

THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR^x_x

ORGAN OF THE

Instituted on the



26th July, 1871.

VOLUME I.—1873.

EDITED BY

JOHN PYPER, G.W.C.T. OF IRELAND.

WINE IS A MOCKER.—*Scripture.* ALCOHOL IS A POISON.—*Science.* BEWARE OF STRONG DRINK.—*Experience.*

“That salvation is by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of sinners is not a more settled and universal doctrine of the Christian Church than that the use of alcoholic drink is contrary to the Divine Will is of the Temperance Reformation.”—See Page 219.

BELFAST:

GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND, I.O.G.T., 26 ANN STREET.

THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR

ORIGIN OF THE



VOLUME I. 1918

FOURTH

JOHN PAPER, G.W.C.T. OF IRELAND

GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND, 10, ST. ANN STREET,
BELFAST.

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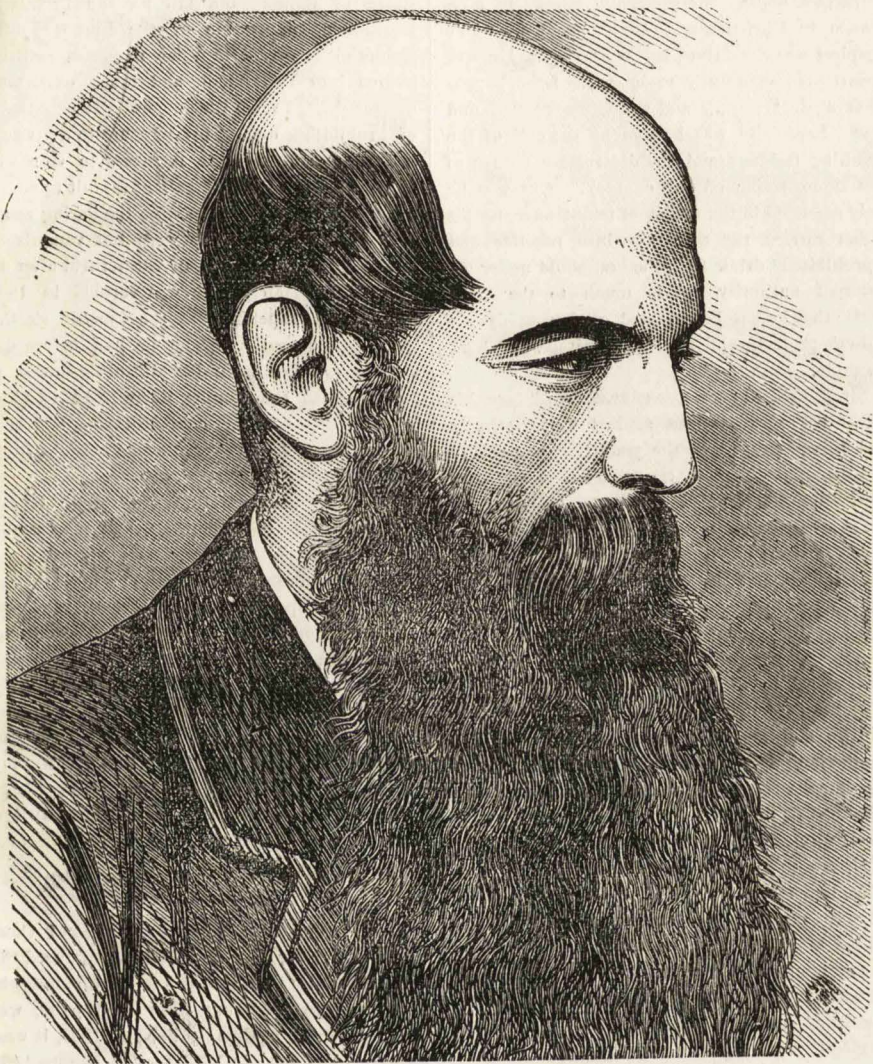
The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

VOL. I., No. 1.

JANUARY, 1873.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, Bart., of Brayton Hall, Cumberland, England, whose portrait graces our first number, was born on 4th September, 1829, and is, therefore, now in the forty-third year of

his age. The Lawson family takes its place among the ancient houses of the Kingdom, being found among the landed gentry of Henry III.'s reign. The first baronet was created by

James II.; and a Lawson was soon found among the Representatives of the people, since the second baronet sat in Parliament as Member for Cockermouth. The father of the present Sir Wilfrid was a notable man, thoroughly liberal in politics, and an uncompromising Temperance Reformer. He was distinguished by strong religious principles, and a courageous and consistent allegiance to Christianity. Under such favorable auspices was the future baronet reared. He was accustomed constantly to hear his father's protests against slavery and wrong, oppression and war. Especially was he taught the evil of the drinking fashions and the destructive nature of the liquor-traffic of our country. Nor was he only educated in the theory of temperance, for his father carried the principles into practice and "prohibited" drink from the household under his paternal authority. It is much to the son's praise that he has perpetuated so thoroughly his father's protests, and so closely imitated his bold example.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson was educated at home, his father having objections against public schools and universities, where the young are necessarily thrown amongst many temptations. Some may differ from his opinion, but none will question the sincerity or motives of him who held it. The Rev. J. Oswald Jackson, afterwards an Independent minister, and the author of several religious works, was young Lawson's preceptor. It is manifest that under the able tuition of this gentleman his pupil profited. His speeches evidence his classical knowledge and general culture.

In the year 1858 Sir Wilfrid was a candidate for the Parliamentary representation of West Cumberland, but was defeated. In 1859, however, he was returned for Carlisle, in association with his uncle, Sir James Graham. By this event, a seat for a long time held by a Conservative was won for the Liberal interest. As soon as the new member was in the House, his individuality was evidenced, and it was seen that he did not intend to stultify his honest convictions for any family or party considerations. He could not consent, even with all his esteem for his distinguished uncle, to become simply the echo of his electoral colleague. Not only did he support the programme of the extreme Liberal party, voting with Cobden and Bright, and working for peace, freedom of franchise, and the ballot, but he gave prominence to his temperance principles. Soon after his election he was asked to speak at the public meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance at Manchester. He took the highest ground, regardless of consequences. As he resumed his

seat, he said, "That speech has cost me my seat," and so it did. At the next election the majority of fifteen by which he had triumphed was turned into a minority; publicans and their clients who had previously voted for him, of course now exerting their influence against him.

In the year 1864, he boldly introduced into the House of Commons a Bill for the Permissive Legislative Suppression of the Liquor Traffic. Memorials showered in upon members, petitions poured into Parliament, and much excitement was manifested upon the subject. The champion of Prohibition carried his measure to a division, and secured thirty-nine members to vote with him. This was the first gallant assault upon the fortress of the foe, and though the daring assailants were repulsed they were not vanquished. The prophetic utterance of Sir Wilfrid after his Free Trade Hall speech was verified in 1865, when he was superseded at the Carlisle election by the Conservative whom he had before displaced. Set free from Parliamentary duties, he perambulated the country during the two following years, speaking and lecturing, and thus did good service to the cause and laid the foundation for future work.

The characteristic features of Sir Wilfrid Lawson are his honesty, earnestness, and indomitable courage and perseverance. His speeches are illumined by flashes of wit, and are, nevertheless, singularly comprehensive and correct. Religion breathes through his utterances, and apt quotation graces his speech. We rejoice that his voice is again heard in the House, and that again he has led the assault—repulsed, only to gather strength for a fresh and more forcible attack. Our readers will unite in the prayer that the worthy and fearless baronet may be long preserved, to lead the forces of temperance in the campaign against legalized iniquity and licensed "poisoners-general."—*The Templar*—No. I.

THE PERMISSIVE BILL IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—When Sir Wilfrid Lawson introduced the Permissive Bill into the House of Commons in 1864, the vote, including tellers and pairs, was for the Bill 40, against it 297; in 1869, it was, for 94, against 200; in 1870, for 115, against 146; in 1871, for 136, against 208. The Irish vote was in 1870, for 26, against 13; in 1871, for 32, against 18. The Scotch vote was in 1870, for 16, against 12; in 1871, for 24, against 18. The Welsh vote was in 1870, for 11, against 5; in 1871, for 14, against 6. The Ulster vote was in 1870, for 13, against 1; in 1871, for 15, against 2. England was behind, but Good Templarism will spur her forward.

Editorial.

WITH a deep sense of the responsibility of the work we have undertaken, in accordance with the trust reposed in us by the Grand Lodge of Ireland, I.O.G.T., we this day issue No. I. of THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR. The value of the Press in the promoting of a movement like ours is universally acknowledged. From the introduction of our Order into Ireland, all intelligent and earnest members felt the necessity for an organ to defend and forward the interests of our good cause. At the institution of our Grand Lodge in July, 1871, the kindness of the Committee of the Irish Temperance League, in allowing the claims of our Order to be freely advocated during the previous nine months in the columns of their *Journal*, was duly acknowledged; and, in the belief that it would be more beneficial to the temperance cause to have a united organ than two separate ones for the League and the Grand Lodge, it was unanimously resolved to ask the Committee of the League to allow the *Journal* to become the joint organ of the two bodies. The application was duly made, and the proposal acceded to by a large majority of the League Committee; but the majority of the Grand Lodge Executive, for certain reasons, declined to carry out the agreement till the matter should be reconsidered at the adjourned Grand Lodge Session in January, 1872. On reconsideration, it was again resolved by a unanimous vote to renew the application to the League Committee, which was accordingly done; but the Committee, by a considerable majority, reversed their former decision, and resolved to retain the *Journal* wholly for League purposes. This having been reported to the Grand Lodge at its Annual Session in July last, it was unanimously decided to originate an independent organ for the Order in Ireland, under our Editorship. Cherishing the conviction that "union is strength," and believing that an effective mode of maintaining united action between the League and the Good Templar Order would have been to give them a common interest in the supporting of a joint organ, we did all we could to secure that desirable end. Having failed in that effort, but with sentiments unchanged regarding the importance of united and friendly co-operation between two organizations so earnestly laboring for the deliverance of our beloved country from the same stupendous curse, we hope to work side by side, not in hostile rivalry, but in cordial friendship, with the *League Journal*, upon which we still look with much paternal affection and interest.

With the deep conviction that the drinking of any kind of alcoholic liquor is contrary to the will of God revealed to us in Scripture, science, and experience, that the liquor traffic is an unmitigated national curse, and that Good Templarism is the best temperance organization in existence, we shall endeavor, with Divine aid, to the best of our ability, and with the assistance of the ablest contributors we can secure, to advocate teetotalism and prohibition by all legitimate means—especially through the instrumentality of the Independent Order of Good Templars. For the first year, our serial will contain sixteen pages monthly, with cover—price one penny per copy. Each number will contain a well-executed portrait and biographical sketch of a prominent Good Templar, or other Temperance Reformer, like those of Sir Wilfrid Lawson in our present issue. Rev. James Heron's unwarranted attack on our Order will be criticized in a series of articles from various pens—probably one in each issue during the year—commencing with a searching review from the powerful pen of Bro. Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry. The article on "Christianity, the Church, and Good Templarism," at page 7, is itself worth more than the price of our present number, and we are happy to state that we expect several articles during the year from the same talented pen, as well as from various other first-class writers. The Temperance Tale, "Oughts and Crosses," by the gifted and well-known writer, "Miriam Drake," commenced at page 10, will be continued in monthly parts throughout the year. In "The Good Templar Elocutionist," commenced at page 14, we mean to give monthly about two pages of selections in prose and poetry, suitable for readings and recitations in Lodges and at public meetings, which we trust will be both interesting and useful. Under the heading, "Progress of the Order," will appear a monthly summary of the progress of our good cause at home and abroad, which we trust will be gratifying to all members and friends; and each issue will contain official announcements to lodges and members, explanations of points of law and order, and answers to questions of correspondents, that ought to be read by every Good Templar in Ireland. There will also appear from time to time such "Literary Notices" as will, perhaps, be useful in guiding members in the reading and circulation of temperance literature. And besides what shall bear directly on Good Templarism, our magazine will contain articles, tales, poetry, anecdotes, &c., original and

selected, bearing on all phases of the temperance reformation, which, we hope, will make it pleasing and useful to all friends and co-workers, as well as to Good Templars.

There is, therefore, now an opportunity afforded to the Good Templars of Ireland, the importance of which is incalculable, for making an effective effort to promote the temperance cause in general, and Good Templarism in particular, by securing a wide circulation for our organ in 1873. We would respectfully urge every Lodge to appoint a Magazine or Literature Committee to canvass the members, and all sympathizing friends in the neighborhood of the lodge, at this opportune period when people are making up

their minds as to what periodicals they will subscribe for during the present year. Each lodge should also appoint an active and earnest agent to receive and circulate the magazine throughout the year. We sincerely trust that every true and faithful member of our noble Order in Ireland will feel it a duty and a pleasure, to make a vigorous effort to aid in securing for the IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR a great success in the very first year of its existence. Fraternally asking all to unite with us in fervent prayer for the Divine guidance and blessing in the writing, circulating, and reading of our organ, we most cordially wish a Happy New Year to all members and friends of our beneficent Order.

Rev. James Heron on Good Templarism.—No. 1.

BY BRO. A. H. H. M'MURTRY, M.D., G.W.T.

OUR land is cursed with the sorest evil under the sun. Our land is blessed, as I think, at least, with a Society whose sole end is the removal of this evil. Our land is either cursed or blessed with a clergyman who is doing his utmost to injure this Society, and with a physician who shall now endeavor to heal this injury, to the shame and confusion of face of this clergyman.

The liquor-traffic—by which I mean the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating beverages—is the national fountain whence flows continually an ever-widening, ever-strengthening torrent of intemperance, which, by a dangerous though unseen force, annually sucks into its current tens of thousands of our fellow-men, and sweeps them away as with a flood; here and there, it may be, reluctantly giving back one of its victims to the persevering and sometimes successful efforts of human love, but keeping firm hold of the vast majority of them till it empties itself into the ocean of death, and they sink into the blackness of darkness for ever. Few who have not felt or closely examined, can correctly estimate, the suffering, and sorrow, and shame—to the individual, to the home, and to society—which the noxious waters of this river bring with them and scatter on every hand, as it proceeds on its desolating course. They hear it said that the liquor-traffic, or intemperance, or intoxicating drink—for, considering their relation to each other, and to the temperance movement, these are really interchangeable terms—is a great evil; but their ideas of the nature and extent of this evil are vague and imperfect. For this reason, and because the question is, as my readers will see by-and-by, one of vital importance in this discus-

sion, I shall here give, from various reliable sources, a brief outline of the results of the liquor-traffic in this country.

Intemperance, or the drink which is the sole cause of the intemperance, or the traffic which is the sole provider of the drink, degrades and ruins man *physically*—making him the subject of disease of every form and degree, and consigning him prematurely to the tomb; *intellectually*—weakening, deranging, or destroying his mental capacity and vigor, disinclining him for educating either himself or his children, and converting him into a vacant imbecile, a drivelling idiot, or a raging maniac; and *morally*—irritating all the worst passions of his heart, brutalizing his whole nature, and extinguishing all moral and religious principle, until there is no enormity of blasphemy in language or of cruelty in action of which he is not capable and often guilty. Drink robs man of his manhood and his freedom, and makes him a spiritless and pitiable slave, caring for nothing that is true, or honest, or just, or pure, or lovely, or of good report, nor for any virtue, nor for any praise, if it stand in the way of his getting drink. Drink blunts and obliterates the domestic affections, outrages and sets at naught the tenderest relations; turns the husband against the wife and the wife against the husband, the children against the parents and the parents against the children; robs children of their food, their clothing, their education, and parental protection, and causes them to be abandoned, or forced to crime, that the means of gratifying the craving for drink may be obtained. Infants are overlaid and killed, and the sin of the parents is visited on a sickly, debilitated, and drink-loving offspring. Thus thou-

sands of happy homes have been and are being blighted and cursed by intemperance, and have become and are becoming the constant scenes of neglect, cruelty, and violence—of misery, strife, and pollution. The evils inflicted on society and the nation at large by the liquor-traffic, or strong drink, or intemperance, are “harrowing and humiliating to contemplate, and are so many and so wide-spread as almost to defy computation.” A quantiry of grain equal to about seventy million bushels, of which the Creator says to man, “to you it shall be for food,” is annually taken, as it were out of the very mouths of the hungry, and thrust into the insatiable maw of this monster, where it is destroyed, and converted into a poison which, in its turn, destroys about 60,000 human beings—a number more than three times as great as that which perished on both sides on the field of Waterloo. The liquor-traffic is the cause of fully three-fourths of all the pauperism of this country; and it is the main source of most of the crime, from theft, fraud, embezzlement, and prostitution in the young, to rapes, robberies, burglaries, suicides, and murders in the adult. Thus our workhouses, prisons, and penitentiaries, are filled with inmates who have to be supported by the industry of others, and multitudes who might be the source of national wealth and prosperity, are transformed into the pests and scourges of society. Drink occasions the loss of one day’s labor in six in every department of trade, to say nothing of the constant derangement, imperfection, and destruction in every industrial process caused by the intemperance and consequent unskilfulness and inattention of drunken workmen. Drink causes an extensive loss of property on sea and land, through shipwrecks, foundering, collisions, fires, wreckings, and other accidents clearly traceable to the liquor-traffic. Drink has a most injurious effect on our army and navy, one-sixth of the effective strength of the latter, and a much greater proportion of the former, being as certainly destroyed by intoxicating liquors as if the men were slain in battle. Drink is the chief cause of the ignorance of the lower classes, for it has been found that teetotal parents invariably send their children to school, while drunken parents are frequently unable to do so, because unwilling to withhold from the publican the money which should be given to the schoolmaster. It is also one of the greatest hindrances, both by its direct effects on the people and by the reflex influence of its use by the Church, to the spread of religion; it is the most frequent cause of the declension of many ministers, elders, Sabbath-school teachers, and private Christians; and

it is no less obstructive to missionary operations abroad than to the work of the Church at home. Nor must it be forgotten that the annual direct expenditure of the British nation in intoxicating liquors is upwards of £100,000,000, most of which must be regarded as worse than wasted in sensual indulgence—the loss of strength and wealth to the country, the increase of taxation, and the deterioration of national character, thus produced, being at once humiliating and irritating to contemplate. Surely, our land is cursed with a sore evil!

Now, the grand object of the Independent Order of Good Templars is the speedy, complete, and permanent extinction of this evil. Our sole end is the entire and everlasting suppression, by legislative enactment, of the liquor-traffic, and the prevention, by this means, of all those evils which are its acknowledged and inevitable fruits. And, in the meantime, until we attain that happy consummation, we endeavor to protect all who will accept our protection against the deadly and seductive influences with which the liquor-traffic surrounds them. We have thus two objects before us—the one more or less remote, the other immediate; for the one, we seek to “unite all moral and social elements of society in an unceasing warfare upon this giant evil”—the liquor-traffic; for the other, we stoop “to lift up those who are sunk low in the scale of human degradation,” shield them from the poisoned darts of the demon alcohol, and restore them, in the true nobility of their manhood, to family, friends, and society; at the same time striving to save the young, pure, and virtuous from ever falling into the snares of the tempter. We hope to effect these objects, under the Divine blessing, by a strict and life-long pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages, and of opposition to the liquor-traffic and the drinking customs, and by the judicious use of all means calculated to strengthen the virtue, promote the happiness, increase the usefulness, and improve the habits and tastes, morally and socially, of the members. Most people would agree that these are sensible and laudable objects; that “to exert a healthy influence on the community, to reform the inebriate, to assuage the woes entailed upon our race by intemperance,” and to suppress the traffic which is the sole cause of these woes, is a good work—and these are the objects and this is the work of the Independent Order of Good Templars.

And not only has the Order a praiseworthy end in view, but it is better fitted than any other form of Temperance Society with which we are acquainted to accomplish that end. For instance, it has above

3,000 lodges in this country alone, and this number may increase indefinitely. These meet regularly once a week. There are thus, on an average, above 500 temperance meetings held every week-night in connexion with the Order. At each of these meetings, solemn, earnest, and instructive lessons are given on the subject of strong drink and our duty to ourselves, to our neighbor, and to God. We have also numerous public meetings for the dissemination of total abstinence principles amongst those who do not yet see their way to become Good Templars, and we circulate a large quantity of temperance literature among the people. Again, every lodge has fifteen officers, each of whom has his own peculiar duties to perform, and the ordinary members are frequently required to act on committees in promotion of the objects of the Order. Thus by providing for all some work to do, their interest in the cause is increased, and their resolution to abstain is confirmed. Then, its rules with regard to decorum and conduct, Mr. Heron himself being judge, are excellent. Mr. Heron also "approves highly of the social principle, which Good Templarism makes such use of." We meet in our lodges on terms of equality and fraternity—a true family reunion, wherein not a single member is slighted, or wronged, or suspected. Thus the lodge-room becomes little less than a home to the members for the time being, where they cherish each other, and give the kindly word of encouragement, of gentle chiding, of friendly rebuke, or of fraternal counsel. Our meetings are designed to make our members better, stronger for the battle of life, more interested in others' welfare, and more earnest and efficient workers in the cause of temperance. Moreover, as Mr. Heron points out, "the Order has, among many other good things, a committee in charge of the sick, whose duty it is to visit the sick member, and render him every necessary assistance and comfort" in their power. It also requires that all members who have been absent from the lodge-meeting three nights in succession shall be visited, the cause of their absence ascertained and reported, and themselves, if possible, brought back. And when any brother, yielding to the temptations which beset him on every hand, or misled or discouraged by the teaching or example of those clergymen and others who ought to cheer him on and lead him in a straight path, violates his pledge, he is not allowed to drift away from the safe and peaceful haven of the lodge-room without an effort being made to save him; and if, haply, he returns, he is tenderly, forgivingly, warmly welcomed, and again surrounded with a wall of protecting influences, that no enemy

may any more surprise and take him captive. All this is, I think, highly calculated to promote the objects for which the Order was instituted.

But is the Order actually fulfilling its mission? That it is, will, I believe, be admitted by any reasonable inquirer. Even Mr. Heron acknowledges that it is "progressing rapidly," which means that it is extending its influence, and gathering into its ranks thousands of people, many of whom had become, and others were in danger of becoming, drunkards. Surely the Order is doing a good work—is doing *its* work—when it has, during the last four years, in this country, enlisted in one of the most patriotic and holiest of enterprises above 200,000 persons, pledged to a life-long abstinence and to a life-long war against the liquor-traffic, 95 per cent. of whom remain true to their pledges, while the 5 per cent. who finally fall away have been benefited by their connexion with the Order, in proportion to the length of that connexion. Good Templarism is thus, to a larger extent than any open Temperance Society, reclaiming the fallen and saving others from falling. It is reforming many a confirmed inebriate, arresting many a moderate drinker on his downward way to ruin, and preserving many of the young in happy ignorance of the sorrows contained in that cup which, sooner or latter, "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Good Templarism is restoring peace, and happiness, and prosperity to many a wretched home, and bringing many whom drink had covered with rags and robbed of reason, clothed and in their right mind to the house of God, and, let us hope, to the feet of Jesus. The Rev. Dr. Cuyler thus speaks of the Independent Order of Good Templars:—"I know all about this Organization, I have trained in its regiments for fifteen years, and I love it heartily. The Good Templars in America have done a magnificent work, and hundreds of ministers are enrolled in the Order." Bro. Walker, J.W.C.T. of Scotland, says:—"The moral results of the Good Templar Movement in Scotland have been of the most cheering kind. Some towns which had previously been notorious for drunkenness are now among the most sober in the country, such as Campbeltown, 'the head-quarters of Whiskeydom,' and Tarbet, where poverty is disappearing, the Church is beginning to fill, and the police might be presented with white kid gloves, for they have in reality nothing to do." John M'Kernick, Esq., Mayor of St. Ives, Cornwall, thus refers to the results of Good Templarism in that town:—"It rejoices me to hear of the Order progressing as it does. I am quite astonished at the results in this town. There is quite an absence of

crime. The magistrates have nothing to do. If we go on as we have done for some time, we shall not want a Permissive Bill. I don't know of a single drunkard who has not joined the Good Templars. The results are really astonishing. I was in Italy in the beginning of the year, for four months, and when I returned I could scarcely realize what I beheld,—the worst characters in the town had joined the Order and reformed." Many other testimonies of a similar character might be given, to show the beneficial effects which Good Templarism is producing on individuals, on families, and on the community, and the public sentiment which it is exciting against the liquor-traffic and the drinking customs, in various parts of the country. Surely, then, our land is even blessed with a Society whose sole *object* is to remove, which is *admirably fitted* to remove, and which actually is removing, the sore evil with which our land is cursed.

Now, does it not seem incredible that Mr. Heron—not an indifferent spectator of the fruits of the liquor-traffic, but "having as profound a sense and as great a horror of the evils of intemperance as any Templar;" not an opponent of total abstinence, but a "very earnest advocate of it;" not a publican, but a minister of the Gospel,—

should have "more than suspected" the Society which I have imperfectly described; that he should, "with some consideration and deliberateness, have said a word in opposition to it;" that he should have done his utmost to "arrest its progress," and destroy it utterly? What could he have discovered in the Independent Order of Good Templars which would justify, I will not say his unworthy attempt to prejudice it in the estimation of the public by misrepresentation, abuse, and vile insinuation, (for no "end," however good, could justify such "means"), but his simple opposition to it, supposing, for the present, that opposition to have been, as he professes it should be, "candid, calm, fair," and honorable? On what arguments does he rest his case against Good Templarism? So far as we can discover, on these two:—First, that the Independent Order of Good Templars begets and fosters a greater evil than the one which it is intended to remove; and, secondly, that there are certain other "evils about it" which, notwithstanding the good the Order is doing, are sufficient to condemn it "in the eyes of a simple Christian man." Let us examine Mr. Heron's proofs of these two propositions.

(To be continued.)

Christianity, the Church, and Good Templarism.

BY SISTER A. J. C., LONDONDERRY.

IS the Church generally, in its spirit, its work, and its appliances, so fully an exponent of Christianity, that to say it has failed in any of these is tantamount to saying that Christianity is a failure? And is it fair that any organization, not distinctly included within the pale of some of our varied creeds or denominations, should, therefore, necessarily be pronounced to be outside the pale of Christianity, a slur upon its character, an avowal of want of faith in its power to save?

Be it observed that in these questions the meaning we attach to the word Church is simply that of an ecclesiastical organization—such, for instance, as the Episcopal Church, the Presbyterian Church, the Methodist Church, &c. It was used in this sense in the recent Good Templar controversy, and these questions have arisen to us because, while this was evidently the meaning attached to it then, it was yet occasionally used interchangeably with the word Christianity, as if the one was a synonym of the other. In this way, because Good Templarism is not "a distinctive Christian institution, used by the Church," and because it does not dogmatize a

creed to its members, it is therefore said to be "outside the pale of Christian society," "a confession that in the matter of temperance reform Christianity is a failure." Had the words, "the Church," been substituted in the last sentence for "Christianity," we would not have been inclined to dispute its final assertion, for we distinctly state that in this matter we believe *the Church is a failure*. It has failed as a witness for temperance truth; it has failed in its example, its discipline, and its teachings; and in the same proportion, it has failed in its work, and in its design. We know that there are individual ministers and members in every Church who have been faithful in this matter, but this does not affect the general statement; for we do not even know any individual Church, in any denomination, whose minister, office-bearers, and members bear a united and consistent testimony to the truths of total abstinence.

Had the Church done its duty in this matter, there would be now no need of Good Templarism; for, however extreme such a statement may appear, we believe it is at the door of the Church

the great sin of our national intemperance lies. Had it taken its stand upon Bible-ground, and firmly maintained it; had it shown by its example that it utterly loathed and abhorred the accursed thing; had its discipline been faithfully exercised on every member who bought or sold it; had its pulpits given forth no uncertain sound in reference to it, it would long since have been rationally discountenanced. If, during the last century alone, the Church of these lands had risen in its might, as the determined opponent of the traffic in every form, it would not now be a licensed institution of the State, its houses of sale, meeting one at every turn, and its poisonous breath, like a deadly miasma, blighting our national character, and impairing our national prosperity. We call ourselves a Christian nation, and there is, at least, this much truth in the name, that any traffic which absolutely debars those connected with it from a place, or any degree of recognition, in the Church could not possibly long be protected or encouraged by the laws of the realm. Christianity so far sways our legislature as to secure such a respect for the Church, that her determined *veto* cannot long be nationally withstood. This being the case, are we not right in charging upon the Church our national intemperance? And is it not plain that in her skirts are to be found the blood of the thousands who annually sink into drunkards' graves?

Can the word "Church," then, be synonymous with "Christianity?" Nay, we repeat it, the Church, in this matter, is a failure, *but she is a failure just so far as she has diverged from Christianity*. And, just so far as she recognizes alcoholic interests, is she assisting to prevent our becoming in reality, what we are in name—a Christian nation. Were she true to the genuine spirit of Christianity, she would stand forth the mighty guardian of total abstinence principles, an embodied protest against alcohol, spurning from her precincts the soul destroying cup, forbidding it to stand in her holy places, rejecting from her communion every one who uses it as a beverage, and devising every available means for rescuing those who have fallen by its power. She is not thus true to Christianity, and what do we see as the result of her faithlessness? O, we see what should make every true Christian blush for the honor of the Master's cause! We see ministers of the Church degraded, and brother ministers still giving, and taking, and complacently smiling on the cup of their degradation! We see officers of the Church stumbling and falling by its power, while brother officers are unable to raise them, seeing that their own steps falter from

the same cause! We see members of the Church plunging over the brink of misery, while fellow members look sadly after them, mourn their fate, and then turn to quaff the dizzy glass which has proved their ruin! Alas! is it not true that in this aspect the Church is a failure? Good Templarism is indeed a confession of it, but far be it from it to confess that Christianity is a failure. Nay, Good Templarism is an outgrowth of Christianity, a result of its law of love, an effort to bring the outcast within its pale; and we believe that the time will yet come, when the Church shall recognize its power, and be glad to avail herself of its aid. Even were the Church pure within its own borders from the taint of alcohol, it would find that, till the liquor traffic be absolutely prohibited, some such adjunct as Good Templarism would be needed, in order to try to reclaim those poor drunken ones who are not fit to be within its pale as a Church, and to bring them to such a condition, as to be able intelligently to listen to the Gospel message; and we are convinced that the Church will yet see the wisdom of having the inclusive power of such an organisation, as wide as possible; not narrowed by creeds or dogmas, which might prevent its embracing those, who, while too low really to believe any creed, might yet be inclined to assert some such belief.

In the controversy to which we have been referring, we find a principle laid down, which, if made of general application, would be very sweeping in its unchristianizing results. It is assumed that any institution "for the promotion of morality, or some department of it," is necessarily "a dishonor to Christianity and its Founder," unless embraced in the organization of some Church, and requiring assent to some form of Christian belief. If this be so, we must place in this unchristian category all those charities, "Homes," "Refuges," Reformatories," &c., which are wider than the creeds, which embrace within their shelter little waifs of every creed, or no creed, and outcasts who have lost faith in all the creeds, and who scarce believe in either God or humanity. Many of these institutions are in no way connected with any Christian Church, nor is "the name of Christ, the place of Christ in all true morality, and the influences which Christ brings into operation, once named" in their general rules and regulations. Yet no one doubts that it is to Christianity these institutions are owing, and that their design is quite in harmony with its glorious principles. Why, then, should Good Templarism be left outside the pale? Our object now, however, is not to defend the

Christian character of our Order, though it cannot be hard to prove the Christianity of the system which seeks to lead its members to "the feet of the Son of God, there to learn the lesson of Faith, Hope, and Charity." Our design is simply, to call attention to the falsity of the assumption, that the Church and Christianity are synonymous. O that the Church could be aroused to see how far it is from being synonymous with Christianity in this matter! O that it would awaken to a sense of its duty in this respect! It is doing almost nothing to stem the tide of intemperance sweeping over our land. It is standing quite composedly, far too dignified to accommodate itself to the needs and thoughts of the masses, though it can accommodate itself wonderfully well to the fashions and opinions of the rich; and it is allowing thousands to pass its portals, ay, and to pass out of its portals, to a drunkard's grave, without ever deeming it its duty to rush to the rescue. And not only so, but when it sees that rescue attempted, it raises a cry of anger, because, forsooth, the system which attempts it is not absolutely dependent on its sanction.

We deeply grieve that it should be so, but we cannot help seeing that, in the matter of temperance reform, the Church is a failure. Good Temperism is an acknowledgment of the fact, but it is not, therefore, an acknowledgment that Chris-

tianity is a failure. Nay! could we but see it fairly and fully embodied, it would soon prove itself the power of God and the wisdom of God. Christianity is not a failure! It teaches to "deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." It teaches "to drink no wine while the world standeth, lest it make a brother to offend;" and that "whether we eat, or drink, or whatsoever we do, to do all to the glory of God." It teaches to "abhor that which is evil," and it points us onward to a time when there shall be "nothing to hurt nor destroy in all the holy mountain." Let the Church fully embody these precepts, and alcohol will disappear from her borders. We believe the time is hastening when it shall thus disappear, for when everything that hurts or destroys is banished from the House of the Lord, alcohol will have no place there. Then will the Church be indeed an embodiment of Christianity. Then will her daily extending triumphs evidence the power there is in purity. Then, when by her teachings, and by her strength, the Drink-fiend shall be driven from our shores, and when every man and woman can lift to Heaven a brow unmarked by the brand of the Destroyer, then shall it be evident to all that neither the Church nor Christianity is a failure!

Alcohol a Bad Article.

BY BRO. REV. E. THOMAS, D.D. FOR COUNTY DOWN.

THE wise of nearly every age, since fallen man "sought out" the "invention" of making the poison alcohol, have united in denouncing it in the strongest terms. Many of the most self-denying moral reformers of the present day can hardly find language sufficiently strong in which to condemn an article that is undoubtedly one of the devil's chief instruments for evil. The intoxicating cup is known to many as the "cup of devils," "distilled damnation," &c. There occur in our Ritual these words about alcohol, which express the whole truth on the subject, "always an enemy." John Wesley, in one of his sermons, calls it "liquid fire," and the sellers of it "licensed murderers." The dramatic language of Shakespeare will be familiar to all—"O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee, devil!" Of course we do not mean that alcohol is *morally* bad, a moral quality not attaching to a material thing. Nor do we mean that it has any power of itself to do mischief, it being an inanimate object. We call it a

bad thing in the sense in which many other pernicious things are called bad. The expressions "bad food," "bad air or water," &c., are in every day use. There is a class of pictures called bad, by which is meant (1) that if used for the purposes for which pictures generally are made, they will be the instruments of injury to men, and (2) that the persons who produce them are guilty of immorality. Alcoholic beverages are bad in the same sense. (1) If they be used for the purpose for which drinks generally are manufactured, they will injure men. But they are so used and the proofs of their evil effects are as terrible as they are numerous. (2) If they did no harm, the destruction of so much wholesome food in their manufacture is a crime of superlative turpitude.

It is objected that money might be called bad with as much propriety as alcohol, for that there is as much covetousness as drunkenness in the world. This objection is seen to be utterly without force from several considerations. (1) In the transformation of the metal into coin, its value is

not decreased. (2) It is the nature of alcoholic beverages to make drunkards, whereas it is not the nature of money to make men covetous. One instance of a man having money and not loving it would be sufficient to prove this, but there are multitudes of instances. On the contrary, there is abundant evidence to show that men can be covetous who never have been worth a sovereign in all their lives. But just find, if you can, an instance of the appetite for strong drink that was not produced by alcohol.

It is said that the term "bad" applies only to "immoderate" quantities of the poison. We hold that the thing itself is bad, without reference to quantity. We have pointed out that it is the drink that makes the drunkard. Well, then, which of the quantities of the drink that has been imbibed by the drunkard you saw in your street to-day made him the vile thing he now is? He drank a pint this morning, was it that? Or was it the first little drop that his mother put to his lips when he was a child? No. It was no particular draught, but the whole of his drinking

that made him the drunkard he is now. The small drops, as well as the large ones, lent their influence to ruin the man. O yes, it is the drink that makes the drunkard. As to quantity, there is far more drunkard-making power in the little drops than in the large quantities. If the first little drop with which that drunkard began had been a quantity sufficient to intoxicate him, or to speak more correctly, to produce some of the more advanced stages of intoxication, he might have learned to shun the cup altogether.

But our reasoning would be foolishness if it were not in harmony with God's Word. With that Word it fully harmonizes. The Bible denounces *drink* in as strong terms as any we could employ. Does it not call it "a mocker," "a deceiver," "a maddener," and declare that "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder?" Our reason, then, for not using alcohol as a beverage is not because its use is inexpedient in the present state of society, but because *alcohol is a bad article*.

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER I.

AN AFTERNOON'S PLEASURE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"I WANT to go, mamma." "And I want you to get, Christy, but I don't see how it can be managed; you cannot go to Laurel Grove by yourselves, and the doctor has charged me strictly to keep the house," Christy's mother answered, stroking the hair lovingly off his forehead. "Papa, you might come with us; you never go anywhere," the boy said, laying his hand half-timidly on his father's knee. "If I never go anywhere, what is the use of asking me to do it?" Mr. Lutton inquired dryly, and had it not been for a peculiar twinkle in his eye, you would have thought that he spoke in ill-temper. "You might depart from your usual practice for once," Christy answered, repeating his words slowly, as if they had been learned by rote. Mr. and Mrs. Lutton laughed at each other, while their little daughter looked up with a grave face from the sock she was knitting for her kitten. "Christy, you should not tease papa" she said. "If we can't get, there is no use in talking." "Do you not want to go, grandmother?" Mr. Lutton queried, with a more affectionate look than he had bestowed on his son. "I did want it; I prayed last night that we might get." "And why do you not wish it now?" "I do wish it still, but I don't want to, if God doesn't allow us to get." "We must be resigned to the will of Providence," said Christy, in the same sing-song voice he had used before; but his father was too intent on questioning grandmother, whose real name was Miriam, to heed him this time. "You wish it, but you don't want; what does that mean, grandmother?" "I

want to go," she repeated slowly, "but I don't want to want it, if God doesn't." "Do you think God heard you last night, when you asked Him to allow you to go?" "He did; He always hears me—always," she repeated, half under her breath. "Then why does He prevent you going?" "I don't know; maybe it would be bad for us, somehow;" but a slight quiver of the lower lip showed how keenly she felt the disappointment, about which she talked so bravely. "Papa, mayn't we go?" persisted Christopher, timid but earnest, emboldened by something he read in his father's manner. Mr. Lutton did not answer him directly. "Grandmother, what would you say to going in the gig?" he asked Miriam. "With you driving—O, papa!" she exclaimed, starting up, her black eyes flashing with pleasure. "No, Miriam, with Joe driving. Mamma, don't you think it might be done?" "I think it might. Brown Bess is so quiet that there could be no danger in trusting Joe with her."

Christopher, who had been withholding his delight till his mother would express her opinion, gave a shout of joy at this; but Miriam cut it short by reminding him that mamma's head was aching. "I didn't hurt it, did I, mammy dear?" he asked, anxiously, as he went behind her chair and put his arms round her neck. "No, dear son, it does me good to see you happy," she answered, looking up smilingly at him. "I'll always be happy if it does you good," he said, fingering her silky brown curls. "Better always be good, boy, and that will make your mother happy," his father said gruffly. "Happiness is usually productive of goodness" was the boy's answer, which contained more sound philosophy in it than some people are aware of.

"Mayn't I wear my white frock with the red ribbons, mamma?" was Miriam's feminine question. "No, dear; this weather is not warm enough for it. You will have to wear your grey one."

"Philip Seguin said I looked nice in my white frock, at the Sunday-school fete," she said, in a disappointed tone. "Never mind what Philip Seguin says; put on the dress your mother bids you," Mr. Lutton said, so sternly that Christopher shrank away with a scared look, but Miriam only patted his knee, as if deprecating his anger more on his own account than for any harm it could do her. "You look very nice in your grey frock, too," said Mrs. Lutton, cheerfully. "She looks nice in anything," was her father's comment, made with unwonted suavity, as an atonement for his previous sharpness. The child took the speech as it was meant and smiled her approbation at the recovery of his temper, before she answered soberly: "You think that, because I am like your grandmamma; but I'm not half so nice as Mattie Bellamy."

Mrs. Lutton left the room, and after a little she returned with something carefully wrapped in tissue paper, in her hand. "Will this make the grey frock any brighter, Mira?" she said, as she unfolded a crimson sash of thick old-fashioned silk. "O mamma, how pretty!" the girl exclaimed. "I wore it the first time I saw your father, and it has scarcely faded since then," Mrs. Lutton said, eyeing the ribbon almost as affectionately as her daughter was doing. "Did you?" said Christopher, with emphasis, as he took an end of the silk tenderly between his finger and thumb, while Miriam kept stroking it with her brown hand. "Am I to wear it, mamma?" "Yes, dear, I brought it down for you." "It will be a little too wide, don't you think?" she said, with a face of grave consideration. "More than a little, but we can soon remedy that," Mrs. Lutton answered, as she stooped to try the ribbon round her daughter's waist. They were a singular contrast, the two faces brought into close proximity. Mrs. Lutton's with its delicate features and soft fair coloring, and her daughter's with its olive skin, dark eyes, and nose which had already lost the flatness of infancy, and began to assume an aquiline form, although she was but five years old. There was no Jewish blood in Miriam's veins, yet few could have looked at her without being reminded of the chosen people who are outcast now.

The children were too much excited by the prospect of their afternoon's jaunt to partake very heartily of the early dinner prepared for them, and long before the gig was brought to the door, Miriam was waiting in her grey dress and gay sash, hidden by her cloth jacket, while Christy stood cap in hand, ready to rush out as soon as Brown Bess came in sight: the fear of soiling his highly polished boots alone deterring him from making sundry raids to the stable in order to accelerate Joe Martin's movements. "It is nearly one o'clock, and he's never round yet," he exclaimed for the twentieth time, in a tone of discontent, which showed that however resigned he might be to the will of Providence in theory, practically he was no better in that respect than older people. "Here he is now," answered Mrs. Lutton, who, with her shawl over her head, stood

on the steps, nearly as impatient as the children themselves; and as she spoke, Joe was seen leading Brown Bess in the gig, while Mr. Lutton followed behind. "Now dears, good bye, jump in, and a pleasant day to you," said Mrs. Lutton, kissing first one and then the other. Christopher obeyed at once, but Miriam lingered a moment holding her mother's hand as she gave her some important directions concerning the airing of the milk for the kitten—the said kitten being unable to drink its milk except in a certain stage of heat, which it required care and attention to secure. "Now grandmother!" and her father cut the colloquy short by hoisting her into the gig, where Joe sat, very proud of the trust reposed in his thirteen years. "Joe, you will be very careful," was Mrs. Lutton's parting injunction, as she tucked the rug about Miriam's knees; and "Indeed ma'am, I will," Joe responded earnestly, gathering up the reins and intimating to the mare that she might proceed. "Stop, I will lead her over the bridge," said Mr. Lutton, going to her head; and then the children shouted "Good-bye," and waved their hands to their mother, and she called "Good-bye," and waved hers in return, till the winding of the avenue hid them from her sight. Mr. Lutton having seen them safely over the wooden bridge, that was the only means of communication between the mainland and the island on which his house was built, he too said good-bye; then Joe Martin cracked his whip, and Brown Bess lifted her head and began trotting soberly along the high road toward Ardrey. They had to pass through this town on their way to Laurel Grove, where Mrs. Morrison, a clergyman's widow, had invited Mrs. Lutton to bring the children to an apple gathering, and stay all night. But Mrs. Lutton was suffering from a severe cold, and as the doctor forbade her venturing out till it was better, the children had nearly been disappointed of their anticipated pleasure. The gig was a large, old-fashioned affair, that pitched back in an alarming manner on the slightest provocation, and as the toes of neither Miriam nor Christopher came within half a yard of reaching the foot-board, they ran the risk of being tilted over at every rising ground. But these trifling drawbacks subtracted little from their enjoyment; a drive was not an every-day occurrence with them, for their mother seldom went out except to church, which was within walking distance, and their father never went anywhere, save once a year to Upton, to draw his interest from the bank. For a few paces their road lay alongside of a lake, and then it wound away to the right, past stubble fields, where meek-eyed cattle were grazing, and fading hedge-rows, where the wild birds were picking the hips and haws so plentifully provided for their nourishment.

"I wonder are they gone yet," Miriam said, as, after a quarter of an hour's drive, they passed the open entrance gate of a gentleman's place on their left hand—"they," of course, referring to the inhabitants, one of whom was the Philip Seguin, whose opinion she had quoted to her mother. "There's a car"—he pronounced it "care"—"before us; I think it's them," said Joe, his superior elevation enabling him to see farther than she could. "Oh, I wonder if Philip

is on it," Miriam exclaimed, as she scrambled off the seat, and stood up for a better view; but finding that, from the distance between the seat and footboard, her range of vision was nothing more extended by this, she climbed up again by the help of one of Joe's knees; while Christopher cried out—"I see them; there's the full of the car. Drive fast, Joe, and we will overtake them!" at which ambiguous sentence Joe was about to lay on his whip heavily, when Miriam stopped him. "You must not touch her, Joe," she said, putting her hand firmly on his. "We are going fast enough, and mamma said you were to be careful." "Well, I'm sure I'm careful enough. I'll let her go like a snail, if you like," he answered sulkily, allowing the mare to fall into the slowest of walks, so that the other car was soon out of sight. "We might have overtaken them if you had driven on," Christopher said reproachfully, as it disappeared in a turn of the road. "We will see them at Laurel Grove, and we must be careful when mamma told us," was the decided reply of Miriam, who though two years her brother's junior, and looking up to him as an oracle in purely intellectual matters, considered him to be under her special care in all the practical affairs of life. Brown Bess got leave to crawl along quietly after that, till several hills were climbed, and Joe had had time to recover his temper. After a little, however, he chirruped to the mare to mend her pace, and they rattled along at such a merry rate that Miriam was obliged to interfere again. "Take care, Joe!" she exclaimed, as they came up to a cottage before which several children were playing. "Take care, maybe they will run across the road." "No fear," quoth Joe, "they're all boys; it is only women and wee hussies that are such fools as to run before a horse's head." There was such supreme contempt in his tone that Miriam felt her sex insulted, and would have fired up in its defence, had not Christopher just then cried, "Look, look, Mira!" She looked back in the direction his finger pointed out, to where the country they had left behind was lying, flooded with sunlight. They were two miles from it now, but they could see the glitter of the lake surrounding their island home, and the trees that seemed to grow out of its bosom. A little to the right, the Grange, where Mr. Seguin lived, was putting on its livery of golden brown, and immediately adjoining it were the gloomy woods of Peton Park, the dark green of its huge fir trees throwing a sombre shade over the oak and elm and beech, whose leaves were in the first bright glory of decay. To the left was the village of Loughamore, and above it, in close proximity to

one another, the Glebe, and Presbyterian and Episcopalian churches sat perched on the lowest of a tier of hills, which rose gradually in height, as they stretched back to the misty blue mountains appearing in the horizon.

