

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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This number is sent to many friends whose names are not yet on our subscription list. Will they kindly aid our enterprise by forwarding their dollars and addresses? It is desirable to subscribe early as we propose making every number well worth preserving for future reference and use.

All communications should be addressed to

F. S. Spence, Manager.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1883.

THIS NUMBER begins a new volume of THE CANADA CITIZEN. Former subscribers will notice a great improvement in the shape, size, type and general mechanical arrangement and finish of their paper. Its reputation for literary excellence and moral tone, will be fully sustained. The past has taught us that the work we have taken in hand is both needed and appreciated. We shall endeavor to perform it faithfully and well. Becoming wiser with further experience and kind advice, as well as stronger from better support, we hope to still grow in every respect in which growth would be improvement. Our ideal is a weekly newspaper equal to anything that can be elsewhere procured, in the combined points of elegance, cheapness and interest, a repository of choice literature and useful information; and at the same time an unflinching champion of all that is pure and good, no matter how humble, unfashionable or weak, and a fearless assailant of all that is wrong, no matter how firmly buttressed by wealth, position, or misdirected mental power. This ideal we trust to realize, as far as it can appropriately be realized, by a journal intended for fullest perusal and freest comment in the best and purest Canadian Homes.

THE PLAN OF THE CITIZEN embraces the twelve subdivisions detailed below, besides a directory of the leading Temperance and Prohibitory organizations:

I. Terse editorial articles on the leading moral questions and movements of the day, special attention being given to those bearing upon the suppression of the terrible evils of intemperance.

II. Selected articles of a like nature and tendency.

III. Original contributions of a similar character. We expect to have articles in this department from the pens of our best and most advanced thinkers and workers in the interests of moral progress and reform.

IV. Correspondence expressing opinions or discussing action upon the same lines.

V. A carefully edited column of the freshest general news.

VI. Reports of the progress of every phase of temperance agitation and work, in the different parts of the Dominion.

VII. An epitome of public opinion on important topics, in the form of brief extracts from the latest utterances of the leading press, and of prominent and reputable public speakers.

VIII. The Ladies' Page, a department of special interest to the gentler sex, including accounts of all public movements affecting women as a class, or more particularly carried on by them.

IX. Book notices, reviews and general records of current literary life and progress.

X. Tales and sketches of a choice and elevating character.

XI. A casket of literary gems, oddities, and fragments of every sort.

XII. Useful and attractive columns, specially edited and written to meet the wants and wishes of our girls and boys.

THE CANADA CITIZEN, as a whole, will be a complete armory of argument, fact and suggestion, indispensable to those who would prove themselves fully equipped warriors in the terrible conflict that now so certainly impends.

MISDIRECTED MENTAL POWER has been mentioned as one of the buttresses of evil; it is often the cause and sometimes the fact of a great wrong. There is very little, if any, advocacy of what is bad and opposition to what is good, that really comes from malevolence. Nearly all our errors are misconceptions of truth. Frequently through ignorance or weakness we fail in perception and judgment. Often, when we might discriminate better than we do, we allow our opinion of a fact or an idea to be affected by our feelings towards other facts or ideas with which the former has become associated.

Probably no man ever hated pure and true religion, though many men hate ideas repellant to them, that they believe to be a part of religion, and believing this they abjure the whole system as bad. Certainly no atheist ever had the same conception of God that a devout Christian has.

Good and evil are so continually found together that the utmost care is needed to distinguish between them. The good is overlooked in reckless condemnation of the connected evil, and we pull up the tares and the wheat together. Herein is the weakest point of moral enterprise. We crusade with iconoclastic zeal against prejudices, without appreciating the solidity of the foundations upon which they rest, and waste our strength in making them blinder and stronger. We vainly and foolishly fight the flood when we might seek out its source and close the sluice-gates.

Herein is an important lesson for would-be radicals. To be a good reformer, you must be first a staunch conservative; and when you would assail some citadel of wrong, first enquire of what right it is a perversion, for a misstated truth is the stronghold of every lie.

THE DOMINION LICENSE ACT, for example, comes in for a great amount of fulsome adulation, as well as reckless abuse. It has merits that its opponents cannot appreciate and demerits that its friends cannot see. We do not now discuss the disputed question of jurisdiction; the details of the act we shall examine at a future time; at present we refer simply to the fact and general character of the measure. No doubt, as an instalment of restrictive legislation, it goes a long way, further perhaps on the whole than any of the provincial licensing laws that preceded it; but along with this restriction it contains a great amount of permission that is dangerous and bad. It has clause after clause, section after section, prohibiting the sale of liquor as a beverage, at certain times, in certain places, to certain persons, and by all but a small fraction of the community. This is right, but why stop here? The sale that does harm on Saturday evening, cannot do good on Monday evening. If it is wrong to sell a drunkard the beverage that has made a degraded sot, can it be right to sell a sober man the beverage that will make him a degraded sot?

A license implies permission and authorization. The liquor traffic is a curse and a disgrace to the community, and law ought not to permit and authorize what is a curse and a disgrace. It ought to suppress it. The enactors of the Dominion Licensing Act felt this. Consciousness of it influenced them at every step they took and compelled them to give us a law restricting and curtailing the traffic that it only professes to regulate. This Act, like every other license Act that we yet seen, is such a combination of permissions and interdictions, that it might almost as well be called prohibition as license. We are thankful for the good that has been mixed in with the evil, but we must carefully distinguish the one from the other.

We are frequently told that the Crooks Act, upon which the new Bill was modeled, has done much to diminish drunkenness and its attendant evils. Now the Crooks Act can have lessened intemperance only by restricting the sale of liquor, and this restriction has certainly been accomplished by the operation of the prohibitory clauses that are in the Act, and not by the operation of those that are permissive. It is argued, that by the working of the former men are kept sober, and everyone will admit that the latter provide facilities for getting drunk. True, facilities for getting drunk do not compel drinking, neither would gambling house licenses compel gambling. Permits to keep heaps of rotting garbage in our public thoroughfares would not compel our citizens to build up and keep such disease-engendering nuisances, but the permission would provide facilities for the production and propagation of all sorts of noxious germs of plague and

poison. Legislation that granted such licenses, either for revenue purposes, or in deference to clamoring prejudice, would be denounced as mercenary or cowardly, and indignantly repudiated by sensible men, determined to have for their interests and hoires, the protection that it is presumably intended to supply.

The unclean lanes and dwellings are attended by disease and death no more frequently and inevitably than is the public sale of liquor followed up by ruin and degradation, not physical only but morally as well. If the law that suppresses facilities for the production of certain evils is good, what shall we say of the law that actually licenses facilities for the production of evils infinitely greater and worse? "The Liquor License Act of 1883" contains a great deal of prohibition, for this we appreciate and commend it; but this good is mixed with so much evil, so much protection and toleration of what is known to be bad, as actually to justify its being headed by a title, the very wording of which ought to make civilization ashamed.

"THE LIBERTY QUESTION," commonly so-called, as an argument against the legal suppression of the liquor traffic, affords an example of a perverted truth. We claim liberty of thought and speech and action. Our claim is a sound one, but we must remember that liberty can only be secured by the suppression of tyranny. Liberty for that which is good can only be attained by restricting the liberty of that which is bad. Honest men can freely walk the streets in safety, because law prevents the dishonest man's interference with another's purse in life or character. Here law protects liberty, by restricting liberty. You do not plead for freedom for the poisonous snakes in the grass on which your children play. You want no liberty for wild beasts or mad dogs about your home, but you protect your children's liberty by destroying what would interfere with its exercise. If the strong drink traffic hinders and counteracts the purifying and ennobling work of church and school and home, then you can have liberty for church and school and home only by destroying what militates against their success, hampers every step they take, and undoes what they have already accomplished. We plead for prohibition in the sacred name of liberty. Good and evil are eternally antagonistic, one can exist only at the other's expense, and FREEDOM FOR THE RIGHT MEANS SUPPRESSION OF THE WRONG; liberty for virtue means prison bars for crime; and when the grandest ideal of freedom prevails supreme, every man will have the right to do what he chooses, only as far as he chooses to do what is right.

Select Articles.

THE TEMPERANCE ENTERPRISE.

An enterprise that has fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and healed the sick, and taught the ignorant, and elevated the degraded, and gladdened the sorrowful, and led to the cross multitudes that had been wandering far away; an enterprise that has gathered again the fortune that had been scattered, and built again the home that had been ruined, and raised again the character that had been blasted, and bound up the heart that had been broken; an enterprise that has given peace where there was discord, and gladness where there had been woe, that has broken open many a prison door, and restored to his right mind many a maniac; an enterprise that has prevented many a suicide, and that has robbed the gallows of many a victim that would otherwise have been there; an enterprise that has thinned the work-house, and the hospital, and the jail, but that has helped to fill the school, and the lecture-room, and the industrial exhibition; an enterprise that has turned into useful citizens those that were the pests of society, one of the best educators of the masses, one of the chief pioneers of the Gospel; an enterprise which is not Christ, but which is one of the holy angels that go upon his mission. Like some fair spirit from another world, our great enterprise has trodden the wilderness, and flowers of beauty have sprung up upon her track. She has looked around, gladdening all on whom her smiles have fallen; she has touched the captive, and his fetters have fallen off; she has spoken, and the countenance of despair has been lighted up with hope; she has waved her magic wand, and the wilderness has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. Like the fabled Orpheus, she has warbled her song of mercy, and wild beasts, losing their ferocity, have followed gladly and gratefully in her train. She has raised up those that have been worse than dead, sepulchred in sin, and she has led multitudes to the living waters of salvation.—*Norman Hall.*

Mr. Wm. Boyd Hill, Cobourg, writes: "Having used Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil for some years I have much pleasure in testifying to its efficacy in relieving pains in the back and shoulders. I have also used it in cases of croup in children, and have found it to be all that you claim it to be."

TWO METHODS OF REFORM.

