

# THE CANADA CITIZEN

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD

Freedom for the Right Means Suppression of the Wrong.

VOL. 5.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 22nd, 1884.

NO. 8.

## 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.

### CLUB RATES.

The Canada Citizen is published at an exceedingly low figure, but as some of our friends have asked for Special Club Rates, we make the following offer:—We will supply

5 copies.....	one year for	\$4 00.
12 ".....	"	9 00.
20 ".....	"	14 00.

Subscribers will oblige by informing us at once of any irregularities in delivery.

Subscriptions may commence at any time.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

All communications should be addressed to

F. S. SPENCE, - - - MANAGER.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 15TH, 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.

### THE MUNICIPAL REVENUE.

We hear frequently the assertion, that if the Scott Act be carried, or if, by any means, prohibition should become the law of our communities, there would be serious difficulty experienced by our municipal councils in meeting the deficit in their annual income that would be caused by the withdrawal of the present revenue from license fees. In order that our electors may fully understand this matter, we here place before them a few facts in relation to the present revenue and its probable diminution under the Scott Act system.

As a matter of fact the total amount paid over from the license fund to all municipalities in the province of Ontario during the year 1882-3 was \$284,379.79, and this was the net revenue derived in this province by all our municipal treasuries from the license system.

There were issued during the year named 4,104 tavern and shop licenses. Let us assume that the business done by these places amounted to an average of only \$12 each per day. Let us assume that none of the dealers sell on Sundays or other days upon which sale is prohibited, there will remain about 310 selling days in the year, 4,104 liquor shops, each selling liquor daily to the amount of

\$12 for 310 days would abstract from the pockets of the people of this province the sum of \$15,266,880.00. This estimate is moderate, falling really somewhat short of Ontario's fair proportion of the annual drink expenditure of Canada.

Out of this large sum of money taken by our liquor-sellers there was paid into our municipal treasuries only the comparatively small amount named, so that the account stands as follows:—

Amount collected by the liquor-sellers.....\$15,266,880.00

Paid over to municipal treasuries ..... 284,379.79

Cost of collecting .....\$14,982,500.21

The folly of the policy of paying out over \$150 for the sake of securing a revenue of less than \$3 is too patent to need comment. Will not a people richer by over \$15,000,000 be able to pay the extra \$300,000 and still be vastly better off.

If the enormous sum of money thus absorbed by the liquor business remained in the hands of the taxpayers of the community it would no doubt be found in the shape of taxable property, and there would thus be added to our aggregate assessment an amount that would at once furnish the whole revenue now derived from the liquor system, by a taxation rate less than what Toronto at present pays. This result, it must be noticed, would be attained even if there were no material progress in the community as the results of the more temperate and industrious habits that would inevitably follow the abolition of the drink system.

If we closed up all our liquor shops to-day, we would have in one year a community so much richer, that the increased wealth would more than make up for the lost municipal revenue at the present rate of taxation.

The choice between prohibition and license is, to this province, simply the choice between paying annually in hard cash fifteen millions of dollars, or only paying taxes upon property of that value and keeping the property still in our possession, earning for us probably five times as much as we pay.

We have examined carefully the accounts of many municipalities in the province of Ontario, and almost invariably found the following to be the exact state of affairs:—If the local pauper and police expenses, be added to the municipality's proportion of county criminal and indigent expenses, the sum will be more than double the revenue received by the municipality from the license fund. If we assume that only one half of our criminal and poor expenses are fairly chargeable to the liquor traffic, it will still be seen that we are losing from the very start, in our license system: even if we ignore the whole line of argument already gone over, and assume that we get the revenue as a clear income from the liquor traffic.

It is sometimes argued that taking away the license from hotel property would diminish the value of such property, that the assessment of such property would be reduced and other property would have to be taxed at a higher rate to level up. A careful examination of a number of assessment rolls, and information given directly by assessment commissioners and assessors show that in no case is a license considered as enhancing the actual value of a piece of hotel property. Nor could it be fairly so considered. It is merely a temporary affair, must terminate in a few months, and consequently could have none of the qualifications of permanent worth entitling it

to be treated as either having or imparting any assessable value. Further careful examination shows that from hotels, on account of the comparatively small amount of personal property contained, are paid proportionally less taxes than are paid from any other equally valuable places of business. Still further, the contiguity of a tavern or a saloon always depreciates the market value of other real estate, specially of such as may be used for private residences. No respectable person wants to live next door to a bar-room. The real state of the case is that a license to sell liquor is an injury to all property in its neighborhood. Less taxes are paid, insurance is higher, adjoining property is depreciated, and the business instincts of the public, as well as the common sense of all thoughtful people, and the moral sentiment of those who have the best interests of their fellow-men at heart denounce the whole thing as **UTTERLY BAD.**

### WESTMORELAND.

The Scott Act has never been repealed. No place that has secured its blessings has ever gone back to license. Another attempt has met with the same fate as those that went before. We have not the exact figures before us, but we have enough to assure us that the electors have again declared their faith in the Temperance Act of 1878. The majority is small but it must be noticed that the number of votes cast by the temperance party is much greater than at the former election. This makes seven consecutive victories, and the last defeat we sustained was only the defeat of a tie vote. It is nearly three years since our opponents had a majority. The tide is still rising. We "thank God and take courage."

### Selected Articles

#### WILL YOU VOTE FOR IT?

What is the form of evil that most excites your compassion, and for the reform or diminution of which you long, and are willing to labor, pray and pay.

Is it the ruin and prostitution of young girls? That is one of the most appalling evils that afflict society; but in probably nine cases out of ten they are first betrayed by means of liquor at picnics, dance gardens, moonlight excursions, or pleasure parties. Prohibition of the liquor traffic, therefore, will do far more for the diminution of licentiousness and prostitution than any other means that can be used. For every fallen woman reclaimed by the most earnest and benevolent efforts, ten would be saved from falling by the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

Will you vote for it?

Or is it the ruin of the young men, many of them sons of worthy families, that excites your compassion most? Are you sorry for fond fathers and mothers who see their darling boys going down to destruction? In ninety-nine cases in the hundred of the ruin of young men, intoxicating drinks are the chief means of that ruin, and the prohibition of the liquor traffic would prevent it.

Will you vote for it?

In a singularly powerful poem, entitled the "Devil's Walk," that adversary is described as laughing especially at those who are working earnestly for a good object, and defeating their own efforts by their own example or business. How he would laugh at those who pray and labor for the reformation of their ruined sons, whilst all the time using intoxicating drinks at their own tables!

Will you vote for extricating them from this bondage of fashion, in obedience to which they thus lead their offspring astray?

Or is it the working classes, whose families are destitute of comfort, and often in extreme poverty and want? Do the poor, overworked, sickly suffering wives excite your compassion? Do the scantily-clad and gutter-loving children awaken your sympathy? Do the tales of wife-beating and, not rarely, wife-murder, excite your horror? And does the aversion of these classes to religion alarm you? All these evils are brought on chiefly

through the use of intoxicating drinks, to which they are tempted by liquor shops at almost every corner, and often three or four in a single block. Depend upon it, the stopping of this infernal traffic would do more for the working classes than any or all other kinds of benevolent legislation.

Will you then vote for prohibition?

It may be that it is the intemperance of the higher classes, as they are styled, or "first families," or "upper ten," which most excites your sympathy; and truly many of them have a skeleton closet somewhere. Even this class may be saved from most of their domestic woes by one word—prohibition.

Will you vote for it?

Is it Sabbath desecration that you most bemoan? Prohibition would do more to prevent that than all other preventive laws put together.

Will you vote for it?

Is it the thinness of the attendance on the greater part of the churches that especially affects you? The same answer comes up. Drinking habits are at war with religion, and they consume the means necessary for decent clothing, or for helping to support a church. The most effectual way to fill the churches with working men and their families is to prohibit the liquor traffic.

Will you vote for that way?

Perhaps you painfully contrast the amount of money used for the conversion of the world to Christ, and sigh and cry over the enormous disproportion between the money paid for intoxicating drinks and that given for the conversion of the world. If you want to increase the latter a hundred fold, vote for the prohibition of the drink traffic.

Will you do so?

We might go on multiplying these self-evident arguments, but we leave the intelligent reader to supplement those which we have embodied in this article, which is written to entreat and persuade all readers to come to the help of the Lord against the mightiest enemies of His kingdom, by voting for the prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating drinks.

Reader, will you do so at this time when there is a good prospect of the success of prohibition by a long pull and a strong pull and a pull altogether on the part of the good elements of society?—*Weekly Witness.*

### POOR IOWA.

#### HOW PROHIBITION IS GOING TO RUIN IT.

It all comes to me like a revelation—how your beautiful State is to be ruined by prohibition. I beg of you to let me lift my warning voice and let me try to convince you of your error before it is too late. There is time yet to save your State from the foul destroyer, temperance.

Hear me! Now suppose you prohibit the sale of whiskey, and the other states have to drink the entire product, where will it leave your fair State! Take one thousand bushels of Iowa corn, and watch its progress under the soul-saving regime of intemperance: This corn is sold for fifty cents a bushel to the distiller; the state gets \$400 for it; the distiller makes this thousand bushels of corn into 4,000 gallons of whiskey—beautiful, health-giving whiskey. If he is a Des Moines distiller, he pays \$4,000 revenue tax on it to the government, or to the other states; this \$4,000 goes out of the state. Then this 4,000 gallons of whiskey is diluted and sold to the people for \$8,000. What a beautiful idea! How lovely for the farmer to sell his thousand bushels of wheat for \$400 and buy it back for \$8,000. Then, without prohibition, the happy farmers all go to work to drink up these 4,000 gallons of whiskey. What a beautiful sight! I can even now see the happy farmers as they come home at night and stagger in upon their happy wives. I can see them put mortgages on their beautiful farms; I can see them whip their horses and children and make them so happy! Some go to the beautiful goals—some sleep in picturesque station-houses instead of those miserable feather beds in comfortable homes. Then when the 4,000 gallons of whiskey are all drunk up, and the \$4,000 revenue tax on it has all gone out of the state of Iowa, and the farmers have paid out \$8,000 for what they sold for \$400—when you see all this how can you favor prohibition?

