

The Canada Citizen

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

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

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TORONTO FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21st, 1883.

THE CROOKS ACT.

A very important decision has been given by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. It will be remembered by most of our readers that in the celebrated case of Regina vs. Russell, it was ruled by the Privy Council that the Dominion Parliament had power to prohibit the liquor traffic; the Scott Act was therefore sustained. Because of this decision many people concluded that the power to legislate in reference to the liquor traffic rested solely with the Dominion Parliament, and that the Local Legislatures did not possess the licensing power that they have hitherto exercised. Sir John A. Macdonald held this opinion, and to put the matter right had the McCarthy Act passed. This was done however without any judicial pronouncement in reference to the licensing power. Now a definite decision has been arrived at, and the Privy Council confirms the Ontario Legislature in its claim to license, restrict and regulate the traffic. It will be seen at once that the question of jurisdiction is now very much simplified. The Dominion Parliament can prohibit, the Local Legislatures can restrict and regulate. We know which body can give us what we want, and we must press upon the former persistent, determined demands for total prohibition, and at the same time do what we can through the assistance of the latter towards further restriction as a measure of temporary relief.

It is a cause for thankfulness that we have reached this definite position before our municipal elections. There can be now no excuse for apathy among our friends in reference to their imperative duty. A vigorous effort now may give us everywhere councils for the coming year pledged to abolish the dangerous and inexcusable grocer's license system, and also to still further curtail the whole liquor business. There is no time to lose. We urge upon our friends their personal responsibility. They cannot be free from blame who neglect to do all in their power for the mitigation of the

awful evils of intemperance. The clauses of the Ontario License Act that relate to this matter are these:

"17. The Council of every City, Town, Village or Township may, by by-law to be passed before the first day of March in any year, limit the number of tavern licenses to be issued therein for the then ensuing license year, beginning on the first day of May, or for any future license year until such by-law is altered or repealed, provided such limit is within the limit imposed by this Act."

"24. The Council of every City, Town, Village or Township may, by by-law to be passed before the first day of March in any year, limit the number of shop licenses to be granted therein for the then ensuing license year, beginning on the first day of March, and in such by-law or by any other by-law passed before the first day of March, may require the shop-keeper to confine the business of his shop solely and exclusively to the keeping and selling of liquor, or may impose any restrictions upon the mode of carrying on such traffic as the Council may think fit."

Every candidate for municipal honors should be required to state definitely what he will endeavor to do in regard to the exercise of the power that these clauses confer, and those who will not do right should invariably be left at home.

It is perhaps worthy of note that while the Privy Council has decided that the Dominion Parliament possesses prohibitive power, and that the Local Legislature possesses licensing power, it has not stated that the Dominion Parliament cannot license, nor that the Local Legislature cannot prohibit. Of course it will generally and naturally be inferred that if certain jurisdiction is possessed by one legislative body, the other will not have a right to a similar jurisdiction, but the point to which we call attention is that the decision of the Privy Council does not in terms void any claim to control of the liquor traffic that either authority has yet made. It has however ratified certain claims, and this is what makes our line of action clear, and enables us to work more hopefully and with a definite aim.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

A beneficent provision of our liquor legislation closes all places where strong drink is sold, from Saturday night to Monday morning. The results are seen in our quiet and orderly Sabbaths, so often noticed and commented upon by visitors from other countries. We shut up our liquor-shops at seven o'clock on the last evening of the week, because it is then that temptation finds men an easier prey. They have finished their weekly round of toil, and loosened the tight rein of work-compelling will-power that has held them in for the last six days, and in the inactive mood of rest they give way more readily to self-indulgence; in the complacency of consciousness of completed tasks, they are more ready to show their good fellowship and kindness to those they meet, and "the treat" has more than usual attractions.

All this applies with equal force to laborers in every department of work, and to every time of relaxation. The holidays are here, the student's books are thrown aside, the professional man is taking a needed vacation, and the hard-working toiler in the factory or the field wipes away the sweat and stops a while for merry-making and rest. Circumstances are all favorable to the unguarded and unresisting frame of feeling that has already been described, friends are meeting friends, everything is looking at its best, and everybody seems happy and feels kindly.

Does the law with prudence and watchfulness interdict the temptation now? No! The liquor-shops are in holiday attire. The saloons are enhancing their fatal attractiveness. Grocery-stores are adorning their poisonous wares with the emblems of peace and good-will; decorating with skill and care in evergreens and flowers, the bottles that are going to carry wretchedness and heart-breaking to thousands of homes; and in not a few cases the proprietors are sending to their patrons, gifts of the woe-breeding drug as evidence of esteem and friendship.

We said it is a time of merry-making and rest. Not everywhere,

There are hearts that ache because Christmas is coming, and loved ones are known to be almost certain to yield to the temptations to drinking that it brings. There are homes dark with a dread of the dangers of the day on which we celebrate the advent of Him who came to bring joy and gladness, and "to bind up the broken-hearted."

Oh, friends, if you never recognized your responsibility to set a right example, do it now. Let your influence during the Christmas week be an influence for good. Think of the loving friends whose pride and joy is to see you respected and good. Think of the hearts that are trembling lest the man whom you are tempting should yield to your temptation. Think of the wretched places where not only apprehension but terror and despair are reigning to-day because Christmas drinking has set in. Banish the wine-cup from your festal board, send back the bottles to the well-meaning but mis-guided donor, or if you will not treat him so, thank him for the gift and pour out the contents where they can do no harm. Let no one ever be able to look back to this holiday-time, and remember that in it you asked him to drink and helped to form the appetite that ruined him. Take the money that you would spend for drink to the homes that drink has cursed, and with it lighten a little the sorrow that society's sinful customs have caused. Until our laws are like what they ought to be in regard to this evil, see that your influence is totally against the darkening of this festive time with the shadow of crime and sorrow, and so help towards what we wish you will all our heart,

A VERY MERRY, HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

Contributed Articles.

THE FIRST TEETOTAL PLEDGE.

In our issue of November 9th, we gave from the *Orillia Packet* a *fac simile* of the manuscript of the first teetotal pledge followed by an article from the same paper, giving a short historical sketch of the incidents which led to the drawing up of this now celebrated document. The article did not state *who wrote the pledge*, and we now supply this omission. Mr. Joseph Dearden, one of the first of the Preston teetotalers, and the historian of the early days of teetotalism, thus writes.—"I remember attending the meeting, and I may well remember the warm discussion which took place at it, for I was one who went in for more caution and less speed. As the earnest proceedings were drawing to a close, and some were leaving, a number got grouped together at one side of the room, still debating the matter, when at length Mr. Livesey resolved he would draw up a total abstinence pledge. He pulled a small memorandum book out of his pocket, and having written the pledge in blacklead, he read it over, and standing with the book in his hand he said, 'Whose name shall I put down?' Six gave their names, and Mr. Livesey made up the number to seven. Next day, Mr. Livesey finding the blacklead writing not very good, copied in ink the pledge, and the signatures in the order in which they were given." The names of "the Seven Men of Preston" having been so extensively published, it is only right to others to repeat what Dearden says—that the only prominence given to them was entirely due to the accident of their being present at a special meeting convened on an inconvenient night of the week, at which many of the most prominent advocates of teetotalism were absent. Mr. Livesey names no fewer than twenty-six who did a great deal more to forward the cause and secure its success than some of the seven.

W. L.

Selected Articles.

THE BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE ON TEMPERANCE.

On Saturday night, under the auspices of the Church of England Temperance Society, the first of a series of free entertainments for the people was given in the Northumberland Hall, Newcastle. The Bishop of Newcastle presided, and the hall was crowded. His lordship, who was received

with applause, said, in obedience to one who was not present, he had attended to say a few words to them. They all knew he referred to one whose great, loving heart had, in concert with others, provided those entertainments, he meant the Vicar of Newcastle. (Cheers.) He was certain the Vicar would have rejoiced to see how thoroughly they had responded to the invitation, and, for himself, he could only prophesy if this success went on, that they would have to secure larger rooms. (Applause.) There was no antagonism in that movement to any existing organization. Their one great object was to enable this land to throw off her intemperance, to drive more and more nails in the great coffin which was being prepared for, and in which he trusted they would all help to bury, the national intemperance. (Cheers.) There were so many sides to temperance that it was difficult to speak of the subject, but he would endeavor to say a few words on the economic, the physiological and spiritual sides of the question. With regard to the economic side of the subject, he had in his hand a pamphlet written by Mr. Hoyle, and he learned that during recent years the wages of artisans in this country had risen from forty to eighty per cent. in extent, and in some instances more. They spent every year in the cause of missions £1,050,000. For household coals they spent £15,000,000 per year in the United Kingdom; for milk £30,000,000; for butter and cheese, £35,000,000; for woollen goods, £46,000,000; for the rent of farms, £60,000,000; and they spent per year in the United Kingdom for house rent and for bread about £70,000,000 for each of these items. But when they came to strong drink of one sort or another in the United Kingdom they found they were spending directly—besides all they spent indirectly—£136,000,000 per annum. Some might say to that, "Well, and why should not the country be just as rich as if that money had been spent in other articles?" The answer was to be found in Mr. Hoyle's words. Mr. Hoyle took the case of a hundred men earning £2 each weekly, and he supposed them to spend 12s. each per week in drink. At the end of the year these 100 men would have spent £3,120. Well, it might be said the £3,120 was not lost, for it circulated throughout the country, and what did it matter how it was spent? But Mr. Hoyle put the other side; he supposed that these workmen had put their money in a building club and invested it in building. It would build twenty houses, costing £106 each, and the money would be circulated in the country just the same as it was when spent in strong drink, but in the one case the £3,120 would be circulated *plus* nothing, in the other case it was circulated *plus* twenty houses added to the wealth of the nation. (Cheers.) He asked them to pursue the comparison. There would be in the case of money spent in drink, of drunkenness, and probably loss of work, miseries at home, a multitude of evils, and a loss of some £2,000; in the other, according to Mr. Hoyle, they had twenty men or more set to work to build the houses, they had happiness in families, and comfort existing instead of misery and ruin. But what would the result have been if the £136,000,000 spent yearly in drink had been otherwise spent? Why, they would not have been there that night discussing economic and temperance problems, nor would they see intemperance still prevailing in many parts of their land. (Cheers.) He thought the economic side was one that would appeal to every one of them, and he was certain they would every one desire to see a great shading down of the distinctions that existed between class and class in England, a greater disposal of the wealth of the nation, a greater share for the working classes of that wealth they helped to produce. (Great cheering.) Those distinctions would be broken down if they could persuade many of their neighbors to be, what many of them were at that moment, total abstainers. (Cheers.) The physiological question simply meant were they better or worse for want of drink, and from all parts of England the reply came "Yes, I am better—clearer in my head and lighter in my heart since I was a water drinker than I was before." He dared say there were there that night some fathers of families, and he wanted to ask were they ever called up at night by a troublesome baby—(loud laughter)—for he was told, by medical authority, that it was a physiological fact that the children of total abstainers cried less at such times than those of other people. (Loud laughter.) He trusted that the time was not far distant when these voices would all join in one great chorus, when the voice of the total abstainers would be heard in every household in England. (Applause.) He wanted to say a word or two on the deeper side of the question, for what, after all, was the whole object of their temperance work? He thought holiness was the great part of their work. No work merely social would ever regenerate, no work merely economical would ever make men fit for heaven. Let them remember that