The temperance reform, broad as it is, divides itself naturally into two branches; it is a reform of two methods. It is a reform, in the first place, of the individual; it is a struggle against inward temptation; and then, as applied to society, it is a struggle against the outward incitement. Thus it divides itself into moral and legal suasion. We need moral suasion, of course, as the foundation of everything, we need correct public sentiment as the foundation of all correct action, and nobody can overvalue this. It is always to be present in our efforts, and nobody should think, if we make but little mention of it in our conventions, that we therefore ignore it. It is because we do not wish perpetually to go laying again the foundations. The foundations have been laid. We all believe in it; we all know it; we were all brought up to appreciate the value of it; and we do not wish to be repeatedly naming to wearisomness the platitudes that have been repeated so often in regard to this cause. We know it all by heart; we value and cling to it, and we expect to as long as we are engaged in this temperance warfare. But out of this grows the necessity for legal suasion. I have a very short method with those who advocate moral suasion alone. I say, "Practice it upon yourself first. Persuade yourselves first to be total-abstinence men; for nine-tenths of the men who talk about this are not total-abstinence men themselves. Persuade yourselves, then try it upon your neighbor; then go hand-in-hand with those noble organizations that are lifting up the weak. Do the work of moral suasion; lift men up from the gutter; and then, depend upon it, there will be no man more earnest and pronounced than you in an effort to make the streets safe for the men whom you have rescued from the gutter." No man who has a Christian heart, who has wept and prayed over the victim of intemperance, and has succeeded in elevating him into the image of God, with a clean heart and a pure soul—no man trembles more than that man when he sends him forth to his daily work, to run the gauntlet of the legalized grog-shops that lie in his path; and no matter what that man's theory may have been when he started, he comes back from the work of benevolence indignant at the civilization that allows the weak to be tempted back to destruction again by this public incitement to vice and iniquity. So that let every man follow moral suasion to the end, not with mouth and word only, but with the heart and hand, and I will risk his feeling upon this subject of legal suasion.—*Hon. R. C. Pitman.*

LICENSE VS. PROHIBITION.

"License means sales, and sales mean intoxication."—*Judge Agnew.*

It matters not so far as the principle is concerned whether the price paid for license be one hundred or one thousand dollars. To give authority to do an act is to participate in the act, and if the legitimate result of the act be crime and degradation, then the granter of the authority is as truly a criminal as the actual perpetrator of the crime. For the State or Court to license the sale of intoxicants for a beverage, the legitimate consequences and sequences of which are only crime and degradation, is a crime *per se*, and all the guilt consequent and sequent lies at the doors of the granters. Again, for ministers of the Gospel, for Christians, editors or others to throw their influence in favor of, or advocate high license, or low license, or any license at all, to sell intoxicating drinks as a beverage, is to heap upon themselves the guilt of the crimes and degradation resulting from such traffic. Those who contend for license, at all, act upon the principle, that crime and iniquity may be licensed for a reward. "No license! Prohibition!" is the true position, the foundation rock, on which every friend of temperance and Christianity must stand, for "License means sales, and sales mean intoxication," and intoxication means crime and degradation and ruin. To the political parties who would bait the devil's hook with high license we say, No! Here we have no compromise; prohibition is the goal for which we run "yesterday, to-day and forever."—*Lea.*

"STAND TO YOUR GUNS."

Hoist your flag! 'tis the eve of a fight
For the death of the demon, Drink.
Draw your swords in the cause of the right!
Souls are loitering over the brink
Of a precipice, gloomy and dark,
Whose base is the kingdom of hell;
So brace up your nerves for the fray,
See to it you bear yourself well.
"Stand to your guns!"

Keep in line, for the foemen are strong;
In numbers they rival the stars.
For the rescue of brothers from death,
On to victory, and heed not your scars!
For the sake of the wives of your hearts,
For the sake of the sisters you love,
For your babes, for your homes, for your all,
Stand you fast—from your ranks do not move
"Stand to your guns!"

Fire away! till the haunts of the fiend—
 Those poison-shops, gates to the grave—
 Shall be levelled to earth by your shot;
 Hurl them down, not a stone of them save!
 For the blood of the slain stains their walls,
 The souls of the lost cry, "Repay!"
 The wail of bereavement, the shriek of despair,
 Command you to sweep them away.
 "Stand to to your guns!"

Look to God! for he only can help,
 And He loveth the banner you bear;
 Do not fear, hold it bravely aloft,
 Seek the thick of the fight—be you there!
 Strive in hope, do not tremble or faint,
 If the battle be weary and long;
 But on for the truth and the right,
 And, till victory tuneth your song,
 "Stand to your guns!"

Henry Anderton.

Contributed Articles.

CONFLICTING CORNERS.

BY JACOB SPENCE.

The church at the corner (country, city or town) during part of ONE day in the week, has in operation religious ordinances. The school house is to be seen over the way and there, for part of FIVE days of the seven, children receive useful instruction. Then at the next corner stands the building where directly adverse training is CONSTANTLY imparted. The strong drink establishment carries on persistent "Protracted services," sternly and effectually counter-working both the church and the school.

Surely any one who thoroughly notices the tendency of religious and educational institutions and the distinctly adverse bearing of the drink shops by law established at neighboring corners, can clearly enough discover that there unmistakably exist thus near to each other, active agencies engaged in direct conflict, exerting utterly antagonistic influences on society.

—DOING AND UNDOING,—

moralizing and demoralizing, elevating and degrading, purifying and polluting, blessing and cursing the community; leading to peace and plenty, creating distressing disturbance, and working destitution, disaster and fearful calamity; tending to utility, felicity and life; drawing to imbecility, misery and death. The edifices at the three corners in short might appropriately have sign-boards over entrance doors, TRULY designating the special distinct characteristics of the various services conducted in the several structures as, EDUCATION—SALVATION—DAMNATION.

Should we really to RETAIN the THREE in operation?

[This article is also published in leaflet form. It and many similar leaflets are sold at THE CITIZEN office at very low prices.]

Correspondence.

To the Editor CANADA CITIZEN.

DEAR SIR,—Recognizing the fact that the future success of the Temperance reformation largely depends upon the education of the rising generation, I rejoice to hear that our new temperance paper will have that end in view in one of its departments. Many openings for the extension of our principles present themselves when we lay ourselves out to work among the young. Among these may be enumerated the many occasions on which our day-school teachers can present the benefits of total abstinence, taking advantage for this purpose of incidents in history, geography, or everyday life, or by propounding problems in arithmetic that will illustrate the losses we sustain through the use of strong drinks. We will hope soon to see temperance lesson books in use in our daily schools, and room made for the proper study of hygiene, in which the practice of total abstinence can be enforced as necessary to a state of perfect health. A more direct method of reaching the young is by means of the societies now known as Bands of Hope. We rejoice to know that these societies are being started in so many of our Sunday schools, and if conducted with the end in view of having each gathering the centre for the dissemination of the facts and principles that underlie the movement, we shall soon see the day when prohibition shall be demanded and sustained by a generation educated up to such a position that no government can refuse to grant it, and to see that its provisions are carried out in letter and in spirit.

Hoping that your pages will long be open for the propagation of these and every other views consistent with our noble cause,

I am, yours, etc.,

ROBERT RAE,

Secy. Toronto Band of Hope Union.

Toronto, July 4th, 1883.

Lodges and friends requiring organs will do well to call on or address Messrs. Wm. Norris & Son, whose half-page advertisement will be found in this issue. They are one of our oldest and most reliable houses in this line and purchasers can depend upon finding their goods exactly as represented. They are carrying a stock of upwards of fifty organs, which, being anxious to turn into ready money, they are offering for cash at fabulously low prices.

General News.

CANADIAN.

Sir Albert Smith, a prominent Reform politician, and ex-member of the Dominion Cabinet, is dead.

Roderick Howell has been sentenced to imprisonment for life, for the manslaughter of Thomas Walker, at Malpegue, P. E. I.

The Methodist Conference of Newfoundland, and also that of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, have voted in favor of Union.

A fire occurred on Friday, 29th inst., at Winnipeg, in a building in which gunpowder was stored. An explosion took place, causing much damage and some loss of life.

One of the magnificent new steamers for the Lake Superior route has been launched at Glasgow, Scotland.

Rev. Dr. King, of Toronto, has been appointed Professor of the Theology in the Manitoba Presbyterian College.

A society has been organized at Toronto for the promotion of spelling reform.

Mathew H. Richey has been sworn in as Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia.

Louis Riel, the late leader of the Red River rebellion, has been visiting Winnipeg.

Severe damages has been done by thunderstorms this week.

UNITED STATES.

Banks and business men are refusing to accept the trade dollar. Beirne and Elam, two Southern editors, have fought a duel, and the latter is seriously wounded.

The United States authorities have sent back to Ireland a number of pauper emigrants, who had been assisted to come out by the British Government.

A serious outbreak of small-pox has taken place among the Arizona Indians.

BRITISH.

The newly-launched steamer *Daphne* capsized on the Clyde on Tuesday, the 3rd inst., and about one hundred and fifty persons were drowned.

Healy, Home Ruler, has been elected to the House of Commons, for the County of Monaghan.

The celebrated Father Tom Burke has died at Dublin.

Government officers has seized a quantity of revolvers at Limerick.

The Australian colonies are moving towards Confederation.

Eight thousand iron-workers in Staffordshire and Worcestershire have struck on account of a reduction in wages.

The Canadian Wimbledon rifle team has arrived at London

FOREIGN.

Cholera is raging fearfully in Egypt. 122 deaths occurred at Diametta in one day.

A grand International Art Exhibition has been opened at Murrich.

The prospects of war between China and France still continue.

The Conte de Chambord is not expected to live.

Lamatave, in Madagascar, has been re-opened to commerce by the French Commander.

Literary Record.

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Bystander* for July is, as usual, thoughtful and good, though we cannot by any means agree with his views on the liquor question, to which we intend more fully to refer at a future time. It is to be regretted that by a quarterly publication he sometimes gets too far from the public discussion of important matters to materially affect it. If the welcome little review, of even no greater dimensions than at present, came in monthly instalments, it would be fresher and more useful.

The current *Popular Science Monthly* will well repay perusal, specially the articles on The Railroad Problem, The Remedies of Nature, Unwritten History, and The Industrial Position of Noman.

The *Atlantia Monthly* gives us an entertaining and instructive couple of hours with old and valued friends, and *Harpers*, *The Century*, and *St. Nicholas* are, as usual, very good.