Christopher, who had a quick eye for the beautiful, had been gazing in delight at the prospect for some time before he called Miriam's attention to it, but she did not see it with his eyes, and all she said was, "See, Christy, there's our house." He drew a long breath at that, and turned his face once more to the horse, and to Ardrey, which was now in sight; a snug enough little town, had it been built anywhere but the place it was; but lying as it did in the hollow, which was unapproachable from any side save by a steep descent, it was kept in a state of chronic filthiness. Brown Bess crept as slowly down the hill leading into it, as the anxiety of the gig to reach the foot before her would permit, and then Joe made her trot quickly along the street, while he turned round to cut so savagely at the children, who tried to hold on behind, that Miriam was obliged to exert her authority once more, and desire him indignantly to let them alone. While he was still glooming after this rebuff they came to a house where "Surgery" was written in large gold letters on one of the windows. A handsome portly man was leaving the door on horseback as they passed, and at a sign from him Joe pulled up. "How is your mamma, to-day?" he inquired, reining in his horse beside the gig. "She is a great deal better, and we are going to Mrs. Morrison's," cried both children in a breath. Dr. Marks smiled at the information, and hoping they would have a pleasant time, he lifted his hat and rode off. "The doctor is a funny man," said Joe, looking after him. Christopher was too busy inspecting the shop-windows as they drove along, to heed the remark, but Miriam replied with dignity, "I think him very nice." "He's well enough; but it's funny him taking off his hat to a wee hussy," Joe returned, looking spiteful, yet relieved; but Miriam took no notice of the taunt except by desiring him to drive on, or they would be late at Laurel Grove. "I'm not going to wind-break the mare for anybody," he answered sulkily, alighting to lead Brown Bess up a steep hill, which lay before them. It was very steep, and very narrow, and it was lined on each side by black, wretched-looking houses, the doorways of which were crowded with children, some ragged and dirty-faced, some yellow and sickly, and some looking wonderfully fair and healthy in such a place.

(To be continued.)

Education, Knowledge, and Wisdom.

(IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR TRACT—NO. 1—SEE SECOND PAGE OF COVER.)

EDUCATION is, or should be, a means of acquiring knowledge; Knowledge is truth ascertained; and Wisdom is the proper application of knowledge. How beautiful and significant, therefore, is the injunction of the wise man—"Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding."

We believe it is ignorance, rather than wickedness, except in so far as the ignorance is wilful, that causes so many in these Christian lands still to countenance, by precept and example, those drinking customs, which generate nearly all our social calamities, make our beloved country "an astonishment, a proverb, and a bye-word, among all nations," and

so mightily retard the progress of "pure and undefiled religion." And hence we consider a knowledge of the Divine will regarding intoxicants, as exhibited in Nature, History, and Revelation, and so beautifully summarized in the Rituals of the Independent Order of Good Templars, to be the all important requisite for the extermination of our great national vice and all its concomitant misery and degradation. This knowledge the Good Templars are diligently and effectively diffusing, and their doctrine never fails to demonstrate its heaven-born origin, when fairly subjected to the Great Teacher's practical test—"If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God."

We have said that education "should be" a means of acquiring knowledge. True education is so; but it is a sad fact that hitherto there has been far more false education in the world than true. Our earth is still the great battle-field between truth and falsehood. In heaven all is true, consequently there is no sorrow; in hell all is false, consequently there is no happiness; but on earth there is a mixture of truth and falsehood, and consequently there is happiness in so far as truth is known and practised, and misery in so far as falsehood predominates. Education, therefore, is not an unmixed good, as many of the writers and speakers on the educational questions of our times seem to imagine. It is, like other things, good or bad according to its nature. It is an inestimable blessing to humanity when true, and an incalculable curse when false. "The father of lies" has always had his most powerful allies in great and popular systems of education. To show that false education has been, is, and probably till the millennium will be, far more prevalent and popular than true, we have only to notice a few plain historical facts.

Truth was in the minority during the whole of the pre-Christian era, and notably so on some memorable occasions, as in the days of Noah, Lot, Elijah, and Daniel. Almost the whole education of the world, Heathen and Jewish, was opposed to our Saviour, who was "the Truth" personified, "the Light of the world." Many remarkable epochs in the history of the Christian Church, when truth was almost extinguished by false education, will at once occur to every intelligent reader. Even yet the Christian Church is in a small minority in the earth; and when tried by the unerring test, "By their fruits ye shall know them," the number of Christ's genuine disciples is sadly small, even among those who assume the Christian name. Such facts as these are strangely overlooked by those who with a triumphant air remind us occasionally that teetotalism is in the minority. We reply, that is one of the clearest evidences of its being right. Indeed, this evidence in its favor amounts to a demonstration, when we take into account the fact, that the majority against it includes nearly all the irreligious, sensual, and vicious members of the community.

The prejudice and pride begotten by false education are far stronger antagonists to truth than mere ignorance. The former are positive evils, while the latter is only a negative one. In this sense education, even religious education, has often vigorously opposed knowledge, on scientific

questions of great moment. Columbus acquired the knowledge that the earth is a sphere, and the treatment he received in the promulgation of this important truth will stand out till the end of time as a disgrace to the education of the 15th century. Early in the 16th century, Copernicus ascertained the great truth—proposed 2,000 years previously by Pythagoras—that the earth revolves on its axis once every 24 hours, and that the sun is in the centre of a system of worlds of which our earth is one. Through dread of the opposition of the conservative educationists of his time, especially the religious ones, he delayed the publication of his great work on the subject (*De Revolutionibus Orbium*) till the 70th year of his age, and his biographer has the piteous tale to record, that "the first copy of the book reached him on his death-bed only a few hours before his decease. It was placed in his hands and he seemed to know it!" How humiliating to mankind is the treatment which has been given to nearly all the great prophets of our race! In the beginning of the 17th century, Galileo affirmed, and by the aid of his telescope demonstrated, the truth of the Copernican system. The scientific professors of the time bitterly opposed the truth, and, as usual, the educated ecclesiastics stigmatized it as "erroneous, heretical, and contrary to Scripture." Nor was this unpardonable bigotry confined to one Church. The Churches of the Reformation largely followed in the same rut, till Newton demonstrated their folly and sin, and silenced their irrational opposition for ever. The astronomical truths of the Copernican or Newtonian system have completely refuted numerous false interpretations of Scripture, a though, like all true science, they are perfectly harmonious with the Bible itself. The narrow-minded antagonism of Hofmann and others, to Harvey's valuable discovery of the circulation of the blood, is another permanent disgrace to the education of the 17th century. A century later geological knowledge was characteristically opposed by theological educationists as "heresy" and "infidelity." A kind Providence then gave the world men of the Chalmers and Miller type, philosophers as well as Christians, as all religious teachers should be. In the hands of such educationists nothing in the Bible has been changed, but much erroneous interpretation of it has vanished before the light of knowledge. Everybody would set him down as a mere ignoramus who would now assert that the earth is only 6,000 years old, although less than a century ago that was the universal teaching of the Christian Churches! Indeed, the progress of useful knowledge in the earth has hitherto been greatly impeded by theological teachers from time to time setting up some dogma, which they have maintained to be Scriptural, in direct opposition to well-authenticated facts in science. How manifest is the evil nature of such a course! The great folly and sin of the teachers of religion in this respect has not consisted in their holding of erroneous views, imbibed through wrong education, but in their haughty, unchristian refusal to be instructed, and in their unjust, uncharitable treatment of those endowed by God with ability to enlighten them. Of all men the public teachers of Christianity ought to be the most humble and docile; yet as a body, in past centuries at least,

they have seldom excelled their neighbors in the grace of humility.

But in the present century, even in our own enlightened country, education is sometimes strikingly at variance with truth. Look at phlebotomy, for example. Dr Mackenzie, of Inverness, says, "When I studied medicine, forty years ago, I was taught by every professor that bleeding was the sheet-anchor of cure in acute disease; and when anti-bleeders ventured to whisper a doubt on the subject, they were declared to be as crazy as the teetotalers are now considered by the thoughtless and the ignorant. Yet now bleeding is looked upon as all but simple murder!" Indeed, we need never feel surprised at the educational propagation of any lie, when we recollect that but a few years ago the schools, colleges, and churches, throughout the South of the United States, taught that Negro Slavery, that "sum of all villainies," was a "Divine Institution!" And, to come nearer home, since the triumph of the "father of lies" in Eden, no more tremendous falsehood was ever proclaimed on earth, than that the imbibing of alcoholic beverages is in accordance with the Will and Word of God. Yet this great lie is industriously taught by the majority of the medical and theological teachers of our own land at the present moment, and is willingly believed and reduced to practice by the people. As an inevitable consequence, under a just and righteous Providence, a seething sea of misery is the result, whose awful extent and terrible aspect might open the eyes of any community not "given over to strong delusion, that they should believe a lie." God has left men no excuse for their alcoholic delusion. He has told us that "a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit," and no custom in its nature innocent has ever produced such fruit as that of the drinking custom. He says, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." How plain and unmistakable the instruction to those who have "ears to hear!" He commands, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright: at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Here the evil effects of intoxicating wine, in time and eternity, are described in the clearest possible language, and teetotalism is expressly enjoined as the mode of shunning the danger; and yet many have the hardihood to say that there is no total

abstinence teaching in the Bible! Why, when we want the strongest total abstinence language, as well as principles, we seek and find it in abundance in the Book of God. "Abstain from all appearance of evil" is as certainly a total abstinence command, as "Thou shalt not kill" is a prohibition of murder, or "whatsoever tendeth thereunto." We fraternally exhort all Good Templars to honor God by using every legitimate means in their power to rescue the Bible from the unhallowed grasp of those who have so long,—and, alas! so efficiently—nourished the tree of intemperance by false interpretation of Holy Scripture. Every fibre of every root of that infernal upas shall yet be extirpated, in fulfilment of the glorious promise—"Every plant, which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up." Let those who "fear God and regard man" labor more diligently for the spread of true temperance knowledge, and pray more earnestly that all who get possession of the truth may be endowed with wisdom to use it aright. As a means to this great end, we would respectfully suggest that the following beautiful lines, which have been appropriately entitled the "Psalm of Temperance," should be frequently sung at public meetings, and in Good Templar Lodge Rooms:—

TUNE.—"Barrow," or "Auld Lang Syne."

Upright was man, and happy too,
Ere sin's dark ways he tried;
Pure were his joys, his wants were few,
And easily supplied.
Then of his simple wholesome food,
He temperately partook;
He drank, and found the beverage good,
Clear water from the brook.

Now, satisfied no more with these,
The gifts of God he slights,
And tries unnumbered ways to please
His grovelling appetites.
The grain for food designed he takes,
While thousands pine unfed,
And thence the poisonous liquor makes,
Instead of wholesome bread.

Man, give thy vain inventions o'er,
Thy folly they betray;
Pervert the gifts of God no more,
Nor cast those gifts away.
The cooling sorings, the fruitful fields,
For thy support are lent,
While earth to thee her increase yields,
Be thankful and content.

The Good Templar Elocutionist.

THE ENEMY.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

INTOXICATING liquor is deceptive in its nature, and it does seem to me, sometimes, as if Satan himself had no power on earth that was doing his work so effectually as this. We might almost fancy him seated upon his high and burning throne in Pandemonium, crowned with a circlet of everlasting fire, calling around him his satellites, to show their respective claim for certain privileges, by the power one possessed more than another to bring man to that burning lake. We may imagine Mammon, the meanest of all the god's, standing up

and saying, "Send me: I can send men from their homes across the burning desert, or the trackless ocean, to fight and dig in the earth for yellow dust; and so harden the heart that the cry of the widow and the fatherless shall be unheard. I will so stop up every avenue to human affection, that my victim shall stand as if made of the metal he loves; and when the cold fingers of Death are feeling for his heart-strings, he shall clutch closer and closer to his heart the bag of yellow dust, which is the only god he ever worshipped." Felial, filthiest of all the gods, next proclaims his power. Then the Destroyer asserts his claim; he holds war, pestilence, and famine in his hand, and makes men

whose trade it shall be to deface God's image, rank themselves in hostile array, and hurry each other shrieking, unshrouded, into another world. While all is silent, we may suppose a mighty rumbling sound, at which all hell quakes; and far in the distance is seen, borne upon the fiery tide, a monstrous being, his hair snakes, all matted with blood, his face besmeared with gore; he rises half his length, and the waves dashing against his breast fall back in a shower of fire. "Who art thou?" "I am an earth-born spirit. I heard your proclamation, and come. Send me. I will turn the hand of the father against the mother, the mother against the child, the husband against the wife. The young man in the pride of manliness I will wrap in my cerement and wither him. That fair young girl I will make such a thing that the vilest wretch will shrink from her in disgust. I will do more. I will so deceive them, that the mother shall know that I destroyed her first-born, and yet give me to her second. The father shall know that I destroyed the pride of his hope, and yet lift the deadly draught to the lips of the second. Governors shall know how I have sapped the roots of states, and yet spread over me the robe of their protection. Legislators shall know the crime and misery I cause, but shall still shield and encourage me. In heathen lands I shall be called 'fire-water' 'spirit of the devil'; but in Christendom, men shall call me 'a good creature of God!'" All hell resounds with a shout, and Satan exclaims, "Come up hither, and take a seat on the throne, till we hear your name." As he mounts to the seat, the spirit says aloud, "My name is Alcohol!" And the name shall be shouted in every part of hell, and the cry be raised, "Go forth, and the benison of the pit go with you."

A SLAVE.

BY MIRIAM DRAKE.

In the glorious prime of his manhood,
Yet sinking fast to the grave,
One that I loved was lying,
A hopeless and helpless slave.
It was *friends* that had forged his fetters,
With many a jest and song,
While I looked on unthinking,
My confidence was so strong.
So sure of his manly freedom,
Of his noble strength was I,
I never thought he could fall so low,
Or in such vile thralldom lie.
I was glad to see them so joyous,
And welcomed them many a night,
And I smiled to see my darling,
When the mirth was at its height.
For they drowned the sound of the hammer
With their laughter wild and gay,
And they hid the sparks of the anvil
With their wit's more sparkling play.
And they clasped the chains so gently,
I never dreamed they were there,
Till friends were gone, and I was left,
Alone with my love and despair.
I was almost wild with my sorrow,
And bitterly cursed them then,—
And yet they were not demons,
But only *kind-hearted men*.

I strove with my trembling fingers
To tear the chains away,
Till my hands, like my heart, were bleeding,
And still he helpless lay.
"Oh make one struggle for life," I cried,
"And then succeed I will."
But, though he writhed in his fetters,
He clasped them the closer still.
And his cheek grew hollow and livid,
And his eyes grew vacant and dim,
And he scarcely seemed to know me,
As I watched day and night by him.
And o'er him there fell such a horror,
It was too awful for pain;
And I knew a worse darkness was looming,
And prayed for mercy in vain.
Then one who had helped to bind him
Came weeping beside his bed,
But I drove him away in my anguish,
With curses upon his head.
I think I was frenzied with sorrow
As I rushed out on the road,
And, clutching a stranger, wildly implored
Help in the name of God.
I thought he could surely help me,
He looked so kind and so grave;
But he said, "Make thy loved one a Christian,
And he will not be a slave."
"Make him a Christian!" when so bereft
Of reason and sense he lies;
Oh man, your words are but *mockery*,
Though they *seem* so good and so wise."
Another stranger went by me then—
A worn, sad face had he;
I fell on my knees before him
And madly urged my plea.
"Poor child, one hope is yet left you,"
He said, with a sweet sad smile;
"I know there is one, but you must consent
To part from your love a while."
In his chains they carried him from me,
From the home that slavery cursed,
And long I prayed, and waited,
And still I feared for the worst.
He parted from me all uncaring,
I parted with groans and tears,
And I never saw my darling
For two long, weary years.
But the fetters had fallen from off him,
When he came to his home again,
Though his hair was grey, and his face was
tracked
With many a line of pain.
When a freeman, once more, he embraced me,
I thought to have died of bliss;
It almost atoned for long agony
To feel such a joy as this.
Yet, whenever I sit at the festive board,
My heart grows sick with pain,
And I listen through all the noisy mirth
For the clank of the iron chain.
And I long to raise a warning cry,
And bid them in time *beware!*
Ere the chains be forged for some thoughtless
soul
And their mirth be turned to despair.

Progress of the Order.

THE Independent Order of Good Templars had its origin in the State of New York, America, in the year 1851. Its progress since has been steadily onward and upward. Its head-quarters are now Cleveland, Ohio, where are the offices of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, that governs no less than forty-four Grand Lodges, about 10,000 Subordinate Lodges, and about 600,000 members. The following are the forty-four Grand Lodges, with the city or town in which each has its Offices:—Maine, Biddeford; New Hampshire, Lake Village; Vermont, East Burke; Massachusetts, Templeton; Rhode Island, Providence; Connecticut, Hartford; New York, Syracuse; New Jersey, Cassville; Pennsylvania, Lancaster; Delaware, Wilmington; Maryland, Baltimore; District of Columbia, Washington; West Virginia, Summerville; Ohio, Cleveland; Indiana, Centerville; Illinois, Quincy; Iowa, Iowa City; Michigan, Bellevue; Missouri, St. Louis; Minnesota, Rochester; Wisconsin, Beaver Dam; Kansas, Topeka; Prince Edward's Island, Charlottetown; Nova Scotia, Halifax; Canada, Napanee; California, Sacramento; Oregon, Albany; Kentucky, Louisville; Tennessee, Nashville; Nebraska, Nebraska City; Idaho, Silver City; Colorado, Central City; Virginia, Alexandria; Montana Territory, Helena; New Brunswick, Hillsboro; Georgia, Griffin; Texas, Sulphur Springs; Alabama, Huntsville; Washington Territory, Olympia; Scotland, Glasgow; England, Birmingham; Ireland, Belfast; Wales, Cardiff; and South Carolina, Columbia. In England, Columbia Lodge, No. 1, was instituted by Bro. Malins on 8th September, 1868; the Grand Lodge was instituted in Birmingham on 25th July, 1870; and the Subordinate Lodges now number nearly 2,000. In Scotland, Scotland's First Lodge, No. 1, was instituted by the late Bro. T. Roberts on 13th August, 1869; the Grand Lodge was instituted in Glasgow on 7th May, 1870; and the Subordinate Lodges now number nearly 800. In Ireland, Erin's First Lodge, No. 1, was instituted by Bro. Walker on 20th October, 1870; the Grand Lodge was instituted in Belfast on 26th July, 1871; and the Subordinate Lodges now number 175. In Wales, Cambria Lodge, No. 1, was instituted by Bro. Malins on 6th April, 1871; the Grand Lodge was instituted in Cardiff on 4th March, 1872; and the Subordinate Lodges now number about the same as in Ireland.

The foregoing summary of the rapid progress and gigantic dimensions of our noble Order refers only to the Countries and States in which Grand Lodges have been instituted. But the Order has taken root in many lands where it has not yet arrived at the stage of requiring local Grand Lodge supervision. A graphic history in the *Templar Annual* concludes as follows:—“Meanwhile, the banner of the Order is being extended in all directions from this country. In France, Malta, Germany, and Australia, it is already unfurled, while the efforts now being made promise an early harvest in Sweden, New Zealand, India, the West Indies, Belgium, and New South Wales.”

In this department of our Magazine we shall endeavor to follow up this introductory notice by giving a brief, interesting, monthly summary of the future progress of the Order, especially in Ireland. The progress and power of our Order in our drink-cursed island would be considered marvellous and unparalleled in the history of temperance reform, but for its still greater success during the past year in Great Britain—in which success we most cordially rejoice, for in every sense that success is ours also. Our progress in Ireland during the past year has been great, and perhaps the main reason why it has not been so great as it was in 1871 has been the want of an Organ to defend the Order from the unwarrantable opposition and gross misrepresentation of Rev. James Heron and others, in various quarters, especially in the columns of the *Evangelical Witness*. This felt want being now supplied by the publication of *The Irish Good Templar*, we confidently anticipate that increasing and permanent prosperity will attend the Order in Ireland for the future.

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

We have received several contributions, which will have our attention in due time, and numerous notices of public meetings held under the auspices of Lodges during the last three months, for all of which we feel obliged. Respecting the notices of meetings, it would have been impossible with any regard to propriety to have inserted them all, and to have made a selection would have been invidious and offensive. In future issues we shall gladly insert notices of meetings held during each preceding month. But the notices must be brief, as we have no doubt every thoughtful reader will feel that it is much better that our Monthly should be filled with matter such as occupies the pages of the present issue, than with reports of any considerable length of meetings that may have appeared, and that ought to have appeared, in the newspapers. That under the heading, “Progress of the Order,” an account of the institution of new Lodges, of public and anniversary meetings held, &c., should regularly appear in our Organ, is obviously desirable and proper; but it is equally obvious that it would be improper to devote much space in our sixteen page Monthly to that department, seeing how valuable every page is for the defending of our policy and the advocating of our principles.

Orders for THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR and for Advertisements should be addressed to Bro. Wm. R. NELSON, G.W.S., 26 Ann Street, Belfast. On pre-payment of 1s 6d, one copy monthly for a year will be forwarded by post; and two or more copies will be sent for the published price, *post free*. Two Shillings will thus secure to two individuals monthly for one year a copy each, addressed to any one of them, in any part of the country.

Contributions for THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR and Books for Review in its columns should be addressed to the Editor, JOHN PYER, G.W.C.T., 4 Old Park Terrace, Belfast.

The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.



Bro. Dr. Frederic Richard Lees.

FREDERIC RICHARD LEES was born on 15th March, 1815, at Meanwood, near Leeds, where he now resides. He is of Scottish descent, and had the misfortune to lose his mother when he was only a few weeks old. It was intended that his life should be devoted to the legal pro

fession, and he served out the term of his articles, but, at the end of the period of his seven year's apprenticeship, he was compelled to abandon the intention, owing to his uncertain state of health.

In 1832, Mr. Lees signed the pledge of the old temperance society (against the use of distilled

spirits only), but an increasing conviction of its insufficiency made him quite ready, when, in 1835, he heard Joseph Livesey's famous Malt Liquor lecture, to sign the pledge of total abstinence. Considerable difficulty was experienced in getting even temperance men to look with favor on the teetotal movement. But Mr. Lees and his coadjutors in Leeds determined to uplift the standard of pure and simple abstinence, and endeavored to get the old society to adopt the new and comprehensive pledge. Much opposition was raised, and it was resolved that the question should be openly debated. The Rev. W. Reid (to whose valuable "Temperance Cyclopædia" we are indebted for these particulars) thus describes the event, which is not only important in its relation to the history of the Temperance Reformation, but interesting as having been the occasion of more publicly introducing Mr. Lees to that platform which he has since occupied with so much honor to himself and advantage to the cause:—

"On the side of fermented liquors and the old temperance pledge, Dr. Williamson, the leading physician, and afterwards Mayor of the town, together with Mr. Thomas Plint, of free-trade celebrity, appeared as the chosen representatives and defenders. On the side of cold water and the abstinence pledge, appeared Mr. John Andrews, jun., Rev. F. Peardsall, then a writer on the Wine Question, Mr. B. Croxley, afterwards Editor of the *Leeds Temperance Herald*, and others. Dr. Williamson, in this debate, made a long and very powerful speech, the object of which was to prove that we lived in an artificial state of society, and required an artificial stimulus to preserve the equilibrium. This argument was so ingeniously put, and so eloquently expressed, that few saw the fallacy lurking beneath, and Mr. Johnson, the person appointed to answer the doctor, declined the task he had undertaken. This was the signal for great applause to the publicans and their customers of wine and beer; but their triumph was short-lived. At this moment a young man was discovered in the crowded orchestra, who was at once dragged forward by the abstainers to the platform, and compelled to combat the arguments of Dr. Williamson. This was no other than F. R. Lees, who, with becoming modesty, undertook the task thrust upon him, and exposed the fallacy involved in the doctor's argument, in proposing to cure the disease of excitement by a remedy of additional excitement—in other words, to spur the horse as a remedy for its fatigue. The reply made such an impression, that even the publicans

confessed that their party was vanquished, and the motion that the principle of the society should henceforth be that of abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, was carried by a large majority. This debate was afterwards published with notes, and tended, as might be expected, to bring the subject of our sketch into notice, and to determine, to some extent, his future and most successful style of advocacy."

In 1837, Mr. Lees established, in conjunction with some friends, the *Leeds Temperance Herald*, with which, in 1838, was incorporated the first temperance periodical, the *Preston Advocate*. In 1840, he set up a printing office at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, whither he removed. Here he undertook the management of the *Advocate and Herald*, which, under his able and vigorous Editorship, gained a circulation of from ten to thirteen thousand copies monthly. Here he also prepared and issued what is even now one of the best textbooks for the advocates and students of temperance—the *Temperance Standard Library*. Here, too, he published the laborious and exhaustive treatise on the wine question, "*Tirosh lo Yayin*," the author of which was the first to point out the precise distinction between *yayin* and *tirosh*. With the consent of the author, Dr. Lees has since revised and edited this work. While thus busy at pen and press, he was constantly at work on the platform. He delivered lectures, and held discussions, and so instructed the friends and confounded the adversaries of the temperance movement. He was successful in 1841 in gaining the great "Aberdeen Prize," offered for the best essay on the strong drink question, as involved in Deut. xiv. 25, 26. In the following year he received from the University of Giessen the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

In the year 1843, great exultation was manifested by the enemies of teetotalism at the discoveries of the great chemist Liebig, his conclusions being supposed to be destructive of the temperance argument. Dr. W. Jeafferson, a Suffolk surgeon, challenged the abstinents to discussion on "The Nature and Uses of Alcohol." Dr. Lees was invited and consented to become the champion of the cause, and showed that not only were the views of Liebig not antagonistic to teetotal principles, but positively confirmatory of them. Six years later this conclusion was endorsed by Dr. Carpenter, in the "Medico-Chirurgical Review," and it is now generally accepted by scientific men. In 1844, Dr. Lees competed for and won the prize offered for the best essay on the "Sacramental Wine Question." He afterwards contributed a series of valuable

articles, on the wine and strong drink question, to Kitto's Biblical Cyclopædia, and, in 1848, at the request of the author, Mr. Peter Burne, he edited the *Testotaler's Companion*.

Dr. Lees's literary contributions to the temperance cause include also the prize essay on Prohibition published in 1856, of which some 50,000 copies were issued, and a supplement furnishing "Answers to a Hundred Objections;" a treatise in opposition to the ordinary use of alcohol as medicine, which was very largely circulated; and a "Text-Book of Temperance," his latest, and, in some respects, his most useful work for the instruction of those who assume to instruct others in the *rationale* of the temperance question. Dr. Lees, in conjunction with the Rev. Dawson Burns, M.A., likewise issued, in 1868, the "Temperance Bible Commentary," a third edition of which is now announced. These two works are invaluable, we may say indispensable, to every one who would intelligently understand and successfully propagate temperance principles. The Commentary should be in every minister's hands, and both Commentary and Text-book on the shelves of every Templar Lodge Library. Services like these, which Dr. Lees has rendered to the temperance organization, during an uninterrupted course of thirty-eight years labor in the study and on the platform, cannot easily be estimated; they are simply invaluable, and will continue to encircle his memory with the purest of renown long after they have ceased. In the spring of 1869, Dr. Lees paid a second visit to the United States, lecturing in the principal cities from Maine to California, and collecting important evidence concerning the operation of laws in force against the liquor traffic. He returned in the following Spring, and was soon afterwards called to endure the severest trial of his life in the loss of a devoted and beloved wife. He has two children, a daughter and son, the latter established at Hartlepool as a medical practitioner of ability and promise. Though Dr. Lees suffers still, as he has done for

years, from a troublesome ailment of the biliary organs, he retains, at fifty-eight years, a physical elasticity which carries him through an amount of hard work, corporal and mental, which would daunt many younger men. Those who know and prize his worth—not to speak of such as enjoy his private friendship—cannot but pray that he may be furnished with the requisite vigor for abundant labors in the future, and be spared to witness a larger harvest of temperance success, in return for the noble expenditure of toil and talent, of which he has set so brilliant an example.

In personal appearance, Dr. Lees, like many other public men, is not repossessing. He is of about middle height, but very thin. A large head sits upon narrow shoulders, and is surmounted by a somewhat insubordinate and ample covering of hair. His style is argumentative rather than rhetorical, and partakes of the philosophic rather than of the emotional. He possesses a quiet power of sarcasm, which lends bright relief to the forcible argumentative language which he employs, while it makes him doubly dangerous to his opponents, who cannot but feel uncomfortable as they see him pierce the wind-bags they supposed to be solid arguments, and must feel abashed, if amused, as he playfully disposes of their objections. At times the doctor uses the language of graphic description, and paints the woe and wreck which follow in the train of drunkenness; nor does he fail to communicate to those who hear him the emotions of pity and indignation which fill his own soul, and which soften or kindle his eye. Foremost among our teachers, as useful in the work of instructing, and building up the adherents, as he is mighty in assailing the enemies of temperance, we place Dr. Lees. Nor do we wonder that he has recognized and adopted the Good Templar movement as being the best means for consolidating and drilling the temperance army, and of overthrowing the power of the drinking customs and drink traffic of our land.—*The Templar*.

Conditional Enlargement of "The Irish Good Templar."

WE had partially prepared an editorial article on Rev. J. Heron's publishing of our Ritual, embodying a letter on that subject that was refused insertion in the *Northern Whig*, and on his charge of immorality in tendency and results against our Order, which we firmly believe—and we are in a favorable position for ascertaining the facts—to be foundationless calumny, more biting a reckless publican than a total abstaining minister of the Gospel. We find, however, there is no room

for the article in the present issue, without crushing out something else that we are more reluctant to hold over for another month. In the meantime, we have great pleasure in here stating a few facts about our new periodical, and making a conditional proposal for its enlargement and improvement.

Our first number has already got a circulation of about 5,000, and orders are still coming in. This is a grand success, unparalleled in the his-

tory of Irish Temperance Literature. It evinces in a striking manner the vitality, energy, and influence of our young and rising organization, for it has been accomplished almost entirely without expense in the way of advertising. It has been resolved to increase the size of the magazine to twenty pages, instead of sixteen, as soon as its permanent circulation shall be 5,000 or upwards monthly. Its first issue has reached the prescribed number, but there may have been a desire to see No. 1, on the part of some, that may not continue with regard to future numbers; and as we do not wish to be oversanguine, it has been resolved to let the orders for No. 2 decide the question, whether sixteen or twenty pages shall be the size of each issue in future. The desirability of the enlargement is obvious. We feel this strongly as we write, in consequence of being obliged to hold over several interesting and important contributions for want of space. It would make our Organ just what the Order requires. It would enable us to give each month sixteen pages of literary matter in exposition and defence of the principles and policy of our Order, two pages of Official announcements and answers to questions of Law, Order, and Usage, and two pages of "Progress of the Order," including notices of the institution of Lodges, reports of public meetings, &c.

The great boon to the Order thus indicated is so easily within our reach, that we appeal confidently to members and friends to unite in securing it at once, for the sake of the temperance cause. There is nothing whatever to hinder the *Irish Good Templar* appearing next month in the enlarged and improved form we have described, if all our Lodges will adopt the suggestions of last month's "Editorial." A considerable number of Lodges have kindly and cordially adopted those suggestions, with most satisfactory results. Some of these, to attain the great object now proposed, will probably be willing and able to do a little more. Several Lodges, through want of prompt and proper consideration of the importance of the matter, have not yet adopted the suggestions to

which we have referred. Will some member or members of each Lodge in Ireland kindly see that our Editorials of last and present months be read in their respective Lodges, and that some effective steps be taken to obtain additional subscribers for our own Organ? If this be done, the object for which we write will be attained, Good Templarism will be benefited, and the cause of temperance advanced. Believing that these motives will be sufficient for the required work, we confidently leave the matter in the hands of our readers.

Canvassers for subscribers might refer to the following features of our magazine, any one of which will be considered by most earnest friends of our cause as worth its entire price:—(1) monthly portrait and biographical sketch of such champions of prohibition and teetotalism as Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Dr. Lees; (2) monthly article in reply to Rev. J. Heron by Dr. McMurtry and others; (3) monthly article by A. J. C.; (4) serial tale by Miriam Drake; (5) the Good Templar Elocutionist, equally suitable to Lodges and Temperance Societies; (6) articles by various writers on all phases of the temperance cause; and (7) the additional four pages with their contents as above described, which we are almost sure to have next month.

Lodges that are rich enough could not spend a portion of their funds better than in circulating a few dozens of our Organ each month, gratuitously, among out-riders whose adhesion they wish to secure; and employers would find it to their advantage to do the same among their employees. Lodges that cannot spare any money for this purpose should make up for this inability by extra efforts in procuring subscribers, which would tend to augment their funds by increasing their membership, and would further our good cause at the same time. Several Lodges have already ordered 100 copies each. We intend to give next month a list of the Lodges that shall have ordered fifty monthly or upwards. Lodges that get this number from any other source than our Offices will please to inform us of the particulars, that our list may be complete.

Peace.

BY SISTER A. J. C., LONDONDERRY.

PERHAPS there is no word, which, in its many associations, falls more sweetly on the ear, than "Peace." How soothing is its very sound! How it steals over the care-tossed spirit, like the hush of even over earth's busy scenes! How suggestive it is of pleasant thought, of happy memories, of bright anticipations! To how

many does it seem as an embodiment of all for which they long and yearn, an impersonation of an undefined something for which they crave! But, though the human heart thus desires its blessings, and though Heaven gives to Peace on earth so high a place as to rank it second only to the glory due to the Great I Am, yet, strange to

say, it has never yet at any time assumed a universal sway, and, stranger still, it does not seem, in the present position of our world's affairs, desirable that it should do so. The Wrong still holds fierce battle with the Right, and these two mighty principles must war on, till either the Right succumbs to its giant foe, and Peace reigns, through the surrender of all that is good and true, or the Wrong, finally and completely conquered, shall be crushed beneath the chariot wheels of Him who shall yet reign triumphantly as Prince of Peace. Such a glad issue of the contest, however, seems yet far distant, and surely we are not prepared for the former alternative. Then, soldiers of the Right, Peace is not for you! Your armor must be undoffed, your sword must be unsheathed, and your's must be the glorious task to charge upon the foe with the old watchword, "God and our right!"

There are, and ever have been, many who glide among the contending forces, with "Peace, Peace!" for ever on their lips. Amid the clamor of contest they may be seen with uplifted hands begging all to be at peace. No evil seems to them so great as noise, and no blessing to be compared with perpetual quiet. Principles are mere bagatelles to them; in fact, they appear to care for nothing so much as to breathe over the world a universal hush! There never yet was a momentous crisis in the history of the past, there never yet was a time when dearest interests hung trembling in the scale, but there were some of these tranquilizers hovering round, with honied words, seeking at any cost to restore Peace. And as it was, so it is. Look at any point where the contest is warmest. Look where the forces of Evil are most densely rallying, where the armies of the Truth are most vigorously battling, and you will find some of these dastard spirits employed on their ignoble mission. "Beware! Beware!" they cry, "engage not rashly in this strife, be prudent. There are evils certainly to be met, but it can be done without all this uproar. You will turn the world upside down. You will sow dissension in communities. You will endanger the Peace of the Church. Do be quiet; things can be put to rights gradually, without all this fuss!"

Have we not all heard these sentiments, or such as these, whispered on the field where Teetotalism is waging war against the monster evil of Intemperance? The struggle has long been maintained, and sometimes it seemed to be with very doubtful success. Often it appeared as if the forces of Right would surely be driven from the field, so strong and determined was the opposition. But now a stronghold has been

attacked, formerly unassailed; now a citadel has been stormed, against which it was long feared to direct an assault; and, strange to say, it is within the precincts of the Church this citadel stands. As may be expected, the old cry is raised, "The Church is in danger!" "Peace, Peace now at any cost. Principle must give place to expediency. Nothing must be attempted which would bring warfare into the pale of the Church!" Ministers, elders, deacons, and private members raise their hands in horror, and cry, "Sacrilege! See how these fanatics are disturbing our Peace! How can we hush these madmen. They will ruin the cause by their 'injudicious' advocacy, and 'extreme' measures! They will alienate all prudent, 'thinking' men! We must frown upon them and discountenance them in every way, and we will soon see that they cannot long maintain their 'rash' position!"

Such is the outcry raised against those who lead the van of our Good Templar army. Such is the light in which they are viewed by men from whom they might reasonably have expected support and encouragement. And yet, what is the position they have taken? What is the "extreme view" which is so shocking to nervous sensibilities? Simply this, that Total Abstinence from Alcoholic Drinks is a Bible principle, and, therefore, that neither in one form nor another, neither in the ordinances of the Church, nor out of the Church, should alcohol be used by any who take the Bible as the standard of their lives. Is this such an extreme view? Is this such an unwarrantable position? We enter not now into the details of the argument, but we merely ask, Why should inquiry on this matter be hushed? Why should "Peace, Peace" be cried when the subject is alluded to? Is there anything in the discussion dangerous to the true interests of vital Christianity? Can there be any sensible reason adduced why, if the highest ground be tenable, we should not occupy it in our attack upon the foe? That it is tenable has been abundantly proved, and being so, can anyone fail to see that from no other point can we charge so successfully. Why, we would ask, should Bible ground be left to the enemy? Why should any effort to recover it be deprecated? While they retain it, they have an advantage on their side with which we can never cope. We must rescue it from them. We must take possession of that which they have so long and so unlawfully claimed!

That Peace is very desirable in the Church, we readily admit, but is not Purity still more so? The former cannot be genuine if we have not the latter. "First pure, then peaceable," is the

Apostolic order, and this order must ever be maintained. Why then should the Church, and too many of the ministry, be unwilling to search into the grounds of their Peace? Why should they so earnestly endeavor to silence the friendly voices which warn them that they have been guarding, ignorantly it may be, a stronghold of the foe? We cannot understand it. We would not be uncharitable, yet we are often driven to what might be deemed uncharitable conclusions. We are ready to admit that many who are not fully instructed in the matter may be perfectly sincere in believing that the Bible sanctions the use of fermented wine, and may even think that such was certainly used at the Last Supper; yet, even with this belief, their opposition to our ideas is, to say the least, most unreasonable. Can anyone imagine that it was such wine as is now used? Distilled spirits were then unknown, and everyone knows that simple, fermented wine is very different indeed from the brandied concoctions sold to us under that name. It cannot, we think, be disputed by any, that the unfermented "fruit of the vine" must necessarily be much nearer the character of what the Saviour used as an emblem of His blood, than the vile stuff which now occupies that sacred position. This being the case, why should there be such alarm about its introduction? Why should the Church prefer to commemorate the Saviour's death by the use of that which has over and over again "crucified Him afresh, and put Him to an open shame?" Why should His blessed Name be associated with that of his deadliest foe?

Again, then, we ask, why is discussion on this point so studiously avoided? We blame not those who differ from us, but we would be glad they would express that difference honestly. It is too bad that the only utterance we can elicit from them is "Peace, Peace." We earnestly desire Peace, but we cannot, we will not, have it at

the expense of Truth. Let the matter be examined seriously and calmly, in no bitter, unfriendly manner. Let the discovery of Truth be our object, and let it be sought in a genuine Truth-loving spirit. Let the different points at issue be candidly examined. Let the Truth concerning them be laid before the Church, let the Church act in accordance with the teachings of this Truth, whatever they may be, and we fear not the result. We know that it will be to anite with us in our earnest contendings, those who now weaken our hands; it will be to give fresh energy to our cause, to inspire with fresh courage and power the armies of the Right, and to give to the Church Peace, established on the firm basis of Purity. We fear that at present too much of the Peace which prevails in our churches is the dead stillness of stagnation, where foul things breed, where corruption hides itself, and where an unhealthy atmosphere reigns. Can such Peace be desirable? Surely not. Rather let us have the peace of the river which in its flow presents not the calm surface of the marsh, but which, ruffled occasionally by the wind, and by obstacles which it must over-leap, yet rolls on steadily, majestically, and unitedly, gladdening and fructifying as it goes, till, deepened and broadened, it flows tranquilly into the great ocean. Let this Peace be our aim: let the corruption and stagnating influences be sought out and be cast forth, and among them will assuredly be expelled the deadly evil which has lurked so long in the ordinances of the Church, the pestiferous soul and body destroying curse of ALCOHOL. The deepest and most pervading sentiment of our noble Good Templar Order is—No Peace with Alcohol! Alcohol "is the arch enemy, against which we wage a life-long war," and we claim the sympathy and alliance of all who loyally "fight the good fight of faith," under the banner of "Him who was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil."

Rev. James Heron on Good Templarism.—No. 2.

BY BRO. A. H. H. M' MURTRY, M.D., G.W.T.

THE Independent Order of Good Templars, it seems, produces and promotes "a love of show and vanity" in its members, and this "love of show and vanity" is a "more dangerous and more mischievous evil" than the traffic in, and use of, intoxicating liquors! Now, this is a mere assertion of Mr. Heron's, without the shadow of a proof to support it. It is true, he says "he will take care to show" his children that this is so; but he has not condescended "to show" it to his readers. He con-

tents himself with saying that "he well knows" it to be so. He argues according to some theory of his own, that the "inflated titles" and the "showy, ornamental garbs" of the Good Templars must and do produce a "love of show and vanity." Perhaps he feels that this is the effect such things would have, or have had, on himself, and from this concludes that they have a similar effect on us; but he has not proved either the soundness of his theory or the truth of his

assertion. He has not proved that Good Templars, in private life, are fonder of show and are more vain, or that they are more prone to regard themselves as "no common personages," than other total abstainers are; and, in the absence of proof, I deny the charge. I believe that Good Templars, as a body, do not "delight in" their titles or their regalia. I believe that they are too much interested in, and impressed with the solemn and sacred character of, the proceedings of their Lodges and too seriously bent on prosecuting the "noble work of man's redemption" from the bondage of drink, to dwell, even for a moment, with any feelings of vanity, on the regalia they may be wearing or the titles by which they may be addressed. I consider it a libel on a body of earnest men and women, banded together for the promotion of a great philanthropic movement, to call them "light-hearted boys and girls," who have been "captivated" themselves, and are now trying to captivate others by the "delicious lure" of titles and regalia.

But I also deny that our titles and regalia are even calculated to produce a "love of show and vanity." In our Organisation, we have Lodges of three various grades, and we must necessarily call these by distinctive names; but I hold that these names are not a whit more calculated to beget a "love of show and vanity" than are those of other bodies with which I have never heard that Mr. Heron finds fault—such as "grand" juries, the "Upper" House of Parliament, the "superior" courts of, say, the Presbyterian Church. These terms are analogous in signification to our "grand," &c., and are open to the same objection, if any caviller choose to raise it. They can only be defended by Mr. Heron on the same ground as that on which he defends the common use of "Reverend," &c., namely, that they are the "growth of custom" ("whatever that may mean"); but our use of "grand," "worthy," &c., admits of a precisely similar defence, seeing that it is twenty-one years old. The truth is, however, that this is no defence at all, in either case; and the absence of long usage would be no objection. Then again, these various Lodges have each fourteen or fifteen officers, who must, of course, be distinguished by different titles; and if, say the Chaplain or the Secretary of the Grand Lodge be distinguished from that of a Subordinate Lodge by having the epithet "grand" prefixed to his official title, how can this be any more likely to excite a "love of show and vanity" than distinguishing a member of a Grand Jury from a member of a Special Jury by calling them "Grand" juror and "Special" Juror respectively? What is there in the fact

that the officers of a Lodge are, by their fellow-members, courteously addressed as, because found to be, "worthy" officers, to breed and feed this dreadful "love of show and vanity?" I do not see Mr. Heron mean to say that they ought to be called "unworthy," in order to teach them humility? I suppose that if Mr. Heron were about to address a mixed audience, he would in his anxiety to be "simple, and natural, and plain, and true, and unaffected," begin by saying, "Men and women!" lest addressing the people respectfully as "Ladies and gentlemen!" should make them vain and conceited! Does it produce vanity in Mr. Heron to be spoken of as "my 'worthy' and 'excellent' friend, the 'Reverend' 'Mr. Heron'?" Does it make a member of Parliament vain to be addressed as "Honorable," or "Right Honorable," or "Noble?" or an officer in the army or navy as "Gallant?" or a lawyer as "Learned?" or a mayor as "Worshipful?" or a member of a Royal family as "Your Highness?" or a sovereign as "Your Majesty?" Did Luke make Theophilus vain by calling him "most excellent Theophilus?" Is there any harm in being courteous and polite, and counting those who do well "*worthy* of double honor?" And why cannot the members of a Good Templar Lodge show their respect and esteem for those whom they have elected to office by addressing them as "worthy" officers, without being accused of pandering to a "love of show and vanity?" Our regalia also, which Mr. Heron describes as a "showy and ornamental garb," is as unobjectionable and as little calculated to provoke a "love of show and vanity" as are our titles. The fact of its being showy and ornamental is not a grievous fault. Nature abounds with the showy and ornamental, and the God of nature has implanted in man's breast a love of the beautiful, which He gratifies in a thousand ways, that He may attract man to Himself—the Author of all that is good and lovely. Why should not men be drawn away from the debasing associations of the public-house by attractions which operate on the mind through the eye as well as by attractions, such as music, which operate through the ear? I know that there may be bad sights presented to the eye as there may be bad sounds presented to the ear; but I deny that there is anything in the appearance of our regalia which is bad, or which can lead to a "love of show and vanity." The greater portion of it is very unshowy and unornamental, being simply white; and as for the rest, it is acknowledged to be handsome, but why should it not be? Does Mr. Heron object to a handsome house, or a handsome dress, or a handsome face? If he do, I cannot compliment him

on his taste. Even though a handsome face may sometimes make its possessor vain, yet it is a remarkable fact, considered in the light of Mr. Heron's theory, that the Creator has not denied to all people handsome faces. Mr. Heron cannot endure blue, or purple, or scarlet, or gold, and seems to think that everybody should be dressed, like Hamlet, in "inky suits of solemn black." What a dismal and unattractive place this world would be if all that is showy and ornamental in nature and art were blotted out! Mr. Heron would have us build and furnish our houses in the most plain and unaffected style, lest architectural and household ornamentation should make us vain and fond of show! Ladies must never wear scarlet cloaks, or blue dresses, or yellow ribbons, or green gloves, or brooches or ear-rings, lest these should produce in them a "love of show and vanity!" And gentlemen, for the same reason, must forswear the use of studs, gold chains, and silver-mounted sticks! Royalty and nobility must throw aside their jewelled crowns and gorgeous robes of state; the army and navy their distinctive uniforms; judges their wigs, and town-councillors their gowns; for these all come under the category of "the affected, the pompous, the sensational and the showy, of sham dignities and peacock pageantries" and "in due time are sure to breed moral qualities of the very lowest type!" I sincerely hope that this has not been the effect on Mr. Heron, of wearing a gown and bands when officiating as a minister, or of having worn in his college days the student's cap and gown, which are certainly ten-fold more showy, and much less ornamental, than the regalia worn by Good Templars.