the grinding poverty of the people was, after all, a stumbling block in the way. (Hear, hear.) He thought there was something of mockery in proceeding down to those lairs—he could hardly call them homes—and preaching to those who lived in them, and therefore he thought the social feature was one that did affect the whole question, and he pressed upon them every one to think of the one great work their blessed Lord came to found, the work committed to every man—be he clergyman, minister, or layman, to set a loving and Christian example in their own lives, a desire to help their brother so far as he would allow them to help him, to stretch out their hands to those in trouble, and to pray in the solitude of their chambers that hearts might be broken and changed, and men and women be brought nearer to God. Then there was the bringing down of the prayers into their own lives, caring little how men might misunderstand or misrepresent them, knowing the old, solid truth that Christianity was true, and in the end would prevail. (Cheers.) If they would throw themselves in the power of God, into this temperance cause, willing to do everything to rescue the fallen and help the strong, they would create at last such a power that the whole of England would be won to their side, and they would at last find angels going in where they themselves had preceded, and would find educated and uneducated classes joining together in one great brotherhood. A larger proportion of the social difficulties of this day would then pass away, they would turn their workhouses into colleges for their youth, they would turn their prisons into far more useful purposes than at present, perhaps into Art galleries—(laughter)—they would find crime diminishing, love increasing, and men and women far more able to say their prayers if this stumbling-block of drink were removed. (Cheers.) He challenged them all, in conclusion, to forward this cause—dear to the heart of the Son of God—the temperance reformation, body, soul, and spirit of the English people. (Great cheering.)—*Alliance News*.

THE TYRANNY OF DEBAUCHED APPETITES.

Shall vicious appetite rule this land?

Shall a debauched and debauching thirst be the absolute sovereign of this nation?

Shall the hunger of depravity and the lust of iniquity be the fetters and chains which will enslave our people in a bondage more abject and miserable than any known to civilized man?

Shall drunkard-making, pauper-making, lunatic-making, widow-making, and children-starving, be the highest and most honored of employments, and shall the drunkard-makers, pauper-makers, lunatic-makers, widow-makers, and children-starvers, be our lords paramount, who shall make our laws, select our Judges, appoint our rulers, and drive us like cattle, hither and yon, as they shall choose?

Shall we have escaped the odious tyranny of king, priest, landholder, soldier and aristocrat of other lands only to fall under the vastly more loathsome despotism of professional law-breakers, and selfish and sinister panders to depraved appetites?

This is the vital question of the hour.

The professional drunkard-makers, pauper-makers, and children-starvers, seek to rule us that they may have greater scope and liberty in their vile work. They are using the wretched victims whom their prostituting arts have debauched and depraved to fasten upon us a yoke which will force every man and woman in the land to become their aids and accomplices in the devilish scheme of drunkard-making and pauper-making; they would drag the whole Government, Presidents and Governors, Congress and Legislature, Supreme Courts and minor judiciaries—down to the gutter level of the saloon, the boozing den, the dive, the deadfall, and the brothel, and corrupt with a poison for which there is no antidote, every pure spring of political thought, aspiration and action.

If we would not have this thus, then there is but one alternative, one resource, one relief, and that is, *Pulverize the Liquor Traffic*.—*Toledo Blade*.

WAITING FOR PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

It is said that prohibitory laws are well enough where there is a public sentiment to back them up; but otherwise they are inoperative. There are a good many assumptions in that statement, and a good many things which at best are only half true. But granted that it be altogether so,

and that it is in vain to look for any result without public sentiment to enforce the statute, why is there not this sentiment? It is just simply because so many men are saying "if," and "and," and "but," and all that, when they talk about the suppression of this evil of liquor selling by law. If only every man who says "I should be in favor of a prohibitory law if there was a public sentiment to sustain it," would just say "I am in favor of a prohibitory law, that would make public sentiment," there would be no division of ranks, and no doubt about the opinions and determination of the people.

But waiting for public sentiment! What kind of an attitude is that for a true and earnest man to take in the presence of a needed moral reform? Paul did not wait for public sentiment to support him in preaching the gospel; he went to work and made public sentiment. Richard Cobden did not wait for public sentiment to be well defined and clamorous before he began his agitation for corn law repeal, he set out solitarily and alone, and winning John Bright and a few other able men to his side, he traversed the land, planning, speaking, agitating, he created a public sentiment before which Sir Robert Peel and the whole Tory party were only as so much chaff before the wind. Bismarck did not wait for public sentiment to push him to the task of unifying and solidifying Germany. He pushed the people and brought them to his own mind. The heroic Garibaldi did not wait; he saw clearly what ought to be done to redeem Italy from the thralldom of the Pope, and make it a nation among nations, and he threw himself into the breach and led the way to victory. The dead Gambetta did not wait; he took the people in the hour of despair and trained them into hope; when they were in confusion and organised them; when parties were plotting, and dethroned dynasties were scheming for reinstatement, and made France a republic. Neal Dow did not wait for public sentiment to support him in his demand for prohibition. Month after month, year after year, he and his faithful co-workers wrought at the business of making public sentiment, and they did it.

Public sentiment does not make itself. When there is a vigorous public sentiment on any question of morals, it is because somebody has taken an advanced position and educated and drawn the people up to it. If all who think and even say it would be a good thing to close liquor saloons, and to put out the fires in these distilleries and breweries, and to stay the vast waste of strength and thought and time and money, and homes and hopes and lives, would only say it without any "ifs," and "ands," and buts," and having said it, would stand by it, public sentiment on this liquor business would swell and press on like an in-coming tide, and in a little while there would be laws looking to the suppression of this evil, which would have in them the force of the right hand of God.

Meanwhile let no man nor woman lose heart, for in spite of back-setting eddies here and there, and stagnant basins, the great stream of temperance sentiment and conviction and purpose moves steadfastly forward.—*Rev. F. A. Noble, D. D., in Steuben Signal*.

THE BEER DELUSION.

What is beer? It is, in fact, nothing but colored, flavored, and fired water. A pint of beer is a pint of water with a pinch of hops, a spoonful of alcohol (coarse whisky), and a few particles of the worst parts of the malted barley. Talk about this beer being the "juice of the malt," the fact is it is the *juice of the pump*, and the proper name for beer would be *adulterated water*. It is all water to begin with, but by the process of brewing it gets colored, flavored and whiskied, and then is puffed off as our "National beverage," as the working-man's drink. I have carefully gone over all the processes connected with beer making, consisting of malting, mashing, fermenting and fining, and am prepared to prove that it is still only water—spoiled water—though colored, bittered, and whiskified. In its natural state water is one of Heaven's best gifts; it quenches thirst, dilutes our food, supplies the secretions of the body, and like all God's best gifts is plentiful and cheap. There is nothing so good as "honest water" for quenching thirst; in fact, in whatever shape you take it, whether as tea, ginger beer, lemonade, or in fruit, it is the water these contain that quenches thirst. Look at that beautiful sparkling glass of water as it stands beside your plate, it costs you nothing, it will do you good and no harm, it will assist digestion, it will not excite and then depress, you will drink no more of this fluid than is proper. And will you then, instead of drinking the clear, nice, transparent element, in its natural state, insist

upon it being colored with malt charcoal, bittered with hop, and fired with whisky; and instead of having it for nothing consent to purchase it at 4d., 5d., or 6d. per quart? Could folly go further than this?

Beer not only intoxicates, but often makes people unwell, and then they are apt to say, "Oh, there was something in it," or to charge it with being "doctored" or adulterated: they think that beer made only from malt and hops *must be good* and will not intoxicate nor injure those who drink it. They are profoundly ignorant that *the purest beer is whisky and hop water*, colored and flavored; and until they are disabused of their unfounded notions, they will continue to go on reiterating these silly tales about adulterations. The people's belief that beer imparts strength, that it is feeding or nutritious, is a great delusion. It contains nothing that can give strength—it stimulates just in proportion to the whisky it contains; but it gives no real power to the body. I have no hesitation in saying that *there is more food in a pennyworth of bread than in a gallon of beer*. It is the solids (digested) and not the liquids that give strength to both men and animals. Millions of individuals work without beer. The testimony of masons, bricksetters, laborers, furnacemen, moulders, glass-blowers, sawyers, porters, plasterers, haymakers, shearers—in fact all trades, and of persons both on sea or land, even those who have been exposed in the most northern latitudes, to the hardest work and the severest cold—these all work and do their work better without beer. Malt liquor cannot give what it does not contain. You might as well ask the clouds to create sunshine, or the sun to freeze the ponds, as to hope for true muscular strength from beer drinking.

