

# 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.

*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.*

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

*Subscriptions may commence at any time. Back numbers of the present volume can be supplied.*

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

## 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

*All communications should be addressed to*

**F. S. SPENCE, - - - MANAGER.**

TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1883.

## A TEMPERANCE PAPER.

The Temperance Reform is now a movement of such magnitude, that an organ devoted to its interests is a necessity. It must have the means of presenting its specific aims to the public; of discussing the principles that underlie it; of faithfully recording its progress, and of stimulating into greater activity the public sentiment upon which its success depends. This position cannot be filled by a journal that has some other object as its primary aim. A party newspaper will naturally make temperance a matter subordinate to the interests and views of the politicians upon whom it depends for support. Religious periodicals may be powerful auxiliaries but, because of prior claims, they cannot devote their space and energies to the temperance cause to the extent that is required. Moreover a denominational paper is circumscribed in its sphere of operation, and does not reach and enlist the sympathies of all our workers and supporters. What is wanted is a journal making the Temperance question its main and prominent feature—a paper that will be acceptable and useful to every friend of our cause—that will be broad enough in every sense to take in all phases and departments of our work, and that will be perfectly untrammelled by any other claims or considerations.

This position THE CANADA CITIZEN endeavors to fill. It is not the organ of any society or section. It is the advocate of Temperance and Prohibition—mainly and primarily. This is the reason of its existence, and it will be true to its plan. Every Tem-

perance society will be welcome to the use of its pages for their official announcements and reports; it will be the best medium of public communication for all, but it will not be controlled by any one. We seek to work for and with every individual and organization that works for what is good and true, believing that full success can only be attained by earnest and united efforts.

At the same time THE CANADA CITIZEN will not ignore anything that affects progress and morality. It will be made one of the purest and most attractive papers that careful parents can fearlessly bring into the sanctity of their homes. It will contain weekly a summary of news carefully compiled from the daily press reports, giving in brief all important public facts and incidents. We are doing a work in the interests of truth and morality, for the advancement of all the best and highest interests of our country and our race, and we earnestly appeal for practical support, to all who are in sympathy with our enterprise.

## THE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

We call attention to part of the report of the Temperance Committee of the Methodist Church, which we publish in another page. It is, perhaps, the strongest church pronouncement that has yet been made in Canada upon this important matter. Its unhesitating denunciation of the horrible and outrageous liquor system, and its manly endorsement of the policy of total prohibition are grandly encouraging. With the assistance of the support of the Christian Church, the success of the Temperance Reform would be assured; and our hearts are gladdened as one by one the various detachments of this mighty army are wheeling into the line of national attack upon the greatest and most firmly entrenched foe to man's temporal and eternal well-being. The Methodist Churches have been hitherto in the vanguard of the advance, and the new organization has seized the first opportunity to emphasize its declaration of consistency with its spirit and principles in the past, and its appreciation of the true position and requirements of society to-day.

We look for glorious results from the advocacy—to which the new church is so unmistakably pledged—of the utter extermination of the unholy drink traffic.

## THE EXHIBITION LICENSE.

On another page will be found an article by *Fides* upon this vexed and vexing question. The liquor-sellers have had their way. Our city has been disgraced by the exhibition of its drunkard-making capabilities. The intent of the law has been evaded in the issue of a license, trickery has multiplied that license by sixteen, the terms of even this dishonorably-enlarged license have been disregarded, and whisky has been openly sold and drank. It is painful and humiliating in the extreme to be compelled to confess to the fact of the truckling of our Board of Industrial Exhibition Directors to the greed for dollars, that resulted in this deplorable spectacle.

Our contributor speaks strongly, and there is need for strong speaking. No doubt there are upon the Board of Directors honorable men. There are men who are known to be tried friends of temperance and morality, but they are out numbered by those who are willing to let every other consideration be outweighed by that of making their exhibition a great financial success.

The License Commissioners, we believe, did not violate the letter of the law, and no doubt, as they plead, they did not allow as much wrong-doing as they might have allowed had they been determined to do so, but they allowed too much. What has been

said of the constitution of the Board of Directors is equally applicable to that of the Board of Commissioners, and there is special force in *Fides'* point of the impropriety of any person occupying, at the same time, the positions of applicant for a license and grantor of the license. If the Directors of the Industrial Exhibition Association will go into the beer-selling business they must get out of the Board of License Commissioners, and it is strange that a gentleman could be found so far insensible to what is seemly and right as to place himself in so equivocal a position.

The lessons for temperance men are these:—1. We must see to it, that at the earliest opportunity the wording of our statutes is so harmonized with their intent, that such miserable evasions of them as we have recently witnessed will be utterly impossible; 2. The right, practical method of dealing with this treacherous, contemptible, unholy, drinking business is not that of hampering and limitation, but that of utter extermination.

---

### Selected Articles.

---

#### THE LIQUOR INTEREST.

---

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching; how many of them? Sixty thousand! Sixty full regiments, every man of which will, before twelve months shall have completed their course, lie down in the grave of a drunkard! Every year during the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice; and sixty regiments stand behind this army ready to take its place. It is to be recruited from our children and our children's children. "Tramp, tramp, tramp"—the sounds come to us in the echoes of the footsteps of the army just expired; tramp, tramp, tramp—the earth shakes with the tread now passing; tramp, tramp, tramp, comes to us from the camp of the recruits. A great tide of life flows resistlessly to its death. What in God's name are they fighting for? The privilege of pleasing an appetite, of conforming to a social usage, of filling sixty thousand homes with shame and sorrow, of loading the public with the burden of pauperism, of crowding our prison-homes with felons, of detracting from the productive industries of the country, of ruining fortunes and breaking hopes, of breeding disease and wretchedness, of destroying both body and soul in hell before their time.

The prosperity of the liquor interest, covering every department of it, depends entirely on the maintenance of this army. It cannot live without it. It never did live without it. So long as the liquor interest maintains its present prosperous condition, it will cost America the sacrifice of sixty thousand men a year. The effect is inseparable from the cause. The cost to the country of the liquor traffic is a sum so stupendous that any figures which we should dare to give would convict us of trifling. The amount of life absolutely destroyed, the amount of industry sacrificed, the amount of bread transformed into poison, the shame, the unavailing sorrow, the crime, the poverty, the pauperism, the brutality, the wild waste of vital and financial resources, make an aggregate so vast, so incalculably vast, that the only wonder is that the American people do not rise as one man, and declare that this great curse shall exist no longer. Dilettante conventions are held on the subject of peace by men and women who find it necessary to fiddle to keep themselves awake. A hue-and-cry is raised about woman suffrage, as if any wrong which may be involved in woman's lack of the suffrage could be compared to the wrongs attached to the liquor interest.

Does any sane woman doubt that women are suffering a thousand times more from rum than from any political disability?

The truth is that there is no question before the American people to-day that begins to match in importance the temperance question. The question of American slavery was never anything but a baby by the side of this; and we prophesy that within ten years, if not within five, the whole country will be awake to it and divided upon it. The organizations of the liquor interest, the vast funds at its command, the universal feeling among those whose business is pitted against the national prosperity and the public morals—these are enough to show that, upon one side of this matter, at least, the present condition of things and the social and political questions that lie in the immediate future are apprehended. The liquor interest knows there is to be a great struggle, and is preparing to meet it. People

both in this country and in Great Britain are beginning to see the enormity of this business—are beginning to realize that Christian civilization is actually poisoned at its fountain, and that there can be no purification of it until the source of the poison is dried up.

Meantime, the tramp, tramp, tramp sounds on—the tramp of sixty thousand yearly victims. Some are besotted and stupid; some are wild with hilarity, and dance along the dusty way; some reel along in pitiful weakness; some wreak their mad and murderous impulses on one another, or on the helpless women and children whose destinies are united to theirs; some stop in wayside debaucheries and infamies for a moment; some go bound in chains, from which they seek in vain to wrench their bleeding wrists; and all are poisoned in body and soul, and all are doomed to death. Wherever they move, crime, poverty, shame, wretchedness, and despair hover in awful shadows. There is no bright side to the picture. We forget: there is just one. The men who make the army get rich. Their children are robed in purple and fine linen, and live upon dainties. Some of them are regarded as respectable members of society, and they hold conventions to protect their interests! Still the tramp, tramp, tramp goes on.—*J. G. Holland, in Scribner's Monthly.*

---

#### BRAVELY SPOKEN.

---

The Iowa Methodists closed their state conference at Burlington on the 9th inst. Before adjournment they passed the following manly resolutions.

Resolved. That we as members of the Iowa Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, will use our influence in public and private to carry to a successful issue what we believe to be the will of so large a number of the citizens of our Commonwealth, and which is so essential to the well being of society.

Resolved. That the temperance cause lies so near the welfare of our homes and churches that we will not be intimidated by the cry of meddling in politics raised by the rum power and their apologists.

The resolutions have reference to the prohibition issue, and the stand taken is at once courageous, noble and independent. It is time ministers of the gospel took such a stand, and it is time Christian men and women, the country over, sustained them in so doing. The cry of "mixing politics with religion" has been used to prevent christian ministers from doing their duty as such and as citizens long enough. There is nothing in the ministerial relation that gives the least excuse for neglecting a single duty of the citizen, and the plain duty of every citizen is to hold, advocate and vote for those opinions and measures that are most essential to the well-being of society.

Religion is not intended to prepare one for death alone. It is to permeate the every day life and determine every duty, personal, political and social as well as moral. Anything which is not in harmony with it is wrong. That system of politics into which religion cannot be carried is a false and dangerous system, and the religion that will not mix with and purify politics, as it brightens and betters every right thing in life, is not the true religion.

