

# THE CANADA CITIZEN

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD

Freedom for the Right Means Suppression of the Wrong.

VOL. 4.

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## The Canada Citizen AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22nd, 1884.

## THE PROHIBITION HOME-PROTECTION PARTY.

Many of the most earnest and hard-working temperance reformers in the United States are so thoroughly dissatisfied with the indifference shown towards their cause by the two great political parties of their country, that they have cut themselves from old party connections and formed a new and distinct political organization with the name that forms the title of this article. This new party is growing numerically at a startling rate, and in its ranks are to be found some of the best men in the land. Already in many states tickets have been nominated, and good votes have been polled. A National Convention will be held at Pittsburg on May 31st, and for the information of our readers, as well as to mark a very important phase of the temperance reform, and an era in its history, we elsewhere publish in full the CALL for the Convention.

## FEMALE INTEMPERANCE.

It is stated by those who favor a continuation of the grocers' license system, that female intemperance is not attributable to the sale of liquor by grocers, and an attempt is being made to prejudice the public against the present movement by the assertion that the advocates of separation are "libelling the fair fame" of our wives and daughters. This implies that the statements made by temperance workers are (1) untrue, and (2) discreditable to ladies. Both of these assumptions are incorrect and misleading.

(1.) It is not needful to go again over the often-travelled ground of overwhelming testimony in reference to this matter, the Report of the Committee of the House of Lords is a plain statement of the inevitable tendency of the grocers' license system, as well as of the

correspondence between what might reasonably be expected, and what has actually occurred, we only refer further to the now famous medical manifesto, part of it reads as follows:—

"The undersigned being members of the medical profession beg to record our strong persuasion that the facilities for obtaining spirits, wines, stout and ale in bottles which are provided by the grocers' license have a most injurious tendency. We believe women servants and children of respectable households, who could not and would not procure intoxicating drinks at taverns, are encouraged to purchase and use these liquors by the opportunity offered when visiting the grocers' stores for other purposes. We protest against the continuance of these licenses on grounds moral and medical."

This document was signed by no less than NINE HUNDRED duly qualified medical practitioners, many of them men of the highest standing and most extensive practice in their profession. What the traffic is in other places it is in Canada. The writer of this article has had assurance from Canadian medical talent of the alarming increase of female intemperance here.

(2.) The argument that the abolition of grocers' licenses would check drinking among women is not in any sense discreditable to women. Every word of it is not only a plea for purity, but an assertion of the better feeling and self-respect of our Canadian ladies. It is a proclamation of our knowledge that they are not vulnerable to the temptations of the bar-room and the saloon; and that if the reputedly respectable sources of supply are cut off they will abstain rather than obtain these supplies from other sources. There are two classes of women who drink, those of means, position and sense of honor who buy openly at licensed groceries, and those—though they may be few—who obtain surreptitiously under cover of falsified accounts drink that is ignorantly paid for by supporters who would not provide means for the purchase of liquor. The former class will not, and the latter class cannot, obtain the means of intemperance under the system for which we trust all our best citizens will vote on the 25th.

## Selected Articles.

### WET GROCERIES.

We are told on every hand that grocers who sell liquor have a great advantage over those who do not. This drives many men who are not anxious to deal in intoxicants into taking out a license in order to be able to compete with grocers who are attracting custom by means of the liquor trade. It is evidently an evil that this state of affairs should exist. There are plenty of men anxious to sell liquor because its sale is profitable; we want no one to be driven into the trade as a measure of self-preservation.

It is a Democratic maxim that the liberty of the citizen should be restricted as little as is consistent with the public good. But it is plain to every unbiased thinker that the public good is in no way increased by the sale of intoxicants. On the other hand it is clear to us all, that the liquor trade must be restricted in some way in order to preserve order and morality, and restrain those who seem unable to restrain themselves. To many who are actually engaged in the trade, liquor selling is regarded as a

necessary evil, and those taking this view of it join with *The News* in wishing that increased restrictions may be thrown around the business.

The fewer the places in which liquor is sold, the less the difficulty of inspecting the sale and keeping it within the limits of law and decency. More than this, every shop license abolished lessens the temptation, and adds to the difficulty of procuring liquor. Men who insist on drinking can still procure what they desire in liquor stores and hotels, but they will not have the temptation thrust under their noses every time they go into the "grocery" to buy a loaf of bread or a pound of tea.

There is no greater harm done to the community than that done by the grocer who encourages trade by treating his customers to whisky. Yet, it would be a safe assertion, that the majority of "wet-grocers" encourage trade and get "solid" with their customers in that way. It is unnecessary to recount the system of this evil, or the tendency of traders to make their customers "merry" before making sales. These evils are recognized in this and every other community, and every person acquainted with the sins which beset city life can testify to the means by which women stealthily obtain intoxicating liquor. Let it be said to the credit of the sex, that the appetite for stimulants must have laid deadly hold of a respectable Canadian woman before she will sacrifice her dignity and sense of propriety by going into a saloon or grog shop with the declared purpose of buying drink for herself. Neither can she in such places have whisky charged to her husband or father under the name of tea, or fish, or potatoes.

Thus the entire separation of the grocery and liquor trade will protect many weak men and women from temptation, and we say "God speed the day when this additional protection may be theirs." Those who oppose the separation and abuse *The News* for the stand it has taken, have an unrighteous cause, and are armed with selfishness only. Their cry of "vested rights" is without force, for no privilege extended any shopkeeper has a right to stand in the way of public order and morality. If the so-called "vested right" was created by public enactment, then recompense should be paid its owner on its removal. But the grocery license is a transient affair, granted from year to year, and liable to termination at the public will. Those who get into the business understand this perfectly, and take their chances.

In view of the many and forcible arguments in favor of the abolition of grocery-store temptation, it appears to us that those who are talking and working against this reform are shouldering a serious load. If they are successful, every ruined life, every wretched home, and every tarnished reputation which results from the grocery store bottle, will bring terribly increased remorse to those who are anxious to live no matter who may die.

*The News* is not classing all liquor-dealers together, nor is it the purpose of this article to stigmatize all "wet grocers" as careless of the results of their traffic. Many of those who are fighting against the reform which *The News* is urging would not willingly beset the lives of their neighbors with temptation. They have been so long in the trade however, that they fail to separate the evils which naturally arise from the weakness of human nature from the evils which are created by the cupidity of those who neither fear God nor regard man. These good-intentioned people prevent many of the evils which would naturally arise from their business, but they must remember that they are the exceptions not the rule.

Therefore, the grocery grog-shop must go.—*Toronto News*.

## NATIONAL CONVENTION

### AGAINST THE LIQUOR-CRIME.

All citizens of the United States, without distinction of section, sex, race, color, place of birth, or former party relation, who are in favor of the prohibition by the national government, in its constitution and laws, and its treaties with other governments, of the manufacture, sale, or supply, importation, or exportation of alcoholic beverages, in any form, distilled or fermented, as a high crime against the nation and the civilized world, and who will support the election of an administration to enforce this prohibition, are invited to send delegates to the National Convention of the Prohibition Home-Protection Party, to be held in the City of Pittsburgh, in the State of Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, the twenty-first day of May, 1884, at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., to nominate candidates for the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States; to adopt a platform of such principles and measures of national government as are living issues

before the people; and to transact such other business as the Convention may deem proper.

The basis of representation in the Convention will be one delegate for every 250, and fraction over 100, of the number of votes cast for the leading candidate on the State ticket of the Prohibition Home-Protection Party, at the last regular State election, held in the years 1882 and 1883, in each of the following named thirteen states; in which such tickets were voted: California, Connecticut, Illinois, Main, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin.

In all the other states, and in the Territories and District of Columbia, the basis of representation will be one delegate for every 250 and fraction over 100, of the qualified voters at general elections there, who sign the following:

#### NATIONAL CALL.

We, the undersigned citizens of—, in the county of—, and State (or Territory) of—, hereby unite in calling a convention of the signers of this and similar calls circulated in this county, to be held at—, on the—day of—, 1884, at the hour of—, for the purpose of organizing the Prohibition Home-Protection party in this county, and appointing delegates to a State (or Territorial) convention, to form the party in this State (or Territory), and to appoint delegates to the National Convention of that party, to be held in the city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on the 21st day of May, 1884. We hereby mutually pledge ourselves to each other, that we will entirely separate ourselves from the Republican and Democratic parties, and from all political parties not opposed to the liquor-crime, and that we will do all in our power to promote the success of the principles and candidates of the Prohibition Home-Protecting party.

— — — (Place and date.)

NAMES OF VOTERS. | NAMES OF NON-VOTERS. | POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.