But even if beer were worth drinking, and contained the nourishment attributed to it, yet when you consider what evils it leads to, you will see strong reasons why you should never touch it. If it were as nutritious as bread, beef, or milk, yet so long as it contains the intoxicating principle, and brings so many to ruin, every good man should abstain from it. Beer is a deceitful drink. When men invite each other to go into the public house, they say, "Come, let us go in and have a glass," but the one glass taken they want another, and often stop till they are unfit for work. In the whole list of intoxicants, I regard beer as the worst. First, because public opinion runs so strongly in its favor in preference to what are called "spirituous liquors." Next, because it is usually looked upon as "food," and hence it is not reserved for special occasions, but is on the table of many families daily.

If any impartial person will examine this beer as I have done, or if he will carefully consider what it leads to, he can come to no rational conclusion but that it is wise to abstain from it altogether. If you will enquire of all the hard drinkers, men or women, how they commenced, you will find that in most cases it was with a glass of beer, or a glass of ale, or a glass of porter, and generally at the family table. If you want to make your children drunkards, there is no likelier method than giving them beer to their meals.—*Joseph Livesey.*

Intemperance News.

ONTARIO TRADES (?) BENEVOLENT (?) ASSOCIATION.

The liquor sellers of Ontario in a society with the above misleading name have held their annual Convention at Hamilton. We take the following summary of their proceedings from the report of the *Globe's* special correspondent:—

The following executive officers were present: J. S. Hamilton, Brantford, President; P. Bajus, Kingston, 1st Vice-President; J. O'Donohue, Stratford, 2nd Vice-President; A. G. Hodge, Toronto, Secretary; W. G. Reid, Hamilton, Treasurer, Wm. Armstrong, Jas. Lennox, Toronto, Committee; John Millet, Auditor. A large representation of the trade was also present.

The minutes of the first annual meeting were read by the Secretary, Mr. Hodge, of Toronto. The minutes of the different meetings of the Management Committee were also read and adopted.

THE SECRETARY'S REPORT was then read. In it he recommended that large counties be worked from one or two centres; that the officers who do not give bonds be changed annually; that the

travelling expenses of the delegates be paid; and that a periodical and journal be established in the interest of the trade. The treasurer submitted his annual report, which showed the following:—Number of paying members in the association is 1,097. Receipts, \$2,294 18, with fifteen branches yet to hear from; balance from last year, \$1,786 53; total receipts, \$4,080 71. Total expenditures, \$2,300 31. Balance on hand, \$170 40.

THE PRESIDENT then delivered his address, and said that many events of importance to the trade had transpired, and to them the attention of the executive and management committees had been given. He then referred to the Ontario License Act to the Dominion Act, and to the case of Hodge v. the Queen, carried on by the Toronto Branch of the Association, even to the Privy Council and which had been decided against Mr. Hodge. The Ontario Trades Benevolent Association, he said, had done much good. It has shown the power of the trade, and has convinced even the most sceptical that if they are a united body the total storms and attacks of the skirmishers of the total abstinence army pass harmlessly by. It had shown that this association had been a power for good in diminishing and discouraging the evils of intemperance, accomplishing this by the education of its members to the idea that over-indulgence should be discouraged, and that a strict observance of the licensed law and keeping of their houses in a respectable manner is to the interests of each member as well as in the interest of the community at large and of the entire trade. He could not but feel that it is in future absolutely necessary that the Secretary of the Association should be in a position to give his entire time and attention to the duties of the office.

MR. VINCENT, Simcoe, wanted to know what assistance they could expect from the Society in the coming contest against the Scott Act campaign in Norfolk.

MR. HODGE, Toronto, stated that as there had not been a campaign since the Society was formed, he believed that every county belonging to the Association should have all they had paid into the Association, and as much more as possibly could be furnished by the Association.

MR. MCGUIRE said he understood that when the Society was formed it was for the purpose of fighting the Scott Act. He was led to believe that by Mr. Hodge when he was attending the meeting of the Association two years ago in Toronto. He believed in the Society taking hold of any contest—the first contest that may come up—and wining, and that would dispel the idea from other counties of submitting the Scott Act. He further stated that he believed the failure to pass the Act in Welland no doubt was the cause of the proposed submission of the Act in Lincoln.

MR. HODGE submitted that he believed that the Society should stand by any county till the funds ran out, and then, if necessary, pay in to the treasury in advance.

CAPT. MCBRIDE, St. Thomas, believed that the proper course was to be united in opposing the Scott Act anywhere. He stated that the ministers were very jubilant at first when the Act was about to be submitted, but when met were not equal to their cause.

MR. T. F. BROWN, Welland, detailed how the work was done in Welland against the Scott Act. He had spent time and money in his own county, and he was now ready to assist in a fight in any other county.

MR. HODGE thought the management committee of the Provincial Association should be the body to whom all moneys should be paid, they to hand what is necessary to the local associations in the county where the Scott Act is about to be submitted. In this way he thought that the brewers, wholesale dealers, and others would assist freely, as they would have a guarantee that the money was properly spent.

MR. MCLEAN, Windsor, stated that they did not want a fight in Essex. If they had to fight, he thought they could win even without the aid of the Association. He referred to the case *The Queen v. Hodge*, recently before the Privy Council. He was of the opinion that the matter was settled. He had no more to say, but he thought that the Society should be prepared to assist in any case that should come up in the future that interfered with their interests.

MR. LINDSAY, Hornby, Halton County, spoke to the question of the repeal of the Scott Act in Halton, stating that he thought the Act could be easily repealed. After some further discussion on the work of opposing the Scott Act, the following motion was passed: Moved by MR. ARMSTRONG, of Toronto, seconded by MR. O'DONOHUE, of Stratford, "That the Managing Committee be empowered by this Association to transact all business in connection

with local committees, and that should they not have sufficient funds they are to make an assessment on the members of the Provincial Association to make up the deficiencies."

The question of closing at 7 o'clock then came up for discussion. One of the members wished to know where they would present their petition. Mr. Hodge explained that there was only one law in force. The Dominion Act was not in force, and most likely would never come in force, as it would in all probability be fused into the Crooks Act. A lively discussion as to what closing hour should be decided upon took place; finally a motion was passed, the substance of which was that the Ontario Government be petitioned to so change the reading of the Crooks Act as to permit the sale of liquors on Saturday night up to nine o'clock instead of seven o'clock, as is now the law. After some further controversy the following motion was passed:—"That a secretary be appointed at a salary of \$1,200 and ten per cent. on the collections over \$5,000, and to be allowed \$5 per day for travelling expenses while travelling."

MR. MCBRIDE, of St. Thomas, laid before the meeting the matter of petitioning the Ontario Government, asking them to make as far as possible a uniform figure to be paid for licenses throughout Ontario. After a short discussion the matter was allowed to drop.

MR. MCGUIRE wished to know what was to be done about taking out new licenses for the incoming license year.

MR. HODGE said, take out the licenses in the usual way from the Ontario Government, as has been the custom since Confederation, and that if they were interfered with the Ontario Government would protect them. He knew that the Ontario Government intended to defend their Act. He thought one license might be taken out by the Dominion Government to be used as a test case.

MR. T. F. BROWN, Welland, said that the "Hodge case" decision of the Privy Council virtually settled the question in favor of the Crooks Act, and against the proposed Dominion Act.

MR. HODGE stated he was also of the opinion that the case referred to, argued before the Privy Council, had no doubt settled the matter, and that he was only waiting till Mr. Kerr arrived home to get the full particulars.

The election of officers took place, resulting as follows:—President, J. O'Donohue, Stratford; 1st Vice-President, J. Winslow, Port Hope; 2nd Vice-President, Captain McBride, St. Thomas; Secretary, A. G. Hodge, Toronto; Treasurer, W. G. Reid, Hamilton.

The banquet took place at the St. Nicholas Hotel, and was a grand affair. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. G. Reid.

Temperance Items.

At a meeting of the congregation of the Sherbourne Street, (Toronto) Canada Methodist Church, held on the 12th December, it was moved by W. A. Douglas, and seconded by Rev. Dr. Dewart.

"That this congregation memorialize the Dominion Alliance, requesting them to urge on the Legislature the desirability of passing a law allowing each citizen to vote at the municipal elections, "License," or "No License," in his own polling division.

"Also, that the Parliament be requested to forbid the sale of intoxicating liquors within the precincts of its own buildings."

N.B.—[We specially call the attention of our workers to the above recorded action. If churches everywhere throughout the Dominion will do similarly, they will greatly strengthen our hands in the effort to secure much needed amendments to our present license law.]

The Coffee House Associations in Hamilton and Montreal have declared dividends of ten per cent, and announce that they purpose extending their work.

The Church of England Temperance Society, of Belleville, which was organized only about two months ago, has now a membership of over 400.

The Coffee House Company of St. Johns, Newfoundland, recently opened the first coffee house in that city.

A Blue Ribbon club has been reorganized under very favorable auspices at Georgetown.

The temperance people who are moving for the purpose of submitting the Scott Act to the electors of the united counties of Dundas, Stormont, and Glengarry, with the idea of carrying the same, have agreed to stop proceedings until the 4th of March next.

The Workingmen's Temperance Association, of Napanee, has been reorganized, with the following staff of officers:—James Allen, President; Thos. J. O'Neill, 1st Vice-President; Chris. Pater-

son, 2nd Vice-President; M. S. Medole, Secretary; John McGreer, Fin. Secretary; James Moss, Treasurer; Rev. S. Card, Chaplain; Nelson Sager, Conductor; R. Baldwin, Ast. Conductor; Charles McCullough, Warden.

A petition, asking the Picton town council to reduce the number of tavern licenses to four and to reduce the number of billiard licenses and have the tables removed from where liquor is sold, is being circulated in that town.

