

# THE CANADA CITIZEN

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD

Freedom for the Right Means Suppression of the Wrong.

VOL. 4.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, MARCH 7th, 1884.

NO. 36

## The Canada Citizen

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, MARCH 7th, 1884.

### THE ONTARIO ALLIANCE.

The annual convention of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance will be held in Toronto, commencing on the 25th inst. Preparations are being made to make the convention one of the most interesting ever held in Ontario. It will certainly be one of the most important, as the present position of the cause is of peculiar interest. Arrangements have been made by which those attending the meeting, can get return fares from all points on the different railways, at a fare and a third. A large attendance is strongly urged. Full information, circulars, programmes, &c., can be obtained from the secretary, F. S. Spence, 8 King Street East, Toronto.

### PROHIBITION.

"That, the object of good Governments is to promote the general welfare of the people by a careful encouragement and protection of whatever makes for the public good, and by an equally careful discouragement and suppression of whatever tends to the public disadvantage. That the traffic in alcoholic liquors as beverages is productive of serious injury to the moral, social and industrial welfare of the people of Canada. That despite the legislation preceding the evils of intemperance remain so vast in magnitude, so wide in extent and so destructive in effect, as to constitute a serious evil and a national disgrace. That this House is of the opinion, for the reasons hereinbefore set forth, that the right and most effectual legislative remedy for these evils is to be found in the enactment and enforcement of a law prohibiting the importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes."

This is the resolution that Prof. Foster, on behalf of the Temperance men of Canada, asks the House of Commons to adopt. It is clear and unhesitating in its assertion, and, at the same time, plain, temperate and truthful in every clause. Prof. Foster has supported it in a speech to which the same remarks apply—a speech free from anything in the line of exaggeration or rant, but an arraignment of the terrible liquor traffic that ought to carry conviction to the mind of anyone whose prejudices do not utterly preclude conviction.

The fact that the mover and seconder of this resolution respectively belong to different political parties is a very pleasing and encouraging feature of the case. We may now hope to have the question discussed apart from the entangling and perverting influences of partizanship, and we confidently await an earnest and hearty response to this straight-forward and patriotic appeal. The time is opportune. The country is thoroughly roused to the awful evils that the liquor traffic produces. The air is thick with schemes and plans for limiting and regulating the traffic. Statesmen are perplexed over the problems of licensing systems and licensing jurisdiction. Time, and money, and energy, are being expended in fruitless attempts to improve laws that are unsound in principle, and ineffective in operation, and whose authority is questioned or denied. Prof. Foster's resolution offers a tried and successful remedy for the evil, a sound principle upon which to act, and a simple releasement from the uncertainty and harassment of conflicting and undecided authority.

It is not going too far to state that this is the most important question upon which the House of Commons is this session called upon to express itself, and we hope for a full vote, a vote in accordance with the magnitude of the question, the vast interests at stake, the great principles involved, and the overwhelming demand of a strong and rapidly growing public sentiment.

### Selected Articles.

"TAKE THE SAFEST PATH, FOR I AM FOLLOWING YOU."

BY THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT, LIVERPOOL, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

During one of my holidays in North Wales, I was staying with my family near a range of hills to which I was strongly attracted. Some of them were slanting and easy to climb, and my children rejoiced to accompany me to their summit. One, however, was higher than the others, and its sides were steep and rugged. I often looked at it with a longing desire to reach the top. The constant companionship of my children, however, was a difficulty. Several of them were very young, and I knew it would be full of peril for them to attempt the ascent. One bright morning, when I thought they were all busy with their games, I started on my expedition. I quietly made my way up the face of the hill till I came to a point where the path forked, one path striking directly upwards, and the other ascending in a slanting direction. I hesitated for a moment as to which of the two paths I would

take, and was about to take the precipitous one when I was startled by hearing a little voice shouting, "Father, take the safest path, for I am following you." On looking down I saw that my little boy had discovered my absence and followed me. He was already a considerable distance up the hill, and had found the ascent difficult, and when he saw me hesitating as to which of the paths I should take, he revealed himself by the warning cry. I saw at a glance that he was in peril at the point he had reached, and trembled lest his little feet should slip before I could get to him. I therefore cheered to him by calling to him that I would come and help him directly. I was soon down to him, and grasped his little warm hand with a joy that every father will understand. I saw that in attempting to follow my example he had incurred fearful danger, and I descended, thanking God that I had stopped in time to save my child from injury or death.

Years have passed since that, to me memorable morning; but though the danger has passed the little fellow's cry has never left me. It taught me a lesson the full force of which I had never known before. It showed me the power of our unconscious influence, and I saw the terrible possibility of our leading those around us to ruin, without intending or knowing it, and the lesson I learned that morning I am anxious to impress upon those to whom my words may come.

Charles Lamb has said that the man must be a very bad man, or a very ignorant one, who does not make a good resolution on New Year's Day; and believing that the readers of this tract are neither one nor the other, I want to show them the importance of their resolving to be abstainers not only for their own sakes, but especially for the sake of those around them. I want them to listen to the voice of the children who are crying to them in tones that it would be criminal to disregard: "Take the safest path, for we are following you."

The apostle Paul tells us that "no man liveth to himself," and this solemn truth we should ever bear in mind. Those around us are, without an effort on their part or ours, constantly being moulded or shaped by our example. Hence, in spite of ourselves, we are our brother's keeper; we can lift him up into purity and light, or we can drag him down into darkness and despair. This is especially true of the children around us. With these our influence is a moral atmosphere, affecting them far more than we imagine. Children are like the sensitized plates of the photographer, and our every look and action produce their effect. They are also naturally imitators, and our lives are reproduced in theirs. The child of the minister will form his little pulpit, summon his congregation, and deliver his discourse. The child of the smoker will be seen with its mimic pipe going through the same performance as the father, while the child of the drinker will eagerly watch for an opportunity to drain the glass from which his father has been drinking. Their bright sharp eyes watch our every motion, in the family, at the hearth, and round the table; and though we are conscious of exerting no influence upon them, our every act and tone sinks into their plastic nature, and moulds their character for ever. If the influence is for evil, no heavenly discipline can entirely remove it, and if it is for good, no bad associations can entirely effect its destruction.

I want my readers to look at these solemn facts in their bearing on total abstinence. Our children come into the world unable to distinguish between good and evil, especially as to their daily life. We have to teach them what "to eat, drink, and avoid." In some cases there is perplexity, there are physical peculiarities that make "one man's food another man's poison." It is not so, however, in the use of intoxicating drink. Here all is plain.

There are but two paths before us. They must either drink or abstain. The children have no means, apart from us, of knowing which path to take; they both appear equally safe and proper; the more so as they see wise and good men walking in both paths. They must make a choice, and having faith in one wisdom, and our love, they practically turn to us and ask, Which path shall I take? We must answer, and answer in a way that the children cannot misunderstand. With our lips we may recommend the path of abstinence, but our true answer will be our own conduct. Actions speak louder than words. Drinking a single glass of wine in the presence of children will influence them far more than your teaching, however forcible or eloquent it may be. And the wiser and holier you are, the more important it is that the voice of your lives should point in the right direction. Everybody now knows that abstinence is the path of safety, and that drinking is the path of danger. That the one is the broad, winding slippery path by which every drunkard has reached the regions of despair. That multitudes have cursed the day they ever entered it, and

with earnest entreaty have besought their children to avoid it. That the other is plain and safe, leading to health, intelligence, virtue and religion. That multitudes of those that are treading it, thank God they ever entered it, and earnestly urge those they love to tread it also.

These paths are open before us on this blessed New Year's Day. We have the terrible power of choice. We cannot move without affecting others. The children in their innocence and weakness are following us "through with unequal step," and are crying to us, "Take the safest path for we are following you." Parents, Teachers, Citizens, Christians, Ministers of the Gospel, hear their cry. It is possible that, as in my case when climbing the mountain, your head may be so steady, and your foot so firm, that you, like many others, may tread the dangerous path without falling. But what of the children that are following you? Can you guarantee that their heads will be as steady, and their feet as firm as yours? And if not, then it may come to pass that though loving the children tenderly and striving most earnestly in other ways to promote their welfare, your example may be the stumbling-block over which they fall into present and eternal ruin. We are responsible to God for our example, and in the great day we must meet the results of even our unconscious influence. I am personally prepared to meet the results of my total abstinence, but I dare not meet the results of my drinking, however moderately. Dare you? In the decision to which you came to-day take in the whole case. If you drink you may gratify habit, appetite and custom; you may produce a momentary flow of animal spirits and even fancy that you derive a little physical advantage. Having said this, I think I have said all that can possibly be said in favor of drinking; and I think you will see that you have only selfish reasons for continuing to practise it, your own comfort, your own pleasure, your own health. If, on the contrary, you resolve to abstain, you will see that your reasons will be noble, generous and Christian. You avoid the "appearance of evil;" you will pursue a course of self denial; your example will be one that all can safely imitate. When you leave a home, or company, you will have no misgiving as to the influence you have exerted. No man to whom drink is a temptation will be able to make your one glass an excuse for his two glasses. No victim who is endeavoring to escape from his besetment will be thrown back by your example; and whatever may be the future of the young people around you, they will never be able to charge you with having led them astray.

