

The Canada Citizen

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

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

Published Every Friday by the

CITIZEN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Office, 8 King Street East, Toronto.

Subscription, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, strictly in advance.

CLUB RATES.

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

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

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

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

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

All communications should be addressed to

F. S. SPENCE, - - - MANAGER.

TORONTO FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28th, 1883.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The old pernicious practice of giving strong drink to callers on the first day of the year is happily on the decline, though it has still a strong hold in some places. It would be difficult to find any other of the drinking practices of society that is fraught with more danger than this, or that has been so disastrous in its results. There are customs of barbarous nations that to our civilized tastes and habits appear disgusting and wicked in the extreme; there are customs of foreign people that appear to us very whimsical and absurd, but we doubt very much the possibility of finding among foreign nations or savage barbarians, any custom so absurd, so cruel, and so inconsistent with its professed motives, as the custom of offering friends strong drink as a token of regard. We are not now in ignorance of the nature and effects of this poisonous potion. We all know that the drinking of it by a person in health is utterly useless, and awfully dangerous; that it is neither food, drink nor tonic; that its transient excitement is in itself harmful and always followed by depression, and that it invariably has a tendency to undermine the physical health and induce weakness and disease. Worse than all it is likely to lead to a terrible moral degradation, enthrall the whole being in a terrible and disgusting bondage, smother out every spark of honor and nobility, and make a man a burden to himself, a curse to his nearest friends, a pest to society, and a disgrace to humanity. Yet when New Year's Day comes round, fair hands and winning smiles will actually tempt indiscriminately the weak and the strong, to run the risk of all this ruin, and will do all this under the guise of kindness and hospitality. Where is the heathen barbarism and folly that will compare with this?

Young men will go out upon our streets next New Year's day; some of them society's ornaments and pride; some of them main-

stays of otherwise helpless and dependent families. Gentle ladies, who, under other circumstances, would shrink from causing any pang of sorrow, will tempt these men to drink, and that drinking will bring deepest grief and keenest pain to loving hearts and happy homes. What savage cruelty could surpass this custom of civilization?

We said this practice is passing away. We fervently pray that it may soon be entirely a thing of the past, and towards the attainment of this result, and in the interests of purity, happiness, progress and peace, we earnestly plead with every lady, into whose hands this paper may fall, to banish utterly from the board of New Year's hospitality every form of intoxicating liquor.

A DISREPUTABLE BUSINESS.

The business of selling strong-drink is a disreputable business, and it ought to be disreputable; it is cruel, immoral, criminal.

Let us guard against being misunderstood. We are not discussing men, we are discussing an occupation. We are not writing about tavern-keepers, we are writing about the business they engage in. There are men selling liquor, whose heads and hearts are worthy of a better vocation, and we bear them no malice or resentment. We would fain see them in better and more useful positions. But the character of the men does not alter the nature of the business, and that business we must not be reluctant to denounce in the plainest terms.

If a tree is to be "known by its fruits" what must be the nature of the liquor-traffic? We are looking at this matter from a moral and actual point of view—not from a legal and technical one. Will not highway-robbery, burglary and murder compare favorably with it? We are not putting the case in any exaggerated form. Does the man who slyly steals a dollar from his neighbor's pocket do that neighbor as great an injury as the man who takes the dollar and in return for it supplies him with what will ruin his body and destroy his soul? Go to the heart-broken wife who sits long and late waiting for, but dreading, her husband's coming. Ask her whether she would rather, when that husband comes home, find that his week's wages had been stolen from his pocket, or that he had spent all for drink. Her prompt answer will tell you that the liquor-seller's crime is a crueller one than the highway-man's. Ask any mother and she will tell you that it would be a thousand times better that her boy should perish by the red hand of some assassin than that—a blaspheming maniac—he should die the drunkard's death. Dishonesty and violence combined cause no more real sin and sorrow than does the liquor-seller's trade. Which then is the greater crime?

Public opprobrium is slowly but surely settling down upon this accursed business. Already it is hiding itself. Other business extends its glass front, and invites public inspection, the drink-selling business skulks behind blinds and screens, and, in the more respectable hotels is consigned to some out-of-the-way and unobtrusive corner. Men are so much ashamed of selling and drinking whisky that they will not let their "deeds be manifest."

The liquor-traffic would feel still more keenly the crushing weight of well-merited public disgust and scorn were it not buttressed by two powerful "aids to respectability," or rather "reputableness." These are legislation and association. The anomalous "sanction of law" to the instigation of lawlessness is in the eyes of many people a guarantee of respectability. It ought to be the reverse. A crime that secures the sanction of legislation ought to be considered the more criminal in so doing, and the more deserving of repudiation and contempt. But what shall we say of the law that is thus prostituted to the base end of treacherously sanctioning its own most potent antagonist. Law, instituted avowedly for the protection of society, becomes the ally of the deadliest foe to society's well-being and advancement.

Association is the other aid to respectability. The liquor-traffic struggles hard to establish and maintain a connection with other and honorable occupations; notably those of hotel-keeping and the sale of groceries. From the latter it will be separated soon, Aye, if our voters will only do their duty, in the Province of Ontario the time of separation is NOW. But to the other stronghold it still clings. There is no more reason for associating the sale of liquor with the business of public entertainment than there is for associating it with the grocery trade. It dare not attempt to stand upon its own (de-)merits, and it must ally itself with some "respectabilizing" agency.

Any line of action that tends to strengthen the bond of connection between hotel-keeping and liquor-selling, is work in the interests of the liquor traffic. Any line of action that will tend to give the liquor-traffic a stronger claim for the protection of law is, so far, a work for the promotion of whisky-selling. We feel sorry to have to dissent from the views of any of our fellow-workers in the temperance cause, but we believe they are making a serious mistake when they ask for legislation to make extensive hotel accommodation a qualification for a tavern license, and when they advocate the high-license system.

An effort is being made to abolish saloons. It would be well to abolish them, but it would be very bad to simply compel them to keep boarders and lodgers. Why attempt to limit the traffic by useless indirect methods? It is easier to fix a limit by specific statement than by requirement of qualification, that may totally fail in its avowed object.

We greatly fear that raising the license fee as a restrictive measure would be equally abortive. The higher fee means a larger business, a grander establishment, a stronger claim for legal protection, and a better chance for *permanent existence*. Let us straightforwardly and manfully fight for present restriction, and ultimate prohibition of the whole drink traffic, and carefully guard against being misled, by seemingly plausible theories, into lines of action that will ultimately balk our own efforts and defeat our endeavors to do good, by making our so-called temperance agitation simply an agency for *respectabilizing the whisky business*.

Selected Articles.

LOW GROG-SHOPS vs. FASHIONABLE SALOONS.

The Devil grows aristocratic of late,
And he wants a house more grand,
So down goes the wooden shanty,
To make room for a stylish stand,
He has dealt out death to thousands,
And it reaped him a harvest fair;
To prove how the work has paid,
A costly house he'll rear.

He will build it of bricks that were purchased
With the drunkard's pains and fears;
He will fill it with gleaming windows
That are made of frozen tears,
And the money that at his counter
Made a father's brain grow wild,
Till he beat an invalid woman,
And killed his beautiful child.

Come, hasten, ye merry masons,
Build up the towering wall,
Work well, work fast, good fellows,
You shall be paid for all.
Paid in the drunkard's money,
Which left his wife unfed,
And sent his children weeping,
Hungry and cold to bed.

Pull down the old frame building!
Make room for a new one here!
For this dear homes were mortgaged,
Or sold by the auctioneer.
No matter if little children
Stay homeless through the land,
Down with the old frame building,
Make room for the stylish stand!

—Monitor Journal.

TEACH THE CHILDREN.

There is probably no hallucination so obstinate as that which attributes to alcoholic drink a certain virtue which it never possessed. After all the influences of the pulpit and the press, after all the warning examples of drunkenness and consequent destruction, after all the testimony of experience and science, there lingers in the average mind an impression that there is something good in alcohol, even for a healthy man. Boys and young men do not shun the wine cup, as a poisoner of blood and thought, and the most dangerous drug that they can possibly handle; but they have an idea that the temperance man is a foggy, or a foe to a free, social life, whose practices are ascetic, and whose warnings are to be laughed at and disregarded. Now in alcohol, in its various forms, we have a foe to the human race so subtle and so powerful that it destroys human beings by the million, vitiates all the vital processes of those who indulge in it, degrades morals, induces pauperism and crime in the superlative degree when compared with other causes; and corrupts the homes of millions.

It is a cruel thing to send a boy out into the world untaught that alcohol in any form is fire, and will certainly burn him if he puts it into his stomach. It is a cruel thing to educate a boy in such a way that he has no adequate ideas of the dangers that beset his path. It is a mean thing to send a boy out to take his place in society without understanding the relations of temperance to his own safety and prosperity, and to the safety and prosperity of society.

What we want in our schools is to do away with the force of a pernicious example and a long-cherished error, by making the children thoroughly intelligent on the subject of alcohol. They should be taught the effect of alcohol upon the processes of animal life.

1. They should be taught that it can add nothing at all to the vital tissues, that it does not enter into the elements of structure, and, that in the healthy organism, it is always a burden or disturbing force.