Each County Convention so called, will appoint a committee of one or more of such signers to the National Call, who will unite with like Committees from other Counties in time to send delegates to this National Convention. All delegates to this Convention will be appointed by their several State and Territorial Conventions, and will bring certificates of their appointment signed by the Chairman and Secretary of each; and except from the thirteen states above named, each certificate must also contain the number of qualified electors who have signed the National Call in such State or Territory.

Every delegation to this Convention will have power to fill vacancies in its own number, occurring after its appointment. All friends of the cause not accredited as delegates, are cordially invited to attend the sessions of the Convention, without taking part in its proceedings, unless specially authorized to do so by the Convention.

GIDEON T. STEWART, Chairman.

R. W. NELSON, Secretary.

A. J. JUTKINS, Cor. Secretary.

Of the National Committee of the Prohibition Home-Protection Party.

January 23, 1884.

## THE HARBOR OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Bishop Ireland, in an address before the annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Unions of America, proclaimed total abstinence the true remedy for intemperance as follows: "But what of the efficacy of total abstinence as a remedy for prevailing intemperance? The tens of thousands whom you lead to the practice of total abstinence are saved *A total-abstinence society is the harbor; within the winds are still, the sea is calm; outside the billows roar, and the rocks and shoals lie in wait.* Outside the harbor many escape shipwreck, but many, too, sink low and deep. All who are within have reason to rejoice. In the name of their most precious interests, invite those who are without to enter with you. They have, perhaps, already suffered from the storm, or, may be, they are as yet unscathed.

In either case, far better for them the harbor. The circumstances of the present time, we must remember, are peculiar. Society is honeycombed with temptation to drink; the stoutest and bravest are daily falling victims. Who, you can ask, is sure in advance of victory. To Irishmen, particularly, because of their comparative native powerlessness to resist alcohol, because of the fatal habits in which past traditions have wrapped them, because their welfare is near to my heart, I will never cease pointing out with an undeviating finger the harbor of peace and of security—*total abstinence.*"—*Steuben Signal.*

## THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

Take courage, temperance workers !  
 You shall not suffer wreck  
 While up to God the people's prayers  
 Are rising from your deck.  
 Wait cheerily temperance workers,  
 For daylight and for land ;  
 The breath of God is in your sail,  
 Your rudder in His hand !

Sail on ! sail on ! deep freighted  
 With blessings and with hopes ;  
 The good of old with shadowy hands,  
 Are pulling at your ropes.  
 Behind you, holy martyrs  
 Uplift the palm and crown ;  
 Before you, unborn ages send  
 Their benedictions down.

Courage ! your work is holy,  
 God's errands never fail !  
 Sweep on through storm and darkness,  
 The thunder and the hail !  
 Work on ! sail on ! the morning comes,  
 The port you yet shall win ;  
 And all the bells of God shall ring  
 The ship of temperance in.

—John G. Whittier.

## MISS MACPHERSON ON THE DRUNKARDS' CHILDREN.

A nine days' Blue Ribbon Gospel Temperance Mission has been held at Clapton Park Chapel, in which many prominent advocates have taken part. The meetings have all been largely attended, particularly that on Friday last, when Miss Annie Macpherson, of the Home of Industry, was announced to give an address on the subject of "The Drunkards' Children of our great city ; or, Help better than Pity."

The meeting was presided over by Mr. BENJAMIN WHITWORTH, M. P., who said he knew of no question that ought to interest those more who were really anxious for the spread of the kingdom of Christ than the one before the meeting to-night. Strong drink was a stumbling-block to every good movement in this country, but unfortunately the habit of drinking had become so rooted that it had required fifty years of agitation to gain the position already reached. He had never had a doubt in his mind as to being in the right path, nor had he yet met a person who regretted becoming a total abstainer. On the contrary, he had met thousands who had regretted that they had not become abstainers earlier in life. No one could doubt but that the blessing of the Almighty was on our efforts, because we were doing the very thing that would bring the people of this country to acknowledge the true principles of religion. (Cheers.)

Mr. E. J. KENNEDY, in the course of a very able address, said that he had had ten years' experience of total abstinence, and he could recommend it with the same earnestness as the chairman, though not from the same standpoint of time.

Miss MACPHERSON said that the last speaker had touched all their hearts—(cheers)—and the chairman had covered an even wider range. She appeared before them as having just returned from her thirtieth voyage from Canada. She had travelled some 2,000 miles, and never once been asked to take even a glass of wine ; neither did she see anything of the kind upon the tables of the persons with whom she stayed. Having travelled for the love she had for these children of our great city some 150,000 miles in all, and as personal experience had been the order of the evening, the meeting would pardon her if she honestly and truly stated, as before our loving Father, that not one spoonful in all these voyages, though often in weakness, and often with that "sinking" feeling to which the last speaker had just alluded, had she tasted of intoxicating drinks. If she were sick, a

little gruel and a good dose of sleep soon brought her round. (Cheers.) In view of the present state of things, it behoved us all to abstain, for the world would feel our influence if it would not follow our example. Let every person think this matter out and be fully persuaded in his own mind. She had spent twenty years in the East of London, and, having received the call to her work from God, the means to carry it on had never been wanting. A life of faith in the Son of God had answered all her needs. Her work had shown her that the poorest and even the most criminal could be moved by the touch of human kindness. Tell them the story of the Prodigal Son, and it would melt them. She remembered calling a meeting in George-yard, Whitechapel, where George Holland had laboured for thirty years, and when one of the thieves tried to steal her handkerchief he was roughly handled by the other thieves about him. She asked how many children in the meeting were fatherless and motherless, and twenty-one stood up, with scarcely a rag to cover them. Drunkenness was the great cause of this state of things, and one little fellow told a dreadful story of how his father had so saturated himself with spirit that he had ignited himself and was burned to death (spontaneous combustion). This little fellow had wandered the streets in terror, living as best he could, but a year or more ago she saw him in Canada—one of a thousand children whom she had passed through her Home of Industry. The cases of these children were not all alike. The history and circumstances of each one differed. There were now 3,701 of them in the colonies, and about 600 were married. On her last visit she had the pleasure of seeing in one meeting ten of these children grown up who had been sent out to Canada, and three of them were married. One was a deacon of a church, and all of them were Sunday-school teachers and leaders in the prayer-meeting. There were two sets of sisters who were all engaged to be married and would have homes of their own. She demanded that the Canadian Government should visit these children, and they reported to the British Government that ninety-eight out of every 100 were doing well. (Cheers.) The street children of London stood in great dread of the police. Here was the case of John Gray, which was typical of many others. "Have you a father?" "No." "Have you a mother?" "No; she died a year ago." "What do you do to live?" "I sell water-cress, but I'm terrified out of my life by the police." "But you have a clean shirt on—how did you get that?" And then it came out that an old woman who kept a barrow in the street took his shirt from him, that hadn't been washed for three months before, and washed it in a tin pot by the side of her stall at regular intervals. (Cheers.) Talk of what the rich did for the poor—rather talk of what the poor did for each other. (Cheers.) She (Miss Macpherson) said to him—"John, I will help you; I will be a mother to you." He lived with her for a time, and then went out to Canada, and this summer, on Dominion Day, John rushed up to her with the words on his lips, "Oh! my more than mother!" (Applause.) The way to soothe the "bitter cry of outcast London" was not by bricks and mortar or in English fashion to launch out money recklessly, but to go and search out individual cases of distress and deal with them upon their own merits. Let each Christian do that, and not trust the work to a committee. The time was coming when Parliament would have to look at social questions. (Cheers.) Think of the widows of London. How did they live? Search them out; learn their circumstances and relieve their wants. Drink in the great majority of cases had robbed these women of their husbands, and brought them to the direst penury. She saw a boy one night with feeble voice trying to sell matches in the Whitechapel-road. She asked him his history, and in a few words it was this:—The widow, his mother, was overworked, became ill and destitute. Llewellyn was told by a boy how, by selling matches, he could more than double the money he spent in buying them. He took the last threepence they had and made elevenpence of it. Llewellyn was sent to Canada, and was now a farmer. He had written home, "Come, mother to me. I have a home for you, and I can now support you. You need labour no more for the bread that perisheth." (Cheers.) She had seen that sort of thing repeated a hundred times. Alas! the story was far too frequent that it was the mother who drank, and so cast her offspring amongst all the perils of the streets. Only the other day she had asked the superintendent of a police station to let her look into the cells, and what did she see? One woman dead drunk upon the stone pavement; in the next cell another; and when she opened the wicket of the third cell, the woman who was in it said, in a maudlin voice, "Is that my baby crying?" Think of her husband—at home with no comfort to meet him after his

day's work, with the baby crying for its mother, and with his sleep disturbed—unfitting him for the duties of the next day. This was constantly the case, and when she visited the lodging-houses she found there broken-hearted men who had deserted, because of drunkenness, the women who, before God, they had sworn to cherish and to nourish. Oh, this curse of drink! Oh, for Christian heroism to abstain! Oh, for courage to dare to be a Daniel in this matter! Put on the blue ribbon; and, personally, if she could do good thereby, she would appear in blue ribbon from head to foot. (Loud applause.)—*Temperance Record*.