The outcry against ministers who carry their religion into politics did not originate with, nor has it been passed by the friends of christianity. It is the voice of the devil, uttered through the mouths of his prophets, the political tramps and tricksters, who recognize in politics nothing except ways and means for self aggrandizement and enriching themselves at the expense of the people. It should intimidate neither pastors nor people, and we congratulate the Methodists of Iowa upon the firm stand they have taken against it.—*Letter.*

---

#### OBJECTIONS AGAINST ABSTINENCE.

---

Hardly any sensible person now defends drinking upon the old plan; but when any one speaks about total abstinence or temperance, the usual mode is to "trot out" some objection against it, and then to endeavor to ride off upon that objection. It is common, for example, to say, "Why, wine is a creature of God, and what could it have been for but drinking?"

and if it be a creature of God, therefore it is plain that men must be held to be warranted in using it." It is sufficient to say that there are many creatures of God to the use of which it is proper to set a limit. Arsenic, for example, is very useful in the arts and sciences, very useful in medicine, and is used by young girls, it is alleged, in Syria in beautifying the skin; but every one knows perfectly well that there are certain limits set, not merely by the common sense of the individual, but by the law, to the use of arsenic. It regulates its sale, and, in many countries, the form and the quantity in which it shall be sold are prescribed. And if it be right and proper to set these limits, and on the part of men to submit to them, it is conceivable that it may be equally right and just and proper to fix a certain limit to the use of this particular creature, and to confine all men and women that have respect to their comfort and welfare within those certain and definite limits. Well, but it is undeniably said that the Bible records the case of many people who use wine, and there is no explicit condemnation of their use of it. Suppose we concede that for a moment; there is no difficulty about it. You must be ready to admit, on the other hand, that in many places the Bible explicitly condemns the abuse of wine; it explicitly speaks against strong drink; it denounces it in the strongest language of which we know. Well, but it is said on the part of some: "You take the case of a good man like Timothy. Now, it is unquestionable that Timothy is expressly enjoined by the inspired writer to use a little wine for his stomach's sake and for his often infirmities." I think that is the one text which the opponents of total abstinence know the best in the whole Bible. Indeed, it seems to me that if they had the making of a kind of eclectic Bible, that and two or three other texts would be about the whole of it. But it appears to me that they entirely misapprehend the force and meaning of that statement. If one judges that statement correctly, it comes substantially to this: That whether he was right or wrong about the matter, Timothy's ordinary habit had been to drink water, and water only. That seems to be the clear, intelligible, and fair inference from the statement. But now an exceptional condition of his health had arisen, and, in view of that peculiar state of his health, the Apostle Paul, reflecting that wisdom and consideration by which the Bible is everywhere characterized, says, "Use no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and for thine often infirmities." And we should do precisely the same thing. We should not feel as an ordinary matter that there was anything in our principles of Christian temperance that interfered with our endorsing or accepting the council that was thus given; but I would emphatically make it a *very little* wine for one's stomach sake. If any one is inclined to insist upon pushing the Scripture argument, there is another view that I would commend to the consideration of thoughtful people. Men will say to us, "Ah! yes, everybody is agreed that the *abuses* of the thing are very bad." There was a day within the memory of some here when people did not talk about the abuses, but they have been carried over that. They all admit the abuses are very bad; they say, "Why don't you total abstinence people keep hammering at the *abuses*? Why do you talk so much against the *uses*?" Well, now, upon that subject there is something for fair and candid people to take into account. Is it not conceivable that the frequent use of a thing may become attended with evils so near, so palpable, so many, and so serious, that it will be wise for a good man to consider whether he ought not to forego even the use? Was not that practically the condition in which the Apostle Paul found himself in another matter? Was not that practically the state of things that he contemplated when he said, "If meat make my brother to offend, I shall eat no meat while the world standeth?" Was not that practically his state of mind in another case when he said, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak?" Does any man in his senses question that there are hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of people made weak, made to stumble, and destroyed by the use of this thing?

Rev. John Hall, D.D.

### THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The following is a part of the report on temperance recently adopted by the conference of the Methodist Church now in session at Belleville:

1. On temperance in the home and Sunday school. The characters of children are for the most part made or marred in the home. We would earnestly recommend all our people to have family pledge cards in their homes on which the names of the parents and children shall be written, and our Sunday Schools, working in harmony with the home, should organize as far as possible Bands of Hope or other juvenile societies, and hold a public meeting at least once every three months in each school. We also recommend the introduction of lessons on temperance as important aids in the education of children in the home and school.

#### TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOKS IN SCHOOLS.

2. With reference to the introduction of temperance text-books into the Common Schools of our Dominion, we recognize its importance, and recommend that the necessary steps be taken in conjunction with others to secure the accomplishment of this desirable end.

3. The pen is mightier than the sword; use it then to the utmost to advance the cause of temperance and prohibition by circulating papers and information.

#### THE SCOTT ACT ENDORSED.

4. The Canada Temperance Act of 1878, known as the Scott Act, is the only form of prohibition we have on the statute books of the Dominion, and believing it can be made productive of great good to the cause of ultimate prohibition, we recommend our people in every county where it is not now in force to take steps for the submission of the said act to a vote of the ratepayers.

#### TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

5. We believe in the right of a free people to protect themselves from the action of all laws that protect and license at a rate that is fraught with so much danger to their peace and safety, and as no regulation of the liquor traffic will arrest to any appreciable extent and for any length of time the evils arising from the use of liquors as a beverage, we earnestly recommend the tens of thousands of Methodist people having the franchise to vote for those candidates only who pledge themselves to give such legislation as will remove from the statute-books all laws licensing the sale of strong drinks for purposes of beverages, and as will enact such laws as shall forever destroy the thrice-accursed business of drunkard making.

#### TOTAL PROHIBITION BY-LAW.

6. We accept of no local option as ultimate legislation on this question. Local option laws are but partial prohibition and temporary expedients, valuable so far as they go, but the only and completely effective remedy for a legalized evil is to make it illegal by repealing all laws protecting and licensing it. Then to gather all the force of law, backed up by an educated public opinion, for its utter extermination. We aim at, and will be satisfied with nothing less than, total prohibition from the State.

#### WOMAN'S WORK IN THE CAUSE.

7. We commend the work of the ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union to the prayerful sympathy and help of the Church. They are co-workers in the great cause of temperance and prohibition. Be generous towards them in recognition of all their claims. Be assured that woman's work in this reform is an essential and mighty force in the success that awaits it. Woman's place in the home is supreme; her place in the school as an educator is equal to that of man; her place in the learned professions is now freely accorded, not out of compliment, but of merit, and it only remains for the Government to grant her the right of the franchise, which right is fast being recognized by those who lead in the van of progress.

#### SACRAMENTAL WINE.

8. We earnestly recommend and entreat the official boards of our Church to secure for sacramental purposes the pure unfermented juice of the grape, and use that only.

### Contributed Articles.

#### EXHIBITION NOTES.

The "roaring farce" of selling liquors at sixteen separate booths under the *agis* of an assumed license has been in full swing for the last fortnight, and the money comes sweetly into the coffers of the successful tenderers for the privilege of dispensing the ardent, whilst that patriotic institution, the Industrial Exhibition Association, smiles complacently at the way in which they have managed to "double" the law, both in its letter and spirit. We have said that this is being done under the *agis* of an assumed license, for if the Liquor License Act means anything at all, and is to be interpreted by ordinary common sense rules, the license obtained in the name of Mr. Hill, is now void and of none effect.

In proof of this assertion we quote clause 14, Crooks Act, under which the license was issued:—"Subject to the provisions of this Act as to removals and the transfer of licenses, every license for the sale of liquors shall be held to be a license only to the person therein named and the premises therein described, and shall remain valid only so long as such person continues to be the occupant of the said premises and the true owner of the business there carried on."—40 V., c. 18., s. 5.

It is self evident that the moment Mr. Hill disposed for a consideration to other parties of the right and ownership of these booths for the purpose of carrying on a business therein, he ceased to be the occupant of the premises, and the true owner of the business there carried on. By the terms of the Act he there and then became unlicensed. His license ceased to be valid, and the appointment of agents to sell liquor under the terms of a license which had ceased to exist, justifies our appellation of the whole business as a "roaring farce."

But more remains; if we look behind the scenes we can trace the matter a little more clearly. When the committee of the Association waited upon

the License Commissioners to ask them to issue a license to them in the name of their manager they found a friend in court in the person of one of their brother directors who was a license commissioner, and now the value of such a friend becomes apparent. They refuse to interfere.

When a deputation from the Alliance waited upon the License Commissioners, adducing *prima facie* evidence that the liquor was being sold in contravention of the law, and asked them to instruct their Inspector to proceed as the law directs in such matters, they were met with a positive refusal, and were invited to proceed if they so pleased, by indictment of them (the Commissioners) before the County Judge, and they would abide by the consequences.

The lessons to be learned from this short history is: the need for such amendments to the "Crooks Act" as will prevent the sale of all liquors at all times on these public fair grounds. When men whose duty it is to enforce the provisions of the law, play fast and loose with such a matter as this, the question may well arise whether men who have a financial interest at stake are the best men to be intrusted with the administration of the law?

#### THE PROHIBITIONIST.

In certain senses the lot of the prohibitionist is not a happy one. He has sworn

"Undying hate  
To all that can intoxicate,"

and therefore can have no tolerance in any form for that iniquity, the "Licensed Liquor Traffic." He may be thankful for every concession that is made to his demands, but the substitution of a Wine and Beer License for an ordinary tavern license is not such a concession as to make him rest from agitation for the larger measure of relief. This agitation brings him of necessity into conflict with those who have a financial interest in upholding the traffic. One of the saddest features in connection with this whole exhibition license business has been the power of the liquor traffic and the temptation of the gain accruing therefrom to sink the individuality of men prominent in church life and of pronounced temperance proclivities, yet these men who would scorn, as individuals, to have any connection with the liquor traffic are found as members of a corporate body, praying that a liquor license may be issued to them, and when issued can sign a bond for the due observance of all the conditions attached thereto. Men and brethren, these things ought not to be so. Can a fountain send forth both sweet water and bitter? Oh for more of the spirit of ex-Governor St. John of Kansas, who, when warned that his adherence to his principles might cost him his election as Governor, replied, "I can afford to be not Governor of Kansas, I cannot afford to give up my principles." Gentlemen, men are to be judged by their deeds, not by their words. The betrayal of confidence by a friend is harder to be borne than the open opposition of an enemy.

FIDES.