2. They should be taught that it invariably disturbs the operations of the brain, and that from it the mind can get nothing that is to be relied upon.

3. They should be taught that alcohol inflames the basest passions, blunts the sensibilities, and debases the feelings.

4. They should be taught that the appetite for drink is certainly developed by those who use it, which is dangerous to life, destructive to health of body and peace of mind, and in millions of instances ruinous to fortune and to all the high interests of the soul.

5. They should be taught that the crime and pauperism of society flow as naturally from alcohol as any effect whatever naturally flows from its competent cause.

6. They should be taught that drink is the responsible cause of most of the poverty and want of the world.

So long as six hundred million dollars are annually spent for drink in this country, every ounce of which was made by the destruction of bread, and not one ounce of which has ever entered into the sum of national wealth, having to show for its cost but destroyed stomachs, degraded homes, destroyed industry, increased pauperism and aggravated crime, these boys should understand the facts and be able to act upon them in their first responsible conduct. The national wealth goes into the ground. If we could only manage to bury it without having it pass thitherward in the form of a poisonous fluid through the inflamed bodies of our neighbors and friends, happy should we be. But this great, abominable curse dominates the world. The tramp reminds us of it as he asks for a night's lodging. The widow and the fatherless tell us of it as they ask for bread. It scowls upon us from hovels and haunts of the poor everywhere. Even the clean, hard-working man of prosperity cannot enjoy his earnings because the world is full of miseries from drink. The more thoroughly we can instruct the young concerning this dominative evil of our time, the better will it be for them and for the world.—Dr. J. G. Holland.

Tales and Sketches.

THE HOUSE-TOP SAINT.

"Yes, yes, sonny, I's mighty fo'handed, and no ways like poo' white folks, nor yet like any of dese onsanctified col'd folks dat grab deir liberty like a dog grabs a bone—no thanks to nobody!"

Thus the sable, queenly Sibyl McIver ended the long story of her prosperity since she had become her own mistress, to a young teacher, as she was arranging his snowy linen in his trunk.

"I'm truly glad to hear of all this comfort and plenty, Sibyl; but I hope your treasures are not all laid up on earth. I hope you are a Christian?" asked the young stranger.

Sibyl put up her great hands, and straightened and elevated the horns of her gay turban: and then, planting them on her capacious hips, she looked the beardless youth in the eye and exclaimed with a sarcastic smile, "You hope I'm a Christian, do you? Why, sonny, I was a Christian afore your mammy was born, I reckons! But for dese last twenty-five years, I's been one o' de kind dat makes Satan shake in his hoofs—I is one of the house-top saints, sonny!"

"House-top saints? What kind of saints are those?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sibyl; "I thought like's not you never even heer'd tell on 'em, up your way. Dey's mighty scarce anywhere; but de Lor's got one on 'em to any rate, in dis place and on dis plantation!" replied Sibyl, triumphantly.

"And that is you?"

"Yes, sonny, dat is me!"

"Then tell me what you mean by being a house-top saint."

"Well, I means dat I's been t'rough all de stories o' my Father's house on 'arth, from de cellar up; and now I's fairly on de roof—yes, on de very ridge-pole; and dere I sits and sings and shouts and sees heaven—like you never see it t'rough de clouds down yere."

"How did you get there, auntie?"

"How does you get from de cellar to de parlor, and from the parlor to de chamber, and from de chamber to de roof? Why, de builder has put sta'rs thar, and you sees 'em and puts your feet on 'em and mounts, ah!"

"But there are the same stairs in our Father's house for all his children, as for you; and yet you say house-top saints are very scarce."

"Sartin, sonny. Sta'rs don't get people up, 'less dey mounts 'em. If dere was a million o' sta'rs leadin' up to glory, it wouldn't help dem dat sits down at de bottom and howls and mourns 'bout how helpless dey is! Brudder Adam, dere, dat's a blackin' of your boots, he's de husban' of my bussum, and yet he's nothin' but only a poor, down-cellar 'sciple, sittin' in de dark, and sithin' and lamentin' 'cause he ain't up sta'rs! I says to him, says I, 'Brudder'—I's allus called him 'Brudder' since he was born into the kingdom—'why don't you come up into de light?'"

"'Oh?' says he, 'Sibby, I's too onworthy; I doesn't desurve de light dat God has made for de holy ones."

"'Phoo,' says I, 'Brudder Adam! Don't you 'member,' says I, 'when our massa done married de gov'ness, arter old missus' death? Miss Alice, she was as poor as an unfeathered chicken; but did she go down cellar and sit 'mong de po'k barr'ls and de trash 'cause she was poor and wasn't worthy to live up sta'rs? Not she! She took her place to de head o' de table, and w'ar all de lacery and jewelry massa gib her, and hold up her head high, like she was sayin', 'I's no more poor gov'ness, teaching Col'n McIvor's chil'n; but I's de Col'n's loved wife, and I stan's for the mother of his chil'n,' as she had a right to say. And de Col'n love her all de more for her not bein' a fool and settin' down cellar 'mong de po'k barr'ls!"

"Dere, sonny, dat's de way I talk to Brudder Adam! But so far it haint fotched him up! De poor deluded cretur' thinks he's humble, when he's only low-minded and grovelin' like! It's unworthy of a blood-bought soul for to stick to de cold, dark cellar, when he mought live in de light and warmf, up on de house-top!"

"That's very true, Sibyl; but few of us reach the house-top," said the young man thoughtfully.

"Mo' fool you, den!" cried Sibyl. "'De' house-top 'is dere, and de sta'rs is dere, and de grand glorious Master is dere, up 'bove all' callin' to you day and night, 'Frien', come up higher!' He reaches down 'is shinin' han' and offers for to draw you up; but you shakes your head and pulls back and says, 'No, no, Lord; I isn't nothing.' Is dat de way to treat him who has bought light and life for you? Oh! shame on you, sonny, and on all de down-cellar and parlor and chamber Christians!"

"What are parlor Christians auntie?" asked the young man.

"Parlor Christians, honey? Why, dem is de ones dat gets bar'ly out o' de cellar and goes straightway and forgets what kind o' creturs dey was down dere! Dey grow proud and dresses up fine like de worl's folks, and dances, and sings worldly trash o' songs, and has only just 'ligion enough to make a show wid. Our old missus, she used to train 'mong her col'd folks wuss den old King Fario did 'mong de 'Gyptians. But, bless you, de minute de parson or any other good brudder or sister came along, how she did tune up her harp! She was mighty 'ligious in de parlor, but she left her 'ligion dere when she went out."

"I do think missus got to heaven wid all her infarmities. But she didn't get very high up till de Bridegroom come and called for her! Den

she said to me, one dead-o'-night, 'Oh! Sibby,' says she—she held tight on to my han'—'Oh! Sibby, if you could only go along o' me, and I could keep hold o' your garments, I'd have hope o' getting through de shinin' gate! your face shines like silver, Sibby!' says she. 'Dear soul,' says I, 'dis light you see isn't mine! It all comes 'flected on to poor black Sibyl from de cross; and dere is heaps more of it to shine on you and every other poor sinner dat will come near enough to catch the rays!'"

"'Oh!' says she, 'Sibby, when I heard you shoutin' Glory to God, and talkin' o' him on de house-top, I thought it was all sup'stition and ignorance. But now, oh! Sibby, I'd like to touch the hem o' your garment, if I could on'y ketch a glimpse o' Christ.'"

"'Do you b'lieve dat you's a sinner, missus?' says I.

"'Yes, de chief o' sinners,' says she, with a groan.

"'Do you b'lieve dat Christ died for sinners, and is able to carry out his plan?' says I.

"'Yes,' says she.

"'Well, den,' says I, 'if you's sinner 'nough, and Christ is Saviour 'nough, what's to hinder your bein' saved? Just you quit lookin' at yourself, and look to him.'"

"Den she kotch sight o' de cross, and she forgot herself; and her face light up like an angel's; and she was a new missus from dat hour till she went up. She died a singing,"

"'In my han' no price I bring
Simply to dy cross I cling."

"But she mought a sung all de way along, if she hadn't forgot the hoomiliation o' de cellar, and 'bused de privileges o' de parlor. Parlors is fine things; but dey ain't made for folks to spen' deir whole time in."

"What's a chamber saint, auntie?" asked the young man.

"Chamber saints is dem dat's 'scaped de dark and de scare of de cellar, and de honey-traps o' de parlor, and got t'rough many worries, and so feels a-tired, and is glad o' rest. Dey says, 'Well, we's got 'long mighty well, and can now see de way clar up to glory.' And sometimes dey forgets dat dey's on'y half way up, and t'inks dey's come off conqueror a'ready. So dey's very apt to lie down wid deir hands folded, de thinker' dat Satan isn't no-whar, now! But he is close by 'em, and he smoooves deir soft pillows, and sings 'em to sleep and to slumber; and de work o' de kingdom don't get no help from dem—not for one while! De chamber is a sort o' half-way house made for rest and for comfort, but some turns it into a roostin'-place! You know Brudder Bunyan, sonny?"

"No."

"What, never heard tell o' John Bunyan?"

"Oh! yes."

"I thought you couldn't all be so ignorant 'bout 'ligion up in Boston as dat! Well, you know he wrote 'bout a brudder dat got asleep and los' his roll, and dat's what's the matter wid heaps o' Christuans in de world. Dey falls asleep and loses deir hope."