### Temperance News.

TORONTO.—It would be absolutely impossible to crowd into our limited space details of the contest that is at present exciting this city. The temperance workers are holding in every part of the city meetings at which addresses are delivered by prominent and talented speakers, and by some of our most highly esteemed and energetic citizens. About twenty meetings are being held during the present week; circulars are being scattered broadcast; committees of ladies as well as of gentlemen are making a canvass of the city, and it is confidently expected that next Monday will show that the better and stronger sentiment of the public of this city is strongly in favor of temperance and right. The organization meeting in the Temperance Hall last Friday was very enthusiastic and encouraging. Special and Ward committees were struck and went to work at once. Thus far the liquor-party have not held any public meetings, and have not sent many speakers to the temperance meetings. They are not acting with any semblance of hopefulness.

BRANTFORD.—“I was looking for you yesterday,” said a NEWS representative to Mr. Bothwell, the gentleman who is at present engaged in selling off the bankrupt stock of N. Ure & Co., King street west. “Well, it would have been difficult to find me here yesterday, as I only came back from Brantford to-day. You see, although I am staying here temporarily, Brantford is my home. I am one of the aldermen of that lively city, and went there the other day to wrestle with the license question, which was to be brought before the Council. I did not want people to say that I wished to shirk doing my duty in such an important matter.” “Good man, good man. What was the result of your deliberations?” “Well, I tell you we had a red-hot time, but finally this was what we carried. Formerly there were twenty-five hotel licenses issued at a fee of \$110 each. At this session of the Council we raised the fee to \$180, and the result is that only twenty-one licenses have been issued. In regard to shop licenses, we passed the by-law requiring the sale of liquors to be conducted entirely apart from any other business, and raised the license fee from \$135 to \$200. The effect of this is that only five licenses have been issued as compared with twelve formerly.” “How did these changes suit you?” “I went to Brantford, sir, to assist in effecting them, and I think the temperance people up there are well pleased too. They got about all they asked.”—*Toronto News, Feb. 20th*.

BARRIE.—At the conclusion of his shorthand entertainment on Tuesday evening, Mr. Thos. Bengough, of Toronto, visited the Good Templars' Lodge and gave a short address, summarizing the action taken by the Council of the Dominion Alliance at its session in Ottawa last week, to which he was a delegate. The recent session was one of the most important which has been held—indeed the most important in view of the practical work which has been undertaken for the coming year. A deputation was appointed to wait on the Dominion Government and ask them to fix a day upon which a simultaneous vote could be taken in every County in the Dominion on the Scott Act. A simultaneous vote would have the effect of strengthening and uniting the Temperance forces, and if a considerable number of counties passed the Act, the Alliance would have a strong case to present to the Government in asking for complete Prohibition throughout the whole Dominion. Such a law passed by the Dominion, and backed up by the power of the Government and its agents, must be successful. A suggestion had been made that in view of the coming struggle in the various counties, the Provincial branches of the Alliance should organize by means of a membership, such members as pay a nominal fee being entitled to seats in the local auxiliaries that will be formed in

the cities, towns and counties. The Alliance has adopted THE CANADA CITIZEN, of Toronto, as the exponent of its views, and the editor, Mr. F. S. Spence, has been appointed Secretary for the Dominion. He is also Secretary of the Ontario branch Alliance, and his dual position will tend to the strengthening and perfecting of the prohibitory forces throughout the Dominion. The simultaneous contest will probably take place about October next, and Mr. Bengough expressed the conviction that the Scott Act could be carried in a large proportion, if not the majority, of the counties throughout the Dominion.

His Honor Judge Boys, W.C.T., who presided, concurred in this view as to the result of the simultaneous vote, and stated that he was satisfied the County of Simcoe would carry prohibition in the event of such an opportunity. He knew the County well, and was satisfied that in a vote taken at a time when other counties were roused to action, the temperance party would secure help from many who now stood aloof or who actually opposed the movement. Liquor sellers themselves had told him that in the event of a vote for pure prohibition they would join in with temperance reformers, but they were unwilling to aid in the carrying of partial measures which were unfair to some while giving an advantage to others. The cost of a campaign such as outlined would be the chief obstacle in the way of its success, but he thought that when all counties were working and voting in the same direction an amount of enthusiasm would be created which would overcome that obstacle.

Mr. A. Lang, gaoler, stated his belief that prohibition could be carried by the plans outlined, and he hoped to see the day when the whole traffic would be done away.

A member here remarked: “There would be no need of gaolers then.”

Mr. Lang said he would then go into some honest business. (Laughter.)

The meeting adjourned after an expression of thanks to Mr. Bengough for his address.—*Barrie Gazette, 6th inst.*

GOOD TEMPLARS.—The new lodge of this order recently noticed in the *Free Press*, of Ottawa, as being organized in the city of Hull by Bro. W. H. Rodden, of Ontario Grand Lodge, was most successfully instituted by that officer under a Provincial deputy's commission from the Grand Lodge of Quebec on Wednesday evening, the 13th inst. It has adopted the name of St. James' Lodge, and decided to meet on Tuesday evenings. There were 39 charter members enrolled and initiated. Everything about this lodge promises success in its working. The following are the charter officers installed:—Abel Waters, W. C. T. and L. D.; Miss Lizzie Hannum, W. V. T.; George Mereweather, W.S.; Miss Georgina St. Germain, W. A. S.; Joshua Wright, W. F. S.; Miss Grace McGill, W. T.; John Angus, W. M.; Miss Kate Hanson, W. D. M.; Rev. F. Smith, W. C.; Miss Jennie Angus, W. I. G.; Sydney Kirby, W. O. G.; Mrs. Ellen Kelly, W. R. S.; Miss Libbie Mereweather, W. L. S.; John McArthur, P. W. C. T.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—On Monday night about two hundred members of the Sons of Temperance assembled in Wolseley Temperance Hall, Toronto, to do honor, to Hon. G. W. Ross, P. M., W. P. of the Order, who paid a fraternal visit to Ontario Division, No. 26. Visitors were present in large numbers from Coldstream and St. Paul's Divisions in the city, and from Harvest Home, Mount Meldrum, and East York Divisions. Mr. Ross, accompanied by Mrs. Ross, was received with all the honors, and delivered an earnest and practical address, urging the members of the order to renewed zeal. Addresses were also delivered by Bros. John Squair, of Orono Division, H. O'Hara, of Bowmanville Division, John Milne, of Mount Meldrum Division, W. H. Bewell, of Harvest Home Division, Broomhall, of St. Paul's Division, W. Carlyle, Coldstream Division, and by Thos. Caswell, G. M. Rose, and S. W. Woodall, of Ontario Division. Refreshments were served by Ontario Division to the visitors, and all departed after spending a pleasant evening in good spirits.—*Ex*.

AFRICA.—Temperance seems to be taking a very strong hold in central South Africa. The *Templar Advocate* from that far-off region which reached us this week contains an account of the proceedings in the doing away with the licensed houses outside of towns by a vote of forty-one to four, and the prohibition of the sale or giving or supplying of liquor by merchants and shopkeepers by a vote of thirty-two to twelve. It is gratifying to learn that at least in one country a liquor selling is not allowed to defile any other business by association with liquor seller. The Good Templars were largely instrumental in accomplishing this.—*Canada Casket*.

Five sons of African chiefs are attendants at the "Morris man's school," in Liberia, which I have so frequently mentioned: Eight native boys have joined the churches who never heard the name of Jesus save in this school. Mr. Morris is planning for the future for these boys and girls by introducing silk culture, having found by experiment that the mulberry grows thriftily to tree height in that climate. This he thinks will specially help African girls, and he believes in training mothers for the home since the home is father of the state.—*Western Wave*.

## ROYAL TEMPLARS OF TEMPERANCE.

### GRAND COUNCIL OF ONTARIO.—SEPARATE JURISDICTION FOR CANADA AND A GRAND COUNCIL FOR CANADA FORMED.

The growth of the Order of the Royal Templars of Temperance in Canada has been remarkable. Less than two years ago the Order in the Dominion consisted of less than 500 members with 37 lodges or "Select Councils," who, through their representatives, met at Hamilton to form the Grand Council of Ontario. Last week the Grand Council held their second annual session in the same city when there were representatives present from 120 Select Councils in Ontario with a membership of about 2,500. In addition to this there has been a large accession to the membership through the union with the body of the United Temperance Association, whose lodges have become the primary councils of the Order. During the past year grand councils have been formed in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Manitoba, so that the Order may be said to have fairly taken root in the Dominion.

