

The Canada Citizen

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

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

Published Every Friday by the

CITIZEN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Office, 8 King Street East, Toronto.

Subscription, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, strictly in advance.

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TORONTO FRIDAY, JANUARY 11th, 1884.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR'S GREAT SERMON.

We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers in this number a full report of this remarkable discourse. It is one of the strongest and best utterances that has yet been made in arraignment of the terrible evils of intemperance and the liquor-traffic. We have also printed it in the form of a neat sixteen-page pamphlet on fine toned paper, and will send it to any address, post-paid, for the very low price of one dollar per hundred copies.

GROCCERS' LICENSES.

The total prohibition of the liquor-traffic is the ultimate object of the temperance workers of Canada. Partial measures are accepted merely as stepping-stones towards this end. But pending the full measure of prohibition it is our bounden duty to exercise every power of partial prohibition that we already possess. The municipal elections for 1884 are now over, and in a few days the new councils will be exercising the authority with which they are invested for the benefit of the community.

The control and restriction of the liquor-traffic is to a great extent in their hands, and they have the power to pass by-laws, separating the sale of liquor from that of other commodities. This power they should be called upon and urged to exercise. Let petitions be gotten up and signed in every municipality, asking the council to take such action. If the members of the council favor the proposal, they should have the assurance of public support; if they do not favor it, they should be given to see that there is a public sentiment in its favor that they dare not ignore.

It is not needful for us to discuss further the question of this movement. The facts and arguments in regard to it have been fully and frequently laid before our readers, but in order to substantiate the statement that female intemperance—the result of the grocers' license system—is assuming alarming proportions and calls

for immediate and decisive action, we reprint among our selected articles two extracts that are well worthy of careful perusal. One of these is from a Canadian paper, *The Hamilton Tribune*, and one from an English journal, *The Temperance Record*.

Selected Articles.

INTEMPERANCE AMONG WOMEN.

A startling feature of the spread of drunkenness in late years was brought out at a recent meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society, in Exeter Hall, London. In 1860, when a commercial treaty was arranged with France, it was thought the introduction of cheap light wines from that country would promote the best interests of temperance in England, by having them take the place of strong liquors. The next year the privileges given grocers and shop keepers to sell wine were extended to selling spirits, which had previously been confined to the legitimate trade. At first, no quantities less than two gallons were permitted to be sold, and finally, permission was given for the sale of spirits in alleged quart bottles. The lower classes were not the principal consumers of the twenty million bottles of wine and spirits that are estimated as the yearly sale by the grocer firms as household supplies. The most piteous result of the Act was the marvellous increase of female intemperance that followed its introduction. The High Constable of Manchester testified that in five years previous to 1854, the average yearly number of committals of men for drunkenness was 207, but in the five years that ended in 1876 the average had been 2,801. It might be urged those convictions had no bearing upon female intemperance and grocers' licenses, as the intemperance that offends public order must come from the drinking at bars licensed for consumption on the premises. Such might be the case, but how did the miserable women become so degraded as to avail themselves of the public-house? Many of these imprisoned women were wives of respectable mechanics, domestic servants, and even those of a higher class, who somehow or other learned to drink, and then went to the public-house, and subsequently helped to swell the terrible array of convictions for drunkenness. More convincing than the proofs of those whose offences meet the public eye, is the mischief done in the homes of the middle and lower classes. There husbands are found with homes broken up and children neglected. This spread of female intemperance is a canker eating into the very heart of England, which, if not soon arrested will go too far to be remedied. The society above named have pledged themselves to do all they can by influencing current opinion on the subject of grocers' licenses, and to bring their power to bear upon the Government. The evil done in England under the act of Parliament licensing grocers to sell liquors, is working with a diminished force in this country. There are many persons, men and women, who can no more indulge in liquors moderately than a river can be turned backward. It is a terrible calamity, at the very time an excessive use of intoxicating liquors is decreasing amongst men, that it should be increasing amongst women. Something effective must be done to stop female intemperance, or in a generation or two the race will have manifestly deteriorated in physical strength and mental and moral vigor. A million times better than such degradation come upon us would it be that the license of every grocer, confectioner, restaurateur and saloon be repealed throughout the broad Dominion of Canada.—*Hamilton Tribune*.

DRINK AND CRIME IN 1882.

The Rev. J. W. Horsley, M. A., Chaplain of Her Majesty's Prison, Clerkenwell, has furnished to the *Church of England Temperance Chronicle* the following summary of figures from the Blue-book of Judicial Statistics for 1882:

1. The number of persons summarily proceeded against for being drunk or drunk and disorderly for the last seven years is:

1876.....	205,567	1879.....	178,429
1877.....	200,184	1880.....	172,859
1878.....	194,549	1881.....	174,451
	1882.....		189,697

The increase is probably due to the revival of trade, as the high figures of 1876 to 1878 were admittedly owing to commercial prosperity and the continuance of the habits gained in "good times." The increase of fifteen

thousand during the last year is, however, alarming, especially in view of the exceptional activity of all forms of temperance effort.

II. The places with the largest totals for drunkenness, and their figures for the last three years, are the following, and show, in most cases, an increase which in some instances is remarkable:

	1880.	1881.	1882.
London.....	32,710.....	27,368.....	29,044
Lancaster County.....	15,650.....	16,661.....	19,005
Liverpool.....	14,252.....	14,237.....	16,003
Durham County.....	8,308.....	9,124.....	10,650
Manchester.....	8,815.....	9,297.....	9,409
West Riding.....	8,717.....	7,642.....	8,045
Stafford County.....	4,445.....	4,854.....	5,890
Newcastle.....	4,123.....	4,268.....	4,245
Glamorgan County.....	2,484.....	2,756.....	3,185
Chester County.....	2,632.....	2,443.....	2,804
Worcester County.....	1,684.....	2,016.....	2,584
Northumberland.....	1,967.....	2,145.....	2,529
Birmingham.....	2,218.....	2,345.....	2,443
Derby County.....	1,849.....	2,001.....	2,248
Shropshire.....	1,543.....	1,823.....	2,020
Salford.....	2,148.....	2,480.....	1,928

It will be observed that a decrease compared with 1881, is only found in the cases of Newcastle and Salford. In London the figures for the last few years hardly represent the real state of affairs, owing largely to the effect of the police order whereby drunkards are not detained when they become sober in the police-station. The figures for Manchester for the last five years are 8,045, 8,596, 8,815, 9,297, 9,409, a serious and steady progress downwards, unless the population has increased out of proportion to the increase in other places, and this hardly supports the optimism of the Bishop of Manchester, who recently declared that it was long since he had seen a drunken man in the city.

III. Other offences against the Licensing Act, 1872, amount only to 14,588, a decrease of 115 in spite of the general increase in apprehensions for drunkenness, and as there are at least 15,800 licensed houses in London alone, and as over 300,000 licenses are issued in the United Kingdom, and as licensed "victuallers" are constantly complaining of the oppressiveness of this Act, and the number of possible offences under it, it is obvious that these offences are either far more rare than anyone believes, or that the offenders are remarkably successful in escaping conviction.

IV. Amongst those apprehended for indictable offences, or summarily proceeded against, 39,845 (300 more than in 1881), of whom 11,000 are females, are described as habitual drunkards. This indicates, of course, cases and not individuals. Many, however, come under other heads, *e. g.*, disorderly prostitutes, of whom there were 22,944 apprehended; and, moreover, habitual drunkards have not invariably the fortune to fall into the hands of the police.

V. Under the head of Coroners' Returns, 443 deaths are described as being from excessive drinking. A perusal of the daily papers will, however, show that this verdict is rarely, from various reasons, recorded when it can be avoided.

VI. Of 933 houses, the resort of thieves, depredators, and suspected persons, 433 are public-houses, and 346 beershops. As it is an offence to harbor such persons, we may wonder why this item appears year after year in undiminished, and even in increasing size.

VII. The offenders who have been convicted for any crime above ten times are 4,391 males, and 8,946 females, or 8.9 and 29.3 per cent. respectively, on the total commitments. In other words, more than a quarter of all the women in prison, whose offence is not the first, have been in over ten times. A comparison of five years will show how women have been steadily getting worse in this respect—1878, 5,673 females, 1879, 5,800 females; 1880, 6,773 females; 1881, 7,496 females; 1882, 8,946 females. This preponderance of women is almost entirely due to the special character, and the increase, of female intemperance.

VIII. The daily average population of the local prisons was 17,876, at a cost of £20 19s. 3d. a head: of the convict prisons, 10,192, at £32 8s. 4d. and there were 873 criminal lunatics, *i. e.*, a daily average of 28,941 criminals in confinement (not including 4,487 juvenile offenders in reformatories, and 11,027 in industrial schools), at a cost of £754,146. As three-fourths of crime is directly or indirectly attributable to intemperance, the unnecessary cost to the country may readily be computed. It may be added that the cost of the police is £3,264,378.—*Temperance Record.*

THE NATION'S CURSE.

A SERMON PREACHED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, ON NOVEMBER 19TH, ON THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, BY THE REV. ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

"Behold I set before you a blessing and a curse."—Deut. xi., 26.

It is with deliberate purpose that I mean the sermon this evening to be almost exclusively a plain statement of plain facts. I wish it to be an appeal, not to the imagination, not to the emotions, but to reason, to the sense of duty, to the conscience of Christians in a Christian land. If I say one word that is not true, I am guilty; if I consciously exaggerate a single argument, I am morally responsible; if I do so from ignorance, or from mistaken evidence, I hail any possible refutation of what I urge as a service to the sacred cause of truth. But if the facts be facts, indisputable, and for the most part even undisputed, and then if they do not speak to you for themselves, I know nothing else that can or will. If they do not carry with them their own fire; if they do not plead with you, clear as a voice from Sinai, in their barest and briefest reality, and spur you to seek redress—

"If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man home to his idle bed."

