

# THE CANADA CITIZEN AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

Freedom for the Right means Suppression of the Wrong.

VOL 5.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 1884.

NO. 26.

## The Canada Citizen

### AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

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

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F. S. SPENCE, - - - MANAGER.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26TH, 1884.

Again we call upon our appreciative friends to do what they can to swell our circulation and so extend as widely as possible the influence that our paper is exercising. We have received many words of welcome approval during the year that is drawing to a close, and we have striven earnestly to merit them, experience is now coming to our assistance and we can safely promise our patrons a much better paper, for 1885, than what they have hitherto been receiving. To our present departments we shall add others of equal or superior interest, and we hope to present in our next number several new and attractive features. Kindly show THE CANADA CITIZEN to your friends, urge them to follow your wise example in subscribing, and help us to make our regular subscription list at least 10,000, early in the coming year.

### TO OUR LADY READERS.

#### A WORD OF FRIENDLY COUNSEL.

We trust that there are very few readers of THE CANADA CITIZEN who need special caution in reference to the perils that attend our New Year customs. New Year's day is often a sad one to many a fond mother's heart, and the now-happily-waning custom of offering wine to callers on that day has led to the downfall of many a promising young man. With all the earnestness in our power we would urge every one of our lady readers to do all she can among her associates and friends to persuade them to entirely discard the fearfully dangerous practice of offering wine upon this occasion.

In many homes there has been instituted the highly commendable custom of making the visits of gentlemen friends opportunities for inducements to good instead of temptation to evil, and we expect that in not a few cases on Thursday next, gentle hands and voices may administer total abstinence pledges to visitors, who may thus be immeasurably benefitted. And what season could be more appropriate for the commencement of a new career such that to which a loving word of encouragement on New Year's day might lead.

## VICTORY! VICTORY! VICTORY!



**47 VICTORIES;**  
—OUT OF—  
**58 CONTESTS.**

**33,054**  
*Clear Majority of all Votes Polled.*

**For God and Home and Country**

**HURRAH!**

The campaign of 1884 is over. The last battle of this year has been fought, and we close as we began with a glorious victory. We have won eighteen out of twenty-one contests, our aggregate majority as the result of the year's polling is 15,654, and the total record stands as follows:—

PLACE.	VOTES POLLED.		MAJORITIES.		Date of Elections.
	For	Ag'nst.	For.	Ag'nst.	
Prince Co. P. E. I. ....	2,939	1,065	1,874		February 7, 1884
Yarmouth, N.S. ....	1,300	96	1,204		March 7, "
Oxford, Ont. ....	4,073	3,298	775		" 20, "
Arthabaska, Que. ....	1,487	235	1,252		July 17, "
Westmoreland, N.B. ....	1,774	1,701	73		August 14, "
Halton, Ont. ....	1,927	1,767	180		September 9, "
Simcoe, Ont. ....	5,712	4,529	1,183		October 9, "
Stanstead, Que. ....	1,300	975	325		" 9, "
Charlottetown, P.E.I. ....	755	715	40		" 16, "
Dundas, Stormont, and Glengarry, Ont. ....	4,590	2,884	1,706		" 16, "
Peel, Ont. ....	1,905	1,999		194	" 23, "
Bruce, Ont. ....	4,501	3,189	1,312		" 30, "
Huron, Ont. ....	6,012	4,537	1,655		" 30, "
Dufferin, Ont. ....	1,904	1,109	795		" 30, "
Prince Edward, Ont. ....	1,528	1,653		125	" 30, "
Yerk, N. B. ....	1,184	661	523		" 30, "
Renfrew, Ont. ....			730		November 7, "
No. York, Ont. ....	2,781	694	1,087		" 11, "
Brantford, Ont. ....	606	812		166	December 11, "
Brant, Ont. ....	1,630	1,088	602		" 11, "
Leeds & Grenville, Ont. ....			800		" 18, "

### POLLINGS FIXED.

REMEMBER THE WORKERS IN YOUR PRAYERS.

Kent. ....	Jan. 15	Guelph. ....	Jan. 15
Lanark. ....	Jan. 15	Brome. ....	Jan. 15
Lennox and Addington. ....	Jan. 15	Carleton. ....	Jan. 20

## THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ALLIANCE.

It is highly probable that the meeting at Toronto on the 20th prox. will be the largest and most representative gathering of temperance men that Canada has ever seen. The programme of proceedings is not yet complete, but it is expected that every prominent question in connection with the present position of the temperance and prohibitory movement, will come up for consideration, and that definite deliverances will be made upon them. It is also anticipated that there will be decided upon a policy of further immediate aggressive action against the liquor traffic, in the interests of our country and our homes.

A number of prominent men of unusual ability and experience have already respectively accepted invitations to open discussion on such important matters as "The Scientific Aspect of the Temperance Question," "Lager Beer and Light Wines," "Compensation," "Scott Act Enforcement," "Further Legislation," etc., etc.

The principal railway lines have kindly signified their willingness to carry certified delegates to and from the Convention at reduced rates, and further arrangements are being made for the convenience and comfort of those attending. Let there be a general rally of our workers from every part of the country. Further information will be promptly and cheerfully furnished to any person applying to the Secretary, F. S. Spence, 8 King St. East, Toronto.

THE ALLIANCE, as an organization, is not in any sense in competition with any other organization. It is simply the Legislative Committee of the various temperance societies and workers. It is composed of members and delegates. Any temperance or church organization that contributes annually one dollar or upwards to the funds of the Alliance is considered a branch, and has the right to send to the Convention one delegate for every dollar so contributed. In addition to the delegates so constituted, any temperance worker approving of the objects of the Alliance, may become a member by paying annually one dollar or more. All members contributing one dollar and a half or more, are entitled to receive free THE CANADA CITIZEN, the organ of the Alliance. Delegates and other members may, upon application to the Secretary, obtain certificates entitling them to reduced rates of travel to attend the Alliance Conventions; they have all equal privileges of speaking and voting at the Convention. The Alliance funds are used solely for the furtherance of Scott Act and other prohibitory work. The money is carefully expended for this purpose, and the Alliance operations have been somewhat restricted by want of money, although much has been accomplished. Friends in sympathy with the prohibition movement are earnestly requested to contribute as liberally as their circumstances will permit.

## THE TEN GALLON CLAUSE.

The parts of the Scott Act called by this name are sub-sections 5, 6, 7 and 8 of sec. 99. By many opponents of the Act this is compared with what was known as the "five gallon clause" of the late Dunkin Act, but there is little or no similarity between them. The Dunkin Act allowed any merchant to sell liquor in quantities of not less than five gallons, and it could be consumed where the Act was in force. As a preventative of drink-selling the Scott Act is much better. No persons except licensed manufacturers or licensed wholesale dealers are permitted to sell liquors. These can only sell in quantities of not less than ten gallons or in the case of ale and beer eight gallons. They are not permitted to sell indiscriminately

to every person for beverage purpose but only "to such persons as they have good reason to believe will forthwith carry the same beyond the limits of the county or city and of any adjoining county or city in which the second part of this Act is there in force and to be wholly removed and taken away." These provisions are practically prohibition as far as ordinary drink selling is connected wherever the Scott Act is in force. The error which many make is in supposing that liquor in quantities of ten gallons can be purchased for general consumption in places where the Scott Act has been carried.

This clause is intended to prevent any semblance of injustice to manufacturers and wholesale traders. The business of these men is not local but extends itself all over the Dominion, and therefore before a general prohibitory law comes into force, it would be unfair to allow a local vote to hamper a trade which is done in counties and cities where the Scott Act is not in operation. That would be giving the electors of Toronto—for example—power to prevent the sale of liquor in all places which receive their supply from Toronto, and this would be in a sense unjust to the manufacturers and wholesale dealers and the places outside of Toronto which they supply. For instance, suppose the Scott Act were carried in Toronto and it had the effect of entirely stopping the manufacture and sale. Assume that the City of Hamilton, which has rejected the Act, was supplied with liquor from Toronto, then under such circumstances Toronto could force a prohibitory measure on Hamilton against the will of the people of that city, unless they could get a supply of liquor elsewhere. We perceive, therefore, the reason for so framing the Act that no liquor can be sold for beverage purposes to be used in any place where the Act is in force, but the wholesale trade may continue with the places where the Act has been carried. The people of one city have no legal right to legislate for another, nor have people of a city the right to say how or in what commodities their merchants shall deal in other cities or places, and this is precisely what the Scott Act guards against.

When a general prohibitory law goes into operation it will be different, as the jurisdiction of the Dominion Parliament extends over the whole Dominion, and they have the power to pass such a measure. The Scott Act is all right as far as it goes. It is a step toward better things and the great victories it is gaining afford the clearest evidence that the people of Canada have had more than enough of the demon drink and are prepared for total prohibition.

## CHEEK.

We do not remember ever meeting with a piece of cooler impertinence, than that of the circular referred to elsewhere, issued in connection with the liquor men's petition. This circular, dated at Ottawa, but printed in Hamilton, suggests and asks co-operation in working for certain "amendments" to the Scott Act. It is headed "Anti-Scott Act Association" and signed by the secretary of an organization whose name would indicate that it exists for the purpose of fighting the Scott Act. This society now asks Parliament to so amend the Act that they can oppose it more successfully. Parliament has given us power to stop the sale of liquor, because the sale of liquor does us harm. The liquor-men want that power limited because we exercise it, and so they can't sell. Imagine the liquor traffic amending the Scott Act. Imagine the burglar asking for a law against patent locks because he couldn't get into the houses with these locks on the doors. Imagine the wolf asking for a law to compel the shepherd to muzzle his dog. We have got the Scott Act to guard our homes, and Parliament dare not muzzle our dog until Parliament has strangled the wolf. But there is something comical about the "cheekiness" of the wolf's petition.

## ANOTHER GLORIOUS VICTORY.

LEEDS AND GRENVILLE TO THE FRONT.



