

THE CANADA CITIZEN AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

Freedom for the Right means Suppression of the Wrong.

VOL. 5.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19th, 1884.

NO. 25.

The Canada Citizen

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

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

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F. S. SPENCE, - - MANAGER.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19TH, 1884.

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

VICTORY! VICTORY! VICTORY!



For God and Home and Country

HURRAH!

Brant Majority, 602.

POLLINGS FIXED.

REMEMBER THE WORKERS IN YOUR PRAYERS.

Leeds and Grenville.....	Dec. 18	Lennox and Addington..	Jan. 15
Kent.....	Jan. 15	Guelph.....	Jan. 15
Lanark.....	Jan. 15	Brome.....	Jan. 15
Carleton.....	Jan. 29.		

10,000.

We want ten thousand subscribers for THE CANADA CITIZEN. We feel deeply grateful for the kind encouragement we are daily receiving, and we believe that with the co-operation of the many friends who express warm sympathy with our enterprise we can soon raise our regular circulation to the figure indicated. We are receiving daily assurances that our paper is doing a great and good work, and a wider circulation means a larger field of usefulness and success. We respectfully request our subscribers everywhere to give us their assistance, by showing THE CANADA CITIZEN to friends by recommending it when they have opportunities, by sending us the addresses of any persons whom they think we might secure as subscribers, and by endeavoring to get up clubs in their respective localities. Let us have the ten thousand soon. Send for specimen copies and circulars.

THE ALLIANCE.

The annual meeting of the Ontario branch of the Dominion Alliance will be held in Toronto, commencing January 20th, 1885. It is expected that this will be a meeting of unusual interest. There will be a grand rally of warriors from all parts of the battle-field. It is intended to invite friends from all parts of the Dominion, and make this meeting a grand conference, to discuss the present position of the temperance and prohibitory movement, and perfect plans for further action. Full particulars will be published from time to time in THE CANADA CITIZEN, and further information in reference to the Alliance and the Convention may be obtained from the Secretary, F. S. Spence, 8 King street east, Toronto.

ALCOHOL AND CRIME.

Judge Sinclair, of Wentworth, is not known as an advocate of temperance in the ordinary sense of the term. He is an able lawyer and a good administrator of the law, but he has never identified himself with the temperance agitation. Testimony from him, therefore, on the connection between intoxicating liquor and crime is of peculiar value since it is not open to the too common imputation of being prejudiced. Here is what he said recently in charging a grand jury:—

With himself, as with other judges, the majority of cases that came up resulted from whiskey. Not one per cent. of the men who

came before him for assaults on women, or to be discharged from bonds, but had the same story to tell, and laid all their troubles to indulgence in liquor.

Such a remark from an experienced judge is of infinitely more weight than all the asseverations of a host of interested advocates of free trade in alcoholic beverages. Nor is Judge Sinclair's testimony unique. On the contrary, it is borne out, as he asserts, by the experience of many, if not all, of the other judges and magistrates who are engaged in administering our criminal law. But for intoxicating drink there would be little criminal business at any of our assizes or sessions.

It is absurd to say that a traffic which produces such results is a legitimate traffic which must not be meddled with. Society has a right to refuse to be burdened any longer with such a pest if there is any way of getting rid of it, and the reasonable and proper determination of the decent part of the community to suppress the nuisance, by cutting its tap-root, is the secret of the recent series of Scott Act triumphs in different parts of the Dominion. Should the Scott Act fail something else will be tried, for the great bulk of the people, who make nothing by the traffic and are yet muled in heavy costs on account of it, will not readily abandon their efforts to shake society clear of the incubus.

On one point we must differ from Judge Sinclair—the wisdom of separating the shop liquor traffic from the grocery trade. He questions the expediency of doing so, while we have no doubt of it, and neither have the great majority of all who have had an opportunity of witnessing the evil effects of the unholy alliance. It has been a very efficient cause of female drunkenness, and has done much to teach children that there is no harm in drinking whiskey or even procuring it by stealth. Whatever might be said in favor of keeping the trade in the hands of "respectable" men it is notoriously true that it is largely in the hands of a class of men whom the Judge had not in his mind's eye when he made use of the term *quod*. The pleas-urged on behalf of applicants for licenses are very various and often very effective with commissioners. The shortest way to deal with the evil is to root it out as much as possible, and therefore the separation between the liquor and grocery trades is in the right direction.

Judge Sinclair, in the same charge, gave the jury a sketch of the amendments made last session in the Crooks Act, of all of which, with the single exception noted, he strongly approved. By all means let us have the Crooks Act made still more stringent. If we must have a license law in parts of the Province let it be made as effective as possible. The evidence of statistics goes to show that the amount of drinking diminishes as the facilities are diminished. Lessen the number of saloons, and make the number of tavern licenses as small as possible. Each municipal council can, under the law now, virtually prohibit the traffic, and the power should be exercised.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The smoke of the recent conflict has now about cleared away, and a clear view may be had of the situation. The first point noticeable, of course, is the fact that the Republican party is ousted from power by the Prohibitionist bolt. We are fairly warranted under the circumstances in viewing this fact from a temperance standpoint, while we consider whether or not this change is likely to benefit our cause. There is no doubt whatever that the Democratic party is even more hostile to the temperance cause than the Republican party. It was the Republican party that was disrupted by St. John's candidature. Every one concedes that Blaine owes his defeat to the secession of the Prohibitionists from the ranks of his supporters. Have then Prohibitionists acted wisely or not in organizing a third party, when by so doing they permitted their worst enemies to assume the reins of authority?

The matter would present a different aspect if it could be shown that this were the last election to be held in the United States, but it must be considered now in face of the fact that in all probability there will be many more in the case of one whose system is morally certain to survive the shock, and who will undoubtedly reap benefit from it through the whole of his after life.

The position taken by the Prohibitionists was not one of their own choosing; they were driven to it by the men who now abuse them for occupying it. Nearly every St. John voter in the United States made a personal sacrifice to do what he felt was his duty. The wire-pullers of the dominant party had to get this lesson sometime, and there was no reason for delaying it. The case would have been different had there been a chance of the temperance party securing recognition inside the old party line. If Prohibitionists had remained in the Republican party they would always have been snubbed and ignored; now they are certain to be either flattered or fought. They humbly presented petitions and their petitions were scorned; now they announce a platform and must be met either in the council hall or in the field of fight.

The leading men of the temperance organization were deliberate, judicious, united and brave. We cannot but appreciate the heroism that sacrificed so much partizanship for principle, and we cannot but wonder at the success of their effort. Look at the following record of Prohibition votes and then say whether our American friends are fighting in a hopeless or a winning cause:—

Year.....	1872	1876	1880	1884.
Votes.....	5,608	9,839	11,601	150,760.

In many places the feeling of the disappointed Republicans have found vent in such malicious insult as cannot fail to show the true spirit that animates some of them, and fully justifies any effort to build up a party free from the influence of such a lawless and dangerous element. Those who hang and burn effigies of men who differ from them in political opinion, are not likely to ever show favor to a movement of moral reform, whose success would restrict the opportunities for developing and displaying such malicious inclinations.

It is hard to believe that an institution with such a glorious record as the Republican party, will really permit itself to be permanently arrayed against progress and truth. We earnestly trust that their recent salutary lesson will not fail to make the better men of the R. P. ashamed, and the politic ones more ready to accede to a determined and righteous demand. The Prohibitionists are now recognized; let us hope that some wise result of that recognition may be to bring them what they desire, even more speedily than if they had to make a still harder fight to win it.

We must not omit to notice the fact that the Prohibition candidate was the only one whose moral record went through the test of a fierce campaign and came out almost unchallenged, and entirely unstained. The representative man was worthy of the cause, and the cause was worthy of the man.

A hopeful feature of the situation is, that while many of the Republicans are wild with indignation, the liquor interest is wilder still, and shows by its frantic words and deeds that it feels that a deadly blow has been struck at its existence. We commend to our friends the following verbatim extracts from the *Champion*, the bitterest whiskey paper of the western states:—

"Although the complete returns of the election are not yet at hand, this much we know that in every state of the union the Prohibition candidates have received thousands of votes. With one or two exceptions, the vote for the cranky St. John throws into the shade the self-styled workingmen's or people's candidate. A similar strength of the Prohibition element was developed by the votes cast for congressional, state executive, and legislative candidates. What of it? What is that to the liquor trade? It is exactly what the firing of the first cannon at Fort Sumpter, on 12th of April, 1861,

was to the United States government; a solemn, forcible, defiant declaration of war, by the simultaneous opening of hostilities. There is no backing out now for either side: The Prohibitionists have shown at this election that they now are enlisted for the war to its bitter end. They propose to crush the liquor traffic out of existence, by fair means or foul, and they have good reason for being sanguine of success. Look at their sweeping victories in Kansas and Iowa, at their progress in Missouri, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky and Illinois, where local option and high license prevail, and at their steadily growing strength in a dozen other states, such as Indiana, Ohio, Wisconsin Michigan, Minnesota and others. Are you blind? Are you deaf? Are you the tools of whom the Latin Poet said: Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat. Whom God wants to punish, he first makes mad, (crazy.) It would seem so indeed.