Temperance News.

THE "SONS OF TEMPERANCE" is one of the most flourishing total abstinence societies in Canada to-day, and at the present time is doing very extensive and successful missionary work.

THERE are between nine and ten thousand men in the Royal Navy who are pledged total abstainers, the officers' branch has 150 members. The number of abstainers in the Army is estimated at 20,000, including 8,252 in regiments stationed in India.

THE TORONTO CATHEDRAL BAND OF HOPE.—The first meeting of this society was held in the St. James' School House on Saturday afternoon, June 23rd. Seventy children were enrolled as members, and there seems every prospect of a vigorous and useful work being carried on.

THE Illinois Legislature has passed the high license bill by a large majority. It is regarded by many as the most important legislation which has been accomplished in Illinois in twenty years. The bill does not fix a maximum license in any city, town or village in the State, but it is iron-clad in its provisions that a spirit license shall cost at least \$500, and a malt license, \$150. The bill took effect on July 1st. It is thought it will wipe out at least one thousand grogeries and slums in Chicago.—*Ex.*

THE "TRUE BLUE" of English loyalty has of late years put on a new and not less acceptable significance, in that it has become the badge of Temperance. Nor is it the distinctive color of the Blue Ribbon Army only, it also denotes the Church of England Temperance Society, both in the mother land and among ourselves. The badge worn by members of the C. E. T. S. in the diocese of Toronto is a "bit of blue" with the bishop's mitre and the letters E. T. S. in black. This society has already, at least, seven active branches, and bids fair to accomplish good results.

EX-GOVERNOR ST. JOHN says:—Prohibition is not a failure in Kansas. It is stronger to-day than ever before. In 1880, before our constitutional amendment, we had 1,677 dram shops, 32 breweries, besides any number of distilleries and wholesale liquor-houses. Now, there are not over three hundred open saloons and about 700 secret "back alley rum holes" in the State. Only in two of our largest cities are intoxicating liquors openly sold. Elsewhere it must be had on the sly.

MR. ROBERT RAE.—On the motion of the Rev. M. de Colleville, D. D., F. S. N. I. Gen., of Brighton, supported by the head of the Geneva University, Professor Karl Vogt, president, and M. Jules Vuy, vice-president of the Swiss National Institute, the Plenary Assembly of the five Academies of that Government institution, on Tuesday, May 1, 1883, unanimously conferred at Geneva on Mr. Robert Rae, editor of the *Temperance Record* and secretary of the National Temperance League, the diploma, rank, and privileges of "Corresponding Member in the Academy or Section of Moral and Political Sciences, Archaeology, and History." Such an election is for life, and not easily granted. This learned institution was in 1852 created by the Swiss Government towards the same end and much on the plan as that of the French National Institute.—*Ex.*

THE I. O. G. T. GRAND LODGE of Canada held its 30th annual session at Woodstock, commencing on Tuesday, 26th ult., presided over by the G. W. C. T., J. H. Flagg, Esq., of Mitchell. The G. W. Secy's report shows an increase in the membership, which now amounts to 10,807 in 244 subordinate lodges; and the G. W. Treasurer's statement gives encouraging evidence of liberal support on the one hand, and prudent management on the other. Resolutions were adopted in favor of petitioning the Local Legislature for stringent amendments to the Crooks Act, and the Dominion Parliament for total prohibition. The Dominion License Act, as compared with the Crooks Act, was fully discussed, and the Grand Lodge, while refusing to say anything in reference to the question of jurisdiction, commended strongly some features of the measure that were considered decidedly in advance of previous legislation, and as strongly condemned others that were agreed upon as being of a retrogressive character. A motion was adopted, calling upon all Good Templars to support, at the ballot-box, only men of prohibition principles and good temperance reputation. Most of the other business transacted, referred to the internal economy of the order, which is admirably adapted to the exigencies of the temperance cause at the present time, providing as it does at once a strong missionary organization, a valuable school of right training, and a powerful counter-attraction to the demoralizing saloon. Good Templars, Sons of Temperance, and kindred organizations, owe

much of their wonderful success and popularity to the carefully-planned facilities that they furnish for the concentration of religious, moral, social, educational, and political tendencies and agencies in the prosecution of their noble work. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—G. W. C. T., J. H. Flagg, Mitchell; G. W. C., E. Storr, Ottawa; G. W. V. T. Miss L. A. Newman, Paris; G. W. S., T. W. Casey, Napanee; G. W. T., J. B. Nixon, Toronto; G. W. M., John J. Mason, Essex Centre; G. D. M., Miss B. Henderson, Toronto; G. W. Chap., Rev. E. Fessant, Centralia; G. I. G., Miss A. D. Veille, Toronto; G. Sent., W. H. Gribble, Woodstock; P. G. W. C. T., Rev. J. Shaw, Peterboro'; Representatives to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, Regulars, J. H. Flagg, W. S. Williams, D. Rose, E. S. Cummer; Alternates, Rev. M. L. Pearson, W. H. Rodden. The next session will be held at Toronto, commencing June 25th, 1884.

THE SCOTT ACT.

Active preparations are being made for the submission of the Scott Act to the electors of the county of Oxford. The committee has secured nearly all the attested signatures required, and doubtless we shall soon be able to report another county added to the already large territory in our Dominion in which the retail sale of strong drink is a thing of the past.

In Essex a strong committee has been formed and is enthusiastically at work, with high hopes of success. Part of this county has the Dunkin Act still in operation; agitation for its repeal has always proved an utter failure. Right sentiment all through that locality is unusually strong, and the prospects for making prohibition the law of the county are very good.

WHAT IS CATARRH?

From the Mail (Canada), Dec. 15th, 1881.

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite *amœba* in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are: Morbid state of the blood, as the bigotted corpuscle of tubercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxæmia, from the retention of the effected matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat, up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness, burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in ulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the *amœba* are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients, which never fails in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease should, without delay, communicate with the business manager Mr. A. H. DIXON, 307 King Street West, Toronto, and get full particulars and treatise free by enclosing stamp.

What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment of Catarrh.

OAKLANDS, ONT., CANADA, March 17, 1883.

"MESSRS. A. H. DIXON & SON,

DEAR SIRS,—Yours of the 13th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that it is hard for me to realize that I am really better.

"I consider that mine was a very bad case: it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages and I thought I would require the three treatments but feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you.

"You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers.

Yours with many thanks,

REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil I procured a bottle and it done me so much good that I got another, and before it was used I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild fire; and makes cures wherever it is used."

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn, writes "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harriston, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspepsia. This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring manhood to full vigor.

Leading druggists on this continent testify to the large and constantly increasing sales of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and report its beneficial effects upon their customers troubled with Liver Complaint, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood, and other physical infirmities. It has accomplished remarkable cures.

Public Opinion.

THE DOMINION LICENSE ACT is censured or commended by the party journals according to their political bias. We hope to discuss the provisions of this Act more fully in a future number. It would be difficult to learn what "the people" really think of it from such extracts as the following:—

It was at first introduced, slightly inclined to be restrictive to the liquor traffic, but as *Grip* has it, John A. surrendered to the Liquor Interest, and the measure may be now regarded as "An Act of the Dominion Parliament for Extending and Encouraging Drunkenness," as it throws open Taverns on Sunday. There is no redeeming feature in such legislation, nor yet patriotism, statesmanship, or moral principle.—*Grey Review*.

The great measure of the session, and one which will stand as an imperishable record to Sir John's statesmanlike sagacity, long after the crumbling of marble monuments, is the License Bill, which the Opposition are forced to admire, which is a practical solution of the problem of liquor legislation, which has puzzled the wisest statesmen of the old world for the last three centuries. * * Had Parliament only passed this License Act and then dissolved their sitting would have been memorable in Canadian History.—*Chatham Planet*.

THE TORONTO LICENSE COMMISSIONERS have refused to grant licenses to take effect on the Island. The better part of the community and most of the local newspapers commend this action cordially. Ed. Hanlan, the rowing champion, has built a large hotel, and claims that as the site was given by the city for that purpose and he has invested a large sum in its construction, he is being unfairly treated in having his application for license refused. Popular sentiment in reference to his position is well expressed in a letter to *The Mail*, by Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, from which we make the following extracts:—

"The question of restricting the sale of liquors must be decided on general principles. The general principle that liquors should not be sold in places of public resort—especially in places frequented by women and children—is one to which the mass of the citizens of Toronto give their cordial assent * *

"I dissent from the statement that the selling of liquor is 'the only means' by which Mr. Hanlan can make his Island enterprise 'profitable.' There is no doubt at all that it is the *easiest* way of making money. I should like very much, however, to see Mr. Hanlan accept the situation in which he has been placed by the action of the License Commissioners (of which I heartily approve), and make the experiment of running his hotel on total abstinence principles, charging remunerative rates for board, and trusting to the sale of summer drinks, ice cream, &c., to yield a fair return. My conviction is that while he might not make money so fast by this method, he would make it more satisfactorily, and that the respectable citizens of Toronto would be delighted to patronize his hotel and restaurant, as at present they find it simply impossible to do."

Ladies' Department.

A MEMORIAL IN FAVOR OF SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN has been received by Hon. W. E. Gladstone. It is signed by ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT Liberal members of the British House of Commons.

TEMPERANCE LITERATURE is being placed in all the street cars of Jacksonville, Florida, by the W. C. T. U. there. The sheets are suspended on hooks where they will catch the eye of every passenger.—*Ex*

THE TORONTO WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE is an accomplished fact. Too much credit cannot be given to its promoters for the enthusiasm and prudence with which they have worked out their plan, and the appeal now being made for funds for its permanent endowment ought to meet with a hearty and generous response.

THE CANADIAN WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION is fairly at work, well officered with a carefully framed constitution, a large and influential membership, and an enthusiasm worthy of the cause it has undertaken to champion. Apart altogether from the general question of Woman's Rights, there is no doubt that the political power of enfranchised womanhood would be a faction of tremendous potency on the side of right, in the struggle for the suppression of the curse of drink; and viewed from this standpoint, the institution of the C. W. S. A. should enlist the sympathy, and command the support of every true patriot and philanthropist.