"And do you keep in this joyful and wakeful frame all the time auntie?" asked the young learner.

"I does, honey. By de help of de Lord, and a contin'al watch, I keep de head ob de old sarpint mashed under my heel, pretty general. Why, sometimes, when he rises up and thrusts his fangs out, I has such power gi'n me to stamp on him dat I can hear his bones crack—mostly! I tell you, honey, he don't like me, and he's most gi'n me up for los'."

"Now, Sibyl, you are speaking in figures. Tell me plainly how yot get the victory over Satan?"

"Heaps o' ways," she replied. "Sometimes I gets up in de mornin', and sees work enough for two women ahead o' me. Maybe my head done ache and my narves is done rampant; and I hears a voice sayin' in my ears, 'Come or go what likes, Sibby, dat ar work is got to be done! You's sick and tired a'ready! Your lot's a mighty hard one, sister Sibby—Satan often has de impudence to call me 'sister'—and if Adam was only a pearter man, and if Tom wasn't lame, and if Judy and Cle'patry wasn't dead, you could live mighty easy. But just you look at dat ar pile o' shirts to iron, 'sides cookin' for Adam and Tom, and keepin' your house like a Christian oughter!' Dat's how he 'sails me when I's weak! Den I faces straight about and looks at him, and says, in de words o' Scriptor, 'Clar out and git ahind my back, Satan! Dat ar pile o' shirts ain't high enough to hide Him dat is my strength!' And sometimes I whisks de shirts up and roll 'em into a bundle, and I heaves 'em back into de clothes-bask't, and says to 'em, 'You lay dar till to-morrow, will you? I ain't no slave to work, nor to Satan! for I can 'ford to wait, and sing a hime to cher up my sperits, if I like.' And den Satan drops his tails and slinks off, most general; and I goes 'bout my work singin':"

"'My Master bruise de sarpint's head,
And bind him wid a chain:
Come brudders, halolujah shout,
Wid all yer might and main!
Halolujah!'"

"Does Satan always assail you through your work?" asked the young stranger.

"No, bless you, honey; sometimes he 'tacks me through my stummick; and dat's de way he 'tacks rich and grand folks, most general. If I eat too hearty o' fat bacon and corn-cake in times gone, I used to get low in 'ligion, and my hope failed, and I den was such a fool I thought my Christ had

forgot to be gracious to me! But I know better now, and I keep my body under, like Brudder Paul; and nothin' has power to separate me from Him I loves. I'd had sorrows enough to break a dozen hearts dat has no Jesus to share 'em wid, but every one on 'em has only fotched me nearer to him! Some folks would like to shirk all trouble on deir way to glory, and swim into de shinin' harbor through a sea o' honey! But, sonny, dere's crosses to b'ar, and I aint mean enough to want my blessed Jesus to b'ar 'em all alone. It's my glory here dat I can take hold o' one end o' de cross, and help him up de hill wid de load o' poor bruised and wounded and sick sinners he's got on his hands and his heart to get up to glory! But, la! honey! how de time has flew; I must go home and get Brudder Adam's dinner; for it's one o' my articles o' faith never to keep him waitin' beyond twelve o'clock when he's hungry and tired, for dat allus gi's Satan fresh 'vantage over him. Come up to my place, some day, and we'll have more talk about de way to glory."—*Boston Congregationalist*.

Temperance Items.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The Sons of Temperance are still marching on under the Nova Scotia Grand Division—the banner one of the world. New Divisions are reported from Head Pubnico in Yarmouth county, Amherst Point, in Cumberland county, South Farmington, in Annapolis county, Crow Harbor and Guysboro, Guysboro county, East Pubnico in Shelburne county and Earlstown, in Colchester county. Mr. Thomas Hutchings and Mr. T. M. Lewis, agents of the Grand Division, are the principal authors in this magnificent progress.—*Montreal Witness*.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Niagara County Division was recently held in the Temperance Hall, Thorold. There was the largest representation of delegates since the organization of the District Division. The report of the Executive Committee showed that since the last meeting of the Division in St. Davids about two months ago, five new divisions had been started in the district, and there were prospects of a number more been started before the next meeting. The several Divisions in the District were reported in a very flourishing condition. In the evening a mass meeting was held in the Methodist Church, and, despite the inclemency of the weather, it was very well attended. Addresses were given by Rev. Mr. Gamble, of Niagara Falls, N.Y., Dr. Youmans, St. Catharines, and Rev. Mr. Ward, St. Davids. The first named gentleman delivered a very spirited address, showing the key note of temperance workers to be "Prohibition."—*Thorold Post*.

The new officers of the Grand Division of Ohio are as follows: William Jobes, G. W. P., Catawbo, Clark County; Miss Carrie L. Bishop, G. W. A., Norwalk; E. J. Morris, G. S., (re-elected) 8 and 10 W. Third Street, Cincinnati; T. P. Bishop, G. Treas., Norwalk; Mrs. H. J. Overturf, G. Chap., Somersford; Enoch Creig, G. Cond., Toledo; Miss Minnie Crumbaker, G. Sent., Chandlersville. This jurisdiction lost several of its weaker divisions in consequence of the absorption of interest by the recent exciting prohibitory campaign of the State, but under its efficient executive management the lost will be regained. The State has been divided into ten districts, each of which is to be thoroughly canvassed.—*American Reformer*.

Four new Divisions have recently been organized in Maine, and application for three more had been received at last advices.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

A Good Templars' Social Club has been formed by members of that order in St. John, N. B.

At the last quarterly session of the Colchester (N.S.) County Lodge of Good Templars, the secretary's report showed above eight hundred members in the district, an increase of over two hundred during the past quarter. A telegram was received from Cumberland County Lodge in session the same time, conveying the fraternal greeting of over 1,200 Good Templars in that county, an increase of several hundred in the quarter. The Barrington, Nova Scotia correspondent of the Yarmouth *Herald* writes:—Barrington is one of the few seaport towns in the Province where no intoxicating liquors are allowed to be retailed. To this fact, as much as to the intelligence, morality and industry of her people is Barrington indebted for the thrift and comfort everywhere apparent among them.—*Witness*.

We learn from the Kincardine (Ont.) *Standard* that a lodge has been instituted at Pine River. There was much opposition to its organization, and some very unseemly efforts to prevent the same, but they were in vain, and no doubt this antagonism will stimulate our friends to more energetic action.

On the 18th inst. "Never Surrender Lodge" No. 496 was reorganized in the village of Nicholston, in Simcoe County, by Bro. W. H. Rodden, D. G. W. C. T. of the Grand Lodge of Canada. A good number of the Brothers and Sisters from Alliston, in a train of conveyances accompanied the Grand Lodge officer to assist in the ceremonies, and as the merry party drove into the place, making the village resound with the chorus of their Templar odes, a great bonfire, together with the lusty cheers of the assembled villagers, greeted their arrival. A large representation from West Essa Lodge also joined in the gathering. The ceremonies of reorganization were speedily performed. Six persons were initiated and the following list of officers elected and installed: W. G. Kinler, W. C. T.; Emma Cunningham, W. V. T.; Wm. Miller, W. S. and L. D.; John Kinler, W. F. S.; Amos Cunningham, W. T.; Wm. Cunningham, W. C.; Stephen Beckett, W. M.; Margaret Blakely, W. I. G.; Jonathan McLeod, W. O. G.; Margaret Drennan, W. R. S.; Mary Hicks, W. L. S.; Margaret Rodgers, W. A. S.; Lizzie Blakely, W. D. M.; John Drennan, P. W. C. T. The Lodge meets on Tuesday evenings.

The following are the new officers of the Alliston Lodge, also recently reorganized: Joseph Dunham, W. C. T.; Mrs. John Faithful, W. V. T.; James Palmer, W. S.; Jennie Irwin, W. A. S.; Margaret Bunt, W. F. S.; J. Kindsey, W. T.; W. B. Clifton, W. C.; Milton Austin, W. M.; Miss McGirr, W. D. M.; Lilly Faithful, W. I. G.; Samuel Davy, W. O. G.; Kate Gibson, W. R. S.; Lizzie Brett, W. L. S.; John Faithful, P. C. T. and L. D.

At a public meeting held in the School House, Hampden, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 28th, those present decided to form a temperance society in connection with the Independent Order of Good Templars of Canada. On Wednesday evening, Dec. 12th, the officers of Refuge Lodge, Varney, authorized by the Grand Lodge of Canada, organized a lodge there to be known as Hampden Lodge No. 133, and initiated thirty-eight members into the order. The following are the officers elected for the present quarter and installed by Bro. C. Ramage, D. G. W. C. T. of the Refuge Lodge; W. C. T., Bro. Henry Byers; W. V. T., Sis. Lizzie Young; W. C., Bro. Robert Henderson; W. S., Bro. T. C. Smith; W. A. S., Sis. Maggie Henderson; W. T., Sis. Lizzie Mather; W. F. S., Bro. Jno. Cooper; W. M., Bro. Thomas Mort; W. D. M., Sis. Lizzie Byers; W. J. G., Bro. Thomas Henderson; W. O. G., Bro. Michael Byers; W. R. H. S., Sis. Mary Henderson; W. L. H. S., Sis. Lizzie Whetford; P. W. C. T., Bro. James White; D. G. W. C. T., Bro. T. C. Smith.—*Grey Review*.