But, granting that Good Templarism does produce a "love of show and vanity," Mr. Heron says that this "love of show and vanity" which it produces is a "more dangerous and mischievous evil" than the evil which the Good Templars are trying to remove—namely, the traffic in, and use of, intoxicating drinks. Now, I submit that there is nothing in Good Templarism, American though it be, to equal this "tall talk," this "affected," "pompous," "sensational," "loud," "inflated," "distended," and monstrous'y "extravagant" statement of Mr. Heron's. It reminds one of a similarly absurd declaration, made some time ago by M. T. Bass (or "Em-pty Ass," as he was afterwards called), the great Burton brewer, who said that "the great bulk of the suffering of mankind comes not from excessive drinking, but from over-eating!" and that "if he were to give advice, he should say, 'eat half as much as you have been accustomed to, and drink twice as much!'" I

have already sketched the evils which we Good Templars are anxiously striving to remove and prevent, and shown that they are the offspring of what Mr. Heron correctly enough calls a "mother evil," the liquor-traffic; but will any sane man have the hardihood to affirm that the "love of show and vanity," or any other evil or all the evils put together, which Good Templarism may produce, are to be compared for a moment with those which flow from the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors? In 1834, the British Parliament, in its Report on Drunkenness, declared that "the consequences of the vice of intoxication are so many and so fearful, that it is difficult to enumerate even the outlines of them; and to pursue them in all their melancholy details would require a volume." The *Birmingham Journal* has said that "the greatest earthly curse is the sin of intemperance," (but it is only fair to state that Good Templarism was then unknown in this country). The *Westminster Review* says that "it is impossible to exaggerate the evils of intemperance;" but Mr. Heron says that the Independent Order of Good Templars is "almost sure to exaggerate them." The Report of a Select Committee of the New York Senate, in 1853, stated that "the sale of intoxicating beverages is the direct cause of more pauperism, crime, debauchery, and frightful casualties, than all other things combined." Dr. Lees says that "the constancy, certainty, and extent of the evils accruing from the liquor-traffic are absolutely unparalleled by any other noxious agency operating in this nation." The Rev. Dr. Guthrie says:—"Before God and man, before the Church and the world, I charge the liquor-traffic with the murder of innumerable souls,—with causing almost all the poverty, crime, misery, ignorance, and irreligion which disgrace and afflict this land. I do in my conscience believe that these intoxicating drinks have sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in the deluge. As compared with other vices, it may be said of this, 'Saul hath slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands.'" ["Ah! but, Dr. Guthrie," says the Rev. Mr. Heron, "Good Templarism had not been introduced into Britain when you wrote thus!"] Goldwin Smith says:—"The liquor-traffic is producing a physical and moral pestilence more deadly than any plague which stalks the infected cities of the far east;" ["Yes," says Mr. Heron, "but not so mischievous as Good Templarism, which stalks the cities of the far west!"] "and it is bringing our working classes to a self-imposed bondage more complete and more degrading than slavery itself." Dr. Temple, Bishop of Exeter, says:—"I do not think it can be denied that there

is no other evil [except Good Templarism!] at present in this country, so deadly in its operation as the drunkenness that prevails amongst us. Far the largest part of all the evils which men suffer now, that can be at all prevented by human means, comes of the indulgence of this one fearful sin. I do not think I am at all overstating the truth when I say that this one cause of unhappiness and crime is equal in its bad effects to all other causes put together. The Rev. Dr. Cuyler says:—"The drinking customs do more to hinder the elevation of the masses, and the salvation of souls, than all other evils combined." Mr. Charles Buxton said:—"Not only does this vice produce all kinds of wanton mischief; it has also a negative effect of great importance. It is the mightiest of all the forces that clog the progress of good. ["Mr. Buxton," says Mr. Heron, "if you had known the nature of Good Templarism as I know it, you would have somewhat qualified this sweeping statement."] It is in vain that every engine is set at work which philanthropy can devise, when those whom we seek to benefit are soaking their brains with beer or inflaming them with ardent spirits. The struggle of the school, the library, and the church, against the beer-house and the gin-palace, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell. It is, in short, the liquor-traffic, [and not Good Templarism] which fills our gaols, our lunatic asylums, and our workhouses. We are convinced that the statesman [or the Society] who heartily wished to do the utmost possible good to his country, should study the means by which this worst of plagues can be stayed." This is just what the Good Templars are doing. What, then, in Mr. Buxton's view of the matter, is to be said of Mr. Heron, who

"heartily wishes" to destroy the Order, as being worse than this "worst of plagues"? Mr. Powell, author of "Bacchus Dethroned," says:—"Intemperance is an evil more desolating than war, more destructive than the pestilence, more cruel than famine, more demoralizing than slavery, and more deadly than the opium plague," ["but," adds Mr. Heron, "not so dangerous and mischievous as Good Templarism."] The late Matthew Hill, Recorder of Birmingham, said:—"Into whatsoever path we turn, with the intention of doing good to our fellow-men, there the drink-demon [and sometimes "a very earnest advocate of total abstinence"] starts up and blocks our way." And the Committee of the Convocation of Canterbury, in their Report on Intemperance, declare that "no evil [not even Good Templarism!] so nearly affects our national life and character; none so injuriously counteracts the spiritual work of the Church, and therefore no question more immediately demands the zeal of our clergy, [alas! that the demand is so little heeded!] the attention of our statesmen, the action of our legislature, and the thoughtful aid of our philanthropists. Nor can any sacrifice be esteemed too costly, or any efforts too great, to check and remedy what may be shown, by accumulated and undeniable evidence, to be sapping the foundations of our prosperity, blighting the future and lowering the reputation of our country, and destroying at once its physical strength and its moral and religious life." Mr. Heron thinks that joining the Order of Good Templars, and thereby, as he alleges, sacrificing one's "sense, and dignity, and manliness," would be "too costly a sacrifice" to make, in order to "check and remedy" this great evil.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER II.

AN AFTERNOON'S PLEASURE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

AT the door of the most wretched house in the row, a group of miserable-looking little ones were standing. So naked and utterly neglected they looked, that Miriam exclaimed, "Look, Christy, they can't have any mother. Nobody is like that at Loughamore." "Its the proximity of the public-houses," said Christy; "I heard Mr. Cox and the Rector talking about it the last time we were at the Glebe." "Tisn't proximity," spoke up Joe, from the mare's head, "it's whiskey; that's where Ned Farlane the nailor lives, and he and his wife both drink like fishes." "Fishes don't drink," said Christy; and, "O Joe, women don't drink," said Miriam. "Don't they, though?" he asked knowingly, referring to women and not

to fish. "Look behind and you'll see, for here she comes, this minute." There was a sound behind them as of some wild beast in a rage; and when the children looked back they saw a jeering and hooting crowd following a thing that was not a woman, though clad in rags that had once been womanly. Ever and anon it would turn to shriek and blasphemy at its tormentors, and when the children at the doorways heard it they swelled the din with their thin treble voices; but when the little ones at the nailor's door saw what was coming they ran up the street with a simultaneous scream. Miriam's face blanched at such a sight and such sounds, and Christy, clapping his hands to his ears, exclaimed, "Oh! Joe, make her go fast." A few minutes took them away from that unholy place, and then Joe got in again, and made the mare step out so briskly that the children soon forgot what they had left, in anti-

patron of what lay before them. Pity grown-up children could not always do the same, and then, so long as they have heaven in view, nothing in the past need trouble them.

After leaving Ardrey, three-quarters of an hour's drive brought the travellers to the entrance of Laurel Grove, and so eager had Miriam become that she permitted Joe, unreprieved, to drive slap dash along the somewhat neglected avenue, with its gnarled old ash on either side, past the full stack-yard on the one hand, and laurel shrubbery on the other, till he pulled-up sharply in front of the green gate that formed the entrance to the enclosed "court" before the door of the house. As soon as the gig stopped, a young lady in short curls and pink dress came running out by this gate, and received Miriam in her arms before she had time to clamber down from her elevated seat. "My dears, I was afraid you were not coming; and why isn't mamma with you?" she exclaimed, in a quick lively way, as she kissed the children, and retaining a hand of each, led them into the house. She began to pull off Miriam's jacket in the hall, calling out as she did so, "Here they are at last!" On which a door to the left hand opened, and another young lady, also in a pink dress, but with a brown pelerine over it, came from the parlor, and saluted them as the first had done. "You need not take off her hat, Fanny; we will be going out to the orchard at once," she said, when she had bid them welcome. "But thy must get something to eat first," remonstrated Fanny. However, when Miriam, answering for herself and Christopher both, assured her that they were not at all hungry, Miss Fanny threw open the parlor door again, disclosing Mrs. Morrison, two nurses, and a variety of little girls and boys. When the new arrivals had saluted all these, Grace Morrison said, "We will come now," at which there was a rush, and Miriam was carried out to the orchard in a whirl of happiness. When she came sufficiently to herself to be able to look about her, she was standing beside Philip Seguin under a large apple-tree; a boy a little older than Joe Martin was among the branches, beginning to pull such of the yellow fruit as he could reach. A little way off stood Philip's sisters, all in stiff white frocks, that made Miriam regret her own grey one, in spite of the crimson sash; and Mattie Bellamy, the Rector's little daughter, was there with her blue eyes and curly head; and Howard Peton, only son of the good old lord of Castle Peton, who late in life had married a portionless London belle, who never visited Ireland unless when she could not help it.

The children were not long contented with watching the two servant maids gathering the apples as the boy threw them down to them, but as soon as he began to shake the tree they fell to picking them up, scrambling with each other for a particularly fine one, and making the orchard ring with their laughter, as the golden shower pattered around them in weighty drops. "Why are you so anxious to get the best apples when you don't eat them?" Grace asked, when they were all laughing after a scramble in which Philip Seguin had carried off the prize, in the shape of an immense Summer Queening. "Oh, it's fun," he answered, his eyes dancing as he tossed the apple

into the basket with a force that was damaging both to itself and its neighbors. "Master Howard, would you not like to gather apples with the others?" said the Grange nurse to Howard Peton, who was standing beside Grace Morrison, laughing with the rest, but making no attempt to join them. "I would rather watch," he answered with youthful superciliousness. "It's very well for them, but I'm little Lord Peton." The nurses laughed, but Grace took him up seriously. "Being Lord Peton's son will not make you better than other people, Howard, unless you are worthy of the position. Look how superior Philip is to you in size and strength, because he exercises his muscles." Mrs. Mercer, Howard's nurse, did not look altogether pleased at this, and Grace was not quite certain at first whether Howard understood her or not; but he did. "I will not need to be so tall as Philip; being a lord will make me inches higher," he answered with a good-humored shrug of his shoulders; and then going indolently forward to Sybella Seguin, he took an apple out of her hand, and with a careless "Thank you, Sybby," began to munch it. The apple harvest was heavy that year, and before the trees were all stripped the children were both tired and hungry, and ready enough for the tea and slim cake to which they were summoned. After tea was over they played blind man's buff and romped till supper time, Grace and Fanny joining with as much gusto as the youngest there. They were both very kind, and so was Mrs. Morrison, but Miriam decided in her own mind that she liked Miss Grace best; she was more reliable-looking she thought, without knowing that she thought it, for children think many things before they are able to form their ideas into mental language.

"What made you put on such an ugly dress?" Philip asked Miriam when the evening was half over. "Mamma wanted me to do it," she answered ruefully, fingering the ends of her sash at the same time, in the hope that he would observe it. But the decoration was thrown away upon Philip. "You look nothing in that dirty grey thing," was the ruthless response. "I can't help it," she answered, trying to keep the tears from getting any further than her eyes. "I think she looks very nice," said Grace, who had heard the disparaging remark. Miriam's "Thank you, ma'am," was very simple and grateful, though she could not suppress a sigh of regretfulness that Philip's opinion did not coincide with that of older people. "She isn't so nice as Mattie Bellamy." "Hush, Philip; it is rude to speak so of people before their faces." "I don't mind him saying it when he thinks it," said Miriam meekly. Her manner penetrated Philip's thoughtlessness. "You are very good, though," he told her patronizingly. "Oh no, I am not good at all; I feel very naughty sometimes." "You are good," he affirmed; "you stood out of the way always to let me get the biggest apples." "That wasn't because I am good, but because I like you," she answered, as pages of a wordless essay on the love in selfishness and selfishness in love flashed through her brain. "You try to be good, Miriam, do you not?" asked Grace, guessing something of the workings of her mind from the workings of her face. "Oh yes, ma'am;" and there was a wonderful depth of truth and earnestness in the

answer. "That is well, dear," said Grace, stroking the child's black hair; "keep trying and you will be sure to succeed." She kept her talking till Philip's unfortunate remarks would have been forgotten, had it not been for a feeling of soreness somewhere, that always kept her first wondering, and then remembering what had occasioned it, but Miriam felt happy in spite of the soreness.

When the children with their nurses were seated round the supper table, there came a loud knock to the hall door, not a peremptory knock, like the one her father always gave at home, Miriam thought, and yet it seemed as if whoever gave it considered that he had a perfect right to admittance. When a minute afterwards a man's face appeared at the parlor door, Fanny gave a little cry of delight and ran forward, but Grace went on steadily helping to apple-pie. Fanny continued to hold the gentleman's hand as she led him into the room. He spoke first to Mrs. Morrison, and then came over to Grace, and when she turned to shake hands, the young observer of human nature, by her side, saw that her eyes were shining with a strange soft lustre. "How did you know to come to-night?" she asked in a low tone; "we thought you were very busy." "Did you think I could be too busy to remember your birth-day?" he asked lower still, as she made room for him at the table beside herself. When Grace handed him a plate of pie, Miriam observed, what no one else did, that their fingers touched each other, and an awed feeling came over her at being thus brought in contact with a mystery she could not understand but felt to be sacred. His proximity did not prevent Grace attending to the wants of her younger guests. Her whole attention appeared to be occupied with them, and an occasional glance and word was all she bestowed on Mr. McKenzie—that Miriam discovered to be the gentleman's name—but sitting by her side and eating apple-pie, he seemed well content. "Now, Mr. McKenzie, you have got to take a glass of punch," said Fanny, putting a tumbler before him, as if it was a pleasure to her to minister to his wants, and showing her affection much more plainly than Grace did. Miriam wondered at it, for she was sure that Grace was as fond of him as Fanny was. He was very plain, but his eyes looked so kind that Miriam concluded she would very soon become fond of him herself. She had never learned the lesson that nurses and mothers sometimes needlessly, and often mischievously, strive to instil into the minds of little girls,—that it was not proper to be fond of gentlemen. As if the warm emotions of their fresh innocent young hearts were given to be smothered in the swaddling clothes of a spurious propriety!

"Fanny, perhaps Mrs. Mercer and Nurse Arnot would like a little punch too," said Mrs. Morrison, speaking from her arm-chair by the fire-place. "I'd like some," said Mrs. Mercer's charge. "We shall all have some," exclaimed Fanny, gleefully, as a brilliant thought struck her, "I'll get out my grandmother's punch-bowl, and Rupert (she calls him Rupert, Miriam mentally annotated) must mix enough to make us all tipsy," and the excitable young lady clapped her hands in a manner that would have made any one, who did not know her, believe that consummation to be

already effected, so far as she was concerned. "Does tipsy mean drunk?" Christopher demanded gravely of Mrs. Mercer, thinking that perhaps he had formed an erroneous idea of the word; and on being told that it did, "I would not like to be drunk," he said, with a disgusted face. "I would, I'd like to be as drunk as a fiddler," Howard Peton averred, with his mouth full of pie. "You should not say anything like that, Master Howard," reproved Mrs. Mercer. "Your papa would be angry if he heard you." "He doesn't hear me though—some cream, please," replied the little fellow, nonchalantly, while Mrs. Mercer explained to Fanny that he picked up such expressions in the stables, he was so fond of horses that they could not keep him away from them; and the Grange nurse, who had felt rather small in comparison with her more aristocratic compeer, appealed triumphantly to Philip. "Master Saguin, you would not like to be as drunk as a fiddler?" "No, but I'd like to be screwed," he answered, his blue eyes twinkling roguishly over his spoon; at which reply, Mrs. Morrison lay back in her chair and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks, and Fanny laid hold of Grace's shoulders, and shook them vigorously by way of giving vent to her internal amusement. "Who taught you to say 'screwed,' young gentleman?" Mr. McKenzie asked rather sharply. "Oh, when Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Maude, or any of the people that dine at our house are not able to walk steady, papa says they're screwed; all mamma can say to him—she thinks it's not a genteel word, and that's why I like it." "Nobody ever dines at the Castle except the agent," said Howard; "there's nobody good enough for us here, so we do all our dining in London." "That is not the reason at all," returned the eldest Miss Seguin. "I heard Lady Peton telling my mamma that the air of the Castle does not agree with her, and that it is for her health that she lives in London." "Oh, that's it, is it?" queried the young gentleman ironically, as he stuffed the greater part of a raspberry tart into his mouth.

The arrival of the punch-bowl created a diversion. "Now, Mr. McKenzie, mix us plenty," said Fanny, when the old china bowl was placed before him. "Make it weak for the children," Grace whispered to him, as he began to pour in the whiskey, while the servant brought glasses. "No, no, make it strong," cried Howard Peton, who had overheard the aside. "If it's weak it won't make us drunk, and I want to be drunk for the fun." "It isn't fun, it's wicked," exclaimed Miriam, with an indignant flash of her eye. "Oh! you think that because you're a girl, girls don't know anything," put in Philip Seguin. Miriam's countenance fell, but "It is wicked to be drunk, mamma says it is," she persisted. "I'll tell you what then, Mira, your papa used to be drunk; I heard my mamma say that," he retorted. "Hush! hush! Master Philip," expostulated nurse Arnot, while Miriam exclaimed, "He didn't ever!" "Now, Philip, drink the company's health," said Fanny, hastening to put an end to the squabbling by handing round the glasses which Grace filled. "That's good," he said, smacking his lips over the punch, "but I like it better made of brandy." "How do you

know what brandy punch is like?" "Papa takes it, and he always leaves me some in the bottom of the tumbler." "It isn't bad for a change, but it's champagne that I am accustomed to," said Howard, holding out his glass to be refilled. "Does your father allow you to drink champagne?" Mr. McKenzie asked. "No, but my mamma does, she says it is good for the complexion." "What does *your* father say about it, Mattie?" inquired Grace of the Rector's little daughter, who sat sipping her punch daintily, the very picture of good humor and enjoyment. "He doesn't mind, but aunt says wine isn't good for little girls except on Sundays," she answered, looking up with a sunny smile.

While the others were drinking and talking Miriam's glass remained untouched. Christy had put his to his lips, but set it down again quickly with a wry face. "Christy, dear, are you not taking your punch?" Fanny inquired. "Please, ma'am, I would rather not." "Do you not like it?" "No, it's bad," he answered, candor overcoming his good manners. "That is only because you are not accustomed to the taste; try it again, and you will soon learn to like it," Christopher, with the amiable pliability, which formed a prominent feature in his character, was about to obey, when Miriam, from the opposite side of the table, raised a warning finger: "Christy," she said, reprovingly, and he immediately set down his glass, reddening all over. "Are you not drinking yours either, Miriam?" Miss Fanny asked, not quite pleased. "Mamma does not allow us to drink either wine or punch; she told us so, one day at the Glebe, when Mr. Bellamy wanted us to drink wine, and when we went home, she made us promise never to take any." "Not even wine? Why that is very strict," answered Fanny, but Grace said, "You are good children always to remember what your mamma tells you, and we would not have asked you to take any had we known that she did not approve of it." At which Christopher felt very much self-convicted, for he had forgotten all about his mother's prohibition, till Miriam reminded him of it, and it was only the disagreeable taste of the beverage that had prevented him drinking it.

"Miss Grace," said Miriam, wishing to justify her mother, "isn't it wine and punch and things that make people drunk?" "It is dear." "Well, I think that is why mamma does not allow us to take any." "I am sure she has some very good reason for it, but it can scarcely be that, for it is only when people take too much that it does them harm; a little would not hurt anybody, unless children whose papas and mammas have forbidden them to take it." "We saw a drunken woman in Ardrey to-day," said Christopher, by way of imparting some useful information. "Joe said it was the nailor's wife, but she wasn't like a woman at all." "We saw her too," confirmed Matilda, "she was going into a public-house when we came through." "Miss Grace, sure she didn't get drunk all at once?" "No, poor creature, she did not. I remember idly Farlane, a sober, industrious girl, but she took to drink shortly after she married, and has grown worse and worse by degrees, till now she is more of an animal than a woman." "Then she began by taking a little, didn't she, Miss Grace?" "She did,

dear," Grace answered, looking rather perplexed. "Bad habit - are usually acquired imperceptibly," said Christopher, coming out with one of the pieces of wisdom which generally upset the gravity of older people. It had its wonted effect now, the children joining in the mirth of their seniors without knowing why; and when the merriment subsided the subject of the harmlessness of drinking in small quantities was not resumed.

When the children had taken two wine-glassesful of punch each, the remainder was sent out to the servants, and when Christopher, before going to bed that night, looked into the kitchen to bid Joe good night, he found him sitting with a glass before him. "It's a queer fine place, this," said he, in mingled happiness and discontent; "I've got lots of punch and apple-pie, and that's more than I get at your house." "If you were not living at our house you would not have got it here either," was Christopher's retort. "I'll put on my white dress next time if mamma allows me," Miriam said to Philip when he was going away; but he was in a more complaisant mood than he had been earlier in the evening. "That one does well enough, and dear knows when the next time will be," he answered as he went off whistling. "He never looked once at my nice sash, but Mattie isn't going home to-night either, and she and I are to sleep in Miss Grace's room," Miriam thought, weighing the agreeable and the disagreeable against each other very philosophically. She was so sleepy that she could scarcely keep awake to say her prayers, and instead of going over the names of those whom she had in daily remembrance, she had to finish up quick with "God bless everybody," and was soon fast asleep with her arms about Mattie Bellamy. She was awakened next morning by Grace kissing her, and opening her eyes she saw that she was already dressed in a buff morning gown with white buttons up the front of it. "Did you sleep sound, my pets?" she asked in her soft, pleasant voice. "I did," said Mattie, rubbing her blue eyes, "I never wakened all the time." "I just wakened once," Miriam replied. "You are not afraid of wakening up at night, are you?" "Oh no, ma'am; I like to waken in the dark, and think that God is taking care of me." "I know that he is taking care of me too," said Mattie, "but I'm surer of it in the day time." As Grace was going downstairs, pondering on the different degrees of faith, as found even in the little ones, another footstep followed quick on hers, and a man's voice whispered tenderly, "My darling." Miriam heard it, and glanced at Mattie, afraid that her ear might also have caught the sound; but Mattie was washing herself and heard nothing. When Miriam went down to breakfast, she did not like to look at either Mr. McKenzie or Miss Grace, for as she told her mother afterwards, she felt somehow just as if they were saying their prayers.

The young ladies had promised to drive Mattie Bellamy home after breakfast, but it being discovered that something was wrong with the car, which rendered it unfit for the road, Grace proposed that they should all squeeze into Mr. Lutton's gig, while Mr. McKenzie accompanied them on horseback. Fanny objected to this because she did not trust Joe's driving, so it was

arranged that Grace should ride herself, and Mr. McKenzie drive Fanny and the children. As Joe had some shopping to do in Ardrey, he set off before the rest of the cavalcade, Miriam calling after him from the gate to be sure to stop at the Glebe to change horses, Mr. McKenzie having put his own one in the gig in preference to Brown Bess. "I wish you had been going on the car instead of on horseback, the weather has changed greatly since yesterday, and it is nearly cold enough for snow," Mrs. Morrison said to Grace, as she stood with her riding skirt over her arm, ready to mount. "It is too early in the year for snow, mamma, but better that than rain, and I shall be warmer in the saddle, at a rate." Grace answered with a careless glance at the clouds Mrs. Morrison was watching so anxiously. Then she kissed her mother, and Mr. McKenzie having assisted her to mount, and given her the reins, with a fond look and brief "Take care of yourself," he took his place in the gig, with Fanny on one side of him, Christopher on the other, and the two little girls in front, holding on by the dash-board, and they started—the gig first, and Grace riding close behind it. They had not long left Laurel Grove when Mrs. Morrison's prognostications proved true, and the clouds came down in a heavy fall of sleet and hail, but Fanny wrapped herself and the children well up in shawls, and Grace smilingly assured Mr. McKenzie that he need not be uneasy about her for she liked it, so they went merrily on their way. As they passed through Ardrey, they saw Brown Bess standing quietly before the door of a shop where groceries and spirits were sold, and calling to one of the shop-boys to tell Joe that the gig was before him, Mr. McKenzie drove on.

Now Joe had been most hospitably entertained at Laurel Grove. Not only had he got apple pie and punch the previous night, as he had boasted to Christopher, but Fanny had brought him out a glass of wine that morning before he started. In one sense it had done him little harm, but it made him wish for something stronger, and when he was buying his mistress's groceries, and saw some men drinking whiskey at the lower end of the shop, he thought that he would like to be doing the same. He was a young lad of unformed character, with little strength to resist temptation, even had he known that desire to be a temptation. But he did not know it; he thought no harm of drinking a glass of whiskey like a man to keep out the cold, now that he had the opportunity; and when he went and asked for it, the kindly-faced matron who supplied the dangerous drug saw no harm in giving it to him, but said "Surely, dear," very pleasantly; and as he drained it off, and tossed down his money in payment, he could not help feeling what a manly fellow he was. When he got on horseback again he was filled

with a new and agreeable sense of exaltation. Brown Bess was no longer a sober middle-aged mare, but a blood horse that could beat Flying Childers at a trotting-match, and no one could manage her as he, Joe Martin, could. He could make her go, he could make her gallop,—and he did. The hill at the entrance to the town was no longer steep, only a slight incline at which Brown Bess need scarcely slacken her pace. He lashed her up it, and along the level road beyond, and he gave a shout of senseless delight when he saw the gig and single horse before him though he forgot whose they were, and only knew that for his own honor he must overtake them. Grace, hearing the shout, looked back, and seeing him coming at such a break-neck pace, pulled up, wondering what was wrong. Joe did not know that she had stopped, he only knew that he had overtaken her and gained the day, and with a wild whoop he passed, cutting at the horse with his whip as he did so. Grace's horse was a young spirited animal, excited already by the sleet driving in his face, and when he heard the shout and felt the galling lash, she could hold him in no longer. Away he dashed like a mad thing, passing the gig with a bound, and as she flew by with her long hair streaming down her back Grace gave her lover a look that he remembered to his dying day. "Gracie, hold fast," he cried, lashing his own horse in pursuit; but he could not overtake her. For a mile her horse continued his wild flight, then a stone upon the road tripped him; he stumbled, righted himself, and galloped on again—riderless. The fall killed her instantaneously. When the others reached the fatal spot, no Grace was there, only a mass of dark drapery lying on the road, and a breathless human form where a pure spirit had been, and was not. Fanny's screams were heart-rending, when she found that she was gone, but Rupert McKenzie took her lifeless head upon his knee, without a word or moan, and Miriam putting her little arms round his neck sobbed—"Oh, Mr. McKenzie, I'm sorry for you."

When the first terrible shock was over Grace's mother and sister rose up even in their own agony of sorrow to comfort him, telling him he would find his betrothed again in heaven, and that God had but taken her from him for a little while. But their words gave him no comfort as he sat by the shattered remains of his promised bride; he could not feel as if it was God's hand that had laid his life waste, for he knew that if Joe Martin had not taken strong drink in Ardrey that fatal day, Grace would not have died; and the knowledge that a little wise forethought might have saved her, threw a darker shadow on his mind's deep gloom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Good Templar Elocutionist.

ALCOHOL NOT A CREATURE OF GOD.

By Bro. Dr. F. R. LEES.

IT is sometimes asked, "Is not alcohol a creature of God?" In what sense is the word "creature" here employed? In the strict

and scientific sense of the term, man can make nothing—he can only modify; the ultimate power which effects every change belongs exclusively to that all-pervading Spirit in whom we "live and move and have our being." There is nothing done or developed by the creature which is not

also done by the agency of God empowering or sustaining it. In this last case, however, the result is called *art*, not nature. When we speak of the "creations" of the poet or the painter, we employ the word figuratively. "Creature," therefore, in a strict sense, is the minor relative of which "Creator" (God) is the major. Hence "creature" must signify, in this place, either some substance which formed a part of the *original creation*, or which is still produced in *nature*, independent of human aid or agency: for vital and vegetative nature may be viewed as a "perpetual creation," in which the types of all original products are constantly renewed, bearing fruit after their several kinds. When the original creative act was accomplished—when the Spirit of God brooded over the face of the waters—when old chaos retired and order resumed her reign—when the sun was fixed, and the planets were appointed their courses in the heavens—when the fiat went forth. "Light be," and "Light was"—when heat and light cheered and irradiated the fresh creation, and animated every living thing—when silence gave place to praise, and the songs of birds made vocal all the bowers of Paradise—when from the rocks fountains of living water gushed forth, and eastward the silvery stream rolled on—when "the Morning Star sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy" at this outbirth of creation—is it recorded that *alcohol* was there? If we pass from the records of revelation to the open and illuminated volume of nature—if we search throughout the wide range of vegetative and animated forms for the presence of alcohol—there is not one plant or flower, not one creature or compound, resulting from the formative processes of life and growth, in which it can possibly be detected or developed. Creation, growth, maturity; these are terms which refer to *life*; but alcohol has nothing to do with life, except to destroy it; it is a poison alike to plants and animals—it is the result of vegetable *death and decay*, not of life, growth, or creation. It is not a *creature*, but the result of the death and decomposition of a creature. "IT DOES NOT EXIST REALLY FORMED IN PLANTS, but is a product of the vinous fermentation," says Turner. The clusters of the grape are but so many air-tight bottles, containing within them an exquisite apparatus for nourishment and preservation; this is the true "fruit of the vine"—the "wine in the cluster" (*vinum peniens*)—which nature creates and matures. But neither in this nor any other "fruit," have chemists ever detected the presence of alcohol: at least, in the record of their multitudinous experiments and analyses, we find no memorial of the discovery. Some years ago, indeed, a medical man professed to have discovered a small quantity in a jar of gooseberries! This is quite possible, for then the gooseberries were not in their *natural* place, and certainly not in their natural state: they were decaying in *artificial circumstances*, for nature does not put her "fruits" into jars and cupboards. She keeps them for weeks and months upon the living tree, and, so long as the skin bottle is unbroken which contains their pulp, "both are preserved." When her wine is left ungathered (Jer. xl 10, 12), and decomposition ultimately commences, even then nature avoids the brewing process. "NATURE,"

says Chaptal, "NEVER FORMS SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS; she rots the grape upon the branch, but it is *art* which converts the juice into [alcoholic] wine."—*Illustrated History of Alcohol*, p. 16.

GO FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT

HATRED TO ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.

A FEMALE was conversing, in New York, with a lady on the subject of total abstinence, which had been discussed at a large meeting of reclaimed drunkards, from Baltimore, when the lady said, "Why, you are almost a monomaniac in your hatred to alcoholic drinks." The following verses, containing an excuse for her "madness," were afterwards written:—

Go, feel what I have felt;
Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt
And the cold, proud world's scorn:
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a lov'd father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall:
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go kneel as I have knelt;
Implore beseech, and pray:
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay—
Be cast with bitter curse aside—
Thy prayers burlesqued—thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow;
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Catch his wandering glance and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.
Go, hear what I have heard—
The sobs of sad despair—
As memory feeling's fount hath stirred,
And its revelations there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to thy mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer—
Thine own deep anguish hide—
Wipe from her cheek the tear.
Mark her dimmed eye—her furrowed brow—
The grey that streaks her dark hair now—
Her toll-worn frame—her trembling limb—
Then trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth;
But who, forewarn'd, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup;
And led her down, from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife!
And stamped, on childhood's brow, so mild,
That with'ring blight—a drunkard's child.

Go, hear and see, and feel and know,
 All that my soul hath felt or known;
 Then look within the wine-cup's glow—
 See if it's brightness can atone:
 Think of its flavor you would try,
 If all proclaimed, 'tis drink and die.

Tell me I hate the bowl—
 Hate is a feeble word—
 I loathe—abhor—my very soul
 By strong disgust is stirred
 Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
 Of that dark beverage which lures to hell!

Constitution of District Lodges.

ARTICLE I.

NAME, JURISDICTION, MEMBERSHIP, &C.

Section 1. NAME.—This Lodge shall be called the

District Lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars in Ireland.

Sec. 2. JURISDICTION.—This Lodge shall have general supervision of the interests of the Order in this district, and shall have power to advise the D.D.G.W.C.T., to recommend the suspension or revocation of charters, and, at the option of appellants, to hear and decide appeals, subject to revision by the G.W.C.T. or the Grand Lodge.

Sec. 3. MEMBERSHIP.—The members of this Lodge shall be its officers and past officers, representatives and past representatives, deputies of the G.W.C.T., and members of the Grand Lodge, in good standing in the Subordinate Lodges of the district.

Sec. 4. REPRESENTATION.—A Lodge of not more than fifty members shall be entitled to three representatives; a Lodge of over fifty and not exceeding one hundred members, to five representatives; and a Lodge of over one hundred members, to six representatives.* No Lodge shall be entitled to more than six Representatives, and any Third Degree member is eligible for election as representative.

Sec. 5. CREDENTIALS.—All representatives and members must present properly attested credentials from their several Lodges, except deputies, whose commissions from the G.W.C.T. shall be the requisite credentials.

Sec. 6. VOTING.—Representatives only shall be entitled to vote, but all members may take part in the deliberations of the Lodge.

ARTICLE II.

OFFICERS.

Sec. 1. NAMES.—The officers of this Lodge shall be the same, and they shall be elected and installed in the same manner as those of Degree Temples, except that "district" shall be substituted for "degree" in designating them.

Sec. 2. ELIGIBILITY.—All members of the Lodge shall be eligible to any of its offices, and the D.D.G.W.C.T. may hold the office of District Templar.

Sec. 3. ELECTION.—The officers shall be elected at each annual session, immediately after the confirmation of the minutes of the previous meeting; and they shall be installed on the completion of all unfinished business, by the G.W.C.T., or by any acting or past D.D., Grand Lodge officer, or

full degree member, duly commissioned therefor by the G.W.C.T. The installation ceremony shall be that of Degree Temples.

Sec. 4. TERM OF OFFICE.—The term of office shall be one year, but officers, unless constitutionally removed, shall hold their positions until their successors be elected and installed.

Sec. 5. VACANCIES.—A vacancy in any office may be filled at any session, for the remainder of the term, by vote or appointment as at the annual election.

Sec. 6. DUTIES.—The duties and responsibilities of officers shall be respectively similar to those of Subordinate Lodge Officers, and the elective officers shall form the Executive Committee of the Lodge, with the D.D. as convener.

ARTICLE III.

SESSIONS.

Sec. 1. REGULAR MEETINGS.—This Lodge shall hold four regular meetings in each year, including the annual session, which shall be held in the month of November or December. The hour, date, and place of each meeting shall be determined by vote at the preceding meeting.

Sec. 2. SPECIAL MEETINGS.—At the instance of the G.L. Executive, or when instructed by the D.D., on the written application of fifteen or more members, including representatives of at least five Lodges, the District Secretary shall call a special meeting—ten days' notice to be given to all Subordinate Lodges in the district, the call to state the special business for which the Lodge is being convened, and no other business to be transacted at that meeting.

Sec. 3. QUORUM.—No business shall be transacted at any session of this Lodge unless representatives from one-half of the Lodges in the district be present, except opening the Lodge, examining credentials, conferring on the good of the Order, and adjourning.

ARTICLE IV.

REVENUE.

Sec. 1. ORDINARY.—The G.L. Executive shall pay over quarterly to the District Treasurer one-tenth (ten per cent.) of the amount of Per Capita Tax paid during the past quarter by the Lodges in the district, to meet the ordinary expenditure of this Lodge.

Sec. 2. SPECIAL.—This Lodge shall have power to levy a special assessment for any purpose connected with the Order, with the consent of three-fourths of the representatives present at any session, provided notice of motion regarding such assessment shall have been given at the previous session or to all Subordinate Lodges in the district, by circular, ten days prior to the date of meeting.

* The numbers are those of last Quarterly Returns, and in new Lodges those of Institution Returns.—G.W.C.T.

ARTICLE V.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sec. 1. COMMITTEES.—At the annual session, the D.T. and the D.V.T. shall each appoint two members on the following standing committees:—1 on agenda, 2 on credentials, 3 on constitutions, 4 on finance, 5 on advocacy, and 6 on place of meeting. The conveners of these committees shall be respectively the D.T., the D.V.T., the D. Sec., the D. F. S., the D. Chap., and the D.M.; and each convener shall be chairman of his committee, but shall have only a casting vote.

Sec. 2. APPEALS.—Members or Lodges may appeal in due form against decisions of this Lodge or its presiding officer, but all such decisions shall be binding until constitutionally reversed.

Sec. 3. REMOVAL.—Any Subordinate Lodge in this district removing its place of meeting to another district, shall notify the deputy of the district of the fact, and it shall be amenable to the authority of this Lodge until such notification has been made. On receipt of such notification, the D.D. shall transmit the information to the deputy of the district into which the Lodge shall have removed.

Sec. 4. REGALIA.—The officers of this Lodge

shall wear the regalia prescribed by the R. W. G. Lodge for officers of Degree Temples. The members must provide themselves with either Third Degree or Grand Lodge regalia.

Sec. 5. ORDER OF BUSINESS.—The Lodge shall open and sit in the Degree of Charity, and the order of business shall be that of Degree Temples, omitting the items referring to initiations.

Sec. 6. RULES OF ORDER.—The rules of order shall be those of subordinate lodges, so far as applicable.

Sec. 7. BYE-LAWS.—This Lodge may adopt such bye-laws as shall be found advisable, provided they do not conflict with the constitutions of the Order and shall receive the sanction of the G.W.C.T.

Sec. 8. AMENDMENTS.—The bye-laws of this Lodge may be altered or amended at any Session, provided notice of motion regarding such Amendment shall have been submitted in writing at the previous meeting. This Constitution can be altered or amended only by a two-thirds' vote of the Grand Lodge in session, the Subordinate Lodges throughout the county having been duly notified of the proposed alteration, in the programme of business for said Grand Lodge session.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE TEMPERANCE BIBLE COMMENTARY: Giving at One View, Version, Criticism, and Exposition, in regard to all Passages of Holy Writ bearing on "Wine" and "Strong Drink," or illustrating the Principles of the Temperance Reformation. By Dr. F. R. Lees, and Rev. Dawson Burns, M.A. 456 pp. Price 6s. London: S. W. Partridge, 9 Paternoster Row. Belfast: I. O. G. T. Offices, 26 Ann Street. This is by far the most interesting and valuable temperance book ever published. There are no living writers better qualified for the important task they undertook than Dr. Lees and Mr. Burns, and the result of their gigantic labors and scholarly researches in the great work before us has exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The following is the plan of the work:—1. Table of Contents. 2. General Preface. 3. Preliminary Dissertation. 4. Preface to the Notes. 5. The Notes themselves, taking us *seriatim* through all the books of both Old and New Testaments. 6. Appendix A: A Selection of Texts, exhibiting the Authorised Version with suggested Emendations. 7. Appendix B: A Concordance of Hebrew, Caldee, Greek, and Latin terms. 8. Appendix C: The application of *yayin* and *oinos* to the unfermented juice of the grape. 9. General Index. Taken as a whole, it is the book of books on the temperance question. It should occupy a prominent place in every temperance library, and should be carefully perused by all lovers of Bible truth, especially by ministers of the Gospel, Sabbath-school teachers, temperance advocates, and conductors of Good Templar Lodges and Temperance Societies. The most learned opponents of Biblical teetotalism are successfully met, while those who know no other language than English are furnished with most interesting and instructive comments on 493 passages of the Old Testament, and 144 of the New—those on such topics as the Passover, the Lord's Supper, the Marriage of Cana, and Paul's Counsel to Timothy, being lengthy, exhaustive, and most conclusive.

D.D.D., OR DOCTORS, DRUGS, AND DRINK: An Inquiry into the Reasons and Results of the Prescription of Intoxicating Liquors in the Practice of Medicine. By Dr. F. R. Lees. 132 pp. Price in Paper Cover, 10d; Bound 1s 4d. London: Trubner & Co., Paternoster Row. Belfast: I. O. G. T. Offices, 26 Ann Street. This work, from the pen of the great philosopher of the temperance movement, is a perfect masterpiece for its size on the all-important subject of which it treats. It is a marvellous repository of facts, arguments, and testimonies of the exact kind needed to dispel the still prevalent delusions about the value of alcohol as a medicine.

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

We are reluctantly obliged to hold over till next month (1) several interesting and valuable contributions in both prose and poetry, (2) some additional notices of books, and (3) "Progress of the Order," including institution of Lodges, reports of meetings, &c. Although all these are important, perhaps the third department is the most interesting to many of our readers. Believing this, we have resolved that whatever may stand over in future, "Progress of the Order" shall get its due share of our space in every issue. That share will be about two pages, provided we get our Organ enlarged on the conditions given at another page, which we sincerely trust we shall do, through a cordial, general, and simultaneous effort on the part of our readers. We had promised, in our Quarterly Circular to the Lodges, to publish in the present issue the "District Lodge Constitution," for their instruction and guidance in preparing for the institution of District Lodges during the next Quarter, and we have inserted nothing that we felt at liberty to hold over instead of what has been crushed out. We hope this explanation will satisfy the friends who expected their contributions to appear this month. We only wish we had room for them all, and hope we shall have it bye-and-bye.

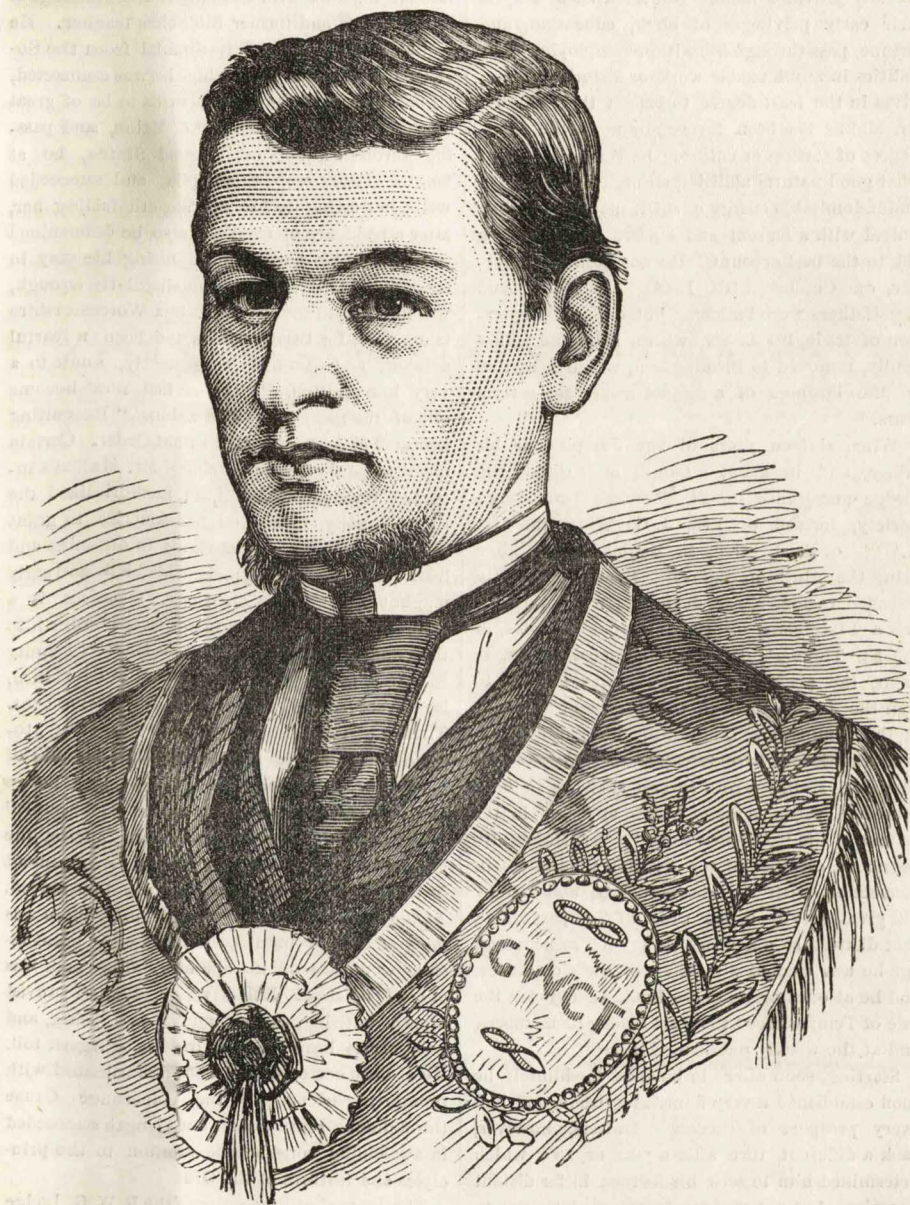
The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

VOL. I., No. 3

MARCH, 1873.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



BRO. JOSEPH MALINS, G.W.C.T. OF ENGLAND.