IN CALIFORNIA women are not only honored as school teachers, but also as school superintendents. At the recent election in Mono county, for instance, Miss Naomi Angell, formerly of Silver City in this State, defeated Mrs. C. W. Sullivan for County Superintendent of Public Schools by 400 votes.

AT THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION MEETING, held a few days ago in Cleveland, one of the speakers said she thought the reason the woman's suffrage movement had lagged in Ohio was because the women had not made the necessary sacrifices. She spoke of the work that has been done and is being done for the temperance cause by the women of Ohio, and said it was the result of a spirit of self sacrifice. She said that the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in order to raise money to carry on the work, had agreed to go without gloves until after the October election, and donate the price of the same to carry on the work, and that the amount realized in that way would foot up about \$20,000.—*Globe*.

MISS AUGUSTA STOWE, of Toronto, received the degree of M. D. from the Victoria University at Cobourg, Canada, on the 16th ult. In presenting her, Dr. Ogden said she was the first lady who had ever taken a medical degree in the Dominion of Canada. Although she had received her instruction in a mixed class of both sexes, there had never existed the slightest difficulty in the class, owing to her presence there. Indeed she had endeared herself to the students to such an extent, that on one occasion, when an attempt had been made to create some disturbance, the entire class had come forward in her defence, and championed her cause so successfully that the interference of the faculty had not been at all necessary in that behalf.

YOUNG LADIES AS REFORMERS.—It is a mark of ill-breeding for a young man to smoke in the presence of a lady friend, but it rests with that lady friend to make him conscious of it. So long as you say, "I enjoy the odor of a good cigar," or "don't throw away your cigar on my account—I wouldn't for the world deprive you of your evident enjoyment of the fragrant wet," and kindred remarks of at least implied approval, just so long we shall have the odor of stale tobacco smoke clinging to the lace curtains in the parlor; we shall see young men on the front porch in company with mother and sister, feet elevated, and the whole group enveloped in a cloud of cigar-smoke. And worst of all, we shall encounter on the street young ladies and gentlemen together, the latter puffing away at that ever-present cigar. Now, girls, the question of reform in this matter lies largely with you. Give your young gentlemen friends to understand most unmistakably that you consider it a breach of good breeding—yes, an impertinence for them to smoke in your presence. Don't allow it anywhere, under any circumstances, and you will have done more in the work of reform than all the utterances of our learned "M. D.'s" as to the physical injury wrought by this habit, and more than all the computations of the prudent, showing the immense waste in dollars and cents.—*Our Young Folks*.

For the homes where sin is raging,
Fight the drink!

For the wives whose hearts are breaking,
Fight the drink!

For the love of God and right,
Let us go forth in His might.

WE SHALL WIN IF WE UNITE,
FIGHT THE DRINK!

HOW TO LIVE TO A GOOD OLD AGE.

If a person wishes to live to a good old age and enjoy life as the time passes, it is absolutely necessary for him to keep his system in a healthy state. Every year we pass with poor health is certain to lessen the length of our days. People who neglect their stomach and liver, grow old by the time they reach fifty, and are likely to be numbered with the great majority before they reach sixty, whereas, if they had attended properly to their dyspepsia, or biliousness, or sick headaches, or rheumatism, &c., they would not only have been much happier, but would be hale, hearty and fresh at seventy. The Notman Pad Co.'s remedies are doing a great work. They are made expressly for treating all kinds of chronic troubles. Dr. Strangways, the consulting physician, is a practitioner of rare abilities, as well as rare experience. Each case that is presented receives the benefit of his knowledge free of charge, even when parties do not purchase their remedies. By his advice the Notman Pad Co. can suit their remedies to each case, and will always guarantee a cure if the remedies are used according to Dr. Strangways' directions. For several months they have offered \$100.00 as a reward to any person coming to the city and purchasing their remedies on his recommendation, and carrying out his directions, that was not benefited inside of two weeks, and cured inside of six months. So far, though immense numbers have secured the remedies on these conditions, there has not been a complaint, nor a demand for the reward.

These remedies are easily applied and are harmless. A healthy person can use them with perfect impunity. There are hundreds and thousands of men and women, who failed to get relief from doctors and proprietor's remedies, that are to day enjoying good health through the strange medical properties of a pad.

The Notman Pad Co. guarantee their remedies to cure any of the following complaints: Jaundice bilious troubles, dyspepsia or indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, ague, gout, sciatica, lumbago, neuralgia, and some kinds of heart troubles, fits and dropsies.

We advise all parties not feeling well, to either call at the retail office, 120 King Street East, or write to Dr. Strangways. Such parties will be certain to get honest advice, &c., speedy and rapid cure if there is any cure for them. Do not neglect little chronic troubles if you hope to do good, live long and be happy.

Tales and Sketches.

ZERVIAH HOPE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

[The Editor regrets very much that pressure on the Citizen's limited space compels an abbreviation of this touching and truthful narrative.]

In the month of August, in the year 1878, the steamer *Mercy*, of the New York and Savannah line, cast anchor down the channel, off a little town in South Carolina, which bore the name of Calhoun. It was not a regular part of her "run" for the *Mercy* to land at this place. She had departed from her course to leave three passengers, two men and one woman, who had business of a grave nature in Calhoun.

A man, himself a passenger for Savannah, came upon deck as the steamship hove to, to inquire the reason of the delay. He was a short man, thin, with a nervous hand and neck. His eyes were black, his hair was black, and closely cut. He had an inscrutable mouth, and a forehead well plowed rather by experience than years. He was not an old man. He was cleanly dressed in new, cheap clothes. He had been commented upon as a reticent passenger. This was the first time upon the voyage that he had been observed to speak. He came forward, stood among the others and abruptly said:

"What's this for?"

"We land passengers by the Company's order."

"Those three?"

"Yes, the men and the lady."

"Who are they?"

"Physicians from New York."

"Ah-h!" said the man, slowly, making a sighing noise between his teeth. "That means—that means—"

"Volunteers to the fever district," said the mate, shortly, and with a sidelong look, "as you might have known before now. You're not of a sociable cast, I see."

"I have made no acquaintances," said the short passenger. "I know nothing of the news of the ship. Is the lady a nurse?"

"She's a she-doctor. Doctors, the whole of 'em. There ain't a nurse aboard."

"Plenty to be found, I suppose, in this place you speak of?"

One of the physicians overheard this last question. It was the woman. She stepped forward without hesitation, and, regarding the short passenger closely, said:

"There are not. This place is perishing. Savannah and the larger towns have been looked after first—as is natural and right," added she in a business-like tone. She had a quick and clear cut, but not ungentle voice.

The man nodded at her curtly, as he would to another man; he made no answer; then with a slight flush his eye returned to her dress and figure; he lifted his hat and stood uncovered till she had passed and turned from him. His face, under the influence of this fluctuation of color, changed exceedingly, and improved in proportion as it changed.

Dr. Dare went below for her luggage. A lonely dory, black of complexion and skittish of gait, had wandered out and hung in the shadow of the steamer, awaiting the passengers. The dory was manned by one negro, who sat with his oars crossed, perfectly silent.

There is a kind of terror for which we find that animals, as well as men, instinctively refrain from seeking expression. The face and figure of the negro boatman presented a dull form of this species of fear.

It was a hot day, and the water seemed to be blistering about the dory. So, too, the stretching sand of the shore, as one raised the eyes painfully against the direct noon-light, was as if it smoked. The low, gray palmetto leaves were curled and faint. Scanty spots of shade beneath sickly trees seemed to gasp upon the hot ground, like creatures that had thrown themselves down to get cool. The outlines of the town beyond had a certain horrible distinctness, as if of a sight that should but could not be veiled. Overhead, and clean to the flat horizon, flashed a sky of blue and blazing fire.

"Passengers for Calhoun!"

The three physicians descended into the dory. The other passengers—what there were of them—gathered to see the little group depart.

"Land me here, too," said a low voice, suddenly. It was the glum passenger. No one noticed him, except, perhaps, the mate and the lady.

"There is room for you," said Dr. Dare. The man let himself into the boat at a light bound, and the negro rowed them away.

No other word was spoken. They landed in silence. The four passengers stood for a moment upon the hot, white sands, moved toward one another, before they separated, by a blind sense of human fellowship. Dr. Frank asked Dr. Dare if he could serve her in any way; but she thanked him, and, holding out her firm, white hand, said, "Good-bye," and walked on alone.

The reticent passenger, after a few moments, advanced and hesitatingly joined the lady saying,

"Will you tell me, madam, the best way of going to work to offer my-

self as a fever nurse in this place? I want the *best* way. I want real work."

"Yes, yes," she said, nodding; "I knew you would do it."

"I came from the North for this purpose, but I meant to go on to Savannah."

"Yes, I know. This is better; they need *everything* in this place."

"I know nothing how we shall find it," she added, "but I go to work to-night. I presume I shall need nurses before morning. I'll have your address."

"My name," he said, "is Hope—Zerviah Hope."

That night, after the physicians had gone about their business, Zerviah Hope wandered, a little forlornly, through the wretched town. Scip, the negro boatman, found him a corner to spend the night. It was a passable place, but Hope could not sleep; he had already seen too much. His soul was parched with the thirst of sympathy. He walked his hot attic till the dawn came. As it grew brighter he grew calmer; and when the unkindly sun burst burning upon the land, he knelt by his window and looked over the doomed town, and watched the dead-carts slinking away toward the ever-glades in the splendid color of the sky and air, and thought his own thoughts in his own way about this which he had come to do. We should not suppose that they were remarkable thoughts, he had not the look of a remarkable man. Yet, as he knelt there, a sleepless, haggard figure blotted against the sunrise, with folded hands and moving lips, an artist, with a high type of imagination and capable of spiritual discernment, would have found in him a design for a lofty subject, to which, perhaps, he would have given the name of "Consecration," rather than of "Renunciation," or of "Exultance," rather than of "Dread."

A common observer would have simply said: "I should not have taken him for a praying man."

He was still upon his knees when Dr. Dare's order came, "Nurse wanted for a bad case!" and he went from his prayer to his first patient.

Doctor Dare, in her gray dress, herself a little pale, met him with keen eyes. She said:

"It is a very bad case. An old man—much neglected. No one will go. Are you willing?"