For God and Home and Country!

LEEDS AND GRENVILLE.

The Scott Act is meeting with the favor of all classes of our diversified Canadian communities. Sneers have been flung at our cause as having only the support of rural communities whose intelligence it suited the anti-temperance men to belittle, but now large towns are rolling us up magnificent majorities. The Frenchmen of Quebec, the Germans of South Bruce and Huron, the sturdy Scotchmen of Simcoe, the Renfrew Irish, the Englishman, the American, the native Canadian, all have united in supporting the cause of progress and morality. We have had our most signal victories in newly-settled counties, and now one of our oldest and most staid and settled communities comes to the front with a grand and inspiring record. The loyal workers in Leeds and Grenville are to be heartily congratulated. They had desperate opposition to cope with, they had against them the influence of old and extensive brewing and distilling interests, they had even brought against them in the earlier part of the fight the ineffectual artillery of the champion anti-orator; but all failed when brought face to face with the determined efforts of earnest praying workers, enthused with an earnest desire to free their county from the domination of rum. They have won. Workers everywhere will be strengthened and cheered. Our cause has received fresh impetus, and again with glad hearts we "Thank God and take courage."

### THE CONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE SCOTT ACT.

The opponents of the Scott Act have been busy of late in attempting to raise doubts as to its constitutionality. From time to time we see statements that a case is to be shortly raised in which the whole question will be discussed. The object of these rumors is apparent, and we trust that none of our friends will be deceived by them, or induced to slacken their efforts to secure the adoption of the Act. The fact is that probably no Canadian Legislation has been so thoroughly endorsed by the highest judicial authorities of the Dominion and of the Empire, and that after the most searching discussion and fullest consideration, whatever difficulties may arise they will certainly not come from that quarter; and our friends need not fear a return of the doubt and uncertainty on this point, which for ten years after Confederation paralyzed their efforts in the direction of prohibition, when they were sent from the local legislatures to the Dominion Parliament, and from the Parliament to the legislatures and back again. In order to refresh the memories of our readers we may briefly refer to what has taken place in the courts on this question since the adoption of the Scott Act.

The Act was first attacked in New Brunswick, and the Supreme Court of that province, by four judges against one held that it was unconstitutional. The case was carried to the Supreme Court of the Dominion by the Alliance, and the decision of the New Brunswick Court reversed by Chief Justice Ritchie and Judges Gwynne, Fournier, and Taschereau; Judge Henry alone dissenting. Application was made to the Privy Council for leave to carry it there, but on account of the death of the prosecutor this had to be dropped. A new case, that of *Russell*, was then brought up. The New Brunswick judges this time decided in favor of the Act, saying that their opinions were unchanged, but they were bound by the decision of the Supreme Court. This was appealed direct to the Privy Council, and special leave was given to embody in it the previous case and the remarks of the judges in both courts. On the 23rd of June, 1882, the Privy Council rendered judgment sustaining the Act on every point. It frequently happens that these appeals only settle one or two minor questions. However, in these cases, the legality of the whole Act was submitted to all the courts, and they considered every objection that was made to any part of it. As the official report states: "It was agreed that the only question which the court should be called upon to decide was as to the power of the Parliament of Canada to pass the Canada Temperance Act, 1878; all technical and other objections were waived." Both in the Supreme Court and in the Privy Council the question was considered on this basis, and the whole Act from the preamble to the final clause was passed under review and discussed. From the decision of the Privy Council there is no appeal, and the only way of escaping its judgment in this case would be an amendment of our constitution by the Imperial Parliament. The opponents of the Act cannot even pretend their case was not fully and ably presented. In the Supreme Court it was argued by Mr. Kaye, Q. C., of St. John recognized to be one of the keenest lawyers in the Maritime Provinces, and by Christopher Robinson, Q. C., of this city whose ability and position are so well known in this province. In the Privy Council they were represented by the late Mr. Benjamin, Q. C., then the leader of the English bar. Mr. Benjamin was particularly qualified to discuss such a case, having been a United States Senator and the Confederate Attorney-General, he was familiar with the jurisprudence of a federal system like ours, and besides he had been engaged in almost every case under the Confederation Act that had gone to England. In addition to this the opinions of the New Brunswick judges and of Judge Henry against the Act were read at the hearing before the Privy Council.

It has been thought by some that the decision upon the Crooks Act in the *Hodge* case threw some doubts upon the legality of the Scott Act. On the contrary, their Lordships then took occasion expressly to reaffirm their decision in the *Russell* case in order to prevent any such misapprehension. Indeed, they say that one of the chief grounds upon which they sustained the conviction of Hodge under the Crooks Act was that his offence was committed in this city where the Scott Act was not in force, so that there was no conflict. On the whole, we think, our friends may rest assured that the Act is in no danger from the highest courts, and that their energies may be all devoted to sustaining it at the polls, and to preventing its being mutilated in Parliament.

### VAGRANCY AND CRIME.

The drink system of the present day bears to the rapidly increasing criminal record of our country, the relation of cause to effect.

This is no hasty assumption simply inferred from the common juxtaposition of drinking and crime; it is a proposition established by the very clearest *a priori* argument, and supported by an over-

whelming mass of confirmatory evidence. Even if we ignore everything of recorded occurrence, and take simply the known physiological effects of alcoholic beverages, common sense will show that their consumption must lead to the weakening of the natural moral safe guards of society, and a consequent increase of offences against order and law.

Besides this direct result, the liquor traffic is terribly dangerous to society in the tendency it invariably has to increase the already abnormal and social inequality that exists in our communities. Anything that tends to lessen the earning-power and increase the spending tendencies of those who work for a living, must increase poverty, want and crime.

Drinking habits bring crime directly, also pauperism and vagrancy, and hence crime indirectly: and all this is fully borne out by our social statistics, which show that consumption of liquor, vagrancy and crime, increase and decrease together as uniformly as do altitude and temperature, or density and weight.

No argument in addition to what has been advanced is necessary to show that whatever leads to a lessened consumption of strong drink must also lessen crime. We have repeatedly piled up mountains of undisputed because indisputable evidence that where prohibition has been in operation under the Maine Law, under the Scott Act, under fairly enforced suppressive legislation of any kind, less liquor has been sold and drunk than formerly. All this makes absolutely unassailable the position of those who claim that the Scott Act will be a social benefit when adopted and enforced, and puts in its true light the contemptible character of an opposition that attempts to strengthen its own case by wilful misrepresentation of facts. We are willing to meet our opponents upon any line of legitimate argument, we are willing to discuss the question of the rightness of the policy of prohibition, we are willing to compare the actual results respectively of license and prohibition, we are willing to argue with them the question of our right to interfere with their business, but we must protest against any dishonest attempt of the whiskey-business to assume an attitude of philanthropy and pretend to oppose us on the ground that the Scott Act leads to crime. The liquor men are fighting us in the interests of their own pockets, and they know that they are trying to deceive the public when they pose as afraid of the Scott Act causing crime. We will fight them whenever they offer fair fight, but we will also expose them when they slander communities and laws, and try to disguise their own motives by professing to favor our principles and objects.

The clearly established relationship between the evils named, and the soundness of our position, received confirmation last week from a source entitling it to special consideration; being a source almost certain to be unbiassed by prejudice and uninfluenced by excitement. At Brockville, Ont., the County Court and General Sessions were held, His Honor Judge Macdonald, presiding; and the Grand Jury in their presentment made the following statement:—

"We also know that the great evil of drunkenness is the prolific source of vagrancy, and the demand for support of this class is becoming a large tax on the thrifty and prominent portion of the community. We desire to express the hope and belief that the effort to suppress the sale of intoxicating liquors by the adoption of the Scott Act may be the source of much good and the prevention of much crime in our country."

The learned judge carefully considered their remarks, and commented upon them as follows:—

"I am convinced that the liquor traffic is responsible for a large proportion of the offences against law and order which are committed in our Dominion, and in my judgment all classes of the community should gladly use any and every proper and lawful

"means which will have the effect of prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and believing, as I do, that the Canadian Temperance Act of 1878, commonly called the Scott Act, where adopted and properly enforced, is a valuable means of obtaining that desirable end. I think all true friends of temperance ought to accord it their support and give it a fair trial."

### THE PETITIONS.

The anti-temperance men have put into circulation a petition praying the Dominion Parliament to alter the Scott Act, so that, to secure its adoption, it will be necessary to have in its favor, three-fifths of all the votes polled at any voting on the question of its adoption.

The Executive Committee of the Dominion Alliance has decided to issue at once counter petitions urging that the Scott Act be not be mutilated for the gratification of the liquor sellers, and also praying that a law of total prohibition may be speedily passed. These petitions will be in the hands of our workers in a couple of days, and we earnestly urge upon our friends to lose no time in having them as widely circulated and extensively signed as possible. Let our petitions be such, in number of signatures, as this country has never before seen. We believe that a great majority of the better class of our Canadian people are thoroughly in favor of total prohibition and that it is the duty of Parliament to comply with their wishes. Meantime we cannot allow the only form of prohibitory legislation that we have, to be mutilated and rendered comparatively ineffective. There must be no backward step in our anti-liquor legislation.

### MISTRESS AND SERVANT.

One of the most difficult problems to be solved in connection with our modern social life is how to secure the help necessary to the performance of household work. Another is, what is to be done with young girls who are compelled to work for their living. At first sight one would imagine that the solution of the one problem ought to indicate the means of solving the other—in other words, that with a great demand for domestic servants, girls should have no difficulty in finding suitable employment without going into factories to earn a pittance as operatives. There are plenty of girls in this country to do all its domestic work without importing any. They would be better at it than they are either doing nothing or running looms and sewing machines. Why is there on the part of Canadian girls so strong a disinclination to become domestic servants? And why is there such constant jarring between servant and mistress?