Bro. Joseph Malins, G.W.C.T. of England.

SOME men are favored with remarkable advantages in early life. Immense sums of money are spent upon their education, and all the aids and appliances which can forward their mental culture and temporal advancement are liberally provided them. Not a few such, despite their early privileges of birth, education, and fortune, pass through life without employing their abilities in any laudable work, or disturbing themselves in the least degree to benefit their fellows. Mr. Malins has been favored by no such circumstances of station or culture; he is an example of what good natural abilities, strong common sense, and indomitable energy of spirit may effect, when united with a fervent and sincere desire to turn life to the best account. He was born at Worcester, on October 14th, 1844. His father and grandfathers were builders; but owing to depression of trade, his father, with a large and young family, removed to Birmingham, where he carried on the business of a cabinet maker for several years.

When sixteen years of age Joseph lost his father, and in about a month after signed the pledge and joined the St. Thomas's Temperance Society, formed by Bro. J. G. White, the first G.W.S. of the I.O.G.T. in England, Mr. Malins being the ninth on the roll. He also constantly attended various classes during the week evenings, and a Bible-class on the Sunday afternoons, in the St. Thomas's Schools, conducted by Mr. T. Scott, the present G.W.S., who was induced to sign the pledge through the persistent advocacy of the Temperance question by his pupil, whenever the lesson bore reference thereto. At this time Mr. Malins wrote several sketches in both prose and verse, some of which appeared in the columns of the "Alliance News." Mr. Malins also became a member of the Visiting Committee in connection with the above society, and thereby did great service to the cause of Temperance in that district, so much so that as soon as he was of age he was elected a member of the Committee, and he at once originated a Book Agency for the sale of Temperance Literature among its members, and at the weekly public meetings.

Starting, soon after, in business for himself, he soon established a very flourishing trade, and had every prospect of success. Matters, however, took a different turn after a year or two, which determined him to seek his fortune in far distant America; but not wishing to travel alone, nor to be altogether lost among strangers, he resolved

there and then to marry for love, and then go and work for riches. Three days after his marriage he started for the United States, his Temperance friends, the evening before, holding a social meeting and presenting him with an address and testimonial, together with the prayers and blessings of his associates and former Bible-class teacher. He had also an address and testimonial from the Society of Tradesmen with which he was connected, all of which were found afterwards to be of great service. Arriving at Portland, Maine, and passing through the New England States, he at length settled in Philadelphia, and succeeded well; but owing to his wife's health failing her, after a residence of two years or so, he determined to return to his native land. During his stay in the aforesaid city, his attention, singularly enough, was directed to the I.O.G.T. by a Worcestershire man, who for twenty years had been a fearful drinker, and who had, consequently, sunk to a very low position. This man had now become one of the most active and zealous "Recruiting Officers" in Lodge No. 279 of that Order. Certain members of the Order hearing of Mr. Malins's intended removal to England, memorialized the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of America to grant him a commission and authority to organize and institute Lodges in the place of his birth and early manhood. The R.W.G. Lodge, deeming it a favorable opportunity to introduce the Order into this country, commissioned him as District Deputy R.W.G.T. for England; and, soon after his return, he succeeded in resuscitating the defunct St. Thomas's Temperance Society, by getting together its scattered members, and on the 8th of September, 1868, organizing them into a Lodge of Good Templars under the name of "Columbia" No. 1, in the Town of Birmingham, giving the first Lodge that name as a graceful compliment to the country whence the Order was introduced. At the time of his being commissioned, there was no special hope indulged that any very great results would attend the operation. The task was one of no small difficulty. Mr. Malins proved himself untiring, zealous, and self-sacrificing, and good fruits have resulted from his diligent toil. He at once corresponded and communicated with prominent friends of the Temperance Cause throughout Great Britain, and at length succeeded in awakening considerable attention to the principles and features of the Order.

The Journal of Proceedings of the R.W.G. Lodge for 1867, says that a Lodge was organized in the

Scots Fusilier Guards, while in Canada, but the Lodge melted away as soon as ever the regiment touched the shores of Old England. It also shows that a G.W. Chief Templar and a Rev. Bro. were desirous of organizing Lodges in this country, but signally failed, and it has fallen to Mr. Malins's lot not only to plant but to see the tree grow and bear abundant fruit. An extract from the Journal of Proceedings of the R.W.G.L. may very well be added here. The Right Worthy Grand Templar, in his Report of May 24th, 1870, says:—"At our last Annual Session, three Lodges were reported as having been organized in England by the labor of Bro. Joseph Malins. This brother has been continued as our Deputy during the past year, and he has labored with an earnestness worthy of all praise. Every judicious agency that experience could possibly suggest has been employed to accomplish his purpose, and the record of his services presents a story of personal sacrifice and untiring devotion equalled by few, and surpassed by none. His labors have at last been crowned with success, for in a few days the intelligence will be received that he has instituted the Grand Lodge of England." Let it be remembered here that the work, as far as its introduction into this country by Mr. Malins was concerned, was entirely a voluntary one, even up to December, 1870. At that date Mr. Malins gave up his business altogether, and went out as a lecturer and organizer of Lodges for the I.O.G.T., and with such marked success, that in twelve weeks he instituted twenty-four Good Templar Lodges in various parts of the country. It was some time after the experiment had been tried in this country, and was found to be a success, that an accredited and paid agent was commissioned and sent from the R.W.G.L. of America to plant the Order in Scotland. Since then the Scotch brethren have introduced it into Ireland, and our friend Mr. Malins, in April, 1870, planted it in Wales. Early in the Order's history here, and when but seventeen Lodges were in existence, the members showed their appreciation of the Institution by presenting the founder of it with a handsomely written testimonial and beautiful Regalia, which has seen much service since.

At the First Grand Lodge Session, held in Birmingham on Monday, July 25th, 1870, Mr. Malins having resigned his District Deputyship, was unanimously elected as the G.W.C.T. of England, and at the Second Grand Lodge Session, held in London, on March the 6th of the following year, he was re-elected to the same office by the unanimous vote of a large and influential Grand Lodge, representing not twelve only, but

no less a number than EIGHTY-THREE Lodges. He was also appointed as Representative of the G.L. of England to the Annual Session of the R.W.G.L. meeting in the United States. At the Session of the Grand Lodge at Preston, July, 1872, Mr. Malins was the only nominee for the post of Grand Worthy Chief Templar. It may be said that he was re-elected to office by acclamation. During the year he had worked incessantly for the Order, and his able and exhaustive Report showed to what an extent his strength of body and mind had been employed and expended in the service of the cause. In addition to the proper duties of his post, he, in May, 1872, crossed the Atlantic, to be present at the Annual Session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, at Madison, Wisconsin. At the end of the year, the G.W.C.T. reported that he had travelled by land and sea 22,000 miles, had received 5,000 letters, 500 post cards, 120 telegrams, and 3,000 Official Reports, &c, making no less than 10,000 communications. The ease and ability with which Mr. Malins presided over the immense assembly of the Grand Lodge was something marvellous, and provoked universal admiration. Since the Grand Lodge Session, the G.W.C.T. has been constantly employed in travelling around the country, attending County Conventions and large central demonstrations. Under his presidency the Order has grown in England to nearly sixteen hundred Lodges.*

We reverently believe Joseph Malins to have been raised up of God and directed into this work, and trust that his life may be long spared to labor in the patriotic and holy cause of Temperance; and that he may many years fill the high and onerous office which he now so efficiently occupies. We cannot close this sketch better than by giving the words of the Committee on the State of the Order, in presenting their Report to the R.W.G. Lodge; and when we remember that among that Committee was such a man as Judge Black, we deem them no small compliment to the object of the testimony. The Report says:—"From Bro. Malins's work and communications, we believe him to be a man of intelligence, method, and judgment; and, with a sacrificing zeal and love for Temperance and the Order of Good Templars, he has shown himself an instrumentality for its promotion, which laughs at difficulties, and triumphs over impossibilities."—*The Templar Annual for 1873.*

* *The Templar* of 20th ult. records the institution of the "Hope of Pudsey" Lodge, No. 2,181, at Pudsey, Yorkshire.

Two Words to the Rev. James Heron.

WE do not mean to enter into the controversy with the Rev. James Heron, which is being so well conducted by others. We simply mean to address two words to him, (1) about the publishing of our Ritual, and (2) about the charge of immorality in tendency and results which he makes against our Order in his recently published pamphlet.

1. When Mr. Heron's first article appeared in the *Evangelical Witness*, while we regretted that one we esteemed so highly should write against so good a society, yet from our knowledge of the writer and the general candor of the article, we hoped that good might arise out of a fair discussion of the subject in the pages of the *Witness*, if the Editor could only be induced to treat both sides with justice and impartiality. We had reason to fear he would not do so, and were, therefore, not disappointed when he did not. But we confess we were not prepared to believe that either Mr. Heron or the Editor was capable of going so far as to publish our Ritual, knowing it to be part of what we keep private. Mr. Heron expressed his misgivings on the matter in these words:—"We should have shrunk from giving publicity to the 'Ritual,' only that we have been assured by several respectable Good Templars that there is not the least desire to withhold it from the public eye, but rather the contrary." The "respectable Good Templars" who gave Mr. Heron such assurance must have been strangely ignorant of the laws and usages of the Order—much more so than Mr. Heron himself, for in his previous article he had said—"We observe that no member or officer can purchase or personally possess Rituals,—they can only be sold to Lodges as such, and, before new ones are supplied, the old ones must be returned to the Grand Lodge." Possessing this knowledge, his apology for publishing the Ritual is more contemptible than anything we expected from Mr. Heron. His conduct in this matter has been very generally condemned both outside and inside the Order. At the Good Templar Demonstration, in the Belfast Botanic Gardens, on 7th September last, Bro. Jabez Walker, G.W.C.T. of Scotland, spoke of it in the following terms, as reported in the *Northern Whig*:—"There was a bit of moral thimberligging about the matter—there was no mistake about that. The minister told them that nobody had any right to give up their Ritual, that they were all under a solemn obligation not to reveal their secret understandings, and yet he professed to have got

hold of some of the statements out of their Ritual. How did he get them? Did this religious, godly man get somebody to break his obligation? The man that would get another man to violate a solemn obligation, should never go up a pulpit stair again, for he was a disgrace to his office." To this strong statement, Mr. Heron, in a letter to the *Whig*, replied—"This violent and unscrupulous attack is infinitely beneath notice; and I refer to it, not to say a word in answer, further than to make the minds of my friends easy as to the manner in which I came by the Ritual. I did not come by it through any sort of 'moral thimberligging,' or by getting any one to 'violate a solemn obligation.' Without my asking it, or knowing that he had it, it was voluntarily and kindly offered to me by a gentleman who had read my first article in the *Witness*—a gentleman who is not a Good Templar, but who has to do with books, and into whose hands, I suppose, it fell in connection with his business. I hope this information will save my friends from doing their souls further harm by indulgence in uncharitable and wanton charges which can do me no hurt." This commenced a correspondence in the *Whig*, in which Messrs. Heron, Walker, and others on both sides took part, and which we watched with interest till 18th September, when in a short article on the controversy the Editor said—"It is with great regret that we observe this discussion degenerating into very unbecoming personalities. Surely a reverend gentleman, himself a total abstainer, may, in the columns of a monthly magazine, express an opinion unfavorable to Good Templarism, or favorable to it, without becoming liable to personal abuse. There is a great want of toleration and forbearance in the discussion of this question, especially, we are sorry to say, among the advocates of Good Templarism." Appended to a letter in another column appeared the following:—"In accordance with what we have written in our leading columns, we trust that this correspondence will now close.—Editor of *N. W.*" We had taken no part in the correspondence, but as Mr. Heron had not—nor has he yet!—told from whom he got the Ritual, and as we believed the Editor's criticism to be unfair to our side, we forwarded him the following:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "NORTHERN WHIG."

SIR,—I cordially agree with you in saying—"Surely a reverend gentleman, himself a total abstainer, may, in the columns of a monthly magazine, express an opinion unfavorable to

Good Templarism, or favorable to it, without becoming liable to personal abuse;" and I doubt not, you will agree with me [in return that any other gentleman, reverend or not, has an equal right to criticize the reverend gentleman's opinions, and his mode of giving expression to them, "without becoming liable to personal abuse." I regret with you, that a subject of so much public interest and importance as Good Templarism could not be thoroughly and exhaustively discussed in your columns, without the introduction of "unbecoming personalities, and the manifestation of a great want of toleration and forbearance." I specially regret that these faults should have been exhibited, even in the smallest degree, on the Good Templar side; but I cannot agree with you that the Good Templars have been, worse than their opponents in this respect. I am satisfied that a candid re-perusal of the letters you have published would completely change your mind on that point.

For my own part, Sir, I believe the Rev. James Heron has seriously erred, and that he will yet learn that he has done so, in his attacks on Good Templarism, and also that his publishing, in a garbled form, of parts of the Ritual of the Order, is decidedly dishonorable—unless he can give a better account of how he obtained the copy of the Ritual than he has yet done. Notwithstanding all this, I have a sincere regard for him, as a zealous and successful minister of the Gospel, a consistent total abstainer, and a personal friend. I have frequently expressed these sentiments regarding him, both publicly and privately, since the commencement of the present controversy—sometimes to the surprise of people who knew nothing of him but what they had learned from his writings against Good Templarism. I could only say to those who gave expression to such surprise, what the Rev. G. H. Shanks has said in your columns to-day, that of necessity "my opinion of him (Mr. Heron) would be very different from what it is, if I knew nothing more about him than his views and proceedings in connexion with the Good Templar Order."

Mr. Heron says he obtained the Ritual from "a gentleman who is not a Good Templar, but who has to do with books, and into whose hands," he supposes, "it fell in connexion with his business," and, therefore, he got no one "to violate a solemn obligation." Now this seems candid and honorable so far, but there is a link wanting before the reverend gentleman can stand clear of the suspicion of being directly or indirectly in collusion with a traitor, a conspirator, or a "moral thimble-rigger"—and that is, the name of the "gentleman

who has to do with books"—meaning I presume a bookseller, as everybody has "to do with books" in one form or another. If the "gentleman" be a bookseller, and had the Ritual for disposal in an honorable way "in connexion with his business," he can have no objection to his name being mentioned, as it will only be an advertisement for him.

If "the receiver of stolen goods (knowing them to be such) be as bad as the thief," honorable minded men, Templars or non-Templars, cannot acquit my friend, Mr. Heron, of dishonorable conduct till he makes this matter clear. I have therefore, for his own sake, as well as for the fuller elucidation of the questions you have allowed to be so far ventilated in your columns, to respectfully request that you will give him an opportunity of supplying the information I now ask from him, before you finally close the correspondence. If he give it, well; if he refuse, either directly or by any kind of evasion, your readers will be able to estimate at its true value his denunciations of secrecy and of everything that is not candid, straightforward, and above-board.—I am, Sir, respectfully yours,

JOHN PYPER, G.W.CT. of Ireland.

Belfast, 18th September, 1872.

Instead of this letter, the following editorial note appeared in the *Whig* of 19th September:—"Mr. Pyper's letter has all the faults we remarked upon yesterday, and would simply revive the controversy in its most personal form." Under the circumstances, was this fair and impartial treatment and criticism on the part of the *Whig*? We think not. We are quite willing, however, to let others form their own opinions on that point; but we still hold that Mr. Heron must stand in a very unenviable position, one that as a friend we should be glad to see him honorably out of, until he tells the public, especially the members of the Good Templar Order, from whom he got the Ritual.

2. Mr. Heron says—"He who broods long over any subject exclusively will get a craze upon it. I have read of some one who mused upon the fact that some people stoop considerably, and that few stand as upright as they ought. This notion took such hold upon him that he issued a volume to show that to get rid of this would be the regeneration of the human race physically and morally." Mr. Heron relates this extravagant fiction to raise a laugh against a brother minister, Mr. Shanks. We can assure Mr. Heron that the wild extravagance of the notions he has formed about the diabolical nature of the Good Templar Order appears more like "a craze" than anything else to those who know its absurdity and total want of foundation.

For example, at page 34 of his pamphlet Mr. Heron says—"This 'brotherhood' is so constructed as to bring innocent and inexperienced girls into close and 'sisterly' relations with persons of whose private character they are ignorant, and so framed as to expose them very often without the protection of their parents or brothers to the designs of 'brethren' whose past history is by no means fitted to inspire confidence in them. That it is not uncommon for 'brethren' to take advantage of the position which this artificial 'brotherhood' gives them, sad proofs have reached me, some of them having been brought to light in criminal courts of law in England and elsewhere, and reports of which I have in newspapers before me. I just ask Mr. Shanks, have no cases of this kind even already occurred in Ireland? It is no satisfaction to me to have to advert to them. God forbid that I should rejoice over them. I would a thousand times rather not hear of them. It is very sickening and painful to have to refer to them, but I am compelled to do so in the interests of truth and morality. It is no reply to say that professing Christians sometimes fall into immoralities. The charge is that the Templar 'brotherhood' is so constituted as to expose the innocent, and afford temptation and facility to the designing." What next! We can well imagine how the majority of our readers who

are members of the Order will think it impossible that any man of character could have written thus; but we are under the painful necessity of assuring them it has really been done by the Rev. James Heron, a total ab-staining minister of the Gospel. Surely it was time for us to have an Organ of our own to repel such outrageously unwarrantable attacks—or attack rather, for it stands singular and unique. Our comment upon it at present must be brief. The members of our Order know that no language could be too strong to denounce the libellous accusation; and to those who are not members we can sincerely say that more unfounded calumny we believe was never penned by any man against any society. We are sure that intelligent candid readers will need no other proof of this than the simple fact, that hundreds of ministers of the Gospel and thousands of office-bearers in Churches are in our Lodge meetings every week, accompanied by their wives, and sisters, and daughters. Mr. Heron asks Mr. Shanks if no cases of the kind to which he refers have occurred in Ireland. Mr. Shanks says, not one that ever he heard of. We say the same, and from our position we would be as likely to know as any other. No such case have we ever heard of in Ireland, and in the name of our injured Order we hereby call upon Mr. Heron to prove his accusation or withdraw the libel.

Rev. James Heron on Good Templarism.—No. 3.

BY BRO. A. H. H. MURTRY, M.D., G.W.T.

HAVING attempted, last month, to disprove one of Mr. Heron's propositions by showing that our Order does *not* foster a "love of show and vanity," and that, even if it did, the evil thus caused is not to be compared with that which Good Templarism is so successfully combating, let us now examine what he says in proof of his other proposition (which he has not laid down in so many words, but which I have framed from his articles for the sake of method in my reply), namely, that there are certain other "evils about Good Templarism" which, notwithstanding the good the Order is doing, and is fitted to do, are sufficient to condemn "it in the eyes of a simple Christian man, who feels that he may not 'do evil that good may come,' and that 'the end does not justify the means.'" Let me say, at the outset, that, while we willingly admit the soundness of these maxims, we deny that any real evil connected with Good Templarism is done or tolerated in order that "good may come." Our Society does not profess to be absolutely faultless; but

the fact of imperfection attaching to it is nothing more than is common to, and unavoidable in, all human arrangements. Mr. Heron tries to prove, what nobody ever denied, that the Good Templar Order is not a perfect institution; but neither is that Church of which he is a minister. Omniscience and omnipotence are none of the attributes of man, and perfection is not a characteristic of anything he does. If Mr. Heron had remembered this when writing his "candid, calm, and fair examination of Good Templarism," his reputation for candor, fairness, and reasonableness would have stood higher to-day.

But let us see what these "other evils" are which Mr. Heron has discovered in our Society. He has endeavored to draw down public ridicule upon the Good Templar Order by sneering references to "its taste and literary merits" (!), and to its "uneducated," "unintelligent" founders; and he justifies himself by saying, "A straw upon the surface shows how the current flows, and the literary and other specimens I gave from the

'Constitutions' and the 'Ritual' I gave not simply for the sake of ridicule, but as indications of the intelligence, sound judgment, and refined Christian taste of the founders of the Order, and as earnest of that pure and elevated wisdom which the whole system manifests." Now, remembering that the Apostles were not learned men, that the language of the Authorised Version of the Bible is not always grammatical, and that the Scottish metrical version of the Psalms is, like our Odes, "not of a high style of poetry," I was surprised that Mr. Heron should have not only stooped to paltry and childish criticisms of our poetry and our spelling, but attached so great importance to such petty considerations. However, I will assume that he was right; and, as "the literary merits of the *Order*" (!) have afforded him such assistance in ridiculing it and in judging of the intelligence, &c., of its founders, I presume the literary merits of Mr. Heron's pamphlet will be at least as useful to my readers in forming an opinion of his "intelligence, sound judgment, and refined Christian taste, and of the pure and elevated wisdom" he has manifested. Here are some "literary and other specimens" from *Good Templarism not Good Christianity*:—"The Total Abstinence Society is like a branch severed from the parent stem when not connected [with what?] as part and parcel of the Christian System." "It affects the relation of its members with [to] the Church." "I should have liked Mr. Shanks to have looked" [to look]. "Says [say] Mr. Shanks and Good Templarism." "The people who have made a false principle . . . has [have] thereby inoculated itself [themselves]." "To bring such heathenisms as these into alliance with Christ and His religion is an attempt at reconciling mutually destructive elements,"—that is, if the Good Templar "heathenisms" were brought into alliance with Christ, the heathenisms and Christ would destroy each other!! This is a fine specimen of Mr. Heron's "refined Christian taste and pure and elevated wisdom," and may be safely "impugned as an unfounded and daring assertion," which that gentleman should be "called upon to substantiate." But a few more "specimens":—"The showy [showily], gaudy [gaudily] dressed girl." "He is lead [led] to the W.V.T."—merely a clerical error, of course. "The titles 'Reverend,' 'A.B.,' 'A.M.,' 'D.D.,' &c., are the growth of custom,"—this is pure nonsense, albeit a good example of our critic's "sound judgment." Does Mr. Heron mean that custom has produced these titles? If so, what custom? Or, that custom has "grown" or developed into these titles? If so, will he explain how? How could the cus-

tom of wearing a powdered wig, for example, produce the title "Reverend"? Or, how could the custom of eating roast goose and plum pudding at Christmas "grow" or be developed into an A.B.? Mr. Heron speaks of "a condition logically so desperate as to catch at any straw," but he has not sufficient consideration for us "uneducated and unintelligent" Good Templars to make him tell us how a condition can catch at a straw or at anything else, just as he has not thought it worth his while to mention by what method of hammering he proposes to beat, not his "sword of steel into a ploughshare," for that could be easily done, but his "controversial spear into a pruning-hook"!

From the above examples of grammatical and other blunders in Mr. Heron's pamphlet (which we have given "not simply for the sake of ridicule," &c., and of which any writer professing to understand in what literary merit consists, ought to be ashamed), our readers will not be surprised to be told that most of "the literary and other specimens" which Mr. Heron has given from the Constitutions and Ritual of our Order for the purpose of ridicule, and "as indications of the intelligence of its founders," only betray his own ignorance, and expose himself to the ridicule of all intelligent readers. For instance, he thinks the word "traveled," occurring in the Ritual (which was published in America) is mis-spelled, which proves he is not fully versed in American orthography, just as his spelling of "Brobdingnag" without the first "n" proves that he has not mastered even English orthography. Those that live in glass houses should not throw stones. Mr. Heron exhibits ignorance of another kind when he says that the words, "A Templar's vow is registered in heaven" convey "a piece of intelligence new to him and the uninitiated generally." One would think a minister of the Gospel ought to have been acquainted with such Scriptures as these:—"There is not a word on my tongue but Thou, Lord, knowest it altogether"; "When thou shalt vow a vow unto the Lord thy God, thou shalt not slack to pay it, for the Lord thy God will surely require it of thee"; "It is written before me;" &c. But Mr. Heron, in his laugh at Good Templarism, displays an unpardonable ignorance of chemistry, as well as of orthography and Scripture. He thinks he has caught us tripping when we say, "The Almighty and All-wise prepared but one drink—pure water. Man alone, whom God made upright, is dissatisfied, and has sought out many inventions." Mr. Heron ironically adds—"Milk, for example." He thinks that God has made other drinks than pure water, and

that milk is one of them.* Let us see. In the expression, "The Almighty and All-wise prepared but one drink," the word "drink" is used, not to signify anything that may be drunk, but in its proper physiological sense of a quencher of thirst. Now, thirst is the sensation experienced when there is a deficiency of water in the system. Thirst is, nature asking for water—for water to keep the blood sufficiently fluid; for water to keep the internal parts of the body properly moistened; for water to wash out the innumerable little canals of the system. Thirst is an instinctive demand of the vital economy for pure water, and for nothing else whatever. Give a man, when his system wants water—that is, when there is thirst—anything else, whether it be the production of nature or of art, and he is not relieved. Nothing which does not contain water will satisfy thirsty nature. Hence, water is the only thing which will quench thirst—which will serve as drink. Our Ritual is, therefore, strictly and scientifically correct when it says that the only drink that God has made for man is water. Mr. Heron ought to have known (if a person who believes, as he does, that *dirty* water will make a more brilliant icicle than *clean* water will make, can be supposed to have any chemical knowledge whatever) that milk is not drink, but "drinkable" food. "It is the food prepared by Nature as the exclusive source of nourishment to the young of mammalia," and contains all the various kinds of food required by the human system, namely, albuminous, oleaginous, and saccharine, with water to keep them in a liquid form. And when milk is taken to quench thirst, it is the water contained in the milk, and that only, which does it. Whatever be the beverage used by man, whether milk, or the juices of fruits, or any other fluid, when healthy thirst is experienced, it is only the water of the beverage that satisfies the want. While, therefore, God has prepared various *foods* in a form that *can be drunk*, He has "prepared but one drink," and that is pure water. These things, then, which Mr. Heron has pointed out and ignorantly regarded as faults in our Order, can hardly be the evils which are sufficient to condemn it "in the eyes of a simple Christian man."

But there are others, says Mr. Heron. He does

not understand the meaning of the epithet, "Independent," for instance, as applied to our Order. I shall tell him, then. It means that the Order makes its own laws, carries out its own plans in its own way, and supports itself by the contributions of its own members, without going to outsiders for advice or assistance. It will not be controlled or influenced by any external authority, nor go, "with hat in hand and whispering humbleness," to ask the patronage of any. It would think it both a sin and a shame to have any connexion, however remote, with the liquor-traffic, and would not surrender an iota of its independence, its consistency, its liberty, or its power for good, by accepting on any terms a gift (or a bribe) from any brewer, distiller, or spirit dealer in the universe. This is what Good Templars mean by "Independent," and I only wish our Churches were independent in the same sense and to an even greater degree.

That which Mr. Heron evidently intends to be his gravest charge against the Good Templar Order is, that it does not, in its *Constitution*, mention "the name of Christ, the place of Christ in all true morality, and the influences which Christ brings into operation." From this omission he draws the absurd conclusion that the Order does dishonor to Christianity and its Founder, although, as he himself is compelled to admit, prayer is offered at every Lodge-meeting in the name of Christ, and at every initiatory service the candidates are counselled to "learn, at the feet of the Son of God, the lessons of Faith, Hope, and Charity." But where was the necessity for introducing the name of Christ into the Rules and Regulations of an Order whose grand object is the *prohibition of the liquor-traffic by legislative enactment*—an object which never can be accomplished without the co-operation of persons of all shades of political and religious belief? How does the omission of that name dishonor Christianity? It is not every man, nor every society, that says, "Lord! Lord!" that honors Christ most, but "he that hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me." It is not merely exclaiming, "Lord! Lord! have we not prophesied in Thy name? in Thy name have cast out devils? and in Thy name have done many wonderful works?" that does honor to Christianity and its Founder. It is deeds, more than words, that God regards, and just such deeds as Good Templarism teaches its adherents to perform. It teaches us to follow in the "footsteps" of the Saviour, who "went about doing good" amongst the lowly." It endeavors to educate us in "the principles and practice of a Christ-like charity," and urges us to

* In his reply to Mr. Shanks, Mr. Heron gives a different interpretation of his words from that given above. He says his "object was to show the utter childishness of the argument that an article of food or drink is unlawful because invented by man." I believe it occurred to few readers that this was his object; but, accepting his explanation, it only gets him out of one difficulty to land him in a still greater one, namely, to prove the ridiculous proposition that milk is an invention of man!

"go, in the spirit of the gentle Nazarene," and sympathize with and try to save the poor victims of strong drink. In fact, our *Rituals* (only one of which Mr. Heron seems to have seen) recognize "the name of Christ and the place of Christ in all true morality," and hold up for our imitation the example of Christ, just as truly as does the Constitution of Mr. Heron's own Church. But he complains that this ought to have been done in the *Constitution* of the Order. Now, I challenge Mr. Heron to name a single Society, other than a Church, in whose Constitution "the name and place and influences" of Christ are mentioned. There is certainly no reference to them in the Constitution of the Presbyterian Sabbath-School Society, nor in that of the Presbyterian Orphan Society, nor in that of the so-called Assembly's Temperance Association (although one would think that Mr. Heron would have tried to prevent or remedy so serious an omission), nor in the Constitution of the Religious Tract Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, nor indeed in that of any Society I have ever heard of. And not only so, but there is nothing in the Constitution of any of these to keep out of its membership persons of any creed or character, or of no creed or character at all. Yet, surely, these come under Mr. Heron's category of Societies whose "end is the promotion of morality or some department of it." But will he presume to say of these, what he has said with even less reason of the Order of Good Templars, that, because they do not mention Christ in their Constitutions, therefore they "profess to exist independently of the Christian Society," that "they are disconnected with the Christian system" and "hold the Church's sanction as of no value," that "they recognize no necessity of working from a Christian basis," that "they dissociate from Christ and Christianity their efforts at reforming and elevating men," that "they are a slur on Christianity, by assuming that Christianity is a failure in the matter of" religious education, the circulation of religious literature, and the care of the fatherless, and that "at their root there is a subtle unbelief, a want of faith in the power of the Christian religion?" Such an assertion would be scouted by any intelligent child. Christian people, in becoming Good Templars, do not love and honor Christ the less, but they love their erring and suffering fellow-men all the more. They know that the Order is closely "connected with the Christian system" *in fact*, and that it is not *in name* is the fault, not of Good Templarism, but of those ministers and members of the Church who are doing their best to prevent a formal con-

nexion taking place. They know it is false to say that the Order "holds the Church's sanction as of no value;" for the Order rejoices to have not only the sanction but the adhesion of many of the ministers and members of the Church, and believes it ought to have the sanction and adhesion of them all. Mr. Heron must not imagine that because we have not *his* sanction, therefore we have not, and do not prize, the sanction of the Church. Like all cavillers, Mr. Heron falls into ludicrous inconsistencies in his faultfinding. In the very paper in which he complains that the Order is *not in close enough* connexion with the Christian system, he says he "opposes it, and strenuously opposes it," because it "*seeks alliance* with Christianity!" Nothing will please a person who has made up his mind to be dissatisfied. Mr. Heron seems so determined to quarrel with Good Templarism that he is unable to see the egregious absurdity of judging the Order as if it professed to take the place of the Church itself; and, because it is not "a distinctive institution, used by the Church [he does not say which of the Churches] and embraced in her organization" [he should have said "organizations"], he condemns it altogether. He seems to say, "You must either reform men from the pulpit, or not reform them at all, but leave them to be demoralized, degraded, and ruined by drink and other evil agencies!" Even though there is "the sad and solemn fact that intemperance is on the increase, in spite of all the means hitherto employed against it," (amongst the rest, the preaching and practice of the Church, both of which have been too much on the side of the liquor-traffic), we must not form any brotherhood, "other than the Christian brotherhood," "having for the special sphere of its benevolence" all the drink-cursed, because, forsooth, we should be "supplementing Christianity, and confessing that the efforts of the Church" to abolish the liquor-traffic and prevent intemperance have hitherto failed! No, we do not "supplement Christianity," nor "betray a want of faith in the power of the Christian religion," by forming the Good Templar Order; but we supplement, or rather continue and multiply "the efforts of the Church in the matter of temperance reform," because we see to our sorrow (and Mr. Heron may regard it as a confession, if he choose) that, in this matter, those efforts have been an utter failure, although some people talk as if they had been a glorious and complete success! The humiliating truth must be confessed, that the past efforts of the Church to prevent intemperance have failed lamentably. "The dram-shop has been an overmatch for the kirk, for the simple

reason that the drink-usages find so many allies among Church-goers, and so many supporters among the teachers of religious truth." The Church has in reality been giving to the liquor-traffic and the drinking customs the most powerful support and the strongest sanction it is pos-

sible for them to have. Only let this support and this sanction be for ever withdrawn, and the Good Templar Order will speedily be dissolved, and—Mr. Heron will be abundantly gratified.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Expediency.

BY SISTER A. J. C., LONDONDERRY.

THE only safe and reliable ground for the advocacy of Total Abstinence, is the principle of expediency." Such was an observation made in the course of conversation by a minister, who regards as indefensible the belief in the Bible being a Total Abstinence Book, and adopts as his motto, "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient." Similar expressions of opinion we often hear; frequently, too, accompanied by warm denunciations of "the extreme views of those who are ruining the cause of Temperance, by their injudicious assertion of untenable dogmas." Many a time we hear it stated, that the law of expediency, associated with Christian charity, is quite a sufficient ground for total abstinence; and that to advocate our cause on these principles, would more certainly ensure success, than to attempt to urge abstinence on the ground of total Bible prohibition.

That the Scriptures recognize the law of expediency we freely admit, and we may add, that were this principle always conscientiously acted upon, every Christian would necessarily be a total abstainer. Nothing which maketh a brother to offend can be expedient; nothing which may, or does, exert an injurious influence on others, can be admissible by the Christian law of love. Any unprejudiced mind, however, must see that Paul's principle of expediency, as expressed in the words, "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient," cannot be of universal application; nor can it warrant the conclusion sometimes deduced, that the use of alcohol is lawful, though it be inexpedient. It is perfectly plain that the "all things" cannot be understood in an absolute sense. None can suppose that the Apostle meant to say that all actions were lawful to him; this would overthrow all distinction between right and wrong. None can believe that he meant that all things, even poisons, might be lawfully and safely used by him; this would argue miraculous exemption from physical laws. It is clearly evident that he is speaking of actions, which, so far as they relate to the doer, are not intrinsically wrong or injurious, but which may have an in-

jurious effect upon others who are weak in the faith; actions, which, "irrespective of circumstances, would be innocent, but which, circumstantially, are attended with harm, and therefore must not be done." That the use of alcohol cannot be classified among such actions is evident. Physically and morally pernicious, who shall say of it that it may be taken harmlessly by anyone? Poisonous in its very nature, it cannot be partaken of without some degree of injury resulting, and therefore to no one can it be an innocent indulgence.

But leaving aside for the moment the question of its lawfulness, or unlawfulness, is it a fact that its inexpediency has proved a successful plea on which to found the claims of total abstinence? Is it a fact that its being admittedly a stumbling block over which countless thousands have stumbled into hell, has led Christians everywhere to the conclusion that it is not good to use it? Viewed in the abstract, the principle of expediency is one which appears eminently qualified to be successful. It is indeed a good and noble thing to abstain for the sake of others. It does indeed evidence some of the highest qualities of our humanity, and of our Christianity too, when we see men denying themselves for the good of their fellow-men. And in these days of philanthropic schemes and Christian exertion, it does seem as if the plea of expediency should have sufficient power over every benevolent and Christian heart, to lead at once to the resolve, to give up what is, after all, only a low, sensual gratification, one which any man, possessed of any feature of true manhood, might blush to compare with the welfare of his fellows. Everywhere we turn, the expediency of abstinence presents itself. From cities and towns, from villages and hamlets, from hearths and homes, arises the one sad, appealing cry, "Abstain." Abstain for the sake of our common humanity! Abstain, ye who love your wives and little children, abstain for the sake of the wife and little children of the poor drunkard! Ye whose hearts throb and thrill at the tale of sorrow, abstain for the sake of the

hearts which never know a throb of joy, of the homes which never brighten into innocent gladness ! Ye who sympathize with the Saviour's self-denying work of rescuing the lost, abstain for the sake of those He came to save ; snatch them, if you can, from the grasp of the destroyer ! Oh ! is it expedient to manufacture, sell, purchase, or use that whose taste is fatal to thousands ? Is it expedient to lend our help to the progress of the Juggernaut car, which crushes beneath its wheels millions of our fellows ? Is it expedient to give our aid to Satan's mightiest agent, which is daily, hourly, sweeping before it, men, women, and children, into ruin, misery, disgrace, and crime in this world, and sweeping souls into hell itself ? Oh ! could human eye see, as the great God sees, the amount of human woe resulting from the use of alcohol, the heart-breaking scenes of despair, the noble characters ruined, the womanly virtues degraded, the little children famished, or, worse still, trained to crime and vice, surely, surely, the plea of expediency would be the mightiest plea that could be addressed to human hearts ! Surely, irrespective of all personal considerations, every man with a spark of manhood, every woman with a womanly nature, would dash from his and her lips the accursed cup which works such ruin ! Viewed in the abstract, as we have said, it seems as if it must be so ; but is it so ? Is it the case that the misery no one can fail to recognize, appeals successfully to Christian mercy ? Alas, that the answer must be in the negative ! Alas, that the Christianity of these days gives so little response to the inspired Apostle's simple, earnest appeal to brotherly love ! To whatever cause it may be assigned, the expediency plea has proved a failure. Whether it be that self-interest and self-indulgence are taking the place of the law of love ; whether it be that Christians fancy their individual example to be of so little weight, as to render its expediency or inexpediency of no moment ; whether it be that the feelings of humanity are less powerful than the maxims of fashion, than the fear of being thought singular, it is a melancholy fact, that the principle of expediency has never yet exerted the influence which might be expected from it, even were alcohol admittedly among the things lawful.

Higher ground has therefore properly been taken by the most earnest and best informed advocates of our good cause. We must lay a surer foundation, for, after all, mere expediency is but a shifting basis ; great results cannot rest permanently upon it. This the past history of our cause abundantly proves. Until lately Temperance advocates generally were content with this plea, and we

cannot, but admit that their efforts have done comparatively little to stay the progress of the destroyer. The fact is, self-denial is not by any means a popular doctrine, and expediency furnishes a good many loopholes by which to escape its requirements. For instance, one says, "The principle is a good and true one, I admit, but in my case it does not apply. My health prevents me being an abstainer. I could not live without a little stimulant, and surely you will not say that the law of love to others demands injury to ourselves." Whether such people see it or not, it is obvious they are not prepared to make any self-sacrifice for the sake of doing good to others. What if Christ had felt and acted towards man as these professed followers of His feel and act towards their neighbors ? "O," says another, "I would not think of taking liquor in public, lest my example might be injurious ; but in private, you know, with a few good, sober friends, a little can do no harm. And another says, "Well, it is all very true that people ought to sacrifice a great deal for the sake of others. I would abstain myself if I thought it would do any good, but really I don't see that my example has much weight, and one can't afford to offend neighbors, and hurt one's own interest, for the sake of very doubtful benefits to other people." Who has not heard such replies as these to the plea of expediency ?

But Temperance advocates, heretofore, have not only had to mourn over the few converts they have made, they have also had to lament over many desertions from their ranks. Some who had yielded for a time to the force of the expediency plea, we find after a while retracing their steps, and at length altogether abjuring our cause. Sometimes it takes but little to unsettle their purpose, and once unsettled it is wonderful how soon expediency is forgotten. Perhaps nothing contributes so much to such unsettling as alcoholic medication. Day after day we are surprised by seeing some one whom we had known as an abstainer use wine, &c., and on expressing this surprise, we are told, "The doctor prescribes it for me ; he tells me that my constitution is going down through abstinence, and he insists that it is quite necessary for me. I was very unwilling to begin to use it, but one cannot defy medical opinion." That this unwillingness is really felt at first we have no doubt ; but it soon wears off, and instead of merely taking as a medicine whatever kind of liquor was prescribed, we soon find every kind partaken of ; and we scarcely ever knew an instance of abstinence being resumed when health was restored. On the contrary, we know of many former abstainers, who,

through medical advice, began to use alcohol, and now not only do they take wine and other intoxicants themselves, but press them upon others. Alas! the doctors have much to answer for; many a sad tale hangs upon the pledge broken through their prescriptions.

Numerous instances, too, might be adduced of abstainers, of the expediency school, casting off their allegiance to our cause, owing to a change in their circumstances. When moving in an humble sphere they had a place in our ranks, but they have got wealthy, and now think such a place scarcely respectable. They must suit themselves to their advanced position in society; they must conform to conventional usages; and so abstinence is discarded, and never do they even venture to hint that they were once believers in so unfashionable a doctrine.

It would be impossible to detail all the varied causes leading to similar results, among those who were at one time connected with our movement by the fickle tie of expediency. We are sure, however, that the recollection of every reader can furnish instances. But once let the pledge elicited by expediency be broken in any way, or for any reason, and it is scarcely possible to induce the wanderer to pledge himself anew. He has really no firm basis of belief, and if once persuaded that self-interest, in any of its varied phases, is served by his non-abstinence, it is marvellous into how small dimensions the interest of others generally sinks in proportion. Expediency, then, won't do. We see it daily ineffectual, even with truly Christian people, and we are forced to the conclusion, that if ever total

abstinence is to win its way, it must rest on a firmer foundation. Let us urge what the lessons of history, science, and revelation demonstrate, that the use of alcohol is a physical, moral, and spiritual wrong, that its action is poisonous, and that in no case can it be other than pernicious. Let it be proved that Bible teachings on the subject are all prohibitory, that not only is it not among the things lawful, though inexpedient, but that it is in the fullest sense *unlawful*, and that indeed its use, in any measure, is nothing less than a sin. Let it be insisted that the intoxicating cup is not a fit emblem of our Saviour's blood, and that its place on the Table of the Lord is wholly unwarrantable and unscriptural. Let these grounds be taken, fearlessly and openly, and we shall soon see good results. Determined opposition may meet us on every side, fierce denunciations may assail us. We may be branded as fanatics, as ignorant meddlers, but all this only evidences how formidable are our arguments; fierce resistance evinces awakened fear.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we despise the plea of expediency, when urged by or upon those who do not know the true character of alcoholic liquors. By no means; we gladly admit that it has done good, that it has saved many, and we say, all honor to the noble men who first raised in these lands the banner of Temperance, with the motto, "Expediency." They were faithful to the light they had. Let us, as Good Templars, with clearer light, be equally faithful, and ere long the dark shadow of intemperance will vanish, and a brighter day dawn on Old Ireland than ever yet gladdened her shores!

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER III.

RETROSPECTIVE.

PEOPLE said that the island in Loughamore Lake was a strange place to choose for the site of a house, and perhaps so it was; but Mr. Lutton was a peculiar man, and not much in the habit of consulting established rules in any of his proceedings. He was not born at Loughamore, or anywhere in its neighborhood, but had dropped among the villagers, with a young wife, from no one knew what place, though many suspected that it could not have been a good one. After living for some time in furnished lodgings, at the village, he heard that the lake and a few acres of the adjoining land was to be sold, and that Mr. Seguin of the Grange was thinking of purchasing it. He went immediately to the owner and outbid him, and as soon as the title deeds were made out, commenced building on the island. He was told that it was a dangerous situation, that within the

last hundred years the *burns*, which fed the lake, had swollen into mountain torrents, and the island had for awhile been completely submerged. Mr. Lutton only laughed at the warning, and said that if it kept above water for another hundred years he need not care what happened after that; a remark which shewed—if he meant it seriously—that he was a selfish man, who followed his own caprices, without thinking how they might affect other people. So the house was run up, more slowly but more substantially than those of the present day, Mr. Lutton doing a large part of the carpentering work himself; and before the plaster was well dried he removed into it.