Dr. Lyman Beecher has well said, "It is not enough to erect the flag ahead to mark the spot where the drunkard dies. It must be planted at the entrance proclaiming in waving capitals 'This is the way to death!' If we cannot stop men at the beginning we cannot separate between that and the end. He that lets strong drink alone is safe, and only he."

I beseech the readers to realise the tremendous power which they possess, and to resolve by God's help to tread the path of abstinence, if for no other reason, because the children are following them.—*Scottish Temperance League New Year Tract.*

#### PROF. FOSTER'S SPEECH.

The following is the *Mail's* report of Prof. Foster's speech on Wednesday, in moving his resolution in favor of total prohibition:—

In support of the motion, he stated the feeling in favor of prohibition was growing in Canada, and this was not surprising. The liquor traffic had caused the loss of millions to this country. It had hardened the condition of labor, and had rendered useless almost as much brain and muscle in this country as was utilized within it. Liquor had gone farther to sow the germs of discontent and trouble in this country than any other cause which could be named. In view of this, it was the duty of Parliament to deal with and mitigate the evils of the traffic. He was sure that a large portion of the community in Canada was in favor of these resolutions. These resolutions had to do only with the use of intoxicants as beverages. It did not deal with them all for other and scientific purposes. It might be asked why he proposed to adopt a different plan in dealing with the traffic in intoxicating liquors than that adopted in regulating any other industry. The answer was that he did so because experience and the open expression of all enlightened and progressive Governments demonstrated that there was something wrong in the liquor traffic calling for the most severe restrictions being placed upon it. This feeling was generally shared in by the people as well. No Government or party could now afford the loss of prestige that

would follow an open support of the trade in intoxicants, so general had the feeling of repugnance and hostility to the liquor become. The Queen's Speech at the opening of a recent British Parliament contained a paragraph congratulating Parliament upon the reduction in the item of revenue derived from the duty on alcoholic liquors. No such reference would have been made to a loss of revenue from cotton or any other industry. The whole temperance question, he thought, rested on two pivotal points, whether or not the traffic in its nature and results was such as demanded total legal suppression, and whether or not the rightness and efficiency of prohibition were capable of proof. The overwhelming testimony of scientific and medical men in all countries went to show that the use of alcohol as a beverage was productive of by far the largest proportion of disease, misery, and crime in existence, while the highest state of human happiness and health resulted from total abstinence. Science stripped of all prejudice spoke out on this question with no uncertain sound, and it warned people that not only was alcohol valueless as an article of food, but that it was the most destructive agent in existence. The voice of economic science too, was no less decided and outspoken on this question, declaring as it did, that the liquor traffic antagonized all the conditions which were necessary to the high state of national prosperity; that the country would be most prosperous, other things being equal, under the conditions which ensure the most frugal use of all its material resources. (At this point in the hon. gentlemen's speech two baskets of natural flowers, presented by the W. C. T. U. of Canada, were sent into the chamber, one being placed on the hon. gentleman's desk, and the other on desk of the seconder of the motion, Mr. Fisher.) Again, other things being equal, the maximum of the prosperity of a country was secured by a wise conservation of its labor and power. The result of the investigations made by a committee of the British House of Commons proved the fact that the labor of at least one out of every six laborers was lost to the country through the liquor traffic. Another axiom in political economy was that the maximum of prosperity, other things being equal, would be reached in that country which had a minimum of non-productive and dangerous or criminal elements. Every non-producer, therefore, was a burden upon the people, and retarded the progress and accumulating wealth of the country, and no trade threw so large a percentage of the non-producers upon the country as the liquor traffic. No trade effected so large a waste of human energy and producing power, and therefore economic science demanded that it should be abolished. But the claims of social science called still more loudly for this reform than either physiological or economic science. When the traffic entered into society it resulted in taking away a large amount of labor from its proper employment, and it introduced disorder and instability. There was no more potent seed of disorder in this or any other Anglo-Saxon country than that which came from the liquor traffic. Plenty was dragged from its seat, and pauperism took its place, robbing its victims of all manly and independent aspirations, and worse than this there was inflicted upon society a great portion of that crime which was such a dark blot on the country's history. He read from statistics of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor, in which it was shown that during the last twenty years the percentage of what was known as rum crimes, or offences directly traceable to the influence of the use of liquors, formed 60 per cent. of the whole crimes of the State. For all these reasons he thought he had a right to demand the total legal suppression of the liquor traffic at the hands of the State. (Cheers.)

### WHERE IS THE RIGHT OF IT?

BY THE HON. NEAL DOW.

Some time ago I saw it proclaimed in the press, by authority of a prominent and influential clergyman, that he did not favor abstinence from alcoholic drinks, but, on the contrary, that he approved their habitual use. It seems to me there must be a right and a wrong as to this matter, and it ought not to be difficult to find.

Some time ago, a stranger to me, and I were the only occupants of a carriage on an English railway. The gentleman knew me; he was a rector of the English Church. He commenced a conversation brusquely by asking:

"Mr. Dow, do you (temperance people) hold that to drink a glass of wine is a sin for us?"

"We say nothing of that; but this is our view. An intelligent man must know something of the sin, shame, crime, horror, which in this country come from intemperance. He must know that intemperance comes from the drinking habits of society. He must know, also, that these are upheld and perpetuated by the example and influence of the better classes of the people. For a man who knows all this to lend the influence of his example to uphold the customs whence all this mischief comes, is a mortal sin. We hold it to be a primary Christian duty so to live that if all the world should follow our example no harm could come from it. If our example of total abstinence should be adopted by all the world, the sin, shame, crime and infinite misery coming from intemperance would cease in a day, and the world would be relieved of nine-tenths of the wretchedness by which it is now cursed.

The rector made no reply.

PORTLAND, ME.

—*Delaware Signal.*

### THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

We are very much gratified at the general awakening throughout our country against the drinking usages of society. The determination of the Alliance to move for the general submission of the Scott Act, the announcement that the parliament now sitting will be asked to consider something definite in the way of prohibition, the activity of the counties which are already preparing for the contest, combined with the pronounced stand now taken in many quarters of the Christian church, make the outlook altogether promising. If, now, all friends of this movement will go unitedly to work, put aside trivial differences, be willing to accept the second best thing rather than give their countenance to nothing, there may be an end sometime to this long endured curse.

It will be needless to point out that disunion in plans or in object will result as it always has in the history of temperance reform. Let societies spend their strength in the maintenance of rivalry, or temperance men refuse to co-operate in the less because they cannot have the greater, or time and revenue be exhausted upon side issues to the detriment of the main question, and it will be failure again.

A lesson from the opponents of this movement ought to be well learned. They believe in their cause as a sense-gratifying or money-getting institution, and prosecute it unitedly and with a determination which so far has been ingloriously successful. Everything is grist which comes to their mill. They work their case upon the line of license or liberty equally well. They make their moral and patriotic appeals. They use in their cause the influence of clergymen and distillers, statesmen or tavern-keepers, it matters little which so long as their end in view can be gained, and—the point to be observed—they go at it with these means unanimously. So say we in reference to the matter now in agitation. Let every legitimate means be used and brought unitedly to the work wherever one step of advantage may be made possible, whether Grocers' License, Crook's Act, Scott Act, or Prohibition. If temperance people would do all they can in any way which lies open to them, and if especially Christian churches would bring unequivocally the whole weight of their influence to the settlement of the question, the country would very soon rid itself of this grievous burden.—*Canadian Baptist.*

### DROWN THE OLD CAT.

Passing along a prominent street not long since, I was attracted by a large concourse of people before a shop window, in which was displayed a motley collection of cruel weapons, consisting of clubs, sharp-pointed sticks, knotted ropes, an old frying-pan—in fact almost every instrument of petty torture that a cruel mind could invent. Over these things was displayed a placard something like this: "The articles exhibited below were captured by the 'Society of the Prevention of Cruelty to Children,' from inhuman parents, and were actually used by them to inflict torture on their helpless children." Underneath were a dozen or more photographs of the "little innocents," who had been rescued by the Society from their unnatural protectors, with a short printed history of each case of cruelty. But the strangest (?) part of it was that they all read nearly alike, something like this: "Maggie Burns, aged eleven years, scarred with a hot poker by her drunken mother." "John Edwards, aged nine years, ribs crushed by an

inhuman father jumping on him while in a beastly state of intoxication.' And so on through the whole series—"drunken father or drunken mother."