The difficulty is not exactly the same in the country as it is in the city. In the country the servant is usually the daughter of some neighboring farmer, whose social position is quite as good as that of the family of which his daughter becomes temporarily a member. In the city she is either from the "country" or from the "old country," and when she does belong to a city family there is seldom any question of social equality involved. In the country the trouble arises largely from the very natural tendency of the servant to regard herself as the social equal of her mistress, and the equally natural tendency of the mistress to regard herself as the social superior of her servant. In the city the trouble is due largely to the monotony of domestic life to a servant who is shut out from all social intercourse with the rest of the family, and is thus in her own eyes branded with a stamp of inferiority which she cannot feel to be deserved. No wonder housekeepers in the country dislike to employ servants, and servants in the city dislike their positions and prefer those of saleswomen and factory operatives.

The evil is one of such magnitude that it ought to be carefully diagnosed and if possible remedied. That there are faults on both

sides goes without saying. City mistresses are sometimes insufferable tyrants against whose insolent persecutions poor friendless and homeless girls have absolutely no defence. Even when they are not so bad as this they are too often careless to a criminal extent of the physical, mental, and moral welfare of those who, whatever their social position, are for the time being members of their families and under their oversight. The girl who toils hard from day to day for food, clothing, and a mere pittance in addition, never finds her monotonous round of duty relieved by a single hour of recreation. She is never offered a book to read or afforded an opportunity of going to a concert, though she can enjoy both, and either would do her a world of good. On the other hand the servant sometimes affects an impudence which is as insufferable as the insolence of a tyrannical mistress. She is sometimes dishonest, a fatal defect of character in one who occupies so confidential a position. In her eagerness to relieve life of its monotony she too often places herself in equivocal positions, and puts up with questionable company. By persistence in wrong courses she undermines her respect for herself, and the destruction of self-respect is usually the beginning of a career that must have a bad ending.

In the country the manner of the mistress can never be that of a chronic tyrant, because the social distinction between mistress and servant is of necessity less pronounced, and treatment such as city domestics have frequently to endure in silence would raise a whole rural neighborhood in a ferment of indignation. But the mistress may sometimes forget that a farmer's wife is not the social superior of the farmer's daughter, and trying to make the latter feel that she is inferior, may be the means of alienating her good will and driving her out of service. On the other hand, the servant may occasionally forget that her employer has the right to select the friends with whom she is intimate, and that if she is not admitted within that honored circle she has no right to feel aggrieved on account of being kept aloof. If her mistress does not choose to ask her into the parlor to be introduced to visitors, her own good sense should tell her that she has no right to be vexed because she has been overlooked.

The relation of mistress to servant should be a pleasant one. There is ample opportunity, if there is only the will, to make it so. A mistress who has a kind heart and plenty of tact, can do much to attach any reasonable girl to herself. She can afford to be thoughtful of her servant's welfare, to furnish her with reading matter, to take a respectful interest in her religious concerns, and to allow her to go now and then to a proper entertainment. No girl, who is not above her sphere will resent such friendly manifestations of sympathy, and the great majority of domestic servants would repay them with gratitude. They cost the mistress little in the way of effort and they will do herself as much good as they do her servant. On the other hand a girl who is actuated by a sense of duty and is on the lookout for opportunities to please will seldom fail in doing so. Reproof, when deserved, should be submitted to without resentment, and respectful advice in matters as to which her servant is an expert will never be regarded by a sensible mistress as out of place. By putting her heart into her service, and never forgetting her place, a domestic may make herself something more valuable than even a friend to her mistress—may become a support which the latter will regard as indispensable, a councillor to whom she will resort in all kinds of emergencies. Power and position in a household gained in this way may be retained by the same means, but it is too often lost as the result of a spirit of insubordination which is the offspring of self-sufficiency.

It is to be regretted that so many girls shrink from domestic service in which they might be more comfortable and make better wages, and resort to stores and factories as a means of making a living. Factory life is essentially a demoralizing one. Whatever

bad elements of character there may be amongst those working day after day, in the same room, are sure to show themselves, and the effect is injurious on all. For their own sakes girls would do well to give domestic service a fair trial, resolve to make the best of it, and to seek by conscientious attention to duty and modest self-assertion to secure the respect, esteem, and even gratitude of a mistress. And as there are faults on both sides let there be reform on both sides. The mistress class must meet the servant class half way. Both will be unspeakably the better for the new and more agreeable views they will thus obtain of each other.

#### SANITATION IN RELATION TO MORALS.

Age has caused a not unworthy reverence to be paid to the saying, "let me make the songs of the people and I care not who makes their laws," for, as is not always the case with old sayings the truthfulness of the adage is borne out by the logic of ethics. Of the few old sanitary proverbs which have come to us, "cleanliness is next to godliness," may likewise be given as an illustration of an old even though a homely truth. To appreciate, however, the truth in both it is necessary to understand the full meaning contained in both. In the one, we have to understand the influence which, that which affects the emotional nature, produces on the moral character, and in the other, how physical conditions influence the mental and moral nature in man. It is hardly necessary to remark that as the songs of a people, by appealing to their patriotism, and their love of home, are but partial elements in a national education, so sanitary progress is but a part of the influences going to make moral character. That good sanitary conditions occupy, however, a much higher position in giving a wholesome character to society than has hitherto been generally supposed, will, we trust, be seen from the following considerations:

The study of the development of species and races, so marked a feature in modern science, has made it abundantly plain, that influences for good or ill, beginning before birth, produce in the most exact manner, throughout the whole period of growth and development, effects which can be predicated in many cases with the greatest certainty. The scrofulous parent procreates offspring with certain morbid characteristics, the drunkard begets children with other morbid qualities, and so the physical history reads in many other illustrative instances. It will thus be seen that there is a prenatal gloom overshadowing many infants, whose after life will need to be spent in very brilliant sunshine indeed, if the shadows are not to be present throughout all their future years.

But beginning with the child at birth, even though well born in a physical sense, it is so susceptible to influences that, at every footstep of its way to manhood, it is affected by its environment, for weal or for woe. Its first breath is in air clean or tainted. Heaven's air has its life-giving balm, but man's air, as breathed in our earthly habitations, is a poison often neither slow nor uncertain. Let any one who doubts this visit, for proof of it, even for a few moments, some of the houses in which thousands of the inhabitants of our cities are spending these cold winter days and nights. The physician, whose duty calls him into the houses of the poor, witnesses in sadness the babe, healthy enough as long as the summer sunshine lasted, fading away through bad air, while only last week, as showing its almost universal prevalence, went out a legal luminary, one of Canada's great souls, through a disease typical of unclean air and water. We see then the deadly influences at work slowly or rapidly, all with the same sad ending.

The bad air of the home, we have said, affects nutrition through being breathed; but as food and drink are often exposed to it, it will be seen how its impurities extend to every part of a house. Its impurities are the volatile filth arising from the decomposition of organic matters in the human body, in the cellars, in the soil beneath houses

and in the houses themselves. Outside and around the houses, in the sewers and in the waters is to be found the same malodorous filth, illustrating the fact that in life we are in the midst of death.

The facts are before us, and examining a little more closely we shall see wherein they have relations with morals. Development of the bodily organs depends upon the amount and quality of the nutriment which is supplied them. This being accepted, it must be, a plain that not alone are muscle and bone developed poorly or well but the nerve tissue of the brain whose quality is *mind*, as contractility is of muscle, becomes healthy or unhealthy as circumstances may decide. Here, then, we have the preliminary fact; but the next step is to observe the process by which, upon this nerve tissue of a certain physical quality, the impressions which are to give a certain character to mind are made. The child's brain receives the impressions of the surrounding objects and of the acts and words of the home. With exceptions these are indexed by the sanitary conditions. The slattern physically, is too often the same mentally and morally. Taking the latter case the ill-nourished developing brain tissue has its early impressions. Ever the most lasting, likewise, of an unhealthy character. These conditions being repeated through the developmental period, is it necessary to indicate the quality of the morals of the mature individual? If it is common remark that the part of our populations, which are the objects of charity and benevolence, are almost incapable of improvement, are we, with these facts before us, surprised at the statement. We have read during the past months of the harrowing sights amongst a people infected with small-pox, and learn that vaccination, its prophylactic, had been almost wholly neglected. Shall we not continue to expect the sad scenes in the poor homes of our cities if true prophylaxy is neglected: and this moral vaccination, so intimately connected with the physical, must be performed during childhood and youth. Hardly is it necessary to indicate methods. They are plain. They are individual, Christian, benevolent and municipal. If we assert that the individual must practise them, it is just as true that the Christians and philanthropists must teach them, and authorities must order them. Personal cleanliness is of food, of drink, of clothing and of air, which is food; and to indicate that all practical benevolence and Christian charity, with moral and religious ends in view, must incorporate hygienic instructions in their methods and municipal authorities place them in their schemes of public improvement, is becoming every day more manifest as the relations of the physical to the mental and moral are, with advancing science, becoming constantly better understood and appreciated.

### The Campaign Everywhere.

TORONTO.—A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Dominion Alliance was held last evening at the office of THE CANADA CITIZEN, Mr. James Dobson in the chair. Arrangements were completed for the annual convention to be held in Toronto on January 20, 21 and 22. A sub-committee was appointed to arrange and carry out the details of the proceedings. There is to be a reception to the delegates at a supper to be held on the first evening. Prominent professional gentlemen have agreed to open the discussions taken up by the different sub-sections. The committee took up the matter of the petition now in circulation praying for certain amendments to the Scott Act; and it was unanimously resolved to get up counter-petitions praying that the Scott Act be not mutilated, and also asking for a totally prohibitory law. These petitions will at once be put into circulation, and it is expected that they will be numerously signed.