Now see the dreadful picture of prohibition: The Iowa farmer sells his one thousand bushels of corn for \$400; with this money he slyly goes, with the devil in his eye, and lifts the mortgage off his farm; then the infamous scoundrel goes and buys a dress for his wife.

Not content with all this, he adds to his infamy by subscribing for newspapers. Once sunk in infamy he goes down and down until finally he takes a pew in church, and sends—yes, the devil send his boy away to college!

And with prohibition in Iowa, where is that corn? Why it has gone over to Illinois. Lucky Illinois has paid that \$4,000 revenue on it, and her citizens—her lucky citizens are drinking it up. And when this is done, while the foolish Iowa farmer is sunk so low as to ride around in a carriage, and his shameful wife is wearing a sealskin sacque, the happy Illinois farmer is putting a beautiful mortgage on his farm. His boys are not wasting their time in school houses like wicked Iowa boys; they are improving their minds in saloons; in the happiest condition of drunkenness they are slumbering in the warm, cozy gutters, or their happy parents are bailing them out of goal.

I have drawn these two pictures; I have shown you how your State without this devilish prohibition, would go up to glory. I have shown you how, without prohibition, your families will end their days in lovely poor-houses; I have shown you how, with temperance, your poor-house would become bankrupt and your goals empty; I have shown you how, with temperance, your women will become so infamous as to buy pianos, paint homes white, send their children to college, and do all those infamous things.

Now, which will you choose? Think of two hundred bankrupt poor houses in your State, and then decide.

ELI PERKINS.

*Dated in a Missouri Saloon.—Home Protector.*

### HAIL THE DAY!

Ring, ye bells, from every steeple,  
Usher in the glorious day,  
Peal for Temperance, tell the people  
Night has passed from earth away.  
Tell them that the dawn is breaking,  
Let your joyful voices say  
That at night the masses waking,  
Greet the dawning—Hail the day!

Through the nation long has slumbered,  
Now she lends a listening ear;  
Millions in our ranks are numbered,  
Surely victory is near;  
Angel forms are bending o'er you,  
Help the helpless, clear the way;  
Brighter scenes are yet before you,  
Day is breaking—Hail the day!

Shout the war-cry, Prohibition,  
Raise to heaven a joyful song,  
Tell to men of lost condition,  
Justice shall not tarry long,  
Though the wicked band together,  
Hand to hand in fierce array,  
Evil shall not reign forever,  
Dawn is breaking—Hail the day!

Gird ye on the temperance armor,  
Dare to battle for the right;  
Let mechanic, preacher, lawyer,  
Each arise in all their might;  
Sovereign people, yours the power  
To command and all obey;  
Morning dawns, the day and hour  
Break upon you—Hail the day!

Mourning sisters, wives and mothers,  
Your deliverance draws near,  
For your husbands, fathers, brothers,  
Joyful tidings soon shall hear.  
Courage, win the race before you,  
Weep not, faint nor pine away,  
Temperance star is beaming o'er you,  
Day is breaking—Hail the day!

Oh ye tempters, when you, trembling,  
Vanquished, humbled to the dust,  
Scarce your guilty tears dissembling,  
Learn too late that God is just;  
When an outraged people risen,  
Sweep your power to curse away,  
Will ye from your country's prisons  
Greet the dawning—Hail the day?

Who will help us save the drinker?  
Help us bind the tyrant Rum?  
Christian, Jew, and you Free-thinker,  
All are wanted—will you come?  
For with us no creed or faction  
Rules with undivided sway  
We are seeking men of action,  
Will you help us then to-day?

Friends, the temperance standard raising,  
Swell our ranks on every hand,  
And our beacon-fires blazing,  
Flash the warning through the land.  
Who will then, like cowards driven,  
Bar our progress, block the way,  
While a day of grace is given?  
Come and help us—breaks the day!

*Standard Bearer.*

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN ON TEMPERANCE.

The following is an extract from a speech delivered by Abraham Lincoln over 40 years ago, before the Washingtonian Society at Springfield, Illinois:—

“Although the temperance cause has been in progress many years, it is apparent to all that it is just now being crowned with a degree of success hitherto unparalleled.

The list of friends is daily swelled by the addition of fifties, of hundreds, and of thousands. The cause itself seems suddenly transformed from a cold, abstract theory, to a living, breathing, active and powerful chieftain, going forth ‘conquering and to conquer.’ The citadels of this great adversary are daily being stormed and dismantled: his temples and his altars where the rites of his idolatrous worship have long been performed, and where human sacrifice has long been wont to be made, are daily desecrated and deserted. What one of us but can call to mind some relative, more promising in youth than his fellows, who has fallen a sacrifice to his rapacity? He ever seems to have gone forth like the Egyptian angel of death, commissioned to slay, if not the first, the fairest born of every family. Shall he now be arrested in his desolating career? In that arrest, all can give aid that will; who shall be excused that can and will not? Far around as human breath has ever blown, he keeps our fathers, our brothers, our sons and our friends prostrate in the chains of moral death. To all the living, everywhere, we cry, ‘Come, sound the moral trump, that they may rise and stand up an exceeding great army’: ‘Come from the four winds, O breath! and breathe upon these slain that they may live.’ If the relative grandeur of revolutions shall be estimated by the great amount of human misery they alleviate, and the small amount they inflict, then, indeed, will this be the grandest the world shall ever have seen.

Of our political revolution of '76 we are justly proud. It has given us a degree of political freedom far exceeding that of any other nation of the earth. In it the world has found a solution of the long-mooted problem

as to the capability of man to govern himself. In it was the germ which has vegetated, and still is to grow and expand into the universal liberty of mankind.

But with all these glorious results, past, present and to come, it has its evils too. It breathed forth famine, swam in blood, and rode in fire; and long, long after, the orphans' cry and the widows' wail continued to break the sad silence that ensued. These were the price, the inevitable price, paid for the blessings it brought.

Turn now to the temperance revolution. In it we shall find a stronger bondage broken, a viler slavery manumitted, a greater tyrant deposed; in it, more of want supplied, more disease healed, more sorrow assuaged. By it, no orphans starving, no widows weeping; by it, none wounded in feeling, none injured in interest, even the dram-maker and dram-seller will have glided into other occupations so gradually as never to have felt the change, and will stand ready to join all others in the universal song of gladness. And what a noble ally this to the cause of political freedom! With such an aid, its march can not fail to be on and on, till every son of earth shall drink in rich fruition and sorrow-quenching draughts of perfect liberty. Happy day, when all appetites controlled, all passion subdued, all matter subjected; mind, all conquering mind, shall live and move the monarch of the world! Glorious consummation! Hail, fall of fury! Reign of reason, all hail!

And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on earth—how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory! How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted and nurtured to maturity both the political and moral freedom of their species!"—*Ex.*

#### THE ALL-CONQUERING WEAPON.

The great and bitter cry goes up from countless sufferers by the drink traffic, "How long, O Lord, how long is this blighting curse to continue?" The old serpent has got his fangs deeply buried in the body politic. He has massed his forces, such as pecuniary interest, appetite, fashion, and habit, to sustain the drink traffic, and the evil elements of society naturally array themselves on his side. Yea, even many good men and women by their continued "moderate" indulgence in intoxicating drinks are, unconsciously, it may be, on that side, inasmuch as they sustain the traffic and the drinking customs. Any victory over these hosts of opponents must be from the Lord; and must be sought by prayer—persistent, earnest, faithful prayer. All Christians who recognize the duty of doing what they can to put down the drink traffic should engage in this prayer crusade, as they have opportunity in public, but above all statedly in private. Our prayers should besiege the Throne of Grace with special fervor till the eventful day, which shall declare the result of our effort. Every one who desires the abolition of the liquor traffic should incorporate a prayer for its overthrow in his or her daily devotions, and a concert of special prayer for the same object should be observed on the evening of each Lord's day, for say a quarter of an hour before retiring to rest. In this concert, doubtless, many thousands of drunkards and drunkards' widows and orphans would join, and the united cry from thousands of bed-chambers for deliverance from the drink would undoubtedly be graciously heard and powerfully answered by the Lord. Let other parties yell themselves hoarse in their electioneering orgies; the strength of the party of purity and temperance will be found in prayer. Let our watchword be PRAYER, PERSUASION AND THE BALLOT!—*N. Y. Witness.*

#### THE LIQUOR BUSINESS.

Below we copy a portion of a temperance sermon by the Rev. Lyman Beecher, in 1827:—

"Can we lawfully amass property by a course of trade that fills the land with beggars, and widows, and orphans, and crime; that peoples the graveyard with premature mortality, and the world of woe with the victims of despair? Could all the forms of evil produced in the land by intemperance come upon us in one horrid array, it would appall the nation and put an end to the traffic in ardent spirits. If, in every dwelling built by blood, the stones from the wall should utter all the cries which the bloody traffic

extorts, and the beam out of the timber should echo them back, who would live in it? What if in every part of the dwelling from cellar upward, through all the halls and chambers, babblings and contentions and vice and groans and shrieks and wailings were heard day and night? What if the cold blood oozed out and stood in drops on the wall; and, by preternatural art, all the ghastly skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance should stand upon the walls in horrid sculpture within and without the building. Who would rear such a building? What, if at eventide and at midnight the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance were dimly seen haunting the distilleries and stores where they received their bone or following the track of the ship engaged in the commerce, walking upon the waves, flitting athwart the deck, sitting upon its rigging, and sending up, from the hold within and from the waves without, groans and loud lamentations and wailings! Who would attend such stores? Who would labor in such distilleries? Who would navigate such ships? Oh, were the sky over our heads one great whispering-gallery, bringing down about us all the lamentation and woe which intemperance creates, and the firm earth one sonorous medium of sound bringing up around us from beneath the wailing of the damned whom the commerce in ardent spirits had sent thither; these tremendous realities assailing our senses, would invigorate our conscience and give decision to our purpose of reformation. But these evils are as real as if the stone did cry of the wall, and the beam answered it; as real as if night and day wailings were heard in every part of the dwelling, and blood and skeletons were seen upon every wall; as real as if the ghostly forms of departed victims flitted about the ship as she passed over the billows and showed themselves nightly about stores and distilleries and with unearthly voices screamed in our ears their loud lament. They are as real as if the sky over our heads collected and brought down about us all the notes of sorrow in the land, and the firm earth should open a passage for the wailings of despair to come up from beneath."