Those who plead for temperance reform are daily charged with exaggeration. Exaggeration is never right, never wise, even when moral indignation renders it excusable; but before you repeat that hackneyed and irrelevant charge, remember that there never was prophet or reformer yet, since time began, against whom the same charge has not been made. We have no need to exaggerate; our cause is overwhelmingly strong in its moral appeal to unvarnished realities, and we have nothing to do but to set forth things as they are, till not only the serious, and the earnest, but even the comfortable, even the callous, yes, even the careless and the selfish, unless they are content to forego altogether the name of patriot, and the name of Christ, shall be compelled to note them for very shame.

1. Begin, then, with the fact that the direct expenditure of the nation for intoxicating drinks is reckoned at £130,000,000 a year, and the indirect, which we are forced to pay from the results of drunkenness, £100,000,000 more. Maintain, if you will, that alcohol is a harmless luxury; you still cannot deny that for the vast majority it is not a necessity. Whole races of men, the votaries of whole religions, do without it, and gain by its absence. From 20,000 prisoners in England, it is cut off from the day of their imprisonment, and they are not the worse, but the stronger and the healthier from its withdrawal. There are some five million total abstainers in England, and the impartial statistics of insurance prove conclusively that longevity is increased by abstention from it. The most magnificent feats of strength and endurance of which mankind has ever heard have been achieved without it. At the very best, then it is a luxury. If it were not so, three Chancellors of the Exchequer would not have congratulated the nation on the diminution of revenue drawn from the sale of it; nor would a speech from the Throne have expressed satisfaction at this loss of income. Being, then, at the best a luxury, even if no harm came from it, I ask you seriously whether we can, in these days, bear the exhaustion which arises from this terrible drain on our national resources? We live in anxious times. The pressure of life, the intensity of competition, both in the nation itself and with other nations, is very severe. Of late two daily newspapers have been filled with correspondence which proves the state of middle-class society. One has given expression to the sorrows and struggles of thousands of clerks in our cities, and has told the dismal story of their hopeless and grinding poverty. The other has revealed with what agonies of misgiving thousands of parents contemplate the difficulty of starting their sons in the crowded race in life. Can there be a shadow of a doubt that the nation would be better prepared for the vast growth of its population, that the conditions of average life would be less burdensome if we abandoned a needless, and therefore, wasteful expenditure? Would not the position of England be more secure if that vast river of wasted gold were diverted into more fruitful channels?—if the 88½ millions of bushels of grain (as much as is produced in all Scotland) which are now mashed into deleterious drink, were turned into useful food?—if the 69 thousands of acres of good land now devoted to hops were used for cereals?—if England were relieved from the burden of supporting the mass of misery, crime, pauperism, and madness which drunkenness entails? Even in this respect, as Sir Matthew Hale said two centuries ago, "*perimus licitus, we are perishing by permitted things.*" A Chinese tradition tells us that when, 4,000 years ago, their Emperor forbade the use of intoxicants, heaven rained gold for three days. Looking at the matter on grounds simply economical—considering only the fact that the working classes drink, in grossly adulterated beers and maddening spirits, as much as they pay in rent—considering that there is hardly a pauper in England who has not wasted on intoxicants enough to have secured him long ago a freehold house and a good annuity—I say that if the curse of drink were thoroughly expelled it would rain gold in England not for three days but for many days.

2. We have assumed hitherto that intoxicating drinks are nothing in the world but a harmless luxury; but every man knows that they are not. The

voice of science has laid it down unconditionally that all the young, and all who are in perfect health, do not need them, and are better without them. Many of the highest scientific authorities tell us further that even their moderate use is the cause of many painful disorders and thousands of premature deaths. In the middle classes, the use of two wines—claret and sherry—is nearly universal; and even in the last few days the rival vendors of these wines have been telling the world that each of these wines consists of strange concoctions which are the cause of gout and all sorts of gastric disorders. Further, we know, by the universal experience of the world, that wherever drinking is nationally common, drunkenness becomes nationally ruinous. And for this reason, alcohol is one of a number of lethal drugs which have the fatal property of creating for themselves a crave which in multitudes becomes an appetite; an appetite which strengthens into a vice, a vice which ends in disease; a disease which constitutes a crushing and degrading slavery. To myriads of human beings it creates a needless, an artificial, a physical temptation, which first draws, then drags, then drives as with a scourge of fire.

"In their helpless misery blind,
A deeper prison and a heavier chain they find,
And stronger tyrants."

Aristotle said of human nature, generally, that "We are prone rather to excess than to moderation;" but this natural propensity, this fatal bias, this original sin, is infinitely strengthened when it works, not only as a moral impulse, but as a physical law. No drunkard, since time began, ever meant to be a drunkard. To be a drunkard means nothing less than awful shipwreck of life and body; the curse of life; the agony of conscience; the obliteration of nobleness and hope. Why, then, are there 600,000 drunkards in England? Why is it that through drink we have seen "the stars of heaven fall and the cedars of Lebanon laid low?" The flood was scarcely dried before Noah, discovering drink, introduced into his own family, and among mankind, a curse and an infamy:

"Which since hath overwhelmed and drowned
Far greater numbers on dry ground
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than e'er before the flood had done."

They who will make a young tiger their plaything must not be surprised if there be some to whom it will show, at last, a wild trick of its ancestors. In every nation where there is free temptation to drink there will be many drunkards, and for this reason, that drink induces a taste which is neither hunger, nor thirst, nor pleasure, nor reasonable want, but a morbid impulse, an indefinable desire, and

"Like the insane root,
It takes the reason prisoner."

3. Then, next, what does the prevalence of drunkenness involve? It means that to thousands life becomes a long disease. Solomon told us that truth 3,000 years ago. "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Delirium tremens—that inconceivably awful and agonising illness—is but one of God's executioners upon excess. The fact that a nation is addicted to drink and drunkenness means that the health of myriads will be ruined; it means that myriads of children, with diseased bodies, fatuous minds, and depraved impulses, will be, in the awful language of an old preacher, "not born into the world, but damned into the world," as idiots, or cripples, or predestined drunkards; a curse to nations, a curse to their neighbors and to themselves, a curse to the very ideal of humanity which they drag down and degrade, poisoning its very life-blood, and barring its progress to the goal of better days. Oh! nations may enjoy their revelries, but the river of enjoyment flows into a sea of misery, and disease is only indulgence taken at a later stage.

4. Nor is it only the bodies of men that suffer; it is their souls. Powerless for his deliverance, the conscience of the drunkard is not powerless for his torture. Robert Burns, Charles Lamb, and Hartley Coleridge have uttered the cry of men who have thus been swept over the cataract. The Spartans, when they wished to turn their children from the shame of intemperance, showed them the physical degradation of drunken Helots; but the physical results are nothing to the moral devastation, the abject servitude, the spiritual catastrophe of the man who has given himself over to the bondage of drink. When he recovers from the degradation of the animal, it is to feel the anguish of a lost soul. That is the reason why, year by year, drink not only crowds the workhouse with paupers, and the gaol with felons, and the asylum with lunatics, and the hospital with disease, but also swells more than any other cause—swells week by week and year by year—the list of those who, through the awful gate of suicide, rush, with rude insult, into the presence of their God. "The measure of alcohol consumed in a district," said Baron Dowe, "is the measure of the degradation." Whenever the drink tide rises highest, there, too, is the high-water mark of suicide, mortality, and crime. Wherewithal a man or a nation sinneth, by the same shall he be punished.

5. Nor is this all. The curse does not stay with him who caused it. It spreads in concentric circles of ruin. The drunkard almost invariably drags down his wife and family into the lurid whirlpool of his own retribution. Go to some public-house on Saturday night, between ten and twelve, when

the miserable working man is pouring into the till of the publican and the purse of the gin distiller, the money which should clothe and feed his wife and little ones; see, when the gin palaces in our most pauperised districts are cleared at night, a scene which, for vileness cannot be paralleled in any region of the world. Then follow the drunken man or drunken woman into the lair which they call their home. Home? it is a Dantean hell of brutality and squalor, of which the very air reeks with abomination! "In former times the wife was usually the victim of her husband's brutishness, now she becomes in innumerable cases the partner in his sin. In either case, be she victim or associate, no creature on earth so demands our pity." While threats and blows resound in that curse-laden air, the children—the ragged, miserable, half-starved, degraded children—the children who will grow up hereafter to recruit the ranks of the felon and the harlot, huddle together in mute terror. "They do not cry; such children seldom do shed tears. Nature could never furnish a foundation to meet such demands." Often they make their escape into cellar or chimney, or hide themselves under the rotting heap of rags or straw, and do not venture to creep out, half-suffocated, till the drink-maddened fiend whom they call "father" is away, or till he has slept off for a time the vitriol madness. And in most of our large towns there are whole streets, and alleys, and districts of such drunkards' homes—infamous streets which hide hundreds of blighted families, the disgrace of our civilization and the disgrace of our Christianity; the only things which flourish there are the public-houses, which, confronting the minimum of virtue with the maximum of temptation, drain from the wretched neighborhood its last life, and, like the fungus on the decaying tree, feed on the ruin which is their boon. We have heard much in these few days of "Horrible London," and of the bitter cry of its abject. What makes these slums so horrible? I answer, with the certainty and the confidence of one who knows, Drink! And what is the remedy? I tell you that every remedy you attempt will be a miserable failure; I tell the nation, with the conviction founded on experience, that there will be no remedy till you save these outcasts from the temptations of drink. Leave the drink, and you might build palaces for them in vain. Leave the drink, and before a year was over your palaces would still reek with dirt and squalor, with infamy and crime. Of the trade in general which ministers to this temptation I will say nothing; but at least in such vile streets as these, whence, day and night, this bitter cry of abject cities rings in the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth, I should have thought that any man who believes in God, that any man who calls himself a Christian, would have been, not ashamed only, but afraid to swell those geysers of curse and ruin. In such districts, at any rate, I know not how they can be blind to the evils which spring from what they sell, or how they can fail to hear the stern words ringing in their ears—

"Fye, sirrah,
The evil that thou causeth to be done,
That is thy means to live."