"The Prohibition flood is now sweeping over every state in the union, threatening some of them, ruining others. It undermines the very foundations of every distillery and brewery and shakes like an earthquake every liquor warehouse and every saloon in the land. Do you not hear and feel the Prohibition waves beating against the very walls of your stores, your business places, your family dwellings?"

"Once more we call your attention to your danger; There was mirth, rejoicing, carousing and revelry in the dining-hall of the Babylonian Monarch, Belshazzar, where a mysterious hand traced on the wall in fiery characters the ominous words, "Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." Neither the king, nor the guests took notice of the warning, and before moving they were slaughtered, the royal palaces plundered and given a prey to the flames, and the Babylonian or Assyrian empire obliterated from the face of the earth.

Saloonkeepers, liquor dealers, brewers, distillers, beware! The muster of the Prohibition hosts, at the late election is your "Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." Rouse yourselves from your lethargy; form your protective phalanxes, fight for your rights, for your business for your homes."

CHRISTMAS.

The holiday season is here with its reunions and festivities, its bustle and excitement, its happiness and mirth, and alas! its perils and its sorrows as well. Millions of homes during the coming week, will be full of gladness and mirth, friends that have been far apart will be clasping hands again. But too often the exciting surroundings will throw the judgment off its guard, temptation will come in unusually seductive guise, and mother's hearts will beat faster in painful fear of the mischief the holidays may do their boys. Down lower in the social scale, where more of a sacrifice will be made to give the little ones a Christmas treat, all the more appreciated, because of its rarity; even there the anticipated joy will often be marred by sin and shame, and Christmas will bring terror and pain instead of joy and peace. There will be, in all probability, in our Christian communities during the coming fortnight, more drunkenness with all its attendant miseries than has been in any two weeks of the past year.

We call the attention of our many readers to this sad fact, simply for the purpose of warning those in danger to be more than ever on their guard, and warning all to beware that they have no part or lot in causing any temptation that might make our joyous Christmas season a cause of stumbling to any weak or erring brother. Let our homes be bright with the gladness of purity and love, and entirely free from the intrusion of anything that might lead to any evil.

BRANT AND BRANTFORD.

The Scott Act has been carried in the county by about 600 majority but defeated in the city by 166. Our aggregate majority in the city and county is therefore over 400. Our Brantford friends made a noble fight against some very contemptible and dishonest tricks that were indulged in by their opponents

in a desperate effort to defeat the Scott Act at any cost. Brantford must still remain under the license system, it is certain that ere long a totally prohibitory law will extend to our fair Dominion the benefits that localities must work so hard for now.

Our present record is: out of 58 contests we have won in 47 and our polled majority to-day is nearly 30,000 in favor of the Scott Act. We "thank God and take courage."

Contributed Articles.

THE TORONTO TEMPERANCE ELECTORAL UNION.

To the Editor of THE CANADA CITIZEN,

SIR,—The above is the name of the organization under whose auspices the agitation for the submission of the "Scott Act" to the vote of the electors of Toronto is being conducted. The "Union" consists of officers, one president, three vice-presidents one treasurer, one secretary and assistant, and a membership comprising seven representatives from each ward association, viz., the president and secretary by virtue of their office, and five representatives appointed by the Ward Association, thus giving for the twelve wards of the city a membership of eighty-four, to which add the officers of the Union (seven,) and we have a membership of ninety-one, to which may be added an indefinite number of the city clergymen, some of whom take an active part in forwarding the movement. The executive committee is composed of the seven, officers of the Union and the president and secretary of each ward branch (twenty-four),—thirty-one in all, and this again may be divided into sub-committees of Finance, Literature and Lectures. This "Electoral Union" is the nearest approach to an organic union of the temperance forces of the city which has yet been attained, but it is only directly representative of those elements which are 'outside' of existing temperance organizations. There are many and powerful organizations, societies, and Orders which are not represented in this Union, and which, to the mind of this writer at least, must be brought into harmony before we can help to a successful issue the great work before us. Let us enumerate some of these organizations. The churches are through their ministers indirectly represented on the Union:—The C.E.T.S., the W.C.T.U., T.T.R.S., W.E.C.T.S., I.O. G.T., S. of T., Royal Templars, etc., etc. Then there is another very important element which must not be overlooked; our Catholic fellow-citizens. All these various elements and organizations must be brought not only into harmony with our views, (many are so already); but must be brought together by some organic union, so that the whole body may move intelligently, and unitedly. How shall this be done? I say, by representation on the 'Union.' Let each of the bodies named, or any others if there be such acting through this new UNITED Central Body, appoint say three representatives to the Union, of these three let one belong to the executive of the Union thus a sufficient representation without undue bulkiness would be obtained. Thus, the churches could act unitedly through their Ministerial Associations. The I.O.G.T. through their district lodge or association, and so on with the other bodies. This, it appears to me, must be the very Genesis of our work; and for this an "organizing agent" is indispensable. In the majority, if not in the whole of the places where the Scott Act has failed to carry, it has so failed because of the lack of proper and sufficient organization; properly worked and attended to. Let us here in Toronto, the Queen City of the West, show what can be done by thorough organization thoroughly worked out to the end. I do not believe that the Scott Act is a certain failure in our cities. Granting that the liquor traffic is there at its strongest, that the 'lower orders the residuum' is there in full force, so is, or ought to be the 'moral and spiritual forces found at their best. What shall we gain? What shall it profit us? If in all our rural constituencies prohibition prevails must our cities be given up as hopeless, reeking centres of corruption? Where then is the boasted power of our civilization? Where the 'superior force' of Christianity, of which we hear so much?

Mr. Editor, I have written at your request, my aim is, that, by whatever means, this Scott Act agitation, upon which we are now just entering, may we so far as organization is concerned, be placed on the high road to assured success. The spirit of 'union' and federation is in the air; many before us now do not realize that "Union

is Strength." Our friends in the Old Land are not asleep in this matter. A movement, initiated last year by Alderman Clegg, of Sheffield, chairman of the "British Temperance League," that all the temperance organizations of Great Britain and Ireland should form a "Temperance Federation," was brought to a successful issue on the 6th of February of this year by the delegates present at a meeting in Exeter Hall, when it was resolved to form the "National Temperance Federation," on the following basis:—

"The basis of co-operation for the federated societies is, that they should work together in view of legislation and other action on the points upon which they are agreed, and bring their influence to bear on Parliament and with Her Majesty's Government, and through the country generally, as a united body, such common action to extend of course, only so far as there is common agreement, and to be made subservient to the carrying of measures of positive advance, as well as to the careful guarding against any proposal of a retrograde nature." Mr. W. L. Caine, M.P., was elected president, and vice-presidents and other officers were appointed." (From the "Foundation of Death" by Axel Gustafson.) Apologizing for the length of this letter, and hoping that 'more will come out of it.'

I remain yours,

JAMES THOMSON,

Secretary T. T. E. U.

THE SCOTT ACT IN CITIES.

To the Editor of THE CANADA CITIZEN,

A word or two on the lessons of the Brantford city Scott Act vote. Our friends there failed to carry the Act, and Brantford by a majority of the electors decide to have at least three years more of license. We have already heard from our I-told-you-so friends, who say we can never carry the cities, and we have been advised to make haste slowly in bringing on a vote in other cities.

It is certainly of great importance that we should adopt a general policy which will insure the largest aggregate number of victories for the Act over the whole country. Hence it is wisdom to submit the Act first in the most advanced temperance constituencies in order to impart confidence and give encouragement to those in the rear. But I submit that a great deal of the *advice gratis* which is given on the matter is needless and tends rather to suggest the old idea that temperance people are a lot of sentimental impracticables. I suppose the time was when the liquor party could afford to ridicule us as a lot of fanatics who were *not* as "wise as serpents," but *were* as "harmless as doves." But I think they are now ready to bear testimony to the fact that we possess a little more of the wisdom of serpents and a little less of the harmlessness of doves. To drop figure; events prove that the temperance people are conducting their campaign in a manner which is resulting in a proportion of victories which would make the greatest of political generals proud. We have carried counties first. Some of the smallest cities, impatient to enjoy the privilege of voting against the license system, are now coming into line. Brantford, the first of them, did not succeed in carrying the Act, but Guelph, Belleville, Kingston, and St. Thomas may prove that even in cities a fair average of victories may be obtained, and so give strength and encouragement to the counties in which these cities are respectively located.