This is strong language, but it sets the business of the whiskey men before the world in its true light. To their consideration we specially commend this extract.—*Western Wave.*

By a mistake we omitted to credit an article under the heading of "The Barley Question" which appeared in this department in last week's issue to our esteemed contemporary the "Canadian Stock-Raisers' Journal" from whose pages it was taken.

#### Contributed Articles.

#### THE WINE OF SCRIPTURE.

##### HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.

The controversy that has been going on for the past fifty years between the advocates of total abstinence and its opponents anent the wine of Scripture, and the use of alcoholic wine for sacramental purposes, is not a whit nearer a termination than when the gauntlet was first thrown down, notwithstanding the amount of exegetical erudition that has been brought to bear upon it; nor is it possible that a final and satisfactory solution will ever be arrived at, so long as the present system of literalizing the Word is persisted in.

When we come to realize that the Bible is a spiritual book, giving in diversified forms the history of internal states, discernible not by the natural faculties of the external sensual mind, but by the spiritual faculties of the internal man, or soul, that it must be read as we read a man, not by the cut of his coat, or the size and shape of his body, but by and from his spiritual status, which gives form and direction to his mental and moral character; when we see the letter only, as the body that clothes the spirit; the vessel only, that contains the Water of Life; the medium between God and man; the human assumed by the Divine, in order to reach man in a state of nature; bits of earth taken up by the great Teacher, to illustrate heavenly truths; human affections, in all their ramifications; human ideas, thoughts and opinions, human history, manners, laws, virtues and vices, adopted as instruments or channels through which and by means of which spiritual and heavenly things are brought to the apprehension of man. All things that do appear, animate and inanimate in all their multitudinous forms and appearances, most wisely and beautifully adapted to represent to the rational mind internal spiritual principles which are the exact correlatives of the things in the letter. When we have graduated with this "School-master" whose jurisdiction ceases when we arrive at "The Truth," then, and not till then, shall we be able to understand why such prominence is given to wine in the Sacred Scriptures.

G. G. P.  
Caer Howell St.

OUR DRINK BILL.

BY G. F. BLISS, BRANDON, MANITOBA.

• SPIRITUOUS AND MALT LIQUORS.

Manufactured, Imported, and Used in the Dominion of Canada in thirteen years.

Years.	Grain used.	Molasses used.	Sugar used.	Spirits produced.	Malt liquors Produced.	Duty Collected.	
	Bushels.	gallons.	lbs.	gallons.	gallons.	\$	c.
Manufactured 1868 to 1882	17,880,000	74,900	3,200,000 1,800,000	54,900,000	128,000,000	42,000,000	00
Imported 1868 to 1882				31,000,000		22,000,000	00
	17,880,000	74,900	5,000,000	85,900,000	128,000,000	\$64,220,000	00

Shows a waste of Grain 17,880,000 Bushels at 60c. \$10,720,000.00  
 " " Molasses 74,900 gallons at 60c. 44,940.00  
 " " Sugar 5,000,000 lbs. at 10c. 500,000.00

\$11,272,940.00

MONEY PAID FOR THIS LIQUOR.

"Wholesale" men charge on an average the saloon keepers the following rates:—

85,000,000 gal. spirituous liquors at \$1.00 per gal. \$85,000,000.00  
 128,000,000 " malt " 30c. " 38,400,000.00

Total cost to saloon-keepers etc. \$123,000,000.00

Now let us see what these liquor merchants (?) take out of the pockets of the people by the retail sale of this liquor:

85,000,000 gals. whiskey, etc., at 60 drinks to the gal. contain 5,100,000,000 drinks  
 At 5c. per drink these will cost \$255,000,000.00  
 128,000,000 gals. malt liquor at 18 drinks to 1 gallon contain 2,304,000,000 drinks.  
 At 5c. per drink these will cost \$115,200,000.00

TOTAL CASH PAID BY CONSUMERS. \$370,200,000.00

Now the persons who have bought and drunk this liquor have literally NOTHING to show for their investment, they are poorer to the extent of the amount named. The country is also poorer by the loss of the material destroyed in the manufacture, that otherwise would have been exported, and money or value returned to represent it. The retail dealers have made a profit of \$247,200,000, less their working expenses, and the manufacturers and wholesalers have also made enormous profits. All the money spent by the consumer is not merely loss to him but loss to the aggregate wealth of the community. If money is spent for dry-goods, for furniture, for any such articles of value, there is material with the purchaser equal in value to the money held by the producer and dealer, and the whole community has money and value for twice the amount expended. But the drink business leaves nothing with the consumer, hence the community is poorer to the full amount of his investment and the total loss is as follows:—

Cost of liquor to consumers. \$ 370,200,000  
 Value of material destroyed. 11,272,940

\$381,472,940

This calculation does not take into account the vast amount of indirect loss that the country sustains through the liquor traffic. It simply represents the initial cost to the country of this terrible curse, and the sole return for all this is the revenue. For the comparatively paltry sum of \$64,220,000, the Government opens these hell-gates through which thousands of our best citizens are enticed, the whole country paying for them the enormous entrance fee of \$370,200,000, or, reckoning our population at six millions, a sum amounting to more than \$60 for every man, woman and child in the country.

Scott Act News.

BRANT.—A large and enthusiastic meeting was held at Cainsville on the 11th, under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance in their hall. The chair was occupied by Mr. Thomas Shaw. The choir of Paris division was present and sang several campaign songs. After the opening exercises the chairman introduced the Hon. Ansley Gray, of Wisconsin, who addressed the meeting for over an hour. He dwelt principally on the question of prohibition and high licenses, showing the advantages of the former over the latter. He was followed by Mr. Thomas Webster, who spoke on the advantages of the Scott Act, as compared with the Dunkin and Crooks Act. On a vote being taken, the meeting was decided unanimous in favor of the Act—Mail.

GREY.—A mass meeting assembled in Victoria Hall at Dundalk on the 10th, to hear the Rev. Mr. Keefer discuss the subject "The Scott Act and its working in Halton." For nearly two hours the rev. gentleman, in glowing and forceful language, asserted the right of the State to control and prohibit the consumption of liquor, and the vast superiority of the Scott Act to the Dunkin Act. The question of compensation was also taken up. Evidence complete and satisfactory as to the success of the Act in Halton was also produced, and every objection of anti-Scott men was met as fully as time permitted. At the close of the meeting, when requested to show their sympathy with the movement row on foot, and to avow their determination to use their utmost endeavor to carry the Act if submitted, the whole audience, with but one or two exceptions, responded by a standing vote. The meeting closed with votes of thanks to the lecturer and the chairman, and the pronouncing of the benediction.—Globe.

EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.—The recent triumphant adoption of the Canada Temperance Act, or Scott Law, in the County of Arthabaska, by what may be called a spontaneous movement of the people, uninfluenced by outside pressure, claims more than passing consideration. Arthabaska is a central county of the Province. In a population of 20,359 only 810 are Protestants. The clergy acted with the people, and Monseigneur Lafleche, Bishop of the diocese, supported them. Under this guidance this Catholic county becomes the first in this Province in adopting the Temperance Act, and the polling of votes at twenty-six polls may be enumerated as the best evidence of a general and cordial appreciation or the value of prohibition. The total number of votes polled 1,722, for the Act 1,457, against 235, majority for 1,252, was perhaps more than would have been given at an ordinary election.

With this magnificent exhibit of popular sentiment it is clear that if the Bishop of St Hyacinthe and the Bishop of Sherbrooke will accord to the movement the same active influence that has been accorded by the Bishop of Three Rivers to the movement in Arthabaska, the Canada Temperance Act may be carried in all the ten Township counties south of Arthabaska. All the Protestants are ready for the conflict and equally willing to follow or to lead which ever may be most expedient; that is—the Protestants might lead in Compton, Stanstead, Brome, Missisquoi, where they are largely in the majority, and the Catholics might lead in the six other counties where they are in great majority with assurance that the Protestants will support them loyally. The population of the ten counties by census of 1880-81 is 163,741, of which 104,246 are Catholics and 64,495 of other denominations. With these proportions it is evident that the flocks of the Roman Catholic clergy have a double interest in the blessings of prohibition.—Alpha.

BRUCE.—The fight in this county is waxing hot. The Anti-Temperance champion has been holding meetings at different points, and several lesser lights are also attempting a defence of the liquor business. Mr. Barker and Rev. Mr. Moore, of Kincardine, are doing good service for the Temperance cause.

On Tuesday evening last a meeting of the ratepayers was held in the Kincardine Town Hall, to hear the Scott Act discussed. Mr. Jas. Barker occupied the chair. Rev. Mr. Cameron, Lucknow, the first speaker, dwelt on the evils of the license system, the cost incurred, and the crime committed as the result of its use. Rev. M. Coutts, spoke on the practical working of the Act in Halton from

personal knowledge, he being for four years a resident of that famous county. He shewed that the onus of proof rests with the dealer that the law has not been violated. He also went into a careful comparison between the Dunkin and Scott Acts. He concluded his argumentative address with an earnest appeal for the Scott Act. Rev. Mr. Smyth, Walkerton, went into the statistical question, proving by carefully compiled statistics that prohibition did prohibit. He stated that even the Anti-Scott men themselves admitted that in Halton, liquor could not be publicly bought over the bar, but could only be got by stealth. He concluded a very able address by referring to the fact that Huron, Perth, Grey, Simcoe, and Wellington counties, were moving the matter, and when the Act was carried as he believed it would be, the Dominion Government would be forced to give, as had been promised, an entire Prohibitory law.

**RENFREW.**—The Scott Act work in this County is still progressing favorably. The petitions from most of the townships will be in the hands of the County Secretary by the end of this week. Some are already in, and in each case these show a considerable number more signatures than had been calculated upon.

In Arnprior, Messrs. Robert Young, William Buchan, Wm Russell, and W. Farmer witnessed 130 signatures.

Part of the Admaston and Stafford petitions are also now in and show good work.

At a meeting at Pembroke on Monday night, an "Election Committee" was formed, to push matters until after voting.

The canvassers in Radcliffe and Raglan, Rev. A. A. Radley and Mr. E. R. McPhee, have obtained the signatures of fifty per cent. of the voters in those townships.