### Tales and Sketches.

#### A RUM SELLER'S STORY.

"I have seen a man take his first glass of liquor in my place who afterwards filled a suicide's grave. I have seen man after man, wealthy and educated, come into my place, who now cannot buy his dinner." This was the beginning of an address by S. Stacy before the Cadets of Temperance, mere lads, who sat clothed in their bright regalia of blue and red, in long rows on the settees in Franklin Hall, in South Brooklyn, N. Y. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance, and it had been announced that Mr. Stacy, having given up his drinking place in Sixth avenue, New York, would give his personal experience. "For eleven years I sold liquor," he said, "I had one of the handsomest saloons in New York. Some one said it was the best saloon in the city. If it was the best, God help the poorest. I can recall twenty customers, each worth from \$100,000 to \$500,000, and only two of them are now able to buy dinners for themselves. To you, Cadets of Temperance, I would advise that you rather take a glass of prussic acid than a glass of liquor. If you must die, it is better to die at once. If a Gospel friend ever takes you by the arm and seeks to restrain you from drinking, don't turn and say to him, 'I know what I'm doing. Be kind enough to mind your own business.' I've seen young men stand at my bar with this blue ribbon on the lapels of their coats, drunk. 'No, no,' these young men would say, 'I've taken the pledge, I'm obliged to you all the same.' They had no business there. [Mr. Stacy raised his voice.] That was not there place. Liquor is at deadly enmity with a blue ribbon. Pretty soon it would be 'Well, I'll take a glass of cider.' I knew—I knew—I knew what that glass of cider meant. The rumseller is a good fellow. He is liberal with his money. He is jovial. When a customer enters his door, he says: 'Hello, Johnny, where have you been these two or three days?' But he's calculating all the time how much money the customer has in his pocket and how much of it he can put into his till. He is a thief. He takes money for which he gives no benefits in return. In all my eleven years behind the bar I can recall only one agreeable thing. A young lady came and said: 'I wish you would not give father anything more to drink.' I laughed, as rumsellers are accustomed to do in such cases, but she persisted, and finally I pro-

mised I wouldn't let him have a drink. I don't know what possessed me, but I promised. When next the father came in he walked up to the bar smiling and said: 'Well, I guess I'll take a drink.' 'No, sir, not here,' said I. 'What?' said he. I repeated what I had said and also ordered my barkeeper never to let him have a drink on pain of dismissal. The result was a quarrel, and I threw him out into the street. He was a smaller man than I. There was a struggle outside the door, but as he rolled over the curb at the edge of the sidewalk he seemed to lose his strength. Looking up to me he said: 'Here I am in the gutter, and turned out of a rum shop! That man to-day is a member of Dr. Armitage's church.'—*Grape Shot.*

#### "I HAVE DRUNK MY LAST GLASS."

No, comrades, I thank you, not any for me;  
My last chain is riven—henceforward I'm free!  
I will go to my home and my children to-night,  
With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight,  
With tears in my eyes I have begged my poor wife  
To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life.  
"I have never refused you before!" Let that pass;  
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,  
I have drunk my last glass!

Just look at me now! boys, in rags and disgrace,  
With my beared, haggared eyes and my red, bloated face!  
Mark my faltering step and my weak, palsied hand,  
And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand.  
See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees,  
Alike warmed by the sun or chilled by the breeze.  
Why, even the children will hoot as I pass;  
But I've drunk my last glass, boys,  
I have drunk my last glass.

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now,  
That a mother's soft hand was once pressed on my brow;  
That she kissed me and blessed me, her darling, her pride,  
Ere she lay down to rest by my dead father's side.  
Yes, with love in her eyes, she looked up to the sky,  
Bidding me meet her there; then she whispered, "Good-by."  
And I'll do it, God helping! Your smile I let pass;  
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,  
I have drunk my last glass.

Ah! I reeled home last night—it was not very late,  
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlords won't wait  
On a fellow who's left every cent in their till,  
And has pawned his last bed, their coffers to fill.  
Oh! the torments I felt, and the pangs I endured!  
And I begged for one glass—just one would have cured—  
But they kicked me out doors! I let that, too, pass;  
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,  
I have drunk my last glass.

At home my pet Susie, so sweet and so fair,  
I saw through the window, just kneeling in prayer;  
From her pale, bony hands her torn sleeves were strung down,  
While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her scant gown;  
And she prayed—prayed for bread, just a poor crust of bread,  
For one crust—on her knees my pet darling pled!  
And I heard, with no penny to buy one, alas!  
But I've drunk my last glass, boys,  
I have drunk my last glass.

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year-old,  
Though fainting with hunger and shivering with cold,  
There on the bare floor, asked God to bless me!  
And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He will; for you see  
I believe what I ask for!" Then sobered, I crept  
Away from the house; and that night when I slept,  
Next my heart lay the PLEDGE! You smile, let it pass;  
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,  
I have drunk my last glass.

My darling child saved me! Her faith and her love  
Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above!  
I will make her words true, or I'll die in the race,  
And sober I'll go to my last resting-place;  
And she shall kneel there, and, weeping, thank God  
No drunkard lies under the daisy-strewn sod!  
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er pass;  
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,  
I have drunk my last glass.

—*Louisa S. Upham.*

## WILD OATS.

The most magnificent specimen of young manhood that I have ever known, was a young fellow student named Henry Haines. As an athlete on the campus, as a scholar in the arena of debate, he was facile princeps, everywhere and always. We were not so much envious of him as proud of him, and we fondly fancied that there could be no height of fame or fortune too difficult for his adventurous feet to climb, and that the time would come when he would fill the world with the echo of his fame, and it would be a proud thing for any of us to declare that we had known him. A little tendency to dissipation was by some of us observed—a little dash of daredevilry—but this was only the wild oats sowing which was natural to youth and genius, and which we did not doubt that after years would chasten and correct.

But the years came and the years went, and the young collegians were scattered through the world, and ever and anon would some of us wonder what had become of Henry Haines. We looked in vain for his rising star, and listened long for his coming feet. Some time ago, for a single Sabbath, I was preaching in New York. My theme in the morning had been, "The Ghost of Buried Opportunity." On my way to my hotel I discovered that I was shadowed by a desperate looking wretch, whose garb, whose gait, whose battered, bloated look all unmistakably betokened the spawn of slums. What could the villain want with me? I paused at my door, and faced about to confront him. He paused, advanced, and then huskily whispered:

"Henson, do you know me?"

I assured him I did not, whereupon he continued:

"Do you remember Henry Haines?"

"Aye, aye, well enough; but surely you are not Henry Haines?"

"I am what is left of him—I am the ghost of him."

I shuddered as I reached for his hands, and gazing intently into his face, discovered still some traces of my long-lost friend, still doubly lost though found again. I put my arms about him in brotherly embrace, and drew him to my room, and drew from his lips the story of his shattered life. I begged him by the old loves and unforgotten memories of better days to go back with me to my Philadelphia home, and under new auspices and with new surroundings to strike out for a noble destiny which I hoped might still be possible. But, striking his clenched fist on my table, he said:

"Henson, it's no use to talk to me. I'm a dead beat, and am dead broke. I'm a burnt out volcano, and there's nothing left of me but cinders now. I have come to New York to bury myself out of sight of all that ever loved me. I know the ropes here, and shall stay here till I rot. I live in a muskrat hole near the wharf. I shall die as I have lived, and I have lived like a dog."

In vain were my earnest protests and brotherly pleading. He tore himself from me and went shambling off to his den by the wharf.

He had sown the wind and was reaping the whirlwind. He had sown to the flesh, and was reaping corruption. He had sown "wild oats," and the oats were now yielding a dread harvest of woe.—P. S. Henson.

## THE SERGEANT'S VOW.

A TEMPERANCE STORY TOLD IN CAMP.

BY CLARK D. KNAPP.

It was the evening after one of the greatest battles of the Rebellion. The surviving soldiers of the battle were fatigued, and glad to drop down almost anywhere to rest. Those who had been on the reverse were caring for the dead and wounded, and in the hospital tent those who wore the blue, and those who wore the gray, were groaning with the wounds received in battle and were being treated by the Union physicians.

Near the hospital, about a dozen Union men were sitting upon the ground, around a fire of sticks and limbs, trying to "cook coffee." They had been at the front all day; victory had been won. They were now upon the ground that had been occupied by the enemy in the morning. It was a victory; but such a victory, and at such a cost of human life! On the right and on the left, in front of them and in the rear, could be seen the dead bodies, dressed in the uniform of the friend and of the foe.

They were just taking the coffee from the fire when a soldier came up, and discovering that the dozen men were of his company, said:

"How is it, boys, are you dry?"

"Trying to cook our coffee, Ned," said one of the soldiers, "but I guess that it will be Virginia mud and water mixed together."

"I've got something good," said the first speaker, producing the canteen, which hung across his shoulders.

"What is it?" asked one.

"Whisky," replied Ned.

"You're a trump."

"That's jolly."

"That is just the stuff."

"That will revive us!"

And other expressions of satisfaction and pleasure were made by the men.

"Here, Sergeant," said Ned, reaching the canteen toward a tall, noble looking fellow who had been silent, "throw aside your temperance principles for once and take a drink."

"Not any, Ned, thanks," replied the one addressed as Sergeant.

"Come, now! you have fought like a tiger all day. You do not know but what you may have to rally in five minutes."

"True, Ned, but excuse me."

"Not a drop?"

"Not a drop!"

"Say, Sergeant," said Ned, "if it is agreeable to the boys, we will adjourn the drink for five minutes, and you tell us how you come to be such a mighty advocate of temperance."

"I second the motion," said another soldier.

"And so do I!"

"And I, too!"

"Well, boys," said the Sergeant, "I will tell you. It is a short story, and therefore soon told. When I was nineteen I had to leave school, owing to the death of my father. I came home to help my mother, who needed me. My father had been a prosperous farmer; he had that frugality and sturdy industry characteristic of the Vermont farmers. My mother I always considered the most handsome woman on earth, at least she appeared so to me; and as a mother there never was a better.

"After my father had been dead about a year, somehow I acquired a passion for hunting, fishing and especially cooning. There was nothing that delighted me so much as it did to take my dog and go out with some of the neighboring boys and bring home a number of coons. One night three of our neighbors came to our house after me. They thought they had found a new place, a corn field, where there was plenty of game. I needed no urging. I kissed my mother good-by, told her that I would not be late, called my dog and away we went.

"One of the boys had a bottle of whisky in his pocket. Just how it came about I do not know, I had drunk a little whisky before, but that night I drank too much, and became beastly drunk. The boys led me home and left me at our gate, I staggered through and staggered around the yard a little in a vain attempt to find the steps to the house. I stumbled over something, fell down and was unable to get up. After a while I went to sleep—a regular drunken sleep.