"How atrocious!" sighed a lady in the crowd. "Haw-i-ble!" lisped a dandy. "Cannot something be done to stop this cruelty?" asked a venerable old gentleman.

A good-natured, verdant-looking individual, who had been quietly gazing in at the window, eyed the old man from head to foot, and finally answered: "That reminds me of an old cat that I used to have at home. Every few months she would bring into the house a litter of kittens, and then I would have to take them down to the river and drown them. It got to be monotonous—a nuisance. My children called me cruel; my wife said I was inhuman. But I could better afford to have a kitten aquarium than a cat hospital. One time, while going on my regular tour to the river, I met a neighbor who inquired what I was doing. Upon telling him, and also my frequent troubles that way, he asked, 'Why don't you drown the old cat?' I went home, captured the old beast, and putting a stone around her neck, soon put a quietus on all further worry. Strange I did not think of that way before. So it is with this trouble. You can't drown the worthless parents, but you can drown out those corner groceries where they buy the vile poison that takes away their very nature and causes all the misery. This Society is a grand institution, conducted by kind-hearted men and women, but they can't stop this evil by providing comfortable homes for the helpless children, any more than they can stop the flow of the mighty Mississippi by putting a Virginia fence-rail across its mouth! They must drown the old cat, then they will not have to take care of the kittens."

The old gentleman sadly shook his head, and hurried away to take a South-End car. He owned a block of stores, and let one of them for a corner rum-hole.—*Ex.*

**Temperance News.**

OTTAWA.—The Dominion's liquor bill for 1883 is shown by a return brought down. The total quantity of spirits, beer and other intoxicating liquors manufactured and entered for consumption in Canada last year was.—Spirits, 3,766,586 gallons; malt liquor, 13,178,820 gallons. Spirits paid an excise duty of \$1 per gallon, while the duty on malt liquor and cost of collection amounted to \$256,295. The total quantity of spirits manufactured was 4,099,525 gallons, nearly the whole of this being produced in Ontario. The quantity of spirits and beer consumed in each province is shown by the following table.—

	Spirits. Gals.	Beer. Gals.
Ontario.....	1,979,896	9,209,068
Quebec.....	1,401,140	2,788,830
New Brunswick.....	165,800	193,850
Nova Scotia.....	81,010	423,642
Prince Edward Island.....	4,134	21,900
Manitoba.....	83,671	328,378
British Columbia.....	50,935	213,152

In addition to the above 37,371,492 pounds of malt, paying \$381,114, were used in the production of malt liquor last year. The total quantity of intoxicating liquors imported last year was 2,064,208 gallons, valued at \$1,809,990, and paying a total customs duty of \$1,811,913. The consumption of all kinds of imported liquors by Provinces cannot be ascertained, because large quantities entered in one Province are consumed in another.—*Globe.*

TORONTO.—The Ontario Government has introduced a Bill into the Local Legislature amending the Crooks Act. The principal improvements are in the direction of the restrictive provisions of the McCarthy Act. It is to be regretted that some of the amendments most anxiously looked for, such as the separation of liquor from groceries, are not in the bill. The Licensed Victuallers are strongly pleading, by deputations, &c., for further privileges, and the temperance workers are as strongly pressing their views. The Government is kept pretty busy receiving deputations, and it is difficult at present to forecast the shape the Bill may finally take. We have confidence, however, that Mr. Mowat, Mr. Ross, and the other active temperance men in the House will not do anything that could be called taking a backward step in legislation on the liquor question. Meetings are being held in different wards to perfect and make permanent for future electoral use, the organizations that were called into existence for the purpose of

carrying the recent vote against the sale of liquor in grocery stores. The Government is being waited upon, in view of the recent by-law passed by the council, with a request that the present grocers' licenses be extended after the first of next May, at which time they expire, for the purpose of enabling their holders to dispose of their present stock of liquors.

The McCarthy Act provides that parties holding licenses under its provisions may be taxed for revenue purposes by the local Legislatures of their respective provinces. Mr. Hardy, provincial Secretary for Ontario has accordingly introduced into the local Legislature a series of resolutions, of which the following is a part:

"That it is therefore expedient that the following duties shall be payable upon and in respect of any of the licenses hereinafter mentioned, which may be issued under and by virtue of the said Act of the Parliament of Canada, namely, "The Liquor License Act of 1883," that is to say:—

For each tavern, saloon, or shop license in cities, the sum of	\$300
For each tavern, saloon, or shop license in towns, the sum of	250
For each tavern or shop license in an incorporated village, the sum of.....	150
For each tavern or shop license in townships, the sum of....	120
For each wholesale license within the authority of the Legislature of this province.....	350
For each license for a vessel within the authority of the Legislature of this province, the sum of.....	250
An additional duty of.....	20

shall be paid upon the transfer or removal of any of the aforesaid licenses.

NEW YORK.—Never in the history of this city was there such activity in the temperance cause as at present. The meetings at Chickering Hall for the past two Sundays, when Mrs. Mary A. Hunt and Mrs. J. Ellen Foster were the speakers, were crowded to overflowing, hundreds being compelled to stand throughout the service of two hours, while others reluctantly left the hall. The Cooper Union meetings—both afternoon and evening—call out interested audiences of from 2,000 to 3,000. Then there are the Jerry McAuley and the half dozen other missions receiving a support and wielding an influence far greater than ever before in their history. Again, the recent mass gatherings of political reformers have been compelled to recognise the rum traffic as the great source of corruption. And finally, the great meeting of Monday night at Steinway Hall, at which Rev. Henry A. Braun, D.D., of the Catholic church, lectured on the "Theology, Medicine, and Politics of the Temperance Question," and was supported on the stage by Archbishop Corrigan, Fathers Duranquet, Healy, Kean and others, and the immense "High License" gathering at Chickering Hall, Tuesday evening, at which Hon. John Jay, Judge Noah Davis, Rev. H. W. Beecher, Rev. Howard Crosby, Robert Graham, and other equally well-known citizens participated—all testify to the fact that this problem is fast becoming the leading social and political question of the day, even in this city.—*American Reform,*

**GOOD TEMPLARS.**

A new and promising Lodge was instituted in the Mount Horeb Orange Hall, in the township of Chinguacousy, on Monday, the 3rd. inst., by Bro. W. H. Rodden, P. D. Grand Lodge of Canada.

Several of the Brampton brethren assisted in the ceremonies.

The name "Mount Horeb Lodge" was adopted, and Wednesday decided on as the days of meeting.

The post office address is Brampton.

The following are the officers elect: John Nixon, W. C. T.; Miss Maggie Moore, W. V. T.; Wm. T. Sundy, L. D.; Edward Vernon, W. S.; Miss Emma Vernon, W. T.; Geo. Green, W. F. S.; John Duncan, W. C.; Alfred Cowton, W. M.; Miss Lilly Vernon, W. I. G.; F. W. Cowton, W. O. G.; Miss J. Moore, R. H. S.; Miss Lilly Moore, L. H. S.; Wm. Moore, P. C. T.

TORONTO.—The quarterly meeting of the York County and Toronto District Lodge was held in the Temperance Hall, on Wednesday of last week. There was a very large and enthusiastic representation present from eighteen subordinate lodges. Mr. J. Morrison, D. C., presided. It was decided to petition the Local Legislature to insert a clause in the new Act requiring the keepers of taverns, saloons, &c., to remove all blinds and curtains from the bar-room windows during prohibited hours. By reports which were



presented it was shown that two lodges had been reorganized in the county, and that a number of other reorganizations would be reported at next meeting, which takes place at Newmarket in May next. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for a picnic at some central place during the summer.

The annual reunion of the various city lodges of the Independent Order of Good Templars was held in Shaftesbury hall last evening. There was a good attendance, a number of representatives from the lodges in the county being among those present. After an excellent tea had been served, Mr. F. S. Spence, city deputy, took the chair, and delivered a short address setting forth the work which had been accomplished by the order in the city and county. Mr. W. C. Wilkinson, Rev. Mr. McCallum, and other members of the order made short addresses. A musical and literary programme was then successfully carried out, an interesting feature of which was the playing of musical selections on bells by four members of the order.—*Mail*.