The nurse answered: "I am glad."

The weather, soon after the arrival of the *Mercy*, took a terrible mood, and a prolonged drought settled upon Calhoun. The days dawned lurid and long. The nights fell dewless and deadly. The pestilence walked in darkness and the destruction wasted at midday. Men died, in that little town of a few thousand souls, at the rate of a score a day. The quarantine laws tightened. Vessels fled by the harbor mouth under full sail. Trains upon the Shore Line shot through and thundered past the station; they crowded on steam; the fireman and his stoker averted their faces as they whirled by. The world turned her back upon Calhoun, and the dying town was shut in with her dead. Only, at long intervals, the *Mercy*, casting anchor far down the channel, sent up by Scip, the weak, black boatman, the signs of human fellowship—food, physician, nurse, medicine—that spoke from the heart of the North to the heart of the South, and upheld her in those well-remembered days.

Zerviah Hope, volunteer nurse, became quickly enough a marked man in Calhoun. He was found to be infinitely tender, and of fine, brave patience. He became a favorite with the sick and with the physicians. The convalescent clung to him. The dying heard of him and sent for him. The relief committee leaned upon him, as in such crises the leader leans upon the led.

I have been told that, to this day, many people personally unknown to him, whose fate it was to be imprisoned in that beleaguered town at that time, and who were familiar with the nervous figure and plain, intense countenance of the Northern nurse, as he passed terrible day after terrible day to his post, cannot hear of him, even now, without that suffusion of look by which we hold back tears; and that, when his name took on, as it did, a more than local reputation, they were unable to speak it because of choking voices. I have often wished that he knew this.

It was the custom in Calhoun to pay the nurses once a week, on Saturday nights. The first time that Hope was summoned to receive his wages, he evinced marked emotion of surprise and repugnance.

"I had not thought,—" he began, and stood, coloring violently.

"You earn you: five dollars a day, if anybody in Calhoun does," urged the official with kindly brusqueness.

"It is not right; I do not wish to take the money," said the nurse, with agitation. "I do not wish to be paid for—saving—human life. I did not come to the fever district to make money; I came to save life—to *save life!*" he added, in a quick whisper.

He had not slept for four nights, and seemed, they noticed, more than usually nervous in his manner.

"The money is yours," insisted the treasurer.

"Very well," said Hope, after a long silence; and no more was said about it. He took his wages and walked away up the street, absorbed in thought.

One morning he went to his lodgings to seek a little rest. It was about six o'clock, and people were already moving in the hot, thirsty streets. Zerviah walked with quick step. His eyes, staring for sleep, flashed, fed with a food the body knows not of. He felt almost happy, as he turned to climb the stairs that led to the attic shelter where he had knelt and watched the dawn come on that first day, and given himself to God and to the dying Calhoun. He had always kept that attic, partly because he had made that

prayer there. He thought it helped him to make others since. He had not always been a man who prayed. The habit was new, and required culture. He had guarded it rigidly since he came South, and he had his diet and regimen of bathing, air, and other physical needs.

On this morning that I speak of, standing with his almost happy face and lifted head, with his foot upon the stairs, he turned, for no reason that he could have given, and looked over his shoulder. A man behind him, stepping softly, stopped, changed color, and crossed the street.

"I am followed," said the nurse.

He spoke aloud, but there was no one to hear him. A visible change came over his face. He stood uncertain for a moment, then shut the door, crawled upstairs, and threw himself heavily upon his bed. All the radiance had departed from his tired face. He hid it in his long, thin hands, and lay there for a little while. He was perplexed—not surprised—only disappointed. He could not sleep. He got upon his knees presently, in that place by the window he liked to pray in, and said aloud.

"Lord, I didn't expect it, I wasn't ready. I should like to sleep long enough to decide what to do."

After this he went back to bed, and in a little while he slept. Not long, but to those who perish for rest, a moment of unconsciousness may do the work of a cup of water to one perishing of thirst. He started, strengthened, with lines of decision forming about his mouth and chin; and having bathed and dressed, went out.

He went beyond the town to the hut where Scip the boatman lived. Scip was at home. He lived alone. He started when he saw Hope, and his habitual look of fear deepened to a craven terror; he would rather have had the yellow fever than to have seen the Northern nurse just then. But Zerviah sat down by him on the hot sand, beside a rather ghastly palmetto that grew there, and very gently said:

"The *Mercy* came in last night, Scip,—I know. And you rowed down for the supplies. You heard something about me on board the *Mercy*. Tell me, Scip."

"He's a durn fool," said Scip, "that durn mate."

"So it was the mate? What did he say, Scip?"

"I never done believe it," urged Scip, with an air of suddenly recollected virtue.

"But you told of it, Scip."

"I never told nobody but Jupiter, the durn fool!" persisted Scip.

"He said he wouldn't tell. I never done believe it, *never!*"

"It seems to me, Scip," said Zerviah, in a low, kind voice, "that I wouldn't have told if I'd been you. But never mind."

"I never done mean to hurt you!" cried Scip, following him into the road. "Jupiter, the durn, he said he'd never tell. I never told nobody else."

"You have told the whole town," said Zerviah Hope, patiently. "I'm sorry, but never mind."

He stood for a moment looking across the stark palmetto, over the dusty stretch of road, across the glare, to the town. His eyes blinded and filled.

"It wouldn't have been a great while," he said. "I wish you hadn't, Scip, but never mind!"

He shook the negro gently off, as if he had been a child. There was nothing more to say. He would go back to his work. As he walked along he suddenly said to himself:

"She did not smile this morning! Nor the lady at the telegraph office, either. Nor—a good many other folks. I remember now. * * * Lord!" he added aloud, thought breaking into one of his half-unconscious prayers, which had the more pathos because it began with the rude abruptness of an apparent oath, "Lord! what in the name of heaven am I going to do about it?"

Now, as he was coming into the little city, with bowed head and broken face, he met Doctor Dare. She was riding her rounds upon a patient, Southern tackey, and she was riding fast. But she reined up and confronted him.

"Mr. Hope! There is a hateful rumor brought from New York about you. I am going to tell you immediately. It is said——"

"Wait a minute!" he pleaded, holding out both hands. "Now. Go on."

"It is said that you are an escaped convict," continued the lady.

"It is false!" cried the nurse, in a ringing voice.

The doctor regarded him for a moment.

"I may be wrong. Perhaps it was not so bad. I was in a cruel hurry, and so was Doctor Frank. Perhaps they said a discharged convict."

"What else?" asked Zerviah, lifting his eyes to hers.

"They said you were just out of seven years' imprisonment for manslaughter. They said you killed a man—for jealousy, I believe; something about a woman."

"What else?" repeated the nurse, steadily.

"I told them I *did not believe one word of it!*" cried Marian Dare.

"Thank you, madam," said Zerviah Hope, after a scarcely perceptible pause; "but it is true."

He drew one fierce breath.

"She was beautiful," he said. "I loved her, he ruined her, I stabbed him!"

She was silent at first. She was a prudent woman, she thought before she spoke.

"Poor fellow!" she said, suddenly. Her clear blue eyes overflowed. She held out her hand, lifted his, wrung it, dropped it, and softly added, "Well, never mind!" much as if he had been a child or a patient,—much as he himself had said, "Never mind!" to Scip.

Then Zerviah Hope broke down.

"I haven't got a murderer's heart!" he cried. "It has been taken away from me. I aint so bad *now*. I meant to be—I wanted to do——"

"Hush!" she said. "You have, and you shall. God is fair."

"Yes," said the penitent convict, in a dull voice, "God is fair, and so He let 'em tell of me. I've got no fault to find with *Hum*. So high as I can understand Almighty God, He means well. * * * I guess He'll pull me through some way."

"But I wish Scip hadn't told just now. I can't *help* being sorry. It wasn't that I wanted to cheat, but—" he choked—"the sick folks used to like me. Now, do you think I'd ought to go on nursing, Doctor? Do you think I'd ought to stop?"

"You are already an hour late," replied the woman of science, in her usual business like voice. "Your substitute will be sleepy and restless, that affects the patient. Go back to your work as fast as you can. Ask me no more foolish questions."

She drew her veil, there was unprofessional moisture in her long, feminine lashes. She held out her hearty hand grasp to him, touched the tackey, and galloped away.

"She is a good woman," said Zerviah, half aloud, looking down at his cold fingers. "She touched me, and she knew! Lord, I should like to have you bless her!"

He was not taken by surprise when men who had lifted their hats to the popular nurse last week, passed him on the street to-day with a cold nod or curious stare. When women who had revered the self-sacrifice and gentleness of his life, as only women do or can reverence the quality of tenderness in a man, shrank from him as if he were something infectious, like the plague, he knew it was just, though he felt it hard.

His patients heard of what had happened, sometimes, and indicated a feeling of recoil. That was the worst. One said:

"I am sorry to hear that you are not the man we thought you," and died in his arms that night.

Zerviah remembered that these things must be. He reasoned with himself. He went into his attic, and prayed it all over. He said:

"Lord, I can't expect to be treated as if I'd never been in prison. I'm sorry I mind it so. Perhaps I'd ought not to. I'll try not to care too much."

More than once he was sure of being followed again, suspiciously or curiously. It occurred to him at last that this was most likely to happen on pay days. That puzzled him. But when he turned it was usually some idler, and the fellow shrank and took to his heels, as if the nurse had the fever.

Zerviah Hope was very much talked about in Calhoun; so much, that the Relief Committee heard, questioned, and experienced official anxiety. It seemed a mistake to lose so valuable a man. It seemed a severity to disturb so noble a career. Yet who knew what sinister countenance the murderer might be capable of shielding beneath his mask of pity? The official mind was perplexed. Was it humane to trust the lives of our perishing citizens to the ministrations of a felon who had so skilfully deceived the most intelligent guardians of the public weal? There was, in particular, a chairman of a sub-committee (on the water supply) who was burdened with uneasiness.

"It's clear enough what brought *him* to Calhoun," said this man. "What do you suppose the fellow does with his five dollars a day?"