A meeting of the Toronto Temperance Electoral Association was held on the afternoon of the same day. Rev. John Smith presided. The first matter considered was the raising of funds for the prosecution of the Scott Act campaign. A plan for raising a large sum of money by ward assessments was submitted by a committee that had been appointed for that purpose. On motion of H. M. Graham, seconded by C. H. Bishop, the Secretary, Mr. Thomson, was directed

to send the Secretary of each Ward Association, a statement of the amount of money expected to be raised by the branch union for that Ward, with a request that ten per cent. of that amount be paid in to the Executive Committee not later than January 20th. Tenders were received for printing, and on motion of F. S. Spence, seconded by W. H. Orr, it was resolved to accept a proposal of Hunter, Rose & Co. for the publication of 20,000 copies of the first campaign document.

ELGIN.—The petitions for this county were deposited in the office of the Sheriff, at St. Thomas, on Saturday last. The petitions for the city were filed at the same time and place. A victory for the Scott Act is confidently expected here.

YORK.—The campaign in this county is progressing encouragingly. Meetings are being held in different places, and the work of securing signatures to the petitions is nearly completed. The president, Mr. J. Milne, of Agincourt, is indefatigable in working up the different localities. There will probably be a convnetion held shortly after the New Year, and the final arrangements perfected for pushing the campaign to a speedy issue.

HURON.—It was a subject of remark at the recent meeting of the county council that not within the memory of the oldest member was there ever a meeting when there was so little drinking indulged in by the members of that august body, and various were the reasons assigned for this great and no less marvellous change. At one hotel where a majority of the members board and others of them congregate in the evenings, the landlord was heard to ask, "What has come over the county council this time." He said that at former meetings he had been kept busy every evening carrying them refreshments, but this time not one drink had been called for the whole week, and the most hilarious in olden times were the most abstemious and circumspect on this occasion. The reason of this change was universally attributed to the passage of the Scott Act. A great many, if not a considerable majority, of the county council voted for and supported the Scott Act. These, as if of one mind, determined when they did so, that if it should be carried, it would be their duty to act up to their profession and carry out the law both in spirit and letter, and to their credit, be it said, they are doing so. The meeting at Goderich was, no doubt, a pretty severe test of their good resolution, but the result showed them to be equal to the occasion. If all who voted for the Scott Act, or even the leading men in each municipality who voted for it, will follow the example of those county councillors there is not the least danger but the law will be enforced, and if it is enforced the good results that must follow will amply compensate those who have aided the good work by their self-denial and practice of principle.—*Huron Signal*.

HASTINGS.—The Scott Act meeting was held in the town hall on the 8th inst., as was previously announced. The chair was occupied by Rev. Mr. Wilson and addresses were delivered by Messrs. A. F. Wood, M. P. P., and E. D. O'Flynn, of Madoc, and by Rev. Messrs. Pope and Lambly, of Stirling. The speech of the evening was given by Mr. Wood, who came out boldly and took a strong stand on the side of prohibition, at the risk of losing political influence. The audience was very attentive, and even anti-temperance people were obliged to acknowledge the force of the arguments. At the close of the meeting a committee was formed to assist in working for the Act in and around Marmora. A committee of ladies was also formed.

The Stirling Scott Act committee met at Dr. Boulter's office on the evening of the 16th inst. In the absence of Mr. John H. Thompson, secretary. Mr. L. Meikeljohn was elected secretary, *pro tem*. The chairman, Dr. Boulter, read the "Circular in the interest of the Scott Act," issued by the central committee of the Hastings Scott Act Association, by which circular the committee was requested to raise the sum of \$75 by voluntary subscriptions in the village of Stirling for the purpose of legitimate expenses in submitting the Scott Act to the electors of the county. Messrs. John Ralph and John Graham was appointed canvassers and collectors for said sum, with Mr. Jesse Barlow as alternate, and were requested to commence the canvass of the village for subscription next week. A good start was made by the members of the committee, who subscribed and paid to the treasurer the sum of \$14 before the meeting adjourned.—*Stirling News-Argus*]

**WELLINGTON.**—The campaign in this county is being pushed vigorously. Excellent workers are in the field. Hon. Ansley Gray last week lectured in the Drill Shed, Arthur, in support of the Scott Act. The audience was the largest that ever assembled to hear a temperance address in Arthur. Mr. Gray's address was loudly applauded. On Saturday evening the same gentleman lectured to the young people. The Drill Shed was crowded, and those who were fortunate enough to get in listened to one of the most eloquent lectures ever heard in Arthur. The Scott Act people, who were greatly discouraged because of the delay in sending the petition to Ottawa, have taken fresh courage and will push the work with renewed zeal. Meetings are to be held in all the country churches and school houses. Wellington expects to carry the Act by a large majority.

**KENT.**—The quarterly meeting of the County Temperance Association, formed a year ago to conduct the Scott Act campaign, held in the club rooms last week, was well attended, nearly all the municipalities in the county being represented, and the enthusiasm displayed augurs well for the result of the contest on the 15th prox. Rev. Wm. King, Vice-President, occupied the chair, and Rev. E. E. Scott, of Charing Cross, was appointed Secretary *pro tem*. After prayer by Mr. Scott, the roll being called, about 75 delegates answered to their names, and large additions were made during the progress of the meeting. On motion of Mr. Kerr, seconded by Mr. Gardiner, Mr. H. F. Cumming was re-elected President. Rev. Wm. King was re-elected Vice-President by acclamation, as was also Mr. Gardiner, the Treasurer. Rev. George Brown, of North Chatham, was elected Secretary. The Executive and Finance committees were re-appointed. The former comprises all the ministers of the county, with some twenty active workers selected from the various municipalities, who will map out a general plan for the campaign, arrange for meetings in the several localities and secure speakers.

The Finance Committee reported that the amounts assessed on the several municipalities at the June Session would be promptly raised, now that the doubt as to the submission of the Act had been removed. In several cases, one or two friends in a Township had by a few hours' personal canvass raised a large portion of the amount. The general report was that the people gave willingly, and that there need be no apprehension of a lack of funds necessary for campaign operations.

Mr. Ward, of Camden, and others, referred to the rumor industriously circulated of late, that the anti-Scott Act party had resolved to let the vote go by default, and warned temperance people against the trap so skillfully set. The "Antis" had fought bitterly so far, and would do so to the end; the rumor set afloat was an attempt to lull temperance workers into a false security, in the hope that a victory might be gained thereby.

In the afternoon, the meeting was more of an informal character, the securing of lecturers, holding of meetings, personal canvassing, circulation of literature, and other important matters being discussed: and it was finally resolved to leave the entire management of the campaign, financial and directory, in the hands of the Executive Committee, composed of all the ministers of the town, and Messrs. Jas. Banning, Jas. Gardiner, K. Urquhart, T. H. Taylor and Richard Young.

At the suggestion of Mr. Allin, votes of thanks were tendered to the county papers, that had rendered such signal service to the cause during the campaign, to the W.C.T.U., and the president of the Association, Mr. H. F. Cumming, after which the meeting adjourned.—*Chatham Banner*.

**HUNTINGDON, QUE.**—From our eastern exchanges we learn that this county is about to form into line. Initiatory steps are about to be taken at once. A delegate convention comprising representatives from the various temperance organizations in the county will be held shortly after the new year.

**CHATEAUGUAY, QUE.**—At a meeting of the Alliance in this county at Ormstown, the question of entering upon a Scott Act campaign was considered, and it was decided only to undertake it if the adjoining counties of Huntingdon and Beauharnois should cooperate with a view to carrying the law in the entire district. We see that Huntingdon is listening to the Scott Act guns booming and carrying the day, and is considering the advisability of entering on the fight, so that Chateaugay will not be left to fight alone. The

Bethel Division of the Sons of Temperance in Chateaugay also held a meeting, when the battle-cry against liquor, started by Mr. W. McNaughton and others was heartily joined in by the large audience.—*War Notes*.

**INDIANA.**—At the late annual meeting of the Philanthropic Union of the Society of Friends, William C. Starr, of Indiana, is reported as saying: In Indiana we have in nineteen counties 1,128 saloons, and in nine counties we have no saloons. In the nineteen counties there is one prisoner to every seventy-two voters, in the nine counties one for every seven hundred and twenty voters—being ten times as many where liquor is sold." This is striking testimony as to the relation of the saloon system to crime. What is true of Indiana in this respect is essentially true elsewhere where ever liquor saloons abound—to lessen crime, and the suffering and the grievous burdens which it imposes, spread total abstinence truths and close the saloons.—*National Temperance Advocate*.

## General News.

### CANADIAN.

An order in Council has been passed declaring the Canada Temperance Act in force in the County of Simcoe.

The Scott Act petition for the city of St. Thomas and the county of Elgin were filed in the sheriff's office, St. Thomas, at ten o'clock Saturday morning; that for the city containing 626 and that for the county 2,563 signatures.

On Monday last, a Mrs. Sentenne, while in the act of taking an infant to the font of St. Bridget's church, Montreal, to be baptized, dropped down and expired, it is believed, from heart disease.

At Chatham, on Saturday night about ten o'clock, a farmer named Wm. Soule, while intoxicated, drove over Piggott's dock into the river, drowning his two horses and barely escaping himself.

At Montreal, a youth of nine years, named LaBelle, died suddenly and the coroner's jury returned a verdict that his disease was caused by excessive use of tobacco, the nicotine poison getting into his system.

Wm. Long, an old resident of Sherbrooke, and a large furniture manufacturer, hanged himself on Saturday last in the attic of his warehouse. When found the body was frozen stiff, the feet resting on the floor. Deceased had attempted to drown himself a short time previously.

### UNITED STATES.

Mrs. Phillips, aged 96, who lived alone in a cabin on Pawtucket road, near Providence, R.I., was frozen to death on Friday night.

At Alleghany City, on Dec. 21st, policeman Snyder shot and killed Wm. Rice, a bricklayer, who attempted to rescue a friend who had been arrested.

A schooner loaded with slabs, supposed to be an English vessel, name unknown, went ashore on Beach Island, Me., on the night of Dec. 21st, and became a total wreck. Her crew are supposed to be lost.