They who will not see this must be left to their own conscience, in that hour when she speaks, and we can be deaf no longer to her voice; but I ask every man concerned in such evils, which is best?—which will they think best when, a few years hence, they face the hour of death and the day of judgment, to forego such tainted gains, or to go on contributing—to the wholesale manufacture of infamy that knows no innocence; of youth without modesty or shame; of maturity that is mature in nothing but guilt and suffering; of blasted old age which is a scandal on the name we bear?

6. But the tempted, the victims of drink—I ask you, do these men, these women, do these children, do these wretched districts, or do they not deserve our pity, and demand our efforts at reform? Is it, or is it not—surely the question is plain and pressing—our duty to content ourselves with clever epigrams and plausible sophisms, and to be infinitely tender to vested interests in the causes of human ruin, or with stern effort and inflexible perseverance, to reduce an evil so colossal, to redeem men, our brothers, from a misery so deep as this?

7. Yet even now I have not come to the worst, or anything like the worst. For the abuse of drink, besides being, by unanimous testimony, a main cause of pauperism, disease, and madness, is also, by irresistible evidence, the main cause of crime—the all but conclusive cause of crimes of violence. I might quote the emphatic, the oft-repeated, the uncompromising testimony of almost every judge upon the bench. They have done their best to interpose between us and our degradation—the purity of their ermine. They have said, for instance, that Saturday "pay-day" means "drink-day and crime-day," and that many a man "enters the door of a public-house respectable and respected, and leaves it a felon." On one occasion several instances at Liverpool came before Mr. Justice Mellor, of a savagery so loathsome, of a callosity so bestial, of a dehumanization so unutterable, that he spoke of drink—which, in this country, is the sole cause of such abnormal wickedness—in terms which might, one would have thought, arouse any country, however sunken. But I will confine myself to the remarks made by one judge in one cathedral city—by Mr. Justice Hawkins—at the last Midsummer Assizes in Durham. They may be well known to you. Yet I will repeat them. It may be that the words, spoken so solemnly from the bench of justice, may derive yet further emphasis when they are solemnly repeated in the House of God. "When I come," he said, "to look through the calendar, and when I see the number of cases which have been committed under the influence of drink, I cannot

help saying a word or two on the subject. Every day I live, the more I think of the matter, and the more firmly do I come to the conclusion that the root of almost all crime is drink—that revolting tyrant which affects people of all ages and of both sexes; young, middle-aged and old; father and son, husband and wife, all in turn become its victims. It is drink which, for the most part, is the immediate and direct cause of those fearful quarrels in the public streets at night which terminate in serious mischief, or some other outrage. It is drink which causes homes to be impoverished, and traces of the misery which it causes are to be found in many a cottage, denuded of the commonest articles of comfort and necessity, which have gone to the pawnshop simply to provide for that hideous tyrant, drink. I believe, knowing as I do, and having by experience had my attention drawn to it, that " (hear it, gentlemen! hear it, Christians! hear it, ministers of God in this Cathedral which stands at the very centre of all our history!) "I believe that nine-tenths of the crime in this country is engendered inside the doors of public-houses."

8. Will anyone venture to say, for there is no end to the subterfuge of minds brazened by custom, that these are mere opinions? Well, if you want, not opinion, but hard, glaring, patent facts, untinged with any opinion whatever—facts black, rugged, comfortless, and horrible—facts in all their ghastly nakedness, denuded of all vesture of human thought and of human emotion in narrating them—it will be the most flagrant hypocrisy to say that such facts are not forthcoming for you, when every day and every newspaper teems with them. Not one single day passes over one single town in England, without some wretchedness, crime, and horror, caused by drink. Week by week, in the *Alliance News*, is published a ghastly list, called "Fruits of the Traffic." It is not invented; it is not concocted; it is not garbled. It consists simply of cuttings from multitudes of perfectly neutral newspapers, the records of police courts and sessions. I cannot enter into these. The human hand can perpetrate, the human heart can conceive, the human frame can suffer horrors of which the human lip refuses to speak. Take the evidence of two weeks alone; the blessed week in which we listen to the melody of angel songs, and the first week of the glad New Year. For twopence you may purchase the record of events which drink caused for these two weeks in 1882, for England only. It fills a large double-columned pamphlet of thirty-six pages. Thirty-six pages of what—in this our Christian England, in Christmas week? Thirty-six pages of stabbing, cutting, wounding; of brutal assaults on men, on women, on children; of public peril and accident; of deaths, sudden, violent, preventible; of homicide; of parricide; of matricide; of infanticide; of suicide; of every form of murder. In four hours on one evening in one city 36,803 women were seen going into public-houses. The results formed a tragedy so squalid, and so deadly, as to sicken the heart like the impression of a nightmare, whose very memory we loathe. Read that hideous list and then prattle, and lisp, and sneer about exaggeration; read that list, and then, if any man can still quote Scripture for the purpose of checking temperance reformers, or of encouraging our immense capacities for delay and indifference, I can only say of such a man, that

" Though in the sacred place he stands,
Uplifting consecrated hands,
Unworthy are his lips to tell
Of Jesus' martyr-miracle;
Thy miracle of life and death,
Thou Holy one of Nazareth!"

9. And is all this to take place all over England? It was so again last year, it has been so for many years; next year again, and the next, and the next, are we, in those two weeks of blessedness, to have the whole country, from John o' Groats to Land's End, deluged and disgraced by this filthy stream of blood, and misery, and crime? Is this to be the prerogative of our national morality; and are we to go on leaving these crimes, and the sources of them, and the temptations to them, unchecked, till the pit swallow us and them?

10. I must end; but I must ask you not to suppose that I have brought before you one half of the evil, or one tenth of the motives which should stir us up to counteract it for Christ's sake, and in Christ's name. I have not shown you, as I could most awfully show you, how, by introducing our accursed firewaters, we have destroyed and exterminated whole races of mankind, until our footsteps round the world, instead of being 'beautiful upon the mountains,' have been as footsteps dyed in blood. I have not shown you the extent to which drink neutralizes the work of the school, the library, and the Church, so that it is the very chief barrier against the efforts of religion. I have not shown you how, in our great dependencies it has gone far to turn into a curse the blessing of our rule, so that, to take but one instance, there rises louder and louder from our great Empire of Hindostan, the agonising cry that her children were once sober, and that we, by our beloved gin and spirits—those good creatures of God—are rapidly turning them into a nation of drunkards. I have not told how this curse transforms into a bane what would otherwise be the great national boons of larger wealth, and higher wages, and shortened hours. And how long do you mean all this to continue? How long are our working classes to be hemmed in with glaring temptations and their dwellings, in the teeth of their wishes, to the conflagration of their interests, to be ringed by public-houses on all sides as with a cordon of fire? How long is the reeling army of our drunkards to be recruited by those who are now

our innocent sons and daughters? We pity the gladiators, and the poet cried, "Arise ye, Goths, and glut your ire!" And will you not pity the widows who are made widows by drink; and the orphans who are fatherless; and they whose blood is poisoned by it; and the women who are kicked, and burnt, by drunken sons, and brothers, and husbands; and the little children who are killed, or who die so slowly that none can call it murder. Will you wait till the accumulated miseries of souls, which might have been innocent,

" Plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of the taking-off;
And pity, like a naked, new-born babe,
Striding the blast, on Heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow these horrid deeds in every eye
That tears shall drown the wind?"

And if you are careless about all this misery; if selfishness, and custom, and the gains of brewers and publicans weigh with you against all this evidence, if you see no need to blush for all this national disgrace, if it rouses in your heart no feeling as a patriot, as a Christian, or as a man, are you not at least afraid, lest, if we suffer these things to go on unchecked, a voice should at last cry "Arise!" to the awful angel of retribution; and lest, when he stands with drawn sword over a country so guilty and so apathetic, the cup of our iniquity and of our drunkenness being full, there should be none to say to him, "Put up thy sword within thy sheath?"

11. But if all that I have said admit of no possibility of refutation, how should I possibly urge any more effectual plea for an agency, which, like our beloved Church of England Temperance Society, has, with such holy earnestness and conspicuous moderation, been laboring now for twenty-one years to alleviate the nation's misery to avert a nation's curse? It needs special support. Help, I entreat you, with warm hearts and liberal hands, to avert the national catastrophe, which would be involved in the failure or exhaustion of a society so noble and so indispensable! Let England, if not for very shame, yet at least out of gratitude and self-defence, provide the society with the £25,000 which are required. For if temperance societies have done nothing else, yet at least, in the words of Lord Shaftesbury, "but for them we should have been by this time plunged into such a flood of drunkenness, immorality, and crime, as would have rendered the whole country uninhabitable. Will you, then, be callously supine, will you be immorally acquiescent, about the fate of your country? Your fathers did a thousand noble deeds to put down immorality and wrong; to defend the cause of innocence, and to smite the hoary head of oppression. Your fathers, by the loveliest act in the long annals of English history, swept away the slave trade. With quiet perseverance, which would see no discouragement; with dauntless courage, which would quail before no opposition; with illuminated insight, which pierced the sophistry of interested defenders; with the true freedom which would not be shackled by unhallowed interests—they fought to the end that glorious battle! Will you be unworthy of them? Will you do nothing to deliver England and her dependencies from a deeper misery and a deadlier curse? Yonder is the grave of Wilberforce; there is the statue of Sir Fowell Buxton; there is the monument of Sir Granville Sharpe. Oh, that God would hear our prayers, and out of the gallant band of godly men who fought that battle

"Of those three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylæ."