From Michigan the G. W. Secretary's report shows an addition of 89 new lodges during the past year, making a total of 340 working lodges with 11,000 members. The report shows that the order is spreading, finances the very best, and everything indicating prosperity and usefulness.—*Good Templar*.

GENERAL.

THE WORTHY EXAMPLE OF "G" COMPANY 10TH ROYAL GRENADIERS.—A notable and exemplary departure from a time-honored custom in military circles has been set by "G" Company 10th Royal Grenadiers, of Toronto. In making arrangements for their annual dinner this year, the men determined to exclude intoxicants both from their dinner table and the evening's entertainment. They were led to this conclusion by several considerations, one being that more than half the Company were temperance men, and yet had to pay their full share of the drink bill; and another, that one over-hilarious comrade was sufficient to spoil the enjoyment of all. A unanimous vote for a temperance dinner was therefore passed, alike to the credit of the temperance men who had the courage of their opinions, and to the "moderate" men who were willing to concede a point for the honor and welfare of their Company. The vote was no follow-my-leader affair, but a genuine "free and independent" expression of opinion; nevertheless the men felt that they were happy in being able to congratulate themselves on the fact that their Captain and other superior officers all favored temperance, and would be pleased with their action. In the breasts of the True Canadian Loyalists that compose our militia no fear of

dishonoring the toast of "THE QUEEN" by responding to it in non-intoxicants, intrudes; and the cheers that greeted Her Majesty's name at "G" Company's temperance dinner on the 14th December, 1883, were never excelled in warmth or devotion at any gathering, military or civil. The dinner was a complete success, and when the gallant fellows separated at an hour after midnight, they felt that perfect sobriety had its own reward.

S. A. C.

The following is a list of the officers of the Nova Scotia Branch of the Dominion Alliance:—President the Hon. Samuel Creelman, M.L.C., Upper Stewiacke; Vice-Presidents, the Rev. R. Alder Temple, Halifax; the Rev. J. Murray, Sydney; Joseph Burrill, Yarmouth; Secretary, Patrick Monaghan, Box 379, P.O., Halifax; Treasurer, William C. Silver, Halifax; Executive Committee, Ava. d Longley, Paradise; the Rev. Dr. Burns, Halifax; J. T. Bulmer, Halifax; H. A. Taylor, Halifax; Rev. J. D. H. Browne, Halifax; James A. Halliday, Halifax; Rev. W. G. Lane, Halifax; John Eckersley, Halifax; Bowman Corning, Yarmouth; J. E. Lockwood, Cornwallis; I. N. Freeman, Liverpool; Norman J. Layton, Truro; Samuel Archibald, Watervale, Pictou; Wm. F. Cutten, Amherst; J. F. L. Parsons, Halifax. Corresponding members, D. P. Allison, Windsor; Henry Lovitt, Kentville; Rev. J. Strothard, Granville; Francis Hutchinson, Digby, Thomas B. Crosby, Yarmouth; Thos. Robertson, M.P., Barrington; S. T. R. Bill, Liverpool; Chas. Smith, Chester; Firman McClure, Truro; Hon. Hiram Black, M.L.C., Amherst; Peter A. McGregor, New Glasgow; Thos. M. King, Antigonish; H. R. Cunningham, Guysborough; D. McLennan, Sydney; John A. Campbell, Port Hawkesbury; Alexander Campbell, M.P.P., Broad Cove; W. F. McCurdy, Baddeck; E. E. Binet, Arichat.

A temperance convention was held at Cornwall, Ontario, a few days ago, to take into consideration the question of submitting the Canada Temperance Act to the electors of the united counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengary. The proceedings are reported in the *Cornwall News*, which says a large number of influential gentlemen were present. Mr. J. F. Miller, of Morrisburgh, was appointed chairman, and Mr. H. C. Patterson, secretary. After the Revs. Messrs. McGill and McEwan had concisely stated the object of the meeting, many gentlemen spoke in favor of submitting the Act to the people. Encouraging reports were given by representatives of the different sections as to the prospects of success. A good deal of important information was conveyed to the assembly, after which an adjournment until the fourth day of March next was agreed upon. In the meantime the movement was left in the hands of the following central committee:—Dr. Alguire, H. C. Patterson, J. P. Watson, Wm. Dingwall, Rev. W. McGill, Rev. P. H. McEwan, Rev. Jas. Hastie, G. W. Randall, Wm. Andrew, Dr. Pringle, M. F. Harrington, Rev. Mr. Macgillivray, Rev. Mr. Caulder, Jas. Smith, Wm. Brownell, and J. F. Miller. Petitions will be at once put in circulation for the signatures of those willing to have the Act submitted to the electors.—*Montreal Witness*.

The County Alliances lately formed in Carleton County, New Brunswick, has entered vigorously upon its work. Monthly temperance sermons, are, if possible, to be procured from every pulpit; public meetings are to be held and organization for enforcing the Canada Temperance Act effected in every parish. Temperance magistrates are to be sought, before whom to lay information against violators of that Act, and efforts are to be made to secure the appointment as constables of men who would be likely to faithfully enforce the law.

The agitation to obtain the franchise for properly qualified women is making steady progress, and the friends of temperance are giving their adhesion to the movement. In Cheyenne, where the women have votes, it is almost impossible for a saloon-keeper to be elected for office. The female vote would plump almost to a man for temperance candidates. Women would refuse to vote for any man, no matter what his political creed, if he was a drunkard. Unfortunately in Canada drunkenness does not debar a man from election to the offices in the people's gift. This would not be the case if women possessed votes.—*Casket*.

We learn with pleasure that our friends in Ohio have strong hopes that the recount of the recent vote on a prohibitory amendment to the State Constitution, will show a large majority in favor of the amendment.

Boston cast 13,526 votes in favor of no license at the election Dec. 11; last year the vote was 9,325, an increase of nearly fifty per cent. License carried, however, the affirmative vote for Mayor was 53,537; on license, only 36,576. Had the full vote been cast

on the license question, it is believed "no license would have had a majority.

The following is the full text of the bill passed in the late session of the Michigan Legislature upon the subject of instruction in the public schools of that State, in physiology, hygiene, and the effects upon the human system of narcotics, stimulants and intoxicating drinks:

The District Board shall specify the studies to be pursued in schools of the district, *Provided always*, That provision shall be made for instructing *all pupils in every school* in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants and narcotics generally, upon the human system.

No certificate shall be granted any one to teach in the schools of Michigan who shall not pass a satisfactory examination after September 1, 1884, in physiology and hygiene, with particular reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants and narcotics upon the human system.—*Chap. 3, Sec. 15.*

There are few subjects of greater importance to the well-being of any community. "What we would have in the State, we must put into the schools."—*Pennsylvania School Journal*.

The sale of intoxicants has been forbidden in all restaurants on the Grand Trunk Railway. Railroads are interested in having sober men, and the public who patronize prohibition lines of railroad will feel more safety. The man who holds a throttle valve doesn't need a whisky bottle in his side pocket, nor to stand before the bar for a "smile" before mounting his engine.—*Elgin (Ill.) Advocate*.

To judge from the report of the Belgian Association against the abuse of Alcoholic drinks, Belgium must be a terribly drunken country. According to the statistics which the society has obtained, each inhabitant of King Leopold's dominions drinks thirteen litres of brandy and 240 litres of beer every year. Hitherto the German has been considered the typical beer-drinker, but he is a mere babe, with his 93 litres of beer per annum, compared to the Belgian, with his 240. In Belgium there is one public house to every 41 inhabitants, and the money annually expended in these drinking-shops amounts to 475,000,000 francs. During the last 40 years there has been an enormous increase in crime throughout the country—an increase altogether out of proportion to the augmentation of the population. Forty years ago crimes of violence averaged about 11,000 a year; now they have reached 36,000. In 1840 there were 204 suicides, and in 1880 there were 543. The English have been a hard-drinking people in their time, and even now they probably drink more than is good for them, but it may be doubted whether England at her tipsiest could have beaten the Belgian record. It is a little odd, in the face of these startling figures, that one sees so few drunken people in the streets of Belgian towns. But foreigners when they are drunk are for the most part wise enough to stay indoors.—*St. James' Gazette*.

BLUE RIBBON OR "BLUE RUIN."

Thousands have recently donned the blue ribbon as the visible symbol of total abstinence. I wear it myself, and am therefore friendly to it. I fear, however, that the festive time of New Year may prove disastrous to some who wear the blue ribbon. May I entreat hospitable folk not to tempt any man who wears it? Unspeakable misery often comes through drink at New Year's, and surely it is neither right nor kind to endanger a sober man's character, person and life. Many are made drunk by this mistaken kindness, and never recover their position, to the sad distress of innocent relatives. The friendly glass is often an accursed poison, and I do, therefore, implore that it may not be given. In a locality where a Gospel Temperance Mission was held, a liquor-seller took \$65 less on a Saturday evening, and a butcher \$80 more, so that the benefit to poor families is obvious. Why hinder so benevolent a work by giving any liquor.