"Quite sufficient to be the death of that delicate girl, and I should not wonder if that is what he wanted," said Miss Bellamy, the Rector's sister, who had grown fond of gentle, placid Mrs. Lutton, and disliked her dark, cynical husband quite as cordially. "Ah, indeed, very likely," responded Mrs. Seguin—to whom the observation was

made—with polite indifference. But though it was Winter when they removed, the damp house and cold air off the lake did not kill Mrs. Lutton, and before Spring came another life had begun in the island home—a feeble flickering life in the shape of a sickly boy-baby, whom Mr. Lutton told his wife they might as well throw into the lake at once, as she would never be able to rear it. Good Miss Bellamy, who had hurried to the Lake House as soon as Mrs. Lutton's trouble came upon her, looked concentrated horror when she heard this barbarous speech, but the new-made mother smiled trustfully in her husband's face and held up her mouth to be kissed; an operation which he performed with more tenderness than the Rector's sister could have believed him capable of. Another stranger made its appearance in due course; a strong healthy girl this time, who came into the world with serious wide-open eyes, and seemed, at its birth, to have its powers of observation and reflection better developed than had the mother who bore it. "We will call her Miriam," said Mr. Lutton, as soon as he looked at her; "that was my grandmother's name, and it strikes me that this young lady resembles her already. She has a most unorthodox height on her nose for a baby, and by the look of her eyes she could buy and sell you this minute." "But Miriam means the same thing as Marah," his wife demurred. "Well, I will warrant her to be bitter enough by-and-bye. I never saw any of her precious sex who were not." Mrs. Lutton was either so conscious of her own sweetness as to know she could not be included in the sweeping condemnation, or she thought he was jesting, for instead of firing up as women generally (and very naturally) do, at any remarks derogatory to their sex, she could not have smiled more pleasantly had he been paying it the highest compliment. And Miriam the child was called. She took a patronizing tone with her brother from the first; if he came crying to his mother in any childish grief, while she was receiving nature's nourishment, Miriam would instantly stop, to clap his face with her brown hand, and cry "Oo, ooh!" to him, in a way that was more consolatory than intelligible. But the most elaborate dissertation on the duty of fortitude and resignation, even could he have understood it, would have failed to impart the same comfort he derived from her baby-talk; and so when Christy's small world went wrong with him, instead of "Take him to his mother," the prescription came to be, "Take him to Miriam." She had never been called "Baby," but had assumed her own name from the first. "It would be ridiculous to call that a baby," her father said; "look at the preternatural wisdom of her ancient face; she would ruin a man for money even now, if she could speak." As the children grew older Miriam's protecting air with Christopher began to be mingled with respect, for he was as precocious in intellect as she was in heart, and as he was always able to solve any difficult problems she presented to him, she soon learned to look upon him as an unfailing mine of knowledge, and "Christy knows," was often on her lips; not that she always placed implicit reliance on the information he imparted to her. She was subject to occasional fits of contradictoriness, and her father loved to tell how once, when

Christopher was giving her lessons in history, of which he was passionately fond, and illustrating the same with blocks of wood, to which he gave the names of the different characters, Miriam drew herself up, with the intensely dogged expression she sometimes assumed, and said "'Em isn't men at all, 'em's b'ocks." In general, however, she listened with devout attention to his accounts of European battles—accounts which, though usually correct in the main, sometimes confounded the names of the generals in a very amusing manner; and long after Miriam was able to read for herself, she would have argued with you that Kosciusko fought at Waterloo, and that Wellington commanded the retreat from Moscow, because Christopher had once told her that such was the case. Being as naturally courageous as he was constitutionally timid, she had often to guard him against stray pigs, and ganders that were the heads of families; but when a mad dog made its way to the island, one summer day, Christopher dragged her into the house by main force, crying bitterly because he could not get her to run quick enough. The red eyes and lolling tongue had no fears for her, because she did not know the danger, but Christy knew the symptoms of hydrophobia, and terror gave him strength to do what he would have been unequal to at another time.

Miriam's education was a little neglected in those early years, so far at least as a-b, abs, and pot-hooks and hangers went; but Mrs. Lutton taught Christy till he had overcome the difficulties of the Rule of Three, and could repeat Goldsmith's Geography at one lesson. She would fain have made over his education to her husband then, but though Mr. Lutton sometimes gave proof of no ordinary amount of learning, he laughed at book knowledge, and said if the children learned to write their names and read a chapter in the Bible it was all he wished. He himself never opened a book, not even the Bible, though he listened attentively every morning and evening while his wife read a chapter aloud. It was often a subject of wonder to the children why he never read for himself; Christopher gave it as his private opinion that it was because he did not know his letters, but Miriam said that could not be, as he could write, and he would not be able to do that unless he could read as well. Besides, she had seen him once standing with one of the big books that were on the book-shelf open in his hand, talking queer words from it, and his face looked so black that, though she was not a bit frightened, she did not want him to see her, and hid under the table. Then mamma came in and took the book from him, and put her arms round his neck and said, "Let them be, Miles; what matter if the book of your life be free from blots?" and he had said, "It sets my blood on fire to open one even yet." She was sure that was what he said, for she had gone over and over it, for fear she should forget; but she did not know what he meant, for how could opening a book put anybody's blood on fire? And sure blood wouldn't burn at any rate? To which Christopher answered, "He must have meant by spontaneous combustibles, or perhaps he used the expression metaphorically." "Where did you learn such nice long words?" Miriam asked

admiringly. "I learned them from Mr. Bellamy; he and papa were talking about spontaneous combustibles the night he was here. Papa said it was all a mistake about it killing people, for that the half of the world had it, and lived on. He gave one of his queer looks when he said that, and the Rector stared at him a bit; then he smiled and stroked down his face and said, 'Oh, I see you use the word metaphorically.'" Miriam kept silence a little after this speech. "It's a great mystery," she said at last, drawing a long breath. Whether there was any mystery about it or not, Mr. Lutton took no part in Christy's education, but he made no objection to him going to a school at Loughamore, when at six years of age he was as far on the road to learning as his mother could guide him. But when Miriam announced her intention of accompanying her brother he at first said it could not be—that Mr. Nicolson's school was no place for a girl, and that if she wanted to learn she could do it better at home. "But I must go to take care of Christy," she answered with an air of grave determination. At which Mr. Lutton laughed loud, and let her take her own way, without telling her that his real objection was that he did not wish to part with her for so long each day. The first day at school is ever an important one, and as the children returned hand-in-hand Mr. Lutton met them. "Well, grandmother, did you take care of the child?" he asked sarcastically. "I did," she answered with more excitement than was usual with her; "a great boy and another one runned away with him, and Philip and me chased them, and brought Christy back." "Only brought him back; did you not punish the great boy for carrying him off?" "No, he was too big; but Philip pitched him into the ditch, and I took the other one's head under my arm and punched it." "Well done! And what did Mr. Nicolson say to it?" "He said I was a little heroine, and I told him you would not let me come back again if he called me names!" Mr. Lutton laughed boisterously before he answered: "Heroine is a good name; he meant that you were very brave." "Is that it! Christy says I should not have punched the other one—that it wasn't Christian; and he wanted to run after them and let them carry him twice as far as they did at the first, for he says that is what the Bible says he should do." This was one of the unconscious exaggerations of childhood. Christy had really no intention of obeying the New Testament injunction so literally; he only said he *should* do it. "Never mind what Christy says; he is a spoon." "But *does* the Bible say that?" "It says something like it, I believe." "And does it make people spoons to do what the Bible tells them?" "No one does exactly what the Bible tells them." "But isn't it right to do it, no matter whether other people do or not?" Christy asked, looking up earnestly at him. "Ask your mother, boy; it is always right to do what *she* tells you, at any rate." "Papa, is mamma *God*?" Miriam asked in a hushed voice; her ideas on religion were very hazy about this time, although they began to mature rapidly shortly afterwards. He gave a start. "No, dear," he answered, more gently than usual, "but she knows more about Him than I do." "I thought men always knew more than women, and that

that is what makes Christy wiser than me." "You know he is two years older than you." "Oh, but he is such a little fellow," she answered, placing her arm protectingly round his shoulder. The "great boys" at Mr. Nicolson's school soon ceased to tease Christy and to laugh at his pedantic manner when they found how good and gentle he was; and from the first they treated Miriam with a deference that was very grateful to that young lady's feelings. There was sometimes quite a strife which of them would be first to offer to hang up her hat and jacket when she threw them off; and as Mr. Nicolson was as kind as they were, school days passed very pleasantly, and life altogether seemed a very joyous thing to both children, till they were so suddenly brought face to face with death that autumn day, and learned their first sad lesson in the instability of human happiness.

Mr. Lutton was greatly blamed for Grace Morrison's violent death. He was mad to allow a young lad like Joe Martin to have charge of a horse, said many, who would never been struck with the imprudence had it not been for its fatal consequences. He might have known that a boy of thirteen was not fit to have the care of a horse, they said—forgetting that he had proved himself fit several times previously—and if they were Mrs. Morrison they would feel that it was Mr. Lutton who was accountable for their daughter's blood. But there were none who ventured to express their blame so broadly as this to Mr. Lutton's face, and when anyone did hint at it, he cut him short with—"It was the devil in the shape of whiskey that started the horse, so you need not try to throw the blame on Joe." "But a young boy like that is of course more easily affected by it," expostulated Mr. Mande, one of the resident magistrates of the county, who had been most anxious for an official inquiry into the cause of the accident. "You never saw a grown man drunk in your life, I am sure," Mr. Lutton answered, with one of his black laughs. "Nor you never licensed a house where a 'young boy' could affect himself with drink to his heart's content; not you. There is not a public-house in Ardrey, I suppose, not one!" and he looked so fierce that the magistrate, who had seen him at the further end of the bridge, and crossed it to speak to him magisterially, was glad to beat a hasty retreat. Joe himself, though he bitterly regretted the disaster, could not see that he was very much to blame for it. What was whiskey sold for if it was not to be drunk? he asked George Morrow, a carpenter's apprentice with whom he was intimate. He had never drunk a whole glass raw before, and how could he tell that it would fly to his head? To Mrs. Lutton he did not acknowledge that it had intoxicated him at all, but took another ground of defence. How could he help Mrs. Morrison's horse being such a scary brute? If the hallooing frightened it that wasn't his fault. Even Mr. MacKenzie acknowledged that he did nothing but shout and give a cut with his whip, and if the horse had been right trained, or poor Miss Grace had known anything about riding, that would never have sent the beast off. He was sorry enough, dear knows; but after being thrown himself, and nearly killed, it was too bad to have people blaming him with murdering the

poor purty young lady. And then he would break out crying in such real distress, that Mrs. Lutton, in the kindness of her heart, would be obliged to forego her lecture and try to comfort him. He did promise, however, that he would never drink again when he had the charge of a horse (further than that he would not bind himself); and Mr. Lutton assured him that, while he was in his service he would never again get the chance. But though poor Joe strove to justify himself to others, and though public opinion bestowed more pity than blame upon him, still his conscience told him that Miss Morrison's death lay at his door, and many a night he would waken up in terror, imagining that she was at his bedside gazing reproachfully at him from hersweet brown eyes, and he would cower in fright and cover his head with the bed clothes, to shut out the sight of her pallid face. It was of the dead girl alone he thought, for his mind was not then sufficiently developed to understand the irremediable evil done to the living. But Mrs. Morrison grew old suddenly after the shock, and Fanny's buoyancy changed to a flightiness that was more pitiful to

witness than abiding sadness. Yet because Mr. MacKenzie was the strongest, the blow fell most heavily on him; the weak may rebound when the stroke of affliction is past, but when the strong are smitten to the heart, they are smitten once for all, and so it was with him. The thread of his life snapped suddenly when Grace died, and he had no heart to take it up again. In her lifetime he had been a man marked out to rise, but when she went, all motive for exertion went with her; the dreary future spread out before him in unbroken and monotonous gloom and to get through and to have done with it was all he thought of. The honorable career of a barrister, which had been opening to him, was not worth the striving for, now that she who was to have shared it was gone; had he been a man of independent fortune he would have done nothing, but being dependent on the labor of his brain for the means of support, he took the work that came most easily to him, and accepted the editorship of the *Upton Chronicle*, the principal newspaper of the county town.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Good Templar Elocutionist.

THE OLD WOMAN'S APPEAL.

THE inhabitants of a thriving town in Pennsylvania having assembled, as was their custom, to decide what number (if any) of spirit licences the town should petition for from the County Court, there was a very full attendance. One of the magistrates presided; and upon the platform were seated, among others, the *pastor* of the village, one of his *deacons*, and the *physician*. After the meeting had been called to order, one of the most respectable citizens of the borough rose, and after a short speech, moved, that the meeting petition for the usual number of licences for the ensuing year. He thought it was not best to get up an excitement by refusing to grant licences. They had better license *good* men, and let them sell. The proposition seemed to meet with almost universal favor. The President was about to put the question to the meeting, when an object arose in a distant part of the building, and all eyes were instantly turned in that direction. It was an old woman, poorly clad, whose careworn countenance was the painful index of no light sufferings. And yet there was something in the flash of her bright eye, that told she had once been what she then was not. She addressed the President, and said she had come, because she had heard that they were meeting to decide the licence question. "You," said she, "all know who I am. You once knew me mistress of one of the best estates in the borough. I once had a husband and five sons; and woman never had a kinder husband, mother never had five better or more affectionate sons. But where are they now? Doctor, I ask *where* are they now? In yonder burying ground there are six graves, filled by that husband and those five sons—and oh! they are all drunkards' graves! Doctor, how came they to be drunkards? You would come and drink with them, and you told them that *moderate* drinking would do them good. And you, too,

Sir (addressing the minister), would come and drink with my husband; and my sons thought they might drink with safety, and follow your example. Deacon, *you* sold them the rum which made them drunkards. You have now got my farm and all my property, and got it all by rum. And now," she said, "I have done my errand. I go back to the poor-house, for that is *my* home now. You, reverend Sir, you Doctor, and you Deacon, I shall never meet again, until I meet you at the bar of God, where you, too, will meet my ruined husband and lost sons, who through your example, teaching, and influence, now fill drunkards' graves."

The old woman sat down. Perfect silence prevailed, until broken by the President, who rose to put the question to the meeting—"Shall we petition the Court to issue licences to this borough for the ensuing year?" and the one unbroken "no!" which made the very walls re-echo with the sound, told the result of the old woman's appeal. There were no licences granted that session.

THE TWO STREAMS.

DRINKING STREAM.

THERE is a stream whose ceaseless flow
Has cursed our land, and marr'd its peace,
And borne away to worlds of woe
The myriad slaves of dark excess.
Black as the grave its waters roll,
And roll unfathomably deep;
And hourly some immortal soul
To everlasting ruin sweep.

Once at the fountain-head they stood,
And thought that stream was pure and fair
Now they have grasp'd the fancied good,
And found the sting of death is there.

And ever and anon some wretch
Will struggle to the burning sand,
And vainly his wild eye-balls stretch,
And sorrow for his father-land.

Oh! short regret! too proud to hear
The whispering voice from reason's throne,
They drink again to drown despair,
And with the crowd rush madly on;
Soon, soon their little life is fled!
And raised by drink's all-blasting breath,
The threatening wave has swiftly sped,
And borne them to eternal death!

GOOD TEMPLAR STREAM.

There is a stream whose gentle flow
Has scattered health and peace around;
And thousands hear its murmur low,
Rejoicing in the sacred sound.
From thee it sprang, great King of Heaven!
From Thy pure truth its waters ran;

And Thou the great decree hast given,
And bade it bless immortal man.

No billows on its bosom rise,
No tempests howl their mournful song;
Calm and serene as evening skies,
Yet great in might it rolls along.
No burning sand—no short regret—
No echoed shrieks of man's despair;
They chant their own sweet music yet,
And bless the hand that led them there.

CONCLUSION.

Still side by side these rivers flow;
Untiring in their course they move—
The harbinger of endless woe,
The harbinger of heavenly love.
And many a slave of guilt and shame,
Has left those dark and treacherous seas;
And, guided by a purer beam,
Has safely gained the port of peace.

Literary Notices.

THE TEXT-BOOK OF TEMPERANCE, in Relation to Morals, Science, Criticism, and History. By Dr. F. R. Lees. 282 pp. Price 3s. London: Trubner & Co., Paternoster Row. Belfast: I. O. G. T. Offices, 26 Ann Street. This work is divided into ten chapters—1. The Morals of Temperance. 2. The Chemical History of Alcohol. 3. The Dietetics of Temperance. 4. The Pathology of Intemperance. 5. The Medical Use of Alcohols. 6. The Historical Question: as to the Evil. 7. Temperance in Relation to the Bible. 8. The National Question: as to the Remedy. 9. The Philosophy of the Cure. 10. Summary of the Argument. The work, it will thus be seen, covers the entire ground of the temperance question, and its being from the pen of Dr. Lees is a sufficient guarantee that it stands unrivalled as a "Temperance Text-Book." Professor Douglas, D.D., in his article "Wine and Strong Drink," in the *Imperial Bible Dictionary*, says—"No writer with whom we are acquainted has devoted so much time and research to the subject as Dr. F. R. Lees. We believe that his principal positions have not yet been successfully assailed." These positions are systematically summarized in the "Text-Book," and can nowhere else be found in so complete and handy a form. A careful perusal of it would have saved the Rev. M. Macauley, of Newtownards, and several other ministers in the North of Ireland, from teaching their hearers such pernicious nonsense as they did in their recent "Temperance Sermons."

CONDENSED TEMPERANCE TRACTS FOR CHRISTIANS, with Remarks on Ancient and Modern Wines. By J. Mackenzie, M.D., J.P., 40 pp. Price 3d. London: Trubner & Co., Paternoster Row. Belfast: I. O. G. T. Offices, 26 Ann Street. This is a very able pamphlet, containing a mass of valuable information for students of teetotalism in general, of the Wine Question in particular.

THE CONDENSED ARGUMENT FOR THE LEGISLATIVE PROHIBITION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC: Founded on the Essay to which the Alliance Prize of One Hundred Guineas was awarded. By Dr. F. R. Lees. 160 pp. Price 6d. Manchester:

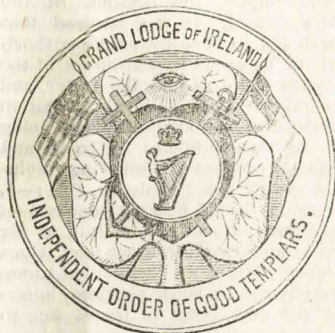
U. K. Alliance, 41 John Dalton Street, Belfast: I. O. G. T. Offices, 26 Ann Street. This is now generally known to be the ablest work ever written on the subject. In this cheap form in which the Alliance has now issued it, friends of prohibition should have it scattered broadcast.

SCRIPTURE TESTIMONY AGAINST INTOXICATING WINE. By Rev. William Ritchie, D.D. 350 pp. Price, in Paper Cover, 1s; Bound, 2s 6d. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League, 108 Hope Street. Belfast: I. O. G. T. Offices, 26 Ann Street. This is the best shilling's worth we know on the most important phase of the great temperance question. We most sincerely wish it were carefully perused by every minister of the Gospel and every Sabbath-school teacher in Ireland. It contains a reply to Dr. Murphy's pamphlet on "Wine in the Bible."

LETTERS ON GOOD TEMPLARISM AND THE BIBLE WINE QUESTION. By John Pyper, G.W.C.T., and others. 8 pp. Price 1d., or 3s 6d per 100. Belfast: I. O. G. T. Offices, 26 Ann Street.

IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR TRACTS.—1.—Education, Knowledge and Wisdom. By the G.W.C.T. 2.—Good Templarism: What Is It? By A. H. H. M'Murtry, M.D., G.W.C.T. 3.—Good Templarism. By Sister A. J. C. 4.—Ministers of the Gospel and Good Templarism. By the G.W.C.T. 5.—The Office of G.W.C.T. Templar. By A. H. H. M'Murtry, M.D., G.W.C.T. 6.—Good Templarism and the Bible Wine Question. By the G.W.C.T. 4 pp. each. Price 1s 3d per 100, or in parcels of 500 or upwards, 1s per 100. Belfast: I. O. G. T. Offices, 26 Ann Street. As to the merits or demerits of Nos. 1, 4, and 6, we must leave it to others to judge, but to satisfy our readers that Nos. 2, 3, and 5, are first-class, we need do nothing more than remind them that the writers are Sister A. J. C., and Bro. Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry. To those members and Lodges that use the simple, cheap, and effective mode of tract distribution for the promotion of our cause, we would respectfully recommend the perusal of the whole series, and then they will be able to judge for themselves.

Official Information.



Grand Lodge Offices,

26 Ann Street,

Belfast,

20th February, 1873.

THE G.W.C.T. begs to inform the members of the Order in Ireland that all announcements and all expositions of Law and Usage, that shall appear monthly in the *I. G. Templar*, under the heading, "Official Information," with the G.L. Seal, as above, may be considered as having his sanction and authority, whether given formally in his name or not.

In addition to the Constitutions, all unreppealed decisions of the R.W.G. Lodge, of any R.W.G. Templar, or of any G. Lodge sustained by the R.W.G. Lodge on appeal are binding upon the entire Order. These are given with sufficient fullness for all practical purposes up till last year, in Chase's Digest of the Laws, Decisions, Rules, and Usages of the Order (Morton's Edition), price 3s. Decisions of G. Lodges and of G.W.C. Templars are binding only in their respective jurisdictions.

The following are the principal resolutions that were adopted at the First Session of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, held in Belfast, on 26th and 27th July, 1871:—

1. That the Per Capita Tax be 10d per annum.
2. That the Charter Fee of Subordinate Lodges be £1 4s, including supplies.
3. That the fixed sum for Initiation Fees be 1s for males and 6d for females.*
4. That the dues in Subordinate Lodges be not less than 1s for brothers and 6d for sisters per quarter, or 1d for brothers and ½d for sisters per week.
5. That Lodges instituted in the second half of a quarter pay only half Per Capita Tax, and those instituted within two meetings of the end of the quarter be exempt from such Tax, for that quarter.
6. That the Executive and the P.G.W.C.T., on behalf of the Grand Lodge, request the Committee of the Irish Temperance League to allow their *Journal* to become the joint Organ of the two bodies, and, if the request be granted, take the necessary steps to have the matter arranged in the interests of the Order.
7. That an adjourned meeting of the Grand

* On Appeal to the R.W.G. Lodge, by the Shield Lodge, No. 29, this decision was reversed, it being unconstitutional to do more than fix the minimum of the Initiatory Fees.—G.W.C.T.

Lodge be held in Belfast on the third Tuesday of January next.

8. That a special assessment of 1d per head be levied upon Subordinate Lodges, to meet the expenses incurred in the institution of the Grand Lodge, the same to be returned by Lodge Deputies with the Per Capita Tax of the present Quarter.

9. That whereas it has come to our knowledge that in some subordinate Lodges, members are admitted and officers elected by a show of hands instead of by ballot, we hereby call attention to the fact that this mode of election is unconstitutional.

10. That the Grand Lodge petition the Right Worthy Grand Lodge to modify the Constitution in relation to the ballot, so as to leave it optional with Subordinate Lodges to elect by ballot or otherwise as they may deem right.

The following is a summary of the proceedings, including the most important resolutions adopted at the adjourned session of our Grand Lodge, held in Belfast, on 16th and 17th January, 1872:—

After the conferring of the Grand Lodge Degree upon candidates entitled to receive it, the G.W.C.T. read his report, which was unanimously adopted. The G.W.S. submitted his Report, including a statement of accounts prepared by the Finance Committee, which, after some discussion, was adopted. It was resolved that motions to be brought before the Grand Lodge shall be forwarded to the G.W.S. one month before the meeting of the Lodge, that the Executive may have time to send an abstract of the business to be transacted to the various Subordinate Lodges. It was agreed that salaries of Officers be paid monthly. A resolution from the Star of Ulster Lodge, regarding the *League Journal* having been briefly considered, it was resolved to send the resolution back to the Lodge. The Report of the Executive, regarding the securing of the *Journal* as the joint Organ of the League and the Good Templar Order, was given, showing that on application to the Committee of the League, that Board had assented to the proposal, but that the Executive, by a majority of three against two, had not allowed the amalgamation to take place, but had held the matter over for reconsideration by the Grand Lodge. After considerable discussion it was resolved that the Executive were not justified in thus delaying the decision of the

Grand Lodge. In consequence of this resolution the G.W. Coun., Bro. W. M. Scott, the G.W.V.T., Bro. J. L. Yule, and the G.W.S., Bro. M. Smith, resigned their offices. Their resignations having been accepted, Bros. John Simms, and Rev. N. E. Smith were elected and installed as G.W. Coun. and G.W.V.T. At the request of the Lodge the G.W.S. accepted his former office. The Lodge re-affirmed its former resolution regarding the *Journal*, and instructed the Executive to take the necessary steps to secure its transformation, if possible, into the joint Organ of the League and of the Order. A motion having been brought forward to lengthen the time between the conferring of the several Degrees upon members, it was resolved to defer the consideration of the matter till next Session. It was resolved that the next Session of the Grand Lodge shall be held in Belfast, on Tuesday, 16th July, and that the Executive shall be empowered to make full arrangements as to hours, times, and places of meeting. It was agreed that the number of Representatives from the Subordinate Lodges be the same as heretofore, as specified in Article I, Sec. 4, of the Grand Lodge Constitution. On an appeal from the Royal Union Degree Temple against the decision of the G.W.C.T., that Degree Fees

should go to the funds of Subordinate Lodges and not to Degree Temples, the decision of the G.W.C.T. was sustained. It was resolved that the Executive should apply to the proper authorities for liberty to be granted to members of the Royal Irish Constabulary to join the Order, and also to the Commissioners of National Education to sanction Subordinate Lodge meetings being held in National School-houses. The Grand Lodge unanimously adopted the following resolutions in reference to the Permissive Bill:—1. "That this Grand Lodge heartily approves of the Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and strongly urges the various Subordinate Lodges under its jurisdiction to use every legitimate means, by votes, petitions, letters to the press, the circulation of tracts &c., to promote the passing of that most just and beneficent measure." 2. "That the Executive Committee, at the proper time, make arrangements for and superintend the systematic canvassing by Good Templars of every town or district in which a Lodge is located, for signature to petitions in favor of the Permissive Bill."

We shall next month give the principal resolutions passed at the Third Session of our Lodge, held in July last.

Progress of the Order.

THERE are now 180 Subordinate Lodges in Ireland, so that there are at least that number of temperance meetings held in connexion with our Order every week. Under the heading, "Progress of the Order," we mean to give brief notices monthly of all public meetings, soirees, &c., held under the auspices of the Lodges. These were noticed in the *Irish Temperance League Journal* up till July, as was also the Botanic Garden Demonstration, held in September. We have thought it right, for the sake of historical connexion, to commence our notices of public meetings, as far as we have been able to collect them, with the first of October, inserting those of the last three months of 1872 in our present issue, and those of the first three months of 1873 in our next.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

BELFAST.—4th October, a meeting was held in the Lancastrian School-room, Frederick Street, under the auspices of the Good Samaritan Lodge, at which Bro. A. H. H. M'Murtry, M.D., delivered a lecture in reply to Rev. J. Heron's articles against Good Templarism in the *Evangelical Witness*. Bro. Rev. John McCreedy, G.W. Chaplain, occupied the chair. 5th October, a meeting was held in the same place in connexion with the Extreme Lodge, when a lecture was delivered by the G.W.C.T., in reply to Rev. W. Macloy's *Bible Words for Wine*, Bro. D. Smith, D.D., for Dock Ward, presiding. 11th October, a soiree was held in Clifton Street School-room in connexion with the John Wesley Lodge. Bro. W. Agnew presided. Among the speakers were Bros. Rev. J. Wilson, S. Glasgow, and the G.W.C.T. 15th October, a meeting, under the auspices of the John Pyper Lodge, was held in Crumlin School-room. Rev. D. K. Mitchell presided, and a lecture was delivered by Bro. A. H. H. M'Murtry, M.D., G.W.T.

17th October, a meeting, in connexion with the Shield Lodge, was held in the Lancastrian School-room. The G.W.C.T. presided, and the meeting was addressed by Bros. Rev. J. McCreedy G.W.C., D. Smith, G.W.M., and W. McMechan W.C.T. 18th October, a soiree, in connexion with the Star of Ulster Lodge, was held in the Independent School-room, Donegall Street. Bro. Rev. A. Gray, A.M., occupied the chair, and the speakers were the G.W.C.T., Bro. W. M. Scott, and Bro. Rev. J. McNeice. 19th October, the G.W.C.T. lectured, under the auspices of the Thomas Drew Lodge, in Christ Church School-room, the W.C.T. of the Lodge presiding. 21st October, a meeting, in connexion with the Advance Lodge, was held in the Oddfellows' Hall, Academy Street. Bro. Juncillor J. H. Haslett presided, and the principal speaker was Bro. Rev. A. Denholm, W.C. 24th October, the anniversary soiree of Erin's First Lodge was held in Clifton Street School-room. Bro. H. J. Wright, D.D. for Smithfield Ward, presided, and addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T., Bro. Rev. J. McCreedy, G.W.C., and Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, W.C. 8th November, a meeting under the auspices of the Enterprise Lodge was held in the Grand Lodge Hall, Ann Street, when a lecture was delivered by Bro. A. H. H. M'Murtry, M.D., G.W.T., the G.W.C.T. presiding. 11th November, a soiree in connexion with the Ark of Safety Lodge was held in the Wesleyan School-room, Falls Road. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, and the chief speakers were Bros. T. S. Oliver, W.C.T., J. A. Carleton, and D. Fortune. 12th November, the G.W.C.T. lectured under the auspices of the Star of Erin Lodge, in the Lancastrian School-room, Bro. D. Smith, G.W.M., in the chair. 14th November, the G.W.C.T. lectured in connexion with Erin's First Lodge in Clifton Street School-room, Bro. Rev. J. McCreedy, G.V.C., pre-

siding. 15th November, Bro. Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry lectured in connexion with the Meliora Lodge, in Ekenhead School-room, the G.W.C.T. in the chair. 18th November, a soiree was held in connexion with the Concord Lodge, in the Lancasterian School-room. The G.W.C.T. presided, and among the speakers was Bro. D. Smith, G.W.M. A soiree was held in the same place on 20th November, in connexion with the Sir Willfrid Lawson Lodge. The G.W.C.T. presided, and among the speakers were Bros. H. Pyper, W.C.T., and J. Wylie, W.L.D. 21st November, a soiree in connexion with the Shield Lodge was held also in the same place, Bro. Rev. A. Gray, A.M., presiding. 22nd November, the G.W.C.T. presided at a soiree in connexion with the Star of Bethlehem Lodge, in the Orange Hall, Agnes Street. 23rd November, a soiree in connexion with the Extreme Lodge was held in the Lancasterian School-room. Bro. W. J. M'Murtry, W.C.T., presided, and addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T., Bro. D. Smith, G.W.M., and others. 29th November, the G.W.C.T. presided at a meeting under the auspices of the Good Samaritan Lodge in the same place. Bros. Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry and W. G. Lytle addressed the meeting. 9th December, a soiree in connexion with the Thomas Drew Lodge was held in Christ Church School-room, at which a Third Degree Regalia was presented to Bro. Rev. N. E. Smith, W.C., on the occasion of his removing to Hillsborough. 12th December, a soiree in connexion with the Welcome Lodge was held in the Good Templar Hall, York Street. Bro. J. Burrows, W.C.T., presided, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. A. Denholm, and W. M. Scott. 13th December, a concert and readings were given by the Meliora Lodge, in the Temperance Hall of the Working Men's Institute, under the presidency of M. R. Dalway, Esq., M.P., D.L. On the motion of the G.W.C.T., the thanks of the meeting were given by acclamation to the chairman, who spoke in the highest terms of our Order. 17th December, a soiree in connexion with the Star of Erin Lodge was held in the Lancasterian School-room. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, and the speakers were, Bros. W. J. M'Murtry, W.C.T., D. Smith, D.D.G.W.C.T., and W. M. Scott. 18th December, the G.W.C.T. presided at the annual soiree of the Alexandra Rechabite Tent, in the Oddfellows' Hall, Academy Street, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. J. Mecredy, G.W.C., and D. Hollywood. 18th December, Bro. Rev. J. White lectured in connexion with the Victoria Lodge, in the School-room, Hope Street. 21st December, a Bazaar was held in the Lancasterian School-room, under the auspices of the Extreme Lodge. Bro. W. J. M'Murtry, W.C.T., presided, and an address was delivered by the G.W.C.T. A Bazaar was held in the same place, on 27th December, in connexion with the Good Samaritan Lodge. Bro. Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry, W.C.T., presided, and the G.W.C.T. took part in the proceedings.

STRABANE.—2nd October, the first anniversary meeting of the Good Endeavor Lodge was held in the Town Hall, Strabane. T. Lyle, Esq., J.P., occupied the chair, and among the speakers were Bros. Rev. D. Gordon, D.D. for Tyrone, and R. Stevenson, W.L.D.

COLERAINE.—7th October, Councillor T. Whit-

taker lectured under the auspices of the Harmony Lodge, in the Town Hall, Coleraine. J. Cuthbert, Esq., occupied the chair.

COMBER.—8th October, the G.W.C.T. lectured under the auspices of the Exodus Lodge, in Comber. Bro. Rev. E. Thomas, D.D. for Co. Down, occupied the chair. 26th November, a soiree in connexion with the same Lodge was held in Comber. Bro. J. Blair occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. E. Thomas, D.D., Kennedy, and others.

HYDEPARK.—12th October, the G.W.C.T. lectured at Hyde Park, and with the assistance of brethren from Belfast and Carrickfergus instituted the Happy Home Lodge.

RAPHOE.—14th October, a lecture was delivered in connexion with the Light of the North Lodge in Raphoe, by Bro. Rev. D. Gordon, D.D. for Co. Tyrone, Bro. Dr. Sheldon presiding.

AHOGHILL.—15th October, the G.W.C.T. lectured in Ahoghill, Bro. Rev. H. M. Holden, D.D. for Co. Antrim, presiding, and instituted Purple Star Lodge.

ORRITOR.—15th October, a soiree in connexion with Brighter Days Lodge was held in Orritor Presbyterian Church. Rev. W. Wray presided, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Revs. D. Gordon, I. Ashe, J. Johnston, and H. B. Wilson.

NEWRY.—27th October, a sermon to Good Templars was preached in the Independent Church, Newry, by Bro. Rev. G. Wight.

KILLYLEAGH.—29th October, the G.W.C.T. lectured in the Second Presbyterian Church, Killyleagh, under the auspices of Consistency Lodge, Captain Gilmore in the chair. The annual soiree of the Lodge was held on 13th December.

NEWTOWNSARDS.—30th October, a soiree was held in the Good Templar Hall, Newtownards, in connexion with the Hope of Down Lodge. Bro. J. McNeilly, W.C.T., occupied the chair, and among the speakers were Bros. Revs. S. Nicholson, W.C., E. Thomas, D.D., D. H. M'Murtry, M.A., W.C.T. 17th December, Rev. W. T. Martin, M.A., lectured under the auspices of the Newtownards Lodges, in the Assembly Rooms, G. Walker Esq., presiding.

RATHMINES.—5th November, Bro. Rev. J. Young, W.C., lectured on Good Templarism in the Town Hall, Rathmines, Bro. W. F. Lawlor, G.W.V.T., in the chair.

TANDRAGEE.—6th November, Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D. for County Armagh, lectured on Good Templarism in the Town Hall, Tandragee, Bro. Rev. J. Harding, W.C., presiding, and instituted the Diamond Lodge.

BROOMHEDGE.—10th November, the G.W.C.T. preached two temperance sermons and gave a temperance address to the Sunday-schools in the Methodist Chapel, Broomhedge.

PORTADOWN.—19th November, Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, W.C., lectured under the auspices of the Victory Lodge, in the Town Hall, Portadown. Bro. Rev. J. Douglas presided, and Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D. for County Armagh, took part in the proceedings. The annual soiree of the Lodge was held on 3rd December, Bro. L. M'Murdie, W.C.T., in the chair.

URNEY.—20th November, Bro. Rev. D. Gordon, D.D. for County Tyrone, lectured at Urney, near Strabane, and instituted Urney's Glory Lodge.

CASTLEFIN.—21st November, Bro. Rev. D. Gordon, D.D. for County Tyrone, lectured in connexion

with the Dayspring Lodge, in the Town Hall, Castletfin. Bro. R. Harper, D.D. for County Donegal, occupied the chair.

CARRICKFERGUS.—28th November, a soiree in connexion with the Pioneer Lodge was held in the Good Templar Hall, Carrickfergus, Bro. J. K. Mitchell in the chair.

NEWTOWNLIMAVADY.—4th December, Bro. Rev. D. Gordon, D.D.G.W.C.T., lectured in connexion with the Decision Lodge, in the Town Hall, Newtownlimavady. Bro. W. Craig, W.C.T., occupied the chair, and Bros. C. D. H. Campbell, W.L.D., and W. S. Oliver also addressed the meeting.

COOKSTOWN.—6th December, the G.W.C.T. lectured in connexion with the Better Days Lodge, in the First Presbyterian Church, Cookstown, Bro. Rev. I. Ashe presided, and Bro. Rev. H. B. Wilson also addressed the meeting.

KELLS.—12th December, a soiree was held in connexion with the Band of Unity Lodge, in Kells. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, and among the speakers was Bro. Rev. H. M. Holden, D.D.G.W.C.T.

BEAGH.—16th December, a soiree was held in connexion with the Star in the East Lodge, Beagh, County Londonderry. Bro. J. Lytle presided, and Bros. McCay, Marks, and S. D. Lytle, delivered addresses.

DUNDALK.—18th December, a soiree was held under the auspices of the Onward Lodge in Dundalk. Bro. Quartermaster Williams, P.W.C.T., presided, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. and Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T.

OMAGH.—20th December, a soiree in connexion with Tyrone's First Lodge was held in Omagh. Bro. W. J. Robinson presided, and the principal speaker was Rev. D. Gordon, D.D.G.W.C.T.

GLENARM.—20th December, a soiree in connexion with the Coldstream Guards Lodge was held in Glenarm. Bro. J. A. Bowman, D.D.G.W.C.T. presided, and addresses were delivered by Rev. J. Scott, Bro. D. Fortune, and others.

CASTLEROCK.—20th December, a soiree in connexion with the Watchtower Lodge was held at Castlerock, Co. Londonderry. Bro. Rev. D. Robb presided, and addresses were delivered by Bros. C. D. H. Campbell, D.G.W.C.T., and T. Collins, D.D.G.W.C.T.

WHITEHOUSE.—21st December, a meeting in connexion with the Rising Sun Lodge, was held in the National School-house, Whitehouse, Bro. D. H. Mathews, W.C.T., presiding.

SION MILLS.—23rd December, a meeting in connexion with the Sion's Safety Lodge was held at Sion Mills, Bro. Rev. D. Gordon, D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and an address was delivered by Bro. Rev. R. M. McConaghy, W.C.

CASTLEDERG.—23rd December, a soiree was held in connexion with the Lighthouse Lodge, Castlederg, Bro. R. Entrican, W.C.T., in the chair.

DOWNPATRICK.—26th December, a soiree was held in connexion with the Stella Lodge, Downpatrick, Bro. Willis, W.C.T., in the chair.

DUBLIN.—26th December, a soiree, under the auspices of the St. Patrick Lodge, was held in the Antient Concert Rooms, Dublin.

BOARDMILLS.—26th December, a soiree was held under the auspices of the No Compromise Lodge, Boardmills. Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, W.C., pre-

sided, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. J. McIlveen, W.C., Bruce, and Patterson.

CLOGHER.—26th December, a soiree was held in Clogher in connexion with the Hope of Clogher Lodge. F. J. Gervais, Esq., J.P., D.L., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Revs. A. M. Furlong, W.C.T., and J. G. Robb, W.L.D.

HOLYWOOD.—30th December, the G.W.C.T. lectured in Holywood under the auspices of the Beacon Lodge, Bro. Palmer, W.C.T. presiding.

INSTITUTION OF LODGES.

Four District Lodges have been instituted—in Belfast, Newtownards, Dublin and Portadown—and others will be instituted during the present month. We shall give the particulars of their institution, and also of recently instituted Subordinate Lodges, in our next issue. Forms of petition for Charters, and all necessary information about the institution of Lodges, may be had on application to the G.W.S. We shall also give instruction about the institution of Juvenile Lodges in our next.

PARLIAMENTARY.

SIR DOMINIC CORRIGAN'S Sunday Closing Bill for Ireland and Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Bill have passed their First Readings in the House of Commons. The Second Reading of the latter has been fixed for 7th May, and that of the former for 9th July. As the present Parliament has been deluged with petitions in favor of the Permissive Bill in each of its four past Sessions, the United Kingdom Alliance recommend that for the present session, instead of petitions to Parliament, memorials from electors in every constituency be forwarded to their own representatives calling upon them to support Sir Wilfrid. We earnestly commend this important matter to the attention of our Lodges.

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR.—Our circulation for February reached above 5,000, and consequently, according to agreement, the size of each number is increased from 16 pages to 20 pages. We trust that in the enlarged and improved form our readers will continue their zealous efforts to increase still further our circulation and consequent usefulness. As promised in our last, we give the names of the Lodges that subscribe for 50 copies and upwards per month as follow:—Hepe of Derry, No. 44—200. Star of Ulster, No. 14—150. Extreme, No. 4—100. Meliora, No. 13—100. Hope of Erin, No. 10—84. Good Endeavour, No. 78—80. Pioneer, No. 17—60. Good Samaitan, No. 59—60. Victory, No. 68—60. Newry Excelsior, No. 136—60. Star in the East, No. 165—60. Erin's First, No. 1—50. Oldfleet, No. 35—50. On to Victory, No. 95—50. Star of Bethel, No. 134—50. The Belfast Ladies' Temperance Union takes 100 monthly. There are many Lodges that take nearly 50, and that by a slight effort could reach that number. We shall repeat this list next month with additions, and trust the number may be doubled.

Contributions for THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR and Books for Review in its columns should be addressed to the Editor, JOHN PYPER, G.W.C.T., 4, Old Park Terrace, Belfast.

The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

VOL. I., No. 4.

APRIL, 1873.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



Bro. Jabez Walker, G.W.C.T. of Scotland.

It is little more than three years since the first commercial metropolis of Scotland, but there are now spread over the land 653 Lodges, with a

membership including more than 50,000 persons. All this has sprung from one Lodge, with its thirty or forty working men. Out of these 50,000 it is said that 30,000 had never been connected with any temperance organization. One Lodge alone has enrolled more than 700 members, who had spent before they joined the Order £3,000 every year upon intoxicating drink. The good that the movement has done in Scotland is so manifest as to be undeniable. Villages can be pointed to in which almost all the hard-drinking portion of the population have been gathered into the Order, and are now transformed into sober, respectable, and valuable members of society. At a recent meeting in a northern village, the Parish minister—a Doctor of Divinity and a historian of the Kirk, who had labored among his parishioners for thirty years—declared that the Good Templars had done more good in the Parish in six months than the preaching of all the ministers had accomplished in twenty years.

In the August of 1869, Bro. Thomas Roberts, of Philadelphia landed in Glasgow, commissioned by the Right Worthy Grand Templar of North America to establish the Order in this country. He applied to the Committee of the Working Men's Total Abstinence Society for the use of their hall, that he might bring the object of his mission before the temperance public. The hall was readily granted; and Mr. Thomas Mackie, the president of the society, agreed to take the chair. At the close of Bro. Roberts's lecture on "The Nature and Objects of our Order," he desired all in favor of forming a Lodge in Glasgow to give in their names. The chairman was first, Mr. Jabez Walker followed, and forty others then expressed their willingness to join the Order, and gave in their names to Bro. Roberts for that purpose. He then initiated them, and on the 13th of Aug., 1869, Scotland's First Lodge was instituted. Afterwards he formed two other Lodges in Glasgow, one named the Albion, the other bearing his own name. He was instrumental in establishing five Lodges in Glasgow and Edinburgh during his visit.

Before leaving this country he commissioned Bro. Jabez Walker to act as District Deputy for Scotland. Bro. Walker continued to act as such until February, 1870, when a meeting was held in Glasgow, composed of delegates and officers from twenty-two Lodges, at which the Grand Lodge of Scotland was organized, and Bro. Walker unanimously elected Grand Worthy Chief Templar. An application was then made to the Right Worthy Grand Templar, Bro. Orne, for a Grand Lodge Charter, which was received about the end of

April, and on the 7th of May the Grand Lodge of Scotland was legally instituted. At this time there were forty-three Lodges under its control, and about 5,000 members. The following is from the annual report of the R.W.G.T., J. H. Orne:—"Bro. Thomas Roberts, of Philadelphia, an earnest and able advocate of our cause, was authorized to visit Scotland as a Good Templar Missionary. He departed on his mission in July, 1869, and after an absence of a few months returned with the tidings that he had organized a few good Lodges during his visit, and had left the further prosecution of the work in the hands of Mr. Jabez Walker, whom he recommended as a very suitable person for Deputy. A commission for Bro. Walker was accordingly issued, and the results of his labors illustrate the wisdom of the choice made by Bro. Roberts." The success of the Order in Scotland has not been obtained without difficulty—difficulties arising from insincere friends more than from open foes—so that, as in the days of Nehemiah, the work has often had to be done with the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other. In defence of the Order it was necessary to expel a number from one of the Scottish Lodges. These expelled members formed themselves into a body, calling themselves the Free Templars of St. John. Notwithstanding this, Bro. Walker and his faithful coadjutors pursued their work with unabated vigor, and now Scotland numbers 453 Lodges, with a membership of 50,000. There are also forty-five District Lodges in good working order, with energetic District Deputies at their head.