At Chatata, N.Y., on the 19th, a crowd of drunken roughs attempted to break up a school entertainment. A pitched battle ensued, and three men were shot, one named Hall four times. Ten were stabbed, and a great number badly beaten. Great excitement prevails.

Latest accounts from Brooklyn state that twenty victims in all have been recovered from the burned Orphans' Home at that place, but it is feared that many more are covered by the debris. Twenty more orphans are still unaccounted for, but it is believed they have escaped.

At Williamsburg, Pa., two large tanks of naphtha oil were from some unknown cause set on fire. 10,000 barrels of flaming oil poured into every crevice where it could make its way. Fire engines were unavailing to quench the flames, as the intense heat drove them away from the spot. The loss will reach \$600,000. It is estimated that over 100,000 barrels of refined and crude oil were destroyed.

### BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The English War office has decided to arm the volunteers with Martini instead of Snider rifles.

Serious hurricanes, accompanied by thunder and lightning, visited the French coast between Brest and Cherbourg on Sunday, doing an immense amount of damage.

A ferry boat crossing the river Dee, in the north of Wales, near Hawarden castle, was swamped by Sunday's gale and sank in the middle of the river. Three of the passengers were drowned.

The Marquis of Ripon sailed from Bombay Saturday for home. The occasion was made a holiday by the people honoring the Viceroy.

Advices from the Russian frontier state that on the 7th inst., the Nihilists attempted to wreck the railway train conveying the Czar to St. Petersburg.

## Tales and Sketches.

## THE SCOTT ACT PASSED.

BY G. C.

"Where are you, dear wife?" cried the good Farmer Brown,  
 "Lay your work, for a minute, aside and come down,  
 Do I look any younger? I feel like a lad;  
 And I've something to tell you, will make your heart glad.  
 The cause we so love, is triumphant at last;  
 Thank God for our victory; the Scott Act has passed.

"When our teams to the Town have gone loaded with grain,  
 How often awake half the night have we lain:  
 With the lantern left down in the kitchen to burn,  
 Awaiting our boys' long-expected return,  
 Delayed as they were we both well understood,  
 By the licensed temptations to drink on the road;  
 When liquor had drawn all sense from their heads,  
 Else their teams had been stabled; and they in their beds.  
 Our prayers, my dear Mary, that this might not last,  
 Are answered to-day for the Scott Act has passed.

"I know what you're thinking of now, that sad night,  
 When the frozen earth gleamed in a mantle of white,  
 When stern winter reigned monarch, supreme and severe,  
 And we waited in vain till the morning drew near.  
 O! how anxious we grew as the hours fled by,  
 Till we heard a faint tinkle of bells drawing nigh.  
 I opened the door; there were horses and sleigh  
 But stark frozen and dead in the latter there lay  
 Both our loved ones, for whom we had waited so long,  
 Who but lately had left us so joyous and strong.  
 Oh! I never could tell how we passed through that day  
 I can only remember when friends went away  
 At evening, how lonely and heart-sick we felt,  
 As hand clasped in hand by our bed-side we knelt,  
 To pray the great Father our grief to assuage,  
 With his sore-needed grace, in our childless old age.  
 And he who sends ever the mourner's relief,  
 Gave us strength to sustain our great burden of grief.  
 No voting can ever undo the sad past,  
 But I thank God to-day that the Scott Act has passed.

"Great Father of mercy thou knowest what I feel!  
 On behalf of the homes of our land I appeal;  
 May the hearts of the men who are making our laws,  
 By thy wisdom inspired, be true to truth's cause;  
 May they vote to outlaw the vile drug that destroys,  
 Our innocent girls, and our brave, noble boys,  
 That robs home of all peace, and all comfort, and then  
 Transforms into demons both women and men;  
 Its fell tide of ruin o'er broken hearts rolls,  
 And people's the nethermost Hell with lost souls.  
 May the licenses issued this year be the last,  
 And the whole land rejoice that the Scott Act has passed.

## THE BURNISH FAMILY.

A PRIZE STORY PUBLISHED BY THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

## CHAPTER VIII (Continued).

The appearance of most of the young people was, certainly, not prepossessing. The preconceived idea that beauty had been their snare, and that passion had betrayed them, soon vanished when they were seen. The largest class in such institutions have been neglected and cast upon the streets from childhood by drunken parents—left to form what associations they might, and corrupted before they would know much of the evil or the sorrow of their sin. These were, for the most part, the children of drunken parents. Others were country girls, who had come to London as servants, whom idleness or vanity, or a love of pleasure, prepared for evil; then came the holiday, the picking up of bad acquaintance, male or female, the allurements of the drinking house, or public garden—also a drunkenery—the staying out at night beyond the time allowed; then the blackness of dark-

ness, ending in the streets, the prison, the hospital, the suicidal potion, or leap into the turbid river; at best, in a few cases—a very few—the Penitentiary. A fraction—a mere fraction—of those unfortunates who enter the Penitentiaries or Reformatories, are the victims of the seducer's daily arts, or deluded by their affections.

There was one among the inmates of this house whose appearance interested Mabel. She was about twenty-two years of age, very pale and thin, and worn with both sickness and sorrow. She was working some delicate embroidery, and seemed to shun observation. Near to her, was an older person, with a face and form that even the coarse garb she now wore could not wholly disfigure. She had a wedding-ring on her finger. Another among them, a poor invalid, was lame; and another, whom Mabel noticed, was very young, and wept incessantly. The rest had nothing particular to distinguish them. There were unmistakable traces of the past in a certain hardness of look and manner; but now they seemed orderly, industrious, and contented, at least, so long as Mrs. Basil's influence lasted.

When Mabel returned to the private room of the matron, she resumed the conversation by asking about the tall young woman who shrunk from observation.

"That is," said Mrs. Basil, "a difficult, and, here, an unusual case. Jane C. is a woman of education, born to good prospects. She lost her parents in her childhood; and, leaving school, went to reside with her brother, a solicitor, whose business lay chiefly in the insolvent court. He was what is called a gay man, and a free liver—very unfit to have the charge of a young sister, who, though haggard and sickly looking now, must then have been beautiful. Men of his own stamp frequented his house, some of them of desperate fortunes as well as principles. One, a handsome profligate, won the heart of this poor girl. Her brother, meanwhile, was wishing to extend his connexions by effecting a marriage for his sister with an old man of property—a drunkard, whom she loathed. Dispute ensued, which, of course, tended to confirm her predilections for her unworthy suitor, who was forbidden her brother's house. In an evil hour, she met him clandestinely, at a public garden. The wine-cup—the seducer's potent and ever ready ally—was introduced, and she returned no more to the home she had left. For a time, she hoped that the seducer would yet do her justice by marriage; but, to her horror, she discovered in a few weeks that he was a married man. Her reproaches incensed him, and he cast her forth into the streets. She applied to her brother, who had married in the interval, and, with all the indignation of mock virtue, he pleaded the impossibility of profaning his home with her presence, and left her to her fate. Starvation was before her. She lodged in one of the wretched houses which alone receive such destitution. Vice was on every side, and she was drawn into the vortex; but not without many struggles to get free. Oh! the misery that must be endured by those who, while pursuing vice, have not yet lost all the love of virtue. Perdition itself can have no greater torture. Sick and wretched, she sunk into despair; and, after being two days without food, sold her shoes from her feet for fourpence, spent the money at four chemists' shops for laudanum, and took the deadly potion."

"What! poisoned herself?"

"Yes; she was discovered soon after, in a convulsive stupor, on a bench in St. James's Park, carried to the Westminster Hospital, and there, by great efforts restored. A young relative of the Burnish family was then walking the hospitals—Mr. Shalton Keen—took an interest in her case, and wrote to Lady Burnish, who admitted her here. For six months after she came, I could make nothing of her, so heavy a gloom was on her spirits that nothing could rouse her. She performed her work mechanically, but seemed sinking away; and even now, though nearly two years have elapsed since her admission, I know of no situation to which she would be eligible. She is too weak for household work. No one would trust her with children—she is too melancholy, even if there were no other objections. Then her health is permanently affected; and the more I think of the case, the more it perplexes me as to the future. There seems, beyond these walls, no place for her but the place appointed for all living."

Just then, amid the sighs of sympathy this poor Jane's case excited, a thought of that lost Annie, whose fate had troubled Mrs. Alerton's death-bed, crossed the mind of Mabel. "Perhaps," she thought, "I may find that wanderer here. She was nearly twenty years younger than my step-mother, and cannot now be more than twenty-six or seven."

"I observed one young woman who wore a wedding ring," said Mabel.

"Yes; and is a married woman," replied Mrs. Basil; "Mary L. is a totally different character, a passionate woman, goaded into vice by illusion. She married at eighteen, a man who was said to have only one fault. Ah, that one fault! so lightly spoken of, what a prolific source of other; it proves! He was a drunkard; not, indeed, a confirmed drunkard, or a drunkard at all, in the general sense, for his indulgences were only occasional. But my creed of morals, Miss Alerton, is not made to exempt particular sins. If I have my pocket picked, the person doing the deed is a thief, if he never picked a pocket before or after. So also with lying; it is not the number told that makes the lie. However, this girl resolutely intended to reform her husband's one fault, of course. Then came poverty, angry words, cruel blows, and yet more cruel indifference; every womanly feeling was outraged, not merely by his brutality, but by his villany.