"It seems that in the night, sometime, my mother became anxious because I did not come home. She had not been to bed, but had fallen into a slumber upon the couch. She awoke, as I said before, some time in the night, and fearing that harm had befallen me arose from the couch, put her shawl over her head, and started out to find me. And she found me in a condition most deplorable, indeed. At first she thought I was dead, or that I had been brutally treated by a highwayman. But when she stooped down to look at me and saw, by the moonlight, my face, she knew that her only child was drunk. She tried to waken me; she tried to get me into the house, but she had not the strength. She went to the house and got a pillow, and placed it under my head. She covered me with blankets; she protected my face from the dew by placing an open umbrella over me. She drew her shawl tightly around her shoulders and sat down by my side. In the morning I awoke just as the sun was rising, I found her there. Great tears were chasing each other down her cheeks. I saw at once that my mother had cared for me all night. She had faithfully kept her lonely vigil, watching her drunken son, weeping and praying.

"I am awful thirsty," I said. My voice sounded strange, weak and unnatural. I got up; my mother rose, went to the well and brought me a cup of water. As she handed the cup to me she bowed her head that I might not see her grief; but I saw a tear come down her pale cheek and drop into that cup. I took the cup from her hand and drank its contents, tear and all. Yes, boys, I drank my mother's tear, and I made a solemn vow that I never again would cause her tears.

"I led my mother into the house; I led her to the arm chair; and as soon as she was seated I got down upon my knees.

"Mother," said I, "This is the first. It shall be the last."

"Charles," said she, running her fingers through my hair, "I hope so. God bless you!"

"I looked up, and my mother had fainted. I took her in my arms, as one might take a child, and placed her upon a bed. It was the beginning of what came near being her death. Days, and nights, and weeks I was by that sick bed. I heard her, as her mind wandered, praying for me and pleading for my reformation. And at times she would imagine that she was talking to my father. She would tell him of the plans which she had for her son, and that she hoped he would be a sober man. Every word she said was like a knife-cutting me, and many a time I wished that I had died before I ever tasted liquor. But, thank God, my mother got well. It was a long time before she was able to leave her room. I was her constant companion. Somehow, it seemed to me, that her life depended upon my care.

"When the war broke out, I made up my mind that I ought to enlist. I told my mother about it, and asked her advice.

"Charles," she said, "I am afraid to let you go."

"'Afraid of what, mother,' I asked, 'are you afraid that I will be shot?'"

"'Worse than that.'"

"'Mother, what can you possibly mean?' I inquired.

"'She blushed as she looked me in the face. But her reply was one never to be forgotten.

"'Charley, I am afraid that you will be overpowered by strong drink.'"

"'Mother,' said I, 'I solemnly vow by the sacred memory of my dead father that I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor without your consent.'"

"'Then you may go to the war, Charley.' That was her reply, boys. And I tell you what, when I drink an intoxicant, it will be when my mother's own hand brings it me and my mother asks me to drink it."

"'Amen!' said several of the soldiers who were listening to the Sergeant's story.

"'I say, boys,' said Ned. 'Here goes the whisky.' Turning the canteen upside down, he emptied its contents on the ground. As the liquor went gurgling out, he said 'I've got a mother too, and I'm done with liquor.'"

"'And I, too!'"

"'And I!'"

Every man took the pledge, and it was afterward said that the men who were gathered around the camp-fire that night were the strongest temperance men in the whole brigade.—*American Reformer*.

### Temperance News.

The movement for the enactment of the Scott Act in the County of Oxford goes on grandly. More than the requisite number of signatures has been secured by the Temperance people, and their petition is now filed at the Sheriff's office. Noble and loyal women and men are coming out bravely in championship for the purity and safety of their homes, and THE CANADA CITIZEN wishes them a fervent God-speed.

The *Nova Scotia Watchman* gives very encouraging reports of the working of the Scott Act in the various counties where it is in force in the Maritime Provinces. Men who determined to defy it, have learned that Canadian law cannot be disregarded with impunity, and some of them to-day are paying, by terms of imprisonment, the penalty of their temerity and lawlessness.

Hon. Conrad Dillon, of the Executive Committee of the National Temperance League of England, and member of the London School Board, was in this city for a few hours on Tuesday, on his way through the States and Canada. He speaks well of the W. C. T. U. work, and the system for Inebriates' Homes in San Francisco.

Mr. Francis Murphy, the Temperance Orator, whose work in Great Britain has been eminently successful, is about to return to this country for rest. He will be welcome on his arrival at a monster meeting in Cooper Union, New York, over which Judge Noah Davis has promised to preside. Mr. Murphy has paid a farewell visit to Norwich and other places in England where he has labored. At Norwich, on August 13th, the meeting was well filled by an enthusiastic audience. The orchestra was surmounted with the Blue Ribbon banner, on which was inscribed in gilt letters the famous motto, "With malice toward none and charity to all." There were on the platform a large number of ministers and other gentlemen identified with the Blue Ribbon Temperance Movement. Mr. Murphy and his son received quite an ovation, and made earnest speeches, which were applauded again and again. At the close of the meeting a large number of new pledges were taken.—*Christian Herald*.

John B. Gough says he has made 8,500 speeches, and travelled 460,000 miles since he began lecturing in 1842. He adds that if he should be deprived of the power of speech he believes he would continue to make motions.

A TETOTAL RAILWAY COMPANY.—The British Women's Temperance Association having sent a circular to the directors of railway companies respecting the sale of intoxicating liquors at their refreshment rooms, have received the following letter from the general manager of the West Lancashire Line:—"I have the pleasure to inform you that this company has no refreshment rooms at any of its stations where intoxicating liquors are sold. It may also be interesting to you to know that the whole of the company's officials are total abstainers, and that no man receives an appointment under the company unless he has previously been an abstainer of some standing."—*Temperance Record*.

Perhaps there is no word that excites greater affright in certain quarters than the word "prohibition." Liquor-dealers and politi-

cians are thrown into the greatest consternation by it, and many easy going citizens are excited by its interference with their liberty of gratifying their tastes, and object to obnoxious sumptuary laws in our legislation. And yet there are times and places when prohibition is necessary, as all will admit. Few will care to expose their lives and property to the custody of one whose brain has been fired by ardent spirits.

And so when the report comes that the Erie Railroad company decides to discharge every employee who is not a total abstainer, and the New York Central orders all its tenants who sell liquors to vacate their premises, there is general assent to these requirements.

A railroad corporation enacts a stringent prohibitory law, it is all right. Is there not more reason why the State, the larger body corporate, should do the same?—*Christian Weekly*.

In Maine every distillery and brewery in the State has been absolutely closed.

There is not an open dram-shop outside three or four cities, where office-holders neglect to do their duty. Hon. Nelson Dingley says:

"The fact that the United States revenue report shows that only four cents per inhabitant was collected on the manufacture and sale of liquors in Maine in 1882, while \$1.40 per inhabitant was collected in the whole Union, affords a striking contrast."—*Register*.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON TEMPERANCE.—Adopted by the Southern California Conference at Los Angeles, Cal., Sep. 8, 1883.

The great and trying evils of intemperance, and the poverty, disgrace and sorrow, caused by the liquor traffic are ever before us.

The questions involved in this traffic are the great issue of the day and will not down, until settled by the destruction of this traffic. Therefore

*Resolved* 1st. We will seek by all lawful methods the destruction of the liquor traffic.

*Resolved* 2nd. That a high moral sentiment on this question is the first necessity.

*Resolved* 3rd. That legal Prohibition backed up by an efficient public sentiment is the end aimed at, until this traffic is made felonious by law, as it is in fact, and is punished accordingly.

*Resolved* 4th. That it is the plain duty of all ministers and members of our church to abstain from the use of wine as a beverage.

*Resolved* 5th. That we will use unfermented wine for Sacramental purposes.

J. S. KLINE,

Chairman of Committee on Temperance.

Report was adopted.

Mrs. M. G. C. Leavitt was introduced and invited to address the Conference in the interests of the N. W. C. T. U. Her address was received with close attention and approval, and the Sect. was instructed to add the following resolution to the report on temperance.

*Resolved*. That we cordially recognize the earnest and successful labor of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union and will join with them in the labor of Temperance Reform.

After the above action of the conference Bishop Warren arose and remarked that he was glad to add a word to what had already been said. He could not be accused of influencing conference action after they had adopted the report unanimously. He was glad to see the Conference taking such strong ground. He had visited nearly every wine-growing country in the old world, and found that the tendency of every place was toward the impoverishment and degradation of the masses. Only a few of the leading men obtained wealth by the traffic, and the end almost invariably was dissipation to the families of the wealthy ones.

He hoped that this fair land might be saved from the curse that had followed the traffic in other countries, but assured the audience that nothing but the total Prohibition of the traffic in all its branches could avert the threatened calamity.—*Rescue*.

The following extract is from a letter written by Messrs Peck & Son, piano manufacturers, and recently published in the *Musical Critic and Trader*:—"A year ago we had a large sign printed, that 'positively no beer would be allowed in our factory,' and it was posted on the first floor of our building. It was surprising, but our employees took it very kindly, and from that day to this the rule has been strictly enforced; and, when putting on a new hand, we first require him to pledge himself not to break this rule. In order to show how it is enforced, we will relate an instance which happened some three months ago. We had employed a new hand, and during

the first day he took his kettle and went out for beer. Mr. G. W. Peek met him on his way to the factory. He asked 'what the contents of the kettle was:' the man promptly answered, 'beer.' Mr. Peek immediately took the kettle, and, calling the man down stairs, threw it with its contents in the street, and offered to reimburse the man for his loss, but stated that such things were positively not allowed; and, strange to relate, that, although nearly all of his employes are 'beer drinkers,' they upheld him (Mr. Peek) in the matter. If all manufacturers would adopt this rule, they would soon find that they would be greatly benefited by it, not only in the way of receiving more time from their hands, and better word, but would not be forced to contribute large sums annually to the neighbouring beer saloons. It works *well* in our factory, and it should in all."

A letter from Central Africa says that one of the savage kings of that country has been converted, and one of his first acts of his new life was to order the keeping of the Sabbath. Second, he issued a prohibitory liquor law.

There are sixty-one county and borough asylums in England and Wales, and at twenty-nine of them beer has been stricken from the dietary prescriptions. Reports from all these show that the patients are improved by prohibition, and the officials of those asylums which will adhere to the old custom are being made acquainted with the general and specific facts. It is believed these are so patent that within a very limited period beer will be banished from every asylum in the two kingdoms.—*American Reformer*.