The following from the *Herald*, published in Calgary, N.W.T., shows how prohibition is being enforced in our Northwest, and also what efforts are being made to evade the law.—Yesterday morning two men presented themselves at the station and asked for a barrel of oatmeal and a barrel of sugar addressed to Mr. Lewis, Red Deer. After they had loaded their stuff they started across the flat, evidently for the purpose of hiding their treasure, but Sergt. Dunn, who was on the watch, detained them, and on opening the barrels found just enough oatmeal and sugar to pack safely a number of bottles filled with whisky of the most wretched character. The men, who gave their names as Lewis and Luce, were taken to the lock-up, and the horses, wagon and liquor confiscated. On the same train were some cases addressed to C. Anderson, End of Track, which the police had also reason to believe contained liquor, and on opening them found two ten gallon kegs of whisky and three cases of brandy, which, of course, were carried off to headquarters. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Anderson. There must have been in all between fifty and sixty gallons of liquor of the vilest ingredients imaginable. The brandy was labelled Hennessy's Cognac. At the prices usually obtained in the territories for liquor—\$5 per bottle—a handsome return would have been realized.

The Police Magistrate of Fredericton reports \$3,650 collected in fines under the Canada Temperance Act since March, 1880, and 26 imprisonments for non-payment of fines.

A tea-meeting and concert has been held in Waubashene, by the Church of England Temperance Society, with the most gratifying result. The hall was completely filled and \$34.15 netted towards the purchase of an organ. The singing of the Band of Hope was one of the features of a very good evening's entertainment. This society has also raised nearly \$70 in books and money towards a library, with promise of a further very liberal donation of books. After deducting the usual loss, accruing from the close of the mill season, the membership stands as follows:—Adult Society, 61; Band of Hope, 34. May we not hope that the seeds of true temperance will have been sown in the hearts of those who are now dispersed to their homes?—*Orillia Packet*.

The illicit liquor traffic under the Canada Temperance Act has received a fresh rebuff in the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. A man in King's county was fined fifty dollars for a first offence, and no goods being found to satisfy the fine and costs he was ordered by the justices to be imprisoned for three months in default of payment. An application was made by his counsel for his release from imprisonment under the Act relating to the liberty of the subject. The grounds of the application were that power was not given justices to imprison for a first offence under the Canada Temperance Act, and that the Summary Convictions Act contemplates imprisonment for want of distress only in cases when the imprisonment is authorized by the statute imposing the pecuniary penalty. Judge Thompson heard the application, and, after due deliberation, refused to discharge the prisoner on the grounds presented.—*Montreal Witness*.

The City Council at Dalton, Ga., unanimously refused to grant license to sell intoxicating liquors in that city. It is not to be sold in any drug store under the name of bitters, nor from any other place nor in any quantity. Out of a voting population of 400, the petition for this action by the Council was signed by 330. Cartersville, Ga., is moving in the same direction, a committee of six, four white and two colored, being appointed at a recent meeting to circulate a petition asking the City Council to absolutely prohibit the sale of intoxicants within the City limits. Both men and women are permitted to sign the Cartersville petition, and it is affirmed that the result will show eight out of ten of the entire population in its favor.—*American Reformer*.

A temperance township, the first of these temperance settlements in Victoria, Australia, has been projected on the same principles as those in England, Ireland, Canada and Wales, and the prominent feature the promoters have in view is to exclude the erection of public-houses and distilleries, and to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors in the settlement.—*Canada Casket*.

POOR LITTLE JOE.

Written by FRANK DUMONT.


Music by KILIAN JORDAN.

Piano



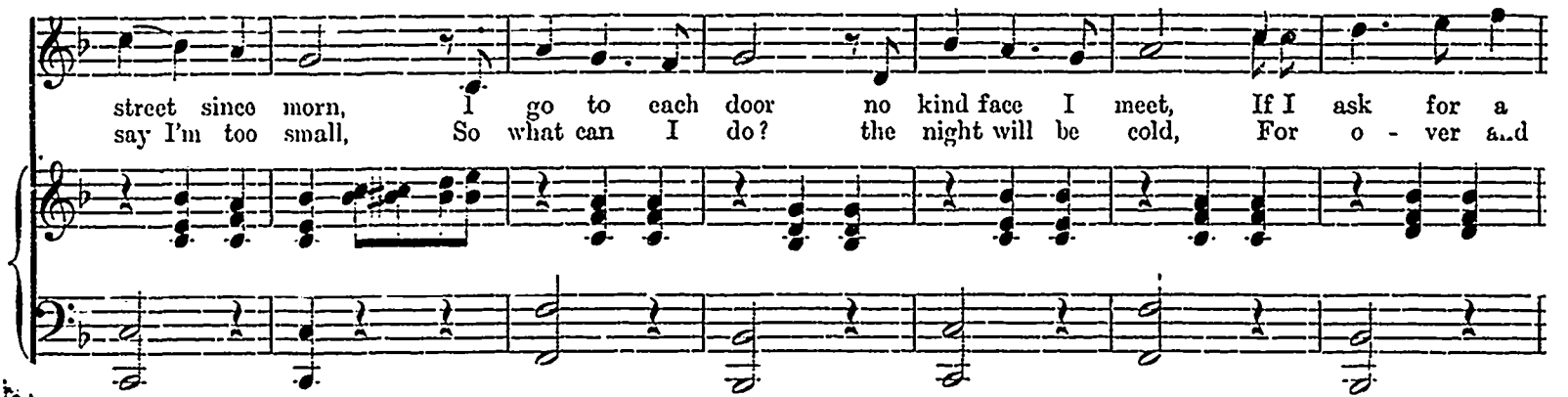
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a series of chords and single notes, including a prominent B-flat in the first measure. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a similar key signature and time signature, playing a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.

My Jack - et is torn, my shoes are all worn, I'm wand - er - ing out in the
Be - cause I am ragged I'm scorned by them all, I'd will - ing - ly work, but they



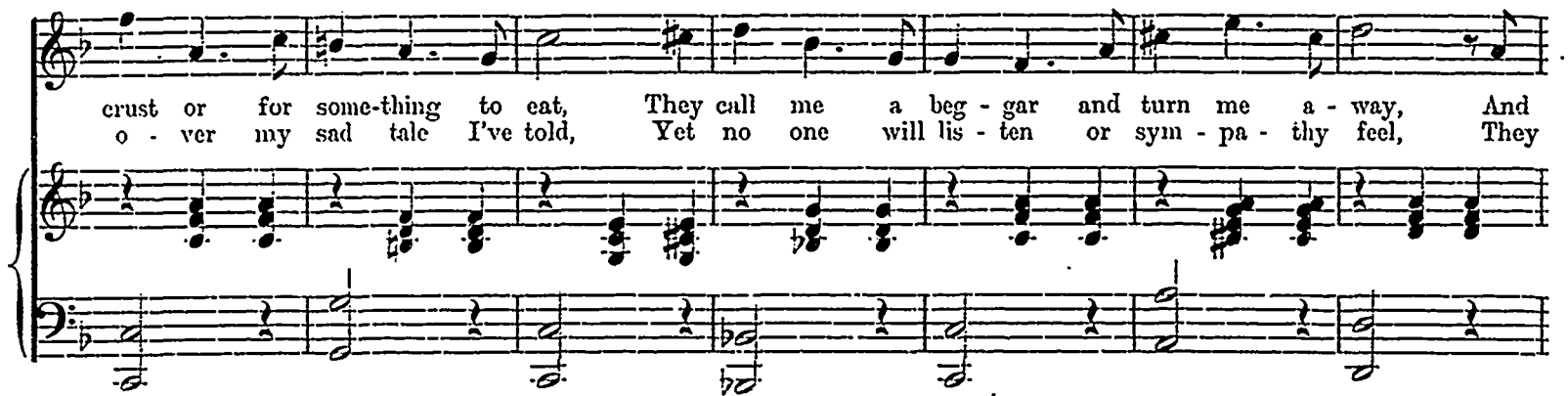
The first line of the song features a vocal melody line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes, providing a harmonic support for the voice.

street since morn, I go to each door no kind face I meet, If I ask for a
say I'm too small, So what can I do? the night will be cold, For o - ver a..d



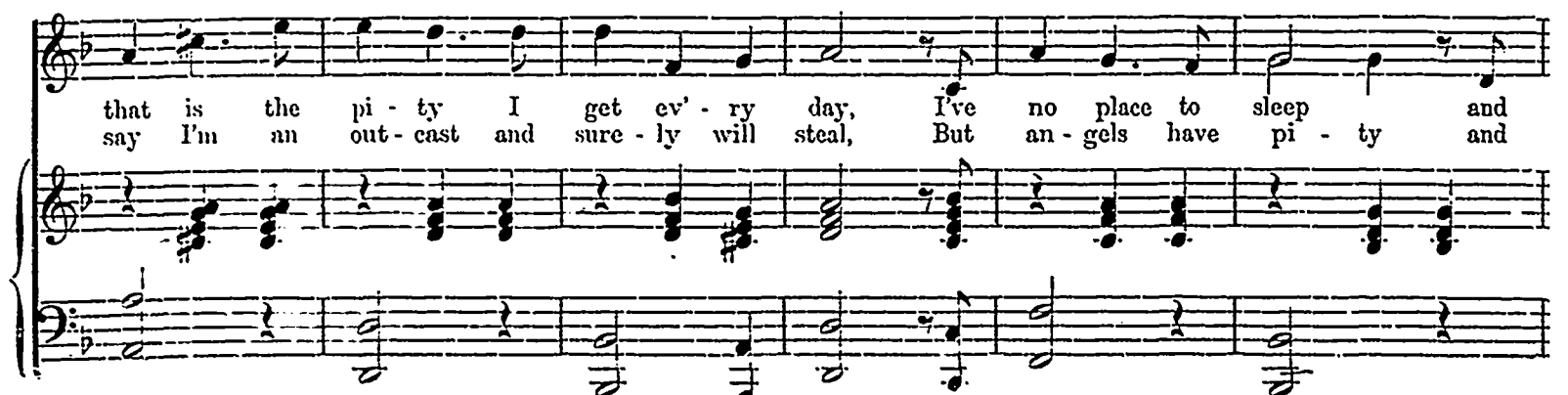
The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics describe the singer's daily struggles and the harsh conditions they face.

crust or for some-thing to eat, They call me a beg - gar and turn me a - way, And
o - ver my sad tale I've told, Yet no one will lis - ten or sym - pa - thy feel, They



The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics express the singer's feelings of being ignored and mistreated.

that is the pi - ty I get ev' - ry day, I've no place to sleep and
say I'm an out - cast and sure - ly will steal, But an - gels have pi - ty and



The fourth line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics describe the singer's desperate situation and the only hope they have.

no where to go, For no..... one cares..... for poor lit - tle Joe.
wel - come I know, They'll care for the wan - derer, the poor lit - tle Joe.