The Committee on the Water Supply promptly divided into a Sub-Vigilance, and to the Sub-Vigilance Committee Zerviah Hope's case was referred. The result was, that he was followed on pay-day.

On Saturday night, just as the red-hot sun was going down, the sub-committee returned to the Relief Office in a state of high official excitement, and reported to the chief as follows:

"We've done it. We've got him. We've found out what the fellow does with his money. He puts it——"

"Well?" for the sub-committee hesitated.

"Into the relief contribution-boxes on the corners of the street."

"What!"

"Every dollar. We stood and watched him count it out—his week's wages. Every mortal cent that Yankee's turned over to the fund for the sufferers. He never kept back a red. He poured it all 'n."

"Follow him next week. Report again."

They followed, and reported still again. They consulted, and accepted the astounding truth. The murderer, the convict, the miserable, the mystery, Zerviah Hope—volunteer nurse, poor, friendless, discharged from Sing Sing, was proved to have surrendered to the public charities of Calhoun, every dollar which he had earned in the service of her sick and dying.

The Committee on the Water Supply, and the Sub-Vigilance Committee stood much depressed before their superior officer. He, being a just man, flushed red with a noble rage.

"Where is he? Where is Zerviah Hope? The man should be sent for. He should receive the thanks of the committee. He should receive the acknowledgements of the city. And we've set 'n him like detectives! hunted him down! Zounds! The city is disgraced. Find him for me!"

"We have already done our best," replied the sub-committee, sadly

"We have searched for the man. He cannot be found."

"Where is the woman-doctor?" persisted the excited chief. "She recommended the fellow. She'd be apt to know. Can't some of you find her?"

At this moment young Dr. Frank looked haggardly into the Relief Office.

"I am taking her cases," he said. "She is down with the fever."

It was the morning after his last pay-day—Sunday morning, October 1st, a dry, deadly, glittering day. Zerviah had been to his attic to rest and bathe and pray for frost. Now, strengthened in mind and spirit, he was descending to his Sabbath's work, when a message met him at the door. The messenger was a negro boy, who thrust a slip of paper into his hand, and, seeming to be seized with a superstitious fright, ran rapidly up the street and disappeared.

The message was a triumphal result of the education of the freedmen's evening school, and succinctly said:

"Ive Gut IT. Nobuddy Wunt Nuss me. Norr no Docter nEther.

"P. s. Joopiter the Durn hee sed he'd kerry This i dont Serpose youd kum. Scip."

The sun went down that night as red as it had risen. There were no clouds. There was no wind. There was no frost. Zerviah came to the door of Scip's hovel for air. The sand and the scant starved grass stretched all around. Scip's hut stood quite by itself. No one passed by. Often no one passed for a week, or even more. Scip was very sick. Hope had sent for Dr. Dare. She had not come. Scip was too sick to be left. The nurse found his duty with the negro. Scip was growing worse.

Zerviah clasped his thin hands and looked up at the purple sky.

"Lord," he said, "it is my duty. I came South to do my duty. Because he told of me, had I ought to turn against him? It is a lonesome place; he's got it hard, but I'll stand by him. * * * Lord!"—his worn face became suddenly suffused, and flashed, transfigured, as he listed it—"Lord God Almighty! You stood by me! I couldn't have been a pleasant fellow to look after. You stood by me in my scrape! I hadn't treated You any too well. * * * You needn't be afraid I'll leave the creature."

He went back into the hut. Scip called, and he hurried in. The nurse and the plague, like two living combatants, met in the miserable place and battled for the negro.

It was Monday, but no one came. It was Tuesday, but the nurse and the plague still battled alone. Zerviah's stock of remedies was as ample as his skill. He had thought he should save Scip. He worked without sleep, and the food was not clean. He lavished himself like a lover over this black boatman; he leaned like a mother over this man who had betrayed him.

But on Tuesday night, a little before midnight, Scip rose, struggling on his wretched bed, and held up his hands and cried out:

"Mr. Hope! Mr. Hope! I never done mean to harm ye!"

"You have not harmed me," said Zerviah solemnly. "Nobody ever harmed me but myself. Don't mind me, Scip."

Scip put up his feeble hand; Zerviah took it; Scip spoke no more. The nurse held the negro's hand a long time; the lamp went out; they sat on in the dark. Through the flapping wooden shutter the stars looked in.

Suddenly Zerviah perceived that Scip's hand was quite cold.

He carried him out by starlight, and buried him under the palmetto. It was hard work digging alone. He could not make a very deep grave, and he had no coffin. When the earth was stamped down he felt extremely weary and weak. He fell down beside his shovel and pick to rest, and lay there in the night till he felt stronger.

He thought he would get up and walk back to the city in the dark. An intense and passionate longing seized him to be among living men. He took a few steps down the road. The unwholesome dust blew up through the dark against his face. He found himself so tired that he concluded to go back to the hut, and start in the morning with the break of the dawn.

He threw himself in the dark upon his bed.

He slept until late in the morning heavily. When he waked the birds were shrill in the hot air, and the sun glared in.

"I will go now," he said aloud. "I am glad I can go," and crept to his feet.

He took two steps—staggered—and fell back. He lay for some moments, stricken more with astonishment than alarm. His first words were:

"Lord God! After all—after all I've gone through—Lord God Almighty, if you'll believe it—I've got it!"

This was on Wednesday morning. Night fell, but no one came. Thursday—but outside the hut no step stirred the parched white dust. Friday—Saturday—no voice but his own moaning broke upon the sick man's strained ear.

As the days past, and no one came to him, he was aware of not being able to reason with himself clearly about his solitude. Growing weak, he remembered the averted faces of the people for whom he had labored, and whom he had loved.

He felt that he was deserted because he was distrusted. Patient as he was, this seemed hard.

"They did not care enough for me to miss me," he said aloud gently.

"I suppose I was not worth it. I had been in prison. I was a wicked man. I must not blame them."

And again:

"They would have come if they had known. They would not have let me die alone. I don't think she would have done that. I wonder where she is? Nobody has missed me—that is all. I must not mind."

Growing weaker, he thought less and prayed more. He prayed at last almost all his time. He addressed God with that sublime familiarity of his, which fell from his lips with no more irreverence than the kiss of a child falling upon its mother's hand or neck.

The murderer, the felon, the outcast, talked with the Almighty Holiness as a man talketh with his friends. The deserted, distrusted, dying creature believed himself to be trusted by the Being who had bestowed on him the awful gift of life.

He thought of those for whom he had cared and toiled. He wished his living or his dying could help them any. Things that his patients had said to him, looks that healing eyes had turned on him, little signs of human love and leaning came back to him as he lay there, and stood around his bed like people in the dark hut.

"They loved me," he said; "Lord, as true as I'm alive, they did! I'm glad I lived long enough to save life, to save life! I'm much obliged to You for that! I wish there was something else I could do for them.

* * * Lord! I'd be willing to die if it would help them any. If I thought I could do anything that way, toward sending them a frost—

"No," he added, "that ain't reasonable. A frost and a human life aint convertible coin. He don't do unreasonable things. Maybe I've lost my head already. But I'd be glad to. That's all. I suppose I can ask you for a frost. That's reason.

"Lord God of earth and heaven! that made the South and the North, the pestilence and destruction, the sick and well, the living and the dead, have mercy on us miserable sinners! Have mercy on the folks that pray to You and on the folks that dont! Remember the old graves and the new ones, and the graves that are to be opened if this hellish heat goes on, and send us a blessed frost, O Lord, as an act of humanity! And if that ain't the way to speak to You, remember I haven't been a praying man long enough to learn the language very well—and that I'm pretty sick—but that I would be glad to die—to give them—a great white holy frost. Lord, a frost! Lord, a cool, white, clean frost, for these poor devils that have borne so much!"

At midnight of that Saturday he dozed and dreamed. He dreamed of what it was like to be holy, and sadly waking thought of holy people—good women and honest man, who had never done a deadly deed.

"I cannot be holy," thought Zerviah Hope; "but I can pray for frost." So he tried to pray for frost. But by that time he had grown confused, and his will wandered pitifully, and he saw strange sights in the little hut. It was as if he were not alone. Yet no one had come in. She could not come at midnight. Strange—how strange! Who was that who walked about the hut? Who stood and looked at him? Who leaned to him? Who brooded over him? Who put arms beneath him? Who looked at him, as those look who love the sick too much to shrink from them?

"I don't know You," said Zerviah in a distinct voice. Presently he smiled. "Yes, I guess I do. I see now. I'm not used to You. I never saw You before. You are Him I've heered about—God's Son! God's Son, You've taken a great deal of trouble to come here after me. Nobody else came. You're the only one that has remembered me. You're very good to me.

* * * Yes, I remember. They made a prisoner of You. Why, yes! They deserted You. They let You die by Yourself. What did You do it for? I don't know much about theology. I am not an educated man. I never prayed till I come South. * * * I forget—What did you do it for?"

A profound and solemn silence replied.

"Well," said the sick man, breaking it in a satisfied tone, as if he had been answered, "I wasn't worth it * * * but I'm glad You came. I wish they had a frost, poor things! You wont go away? Well, I'm glad. Poor things! Poor things! I'll take Your hand, if You've no objections."

After a little time he added in a tone of unutterable tenderness and content:

"Dear Lord!" and said no more.

The Sunday-bells rang peacefully. The sick heard them, and the convalescent and the well. They dying listened to them before they left. On the faces of the dead, too, there came the look of those who hear.

By sunset they had done ringing. There was a clear sky, with cool colors. It seemed almost cold about Scip's hut. The palmetto lifted its faint head. The dust slept. It was not yet dark when a little party from the city rode up, searching for the dreary place. They had ridden fast. Dr. Frank was with them, and the lady, Marian Dare. She rode at their head. She hurried nervously on. She was pale, and still weak. The chairman of the Relief Committee was with her, and the sub-committee and others. Dr. Dare pushed on through the swinging door of the hut. She entered alone. They saw the backward motion of gray-sleeved wrist, and came no farther, but removed their hats and stood, and put her hand upon his eyes. God is good, after all, Let us hope that they knew her before they closed.

She came out, and tried to tell about it, but broke down, and sobbed before them all.

"It is a martyr's death," said the chief; and added solemnly, "Let us pray."