Suffer me to say a word to recently pledged men. "Stick to your colors." That means a jolly dinner, a happy wife, happy children, a peaceful mind, a healthy body, money saved for a rainy day, and no fear of the constable. Drink means none of these things. A man got drunk, and killed a good wife. When he awoke in the police-cell, he asked the constable, "Why am I here?" After a pause, he said, "You are here for murder." The man turned pale, and said, "Does my wife know?" After a longer pause, the policeman replied, "It was your wife you murdered." It is best to stick to your colors.—*Selected*.

FATHER, SIGN THE PLEDGE TO-NIGHT.

E. R. L.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1 Fa - ther, sign the pledge to - night,
 2 Fa - ther, sign the pledge to - night,
 3. Fa - ther, sign the pledge to - night,

Grant but this re - quest to me;
 For the sake of poor mam - ma;
 Do not wait an - oth - er day;

If you on - ly would, pa - pa,
 How her heart would leap for joy,
 If you on - ly would, pa - pa,

Oh, how glad my heart would be;
 If you on - ly would, pa - pa;
 How our griefs would fly a - way!

With me to the meet - ing go,
 Oth - ers have their names put down,
 With me to the meet - ing go,

Oh, how nice it will be there!
 More to - night will take the vow;
 Oh, how nice it will be there;

General News.

CANADIAN.

It is expected that the Ontario Legislature will not be convened till February.

The Canadian Pacific Railway strike is over. Ten engineers waited on Mr. Egan, traffic superintendent and offered to sign the agreement and resume work. Many men on the western divisions have been reinstated, and traffic has been fully resumed.

Alex. Wardrope, aged 19, son of the Rev. Dr. Wardrope of Guelph, was accidentally shot while out gunning with some companions, on Tuesday afternoon.

At Toronto, on Friday last, James Yates who was staying at the Revere House, blew out the gas before going to bed. He was found in an unconscious condition, and taken to the hospital, where he died.

Patrick McCarthy, a laborer, while eating his Christmas dinner with friends on Claremont street, Toronto, was choked to death. A piece of meat stuck in his throat. He started to go outside, but dropped down dead in the hallway.

A C. S. R. brakeman, named Oscar Hampden, while making a running switch for his train at Highgate, last Sunday morning, slipped, and the cars passing over him, cut off both legs below the knee.

An old woman named Susan Gibbs, who lived by herself at Lambton Mills, about seven miles from Toronto, was murdered and robbed in her own house, last week. A man named Aaron Harris has been arrested for the crime.

Peter Lazier of Belleville, was shot dead in a friend's house, near Bloomfield, last Friday evening. The shot was fired from outside the house. Two men have been arrested on suspicion.

James Mulrooney shot a girl named Elsa Pare, in a house of ill-repute in Quebec. He then shot himself. Both are dead.

FIRES.—The flour and grist mills of Mr. A. S. Mayrand, at Disraeli, on the Q. C. R. R., have been destroyed by fire.—A fire occurred in the Montreal Printing Company's establishment, on Sunday, destroying the whole interior with the contents. The loss is estimated at from \$30,000 to \$40,000; fully insured.—Last Friday, a fire broke out in the residence of A. Struthers, in Rodney village, and burned the building to the ground.—Shortly after noon on Saturday a fire broke out in Alex. Weir's boot store, 703 Yonge street, Toronto. Damage to stock and furniture \$7,000; insured for \$2,500 in the Scottish Union and National Companies, and \$2,000 in Commercial Union.—A fire was discovered in the engine and boiler room in one of Wm. Bell & Co.'s organ factories, at Guelph, on Saturday, and before it was extinguished damage was done to the extent of about \$700. Loss covered by insurance.

A formidable riot occurred at Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, on Wednesday. The Orangemen of the city turned out in procession with their regalia and flags, when they were attacked by the opposite faction, and three men instantly killed and several mortally or severely wounded. Detachments of infantry and cavalry and police had to be despatched by train and steamer to the scene of the disturbance.

UNITED STATES.

A resolution for the appointment of a Committee on Woman Suffrage has been rejected in the United States Congress by 124 to 88.

RAILWAY DISASTERS.—No less than seven serious railway accidents are recorded for the week. On Thursday of last week a passenger train on the C. B. & O. road ran into the rear end of a passenger train at Gladstone, Ill., telescoping a Pullman car, which ignited, and was completely destroyed. Richard Summers, the Superintendent of the dining car service of the C. B. & O., was killed. Loss, \$150,000.—At Summit station, on Saturday night, a Grand Trunk freight train was run into by a Montreal passenger train. Ten loaded cars were smashed; the baggageman, engineer and fireman of the passenger train, were injured, the former seriously. Loss \$30,000.—Monday morning a freight train on the New York & New Haven Railroad, got stuck in a snow drift near Milford. The snow in extinguishing the fire, caused an explosion, which blew out the furnace doors. The engineer and fireman were killed.—The rear coach of a Grand Rapids & Indiana passenger train was struck by a switching engine the same morning at Fort Wayne, and eight persons seriously hurt, among them was Mrs. Judge Ellison. The accident was due to the carelessness of the engineer.—On Tuesday a passenger train on the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago road, went through a bridge, near Salem, Ind. Eight or nine persons were injured.—On Wednesday a passenger train on the Chesapeake and Ohio railway ran into a freight train while the freight was going on a siding, and the fireman was killed.—The same day a freight train on the Pennsylvania road ran off the track at Long Branch junction and went down an embankment, becoming a total wreck. Fred. Pinnes, engineer, was killed.

FIRES.—At Ward's Island lunatic asylum last week, a fire broke out in the east wing, which was destroyed. There were 1,320 male patients in the building. The outbreak caused great excitement, but all the patients

were removed to places of safety. The loss is \$25,000.—A fire occurred in Pratt & Colborne's dry goods store, Rushford, N. Y., and destroyed it and the entire block, including the post-office. Loss about \$50,000.—The sawmill of Osterhout, Fox & Co., at Deer Lake, Lake County, Mich., sixteen miles from Reed City, was burned on Saturday. Loss, \$60,000; insurance, \$40,000.

A terrible tragedy has been enacted at Yazoo City, Mich. John T. Posey, of the firm of Williams & Posey, an estimable young man, highly connected, was insulted by John James, a negro butcher. Going off, Posey returned with some friends, when without warning the party were fired upon, and John Posey, Carnot Posey and Jasper Nicholls were riddled with buckshot, and immediately killed. H. C. Ellet was dangerously wounded, and Fritz Halder slightly wounded.

News has just been received of an accident at the Virginia mine, Col., which is owned by the Caroline Mining Company, of Boston. It employs 55 men, and is situated at the foot of Snift's range. Friday afternoon a huge mass of snow started from the top range, and swelled into an avalanche as it descended, striking the building used as a boarding-house, where eleven men were resting, and swept it away, crushing and burying men fifteen and twenty feet under the snow, among rocks and timber, fortunately missing the engine house. After the noise and confusion, other miners were hoisted from the shaft, and started in search of their comrades. Five were taken out alive, but badly crushed and may die. The other six are dead.

On Monday a terrible tragedy was enacted at McDade, Texas. Henry Pfeuffer, Wright McLemore and Thad McLemore had been taken from a saloon here by fifty armed masked men, carried a mile into the bush, and hanged to a tree. Thad McLemore was under arrest at the time on a charge of burglary, and the other two happened to be present when the lynchers arrived. Pfeuffer was under indictment of horse theft in this county. On Monday six men, friends and relatives of those hanged, came to town and picked a quarrel with Tom Bishop and George Millom. A fight with shot-guns and six-shooters ensued, in which two of the six, Jack Bayley and Asa Bayley, were killed, and a third, Hayard Bayley, badly wounded. The remaining three escaped.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Fourteen thousand cotton operatives in Lancashire are idle in consequence of a strike.

The Orangemen are making great preparations to oppose the Nationalist meeting announced at Dromore, county Down, January 2nd.

The Anchor Line steamship *Bolivia*, from Glasgow to New York, has gone ashore at Wemyss on the Clyde, and is filled with water. The passengers took to the boat which remained alongside the vessel for several hours in bad weather. The cargo is badly damaged. No lives were lost.

A strong shock of earthquake was felt at Lisbon Saturday.

A Marseilles despatch says in consequence of a strike of sailors and steamship firemen steamers are unable to obtain the proper complement of men.

A Berne, Switzerland despatch says the village of Venio has been burned.

A new anarchist journal named *L'Explosion* has appeared at Geneva.

Spain is about to pay over to the United States £92,000, about \$460,000, as indemnity to American citizens for losses sustained during the insurrection.

Baron von Manteuffel, governor of Alsace-Lorraine, has ordered the expulsion from Germany of two Frenchmen, one of them being General Groxvel, for omitting the observance of a slight formality in certain official relations with the authorities.

A married woman, named Vanderlinden, has been arrested at Lynden, charged with having murdered in the last few years sixteen persons. The victims are nearly all members of her own family. She insured their lives first, and received the insurance money after their deaths. The woman has confessed. It is supposed she poisoned five of her own children.

The Portuguese Consul-General, Constantinople, Journian Leis, has committed suicide by stabbing himself in the heart with a dagger.