A very successful meeting was held in Parkdale Town Hall, on last Monday evening on the occasion of a visit and lecture from Bro. F. S. Spence, the district deputy. Bro. King occupied the chair, and an interesting programme was gone through. The Deputy's instructive address was warmly appreciated.

A Juvenile Temple was organized on the 25th ult. at the Riverside Baptist Church, Kingston Road. It will be known as the Hope of the East.

SWITZERLAND.—Good Templary was introduced in Switzerland under the auspices of the English Grand Lodge. A report to that body says: "We have made it a rule to accompany and conduct to their homes all the drunkards who lie helpless in the streets. Then we never leave them without giving them some tracts and subsequently we visit them. We have acquired some good members in that way. As the townsfolk often see drunkards between blue ribbon men, they begin to call us 'ambulancier' (field hospital men.) We are proud of the title.—*Western Wave*.

The following items are from the R.W.G.L. official Circular:—  
IOWA.—Our Order is making some progress, and at our next Grand Lodge we will show an increase in lodge membership. During the campaign preceding the submission of the prohibitory amendment to our constitution, our Order practically ceased all work looking to the growth of the Order, and expended all its force in securing its adoption by the people. When the amendment was declared adopted a feeling seemed to pervade the Order that our work was done. The result was that our last Grand Lodge showed some loss. We are now making special efforts in two directions—one to revive dead lodges, and the other to secure statutory prohibition through our next legislature. The Republicans have a majority, elected upon a platform pledging them to give us laws absolutely prohibiting the sale of anything as a beverage which can intoxicate. As that party in the past has redeemed every pledge given, we have every confidence it will redeem this. Before the winter ends we hope to make glad the hearts of the temperance people of all the world by sending them word that Iowa has written on her statute books, *Absolute Prohibition*.—*W. F. Conrad, G. W. C. T.*

KANSAS.—Our last session of Grand Lodge provided for mutual benefit life insurance in connection, with a view to supply a long-felt want in that direction. The Order is not as strong numerically as formerly, but for the most part the lodges are in good working order, and are laboring to make prohibition a complete success in this state. The strongholds of rum are giving way, and violators of prohibitory law are being vigorously prosecuted, and at present rates will soon be driven from the state.—*James Grimes, G. W. C. T.*

KENTUCKY.—We are going to make a strong fight all along the line in Kentucky this year. We will attack King Alcohol in his strongholds. We intend to send out the best lecturers we can procure over the entire state, and drum up all the recruits we can get to fight in this war against the enemy of our homes. On the 4th of next July we propose to have temperance picnics in all the large towns, and invite distinguished speakers from other states to address the people. We intend this winter to petition our legislature to have taught in our common schools the effects of alcohol. We also wish to get an act passed allowing the people to vote by counties upon "Local Option," as a stepping stone to prohibition. I, as physician to the Kentucky Penitentiary, do not use alcohol as a medicine, with the best results, as the records of the prison will show.—*Daniel Gober, G. W. C. T.*

## SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

We regret that in recently reporting the election of Grand Division officers we omitted the name of Bro. Thos. Webster, of Paris, who was unanimously re-elected Grand Worthy Scribe of the Ontario Grand Division. Bro. Webster is a widely known and respected worker in our cause, and one of the most useful members of our Order. The Grand Division is meeting with great success under his judicious and energetic supervision.

The following items are taken from our esteemed cotemporary, the *American Reformer*:—

At last advices nine Divisions had been organized in Maine since last October, and the work was progressing.

Two new Divisions have recently been organized in the District of Columbia, and two or three more are expected soon.

Between January 1st and February 16th, twenty-two Divisions were added to the roll of the Grand Division of Nova Scotia.

Up to February 11th eighteen new Divisions had been organized in New Hampshire since the last annual session of the Grand Division of that State.

Prof. W. F. McCarron has recently organized four Divisions in Georgia, and hopes to reorganize the Grand Division of that State about the middle of March.

Most Worthy Patriarch Jewell is now on a Southern tour looking after the interests of the Order. He is to have an informal reception in Washington, March first.

Forty-one deaths is the aggregate of members of the National Division have been reported at the last five annual sessions of that body. The youngest was thirty-five years of age, the oldest 92, and the average at death was over 66.

A member of the Grand Division of Quebec writes: "We are now on the move in the right direction. We have recently organized one new Division, and reorganized two." The officers expect, before the session of the National Division, to report several more Divisions with a largely increased membership.

At the organization of Triumph Division at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, last month, Most Worthy Patriarch Benj. R. Jewell, as reported in *The Monitor*, "made some very appropriate remarks, advising them to grow slowly, get in workers, not idlers. We want men and women who will make the Order strong. Find out what their object is in sending in their names. If for idle curiosity, or to sit in the Division room and laugh and giggle, you don't want them."

In Ohio, where the Order lost ground during the absorbing political temperance campaign last fall, it is coming up again under the personal supervision of the energetic P. M. W. P., E. J. Morris, who is also Grand Scribe. He has the State divided into ten districts, and has received organizers for five of them. Good results are anticipated.

In Indiana the floods have again done much damage to the Order, the Divisions being located near the Ohio River. The State is again in charge of Past Most Worthy Patriarch Morris, and systematic work has been commenced farther inland. Mrs. A. T. Andrews, of Minnesota, is there and other workers are about commencing.

The late Rev. J. Edson Rockwell, D.D., of Staten Island, formerly of Brooklyn, in a public address said: "The more I learn of the workings of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, the more I am convinced of its soundness and assured of its ultimate success. Its sole tendency is to elevate man, and while it does not offer itself as a substitute for religion, it points toward it, and inclines its members to respect and venerate its institutions, and to seek after the mysteries there revealed. There is not an object aimed at, not a ceremony performed, on which we cannot ask the blessing of God."

Daniel Gober, M.D., Physician to the Kentucky Penitentiary, is the G. W. C. T. for that State. He reports that arrangements are making for "a strong fight all along the line" this year. The Legislature is to be petitioned to direct that text-books on alcohol be placed in the common schools, also to pass a county "Local Option" bill as a "stepping-stone to Prohibition." Next 4th of July, Temperance picnics will be held all over the State, to be addressed by the most distinguished speakers of the country. The Doctor adds: "I, as physician to the penitentiary, do not use alcohol as a medicine, with the best results, as the records of the prison will show."

# OUR JACK'S COME HOME TO-DAY.

By W. J. DEVERS.

*Allegretto con anima.*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

Our Jack's come home from sea to-day, And brown and bronz'd is he, For  
 Our Jack's come home from sea to-day, And a jo-vial tar is he, Full  
 Our Jack's come home from sea to-day, To make his Nell his wife, With

*p*

ma-ny a year he's been a-way, From his home, his love, and me; Yet his  
 ma-ny a tale of storm and gale, He re-counts with care-less glee; And of  
 lov-ing faith she ne'er despair'd Tho' all hope with-in us died; Yet her

*rall.*

heart is true, as it was of old, His spir-its light and gay, You  
 sights he's seen in lands he's been, So strange, so far a-way, All  
 eye grew dim, her check grew pale, She slow-ly pined a-way, But the

*p tempo.* *rall.* *tempo.*

lit - tle know the joy we felt, When he came home to - day, You  
 dan - ger's past he's safe at last, Our Jack's come home to - day, All  
 love - ly bloom's on her face a - gain, Her Jack's come home to - day, But the

lit - tle know the joy we felt, When he came home to - day. CHORUS.  
 dan - ger's past he's safe at last, Our Jack's come home to - day. f  
 love - ly bloom's on her face a - gain, Her Jack's come home to - day. Our

Jack's come home to - day Our Jack's come home to - day, The

good ship Jane's in port a - gain Our Jack's come home to - day.

## General News.

## CANADIAN.

The steamer *Juliet*, just arrived at Halifax, fell in with a burning ship of American or colonial build on Friday night last. The whole hull was a mass of flames, which leaped to a great height and produced a grand effect. The steamer lay in the vicinity for several hours without discovering any of the crew and then proceeded. Those belonging to the burning vessel are thought to have been taken off the previous day by one of several vessels that were met.

The total revenue of Nova Scotia last year was \$563,864 and the expenditure \$541,098, leaving a surplus of \$22,765. The principal items of revenue besides the Dominion subsidy are the mines department, \$122,010; crown lands department, \$20,085. The largest items in the expenditure were education, \$185,850; road service, \$124,160; legislative expenses, \$39,176.

At St. John, N. B., a fire damaged wooden dwellings on Duke street, owned jointly by Mrs. Alex. Thompson and Mrs. Johnston Wilkins. Insured for \$3,000 in the Queen office.

