have been a helpless invalid confined to my bed. Everything that medical skill could suggest has been employed but without avail. I rejoice to believe that my Father's hand prepares the cup and what He wills is best. He is too wise to err and too good to be unkind. I seem to hear His voice saying, "I have refined thee, but not with silver, I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

At times the furnace seems to be heated seven times, but His grace is sufficient. I believe that when the dross is consumed and the gold well refined, I shall enter into His presence where there is fulness of joy, and sit down at His right hand where there are pleasures forever more. I cannot close this volume without thanking my many friends for their words and deeds of kindness; for the many prayers that have been offered in my behalf. I have no desire to live unless my heavenly Father has work for me to do. It is a comforting thought that when the workers are buried, others are raised up to take their place.

ADDENDA.

AN important item that should not have been omitted in the first edition of this book, was the formation of the first W. C. T. U. in Canada by Mrs. R. J. Doyle, of Owen Sound. Mrs. Doyle had read of the Women's Work in the United States, and saw the necessity for similar work in Canada. She did not visit the States, nor did any of their workers visit Owen Sound at the time; she saw the great need for reform in Owen Sound, and felt that something must be done immediately, and set about doing it. She was no luke-warm worker—even the liquor-sellers could not but respect her. They felt that she was in earnest.

Mrs. Doyle was not only the founder of the Union in Owen Sound, but she was its life and soul, as well as of all temperance movements in that locality, and continued to be so until a few weeks previous to her death, which occurred a year ago last February.

The unfailing enthusiasm, sweetness under disappointment, and spiritual magnetism, which always pervaded her atmosphere, are not things to be written on paper, but they will be long in the memory of her fellow workers.

Such is the testimony of one of her most intimate friends in Owen Sound,

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