Railway workmen and officials engaged in a riot at Bolivia, Russia, owing to the exactions of contractors. One official was killed, and several workmen injured. The ringleader of the rioters was arrested.

A Cario despatch says: It is reported that El Mehdi is advancing, and is expected to reach Khartoum in ten days. The latest advices indicate that El Mehdi is still at El Obeid. Three thousand Arabs are threatening Duem. The Egyptian cavalry at Suakim has captured 800 head of cattle and 250 camels belonging to the enemy.

The King of Abyssinia is massing troops at Adua, threatening Massowah. It is stated that about Dec. 1 some Abyssinian chiefs attacked an entrenched Egyptian position near Massowah, and massacred 500 Egyptians.

Twenty Radicals, including the Radical leader in the Skuptchina, who were convicted of complicity in the recent revolt and fled to Bulgaria, have been sentenced to death. There will be no Radical party in the next Skuptchina.

Count Raday, the Hungarian Minister of National Defence, is dead.

Admiral Peyron, French Minister of Marine, has received the following despatch from Sontay, dated December 17th: "Sontay is ours. The outer enceinte was carried by assault on Sunday at six o'clock in the evening. The attack began at 11 in the morning, and the assault was made at five in the evening with bravery above all praise by the foreign legion, together with marine, infantry, and sailors. The flotilla assisted in the bombardment. The citadel was evacuated during the evening by its defenders, and was occupied on the morning of the 17th without fighting. We do not yet know whether the Black Flags, rebel Annamites, and Chinese have fled. It is impossible to learn their losses. We lost about fifteen killed, including one officer, and sixty wounded, including five officers.

According to advice from Hue, dated December 14, Yocduc has been proclaimed King of Anam. The natives were greatly excited, and an attack upon the French legation was feared. The firm attitude of Champéaux, the French resident, alone prevented an attack by the natives. One hundred and fifty reinforcements have been sent to Hue from Fort Thuanan.

The English steamer Severn exploded her boiler at Carthage, killing seven men and doing considerable damage.

Trouble broke out last week in Mexico city among the lower classes, caused by nickel money. Nickel was refused in the city market, and quarrels with firing and cries of "Down with nickel!" ensued. A panic spread, and all the business houses were closed. The mob passed through the streets breaking lamps and windows. The troops fired blank cartridges at the mob, and a force of cavalry charged through the crowd several times. Order was finally restored without bloodshed. The troops are still patrolling the streets.

Intemperance News.

A sad evidence of the evil effects of Christmas drinking is shown in the fact that on Wednesday morning no less than thirty-two prisoners were arraigned in the Toronto Police Court on the charge of drunkenness, besides a large number for other offences to which drinking undoubtedly led.

Dalhousie, N. S., correspondent of the *News* writes an account of a "disgraceful affair" which took place on the death of an aged resident of the town on Friday last. On Sunday a crowd of youths of the town, of some of whom better things might well be expected, gathered at the house of mourning, having with them a good supply of firewater. After having partaken rather freely themselves, they poured liquid down the dead man's throat, and then suggested that it would be a "good thing" to sprinkle the corpse with their favorite liquid and set it on fire. The suggestion would probably have been carried out, was it not for the interference of one who was not so "far gone" as his companions.—*Moncton Transcript*.

A number of employees of the Intercolonial Railway have recently been discharged for violating the regulations against the use of intoxicating liquors.

A drunken man had a narrow escape from death in Toronto last week. He was driving across the railway track when an engine struck his wagon, smashing it to pieces and killing both horses. The man subsequently tried to hang himself. In the same city on Monday an intoxicated woman accidentally set fire to her clothes and was burned to death.

Wm. Krause, a carriage painter in New York, was found dead Tuesday morning, his face covered with blood, and his body blackened with bruises. Two persons, a man and woman, dissolute characters, who occupied the same room with Krause, have been arrested. In the same place, during a quarrel Monday evening, Jacob Zeigler, aged 60, was struck on the head with a beer pitcher by Henry Thess, one of his tenants, and fatally injured. Thess was arrested.

At Wheeling, W. Va., Walter Layberger, a young man of twenty-five, while seated at a gaming table in one of the suburbs of the city, suddenly drew a revolver, and saying "Here's a go, good-bye, boys," blew his brains out before his companions could prevent him. Drinking, gambling, etc., led to the suicide.

Cincinnati has six miles of rum-holes, New York has seventeen and London seventy-three, almost a hundred miles in but three cities. And what a road to travel! Flooded by scalding tears, lined with broken hearts, environed by desolate homes, almshouses, prisons and asylums, and paved with the bones of murdered victims, millions persist at driving at break-neck pace over this damnable, sin-macadamized way to—hell.—*Temperance Gazette*.

Reports to the Internal Revenue Bureau show increased activity in Illinois distilling circles. In that State 17 distilleries were in operation November 1, making 103,000 gallons per day, against 90,000 gallons daily on the same date last year. Twice as much whisky is made in Illinois as in any other State.

Dr. Wm. G. Eliot, Chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., testifies:—"I have lived in St. Louis forty-eight years, and have seen it grow from 7,500 to nearly 400,000 inhabitants. During these years it has passed through trials of pestilence, or devastating fires, of water floods, and worst of all, four years of fratricidal war. But I here assert, in all soberness of mind, and with readiness to prove what I say, that all other trials, and losses, and sufferings, and calamities, and wrongs in all these forty-eight years combined, do not equal the ruinous, moral, social and financial evils that I have seen produced, during the same period, by the one cause—intoxicating drink." This is the scathing summary of rum's doings which the Bishop of Rochester quotes so frequently.

"I heard a leading citizen of Waukesha say recently, in the presence of a multitude, that 'the city had received \$1,000 this year for whisky or saloon license. As one of the results, I have held four inquests on the bodies of four men, who were all citizens of this place, and all died from the effects of liquor bought on the authority of these licenses! Two committed suicide, and two, father and son, lay down on the railroad track and were crushed to death by the in-coming train. Four men, soul and body for \$1,000!' When will our people wake to the enormity of the sin they are committing in licensing people to sell rum?"—*San Francisco Rescue*.

"An inquest was held in Philadelphia upon the body of Edward Leonard. He was a man of genius and wealth, and inventor of a patent fire extinguisher and various other machines which gave him a large income. He had lived in fine style, maintaining several servants. He went to Philadelphia from Vermont seven or eight years ago. A dispatch says, 'A visit to the house of the dead man, No. 244 South 11th Street, revealed a strange scene of mingled misery, wretchedness and squalor. Stretched across two old chairs in the room in which he died, lay the coffin containing the body of the former man of fortune. In the library adjoining, his gray-haired wife was just recovering from the stupor of prolonged debauch. The house was in wretched disorder. Strwn about the floor and over the bed-clothes where the dying engineer had suffered his last delirium were the confused relics of the five thousand dollar library, many of the octavos torn and soiled. On the mantle stood a beautiful crystal wine service in a cabinet expensively inlaid. It was Leonard's gift to his wife on his return from Europe two years ago.' While the mother was sleeping off her debauch, the undertaker's assistant had in charge the three children of the family. Leonard had become so intemperate that no servant would live in the house for any wages. The wall-paper was torn off, leaving bare patches upon the walls. Dirty crockery and glassware were scattered about. Noisome odors prevailed the place from the dirt and refuse in the cellar and rooms. What but rum could do such dreadful work? It seems almost more than a coincidence that 'red rum' spelt backwards gives 'murder.'—*Christian Advocate*.

Twelve per cent. of the suicides in England, and twenty-five per cent. of those in Germany are ascribed to intemperance.

Prince Bismarck, besides being the greatest politician of the age, is also a timber merchant in a large way, and a distiller in a still larger! At Varzin he has recently had a new distillery built, fresh steam engines put up at an enormous cost, and the result is that over 90,000 litres are turned out monthly. The spirit manufactured is German *eau-de-vie*.

Rumor has it that Mr. Parnell, in order to keep up the spirits of the people by letting others down, has resolved to devote part of the people's pence to purchasing a distillery. It is stated that he is already carrying out negotiations with the proprietors of a well established whisky distillery which is situated close to Dublin's principal suburb. The matter has been freely spoken of on 'Change, and in all probability there is ample foundation for the report.

—*Family Herald*.

An Irishman, who had been contending that a mule was a nobler animal than a horse, said that a mule had once saved him from drowning. "How was that, Paddy?" asked one of the bystanders. "Faith, he gave me such a lick wid his hind leg that he landed me on the other side of the canal instid of in it."

Ladies' Department.

CANON FLEMING ON WOMAN'S WORK.