At Sherbrooke, Q., the furniture shop and tub factory of Messrs. Long & Bailey was burned. Total loss on building and contents about \$10,000. The origin of the fire is unknown.

At Quebec, on March 5, the Hon. George Okill Stuart, Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court, died of cancer in the mouth. The deceased was one of the three members for this city in the Canadian Parliament in anti-Confederation days, and was a recognized authority on maritime legal questions.

Great consternation prevails at Three Rivers, P. Q., over the sad death of two children, aged 4 and 2 years, respectively. On Wednesday last Mrs. Charles Caron, living on the second and third flats, locked the children in a room and went out. They were burned to death in her absence. The fire is supposed to have been caused by the children playing with matches.

Mr. Baker, general superintendent of the C. P. R., who was on the snow-bound train at Bell's Corners from Thursday night until Saturday afternoon, states that there were 600 men employed in clearing out the snow from the imprisoned train. It was impossible for the passengers to leave the train, there being upwards of five feet of snow surrounding it.

A terrible accident occurred at Quebec through a runaway horse. As Mrs. Balzaretti, sister in law of ex-Speaker Blanchet, of the Commons, and sister of Rev. Father Bonneau, chaplain of the Sisters of Charity, was stepping out of her own door into the street she was struck by the infuriated animal and instantly killed.

At Peterboro' last Friday as the midday Midland train was approaching Lakefield, a sleigh containing five persons attempted to cross the track at Nicoll's Crossing. The train, whose approach was concealed by a clump of timber, struck the rear part of the sleigh, and Miss Bessie Reid of Ashburnham, received such injuries that she died last night. The others were only slightly hurt.

The residence of James Stratton, collector of customs, has been burned at Peterboro. Insured in the Royal for \$2,000 on building and \$15,000 on furniture. Loss, over and above insurance, about \$2,000.

The Town Council of Picton, on Monday night, by a vote of 9 to 6, decided not to grant billiard licenses for the ensuing year.

Maggie Carrey, a young married woman, was found drunk on Center street, Toronto, with a child in her arms, and nearly frozen to death. At the police court she was sent to the Mercer Reformatory for six months, and the child taken care of by her brother-in-law.

The Shipman House, near the Grand Trunk Railway station, Stratford, was gutted by fire. Loss on building about \$1,500; no insurance. Loss on furniture about \$1,200; insured for 2,000 in the Western of Toronto.

The postoffice, telegraph office, and the store and dwelling belonging to Jas. Trimmings, Bluevale, were totally destroyed by fire last week. The stock was insured in the Waterloo Mutual for \$1,500; total loss on-stock, 5,000.

In the election, at Ingersoll, for the Local Legislature between Mr. James Noxon, mayor of Ingersoll (Reform), and G. A. Cook, reeve of Norwich (Independent), Mr. Cook was elected by 117 majority.

A bill is to be introduced into the House of Commons to authorize the extension of the Credit Valley Railway from Woodstock to Sarnia.

At Richmond Hill a rough-cast house on Mills street, occupied by Walter Hislop and owned by Mr. Newton was burned down. The fire is supposed to have originated in the stovepipe.

Edward O'Connor, a builder of Port Albert was returning home from Manchester with a load of brick. He lost his way and was discovered with his team in a farm yard this morning, about half a mile from his home. He was half frozen when found and died from the effects of the exposure at noon to-day.

Fifteen thousand dollars were found concealed in the bed and sewed in the dresses of an old lady who has died at Essex Centre.

Masked Americans crossed the boundary at Sumas, B.C., last week, and took an Indian suspected of murdering a merchant of Nootsack, W.T., from the British authorities and hanged him to a tree. The excitement over the outrage here is intense. There was another murder in this city on Monday. The murderers have been captured.

## UNITED STATES.

After seven years' idleness the South Boston iron works have resumed the manufacture of heavy ordnance for the Government.

Two young men named Flowers and Ward, visiting friends at Tilton, Ga., became intoxicated. They started to walk home on the railway track, and were killed.

A passenger train on the Illinois Central was derailed near Maryland station. All the coaches left the track, two tipping over and being badly wrecked. Three persons were injured, H. J. Brown, Galena; J. C. Sumnerfield, Chicago, and a traveller from the east, name not ascertained.

A passenger train from Atlanta collided with a passenger train from Macon on the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia railroad. Engineer Heroden and Fireman Pruitt were killed and an express messenger badly hurt. One passenger had his arm broken. The engines and several freight cars were wrecked. Misconstruction of orders was the cause.

The director of the Mint at Washington reports that the total gain in gold coin and bullion in the United States from July 1st, 1883, to January 1st, 1884, is \$25,695,000.

A snow plough on the St. Paul road, near Sioux City, Io., struck a sled containing a farmer named Sisk, a son aged 19, a married daughter, and two small children at Sibley to-day. The son was instantly killed, the father fatally injured, and the others slightly injured.

At Newark, O., C. Nethers, his wife, two children, and Nora Wheeler, were badly poisoned by eating bologna sausage. Miss Wheeler cannot recover, and Nethers is in a precarious condition. The others are recovering.

At Rogerville Junction, Tenn., a family named Guthrie were poisoned Sunday night by eating canned blackberries. Four children have died, and their mother cannot recover.

In Barbour county, Va., two children of Isaac Kennedy fell into a kettle of boiling soap and were burned to death.

The schooner Jacob Kienzel was wrecked off Cape Henry on Wednesday last. The crew took to the rigging, where they remained until Friday, when they were rescued. A steamer passed close to the wreck, but paid no attention to the signals or shouts of the men. All were badly frozen and suffering for want of food.

According to the Bureau of Statistics, 84 per cent. of all the crimes and criminal expenses in Massachusetts comes directly from intemperance.

**FIRES.**—At Oil City, Pa., the Opera House was burned. Loss, \$50,000. The building adjoining was badly damaged.—At Amesbury, Mass., the Union Block and two adjoining buildings were burned. Loss, \$40,000.—At Philadelphia, Coon & Bros., commission merchants were burned out. Damage, \$10,000. Echo carpet mill, with several adjoining buildings, destroyed. Loss, \$25,000. A quantity of fusil oil exploded, and the firemen were compelled to call on the citizens to help them to rescue the engines and hose carriages.—There was also a fire in Rodgers' lamp, oil, and crockery store. Phillip B. Kelley and his wife Emma occupied the third story and escape was cut off. They jumped from the window. Mrs. Kelley sustained a fracture of the skull and will die. Kelley's injuries are not severe.—In the same place last Friday night there were five fires. The wind blew a gale, and the firemen found much trouble in keeping the flames under control. The chemical works of Powers & Wrightman, the largest in the country, were totally destroyed. Loss, over \$1,000,000.—At Harrisburg the signal tower of the Cumberland Valley railway at Susquehanna river bridge was burned. The bridge was saved with difficulty. The company's engine house was destroyed.

The boilers of the California saw mill, at Bear creek, Pa., exploded, demolishing the building, and killed Rudolph Sipler, Whitney Whitebread, and Jesse Knecht. The bodies were blown several hundred feet. Cause unknown.

At San Francisco the manufacturers have locked out 3,500 Chinese cigarmakers. They propose to substitute 2,500 whites from New York. The Chinese packers struck on learning that their countrymen were locked out.

At Battle Creek one of the boilers of the sanitarium exploded, demolishing the engine-room and gymnasium, and blowing the engineer and fireman fifty yards. Both were alive at 10 p.m., but their injuries will probably prove fatal. Loss, \$4,000; insured.

Joseph Atkinson, aged 35, while lying in a drunken stupor on the railroad track near Selma, Pa., was cut to pieces by a passenger train. He leaves a wife and five children.



The extensive works of the United States Stamping Co., Portland, Conn., were burned on the 1st; loss \$400,000

### BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Lord Ripon will return home from India in a few months, and *Truth* thinks that Lord Lorne will be his successor as viceroy.

Great stagnation exists in the shipping interest upon the Tyne. Over a hundred vessels and 1,500 men are idle.

Ireland is paying \$56,000,000 for land rents, but \$60,000,000 for strong drink. Stop howling about rents till you have settled the drink business.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company announce that the accounts for the half year ended December last show that the seventy per cent. net revenue accruing to the Grand Trunk will permit the payment in full of the dividend on first and second preference shares, and three and a quarter per cent. per annum for the half-year on third preference shares. The balance carried forward is about £1,000. The thirty per cent. of revenue accruing to the Great Western share capital covers the payment in full of the dividends on preference and ordinary stocks, leaving a balance of £4,000 for the reduction of the deficit of the previous half-year.