One circumstance leading up to this extraordinary success has been the assurance given by the heads of the Order, that the desire of the Canadian membership for a jurisdiction separate and independent of the Supreme authority in the States would be acceded to, and extraordinary interest in the proceedings at Hamilton last week was awakened from the fact that this independence was to be completed at that session.

The Grand Council was formally opened at Larkin Hall, Hamilton, on Tuesday, February 11th, by the Rev. John Kay, G. C., and there were present the following officers: James H. Clark, Grand Vice-Councillor, Toronto; Rev. A. W. Phillips, Grand Past Councillor, St. Thomas; Rev. William Kettlewell, Grand Chaplain, Hamilton; Raymond Walker, Grand Secretary, Hamilton; Jeremiah Cornell, Grand Treasurer, Lynden; W. H. Bone, Grand Herald, Thorold; John Campbell, Grand Deputy Herald, Drummondville; P. M. Pattison, Grand Guard, Waterford; Harry Holman, Toronto; J. B. Meacham, Gananoque; John H. Land, Hamilton, Grand Trustee.

There were also present a number of delegates from the U.T.A., who were, on the opening of the Grand Council, formally admitted to seats in the Council, in completion of the terms of the basis of union. The Grand Councillor's report referred at length to the growth of the Order and the work accomplished in order to effect the desired independence of action and beneficial jurisdiction.

A vote of the membership has been taken through the Select Councils with the following result. The vote was taken in 74 councils:

Total for separation, 1,042. Total against, 90.

The Grand Secretary's report was an able and complete document, giving all the details of the work of the Order. It showed that at the time of organization of this Grand Council, April 26, 1882, there were 37 select councils in Ontario; Dec. 31, 1882, we had increased the number to 52. During the year 1883 we organized 62 select councils, making a total on December 31 of 114 select councils working under the direction of this Grand Council. A detailed statement (A.) giving name, location, date of institution and name of instituting officer will be found appended to this report.

It also shows that at the close of the past year the Order in the Province had 2,348 members. Six deaths occurred during the year, and \$14,000 had been paid out of the benefit funds.

The first day was occupied in receiving reports and referring them to committees, and a lengthy discussion of a proposed scheme for forming a Grand Council of Canada having power to legislate on all matters relating to the Order in the Dominion, but retaining a close friendly relation to the Order in the United States.

On Wednesday the Grand Council again assembled at 9 o'clock, and continued in session during the entire day (excepting recesses for meals) until long after midnight. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Grand Councillor, Rev. John Kay, Thorold.  
G. V. C., Jas. H. Clark, Toronto.  
G. Chaplain, Rev. J. H. Kettlewell, Hamilton.  
G. Secretary, J. H. Land, Hamilton.  
G. Treasurer, Jeremiah Cornell, Lynden.  
G. Herald, Geo. Young, Trenton.  
Dep. Herald, P. H. Stewart, Cookstown.  
G. Guard, P. Buchanan, Wingham.  
G. Sentinel, McKenny.

G. Trustees, } J. B. Meacham, Dundas.  
                  } J. H. Flagg, Mitchell.  
                  } J. G. Y. Burkholder, Hamilton.

Medical Examiner, B. A. McKenzie, M. D., Toronto.

On the report of the committee on printing and supplies a discussion took place in reference to an organ. Mr. W. Burgess having suggested that THE CITIZEN be made the organ of the Order. The Rev. W. Burns advocated THE CITIZEN, speaking in high terms of the paper, but it was thought by a majority that the Order could not at present entertain any new scheme in this direction, and the report was adopted. It recommended that the *Royal Templars' Advocate*, published in Buffalo, be the official organ until the Grand Council is in possession of larger funds. Special thanks were expressed to Mr. F. S. Spence, editor of THE CANADA CITIZEN; Bro. Thos. Lawless, editor of the *Casket*; Bro. W. W. Buchanan, of the *Watford Advocate-Adviser*; Bro. W. H. Bone, of the *Thorold Post*, and other leading papers that have given publication to the work of the Order. In this connection the report recommended that the Grand Councillor and Secretary be desired to furnish regularly to the daily papers information on the progress of the Order.

The report of the committee on temperance and prohibition elicited some warm and eloquent speeches from Rev. W. Burns, Messrs. Wm. Ross, Port Perry; J. H. Flagg, Mitchell; W. H. Bone, Thorold, and W. Burgess, of Toronto. After some amendments it was adopted as follows:

Your committee appointed to consider our relations to the temperance work of this country in its educational and practical aspects, beg to report that your committee are pleased that the Minister of Education has recognized the importance of temperance by placing the subject on the programme of studies for public schools. We recommend that the members of the R. T. of T. be urged to use their influence with boards of trustees in their several sections to have the subject regularly taught in their schools, and we consider it desirable that suitable text books be authorized. Your committee are gratified to observe the vigorous effort being put forth by the various churches in connection with the Sabbath school in the inculcation of temperance principles upon the youth of the land. The committee recommend that immediate action be taken by this Grand Council and invitations extended to this and all other temperance organizations to devise ways and means to cause a popular vote to be taken throughout the Dominion on the question of prohibition versus the license system at our next general election in such a manner as may obtain a true expression, the subject of the popular mind without allowing party politics to interfere with such vote.

Among the visitors present were J. H. Lyth, Supreme Treasurer, and P. A. Ross, Supreme Secretary, from Buffalo, who officiated jointly at the service of the installation of officers.

#### A NATIONAL GRAND COUNCIL.

After the close of the business of the G. C. of Ontario the following members elect for the new Grand Council for the Dominion met for organization: Rev. A. M. Phillips, Rev. John Kay, J. H. Clark, Raymond Walker, J. Cornell, W. H. Bone, J. B. Meacham, Harry Holman, W. W. Buchanan, J. C. Robinson, Rev. G. A. Mitchell, H. Stewart, J. H. Flagg, J. G. Y. Burkholder, Rev. Wm. Kettlewell, Dr. Buchanan and Rev. W. Burns.

On Thursday the same body met again, when the following officers were elected:

The officers elected are: P.D.G.C., A. M. Phillips, St. Thomas; D.G.C., W. W. Kettlewell, Hamilton; D.G.V.C., W. W. Buchanan, Winnipeg; D.G. Chaplain, Rev. G. A. Mitchell, Niagara Falls; D. G. Secretary, J. H. Land, Hamilton; D.G. Auditor, P. H. Stuart, Cookstown; D.G.H.N.G., N. Burkholder, Hamilton; D.G.G., W. H. Bone, Thorold; D.G. Medical Examiner, J. H. McKenzie, Riverside; D. G. Trustees, J. B. Meacham, Gananoque; John Kay, Thorold; Raymond Walker, Hamilton.

# "UNDERNEATH THE VIOLETS."

## SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Music by CHAS. E. PRATT.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a melody in the treble clef, marked *mf*. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment in the bass clef, featuring triplets and a steady eighth-note pattern. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

1. When our feet have grown so wea - ry, That they can no long - er stray,  
2. Who will watch for our re - turn - ing, For the com - ing of our feet,  
3. Who for us will then be sigh - ing, When we from this land de - part?

The first system of the song includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, marked *p*. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

When from life so dark and drea - ry We for - ev - er pass a - way,  
While their hearts are sad - ly yearn - ing Once a - gain the lost to meet?  
Who will care for white hands ly - ing O'er a still'd and ai - lent heart?

The second system continues the song with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment is marked *rit.* at the end of the system.

Who for us will then be weep - ing, Who will whis - per sad re - grets,  
Who will come to kneel a - bove us, Ly - ing in our nar - row bed,  
Will it mat - ter much, my dar - ling, Who for us will have re - grets,

The third system concludes the song with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment is marked *rit.* at the end of the system.

When at last we're sweet - ly sleep - ing Un - der - neath the vi - o - lets?  
 Come to whis - per how they love us, To the vio - lets o - ver - head?  
 When at last in peace we're sleep - ing Un - der - neath the vi - o - lets?

*cres. con do. rit. dim. con espressa. rit. ....*

**CHORUS.**

**Soprano.**  
 Who will think of us then, dar - ling, Who will whis - per sad re - grets,

**Alto.**

**Tenor.**  
 Who will think of us then, dar - ling, Who will whis - per sad re - grets,

**Bass.**

**Piano.**

When at last we're sweet - ly sleep - ing Un - der - neath the vi - o - lets?  
 When at last we're sweet - ly sleep - ing Un - der - neath the vi - o - lets?  
 When at last we're sweet - ly sleep - ing Un - der - neath the vi - o - lets?