• • And I would add that never at any period in the history of the world had woman a higher and a holier mission before her than to-day—and we rejoice to know that so many Christian women—mothers, wives and sisters—of all the churches are banded together in this great work. The temperance movement has two great objects before it—preventive work and saving work—to guard the young of our nation against the great danger of strong drink that lies before them, and to remove the curse of drunkenness from our national manhood. This is a work worthy of the ambition of an angel, but God has entrusted it to the hands of men and women like ourselves. It is not much more than fifty years since our fathers—the pioneers who went before us in this work—began it in God's name, and thus success has attended it. But it is still a tremendous task. Ignorance, prejudice, custom, fashion, selfishness and self-interest are all against us. The greater reason, then, why we should do our very best, through God's blessing; the greater reason why the press, the pulpit, the school and the legislature should all be employed. There is no doubt that we must try to take the stumbling-block out of the path of others. This is the true use of all our means. The Gospel of Christ our Saviour, we perfectly know, must finally triumph over all evil, but the means must be used or the end will not be attained. God will not give us wings because we are idle or stupid enough not to use our legs or our hands. We must, therefore, use every means in these days of faith, and God's blessing will crown with success work which has been entrusted to our hands. We never put the temperance pledge above the cross of Jesus Christ—but we do make it part and parcel of that religion which we proclaim and desire to see established. Total abstinence is a safe path; there are no pitfalls in it. You never heard of anyone going astray in the straight road. And we do know, thank God, that it has led thousands to the cross of our Saviour; and I may ask—What is each one of us really doing for this good cause? It is true that you are actively, Christianly met to-day in a good work. We must, if we would do good—and we learn it more and more every day—use individual effort. There is no medicine in this world for healing like the heart to the heart, and the soul laid on the soul. When the child of the Shunamite was dead, the prophet's staff in the hands of his servant was of no use, but when the prophet came and stretched himself upon the child, and put his face to his face and his breath to his mouth, then life came again, and it was the prophet's touch that healed, in God's name, that child. And when our Divine Lord and Master was upon earth He touched the sufferers, or the sufferers by faith touched Him, and were healed. It is just so with Christian example. It touches, where argument and warning and other means may seem to have failed; and where we bring our hearts into sympathy with those around us—the perishing, for whom we have just been praying in the hymn we have sung together—then, by loving them and telling them of Jesus Christ, we may at least help to save them. I tell you, dear friends, that when you and I come to die, this will transcend all else. Not the houses you have built, nor the monuments you have reared, nor the money you have amassed—but what we do for Christ and for our fellow-men, will, in that supreme hour, be our lasting joy and our abiding reward.—*Temperance Record.*

CALIFORNIA WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE SOCIETY.

The Women's Christian Suffrage Society, recently organized in this city, has issued general cards of invitation to its meetings.

The object and the character of this new movement may be judged by the following platform of principles.

"Convinced that the ballot in the hands of women would conduce to the highest welfare of our state and country, further the ends of justice, and hasten the advents of much needed reforms,

We, the undersigned citizens of California, have resolved ourselves into an Association, to be called The Woman's Christian Suffrage Society, whose object shall be to secure for the women of this State the right of suffrage, in order that by its use they may possess more power and influence, wherewith to protect themselves, their children, and their homes; to open for their sex all avenues of employment; to secure for their labor fair and adequate reward; to increase the efficiency of our public schools, and to promote moral, social and political reforms, irrespective of party politics.

We, therefore, pledge ourselves to use all honorable means to

secure at the next session of the Legislature the passage of a Bill granting suffrage to the women of California."

The above was signed by the officers and members of the association, including seven clergymen, and other "honorable" gentlemen.

No true man desires that woman shall not have as good a chance in this world as he has; he even wants her to have a better one. He wants her intelligence and capacity for self-advancement to have full play, and then if she chooses to depend on man, well and good.—*San Francisco Daily.*

ITEMS FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Woman has sounded the depths; let her climb the heights! She has endured the sorrows; give her the joys! She has suffered all the wrongs; in Heaven's name give her all the rights! "Government by the people!" Verily! and are not women "people?"—*Col. Bain.*

Anna J. Norris, late of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has taken the pastorate of the Unitarian Church at North Platte.

Miss Mary L. Bonley was re-elected President of the Women's National Indian Association at its annual meeting in Philadelphia, Oct. 28.

The ladies of the West Virginia W. C. T. U. gave the West Virginia editors a banquet at their meeting a few days ago. That example should be followed. If there is any class of men that need to be watched over and surrounded with good influences, it is the editors when out for an "excursion."

Mrs. Mary Krom, principal of the Denver School of Music, has just made a tour through California. Mrs. Krom has the distinction of being the only lady assayer in the country.

Miss Alice Freeman, president of Wellesley College, is described as slight and girlish in figure, with a youthful face. She is a doctor of philosophy.

Another Belgian lady has been decorated with the order of Leopold for her service in literature. She is Madam Courtmans, *nee* Jeanne Berchmans de Maldeghem.

A girl sixteen years of age is at the head of the silk culturists of the United States. She lives at Philadelphia, and her name is Nellie Lincoln Rossiter. Her book upon silk culture is standard authority for those who are engaged in the new and profitable business of raising cocoons, and her products have taken premiums at all the expositions.

The largest individual sheep-owner in Texas is a woman, well known all over the States as the "Widow Callahan." Her sheep, more than 50,000 in number, wander over the ranges of Ulvade and Bandera counties, in the south-western part of the State. Their grade is a cross between the hardy Mexican sheep and the Vermont merino. They are divided into flocks of 2,000 head each, with a "bassero" and two "pastoras" in charge of each flock.

Mrs. Simeon J. Dunbar, of Massachusetts, has carried off from many competitors, most of them men, the hundred-dollar prize offered by a committee of citizens of Colorado Springs and Manitou, Col., for the best article upon those two towns as places of residence and health resorts.

Another State Legislature has yielded to the appeal of the W. C. T. U. for scientific temperance instruction in public schools. The Legislature of New Hampshire passed a compulsory temperance education bill without opposition. This makes three States which are enrolled on the side of future generations—Vermont, Michigan and New Hampshire.

The New York City W. C. T. U. having been defeated in their efforts to introduce temperance lesson books in the public schools, have opened a school for special instruction in Harlem, and are rapidly arranging for others, both in New York and Brooklyn. Mrs. Mary A. Hunt, who is the superintendent of this work, having successfully appealed to three Legislatures on behalf of scientific instruction in the public schools, says that she hopes to increase the number to ten or twelve this coming winter.

The woman's department at the Boston fair has created surprise among those who think women cannot invent. Some of the contrivances are ingenious. A California woman has devised a table bedstead. There are a double piano-stool, a bridle rein, an improved chimney, a birch bark life preserver, a ventilating screen, life-sized doll babies, carpet-stretchers, floor-cleaning dustpans, stove-dampers, a photograph album, a pan-greaser, a lock against burglars and an autumn-leaf-catcher for cisterns, a bed that when not in use looks like a mantle shelf, and no end of other useful and ornamental articles.

Our Casket.

JEWELS.

A merry-hearted little child
Once, in the time of long ago,
Came from a mansion proud and high
To our poor cot with ceilings low.

And as he raised his baby eyes
And saw the ceiling near his head,
His face lit up with glad surprise;
"Oh, see how tall I've grown!" he said.

Ah! many a one I've seen since then,
And many a one no doubt you know,
Who thinks himself exceeding high
Because his ceiling is so low.

—*Millie C. Pomeroy.*

There is a saying of the ancient sages—
No noble human thought,
However buried in the dust of ages,
Can ever come to naught.

He who is conscious of his ignorance, viewing it in the light of misfortune, is more wise than one who mistakes superficial polish for real knowledge.

No sin is small. No grain of sand is small in the mechanism of a watch. Retribution may be slow, but it is unfailing.

As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations before he rises, but straightway shines forth and is hailed of all, so do not wait to do good for applause and noise and praise, but do it of your own desire, and, like the sun, you will be loved.

Enthusiasm is the glow of the soul, enthusiasm is the lever by which men are raised above the average level and enterprise, and become capable of a goodness and benevolence which, but for it, would be quite impossible.

BITS OF TINSEL.

Josh Billings has made his success by throwing a peculiar spell over the public.

"How do you know when a cyclone is coming?" asked a stranger of a western man. "Oh, we get wind of it," was the answer.

"Your horse has a tremendous long bit," said a friend to Theodore Hook.—"Yes," said he, "It is a *bit* too long."

In the far West a man advertises for a woman "to wash, iron, and milk one or two cows." What does he want his cows washed and ironed for?

"No, sir, my daughter can never be yours." "I don't want her to be my daughter," broke in the young ardent, "I want her to be my wife."

A St. Louis man declined to purchase of an agent a copy of Appleton's Cyclopædia, with the remark, "I know I could never learn to ride one."

"Papa," said a Hamilton boy, "do goats give milk?" "Yes, Tommy." "And a goat is a butter, isn't it?" "Yes, my son." "Well, then, isn't goat's milk buttermilk?"

When a Chinese bank fails, all the officers have their heads cut off and flung into a corner; and it has been five hundred years since there was a bank failure in that country.

"Follow your prescription?" retorted an irascible patient. "No, sir. If I had I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of a third story window."

A well known author once wrote an article in Blackwood, and signed himself "A. S." "What a pity," observed Douglas Jerrold, "that he will only tell two-thirds of the truth."

A six-year-old was seated in a barber's chair. "Well, my little man," said the barber, "how would you like your hair cut?" "Oh, like papa's, with a little round hole at the top."

One man was asked by another, with whom he was on the best

of terms, where he had taken up his abode. "Oh," he replied, "I'm living by the canal at present. I should be delighted if you should drop in some evening."