He knelt, and the others with him, between the buried negro, and the unburied nurse, and thanked God for the knowledge and the recollection of the holy life which this man had lived among them in their hour of need.

They buried him, as they must, and hurried homeward to their living, comforting one another for his memory as they could.

As for him, he rested, after her hand had fallen on her eyes. He who had known so deeply the starvation of sleeplessness, slept well that night.

In the morning, when they all woke, these of the sorrowing city here, and those of the happy city yonder, when they took up life again with its returning sunrise,—the sick and the well, the free and the fettered, the living and the dead,—the frost lay, cool, white, blessed on his grave.

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Our Casket.

RUBIES.

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

"It's only a little grave," they said,
"Only just a child that's dead :"
And so they carelessly turned away
From the mound which the spade had made that day
Ah! they did not know how deep a shade
That little grave in one home had made.

True, the coffin was narrow and small,
One yard would have served for an ample pall ;
And one man in his arms could have borne away
The rosewood and its freight of clay.
But oh, what darling hopes were hid
Beneath that little coffin lid!

A weeping mother stood that day
With folded hands by that form of clay ;
And painful, burning tears were hid
'Neath the drooping lash and aching lid ;
And her lip, and cheek, and brow,
Were almost as white as her baby's now.

And then some things were put away,
The crimson frock, and the wrappings gay ;
The little sock, and the half-worn shoe,
The cap with its plume and tassels blue ;
And an empty crib stands with covers spread,
As white as the face of the sinless dead.

'Tis a little grave ; but oh! what care!
What world-wide hopes are buried there!
And ye, perhaps, in coming years,
May see, like her through blinding tears,
How much of light, how much of joy,
Is buried up with an only boy!

—*Selected.*

SPEAK GENTLY.

"Dear mother," tremblingly said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your china vase." "Well you are a naughty, careless, troublesome thing, always in mischief; go up stairs till I send for you." And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered temptation to screen a fault. Disheartened and disappointed, the sobbing child obeyed; and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never to come to life again. Oh, what were the loss of a thousand vases in comparison with a disaster like this?

—*British Workman.*

TRINKETS OF GOLD.

Do not look for wrong and evil :
You will find them if you do.
As you measure for your neighbor,
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness ;
You will meet them all the while,
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile

—*Alice Cary.*

How difficult it is to keep within the bounds of truth, when we are no longer within those of charity.—*Massillon.*

Watch yourself well, when anyone has wounded your sensitiveness, or you have to deal with those who oppose you; the sudden word or action that comes spontaneously will be an unmistakable indication of the true state of your interior life.—*Lobstein.*

He who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces as to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.—*Foster.*

Every man is a missionary, now and for ever, for good or for evil, whether he intends or designs it or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influences outward to the very circumference of society, or he may be a blessing, spreading benediction over the length and breadth of the world, but a blank he cannot be. There are no moral blanks; there are no neutral characters. We are either the sower that sows and corrupts, or the light that splendidly illuminates, and the salt that silently operates; but being dead or alive, every man speaks.—*Chalmers.*

How strange that sturdy men of dauntless energy, courage, and powers of endurance, whose well-knit, muscular frames are their just pride, men who would never turn their backs upon an enemy, or shrink from any hard task—that such men will bow before strong drink, and meekly submit to be led as willing slaves, till memory, courage, and every element of manliness are blotted out.—*The People.*

EMERALDS.

Surgeon : "Your pulse is still very high, my friend! Did you use the leeches I sent you?" *Patient* : "Yis, sorr. Oi tuk thim all roight; but moightn't oi hev thim biled nixt toime yer honor.

Officer (to timid soldier) : "Why Pat, you are surely not going to turn coward?" *Pat* : "Why, shure, I'd rayther be a coward for foive minutes than a corpse for the rest of me loife."

I do wish you would come home earlier," said an Irish lady to her husband. I'm afraid to stay alone. I always imagine that there's somebody in the house, but when you come I know there isn't."

"Och!" exclaimed Mike, who had blistered his fingers in vain endeavors to get on a pair of tight boots. "Oi'll nivir git thim on till oi've wore thim a day or two."

A few nights ago O'Rafferty said to Teddy, "What is it, me bye, that you have to do first thing in the morning?" "I know well enough, daddy, what I have to do first thing in the morning," replied Teddy, laughing. "What is it, ye spalpeen?" "The first thing I have to do in the morning is to get the kindling wood ready the night afore."

ORNAMENTS OF JET.

"Look heah, Thomas Jefferson, dis heah's a nice time fo' you to be gettin' home," growled Aunt Polly, as her boy came in long after midnight. "Oh, g'long!" retorted Thomas, "you dunno nuffin. Habn't you neber hearn dat de darkey's hour is jes befo' day?"

A colored porter in an Austin store asked the proprietor for a day's leave of absence. "What's up now?" "Dar's a niggah gwine ter get married and I oughter be der to see him fru." Who is this colored man at whose wedding you ought to be present?" "Isc da niggah, boss."

The old negro's definition of "Perseverance" was not a bad one, and might do for a life motto. Here it is: "Catch, hold, hold fast and nebbber leab go again."

Two sable philosophers took shelter under the same tree during a heavy shower. After some time one of them complained that he felt the rain. "Nebber mind," replied the other, "der's plenty of trees; when dis un's wet fru we'll go ter anudder un."

DIAMONDS.

The devil is said to be lying in wait for grocers who are continually lying in weight for their customers.

A man asked Mr. Moody, "Can't a man use tobacco and be a Christian?" "Yes," answered Mr. Moody emphatically, "a *nasty* one."

Men like to see themselves in print. Women like to see themselves in silk or velvet.

Mr. Wm. Doodle: "Yes, Miss Frost, I always wear gloves at night; they make one's hands so soft." *Miss Frost*: "Ah! and do you sleep with your hat on?"

"Young Achilles" wants to know if "we think cigarette smoking injurious to the brain?" Oh no, not a bit of it, "Young Achilles." No man with brains enough to hurt will be guilty of smoking them.

Sidney Smith said to his Vestry, in reference to a block pavement proposed to be built around St. Paul's. "All you have to do, gentlemen, is to put your heads together and the thing is done."

"Why, what is the matter with Frank? He is generous to a fault." "Yes," said Fogg, "if the fault happens to be his own."

BITS OF TINSEL.

Why is it that you cannot starve in the desert? Because of the sand-which-is-there.

Why is hot bread like a caterpillar? Because it's the grub that makes the butter fly.

Women are spoken of as angels and Mrs. Noah must have been an ark-angel.

Money is the great enigma of the age. Everybody is compelled to give it up.

A man in Manitoba planted some beans one afternoon, and next morning they were all up. Thanks to his hens.

Hens scratch up garden seeds only when they are barefooted. It is strange no one has ever thought to "shoo" the hens to keep them from doing damage.

A railway engineer saying that the usual life of a locomotive was only thirty years, a passenger remarked that such a tough-looking thing ought to live longer than that. "Well," responded the engineer, "perhaps it would if it didn't smoke so much!"

"No, sir," said the practical man, "no bric-a-brac on the mantel for me! It's a nuisance. Where's a man to put his feet?"

For Girls and Boys.

SWEET PEAS.

BY LILIAN PAYSON.

"Please wear my rose-bud, for love, Papa,"
Said Phebe with eyes so blue.

"This sprig of myrtle put with it, Papa,
To tell of *my* love," said Prue.

Said Patience, "This heart's ease shall whisper, Papa,
Forget not *my* love is true."

Papa looked into the laughing eyes,
And answered, to each little girl's surprise:

"My darling, I thank you, but dearer than these—
Forgive me—far dearer, are bonnie sweet peas"

Then he clasped them close to his heart so true,
And whispered, "*Sweet P's—Phebe, Patience and Prue!*"

—*St. Nicholas.*

THE EVENING HYMN.

It was a lovely home where Isa Craig and her brother and sister lived; wide grounds stretched all round the house, and the view from the windows was most extensive. Indoors, comfort and luxury met one at every turn; one would think it was impossible not to be happy there.

But there was a shadow that was growing darker and darker in that beautiful house—the father was becoming too fond of wine.

It was a terrible pang to Mrs. Craig when she found it out. She

had never thought her husband could come under the power of such a terrible curse; and while doing all she could to win him from it, she carefully taught her children the blessings of total abstinence.

The children were a very devoted trio. You seldom saw one without the others. Isa was a happy, lively girl, and her brother and sister thought no playmate could equal her. They had all sweet voices, and their mother taught them to sing in parts, herself often joining them, so that the effect was very pleasing.

One evening they were singing together, just before little May went to bed. They thought they were all alone, for their mother had been called away, and they did not know that their father was in the inner drawing-room. The door was ajar, and he could just see the sweet child faces against the window as he lay back in the arm-chair. He watched them for awhile with a heart full of love to each, when the thought flashed across him, "Am I going to bring sorrow to those young hearts, and shadow their faces with grief?" His wife had been pleading with him only an hour before to banish the wine from the house, and now the children seemed all unconsciously to be urging the same thing.

After one or two hymns, they suddenly began—

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings."

Verse after verse they sang, and the hymn carried its own message to the father's heart.

"Ah," he said softly to himself, "I have need to ask forgiveness for the ills I have done to-day. I am assuredly not leading my noble boy in the right way. I should not—no, I should not—like to see *him* walking in the same path that I am treading. God forgive me."

With new feelings and desires in his heart, he called the children to him to say good-night, and he noticed with a pang of shame that May shrank from his caress.

"What is it, little one? Don't you love papa?"

"Yes," said the child, wistfully; "but, papa, your kisses don't taste nice after dinner."

"You shall not have to say that again, May, darling. Sing me one verse of the evening hymn again, and then run away to bed."

Mr. Craig had been alone some time, when his wife returned. He called her to him, and told her of his new resolve.

"Dear wife, your words and example have not been lost on me, though I was coward enough to think I could not live without wine or spirits. But those sweet child-voices have by God's blessing completed what you began, and we will banish drink entirely from the house."

Mrs. Craig wept for joy, and knelt by her husband's side as he sought grace from God to keep his resolve.