12. Englishmen and Christians, if such facts do not stir you up, I ask, could they do so were they even in the thunder's mouth? It is not in the thunder, it is by the still small voice of history and of experience, that God speaks to the reason and to the conscience. It is not by the lightning-flash that He would have us read His will, but by the quiet light that shows all things in the slow history of their ripening. When he speaks in the thunder and the lightning, by the tornado and the earthquake. He speaks in retribution then. And what is retribution but the external law of consequences? If you cannot see God's warnings against drink, if you cannot read in the existing condition of things, His displeasure and our shame, if you cannot see it in the marriage-tie broken and dishonored, in sons and daughters ruined, in the peace of families laid waste, in the work of the church hindered, in whole districts blighted, in thousands and tens of thousands of souls destroyed, if you cannot see it in the records of crime, and murder, and outrage, and madness, and suicide; in the fathers who, in their very mouths, through drink, have slain their sons; and the sons who through drink, have slain their fathers; and the mothers who, for drink, have sacrificed the lives of their little ones upon the breast;—men of England, if these things do not wring your heart, and fire your zeal, what do you expect? Can the letters glare more painfully on the palace wall of your power? Are you waiting till there fall on England the same fate which, for their sins has fallen in turn on Assyria, and Greece, and Rome, and Egypt, and Carthage, and Jerusalem and Tyre! They perished; sooner or later all guilty nations perish, by sudden catastrophe, or by slow decay.

"The sword of heaven is not in haste to smite
Nor yet doth linger."

but when it does smite, it is apt to smite once and smite no more. Will you be so complacent over your epigrams, and your vested interests, and your Biblical criticism, when vengeance leaps at last upon the stage, and

strikes sore strokes, and pity shall no longer avert the blow? You are Christians; yes, but see that you have not been admitted into a holier sanctuary only to commit a deeper sacrilege! Why, had you been Pagans, these very same arguments ought to be irresistible to you! To millions of Pagans they have been so. The sobriety of China was due to Confucius. The sobriety of India and of Burmah was due to Buddhah. I am horrified to read that in contact with us in the last three years the sale of drink has increased in India 36 per cent., in Burmah 74 per cent. The sobriety of the vast regions of Asia and Africa was due to Mahomet. In the day of judgment, shall not Confucians, shall not Buddhists, shall not Mahommedans, rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it, for they abstained from strong drink at the bidding of Confucius, Buddhah, and Mahomet, and behold a greater than these is here! Ah, if the voice of all these tempted, suffering, perishing, miserable souls be nothing to you—if the voice of your country be nothing to you—yet, if you be Christians, listen to the voice of Christ pleading with you in the pathetic accents of myriads of the little ones, that it is not His will, that it is utterly against His will that his cross and passion be thus rendered of none effect for multitudes for the least of whom Christ died. "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold we knew it not" (when now, at any rate, you have no excuse for not knowing it), "doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul doth not He know it? And shall not He render to every man according to his work?"

General News.

CANADIAN.

The snow storms of the present week have been the heaviest known for many years.

The Dominion Parliament meets on the 17th inst. at Ottawa.

The funeral of the victims of the Humber catastrophe took place at Toronto on Saturday last. The crowd was one of the largest ever seen in the city.

The writ has been issued for the local election in South Renfrew, Ont., nomination on the 11th inst., and polling on the 18th, at Pembroke village.

A St. Catharines lady is in a critical condition from a blow inflicted by a burglar, whom she discovered burglarizing her cellar.

On Wednesday last the crew of the *Silver Spray*, six men, after laying up their boat at Silver Islet, started on foot for Port Arthur, 30 miles distant. After passing Thunder Cape they were overtaken by a snow storm, losing their way. Five arrived at Port Arthur exhausted and partly frozen; the sixth man, named Porter, of Owen Sound, separated from his companions during the storm. A search party discovered his body yesterday some miles from the Cape.

At Collingwood last week Mrs. McLachlan, an old woman living alone in a tumble-down house at the East ward, was frozen to death. She was found Friday morning by neighbors.

W. Tweedle, an old farmer living near the city, swallowed a quantity of medicine for colic, which turned out to be ammonia, and he will probably die.

Two young men lost their way in a snowstorm on the ice near Kingston last week. Both were badly frozen. One was dead when discovered.

At Coldwater a disastrous fire took place on Monday about 10 p. m., entirely destroying the store and hardware stock of Mr. W. H. Manning. The damage is estimated at between \$6,000 and \$7,000. Insurance on Mr. Manning's stock, \$3,200, no insurance on the building, which belonged to Mrs. Bush.

At Newcastle, N. B., the Roman Catholic Presbytery was destroyed by fire on Wednesday. It was valued at about \$3,000; no insurance.

UNITED STATES:

A large meeting was held in the Stock Exchange at New Orleans on Tuesday night and a cremation society organized.

Small-pox is rapidly extending in Girardville, Pa. There is much alarm. The schools are all closed, and the neighboring towns are taking precautionary measures.

The Convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame, at Belleville, Ill., was burned at 11 o'clock last Friday night, involving a loss of from \$100,000 to \$125,000. All means of egress were cut off and 27 persons perished in the flames.

The schooner *Adrian*, Elizabethport for Providence, with coal went ashore at Block Island. The captain and one sailor were tak-

en from the vessel during the night by the islanders. The maté and cook were frozen to death. The vessel will probably be a total loss.

J. W. Dent, a cousin of Mrs. Gen. Grant, suicided at the Alvered mine, Cal., on Saturday through poverty and sickness. He leaves a wife in poor circumstances.

Hampton Bird and eight members of his family were attacked violently at New Orleans with symptoms of poisoning. Bird and two of his daughters died; the others are in a precarious condition. Foul play is suspected.

At Hunter's Point, L. I., J. C. Townsend and his wife were found lying unconscious on the kitchen floor. They had been assaulted with a mason's hammer and the house robbed. Both will probably die. Mrs. Townsend is seventy years old and Mr. Townsend seventy-five. Simon Rapalyea, colored, has been arrested.

At Brinton, Pa., fifteen or twenty men employed in clearing snow from the railroad track, were run down by a train. It backed up, and the dead and dying were seen scattered along the track for fully fifty yards. The bodies of two men were found badly mangled, life being extinct. Five others were badly injured, and one has since died.

The mail train on the Erie and Pittsburg railway collided with a freight train at Newcastle, Pa., last week. Engineer Dougherty of the Erie train was fatally crushed and scalded. Expressman Moser, of Pittsburg, and a number of passengers were badly injured.

FIRES.—At New York, on Tuesday, Smith, Winston & Co.'s coffin factory was burned. Loss \$90,000.—The same night at Payne's Junction, Michigan, Jan. 8th, the house of Mrs. Alma was burned. Her daughter, aged 15, became bewildered, rushed into the flames and was burned to death.—The Opera House block at Meadville, Pa., has been burned. Loss \$175,000.—At Bradford, Pa., the dwelling of J. V. Garver, near Duke Center, was burned last week. His four children, aged 1 to 6, perished in the flames.—Saturday night on the plantation of W. G. Taylor, Lenoir County, N. C., an entire family of negroes, William Groom, wife and six children, were burned to death.—At Cincinnati Proctor & Gamble's soap and candle works, the largest in the city, were burned on Monday. Loss \$200,000 to \$250,000.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

It is reported that Lord Dufferin will be sent to Egypt to remain so long as the present difficulties continue.

A portion of the bridge on the railway between Wigan and Preston collapsed on Wednesday. Seven workmen were killed and as many injured.

A Dublin correspondent states that the actions of the police at the meetings of the Nationalists and Orangemen at Dromore have shaken public confidence in their neutrality, coolness and discipline, they having treated the Orangemen with marked brutality.

The rupture between the Liberal factions is complete, and the country waits to see whom King Alfonso will call to power. Great uneasiness prevails. The army is suspected of preparing for a revolt. An international tribunal for the settlement of the American claims is much discussed. The United States asks \$5,000,000 and not \$10,000,000. Spain will answer with claims for the cession of Florida and the losses of Spanish subjects during the war of Independence. The situation is critical for the Ministry, King and nation.

The Salvation Army has invaded Germany, and is holding meetings in various parts of the empire. Thus far the Salvationists have met with no opposition, neither have they received much encouragement.

Over 300 persons suspected of complicity in the murder of Col. Sudeiken, at St. Petersburg, have been arrested.

CHINA.—Admiral Courbet reports that the loss during the attack by the French forces upon Sontay was four hundred killed and six hundred wounded. The Annamite commander and lieutenant were wounded. Several Chinese officers in the service of the Annamites were killed.—An explosion at the Hanoi on the 28th ult., destroyed two batteries of French artillery. One man was killed and three injured. Several houses and the barracks were badly damaged.—Two thousand Annamites attacked a French post held by fifty marines. After hard fighting the enemy retired with the loss of one hundred killed and wounded.—Col. Brionval recently attacked the pirates in the provinces of Nam Dinh. They retired to a strong position, and after severe fighting the French routed them.