*cres. ... f dim. p con espressa. D.C.*

*cres. con do. dim. rit. ....*

**UNDERNEATH THE VIOLETS.**

## VOICES OF THE NIGHT I

I heard a voice from Mansion fair,  
 'Twas anguished with a weird despair—  
 "Drink has its victims here."

From Villa, ornate, homelike, sweet,  
 A cry with bitter grief replete—  
 "Drink has its victims here."

From highest legislative hall  
 I heard distinct a trumpet call—  
 "Drink has its victims here."

From sacred desk and cloistered cell,  
 A fiend-like cry, with laugh of hell—  
 "Drink has its victims here."

And from the stately courts of law  
 Justice, tho' blind, admits the flaw—  
 "Drink has its victims here."

From colleges and schools the cry  
 Falls harshly on the passer by—  
 "Drink has its victims here."

From Hospital and Prison Cell  
 The cry rings out like funeral knell—  
 "Most are Drink's victims here."

From Tavern Bars the cry resounds  
 These are Drink's favorite training grounds,  
 "We drill its victims here."

What from the Licensed Grocers' Shops,  
 Where Topers get their morning drops?  
 A cry—"We nurse them here."

"Here children come with jug in hand,  
 When round the corner, see them stand  
 To taste what they get here.

'Sometimes they get a pint of Rye,  
 'Tis entered sugar. What care I  
 Can't be particular here.

'We're men of business, don't you see,  
 Must be obliging, else Dear me!  
 We lose them, that is clear.

'I pay my License, and I sell,'  
 "But see the evils, friend"—"Ah, well,  
 That don't belong to me."

\* \* \* \* \*

Hark, from the poor hard-worker's home  
 A cry—"Come to my rescue, come,  
 Strike now for victory."

ROBT. AWDE.

## General News.

## CANADIAN.

The terrible storm of Tuesday night has done great damage in many parts of the Dominion.

Henry Dutton, a carpenter, at St. Thomas, fell from a scaffolding of a building on Metcalf street, and broke his leg.

A number of Toronto retail druggists have been fined for contravention of the law requiring them to register their sales of liquor.

The Ontario government has appointed Dugald Brown, of St. Thomas, sheriff of Elgin county.

Mr. Wm. McKenzie, of Petrolia, has finished drilling the salt well at Parkhill. The well is 1,370 feet deep, and the drill penetrated over 150 feet of solid rock salt.

The balance to the credit of depositors in the Government savings banks in the Dominion is \$15,251,226.

The Nova Scotia Legislature was opened last Friday afternoon with the usual speech from the throne. The address in reply passed without division.

At Thorold, as a six-year-old son of Mr. Chas. Collier, was crossing the canal he broke through the ice and was drowned.

Walter Helms, one of the most respected citizens and merchants of Hagerville, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. Death must have been instantaneous, as he was found a short while afterwards life being extinct.

Mrs. McIntyre, of Cornwall, was seriously injured February 18th, by a mass of ice and snow which fell from a roof as she was passing, burying her up to the waist.

Thomas Maloney, 14 years old, son of the Grigg House porter, who resides in London South, was drowned in the Thames. A favorite dog had got into the river and was in danger of drowning, when the boy went to rescue the animal, broke through the ice, and lost his own life.

George Salter, a brakesman on the Grand Trunk railway, living in Montreal, fell between the cars of a westward bound freight train and had an arm and leg taken off and his head badly crushed at Mille Roche. His injuries will prove fatal. He is a married man with a family.

At Shakspeare, whilst a freight train going east was switching into a siding at that station, a freight train going west ran into three of the eastern-bound cars which had not cleared the main track. Four cattle were killed and a number mutilated.

A colored man walking on the railway track near Chatham, was struck by a passing train and killed.

A convention composed of representatives from the municipalities throughout the province met at Toronto on Friday, when a bill providing for the amendments to the municipal and assessment laws and for the abolition of exemptions, etc., was discussed. A committee consisting of Assessment Commissioners Maughan, Toronto; Pratt, Ottawa, and City Solicitor Agnew, of Kingston, was appointed to watch the bill through the House.

Mr. A. W. Lauder, M. P. P. for East Grey, died Wednesday, at his residence in Parkdale. He was taken ill on Monday week last on leaving his house to attend to Parliamentary duties. Physicians were called in next morning. On Tuesday, however, he took a turn for the worse and sank rapidly in spite of every assistance which his medical attendants could render. The deceased gentleman was highly esteemed by all classes of the community.

At London, on Monday a terrible explosion occurred in the wholesale hardware establishment of Hobbs, Osborne & Hobbs, Richmond street, near the Tecumseh House, which shook the business portion of the city for 300 yards around. The cause is assigned to the ignition of about twenty pounds of gunpowder which was kept in the fourth storey of the building for the purpose of filling small cans when required by customers in smaller quantities than a keg. The buildings adjoining—Robinson, Little & Co.'s and Burns & Lewis'—were badly shattered, and across the street, the entire length of a block, every vestige of glass was smashed to pieces. The firemen were quickly on hand, but their efforts were apparently misdirected, and when they did get to work a length of hose burst and retarded their exertions. Three men were burned to death.

## UNITED STATES.

Tuesday night's storm in the Eastern and Southern States did terrible damage. Houses were torn down, railroad trains overturned, a great amount of property destroyed and scores of lives lost.

During 1883 there was 2,369 fires in New York, involving a loss of \$3,512,000. The uninsured loss was \$136,000.

The strike at Fall River, Mass., thus far has cost the operators \$50,000. Four thousand hands are idle.

Scarlet fever is raging in Ware, Mass. In some parts of the town whole families of children are dangerously ill.

The will of Wendell Phillips leaves his entire property, valued at \$200,000 to \$250,000, unconditionally to his wife.

John T. Bethune, manager for Blind Tom, attempted to get on a moving train at Wilmington, Del., and was killed.

John Mason and John Riser, miners, were killed by a snow-slide near Pitkin, Col.

One of a crowd of mischievous boys at Bellefontaine, Ohio, threw a fire-brand into an oil tank on the Bee line railroad. The tank exploded, and six boys were seriously injured.

Lieut. Kimball, of the United States steamer Tennessee, says work on the Panama canal is being rapidly pushed. If it is continued at the present rate the canal can be opened in five or six years.



12,015 immigrants arrived in the United States last month, of which 3,500 were German. The arrivals for the seven months ending January 31, 1884, were 250,000, as against 288,000 for the corresponding period of the previous year.

A snowslide near the Ontario mine, Park City, Utah, destroyed the house of Wm. Rich, killing his three children and wounding his wife, who is reported to be now dying. The slide struck the house of John Harris, killing his wife and wounding him.

An explosion occurred in a West Leisring, Pa., shaft, resulting in terrible loss of life. Seventy-five men were at work in the mine, and out of that number 29 are known to have been killed. Twelve more were rescued, but so badly injured they will die.

James Fagin, of Occuma, Pa., took home some liquor on Saturday, which his wife helped him to drink. In a quarrel, it is alleged, he beat her about the head, from the effects of which she died.

Rheuben Hart and his wife (colored), living near Crocket, went to church and left six children at home asleep. They locked the door and took the key with them. At ten o'clock the house was discovered on fire, and all were burned to death.

On Saturday morning Fanny Scott, a colored cook employed by Judge Hilton, Petersburg, Va., told the family to eat a hearty breakfast as she would be dead before dinner-time. Two hours afterwards she died. When her invalid husband was told of the circumstances he said he would die on Sunday at the same hour as his wife died. The prediction was fulfilled.

### BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Seven persons out in a pleasure boat at Dundee were drowned.

At Cork the Nationalists have unanimously nominated John Deasy as candidate for Parliament for Cork City. Conservative opposition is expected.

The strike of weavers in East Lancashire is ended.

Bradlaugh was elected again in Northampton for the fourth time, receiving a larger vote than ever before.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, has been fined in London for shutting up the bar of a theatre rented by him.

Wife-beating has been very much on the increase lately among the miners in the Midland districts in England. Baron de Worms has given notice of a motion in Parliament that a penalty for the future be a severe flogging.

A circular has been read to the battalions of Aldershot, informing them that non-commissioned officers may volunteer for service in the Egyptian army for a period of two years. Numerous volunteers have already offered themselves.

Mr. Leonard H. Courtney, financial secretary of the Treasury, has refused the editorship of the *Times*. Mr. Buckle, assistant editor of the paper, is temporarily appointed to the post. Mr. Buckle is thirty years old, and is unknown outside the *Times* office.

The Parliamentary election at Paisley to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of William Holmes, Liberal, resulted in the choice of Stewart Clark, a thread manufacturer of Paisley.

The commercial convention between Spain and the United States goes into effect March 1st.