"Mamma, what's a book-worm?" "One who loves to read and study and collect books, my dear." The next night company called. Miss Edith, who wears rings innumerable, was present. mamma, look at Miss Edith's rings. I guess she's a ring-worm. "Ah, ain't she?"—*Ex.*

A good story about an old Methodist minister baptizing an infant is told in "Echoes from Welsh Hills." "He took the babe in his arms very affectionately, and addressed, in a paternal fashion, a few words of advice to the young parents. 'See that you train up the child in the way that he should go; that you surround him with the best influences, and that you give him a good example. If you do so, who knows but that he may become a Christmas Evans or John Elias! What is his name?'" "Jane, sir," replied the mother.

Solomon says, "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit." This was, according to the New Orleans Advocate, about as cleverly done as could be at the Crystal Springs Camp-meeting Association. A saloon-keeper in the presence of a crowd was commenting upon the "gate-fee" charged to defray the necessary expenses, when with a swagger he said to a member of the Association:

"Let me give you a problem?"

Camp-meeting brother—"Say on."

Saloon-keeper—"If it takes twenty-five cents to get a man to heaven, how much will it take to send him to hell?"

Camp meeting brother (pointing to saloon)—"only fifteen cents. I believe that is what you charge."

An editor in Chicago recently ordered a pair of trousers from the tailor. When tried on they proved to be several inches too long. It being late on Saturday night the tailor shop was closed and the editor took the trousers 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 his wife's sister and to his eldest daughter. But before bedtime the wife reluctantly took the pants, and cutting off three inches from the legs, hemmed them up nicely and restored them to the closet. Half an hour later, the daughter, feeling compunctions for her unfilial conduct, took the pants and cut off three inches, hemmed and replaced them. Finally the sister-in law felt the pangs of conscience, and she, too, performed a surgical operation on the garment. When the editor appeared at breakfast on Sunday the family thought a Highland Chief had arrived.

For Girls and Boys.

THE TWO PLEDGES.

"Little Dennie" was the only son of a clergyman who, years since, lived on the shore of Lake George. This was before the commencement of the temperance reformation, when every family kept intoxicating liquors constantly on hand, and used them as a daily beverage. Taught by the example of his father and guests, the little boy contracted a love for strong drinks that gave his parents most painful apprehension on his account, and was the subject of their frequent but unavailing remonstrance. At length, at a barn-raising he had been permitted to attend, and where he had free access to a keg of liquor, he became *dead drunk*, and was laid upon a board under a tree. The rest of the story is in the language of the author:

"About four o'clock his father called to accompany him home; not seeing him, he eagerly inquired for his child. They pointed him to a place where he lay. With a heart full of sorrow, he carried him home to his mother and sisters. Together his parents watched beside his bed during the long night that followed, not knowing but the dreadful stupor would result in his death; but fully resolved, if he lived, not to leave untried any effort that might save him.

"It was not until the evening of the second day that he was restored to consciousness. His parents thought best not to speak to him of the *cause* of his illness for some days, hoping his own reflections would do him much more good; but in this they were disappointed—he did not exhibit the first symptom of remorse or consciousness that he had done wrong.

"About a week after, his father invited him one pleasant morn-

ing to take a walk Their road lay along the shore of the lake' and was lined with stately trees on either side. For a time they walked along in silence.

"Dennie," said he, 'do you know what made you so sick the other day?'

"Why, I suppose I drank too much rum," he earnestly replied.

"Why, my son, do you know that I think you are in danger of becoming a drunkard?'

"Why, father, I know you tell me so, but I am not afraid of it. You drink rum every day, and you are not a drunkard, and when I get old enough to know how much it will do for me to drink, then I can keep from being drunk too.'

"They both seated themselves on a rock near the shore, and most faithfully did his father speak of the evils of intemperance, then taking a small gold watch from his pocket, which Dennie had desired to call his own, he said: "Dennie, if you promise me that you will never drink any more rum I will give you this gold watch. Will you do it?'

"Rising from his seat, he replied: 'I will tell you, father, what I will do. If it is wrong for me to drink it is wrong for you, and if you stop drinking I will.'

"Had a flash of lightning burst from the cloudless sky above them his father would not have been more startled. How could he preach or perform the laborious duties of a pastor without his daily glass of bitters? How could he get up in a cold winter's night and go to pray by the bed of some dying parishioner, without a glass of something to prevent him from taking cold? How could he attend the various ecclesiastical meetings of the church without something to help him bear the fatigue of the journey? The sacrifice was indeed great, but the welfare of his child demanded it.

"And summoning all his resolution, with a faltering voice, he replied: 'I will do it, my son.' And thus they pledged themselves to total abstinence there, the lake, the trees, and the pure blue sky being their only witnesses, save only the Holy Being who is everywhere. As they retraced their steps, his father took the little watch from his pocket, and gave it to Dennie, saying: 'My son, you have long wished that I would give you this watch. It is now yours as long as you keep your promise. Should that ever be broken, I shall expect you to return it to me, till then, let it be a token to you of this promise we have now made.'

"Years have passed, and the same little Dennie is now a distinguished clergyman in one of the most populous western cities. Four bright little boys call him father. The same little gold watch decorates his parlor wall, and often does he point to it and tell of his danger and his escape from the whirlpool of intemperance."—*Morning and Day of Reform.*

GODLESS AND HOPELESS.

Recent letters from England have brought us news of the death of a man well known to literature who died in a London hospital solely from the effects of long and hard drinking. This man was one of the ablest men in modern literature—a polyglot scholar, as familiar with the literature of half a dozen other languages as with that of his own—and a man of real genius also, who might have won world-wide fame, had he lived wisely and well.

Some two years ago he published a volume of poems, splendid in their power of imagination, stately, strong and original; but they were poems as bitterly sad as the dream of Jean Paul Richter, when he dreamed that God was dead. For this man of whom we write, there was no God in the world; and his work, with all its splendor of diction, failed to touch the heart of humanity, because it had no inspiring soul.

Last year he published a second volume of poetry and a volume of very scholarly and brilliant essays. Since his death, the true story of his life has become known to a few persons.

Some years ago he was in the army, and while there news came to him one day that the girl to whom he was engaged to be married was ill. The letter did not speak as if her illness was serious, but the next day came a second, saying that she was dead.

The poet-soldier fell to the ground insensible. For three weeks he lay entirely unconscious. Then he awoke to what seemed to him an empty world.

He did not believe in God. He had no hope of immortality. The dead, he believed, were dead forever. He had one purpose only; to be dead himself as soon as possible, and meantime to forget.

He began to drown his sorrows in the effects of gin and whisky.

More than once he was imprisoned for days for drunkenness. He had fits of delirium tremens. He suffered from a melancholy so deep that the cry of despair, even through the poetry he wrote, almost breaks the reader's heart. Nothing warned him, because even ambition was dead in him, and he did not care to live on in his empty, godless world.

A few weeks ago he went to see a brother poet. There were three of them together, besides himself—the other three all poets also, and all younger than himself—all admirers of his genius. In their very midst he fell down in a horrible spasm, and they carried him away to the hospital, where in less than two days he died—died of drunkenness—this man who might have been such a power for good.

Could a more impressive illustration of the grave import of the inspired words: "Without God and without hope in the world" be given by tongue or pen?—*Youth's Companion.*

NEITHER ILL NOR THIRSTY.

A man of temperance habits was once dining at the house of a free drinker. No sooner was the cloth removed from the dinner table than wine and spirits were produced, and he was asked to take a glass of spirits and water. "No, thank you," said he, "I am not ill." "Take a glass of wine then," said his host, "or a glass of ale." "No, thank you," said he, "I am not thirsty." These answers produced a loud burst of laughter.

Soon after this the temperance man took a piece of bread from the sideboard and handed it to his host, who refused it, saying that he was not hungry. At this the temperance man laughed in his turn. "Truly," said he, "I have as much reason to laugh at you for not eating when you are not hungry as you have to laugh at me for declining to drink when not thirsty."

He might have gone further and given stronger reasons for not drinking if he had chosen. The liquor would not have quenched his thirst if he had been thirsty. Pure water would have been the best drink in that case.

"What do you require drink for?" The answer nature gives is simple: "To quench thirst." And when we are really thirsty nothing meets our case so completely as a glass of cold water, and there is this advantage about it also, the moment it has answered the end for which it is taken it ceases to be inviting, as Shakespeare wisely said, "Honest water, too weak to be a sinner;" and if people would be content with it there would be fewer sinners in the world than there are.

The animals are in many respects wiser than we are. When left to themselves, they eat and drink like philosophers. God sends the sluggard to the ant, the inconsiderate to the crane and the swallow. He rebuked Balaam by an ass. We might learn from them a few useful lessons in dietetics, and especially in drinking. They drink when they are thirsty, and would we go and do likewise we might save ourselves many a pain.—*Youth's Temp. Banner.*

"LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE."

Look not upon the wine when it
Is red within the cup!
Stay not for pleasure when she fills
Her tempting breaker up!
Though clear its depths, and rich its glow
A spell of madness lurks below.

They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
And merry in the brain;
They say it stirs the sluggish blood,
And dulls the tooth of pain.
Ay—but within its glowing deeps
A stinging serpent, unscen sleeps.

Then dash the brimming cup aside,
And spill its purple wine;
Take not its madness to thy lip—
Let not its curse be thine.
'Tis red and rich—but grief and woe
Are in those rosy depths below.—*Willis.*