"GOOD BYE, MAVOURNEEN."

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

Moderato Con Espress.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a melody in the treble clef, marked *mf*. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment in the bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and ends with a *rit. e dim.* marking.

1. Good bye, Ma-vour-neen, now we must part, O-ver the o-cean, I'll still think of thee,
2. Good bye, Ma-vour-neen, one fond em-brace, E'er I de-part from old E-rin's green shore,
3. Good bye, Ma-vour-neen, do not des-pair, I will re-turn from the land of the free,

The piano accompaniment for the first verse consists of two staves. The right hand has a melody with lyrics underneath. The left hand has a steady accompaniment. The music is in 2/4 time.

And thy sweet face will live in my heart, Oh! then, Ma-vour-neen, be true, true, to me;
One lov-ing smile from your beau-ti-ful face, Sweet as the smiles I have seen there be-fore;
When I have found a home o-ver there, I'll come and ask you to share it with me;

The piano accompaniment for the second verse consists of two staves. The right hand has a melody with lyrics underneath. The left hand has a steady accompaniment. The music is in 2/4 time.

When I'm a-way in that far dis-tant land, Wand-'ring 'mid strang-ers so sad and a-lone,
Nev-er a-gain by the Shan-non we'll roam, Oh! how my heart clings to E-rin and thee;
Here in my bo-som this pledge I will keep, 'Tis but a leaf of the Sham-rock so green,

The piano accompaniment for the third verse consists of two staves. The right hand has a melody with lyrics underneath. The left hand has a steady accompaniment. The music is in 2/4 time.

Of - ten I'll sigh for a clasp of your hand, I'll sigh for the love that you say is my own.
 Ne'er will I ban - ish the love of my home, Dear to my heart will her name ev - er be,
 And ev' - ry night when I lay down to sleep, I'll kiss it and think of my lit - tle Col - leen.

CHORUS.

Soprano.
 Good bye, Ma - vour - neen, now we must part, O - ver the o - cean, I'll still think of thee,
Alto.
 Good bye, Ma - vour - neen, now we must part, O - ver the o - cean, I'll still think of thee,
Tenor.
 Good bye, Ma - vour - neen, now we must part, O - ver the o - cean, I'll still think of thee,
Bass.
 Good bye, Ma - vour - neen, now we must part, O - ver the o - cean, I'll still think of thee,

rit.
 And thy sweet face will live in my heart, Oh! then Ma - vour - neen, be true, true, to me.
rit.
 And thy sweet face will live in my heart, Oh! then Ma - vour - neen, be true, true, to me.
rit.

Temperance Items.

CHURCH WORK.

EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.—The General Conference of the Evangelical Association of Churches, reporting about two thousand ministers at its recent annual sessions, adopted the following from its Committee on Public Morals:

"With regard to the wide-spread use of *alcoholic beverages*, whether distilled, brewed, or fermented, we believe, now as ever, that it is the crying evil of the times; that we are thoroughly convinced by long observation the alcohol is a poison, undermining the health and demoralizing the conscience, and should therefore be avoided by all. We believe that alcohol contains nothing from which any element of the human organization can be constructed. We earnestly and affectionately admonish all who value health and happiness to abstain from these destroying beverages. We are furthermore convinced that it is our duty as ministers of the Gospel and friends and guardians of public morality, to use all our influence in public and private to oppose the manufacture of and traffic in intoxicating liquors; and that, as Christian citizens, we shall embrace every opportunity so to vote that this nefarious traffic may be abolished. We heartily rejoice in every triumph that is achieved by the friends of temperance, and believe that the only relief from the liquor traffic lies in its total prohibition by appropriate laws."—*R. S. Advocate*.

THE LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.—Rt. Rev. Dr. Therold, who is on a visit to this country, addressed the Episcopal convention in Philadelphia, closing with: "We may have as many free churches as we please; we may open as many free libraries as we please; but as long as the demon of intemperance haunts our homes, our churches will be useless, sermons useless, and efforts of laymen useless. At St. Louis recently I listened to some of the best speaking I ever heard. A man got up at a meeting and stated that all the ravages of fire, civil war, etc., were not equal to the evils caused by intemperance. If you want to earn the eternal gratitude of the masses, you will use your energies and prayers in this battle against intemperance. What I desire and hope to see is a thoroughly organized system of temperance. If the Episcopal church in America will throw herself into the strife, the blessing of God will be with her."—*Southern Herald*.

THE PRESBYTERIAN SYNOD OF NEW JERSEY, at its annual meeting, adopted a stirring report of its committee on temperance. The following resolution was also offered by the committee:

"That this synod expresses its profound sense of the importance of this subject, and urges its ministers and people to more preaching and praying in promotion of the cause of temperance, and that then all shall act and work as they pray."

The following amendment was offered by a member of the synod:

"And that without pledging ourselves to any political party, we declare ourselves in favor of the legal prohibition of the liquor traffic."

A lengthy debate occurred upon the amendment, some fearing it would be sanctioning a political party, but Drs. Aikman, McIlvain, Proudfoot, and others advocated the amendment, and it was adopted by a vote of 178 to 91. The original resolution was adopted unanimously. It would be well if the New York State Synod had more men who would dare to stand up and defend the right, and not be placed in a false attitude before the public.—*Nat. Temp. Advocate*.

W. C. T. U.

TORONTO.—We have received a letter from Mrs. Rutherford, Recording-secretary of the Toronto Union, giving a very interesting account of an all-day prayer-meeting, held at Shaftesbury Hall on the 8th inst. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Denovan, Land, Parsons, Powis and others. The meeting was a great success. The Secretary says: "In this work we need the sympathy of Christian people, and the help of ministers, not only in occasional sermons (which are needed oftener than we get them) but in kind words and earnest prayers. We are also deeply grateful to the public papers that notice and report our meetings from time to time. This does good that we are not able to estimate."

THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION of St. John, N. B., held its sixth anniversary on December 11th. It has now 180 members, comparatively few of whom, however, actively engage

in temperance work. A coffee room operated by it promises well, although it lost \$88 the past year. The Union started a Wide Awake Club, that has now a membership of 50 girls and 80 boys, pledged against drinking, smoking and profanity, and regularly instructed in the philosophy of alcohol and hygiene. Members of the Union had by hard work raised \$844.27 to erect a drinking fountain in King Square. Stupid aldermen rejected the scriptural design of the ladies and erected a monstrosity.—*Witness*.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

THE ORDER IN ONTARIO is marching steadily on. New lodges are being organized, dormant lodges resuscitated, and it is confidently expected that at next Grand Lodge Session a large increase of membership will be reported.

EVERY FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE, whether a Good Templar or not, will deeply regret to hear that Mr. W. H. Lambly, of Inverness, G. W. C. T. of the Grand Lodge, I. O. G. T., of Quebec, has been very ill and therefore prevented so far this season from entering the lecture field, to which in former years he sacrificed a large measure of time from his extensive business.

NEW LODGES have been formed at Lornvale, Londonderry, N. S., and at New Perth, P. E. I., the agents being respectively Mr. P. J. Chisholm and Mr. J. C. Underhay, each G. W. C. T. of his own province.

The Grand Lodge of West Virginia reports a membership of 535, a gain of 55 during the year; eighteen lodges, and a balance in the treasury of \$148.41, with no debts outstanding. A healthy showing.

OREGON organized forty-five and re-organized two lodges during the year, giving them 115 lodges and an increase in membership of 1132, and a total membership of 4450. Their receipts during the year were \$3,796.49; they are out of debt, and have a balance of \$560.98 in their treasury. They also organized 43 Juvenile Temples during the year which have a membership of 3624.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The annual session of the Ontario Grand Division will be held at Ottawa, commencing on Tuesday, January 22nd, at 10 a. m. Arrangements have been made with the Grand Trunk, Canada Pacific and other railways, to convey members of the Order to Ottawa and return at ONE FARE AND ONE-THIRD for the double journey, and tickets will be made good to go from the 17th to the 22nd, and to return until the 31st January, on presentation of a certificate at the ticket office at the commencement of the journey. Through tickets to Ottawa may be procured at stations of the Grand Trunk Railway, thus avoiding the necessity of procuring tickets on the Canada Pacific Railway at Brockville. Certificates for this privilege may be obtained on application to the Grand Scribe, and should be applied for immediately.

This meeting is expected to be of unusual interest. The Most Worthy Patriarch of the National Division and distinguished members of the Order from other Grand Division jurisdictions are expected to be present. Arrangements have been made for the entertainment of representatives by the Ottawa Divisions. Let there be a grand turn-out of those entitled to attend.

Remarkable development is shown by "Valley" Division, Portland, N. B., organized on November 7th, 1882, with 29 members, it has now a membership of 199, still increasing. A few evenings ago a hall, the property of the Division, was dedicated to its use.