The Upper House of the Hungarian Diet reconsidered the bill legalising marriage between Jews and Christians. On a division the bill was again rejected by 200 votes against 191.

The governors of the various provinces of West and South Russia have appealed for reinforcements of troops, as the peasants are threatening the landlords.

Torpedoes have been placed in the river at Pekin. If Bacninh is attacked the members of the French embassy will receive their passports. The approaches to Bacninh are guarded with dynamite.

Sufficient troops, and enough material of war to accomplish the objects of France will arrive at Tonquin before the end of February.

Advices from Hayti show that hundreds of rebels and merchants who incited the rebellion have been barbarously slaughtered. Some of the victims were tied to fences and shot from the ankles to the knees, from the knees to the thighs, and so on until a vital part was reached. They displayed extraordinary courage.

Advices from St. Paul de Loanda give particulars of a fight between whites and natives at Meulla. The fight arose through the agent of a Dutch factory employing Krooboyos, to which the natives objected. Eight hundred natives attacked the factory, which the agent defended with four

cannon and 100 men. Large numbers of natives took shelter behind the powder magazine. The whites fired into the magazine, exploding it, and 40 natives were killed.

### Tales and Sketches.

#### A CHRIST-LIKE DEED.

The following touching incident, which drew tears from my eyes, was related to me a short time since, by a dear friend who had it from an eye-witness of the same. It occurred in the great city of New York, on one of the coldest of days in February last.

A little boy about ten years old was standing before a shoe store in Broadway, barefooted, peering through the window and shivering with cold.

A lady riding up the street in a beautiful carriage, drawn by horses finely caparisoned, observed the little fellow in his forlorn condition, and immediately ordered the driver to draw up and stop in front of the store. The lady richly dressed in silk, alighted from her carriage, went quietly to the boy, and said: "My little fellow, why are you looking so earnestly in that window?" "I was just asking God to give me a pair of shoes," was his reply. The lady took him by the hand and went into the store and asked the proprietor if he would allow one of his clerks to go and buy half a dozen pairs of stockings for the boy. He readily assented. She then asked him if he could give her a basin of water and a towel, and he replied, "Certainly," and quickly brought them to her.

She took the little fellow to the stove, and, removing her gloves, knelt down, washed these little feet and dried them with the towel.

By this time the young man had returned with the stockings. Placing a pair on his feet, she purchased and gave him a pair of shoes, and tying up the remaining pairs of stockings gave them to him, and patting him on the head said: "I hope, my little fellow, that you now feel more comfortable."

As she turned to go, the astonished lad caught her hand, and looking up in her face, with tears in his eyes, answered her question with these words: "Are you God's wife?"—*Parish Register*.

#### THE OLD WOMAN'S APPEAL.

The inhabitants of a thriving town having assembled, as was their custom, to decide what number (if any) of spirit licenses the town should petition for the County Court, there was a very full attendance. One of the magistrates presided and upon the platform were seated, among others, the pastor of the village, one of his deacons, and the physician.

After the meeting had been called to order, one of the most respectable citizens rose, and after a short speech, moved that the meeting petition for the usual number of licenses for the ensuing year. He thought it was not best to get up an excitement by refusing to grant licenses. They had better license good men, and let them sell. The proposition seemed to meet with almost universal favour. The president was about to put the question to the meeting, when an object rose in a distant part of the building, and all eyes were instantly turned in that direction. It was an old woman, poorly clad, and whose care-worn countenance was the painful index of no light sufferings. And yet there was something in the flash of her bright eye that told she had once been what she then was not. She addressed the president, and said she had come because she had heard that they were to decide the license question. "You," said she, "all know who I am. You once knew me mistress of one of the best estates in the borough. I once had a husband and five sons, and woman never had a kinder husband, mother never had finer better or more affectionate sons. But where are they now? Doctor, I ask where are they now?"

"In yonder burying ground there are six graves, filled by that husband and those five sons, and oh! they are all drunkards' graves!"

"Doctor, how came they to be drunkards? You would come and drink with them, and you told them that temperate drinking would do them no harm."

"And you too, Sir, (addressing the parson), would come and drink with my husband, and my sons thought they might drink with safety, and follow your religious example."

"Deacon, you sold them rum, which made them drunkards. You have now got my farm and all my property, and you got it all by the drink."

"And now (she said) I have done my errand. I go back to the poor-house, for that is my home. You, Rev. Sir—you, doctor, and you, deacon, I shall never meet again until I meet you at the bar of God, where you, too, will meet my ruined husband and those five sons, who, through your means and influence, fill the drunkard's graves."

The old woman sat down. Perfect silence prevailed, until broken by the president, who rose to put the question to the meeting.—"Shall we petition the court to issue licenses for the ensuing year? and the one unbroken 'No!' which made the very walls re-echo with the sound told the result of the old woman's appeal."

Dear Reader! while your heart is still heaving with deep emotion, and your eyes are suffused with generous tears, resolve (if you have not previously done so) immediately to take up, with regard to the curse of intoxicating drink, the only safe Christian position—to 'abstain from all appearance of evil'

## FIGHTING FIRE—A TRUE STORY.

"Come here, Johnny, and let me brush your hair. Why, your father wouldn't know his little boy if he was to see you now. Oh, I do hope James will come back soon. My heart aches as I think of him and all my kindred so far away. It is so lonesome here. Only these two little boys," and she gazed down fondly, though sadly, at her four-year-old Frank, taking his after dinner nap in her lap, and master Johnny standing at her knee, "and no grown person to speak to. How I wish Mr. Matthews lived nearer."

Saying which, she sighed, and laying down her baby boy, went about her household labors. It was a strange place for Mary Sherwood to be in, gentle, sensitive as she was. It was on the border of civilization, where everything was rough and new. Here, in a half-finished farmhouse, on the bank of a pretty Iowa stream, with a back ground of heavy timber and a foreground of unending prairie, she sat alone with her babes.

Why was she here? A woman's devotion to a husband's health. One year ago his physician had said to Mr. S. that he must seek some absolutely quiet place or die. It did not take the wife long to decide. In a few months they were here, living in a log cabin, which had just given way to this unpretentious house. Here, from all thoughts of literary labors, in the pleasures of rod and gun, the husband and father was slowly gaining health. It was now fall, and business engagements had imperatively called him east.

No wonder, then, that she sighed. The days dragged heavily. Her husband and her father's home were 1,200 miles away. This was thirty years ago, when to travel from New York state to Iowa was more than a journey to Rome is now. It was hard, slow, weary work.

It was a pretty picture Mary Sherwood made that bright October afternoon standing in her doorway and straining her eyes across the prairie to catch sight of a human form at Henry Matthews' place a mile away. A delicate form, a sweet, refined face, and a weary, far-away look in her eyes. All about her tall black oaks stood like sentinels on guard. Only a moment, and she had gone to her work.

Woman on the frontier has little time for indulging in grief or reverie. Hers is a life of action. Only for a moment may you see this sad, wistful look. In hard work many a fair daughter of Eastern parents has outgrown the bitter heart-ache and the fear of a lone frontier life.

Who could tell what an hour might bring forth! Surely Mrs. Sherwood had little idea of what was in store for her that same Indian summer day.

"Mother, I'm afraid," was the hurried exclamation of six-year-old Johnny, as he came rushing into the kitchen a few moments later.

"What's the matter, my dear little boy? Did you see a snake?"

"No, no-o-o, I heard a great noise like ten thunders, rumble, rumble, rumble; and a rabbit ran by me just as fast as he could go, and a flock of pheasants came and lit right over there, and they're all in a flutter. There, I can hear it now. Don't you hear it now, mother? Rumble, rumble, rumble. What is it, mother? Don't you know?"

Yes! she knew—knew with a sickening sense of her weakness, danger and loss. It was the steady march of fire. It was rolling right on, up through the dark woods to the south. It was nearing her home; and unless she could do something it would soon lay in ashes, all for which she and Mr. Sherwood had toiled all summer. But what could she do? No neighbor was in sight; no mortal ear could hear. Her babes were but a hindrance. Only God above and her right arm.

Mrs. Sherwood was a resolute woman. She had proved that when she decided to come west; she had proved it in a deadly sickness. She was now about to prove it again.

"Johnnie, wake up Frankie and bring him along, and keep close to me."

And the little six-year-old boy, with a sense of his responsibility, obeyed implicitly. At the same time she seized a water pail in one hand and a mop in the other, and keeping a watchful eye on the children, went out to fight the fire.

It is hard work to fight fire. Men seldom perform such exhaustive labor as while the excitement of a fire is upon them. Such work is harder for women than for men; and Mary Sherwood was a delicate woman, and bearing burdens only mothers know of. Nor was she used to severe labor. Her arm was not strong; she had been tenderly reared, nor did she weigh one hundred pounds. But if she had not the strength of some, she had what was better—nerve and pluck and quick wit.