Bro. Walker labored in season and out of season, so much so, that in the November of 1870 his health gave way, and he had a narrow escape from the grave. Anxious to help his English brethren, in answer to an invitation from Bro. Scott, of Carlisle (the energetic District Deputy for Cumberland), he visited that city. The following is from the Scottish "Good Templar" of that date:—"On Saturday last, Mr. Jabez Walker, G.W.C.T. of Scotland, instituted a Lodge in connection with the above Order in this city. A considerable number joined, including several ladies. So far, the Lodge, which will be known by the name of the 'Hope of Carlisle,' bids fair for success. On the Sabbath afternoon Mr. Walker preached a temperance sermon in the E.U. Church, Cecil Street. His address was earnest and impressive, and was listened to throughout with much attention. He strikes at the very root of the subject, and will be welcomed by thorough-going teetotallers wherever he may meet them." Since that time the Order has spread rapidly over the County. Bro. Walker, accompanied by Con-

cillar Simpson, of Glasgow, was also present at the formation of the Grand Lodge of England, and addressed a public meeting held in Birmingham in the evening. In the Autumn of 1871, in compliance with the advice of his medical man, he visited Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, for the benefit of his native air, and was successful in establishing the first Lodge in that County, also one in Bradford-on-Avon, Frome, &c.

In compliance with an invitation from Bros. Scott, Wright, Pyper, and others, of Belfast, Bro. Walker, accompanied by a number of Glasgow friends, visited that interesting town, and thus introduced the Order into Ireland. They left for Belfast in the steamship *Racoon*. The night was wild and stormy—it was the night the ill-fated *Cambria* sank just off the Irish coast—and will never be forgotten by the friends who crossed the Channel. Most of them suffered from sea-sickness, and they presented a very poor and woe-begone appearance when they arrived at Belfast; but the kind and hearty welcome given them by Messrs. Wright, Pyper, and others, soon made them forget the trials and sufferings of the voyage. Before leaving they were successful

in establishing two Lodges and initiating 102 members.

Bro. Walker was born at Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, and is an old advanced temperance reformer of thirty-three years' standing. He is a thorough prohibitionist, and does not believe in making any compromise with the liquor traffic. Seven years ago he came to Scotland as the agent of the Ayrshire Temperance Union, and labored in the County for three years with very great success, being much respected by all classes. Even the publicans themselves, although hating the truths he taught, respected him for his honesty of purpose. On leaving the County for Glasgow, he was presented with a gold watch and appendages, also a beautiful address, written upon embellished vellum, and a small purse of sovereigns. As a temperance advocate he is eloquent and impressive, his lectures being of the argumentative kind. At the Annual Grand Lodge meeting in May, he was re-elected G.W.C.T. amidst much applause, and without a dissenting voice; and at the Session of 1872 his name was the only one proposed for that distinguished honor, and he was a third time unanimously chosen as the Head of the Order in Scotland.—*The Templar Annual for 1873.*

Things Notable.

It has been finally decided that the Annual Session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars shall be held in London, commencing on the 27th of next month. This will be an event of no ordinary importance to the temperance cause in general and to our Order in particular. Active preparations are going forward to give the members of the Lodge a suitable reception in the metropolis. We hope some of the prominent American brethren will visit Ireland before returning home.

As stated in our last, the Second Reading of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Bill is fixed for the 7th of next month. We beg strongly to urge upon all Lodges and members of our Order, and upon supporters of the Permissive Bill generally, the great importance of sending memorials and letters to their respective Representatives in the House of Commons, earnestly requesting them to vote for the Second Reading of the Bill, so that the division on the measure this year may be a correct index of the progress of temperance sentiment in the community. The Lodges will receive private instructions to unite in a simultaneous petitioning effort in connexion with our Order throughout the United Kingdom, which we

sincerely trust will be promptly and strictly attended to by every Lodge in Ireland. As we stated last month, the Second Reading of Sir Dominic Corrigan's Sunday Closing Bill for Ireland is fixed for 9th July, so that there will be time to petition in support of it after the trial of strength between the friends of sobriety and the Licensed Victuallers on 7th May.

The Annual Meetings of the Irish Temperance League are to be held in Belfast on the 16th and 17th instant. On one of the evenings will be held the Anniversary Soiree, and on the other the Annual Permissive Bill Meeting. We would earnestly commend all our Lodges and members, as far as they may be able, to assist in making the anniversary a grand success, seeing the object in view is precisely what we as an Order are by obligation banded together to promote. Several eminent temperance advocates from England and Scotland are expected to be present, including G.W.C.T. Walker, whose portrait and biographical sketch we this month present to our readers.

We are rejoiced to learn that General the Hon. Neal Dow is on his passage across the Atlantic to favor these islands with another visit, and, under

the auspices of the United Kingdom Alliance, to give the aid of his powerful advocacy for a short period to our national prohibitory movement. The visit of the foremost prohibitionist of the age, the renowned author of the Maine Liquor Law, will be specially opportune at the present juncture.

At a Good Templar and Temperance Demonstration held on 7th February, in the Spitalfields' Wesleyan Chapel, London, the chair was occupied by Mr. F. N. Charrington, late member of the firm of Charrington, Head, & Co., of the Mile-end Brewery. He stated amid loud cheers that the Lord had opened his eyes to see the wickedness of remaining connected with a traffic that was annually sending thousands to hell. He had therefore given up the accursed traffic, and he asked his hearers to pray that he might be enabled to induce others to do the same. This is a hopeful sign of the times.

The temperance cause has sustained a loss of no ordinary kind in the death of Mr. James Haughton, J.P., of Dublin, on 20th February, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. We believe Mr. Haughton has left no man behind him in Ireland who has so long supported every phase of the temperance movement with equal earnestness, intelligence, consistency, and success. It might truly have been said that the metropolis of our green isle was in mourning on the morning of 24th February, when the remains of the lamented philanthropist were followed along its streets to their long resting-place by an immense concourse of all classes of the community, from the Lord Mayor in his state chariot to tearful-eyed citizens of the humblest grade. The call to his fellow-laborers left behind is—"Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

We are highly gratified to observe that in many parts of the United Kingdom the Communion Wine Question is receiving increased attention by churches and temperance societies. This is particularly the case in some influential towns and

cities from which as centres of influence the movement will soon spread to surrounding districts. In Edinburgh, for instance, this question has for some time past received more attention than, perhaps, any other phase of the temperance movement. The progress of the agitation has attracted the serious attention of several wine merchants, such as Messrs. W. & A. Gilbey, and Messrs. F. Wyndham & Co. The former gentlemen have issued a circular to clergymen, stating that they are prepared to supply unfermented wines, "the pure juice of the grape, unfermented, and that, notwithstanding their great body and lusciousness, they contain so small a quantity of spirit as to be admitted into this country at the lowest rate of duty." But those who are seeking an ecclesiastical reform in this matter do not want wine containing any spirit at all, nor on which any duty whatever has to be paid. They want a complete separation between the Church of Christ and the hell-born liquor traffic. Anything short of this would be only mockery in their esteem. Nevertheless it is interesting to find wine merchants of the Messrs. Gibeys' standing informing the clergy of the United Kingdom that they are prepared to furnish any quantity of "unfermented wine," an article which so many have hitherto believed it to be impossible to preserve. In a correspondence with the Rev. Dawson Burns, M.A., published in the *Alliance News* of 8th March, they describe their mode of preserving it. The issuing of their circular also shows the extent of the growing demand they wish to supply, but which, thank God, alcoholic (poisonous) wine can never satisfy. Messrs Wyndham & Co. say the wine they are prepared to furnish contains hardly any spirit to speak of. Dr. Lees, in a letter in the *Alliance News* of 22d March, wonders what the clergy would say if Mr. Frank Wright would announce to them that his Sacramental Wine contains "hardly any antimony to speak of!" They would at once see the unfitness of such wine to symbolize the life-giving blood; and yet it would be quite as appropriate as alcoholic wine.

Rev. James Heron on Good Templarism.—No. 4.

BY BRO. A. H. H. M'MURTRY, M.D., G.W.T.

MANY of the objections to which I have now briefly to reply show, still more clearly than those already noticed, to what desperate straits their author was reduced in order to bolster up his case against Good Templarism. For instance, Mr. Heron thinks the Order must stand condemned "in the eyes of a simple [I should say, a

very simple] Christian man," because "its inevitable tendency is to alienate its members [that is, I presume, *all* its members] from the Christian Church, and to lead them to make it their religion [now, fancy a man making an *Order* or a *Society* his religion!]; to weaken home ties and displace them by others, and to draw its disciples

away from the home and the duties appertaining to it." He gets rid of the trouble of proving this astounding declaration by "appealing to every candid and unprejudiced reader if this is not the history of every secret society he knows of"—and therefore necessarily of the Good Templar Order as well! These statements of Mr. Heron's are not more opposed to good English and sound logic than to common sense and common experience. I appeal to every intelligent, as well as "candid and unprejudiced reader," does he believe that the "inevitable tendency" of a Society which is, pre-eminently in its principles, teaching, and objects, and very largely in its membership, a religious Society—which exists for the express purpose of destroying that which is the worst enemy of both the Church and the home—"is to alienate its disciples from" either the one or the other? Must not Mr. Heron have been hard pressed for an argument, or suffering from a severe attack of "supposition on the brain," when he resorted to so violent a stretch of imagination as this? The baseless assumption of the U. P. Church of America (to whose "Declaration" against secret Societies he seems to be indebted for most of his objections to Good Templarism) that the Order "draws persons away from the duties of the family and the sanctuary," is not sufficient ground on which to found a charge involving the religious character and conduct of thousands of Christian people. Let Mr. Heron produce his proofs that those ministers and members of the Church who have joined the Order have thereby become less devoted adherents of, and less earnest workers in, the cause of religion than they were formerly—that, by praying each night in their Lodges that God would "accompany them to their several homes, and keep them and all their loved ones there ever under the shadow of His wings," they have become less fond of their own firesides, and less loving and dutiful members of their respective family circles; and for every one such case which he may find I will undertake to find fifty cases of men whose attendance on the ordinances of religion has revived or improved, and whose homes have been made peaceful, comfortable, and happy, in consequence of their becoming Good Templars. It may be that an individual, here and there, with more zeal than knowledge, but with terrible reason for his earnestness, may have over-estimated the importance of the Good Templar movement; but to make this a charge against Good Templarism is as unjust as to say that the inevitable tendency of Presbyterianism, Methodism, &c., is "to weaken home ties," because some ignorant zealots of the

Presbyterian and Methodist Churches have neglected their families on the plea of advancing the interests of religion. I would remind Mr. Heron, moreover, that there are other duties besides, and not less incumbent upon us than, those of "the family and the sanctuary," and attention to the former does not necessarily imply neglect of the latter, while attention to the latter is, with many, too often an excuse for neglect of the former.

No statement of Mr. Heron's is more unfounded or more clearly demonstrates the folly of expressing strong opinions in ignorance of the facts, than that "the Order appeals, not to the reason and conscience, but to the vanity of human nature." I just reverse it, and affirm that the Order appeals, not to the vanity (as I have attempted to show in a former paper), but to the reason and the conscience of men. The entire teaching of the Order is one series of solemn, earnest, and most impressive appeals, in language which, for splendid diction and pure and noblesentiment, could hardly be excelled in the whole range of English literature, to the reason and the conscience—the head and the heart of every member. The founders of the Order had observed that "the instability of the temperance reform in times past" was owing to this very fact, that "the heart, the judgment, the reason of many of its adherents were not satisfied of its importance," and therefore they have provided for the members "such instruction," drawn from Scripture, Science, and Experience, "as adds strength to their resolution," and supplies them with "Heaven-approved reasons" for the course they have taken.

According to Mr. Heron, the Good Templar Order "infringes the teachings of revelation, and violates the laws under which God has laid the family," by "stepping in between the parent and the child, and binding the latter to secreties which he must not disclose to the former." Now, in the first place, the Order assumes, unless it has evidence to the contrary, that all young persons joining it do so with the consent and approval of their parents or other guardians. This being so, their parents or guardians cannot justly or honorably, and most probably will not, require them to violate any of its laws. In the second place, if a candidate bind himself to secreties without the approval of his parents, the fault, whatever it be, is the candidate's, not the Order's. Thirdly, I defy Mr. Heron to prove that the Order, either in its Rules or Usages, sanctions the initiation of candidates against the known wishes of their parents, or dictates to, or interferes with, the latter in the exercise of their parental authority. Fourthly, the Order inculcates on its members

the duty of obedience to parents. Fifthly, it assures all candidates, before and, again, after admission to the Lodge-room, that they shall not be required to promise anything which would be "inconsistent with their duties arising from *any of the relations of life*." Lastly, it does not bind its members to absolute and unconditional secrecy, but only to "not reveal any of the private work or business of the Order, to *any one not entitled to know the same*." How this is "a subtle and deadly blow at the confidential relations that should characterize the home," I think "every candid and unprejudiced reader" will be puzzled to understand.

A similar reply may be made to Mr. Heron's far-fetched objection that the "Good Templar brotherhood must sometimes bring its members into open conflict with the claims of Christ and country," by preventing, say, a British Good Templar soldier from killing a Good Templar soldier of an enemy's army! It would have considerably weakened the force of this objection if Mr. Heron had told his readers—what he himself knew—that the Order expressly guards against requiring of any member anything which would "conflict with his duties as a citizen or a Christian." And yet our critic professes to be "candid and fair!"

And these provisions regarding non-interference with the civil and religious duties of the members afford a reply to still another objection of Mr. Heron's—namely, that the promise to keep secret the private business of the Order is lifelong. If it be at all supposable that a time may come when some member shall consider it his "duty as a citizen or a Christian" to reveal that business to some person or persons "entitled to know the same," he will be perfectly free to do so; but until that time come, he is bound by his promise. As to the promise of "obedience to the Laws, Rules, and Usages of the Order," a little unbiassed reflection would have saved Mr. Heron from the very erroneous interpretation he has put upon it. For, although it is printed as part of the lifelong obligation, the Constitution shows that membership in the Order may terminate at any time. Mr. Heron might have known, also, that no Society, not composed of the most consummate fools, would be so stupid as to exact or expect from any candidate a promise of lifelong obedience to its Rules, whether he should remain a member of it or not. And yet, in spite of the plainest declarations of the Good Templar Constitution and of common sense (to the former of which, at least, he had access), Mr. Heron has told the public some dozen times in his pamphlet

that the Order binds its members to a lifelong obedience to its Laws!

Mr. Heron says, "For a man to take a pledge even to total abstinence of lifelong duration is unwise and unjustifiable," because "it is possible that a man might, on the most conscientious grounds, come to change his views even with reference to total abstinence." Now, the question is, does a change of views, however conscientious (if the idea of conscientiousness be admissible in such a case), regarding intoxicating (poisonous) liquors without any change in the intoxicating (poisonous) liquors themselves, and without any change in the laws established by the Creator for regulating the relation of the human body to such liquors, justify a man in ceasing to be a total abstainer? That alcohol is "always an irritant always an enemy, a poison," that its use in beverages is therefore always injurious, always a violation of "the law of God written in the body," and that total abstinence from it is and ever shall be an absolute moral duty, are the initial and fundamental principles of the temperance reformation. If Mr. Heron be ignorant of these truths he has yet to learn the very A B C of the temperance question. If he admits that they *are* truths, and yet argues that a man may innocently disregard them, if he only do so "on conscientious grounds," then he also argues that "a conscientious change of views" regarding "total abstinence" from appropriating other people's property, from taking other people's lives, or from having two or more wives at one time, justifies theft, murder, or polygamy! Mr. Heron himself says that "total abstinence is a part of Christianity, enforced by Paul upon *all* Christians," and yet he believes that this "part of Christianity" may change into something the very opposite, on a mere "conscientious change of views regarding it!"—a most convenient way, certainly, of getting rid of unpopular or disagreeable duties!

The Good Templar Order "pledges its members to secrecy," [*sic*] and has signs, passwords, tests, and the like." Therefore, says Mr. Heron, not the Good Templar Order, but "Good Templarism is in the *worst* sense of the word a *Secret Society*." That is, an Order (for it is the *Order* he means, not the *ism*), whose officers and members, times and places of meeting, policy, principles, and objects are made known to the public, and which is admittedly one of the most patriotic of modern institutions, is a secret Society, and that not only of a bad kind, but of the *worst* kind—to be classed with the Fenian Brotherhood, the Ribbon Society, and the International—because it does not admit everybody to all its meetings, nor make known to

everybody all its proceedings! Most readers will be curious to know how Mr. Heron prevents the inference that his own Kirk Session, the Privy Council, every Banking Company, and various other associations, are "in the *worst* sense of the word secret Societies," for these all require their members to keep secret their "private work or business" just as truly as the Good Templar Order does—the only difference between them and it being in the mode of securing secrecy. This is how he does it—not by condemning secrecy as essentially sinful (for that would be condemning himself), but as sinful when it is adopted "merely to throw a charm around the system," and when "there is no real and sufficient reason for it." Now, I reply that the secrecy of the Good Templar Order is *not* intended "merely to throw a charm around the system," and that, even if it were, Mr. Heron has failed to prove that "the charm and spell that mystery ever has for the human mind" may not be as legitimately employed in promotion of temperance as in promotion of knowledge. For example, if the "charm and spell of mystery" are found to operate beneficially in keeping or rescuing men from under the circean spell of the siren, Alcohol, why not use them for that purpose? "The charm and spell of mystery," like the "charm and spell" of music, painting, eloquence, or of anything else that has an attraction for the human mind, are good or bad, not in themselves, but according to the use that is made of them. It is just as irrational to condemn the Good Templar Order for employing secrecy in promotion of the physical, moral, and religious well-being of man, because other Societies have employed it for wicked purposes, as it would be to condemn the Church for making use of eloquence and music as means to a good end, because the world frequently makes use of them as means to accomplish very bad ends. With regard to Mr. Heron's second objection to our secrecy—namely, that "there is no real and sufficient reason for it," I reply that he is quite at liberty to form an opinion as to what constitutes a "real and sufficient reason for it," but he will be good enough to allow to us the same privilege.

Mr. Heron's objection, that the Order employs, to promote its objects, other means besides those "derived from the Scripturality and excellence" of those objects, has been partly answered above. If the means are not wrong in themselves, the fact that they do not directly arise out of "the Scripturality and excellence" of the objects in behalf of which they are employed does not make it wrong to employ them. We are constantly using other arguments to induce men to do right

besides those derivable from the "Scripturality and excellence" of doing right. I am sure Mr. Heron has no scruple about promoting the attendance of children at his Sabbath-school by means of premiums, soirees, and summer excursions, with banners and music; or about promoting the attendance of his people at Church by making his meeting-house comfortable and attractive; or about promoting the sale of Bibles and other religious literature by means of illustrations and ornamental binding. And yet these means, employed for good objects, are not derivable from the "Scripturality and excellence" of those objects. Why then object to a similar line of procedure in the promotion of total abstinence and prohibition?

Mr. Heron grossly misrepresents the Order when he calls it "a gigantic ritualistic system," whose Lodges "will soon blind their members to the evils of a ritualistic Church, and prepare them for a full-blown ritualistic worship." Because our Society has prescribed, in a book called the Ritual, certain forms for opening and closing Lodge meetings, and for initiating candidates; and because it requires everything to be done decently and in order; therefore it is "a gigantic ritualistic system"—for it is on what he calls the "Cereemonialism" of the Order that he bases his opinion as to its ritualistic character. It is the first time I ever heard that form and ceremony in conducting the business of a temperance or any other Society are sinful! And indeed I am rather inclined to doubt it, notwithstanding the *dictum* of Mr. Heron; for I find a considerable amount of this same "Cereemonialism" in the Ordination, Installation, Baptismal, and other services of his own Church. Seeing that the notion that Good Templarism will promote the spread of ritualism in this country is not warranted by the history of the Order in America, where it has existed for twenty-two years, I can only regard it as the production of Mr. Heron's somewhat fertile but ill-governed imagination.

One word will dispose of the "Declaration of the U. P. Church of North America" which Mr. Heron has quoted at the end of his last article, by way of extinguishing us completely. That "Declaration" has reference to "Associations which impose upon their members an obligation to obey a code of unknown laws." The Good Templar Order is not one of those Associations, for not only its Laws, but its principles, policy, and objects are open to the world. There!

I have now examined all those alleged evils which Mr. Heron believes sufficient to condemn Good Templarism "in the eyes of a simple

Christian man," and I think I have shown them either to have no existence at all or to be much less important than he has represented. I just wish now, before closing, to point out the grave injustice which he has done the Order in the way he has gone about his inquiry. He had been "for some time suspending judgment on the merits of Good Templarism, and waiting earnestly for more light respecting it," when a little book, entitled, *The Constitutions of the Grand and Subordinate Lodges, and Odes of the Independent Order of Good Templars*, fell into his hands. This he "perused with no small degree of interest," and, after doing so, he sat down and wrote what he naïvely calls a "candid, calm, and fair examination of the system," but what I regard as a most unfair and unworthy attack on a Society which deserves the support of all good citizens and Christian people. Here was a blunder, or something worse, at the very outset. All fair critics would have acknowledged that a book of Rules and Regulations regarding the jurisdiction, membership, sessions, officers, committees, revenue, discipline, &c., of the Lodges, was not a sufficient nor even a good authority for any one who was "earnestly seeking for light respecting the merits of Good Templarism" to consult. But Mr. Heron is not a fair critic. He has ignored and reversed the rule laid down by

Divine wisdom—"By their *fruits* ye shall know them; a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." He not only does not examine the *fruit*, that he may ascertain the nature and value of the *tree*; but he examines the form and structure of the tree, the arrangement of its branches, and the shape of its leaves, and on the information thus obtained he establishes a theory as to the kind of *fruit* the tree must some day or other bring forth! He does not once hint at the questions. What are, not the theoretical, but the *actual fruits* of Good Templarism? Is it reclaiming the fallen? Is it saving others from falling? Is it fulfilling as rapidly as can be reasonably expected its proper mission? These are questions which Mr. Heron has carefully shunned, and yet he says he has "gone to the root and centre of the matter," and announces this as his finding: "It is with great regret and great reluctance that, with our present light, we find ourselves obliged to pronounce unfavorably with reference to the Order." What is such an opinion worth, seeing that it rests on so insufficient a basis? And how much is such an opinion to be suspected, when we consider that the publicans, and, in all probability, the devil himself, if asked for *their* opinion, would say, "We entirely agree with Mr. Heron!"

Extreme Views.

BY SISTER A. J. C., LONDONDERRY.

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight."

THE truth of these lines almost every day's experience proves. Sudden flight is seldom the law of progress. Step by step, little by little, eminences are gained. Obstacles are to be met, difficulties are to be conquered, opposition is to be overcome, and, harder than all, old prejudices are to be struggled against; so that, generally speaking, upward progress is slow work indeed. To step in advance of the world's current opinions, to take our place in a "miserable minority" in the defence of an unpopular theory, is to bring down upon us a storm of ridicule and misconception, and to expose ourselves to the imputation of fanaticism or of ridiculous assumption of superior wisdom. It is not an easy task to be pioneers in the discovery of truth. Those who venture to be so must gird up the loins of their minds, and with stout heart, unflinching energy, and unwavering determination, to press on, fearless of the opinions of those who watch their

course. Perhaps in few things is this truth more fully evinced than in the progress of Total Abstinence. The position now held by well-informed abstainers was not attained at a bound. Step by step they have gained it, little by little the truth has dawned upon them, and following its leadings, they have now reached a platform which a few years ago it would have been deemed madness to attempt to occupy, and which, even yet, is only maintained by Christian heroism, and Christian zeal; for still we see the finger of scorn and the pitying sneer aimed at those who pioneer our cause, and who dare to be "extreme."

That total abstinence views have been gradually expanding and developing, we have only to look back a few years to prove. The old temperance school confined its lessons to abstinence from distilled liquors, but it required no long time to evidence the inadequacy of its teaching, and to demonstrate the necessity of abandoning alcoholic beverages in every form. Yet even after this broad principle was arrived at, total abstainers had still much to learn, and many of them have

been very slow in the reception of temperance truth. Expediency was for a long time the highest ground occupied by the majority of abstainers. "Because of the abuse, Christians should deny themselves the use" was the teaching; not that the use is, in itself, morally and intrinsically wrong. To assert the latter provoked a smile, to say that the Bible is a Total Abstinence Book was deemed folly, and to insist that fermented wine is no fitting emblem of our Saviour's blood was considered little less than sacrilege. Time and effort have, however, wrought many changes in these respects. One is not now thought quite a fool who advocates these opinions; nor is their discussion deemed unworthy some degree of attention. Yet it is amazing how strong is the prejudice with which they are still regarded even by some total abstainers. Indeed, it is somewhat remarkable, that our enemies seem to see the point of our controversy better than do our cautious, hesitating friends. The inconsistency of those who denounce as a sin and a curse the use of alcohol and yet believe that it is countenanced in the Book of God; of those who would banish it from their own tables as a snare and a tempter, and yet give it an honored place on the Table of the Lord; this has been made the subject of laughter and scorn by those who perceive what an argument it is against our entire cause. It is indeed the false position so long occupied in this matter which has been a great hindrance to our success, and we doubt not could all abstainers be convinced of their inconsistency on this point, and be led to take the higher stand now held and so vigorously defended, by those who have most thoroughly examined the subject, it would soon be seen that total abstinence would win unprecedented victories, and become a power in the land, mighty to the removal of Ireland's greatest curse, to the overthrow of Ireland's direst enemy. Yet how very often do we hear it said, "This injudicious advocacy of extreme views is ruining our cause. Why should this Bible ground be always insisted upon? What matter is it on what principle men abstain, if so be they are led to do so?" And again, "Why raise a question in the Church about fermented or unfermented wine? What difference can it make? The little drop partaken of there can harm no one. It is exceedingly foolish to disturb the peace of the Church about a matter of so little moment." And how frequently do we hear it asserted that our leaders are losing their influence and becoming unpopular, owing to the decided stand they take upon this question? It is not always, as we said before, by enemies, but sometimes by friends, that

these objections are raised, and in a friendly spirit we refer to them, and offer some reasons for attaching great importance to the views deemed objectionable.

It is frequently remarked that, in these days, there is so little distinction between the Church and the world that it is often hard to say who belongs to either. Much of this, no doubt, is owing to the sinful conformity of the Church to worldly usages, yet the cause is not all on one side. The power of pure evangelical religion has done much to raise the world's standard of morality; the Church has had an elevating influence even over those not within its pale; and Bible teaching possesses a strange authority, from which none can wholly escape, however they may affect to dispise it. Let it be distinctly understood that the Bible and the Church are on one side of a question and the world on the other, and it is wonderful what a power is at once given to the side of truth. Worldly people begin to be ashamed of their position. Few, but the down-rightly wicked would care to be known as belonging to a cause to which everything good and sacred stood in opposition. This being the case, it can never be a matter of trifling moment as to which side the Bible is on in any question, and upon this ground we believe that the total abstinence cause has suffered sadly through the compromising teaching of its advocates, through Bible ground being avoided, and a sacred place being given to the accursed thing. Suppose ye that it would not now be a mighty power in the earth, moulding the world's opinions and swaying our national legislature, were it generally understood that the Bible is on its side, that the Church admits no one to its membership, who buys or sells, who gives or takes, this soul-destroying poison. If then Bible support be so important, can there be too much prominence given to the discussion of the Bible Wine question? We think not. Abstainers must get right on this matter, before they can expect their cause to prosper. The Church must get right on this matter, and cast out the Achan from its midst, before victory can be given to its banners.

Bible ground is the only sure foundation for any cause; if this be not maintainable ultimate success cannot be ours. The basis of action can never be unimportant, for on it the durability of action depends. So while we are glad to find men abstaining on any grounds, we certainly have more faith in their perseverance when we find this abstinence the result of enlightened views. Nor can we, by any means, deem it a trifling matter as to what sort of wine we use in the ordinance of

the Lord's Supper. Even granting that it is probable that the little partaken of there can do no harm (though contrary instances can be adduced) yet is it not plain that a most important principle is involved? If alcoholic wine be fit for the Lord's Table, on what pretext can we banish it from ours? "Wine is a mocker," saith the Scripture; can this mocker be an emblem of our Lord's blood? "It biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder;" can this typify the outpoured life of Him who came to crush underfoot the Old Serpent, whose deadly sting is in this very cup? "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink;" can it be fitting to pass it from lip to lip as a pledge of our loyalty to Him who pronounces this terrible "woe." This cannot be a matter of slight consequence, for if alcohol be the enemy of God, as it daily proves itself; if it be the emissary of Satan, as millions of ruined souls could attest; if it be the curse of society, the bane of our country, the prolific source of crime, misery, and death, it cannot be the emblem of that blood, by whose mighty power that sin, death, and the curse will yet be removed from our regenerated humanity.

We enter not into the discussion of this question in its details; we merely appeal on its behalf for a fair hearing; we wish to urge the study of the subject on all who sincerely desire to know the truth; and we would plead with those who differ from us, not lightly to ignore this matter, not hastily to condemn those who see its importance, and who press it on the attention of others. We believe the Mosaic Law prohibiting "ferment" in all appertaining to the Passover is on our side. We believe the entire scope of Bible teaching is on our side. We believe the example of the Lord Jesus is on our side. Yet knowing, as we do, that thousands of really good, earnest people differ from us, we state not our belief dogmatically. We only invite a full and fair discussion of the question. The numerous books now published on the subject give us means, and our Good Templar Lodge meetings afford us opportunities, for examining the question, such as we never had before. Let these advantages be embraced, in obedience to the command, "Search the Scriptures," with an earnest desire to know and obey the truth, and we have no doubt as to the result.

The Argument from Expediency.

BY BRO. JAMES PYPER, M.A., BELFAST.

AT the present stage of the temperance movement, the argument from expediency is comparatively powerless. However useful it may have been during earlier reformation days, when men were but feeling their way after temperance truth, it must now be admitted that it has failed to secure the adhesion of the majority even of Christians, and that it must give place to other and more effective weapons. Supposing it could be occasionally used with success, he who employs it now would seem to act as irrationally as the modern soldier who would insist upon using on the battlefield the firearms of a hundred years ago in preference to the chassepot or needle-gun: or to vary the simile, as he who would prefer to travel long journeys by the old stage coach, when he might press into his service the modern locomotive with its numerous advantages.

Those who take what is called higher ground in fighting the temperance battle, while they in no way count controversy, especially with temperance friends who are opposing the common foe, yet in what they know to be the interests of true reform, are in duty bound to call attention to what is manifestly inconsistent in the teaching of those who still cling to the argument from expediency. Those who thus seek to consolidate our basis of operation are not our enemies, but our truest

friends, not a cause of weakness in the camp, but of strength. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend" is the teaching of wisdom, although honest but timid minds sometimes teach differently. That expediency advocates do not see the inefficiency of their "argument" is cause of no little surprise to many. How small the number they can point to that have been made converts to total abstinence by it, and how much smaller still that are retained in our ranks through its influence!

The only consistent ground for expediency advocates to take, as I apprehend, is that taken by a writer in last month's *Evangelical Witness*—namely, that alcoholic drinks are in themselves good for ordinary use, that they are "allowable," and that it is only the circumstances in which we may be placed that can necessitate their disuse. It has been recently said by another representative writer that "perhaps there may come a time—say, in the millenium—when men may be left to drink what and how they like without any danger of intemperance." This kind of teaching regarding the nature of intoxicating drinks I hold to be exceedingly dangerous. This, and this alone, induces me to call attention to what I consider the unsatisfactory nature of the doctrine. And as I have no desire to criticise adversely those

who are recognised friends and faithful advocates of the temperance cause, I shall do no more than notice one or two of the points wherein their position, as advanced by the writer from whom I have quoted, is unsound. Alcoholic drinks in all times and climes have given only too abundant proof that their use, whether in large or small quantities, is injurious to man. It is admitted that "they might possibly do ourselves, and, in fact, do to others, incalculable injury." Why "might"? Are we only to adjudge their effects bad when they become so glaring that they cannot be concealed from ourselves, our own family circle, or even the outside world? Alcohol is not a food, as has been conclusively shown by the experiments of Liebig, Lallemand, Perrin, Duroy, and others. It neither gives heat nor strength to the human system. On the contrary, it is admitted by scientific men to be a narcotico-acrid poison; and all poisons are injurious to the body in health. The testimony regarding alcohol arrived at by all experimentalists has just been given in a work recently issued, which is as follows:—1. "That as a diet, alcohol is not only valueless, but most dangerous and injurious. 2. That its action upon the body is uniformly that of a poison. 3. That the direction of this action is *always the same*, the intensity of the action only being regulated by the amount consumed. 4. That it is not food in any usual sense, as nourishing the structures, or increasing the temperature of the body."

So much for the past. As to the hypothesis that alcohol or any other poison may, perchance, lose its pernicious properties, and, like the lion, become innocuous during the millennial period, I cannot think that anyone on reflection could seriously entertain it. The properties of all matter, alcohol and man's physical constitution included, will not, we presume, be materially affected by whatever changes may then transpire. Alcohol is an enemy to man's constitution; and religion will not save a man from the consequences of the violation of physical law, which the partaking of alcoholic drinks undoubtedly is. I put my hand into the fire and I am burned, whether I be a Christian or a fire-worshipper. It is, therefore, more than expedient, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, for me to abstain from an act which would be sure to injure me—it is absolutely imperative.

Paul's principle that Christians should abstain from certain meat, as flesh offered to idols—in itself not injurious, but useful—because its use gave offence to others, is, of course, accepted by every believer. But we must not misunderstand

Paul's teaching on this point. The Apostle of the Gentiles did not mean to say that the unenlightened conscience of a weak brother is permanently to regulate the Christian's life. "The free use of all God's good gifts, with bold conscience, is to be the law of Christian living, the daily practice and habit of the life. Voluntary abstinence, forbearance in the use of the freedom, is demanded of us by a yet higher law, the law of Christian charity, the charity which has Christ for its model and inspiration; but only where we find that it will be helpful to a weak brother in our personal intercourse with and influence over him. That Paul did not adopt this as his rule of living seems quite indisputable." Because "the adoption of a rule of abstinence, in permanent deference to weak consciences, would simply transfer to the weak the regulation of the order of human life and the progress of the world. The pace of progress would thus be permanently adjusted to the strength of the weakest, instead of being so regulated as to stimulate and help the weakest to press on into the front line. The result would be a grievous impoverishment of moral and mental power; and Christianity, instead of being the power of God unto salvation, would be the instrument of decline, and a ministry of death."

But if it is our duty to abstain for a time for the sake of ignorant brethren (while we proceed to instruct them in the truth as Paul did) from what would do no harm under ordinary circumstances, how much more emphatically are we bound to abstain from what science and experience demonstrate to be injurious? This being so, the expediency of abstaining from intoxicants (poisons) is different at least from the expediency recommended by Paul. The "all things" that "are lawful" cannot possibly include what must necessarily injure us. Had not this lie, that the partaking of alcohol in moderate quantities is not injurious, been so long propagated, our country would not groan, as she now does, under the cruel heel of the destroyer. The remedy for every "ill to which flesh is heir" is the truth. The great Teacher, Himself the Truth, has said—"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." We differ then from the expediency school, who think their conclusion is "firmer" than ours. The superstructure raised upon the rock, although it may be narrow, will brave the storm, when that reared upon the shifting sand, no matter how "broad," will have tottered to its foundation.

But expediency advocates are not only behind the age in this matter, they are behind themselves. The writer I have alluded to says—"It is impor-

tant to remember that vital statistics have already established that the total abstainer usually outlives the rest of the population, and thereby prove that, as a dietetic agent, intoxicating drink *ought not to be used*. The conductors of Life Assurance Societies act on these data, by giving a preference to abstainers, and the difference in favor of the abstainer is quite marked." These facts prove to

a certainty, that the use of alcohol in health is not merely dangerous but *positively injurious*. They fully support what I have said regarding it. The expediency "argument," therefore, however comforting it may be to the so-called moderate drinker, is, in my opinion, both inconsistent and illogical.

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE AND INFLUENZA CURED BY BRANDY.

THE time ran on almost unheeded at the Lake House, Mrs. Lutton busy with household cares, and the children growing in the knowledge that is derived from books, and in the wisdom which all (who do learn it) must learn for themselves. Mr. Lutton left the farm to the management of his man-servant, and employed himself principally in boat building and rowing on the lake. Immediately before he purchased the Lake farm, he had discovered that there was a wide creek between two of the rocks overhanging one portion of the lake, to which the water—unless when greatly swollen—never came within several yards. He widened the opening by blasting, and having, with great trouble, and a good deal of expense, contrived to throw a roof of arched mason-work over it, he turned the subterraneous apartment thus formed to the double purpose of boat-house and workshop. And here, while the children were at school, he would spend hours with his tools; but he kept the door locked and never allowed anyone to see his work till he had produced it finished. Mrs. Bellamy told Mrs. Lutton that she should admonish him for wasting his time, but the true wife could see no enormity in it; men must have some employment, she said, and boat-making was only to him, what book-making was to some, and picture-making to others. And when he called her in triumph one day to see the fourth boat made by his own hands, lying in its fresh green paint, among its fellows, she looked as pleased, and praised his handiwork as highly as if it was something really great he had accomplished. At length, when Miriam was more than eleven years old, she was taken from school. Her mother was not strong, and required her at home. She was nearly grown up at this time, a head taller than her mother, with erect figure, high nose, and the same black hair and eyes that had, even in infancy, given her beauty a foreign type. Mrs. Lutton was evidently very frail and weak, yet she was constantly sewing. Busy as Miriam was, trying to take her mother's place in the household, she could not but note that fact, and feel somewhat aggrieved that she should try to keep the event that was to be, a secret from her. "Motherhood is holy, and not a thing to be ashamed of," the girl thought, and a strange, new joy almost like the mother's own, filled her being, as she thought of what was coming, at such an unlooked-for season.

One night, feeling weaker than usual, Mrs. Lutton had gone to bed. It was Christmas Eve, not a merry one with stars shining in the sky, and crisp white frost sparkling on the earth, but a wild dreary night, in which the wind moaned through the trees, and the waters of the lake plashed incessantly against the battery, that, in spite of his ridicule of the idea of any encroachment on the part of the lough, Mr. Lutton had erected at the foot of the garden. Mr. Lutton was sitting in the parlor with his head leaning on his hand, while Christopher was busy with his book at the table. He had no time for idleness, for there was some talk of him entering college next session, and Mr. Nicholson was grinding him hard. Miriam was in her mother's room; the fire was choked with ashes, and the burnt wick of the candle was an inch long, but she thought her mother was sleeping, and would not move to poke the one, or snuff the other, lest she should disturb her. But when Mrs. Lutton called "Miriam, come here," she knew from her voice that she had been wide awake all the time. "Yes, dear," she answered, going to the bed. She had somehow got the habit of calling her mother "dear" when she was little, and the trick had stuck to her. "Sit down, Mira, I want to talk to you." And Miriam drew a chair close to the bed, and took her mother's hand in her own. "Miriam, I may die." The girl stifled a cry, for the possibility of such a dread contingency had struck herself, for the first time, but a few minutes before, and almost stunned her, and to hear her mother give it words was agony. "It may be God's will that I should die, and if I do you must take care of your father." That was a new idea to Miriam; she had taken care of her brother always, and latterly, in a way, of her mother also, but the thought of her strong, careless, cynical, yet fond father, requiring her care, had not often crossed her mind. "Yes, you must take care of him, Mrs. Lutton repeated, "for if I am taken there will be no one to understand him but you; and I am going to tell you his story that you may know better how much he needs your love and care. When you and Christy were little I have more than once overheard you wondering why your father never read, and though you have grown accustomed to it, I suppose it still sometimes strikes you as strange. When I first knew him he was a Fellow of Trinity, he bore a high reputation for learning, not only in the college but outside its walls. He was no mere book-worm. You know how clever he still is in con-

versation, but you can have no idea how brilliant he was, when success and high hopes gave him high spirits, and before deceit and worldliness had embittered his life. There was not a drawing-room in the city where he was not gladly welcomed, and as my father took me a good deal into society I often met him. The Dublin people were very convivial at that time, and there was always a great deal of wine and punch drunk at the houses where we visited; but, though he was often excited, I never saw him what I would then have considered the worse of wine. I sometimes wonder now, how, with his temperament, and the seducing influences of the drinking customs of the day, he escaped the danger so long. The house where we met oftenest was that of Mr. Cantwell, a gentleman of good family and reduced fortune, who kept open-house for the sake of his only daughter, Harriet Cantwell and I were school-fellows, and, though there was not much sympathy between us, the similarity of our circumstances, both being only children, and both having early lost our mothers, made us keep up a good deal of intimacy, and a kind of friendship. She was a showy handsome girl, and I soon saw that your father was passionately fond of her. She felt flattered by his attentions, and encouraged them, but I knew from the first that she would never marry him, and that she meant to sell herself for money. She could not be quite insensible to his devotion—she would not have been a woman if she had—but though she liked him better than any man she knew, she had not learned the first alphabet of love, and had there not been a glamor over him he must have found it out. Many a time, after watching him gaze into her passionless blue eyes with a look that would have thrilled me to the heart's core, I longed to warn him that he was befooled, but the knowledge that I would not be unselfish in doing it, made me a coward, and sealed my lips. He was quick and impetuous in his wooing, as in other things, and she drew him on to the very last. One night there was a large party given at Mr. Cantwell's, and when the young people were dancing in one room and the old people playing cards and drinking in another, I missed Harriet and your father. They were gone about half an hour when I saw him come into the lower drawing-room alone. Oh, if you had seen his face! the passion and despair written on it nearly broke my heart. He did not return to the dancing-room, but sat down at a table where several old gentlemen were at their punch, and tossed off glass after glass. Many a man has lost his faith in God because of a woman's faithlessness, and I knew that he had lost his that night, and trembled for the consequences. No one but myself seemed to observe him, but I knew if he went on as he was doing he could not be long unnoticed, for it only needed drink to drive him to desperation. I went into the lower drawing-room, as if to speak to your grandfather, who sat near him, and as I passed I whispered to your father, 'For Heaven's sake, Mr. Lutton, take care.' 'Will you dance, Miss Arundel?' he asked, starting up from his seat and staggering up to me as I was moving away. He was better dancing than drinking, so I allowed him to lead me out, but I do not know how we got through the set, for my head was

swimming with agitation, and he was reeling. After a while Harriet came back to the ball-room, looking as if she had been crying, and no wonder, for Miles told me afterwards that he had cursed her to her face for her perfidy. As soon as she appeared a gentleman a good many years her senior went up to her and claimed her hand for the next dance. He was a wealthy man, and Harriet smiled sweetly on him, and your father saw it. He was maddened, and pulled me roughly into the set without asking would I join again or not. I saw Miss Cantwell's face flush with pain as he gripped her hand fiercely every time they were thrown together, and I saw her partner stare as he jostled against him. At first Mr. Seguin—he was your father's rival, Miriam, and Mrs. Seguin is Harriet Cantwell—seeing his condition, thought the rudeness was accidental, and did not resent it; but when he saw that he meant insult, he bade him beware, and then your father struck him in the face. Do not blame him, Miriam, for he was mad with drink, and did not know what he was doing. Mr. Seguin would have returned the blow, but I ran between them, and then the gentlemen interfered and got your father away quietly. Mr. Seguin demanded an apology, but he refused to make one, and when the college authorities called him to account for the outbreak, instead of excusing himself, he taunted them with drinking themselves, till they deprived him of his fellowship, and expelled him from the college. For several years after that he drank almost incessantly, and led a life that must have killed him had he not been gifted with an iron constitution at the first. At length he was thrown into prison for assaulting a constable, and while he was there I got your grandfather to take me to see him. I could not help weeping to find him fallen so low, and though he was very moody at first our sympathy touched him, and he asked us to come again. Your grandfather readily promised, for he had liked and admired him in prosperity, and he was not one lightly to give up a friend. He looked on me as a child, and never thought of any danger arising from those visits. Your father lay in prison for three months, and it did him good, for he was forced to be sober where no drink was allowed. The day he left it he promised me never to taste strong drink again if I would agree to be his wife, and I promised, for I trusted him. We had great difficulty in getting your grandfather to consent to our union, but before he died he gave us his blessing, and we were married at his bedside. My friends told me I was mad to run the risk, but I have never for one moment regretted what I did. With some men it would indeed have been a dangerous step, but I knew that when your father made a promise he would keep it, and he has. If I die there may be a danger of him forgetting, and I want you to take my place and keep him in mind of it when I am no longer here. Will you do it, Miriam?' 'Mother, I will.' 'You have been a great comfort to me, my daughter; whatever happens, always remember that. I think I will sleep now,' she said after a little, and Miriam tucked the clothes about her, and sat down again at the fire to pray for her mother's safety, and to ponder on what she had heard, and wonder if her father knew who lived

at the Grange when he came to Loughamore. She thought he did, and could in part understand the feeling that prompted him to show the woman whom he had learned to despise how happy he could be in the love of the one who had clung to him through obloquy and disgrace. She knew that Mrs. Seguin had not forgiven her old school-fellow for being more faithful than she had been herself, for when they met they never spoke, but Mr. Seguin always took off his hat to her mother, and she had seen him and her father nod to each other. How strange, she thought, that Miss Cantwell should be Philip Seguin's mother!