But our too careful friends need not be afraid. The cities are moving slowly, and especially the large ones, in order to give the counties an opportunity to vote first.

On the other hand, I submit that if some of the counties move so slowly that a vote on the Act is practically postponed indefinitely it will become the duty of the friends of the cause in the cities to avoid following their example.

Two very important points should be borne in mind in this connection.

1. That Parliament has given us a law by which every elector can clear himself of the responsibility of the license system. I am one of the many who are impatient to exercise the franchise against the liquor traffic and thus clear our skirts of the blood of men who are slain by drink.

2. That even where we fail to carry the Act we do not lose anything. At the worst we are *in statu quo*, we simply remain as we were, but with this great advantage that the license system exists no longer by the tacit consent of all the electors, but against the recorded protest of a large minority. By the way, what about the

tyranny of a majority in forcing the liquor traffic upon an unwilling minority?

Brantford's lesson to Toronto is surely not one of despair. Brantford has not carried the Act, but it has a solid phalanx of electors who have voted *no license*, and who now feel it to be their duty to educate the city up to the point of a prohibitory vote three years hence. Let Toronto go forward. There is no need to fear too much haste. All the 32 counties in Ontario now organizing will probably have voted before we can possibly be ready in this city, and the fact that we are coming on behind with a strong determined well organized band of workers will be encouragement to the friends in the counties. Every blow we strike here will vibrate through the whole province. Every great meeting held here will be like the sound of the bugle of war to all the counties and even if we do not succeed we shall not fail. We are the attacking party. We have all to gain—nothing to lose, by a spirited, well devised, energetic policy.

Yours,

WM. BURGESS.

The Campaign Everywhere.

Mr. Jas. McMillan, organizer for the County of Grey, addressed a very fair audience in the Town Hall, Flesherton, last week, on the Scott Act and the new campaign which has been inaugurated under such favorable circumstances. It was the most practical, logical, and common sense address we have heard during the year. At the close a large and influential Central Committee was appointed, with Mr. J. W. Armstrong as chairman. A hearty and unanimous vote of thanks—moved by Mr. J. Gordon and seconded by Dr. Christoe—was then tendered the speaker Mr. McMillan, who briefly and fittingly replied, after which the audience dispersed.—*Flesherton Advertiser.*

KENT.—The date for voting in this county has been fixed by proclamation for January 15th, and the Returning Officer has been appointed.

The Kent Temperance Association met on Tuesday last for the election of officers, and also to make arrangements for pushing the campaign more vigorously. Hopes are entertained that this county will declare for the Scott Act by a large majority.

The Chatham *Weekly Banner* in urging the various township associations to renewed vigor in perfecting these organizations says: "They may take it for granted that every Anti vote that self-interest, personal consideration, whiskey or money can influence will be polled against the cause of temperance. No effort will be spared to defeat the Act and its friends should be prepared for every emergency. In other counties crimes have been committed in the endeavor to thwart the will of the popular majority in favor of the Act and it must not be presumed that Kent whiskey is any less potent than the article dispensed in Huron or Dufferin. Let every true friend of temperance buckle on his armour and make the success of the Act a personal matter and victory will be assured.

TORONTO.—A meeting of St. Mark's Ward Temperance Electoral Association was held on Friday evening last in the Wesley Church School Room, Dundas street. Rev. Mr. Mutch occupied the chair. After devotional exercises and some singing by the choir of the church, the chairman opened the proceedings with a brief address.

Mr. Wm. Munns was the first speaker called upon. He dealt principally with the question of the Scott Act and gave a history of the temperance movements in this country. He said that after the union of the provinces in 1867, agitation was commenced for the enactment of a general prohibitory law. The agitation bore fruit in a later year when a petition was presented to the Canadian Government representing upwards of 500,000 citizens of the country, asking for a general prohibitory law. In 1874, Parliament authorized the appointment of two commissioners to make a thorough investigation into the working of the prohibitory law in States where it has been adopted. One was in favor of prohibition and the other opposed to it. These officials were so convinced of the efficient working of the law in these States, that the anti-prohibitionist on his return expressed himself in favor of a prohibitory measure. In 1878, the Canadian Temperance Act was introduced by the Mac-

kenzie Government; its legality tested in the courts in 1880; and confirmed by the Supreme Court with one judge dissenting. An appeal was immediately made to the Privy Council of Great Britain. The case was fully argued, and on 22nd January 1882, judgment was given which definitely settled the question of jurisdiction as to the power of prohibiting the liquor traffic and confirming the constitutionality of the Canadian Temperance Act.

Up to the present time we have had 58 contests, and we have won 47 victories, with an aggregate majority of all votes polled of over 33,000. The population under Scott Act in each province is as follows.—Nova Scotia, 282,000; New Brunswick, 202,000; Prince Edward Island, 108,891; Quebec, 40,000; Ontario, 450,000; Manitoba, 25,000. North-West, 56,446—making a grand total of 1,264,337. Campaigns now in progress with population.—Ontario, 750,000; Quebec, 100,000; Manitoba, 40,000. Total 890,000.

Mr. Munns then in a very clear manner showed that prohibition does prohibit wherever it has been tried, and finished up with some clear illustrations of the expenses of the liquor traffic. To form some estimate of the cost of the drink bill to the country he remarked, that according to statistics of 1881, one month's traffic was sufficient to buy up the whole county of Wellington, and one single year's, the farm stock and implements of either the wealthy counties Hastings or Elgin. Over \$500,000 were spent for liquor more than for meat, and \$6,000,000 more than for bread and woollen goods, and 3½ times more for muddling the brains of the people than for education.

Mr. Thomson Secretary of the Toronto Electoral Union, was then called upon. He produced some telling statistics showing that for the enormous amount of money invested in breweries and distilleries, no other manufacture paid such poor wages to the workmen as the liquor traffickers did. His remarks were well received.

Mr. A. Farley, president of the W. E. C. T. S., then gave a short stirring address, in which he said there was a work for all to do, and if we were to be successful in carrying the Scott Act in Toronto it would require good work and action on the part of all concerned in keeping the people continuously agitated on the question.

The meeting was closed with the benediction.

The monthly meeting of the Y. L. C. T. U. was held in Shaftesbury Hall lecture room, up-stairs, on Thursday afternoon last, at 3:30. The president, Miss Robinson, in the chair. The resignations of the President and 1st Vice-President were read and adopted. The election of officers to fill these vacancies was left over until the next meeting. The report of the Secretary of the Band of Hope was presented, showing a membership of 48 children and 7 officers and teachers.

Sunday School and Band of Hope Paper Given Free.

Superintendents and Sunday-school or Band of Hope teachers, who are desirous of introducing into their schools the bright and beautiful paper, "*The Canadian Band of Hope*," can be supplied with a free parcel of the December number by sending the number of families represented in their schools. Send in your application at once.

Address, Editor, CANADIAN BAND OF HOPE,
London, Ontario.

Toronto friends can obtain special rates for the above paper and all Band of Hope supplies by addressing

ROBERT RAE,
Secretary Toronto Band of Hope Union,
118 Scollard Street, Toronto.

GRIP.—We desire to call special attention to the advertisement on another page of our esteemed contemporary "*GRIP*." The able pens and skilful pencil that contribute to the columns of this journal, have dealt the liquor traffic many a telling blow, and it is a matter for sincere congratulation that our Canadian humorous paper is so sound and fearless in reference to the great prohibition question. It is not needful that any one should call the attention of our reading public to the merits of *Grip*, we simply want to remind our friends that it has special claims to the support of every Canadian temperance citizen. We wish this cleverly conducted journal great and long-lived success, and heartily recommend it to the readers of THE CANADA CITIZEN. Don't fail to subscribe for 1885. Read the advertisement and also our clubbing offer.

General News.

CANADIAN.

Sir John Macdonald arrived in Toronto on Tuesday evening, and was accorded a hearty welcome by his adherents.

Right Rev. T. B. Fuller, Bishop of Niagara, died on Wednesday morning.

Brome County, Que., and Carleton, Ont., are gazetted to vote on the Scott Act respectively on the 15th and 29th of January.