RECEPTION OF SIR LEONARD TILLEY.—On Tuesday evening, 27th ult., the Atlantic Division Sons of Temperance, Archville, held a reception of the members of the Order in honor of the visit to Atlantic Division of Bro. Past Most Worthy Patriarch, the Hon. Sir Leonard Tilley, C. B., K. C. M. G. There was a large attendance of the members of Bytown Division, with representatives from Mount Sherwood Division, Quarries Division and Chaudiere Division. On the platform were Bro. Colin Campbell, W. P., of Atlantic Division; Bro. Sir Leonard Tilley, P. M. W. P.; Bro. W. Rac. W. P. of Chaudiere Division; Bro. J. McGee, W. P. of the Quarries Division; Bro. J. T. Bartram, W. P. of Bytown Division, and Rev. Kelly, W. P. of Mount Sherwood Division, and Past Grand Worthy Patriarch J. M. T. Hannum. Sir Leonard, having been introduced in due form to assembled brothers and sisters, was conducted to the post of honor, the Past Worthy Patriarch's chair,

when the W. P. Bro. Colin Campbell, in a few well-chosen words, warmly welcomed Bro. Tilley to Atlantic Division. Sir Leonard replied in an eloquent and instructive address, occupying over an hour in its delivery. He recounted many early reminiscences of his early association with the Order, and strongly recommended the Sons of Temperance to young men, not only for its total abstinence principles, but as an excellent school in which to acquire the art of public speaking, and a knowledge of the rules of order, etc., governing the conduct and business of public meetings, and thereby train themselves for taking an intelligent part in the municipal and public affairs generally. Sir Leonard said that he had in the past forty years been connected with a good many temperance organizations, but after a membership of some thirty-seven years in the Sons of Temperance he yielded to no one in his admiration for that particular organization of temperance workers, which he considered after the trial of many others to be the best adapted to keep alive and promote a healthy temperance sentiment in any community. He strongly urged the several Divisions belonging to the city of Ottawa to secure a desirable and conveniently situated hall, which should be as comfortably furnished as their own parlors, and in every way made attractive to the members, and in order to secure such a place of meeting for the Sons of Temperance of Ottawa, he promised, when called upon, to give a liberal donation in aid of that object. Sir Leonard concluded an admirable address by wishing the Order, and Atlantic Division in particular, God speed. After the close of Sir Leonard's address, the members of Atlantic Division, with their characteristic hospitality, entertained their visiting brothers and sisters, numbering over a hundred, to an excellent cup of coffee and a bountiful supply of cake, etc. After partaking of refreshments, at the request of Bro. Colin Campbell, the company united in singing in stirring strains the national anthem, after which the division was closed in due form. The visitors from Bytown Division, over thirty in number, were generously conveyed free of charge to and from Archville, by Bro. James Cuddy, one of the "ancients" of old Bytown, in one of his large and comfortable vans.—*Ex.*

BRANT.—At the annual meeting of the Brant District, Sons of Temperance, held on the 13th, Bro. F. M. Misner, of Jerseyville, presided. At the election of officers, Bro. John Campbell, of Jerseyville, was elected Chaplain, and F. S. Misner, P. D. W. P. Several new divisions of the Order have lately been organized in the counties of Lincoln, Welland, Grey, Simcoe and York. Mrs. Susannah Peck Evans has been lecturing with great success under auspices of the Order, in the County of York. It is proposed to secure her services for a series of meetings in Brant county. The annual session of the Grand Division of Ontario takes place in Ottawa on the 22nd January next.—*True Banner.*

ROYAL TEMPLARS.

P. M. Pattison has organized Select Councils at Collingwood, Thornbury and Stayner.

Rev. B. B. Keefer, has organized Select Councils at Wingham and Kincardine.

Subordinate Councils have also been reorganized by Rev. J. W. Bell, B. A., at Otenaw and Marringhurst, Manitoba, and applications have been received from Sarnia, Shelburne and Riverview, Ont.

The Province of Manitoba, Canada, the youngest of the confederation, and the most promising, has been invaded by Royal Templarism. By the union with the United Temperance Association of Canada a number of lodges in this province, assumed the title of Royal Templars of Temperance, and performed the functions of primary councils. A short time ago Mr. W. W. Buchanan, a past National President of the U. T. A. and a prominent Ontario Royal Templar, visited Winnipeg, the capital city of the new province, and the result of that visit is the establishment of a flourishing Select Council in connection with Winnipeg No. 1 Primary Council. The new council will be known as Aurora No. 1, and it numbers in its ranks several of the first men of the city and province. Bro. Buchanan promises that the select work will make rapid headway in the North-west, and that after the meeting of the Provincial Grand Council in January some excellent reports may be expected.—*R. T. Advocate.*

PENNSYLVANIA.—We note with pleasure that our sister organization in the state of Pennsylvania is taking on a new lease of life. At the Grand Division of that Order held in Philadelphia, Oct. 24th, the reports of the Grand Officers showed an increase of interest in the work. 81 new Divisions were instituted last year. Present number of Divisions in the state, 156, and present membership 7563. We extend fraternal greetings to our brothers and sisters in the

Order of Sons of Temperance and promise co-operation in every good undertaking in which they may be engaged.—*Good Templars Official Organ.*

POLITICAL.

Two Preliminary Conventions have been held in the County of Norfolk, Ont., to prepare for a Canada Temperance Act campaign. One was held at Waterford and the other at Simcoe, and both were well attended and enthusiastic. A county association was formed, and township branches are contemplated. The Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, a well known power in the cause, has been offered the position of agent, and will accept it if he can arrange for his pulpit supply.

At the last meeting of the Nova Scotia Branch of the Dominion Alliance it was resolved to organize a branch in every county in the Province; to prepare and print a constitution for such, a digest of all judicial decisions given upon the Canada Temperance Act and sets of legal forms required in enforcing that law; to have the whole Province brought under the provisions of the Act; to employ a competent lawyer in the city of Halifax to look after all cases under the Act coming up to the Supreme Court of the province, and, where necessary, to send an agent to organize the branches.

The province of New Brunswick is almost wholly organized in the Prohibitory Alliance. At a meeting of prominent temperance workers, held in St. John a few days ago, it was resolved to organize the St. John City and County Alliance. Mr. Foster, M. P., was present, and submitted a form of by-laws, which was adopted. A committee of five was appointed to nominate officers and report at next meeting to be held on the first Friday in January. To provide financial resources for the Provincial Alliance, it is proposed that fees shall be all paid into the county branches, each of which shall contribute \$50 or more to the Provincial fund. The Albert County Prohibitory Alliance was formed at a convention held at Hillsboro, the following being the officers: Messrs. Robert M. Taylor, President; Andrew Anderson, Secretary, and John L. B. Steeves, Treasurer, with a Vice-President for each parish in the county, and an executive committee consisting of the officers above named, and the Rev. Messrs. Howe, Blakeney, Fisher and Gross.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Of sixteen municipal elections in Massachusetts held on Tuesday, Dec. 4, eight voted "License;" and eight voted "No License." A license majority of 400 last year, in Brockton, was changed to 100 in favor of no license. Springfield, in ordinary circumstances, a license city, went no license this year.—*Ex.*

ARKANSAS.—The temperance fight is waxing hot in Arkansas. A state law provides that a majority of the adult population, male and female together, may, by petition, prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors within three miles of a church or school-house. Of course this makes it optional with each city, town, and village whether it shall enforce prohibition, for even in Arkansas the three-mile limit would include all centres of population. Just now Little Rock, the state capital, is the scene of the hottest contest. The temperance people are holding mass meetings, and the liquor dealers are boycotting business men who favor the closing of saloons.—*Steuber Signal.*

IOWA.—The supreme court of Iowa has decided that where the ordinances of a town provide that licenses to sell liquor may be issued by the proper authorities, the repeal of such ordinances operates also to revoke the licenses granted under it. The license to sell liquor, says the court, is not a contract between the state and person licensed, clothing such person with vested rights which it would be unconstitutional afterwards to divest him of, but it is merely a permission to do that which, under other circumstances, would be a public offense; and such permission may be withdrawn at the pleasure of the authorities originally granting it.—*Commonwealth.*

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The temperance people in South Carolina are waging an active war against the rum-sellers, and are succeeding beyond their own sanguine expectations. During the past week elections have been held under the local option law in five of the largest towns of the State, on the question of licensing the sale of liquor within their corporate limits. In only one of these elections were the liquor men successful. In Spartanburg, Winnsboro, Orangeburg and Marion, the Prohibitionists were successful, and in Greenville they were defeated by a majority of only 80. In this crusade against whisky, the colored people are arrayed on the side of temperance, and have rendered most efficient service. The colored churches and charitable societies are fighting whisky with a zeal that is remarkable, and in their efforts have the warmest support of the best people in the State.—*Rescue.*

Tales and Sketches.

FOUND DEAD.