At Madrid, speculators have subscribed £120,000 to raise a revolutionary movement similar to that of August, 1883. The Government are fully informed in regard to the plot.

The steamer *Bertha* collided with the barque *Amelia* at Gibraltar. Nine persons were drowned.

Seventeen of the crew of the barque *Trinidad* from Pensacola, have arrived at Liverpool. They report that they abandoned the vessel in a waterlogged condition February 24th. The captain and the remainder of the crew refused to quit the ship.

The trial of Christian August Selmer, Minister of State of Norway, under articles of impeachment, was concluded at Christiania on the 27th. He was adjudged guilty and sentenced to forfeit his place as minister and his membership of the royal council and pay \$5,000 costs.

Congress assembled in Bogota on the 1st inst., and, after scrutinizing the votes, declared Dr. Rafael Nunez President of the Republic for the term which commences April 1st next.

There have been sixteen suicides and two murders at Monte Carlo since the 1st of January. It is stated that the newspapers published in that district have been paid to suppress all mention of the tragic events.

It is announced that M. Charles de Lesseps will visit Cairo in April for the purpose of obtaining concessions which will permit the construction of a second canal across the Isthmus of Suez.

The Island of Chios and towns of Chesme and Vourla, upon the mainland, have been visited by an earthquake.

Earl Dufferin has asked the Porte for satisfaction for the manner in which officials at Smyrna have been treating foreign coasting vessels. They have prevented steamers embarking passengers and removed the Union Jack from English vessels.

Montenegro is making preparations for a campaign in Albania. Six thousand men have been concentrated on the frontier. Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro, designs to settle the frontier question this spring by seizing the territory which Montenegro claims.

The Czar has decided to convene the superior Council at St. Petersburg to consider the Socialist question and enquire whether there really exists a powerful Nihilist party, if so, what its wants are, and how they may be satisfied or be crushed as the demands of the country may require. The council will be composed of representatives of the ruling classes and all heads of the administrative departments.

Advices state that there is a great financial panic at Peking, and many native merchants and banks have failed. Bank rates for silver are rapidly declining. Merchants in the interior have stopped all trading ventures, and the populace throughout the country is greatly excited.

Despatches from Trinkitat report a severe check to the Soudan rebels in the form of a terrible defeat inflicted upon them by British troops under General Graham, on Friday last. The disciplined soldiers were too much for their untrained antagonists, who, however, fought pluckily and hard for half a day. The rebels lost 1,000 killed. Gen. Graham decided to remain at the Wells of Teb for the day and night. The spoils taken from Baker Pasha were in a large measure recovered. The losses of the British in the fight was 24 killed and 142 wounded. The British forces captured four Krupp guns, two Howitzers, and one machine gun. Osman Digma is encamped eight miles off. A battle with him is expected. Seven hundred men, women and children have arrived at Suakim from Tokar. The rebels mutilated the British dead that fell into their hands.

### Tales and Sketches.

#### HOME INFLUENCES.

"Who's that, I wonder?" said Mrs. Seaburn, as she heard a ring at the basement door,

"Ah! it's Marshall," returned her husband, who had looked out at the window and recognised the grocer's cart.

"And what have you had sent home now, Henry?"

But before Mr. Seaburn could answer, the door of the sitting room was opened, and one of the domestics looked in, and asked--

"What'll I do wid the demijohns, mum?"

"Demijohns?" repeated Mrs. Seaburn.

"Put them in the hall and I'll attend to them," interposed the husband.

"Henry, what have you sent home now?" the wife asked after the domestic had gone,

"Some nice old b. ardy," replied Henry.

Cora Seaburn glanced up at the clock, and then looked down upon the floor. There was a cloud upon her fair brow, and it was very evident that something lay heavily upon her heart. Presently she walked to the wall and pulled the bell-cord, and the summons was answered by the chambermaid,

"Are George and Charles in their room?"

"Yes, ma'am,"

"Tell them it ts school-time."

The girl went out, and in a little while two boys entered the sitting room, with their books under their arms, and their caps in their hands. They were bright, happy, healthful fellows, with goodness and truth stamped upon their rosy faces, and the light of free consciences gleaming in their sparkling eyes. George was thirteen years of age, and Charles eleven; and certainly those two parents had reason to be proud of them. The boys kissed their mother, gave a happy "good morning" to their father, and then went away to school.

"Come," said Mr. Seaburn, some time after the boys had gone, "What makes you so sober?"

"Sober?" repeated the wife looking up.

"Yes. You have been sober and mute ever since the grocer came."

"Do you want me to tell you why?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, Henry, I am sorry you have had that spirit brought into the house."

"Pooh! what's the use in talking so, Cora? You wouldn't have me to do without it, would you?"

"Yes."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I would cut clear of the stuff, now and forever."

"But—Cora—you are wild. What should we do at our parties without wine?"

"Do as others who have it not."

"But—mercy!—what would people say? Are you afraid I—but no—I won't ask so foolish a question."

"Ask it, Henry, let us speak plainly, now that we have fairly commenced,"

"Well, I was about to ask if you were afraid that I should ever—drink too much?"

"That's not a fair question, Henry, I was not thinking of that at all, but I will answer it by and bye. You have no fixed appetite for it now?"

"Of course not."

"Then it would not cost you any effort of will to abstain from its use?"

"Not a particle."

"And you only have it in the house, and serve it to your friends and drink it yourself, because it is fashionable! or, you do it because others do it?"

"I do it because"—said Mr. Seaburn, hesitating in his choice of language—"because it would appear very odd, and very niggardly, and very fanatical, not to do it." This last was spoken emphatically.

"But," pursued Mrs. Seaburn, with the calmness and assurance of one who feels the sustaining influence of right, "you would not do what you were convinced was wrong, out of respect to any such considerations, would you?"

"You know I would not, Cora. This question of temperance, I know, is a good one in the abstract, and I am willing to live up to it as I understand it; but I am no teetotaler."

"Henry," said his wife, with an earnest look into his face, "will you answer me a few questions?—and answer them honestly and truly, without equivocation or evasion?"

"Bless me, how methodically you put it, Cora. But I will answer."

"Then—first, — Do you believe you, are your friends, are in any way benefitted by the drinking of intoxicating beverages at your board? That is, do you derive any real good from it?"

"No, I can't say that we do."

"Do you think the time has ever been, since we were married, when we actually needed wine in the house, either for our health or comfort?"

"Why, I think it has ministered to our comfort, Cora."

"How?"

"Oh, in many ways."

"Name one of them."

"Why, in the enjoyment of our guests."

"Ah, but I am speaking of ourselves, Henry—of you, and me, and our own little family. Has it ever ministered to our comfort?"

"No, I can't say that it has."

"And if it was banished from our house to-day and forever, as a beverage, should we suffer in consequence?"

"Certainly, what would our friends—"

"Ah, but stop. I am only speaking of our own affairs, as shut out from the world, by our own fireside. I want all extraneous considerations left out of the question. Should we, as a family, suffer in our moral, physical, social, or domestic affairs, in the total abstinence from this beverage?"

"No, I don't know that we should."

"Then, to you, as a husband, and a father, and as a man, it is of no earthly use?"

"No."

"And it would cost you no effort, as far as you alone are concerned, to break clear from it?"

"Not a particle."

"And now, Henry," pursued the wife, with increased earnestness, "I have a few more questions to ask:—Do you believe that the drinking of intoxicating beverages is an evil in this country?"

"Why, as it is now going on, I certainly do."

"And isn't it an evil in society?"

"Yes."

"Look over this city, and tell me if it is not a terrible evil!"

"A terrible evil grows out of the abuse of it, Cora."

"And will you tell me what good grows out of the use of it?"

"Really, love, when you come down to this abstract point, you have the field. But people should govern their appetites. All things may be abused."

"Yes. But will you tell me the use—the real good—to be derived from drinking wine and brandy?"

"As I said before, it is a social custom, and has its charms."

"Ah, there you have it, Henry. It does have its charms, as the deadly snake is said to have, and as other vices have. But I see you are in a hurry."

"It is time I was at the store."

"I will detain you but a moment longer, Henry. Just answer me a few more questions. Now call to mind all the families of your acquaintance; think of all the domestic circles you have known since your school-boy days to the present; run your thoughts through the various homes where you have been intimate—do this, and tell me, if in any one instance you ever knew a single joy to be planted by the hearth-stone from the wine-cup? Did you ever know one item of good to flow to a family from its use?"

"No; I cannot say that I ever did—not as you mean."

"And now answer me again. Think of those homes once more—call to memory the playmates of your childhood—think of the homes they have made—think of other homes—think of the firesides where all you have known dwell, and tell me if you have seen any sorrows flow from the wine-cup? Have you seen any great griefs planted by the intoxicating bowl upon the hearth-stone?"