"I could have borne his blows," she said, "but when he—my husband!—wanted me to sit as a model for artists, and worse—far worse than that—to supply him with the means of living in drunken idleness, I went mad, and cared not what become of me." And mad, indeed, she was, if taking to drinking be madness. I should be sorry to be uncharitable to my own sex, Miss Alterton, but my experience tells me that an intemperate woman cannot be chaste, or, if she be, it is because she does not belong to an exposed class, or is sheltered by circumstances. The drunken husband of this woman turned her, bruised and bleeding, into the streets, and justified himself before a magistrate, by naming a neighboring beer-shop keeper as her paramour. She had a child, the sole relic of her virtuous days. She contrived to steal it from her husband, and fled. She had no means of support, no home, no character. Vice, and vice only, offered her bread. She continued in sin, and drank to drown the sense of her shame. Strange to say, her little child was the link that bound her to humanity. But for it, she would have yielded to the temptation to murder her husband, which she told me was so strong that it haunted her daily thoughts and nightly dreams. The winter proved dreadfully severe, and her child fell sick. In her bitter want, she went, with the languishing baby in her arms, to the gin palace that she had most frequented—(it was natural to go to the trader who had had the most of her money)—and asked for help. She was coarsely upbraided, and refused. She became furious, broke the windows, and was given in charge to the police. It was night, and they put her into one of the usual cells at the station, to wait the examination before the magistrate the following morning. That night in the cell, the sick child died. She had loved it, as perhaps only the solitary outcast can love. Her grief was a something so awful that the magistrate, used to scenes of woe, shrank at beholding it. He interested himself for her, and we received her here. She has once left us for a situation, but she did not give satisfaction. The sight of children threw her into such agonies that the family fancied her brain was affected, and they returned her here after a fortnight's trial. Her future is, I confess, a great perplexity to me."

"That lame girl seems quite an invalid," said Mabel.

"Ah! you mean Amy G—. She was brought up in a low public house, and initiated in vice from her childhood. Her parents both died during a cholera visitation. Their effects were insufficient to pay their debts, and this girl was only fitted by her training for the streets. In a brawl she was thrown down stairs, and the lameness you see is the result of that. When she left the hospital, I found her famishing in the streets, with no home to go to. She appeared to me the most miserable being I had ever seen. She was received here at my particular request, and here, in all probability, she will die."

"And what is the distress of that weeping child?—for she is surely under fifteen," inquired Mabel.

"Ah! that is Fanny S—. Her mother kept a cigar shop near one of the theatres—a dissolute woman, without natural affection, who treated the poor thing very badly indeed—literally sold this child to infamy. During last winter, this mother was arrested for debt, and the girl was deserted. A grocer in the neighborhood, compassionating her case, applied for her admission here. We received her; she was very docile, and happier than she had ever been in her life; but last week we received a letter from the mother, who, it seems, has passed through the insolvent court, and is now living with a publican in the borough. She demands her child from us. I have written to her, using every entreaty and argument that she would allow her to remain, but the woman scoffs at all. The publican, whom she calls her husband, has been to Mr. Burnish; there are some business transactions between them; and, as we have no power to detain the girl, this day I fear she leaves, and hence her tears. What a mother it must be that a child shrinks from, with such evident grief! True this creature makes a parade of affection to her child, but "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

"There must be multitudes of cases that you cannot possibly receive or remedy?"

"Oh! many. Our institution (and others are like it), as far as it is successful, deals with only the very outskirts of the crime. The core of the evil is untouched. All those terrible cases like that of Jane, are in a great measure hopeless. They include a class who are unfit by early training, and subsequent ill health and dejection, for any humble industrial occupation. They are more completely lost to their friends and relations, if they have any, than the lower class; they feel their ruin more. For them death only opens a door of escape. Meanwhile, Miss Alterton, it is vain to deny that Legislation affords no adequate protection for women; that the process of convicting the harpies who traffic in innocence is difficult, tedious and expensive. The trade in strong drink, moreover, is the seducer's constant ally, the wretched outcasts complete ruin. Yes! I must say it, much as I respect the Burnish family; I grieve and blush to think how their trade is mixed up with producing all the evils their charity profess to remedy. Then the apathy of society as to the seducer's guilt—the smile for the profligate man, and the frown for his victim, all make up a list of causes that prevent any but the most limited and partial success."

"Yet, surely good is done, Mrs. Basil?" said Mabel, with a sigh.

"Yes! we must not despise the day of feeble things. It is something to snatch one from the gulf; meanwhile the rapid stream of guilt is flowing on, and bears hundreds rapidly away."

Just then a loud ring at the bell announced the carriage, and Mabel left, saddened yet instructed, by her morning's visit to these stray waifs tossed off like foam from the tide of our civilization.

## CHAPTER IX.

### Mrs. Burnish's Household Spectre.

"In the very richest room in the whole castle, Hicks—such was my melancholy friend's name—stopped the cicerone in her prattle, saying, in a hollow voice, 'And now, madam, will you show us the closet where the skeleton is?'—*Thackeray.*

Mabel, for many days after her visit to the Penitentiary, had her thoughts so occupied with what she had heard there, that Mr. Delamere Burnish found his efforts to gain her attention all useless. She paid no more morning visits to the library; she walked in the evening, at the dinner hour of the family; and, if her heart gave an unquiet throb at the remembrance of the incident recorded, she vigorously battled with it, and she thought she conquered. Meanwhile, splendid bouquets of choice flowers came by the hands of Emily and Kate to adorn the school room.

"Delamere never was so kind to us as he is now," little Kate would often say. Newspapers, magazines, and new music, flowed in with such profusion, as never would have escaped the notice of any but so languid a person as Mrs. Burnish. The truth was, that lady was rapidly settling down into the condition of invalidism, so unhappily common to women who have no wants to stimulate, and no pursuits to occupy them.

The children were growing beyond her. The boys overpowered her with their high spirits, and she oppressed the little girls with her languor. She was satisfied that the latter were making rapid progress with their new governess, and she ceased even the show of supervision which existed at the time of Mabel's arrival in the household. In point of natural capability, Mrs. Burnish was certainly inferior to the rest of the family; but she had her caprices, and could be horribly obstinate. When Mr. Theophilus Burnish, who disliked clever women, married her, he little knew—though he found out afterwards—that there is no task so difficult as that of guiding a fool. One of her foibles—a source of great annoyance to him—was a habit of making favorites in her household, in short, of putting herself under the dominion of a domestic; and one reason why Mabel was welcome to the head of the house was, that she would prove a fitter companion than those that Mrs. Burnish had hitherto sought.

Certainly, Mabel was not without a secret chagrin that she had gauged her father's business by a different standard to that which she applied to the source of the wealth she saw around her. Mrs. Basil's remarks had deepened this conviction, deal with it as she might. True, the consciousness that she did not eat the bread of idleness—that she earned fully and fairly the remuneration she received—placed her in a different position, morally, to that she could have been in, as a willing dependant on her father. Still, she was uneasy; the balance seemed, to her convictions, uneven, and when in some unwonted mood, Mr. Veering preached, on the Sunday after her Penitentiary visit, from the words, 'Straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel,' a conscious blush covered Mabel's face at the text. She needed not to fear Mr. Veering's exposition: that reverend gentleman applied the words solely to the prejudices of the Pharisees, and the scepticism of the Sadducees, eighteen hundred years ago, and preached a sermon that might have been very useful to them, if they could have heard it, but which bore no more relation to present times than David's dancing before the ark bears to modern modes of worship. Mr. Veering vindicated his claims to be considered a man of great ability, by the ingenuity with which he contrived to make all the teachings of Scripture refer to other persons, times, and modes of life than the present. The Bible, according to his mode of using it, was like a ship with stern lights; only, casting their reflection on the track she had passed. Sometimes Delamere Burnish, perhaps with the sarcasms of Shafton Keen ringing in his ears, would say to his father (who, however, kept all his household at a great distance), that he 'did not profit much by Mr. Veering's preaching,' that being the only way in which he ventured to 'hesitate dislike.' But he was silenced by the dogmatic voice of his father, saying, in reply, 'Veering is not a brilliant man, certainly. I never care for brilliant men; they are unequal, uncertain, and often dangerous—fond of novelties, and seeking applause. Veering is sound, very sound, never goes out of his depth. As to your own profiting, Delamere, whose fault is that? I doubt you have "itching ears." I always profit.'

"And so, I'm sure do I," he echoed his wife. "I'm sure it's a great comfort to have such a preacher, and such a tutor for the boys. His opinions on all important topics are correct—they so perfectly harmonize with mine."

Nothing so annoyed Mr. Burnish as the comments of his wife on intelligent subjects; so, with a half testy assent, he took refuge in a book he was reading. From the time when Mabel gave her obnoxious opinion on temperance, she had never been honored with more than the notice that mere civility demanded from the head of the house. One evening shortly

after the sermon whose text had disturbed Mabel, she entered Mrs. Burnish's charming little boudoir to ask directions about some letters that lady wished written, and she found Gabb administering restoratives to her mistress, who was in tears. Mabel, with an apology, was about to withdraw, when Mrs. Burnish, to Gabb's ill-concealed annoyance, entreated her to remain, saying 'I shall be better presently.' Mabel felt sorry to see a liquor stand on the table, and that the facile domestic, with eager manifestations of intense sympathy, was mixing a copious potion.

"Your nerves, mem, must be awfully weak. You're too tender'-arted, mem,' eyeing as she spoke a letter on the table. 'I never but once lived with such a lady with such a 'art, and that was dear Lady Penbleat, who used to write such beautiful poetry, about the peasantry and the lower orders; I do think she broke her 'art about 'em, mem. Her feelings never would let her see 'em or speak to 'em. I always did that for her; and you, mem, are jest the same; sich a 'art. Won't you try a little more?—jest a taste—it won't hurt you, mem. Dr. Bland, Lady Penbleat's own physician taught me how to mix it, mem; we always called it Dr. Bland's mixture, and I never found it fail—never!"

"What is it to do?" said Mabel.

"It's a certing cure, Miss, for low spirits and 'sterical sentiments—sensations I should say, mem—which all delicate and tender-arted ladies suffers from, though seldom to such a degree as you, mem."

There was a tone in this reply that somehow indicated that Mabel was neither delicate nor tender-hearted, and Mrs. Burnish liked sympathy all the better that conveyed a disparagement of another, even if that other was her friend. To be thought more exquisitely susceptible—of finer fabric than any one else, was, as the wily Gabb well knew, her weakness; and, like a skilful tactician, she had made not her mistress's merits, but her defects, a study, knowing that people are always most easily managed through their ruling foibles.