CHORUS.

Soprano.
Poor lit - tle Joe, Poor lit - tle Joe, Rag - ged and hun - gry, and no where to go, They

Alto.

Tenor.
Poor lit - tle Joe, Poor lit - tle Joe, Rag - ged and hun - gry, and no where to go, They

Bass.

Piano.

call me a beg - gar and turn me a - way, And that is the pi - ty I get ev' - ry day.

call me a beg - gar and turn me a - way, And that is the pi - ty I get ev' - ry day.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH AND THE BREWERS.

Archdeacon Farrar has met the challenge of the brewers with firm and manly front. They having threatened to aid in the work of disestablishing the Church if the clergy dared to oppose the liquor traffic. Dr. Farrar, speaking at Leeds the other day, said, "The Church of England had faced Popes and Kings, and was not going to recoil before the threatened vengeance of publicans and brewers." It will do no harm to let it be seen that brewers are not so needful to the Church as some people have supposed. Certainly all that is good in any Church can stand without the support of money or influence gained by alliance with traffic in strong drink. At Barton-on-Trent, a Curate has roused the ire of local brewers by writing a pamphlet in favor of total abstinence. It has led to their threatening to withdraw their money aid of some £1000 annually from the church with which he is connected, unless he is removed from his post. It is said that the Vicar has asked the Bishop to remove the Curate; if it be so, many will look with eager interest for the result. Brewers will not gain much to their cause by making martyrs of their Temperance opponents. But drink and the devil have ever been closely allied, and it is no new thing to find them united on the side of opposition of good works.—*The Christian*.

An attempt is being made to organize a Working Men's Club in Melbourne, Australia, for the recreation and social intercourse of young men—a place where friends and acquaintances might meet and discuss the topics of the day, etc., without the elements of drinking and gambling.

General News.

CANADIAN.

In Toronto on Saturday last, after a brief illness, Dr. A. A. Riddell died at his late residence, corner of Duke and George streets, at the age of 64 years. The doctor was an old and well-known citizen of Toronto. After following for some time the calling of a printer, he studied medicine. Afterwards he went to Mexico, where he practised his profession, and passed through many thrilling adventures in the revolutions by which at that time the country was disturbed. Dr. Riddell was a coroner for the County of York. He had also been a member of the Toronto City Council, and was highly esteemed by a large circle of friends.

The elections for the Ontario Local Legislature last week resulted in the return of Hon. Ross, (Reformer), for West Middlesex; Hamill, (Conservative), for Cardwell, and Phelps, (Reformer), for West Simcoe.

The Dominion Election for West Middlesex, resulted in the return of Cameron, (Reformer).

Toronto Women's Medical College has made formal application for affiliation with Trinity College.

Sir Leonard Tilley on Friday last, at an interview in Toronto with the promoters of an iron smelting scheme, gave them very little encouragement. They want the duty on pig iron raised to six dollars a ton. The Finance Minister was more favorable to admitting books for public libraries duty free.

John Brown's sheepskin tannery in Picton, was burned on the 13th inst. The tannery and contents are a total loss. Insured in the City of London for \$1,925; loss about \$3,000.

On Saturday a gang of French-Canadians arrived from the West, en route from the Michigan woods to their homes in Quebec. One of their number, John Shaw, of Three Rivers, while being conveyed to his seat in the cars, died in the arms of his companions. The man had been ailing for some time past. The sum of \$47 was found on his person.

A fire broke out in the warehouse and offices of H. B. Rathbun & Son, Campbellford, on Friday evening, consuming the building and contents, shanty supplies; also a large quantity of grain. Loss about \$2,000; insured for nearly \$4,000.

John Hawthorn's residence in Dorchester, West Middlesex, was burned last week.

Edward Travers' barn in Sidney, was burned on the 13th. Loss \$2,500.

Joseph Carr's barn on the Kingston Road, near Whitby, was burned on the 13th inst., together with a large number of pigs and cattle, as well as the season's crops.

The Council of the Agricultural and Arts Association, Toronto, have resolved to memorialize the Education Department with a view to having agriculture taught in the public school.

A man named Isaac Powley, a farmer of the township of Kingston, was killed on Sunday at the Cataragui Crossing of the Grand Trunk Railroad. His wagon was struck by a train from the west. Powley was knocked out and fell on the platform above the cow-catcher, his head being crushed in. Death was immediate.

On Monday morning the dwelling-house of Lewis Heartwell, in Georgetown, was totally destroyed by fire with the entire contents, the family barely escaping with their lives. Probable loss \$2,000; insurance, \$900.

David Moore & Son's flouring mill, at Walkerton, was burned on Sunday. Loss, \$35,000; insurance, \$19,000.

A sad affair has occurred in Markham township, not far from Toronto. A man named Robbins was found dead in his cottage, with a bullet in his brain. His wife states that he came home intoxicated and shot himself after a quarrel.

Mr. Egan says the C. P. R. Company will close the railway for the winter rather than yield to the striking engineers.

The latest discovery of coal in the northwest is on the north side of the Sturgeon river, near Edmonton. The seam is being worked by the settlers in that vicinity for their own benefit, and although they have only gone a couple of feet back from the face of the seam the coal is first-class.

The most disastrous conflagration that has yet visited Rat Portage occurred on Sunday night. About half-past eleven o'clock a fire broke out in the general store of Baker & Co. The flames were fought heroically, but the wind from the south very quickly blew them into the adjoining building, and, although every exertion was made by the people, they saw that the side of the street up as far as Second-street must go. The total loss will foot up to \$100,000 or more. The flames subsided about three o'clock next morning. The flames subsided about 3 o'clock next morning. The gap made by the present fire extends nearly 200 yards, being the portion of the town most thickly and compactly built upon, and occupied by the principal business establishments. Probably 75 people will be rendered homeless, who will need prompt assistance from sister towns and villages in both Ontario and Manitoba. The sufferers have nothing to fall back upon, no resources whatever further than the business they were each depending upon. With the fire they have lost everything. The origin of the fire is attributed to the explosion of a lamp in Baker's shop.

The writs for the election to the House of Commons in the county of Soulanges, Que., have been issued. The nomination takes place on January 21, and the election on January 27.

The Council of Agriculture in Quebec recommend the establishment of an agricultural college.

Joseph Dennison, of Huntingdon, Que., shot and killed himself on the eve of his marriage.

Two buildings were destroyed by fire on Sunday morning in the village of St. Urbain. Loss, \$7,000.

Employment Agent Corbett, of Montreal, sent men to work on the C. P. R., at Lake Superior, who were disappointed on arrival, and came back here, and one of the returned fired through the window of the hotel where Corbett was sitting. The bullet whistled past his head and lodged in the wall. The agent has received numbers of anonymous letters threatening his life.

The receipts of the late Dominion Exhibition in St. John, N. B., were \$45,000, about \$40,000 less than the expenses.

Mrs. and Miss Johnson were thrown from a carriage at St. Mary's, N. B., on the 15th inst., the former receiving fatal and the latter serious injuries.

John Pickard, M.P., for York county, N.B., died on Monday morning. Mr. Pickard was a Liberal. He had been in Parliament for a long time. Previous to 1869 he sat a year in the New Brunswick Assembly. In that year he was returned to the House of Commons, and has represented the constituency at Ottawa ever since. He was a very popular member, having been returned again and again by acclamation.

At Halifax, on Sunday, a fire destroyed the Queen Building, occupied by the Queen, Guardian, and Union insurance offices; V. J. Gibson, clothier; Graham, Tupper & Borden, harristers; the Spanish Consulate, and several other offices. The total loss is \$80,000; insurance, \$30,000, in the Queen's, Royal, North British, and Western Companies. A clerk named Edward O'Connor, aged 56, who slept in the building, was suffocated. The remains, with the head missing, were found in the debris this afternoon. Martha Boutilier, niece of the janitor, received fatal injuries by jumping to a roof adjoining the building.

A movement has been started at Charlottetown, P.E.I., to secure a grant for the purpose of aiding a Dominion exhibition there in the Fall of next year.

UNITED STATES.

Commander Cheyne's scheme for reaching the North Pole by balloon has fallen through.

The Board of Education of Brooklyn has decided that colored children shall be received in the public schools on the same terms as white children.

At Youngstown, O., on Sunday last, there was a riot between 500 labourers of the Pittsburg, Cleveland, and Toledo railway and the employes of Ellis Planing and Booth Miller Companies. Seven thousand people

witnessed the fight, and the excitement ran high all day. There were many broken noses and heads cracked.

About 150 coopers, employed at the Hall & Dann Barrel Works at Minneapolis, Minn., quit work last Friday morning on account of a cut of one cent a barrel in their wages. Other shops in the city had made the cut, and it was expected that the workmen would quit, but they have accepted the reduction.

The Hudson River is frozen over at Albany, and navigation entirely suspended. The ice men have staked out their fields for harvest.

E. A. Sopherles, a distinguished Greek scholar and professor of Harvard College, is dead.

Harris' mill at Lowell, Mass., was burned last week. Loss, \$50,000. Ten firemen were injured, some severely.

Last Saturday a fire destroyed much property at Winona, Minn. The same day a sugar-house was burned at Franklin, La. Loss, \$75,000.

The American House at Dubuque, Pa., was burned on Sunday. Loss, \$75,000.

At Girardville, Pa., smallpox has again broken out. Three young girls are sick.

There were five robberies in St. Louis at the point of a pistol on one night last week. The citizens threaten to organize a vigilance committee.