The fire was making such headway, feeding on dry autumn leaves, that many a woman or man would not have dared to go near it. But she felt that it must be done, and so did it. Filling her pail at the creek, she rapidly dipped her mop into it, and then began to put out the fire. The fire ran rapidly along the ground, licking up the leaves, fallow trees and other debris. But the brave woman attacked it unflinchingly, and as fast as her mop touched it a little of the fire went out; and on the scorched and burnt ground the little boys stood, following her as she heroically met that line of fire, and stopped it.

Mrs. Partington could not wipe out the Atlantic Ocean with her mop. But there are times when a mop will quench a prairie fire. The fire of which we speak came from the prairie, swept up and into the woods, and was now passing on to the prairie beyond.

Here was a scene fit for a painter. That long line of forked flames,

laughing, crackling, devouring, surmounting every obstacle, and hurrying forward faster and faster as the breath of the distant mountains began to be felt. And in their lurid glare a solitary woman battling that long, hot line of fire, alone, and conquering.

The minutes sped away into hours. The sun sank down and lingered at the horizon. Over and over again had she travelled the ever-lengthening distance to the creek to replenish her pail of water. The fire in the woods was all out. The house was safe unless the flames should be turned by the rising western wind, and sweep down from the northwest.

But now a new danger arose. For as it swept out on to the prairie, Mr. Sherwood's cornfield and haystack stood right in its path, and towards these the bright flames were steadily moving. Must they be destroyed? The little family could ill afford to lose corn and hay this fall. And so this brave woman toiled on; fighting the fire across the prairie; fighting it oftentimes at the very border line; mopping it off the burning rails which fenced in the corn and hay. But never giving up, never ceasing, ever winning, inch by inch, in the terrible struggle.

Hour after hour the little feet dragged after her. Often she heard their complaints:

"Mamma, I'm so tired. Mamma, Frankie's so cold."

But she had only time to give the little fellow a hasty caress and the word:

"Hold on a little longer, baby boy, Mamma's most through."

"Pretty soon: "Mother, I'm awful hungry. Can't I have something to eat?"

"Not yet, Johnny. We must put out this big fire and save the hay and the corn and the house."

But words could not long pacify them.

"Mamma, I'se so tired. I want to go home; I want to go home."

"Yes, yes, baby boy, mamma knows you are tired. Mamma's tired, too; oh, so tired. But be a good little boy, and we'll soon be going home."

"I am a good little boy, and I want to go home. Come, mamma, I want to go home."

"Mother, I've hurt my foot. Oh, oh. And I'm hungrier an owl. Can't we go home?"

"No! Johnny, not just yet. There, there, Johnny, be a brave boy and I guess it won't hurt long. Remember, papa wants his little boy to be brave."

"I can't be brave. I'm so hungry."

And then, cold, tired, hungry and hurt, the poor little fellows lay down together, weeping as if their hearts would break.

But the mop never stops, though the mother's heart bleeds for her suffering babes. Stroke follows stroke, and the baffled flames die sullenly away, leaving acres and acres in its track covered with smouldering debris. The sun has gone down. The chills of night have settled around her. Two little boys, all grime and dust, are heavily sleeping. But the mother keeps on. Her task must be done—all done. The stars come out, and the earth grows black. At last the fire is all out. It is a dark, cold night. The woods look gloomy and forbidding, as that lone woman, tired as few women ever are tired, wakes up her sleeping boys, gathers the younger to her bosom, and slowly drags her homeward way.

Yes! her home is still there. The fire has come and gone, and left only blackness and ashes in its wake. Another cannot follow. She has conquered. Her little home and crops are safe.

This tale is true. I knew her long and well who fought that fire. I know and love her still. *I was one of those boys.—Golden Rule.*

## STARS.

The following illustration is taken from an address delivered at the first anniversary of the Reform Club of Lowell, by Rev. Charles Dana Barrows, D.D., pastor of the First Congregational Church of this city:

Go stand at twilight and gaze into the upper sky. A clear blue spot alone appears. You stand and look upon it; and as you gaze, lo! a star leaps out, and then another, and still a third, where but a time since you saw only the deep, impenetrable blue. And still you gaze, till ere long the whole expanse of blue is filled with constellations of sparkling brightness. You have waited, longed and looked, and the very heavens have lent their treasures to complete your wish. And so it is with you members of this Reform Club. You stand—you have for twelve months past stood—looking up in the sky of reform, which has spread its canopy above you. At first, only the deepest blue, with but a star to stud its firmament appeared. But you still looked, till one after another they have leaped forth to give light and hope to your waiting hearts. You are looking still for more. Does the work seem doubtful at times? Nay: do not despair, but trust and work; and in the future of your life, lo! the glory shall increase, the constellations in these heavens shall multiply with every year, till the brightness of the glow shall declare to all mankind that their hope is realized and the glory of reform complete.

These eloquent words of promise and exhortation to labor, may well be applied to many temperance societies that through the year past have rejoiced over the reclamation of those who had seemed beyond the hopes of reform.—*Reform.*

## Our Casket.

## JEWELS.

George Herbert, a Divine of the 17th century, wrote thus.

"It is most just to throw that on the ground,  
Which would throw me there if I kept it round."

Talent is of no more use without cultivation than bricks and mortar without a mason. Inspiration is, in one sense, "the gift of trying."

Anything that makes the heart deeper, anything that makes the current of affection run fuller, anything that makes gratitude and love and honour and truth and faith stronger, makes the man stronger.

Life must be measured by action, not by time; for a man may die old at thirty, and young at eighty; nay, the one lives after death, and the other perished before he died.

Respect goodness, find it where you may. Honor talent wherever you behold it unassociated with vice; but honor it most when accompanied with exertions, and especially when exerted in the cause of truth and justice.

Our life experiences, whether sad or joyful, should be fertilizers to a large and stronger growth of character, as the dead leaves of trees stimulate them from year to year to higher and nobler proportions.

It is not the being exempt from faults, but the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us, it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

## BITS OF TINSEL.

"Dear me!" said an extravagant wife when she saw the long face her husband pulled at sight of her milliner's bill.

"John," said the teacher, "I'm very sorry to have to punish you." "Then don't; I'll let you off this time," responded John.

"Please, mum," said Bridget, looking at the cherubs in Raphael's Dresden Madonna, "What is they?" Hannah calls them bats, but I think them is twins."

An old negro in Montgomery, Ala., while watching the monkeys in the menagerie in that city, spoke thus: "Dem children got too much sense to come outer dat cage; white folk cut deir tails off, and set 'em to workin' and votin' and makin' constitewtions."

A young and illiterate doctor, on being told that a patient was convalescent, said: "Why, that is nothing. I can cure convalescence in three hours."

The mouth of a certain north side man is disfigured by the absence of one of his front teeth. His little son surprised him the other day by asking: "Father, dear, what makes you part your teeth in the middle."

"I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet," she said in a dreamy tone that made his pulse quicken with hope. "And why," he asked with suppressed anxiety. "Oh," she replied, in a freezing tone, "if you were a comet you would only come 'round once in 1,500 years."

A little girl was reproved for playing with the little boys, and was told that being seven years old she was too big for that now. "Why, grandma," she replied, "the bigger we grow the better we like them."

Milkman (to small boy): "Tell your mother she'll have to pay ready money for milk after this. I ain't going to chalk up any more." Small boy: "What are you going to use instead of chalk, Mr. Grange?"

"If you want to be truly happy, my dear," said one New York lady to another, "You will have neither eyes nor ears when your husband comes home late from the club." "Yes, I know," answered the other, wearily; "but what am I to do with my nose?"

"Ma, is Mr. Thompson respectable?" "Certainly, my child. Why do you ask that question?" "Because he wears such poor clothes." "You should not judge a man by his clothes; none but silly people do that." "Then everybody's silly—ain't they ma?"

"Why it kicks: A member of the New York Phonetic Club writes to this able and influential journal, asking us "to drop the final *ue* in words so ending, and spell *dialog*, *epilog*, etc., etc." Well, we kick. We are willing to drop the *ue* to a limited extent, but when the New York Language club asks us to call *gluc*, *gl*, we protest.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

The Boston *Journal* relates this evidence of youthful precocity: "In one of our horse cars a small boy was observed to be suddenly agitated, but regained his self control after a few moments. Soon after the conductor appeared and asked for fares. When he stood before the small boy there was a slight pause, and the passengers were surprised to hear the following: 'Pleathe charge it to my papa. I've thwallowed the money.'"

## For Girls and Boys.

## BE BRAVE FOR THE RIGHT.

BY VICTOR.

"It is a bitter cold night; come into Hoyt's with me, and have a glass of brandy," said one of two young men, who were walking rapidly up Broadway.