An hour afterwards Miles Lutton was thundering over the bridge and away to Ardrey through the storm and the darkness for Dr. Marks. For three hours Mrs. Lutton's life was despaired of, and her husband strode to and fro along the garden walk nearest the lake, struggling with the fierce agony that matched well with the fierceness of the night. The rain beat upon his uncovered head, but he heeded not; the waters of the lake, lashed to fury by the storm, lifted themselves above the barrier and dashed against his face, but he never felt it. As the lightning flared around him you might have seen him stop short and clench his hands, and then stride on again more furiously than ever; and had the wind lulled in one of those sudden pauses you would have heard him groan, "My precious wife! Oh! Norah, my argel wife!" At last a soft hand was laid upon his shoulder, and seeing no one in the darkness he whispered, "Norah, are you going?" "Father, she is better, and calling for you, and oh, it is such a beautiful baby!" Miriam's voice shouted in his ear, and then she laid her head upon his breast and sobbed for a little before they went into the house. Miriam had forced her way into her mother's room in spite of the shocked remonstrances of the nurse and the grave disapprobation of Dr. Marks. She said she had a right to be there, and maintained it till a boy with a face much liker an angel's than a new-born infant's usually is, made its appearance, and Mrs. Lutton found strength to whisper, "Miriam, your father." Dr. Marks allowed Mr. Lutton, as a great favor, to kiss his wife, and then finding how the storm had used him he ordered

him out of the room. When he went down to the parlor he found him still in his wet clothes, shivering violently, and a feverish flush upon his forehead. As there was neither nitre nor Dover's powders in the house, he administered hot brandy and water and sent him to bed, where he lay all night in a heavy stupor, and awakened next morning with pulse flying at railway speed, and his heart beating like a hammer. It was only a bad cold Mr. Lutton had, the doctor assured Mrs. Lutton, who was, in monthly-nurse parlance, "doing as well as could be expected." But it left him so weak that Mr. Marks thought it necessary to drug him with wine and brandy to bring him round. Had he known that his patient was once addicted to drink he would never have prescribed so dangerous a medicine, for he knew well how easily the old thirst may be revived even after years of abstinence; but he did not know, and Mr. Lutton was not likely to tell him. Miriam did make a faint protest, but the doctor only laughed at her, and she could neither tell him her reason for it nor endanger her mother's slow convalescence by introducing the agitating subject. Besides, it was not like drinking to take spirits as medicine, she thought, and the doctor knew best what her father needed. This was Mr. Lutton's own opinion, but that did not prevent him chaffing Dr. Marks on his prescription. "You will find no lack of patients if this is the medicine you order," he said in his ironical way. "I would not order it to everyone, but you are a safe subject," the doctor answered, little thinking how far he was from the truth, or why Mr. Lutton's brow grew dark, though he said jocularly, "I never lay three days in my life before, but I have a great mind to stick to it now that I find it so pleasant." "It will puzzle you to do it, for in spite of this attack, for which you have your own imprudence to thank, you have a splendid constitution." "You can easily remedy that; doctors, both political and medical, can undermine the finest constitution in the world when they give themselves to the work." "You could withstand the attacks even of a doctor," the other answered, humoring the grim jest, which in nowise offended him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Report of the G W C T

At the Adjourned Session of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, on 16th January, 1872.

OUR Grand Lodge has not been quite six months instituted. It will not be expected at this adjourned meeting that my Report for six months should be either lengthened, or formal in character. But a few facts about the progress of our Order in Ireland, will, I am sure, be interesting and encouraging, and a few words of counsel and direction will, I trust, be acceptable and useful.

Our Grand Lodge was instituted on 26th July, by Bro. Robt. Simpson, Grand Worthy Counsellor of Scotland, at the head of 53 Subordinate Lodges, and it is rather an interesting fact that our subordinate Lodges to-night are 116 in number, exactly double the number in existence at our first

meeting. This remarkable result, in so short a period, has not been attained without a considerable amount of hard work and anxiety of mind. During the six months I have delivered 60 lectures and addresses on Good Temperism, instituted 40 Lodges and Temples, paid 25 official visits to Lodges, held several public and innumerable private discussions in behalf of our Order, and was daily engaged in writing letters, answering questions on points of law and usage, or examining, correcting, and confirming Bye-laws of Lodges. As to the manner in which I have been enabled to discharge these duties, I must leave it to others to judge; but that I have gone through them in some form, together with other important duties, makes it evident that my hands

have been pretty full of temperance work during the past half-year.

In this arduous and sometimes oppressive work, I have received much valuable assistance from the Executive and other Officers of the Grand Lodge, the Lodge Deputies, and latterly the District Deputies. It affords me gratification of no ordinary kind, a gratification in which I have no doubt the Grand Lodge will participate, to state that I have been able to induce the following talented and zealous brethren to accept the position of Deputies in the following Districts:—

Bro. Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry, 74 Carlisle Street, for Belfast, North of High Street, Castle Street, and Falls Road; Bro. Rev. E. Thomas, Botanic Lodge, Friar's Bush Road, for remainder of Belfast and Ballymacarrett; Bro. H. J. Wright, 5 Lonsdale Street, Belfast, for County Antrim, exclusive of Belfast; Bro. Rev. D. H. M'Murtry, M.A., Newtownards, for County Down, exclusive of Ballymacarrett; Bro. Rev. W. Lovett, Portadown, for County Armagh; Bro. D. Crawford, Waterside, Derry, for Londonderry City and County; Bro. Rev. D. Gordon, the Manse, Sion Mills, for County Tyrone; Bro. R. Harper, Castlefin, for County Donegal; and Bro. Rev. J. Young, 46 Bayview Avenue, Dublin, for Dublin City and County. The co-operation of these brethren will very much lighten my work in their respective districts, and allow me to direct my efforts to other localities where our noble standard has not yet been planted; and as our cords lengthen into new regions, I shall endeavor, if possible, to secure the aid of other Deputies, equally efficient, and look forward to the happy time when there shall be families in every town, village, and hamlet in Ireland, in the enjoyment of the blessings which Good Templarism has brought into many a home in Belfast and other towns of Ulster.

I rejoice to report that on the whole the Order in Ireland is as peaceful as it is prosperous. I have received several appeals and charges from members and Lodges; but I feel gratified in stating that in every case, except one which is still pending, by visits and personal interviews, I have been successful in bringing the conflicting parties to a friendly agreement, without giving such legal decisions as would have given one party a triumph over another, and left unpleasant recollections behind. This result has been accomplished by always explaining the law upon the question at issue, removing misapprehensions and misunderstandings, and pointing out the evil of divisions

and the value of harmony. Some of yourselves have rendered me much assistance, which I gratefully acknowledge, in this department of my official duties.

The Press has generally been favorable to our Organization. Much has appeared in the newspapers in our favor, and very little against us. Our Excursion to Lurgan in July, and our Autumn Demonstration in the Belfast Botanic Gardens, received lengthened and friendly notices from nearly all the papers of Ulster, and the majority of them readily insert notices forwarded to them by secretaries, about soirees, public meetings, or the institution of Lodges. The *Londonderry Sentinel* of the 9th instant had a leading article on the Progress of our Order, so favorable that I could hardly wish to improve a sentence of it. But in this department we are still most indebted to the *Irish Temperance League Journal*, in whose columns there have appeared a monthly summary of the progress of our Order, and several able articles from various pens in advocacy of our cause.

Our Lodges are universally in favor of the prohibition of the Liquor Traffic, through the instrumentality of a Sunday Closing Bill, Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Bill, or any other reasonable measure. Their active support may be counted upon, when the proper time comes in behalf of any effective enactment to free our country from our great national curse.

In conclusion, I would respectfully counsel you never to allow a meeting of your respective Lodges to be held, without an earnest effort being made to impress the members with the greatness and goodness of the work in which we are engaged. Let us mutually endeavor to impart and imbibe that sentiment at this Grand Lodge Meeting, and carry it with us to our respective spheres. Our principles are true. The enemy with which we contend is the enemy of God and man. We are therefore right, and must in the long run win the day, no matter who in either ignorance or malice may oppose us—

"For blessed is he that can divine,

Where real right doth lie.

And dares to take the side that seems

Wrong to man's blind-fold eye.

For right is right, since God is God,

And right the day must win;

To doubt would be disloyalty,

To falter would be sin."

The Good Templar Elocutionist.

INTEMPERANCE.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. GUTHRIE.

I PRAY you, do not hate the drunkard; he hates himself. Do not despise him; he cannot sink so low in your opinion as he is sunk in his own. Your hatred and contempt may rivet, but will never rend his chains. Lend a kind hand to pluck him from the mire. With a strong hand shatter that bowl—remove the temptations which, while he hates, he cannot resist. Hate, abhor, tremble at his sin. And for pity's

sake, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, for humanity's sake, rouse yourselves to the question, What can be done? Without needing others—whether they follow or whether they stay—rushing down to the beach, throw yourself into the boat, push away, and bend on the oar, like a man, to the wreck. Say, I will not stand by and see my fellow-creatures perish. They are perishing. To save them I will do anything. What luxury will I not give up? What indulgence will I not abstain from? What customs, what shackles of old habits will I not break, that these hands may

be freer to pluck the drowning from the deep ? God my help, His Word my law, the love of His Son my ruling motive, I shall never balance a poor personal indulgence against the good of my country and the welfare of mankind. Brethren, such resolutions—such high, and holy, and sustained, and self-denying efforts—the height of this evil demands. Before God and man, before the Church and the world, I impeach Intemperance. I charge it with the murder of innumerable souls. In this country, blessed with freedom and plenty, the Word of God and the liberties of true religion, I charge it as the cause—whatever be their source elsewhere—of almost all the poverty, and almost all the crime, and almost all the misery, and almost all the ignorance, and almost all the irreligion, that disgrace and afflict the land. "I am not mad, most noble Festus. I speak the words of truth and soberness." I do in my conscience believe that these intoxicating stimulants have sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in that deluge, which swept over the highest hill tops—engulphing a world, of which but eight were saved. As compared with other vices, it may be said of this, "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands."—*The City : Its Sins and Sorrows*, p. 56.

WHEN SHE WAS WED.

BY MABEL DRAKE.

WHERE the shore of sunny Devon
Wanders down along the sea,
Smiling up to the blue heaven,
Bending o'er it placidly,
Nestling in a bower of roses
Sleeps a cottage—there the vine
Tenderly its tendrils closes,
Round the fragrant eglantine,
Honeysuckle wreathing lightly,
Pleasant arbors, ivy crowned,
And the pale gum-cistus, nightly,
Rains its sweetness on the ground.
Such the home, and so embowered,
Where 'mid woodlands green and wild,
Rich in love, with beauty dowered,
Dwelt a happy, careless child.
Maud, the child, the household fairy,
With the ringing voice and sweet,
Trilling blithely to the airy
Patter of her little feet,
Dancing gaily like a sunlight
All about the cottage door,
Slept a sleep enchanted one night,
And awoke a child no more.
Maud, the maid, the household idol,
With the wondrous starry eyes,
Stood upon her morn of bridal
'Neath the breathless summer skies ;
She, as beautiful and breathless,
Praying, in her happy love,
That this union strange and deathless
Might be sealed and blessed above.
He had covered the one beam,
Lighting up the cottage walls,

And he bore the little sunbeam
Home to grace his stately halls.

There two young years swiftly glided,
Like the rapture of a dream ;
Love, whatever ills betided,
Lighted with a golden gleam.

Two short winters and no longer,
Two bright summers and no more,
For a spell was on him stronger
Than the happy love of yore.

He had learned to linger nightly,
Where the jest and song awoke,
Where the wine-cup sparkle brightly
Till the cold, grey morning broke.

From her cheek the warm flush faded
And the light forsook her eye ;
And she pined unseen, unaided,
Prayed for him and longed to die.

It was but the oft-told story
Of a changed and blasted life—
Drunkard's shame for manhood's glory,
And a broken-hearted wife

One long night in lonely sadness
She awaited his return ;
But at morn he came in madness,
And his words were wild and stern.

In her stately home or lowly
She had never heard before
Words so fearful and unholy—
She could hear such words no more

He whom she had sworn to honor,
He to love her until death,
Heaping maledictions on her,
Cursing her with every breath !

Little thought she in past hours
Woe like this should e'er befall ;
'Mid her sunshine, and her flowers,
This should be the end of all.

She from glittering eyes and tearless,
Looking at him in her pain,
With an aspect fearful—fearless,
Never answered him again.

He with eyes like demon's glowing,
Stood before her in his shame,
Maniac words, from white lips flowing
Breathing doubts upon her name !

Fiercely flowed the cruel torrent,
Dark his face as an eclipse,
Till he saw a crimson current
Oozing, oozing from her lips ;

Till he saw the wild light languish
From her eyes, and then depart ;
Till he heard a cry of anguish,
Bursting from her breaking heart ;

Till he saw her sinking slowly,
Crushed and blighted to the ground,
While her cry of anguish wholly
In the crimson tide was drowned.

Oh, the heart's wild wailing for her !
Oh, the thoughts of bygone years,
Welling up from depths of horror,
Finding vent in scorching tears !

All too late was his awaking,
 All too late he vowed and prayed;
 For the weary heart was taking
 Leave of sorrow and of shade.

But she murmured, "I believe thee,"
 To the mourner at her side;
 Hoarsely whispered, "I forgive thee,"
 Ere she closed her eyes and died.

Literary Notices.

GOOD TEMPLARISM: Its History and Principles, with Replies to Objections. By Rev. G. Gladstone. 220 pp. Price 2s. London: Curtice & Co. Belfast: I.O.G.T. Offices, 26 Ann Street. This handsome volume is from the pen of an able and earnest writer, and it does immense credit to both his head and his heart. It is by far the best work on the subject, yet published on this side of the Atlantic. Good Templars should promote its circulation by every means in their power.

GOOD TEMPLARISM AND THE BIBLE: A Sermon. By Rev. E. Thomas. Second Edition. 1d. Belfast: I.O.G.T. Offices, 26, Ann Street. Many Good Templar Sermons have been published in Great Britain, and many have been preached in Ireland, but the one before us is the first published in our island. We consider it decidedly the best we have seen, and we have read several admirable ones. The style is excellent, the spirit is Christian, the reasoning is powerful, and the conclusions are irresistible. The author is in every sense one of

the most worthy brethren of our noble Order. Such advocacy of our good cause as this sermon contains is invaluable. We rejoice that a Second Edition has been so soon required. Lodges that have not yet ordered parcels should do so immediately. They can hardly do anything better for the temperance cause in general, and Good Templarism in particular, than read and circulate this first-class sermon.

THE ROSE OF CHERITON: A Ballad. By Mrs. Sewell. 62 pp., with a Temperance Appendix of 30 pp. Price 6d, bound 1s. London: Jarrold and Sons, Paternoster Row. Belfast: I.O.G.T. Offices, 26, Ann Street. This is decidedly the best Temperance poem we have ever read. When properly divided, it makes first class readings of the most suitable description for either two or three Lodge meetings. It cannot fail to do good wherever it is read. A copy of it was sent by the U. K. Alliance to every Member of Parliament in the Three Kingdoms.

Official Information.



Grand Lodge Offices,

26 Ann Street,

Belfast,

20th March, 1873.

ACCORDING to promise in our last, we here give the principal resolutions adopted at the Second Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, I.O.G.T., held in Belfast on 23rd, 24th, and 25th July, 1872:—

1.—That the Executive be appointed to draw up a resolution and letter of sympathy and condolence to be forwarded to Mrs. Ross, widow of our late G.W.T.

2.—That the next Annual Session of this Grand Lodge be held in Dublin, commencing on the first Wednesday in August, 1873.

3.—That this Grand Lodge, believing the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages to be a sin against God, and the cause of incalculable injury to man, and that it is impossible so to regu-

late the liquor traffic as to make it a blessing instead of a curse to the nation, is of opinion that the entire prohibition of that traffic by legislative enactment would be both right and politic, repeats its hearty approval of the Permissive Bill of Sir Wilfrid Lawson as a most just and reasonable measure, and strongly recommends every Good Templar Elector to refuse his vote to any candidate for parochial, municipal, or parliamentary honors, who would oppose the granting to ratepayers the power to banish the liquor traffic from their midst.

4.—That this Grand Lodge, believing that much of the intemperance of the present day is the result of ignorance of the real nature and properties of alcoholic liquors, rejoices in the progress of scientific opinion regarding the medicinal and dietetic use of

intoxicating drinks, as indicative of the spread, power, and ultimate triumph of temperance truth, respectfully calls upon the medical profession to consider whether the prescription of these drinks in the treatment of disease might not with benefit be still further restricted or entirely disused, and earnestly recommends all members of our Order, not only, as far as possible, to avoid the medicinal use of alcoholic drinks themselves, but to discountenance such use of them by others.

5.—That by "the medicinal use of alcoholic liquors" shall be meant their use on the unsuggested prescription of a temperate and duly qualified medical man, the dose, its frequency, the length of time its use shall be continued, and the other conditions under which it shall be taken, being all regulated by him on the same principles, and with as much care, as are observed in the employment of any other powerful and dangerous drug.

6.—That this Grand Lodge, believing that the Christian Church should assume a more decided attitude in support of the temperance movement, earnestly recommends all ministers and church members to set a safe example with regard to intoxicating drinks, and to use their influence in their various congregations to bring about the substitution of unintoxicating for intoxicating wine in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, wherever this desirable change has not taken place.

7.—That this Grand Lodge recommends all members of the Order to avoid the use of all injurious drugs, including tobacco and opium.

8.—That the Executive be instructed to publish a monthly Organ of the Grand Lodge, price one penny, to be edited by the G.W.C.T.

9.—That the Per Capita Tax continue to be 10d per annum.

10.—That the salary of the G.W.C.T. be £250 per annum.

11.—That the salary of the G.W.S. be £150 per annum.

12.—That Bros. John Pyper, John Simms, and Wm. F. Lawlor, be the Representatives of this Grand Lodge at the next Session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge.

DISTRICT LODGES.—The G.W.C.T. has instituted District Lodges in St. George's Ward, Belfast; Dock Ward, Belfast; Newtownards, Dublin, Portadown, Londonderry, Strabane, Castlefin, Newry, Carrickfergus, and Ballymena. He hopes during the present month to be able to institute District Lodges in St. Ann's Ward, Belfast; Smithfield Ward, Belfast; Cromac Ward, Belfast; Lisburn, Banbridge, Lurgan, Downpatrick, Ballynahinch, Coleraine, Cookstown, and Omagh. The Subordinate Lodges in these Districts will receive due notice of times and places of institution, either from the District Deputy or the G.W.S. In the meantime if any Lodges have not yet elected their Representatives, they will please to do so at their next meetings so as to be in readiness when they receive such notice.

QUARTERLY RETURNS.—A few Lodges have not yet sent in their Returns for last quarter. They are hereby reminded that these Returns with Per Capita Tax must be in the hands of the G.W.S. before the Password for next Quarter can be forwarded to their respective Deputies.

BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS.—All applications for Lodge Supplies, communications on the general business of the Order, and remittances of money should be addressed to the G.W.S., and applications for Charters to open new Lodges should be addressed to the G.W.C.T.

Progress of the Order.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

BELFAST.—3rd January, a public meeting was held in connexion with the Meliora Lodge, in Ekenhead School-room. The G.W.C.T. presided. A lecture was delivered by Bro. Wells, Missionary, and the meeting was also addressed by Bros. James Pyper, M.A., T. Carruthers, and I. McIlroy. 5th January, the G.W.C.T. delivered a temperance address to the Sabbath Schools in Ekenhead School-room. 7th January, a public meeting was held under the auspices of the Nil Desperandum Lodge in Northumberland Street School-room, the G.W.C.T. presiding. On the same evening a public meeting was held under the auspices of the Belfast Borough Lodge in the Grand Lodge Hall, Ann Street. Bro. G. Reilly occupied the chair, and Bro. Councillor J. H. Haslett addressed the meeting. 17th January, the annual soiree of the Enterprise Lodge was held in the Grand Lodge Hall, Ann Street. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, and among the speakers were Bros. D. Smith, D.D.G.W.C.T., and W. Macauley, W.C.T. 22nd January, Bro. Rev. H. B. Wilson, of Cookstown, delivered a lecture on "The Elevation of Ireland in the Scale of Nations,"

under the auspices of the Sir Wilfrid Lawson Lodge, in the Lancasterian School-room, Frederick Street. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, and the thanks of the meeting were given by acclamation to the lecturer, on the motion of Bro. Rev. J. McCreedy, G.W. Chap., seconded by Bro. H. J. Wright, D.D.G.W.C.T. 23rd January, the G.W.C.T. lectured in Clifton Street Lodge-room, under the auspices of the Ladies' Temperance Union and Erin's First Lodge—subject, "The Duty of Christian Patriots to Aid in the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic." Bro. Rev. J. McCreedy, G.W. Chap., occupied the chair, and Bros. Wright, Malcolm, and Milligan took part in the proceedings. 26th January, the G.W.C.T. addressed the Ekenhead Sabbath Schools. 27th January, a public meeting was held in connexion with the Dictator Lodge, in the Grand Lodge Hall, Ann Street. The G.W.C.T. presided, and the meeting was addressed by Bros. D. Smith, D.D.G.W.C.T., and R. J. H. Bell, W.C.T. 3rd February, a public meeting under the auspices of the Concord Lodge was held in the Lancasterian School-room, Frederick Street. The G.W.C.T. presided, and an address was delivered by Bro. D. Smith, D.D.G.W.C.T. 5th February, a soiree was

held in connexion with the Rescue Lodge in the Grand Lodge Hall, Ann Street. Bro. T. Dunlop, W.C.T., presided, and Bro. W. P. Holmes, D.D.G.W.C.T., addressed the meeting. 13th February, Bro. Rev. J. White lectured under the auspices of the Alexander Riddell Lodge, on "A Tour to America," in the Independent School-room, Donegall Street, the G.W.C.T. presiding. 15th February, a public meeting under the auspices of the Extreme and Prosperity Lodges was held in the Lancasterian School-room, Frederick Street. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair. 19th February, Bro. Rev. J. White lectured on "To All Whom it May Concern," in the Independent School-room, Donegall Street, under the auspices of the People's Lodge. 24th February, a public meeting under the auspices of the Star of Bethlehem Lodge was held in Clifton Street School-room, the G.W.C.T. presiding. 4th March, the G.W.C.T. presided at the monthly meeting of the Ladies' Temperance Union in the Mercantile Academy. 7th March, the G.W.C.T. presided at the annual soiree of the Meliora Lodge in the Ekenhead School-room. Addresses were delivered by Bros. James Pyper, M.A., I. M'Ilroy, and T. Carruthers. On the same evening a public meeting was held in the Clifton Street School-room, under the auspices of the Star of Ulster Lodge. Bro. J. A. Carleton, Rev. J. D. Powell, and the G.W.C.T. took part in the proceedings. 9th March, Rev. T. Hutton, M.A., preached temperance sermons, in the morning in Christ Church, and in the evening in St. Ann's.

LARNE.—1st January, a soiree was held under the auspices of the Olderfleet Lodge, in the Town Hall, Larne. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, and among the speakers were Bros. Rev. J. McCredy, G.W. Chap., J. A. Bowman, D.D.G.W.C.T., and J. Fullerton, W.L.D. 21st January, Mr. W. D. Stewart lectured in the same place, Bro. Bowman presiding.

BESSBROOK.—1st January, a lecture was delivered in the School House, Bessbrook, by Bro. Rev. G. Wight, D.D.G.W.C.T. F. J. Harris, Esq., occupied the chair, and Bros. J. Weir, sen., W.C.T., J. Weir, jun., P.W.C.T., and J. H. Shaw, W.L.D., took part in the proceedings. After the public meeting, a second Lodge was instituted in Bessbrook. 5th February, a soiree was held under the auspices of the two Lodges. F. J. Harris, Esq., presided, and the meeting was addressed by the G.W.C.T. and Bro. Weir, sen.

MAGHERAFELT.—1st January, a soiree in connexion with the Crystal Fountain Lodge was held in the Town Hall, Magherafelt. H. E. Billsland, Esq., presided, and addresses were delivered by Rev. W. Sparrow, Bro. Rev. R. Johnston, and Mr. W. D. Stewart.

LIGONEIL.—7th January, a soiree was held under the auspices of the Star of Peace Lodge, in Ligonell School House. Bro. Rev. J. McCredy, G.W. Chap., presided, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. J. Wilson and W. Hussey.

MONEYMORE.—8th January, a soiree in connexion with the Rainbow Lodge was held in the Town Hall, Moneymore. Bro. Rev. Dr. Barnett occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T., Bro. Rev. R. Johnston, and Bro. R. Whittaker, W.C.T.

MARALIN.—9th January, a public meeting was

held in connexion with the Guardian Lodge, in the School House, Maralin, Bro. J. Castles, W.V.T., presiding.

MOYALLON.—10th January, the anniversary soiree of the No Surrender Lodge was held at Moyallon. Bro. T. H. White, J.P., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bro. Rev. J. Harding, W.C., Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T., Rev. C. Harrison, and Mr. W. T. Mercier.

BOARDMILLS.—13th January, the G.W.C.T. lectured under the auspices of the No Compromise Lodge, in the School House, Boardmills, Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, D.D.G.W.C.T., presiding.

LAURELVALE.—14th January, Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T., lectured at Laurelvalle, Tandragee, Bro. T. H. White, J.P., W.C.T., in the chair. After the lecture, the Pearl Lodge was instituted.

GILFORD.—16th January, a soiree was held in connexion with the Gilford's Hope Lodge.

RATHFRILAND.—17th January, a soiree was held in connexion with the Rock Lodge, Rathfriland. Bro. S. Annett occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Brothers Rev. G. Wight, D.D.G.W.C.T., and Rev. L. Stafford.

RAPHOE.—20th January, the first anniversary soiree under the auspices of the Light of the North Lodge was held in a School House, Raphoe. Bro. Dr. R. A. Sheldon occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. D. Gordon, D.D.G.W.C.T., R. Harper, D.D.G.W.C.T., and E. J. Cotter, P.W.C.T., and also by Revs. J. A. Rentoul, J. Thompson, Gray, R. M'Clure, and others.

BANBRIDGE.—24th January, a soiree in connexion with the Patriot Lodge was held in the Parochial School House, Banbridge. Bro. John Simms, G.W.C., presided, and addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T., Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T., Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, D.D.G.W.C.T., and Bro. Rev. J. Kennedy, W.C.

PORTRUSH.—28th January, a soiree was held in the Town Hall, Portrush, in connexion with the Northern Star Lodge. Major Hannay, J.P., presided, and addresses were delivered by Rev. J. Simpson, Rev. S. Clarke, Bro. Rev. D. Robb, Rev. R. W. Rentoul, Bro. T. Collins, D.D.G.W.C.T., and Bro. Bradley.

NEWTOWNARDS.—28th January, Bro. Rev. D. H. M'Murtry, M.A., W.C.T., delivered an able lecture, which has since been published, under the auspices of the Ards Rescue Lodge, in the Good Templar Hall, Newtownards. The lecture was a reply to Rev. M. Macaulay's recently published sermon on temperance. Bro. Rev. E. Thomas, D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair. At the united request of the five Lodges in Newtownards, the G.W.C.T. reviewed Mr. Macaulay's sermon at a public meeting in the Assembly Room, on 17th February, Bro. Rev. Mr. Harris in the chair.

CARRICKFERGUS.—29th January, a soiree in connexion with the Havelock Lodge was held in the Good Templar Hall, Carrickfergus. Bro. J. K. Mitchell presided, and Bros. Bowman, Kerr, Larmour, Martin, and M'Ferran, addressed the meeting.

WARRENPOINT.—4th February, the G.W.C.T. lectured in the Town Hall, Warrenpoint, Rev. Mr. Ffolliott in the chair, and, with the assistance of brethren from Newry, instituted the Dauntless Lodge.

MAGHERA.—7th February, the first annual soiree of the Guiding Star Lodge was held in Hall Street School House, Maghera. Rev. M. Leitch presided, and the meeting was addressed by Bros. Rev. J. McCreedy, G.W. Chap., W. B. Barkley, W.C.T., and S. D. Lytle, P.W.C.T.

STRABANE.—7th February, the annual soiree of the Good Endeavor Lodge was held in the Town Hall, Strabane. T. Lyle, Esq., J.P., occupied the chair, and among the speakers were Revs. Bro. D. Gordon, D.D.G.W.C.T., J. Gibson, L. A. Lyle, Wilson, and Gilbert.

CORK.—The G.W.C.T. addressed meetings in Cork on 10th and 11th February, and instituted the River Lee Lodge.

CLOUGH.—12th February, Bro. Rev. J. M'Ilveen, D.G.W.C.T., lectured in Clough, and instituted a new Lodge.

KILLINCHY.—11th February, Bro. J. Gilmore, D.G.W.C.T., held a meeting at Killinchy, and instituted the Hope of Killinchy Lodge.

TANDRAGEE.—12th February, a soiree was held under the auspices of the Diamond Lodge, in the Town Hall, Tandragee. Bro. T. H. White, J.P., W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. J. Douglas, J. Simms, G.W.C., and S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T., and by E. D. Atkinson, Esq.

BALLINDERRY.—14th February, the annual soiree of the Bright Future Lodge was held in Ballinderry School House. Rev. E. Maguire occupied the chair, and among the speakers were the G.W.C.T., Bros. Rev. H. M. Holden, D.D.G.W.C.T., Rev. J. Harding, W.C.T., and Rev. S. Graham, W.L.D.

MAGHERAMORNE.—21st February, a soiree under the auspices of the Eureka Lodge was held in Magheramorne School House, when addresses were delivered by Revs. Messrs. Stuart, Getty, and Meek.

GLASGOW.—26th and 27th February, the third six-monthly United Conference of the Executives of the Grand Lodges of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales was held in Glasgow. On the evening of the 26th a great public meeting was held in the City Hall, presided over by G.W.C.T. Walker, and among the speakers were G.W.C. Templars Malins, Pyper, and Bowen.

EDINBURGH.—27th February, a crowded meeting was held in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, presided over by Councillor John Hope, to hear a lecture from Frank Wright, Esq., of London, on the mode of preserving wine in an unfermented state, free from alcohol. G.W.C.T. Pyper took part in the proceedings, and, by request, preached on the Wine Question to a very large congregation on Sabbath evening, 1st March, in Brighton Street Church, that of Rev. Professor Kirk, G.W. Chaplain of Scotland.

LURGAN.—28th February, a soiree in connexion with the Britannia Lodge was held in the Orange Hall, Lurgan. Bro. Ballard, W.C.T., presided, and addresses were delivered by Rev. J. Whalley, Bro. H. Mathers, and Bro. W. R. Nelson, G.W.S.

NEWRY.—11th March, a soiree under the auspices of the Newry Excelsior Lodge was held in the Assembly Rooms, Newry. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. G. Wight, D.D.G.W.C.T., Rev. J. McCreedy, G.W. Chap., and J. Simms, G.W.C., and by Rev. C. F. Wilkinson, M.A.

MULLAGLASS.—12th March, the G.W.C.T. lectured in Mullaglass School-house, near Bessbrook, Bro. J. Weir, sen., W.C.T., presiding, and with the assistance of brethren from Bessbrook, instituted the Defiance Lodge.

GOOD TEMPLAR MARRIAGE.

A VERY largely attended meeting of the Brighter Prospects Lodge, No. 130, was held on 14th January, in the Lecture-room of the First Presbyterian Church, Ballynahinch. The principal business of the meeting was the presentation by the members of the Lodge of an excellent Tea-Service to Bro. and Sis. Young, who have had the honor of being the first couple belonging to the Lodge that have got married since its institution; and their Brothers and Sisters desired to signalize the happy event by presenting them with a token of regard and esteem. Bro. Rev. J. M'Ilveen, B.A., W.C., in the name of the Lodge made the presentation and delivered an appropriate address. Bro. Young read a suitable reply, and also sang a song composed by himself for the occasion, which was greeted with loud applause. A very pleasant evening was spent, all seeming delighted with the proceedings.—*Correspondent.*

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR.—Our circulation for March also reached above 5,000, and consequently, according to agreement, the size of each number is to be 20 pages in future. We trust that in the enlarged and improved form our readers will continue their zealous efforts to increase still further our circulation and consequent usefulness. As promised in our last, we give the names of the Lodges that subscribe for 50 copies and upwards per month as follow:—Hope of Derry, No. 44—200. Star of Ulster, No. 14—150. Extreme, No. 4—100. Meliora, No. 13—100. Hope of Erin, No. 10—84. Good Endeavor, No. 78—80. Consistency, No. 146—70. Guiding Star, No. 123—60. Pioneer, No. 17—60. Good Samaritan, No. 59—60. Victory, No. 68—60. Newry Excelsior, No. 136—60. Star in the East, No. 165—60. Erin's First, No. 1—50. Olderfleet, No. 35—50. On to Victory, No. 95—50. Star of Bethel, No. 134—50. The Belfast Ladies' Temperance Union takes 100 monthly. There are many Lodges that take nearly 50, and that by a slight effort could reach that number. We shall probably repeat this list in a few months, when we trust the number may be doubled.

Orders for **THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR** and for Advertisements should be addressed to Bro. WM. R. NELSON, G.W.S., 26 Ann Street, Belfast. On pre-payment of 1s 6d, one copy monthly for a year will be forwarded by post; and two or more copies will be sent for the published price, *post free*. Two Shillings will thus secure to two individuals monthly for one year a copy each, addressed to any one of them, in any part of the country.

Contributions for **THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR** and Books for Review in its columns should be addressed to the Editor, JOHN PYPER, G.W.C.T., 4, Old Park Terrace, Belfast.

The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

Vol. I., No. 5.

MAY, 1873.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



Bro. John Pyper, G.W.C.T. of Ireland.

JOHN PYPER, Esq., Grand Worthy Chief of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, has for above ten years been the most prominent Temperance Advocate in the Emerald Isle. He was born on 8th July,

1829, just at the time the Temperance Movement was commenced in Ireland by the late Dr. Edgar and others. His father, Mr. James Pyper, a County Down farmer, died eight years ago, and his mother, whose maiden name was Watt, is still living. He has four brothers and a sister living, all residing in Belfast. Few families have been more highly favored with regard to parental training and example. As one illustration of this, they were all trained from their infancy in the principles and practice of teetotalism. They can all say they never drank a glass of intoxicating liquors in the past, and as to the future, they are all Good Templars.

The subject of our sketch is the eldest son of the family. His uncle, Mr. Hugh Pyper, was an able teacher of a school in his father's neighborhood. Under this uncle's tuition, Bro. Pyper enjoyed special advantages in his early days. His tastes and talents inclining him to literary and scientific pursuits, rather than to farming or business, he availed himself of these advantages to the utmost, and he afterwards acquired a sound and extensive classical and mathematical education in various schools and colleges in Belfast. While thus completing his education, he supported himself by teaching, and he was for eight years the Principal of one of the most successful private academies in Belfast. To assist him in the conducting of this academy, his sister and three of his brothers first left their paternal home.

Bro. Pyper was all along an ardent supporter of the Temperance Cause, thoroughly mastering and effectively expounding its true principles and policy, as exhibited in such works as those of Bro. Dr. F. R. Lees. His success as an honorary Temperance Lecturer having been observed by the Irish Temperance League, the committee of that organization, towards the end of the year 1862, urgently requested him to accept the office of chief agent and lecturer to the League, offering him a much higher salary than they had ever given to anyone else. After some weeks' consideration, he accepted the invitation for a term of one year, leaving his academy in the temporary charge of his brothers, till he should test his efficiency as a public Temperance Advocate. His success in the work, and his devotion to the cause, induced him to continue up till June last, the principal lecturer of the League. He has also been for seven years the Editor of the *Irish Temperance League Journal*, a spirited monthly periodical.

All Bro. Pyper's immediate friends are aware that he made a great sacrifice of money and social influence by resigning his academy and educational prospects and devoting his life to the

advocacy of Temperance. Many friends thought he was unwise for so doing, but his uniform reply to such was that he considered the most useful life the most successful one, and that the dissemination of Temperance Truth he believed to be the most patriotic and philanthropic work in which he could be engaged.

On 27th May, 1863, a public soiree was held in Bro. Pyper's honor, in the Music Hall, Belfast, at which he was presented with a most complimentary address, accompanied by a purse containing fifty sovereigns, as a token of the admiration and esteem of his temperance friends, especially for the ability and success with which he had conducted some platform discussions and newspaper controversies on the Bible Wine Question. Mainly through his advocacy, there are now twelve congregations in Belfast, and many in other places in Ireland, that use the unfermented "fruit of the vine" at the Lord's Supper.

The Good Templar movement was introduced into Ireland on 20th October, 1870. On that date Bro. Jabez Walker, G.W.C.T. of Scotland, assisted by a number of Glasgow brethren, instituted Erin's First Lodge in Belfast. On the recommendation of Bro. Walker, Bro. Pyper was commissioned as District Deputy Right Worthy Grand Templar of Ireland, and under his jurisdiction, in the short space of six months, the John Pyper Lodge, No. 30, was instituted. The thirty Lodges then petitioned the Right Worthy Grand Lodge for a Charter and authority to institute the Grand Lodge of Ireland. The Charter was cordially granted, and on 26th July, 1871, the Order being only nine months' old in Ireland, Bro. Conncillor Simpson, of Glasgow, instituted the Grand Lodge of Ireland in Belfast, at the head of no less than fifty-eight Subordinate Lodges, comprising a membership of about 7,000, Bro. Pyper being duly elected and installed Grand Worthy Chief Templar. On 20th October, 1871, the first anniversary of the introduction of the Order into Ireland took place, when there were eighty-six Lodges, with a membership of at least 10,000, and the Lodges now number nearly 200. This was a success unequalled, we believe, in the history of our Order for the first year. The rapid growth of the Order in Ireland is chiefly attributable to Bro. Pyper's zealous labors, the position he previously occupied in the Temperance Movement giving him peculiar advantages for the successful prosecution of the work.

The severest affliction of Bro. Pyper's life was the early death, on 1st April, 1871, of a beloved and devoted wife, whose affectionate sympathy, cordial co-operation, and judicious counsel, he

had enjoyed for sixteen years of his laborious life. The deceased was the eldest daughter of the late Thomas Hopkirk, Esq., LL.D., of Glasgow. This heavy stroke fell upon our brother in the middle of his hardest Good Templar labor; but this, he has often said, he looks upon as Providential, for under the trial he has found his greatest relief in hard work for the welfare of his country.

During last Winter, Bro. Pyper delivered a course of lectures on the Bible Wine Question, and its relation to Good Templarism, under the auspices of a number of the Belfast Lodges, and the strength of his convictions on the subject, and the emphasis with which he expounded them, roused the opposition of a number of the Irish brethren, who were strenuously urged on by outsiders. This opposition resulted in the putting forward of a rival candidate for the office of G.W.C.T., in the person of Bro. Rev. N. E. Smith, of Belfast, a popular Episcopal clergyman, at the Grand Lodge Session, held in Belfast in July last. Bro. Pyper was re-elected by a majority of two-and-a-half to one, illustrating the sentiment of the Order in Ireland towards both himself and the Bible Wine Question.

Bro. Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry, of Belfast, writes of Bro. Pyper as follows:—

Mr. Pyper is a man of scholarly attainments and tastes, and has made these subservient to a thorough and profound study of the Temperance question. It is not strange, therefore, that he has so entirely mastered the subject in all its phases—historical and biographical, educational and religious, social and sanitary, scientific and medical, economical and statistical, political and legislative. He is prepared to defend our principles against all comers; to argue the question with the moderate-drinking man of science, with the moderate-drinking political economist, with the moderate-drinking Hebrew and Greek scholar, with the moderate-drinking statesman, and with the moderate-drinking members of society in general; and to carry our colors in triumph through the contest. And Mr. Pyper is not more celebrated for his extensive temperance information, than for his effective manner of communicating it to others. Who in Ireland has not heard of his great abilities as a lecturer and as a writer? He has been speaking or writing almost incessantly for many years on all aspects of our great Cause, and he has always exhibited, both in his lectures and in his writings, a complete knowledge of his subject, and a remarkable facility in presenting his arguments clearly, forcibly, and logically—ever clinging tenaciously to what he had discovered to be true, and disdaining to sacrifice an iota of truth to the pre-conceived opinions, or prejudices, or fashions of his audience. He has always had too strong a love of principle—too

steadfast a faith in the omnipotence of Truth—to stoop to any mere trick of rhetoric, or any unworthy stroke of policy, for the sake of public applause. He has been more anxious to convince than to please (if it were not possible to do both), as the man will ever be who is sincere and who is convinced himself. The language of his heart and of his conduct has ever been—

“Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right!”

With this devotion to principle—with this contempt for shuffling and time-serving—it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Pyper has penetrated into regions in the domain of temperance truth unfrequented by less ardent explorers. His trusty mentor has led him, step by step, to the limits of this part of her dominion; and nothing gave him greater pleasure on the perusal of the beautiful Rituals of the Good Templar Order than to find its founders had been there before him. He has found his so-called extreme views—but falsely so-called, if by “extreme” be meant false or untenable—reproduced in the fundamental principles of our noble Order; and the fact of his holding these views peculiarly fits him for being the exponent of this new form of Temperance organization. He has been proclaiming for years what our Ritual so clearly teaches; that Nature, History, and Scripture—the Works, Ways, and Word of God—alike declare that it is essentially wrong to drink intoxicating liquors.

Mr. Pyper possesses in an eminent degree a clear and powerful intellect, a matured and sound judgment, a mind accustomed to consider a matter from all points of view, and capable of arriving at true and just conclusions. He is thus well qualified to determine those cases of doubt and difficulty which must ever arise in a society comprising so many members; whilst his placid temper, his kindly disposition, and his admirable self-control enable him calmly and dispassionately to restore the discordant elements of a Lodge (whenever these, unhappily, manifest themselves) to harmony and peace. Mr. Pyper is an enthusiastic temperance reformer. He is animated by the spirit and motives of the true Christian philanthropist. He could not, even if he would, spare himself in the prosecution of our great Cause. It is his desire to spend and be spent in the promotion of temperance truth, and that not more from a love of the work than from a love of his race. He is a man of whom it may be truly said that the longer and the more intimately he is known the more he will be esteemed, not only for his long and honorable connection with the Temperance Cause, but for his arduous and zealous labors therein, for his honesty of purpose, his indomitable perseverance, his thorough earnestness, his genuine sincerity, and, last and greatest of all, his unostentatious piety, giving him a constant sense of his need of Divine guidance and Divine strength. — *The Templar Annual for 1873.*

SUNDAY CLOSING BILL.—The Second Reading of Sir Dominic Corrigan's Bill for the Prohibition of the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors in Ireland during the whole of the Lord's Day is fixed for 9th July. We trust it will be supported by Petitions from every Good Templar Lodge, Temperance Society, Sabbath-school, Congregation, and other moral or religious associations in Ireland.

Enthusiasm

BY SISTER A. J. C., LONDONDERRY.

THE very possibility of being enthusiastic is, in itself, an evidence of the nobility and greatness of our common humanity. Genuine enthusiasm is an elevated and elevating emotion, indicating feelings and capabilities, allying us with something higher and purer than mere selfish interests, lifting us out of the sphere of cold calculation, and uniting the energies of our being on an object, the attainment of which has nothing to do with personal aggrandizement. A low, selfish, grovelling nature is not capable of enthusiasm; it cannot form a higher estimate of an object than its relative value as bearing upon its own individuality, nor can it rise to the grandeur, nor glow with the warmth of a noble and generous purpose.

To write, however, in praise of enthusiasm, will, we are sure, be deemed by many to be a very doubtful procedure. Enthusiasm is so often regarded as only another name for excitement; it is so scoffed at as being but the frothy effervescence of some unhealthy, unnatural stimulant; it is so frequently spoken of as something to be dreaded, to be carefully avoided, that its advocacy will, no doubt, be regarded with suspicion. An enthusiast is a terrible name in the estimation of some people; it is used by them synonymously with fanatic, and is applied with a doleful shake of the head, and a pitying sigh; and we know some very "wise and prudent" people, who regard an enthusiast with so much distrust that they would not care to be seen in his company, fearing it might cause their own sanity, or, at least, their orthodoxy to be called in question.

That this largely arises from confounding things that differ, we have no doubt. Excitement is but the mere passing, noisy mockery of true enthusiasm, and fanaticism is but the stubbornness of natures too narrow and too bigoted to be really enthusiastic. Excitement is generally an emotion with which our judgment has little to do, and fanaticism has its judgment so warped and cramped as to be incapable of expansion. In all these respects, enthusiasm is strikingly different; it does not spring up in a day, nor perish in a day; it expends not itself in noise and talk; nor does it vent itself in impetuous outbursts. It may, at times, give a sparkle to the eye, a flush to the cheek, and a deeper tone to the voice; but the great evidence of its existence is in its giving a purpose to the life, and a unity to the character. To be truly enthusiastic, our judgments must be convinced, our opinions carefully considered, and

our resolutions calmly formed. We must have faith in the character of our object, as an ultimate good, and in the possibility of its attainment. We must rise above the narrow limits of self, and see in our object something nobler and worthier than mere profit to ourselves; and we must be prepared, if necessary, to make sacrifices for its acquirement. Such characteristics as these are elements of power, and genuine enthusiasm has ever proved itself a thing of power. It possesses an inherent strength which wrestles with the mightiest difficulties, a steadiness of purpose which perseveres in the face of all opposition, a hopefulness which yields not to the discouragement of apparent failure, and a faith which looks forward to ultimate triumph, though surrounded by indications of immediate defeat. Such a principle cannot but be mighty. It has done great things in the past, and still it is the element which most certainly ensures success.

Enthusiasm has given to science its most glorious triumphs, has won from nature its most marvellous secrets, and the brightest pages of history are those which record what it has achieved. It was enthusiasm that led forth the Crusaders, armed the Knight Templars, and, amidst the trials of an almost hopeless enterprise, sustained them till they had planted their standards within the walls of Jerusalem. The Vaudois, in the Alpine valleys, were enthusiasts of the truest type. And the Pilgrim Fathers, on the bosom of the wide Atlantic, as in the little crazy "Mayflower," they steered their course to a stranger land, in search of "freedom to worship God," glowed with the warmth and endured with the courage, born of genuine enthusiasm. It was the highest enthusiasm which gave to Granville Sharpe and the men of Clapham, the patience, the zeal, the unflinching determination in the cause of the poor African, which, 'midst scoffs, rebuffs, and fiercest opposition, caused them to persevere till they won for Britain her highest honor, that 'neath her flag no bondsman stands, that on British soil the slave is free. Nor is it in the past alone we see such enthusiasts. Now, in our own days, we can findly point to a name noble as the noblest we have mentioned, a name we delight to honor as being, in some degree, specially our own, the name of a staunch, true, unflinching enthusiast, Sir Wilfrid Lawson! It is, indeed, the deep enthusiasm of a great and good purpose which enables him year after year, 'mid derision and laughter, to bring before the House of Commons the Pernissive

Bill, which, so often rejected, is still patiently presented, and which, we doubt not, will yet meet a glorious reception where now it is scorned, and will eventually cease to be presented, not because the enthusiast has lost his enthusiasm, but because that enthusiasm has won for the Bill a complete victory.