Found dead in a doorway on Chestnut street,
 Just when the night and morning meet,
 An elderly man, with scant gray hair,
 And all that told what brought him there,
 Was a bottle of brandy, or gin, or rum
 To show that the murder by drink was done.
 Drifted the cruel snow over his form,
 Pelted adown all the merciless storm,
 Icicles formed in his tangled hair,
 Froze to his temples and crusted there.
 Stiff were the fingers, so wrinkled and thin,
 Through rents and tatters the ice-breath crept in,
 Blue, cold and frozen the poor tired feet,
 Covered alone by the bitter night's sleet,
 Down in his eyes the gas-light glared,
 And nobody knew him and nobody cared—
 Out in the whirling, blinding snow,
 Who was the outcast? Does nobody know?
 Nobody knew and nobody cared
 How either the soul or the body fared;
 Only the bottle the story told,
 Homeless and helpless, friendless and old,
 Stupefied, suffering, starving, sick,
 Begging a bed and getting a kick,
 Shoved aside by a cold, selfish world,
 Careless how soon to eternity hurled.
 Oh! the ushering out of that lonely soul,
 No bell in the tall, grand steeple to toll,
 No mourners to gather and weep around,
 Only the wind with its wailing sound,
 Only the trees with their skeleton arms
 Against the sky at the wind's alarms.
 Long, long ago on a fond mother's breast,
 He may have been pillowed to innocent rest,
 Mother-love bent over him, over him wept,
 Over him many a long vigil kept,
 Fondled him tenderly, tenderly smiled,
 For in the past he was somebody's child,
 Somebody's darling, somebody's pet,
 For mother-love then was as mother-love yet.
 Smooth back the scattered locks from his brow,
 As did that mother once, strangers do now;
 Lift him up tenderly, bear him away,
 Jeer not at his weakness, nor cruel words say,
 For the sake of the white hairs, though fallen so low.
 How much he was tempted, we none of us know.
 After him long years the foe may have crept,
 Watched him while waking, still watched while he slept,
 Robbing him, torturing, stealing his youth
 Sowing the seed of this hour's ruth,
 Taunting him, sneering, crushing him down,
 Sending him staggering out on the town,
 Out of a happy home, out of its light,
 Into despair, darkness, gloomiest night,
 We only see with our earth vision weak,
 As mortals we judge, as mortals we speak;
 But above there is One all true and all wise,
 Who, looking down from the calm upper skies,
 And reading each heart in its secret thought,
 Comprehends, understands, when we discern not.
 Better than we He watches us all,
 Heeds he not even the sparrows fall?
 Saved he not even the thief on the tree?
 Such was our lesson on dear Calvary.
 But weep for the living, oh! shudder for them,
 Weep for the fallen and tempted of men!
 Mean, moan for the widows and orphans rum makes.
 Moan, moan for the hearts that the rumseller breaks.
 Then look on the bubbles that dance on the edge,
 And shudderingly see the dark precipice ledge.
 In that cup's honeyed depth there is direst woe;
 Do you doubt it? Do you doubt that dead man found it so?
 Dead, dead in a doorway on Chestnut street,
 No more life trials and sorrows to meet,
 Thence to the steps of the great white throne,
 Into His presence, who sitteth thereon,
 The greatest Maker of the greatest laws,
 The greatest Judge of the criminal's cause.
 Dead, dead in a doorway, alone, all alone,
 Only the night wind to echo his moan;

But above from His throne the great Judge saw,
 The Judge who judges the liquor law,
 The liquor itself, the accursed thing,
 The liquor traffic, the liquor king.

—Sel.

ONLY ONE GLASS.

Be sure and come home early, Richard, when you get your wages, for I am very poorly, and shall want you to go to market."

So said Mary Carter, a decent-looking woman, to her husband, as he, after kissing her and the children, went forth to his day's labor.

"I will be sure," was his reply.

Now Richard had more than once made such promises only to break them; and yet the wife hoped that, under the peculiar circumstances of her condition, he would this time keep his word. And so the day passed away, amid hope and fear; but about five o'clock Richard's steps were heard, much to the joy of Mary, whose situation was even more critical than he expected.

"I have kept my word, you see," said Richard, "this time, and right glad I am, seeing how you are."

"I am so glad you are come," said Mary.

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"You must go and pay the weekly bills at Harris's," said Mary, "and then he will put you up the things I want for the coming week, and perhaps you had better bring a little extra tea and sugar, and also some oatmeal, for we are quite out of everything."

"Very well;" and off started Richard on his errand of housekeeping.

While he is on his way, we must just remark that, owing to his rather free disposition, as it was called, he often spent in *appees*, like many others of his class, more than sufficient to have kept his cupboards well supplied, instead of which, however, the stock was always low, while the credit at the shop was only maintained by regularly paying for one week's goods as another was taken away.

With quick steps he was making his way to the shop, when, just as he was passing the "Lion," who should he meet but an old shopmate, and after the usual salutations were passed, he was about to say, "I must go," when his companion said, "You'll not go without having one glass, for old acquaintances sake, will you?"

"I cannot really stay," said Richard, "my wife is ill and will want me back again, besides it is now getting dark."

"Well, but," said Jim, "it won't take a minute, and I'll stand treat. Come along."

After a deal of persuasion, and much against his real wishes, Richard went into (shall we say the jaws of) the "Lion." Over the glass they talked about matters of interest—the state of trade, old times—from one thing to another they passed on, forgetting both the time and the wife. Of course, Richard must return the compliment to his companion, as he would not for the world be thought shabby, so another glass was ordered; other persons meantime dropped in to do the same; and, sad to say, though it is repeating the old story over again, other glasses quickly followed; and thus the evening and the money quickly passed away. All at once Richard thought of home, and looking up at the clock found it was nearly midnight.

"I must go," he said, "or I shall be too late for the shop, and have a row in the bargain at my house."

"Don't go yet," said several voices; "let's have another glass, and then Harry Harper will sing us a song."

"I tell you, I must go," he said.

"Who would be a lady's maid?" said one.

"Catch me turning housekeeper," said another.

"Oh, he is tied to apron strings," called out a third.

Stung by these remarks, he felt inclined to punish his taunters, but, instead of doing so, he made a movement to depart, when a ring of jeers saluted him; this aroused his blood, but pushing forward, he cleared a way through them, and soon found himself in the street. On the pathway he stumbled against some one, and, supposing it to be one of his late companions, aimed a blow which felled the person to the ground; while, owing to the force of the movement, he also himself staggered over, and lay beside him in the road. The stranger arose first, and after making a few inquiries, passed on his way, leaving Richard saying he wished he had hit him a harder blow; after which he also started on his journey again; but upon feeling in his pockets, and finding all his money gone, he muttered to himself something about he supposed he had better go home, and bent his steps in that direction.

* * * * *

While Richard was thus spending his time at the "Lion," another scene was taking place at his home. To his delicate wife in her loneliness, the hour of her trial came, one of her little boys carried a hasty message for the doctor; and there, amid the poverty and wretchedness caused through drink, another child of sorrow was ushered into the world. The neighbors, although poor, did what they could to help her, but the place was destitute of even the common necessities of life, and had it not been for one bringing a little of one thing, and another doing a part also, death through want,

must have been the lot of both mother and child. As she lay there in her weakness, she kept asking whether her husband had come back; and as hour after hour passed away, her heart was ready to break, thinking that surely some evil had befallen him; and when, after midnight, he came tumbling in, swearing and grumbling at everybody he met, she hid her face and wept like a child. They put him to bed, where he soon fell asleep; and in the morning when he awoke, and found himself at home, he tried to recall the events of the previous night. After a while he collected his thoughts, and bitterly lamented his weakness, but vowed never again thus to be led astray.

How the Sunday was spent under such circumstances can be better imagined than described. What with a guilty conscience, empty cupboards, and no money—who can wonder that discord and misery reigned in that home? As the day wore away, a resolution was formed in Richard's mind, that with the new morning a new life should begin; and after another night's rest, he started with a determination to make a good week, thus hoping to learn wisdom and profit by the past. Just as he was entering the place where the workshop stood, he encountered a shopmate, who said to him:

"Hallo, Dick, you are in for it."

"In for what?" said Richard.

"What, don't you know what you did on Saturday at the 'Lion'?"

"Yes, but what of that; I only had a drop too much; and am going to make a good week, as my wife has given me another child."

"Well, I hope you may, but I doubt it; don't you know who you knocked down outside the 'Lion'?"

"No; I don't recollect anything about it."

"If you don't, somebody else does; for it was our young master whom you struck, and he has gone to the magistrates to take out a summons against you; for he says he'll see whether he cannot put an end to this sort of thing."

This was quite an unexpected blow to Richard's cherished plan, for a moment he stood fixed to the spot, afraid to move either one way or the other. To advance would be to face the magistrates, and then perhaps the prison, as he had no money to pay any fine; to go back he dare not, for his guilty conscience told him of his poor, neglected, starving wife and children. With a feeling of desperation coming over him, he resolved to fly from both. In a moment he was gone, no one ever could tell where.

If you would be free from a similar danger, your only safe course is to abstain from *all* appearance of evil. The germ is hidden in the *one glass*; if that be taken, who shall tell *where* it may end?

* * * * *

A few weeks after, if you had been staying at the house of another working-man in that neighborhood, on a cold afternoon in March, you might have seen Mary Carter, with the babe in her arms, begging bread for herself and five children—with no other prospect than the workhouse before her for the remainder of her days.

Would to God we could give to such a woman, and all other illused wives, the power to enter an action against the man who should thus tempt and ruin the families of our land.

Methinks I see the court and the magistrate, with the publican and the poor wife all face to face; the evidence is conclusive, the verdict is given; and, amid the thanks of many a heart, the magistrate shall say: "Mr. Landlord, as you have been the cause of this woman losing her husband, and the only means of supporting herself and family, I shall make an order that you keep them in food and home, until the husband comes back again." And all the people shall say, "Amen and Amen."

Women of England! ah, and men also! aid us to get this power to avenge yourselves of this accursed traffic, with all its blighting influence, just as railway companies are made responsible for damages; and soon shall we be able to say to the hundreds of famishing wives and families of our lands, "There's your remedy—use it." And from many lips would the joyful sound soon be heard—"Our prayer is answered; we and ours can be delivered from this oppression and curse."—*Norwich Cheap Tracts.*

Ladies' Department.

CLIPPINGS.