The canvassers of McNab Township met in the Town Hall, Stewartville, on Wednesday afternoon and handed in their petitions. The total number of signatures obtained by the eight canvassers—Rev. Messrs. G. Bremner and J. B. Stewart, and Messrs. David Goodwin, Robt. Stewart, Duncan Henderson, Wm. Coutts, Jas. Gillespie, and Allan J. Lindsay—was 276, with the promise of more if necessary. "Hooray"—for McNab. Mr. Andrew Murphy is the efficient Secretary of the Township Association.

In Ross Township the following small army of canvassers were at work:—Robert Blair, A. B. Lowe, John Delahey, H. W. Howard, Peter McCullough, W. Jamieson, S. Rankin, W. S. Coleman, Edmund Ross, John McClelland, John Howard, Alex. McLaren, W. R. Green, D. McEwen, Robert Elliott, Dawson Elliott, Jas. McAlister, John Reynolds, Henry Byce, and Thos. Elliott. The number of signatures procured was 294.

In Horton Township the canvassers were Messrs. W. B. Eady, John A. Jamieson, Duncan Stewart, G. T. Johnson, Francis Burton, James Stewart (Horton), David Carswell, jr, Andrew Forrest, Allan McNab, Robert Storie, A. J. Lindsay, and Rev. J. B. Stewart. The total number of signatures obtained in the township was 161. In North Horton there were more signatures than there were ever votes cast for both parties at any political election.—*Renfrew Mercury*.

**LANARK.**—A new phase of the contest has developed itself here. An advertisement to the following effect has been published in the *Perth Courier* over the signatures of seven tavern-keepers.

#### SCOTT ACT.—LIVE AND LET LIVE.

At a meeting held at the Hicks House on the evening of Tuesday, August 5th, the undersigned hotel-keepers adopted the following as a fair and reasonable schedule of prices to be charged all known supporters and advocates of the Scott Act:—

Use of yard, single horse or team.....	\$0 50
Use of stable, single horse with hay only.....	75
Use of stable, single horse, hay and oats.....	1 00
Use of stable, team, with hay only.....	1 00
Use of stable, team, with hay and oats.....	1 50
Meals.....	50

The above rates are now in force and will be strictly adhered to, Sundays not excepted.

**MIDDLESEX.**—A very enthusiastic Scott Act meeting was held on Tuesday evening, August 5th, in the Town Hall, Mt. Brydges. Rev. W. T. Osburne occupied the chair, Rev. J. Kennedy leading in prayer. The chairman then introduced the Rev. J. G. Calder, of Petrolia, who delivered an excellent speech in favor of the Scott Act, and gave important information relative to the Scott Act movement in the county of Lambton. Rev. J. E. Moore was then

called upon to give a detailed account of work done for the Scott Act in the Township of Caradoc and through the county. He said 140 signatures had been obtained in the Township of Caradoc and 4,000 throughout the county. The Temperance Alliance for Middlesex wants 1,500 more names, then the vote will be taken, which is sure to carry. A show of hands was called for and *all* in the house said, "give us the Scott Act." Fifteen names were added to the petitions asking for the submission of the Act.—*Com.*

**MISSISQUOI, QUE.**—An enthusiastic and representative meeting of the temperance workers of Missisquoi County was held under the auspices of the Missisquoi Branch of the Dominion Alliance, in the County House, at Cowansville, to take into consideration the desirability of submitting the Canada Temperance Act to the electors of the County of Missisquoi. Delegates from the various municipalities were in attendance. The following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"That in the opinion of this meeting the time has arrived for the submission of the Canada Temperance Act to the electors of this County, and that with the view to the more general consideration of this question, a public County Convention be called to meet at the County House, in Bedford, on Monday, the 25th inst."—*Globe*.

**BERLIN.**—The regular monthly Temperance meeting was held in the Town Hall on Sunday evening at the close of the services in the churches. The attendance, as usual, was very large, many not being able to get seats. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Nugent and the principal speakers were Mr. Martin, of Hespeler, and the Rev. S. L. Umbach, of this town. Both addresses were practical, encouraging, and received the best attention of the audience. The singing was very good.

### Literary Record.

The National Temperance Society has just published several new one-page hand bills at \$1 per thousand which are adapted for circulation everywhere:—

**A FOREST OF FACTS.**—This gives the latest statistics of the liquor-traffic compared with church property, cost of schools, woollen and cotton goods, boots and shoes, breadstuffs, etc. Illustrated with a striking diagram.

**WHAT THE BEER BUSINESS IS.**—A withering expose of what beer is and what it does. By P. V. Nasby. Published in the *Toledo Blade*.

These should be circulated everywhere. Price \$1 per thousand; when sent by mail send postage at the rate of 30 cts. per thousand.

Address J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent, 58 Reade Street, New York.

**SHORT EAST-LINE RAILROAD TO DESTRUCTION.**—This is a new and striking lithograph in five colors, 12x18 inches, designed by Edward Carswell, Esq., and showing the various stations along this popular line, from the time the ticket is purchased by the moderate drinker to the sad and terrible end in the Potter's Field. The stations on the route, "PAWN SHOP," "POLICE STATION," "FREE SOUP KITCHEN," "COUNTY POOR HOUSE," "COUNTY JAIL," "DISTILLERY," "BREWERY," and "POTTER'S FIELD," are rendered so vividly and life-like that they tell their own story. "OUR HAND-CAR" and "OUR FREE 'BUS" are characteristic sketches, and are well pictured. This should be in every temperance hall, and posted up in every public place in the country. It is a striking and suggestive lesson to all railway employees. Price only 15 cents; \$12 per 100. Address, J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent, 58 Reade street, N.Y.

We have received the first number of the *Canadian Dairyman and Farmer*, published by the Canadian Dairyman Publishing Co., a monthly journal devoted to the dairy interests of Canada. It is printed on good paper with a clear typography, and gotten up in attractive form. It contains much interesting and instructive matter, and should be in the hands of every dairyman and farmer in the Dominion.

## Temperance News.

**THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER IN TORONTO.**—On Wednesday evening a large audience gathered in the school-room of St. James' Cathedral to listen to an address on temperance from the Rev. Dr. Thorold, Bishop of Rochester, England. The chair was occupied by the Bishop of Toronto, who in introducing the speaker of the evening spoke in eulogistic terms of the work done by the Church of England Temperance Society in the diocese of Rochester.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER on opening his address referred to his last visit to Toronto eleven years ago, and congratulated the Society on the great progress which had been made in the temperance cause in Canada since that time. He did not intend giving them a lengthy address, as the evening was exceedingly warm, but would merely ask them to listen to a little plain talk on this great subject. In considering the question of intemperance, we should look at its effects upon the individual, the family, the State, and the Church of God. Drunkenness destroyed the health, substance, and character of the individual: hindered his progress in this world and imperilled his hopes for the world to come. The law of the individual, he said, was self-restraint; of the family, love; of the State, righteousness; of the Church, holiness.

Many of his hearers had doubtless seen the evil effects of intemperance in the family; how father, mother, brother or sister had become victims of this terrible curse, and brought bitter shame upon their relatives. The State although it apparently gained in material wealth by its taxes upon the liquor of the country, was infinitely poorer. The true wealth of a nation was in its virtuous citizens, and anything that tended to make crime, fill the gaols, asylums, and poor-houses was the worst detriment that could happen to a State, and nothing so much undermined the foundations of its greatness as this habit of intemperance.

We might build churches, preach sermons, and fill Sunday-schools but if we did not use our individual influence as well, our work in aid of the temperance cause would be in vain. When he read that there were forty-eight associations in connection with fifty-two parishes here, it seemed hardly necessary for him to address them. These societies, he was glad to learn, had an enrolled membership of between five and six thousand, of whom five thousand were total abstainers. He warned them against the dangers of a re-action in public opinion, which could only be prevented by pushing the work vigorously forward. He prayed that God would bless their work, and make Toronto diocese an example to the others of Canada, that they might do likewise.

He would now, in as few words as possible, give his audience an idea of the work as carried on in England. As Episcopalians, they would know that the Church of England Temperance Society was not formed in a hurry. The Convocations of York and Canterbury had appointed Committees which sat for months, and at length presented reports of very great value upon the subject. Upon these reports the Society was formed upon a double basis. They were glad to have the zeal and enthusiasm of the total abstainers, but in a battle of this kind they wished to enlist the sympathies of the sober and intelligent of all classes of the community. Therefore they were very glad to receive the help of those who did not feel called upon to abstain altogether from the use of liquor. These two classes worked hand in hand in England; the total abstainers pushed the cause, while the moderate drinker prevented them from getting ahead of public opinion. They also formed a recruiting ground for total abstainers, but require to be won not scolded. These men, when they join, go right into the work, and pull many a poor brother out of the pit into which he has stumbled.

This Society had been at work for the last twenty years, and had now a branch in every diocese. Seven territorial bishops were members, and he soon hoped to see fourteen; four thousand of the clergy ranked among their total abstainers, and the number was increasing monthly. He believed this matter one in which the people expected the clergy to lead. The laity say "you ask us to make sacrifices; show us the way." No man has a right to be robbed or scolded out of his liberty. But if he can do his duty better by giving it up he should do so, and never look behind in his endeavors to do right.

In his own diocese of Rochester—the third largest in England, having a population of 1,800,000—they have two hundred parochial associations, the annual income of which amounted to £700. They had temperance missionaries employed at salaries of from £70 to

£100 per annum. Their duty is to visit the police-courts, and try by personal appeals to reach those charged with drunkenness. This method was found to be very effectual.

He also advocated the establishment of cocoa and coffee houses, at which persons could obtain these drinks at very moderate prices.

In certain parts of London, on Saturday evenings, ladies of culture and rank give concerts free of charge to the poorer classes. They are thus kept away from the public houses, and have the pleasure of listening to good music, and many of them are won to the side of temperance by this practical sympathy shown in their welfare.