According to the official count, the majority for the Scott Act in Brant county was 602, and the majority against the measure in the city of Brantford was 166.

A serious accident occurred about two o'clock on Monday at the Barsalow bridge, St. Hyacinthe, now in course of construction. A span of 100 feet long was blown over. Twenty men were working at the time. One of them, Allard, died at 4 p.m., another, St. Germain, is not expected to live, and another man, whose name is unknown, is also dying. The others are very badly, though less severely, injured. The damage is about \$1,000.

At Woodstock, N.B., on the 15th inst., a very heavy fire occurred, involving a loss of \$50,000. The fire originated in McDougall's tailor shop, in the second flat of Hayden's wooden building, on the corner of Main and Connell streets. The building was completely destroyed. The fire ran up Main street through Bood's wooden building, thence along John McAfee's and L. R. Baird's brick buildings, and thence into Wheman's wooden building on Connell street.

At Quebec, on December 16th, the house of Mr. Bolduc, on the St. Foye road, was destroyed together with its contents. The family narrowly escaped with their lives. The loss is about \$1,000; no insurance.

UNITED STATES.

President Arthur opened the World's Exposition at New Orleans on Tuesday. The President's address was transmitted from Washington by telegraph, and he set the machinery in motion by closing the circuit of electricity.

The storehouse of the American Wood Powder Company, containing 20,000 pounds of powder, blew up on the 15th. The main building was uninjured, and nobody hurt.

Arrangements have been made at the navy department for the expedition to survey the proposed route of the Nicaragua canal. The expedition starts on Dec. 20th.

At Baltimore on Dec. 15th, Alphonse Micheaux, in a fit of jealous rage, shot and killed his mistress and then blew out his own brains.

At Cincinnati, John B. Hoffman was hanged on the 16th inst., for the murder of his son. He wept while listening to the death warrant, and had to be held while being handcuffed, and was supported on the scaffold by two men.

At Baltimore, G. M. Scarborough, formerly a Methodist preacher of good family, but who, through intemperance, was driven to accept a position as brakeman, was killed on Tuesday while coupling cars.

At Greenville, Tex., on Dec. 15th, Saml. Easel called on his wife and beseeched her to take him back after he had deserted her for a negro woman. Mrs. Easel refused to recognize him, whereupon he called his six-year old daughter to his side and shot her in the head, killing her, and then blew his own brains out.

At Chippewa Falls, Wis., on the 14th, during a fire in the general store of Lee and Larson, a terrible explosion occurred in the oil cellar. The flames spread to the adjoining building, burning a number of stores and residences. Loss, \$125,000.

At Buffalo, on Dec. 14th, the Barry Opera House and hotel of Barry & Corning, was burned. Loss, \$25,000; insurance, \$10,000. The fire started fortunately at the close of the performance.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The British schooner *Turtle* was upset by a violent squall in Smith Sound on Saturday. A portion of the crew, who were in the cabin, were drowned.

It is reported that Spain has seized sixty-three miles of the west African coast between Capes Bogardo and Blanco, with factories and gold diggings.

Smallpox is raging in Trieste. Twenty-five cases occur daily, twenty per cent. of which are fatal. The schools have been turned into hospitals.

Seven out of the eight Anarchists on trial for the Niederwald plot to assassinate Emperor William have been convicted at Leipsic.

An international agricultural congress will meet at Pesth during the exhibition of 1885, for the purpose of discussing measures looking towards the alleviation of the general agrarian crisis in Europe.

A Cairo despatch says a change of ministry in Egypt is imminent. Nubar Pacha, the Premier, desires to resign.

THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL.

WATCHMAN, what of the night?
 "I see the morning light
 Kindling the eastern skies.
 Behold its glorious ray!
 Bright promise of the day
 Foretold by prophets wise!
 The rounded sky the dawn has riven
 Shines like the open door of heaven!"

Watchman, what of the night?
 "The harvest-fields are white,
 Waving with ripened wheat,
 Sparkling with sun and dew,
 The laborers are few.
 But others haste with willing feet
 To aid the task so well begun,
 Their sickles gleaming in the sun."

Watchman, what of the night?
 "Wonders salute my sight;
 Darkness withdraws its wings,
 Vast domes with turrets rise,
 And towers that touch the skies
 With bells of joy that ring
 The multitudes to praise and prayer;
 Music of heaven is in the air."

Watchman, what of the night?
 "A host with banners bright
 March forth to meet the foe.
 The line of the advance
 Meets vice and ignorance,
 With victory in the blow.
 The light reveals the coming day
 When temperance shall bear the sway."

Watchman, what of the night?
 "Far up in the mountain height
 A glorious temple stands.
 It is the church whose door
 Opens to rich and poor,
 Like that not built with hands,
 The spire that rises from its dome
 Points to the laborer's restful home."

—George W. Bungay.

DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT.

The *Mail and Express* of this city prints an extended interview with Mr. Richard Katzenmayer, secretary of the United States Brewers' Association. In the course of it he said:

"In Kansas the Prohibition system has been in operation for two years, and all the brewers are ruined. No organization, therefore, exists in that state."

A little further along, speaking of Iowa, he says:

"The Prohibition law which has recently gone into operation there has made terrible havoc among the brewers, and many of them are completely ruined. As a consequence their political influence has been greatly diminished."

And yet prohibition cannot be enforced! We must try high license, because prohibition is entirely impracticable! The fact is, as ample evidence proves, it is far easier to enforce than license law. God speed the day, when all over the country, prohibition shall prevail, and "as a consequence the political influence of the breweries shall be greatly diminished."

Maine has now tried prohibition for about thirty years. Owing to the willful dereliction of Republican officials, it has not been completely enforced; but so far as it has been enforced, the results have proved so beneficial that the people want it rendered absolutely effective. They carried the prohibitory amendment the other day, by a majority of 44,283, and next they intend to compel the enactment of statutes that will drive out the last groggery. Yet prohibition doesn't prohibit.—*N. Y. Witness.*

Tales and Sketches.

THE BURNISH FAMILY.

A PRIZE STORY PUBLISHED BY THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER VII.

Mischiefs Brewing.

"Ah, Love! our weal, our woe, our bliss, our bane,
 A restless life have they who feel thy chain.
 Ah, Love! our weal, our woe, our bliss, our bane,
 More hapless still are they who never felt thy pain."

Joanna Baillie.

The evening after the morning scene we have recorded, Mabel had a parcel from her father. It came by hand, and the bearer waited for an answer. It was very pleasant to her to hear directly from her father, but she would rather the messenger had not been Susan. That loquacious personage had been put into the little reception room before-named, where Mabel had given audience in the morning; and, as she sat there, waiting for the note that Mabel was writing up stairs, Mr. Delamere Burnish, and his cousin, Mr. Shaston Keen, who had been dining there, passed through to the library. They might not have noticed the woman had she not risen, with the self-possession or assurance that belonged to her, and advanced directly under the gas branch, so that her broad face, with its embellishments of crimson tipped with purple, shone full upon them. She made an elaborate curtsy, and re-seated herself with great complacency. At that moment, Mabel entered the room, and colored deeply with vexation as she encountered the surprised looks of the young men, as they hastily withdrew into the library.

Mabel was minute in her enquiries after her father's health, and thanks for his present, and assurances that she was comfortable. Meanwhile, Susan was fumbling in the depths of her pocket for something, when Mabel remarked—

"I'm sorry my father sent you, Susan, such a long way,"

"Oh! never you mind me; I rid in a Waterloo 'bus, an' I ain't one bit forteeged. I says to master, says I, seeing's believing, and, if I sees Miss Mabel, I can tell you for certing sure how she's looking. But I didn't want for to oblige him only; I'd another person in my hie to oblige, and you too, Miss Mabel. Ah! this it is," she continued, handing a note that she had foraged from her pocket.

Mabel took the note mechanically, and found, on opening it, that it was from Frank Horncastle, renewing his offer of himself, and concluding that, by this time, she must be tired of her freak of turning governess. There was such a tone of self-sufficiency throughout, such a cool assumption that he had only been rejected according to the formula, that a young lady should not say 'yes' too promptly, that Mabel felt thoroughly provoked.

"Susan," she said, "if you really wish to oblige me, give this letter back to its writer, and tell him there is no answer, and to send me no more."

"Lauk! well to be sure, Miss! and you too brought up together—leastways, every summer, for a matter of three weeks at the very least—and I must say, I'm certing it would make peace atween the gov'nor and the young man, and a nice veller at Britton, or Clapham, you'd have; and it were always that dear hangel's wish—'Susan,' she said to me, oftens and oftens, 'Miss Alterton's costin' a mint of money, kep up like a lady; but it'll be all the better for Frank.'"