"What did poor Lady Penbleat die of, Gabb?" said Mrs. Burnish, relapsing into tears.

"Oh, dear, mem, don't distress yourself—don't now. Not of nothing—least ways not of her nerves. Dr. Bland kep her alive, I'm certing sure, for years. She was quite elderly—I might say old, only age isn't mentioned to ladies—and she might have been living now, but her ladyship over-exerted herself, going to parties when her grandson, young Lord Simon Penbleat, came of age, and married the rich Miss Mash, of Turton on Brent."

"Ah! I remember," said Mrs. Burnish, drying her tears with sudden animation, gratified by recollecting the aristocratic marriage Miss Mash, the rich brewer's daughter, had made—buying with the wealth her father had filtered from fools, a husband who combined the ingredients of fool and brute in as admirable proportion as any compound that distillers' or brewers' art could mix. "Happy Miss Mash!"

Mrs. Burnish, whether enlivened by the pleasant recollection of this joyful wedding, or feeling the glow of Dr. Bland's mixture, was soon quite another creature. And though Gabb continued to linger about the room as long as possible, she was obliged to go away at last, without finding out the contents of the letter which had disturbed her mistress, and which her instinct told her contained some family secret. She scented it as a crow scents carrion. She made herself amends as soon as she shut the door by shaking her head, and snapping her fingers, and muttering between her teeth, "Ah, Madam Tun and Noggin, I'll be upsides with you yet."

Mrs. Burnish, at that very moment, was saying to Mabel, "What an excellent clever creature that Gabb is! So well trained by Lady Penbleat. There's nothing like having a maid that's lived in good families."

To which Mabel, as she had nothing to object, assented; and then Mrs. Burnish continued, looking at the letter on the table, and taking it in her hand, with a sigh, "I thought Miss Alterton, as you are a quiet young person—young lady I mean—and I must say have assisted me in my many occupations—for all of my name must lead active lives—it's expected of us, and I am greatly worn, as you see, my nerves quite shattered—but as I was saying, you have been of use to me occasionally, and I'm troubled about a family matter—an old grief, Miss Alterton."

Here her eyes filled with tears, and Mabel, fearing a relapse, begged her to defer her communication until she felt better, and begged her to get a little sleep; but Mrs. Burnish would not be quieted, and she continued,

"I have one brother, Miss Alterton, a dear creature as ever lived—he is but a year older than I am, and all our childhood was passed together; we were never separated. For my father, I suppose you knew, was a clergyman. Yes," she added, as Mabel confessed her ignorance of that fact, "he was, and a great friend to old Sir Hopwood Burnish. Papa was vicar of Sir Hopwood's village, in Sussex, for many years. We were not exactly rich then, but papa had expectations from a very wealthy old aunt. Poor papa! he was a martyr to the gout, and he died before his aunt, who was twice his age, and most eccentric—as hard as a granite rock—a rigid water-drinker. Papa used to say over his wine—he was the wittiest creature!—no dinner party in the county was complete without him—he used to say that his water-drinking aunt was a petrification—a fossil! Well, as I was saying, poor papa took cold, attending the funeral of the first Mrs. Burnish—that crotchety Delamere's mamma. Had it been any one else's funeral, the curate would have done duty for him, as he always did; but papa wanted to shew respect to the family. And—and—I never can endure to

hear the first Mrs. Burnish mentioned, or see her picture, for it was all through her fault—funeral, I should say—that I lost my dear papa. The gout flew to his stomach." Just at this point of her narrative, Mrs. Burnish burst into tears; and Mabel, not knowing what to say, remarked, hoping to bring her back to the letter—

"And your brother, madam?"

"Ah, yes! my brother," resumed the lady. "As our mamma died when we were little children, I had nobody but my brother. We grew up together, Miss Alterton, and our aunt took us to live with her when papa died. I was so very uncomfortable there, that I rejoiced at the prospect of a change of state. As the daughter of his old clerical friend, Sir Hopwood considered that I should make a kind mamma to little Delamere—and so I'm sure, I have, only, unfortunately, he had not much affection. My aunt's death made my brother rich, and gave me a good fortune. As soon as my mourning was over—of course, it would have been very unladylike not to stipulate for that—I married. Ah me! I never repined." Mrs. Burnish said this in that tone of implied martyrdom with which some ladies think it orthodox to speak of their marriage. "No, I never repined, though Lady Burnish, I must say, never understood me. But where was I?"

"Did your brother reside with you?" said Mabel, trying another knot in the broken thread of the narrative.

"Certainly not. I felt the separation from him greatly. He came to live in chambers in London, and commenced the study of law. Dear fellow! his means were ample, and his studies were just to give him a position. Gentlemen are not like us; they seem to want a position or something. Well, as I was saying, he was a wonderful companion—just like dear papa. Mr. Burnish, Miss Alterton, is, as you may have remarked, rather grave. It is the habit of the family. Profound minds, I'm told, always are; and my brother, I must say, was not quite so popular here, as, for my sake, he ought to have been. His pleasantries and his elegant tastes (he was quite a connoisseur in table matters, wines especially) were not responded to. I felt it. Yes, I felt it very much; and so did poor Edward, I'm sure. Why, he was such a taster for the beer, that he actually brought it to the perfection of quality that has made the brewery. But he took offence, and ceased to come, and formed some acquaintances that took advantage of his fine nature, and perverted him. It's surprising how ready some people are to condemn any little fault; and, I must say, Mr. Burnish was not kind to my brother—he actually called him a "drunkard." Yes! you may well look amazed. This harshness, and the wicked arts of Shafton Keen's father—a notoriously intemperate man, who at last drank himself to death, and who entrapped my brother into espousing his part in a family quarrel about Mrs. Keen's fortune—made my poor brother worse; and, for years and years, I cannot tell you what I suffered. He did such strange things. Somehow, he got entangled in a law-suit, and he went to live in a strange place over the water, "out of the way," as they call it. I went once to see him, and I was ill for months after. I had hoped he would have married. He might, I'm sure, have had almost any girl, for holding up his finger—he was so handsome. Such distinguished dark eyes," said Mrs. Burnish, opening her own very wide, and looking impressive. "But every thing went wrong. And, as I said, if he did not marry, so much the better for my boys. But no one will be the better—he was ruined! That fine fortune filched away from him by designing people; and the worst of it was, he had an entanglement with a crafty woman—a low creature—a waitress, or chamber-maid—what do they call them?—over at that place where he was "out of the way;" and, as soon as he could get clear of his creditors, he took her to Boulogne with him, and we actually feared he had completed his degradation by marrying her!"

Mabel looked up in surprise at this view of morals. It was new to her, which showed how imperfect her education had been in some fashionable points.

"At last, would you believe it, he was actually in poverty. I had sent him money over and over again. I really denied myself many things I wanted at Howell and James's;—my bill there was next to nothing. At last, Mr. Burnish forbade me helping him, and took the matter into his own hands. An annuity was settled on him, on condition of his assuring us he was not married, and parting from that bad woman who had ruined him. He was, of course, disgusted with her by that time; but there was a difficulty in the case. She had a child; of course, she pretended it was my brother's. She did that, you know, to get up a claim on him. And there was no end of trouble with this wicked creature; for she would not part with the child. My brother at last left her, and went to Guernsey; and there he has lived for two years, and I have been at peace."

"And the poor—the young woman and her child, madam?"

"Oh! I know nothing of them. Once a letter, that she had the assurance to write, came to me; of course, I did not notice it. And once, last winter, as I was crossing the pavement, on a very cold night, from the hall door to my carriage, a shocking fierce creature, with a child at her side, stopped me, in all the cold, and I dressed for an evening party. Of course, Shift'kins drove her away. I think she must have been intoxicated. I always concluded it was that bad woman who entrapped my brother. We sent word to the police, who narrowly watched our house after, but never secured her."

"Is this another letter from her?" said Mabel.

"Oh, dear, no! it's from my brother. He is in England; only think of that! He says that he has reformed, and wants me to see him. But I know that Mr. Burnish will be terribly annoyed. Edward forfeits his income by leaving Guernsey. I really know not what to do."

"Surely it would be better frankly to tell Mr. Burnish.

"Oh, no! that's impossible. My brother's name never comes up but it causes words, and lays me on a sick bed. I really am not equal to contending about it, or seeing poor Edward. And he talks such wild nonsense about "finding the woman he has injured." Injured indeed! he was her victim. I heard some stuff about her being fifteen years younger than himself; but there's no believing about these creatures' ages—besides, they're old in sin. I really think my brother's mind is affected. Mr. Burnish used to say he was mad. If I had my maid, Plyer, who lived so many years with me, I should know what to do. She used to see him for me, and took him money; but, though I like Gabb, Mr. Burnish so much objects to servants being confided in, that I resolved not to tell her."

"If I could help you," said Mabel reluctantly, "I would willingly offer my services. But I really don't see how I can be of any service."

"No," said Mrs. Burnish, relapsing into tears, "I must bear my burden alone; no one to help me, no one to feel for me."

"My dear Mrs. Burnish," said Mabel, compassionating her distress, and really touched by the affection for her brother, which seemed the one deep feeling of her feeble nature, "command me in any way that you think proper. I am sure you would not ask me to do anything unsuited to my age, or my position as the instructress of your children."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Burnish, rearing her head haughtily for an instant, then adding, "You are a good creature—kindness itself. I told Lady Burnish so when I wrote last. You see my poor brother cannot come here, and I suppose he does not live anywhere where I could go, for he has promised to meet me in Kensington Gardens. Now, it's impossible I could do that, for I must take the carriage to the park—I never could walk that distance; and my poor nerves! I should die at his feet—I'm sure I should. Now, if you went, Miss Alterton—"

"I, madam!" said Mabel amazed.