"No, thank you, Burton," was the reply. "I never drink."

"Never drink, Merrill! Why not, pray?"

"Because I think it wrong. I am a temperance man," was young Merrill's quiet reply.

"Indeed!" and Burton's lip curled sneeringly. "Very brave you are to tell me *that*. We shall see how long you will be a 'temperance man,' and live in *our* society. We shall see—we shall see!" he repeated, as, releasing his arm from Merrill's, he bade him a cool "good-night," and entered the brilliantly lighted saloon.

As Ralph Merrill walked on up the thronged street, his friend's words rang in his ears, making him very thoughtful. Would he be strong enough *always* to resist temptation? Would his decision for the right ever be as prompt as to-night?—were questions he asked himself, and his lips just stirred with the unspoken prayer, "In my trial hour, make Thou me strong."

He had come to the city within the year, and entered into business with a young man named Wellington, the son of a wealthy broker, who was at the time traveling in Europe. On his return and introduction to Ralph Merrill, attracted by his fine physique and pleasing address, his cultured mind and generous heart, he invited him to his elegant home, introduced him to his daughter Edith, a fair and graceful girl, and showed a desire in various ways to be his friend.

Not long after Mr. Wellington's return from abroad, some of his intimate business friends planned to give him a banquet at Delmonico's. Everything that could give pleasure or grace to the entertainment, was ordered. Rare and costly wines helped largely to make up the carefully chosen *menu*. The guests invited were gentlemen prominent in the commercial world, the younger Wellington and Ralph Merrill were among them because of their relations with the honored guest of the evening. When the time appointed arrived, the banquet was found to be all that could be desired. After the substantial viands were enjoyed, a variety of delicious dainties were set before the guests. Just then it was that Mr. Wellington spoke to Ralph, whose seat at table was not far removed from his own. "Mr. Merrill, will you take wine with me?"—at the same time sending to him the waiter, with the bottle of rare wine from which his own glass had just been filled. Ralph indicated to the servant that the glass beside his plate was not to be filled. Mr. Wellington saw the motion, and the quick words came,—

"What, Merrill! not take wine with me? *Why not*, sir?"

For a moment there was no reply; for a moment the young man listened to the tempting voice within, listened while it said, "You *cannot* announce your temperance principles in this company. Mr. Wellington will be angry, and with his large influence he can ruin you financially; and Edith—you know how charming you think her. Anger her father now, and you will see her no more—refuse

now to drink, and you make shipwreck of your dearest hopes. It is only for this once. *Yield, yield!*"

But a moment, and then courage, God-like, came to the front.

Steadily, yet modestly, his dark eyes met those of Mr. Wellington, in which an ominous, half-angry light had gathered. The attention of all at table was on the two, and in their midst there was a brief silence. On that silence the young man's voice fell, low and firm.

"Mr. Wellington, when I was a boy too young to write, my mother took me to the old Methodist church in our village, and putting a pen in my little hand, guided it with her own, and so signed my name to a temperance pledge. That pledge I have never broken. Shall I break it to-night?"

Over the face of Mr. Wellington a wave of emotion swept. "Give me your hand, Merrill. Why, my boy, I had rather lose all I am worth than to see you break that pledge. Far better go to your grave," were the first words his lips could frame. "Truly, truly, Merrill, you have proved yourself a hero!" were the next, and they were spoken with misty eyes.—*Selected.*

### THE FIRST FRUIT.

A little girl was once made the owner of some grapes upon a large vine in her father's yard. Very anxious was she that the fruit should ripen and be fit to eat. The time came.

"Now for a feast," said her brother to her one morning, as he pulled some beautiful ones for her to eat.

"Yes," said she, "but they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well, what of that?"

"Dear father told me that he used to give God the first fruit out of all the money he made, and then always felt happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give the first of my grapes to God, too.

"Ah, but," said her brother, "how can you give your grapes to God? And if you were able to do such a thing he would not care for them."

"Oh, I have found out the way," she said, "Jesus said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me;' and I mean to go with them to Mrs. Martin's sick child, who never sees grapes, because her mother is too poor to buy them."

And away ran this little child with a large basket of the "first fruit" of the vine, and other good things all beautifully arranged, to the couch of the sick child.

"I have brought Mary some ripe fruit," she said to Mrs. Martin.

"Dearest child, may God bless you a thousand-fold for your gift! Here, Mary, see what a basket of good things has been brought to you!

The sick one was almost overcome with emotion as she clasped the hand of her young benefactress and expressed her sincere thanks.—*Selected.*

### A WORD FOR THE BOYS.

Take care of yourselves, boys, in all matters pertaining to personal cleanliness. When you were little fellows somebody did this for you; mother, or older sister, or nurse, saw that you had clean bodies, clean hands and nails, and well-brushed hair, at least three times a day; and I have known of nice mothers who made it four times, because, no matter how soiled the children became in their play, they would never let a dirty child be put into a nice clean bed. That's not a bad plan either, because boys are sometimes in a hurry just before meals, and are apt to shirk a little in washing, but there is always time enough to go properly to bed. Some people think that children take naturally to dirt, and I have known people so absurd as to say dirt was good for children. It is good not to be afraid of dirt, so that one shrinks from anything that one ought to do on that account, and we would let children play in the dirt and dig as many holes and make as many mud pies as ever they like, but they should do this for love of the play and not for love of the mud. "Don't be afraid of soiling your hands," we say to dainty boys, and we ought to add, also, "don't be afraid of washing them after they are soiled." Of one thing be afraid, and that is, of not knowing or caring whether they are soiled or not.

There seems to be in juvenile humanity a natural disposition to escape the trouble of doing little things. I know boys who will

be quite heroic in the way of hard work or of sacrifice, who will not brush their teeth without being told, and who say, when reminded of soiled finger-nails, "Oh, its too much bother, if I do it now I'll have to do it again, just the same." That's just it, you will certainly have to do such things again and again as long as you live, and the only way to take the hardship out of them is to make up your mind, once for all, that you are going right on being clean just *forever*. Stop thinking how to shirk, and half the "bother," as you call it, is taken out of the task. Walk up to the washbasin like a hero and go at once. Don't make *believe* be clean and leave a rim of dirt round the rim of the ear and up under the hair and across the knuckles.

And one great help in all this will be to have your own combs, and your own towels and soap and brushes, for hair and nails. If you have the care of your clothes—and it will never hurt you to have that—you want your own clothes brush and shoeblackening, and brush, and a bottle of some nice preparation for taking away spots of grease or dirt, and your own sponge for applying it. And not only must you have these of your own—and, sooner or later, any boy can get them all, but you must have a place of your own to keep them in and keep them where they belong. I know one little fellow, the son of a working man, who also works with his hands, who has no better place than an old soap-box which he got at a grocer's, and some paper boxes that hold his comb and brush, and the soap box slips under the foot of his bed. He never has to neglect himself because he cannot find his things. Think about it, boys! The difference between being dirty and clean is often the difference between being agreeable or disagreeable to the rest of your little world. You cannot be unwashed and have nobody know it. If people do not see the dirt they smell it, which is more unpleasant. It is meant that human beings should be sweet and wholesome, and it is not necessary to be rich or to wear fine clothes in order to be clean. It is only necessary to like to be so and to go on being so until you would as soon think of coming to the table with your hat on as of coming with a row of dirt under your finger nails. Big boys can do a good deal to help younger brothers to form these habits of neatness, and some older person can always be found to help a lad choose his brushes, and to teach him, if he does not know, the best methods of bathing and caring for himself and his clothes. But most boys do know, and could tell us older people about the best way, almost as well as we could tell them. Let us see who will be the most eager to practice his knowledge.—*Tutor John, in American Reformer.*

### THE PLEDGES.

#### THE TEETOTALER'S PLEDGE.

A pledge I make no wine to take;  
Nor brandy red that turns the head;  
Nor whisky hot that makes the sot;  
Nor fiery rum that ruins home.

Nor will I sin by drinking gin;  
Hard cider, too, will never do;  
Nor brewer's beer my heart to cheer;  
Nor sparkling ale my face to pale.

To quench my thirst I'll always bring  
Cold water from the well or spring;  
So here I pledge perpetual hate  
To all that that can intoxicate.

#### THE TRIPLE PLEDGE.

We will not buy, we will not make,  
We will not use, we will not take  
Wine, cider, beer, rum, whisky, gin;  
Because they lead mankind to sin.

We will not smoke the smoker's pets,  
Those little things called cigarettes.  
We will not chew, we will not snuff,  
Or waste our time in playing puff.

We will not curse, though many dare  
Open their lips to curse and swear.  
Our words shall be both pure and plain;  
We will not take God's name in vain.

—*Official Organ.*