Then what happy evenings were spent! Papa's rich tenor voice mingled with the children's clear treble and alto, and mamma thought she had never heard anything so sweet. But most loved of all the songs was the evening hymn that brought so much peace and joy to that happy household; for Mr. Craig, daily seeking God's grace, kept his resolve, and having great influence in the neighborhood, was the means of persuading many others to follow his example.—*Band of Hope Review.*

LITTLE MISTAKES.

A little boy had been sent to dry a towel before the nursery fireplace. "Mamma, is it done when it is brown?" he asked, when the towel began to smoke.

Willie has a four year old sister, Mary, who complained to mamma that her button shoes were hurting her. "Why, Mattie, you've put them on the wrong feet." Puzzled and ready to cry, she made answer: "What'll I do, mamma? They've all the feet I've got."

Annie was six years old, and was going to school with a sister of nine. One afternoon when school was near its close, her uncle came by and proposed to carry them home. The elder girl was at the head of her class and would not leave, but Annie said: "All right, Uncle John, I'll go. I am at the foot and can't get any footer."—*Pupil's Record.*

A little boy when picking drumsticks of a chicken swallowed one of the tendons and was very nearly choked. The tendon was, however, extracted with great difficulty from the little fellow's

throat, when he exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, it wasn't the chickabiddy's fault; it was because cook forgot to take off its garters."—*Alpha.*

A friend asked a child of six years of age, "which do you love better,—your cat, or your doll?" The little girl thought for some time before giving an answer, and said in a low tone, "I love my cat better than I do my doll, but please don't tell my doll."

Boys, you are made to be kind, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fist.—*Er.*

MY DOLLY.

Who lies so calmly in my lap,
And takes, when'er I please, a nap,
Nor heeds me if I kiss or slap?
My Dolly.

Who always looks "as good as gold,"
Nor smiles less if I frown or scold,
And ne'er grows cross, however old?
My Dolly.

Her briget blue eyes are open wide,
They never had a fault to hide;
No wonder they have never cried—
My Dolly.

I hold her gently on my arm,
I fain would shield her from all harm,
But I can't kiss her cold cheeks warm—
My Dolly.

Alas! she does not feel my tears,
She knows not all my hopes and fears,
She's only just what she appears—
My Dolly.

A PLEASING EXPERIMENT.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

Every time I try to improve my mind with science I resolve that I will never do it again, and then I always go and do it. Science is so dreadfully tempting that you can hardly resist it. Mr. Travers says that if anybody once gets into the habit of being a scientific person there is little hope that he will ever reform, and he says he has known good men who became habitual astronomers, and actually took to prophesying weather, all because they yielded to the temptation to look through telescopes, and to make figures on the blackboard with chalk.

I was reading a lovely book the other day. It was all about balloons and parachutes. A parachute is a thing that you fall out of a balloon with. It is something like an open umbrella, only nobody ever borrows it. If you hold a parachute over your head and drop out of a balloon, it will hold you up so that you will come down to the ground so gently that you won't be hurt the least bit.

I told Tom Maginnis about it, and we said we would make a parachute, and jump out of the second-story window with it. It is easy enough to make one, for all you have got to do is to get a big umbrella and open it wide, and hold on to the handle. Last Saturday afternoon Tom came over to my house, and we got ready to try what the book said was "a pleasing scientific experiment."

We didn't have the least doubt that the book told the truth. But Tom d'dn't want to be the first to jump out of the window—neither did I—and we thought we'd give Sue's kitten a chance to try a parachute, and see how she liked it. Sue had an umbrella that was made of silk, and was just the thing to suit the kitten. I knew Sue wouldn't mind lending the umbrella, and as she was out making calls, and I couldn't ask her permission, I borrowed the umbrella and the kitten, and meant to tell her all about it as soon

as she came home. We tied the kitten fast to the handle of the umbrella, so as not to hurt her, and then dropped her out of the window. The wind was blowing tremendously hard, which I supposed was a good thing, for it is the air that holds up a parachute, and of course the more wind there is, the more air there is, and the better the parachute will stay up.

The minute we dropped the cat and the umbrella out of the window the wind took them and blew them clear over the back fence into Deacon Smedley's pasture before they struck the ground. This was all right enough, but the parachute didn't stop after it struck the ground. It started across the country about as fast as a horse could run, hitting the ground every few minutes, and then bouncing up into the air and coming down again, and the kitten kept clwning at everything and yowling as if she was being killed. By the time Tom and I could get down stairs the umbrella was about a quarter of a mile off. We chased it till we couldn't run any longer, but we couldn't catch it, and the last we saw of the umbrella and the cat they were making splendid time toward the river, and I'm very much afraid they were both drowned.

Tom and I came home again, and when we got a little rested we said we would take the big umbrella and try the pleasing scientific experiment; at least I said that Tom ought to try it, for we had proved that a little silk umbrella would let a kitten down to the ground without hurting her, and of course a great big umbrella would hold Tom up all right. I didn't care to try it myself, because Tom was visiting me, and we ought always to give up our own pleasures in order to make our visitors happy.

After a while Tom said he would do it, and when everything was ready he sat on the window-ledge, with his legs hanging out, and when the wind blew hard he jumped.

It is my opinion, now that the thing is all over, that the umbrella wasn't large enough, and that if Tom had struck the ground he would have been hurt. He went down awfully fast, but by good luck the grocer's man was just coming out of the kitchen door as Tom came down, and he lit right on the man's head. It is wonderful how lucky some people are, for the grocer's man might have been hurt if he hadn't happened to have a bushel basket half full of eggs with him, and as he and Tom both fell into the eggs, neither of them was hurt.

They were just getting out from among the eggs when Sue came in with some of the ribs of her umbrella that somebody had fished out of the river and given to her. There didn't seem to be any kitten left, for Sue didn't know anything about it, but father and Mr. Maginnis came in a few minutes afterward, and I had to explain the whole thing to them.

This is the last "pleasing scientific experiment" I shall ever try. I don't think science is at all nice, and, besides, I am awfully sorry about the kitten.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE STOLEN CUSTARD.

Sugar-toothed Dick
For dainties was sick,
So he slyly stole into the kitchen,
Snatched a cup from the pantry
And darted out quick,
Unnoticed by mother or Gretchen.

Whispered he, "There's no cake,
For to-morrow they bake,
But this custard looks rich and delicious;
How they'll scold at the rats,
Or the mice or the cats;
For of me I don't think they're suspicious.

"They might have filled up
Such a mean little cup,
And for want of a spoon I must drink it;
But 'tis easy to pour—
Hark! who's that at the door?"
And the custard went down ere you'd think it.

With a shriek he sprang up;
To the floor dashed the cup;
Then he howled, tumbled, spluttered and blustered,
Till the terrible din
Brought the whole household in—
He had swallowed a cupful of mustard!

—Our Little Ones.

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The Committee invite correspondence regarding the work, and will make arrangements for speakers for special meetings, and for delegates to Conferences, to assist in extending Band of Hope work in Toronto and vicinity. Communications should be addressed to the Secretary-Treasurer, 118 Scollard Street.

LOCAL ORGANIZATIONS.

GALT.

Tuesday evening, Star Lodge, I. O. G. T.
Thursday, Galt Division, S. of T.

HAMILTON.—I. O. G. T.

Monday, Excelsior Lodge.
Monday, Ambitious City Lodge.
Wednesday, Reliance Lodge.
Wednesday, Concord Lodge.
Thursday, Rescue Lodge.

S. OF T.

Wednesday, Hamilton Division.
Thursday, Advance Division.

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Gospel Temperance Meeting every Sunday evening, at 8.30. All are invited to attend.

Public Temperance Meeting every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock. Prominent speakers at this meeting. Admission free.

W. C. T. U. Meetings on Wednesday afternoons at 3 o'clock. All women are invited to attend.

The above meetings are held in the National School Building, 92 Argyle Street.

Prayer Meeting on Thursday afternoon in Mission Church, Maynard Street, at 4 o'clock. All are welcome.

HUMBERSTONE.

Humberstone Lodge, No. 376, I. O. G. T., meets on Saturday evening, at the Good Templars' Hall. Visitors always welcome. W. W. Kinnelly, W. C. T. Miss H. C. Weaver, W. S.; James Kirdear, L. D., Port Colborne P. O.

RAMA.

Kesisabeta Lodge No. 111, Simcoe Co., meets on Saturday evening, in the Good Templars' Hall, Rama. Mrs. Ann Sandy, W. C. T.; Joseph Yellowhead, W. S., Gilbert Williams, Lodge Deputy.

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TORONTO AND YORKVILLE CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE MISSION.—Meetings Mission School-room, 109 Chestnut Street, Sundays at 7 p. m. Pres. Rev. H. Powis; Sec., James Thompson, 344 Yonge Street.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.—Meets every Monday at 3 p. m., at Shaftesbury Hall. Mrs. Cowan, Pres.; Mrs. Martin, Sec., 34 Bellevue Avenue.

WEST END CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—Meetings Occident Hall, Saturday, 8 p. m.; Sunday at 3 p. m. and 8.30 p. m. Pres., Arthur Farley; Sec., G. Ward.

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THE

"CITIZEN" PUBLISHING CO.

The first annual meeting of the shareholders of this Company was held, for the purpose of organization, at Beagough's Shorthand Bureau office, on the 28th day of April. Mr. F. Bengough was appointed Chairman. Reports of progress and plans for future action were submitted by the Provincial Directors, and some by-laws for the government of the Company were adapted. The financial statement showed that about \$3,000 had been subscribed, of the \$10,000 provided for in the Letters Patent. Strong hopes were expressed of the Company's future, and permanent organization completed by the election of the following Board of Directors:—

THOS. BENGOUGH,	ARTHUR FARLEY,
ROBERT RAE,	MRS. J. McEWEN,
W. H. RODDEN,	F. S. SPENCE,
JOSEPH TAIT,	MRS. C. A. CURZON,

MRS. ADAM MILLER.

Subsequently the Board elected Mr. Tait to the position of President, and appointed Mr. Spence to act as Manager and Editor of the CANADA CITIZEN.

Mr. Wm. Burgess, late Editor of the CITIZEN, has resigned that position, and entered into partnership with Mr. J. H. McMullen. The new firm of

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