"That will do, Susan—I'll not detain you longer," said Mabel, rising and ringing the bell. There was that in her manner, which stopped the voluble tongue of Susan, and, covering her vexation with a curtsy, she followed the footman who appeared and departed. Mabel, agitated and uncomfortable, ascended to her own apartments.

Every one knows that, in certain families, the position of governess is one of more difficulty with the servants than with the heads of the household. The station of governess is a debatable land, where the battle of gentility has to be fought against encroaching vulgarity. The ladies'-maids, and gentry of the second table, always inviegh against 'the pride and stuck up airs of those teacher people.' In Mabel's case, she was perhaps, peculiarly obnoxious to this censure; for she was unbroken by fortune, handsome, and well-dressed, and had, from childhood, been so used to attention, that an indefinite habit of command mingled with the gentle courtesy of her manners, which annoyed, even-while it impressed, envious inferiors. Added to this annoyance, was that lynx-eyed vigilance of 'flunkey' curiosity, which never sleeps, and which soon discovered, long before such a thought glimmered in the languid mind of Mrs. Burnish, that Mr. Delamere was, to use the expressive phrase of his man-servant, 'In for it,' as an admirer of the governess. 'Play her cards as carefully as she will,' said the lady's maid, with a toss of the head, when this piece of intelligence was confided to her, 'I'll spoil her game.' Meanwhile, Mabel's reserve to Mr. Delamere Burnish

had been so great, that malice could detect nothing to magnify or report; but on this night of Susan's mission, Charles, the under-butlet, who was also the valet of Mr. Delamere, picked up, in the little reception-room, a bit of crumpled paper from the floor, which Susan had dropped when fumbling in her pocket for the letter she gave Mabel. It was the torn half of a letter, and amply repaid the scrutiny bestowed on it by the curious reader:—

"Give the enclosed to Miss A. I know she will be glad to receive it. It's all a fancy of her's about being a teacher. The governor himself says so. And you tell her she may be the peace-maker if she will; and that, as to living at the 'Tun and Noggin,' in Racket Row, I never meant it, any more than she does—not while there's villas from Brixton to Shooter's Hill. As my poor mother's confidential servant, and my nurse, I can trust you, Susan; and I hope you'll do this message first-rate."

To submit this to the inspection of Gabb, the lady's-maid, then to smooth it out, and put it on Mr. Delamere Burnish's desk in his dressing-room, was done that evening. "Our young blade is a day after the fair," said Charles "No chance, Gabb; 'Tun and Noggin' both agen him."

The plan, in one sense, succeeded. Delamere's eye as he seated himself listlessly at his writing table, after he had dismissed his man for the night, fell on the strange paper. He read it over and over, and could make nothing of it, and was just about ringing to ascertain how it came there, when the word 'Susan' struck him. 'Yes, that was the name Miss Alterton uttered when she came in to see the odd-looking messenger of that evening;' then it seemed all plain. It was a love affair; and Mabel was so far engaged that even a future residence was talked of. Delamere put the scrap back with all the annoyance that an honorable mind must feel at even involuntarily becoming aware of a matter concerning others not intended for his knowledge. Concluding that his man had thought the paper belonged to him, he tried to shut the incident from his mind; but that was beyond his efforts. For the first time he found how much his thoughts had been occupied by Mabel, when he felt the pang that darted through him at the idea of her been engaged. Then the business, 'The 'Tun and Noggin!' He knew the place well—it was on their books. Mabel a landlady of a tavern! There was profanation in the thought. One phrase, and one only gave him comfort—"She may be a peace-maker if she will." There was difficulty and doubt supplied in that sentence. But what was all this to him? Nothing. Ah! would that it had been nothing. Then came the natural yearning of the young heart for sympathy. No mother's love had he ever known; for Mrs. Burnish's civil performances of her duties towards him had but very slenderly concealed her repugnance for him from his childhood. True, he had never known his own mother, never remembered any but the present Mrs. Burnish in that office. Still, he had felt a hidden want even in her kindest moments. He had no sister who could be a companion; and all in that stately house seemed so cold, such outside show and glitter—the surface so bright, the substance so hard—that the vision of a home lighted by the smiles of Mabel, rose and took his heart and imagination captive. In these, and similar unquiet fancies, the night passed feverishly away. He rose betimes from his sleepless pillow, and consuming at a taper the scrap of a letter that had caused him such annoyance, he went to the library, determined to occupy the quiet of the early morning with reading, and thus dismiss the annoyances of the night. Taking up a favorite critical journal, he ensconced himself in the recess of a window that was filled with flowers, and tried to be absorbed by his magazine. He might have succeeded, for all things are possible to perseverance, but he had not been long there when a light footstep attracted his attention, and he saw Miss Alterton enter the room, and, without perceiving him, for the folds of the curtains concealed his retreat, she replaced two books in their places, and commenced a tour of inspection in search of others. Her choice seemed to fix on some volumes on the upper shelves, and, unfolding an ottoman that contained a set of library steps, she mounted them, and commenced dislodging the books, when, as they were tightly wedged, and still rather above her reach, she managed to pull them down about her head; and was nearly falling herself with surprise, when she heard the voice of Mr. Delamere Burnish exclaim, as he ran towards her, "Let me assist you, Miss Alterton." Her self-possession played her false at that moment. She was awkwardly conscious of being, in every sense, in a false position, balancing there on the steps, the heavy folds of her rich brown hair loosened from the fillet that bound them by the fall of the volumes, the debris of books and dust around her, the flushing of her cheeks, and flutter palpable to herself, the young man below evidently forgetting everything but her presence.

"How unfortunate!" said Mabel, as, in her confusion, she accepted his hand, and descending hastily, hid her blushing face by stooping to pick up the fallen books.

"I cannot think so," said Delamere Burnish, a slight tremor in his voice making the simple words sound important. "Let me give you the books you want," he added. At that instant their eyes met. There needed no declaration—not a word! Youth and love are their own interpreters, and have their own electric telegraph.

Mabel, hardly knowing what she did, hastily withdrew the hand that had met Delamere's on the cover of a book each at the same time lifted

from the floor, clasped the volumes given without knowing that she had them, and retreated with a run that was more girlish and natural than dignified and stately. When she reached her room, and rushed forward towards the chair at her toilet table, her glass gave her the reflection of a face so crimson, eyes so humid, hair so disordered, that the usually quiet Mabel stood a moment in surprise of herself, tossed the books on a low sofa near her, sinking on a chair, covered her flushed cheeks with her trembling hands, and burst into tears. 'How absurdly, how abominably I have acted! what a simpleton, to be startled out of all propriety,' were the first words of self-censure that she uttered, as she dried her eyes, and proceeded to arrange her hair. 'How unfortunate, how truly unfortunate, he was there; and how wholly unexpected,' she added—and truly, for this was not the first by many times of her visiting the library early. We should be faithless chroniclers if we were to say these, and the like, were Mabel's only thoughts. The look—the meaning of the look—that rapid daguerreotype of the heart, as it were, that she had seen—that electric flash in which the soul had leaped forth—were present to her mind, and mingled trouble and triumph with her feelings. Trouble, for Mabel had a high sense of duty; triumph, for when was the susceptible youthful heart insensible to the first awakening of that passion, which shapes for good or evil so much of human life?

As the tumult of her emotions subsided, a secondary feeling presented itself, in the very natural gratification that no one had encountered her on her return, or seen her agitation. Ah, Mabel, be not too sure of that! Mrs. Gabb had risen to do some millinery job for herself, and, hearing a slight sound in the house, had looked over the staircase, and seen the rapid return of Miss Alterton to her room. Every item of flushed cheek, flying hair, and disordered garb, was duly noted. Gabb's instinct prompted her to watch yet further; and, while Mabel was gaining composure, and congratulating herself on having her secret safe, Mr. Delamere Burnish was watched leaving the library; and the disarranged books, and library steps, were all so many witnesses, furnishing testimony for the charitable comments of Gabb, and the gentry of the second table.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Victims of Society.

"We met a girl, her dress was loose,
And haggard was her eye;
And, with the wanton's hollow voice,
She lured the passer by.

I asked her what there was in guilt,
That could her soul allure
To shame, disease, and late remorse?
She answered—she was poor.

—Southey.