The London School Board have re-issued an address to all Managers of Schools under their jurisdiction. The address is accompanied by a code of rules for their direction and information. The rules are to the effect that advantage shall be taken of every possible opportunity to impart to the children special instruction as to the dangers arising from intoxicating liquors. Reading books and copy books are to be rendered useful in this direction; also songs and hymns. The use of the school-rooms is to be granted free for lectures having the same object.—*A. Reformer*.

TEMPERANCE AND HEALTH.—We have before us the report of the Blue Ribbon Gospel Temperance Mission, which was presented at the annual meeting of its supporters at Exeter Hall in May last. It gives a complete summary of the work which has been carried on by the Blue Ribbon crusade, since its establishment by Mr. W. Noble in February, 1878. The secretary read a report at the meeting, which set out the course which has been followed, and the success which has attended it. There is a medical aspect about the aggressive work in which the promoters say they are engaged; the object being to bring home to Christian people a more decided sense of their responsibility in regard to the removal of the drink-hindrance to the progress of healthy religious feeling. It appears that, since the establishment of the mission, nearly 700,000 pledges have been taken, and the number of relapses has been from 10 to 15 per cent. We would like to see added to the report a census of the number of visits paid by the medical men to the abstainers since they took the pledge, compared with those paid in a corresponding period before they became total abstainers. As the addresses of the members are preserved, and a large number of them are well-to-do members of society, there would not be much difficulty in getting an approximate return upon the point, which would have a medical interest in both directions. We should learn, not accurately, it is true, but approximately, how much the Blue Ribbon Mission is assisting to improve the general health of the people.—*British Medical Journal*.

A noble temperance organization is the League of the Cross, London, and a grand convocation was that presided over lately by His Eminence Cardinal Manning, at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. The occasion was the annual *fete* of this Catholic total abstinence society. There are 145,000 members in London and 32 branches in different parts of the kingdom. Spirited speeches were made by delegates from Preston, Sheffield and Dublin. Father Moore represented the west end and Father Newman the east end of London. After the meeting there was a procession of the "Cardinal's Guards" on the grounds of the palace. It consisted of a parade of the various branches, with their bands playing and their banners flying. The whole formed a line over half a mile in length.—*Hamilton Tribune*.

#### GOOD TEMPLAR NOTES.

The next session of the Grand Lodge I. O. G. T., of New Hampshire, will be held at Keene, October 3; that of Rhode Island, Providence, October 16.

The Grand Lodge of Good Templars of New York State elected

the following officers at its late session. G. W. C. T.—W. Martin Jones; G. W. C.—Rev. R. D. Munger; G. W. V. T.—Mrs. W. T. Logan; G. W. S.—D. W. Hooker, G. W. Treas.—I. C. Andrews, C. S. of G. T.—Mrs. Dr. J. M. Griffin, Board of Managers—Richard Kennedy, of Albany County, Joseph A. Bogardus, Brooklyn, Calvin McCarthy, Broome.

At the recent session of the Grand Lodge I. O. G. T., of North Carolina, the following officers were elected: G. W. C. T.—Joseph C. Ellington; G. W. V. T.—Miss M. D. Norfleet, G. W. C.—Theo. W. Costen; G. W. S.—R. H. Whitakar; G. W. T.—Mrs. E. A. Tomlinson; G. W. C.—Rev. J. T. Kendall, G. W. M.—G. S. Bell; Dep. M.—Miss M. L. Beaman, I. G.—J. B. Stephenson, O. G.—L. A. Outland. The reports were most encouraging, and the defeat of last year has only resulted in uniting and energizing the Temperance elements. Georgia's action in adopting Local Option, it is insisted, will be copied by the next Legislature of North Carolina.—*American Reformer*.

#### Intemperance News.

The past week furnishes a sad list of catastrophes in many of which strong drink figures as the agent of the mischief.

The amount of beer brewed in the United States during the year ending May, 1883, was 17,348,424 barrels of 37 gallons each. Counting the population at 50,155,782, that gives nearly ten gallons for each person.

The Cincinnati saloon keepers are terrible sticklers for "personal liberty," but they want it all on their side. It has been the custom of certain poor women to keep coffee stands at the public markets. The saloon keepers have organized to break up this business, since it interferes with the sale of beer, and they have induced the Board of Health, who have control of the markets, to prohibit the sale of coffee at the public markets.—*Dayton Daily Herald*.

The matron of a New York prison said recently that, but for drink, there would not have been one woman in the prison.

"Margery Deane," writing from Newport to the Boston *Transcript*, says, on the authority of a clerical friend, that "a circular has been sent to very many clergymen, by a New York wine firm, setting forth the merits of its liquors and wines, with prices by the case, etc. At the end of the circular it reads:—'N. B.—To avoid suspicion, every case sent you will be plainly marked "Canned Peaches."'

A pitiful story that shows the shocking sacrilege against the most sacred of human ties, that the use of liquors will bring its victims to practice, comes from New Jersey. It tells of the arrest of an entire family on charges of intoxication. It staggers one to think of the moral degradation of people and parents too, so utterly lost to all sense of common decency. A girl of seventeen years, and a boy of eleven years, urged as their excuse for being drunk, that they were following the example set by their mother. Surely the heavens might weep at such a sight! And yet, legislators in the face of instances like this, fail to put a check to the terrible fire-blast of iniquity that is sweeping the nations in this disreputable traffic. Men can even laugh at its dreadful work, and make a joke of the fiendish power of the deadly drink. "Jersey lightning" is the euphonious name applied to Jersey whisky, famous for its strength and rapidly intoxicating influence.—*Hamilton Tribune*.

New Zealand is cursed almost to the last extremity by whisky. Already the physical status of the people has become deteriorated, and soon the islanders will have lost the bodies for which they were once famous. Through the same cause also, their commerce has fallen off, and the outlook for them is simply degradation, unless some preventive means are set in operation. It is a sad feature of the conquests of modern civilization that they must always be accompanied with the whisky curse.—*Canadian Baptist*.

DRINK IN SWITZERLAND.—Berne is the only canton of the Swiss Confederation which keeps an oversight on distilleries, imposes on them a tax, and publishes an account of their production. According to the official report for 1881-82 Berne (with a population of 530,000) possesses 670 distilleries, of which 360 conduct their operations with the aid of steam; the others use

fire only. The quantity of spirits produced by these distilleries in the year in question was 2,695,016 litres. The number of distilleries for the production of potable spirits has increased by 268 in the last ten years. Most of the new establishments are organized on the best system, and turn out liquor of superior quality. Five of them alone produce yearly 1,600,000 litres of pure spirits, which, mixed with an equal quantity of water, give 3,200,000 litres of *eau de vie*. Their output is more than that of all the other distilleries put together; and while the latter, 666 in number, employ 1,332 operatives, the five larger distilleries, owing to their superior appliances, employ only fifty. The smaller concerns, moreover, produce spirits of an inferior quality, abounding in fusil oil and other impurities; and the facilities for drinking allowed to the work-people give rise to the worst forms of intemperance. The report is very emphatic in its condemnation of the evils produced in the canton by the enormous spirit-drinking in which the people indulge. It is leading to their moral and physical degeneracy; it produces the most deplorable effect on family life, and has caused the ruin of hundreds and thousands of citizens. With a view to checking the evil the cantonal Legislature has lately raised the license for distilling from a minimum of 200 francs to a minimum of 300 francs a year. In addition to the spirits distilled in the canton there were imported last year from other parts of Switzerland and from abroad 967,000 litres. After deducting the alcohol taken for manufacturing purposes, the amount left for ordinary consumption reached a total of 4,737,000 litres, equal to 8.92 per head of population, and 13.85 (rather more than two-and-a-half gallons) for each adult, including women. The consumption of 1882 exceeds that of 1881 by half a litre a head. This was, of course, in addition to the consumption of wine, beer and cider.

Berne is not the only Swiss canton in which the habit of spirit-drinking is on the increase. It is increasing enormously in Geneva. According to M. Charles Archinard's 'Statistique Agricole du Canton de Geneve,' the consumption of wine, beer, and cider is slightly decreasing. In 1860 it was at the rate of 241 litres, in 1880 at the rate of 233 litres (fifty-two gallons) per head of population. But this slight falling off is far more than made up by the increased drinking of spirits. In Geneva spirits of every sort are classed for official purposes under one denomination, and the *octroi* dues are levied, not on their bulk, but on their alcoholic strength. According to the *octroi* returns, the spirits consumed in the city of Geneva in 1870 were equivalent to 987,000 degrees of alcohol. In 1875 the consumption was 1,652,000 degrees; in 1879 it had risen to 3,186,000; and in 1880 to 3,568,000 degrees. A part of the increase may be due to the greater quantity used for industrial purposes, but M. Archinard is of opinion that the augmentation arises in far larger measure from the growth of spirit-drinking.—*Correspondence of The London (Eng.) Times.*

## General News.

### CANADIAN.

The Toronto Exhibition has attracted enormous crowds from all parts of Canada, and has turned out to be a great success.

The National Beekeeper's Association of North America is now in session in Toronto, as is also the International Convention of American Cigar-makers.

There is considerable excitement in London over the case of Mrs. Stockwell who gave birth to four children last Saturday. All are getting on well.

The banquet to Lord Carnarvon, at Montreal, on Wednesday was a great success.

Dr. T. H. Rand, Chief Superintendent of Education for New Brunswick, has resigned his position to become Professor of Didactics, in Acadia College, Nova Scotia.

The Exchange Bank at Montreal has suspended payment. It has been in difficulties for some time. There will not be much loss, except to some shareholders who are wealthy.

A complimentary banquet is to be given to Sir Hector Langevin, at Montreal, next week.

Bishop Hellmuth's resignation has been accepted. The Synod will meet at London on October 17th to elect his successor.

Crops in the Algoma district are reported as being very good.

A vacant building adjoining the Whitby Collegiate Institute was burned on Monday.

Last Thursday evening some burglars made a raid upon several places at Brigden Station, on the Canada Southern Railway. They did not get much booty.

The same day a daring robbery was committed at London. John Blackburn was suddenly attacked by three colored men, who carried off his watch.

McMillan's oil refinery, at Petrolia, was burned on Tuesday.