Henry Seaburn did not answer, for there passed before him such grim spectres of *Sorrow* and *Grief*, that he shuddered at the mental vision. He saw the youth cut down in the hour of promise; he saw the grey head fall in dishonor; he saw hearts broken; he saw homes made desolate; he saw affection wither up and die; and saw noble intellect stricken down! Good Heaven! what sights he saw as he unrolled the canvass of his memory.

"Henry," whispered the wife, moving to his side, and winding one arm gently about his neck, "we have two boys. They are growing to be men. They are noble, generous, and tender-hearted. They love their home and honor their parents. They are here to form those characters—to receive those impressions which shall be the basis upon which their future weal or woe must rest. Look at them—O, think of them!—Think of them doing battle in the great struggle of the life before them. Shall they carry out from their home one evil influence? Shall they, in the time to come, fall by the wayside, cut down by the Demon of the Cup, and in their dying hour, curse the example whence they derived the appetite? O, for our children—for those two boys—for the men we hope to see them—for the sweet memories we would have them cherish of their home—for the good old age they may reap—let us cast this thing out now, and for ever!"

Cora kissed her husband as she ceased speaking; and then he arose to his feet; but he made her no reply.

"Henry, you are not offended?"

"No," he said. He returned her kiss, and without another word, left the house and went to his store.

How strangely did circumstances work to keep the idea his wife had given him alive in his mind. That very morning, he met a youth, the son of one of his wealthy friends, in a state of wild intoxication; and during the forenoon he heard that young Aaron G— had died at sea. He knew that Aaron

had been sent away from home that he might be reclaimed.

After the bank had closed, and as Henry Seaburn was thinking of going to his dinner, he received a note through the Penny Post. It was from a medical friend, and contained a request that he would call at the hospital on his way home. This hospital was not much out of his way, and he stopped there.

"There is a man in one of the lower wards who wishes to see you," said the doctor.

"Does he know me?" asked Seaburn.

"He says he does."

"What is his name?"

"He won't tell us. He goes by the name of Smith; but I am satisfied that such is not his true name. He is in the last stage of consumption and delirium. He has lucid intervals, but they do not last long. He has been here a week. He was picked up in the street and brought here. He heard your name, and said he knew you once."

Mr. Seaburn went into the room where the patient lay, and looked at him. Surely he never knew that man! "There must be some mistake," he said.

The invalid heard him, and opened his eyes—such bloodshot, unearthly eyes!

"Harry," he whispered, trying to lift himself upon his elbow, "is this Henry Seaburn?"

"That is my name."

"And don't you know me?"

"I am sure I do not." And he would have said that he did not wish to, only the man seemed so utterly miserable, that he would not wound what little feeling he might have left.

"Have you forgotten your old playmate in boyhood, Harry—your friend in other years—your chum in college?"

"What!" gasped Seaburn, starting back aghast, for a glimmer of the truth burst upon him. "This is not Alec Lomborg?"

"All that is left of him, my Hal," returned the poor fellow, putting forth his wasted, skeleton hand, and smiling a faint quivering, dying smile.

"Alexander Lomborg!" said Henry, gazing into the bloated, disfigured face before him.

"You wouldn't have known me, Hal?"

"Indeed—no!"

"I know I am altered."

"But, Alec," cried Seaburn, "how is this? Why are you here?"

"Rum, my Hal—RUM! I'm about done for. But I wanted to see you. They told me you lived not far away, and I would look upon one friend before I died."

"But I heard that you were practising in your profession, Alec, and doing well."

"So I did do well when I practised, Hal. I have made some pleas, but I have given up all that."

"And your father—where is he?"

"Don't mention him, Hal. We've broken. I don't know him; he taught me to drink! Aye, he taught me! and then turned the cold shoulder upon me when I drank too much! But I'm going, Hal—going, going!"

"Henry Seaburn gazed into that terrible face, and remembered what its owner had been:—the son of wealthy parents; the idol of a fond mother; the favourite at school, at play, and at college; a light of intellect and physical beauty, and a noble, generous friend. And now, alas! "Alec, can I help you?"

"Yes." And the poor fellow started higher up from his pillow, and something of the old light struggled for a moment in his eye. "Pray for me, Hal. Pray for my soul! Pray that I may go where my mother is! She won't disown her boy. She could not have done it had she lived. O! she was a good mother, Hal. Thank God she didn't live to see this! Pray for me—pray—pray! Let me go to HER!"

As the wasted man sunk back, he fell to weeping, and in a moment more, one of his paroxysms came on, and he began to rave. He thought Harry was his father, and he cursed him; and cursed the habit that had fastened upon him under that father's influence. But Henry could not stop to listen. With an aching heart he turned away and left the hospital. He could not go home to dinner then; he went down town, and got dinner there. At night he went to the hospital again. He would inquire after his friend, if he did not see him.

"Poor fellow!" said the physician, "he never came out of that fit; he died in half-an-hour after you went out."

It was dark when Henry Seaburn reached home.

"You didn't tell Bridget where to put those demijohns, Henry," said his wife. She had not noticed his face, for the gas was burning but dimly.

"Ah, I forgot. Come down with me, Cora, and we'll find a place for them."

His wife followed him down into the basement; and one by one he took the demijohns and carried them into the rear yard, and there he emptied their contents into the sewer. Then he broke the vessels in pieces with his foot, and bade Bridget have the dirtman take the fragments away in the morning. Not one word had he spoken to his wife all the while, nor did she speak to him. He returned to the sitting-room, when his boys were at their books, and took a seat on one of the tete-a-tetes. He called his

wife and children about him, and then he told them the story of Alexander Lomborg.

"And now, my loved ones," he added, laying his hand upon the heads of his boys, "I have made a solemn vow, that henceforth, my children shall find no such influence at their home. They shall never have the occasion to curse the example of their father. I will touch the wine cup no more for ever! What say you, my boys—will you join me in the pledge?"

They joined him with a glad gushing willingness; for their hearts were full, and their sympathies all tuned, by a mother's careful love, to right.

"And you, Cora?"

"Yes, Yes!" she cried. "And may the holy lesson of this hour never be forgotten. Oh, God, let it rest, as an angel of mercy, upon my boys! Let it be a light to their feet in the time of temptation! And so shall they bless through life the influence they carry with them from their home!"

### Our Casket.

#### JEWELS.

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun,  
Beautiful gaol, with race well won,  
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Parting with friends is temporary death,  
As all death is. We see no more their faces,  
Nor hear their voices, save in memory;  
But messages of love give us assurance  
That we are not forgotten. Who shall say  
That from the world of spirits, comes no greeting,  
No message of remembrance? It may be  
The thoughts that visit us, we know not whence,  
Sudden as inspiration, are the whispers  
Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us;  
As friends who wait outside a prison wall,  
Through the barred windows speak to those within.

—Longfellow.

"Prefer knowledge to wealth; for the one is transitory, the other perpetual."—Socrates.

No action will be considered as blameless unless the will was so, for by the will the act was dictated.—Seneca.

No man wants a whisky-mill next door to his own residence. Then how can he be so unfriendly as to vote one next door to his neighbor.

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.

A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life. I would not exchange it for the glory of the Indies."—Gibbon, in the *Choice of Books*.

The years write their records on human hearts as they do on trees, in hidden inner circles of growth which no eye can see.

True greatness, whether in spiritual or worldly matters, does not shrink from minute details of business, but regards their performance as acts of divine worship.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—Addison.

"It is too late to save me," said a poor old drunkard, when urged to reform. "It's too late to save me, but, oh! for God's sake save the boys." Yes it was too late to save him, he had fallen too low to even dream of forgiveness and peace. The demon of drink held his soul in bondage, and he had lost forever all hope and salvation. With the consciousness of his own degradation, he pleads not for himself, but "for God's sake, save the boys!"—*Watchman*.

One day Mr. Wesley was sitting by an open window, looking out over the beautiful fields in summer time. Just then a hawk came sweeping down toward a little bird. The poor thing, very much frightened, was darting here and there, trying to find some place of refuge. In the bright, sunny air, in the leafy trees, or the green fields, was no hiding place from the fierce grasp of the hawk. But, seeing the open window, and a man sitting by it, the bird flew in its terror toward it, and with a beating heart and quivering

wing found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from the threatening danger, and saved it from a cruel death. Mr. Wesley was at the time suffering severe trials, and was feeling the need of a refuge in his own time of trouble as much as the trembling bird did, that nestled in his bosom. So he took up his pen and wrote the hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly."