It was a wet morning, and the children required to see the family dentist, so Mrs. Burnish resolved to take them herself, and to drop Mabel, on the way, at the — Penitentiary, and to call for her when her morning's affairs and shoppings were over. Mabel did not need an introduction to Mrs. Basil, the matron, for she had already seen her, when some needlework from the Institution was brought home to Portland Place. A quarter of an hour's drive brought the carriage to the front gate of a house with outside shutters, like rough Venetian blinds, covering all the windows. It was not a large establishment. The Burnish family subscribed to the Magdalen, and the Female Refuge for the Destitute (doubtless, helped to keep up both establishments, in a very extended sense), but Lady Burnish had founded this, and members of the family maintained it.

Nothing could exceed the cleanliness and quiet of the little hall into which a decent-looking woman ushered Mabel, locking the gate and the street door after her as she entered. The matron's best parlor, used also as a committee-room, opened out of the hall,—an orderly, homely-looking place, with its round centre table, neat book-case, filled with good books, its dark green carpet and curtains, well rubbed mahogany chairs, and bright fire place, just decorated for the summer season, all telling of industry and cleanliness. Mabel felt the surprise of inexperience that a house, consecrated by such sorrows to woman as a loss of virtue implied, should look so tranquil and homely, and, though she rebuked the thought as folly, it occurred again and again during the morning.

The matron, a motherly woman, with a considerate look upon her placid face, was, in all respects, worthy of esteem. She was a widow, with a small income. Her attention had been turned to the condition of the exposed and degraded of her own sex. She had neither children nor relatives to make demands on her time, and she resolved to devote herself to attempting the rescue of some of the outcasts or victims of society, that are to be found in every large, aye, and small, town of our kingdom. Mrs. Basil had not wealth, but she had what wealth cannot purchase—a kind heart, a loving spirit, and true Christian principle regulating these. Lady Burnish found the most of the money, and had the praise—for, doubtless, "money answereth all things." Mrs. Basil gave time, labor, suggestions, and arrangements, and had the recompense of a good conscience.

There are some people whose manner instantly invites confidence—who seem to possess the key that unlocks the closed chambers of the human heart. You know them instinctively. How often in the most hurried scenes of life, in a railway carriage, on the deck of a steamer, taking shelter from a shower under a gateway, sitting near one at a public meeting, has a face flashed upon us, neither young, nor handsome, nor particularly intelligent, but bright with such a serene glow of sympathy—a living epistle—a passing evangel—as to prompt the involuntary ejaculation, 'When I need advice in perplexity, comfort in distress, when the tide of tears is fast welling up, and I need a kind bosom on which to shed them, when my eyes are growing dim with the shadows of death, and I want a gentle hand to close them, may it be such a one as this that shall be with me then.' Of this class was Mrs. Basil.

Mabel related the tale of the country girl, with the slight touch of wonder at the enormity of woman being instrumental in the degradation of her sister woman, that marked her inexperience.

Mrs. Basil sighed as she said, "It is a common case—nothing is so bad as a bad woman."

"Surely she is not worse than her betrayer," said Mabel.

"She will prey on her own sex coolly and systematically, as man rarely preys on man. She falls from a greater moral height, and is more shattered by the fall. The ruin is more complete. I speak not of these poor things here, in this house—victims mostly; but of those whose career of guilt has been successful. Their state is surely the mystery of iniquity. But, to the more practical questions of admitting this girl. We shall have one—I fear, two—vacancies. We are obliged to restrict our number to twenty." This was said with a grieved look.

"And you obtain places for these unfortunates?" rejoined Mabel.

"When we can. It is very difficult to do so," was the reply. "Only a few families can receive them; where there are children or young people it might not be safe; and of those who are able to help this good work, few are willing. Then again, even good people make the path of the returning penitent thorny as well as steep. They trust them less, and expect more of them, and so our failures are unhappily frequent, and our success small. But, if one case in twenty is a real restoration, how thankful should we be. But it is the hour when I read to them; would you wish to be present?"

Mabel answered that Mrs. Burnish wished her to see the Institution; and she accompanied Mrs. Basil into a large room on the first floor, overlooking the highly walled yard, which served both for exercise and the operations of the laundry, and beheld twenty inmates, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. They were dressed alike, in blue gowns and close caps. It was some minutes before Mabel could gather sufficient composure to look at them. Her eyes were dim at the thought, that, for these unfortunates, there was neither name nor place, nor sweet domestic charities nor relationships. Nothing that the heart of woman clings to; cut loose from all, no rest but the grave, no home but Heaven! Yes; that last best hope remained for them. The promise as sure, the prospect as bright, for the believing among them, as for the best of the unfallen, and, it may be, untempted children of men.

Mabel was recalled from her reverie by Mrs. Basil offering her the Bible, and asking her to read; but she declined, her youth suited best the condition of a listener; and Mrs. Basil said to the inmates, "As one—it may be, two—of your companions leave to-day, the oldest of them shall choose the chapter of the reading." A quiet voice responded, "The 15th of Luke." Mabel had heard great pulpit celebrities and fine readers, in the fashionable city in which she had been reared, but she never had been so impressed with the hallowed sweetness, the heavenly tenderness, of the prodigal son, as on this occasion. There was a pathos in the clear, liquid tones of the reader, and the slight tremor of emotion, that trembled through the words, which went through every heart. Then followed a simple prayer, in which the departing companion was commended to God's protection. There were no painful allusions to the past; all was hope and trust—aspirations for newness of life, and the healing blessing of Him who was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities, and who ever liveth to make intercession for us. After this, the young woman was brought to Mabel, who, at the request of Mrs. Basil, gave her a Bible that had been provided, and, with a smile of encouragement, ventured to utter a few good wishes for the future welfare of the wayfarer, again departing on the perilous journey of life.

(To be Continued.)

Right forever on the Scaffold,
Wrong forever on the Throne;
But the Scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadows,
Keeping watch above His own.

"The struggle between the church, school and library on the one side, and the liquor traffic on the other, is one phase of the warfare between heaven and hell."—Chas. Buxton, M. P.

For Girls and Boys

"IS THAT ALL?"

A carpenter who had been a constant drinker—"in a moderate way," as he called it—and who was often really drunk, went into a place where the writer was presiding over a temperance meeting. The carpenter was interested, and convinced that he was a very foolish man to waste his money, strength, and time, as he had done, in the public house. The part of an address that touched him most powerfully was that by an ex-circus man, who described his own feelings when his little girl—who was leading him home on Sunday morning from the public-house where he had caroused all Saturday, and where he had stayed all night—asked him a question. They happened to pass a schoolroom where the scholars were just singing their Sabbath morning hymn. His little girl said, "Stop a minute, father; listen. Is it not sweet? How I should like to be in that school!" Then she looked up and said, most piteously, "Father, when will our Sunday come?"

That question had touched the heart of the circus-man, and he resolved by God's help that his dear broken-hearted wife and ragged children should have happier times, if possible. He was changed, and became a speaker for temperance. Now as he told, with the tone of truth and power of pathos, the story in a crowded assembly, his words reached the heart of the carpenter who was one of his auditors.

The carpenter was convinced that he had lived a selfish and harmful as well as foolish life. He resolved to give up the drink. He knew his wife was miserable, his children were afraid of him, his home shabby and dilapidated, and his debts increasing. He knew that he had helped to make the publican the most 'patronized' comfortable, and the publican's wife gay with the silks purchased out of his "fools' pence." He resolved that his own wife should have less reason to complain, and more money to spend. He was earning the moderate wages of thirty shillings a week, but out of that he contrived to spend often six or seven shillings sometimes much more.

After deciding to be a total abstainer he made himself a strong box without hinges, and nailed it up tightly. He left just a small slit in the top through which he could drop his coppers. And many a penny and threepenny-bits he did drop therein. It was his custom whenever he felt tempted to drink to take out of one pocket just the money that he would have to spend to gratify a mere taste or craving, and put it into the other until he should reach home; then he would put it in the box and leave it there untouched. For a year this went on. He kept the box hidden away, and told not his wife of his practice or intention. At the end of the year he was seated by his own fireside after tea, and looking across to his wife, he said, pleasantly, "Jennie, it is just twelve months to-night since I signed the pledge; do you think we are any better off for it?"

"Better off? why, yes, Charlie."

"How?"

"Why, you are earning more money, and you would not have been made foreman if you had not become so steady and trustworthy. Then look at the home; we have better furniture now."

"Is that all?"

"The children are better clothed."

"Is that all?" he asked again.

"Why, no Charlie; they are happier, and so am I."

"Is that all?"

"Well, I am happier, and I think healthier, for I have less anxiety than I used to have."

"Is that all?"

"No, for you are kinder and happier too."

"Is that all?" he again asked.