"Yes; what of it? In the daylight—a gentleman old enough to be your father—to bear a message from his sister?"

Mabel thought for a moment, and then replied, "You will suffer the children to go with me. I could walk there with them, and it would take off the awkwardness of seeing him alone."

"Oh! that'll never do." On second thoughts, she added, after a pause, "They need not know but it is some friend of yours, whom you have accidentally met; for they have forgotten their uncle. Poor Edward! If Mr. Burnish were out of town he should certainly come here. But, he tells me," she continued, looking again at the letter, "that he is 'quite out at elbows as to costume.' Oh! that's his old pleasant way. Oh! that such a man should be ruined by designing people."

"By the customs of society, and his own habits," was Mabel's mental comment.

Just then, Gabb entered with tidings that Mr. Burnish, feeling rather poorly, had returned at that early hour from the House. Mrs. Burnish hastily crushed the letter into her desk, bade Gabb bring her a cup of strong tea, wished Mabel good night, and, with a languid smile, prepared to receive her husband.

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## Our Casket.

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### BITS OF TINSEL.

A little four-year-old upset in a boat was not alarmed. A surprised sailor asked her afterwards why was this. She said: "I finked of Peter."

"Yes," she said, "I always obey my husband, for I have something to say about what his commands will be."

"How will you have your hair cut?" asked the barber. "With the scissors," said the customer quietly. "Looks as if you used a knife last time."

"So you prefer my medicines to those of Dr. Pillsbury, Mrs. Mulligan?" "Och, indade, dochter dear, ye're a deal better than th' other ould humbug."

Two boys from the country, taking advantage of a cheap trip to the seaside, indulge in a bath.—"Jack," says one, "thou'rt very dirty."—"Ay," replies Jack, "I missed coming last year."

A candidate for medical honors, while subjected to a severe examination, was asked: "How would you sweat a patient for the rheumatism?" He replied: "I would send him here to be examined."

### DON'T STOP MY PAPER.

Don't stop my paper, printer,  
Don't strike my name off yet,  
You know the times are stringent,  
And dollars hard to get;  
But tug a little harder,  
Is what I mean to do,  
And scrape the dimes together,  
Enough for me and you.

I can't afford to drop it;  
I find it doesn't pay  
To do without a paper,  
However others may.  
I have to ask my neighbors  
To give me theirs on loan;  
They don't just say—but mean it—  
"Why don't you have your own?"

You can't tell how we miss it,  
If it, by any fate,  
Should happen not to reach us,  
Or come a little late.

Then all is in a hubbub,  
And things go all awry,  
And printer, if you are married,  
You know the reason why.

The children want their stories,  
And wife is anxious, too,  
At first to glance it over,  
And then to read it through;  
And I to read the leader,  
And con the book reviews,  
And scan the correspondence,  
And every scrap of news.

I can not do without it,  
It is no use to try,  
The other people take it,  
And printer, so must I.  
I, too, must keep me posted,  
And know what's going on,  
Or else I'll be accounted  
A foggy simpleton.

Then take it kindly, printer,  
If pay is somewhat slow,  
For cash is not so plenty,  
And wants not few you know;  
But I must have the paper,  
Cost what it may to me;  
I'd rather dock my sugar,  
And do without my tea.

So printer, don't you stop it,  
Unless you want my frown,  
But—lest I miss a number—  
I'll plank the cash right down?  
So send the paper promptly  
And regularly on,  
Let it bring us fortnightly  
Its welcomed benison.

—Selected.

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## For Girls and Boys.

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### CHRISTMAS DIALOGUE.

#### FOR TWO BOYS.

*Charlie meets Frank about the centre of the platform carrying a fair-sized parcel, or paper box, with a smaller one containing small book or autograph album tied across the top.*

Charlie.—Hello! Frank, I wish you a merry Christmas.

Frank.—Thanks, Charlie; same to you, and a Happy-New Year besides! by the way, when you went off last August, you said you were going to stay over Christmas.

Charlie.—So I should, if it had not been for an accident to Aunt Ellen.

*Frank.*—An accident, how was that?

*Charlie.*—She was thrown on the sidewalk and severely hurt, which, of course put an end to my visit.

*Frank.*—That's why you're looking so sober, is it? I don't wonder you look disappointed, I am sure I should be.

*Charlie.*—Oh, I'm not particularly disappointed; I can go again when she gets better.

*Frank.*—I suppose you can, but that won't be Christmas, all the same.

*Charlie.*—I don't care about that, I always enjoy a visit to Hillsbro.

*Frank.*—How did the accident happen?

*Charlie.*—That's what makes me mad, Frank.

*Frank.*—I thought you didn't like to give up your visit.

*Charlie.*—My visit! It isn't that, it's because sober people have to suffer for other folks' folly.

*Frank.*—What had that to do with the accident?

*Charlie.*—Just this: the sidewalk was not half big enough for a drunken lout to walk on, and to save himself from falling, he grabbed at Aunt Ellen, and knocked her over.

*Frank.*—Was she alone when it happened?

*Charlie.*—Yes; they carried her into a drug-store that was near, and she was taken home in a carriage. Uncle Manson was telephoned to, and he hurried home, taking Dr. Wilson with him.

*Frank.*—What did the doctor say? Was the accident very serious?

*Charlie.*—Dr. Wilson said her right arm was broken, and her nervous system considerably deranged by the shock.

*Frank.*—That was too bad, but what did they do with the drunken man?

*Charlie.*—The drunken man, I suppose he managed to get home or into another saloon.

*Frank.*—I should have had him arrested.

*Charlie.*—Uncle Manson made complaint, but the policeman on the beat said he had seen no drunken man.

*Frank.*—Probably he was taking a drink himself; once when I came by the saloon where father used to go, I saw one sneak into the door and pour down a glass of beer that the saloon-keeper handed him.

*Charlie.*—Uncle said that was where the trouble lay; instead of doing their duty and enforcing the law, too many helped the rum-seller to evade it; they are bought for a glass of grog.

*Frank.*—I tell you what, Charlie, if there were no saloons what pain and wretchedness, what poverty and crime would be done away with.

*Charlie.*—That's so; I wish they were all closed up forever. How's things at home, Frank?

*Frank.*—Oh, there's a great change there, Charlie. Father does not go to Price's saloon any more.

*Charlie.*—Why! you don't mean to say he's got down low enough to patronize Jacob Graw's place, eh?

*Frank.*—No, he does not go there; things are not quite so bad; he gets his drinks now from T. and C. Company.

*Charlie.*—Where in the world is that?

*Frank.*—It's located at present in our kitchen, and when fully rendered reads: Tea and Coffee Company; it has been established two months.

*Charlie.*—Why! that's the news; no wonder you look jolly. I suppose that parcel is on its way to the "Company"? How ever came your father to give up the saloon?

*Frank.*—Hold on, not so fast; one thing at a time.

*Charlie.*—Well, first tell us how it all happened.

*Frank.*—Mother attributes the change to prayer and faith. Father says it was the saloon-keeper's Christmas. I say it was both combined, the foundation being prayer.

*Charlie.*—The saloon-keeper's Christmas. Christmas is not quite here. I don't understand where that comes in.

*Frank.*—I'll explain it to you as near as I can.

*Charlie.*—All right.

*Frank.*—First thing we knew, father came home with his week's earnings; after supper he picked out two quarters and gave one to me and the other to May. "Here, children," said he, "put those by for Christmas." "For Christmas," said mother, looking up in astonishment. "For Christmas," said Mary.

*Charlie.*—What did you say, Frank?

*Frank.*—Me! I just looked on.

*Charlie.*—I just fancy I see you; but did not your mother come in for her share?

*Frank.*—Oh, yes; father turned to her, and says he, "Mary"; he always calls mother Mary; "I've got through going to saloons." "Thank God!" she replied. And May went and put both arms around his neck, and kissed him.

*Charlie.*—That's just like her, the little tot.

*Frank.*—Then father told us how it all came about.

*Charlie.*—Oh, tell us that, Frank?

*Frank.*—He said that Price was telling the crowd of the jolly time he expected to have at Christmas; and how much he was going to spend on his wife and family for presents. Father said this went to his heart; his wife and his family were looking forward to anything but a happy Christmas, and all on account of Price's saloon. "Christmas without Drink; that's my motto," said he; then he told us we should have twenty-five cents a week to save up for presents, and these are two I bought to-night, and I have one dollar left.

*Charlie.*—What a charming Christmas it would be were every drinker to adopt that motto. Frank, you don't know how glad I am.

*Frank.*—You must come over to-morrow and see how we look under the new dispensation; the T. and C. Company have a meeting at six, and I know the senior members of the firm would be pleased to see you.

*Charlie.*—I shall certainly try and be there, Frank. Good-bye!

*Frank.*—Good-bye, Charlie! I shall be on the look-out for you.

#### MAMIE'S WANTS AND WISHES.

I want a piece of talito  
To make my doll a dress;  
I doesn't want a big piece—  
A yard 'll do, I guess.

I wish you'd mend my needle,  
And find my thimble, too—  
I have such heaps of sewing  
I don't know what to do.

My Hepsy's tore her apron  
A tumblin' down the stair,  
And Caesar's lost his pantaloons,  
And needs anuzzer pair.

I wants my Maud a new bonnet  
She hasen't none at all,  
And Fred must have a new jacket—  
His uzzer one's too small.

I wants to go to grandma's—  
You promised me I might;  
I know she wants to see me—  
I wants to go to-night.

She lets me wash the dishes  
And see in grandpa's watch;  
I wish I'd free, four pennies  
To buy some butter-sotch.

I want some newer mittens—  
I wish you'd knit me some,  
'Cause all my fingers freezes,  
They leak so in the fum,

I wored it out last summer  
A pullin' George's sled;  
I wish you wouldn't laugh so—  
It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cookie;  
I'm hungry as I can be;  
If you hasn't pretty large ones  
You'd better bring me free.