A disastrous fire occurred at Woodstock on Tuesday. Pocock's planing mills were completely destroyed, and some other buildings damaged.

Some sparks from the burning steamer *Queen Victoria*, near Chatham, set fire to Mr. Clement's barn. The building and contents were totally destroyed.

A serious fire in Toronto, on Wednesday evening, destroyed some small houses, and damaged several stores.

A fire occurred at Uxbridge on the 14th inst. The *Guardian* office was destroyed, and some other buildings were badly damaged.

A horrible accident occurred at Alvinston on Friday. A fourteen-months-old child was attacked and badly mutilated by a pig.

A little girl, infant daughter of Mr. John Balfour, Omemees, got possession of some strychnine pills on Wednesday morning and swallowed some of them. She died in a couple of hours.

Mrs. Nathan Noble was killed by a Credit Valley train near St. Thomas on the 14th inst. On the same day Wm. Waite was killed while helping to move a building in St. Thomas.

John Moran, a brakeman on the G. T. R., was killed near Grafton. While on top of a moving train he struck against a bridge, was thrown off the car, and died almost instantly.

On Thursday last a man named McDowell was fatally stabbed in a drunken row at Cobourg.

Henry Cathcart, a blacksmith of Lucan, died on Monday from the effects of injury received while shoeing a horse.

A boy named Addie Matheson was shot dead on Monday at Drummondville, Ont., by a drunken Italian.

Mrs. Baldrow, of London, was killed by a train at Kincardine Station last week.

Jas. Clark, a laborer, was fatally injured on Saturday near St. Thomas. He was at work on a bridge, and was crushed by a heavy stone.

Peter McTavish was killed on his own farm in Sullivan, on Monday, by a vicious bull.

Miss E. Laing of Stanton, Eng., who came to Canada on a pleasure trip a short while since, was badly crushed by a train in Hamilton station on Tuesday, and is not expected to live.

Arthur Blackmore, who lives near Toronto, has been missing from his home since last week. His relatives fear that he has committed suicide.

Thomas Vine, a moulder in a Toronto foundry, was badly burned on Monday evening by the upsetting of a ladle of molten iron.

A. Carmichael, a carpenter, was killed by a piece of falling timber while he was at work on a bridge across the G. T. R. track near Newcastle, last Friday.

George D. Ansley, Montreal City Engineer, has been seriously injured by a fall from his horse, and is not expected to recover.

While Mrs. Ignace Hamel, of the parish of St. Gertrude, county of Nicolet, Quebec, was lighting a fire in a stove a cinder communicated the flames to her clothing. She was fearfully burnt, and died three hours later in great suffering.

### AMERICAN.

The Sovereign Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows began its fifty-ninth annual session on Monday at Providence, R. I.

The *Chicago News* publishes letters from physicians in answer to a circular asking opinions as to the probability of a cholera epidemic. Most of them anticipate more or less cholera next year, and urge the necessity of a thorough observance of sanitary precautions.

A conference of Bishops of the Roman Catholic church is being held at Baltimore.

The United States Greeley relief steamship *Yantic* has returned. Her tidings are lamentable. No word has been received from Greeley or any of his party. The steamer *Proteus* was crushed in floe ice at the entrance to Smith's Sound, July 23rd. Captain Pike and his crew and the scientific party are passengers by the *Yantic*.



Prof. Swift, at Rochester, discovered a comet last Saturday evening in the constellation Draco. He receives the Warner prize of two hundred dollars. The comet is wonderfully brilliant.

The steamer *Wm. Harrison*, from Hull to Boston, in a fog was run into by the steam collier *Professor Morse*, from New York. The *Harrison* was cut to the water's edge. The *Morse* being iron, the vessel received no damage. There was much excitement among the passengers.

Ninety men are on strike at the Delroy Glass Works, near Detroit. The strike is occasioned by a demand equivalent to five per cent. reduction of wages, which the workmen refuse to grant.

Pleuro-pneumonia has appeared among cattle in Delaware, Chester, and York counties, Pa. Three hundred and fifty are affected, and a dozen have been killed.

The peanut crop is reported to be a failure throughout the state of Virginia in consequence of the drouth. It is not believed more than a fourth of the crop will be made. The loss will be \$200,000.

The New York police are looking for Abram Nesbitt, the sixteen-year-old son of the President of the 2nd National Bank of Easton, Pa., who ran away from home, and is said to be heir to half a million dollars.

A case of leprosy was brought to San Francisco by the last steamer from Honolulu. The quarantine officer refused permission to land, and a writ of *habeas corpus* has been issued.

Unknown parties recently passed worthless bills upon Boston tradesmen, headed, "Irish Republic," and purporting to be signed by John O'Mahoney, agent of the Irish Republic, and B. Drawfillian, financial secretary. The bills are dated March 17th, 1856, and promise six months after acknowledgment of the independence of the Irish Republic to pay the bearer five dollars. The bill would readily be taken for a United States note.

A bad fire occurred in New York city. Several stores were gutted and much property destroyed.

The Merchants Union Barb Wire Works at Des Moines, Iowa, were burned Friday night; loss unknown; insurance \$20,000.

Serious fires have also occurred at Brooklyn, Atlanta and Milwaukee.

Louisa B. Klanowsky, of Detroit, has begun a suit for \$10,000 against the Grand Trunk road for the death of her husband, who was run over and killed last June at the Chene street crossing in that city.

Wm. G. Hunter, a druggist of New Haven, Conn., sold laudanum for paragon by mistake, on Wednesday, to Patrick H. O'Brien, who administered it to his infant, causing death.

The steampipe of the steamer *Rosalal*, plying between New York and Bridgeport, burst on Wednesday, totally scalding a four-year-old son of Peter Daly, of Birmingham.

The Postmaster-General says the reduction in letter postage will cause a loss to the Government of over two millions.

Louisiana advices say that caterpillars have appeared in swarms in the vicinity of Vermillionville, and are devastating the cotton.

Moody, the evangelist, preached in his old church in Chicago last Sunday morning. There was a great crush, and a number of women and children were seriously hurt.

Charles J. Foster, editor of the *New York Sportsman*, died on Wednesday, aged 63.

Frank Von Meter, of New York, son of the evangelist, has been arrested on a charge of embezzling \$4,200 from a lumber firm at Newark, while their bookkeeper.

At Myerstown, Pa., Andrew Pfangavner, a tramp, has been arrested on a charge of abducting Alice Wenwick, aged 11, and roasting her alive.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. Gladstone is absent in Europe. He has entertained some Royal personages, and is being greatly lionized.

Lord Dufferin, the British Ambassador to Turkey, has been recalled.

Parrell has paid off the mortgage on his estate, £13,000, from the proceeds of the testimonial fund.

A great struggle between capital and labour in the Lancashire cotton trade is expected. The operatives will resist a reduction of wages, which the masters consider the condition of trade renders necessary.

The agricultural districts of England report a large increase in foot and mouth disease.

O'Donnell, the murderer of Carey, arrived at Plymouth on the steamer *Athenian*.

Dutton Cook is dead. He was a contributor to *Punch*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *World*.

Admiral Sir Richard Colinson is dead. He commenced the Enterprize expedition which left in 1850 in search of Franklin.

The Trades Unions have held a great Congress at Birmingham. Joseph Arch offered a resolution that, considering the large amount of waste land in the kingdom capable of cultivation, radical changes in the land system of the country are required, that the land may be put under productive cultivation for the benefit of the community, thereby offering a check to excessive emigration. The resolution was adopted with an amendment calling upon the Government to declare such land Government property.

## FOREIGN.

Yellow fever is raging with great violence at Guyamas, in Mexico.

The celebration of the seventy-third anniversary of Mexican independence was immensely enthusiastic. The procession of societies, schools, Government employees, military, and allegorical cars was four hours passing a given point. The city was crowded with strangers, and bunting was displayed everywhere.

The insurgents in Hayti have been badly beaten, and it is expected they will soon be entirely suppressed.

*La Patrie* reports that the police frustrated a plot to kill King Alfonso during the latter's stay in Paris.

The Emperor of Germany has conferred the Order of the Black Eagle upon the Crown Prince of Portugal.

The barque *Oxford*, from New York to Havre, caught fire, and was burned to the water's edge.

The Italian barque *Serena*, from New York for Bilbao, was totally wrecked at the latter port.

It is said that the recent accessions to the Austro-German alliance will shortly result in Germany proposing a general congress of all the European Powers with a view to determining upon a general disarmament. It is reported that Austria, Spain, and Italy have signified their willingness to participate in the congress.

Seventeen Pomeranian herring-boats are missing since the recent gales.

Col. Clibborn, of the Salvation Army, has been expelled from the city of Geneva, in Switzerland. Miss Booth, a member of the Army, has been imprisoned at Neufchatel for violating an order prohibiting holding meetings.

The four-hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther's birth has been celebrated at Wittenberg in a very imposing manner, 50,000 visitors were present, and an oration was delivered by the Crown Prince.

The rebellious peasants in Croatia are well-organized, and are giving much trouble.

There has been a great battle between the French and the Black-flags, and the latter are badly beaten.

There is still much excitement among Australian Colonists because the British Government refuses to sanction their annexation of adjoining islands.