"No, for we are out of debt, and I have even two pounds in hand."

"Is that all?"

"I don't know anything further, unless you mean that you delight now to go to God's house on Sunday."

"Yes, I do delight in it; and thank God, I found out my need of a Saviour, and have found that the Saviour was seeking me. But there is something more that makes me ask whether even that is all."

"What is it?"

"Nellie," he said, to his bright eldest girl "go into my workshop and open my tool chest. You will see there a box with a slit in it. Bring it."

The daughter soon returned, evidently weighed down by a burden. She placed the box on the table. The mother looked at it wonderingly. Soon it was opened by the hammer and screw-driver, which her husband had at hand. He turned the box carefully over, and out rolled a large number of coppers and silver.

"Count it, wife. That is the money I should have spent in drink during the last twelve months. *That is all ours, not the publican's. It is ours.* We are all that better off for my signing the pledge."

The wife tremblingly counted the many coins, each one bearing upon it the invisible stamp of self-conquest. When all was told, there appeared in many copper and silver pillars the sum of fourteen pounds! This was a large sum to them, and to the wife it was more than a large fortune. Her eyes—moistened with tears of joy, and yet kindled with love and trust—met those of her husband. "Thank God," she said, for all His mercies. 'Tis not for the money I praise Him, but for giving my dear husband such strength of will, and me such peace and gladness."—*Canadian Band of Hope.*

Our Casket.

BITS OF TINSEL.

There is not much difference between spending money on a lottery and a lot o' rye.

A Meadville girl who has fallen in love with a journalist refers to him as her papier maché.

A man says his wife is only half like a telescope. He can draw her out but he can't shut her up.

An illiterate soldier contrived to spell the word "usage" without using a letter properly belonging to it. He wrote it "yowzitch."

What is the difference between photography and the whooping cough? One makes fac-similes, and the other sick families.

A little girl spending the summer in the country wrote to her father: "Please bring me a new tooth brush. Mine is molting."

"How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?" asked the teacher of the dunce of the class. The boy replied: "It depends a good deal whether the word refers to a person or a bee."

It is said of Cartwright that when a certain woman who had more tongue than religion, at a class-meeting said, if she had more feather she could fly to heaven, he prayed: "Lord, stick in the feather and let her go."

A wise Quakeress used to say, in her sermons, that there were three follies of men which always amazed her. The first was their climbing trees to shake fruit down, when, if they only waited a little it would fall of its own accord; the second was that they should go to war to kill each other, when if they but waited, they would all die naturally; and the third was that they should run after women, which, if they would not do, the women would be sure to run after them.

THE WATERED LILIES.

2 Cor. iv, 7.

The Master stood in His garden,
Among the lilies fair,
Which His own right hand had planted,
And trained with tenderest care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
—And marked with observant eye,
That his flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered,"
The heavenly Master said;
"Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head?"

Close to His feet on the pathway,
Empty and frail and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw, and raised it,
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled, as He gently whispered,
"This shall do My work to-day."

"It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to me;
It is small, but it is empty—
That is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain He took it,
And filled it full to the brim,
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him.

He poured forth the living water
Over His lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty;
And again He filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again:
And the Master saw with pleasure
That His labor had not been vain.

His own hand had drawn the water
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers;
But He used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.

And to itself it whispered,
As He laid it aside once more,
"Still will I lie in His pathway,
Just where I did before.

Close would I keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain,
And perhaps some day He may use me
To water His flowers again."

—E. R. V. in *Watchman.*

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A traveler through a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought: 'twas old and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.
The thought was small; its issue great; a watchfire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of life! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

—Charles Mackay.

Independent Order of Good Templars.

TITUS TRUMBUL'S LETTER.

I am a temperance worker, and I live at Turner's Hill :
My name is Titus Trumbul, Trumbul of the yellow mill.
Long years ago I laid my hands upon the Templar's plow,
And somehow I have managed for to keep them there till now.

I do not often write to you, because it does not pay
To write for writings sake, when you have nothing much to say ;
But lately I've been thinking, and I says, says I to Kate,
I'll try and write a letter, some important facts to state.

I've seen four different lodges start—I've watched their course along
And only one of them to-day is what I reckon strong ;
The other three are sickly, and are scarcely worth a cent,
I shouldn't wonder if they died for lack of nourishment.

Four lodges cannot prosper or accomplish very much,
Who never take a wholesome meal, and there are many such.
Short, solid temperance speeches, interspersed with sweetest songs,
And timely recitations, help our membership along.

The object of our Order, we should ever keep in view,
And dip a spoonful out each week, our courage to ren w ;
Light, tashy, senseless readings, will in no wise build us up,
Or aid us in our warfare, with the tempter's poisoned cup.

I hear the thunders mutter, as I said last night to Kate :
The battle day dawns on apace, we won't have long to wait.
And while the days are speeding, we our members should prepare
To face the foe by feeding them on prohibition fare.

Our lodges won't be sickly, or our members out of mood,
If they will take their regular share of solid temperance food.
I reckon these are all the facts, I now have time to write,
Accept my kind remembrances and count me in the fight.

—J. R. Thompson in the *Official Organ*.

IN THE LODGE ROOM.

The success of the Good Temp'ar Lodge depends upon the
effort put forth to make its weekly sessions interesting and instruc-
tive.

Each member should go to the lodge-room with the intention
of devoting his time for that evening to the lodge. Not with the
intention of running through the ceremonies as fast as possible in
order to get home early.

We are not called to the lodge-room once a week simply to ad-
journal.

All should come to stay, to enjoy the evening and help to enter-
tain other members.

The work laid down in the ritual should be performed carefully
and understandingly, with no part hurried or omitted.

Each repetition of the grand old charges, if properly and feel-
ingly given, will instil into the minds of members new courage and
more determined purpose to work for the cause. If hurriedly read
and frequent omissions made, members will think the cere-
monies of no consequence and consider them monotonous and tire-
some.

There is something grand in the thought that these same
noble words are being repeated in hundreds of places at the same
time.

The recess should never be omitted.

This is the only time members have to become personally ac-
quainted. The exchange of friendly greetings and courtesies are of
great importance to the success of the session.

Lodge meetings must be a mutual home for the members and
fraternity, and brotherhood must be cultivated.

All orders of business must be carefully considered and each
member should feel a personal interest in all business of the lodge.

The "Good of the Order" should never be allowed to pass with-
out some prepared programme.

By conducting our subordinate lodge session in the most inter-
esting and instructive manner, grand work can be accomplished for
the cause.

The very existence of a lodge of Good Templars is a source of
annoyance to the enemy.—*Nebraska Good Templar*.

SOLID FOR PROHIBITION.

The first temperance organization in the world to declare for
Prohibition as a fundamental principle, the Good Templars, have
gone steadily forward in advocacy of that principle, and have never
faltered. Their new Executive, Hon. John B. Finch, is a man of
broad views and the most intense radicalism, whose elevation to
first place in itself guarantees an advance movement of the Order
throughout the world. Time was when no organization of a non-
political character would have dared elect such a man as its chief.
But sentiment has changed wonderfully, and everywhere, now, the
radicals are coming to the front. Conservative indifference, what-
ever is left of it, should take note and act accordingly.—*The Ameri-
can Reformer*.

OUR ORDER.

This is one of the noblest Orders in the land. Its object is to
do good to fallen man, to restore those who are under the influence
of strong drink and to prevent in the young the formation of bad
habits. It is a benevolent as well as a temperance organization. Its
membership extends wherever the banner of civilization has been
raised. It is also a strong and powerful organization, embracing
hundreds of thousands of members, all of whom are animated by
one common purpose. They are bound to aid and assist each other
in sickness and in health, to furnish employment to those who need
it, and bind up the broken hearts of the afflicted. Wherever a
Good Templar may be, who is in good standing in his lodge, he will
find friends to aid him in sickness and in health, whether he be rich
or poor. Never were there so many benefits at such a small cost.
The small sums they pay as dues are far more than counterbalanced
by the benefits they receive. It is an important and valuable insti-
tution if there were no intoxicating drinks sold, because it is a great
and all-embracing order. It is, perhaps, the largest benevolent
society in the world, and it will grow with years and become still
stronger. Are you a Good Templar? If so, be proud of it.—*Tem-
perance Banner*.

Literary Record.