If there is one thing which keeps this great subject in its proper place, it is in having one Sunday in each year on which the congregations know they will be addressed on temperance by well qualified persons, and the collections taken up be applied to the furtherance of the cause. England is far behind Canada in the matter of legislation. Two years ago they passed a little "baby" bill, to prevent wages being paid in public houses; and this year the County of Cornwall desired to have a Sunday closing bill for itself, some of the members of the House of Lords sneered at it as "grandmotherly legislation." He did not see why that should make it bad, because grandmothers were some of the best persons in existence; the Lords, however, rejected the bill. So it is with nearly all temperance legislation; what is passed by one house is thrown out by the other, and hence they are at a standstill. He referred approvingly to the laws of Canada, which established prohibition by local option, and prevented the sale of liquor on Sunday, or to children. Give them such legislation in England, and they would ask for nothing more for twenty years to come.

He advised them to make good use of this legislation, to watch public opinion closely, and not go too far ahead of it, or they would bring on a reaction which would set them back many years. He felt it the duty of the clergymen to take the lead in this matter; it would be a woeful day for the Church of Christ, when morality was divorced from dogma, and the clergy were more anxious to prove points of doctrine, than watch the morality of the people.

He further impressed upon them the necessity for individual exertions, and pointed out the fallacy of supposing great talents indispensable to success in the work. He believed that the middle classes of the English people did more for the cause of temperance than all the others put together. The children's Bands of Hope did great work also. He warned his hearers to avoid "slackness for good," to get their minds impressed with the evils of intemperance, and do all in their power to diminish them. But he wished them to have great toleration. Although he said this he would have it understood that he was a total abstainer, and had been for many years. They should not attempt to frighten or scold a man into the ranks of total abstainers, but win them by individual efforts.

Nothing could be done without religion. They must have faith in the power of God to help them, and apply the principles of their spiritual religion to the work before them. Liberty was a grand thing, but sacrifice was better. Those who could drink safely in moderation should give it up for the sake of those who could not withstand great temptations, for the strong should learn to bear with the infirmities of the weak.

Mr. Robert Graham, organizing secretary of the C.E.T.S., in the United States, was then introduced, and briefly addressed the meeting. He thought it was a deplorable fact that although Canada and the United States had good temperance legislation, there was not the necessary strength of public opinion backing it, to make it effective. In England when a law was passed it was kept.

The thanks of the meeting were then rendered to the Bishop of Rochester for his address, and the audience were dismissed with the benediction.

The Milton Camp opened under very favorable auspices on Thursday, the 15th inst. The grounds are beautifully laid out, and excellent arrangements were made for the accommodation of both speakers and hearers. The weather was all that could be desired. The audience was on hand, and punctually at 1 p. m. the camp meeting commenced.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union prayer meeting was the first item in the interesting programme. This was followed by an able address by Mrs. Mary Lathrop, President of the Michigan W. C. T. U. The following is the *Globe's* synopsis of her address.—"She opened her remarks by stating that as the home was affected

by the saloon, hearts broken, and children degraded—women had the chiefest interest in the contest. That the fight just now in the United States and Canada is on this line, and that although in these two counties the laws were different, the conflict is one and the end one. Mrs. Lathrop stated that under the present state of the work in Halton she would talk in connection with the home and saloon, on the importance of decision, and as an illustration gave the story of Ahab on the throne of Israel and the false prophet Baal. Mrs. Lathrop spoke of the false social teachings, false scientific education, and false religious views on the temperance question, and said that what was wrong for the individual to drink is wrong for the individual to sell. Mrs. Lathrop then spoke of our hereditary rights stating that in this decision for Halton, we are deciding for those who will come after us, and as patriots we have to remember that whatever the spoils, the citizen spoils the Government, and if anything makes harm with the individual, the Government has a right to protect the citizen by prohibiting by law the traffic. As the saloonists are trying to bring on the repeal of the Scott Act in whose interest is it done? In the interest of labor or capital, womanhood or childhood, Sunday schools or the Church of God? No, back of it all is avarice. The question is, Why do you have license liquor laws? Because the traffic is dangerous and must be controlled, and in this way the Government has gone into partnership with the traffic, and when the Government makes a thing right by law the State has to protect it. Mrs. Lathrop then made an appeal to the electors of Halton to stand by the home, the women, children, and the best interest of society, and again come with the freeman's vote and prove that it is the people, not the saloon interest, that rule Halton county.

In the afternoon, Mr. W. H. Bartram, known as the "Jersey lightning," was introduced as the speaker, and delivered a telling address on the wrongfulness of the license system, and showing that prohibition is the only right policy to be adopted in dealing with an evil. At the close of his speech, and at intervals all through the various meetings, music was furnished by a choir under the directorship of Prof. J. O. Jeffrey, of Lockport, N. Y.

Friday morning was spent in a praise meeting, and in the afternoon another large crowd listened to Mr. Bartram, who spoke on the evils of the liquor traffic, the iniquity of the Government partnership with such an evil, and pleaded strongly for the maintenance of the Scott Act.

In the evening a large audience was addressed by Mr. F. S. Spence, Secretary of the Dominion Alliance, who forcibly pointed out the benefits of the Scott Act compared with the license law, and urged the hearers to stand by what they had already gained.

The principal speaker on Saturday was Mrs. Laura G. Fixen, of Minnesota. Her subject was "The Constitutional Fight in Iowa." She sketched the history of the temperance reform in that State, dwelling specially on the part that woman's work had played in it, and giving graphic pictures of the scenes of thrilling interest manifested on the polling day. She then appealed strongly to the Halton electors to stand by the Scott Act on the 9th of September, and support the interests of the home against that of the saloon, for, if prohibition is good for Iowa, it will benefit the people of Halton.

Sunday morning began with an old-fashioned love feast at 9 o'clock, followed with a telling sermon by Rev. Ward B. Pickard, of New Fane, N. Y., who took as his subject "The ten Commandments—God's law for man."

The great event of the day, however, was the afternoon address by Hon. J. B. Finch, of Kearney, Nebraska, Right Worthy Grand Chief Templar of the Independent Order of Good Templars. On the platform along with him, were the following workers:—Dr. Youmans, Rev. Mr. Orme, president of the Brant Scott Act Association; J. H. Flagg, Grand Worthy Chief Templar of the Independent Order of Good Templars; Rev. M. C. Cameron, president of the Halton Association; Rev. D. L. Brethour, secretary of the Halton Association; Mr. T. J. Starrett, Mr. Johnson Harrison, Rev. D. McKenzie, Rev. Mr. Pickard, Father Washington, Rev. Mr. Earl, Mr. Wm. McCraney, M. P.; Mr. John R. Clark, of Michigan; Messrs. J. H. Harrison, A. McKay, James Hollindrake, Miss Bowes, Mrs. Brethour, Miss Phelps, of St. Catharines; Miss McKay, Miss Harrison.

The London *Advertiser* refers as follows to Mr. Finch's able address:—

"He came before the public as one of the most eloquent speakers on the platform, equal to any emergency, bold and aggressive, and the great spokesman of the temperance reform. Mr. Finch always arouses enthusiasm with his sharp and poignant sentences, while his sarcasm cuts like a knife. As a lawyer thoroughly familiar with

every phase of common law, he undoubtedly made the greatest appeal for the home against the saloon that was ever heard in this county! Again and again the large enthusiastic audience expressed their hearty approval and appreciation, not only with the cause, but with the splendid manner in which the honorable gentleman presented it. He said: The institution on trial is the liquor traffic. The question at issue is the relation of the highest material interests of society. Society tries men or their acts, institutions for their results. The traffic is not to be tried by the statements of temperance lecturers, but by its own results as recorded in police courts, asylums, jails, penitentiaries, ruined homes and broken hearts. Each voter is a citizen-juror, who is to assist in the trial. Concluding, he said the only remedy is prohibition. The traffic must be outlawed for its crimes. To say prohibition won't prohibit is to say the Government is powerless to punish crimes. The fact that liquor men violate the law simply proves them rebels and criminals.

On Thursday the 7th inst., an interesting event took place in the annual excursion of the West End Christian Temperance Society of Toronto, from that city to Port Dalhousie, St. Catharines and Niagara Falls. Over 700 persons enjoyed the fine trip across the lake and subsequent proceedings at the different points. In the afternoon there was a meeting in the Creemore Gardens, St. Catharines, of the greatest interest. A. Farley, Esq., the veteran president of the Society occupied the chair, and thrilling addresses were delivered by himself, Mr. Spence, of Toronto, Dr. Youmans, Hon. J. Curry, of St. Catharines, and other prominent workers. Over eighty-five signatures to the pledge were secured from amongst those present, and an impetus was given to the cause in that town that will no doubt lead to a great amount of good. The excursion returned to Toronto in good time, after a most enjoyable day, unmarred by any untoward incident.

A very interesting pic-nic took place in the Queen's Park, Toronto, on Monday afternoon under the auspices of the Temperance Reformation Society. Mr. Isaac Wardell, president of the Society occupied the chair. Mr. Emerson Coatsworth made an able address, the principal subject of which was the Scott Act and the progress of the movement throughout Ontario. Several other gentlemen followed him on the same theme. There were about five hundred people present during the afternoon, among whom were Dr. McCully, Messrs. W. Burgess, A. Bell, J. B. Marshall and E. M. Morphy. A most enjoyable time was spent by everyone, and the party dispersed about six o'clock.

## General News.

### CANADIAN.

According to the crop bulletins a big crop is anticipated generally throughout the province of Manitoba, the wheat, barley and oat crops being particularly large. The recent heavy rain did very little damage to the crops. Harvesting has commenced.

Sylvester Middagh, about twenty-one years old, was drowned at Kemptville, while in bathing on Sunday morning, between 10 and 11 o'clock.

Sunday afternoon, about 4 o'clock, Octave Rousseau, clerk in a hotel at Sherbrooke, Que., was drowned in the St. Francis. His body was recovered an hour afterwards.

A boy 13 years, son of Henri Robert, of Three Rivers, was drowned in the St Maurice river, Sunday morning, while bathing. The body was recovered Monday afternoon.

On Saturday night, Mary Elizabeth Glenn, of Ameliasburg, being seriously affected by the heat in the Salvation Army barracks at Belleville, walked out of an open door in rear of the hall formerly used for bringing in baggage from the hoist. She fell a depth of forty feet, striking on her breast, and causing instant death.