## Ladies' Department.

### THE DEAN OF WELLS ON THE MINISTRY OF WOMEN.

At the first annual meeting of the Bath and Wells Lay Helper's Association, held at the Cathedral on July 26th, the Dean of Wells read a paper on "The Ministry of Women." He said:—It seems the conventionally right thing to say on this, as a topic of the day, that the highest ministry of woman is the ministry of home; that wifehood and motherhood are the crown, almost the limit of her functions in the body politic. We have heard this repeated with a wearisome iteration against every claim for the recognition of woman's rights or the extension of her duties. Like all such conventional utterances it has an element of divine truth in it. . . . Step by step the conventional prejudice of which I speak has had to give way before the advance of truer and more Christian thought. Women may be poor law guardians and may sit on school boards. . . . Many forms of such work have already obtained recognition. Women may be Sunday-school teachers and district visitors without incurring the reproach of being unfeminine. Here, at least, we do not shrink back, as from some dangerous spectre, from the outward garb of the deaconess or the sister. We are beginning to recognise that our labors among the sick and poor should be more organized, and clothed with a more definite

authority,—that the polity of the Church is not complete without them. But each of these, it must be remembered, has had to struggle in its day against the prejudices of invincible ignorance and the tenacity of routine. I should not be surprised if what I am about to propose should give a fresh shock to those respectable prepossessions. That proposal is simply that we should recognise and foster, on a far wider scale than at present, the teaching functions of women in the ministry of the Church of Christ. I do this on the broad grounds that they have often, in large measure, the gifts of teaching, and that the Spirit who bestows those gifts did not give them to be wasted. The principle of a "*carriere ouverte aux talents*" holds good here also. I cannot see why a woman who might teach men and women should be confined to exercise that power upon boys and girls only. . . . To neglect that influence is, I venture to think, from one point, an economical blunder, as a waste of material, and of force; and from another, as little less than the sin of wrapping up the talent which God has given in the napkin of a conventional routine instead of occupying with it, till the Judge shall come, in the market of the souls of men. Are we to recognize the stage and the concert room as a fit sphere for the display of a women's gifts of genius and culture, and then serenely exclude her from the mission-room and the platform because that would be at variance with the natural modesty of her sex? . . . After alluding to St. Paul's prohibition of women from teaching, he asked if St. Paul gave a special direction as to the outward dress of women who prayed and prophesied, did it not imply that they might, under these circumstances, prophesy—that was, speak words of comfort and counsel as the spirit gave them utterance? . . . For my part, I find it hard to imagine that Priscilla, who expounded the way of God more perfectly even to Apollos—as Elizabeth Fry or Hannah More may have done to a Georgian bishop—was altogether a mute person when a Church in her house was gathered together so that one might edify another. And even if the prohibition was as absolute as you imagine, what proof have you that it was intended to be binding for all time, and not rather to take its place among the things that might be varied from time to time by the wisdom of the Church, according to the diversity of countries, times and men's manners. I can well imagine that a man of St. Paul's cautious and temperate wisdom would have been slow to sanction what would have clashed with the prepossessions of his converts. But in the history of his own people there were precedents of another character. It was characteristic of Hebrew nations, as it was afterwards of that Teutonic race which gave a fresh life to a decayed and corrupted Christendom, that they recognised God's gifts as bestowed on women for the guidance of his people. The long succession of prophetesses—Miriam, Deborah, the wife of Isaiah, Huldah, Anna—which had been the glory of Israel, was that to have no counterpart in the new Israel of the Church of Christ? Even, as it was, I find in the Councils of the early Church, a full recognition of the teaching functions of women in relation to their own sex, and even of men elsewhere than in the public assemblies of the Church. As new elements of life began to develop themselves, I note the influence of Hilda in our own English Church, presiding over a monastery, not of women only, but of men, training them in the knowledge of Scripture, publicly and privately, and in the pastoral office, so that Bishops went to receive their candidates for orders from what was practically a Theological College under a Lady Principal. In the fourteenth century we have in St. Catherine of Siena one who directed the policy of Popes, harangued them in the presence of their Cardinals, and was consulted by divines on abstruse questions of theology; who was admitted to the third order of the Dominicans, or preaching friars, labored for the salvation of souls, and guided in the way of righteousness those whom she had converted. It lies in the nature of the case that those women who suffered in Reformation struggles—Joan Beucher, Ann Askew, and others—had made themselves conspicuous by the influence which they exercised over the minds of disciples as well as by private heretical opinions of their own. The influence of the Abbesses, and Nuns of Portroyal, and of the Regents or teachers who were sent by Nicholas Pavillon, Bishop of Alet, to instruct those of their own sex, and who was welcomed by little children, and blessed by the roughest peasants with tears in their eyes, is another example of the organization of what we are content to waste. I do not, of course, in offering this suggestion, claim a full license for the utterance of every thought suggested by earnestness, or genius, or wisdom. God is not the author of confusion, but of order, as in all the Churches of the Saints. What I ask is, that the barriers of conventional usage which keep them from any exercise of their gifts shall be removed,

and that deaconesses and Bible women shall be placed on the same footing as deacons once were, and as lay readers are. Training, examination, the consent of the Incumbent, the Bishops' license, all these I should contend for in the case of women as of men. . . . What I have said may perhaps startle and offend now. I do not despair of its being within half a century accepted, acted on, regard as a common-place truism. The past is in this respect the earnest of the future. Even Sunday School Teachers, and Deaconesses, and Sisters of mercy, have had their martyrs and confessors. The devout lady of Barleywood (Mrs. Hannah More), when she opened a school for children and Bible classes for adults, was charged by the farmers and the clergy of the neighborhood with stepping out of her sphere, encouraging rebellion, dishonesty, and immorality; her writings were fit to be burned by the common hangman. Miss Sellon and her fellow-workers were the objects of the savage hatred of mobs at Plymouth. As it is, we have learnt, as usual, to build the sepulchres of the prophets while we repeat the blunders of those who stoned them. But truth is mighty and will at last prevail, and in this, as in other things, the age to come will think with those who have seemed to their own generation as the preachers of a dream.—*Women's Suffrage Journal*.

#### MEDICAL WOMEN FOR INDIA.

Mrs. Scharlieb, M. B. and B. S. (London), had the honor of being received by the Queen, at Windsor, before taking her departure for Madras, where she intends to practice as a physician.

Mrs. Scharlieb lived at Madras for some years before coming to England to enter the London School of Medicine for Women, with a view to enhancing the qualification already possessed by her for medical practice. On the completion of her school career she took the scholarship and gold medal in midwifery at the examination of the London University, as well as honors in medicine, forensic medicine and surgery. During her interview with the Queen, Her Majesty made many enquiries about the conditions of the native female population of India, and was much interested in what Mrs. Scharlieb was able, from personal experience, to tell her, as to the need of medical women in that country. At the conclusion of the visit, the Queen, of her own accord, presented Mrs. Scharlieb with her likeness, and desired her to tell the women of India, of all classes, that she was much interested in hearing about them, and that they had her fullest sympathy.—*W. S. Journal*.

#### NATIVE LADY LAWYERS AND DOCTORS IN INDIA.

According to a statement published in a Madras paper Mrs. Ethirajula, a native lady, has been granted permission by Mr. Nayadu, B.A., a sub-magistrate, to practise in his court as a private pleader. The new practitioner is described as "the wife of the Rev. S. Ethirajulu, whom native Christians of Madras may still remember," and as "a lady talking English very fluently and charmingly, and European-like in her habits, except in her dress." It appears that at present Mrs. Ethirajulu is keeping a private girls' school in the city. The *Indian Daily News* also states that a native lady has already been enrolled as a pupil in the primary class of the Medical College Hospital, Calcutta.—*Western Daily News*.

Mme. Carla Serena, the explorer and writer, has been made an honorary corresponding member of the Geographical Society of Marseilles. She is the first woman ever thus distinguished.

Bill Nye, the humorist of Wyoming Territory, says of women suffrage there: "It is apparently a great success. All classes of women vote, and they have so transformed the polls that an eastern man would never recognize a voting place in our territory."

Miss Mary M. Carey, young, fair and gentle, is employed by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad at Nazata, as depot and express agent. She has charge of yard work and signals around the station. She is at her post from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. much of the time. She is respected by all and understands her duties thoroughly. She is the eldest of four orphan girls, who live and keep house together.

## Our Gasket.

## GOOD THINGS.

## THE LITTLE BLACK TEAPOT.

## I.

When the sky darkens down on a cold winter's day ;  
When we long for the sunshine to come and to stay ;  
When the angry winds rage, and down from each cloud  
Comes the drift that envelopes all things in a shroud—  
To warm me and cheer me I have something at hand,  
In the little black teapot that smokes on the stand.

## II.

And this tea-pot, though tiny, is handsome and bright,  
With its mate, the small creamer, gold-bordered and white;  
Then the sugar dish has on its handle a bird,  
And it makes as shrill whistling as boy ever heard,  
And "Forget-me-not ;" this is its golden command,  
Both to me and the tea-pot that smokes on the stand.

## III.

While a pile of cream crackers suffices for lunch —  
I've no longing for wines—am a stranger to punch ;  
And I never am called on for bills at the bar,  
So my credit is good, and my paper at par,  
When I thirst I've a beverage ready at hand,  
In the little black teapot that smokes on the stand.

## IV.

Let them pile on their silver, their service of plate ;  
Let them sit at Delmonico's table in state ;  
Let them quaff at the capital Europe's rich wines,  
And wring the life-blood from the foreigner's vines ;  
I'm content—while I envy no lord in the land—  
With the little black teapot that smokes on the stand.

—Philadelphia Press.

Of all poverty, that of the mind is most deplorable.

There are few things in life more interesting than an unrestricted interchange of ideas with a congenial spirit, and there are few things more rare.

If you have a duty to do, stand fast to it, or push ahead in it without fear or flinching. There is no safer place in the world than at the post of duty.

Selfishness is the one great foe to a happy home. If one could overthrow this, all else would fall into order and harmony. When men leave off seeking for enjoyment, and complaining because people and circumstances do not afford it, and aim rather at bestowing it upon those to whom they are bound in the holiest of ties, they will have cut at the root of their domestic troubles. With this spirit, outward misfortunes will be bravely borne, outward joys will be doubly blessed.

## QUEER THINGS.

A boy says in his composition that "Onions are the vegetables that make you sick if you don't eat them yourself."

"I never loved but one person," sighed Biggs. "And as a man cannot marry himself," remarked Fogg, "of course it came to nothing, poor fellow!"

No bird is actually on the wing. The wing is on the bird.

A traveller, inquiring at a feudal castle whether he could see the antiquities of the place, received the simple answer from a servant: "I'm sorry, sir; my lady and her daughters have gone to town."

Some one wrote Mr. Greely, inquiring if guano was good to put on potatoes. The venerable agriculturalist replied that it might do for those whose tastes had become vitiated with tobacco and rum, but he preferred gravy and butter.

A London tourist met a young woman going to the kirk, and, as was not unusual, she was carrying her boots in her hand and was trudging along barefoot. "My girl," said he, "Is it customary for the people in these parts to go barefoot?" "Pairtly they do," said the girl, "and pairtly they mind their own business."

A little girl in a London Sunday School, being asked why God made the flowers of the field, replied: "Please, ma'am I suppose for patterns for artificial flowers."

A little three-year old, whose father doesn't use a razor, was recently, while on a visit to an aunt, greatly interested in seeing her uncle shave. After watching him intently for a few minutes, she said "Uncle, what do you do that for? Papa don't wash his face with a little broom, and wipe it with a knife."