ALDEN'S LITERARY REVOLUTION.—John B. Alden's *Literary
Revolution*, though, possibly, not making so large a "noise" in the
world as three or four years ago when its remarkable work was
new to the public, is really making more substantial progress than
ever before. A noticeable item is the improved quality of the books
issued. Guizot's famous "History of France," not sold, till recently,
for much less than \$50.00, is put forth in eight small octavo volumes,
ranking with the handsomest ever issued from American printing
presses, including the 426 full page original illustrations and is sold
for \$7.00. Rawlinson's celebrated "Seven Great Monarchies of the
Ancient Eastern World," is produced in elegant form, with all the
maps and illustrations, reduced in price from \$18.00 to \$2.75. These
are but representative of an immense list of standard works, rang-
ing in price from two cents to nearly \$20.00, which are set forth in
a descriptive catalogue of 100 pages, and which is sent free to every
applicant. It certainly is worthy the cost of a postal card to the
publisher. John B. Alden, 303 Pearl Street, New York.

TEMPERANCE LESSON-LEAF, No. 25.—The National Temperance
Society has issued a new and most excellent Temperance Lesson-
Leaf for use in Sunday-schools the last Sunday in December. It
has been carefully prepared by Dr. C. R. Blackall, a noted Sunday-
school writer, and contains, beside the text, questions, notes, home
searchings, illustrations, and music. The leaf is No. 25 of the series,
and is entitled "A True Mother and her reward." It should be
widely used. 4 pages octavo. Price 50 cents per hundred. Address
J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent, 58 Reade Street, New York.

INDEPENDENT ORDER GOOD TEMPLARS.

LIST OF ONTARIO LODGES.

Table with columns: NAME OF LODGE, DEPUTY, ADDRESS, NIGHT OF MEET'G.

HURON COUNTY.—Continued.

Table listing lodges in Huron County with columns: Lodge Name, Deputy, Address, Night of Meet'g.

PEEL COUNTY

Table listing lodges in Peel County with columns: Lodge Name, Deputy, Address, Night of Meet'g.

The Canada Temperance Act!

OVER 33,000 MAJORITY.

"THANK GOD AND TAKE COURAGE."

KEEP THESE FACTS AND FIGURES BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

CONSTITUENCIES WHICH HAVE ADOPTED IT.

<i>Nova Scotia.</i>		<i>New Brunswick.</i>	
Annapolis,	Cape Breton,	Albert,	Carleton,
Colchester,	Cumberland,	Charlotte,	Fredericton, (city.)
Digby,	Hants,	Kings's,	Northumberland,
Inverness,	King's,	Queen's,	Sunbury,
Pictou,	Queen's,	Westmoreland,	York.
Shelburne,	Yarmouth.		
<i>Ontario.</i>		<i>P. E. Island.</i>	<i>Manitoba.</i>
Halton,	Bruce,	Charlottetown, (city),	Lisgar,
Oxford,	Huron,	Prince,	Arthabaska
Simcoe,	Dufferin,	King's,	Marquette, Stanstead.
Dundas, Stormont,	Renfrew,	Queen's	
and Glengarry,	Norfolk.		

CAMPAIGNS IN PROGRESS.

<i>Ontario.</i>		<i>Quebec.</i>
Russell and Prescott,	Elgin,	St. Thomas (city).
Carleton,	Perth,	Guelph (city).
Leeds and Grenville,	Lambton,	Kingston (city).
Lennox and Addington,	Lanark,	Belleville (city).
Northumberland and Durham,	Kent,	Toronto (city).
Ontario,	Middlesex,	London (city).
York,	Wellington.	
Essex,	Lincoln,	
Grey,		

Quebec.—Shefford, Brome, Pontiac, Chicoutimi, Missisquoi.

Will readers kindly furnish additions or corrections to the above list?

SUMMARY.

Nova Scotia has eighteen counties and one city, of which twelve counties have adopted the Act.
 New Brunswick has fourteen counties and two cities, of which nine counties and one city have adopted the Act.
 Manitoba has five counties and one city, of which two counties have adopted the Act.
 Prince Edward Island has three counties and one city, all of which have adopted the Act.
 Ontario has thirty-eight counties and unions of counties, and ten cities of which ten counties have adopted the Act, and in seventeen counties and six cities agitation has been started in its favor.
 Quebec has fifty-six counties and four cities, two counties of which have adopted the Act.
 British Columbia has five parliamentary constituencies, none of which have adopted the Act.
 Friends in counties not heard from are requested to send us accounts of the movement in their counties. If there is none, they are requested to act at once by calling a county conference. All information can be had from the Provincial Alliance Secretary.

List of Alliance Secretaries:

Ontario.....	F. S. Spence, 8 King Street East, Toronto.
Quebec.....	Rev. D. V. Lucas, 182 Mountain St., Montreal.
New Brunswick.....	C. H. Lugin, Fredericton.
Nova Scotia.....	P. Monaghan, P. O. Box 379, Halifax.
Prince Edward Island.....	Rev. Geo. W. Hodgson, Charlottetown.
Manitoba.....	J. A. Tees, Winnipeg.
British Columbia.....	J. B. Kennedy, New Westminster.

RESULTS OF THE VOTING SO FAR

PLACE	VOTES POLLED.		MAJORITIES.		DATE OF ELECTION.
	For	Ag'nst.	For	Ag'nst.	
Fredericton (city), N.B.	408	203	200		Oct. 31, 1878
York, N.B.	1229	214	1015		Dec'r 28, "
Prince, P.E.I.	2062	271	1791		" 28, "
Charlotte, N.B.	867	149	718		March 14, 1879
Carleton, N.B.	1215	96	1119		April 21, "
Charlottetown (city), P.E.I.	827	253	574		April 24, "
Albert, N.B.	718	114	604		April 21, "
King's, P.E.I.	1076	59	1017		May 29, "
Lambton, Ont.	2567	2252	215		May 29, "
King's, N.B.	798	245	553		June 23, "
Queen's, N.B.	500	315	185		July 3, "
Westmoreland, N.B.	1082	299	783		Sept. 11, "
Megantic, Que.	372	841		469	Sept. 11, "
Northumberland, N.B.	875	673	202		Sept. 2, 188
Stanstead, Quebec	760	941		181	June 21, "
Queen's, P.E.I.	1317	99	1218		Sept. 22, "
Manquette, Manitoba	612	195	417		Sept. 27, "
Digby, N.B.	944	42	902		Nov. 8, "
Queen's, N.S.	763	82	681		Jan'r 3, 1881
Sunbury, N.B.	176	41	135		Feb. 17, "
Shelburne, N.S.	807	154	653		March 17, "
Lisgar, Man.	247	120	127		April 7, "
Hamilton (city),	1661	2811		1150	" 13, "
King's, N.S. Ont.	1477	108	1369		" 14, "
Halton, Ont.	1483	1402	81		" 19, "
Annapolis, N.S.	1111	114	997		" 19, "
Wentworth, Ont.	1611	2202		591	" 22, "
Colchester, N.S.	1418	184	1234		May 13, "
Cape Breton, N.S.	739	216	523		Ag'st. 11, "
Hants, N.S.	1028	92	936		Sept. 15, "
Welland, Ont.	1610	2378		768	Nov. 10, "
Lambton, Ont.	2988	3073		85	Nov. 29, "
Inverness, N.S.	260	106	854		Jan'y 6, 1882
Pictou, N.S.	1555	453	1102		Jan'y 9, "
St. John, N.B.	1074	1074			Feb. 23, "
Fredericton, N.B.	293	252	41		Oct. 26, "
Cumberland, N.S.	1560	262	1298		Oct. 25, 1883
Prince County, P. E. I.	2939	1065	1874		Feb'y 7, 1881
Yarmouth, N.S.	1300	96	1204		March 7, "
Oxford, Ont.	4073	3298	775		March 20, "
Arthabaska, Que.	1487	235	1252		July 17, "
Westmoreland, N.B.	1774	1701	73		Aug. 14, "
Halton, Ont.	1947	1767	180		Sept. 9, "
Simcoe, Ont.	5712	4529	1183		Oct. 9, "
Stanstead, Que.	1300	975	325		" 9, "
Charlottetown, P.E.I.	755	715	40		" 16, "
Dundas, Stormont & Glengarry, Ont.			1721		" 16, "
Peel, Ont.	1805	1999		194	" 23, "
Bruce, Ont.	4501	3189	1312		" 30, "
Huron, Ont.	6012	4537	1655		" 30, "
Dufferin, Ont.		805			" 30, "
Prince Edward, Ont.				127	" 30, "
York, N.B.	1184	661	523		" 30, "
Renfrew, Ont.			730		Nov. 7, "
Norfolk, Ont.			1,065		" 11, "
Brant, Ont.	1690	1088	602		Dec. 11, "
Brantford	606	812		166	Dec. 11, "