A serious explosion occurred at Prescott on Monday morning, about 11 o'clock. The barque Seneca loaded with coal from Oswego, en route for Montreal, was lying at Buckley's dock, when the captain discovered that the barque was leaking. He sent two of his men down the hold to ascertain the extent of the leak when their lamp went out, and one of them struck a match, and the gas, which had accumulated, exploded at once, blowing the hatches off into the air and injuring the deck very much. The two men were badly burned, one probably fatally.

### UNITED STATES.

Yellow fever is reported to be declining in Sonora.

Cattle in Wasco county, Oregon, are reported to be suffering dreadfully from a disease believed to be black leg.



Governor Cleveland has issued his letter of acceptance of the Democratic nomination for the Presidency of the United States.

The anniversary of the birth of the Republican party in the United States was celebrated by an immense demonstration at Strong, Maine, Tuesday.

Wilber Plumb, a street car driver in Toledo, was shot and killed Tuesday night by a robber, who intended to secure the money box. The murderer escaped.

Intelligence has been received that a Mormon preacher in Hawkins county has been shot and seriously wounded by a negro. There are several Mormons there, and sentiment is strong against them.

The building 108 to 112 Beach street, Boston, occupied by several firms was damaged by fire to the extent of \$70,000 last week. The roof gave way with Joseph Pierce and James Quigley, firemen. They fell into a seething mass of flames and were burned to death. Pierce was one of the best known members of the force.

#### BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The weather in London continues sultry and almost tropical. Many persons have been prostrated with sun strokes, several of which have proved fatal.

A British gunboat has been ordered to Heligoland for the protection of English fisheries.

The sudden death from heart disease of the Duke of Wellington as he was entering a railway train at Brighton has caused a sensation in society circles, and recalls the death of his illustrious father, the Iron Duke, which occurred almost as suddenly, in 1852, at Walmer Castle. The Duke who has just died was 77 years old, and childless.

The Government is pushing the preparation for the relief expedition to Khartoum with a degree of official zeal that is wholly unprecedented in the recent history of Egyptian affairs. At the same time remarkable precautions are being taken to prevent the press and the public from knowing more about the progress of events than it may suit the officials to divulge.

The French Senate to-day voted a credit of five million francs for carrying on operations in Madagascar.

Seventeen workmen were suffocated yesterday at Bray, in France, while employed in an underground canal, intended to connect the rivers Oise and Aisne.

#### Tales and Sketches.

##### A TEMPERANCE FANATIC.

Kind friend, put your glass on the table  
Untasted, and listen to me.  
You say I'm a temperance fanatic—  
Mayhap I have reason to be.  
It is years since we parted at college,  
Let us talk over times passed away,  
And see, of companions and classmates,  
Who's dead and who's living to-day.

There were ten of us came off together,  
Here are two, now what of the eight?  
But a few days ago I saw Williams  
He who beat us all in debate.  
He was rich you know; and now he is needy  
I asked where his fortune all went.  
He tipped up a glass as he answered,  
'I drank it down so, every cent.'

Then Ralph, who bore the first honor,  
He took to the bar as you know,  
But another bar claimed his attention,  
And business progressed rather slow.  
He died of the tremens, poor fellow,  
His talents would rank with the first,  
And to think of his dying ere forty,  
A prey to the demon of thirst.

Then Bob, irrepressible Robert,  
Who always took lead in our fun,  
The gayest and wildest of fellows,  
Yet the kindest and best-hearted one.  
Well, he went to prison, life-sentence,  
He took too much liquor one day,  
And a spree that began in good feeling,  
Ended up with a stabbing affray.

'Then there was that young prince of toppers,  
That high-headed Archibald West,  
He never was known to be tipsy,  
Yet he drank more than all of the rest.  
Ah! he is reaping the crop of his sowing,  
His son loves the cup and has not  
A stomach of steel like his father,  
And already the boy is a sot.

I made Tom a visit last summer;  
You remember Tom, quiet and mild,  
Well, he makes the most fretful of husbands,  
I pity his wife and his child.  
He's pleasant enough in the evening,  
As he sips his hot toddy and ale,  
But all the forenoon he's a terror,  
Cross, headachy, snappish and pale.

And George, who was called Claude Adonis,  
Who turned women's heads with a smile,  
That straight-limbed and graceful Apollo,  
Who took a dram 'once in a while.'  
Oh, Charles, you would scarcely believe it,  
But the fellow's a sight to behold,  
His nose is as red as a lobster,  
He's bloated and blear-eyed and old.

Then Herbert, he's travelling somewhere,  
But one more remains, Henry Lee,  
And you know from the deck of a steamer  
He fell, and was lost out at sea.  
A friend who was with him since told me  
That Hank was light-headed from drink,  
And that's how he so lost his balance,  
'Twas the general opinion, I think.

So Charles, when I name o'er our classmates,  
Who all tipped the glass now and then,  
I think what woes might have been saved them  
If they had been temperance men.  
You I own, seem untouched by drink's dangers,  
Yet your future we neither can scan.  
And I really feel safer for being  
A very fanatical man.

—Selected.

##### THERE ARE DOCTORS AND DOCTORS.

Rather more than a year ago, a lady was prevailed upon to sign the total abstinence pledge. She had been in the habit of regularly drinking a little wine daily; so little that she hardly thought that she could do any good by ceasing to take it. But to her surprise she found the influence of her example, as a pledged abstainer, powerful enough to induce more than a hundred persons to sign as she had done.

After a year of happy work as a total abstainer, she was taken ill, and she sent for her medical man. He found her weak and exhausted and altogether out of sorts, and he asked her what she had been doing with herself to bring her down so low.

She confessed that during the last year she had taken no stimulant of any sort; she had become a teetotaler.

"Ha! I thought as much," exclaimed the doctor, "and I assure you that it will not do for you. You must give it up at once. You are just committing suicide. You absolutely require a gentle stimulant. There are constitutions which can do without it, but yours is not one of them. You have always been accustomed to little, and you must take it, just a glass of bitter beer with your luncheon, and a little wine at dinner to assimilate your food. It is absolutely necessary to you."

The lady felt very sorrowful, very unwilling to do what would, she knew, more than nullify the effect of all her endeavors during the past year, and would put a complete stop to her excellent work among her poor neighbors.

After earnest, prayerful thought, she decided to take another opinion. She went up to London to consult Sir Andrew Clarke. He examined into her case, and questioned her very carefully, and at last inquired, "Do you take stimulants at all?"

"No," she replied, timidly, "I was in the habit of taking a little, but for the last year I have taken none at all—and—"

"I am glad to hear it. Never touch stimulant of any sort; it is the very worst thing you can take."

"Oh, doctor!" she exclaimed eagerly, "will you write that down and put your name to it?"

"Very willingly," he replied.

Armed with her precious document, she returned home, and when next she saw her own medical man, she showed it to him.

He took it up, read it, and looked at the signature :

"Ha! Sir Andrew Clarke! H'm, yes, he is a great man, and can say these things. We country doctors can't afford it." — *Watchword.*

"FATHER, TRY!"

The great bell in the mill had just clanged the hour of six, and Rufus White, who, for the first time in two weeks, had been at work a whole day, now threw aside his apron and started for home. "Home," did I say? Ah! it was a poor apology for that blessed place, a mean little room whose only furniture was that which sheer necessity demanded.

There was no signs of a joyous welcome as Rufus drew near, for he and an only son, a gentle boy of nine years, were all that drink, poverty, sickness and sorrow had left of a once large family.

Five years before, his wife, a quiet, timid woman, worn out in the long conflict with the drink fiend, had in utter brokenheartedness, lain down to die. Rufus, sobered by the awful fact, had striven desperately with his besetment, and sitting beside her in shame and remorse, had listened to her earnest pleadings and vows, that, alas! had long since been snapped like reeds.

Just as the thick mists of the "valley of the shadow" were stealing over her sad eyes, she threw one arm around her sleeping boy, and clasping her other hand around that of her husband, whispered: "O Rufus, be good to darling Willie!" And then "the golden bowl was broken, the spirit returned to God who gave it."

For a long time her dying words lingered in his ears, but he gradually returned to his idle, drinking ways. His child had lived with a relative until her death sent the little waif back to his careless father and the shadows of the old home.

Ah! these last two years! What an age of fear, hunger, and neglect had they been to Willie!

Rufus could always find employment but would not work over a week ere he would be off on a long period of dissipation; and his sad, lonely boy used at first to entreat his father, with all the hopefulness of childhood, to do better, and in the old, first days, the fond arms of his child really held him in check. He did try in a weak way, but he soon grew harsh, sullen, or angry, so the little one ceased pleading, and went wearily on.

He, it was, who did the simple home duties, and made the most of a little, uncomplainingly: but he was a shrinking, sensitive child. He had come to them after a long period of unusual bitterness and sorrow. Thus it was his birthright. He never ran out to play among the boys, but sat alone, or fondled a poor little dog, that learned with him to crouch and hide away when he heard the uncertain step of Rufus.

But to return to Rufus and our story. As he came up the path this sunny afternoon, he heard no sound within doors, and wondered half angry, for Willie was usually preparing supper at this hour. The silence startled him, and he threw open the door, when lo! the little dog sprang up with an almost human cry, and then ran back towards the stove.

Rufus rushed after him, and there, to his horror, he saw his boy, his only child, lying prostrate upon the hard floor, uttering groans of agony. All the latent fatherhood in his nature sprang to the rescue. In wild haste he lifted the lad in his arms, and bore him to the bed.

O, how the child screamed! He was fearfully burned. He had evidently slipped while pouring water from the kettle, and so pulled it over upon him, receiving the boiling contents upon his chest.

It was fatal, as he had lain there so long. Rufus hastily called the neighbors, who ran for medical aid; but none could be had for hours, and alas! the poor, ignorant creatures about the house could minister but feebly to his comfort.

It grew dark, and those who came had to return to their families. So Rufus sat alone with the child, in horror-stricken silence, until it was too awful to be borne, and he began to abhor and upbraid himself to his child.

He was fully sober, and he really did love his pretty, gentle boy. So now, he cried out in anguish and remorse: "Oh! Willie, Willie, your wretched father has killed you. You, my darling, my all! O, Willie! if you would only blame me, despise me, curse me, child, not lay there and moan, I could bear it. But no, no! I am a fiend, a heartless wretch, and have been these five long, wretched years. I broke your mother's heart, and she slipped away from me, to meet her helpless babes that I had starved out of the world. O! Willie, Willie! that ever I was born!"