"I have been married now," boasted a prosy old fellow, "much more than thirty years, and have never given my wife a cross word." "That's because you never dared, uncle," said a little nephew who lived with them, "if you had, auntie would have made you jump."

A gentleman having occasion to call on Mr. Joseph G——, writer, found him at home in his writing chamber. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said, "It is as hot as an oven." "So it ought to be," replied Mr. G——, for 'tis here I make my bread.

An Irish lawyer having addressed the court as "gentlemen," instead of "yer honors," after he had concluded a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately rose and apologised thus: "May it plaze the court, in the hate of the debate I called your honors gentlemen. I made a mistake, yer honors."

A Chicago husband recently ordered a pair of trousers from the tailor. On trying them they proved to be several inches too long. It being late on Saturday night the tailor's shop was closed, and he took them to his wife and asked her to cut them off and hem them over. The good lady, whose dinner had perhaps disagreed with her, brusquely refused. The same result followed an application to the wife's sister and the eldest daughter. But before bedtime the wife, relenting, took the pants, and cutting off six inches from the legs, hemmed them up nicely and restored them to the closet. Half an hour later her daughter, taken with compunction for her unfilial conduct, took the trousers, and cutting off six inches, hemmed and replaced them. Finally, the sister-in-law felt the pangs of conscience, and she, too, performed an additional surgical operation on the garment. When the man appeared at breakfast on Sunday morning, the family thought a Highland chieftain had arrived.

## For Girls and Boys.

## LINDY.

"Oh, Daddy!" called a clear, girlish voice.

"Yes, Lindy; what's wanted?"

"Ma wants to know how long it'll be 'fore you're ready."

"Oh, tell her I'll be at the door by the time she gets her things on. Be sure you have the butter and eggs all ready to put into the wagon. We're making too late a start to town."

Butter and eggs, indeed! As if Lindy needed a reminder other than the new dress for which they were to be exchanged.

"Elmer and I can go to town next time, can't we, ma?" she asked, entering the house.

"Yes, Lindy; I hope so," was the reply. "But don't bother me now; your pa is coming already, and I haven't my shawl on yet. Yes, Wilbur, I'm here. Just put this butter in, Lindy; I'll carry the eggs in my lap. Now, Lindy, don't let Elmer play with the fire or run away."

And in a moment more the heavy lumber wagon rattled away from the door and the children stood gazing after it for awhile in half-forlorn manner. Then Lindy went in to do her work, Elmer resumed his play, and soon everything was moving along as cheerfully as ever.

After dinner Elmer went to sleep, and Lindy, feeling rather lonely again, went out of doors for a change. It was a warm autumnal day, almost the perfect counterpart of a dozen or more which had preceded it. The sun shone brightly, and the hot winds that swept through the tall grass made that and all else it touched so dry that the prairie seemed like a vast tinder box. Though her parents had but lately moved to the place, Lindy was accustomed to the prairies. She had been on them, and her eyes were familiar with nothing else, yet, as she stood to-day with that brown unbroken expanse rolling away before her until it reached the pale bluish-gray of the sky, the indescribable feeling of awe and terrible solitude which such a scene often inspires in one not familiar with it gradually stole over her. But Lindy was far too practical to re-

main long under such an influence. The chickens were "peeping" loudly, and she remembered that they were still without their dinner.

As she passed around the corner of the house with a dish of corn in her hand, the wind almost lifted her from the ground. It was certainly blowing with greater violence than during the morning.

Great tumble-weeds went flying by, turning over and over with almost lightning-like rapidity, then, pausing for an instant's rest, were caught by another gust and carried along mile after mile till some fence or other obstacle was reached, where they could pile up in great drifts, and wait till a brisk wind from an opposite direction should send them rolling and tumbling all the way back. But Lindy did not notice the tumble-weeds. The dish of corn had fallen from her hands and she stood looking straight ahead with wide-open, terrified eyes.

What was the sight that so frightened her?

Only a line of fire below the horizon. Only a line of fire, with forked flames darting high into the air and a cloud of smoke drifting away from them. A beautiful relief, this bright, changing spectacle, from the brown monotony of the prairie.

But the scene was without beauty for Lindy. Her heart had given one great bound when she first saw the red line, and then it seemed to quit beating. She had seen many prairie fires; had seen her father and other men fight them, and she knew at once the danger her home was in. What could she, a little girl, do to save it, and perhaps herself and her little brother, from the destroyer which the scuth wind was bringing right toward them?

Only for a moment Lindy stood, white and motionless; then with a bound she was at the well. Her course was decided upon. If only time and strength were given her! Drawing two pails of water, she laid a large bag in each, and then, getting some matches, hurried out beyond the stable. She must fight the fire with fire. That was her only hope; but a strong experienced man would have shrunk from starting a back fire in such a wind.

She fully realized the danger but it was possible escape from otherwise inevitable destruction, and she hesitated not an instant to attempt it. Cautiously starting a blaze, she stood with a wet bag ready to smother the first unruly flame.

The great fire to the southward was rapidly approaching. Prairie chickens and other birds, driven from their nests were flying over, uttering distressing cries. The air was full of smoke and burnt grass, and the crackling of the flames could plainly be heard. It was a trying moment. The increased roar of the advancing fire warned Lindy that she had but little time in which to complete the circle around the house and barn, still, if she hurried too much, she would lose control of the fire she had started, and with it all hope of safety.

The heat was intense, the smoke suffocating, the rapid swinging of the heavy bag most exhausting, but she was unconscious of these things. The extremity of the danger inspired her with wonderful strength and endurance. Instead of losing courage, she increased her almost superhuman exertions, and in another brief interval the task was completed. None too soon, either, for the swiftly advancing column had nearly reached the wavering, struggling, slowly moving line Lindy had sent out to meet it.

It was wild, fascinating, half-terrible, half-beautiful scene. The tongues of flame, leaping above each other with airy, fantastic grace, seemed, cat-like, to toy with their victims before devouring them.

A sudden, violent gust of wind, and then with a great crashing roar the two fires met, the flames shooting high into the air as they rushed together.

For one brief, glorious moment they remained there, lapping their fierce hot tongues; then suddenly dropping, they died quickly out; and where an instant before had been a wall of fire, was nothing now but a cloud of blue smoke rising from the blackened ground, and here and there a sickly flame finishing any obstinate tufts of grass. The fire on each side, meeting no obstacle, swept quickly by, and Lindy stood gazing, spellbound, after it as it darted and flashed in terrible zigzag lines farther and farther away.

"Oh, Lindy!" called a shrill little voice from the house. Elmer had just awakened.

"Yes, I'm coming," Lindy answered turning. But how very queer she felt! There was a roaring in her ears louder than the fire had made; everything whirled before her eyes, and the sun seemed suddenly to have ceased shining, all was so dark. Reaching the house by a great effort, she sank, faint, dizzy, and trembling, upon the bed by her brother's side.

Elmer, frightened and hardly awake, began to cry, and, as he

never did anything in a half-way manner, the result was quite wonderful. His frantic shrieks and furious cries roused his half-fainting sister as effectually as if he had poured a glass of brandy between her lips. She soon sat up, and by and by color began to return to the white face, and strength to the exhausted body. Her practical nature and strong will again asserted themselves, and instead of yielding to a feeling of weakness and prostration, she tied on her sun-bonnet firmly, and gave the chickens their long-delayed dinner.

But when half an hour later her father found her fast asleep, with the glow from the sky reflected on her weary little face, he looked out the window for a moment, pictured to himself the terrible scenes of the afternoon, and then down at his daughter. "A brave girl!" he murmured, smoothing the yellow hair with his hard, brown hand—"a brave girl."—*Charlotte A. Butts, in the August St. Nicholas.*

### THE ECHO-BOY.

A little boy once went home to his mother and said:—

"Mother, sister and I went out into the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mocking us."

"How do you mean, Johnny?" said his mother.

"Why," said the child, "I was calling out 'Ho!' and this boy said 'Ho!' So I said to him 'Who are you?' and he answered 'Who are you?' I said, 'What is your name?' He said, 'What is your name?' And I said to him, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said, 'Show yourself?' And I jumped over the ditch, and I went into the woods, and I could not find him, and I came back and said, 'If you don't come out I will punch your head!' and he said, 'I will punch your head!'"

So his mother said:—Ah! Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said 'I love you.' If you had said, 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you said to him he would have said back to you." And the mother said:—"Now, Johnny, when you grow and get to be a man, whatever you say to others they will by-and-by say back to you." And his mother took him to the old text in the Scripture, "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."—*Temperance Record.*

### A WASP IN THE PEAR.

It was near to the close of an autumn day  
When Willy ran into the orchard to play,  
Or rather to look if perchance there might be  
A pear that had dropped from his favorite tree.  
So thither he scampered, and presently found  
A beautiful one which lay there on the ground.  
Its colors were rich and he knew it was sweet;  
So he seized it with joy, and began to eat.  
Oh! how happy was he thus its juices to taste.  
But, alas! his enjoyment was speedily chased,  
For a wasp was concealed in the pulp of the pear,  
And Willy soon painfully found it was there;  
For, pressed in his mouth, the passionate thing  
Pierced his tongue and his lips with its venomous sting.  
With screams and with tears to his mother he ran,  
Who at once to reprove and relieve him began.  
And the means which a mother knows how to employ  
Soon abated the pain of her much-beloved boy.  
But she thought an event which such anguish had caused,  
Bestowed an occasion too good to be lost,  
For storing with cautions the mind of her son,  
Which might guide and preserve him as life should roll on.  
"Ah! Willy," she said, "there are hundreds of things  
That are lovely without, but within have their stings.  
When Pleasure allures thee take heed of her snare,  
Else oft thou wilt find there's a wasp in the pear.  
Thus the drink of the drunkard doth thousands entice;  
How short-lived the pleasure, how fearful its price!  
Health, money, friends, peace, are but part of the cost;  
Reputation and life, and the soul too, are lost.  
The joy of an hour or two, after it brings  
Guilt piercing the conscience with terrible stings.  
In this world the anguish is oftentimes great,  
But a doom far more dreadful doth drunkards await!  
Oh! then, Willy, when tempted to taste it, beware,  
And always remember *the wasp in the pear!*"

—Selected.