At New York the Ferry Boat Garden City was burned on the 14th inst. The passengers escaped but some horses were burned. Loss, \$100,000. Redman's livery stable was burned the same day. Eleven horses perished.

Two vessels have been lost in Lake Superior. The schooner Mary Ann Hurlburt, which went down on the 12 inst. with twenty men, and the North Cape wrecked on Tuesday, her crew of eight men perishing.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Mr. W. Forster is in favor of an extended franchise for Ireland.

A quantity of arms and ammunition has been seized in a house in Dublin.

The Chetque presented to Mr. Parnell at the banquet in his honor was for £38,000.

Mr. West (Liberal) has been elected to Parliament for Ipswich, to succeed Mr. Cobbold (Conservative), deceased.

Fifty-two Magistrates of the County of Armagh, headed by the Duke of Manchester, have forwarded to Dublin Castle a strong protest against the suspension of Lord Rossmore's commission as a magistrate.

Lord Lorne was presented with the freedom of the city of Glasgow. In a speech he said that Canada was independent in form and reality, but if she should be threatened by any great Power her position would be a dangerous one without England to back her.

O'Donnell, the murderer of the informer Carey, and Joseph Pool, the murderer of John Kenny, have been hanged.

A despatch from Madrid states that a hurricane did much damage in Alicante last week. At Deria the sea was driven over the town and fourteen vessels were wrecked.

Two steamers were wrecked in Holland in the recent gales, one off Texel and the other off Helvoetsluiys. The life-boat found three dead bodies aboard the latter steamer.

A strong shock of earthquake has been felt at Korea, in Asiatic Turkey.

A great storm has caused much damage in Abadia. Six large ships and fifteen coasting vessels have been lost and the crews drowned.

The quarrel between France and China is still unsettled. The French forces have been increased, and money voted for the war. The Chinese have taken the Black Flags into their paid service.

Tales and Sketches.

BUILDING A HOUSE WITH A TEA-CUP.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Let it alone, Lucy!" exclaimed Granny Grey to her young visitor.

"Why did you remove the shade?"

"Well, dear-Granny, only because I really wanted to see it."

"See it!" said the very handsome woman, with whom the aspect of youth lingered. "Why, darling, surely your eyes are not in the tips of your fingers? You could see it without removing the shade. You mean, I suppose, you wanted to feel it?"

Lucy laughed. In common with all the girls in Woolen Reach—the name of the village in which Mrs. Grey resided—she called her "Granny;" "Granny" was the pet name, the name of love, by which all the young people, boys and girls, recognized Mrs. Grey. Lucy Lynne was one of the good woman's especial favorites. There were steadier and wiser girls in Woolen Reach; but there was not one gifted with a gentler heart of a kinder nature than Lucy Lynne.

"I do not know what I wanted," laughed Lucy; "but you all make such a wonderful fuss about that cup that I thought I should like to know why; and just now, when you had done reading, and closed the Book, leav-

ing Mr. Grey's spectacle-case in it for a mark, I am sure you sat for quite five minutes looking at that cup—at least your eyes were fixed on it—and yet—" The girl paused.

"And yet what?" questioned Mrs. Grey.

"Why, though your eyes were fixed on the cup, it seemed as if they were somehow looking beyond it; and then—indeed, your eyes grew red, and your eyes had tears in them, and I thought, without intending it, you clasped your hands; and you got up and looked at the sheet almanac, and I thought you said to yourself, 'Thank God!'"

"Why, Lucy," exclaimed Mrs. Grey, "what an observant puss you are! I little thought you were watching me as a cat would a mouse."

"That won't do, dear Granny," laughed Lucy. "The cat watches the mouse because she wants to catch and eat it. Now you do not believe I want to eat you?"

"No, dear child, I never thought you wanted to eat me," answered Mrs. Grey, laughing in her turn, "but I did not think you were so observant."

"I am sure," said Lucy, "there are a dozen tea-cups in the house much prettier than that old thing you lay such store by. Some one said here the other day that the 'willow pattern' was considered very old-fashioned, and in 'bad taste;' and you said it was, and that you hated the sight of it, and would have a new dinner service as soon as your ship came home, but," added Lucy, with a little pout, "that ship is a long time on the seas. As long as I can remember I have heard you talk of what was to be done when the ship came home; perhaps, when it does, Granny, it may bring you a pretty cup to put under the shade, instead of that 'willow pattern.'"

"No," said Mrs. Grey; "not all the cups that ever came from China, even if they were filled with gold, would be half as valuable in my eyes as that discolored old tea-cup of the 'willow pattern,' which I have cared for and cherished for thirty years; and Mr. Grey values it as highly as I do."

"Granny, will you not tell me why," inquired Lucy, "that I also may value it? I know you think a great deal of it, for you always dust the shade with your own hands."

"If you can sit still, Lucy, and listen attentively, it will be a pleasure to me to tell you why I value that tea-cup. There! bring your favorite stool to my side and sit down, and you shall hear not an imaginary but a true story, which I hope you will remember all the days of your life."

"You know my husband was a carpenter—indeed, I may say is; though he does not work as hard as he used with his hands, I think he does with his head, and I hear that his power of calculation is clear and rapid."

"Oh yes," said Lucy; "I have heard Mr. Grey say that temper kept his brain clear."

"I married him when I was very young," continued Mrs. Grey—"some said too young to take the cares of the world upon me; but I thought my husband, who was a very well educated man, would teach me how to bear them—at least that was what I thought and believed; but the real truth was, I loved him very dearly, and if there are faults, we are not inclined to see them in those we love."

"Then," said that saucy Lucy, looking archly up into Mrs. Grey's face, "I do not think, Granny, you love me very much, for I think you see all my faults, ever so big!"

"My dear one!" replied her old friend, "I hope I see them all, because I am anxious my Lucy should be very perfect; and if her faults were not known, how could they be corrected? And she has just displayed one."

"A fault!" repeated Lucy, opening her great gray eyes.

"Yes; you interrupted me at the commencement of a story you said you wished to hear, and I now feel indisposed to tell it."

"Oh," exclaimed the repentant Lucy, "indeed I will not do so again; I will be as silent as ever you could wish, and as attentive; I did not mean to be rude, dear Granny!"

"Where did I leave off?" questioned Mrs. Grey.

"You said we were not inclined to see faults in those we love," replied Lucy.

"Oh, I remember. Well, dear, we had everything very tidy and comfortable, and my husband had plenty of work. I did not think it then, but I had cause to mourn it afterward, that though I loved my husband, I was not as careful in my early married life as I should have been of his little home comforts. His dinner was not always ready to the moment, as it is a wife's duty to see that it is when her husband comes home from his day's work. The hour or two of evening, when the toil of the day is ended, should be the happiest of the four-and-twenty, and can not fail to be so if a household, however small, is properly cared for. During the early days of our married life we never omitted reading a portion of the Testament, and sometimes singing the verse of a hymn, before we retired for the night. Mr. Grey had a beautiful voice," said the old lady, with very pardonable pride, "and, as you know, he leads in the church still. After we had been married about a year, it pleased God to make an addition to our family. That should have increased my dexterity, so that my attention to my child should not have been taken from, but added to, the comforts and pleasures of our home; but, instead of that, my new duties rendered me heedless, and often sloppish. My husband liked to see me trim and neat in my person.

"'Katie,' he used to say, 'I only ask to see your hair brushed and shining, and your apron and cotton gown—as they used to be—clean.' He would often take the broom and sweep the hearth, and make up the fire,

and put the white cloth on the table for supper; and though I knew that was what I ought to have done before he came home, yet—I don't know how it was—I did not improve. I had grown rather too fond of gossiping with neighbors who were idler than myself, and carrying my child—who certainly was a beauty—about to have it admired. That was our first baby—our dear blue-eyed boy. I almost seemed fonder of showing him off than looking after my home. When rich married people don't think as much of each other as they ought to do, they have many other things to look to for happiness; but if the lamp which led the poor to the altar grows dim, the house is dark indeed—the light of their life goes out with it!"

Lucy looked at Mrs. Grey with wondering eyes; for she was the neatest and nattiest old lady you could see anywhere, and was held up as a pattern to all the young girls in the neighborhood.

"I do not know now how it was, or when it began, but we often forgot to read our chapter. My husband did not continue as good humored as he had been during our early days, and I did not see how much of that was my fault for not making him comfortable, as I had done at first. He was very fond of our baby, but the poor little fellow grew ill and peevish. He could not bear to hear it cry. When it began to cry, he would take up his hat to go out. The very thing which ought to have sent us on our knees in supplication that our infant might be restored to health seemed to break in upon our prayers; and, instead of the hymn—except, indeed, on Sunday evenings—my husband, who had, as I told you, a beautiful voice, would bring home a new song which he wished to learn, so that he might sing it at the Tradesmen's Club at the Blue Lobster.

"Slowly but surely he began, instead of returning home in the evenings, to attend these club meetings. Then I saw my danger, and how foolishly, if not wickedly, I had acted, in not attending to my first earthly duty.

"One morning—I never shall forget it—I rose determined to get my washing over and dried out of the way, as he had promised to return early. There is nothing, except a scolding wife, more miserable to a poor man than finding the fire from which he expected warmth and comfort hung round with steaming or damp clothes that a brisk, good manager would get dried and folded before his return.

"I had made such good resolutions; but, darling," said Granny, after a pause, "I trusted to my own strength. I did not then, as I do now, entreat God's help—ask for God's help to enable me to keep them. I was too fond, in my young, proud days, of trusting entirely to myself—to my own will. Well, dear, I suffered one small matter or another to call me away, and an old gossiping woman and her daughter came and wasted my time; and when I heard the church clock strike, and knew my husband would be in in less than half an hour, and nothing ready to make him comfortable, though he had had a hard day's work at the saw-pit, in wet weather, I could have cried with shame and vexation. My resolve had been so strong—in what?—in my own poor, weak strength! Well, I hurried; but it is hard racing after misspent time. My husband came in, dripping wet, about five minutes before his usual hour. He looked at me, and at the clothes-line that was stretched in front of the fire, and, with a small chopper that he had in his hand, he cut the line, and down went my half-dried clothes on the not over-clean sanded floor. 'A soft answer turneth away wrath,' saith the proverb; but I did not give the soft answer, and the wrath was not turned away.