The wretched man threw his arms across the bed and buried his face in the counterpane, and there in their helplessness they waited and watched the sombre shadows made by the tiny candle. Rufus yearning wildly for the doctor's coming, Willie growing less and less conscious of anything. After a while Rufus gave a deep groan, and the child started and then said softly:

"Father, don't feel so. It is better as it is. I'll see mother, you know."

O, how that poor, hungry little soul dwelt on that "mother!" Such a wealth of comfort her memory had been to him! Presently he said:

"Father!"

"Well, Willie?"

And Willie said in half whispers.

"You know the time—the time you—whipped me so, father?"

"Yes, dear, yes. O, spare me, child!"

"Well, father, it was the pledge you know. All the boys' fathers had been to the meetings and signed, but mine, and O, father, I felt so bad to hear them speak so of you. "Old Rufus White," they called you father, and I said to them: "He will sign for me, I know." But father you know you—you—never mind now. But I got one—a real pledge, and a ribbon; and I signed it and put it on my neck, by the blue ribbon, for I thought maybe—perhaps—"

"Great God, lad! Say it out! You thought your beast of a father would beat you if he saw it in the house. O, Willie, Willie!"

"Hush, father. If you thought that I must die, and it would please me best of all to have you do it, wouldn't you? O! will you not sign your name under mine? Please, father, please do!"

The poor child shrank at his own words, and shut his eyes, half fearing a blow. But Rufus groaned out:

"O, Willie, dear lad, don't say that—not that! You must not die! You shall not die!"

The child struggled feebly and took the ribbon, with pledge attached, from his neck, keeping it just out of his father's reach, so great was his fear. But he said:

"Yes, I signed. See! It says, 'God helping me.' And my teacher said he would help anybody—me and you, father. O, father you can leave off drink if He helps you, and you will try, won't you?"

The child put forth his hand to meet his father's, his blue eyes shining like stars, so eager was he. But alas! it was too much. With a quick gasping sigh, he clasped his other hand upon his heart, and fell back. The blue eyes looked upward but with a gasp he murmured: "Father, try!" And Rufus, bending above the boy, burst into a storm of tenderness and weeping, begging him to "forgive him, to stay with him, to wait, wait!" Ah, it was in vain. Rufus had been a strong man once, but liquor had taken his firmness with his handsome looks long ago, and now he laid his dead boy back softly, and fell upon his knees beside the bed weeping like a woman, and crying out in the half-darkness for "Willie! Willie!"

Idle cry! The gentle spirit was far beyond his voice now. The lips that had ever been swift to give reply were growing white and cold. The fair face had no life-light upon it now, but the slight hand still grasped tightly the blessed pledge.

After a while Rufus began to grow calm, and, as all of us have done, he cast his thoughts backward in the past, and conscience encouraged memory to place before him many a bitter draught.

He folded his arms in deep dejection and gazed upon his beautiful, dear child while memory brought back to him the last words of her whom he had promised to love and cherish: "Rufus, Rufus, be good to darling Willie." And conscience stern accuser, said in solemn voice: "Have you remembered? Have you been good to Willie?"

O, the bitterness of this hour! "Good to Willie." He gazed upon his child, and, with a tender touch, put back the fair hair; and there upon the young brow lay an ugly scar. It seemed to him like the eye of an avenging angel and pierced his very soul. He grew aghast, and clasping his hands, he cried out, like Cain! "Oh God! My punishment is greater than I can bear."

His eyes fell upon the little hand and its treasure, and he gently untwisted the fingers, and carried the card to the candle. How it melted him. There in broken school-boy hand, was the simple name, "Willie White," with room beneath for his own. He read it over carefully and Willie's words came to him—"Teacher said he would help anybody—me, and you, father. O, father, you can leave off drink if He helps you, and you will try, won't you father?"

There had been a time in Rufus White's life when he had known, by happy experience, that God would help him, and now he sat and thought it all over. "God helping him," he would try; but, alas! what a miserable prodigal he had been. Could he ask to be taken back? Suppose he did not ask; he could grow no better by waiting. Ah! these wretched years had fully proved the force of the dear Christ's words: "Without me ye can do nothing," Yes, God helping him he would return."

The physician and returned, and entered, but, shocked to find his assistance vain, the former returned, and his friends begged poor Rufus to leave his silent treasure with them. So, taking the little card, he went up to the loft or garret. And now began the struggle. How he wept and prayed for pardon. In self abasement he smote upon his breast, and cried like one of old: "God be merciful to me a sinner!" The conflict was severe, and realizing more and more this great need, he cried out in awful earnest: "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" And there at the foot of the cross he found the gift the Holy One came to bring—repentance and forgiveness of sins. He cried for freedom, for the removal of the terrible thirst which was consuming him; and when the birds sang in the early morning shadows, he "whom Satan had bound these ten years, arose stood up free, and glorified God." He was a man once more, bless God! He knew it, and with a trembling hand he wrote his name beside that of his dead darling, and baptized them with tears.

Later he went softly down, and there he saw his little lad asleep in his

narrow silk-lined bed, no trace of last night's agony upon his face, and with still hands folded. With gentle fingers Rufus slipped the blue ribbon about the snowy neck, and then, alone, in the presence of the great, invisible Life and Death, he knelt and prayed aloud—prayed as if he longed the quiet sleeper could hear and knew that he solemnly repented; prayed that the dark past might be washed white, and that henceforth he might stand and show others the way. And God heard the yearning cry. He did so stand. Years have past since then, and to-night Rufus White is a gray-haired man—one who watches after a long day of loving service, beside the river, waiting to be ferried home.—*Selected.*

### "GO HOME AND MAKE THE BEST OF YOUR SORROW."

BY HELEN M. GOUGAR.

Last evening after tea, a gray-haired mother accompanied by her beautiful daughter, called at my house to ask me if there was any way to save herself and her family of children from the curse of the rum traffic. For two weeks her eldest son and her husband have been on a drunken debauch. Night after night these men have returned from the saloon near by, drunk and abusive; night after night these women have been obliged to endure all this with no redress whatever at their command. They have begged, they have pleaded, they have threatened these diseased men, but to no avail. Heart-broken they came to see if there was no protection for them under the law. The following interview took place:

"Do you know where they get their drink?"

"Yes," replied the mother, "at John R.'s saloon."

"Have you warned him not to sell to your husband and son?" was asked.

"Yes," the mother replied. "I have gone to him and pleaded with him, telling him how he was ruining my family, and that seemed to do no good; then I took witnesses and warned him according to law, and he told me insultingly, that I 'had better get a pair of pataloons to wear,' and blew a policeman's whistle to frighten me. He gives them drink at all times; his place is open on Sunday, and poor, ragged, destitute children can be seen going in and out of his place on that day carrying beer to their homes, and we have no rest from this curse even on the Sabbath."

What could I say to this woman? I could reply, "Madam, Mr. John R. does business under the seal of State. Back of his bar he has an official document, duly signed and paid for, that licenses him to destroy your son and your husband and your home. He has a right under the protection of the State, to break your heart, to silver your hair with sorrow, to make paupers of your children. You must grin and bear it as best you can." "But my son is in jail to-day—beaten up by a drunken man, poor boy—and it seems as if my heart would break," said the poor mother.

"O, yes," we replied, "Mr. John R. is protected by law in making men drink, and, of course, this brings their brutal passions to the surface, and our jails and prisons must take these dangerous men out of the streets. An Act of Parliament makes all this strictly legal, and there is no redress for you. Mr. R. is all right—you are all wrong. You are a woman; go home and make the best of your sorrow; there are hundreds and thousands of wives and sisters who have the same trouble to bear; all over this land whose laws are built upon this foundation principle that all law derives its just power from the consent of the governed."—*Home Protection Monthly.*

### For Girls and Boys.

#### HIS LAMENESS A BADGE OF HONOR.

BY REV. BENJAMIN WAUGH.

I want you to remember that there are eyes not only in the sockets in your skull, like the eyes in the faces of dogs and horses, but that there are eyes in your understandings. God sees Jesus as the most glorious and lovely being in all earth or heaven, because he understands him. Some see Jesus in the same way, because they see what he is and why he came. And others don't know or understand anything about him, and consequently see no beauty in him at all. All the difference is in the eyes of their understandings.

Look now at that young man as he goes by the window, where we will fancy ourselves sitting to look out on what may be seen on the street below. He is a poor lumbering sort of person, with coat and trousers which might have been turned out of an old-clothes shop, and then hung out in the wind and rain and sun for a year before they were worn by him; and he is limping. "Nothing there to see," you say. You'd rather see that soldier with his tossing plume and glittering helmet and big scarlet breast with three gold and silver medals on it. Maybe a string of mountebanks would please you still better—the big man in his quaint dress, with his

drum and his little train of chubby-limbed, spangled children with their tambourines and little coats of as many colors as Jacob put on Joseph, or perhaps a splendid horse tossing its beautiful head with its bridle tassels, and prancing with its rider, and a beautiful hound at its heels, would please you better still. But I don't think so if the eyes of your understandings are enlightened. So let us go back to the days of that limping man's childhood.

His name is Edwin Parker, but his friends still call him, man as he is, Teddy, the name he had when a little shepherd lad of nine years old, the time when my tale happened. He was a real shepherd, though but nine years old, and very little indeed for his age, for besides being born of shepherd parents in a shepherd's hut, solitary up away among the mountains, his father just now is ill, to ill by far to do any of his work, so Teddy has to go out with the clever old shepherd dog, Sandy, and gather the flocks together. He was never so proud as when doing anything for his father at any time, but he was especially so now that his father was poorly, for he had a sensible, kindly little heart. His father had now been poorly for some days, sitting up in his cold, damp hut, which did not help him to get better. As he sat by the log fire wrapped up in blankets, he shivered and he coughed, and coughed, till it seemed that he must lose his breath and die; and the doctor lived nearly seven miles away, and there was no one to go, and no postman to pass their door who could take a letter or a message. For days they often saw not a soul. It was bitterly cold, too, and the early snow lay already thick upon the mountains, and at times, the last day or two, it had fallen all round about the cottage and quite low down in the valley below, for it was the beginning of winter.