WOMENS WORK.—The quiet fidelity with which a woman will dishwash her life away for her husband and children is a marvel of endurance. Here is the servitude of women heaviest—no sooner is her work done than it is required to be done again. Men take jobs, work on them, finish them, and they are all over for good and all. The prospects of ending them and drawing pay for the labor, is alluring, but no such allurements are held out for the wife. She washes Monday after Monday the same garments until there is nothing of them to wash; then they are replaced by others of new material just like them, and the rubbing and ringing goes on forever. She mends the stockings with tireless fidelity, the same holes meeting her gaze week after week, for if there is a darned place in the sock "he" invariably puts his irrepressible toe through it. Every

morning the rooms are put in order, only to be in the wildest disorder by the time the night falls. There are no jobs, each one different, no pay-day. The same socks, the same washing, the same rooms every time. There is too little brightness in the lives of women in the country. They have too little help in their domestic occupation. The "nurse" in a house where there is a baby to care for ought to be set down as one of the regular expenses as much as the potatoes for the family. A mother's health both of body and mind is worth more than additional acres of land, or finer live stock. The heart should not be allowed to grow old. Life should not have lost its charm, and the heart its spirit, and the body its elasticity for forty years. And yet how many women are faded and wan, and shattered in mind and health, long before they are forty. All the joy in life is not in youth's morning. If we so will it, we can to the last moments of life be at least negatively happy.—*Srl.*

TORA DUTT.—In India, in 1877, Tora Dutt, a Hindoo girl, remarkable for both her poetical and linguistic abilities, died at the early age of twenty-two. She was the daughter of a cultured and much respected citizen of Calcutta, who, when she was thirteen years of age, took her, with her elder sister Ann, to Europe, to acquire the polish of a cosmopolitan culture. During the four years she remained in Europe she acquired an absolute mastery of French and English, and a thorough knowledge of German, and after her return to her native land in 1873, she began the study of Sanscrit. In 1874 she first appeared in print in an article on Leconte de Liste, which appeared in the Bengal Magazine, and in 1876 she published a volume entitled "A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields," which consisted mainly of translations into brilliant and idiomatic English of the most popular French poems of the day. The magnitude of this work will only be fully appreciated when we recollect that both of these were foreign tongues to her. She also wrote a number of original poems in English which have since been published in London. In 1877, she succumbed to an attack of an hereditary disease, consumption, which had previously carried off her eldest sister, Ann, who also possessed poetical ability of no mean order. Among her papers were found a French novel, called "Le Journal de Mlle D'Arvers," which was published in Paris in 1879, and an unfinished English romance.—*Lx.*

SHORT-HAND FOR WOMEN.—No one should begin the study of this perplexing but delightful profession without well considering this fact. There are few things that require such persistent hard work as *verbatim* reporting. The quick ear, the trained eye, the rapid perception, the hand of the ready writer, must be accompanied by a fair education and good judgment, if one is to succeed. Add to this pluck and perseverance, and there is no reason why women should not find in stenography a permanent and satisfactory profession, or climb by it, as Dickens did, to a yet higher seat of honor.—*Lx.*

MRS. O. W. PIERCE, of Providence, R. I., was recently chosen by the church of which she was a member, as their treasurer. The bank in which the funds of the church were deposited made objections to transacting business with a woman. They were not sure that a woman could legally hold the office of treasurer of a religious society. Besides "women did not understand business, and were troublesome to deal with." The secret of the opposition, it is supposed, lay in the fact that some of the bank officials wanted to have a certain man made treasurer. Mrs. Pierce is a capable woman of business, and would not have been at all troublesome to deal with. The church gave the bank to understand that if they persisted the funds of the church would be withdrawn and placed in some bank that was willing to deal with a woman; whereupon the bank succumbed.—*Women's Herald of Industry.*

The women of England are waking up to their privileges. In Oxford, at the approach of the municipal election, the ladies summoned a meeting of the women voters. Mrs. Prof. Max Muller was the chairman, and the wife of an alderman made an able and eloquent speech. So says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which approves of it too.

Ramabhai, the Sanscrit poetess, now the guest of Max Muller, in London, is the ruling sensation. She is the first learned Brahmin lady who has crossed the ocean, and traces her descent from the old Vedri family of Sandilva.

Carrie Swain, an actress, has saved seven people from drowning, recently, and will be awarded a medal for her bravery.

Mrs. Bright Clark, a daughter of John Bright, is lecturing in favor of women suffrage.

Our Casket.

JEWELS.

We never deceive for a good purpose. Knavery adds malice to falsehood.

What is defeat? Nothing but education; nothing but the first step to something better.

De chap dat am stoopin' ober hoein' out his tater patch air't ap' to see all de lettle failin's ob his nabur's.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it it may soon run itself out of breath.

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

A wise and good man will turn examples of all sorts to his own advantage. The good he will make his patterns and strive to equal or excel them. The bad he will by all means avoid.

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

BITS OF TINSEL.

"Hurry, mamma," said the little innocent with his cut finger, "it's leaking."

A young lady has written a book called "My Lovers." It begins, of course, at Chap. I.

"I shall give you ten days or ten dollars," said the Judge. "All right," said the prisoner, "I'll take the ten dollars."

Church music is sold by the choir. Drum music, and much of the piano kind, comes by the pound.

There are some marriages which remind us of the poor fellow who said: "She couldn't get any husband and I couldn't get any wife; so we got married."

Little Trot who was taking an observation the other day while her mother was making some old-fashioned crullers. "Pears to me," she exclaimed, "they'd go down easier if you didn't tangle 'em up in such awful knots."

A gentleman entered a hotel in Glasgow, and, finding that the person who appeared to act as waiter could not give him certain information which he wanted, put the question: "Do you belong to the establishment?" James replied: "No, sir, I belong to the Free Kirk."

A bookbinder said to his wife at the wedding: "It seems that now we are bound together two volumes in one, with clasps." "Yes," observed one of the guests. "One side highly ornamental Turkey morocco, and the other plain calf."

Little Gertie climbed upon her uncle's knee and rubbed her chubby cheek against his face. "Why, mamma," she exclaimed, surprised, "Uncle Will's cheek is all splinters."

Butcher: "I can't accept that trade dollar, madam; it is not a legal tender." Customer: "Oh, you needn't put on any airs about that trade dollar! It is as near legal tender as your beef is."

"What are you going to do when you grow up if you don't know how to cipher?" asked the teacher of a slow boy. "I'm going to be a school-teacher and make the boys do the ciphering," was the reply.

William, an honest, square sort of a Pittsburg lover, is a lawyer. It was, therefore, a touching tribute when his fiancée softly murmured, "Why am I like the grand jury?" "Why, indeed?" "Because I have found a true Bill."

When little Katie was five years old she heard her mother talking with a friend about the death of a very dear relative. "Mamma," said Katie, during a lull in the conversation, "I suppose auntie is a sheep in heaven now, isn't she?"

"Why, no, my child! What put such an idea into your head?"

"Why, because when I die Jesus will take me to be one of his little lambs, and I supposed auntie would be a sheep!"

Katie's mother explained the matter to her more clearly, and she sat for some time in meditative silence. At length she broke out with the remark, "Well, I'm glad of it, for I didn't want to have so many legs and a tail."

For Girls and Boys.

"NO DANGER."

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards, and visit theaters. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid of me, father," replied the boy, laughing. "I guess I know a thing or two; I know how far to go and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house twirling his cane in his fingers and laughing at the "old man's notions."

A few years later, and the lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilty against him for some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court, and said among other things: "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on home, temptation came upon me like a drove of hyenas, and hurried me to ruin."

Mark that confession, ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road of ruin. Don't take it—*Selected.*

JACK'S PIGS.

BY J. MCNAIR WRIGHT.

"Oh! but they are 'cute," cries Jack. "I never thought little pigs could be so nice; they are just as white, and their noses are pink, and you can most see through their pink ears. It's a shame they have to grow up great, greedy, dirty, noisy hogs like those in the next pen! I wish when little pigs grow up they could turn into rabbits."

"But they don't," said Nora; "little pigs grow up into big pigs. Little pigs don't grow into rabbits, any more than little boys can grow into elephants or camels. Once a pig always a pig, and that makes me think—"

"What? Tell me! I like your thinks, Nora!"

"It makes me think—bad boy, bad man. If you see a bad man you may be sure there was a bad boy behind him on the way he came. Drunken man—greedy boy that thought more of what he put in his mouth than of what he put into his brains."

"Drunkards am awful," said Jack. "I wouldn't be a drunkard for all the money in the world."

"Ho! This morning saw you sucking the cork of the brandy-bottle," said Nora. Jack looked at the pigs.

"Heard you tease grandma for some drops of brandy on sugar." "That pig's tail curls awful tight," observed Jack.

"Once you were older you'd take the drops on sugar without asking grandma. A few years more and you'd buy some at the hotel. So it goes—little pig, big pig. Heard you asking Martin if there was any brandy-balls in his candy."

"Isn't it all grandma's fault? Why do she put it in the pies?"

"That won't help you any," said Nora. "Last night I heard that pig with a curly tail talking through that knot-hole to his mother. He said: 'Why are you a pig? When I grow up I'd rather be a horse.'"

"O Nora! you never."

"May be I didn't," said Nora coolly.

Jack looked first in one pen and then in the other, then all at once he set out for the house at full run, and almost fell over grandma, who was knitting in the front doorway. Then Jack shouted: "Grandma! it is little pig, big pig; all your fault you know. If I like the brandy now I'm a little pig, I'll like it all the more when I'm a big, drunk man, and when the little boys hoot me for falling in the gutter I'll say, 'Grandma put it in the pies.' Grandma, it will be dressful, won't it, to be a big pig, or drunk man."

"Why, children!" cried grandma, "what do you mean?"

"Why, the little pig won't grow up a rabbit, and he can't be a colt, either, all on 'count of his mother."

"I don't know but you're crazy," said grandma; "but I've got a glint of light. Nora, you get that brandy-bottle I keep for cooking and break it on yon stone-heap. I'll not have that boy growing up into a drunkard on my account."—*National Temperance Almanac.*