"Very well, Katie," he said; "there is no place here for me to sit and rest, and no supper ready; but I can get sitting, resting, and supper at the Blue Lobster, where many a fellow is driven by an ill managing wife." And with that he turned out of the door. It was in my heart to follow him, to lock my arms around his neck, and, begging his pardon, bring him back. But I was vexed about the clothes, and forgot the provocation. That was his first night all out at the Blue Lobster, but it was not his last. I saw my error, and I prayed then for strength to do my duty, but somehow my husband had got a taste for the popularity that grows out of a good story and a fine voice, and he had felt that woful night what it was to be warmed, when he was cold, by the fire of brandy, instead of sea-coal. Days passed; our little boy, our Willy, grew worse and worse. Time had been when Mr. Grey would walk the night with him on his bosom, to soothe him to sleep, but now, if the poor child wailed ever so heavily, he could not hear it. Another child had been given to us, but she only added to our difficulties. Then, indeed, I labored continuously to recall what I had lost, but drink had got the mastery. We were backward with our rent; my poor husband lost his customers, for he neglected his business; and both clothing and furniture went to satisfy our creditors, and that craving which cries for more the more it gets. I could not bear the sympathy of my neighbors—for they would give me their pity—held me up as a suffering angel—while every hour of my life I recalled the time when neglect of my wifely duties first drove my husband to the public-house.

"When sober, my poor dear was full of sorrow, but he had not the strength to avoid temptation. He never used any violence toward me, though if I attempted to hold anything back he wished to turn into drink, he would become furious, and tear and rend whatever he could lay his hands on. One terrible night he broke every remnant of glass and china that remained of what once, for a tradesman's wife, I had such a store. Every thing was shattered, every thing trampled on and broken—every thing but that one cup."

"And how did that escape?" questioned Lucy.

"It contained the infant's supper," replied Mrs. Grey. "I saw his

hand hover over it, and the same moment his poor blood-shot eyes rested on the baby, whose little outstretched arms craved for its food. Some silent message at that moment must have entered his heart; his arms fell down, and without an effort to support himself, he sank into a heap upon the floor in the midst of the destruction he had caused. I tried to get him on to where once a bed had been; we had still a mattress and a couple of blankets."

Lucy did not speak, but her eyes were overflowing, and she stole her hand into that of Mrs. Grey. The good woman soon resumed her story:

"I saw that even there sleep came to subdue and calm him. My poor child ate her supper and fell asleep, and my sick boy was certainly better, and also slept. I crept about, gathering up the broken pieces, and endeavoring to light the fire. A kind lady to whom I had taken home some needle-work that morning—for several weeks, I had been the only bread-winner—in addition to the eighteenpence I had earned, gave me a small quantity of tea and sugar; and an old pewter tea-pot that, however battered, would not break, seemed to me a comforter. He would awake, I knew, cold and shivering, but I hoped that until the Blue Lobster and every house of the same description were closed, and then his thirst would compel him to take some tea. I heard the church-clock strike one, and it was a joyful sound; no open doors, even to old customers, then. I knelt down between the children's blankets and my poor shattered husband, and prayed as I never prayed before.

"I had managed sufficient fuel to boil the kettle and create some degree of warmth, and I waited patiently and prayerfully for the waking. It came at last. The anger and the violence that had been almost insanity were all gone; only the poor broken-down man was there. He asked what o'clock it was. I told him the church-clock had gone half past one. He then asked for water. I brought him a cupful, another, and another, and then a cup of tea. After he had taken it, he gathered himself up and took the stool I moved toward him. I poured him out a fresh cup of tea. He looked for some little time vacantly at the table, and not seeing another cup, he pushed that one toward me. I drank, half filled it again, and moved it to his hand.

"My poor Kate," and kept repeating my name, 'has it come to this—only one cup between us all?'

"And enough, too," I answered, smiling as gayly as I could—'enough to build a house and home on, if we trusted to tea.'

"What is your meaning?" he inquired.

"I was almost afraid to say what I meant, but I took courage, while trembling. 'I mean, darling,' I answered, 'that if we could both be content with refreshment of tea, we'd soon have a better and blither house than ever we had.'

"I've been a bad father and a bad husband," he said—for by this time he had nearly come to himself—but all is gone, and it's too late to mend."

"I made no answer, but just drew down the blanket from the faces of the sleeping children—there never was anything touched my husband like the little child.

"Is all gone?" I asked; and with that he crushed his face down on his clasped hands as they lay on the table, and burst into tears. I knelt down beside him, and thanked God for the tears in my heart, but I was so choked I could not speak; and we staid that way ever so long, neither saying a word. Now it is strange what turns the mind-will take. Even while his face was wet with tears, my darling lifted it.

"Katie," he said—and it may seem to you nothing but a fond old woman's fancy, but I've always thought there was no music in the world ever so sweet as the way my husband says 'Katie' unto this day—'Katie,' he says, 'lets turn the cup, and see what it reads.' Like all youngsters, I believe, we had tossed many a cup, in our boy and girl days, just for laughter. He took it up quite serious like, and turned it, and as he looked into it he smiled. 'There's a clear road,' he went on, 'and a house at the top, and a wonderful lot of planks: they can't be ours, for there is not a plank in or near the pit now.'

"But there will be," I answered, eagerly. 'It was only yesterday, down where the spinnny overhangs the pool, I met Mrs. Groveley. She gave me a blithe good-morning, and asked if my goodman was going to turn his leaf soon. "Tell him to make haste from me," she said, laughing like a sunbeam; "for he's too good a fellow to go on much longer as he's been going. There's goodness in him."

"Are you sure she said that?" whispered my husband.

"So I told him indeed she did, and more. 'She said she was waiting until you'd resolve to turn to like a man, and cut down the small lot of timber that's waiting for your hatchet on the corner farm. "I'm determined," she continued, "no one but he shall fell those trees. As I shall want to use the planks in the spring, he has no time to lose." She said something not pleasant about the public-house, but I could not let that pass; so I up and told her that it was my carelessness and neglect that turned you from your own fireside.'

"You should not have said that, Katie," he answered. 'I've been a bad husband and a bad father, and I did not think there was one in the place now that would trust me with a day's work; and his voice shook and faltered, but he got it out at last. 'Even if I did take a turn, it's not likely you could forgive me!'

"And then I fell weeping at his feet, and laid bare my heart, and re-

peated that if I had been what I ought to have been, and kept the house he put over me fresh and clean, as I ought to have kept it, instead of spending the morning of my days in vanity and idleness, we need not have been two shivering sinners at that hour. I repeated again and again that it was my ways that drove him to find by the tap-room fire what he had lost at home; and then I lifted up my voice, and called to my Saviour to look down and help us both. I, with my voice full of tears, promised my husband if he would try me—only try me—he would see what a home I would make for him. He was always one for a little joke, and even then he said, and twirled the cup, 'A well-plenished house in a tea-cup; one tea-cup between us.'

" 'Yes,' I said, 'if nothing stronger than tea flows into that cup, or wets our lips out of that cup, *we will build our house.*'

" We both kept long silence, and the break of that blessed day, though it showed me my husband's once glowing and manly face pale and haggard, and his hand trembling—so trembling that he could not carry the tea-cup to his lips without spilling its contents—brought new life into our shattered home.

" Lucy, on that blessed day—this day eighteen years ago—strength was given us both to keep our promise to God and to each other; and somehow the text got stamped upon our hearts:

" 'We can do all things through Christ, who strengthens us.'

" My poor darling! he had hard lines at first. Never was there a drunkard who did not cast about to make others as bad as himself. As the day drew on he had not courage to face the street; but I went up to Groveley Manor, and told the good lady that my husband would fell the trees; that he might be trusted, because he no longer trusted in his own strength; that he was a pledged teetotaler, and I was pledged to make his home happy; but that we did not trust in our own pledges, but in faith that we could do all things through Christ, who strengthened us.

" Still the lines were hard. He had to bear up against the taunts and sneers of his boon companions, and I had to struggle hard to give a desolate room the welcome home look that would prevent his wishing for the lights and the warmth and the excitement, and the praise his songs were sure to obtain. But, however scanty the furniture, a poor man's house can always be sweet and clean; that is in the power of the poorest; and though when he returned from his first day's timbering there was but one tea-cup between us, the old darned cloth was clean, and tea-pot and fire bright. No lord's children could be cleaner, and he said it was as good as a nosegay to kiss their sweet cheeks. It was hideous to see how his old companions loomed in upon our poverty, and tempted, or tried to tempt, him back. One terrible drunkard staggered in, and mockingly asked if I would give my husband leave to go for an hour—just half an hour even—and I rose and went into the little bedroom. I knew I could trust him, because he had ceased to trust himself. And I blessed God when I saw the tempter staggering forth, deriding my husband, and prepared to commit violence on any who opposed his progress.

" It is some time before neighbors or once friends can believe in a drunkard's reformation. The dear good lady who took the surest way to insure his lived to see our growing prosperity—'building a house with a tea-cup' she always called it—and my goodman was not slow to declare the effect the clear high-road pictured forth in the tea-grounds had upon his excited imagination on that memorable night. Our necessaries returned to us slowly—very slowly at first—but the neighbors, when they saw how hardly and earnestly my husband worked, offered us credit for what they thought we needed; but we resolved to abstain from all luxuries until we could pay for what we got. Some of our little valuables had been left at the public-house as security for scores, and the landlord thought himself a most injured man when my husband redeemed his one article of finery—a gold shirt-pin that had belonged to his father. We learned the happiness every Saturday night of adding to our comforts; and from that day to this my husband has always found his house swept and garnished—no damp linen hanging about, no buttonless shirts or holey stockings. The children were trained to neatness and good order, and the sound of discord and contradiction has never been heard within our home. The habits of our first months of marriage returned; a few verses of Holy Writ, a prayer, and a hymn refreshed the memory of our bond with God and with each other. We feel those exercises far more impressive now than we did when we practiced them as a cold ceremony rather than as the result of a living faith.