Teddy asked himself what was to be done for his father. That cough went right to his boy's heart and seemed to tear through it. When his father was well he had told Teddy tales, and they had laughed together, but now Teddy was not happy; he could not laugh; he could not even sleep. At night he lay wide awake, what seemed to him long hours—I dare say they were not quite what they seemed—listening to his father's cough, which was worse at night; and he cried in his bed and felt utterly wretched. One morning the boy saw the mournful face of his mother, sitting again at the window, hoping that some one would chance to pass who could be entrusted with a message to the doctor; but nothing passed except the cold winds which came down the mountain and mourned among the branches of the pines as they passed, and the boy could bear it no longer. He attended to the sheep very quickly and put on his best cap, and, with his shepherd's staff in his hand, and a lantern, for the moon might not be up when he came home, he presented himself to his mother and said, "Let me go, mother. I can do it very well. I did it at Martlemas fair."

She was a good mother and a good wife, but she was no walker; to her the journey was altogether out of the question, and the thought of Teddy's going fell sadly on the poor woman's heart. She looked out at the sky, black and awful with snow-clouds, and at the snow-covered summits of the great hills, and she listened to the loud roar of the swollen stream and the wailing of the wind. She was in painful doubt, was the woman. What ought she to do? Then she thought that if the big dog Sandy went with him he might be safe, for the dog knew the way the path ran as well as her husband. But Teddy was so very little, and it was such a long, weary way. But the child had no terror; his face was bright with serious earnestness, and his mother's terror for him vanished as the cough sounded behind her. So, drawing his muffler a little tighter about his throat, and looking to his candle and his boots, she bade him go.

He was a mountain-born boy, and thought little at any time of a mile or two's walk, or a steep hill-side climb; but this journey was in all fourteen miles. When he had been to the "Martlemas fairs" he remembered that for days after he had been footsore and very weary, yet then he had ridden parts of both ways on his father's back. So he well knew that it would make him tired, but if it made him tired for a hundred years he would go! Indeed all he thought of was his father and that cough, and he was happy to go, and set off trippingly and with a song. He knew the way that the cart-tracks ran, and Sandy knew it too; and the loneliness of the way was nothing to him, for he was only a child, and from his solitary homestead on the hill it was some miles away to any other house. So with a brave heart, intent only on getting some physic for that cough, for he felt that it would kill his father if it was not cured, the little man set out on his happy way to the town, with his delighted, barking dog leaping around him, a little staff in one hand and a lantern with an unlighted candle in it in the other, and a tinder-box in his pocket.

He went the right way down through the high woods and over the stepping-stones and little stone bridge, and by the stone quarry, and through the low wood, and down into the valley, then along the footpath and over the stile, along the road by the river side, and into the little town where the doctor lived, and across the great open market-place with the stone cross on the steps in the middle of it, to where the doctor's house was, that had in it the precious medicine for which he had come. From the market place he cast a passing look up at the broad white snows on the top of the big hill yonder, just below where his home was, where his father was coughing, and higher still at the black clouds which hovered like a big black vulture above it, then he rang the surgery bell. When the door was opened he almost darted through, and the next minute he stood in a room lined with shelves full of bottles, and was happy. They were to cure people. He told his tale, and they mixed him something in a great big bottle. He was glad it was big. It would be sure to cure his father. Big things were always clever. And he stood and warmed his hands and his toes at the blazing fire, but his heart was warmest, for he was already fancying his father better. He paid his mother's half-crown, and put the bottle inside the bosom of his little buttoned jacket, and set out with quite a light, brisk step home again, for happy hearts make nimble feet.

The woman at the toll-gate just outside the town spoke to him. Where was he going? "To Caterick's Tarn," he answered. She looked gravely at the heavy, frowning sky, then Teddy, then at her clock, and seeming after all to be in doubt what to say, she said, "Well, get along; your bottle will be wanted." He was a long way past the stile, and had crossed the low wood and the first stone bridge again, when little flakes of soft white snow came sailing down through the air, and by the time he was half way home the cart-track was quite obscured and the hill-side was one thin, wide sheet of snow. He was not frightened, for the snow ceased and the moon was shining right on the hill, and he could still see the familiar landmarks and away up there the straggling pines just below the tarn where his home was; and old Sandy led the way, so he trudged contentedly along. Then the moon was hidden, and it was dark, very dark. He stood still a moment and lighted his little lantern. It was a difficult task, for the wind was rising and lifting the snow and blowing it round in sweeping rings, but he was not frightened by the wind or the snow or the dark. He hardly gave them a thought, for he was feeling a bottle at his breast full of help for his father, and that filled him with joyous love—the kind of love which the Bible calls perfect love—love which does not seek its own, but another's good, and that, the Bible also says, always casts out fear.

The cold was intense, so at least said his toes and finger-ends, but because his father was at home, sitting up in his chair before the fire coughing, cold was nothing to him. The road was slippery. His feet, too, caught and stumbled against roughness on the ground, which made walking tedious and exhausting; but not until he tripped and only just saved himself from a fall did he feel distressed, for then the thought flashed like lightning through his little mind, "Oh, if I break this bottle!" Then he took the muffler off his throat, and took the precious bottle out of his bosom and carefully wrapped the soft muffler round and round the bottle, and put it back into his jacket again, which was no easy task, for it was a huge bundle now. He did not half mind tumbles and hurts for himself, but if he broke the bottle! The mere thought of it he scarcely knew how to bear. He was missing the road, too, and he knew it; for there were no walls or hedges or fences that he might feel to guide him. There was nothing but open, bare, wide hill-side, now one great breadth of snow, and it was dark. "Where is the road?" he said, straining his eyes into the darkness; and he felt about with his hands down in the snow, and tried to find signs of the track that way, but it was farther away than he thought. To have found it in the daylight would have puzzled him, and older heads than his, and now it was pitch-dark, and he was only nine years old.

If he could only find his home! In spite of himself he began to be alarmed. He was weary and bitterly cold, and how long he was! and the waste and the darkness and the silence seemed all against his reaching home with the physic. His poorly father was his sole anxiety. He pressed along his way. He wished that the moon would come out. It seemed days since he began his ascent. And what was the matter with the dog? The dog was becoming a nuisance, it barked and yelped and leaped at him and hindered him. A hundred times he bid it "lie down," but at every step he took, it more frantically leaped against him, and seemed intent on knocking

him down. He was angry; he had lost his path; the road was slippery and steep; he was tired and could not get along, and his dog seemed mad. Just then his feet slipped among the loose stones and he fell headlong, and his lantern-door flew open and the candle came out into the snow. Then he felt about for it, but could not find it. And now, bewildered, and angry with his dog, and sick at heart at the darkness and waste, and all alone, the little man sat down and cried. Then he recovered himself, picked up his lantern, and got on his feet again and set himself to the road. Then he found that he had left his staff behind him, and the dog began to whine again and to pester him more furiously than before. Whatever craze had taken it! But he thought of his father and his cough, and his father perhaps dying—perhaps dead—and all for want of this physic in his bosom there, which he was so long in taking; and he took heart and pushed the dog away and plodded on.

In two steps more he felt the snow yield under the foot he put out; it went down, down. He was falling through the air. He had scarcely utter his little "Oh," when, a heavy thud which filled him with pain, he reached the ground, and was lying on a deep boss of snow somewhere. He felt he was killed. Was the bottle broken too? He reached his hand to his bosom, for he still feared nothing on his own account. As his hand touched the bundle, he suddenly became stiff and unconscious and felt no more. The dog, which had been so frantic because its little master was making a dreadful mistake—was, indeed, wandering towards a yawning chasm—now found its way down to him by a side path it knew, hoping to lead him back to the top again; but it could make no sense of him. It only whined sadly over a little figure that seemed dead. Suddenly, with the instinct of a born shepherd's dog it darted off to its home, which, fortunately, happened to be very near, scraped furiously at the door, and whined and barked. At the sound the door flew open, and the dog made the mother understand that something had happened. She put a light to her lantern, poor soul, and went out into the terrible night, and the dog led its mistress heedfully to the cliff and down the path to where Teddy lay. And she took him up in her arms, and weeping carried him home, and the dog followed and seemed to be weeping too.

And Teddy lay on his little bed unconscious for all that long night; then in the morning he jumped up and said, as if in a dreadful dream, "Is it broke?" and before his mother could answer him he fell back again unconscious upon his bed. If she could only tell the brave little man that the bottle was not broken! She bent down her lips to his ears and whispered and spoke it to him; but all in vain. The little features lay still, the eyes and lips were closed, and gray as death. Days passed. He seemed at times to be passing through horrible hours, starting and muttering and crying as he lay with closed eyes. His father was sitting by his side. He had gently laid his hand on the little brow and held it tightly there, and the eyelids slowly rose, and a feeble smile stole across the pale face, and the child took a long breath and said, softly and kindly, "Father are you better?" and his eyelids fell again. "Yes, my grand boy"—thinking only of the little pined face and faint smile—"yes, my grand boy, I am better." His heart was in his mouth, and tears, tears of thankful admiration, would start to his eyes. Then Teddy whispered, "Was the bottle broken, father?" "No, no, my brave boy. It was that medicine that cured me." And the father bent over his little man and kissed him. Then Teddy fell into a quiet sleep. Weeks again passed before they knew all the damage of the fall, for a bone in Teddy's ankle had been broken; and when at length a doctor could be got, and the injury was discovered, it was all too late—yes, too late for ever to set it right again; and it grew stiff, and that is why we see him, now a grown man, go limping past our window to-day.

Now, is the horse and the rider the most splendid sight? Do even the little mountebanks seem more glorious than that plain limping man? I am sure they do not. You admire more, far more, that lovely, noble little heart. And that limp is the mark and sign of it. See, then, what is meant by the eyes of our understanding being enlightened. When we first saw him we saw him with the eyes in the sockets of our heads. Now we see him also with the eyes of our understanding.

And so Jesus looks, only a wayfaring man, rather sorrowful, till we know what it all means. Till then, men call him a root out of a dry ground, and say he has no form or comeliness, but then, when the eyes of our understanding are enlightened, we know that what his life means, plain as his dress, humble as is his lot, he is the sweetest, brightest, grandest glory the world contains.—Selected.