—Life of Wesley.

The whisky power is as active as the allurements of the dollar can make it, and that its infernal work is successful the criminal reports in any paper abundantly show. It is for the people to say whether this flood of criminality and pauperism shall flow on forever, or whether it shall be checked. It is the question of the hour; it is a question which, in importance to the country, is above slavery, above tariff, above any question that can possibly come before the people. It is home against the rum mills. It is purity against corruption. The very perpetuity of republican institutions is involved in it. The one question in America, as in England, is how best to Pulverize the Rum Power.—*Toledo Blade*.

The temperance question will not down. It rises daily to greater and more solemn importance. It looks more like the beginning of a genuine temperance reform to-day than it ever has before. Men who never before bestirred themselves are moving in this matter. The liquor interest itself is precipitating the great conflict. It is so boldly and scurrilously setting itself against the most sacred rights of person and property that a reaction is rising on all hands. The two hopeful signs in the present outlook are the directing of the temperance forces at the fundamental laws of states, and the attempt to secure the enforcement of laws already on record, by men who have a practical and business influence in the community.—*Church Union*.

#### BITS OF TINSEL.

##### BACKBONE

When you see a fellow mortal  
Without fixed and fearless views,  
Hanging on the skirts of others,  
Walking in their cast-off shoes,  
Bowing low to wealth and favor,  
With abject, uncovered head,  
Ready to retreat or waver,  
Willing to be drove or led;  
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,  
Throw your moral shoulders back;  
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—  
Just the thing which his must lack.  
A stronger word  
Was never heard  
In sense and tone  
Than this—Backbone.

A health journal says that you ought to take three-quarters of an hour for your dinner. It is well also to add a few vegetables and a piece of meat.—*Boston Star*.

Three degrees of mining speculation—Positive—mine; comparative—miner; superlative—minus.

BEFORE LENT.—Our poor relations—The stories we tell in an uninteresting way.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

"It's no use to feel av me wristh, doctor," said Pat, when the physician began taking his pulse. "The pain is not there, sorr; it's in me hid entirely."

The man who blows out his brains because a lady has refused to marry him confirms the good judgment of the lady in the best possible way.

"I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?" "No, sir." "What makes him stop, then?" "Oh, he's afraid somebody'll say whoa, and he shan't hear it."

A three-year old boy living on Jarvis street lay on his back in bed with his hand over his heart for a long time the other morning. At last he cried, "Oh, mamma, when God made me he put a watch in my stomach."

"If you don't settle for that suit of clothes you have on I shall begin a suit against you at once," said Snip, the tailor, to a delinquent customer. "Don't do it," answered the d. c. "This suit is good enough for me. One suit at a time is enough, I am no hog."—*Peck's Sun.*

The obliging visitor, to show that he really is fond of children; and that the dear little one is not annoying him in the least, treats the kid to a ride upon his knee. "Trot! trot! trot! How do you like that, my boy? Is that nice?" "Yes, sir," replied the child; "but not so nice as on the real donkey—the one with four legs."

Little Jack's aunt had not been quite pleasant toward him for a day or two because he was very noisy. At tea the other night he said all at once, "I wish we lived in England." "Well, what put that into your head?" inquired his father with curiosity. "Because, if we lived in England you couldn't marry Aunt Fanny when mother dies." Great astonishment of the family at the precocity of the child.

Sheridan once succeeded admirably in entrapping a noisy member who was in the habit of interrupting every speaker with cries of "Hear! hear!" Richard Brinsley took an opportunity to allude to a well-known political character of the time, whom he represented as a person who wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to play the fool. "Where," exclaimed Sheridan, in continuation, and with great emphasis—"Where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than this?" "Hear! hear!" was instantly bellowed from the accustomed bench. The wicked wit bowed, thanked the gentleman for his ready reply to the question, and sat down, amid convulsions of laughter from all but their unfortunate subject.

**STALE JOKES.**—On seeing a farm-laborer astride a gate, never say that he rides with a good style. Never call a turnpike-keeper the Colossus of roads. Never refer to a hedge as one who has a stiff stake in the bank, nor call a belfry a court of a peal. Never speak of hedge-carpenters pulling up pailings as two fellows fencing in a field. Never, in speaking of trees, joke about making a bough, or turning over a new leaf. A love of racing is not to be described as a thing of course, nor an angler as one who deserves the rod for taking such a line. Never allude to a man on a bridge as taking a place among his peers. Such jokes are considered somewhat antiquated.

### For Girls and Boys.

#### OBEYING ORDERS.

A young man who was solicited to go to a drinking and gambling saloon answered his companions, "No, boys, I cannot do it. I have positive orders not to go there—orders that I dare not disobey."

"Oh! come along! Don't be so womanish; come along like a man," shouted the youths.

"No, boys, I can't do it. I must obey orders."

"What special orders have you got? Come, show them, if you can," shouted the crowd.

He took a neat little book from his pocket and read: "'Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away. For they sleep not except they have done mischief, and their sleep is taken away unless they cause some to fall.' Don't you see," he continued, "these are God's orders? and shall I dare disobey him?"

Oh, if all our young men would obey God's Word, they would be truly kept from temptation, and "delivered from evil."—*Morning and Day of Reform.*

#### MUST DRINK OR DIE.

One wintry afternoon a trembling man entered a tavern in New Hampshire, carrying a small package of clothing. Going to the bar, he said:

"Landlord, I am burning. Give me a good glass of gin."

The landlord pointed to a line of chalk marks, and said:

"John, you see the old score; not another drop till that is paid." The poor wretch glared fiercely at the man behind the bar.

"Landlord, you don't mean that. You have got my farm, you have got my horses, you have got my tools. All I have got in the world is this little bundle of clothes. Please, landlord, give me for them just one glass of gin."

"I don't want your old clothes," calmly answered the man.

"Pay the old score first."

The drunkard staggered back. A gentleman then said:

"What will you give me for enough to buy two glasses of gin? I see you have a good pair of boots on your feet. Will you give me your boots for ten cents?"

The miserable wretch hesitated for a moment, then said:

"Stranger, if I give you the boots, I must go out into the snow bare-footed. If I give you the boots, I must freeze to death; if I don't give them to you, I shall burn to death. Stranger, it is harder to burn to death than to freeze to death. Give me the gin, you may have the boots."

He sat down, and began to draw them off. The gentleman did not, however, intend to take them, but he was testing the strength of the terrible appetite. Other were looking on, and they said the man should have his gin. They supplied him liberally, and he drank all he could, and took the rest away. When night came he drank the last drop, and went to sleep in a barn. The frost king came, and the next morning the poor man was found in the barn frozen to death.—*Youth's Companion.*

#### DON'T SELL TO THEM.

One day a young man entered the bar room of a village tavern and called for a drink. "No," said the landlord, "you have had the delirium tremens once, and I cannot sell you any more."

He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other stood by silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and addressed him as follows.

"Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are now. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few more glasses, and your work will be done. I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell it to me, and let me die, and let the world be rid of me; but for heaven's sake, sell no more to them."—*Temperance Banner.*

#### A CAT'S GOOD EXAMPLE.

We all know about pussy and her playful, prankish little family; and many stories are told of the wisdom of the cat.

We can tell you a story about a very sensible cat which we are well acquainted with. She had one kitten left, and she had her home in a small room, or closet, where her kitten stayed. It was a snug, cosy place, but she did not like her quarters very well.

A stranger came to stop at the house who used to go into this little room every day and smoke. This pussy did not like, as she was a well-bred cat. One day her kitten seemed stupid, and puss seemed to think something must be done at once. So she took her kitten by the neck, and carried it upstairs to a nice, large, airy bed-room.

The people who lived there thought that was no place for the kitten, and carried it back. But puss thought differently, and pretty soon the kitten was in the bed-room again. He was carried back repeatedly, but the wise old cat had no thought of having her kitten learn to smoke; she was a minister's cat, and was too well brought up to have a smoker in her family, and so she carried that kitten up stairs by the neck five times in one day, and she finally conquered, and they let her put her kitten where she pleased.

So the little chap is growing and climbing, and frolicking about the house; and when the man who smoked heard about it, and found how offensive tobacco smoke was to the cat and all the rest of the family, he stopped smoking. So you see a cat's good example may be useful even to a man who has been in college for years.—*Little Christain.*

#### JUST AS WE MAKE IT.

We must not hope to be mowers,  
And to gather the ripe gold ears,  
Until we have first been sowers,  
And watered the ground with tears.

It is not just as we take it—  
This mystical world of ours;  
Life's field returns as we make it,  
A harvest of thorns or flowers.—*Temperance Record.*