" In less than six years my husband built this cottage, I may say with his own hands. We got the bit of land at a low rate, and over hours he worked at it as only a teetotaler can work. Our Willy has never been a strong lad, and the doctor says if he had been even a little wild he would have been long ago in the church-yard. With all my love for his beautiful infancy, I did not do my duty the first two years of his life. A careless wife is never a careful mother, whatever she may think; but it pleased the Lord to let in his light upon us before the night came. And it was folly to carry two things first into this house—our Bible and the old tea-cup that attracted your curiosity. It is not too much to say that the cup often reminded us of our duties. And you can understand now, I think, darling, why Goodman and Granny Grey value it before all the gay china that could come from beyond the seas; for I may rightly say that, by God's help and blessing, *this house was built out of that tea-cup.*"—*Harper's Monthly Magazine.*

For Girls and Boys.

"YOU CAN'T COME IN, SIR."

If you would not be a drunkard
You must not drink a drop;
For if you never should begin
You'll never have to stop.

The taste of drink, good people say,
Is hard in driving out;
Then, friends, in letting in that taste,
Why! what are you about?

Out of your house to keep a thief
You shut your door and lock it,
And hang the key upon a nail
Or put it in your pocket.

So, lest King Rum within you should
His horrid rule begin, sir,
Just shut your lips and lock them tight,
And say "You can't come in, sir."

—*Dominion Churchman.*

OLD RYE'S SPEECH.

I was made to be eaten,
And not to be drank;
To be threshed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.
I come as a blessing
When put through a mill:
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.
Make me into loaves,
And your children are fed;
But if into drink,
I will starve them instead.
In bread, I'm a servant
The cater shall rule;
In drink I am master,
The drinker a fool.
Then remember the warning:
My strength I'll employ,
If eaten to strengthen,
If drank to destroy.

—*Selected.*

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The quiet influence of a child has been the means of saving the parent. I remember a little history related to me many years ago by a Christian abstainer. He said he would give me the facts that led to his reform, and the circumstances that arrested him in his career of sin.

Two maiden ladies who lived in the village, often noticed a scantily clad girl passing their house with a tin pail. On one occasion one of these ladies accosted her.

"Little girl, what have you got in that pail?"

"Whisky, ma'am."

"Where do you live?"

"Down in the hollow."

"I'll go home with you."

They soon came to a wretched hovel in the hollow, outside the village. A pale, jaded, worn-out woman met them at the door. Inside was a man, dirty, maudlin and offensive. The lady addressing the woman, said:

"Is this your little girl?"

"Yes."

"Does she go to school?"

"No; she has no other clothes than what you see."

"Does she go to Sunday-school?"

"Sunday-school—in these rags! Oh, no!"

"If I furnish her with suitable clothes, can she go?"

"It's of no use giving her clothes. He would steal them, and sell them for whisky. Better let the girl alone; there is no hope for her or for us."

"But she ought to go to school."

An arrangement was entered into whereby the child should call at the lady's house on Sunday morning, be clothed for the school, and after the school was dismissed, call again, and change her garments for home.

The little creature was very teachable, and soon became a favorite with her teacher, who gave her a little Testament, probably the first gift the child had ever received. She was very proud of her Testament, exhibiting it on all occasions with the delighted exclamation:

"That's my little Testament—my own."

She would take it with her at night, clasping it in her hands till she fell asleep on the wretched rags called a bed. The child was taken ill. The doctor provided by her benefactors declared she would die. Her friends furnished her with what comforts they could, and watched the father lest he should steal them and sell them for whisky.

The gentleman then continued the narrative:

"One day I went to her bedside. I was mad for drink. I had taken everything I could lay my hands on. I looked round the room. There was nothing left, nothing I could dispose of. Yet I must have drink. I would have sold my child; I would have sold myself, for whisky. The little creature lay on the bed, with the Testament clasped in her hand, partly dozing. As I sat there she fell asleep, and the book slipped from her fingers, and lay on the coverlid of the bed. Stealthily looking round the room, I stretched out my shaking hand, seized the Testament, and hastily thrust it into my bosom. I soon sneaked out, like a guilty thing, to the grog-shop. All I could get for it was half a pint of whisky. It was a poor little book. I drank the devil's drink almost at a draught, and soon felt relieved from the burning thirst. The stagnant blood in the diseased vessels of my stomach was stimulated by the fiery fluid, and I felt better. What took me back to my child I cannot tell, but I sat again by her side. She still seemed to be sleeping; and I sat there with the horrible craving stayed for the time by the whisky I had drunk, when she opened her eyes slowly and saw me. Reaching out her hand to touch mine, she said, 'Papa, listen. I am going to die, and when I die I shall go to Jesus; for he told little children to come to Him. And I shall go to heaven; for he said that little children were of the kingdom of heaven. I learned that out of my Testament. Papa, suppose when I go to heaven Jesus should ask me what you did with my little Testament. Oh, papa! oh, papa! what shall I tell Him!' It struck me like lightning. I sat a few moments, and then fell down on my knees by the bedside of my child, crying, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' That half pint of whisky was the last drop of intoxicating liquor that has passed my lips. She died in a few days, with her hands in mine, and her last words to me were, 'Papa, we shall both go to Jesus now.'"—From *John B. Gough's new book, "Sunlight and Shadow."*

HOW THE SHIP WAS SAVED.

Little Binnie Gray lived with her father and mother in a lighthouse on the west coast. Her mother was a good Christian woman, but her father was a drunkard. As the lighthouse was some distance from the main land, it was only once a week that they had any communication with the town. It was customary for Ned Gray to take the small boat and go for provisions every Saturday. On such occasions he would often get drunk; sometimes not returning for two or three days.

When Binnie was about six years old her mother died. Just before her death, she gave Binnie her large Family Bible, telling her never to part with it. After the death of his wife Ned kept very steady for a time. When she was alive, and he ashore drinking, she would light the lamps at night and do all that was required; now, he had to attend to all himself. One Saturday morning he went ashore for his usual week's provisions. Just as he was about to return to his boat he fell in with some of his old associates, with whom he adjourned to a public-house. There he sat for several hours talking and drinking. At dusk he arose to depart. The weather which was fine in the morning, was now changed; a high wind was blowing and rain falling in large drops, giving every indication of a stormy night. He hurried to his boat as fast as he was able. The waves had thrown it some distance up on the sands, and it was necessary to get assistance to get it afloat again. By the time this was done the waves had lashed themselves into a white foam, and he knew that no boat could live in such a sea, much less

land at the dangerous rock on which the lighthouse was built. What to do he did not know. It was quite dark by this time. Suddenly a bright light shot up into the air; too well the poor drunkard knew the meaning of it—a ship was in distress and sending up signal rockets—others followed at short intervals, showing that she was heading straight for the rock on which the lighthouse was built. What was to be done? He knew that little Binnie could not reach high enough to light the lamps, and that unless the lamps were lighted, the vessel would shortly strike on the rocks, and all hands probably be lost. He attempted to enter his boat, but strong hands detained him.

One minute he would pray for the ship's safety, the next be cursing those who detained him ashore. By this time a large crowd had collected on the shore, watching the signals sent up by the ship.

Presently a voice in the crowd, said "Look! what's that?" The next moment there was a loud cheer, for the lamp in the lighthouse was burning brightly. This was too much for the already overtaxed nerves of the now sobered lighthouse-keeper. He muttered, "thank God," and fell insensible on the beach.

The next day, when the sea had calmed down sufficiently for a boat to be launched, Ned Gray put off for the lighthouse. He was very weak and ill, but such was his anxiety to see his child, that it was thought best not to detain him. As he neared the rocks, he noticed that the lights still burned dimly. After he had secured the boat, he hurried up the steps into the house. Little Binnie lay fast asleep on the floor. Tenderly he lifted her and placed her on the bed. He then sat down at the fire and waited till she should wake. Slowly the time dragged along, hour after hour passed, but neither stirred, the only sound was an occasional sigh from Ned Gray. At last little Binnie awoke. With a cry of joy she jumped up and ran to her father. He caught her up in his arms. For some minutes both remained silent. "How did you light the lamp, Binnie?" the father asked. "Why, father, I managed to drag the table into the middle of the room, under the little door, where you light the lamp; but when I got up on it, I wanted such a lot of being tall enough. Then I got a chair, and after trying for a long time I got it up on the table. But I found I still wanted a little of being high enough to reach the lamp, so I got down to look for something to put on the chair; but I could find nothing. I saw by the rockets that the ship was coming nearer and nearer, so I sat down to cry. Just then I thought of mother's Bible—you often told me to burn it, father, for it was no good to me; but you see it was some use, for when I placed it on the chair I was tall enough to light the lamp."

Long after little Binnie had gone to rest her father sat and read the book he had so often thrown out of his way, and before he retired he registered a vow that drink should never again cross his lips. And it never did.—*Charles Evans in The League Journal.*

Our Casket.

BITS OF TINSEL

Remember that your good reputation is like an icicle. If it once melts, that's the last of it.

The burden of many a song is the song itself.

A man who was asked if he liked sausages, replied that he had never eaten any; they were to him a *terrier incognita*.

An Irish editor says he cannot see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

An old lady in Texas says she never could imagine where all the Smiths came from until she saw in a town a large sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company."

The following is a literal transcript of a sign on a Pennsylvania village store: "Tea and Taters, Sugar and Shingles, Brickdust and Lasses, Whisky, Tar and other Drugs."

"Father," says an inquisitive boy, "what is meant by close relations?" "Close relations, my son," replied the father, "are relations who never give you a cent."

The lah-de-dah cigarette smoking young man is referred to by the *Cleveland Leader* as "third-class male matter."

A country shopkeeper said: "Here, my friend, those balls of butter I bought of you last week all proved to be just three ounces short of a pound." "And the farmer innocently answered: "Well, I don't see how that could be, for I used one of your pound bars of soap for a weight."