But why speak only of enthusiasm at a distance? Have we not evidences of its power nearer home? Are there no enthusiasts here among ourselves? Surely, if the teachings of Nature and science, if patriotism, if the love of liberty, if the hatred of oppression and wrong have power to make men enthusiasts, then the cause with which we are identified, the cause which combines all these elements, the glorious cause of Good Templarism, should awake in our bosoms the deepest enthusiasm. Nature and science bear witness to the truth of its teachings. Patriotism calls loudly for zeal in its service. Liberty pleads earnestly with us to break the bonds with which alcohol has bound its captives. And there are hearts among us which beat responsive to these appeals; there are in our Lodges many genuine enthusiasts, men and women whose souls are filled with a noble purpose, brothers and sisters, who, in view of the curse, the misery, and the crime which spring from alcohol, have pledged themselves to be its life-long enemies, and who, with a zeal and a determination which difficulties cannot quench or conquer, have given themselves to our great work. We thank God for such enthusiasts, we glory in the cause to which they have given their allegiance; and, if words of ours could avail, gladly would we pour them forth to arouse all who stand in our ranks to like enthusiasm! Without the energy and zeal which it gives, the best organization can do but little. Banded together as we are, not merely as an ordinary temperance society, but with the avowed determination of destroying the liquor traffic, and cleansing our land from the foul blot and blight of alcohol, we will find ourselves powerless for our giant task without the heart and soul, the life-blood of enthusiasm; without it, real, deep heart-felt interest in our Order and its work can never be maintained. Mere excitement will quickly die out, novelty will soon lose its charm; those who have joined us through curiosity, will, ere long, become careless in their attendance, and liable easily to be tempted to break their obligation. If, then, we desire really to be the power our Order is designed to be, we must seek to make our members—each and all—zealous enthusiasts; and to this end our first aim must be to inform their

minds of the true nature and character of our great enemy, alcohol. The discoveries of science as to its being always a poison, the teachings of the highest medical authorities as to its injurious effects on the human frame—both in health and in sickness—the testimony of Scripture as to its deceitful and dangerous tendencies, these must be frequently presented to their attention, so as to establish that firm basis of calmly considered opinion, upon which alone enthusiasm can permanently rest.

We have said that to be enthusiastic we must have faith in the character of our object as an ultimate good, and in the possibility of its attainment. Have we each this faith in the object of Good Templarism? Are we convinced that not only is it a great good to reclaim and to save individuals, but that it is a good which the truest patriotism demands, that the drink traffic should be entirely overthrown, and that the highest good legislation could effect for the country would be to make it illegal to manufacture or sell within these realms one drop of this soul and body destroying poison? Many members of our Order are not clear upon these points. They have been so long accustomed to recognize as social and hospitable the drinking customs of our land that, though they themselves have forsaken them, they look upon them with some degree of toleration; they have not learned to *hate* the cup, and all its associations. It may appear strange to advocate hatred, yet we do advocate it, and we say that hatred—intense hatred of the vile traffic, and all the social customs which support it—is the duty, not only of every Good Templar, but of every Christian; and we refer, in proof of our assertion, to the solemn words, “Ye that fear the Lord hate evil.” Evil! Is there anything more thoroughly evil, and that continually, than the liquor traffic? Look around and say, is there, within the range of our own immediate observation, a deadlier curse? How many of its victims do we know? How many families are in misery from its effects? How many deaths could we reckon with which it had to do? How many young men are going to ruin through its fascinations? How many children are half-starved because the publicans get a large share of their fathers’ earnings? How many wives are pinching and pinning week after week, trying to compel ends to meet, which could meet easily but for the drink? How many lives have we seen blighted by its touch, which might otherwise have been good and noble ones? Should not we then loathe it, hate it, and is not our object of sweeping it away for ever one to awake in our breasts the truest enthusiasm?

But, is this object one possible to be attained? Is it not rather a Utopian scheme never to be realized? At times it seems so; at times it appears to be almost hopeless, but because we have faith in the ultimate triumph of the right and the true, we believe the time will yet come when the "trail of the serpent shall no longer blight the fair flowers which bloom upon our shores." It seems far off, indeed, but if faithful to our pledge, we are each doing something to hasten it; we are each, in our sphere, a leaven working towards this glorious end. We are often discouraged, it is true. Oftimes the question arises, what is the use of our efforts? We can never uproot this terrible evil whose fibres intertwine with the whole fabric of society. And O! when some one we had deemed saved falls back into the vortex from which we had struggled to rescue him, a weariness and a helplessness steals over us, and we are disposed at once to give up the ungrateful task. At such times it is hard to be enthusiastic, and hard to believe in the possibility of final conquest. Yet it will come. We may not live to see it, but our share in it is not, therefore, a failure. If we can each but *rescue one*, so far as that one is concerned, we are successful. Just think what the rescue of *one* from drunkenness means. Think of a family, where, night after night, the children dreaded their father's return, where the wife tremblingly listened in the still hours of darkness for his unsteady footstep; think

of the home made desolate by his drunkenness, of the little ones stealing fearfully to the publican's door to watch for his coming. Think of this, and then picture, if you can, confidence restored, the trembling of heart stilled, peace where there was turmoil and strife, comfort where there was want and desolation, and say is it not worth a life's labor? Surely, if we can each but reclaim one fallen one, if we can each but save one other from falling, this success more than compensates for all our efforts.

O for more of the self-denial of true enthusiasm; O for more of the self-forgetfulness which seeks not in our Order, and in its work, something to gratify our tastes, something to make us pass an hour or two of every week pleasantly, but which sees in it a great working agency, demanding earnest enthusiasm to sustain us in its work and calling upon each, in the original meaning of the word enthusiasm, to work *en Theos*, in God—to work, feeling that we are each doing something for Him, something to extend His glory, something to lessen the sum total of the world's misery. Then

"Work for the good that is highest,
Dream not of greatness afar;
That glory is ever the highest
Which shines upon men as they are,
Work, though the world would defeat you;
Heed not its slander and scorn,
Nor weary, till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn."

Rev. James Heron on Good Templarism.—No. 5.

BY BRO. GORDON WHITE, LONDONDERRY.

HAVING read in the *Evangelical Witness* the articles written by Rev. James Heron of Kilrea, on "The Independent Order of Good Templars," it occurred to me that, inasmuch as the membership of that Order is largely made up of the "common people," a few observations by a working man on the articles in question might not be altogether out of place. And at the outset, I wish it to be understood, that while I most heartily agree with the principles of Good Templarism, I do not hold that the organization is perfect in all its details. Of some of these details I may not quite approve, but I might with equal truth say the same with regard to every system of Church government and discipline with which I am acquainted. Even in the Irish Presbyterian Church, of which Mr. Heron is a minister and I am a member, it would not be difficult to point to matters in which there is considerable room for improvement.

In reading these articles, the question has pre-

sented itself to my mind more than once, can it be possible that this man has any true sense of the frightful evils of intemperance? He tells us, it is "a sad and solemn fact that intemperance is on the increase in spite of all the means hitherto employed against it." But it is evident that the "sad and solemn fact" produces a remarkably slight impression on the mind of a man such as Mr. Heron, for when a great organized effort is being made to grapple with this monster vice, which is drowning thousands of our fellow-mortals in perdition, we find him endeavoring to throw contempt upon it by holding up to ridicule two lines of a Good Templar Ode which happened to be but indifferent poetry, and, moreover, in his second article, carefully reminding his readers of this poetic "gem," to which he had called their attention a month previously! Really such an exhibition of puerile weakness is something pitiable.

If Mr. Heron has failed to establish a good

"case" against our Order, it is certainly not owing to any lack of comprehensiveness in his indictment. He tells us that it is "out of harmony with the principles of Christianity, at variance with Scripture," and "unsound in its essential features." Now, the great outstanding characteristic of Good Templarism is the *family relationship* which exists between its members, binding them all in one common brotherhood, having one common aim and object, guided by the same laws, and cheered and encouraged by fraternal sympathies; yet, strange as it may appear, this most "essential feature" of the Order is highly approved of by our critic. I quote his own words:—"We highly approve of the *social principle* which Good Templarism makes such use of. It adds very largely and legitimately to the influence of the cause of Temperance. Something of the kind is very much required to band together the friends of Temperance, to give them an *esprit de corps*, to keep them steadfast, and to stir up and guide their flagging energies." He also expresses his approbation of the rules of the Order relating to visitation of members, care of the sick, &c. The value which should be attached to Mr. Heron's "high approval" of anything may, however, be judged of by the fact, that in his second article he flatly contradicts the statement above quoted, and informs his readers that this self-same principle of brotherhood is most pernicious. He tells us that the Order is at variance with the Church, "in constituting a brotherhood other and narrower than the Christian brotherhood, and in making this the special sphere of its benevolence, . . . weakening home ties, and displacing them by others, and drawing its disciples away from the home and duties appertaining to it." After this edifying "somersault" we need not be surprised at some of the extraordinary performances of this literary acrobat in the course of his rambling criticisms.

The objection entertained by Mr. Heron to the "Independence" of the Good Templar Order will, to a considerable extent, furnish an explanation of the hostility which he has displayed in his criticisms. Having admitted that the efforts hitherto made to promote Temperance have to a great extent failed, it might have been expected that he would have carefully considered the causes of that failure. Had he done so, he would have discovered that one of these has been the want of this very independence, on the part of Temperance Societies and Temperance advocates. In too many instances such societies have been conducted on the "large and influential" system. Men who have themselves been anything but con-

sistent abstainers have been permitted to exercise a controlling influence over their proceedings, simply on account of their so called "social weight" and position. The inconsistencies of such patrons have been quietly overlooked, while their large subscriptions have been repaid by votes of thanks and newspaper paragraphs, in which their condescending efforts to elevate the "masses" have been held up to general admiration. When we find the Organs of Temperance Associations attributing much of the financial prosperity of their organizations to the patronage of outsiders who have no sympathy with Temperance principles, and no faith in their ultimate triumph, and expressing the desire of the Societies to conciliate and cultivate the help of all such, is it to be wondered at that we find one of these Organs lately making the following humiliating confession:—"Of not a few Societies even in our most important towns it may be said, as was said of the Church of Sardis, 'they have a name that they live and are dead' With the exception of a 'spurt' once or twice a year when some 'illustrious stranger' visits the town, few outside of the Committees can possibly be aware of their existence!" And to make the matter still worse, we have had clergymen, themselves patrons of the social glass, presiding at Temperance meetings, preaching Temperance sermons, and at Church Synods and Assemblies, in eloquent speeches commending the Temperance reform, and deploring the widespread prevalence of drunkenness. Under these circumstances need we be surprised to find that the evil is still increasing!

Good Templarism manages these things differently. The "Independence" which seems so distasteful to Mr. Heron forbids intermeddling on the part of philanthropists of the say-and-do-not school, who are quite willing to "bind heavy burdens on other men's shoulders," but which burdens they refuse to touch with the tip of their fingers. Good Templars refuse to submit to the patronage of any outsider, no matter how high his rank, or how great his wealth. If such persons desire to join the ranks of the Order they are heartily welcomed, but we do not obsequiously request them to take the "uppermost seats." All our members stand on a footing of equality. And here the superiority of Good Templarism over the ordinary Temperance Society is very apparent; for, while the working expenses of the latter are paid by the large subscriptions of a few, and its business conducted by a committee which is often self-appointed, each Good Templar contributes alike to the support of our organization, and has

a voice in the management of its affairs, and consequently feels a personal interest in its proper working, and a personal responsibility with regard to its success. No doubt all this must seem very dreadful to those good people who still cling to exploded notions regarding "superiors," "inferiors," "equals," and "betters;" but nevertheless we believe it to be in harmony with the principles of Christianity—at least Christianity of the primitive type.

If anyone should go seeking peaches on a pear tree he would certainly deserve to meet with disappointment. Mr. Heron evidently expected to find in the "Constitution" a complete "Body of Divinity," including, of course, an epitome of the Westminster Confession, with the Thirty-nine Articles, and perhaps a Directory for Public Worship thrown in as a make-weight. He says:—"The name of Christ, the place of Christ in all true morality, and the influences which Christ brings into operation, are quite ignored in it." And again—"The beginning, middle, and end of its *creed* is belief in the existence of Almighty

God." The "creed" of a Temperance Society is certainly something "new under the sun," but it must be remembered that this is pre-eminently an age of discovery. Before writing his second article, however, our critic had obtained a copy of the "Ritual," in which he discovered a prayer wherein the name of Christ is mentioned, and also, that *extempore* prayer is allowed. But as far as ever from being satisfied, he proceeds to criticise the initiatory ceremony, adding here and there a little coloring of his own by way of caricature, omitting, however, all reference to the reading of appropriate passages of Scripture, which forms part of that ceremony. And will it be believed, that in his endeavor to convince his readers that the organization is unchristian, he deliberately suppresses the fact that the initiates are solemnly charged to study the Word of God, to look to Christ for strength in the hour of temptation, and to learn at His feet the lessons of Faith, Hope, and Charity!!

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Report of the G.W.C.T.

At the Second Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, on 23rd July, 1882.

GOOD TEMPLARISM was introduced into Ireland on 20th October, 1870, by Bro. Jabez Walker, G.W.C.T. of Scotland, as Deputy of the Right Worthy Grand Templar. Nine months afterwards, on 26th July, 1871, the Grand Lodge of Ireland was duly instituted by Bro. R. Simpson, G.W.C. of Scotland, at the head of fifty-eight Subordinate Lodges, when I had the distinguished honor of being elected and installed as G.W.C.T. of my native land. During the year that has since elapsed, ninety-four new Lodges have been instituted, about the half of them by myself and the others by Deputies, so that as a Grand Lodge we have now committed to our care the interests of one hundred and fifty-two Subordinate Lodges, and also twelve Degree Temples and six Juvenile Lodges.

Besides the instituting of these Lodges, I have during the year delivered above one hundred lectures and addresses on Good Templarism, written several hundreds of letters on the subject, paid about fifty official visits to Lodges, examined and confirmed nearly one hundred sets of Bye-Laws, and answered innumerable questions on points of law, order, and usage, orally or in writing. In the first week of March, I had the honor and privilege of assisting the G.W.C. Templars of England and Scotland, and other prominent members

of our Order in Britain, to institute the Grand Lodge of Wales, and of addressing several public meetings held in connexion therewith. In the first week of April, I attended the first Half-yearly Conference of the Executives of the four Grand Lodges of Great Britain and Ireland. The Conference was held at Liverpool, and the resolutions adopted thereat will be submitted for your consideration in the Report of your Executive. I spent the first week of May in London, as delegate from the Irish Temperance League, in company with your delegate, Bro. R. Ross, G.W.T., co-operating with other friends and supporters of the U. K. Alliance, in promoting the interests of the Permissive Bill in connexion with its Second Reading in the House of Commons; and was delighted to find the Order throughout Britain taking the same deep interest in that important measure which we do in Ireland, as evinced by the number of petitions we were instrumental in forwarding to Parliament in its favor.

The brief outline of facts that I have given, regarding my Good Templar labors during the past year, will perhaps satisfy the Grand Lodge that I have not been inattentive to my official duties. It is, however, far short of what I wished to have done had I been able, and considerably less than

It would have done, had I not been two separate months (February and June) unable to work through severe illness—the illness having on both occasions been mainly caused, as my medical adviser and my relatives believe, by overwork and anxiety in the promotion of our cause. I have deemed it right and necessary to dwell a little upon my personal efforts during the year, for the sake of those members of the Grand Lodge and of the Order whose minds may have been influenced by the statements, which I regret to learn some brethren have not scrupled to make, to the effect that I have neglected my official duties to the detriment of the Order. It would have been beneath the dignity of my office, as well as most repugnant to my own feelings, to have gone round the Lodges in Belfast where such misrepresentations were afloat, for the purpose of refuting them. But I have now in the proper place, in this Grand Lodge, to request those who have promoted the circulation of those reports, if there be any such present, to make their charges honestly and candidly here, stating the grounds of their complaints; and I beg fraternally and respectfully to ask unprejudiced members of the Lodge, who wish to act just and charitably, and who desire to keep their obligation “neither to wrong a member of this Order nor to see one wronged,” but whose minds may have been somewhat biased by hearing such statements as I have alluded to frequently made without contradiction, to be kind enough to suspend their judgment till they hear the other side. I have no fear of any fair investigation of my conduct and work, and I feel confident it will not be easy for a party of the members of our Order in Belfast to convince the Good Templars of Ireland that I have ever been reluctant to “spend and be spent” in the promotion of our glorious cause. If, like the G.W.C. Templars of England, Scotland, and Wales, I had been favored with an official Organ, through whose columns our Lodges could have been informed weekly or monthly, as they should have been, of the work in which I was engaged, it would have been utterly impossible for the injurious rumors to which I have referred, to gain credence in our Order. Personally I have suffered for the want of such an Organ, and the Order has lost much from the same cause. Why we have not had one will come before you in the Report of your Executive, and it will be your duty, and I have no doubt your pleasure also, to take the necessary steps to remedy the defect.

I feel gratified in reporting that on the whole our Subordinate Lodges are in a flourishing con-

dition, some of them being remarkably prosperous. A few of them are in a languishing state, four or five having proposed to resign their Charters; but I hope we shall be able to revive them all yet, and steps are at present being taken towards that end. The number of our Lodges has not been increasing so rapidly for three or four months past as formerly. This may be accounted for partly by the reaction, which all experienced members anticipated would follow the perhaps over-rapid growth of the Order in Ireland, during the first year after its introduction. The change in our rate of progress may also have been caused to some extent by the public opposition raised by a number of Lodges, unreasonably in my opinion, against the delivery of a course of lectures on the Bible Wine Question by myself, under the auspices of six Lodges in Belfast. But I believe the principal cause has been the Password for the present Quarter, a misunderstanding of which in many Lodges throughout Ulster raised the impression, that the Order was being prostituted to political purposes. Some members of the Order who took up this mistaken notion, and whose loyalty to their political party was stronger than to Good Templarism, made known their sentiments to parties outside the Order, and a newspaper war was the result, in which from the nature of the case the truth on the subject could not be made known to the public, and consequently the Order suffered seriously during the present Quarter. These impediments, however, have now been got over, and I look confidently forward to a revival of our former prosperity at no distant date, on a basis firmer and more permanent, in consequence of the educative and refining experience of the last few months.

During the trying circumstances to which I have alluded, I received the most valuable assistance in the government and instruction of our Lodges from my highly esteemed District Deputies, every one of whom is a man of talent, wisdom, and experience, of high Christian character, and, as a special qualification for his office, of long-tried attachment to the temperance cause. At our adjourned Grand Lodge Session, held in January, I reported the names of nine District Deputies who had then been commissioned. I have now fifteen efficient fellow-laborers, holding District Deputies' Commissions, whose names, addresses, and districts are as follow:—Bro. Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry, Carlisle Street, for St. Ann's Ward, Belfast, including Ligoniel; Bro. H. J. Wright, Lonsdale Street, for Smithfield Ward, Belfast; Bro. D. Smith, Lougham Street, for Dock Ward, Belfast, including Whitehouse; Bro.

W. P. Holmes, for St. George's Ward, Belfast, including Dunmurry; Bro. Rev. E. Thomas, Friar's Bush Road, for Cromac Ward, Belfast; Bro. Rev. A. M. Morrison, Mount Street, for Ballymacarrett, Holywood, and neighborhood; Bro. Rev. H. M. Holden, Ballymena, for County Antrim, exclusive of Belfast, Dunmurry, Ligoniel, and Whitehouse; Bro. Rev. D. H. M'Murtry, M.A., for County Down, exclusive of Ballymacarrett and Holywood; Bro. Rev. S. Harding, Portadown, for County Armagh; Bro. D. Crawford, Waterside, for Londonderry City; Bro. T. Collins, Coleraine, for County Londonderry; Bro. Rev. D. Gordon, Sion Mills, for County Tyrone; Bro. R. Harper, Castlefin, for County Donegal; Bro. W. F. Lawlor, Lakefield, for Dublin City; and Bro. T. W. Fair, Pembroke Road, Dublin, for County Dublin. To these brethren, one and all, and to the numerous brothers and sisters who have so cordially co-operated with them and myself in their various districts, I beg to tender my heartfelt thanks for the kind sympathy and ready help which they have so freely bestowed, in the building up and consolidating of our beneficent organization—an organization whose good fruits have already been tasted, and which is yet destined to realize a rich harvest of blessing for drink-cursed Ireland. I have also most gratefully to acknowledge the kind and cordial counsel and assistance which I have never sought in vain from Bros. Malins and Walker, G.W.C. Templars of England and Scotland. I greatly rejoice that we are to be favored at the present Session of our Grand Lodge with the presence of these distinguished champions of our good cause, and with that of our ever-ready and ever-welcome friend, Bro. R. Simpson, G.W.C. of Scotland, and also with that of Bro. R. Mansergh, G.W.C. of England, and of Bro. W. L. Daniel, P.G.W.C.T. of Wales. We have, therefore, good reason to hope that with the Divine blessing our Session will be a good and profitable one, in the interests of our philanthropic Order.

Truly our cause is a noble one, eminently calculated to draw into the fullest exercise every sympathy and energy of the Christian philanthropist. Our mission is "to reclaim the fallen and to save others from falling" into the fearful pit of drunkenness, so long as the manufacture and sale of the accursed liquor shall last, and "to hasten the hour when the means of intoxication shall be driven from our land" and from the world. "The enemy against which we wage a life-long war" is alcohol. Our armor is "the truth in love." "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Our only hope of final victory

is in the prospect of the universal recognition of the truth regarding our remorseless foe. Our greatest duty, therefore, is—"The active dissemination of truth (regarding alcohol) in all the forms known to an enlightened philanthropy." The Divine verdict regarding alcoholic liquor is—"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." This verdict is inscribed with equal clearness in the imperishable Word, the unerring Works, and the immutable Ways of God. It makes no exception in favor of the deceitful fluid for medicinal or sacramental purposes. Let us respectfully but unceasingly call upon those physicians who still patronize the fatal drug to examine our facts, and we can irresistibly demonstrate that the numerous theories in defense of alcoholic medication are vanishing in the light of truth like mist before the rising sun, being without exception as foundationless and absurd as was the barbarous practice of phlebotomy in the past generation. Let us reverently, and with all possible wisdom and judiciousness, press upon the churches to which we belong, wherever it has not already been done, the duty of banishing from the Table of the Lord the poisonous cup, thereby driving our great enemy from its position of highest honor, and withdrawing from under the doomed liquor-traffic its chief moral support. Let this good work be done as wisely as possible, *but let it be done*, and God will be glorified and humanity blessed in its accomplishment. And if any brother, seeking honestly and earnestly to promote this or any other phase of our glorious movement, should encounter opposition and persecution let every member of our noble brotherhood beware of doing the enemy's work by uniting with the publicans and their customers in branding him as injudicious and fanatical. Let us remember that the *most efficient* advocate of the right is always accounted the *most unwise and fanatical* by those who are wrong. Rather let us gratefully recognize the fact that such a brother is right and his opponents wrong, and let us stand by him, sympathize with him, pray for him, help him, and stimulate him to still more earnest and successful efforts, by the sentiment of the all but inspired lines—

"Courage, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble,
Trust in God and do the right.
Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning
Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and look above thee,
Trust in God and do the right.

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding,
Trust in God and do the right."

Thoughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER V.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF THE BAPTISM.

THERE was great rejoicing in a quiet way at the Lake House, when Mr. Lutton, muffled in a big cloak was able to cross the lobby and go into his wife's room, where she, bundled up in blankets, lay in her arm-chair waiting to receive him. Even Christopher found time to leave his books and come up stairs to settle his father's seat by the fire, while Miriam, in a state of sober, because chronic happiness, stood with the baby in her arms, directing him where to place it out of any stray draught. Mr. Lutton's illness had not much increased his demonstrativeness, but though he only said, "Here we are again," as he sat down beside his wife and put his feet on the fender, he took her hand, and his eyes reflected a good deal of the soft joyousness of her own as he looked at the thin face that was so beaming in its pink and white delicacy. While they sat thus hand in hand, Miriam drew a low stool to the side of the fire, and nursed the baby with great content, pausing occasionally in her lulling of it, to ask her mother if she were sure she was not sitting up too long, and her father if he was warm enough.

There were many grave discussions as to what the child should be called. Mrs. Lutton wished it to bear its father's name, but he said there were miles enough between that and Dublin. Miriam would have liked a Bible name like her own, but when her father said that the only Scripture name he would consent to was Gad, she gave up the point, thinking that—putting the ugliness of such a cognomen out of the question—though one baby was a treasure, a troop of them would be more than she and her mother could properly attend to. Mr. Lutton proposed to call it Harry, for Mrs. Seguin, and ask her to be sponsor, at which suggestion his wife made as if to box his ears and looked very happy; but Miriam's face flushed indignantly, as it always did now at any chance allusion to that lady's name. Her feelings on the subject did not affect her friendship for Philip, who frequently came to the island to see Christopher, and sometimes brought grapes for Mrs. Lutton. "Papa thought perhaps she might like them," he said, the first time he brought them; and Miriam was glad that it was "Papa" and not "Mamma," otherwise she could not have brought herself to accept them, and would have declined the gift on her own responsibility. As it was she looked so pleased when she took the little basket from Philip, that, for the pleasure of giving her pleasure, the lad repeated the offering very often.

Mr. Seguin himself came one day, unknown to

his wife, to see Mr. Lutton, when he heard that he was ill. Considering what had passed between them, Miriam was sadly disappointed at the common-place meeting of the two men. Mr. Seguin asked her father how he was, and her father thanked him, that he was almost well again, Mr. Seguin then remarked that bad colds were prevalent, to which her father assented; and after that they seemed to have so little to say to each other that Miriam—mindful that Mr. Seguin was Philip's father—felt called upon to help up the conversation by thanking him for the grapes, and telling him how much her mother enjoyed them. He brightened up at that, and told her how glad he would be to give Mrs. Lutton the smallest pleasure, and then he looked at Mr. Lutton as if there was something else he would like to say if he were encouraged; but Miriam's father, instead of encouraging him, sat looking at his visitor with a fixity of expression that scared him much more than it put him at his ease. Miriam saw his embarrassment, and knew from the twinkle in her father's eye, that he both saw and enjoyed it. But Mr. Lutton's better spirit prevailed over the mischievous one that sometimes took possession of him, and when Mr. Seguin was going away he said,—"I take this kindly of you, Mr. Seguin. I can tell you now what I would not say eighteen years ago, that I am sorry for insulting a worthy man. I was mad at the time, or I would have known that I had much better cause for gratitude than resentment." "Don't mention it, pray," Mr. Seguin answered, hurriedly, his ruddy face growing ruddier still, as he tried not to understand the cause of Mr. Lutton's gratitude; "I have been grieved many a time since then, to think that I had any concern in cutting short a career that would have been an honor to the country." But when he said that Mr. Lutton's face grew so stormy that he was fain to make short his adieus, and leave the house in a small panic.

There was plenty of time to decide on the name to be given to the baby, for March had come before Mrs. Lutton was able to be about again; yet the important point remained undecided up to the very day fixed for its baptism, and Miriam was still debating it, in her own mind, as she prepared for church one cold clear Sunday morning. They were to cross the lake in a boat, for the bridge, which had suffered severely in the storm on Christmas eve, had most inopportunistically given way altogether the previous night. However, Mrs. Lutton professed herself quite strong enough to walk to Church, if her husband was strong enough to row them all across the lake; and though Miriam at first demurred at the idea of rowing on Sunday, when Christopher explained to her that rowing was to them what driving

was to others, she saw that there was more of the Law than the Gospel in her scruples.

Mr. Lutton had never quite recovered strength after his illness, and so had not discontinued the "Devil's elixir" that was to restore it to him. His wife knew it now, but, as she was drinking it herself, she could not object much to his use of it. Just before starting he came into her room, and filling a tumbler from a bottle on the chimney-piece, drained it at one gulp. "Miles, dear, I wish you would not," Mrs. Lutton said, her apprehensions aroused when she saw how he seemed to enjoy the dangerous draught. "You are as selfish as the rest of your sex, Norah, and want to keep all the good things to yourself. Have not you just laid down your own glass?" was his jocular reply. "Dr. Marks ordered it to me, Miles." "And he ordered it to me, too. If I had come in a minute sooner we could have drunk each other's health in medicine. By jingo! we can do it yet; fill, Norah, fill, and we will drink the baby's health. I wonder how people would like to drink toasts in castor oil!" "I would rather do it in castor oil than in that—Miles, Miles, you have not forgotten your promise?" she exclaimed, white-lipped with terror as he lifted the bottle again. "No, I am true to my promise, but I never promised against medicine. So here is your health, little woman, and if ever you be sick may you have Dr. Marks or the Devil to attend you." "Oh, Miles! oh, my darling husband!" she sobbed, "think of what you are doing." "I did not say anything very dreadful, did I? Dr. Marks and the Devil do sometimes prescribe the same medicine, you know, so don't be sanctimonious, but come along." But Mrs. Lutton did not stir except to put her arms round his neck, and cry between her sobs and kisses:—"Oh! my darling! my darling husband, take care." That softened him, even excited as he was. "Dry your eyes, Norah," he said, returning her embrace. "I will stop the medicine for I am getting fonder of it than is safe." "Miles, are you sure you are sober?" she asked, as she dried her eyes, and there was no reproach, only a world of love and sorrow in her voice. "Sober enough to row you across, and after that if Dr. Marks and Miss Bellamy be sober, it is no matter about me." Dr. Marks and Miss Bellamy were to be the sponsors.

But Mr. Lutton over-rated his sobriety, as men, under the influence of intoxicating drink, always do. He did not row them safely across. When only a few yards from the further shore, his oar slipped from his unsteady hand, and as he leaped over the side of the boat to recover it, she capsized, and all fell into the water. As Mrs. Lutton sank, her head struck against the boat, and she did not rise again. Her husband, who was almost as much at home on water as on land, dived after her, but it was a corpse and not a living woman that his hand grasped when he rose to the surface once more, and struck out for land. Miriam's whole energies were directed to saving the infant, of which she had never let go her hold: she could not swim, but by floating she managed to keep both it and herself afloat, till some men on their way to Church, seeing the catastrophe, leaped into the water, and rescued her and Christopher, who could swim enough to keep himself from sinking, but not to enable him to

reach the landing place. When Miriam recovered from the deadly faintness that had seized her, as soon as she knew she was safe, she found Christopher standing beside her, and the baby crying in a woman's arms, but her father was nowhere to be seen, and her mother lay dead upon the shore!

"Miss Bellamy, we will call him Moses, because he was drawn out of the water." "Yes, my dear, that will do very nicely—Miriam and Moses—it will be quite appropriate." Miriam Lutton sat with her baby brother in her lap; night or day she had never allowed him to be away from her for a moment, since they became orphans. Beside her mother's dead body, she vowed to fill her place to the infant, as she had before vowed to fill it to her father. That promise she could not keep now, for though none had seen Mr. Lutton die, nor had his dead body been found, there was no doubt that, after rescuing his wife too late, he had leaped into the lake again, not knowing, in the excitement of the moment, that his children were already saved. In the confusion no one had observed his movements, but when the actors in, and spectators of the direful drama, missed him, after all attempts to resuscitate Mrs. Lutton had been in vain, this was the conclusion they drew. For many days boats searched for him in vain, and for months the fishers on the lake would start and turn pale if the drag upon their nets was weightier than usual, for at every haul they expected to find something that they never found, neither then nor ever. There were some who thought that Mr. Lutton's death matched well with his life, for they had always deemed him *uncanny*. No one knew whence he came, they said—for Mr. and Mrs. Seguin never spoke to others of their previous acquaintance with him—and now none knew whither he went. But Mr. Bellamy used to shake his head when he heard them, as if he knew too well where the real Miles Lutton was, let his body lie where it might. He had never cared for him, never understood him, and his sudden death seemed to him, to be a judgment on the man who never went to Church. He forgot that if it was a judgment from Heaven, pious Mrs. Lutton, whom he did like, was included in it, but when people set themselves to read the dark book of Providence they are not always logical. Had Miriam chosen to speak out from the depths of her stricken heart, she could have taught him to read the lesson aright. She had heard part of what passed in her mother's room the morning she went out to her baptism of death, and though she had seen little of the effects of intoxication—Loughmore being an exceptionally sober neighborhood—she had seen enough to enable her to understand her father's wild gaiety, as he entered the boat; she had seen the unsteady light in his eyes, and as she watched how loosely he held the oars she clutched the infant tight with a presentiment of evil strong upon her. But she told nothing of this nor of the story her mother had confided to her, to anyone. When Christopher entered the arena of his father's early triumphs, and became exposed to the temptations before which his father fell, she would tell him of that fall, but till then the secret, so sacred and sad, would be hid in her own breast. Christopher had no time to indulge in

grief; when the first week of mourning was past, he resumed his books, and studied on, pale and sad, missing every day the sarcastic voice that used to greet him with "Hard at work, Solomon," but missing a thousand times more the loving arm that had been wont to encircle his neck, and the loving kiss that his mother had been wont to press upon his forehead; and unconscious how much more he would have missed both, had it not been for Miriam's thoughtful care. She lived for Christopher and the baby, but most for the baby, and when it was to be baptised she insisted that she should herself be sponsor for it, to which no objection could be made as, though so young, she had been confirmed, and was a regular member of the Church.

And so the question, which had often been discussed with laughter, was decided with tears, and the child was to be called Moses. As Miriam and the servant waited in the vestry-room, the day he was baptised, Miss Bellamy and a lady came in, followed by a nurse, carrying a gorgeously-dressed infant. Miriam spoke to Miss Bellamy, but did not look at her companion till she heard her addressed as Mrs. Seguin; she looked up then, and when she saw the hard mouth and inexpressive eyes of the handsome woman, who had ruined her father, such a shiver ran through her frame that she could no longer hold the infant, and was obliged to give him up to Jenny Grant, her rosy-cheeked maid. Moses had been asleep on Miriam's knee, but the transition roused him, and waking up in high glee at finding himself alive, and looking about for some way of expressing his delight at the circumstance, he caught sight of the gay hood of Mrs. Seguin's baby, and with a coo of triumph he made a dab at it, and pulled it off. "What a bold child!" said Mrs. Seguin, speaking with as much disapprobation as if he had been five years, instead of five months, old; but when she looked at him again, the woman in her asserted itself, and "What a beautiful child!" she amended, holding out her arms to take him. Moses held out his in return, but Miriam, mindful of her name, snatched him away quickly, with a lit glow on her pale cheek. "Dear me, how rude!" Mrs. Seguin whispered to Miss Bellamy in mild astonishment. "You know she is an orphan," the Rector's sister answered in the same tone, thinking that fact should atone for any shortcomings. "It is a pity her mother did not teach her better manners while she lived," was the response, and Miriam overhearing it, wondered how her father could ever have loved such a woman. She did not know that it was her own feeling of antagonism that had awakened Mrs. Seguin's, nor did she know how it hardens a woman to stifle the natural instincts of her heart and sell herself for gold. It is said that people can never rise higher than the object of their worship, and though Mrs. Seguin was far from being either utterly bad or heartless, she had worshipped the world all her life, and so had sunk to the lowest level of worldliness.

The children of the Grange were fair-haired, good-natured, and rather common-place, with the exception of Philip, the pride and darling of his mother, and the baby, who received the name of Lilian. It is not needful to say that I am anticipating in saying that Lilian differed some-

what from her sisters, for though the child is father to the man, and, by inference (for no one has thought it worth while to state the fact), mother to the woman as well, still one can scarcely judge from an infant a few months old, what its future character will be. To be sure, there are good babies and bad babies, but then the bad ones are just as likely to grow into good men and women as the good ones are, seeing that while the sweet temper of the one class may probably be owing to their healthful animal bodies, the distressful crying of the other (which some think an ebullition of sinful nature,) may be nothing but a twinge of colic, which if experienced by the sage moralizers themselves might make them even more fretful than God's little ones, whom they so unhesitatingly condemn. I am not denying the doctrine of natural depravity, nor is it for me to decide between the conflicting opinions of good men. Infants may come into the world with souls as clean as a sheet of white paper, or they may come with seeds of every vice in their little hearts. In one sense the question is of little practical importance, for life sullies the fairest page so soon that it would be difficult to tell when the fouling process begins. Or, it may be that the seeds of virtue and of vice are alike planted in each baby-heart, and that God sets parents and friends, and even the child itself, to root out the one and foster the other—and a nobler life work no one can have than the cultivation of a human soul—till vice is, at last, left rotting in the grave, and virtue flourishes for ever in heaven. Neither reaches its full fruition in this world, for the one counteracts the other, the evil obstructing the good, even in the best of men, and the good, by God's mercy, obstructing the evil, even in the worst. The Bible decides the point, but then we may read its teachings wrong, and never more than when we are most dogmatically certain of being right. We must all be born again, but John the Baptist was born the second time from his mother's womb; and had Christian parents only faith, there is nothing to hinder their children being as Elizabeth's son was; and let no pious mother, who has wrestled in prayer that her infant may be a child of the Kingdom from its birth, be disheartened if it shows symptoms of peevishness or fretfulness, as if that were a sign her prayer was not heard; for good men and women, in whom God's Spirit dwells, do occasionally give way to violent and irritable temper, and the man who would fly in a passion if his mutton was cold, should not judge harshly an infant who is guilty of a far less offence. God's Spirit may be working in it, though he knows it not, and if it be capable of sin, it too may have its hours of repentance as it lies helpless on its mother's breast, although in after days it has no remembrance of them.

Let all this be as it may, if Lilian did not show any distinctive traits of character on the day of her baptism, further than crowing merrily at Moses's rough usage of her, she began before many years to show herself more open-hearted and courageous than what her sisters were. She could not, it is true, have punched a boy's head, as Miriam Lutton did at her age, but she had courage to face her nurse's frown and stop to speak to any sick woman or beggar child she met, to coax a shilling from her father for any one she

heard of being in want; and last, not least, to smile and kiss her little hand whenever she saw Moses Lutton on the road, and to caress and fondle him when they met, even though her mother were present. The young people met frequently at the Glebe, and Mrs. Seguin did not object to them doing so, for that would have offended the Rector's sister; but she tried to impress it on the children that though Miss Bellamy, from kindness to the orphans, might ask them to the Glebe, they did not meet there on equal terms. This had its effect on the elder girls, who learned to kiss Miriam, and make much of Moses, when Mrs. Seguin was not with them, but to pass on with a cool bow or cold hand-shake if she was. Had Miriam been at leisure to think of herself, these things might have annoyed her, but, save as she was necessary to her brothers, she had no thought for herself. She was conscious that she preferred Philip and Lilian to the rest of the family, but she

never troubled herself thinking why, nor did she observe, though others did, that when his sisters had tried in vain to get self-willed Philip to do something they wished, she had only to say, "Philip, you should do it," and it was done at once. Her perfect simplicity and straightforwardness gave her more influence over him than either mother or sisters had ever had, for the little under-current of what was hypocrisy in the mother, and something that deserved a less harsh name in the daughters, prevented him having a thorough respect for them, and caused him slightly to look down on women and girls in general. But part of this is in anticipation also, for Lilian and Moses were still in the arms, when Howard Peaton and Philip Seguin one day drove up to the Lake House, and without alighting from the tax-cart began to call for Christopher.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Good Templarism: What is it?

(IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR TRACTS—NO. 2—SEE SECOND PAGE OF COVER.)

GENTLE READER,—By the law of God, and by the constitution of man, you are your brother's keeper. You cannot escape the responsibility of looking after both his well-being and his well-doing. You are bound, even though it cost you some self-sacrifice, not only not to injure his best interests, but actively to promote them. It is your duty to do this in the best manner, and to the utmost of your power. The fact that you have done part of your duty does not exonerate you from doing the whole of it. Until it can be said of you, "He hath done what he could to save his brother," you have not done enough. The fact that you *believe* your *own* plan of philanthropy is a good one (notwithstanding, it may be, its ill success), does not exempt you from trying an alleged better plan, unless you can prove that it is not a better. You must be willing to give up your own cherished scheme, or at least not depend on it alone, as soon as a more efficient and more successful one is brought before you.

Now, your brethren in the United Kingdom, it has been calculated, are going down one after another, to a drunkard's grave, at the rate of about 60,000 every year, having, on their way thither, passed from self-confident moderation to uncontrollable excess, and on thence to irrevocable destruction. You have tried numerous plans to prevent this, such as moral suasion, education, cautious moderation, restricted licensing, and even the ordinary preaching of the Gospel. But all these have failed—at least have proved insufficient. You have proposed numerous others, but as these all depended on an insurmountable "if," they have been let alone as impracticable. And so that river of Lethe—the spirit traffic—taunts you as it sings,

"Men may come and men may go, but I flow on for ever;"

and it is just because it does flow on that all your well-meaning efforts to save your 60,000 brothers and sisters from being drowned in it have failed.

Seeing, therefore, that neither fencing this river, nor increasing the difficulties of bathing in it, nor warning the bathers to keep in shallow water has been sufficient to prevent that train of evils which culminates in the annual loss of so many immortal souls, it is your duty, gentle reader, and mine to try, for so desperate a disease, an equally desperate remedy, and—**DRY UP THE RIVER.** That is the plan recommended to you by the Independent Order of Good Templars, who, for the more rapid attainment of this great object, earnestly solicit your sympathy and co-operation. You will naturally wish to know, first of all, something about the Order, and I shall, therefore, as briefly as possible describe it.

Its History.—The Independent Order of Good Templars was instituted in New York in the year 1851. Since that time it has spread over the greater part of the North American Continent, where it has a membership of over half a million, and exercises a corresponding influence for good on the customs and politics of the country. On the 8th September, 1868, the Order was introduced into England, and has made very gratifying progress there, having now (October 1871) about 300 Subordinate Lodges in full operation. On the 13th of August, 1869, it was introduced into Scotland, and its success in that country has been unprecedented in the annals of the Temperance Reformation. During the past two years it has drawn around its standard above 60,000 members, about 1,000 being now admitted weekly, and applications for an extension of its blessings being daily sent in to the proper authorities from every part of Scotland. On 20th October, 1870, the Order was established in Belfast, and a record of the remarkable progress it has since made in drink-cursed Ireland must be very encouraging to all who have the Temperance cause and the good of their fellow men at heart. In the short space of twelve months, above 80 Lodges have been instituted, and nearly 10,000 members enrolled, and everywhere the cry is, "Still they come!"

Its Constitution.—The Order consists of (1) the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, which has supreme control over the entire Order; (2) about 4000 Grand Lodges, which exercise jurisdiction over, and are composed of representatives from (3) the Subordinate Lodges, of which there is an unlimited and ever-increasing number. Each Lodge is under the direction of its respective officers, and is open to persons of either sex, from twelve years old and upwards, on payment of an initiation fee of One Shilling for Brothers and Sixpence for Sisters, and an additional subscription of One Penny per week for Brothers and One Halfpenny for Sisters.

Its Nature.—The Good Templars are simply a Temperance Society, carefully and completely organized. The Order is not intended to rival nor supplant any existing temperance organization, but is the willing helper of them all. It is not an upstart, but the legitimate result of the growth and development of the Temperance Reform. It is a brotherhood, resting on the basis of Faith in God, Hope in the triumph of God's cause, and Charity towards all mankind, and is banded together for the accomplishment of a great and sacred work. It is this, and nothing more.

Its Principles.—Abstinence from intoxicating drinks is not a matter of mere expediency, but a duty—a principle—whose foundation is laid deep down in History, Science, and Revelation. The use of alcohol as a beverage in health is a violation of the laws of life, which are the laws of God. It is physically wrong to indulge in alcoholic beverages, and what is physically wrong is morally wrong; and what is morally wrong can never be politically right. And because it is physically and morally wrong to use alcoholic beverages, we believe total abstinence for life our personal duty; and because it is politically wrong to license the manufacture and sale of these drinks, we believe total prohibition our social duty. We grasp the moral aspect of the question with the one hand and the political aspect with the other, and we go to St. Stephen's and say, "It is wrong to license an immorality; it is righteousness alone which exalteth a nation, and we therefore demand the power to banish the unrighteous and immoral traffic from the land." Teetotalism for the individual and prohibition for the State are, therefore the principles of the Good Templar Order.

Its Policy.—(1) No licence in any form, nor under any circumstances, for the sale of intoxicating liquor, to be used as a beverage. (2.) The absolute prohibition of the manufacture, importation, and sale of such liquor to be used as a beverage—prohibition by the will of the people, expressed in due form of law, with the penalties deserved for a crime of such enormity. (3.) The creation of a healthy public opinion the subject, by the active dissemination of temperance truth in all the modes known to an enlightened philanthropy. (4.) The election of good honest men to administer the law. (5.) Persistence in efforts to save individuals and communities from so direful a scourge, against all forms of opposition and difficulty, until our success is complete and universal. This is Good Templar policy.

Its Object.—The object of Good Templarism is to reclaim those that have fallen, and to save the young and the sober from falling into the snares

of the tempter (or tempters, rather), by a strict and life-long abstinence from all intoxicating drinks as beverages, and the judicious use of all means calculated to strengthen the virtue, promote the happiness, increase the usefulness, and improve the habits and tastes, morally and socially, of the members; to aid all measures calculated to lessen the evils of intemperance; but chiefly to suppress by legislative enactment, the entire liquor traffic, as the *fons et origo* of nearly all the crime, disease, pauperism, and other evils which afflict society. And now, my brother, I shall be glad to hear and answer your

Objections.—1. "I object to taking a pledge"

Ans. If it be right to abstain from alcoholic liquor as beverages, it is right to promise to abstain, and that is all we do. 2. "But the pledge is life-long." *Ans.* So should every good resolution be. What it is *essentially* right to do, it is right to continue to do, no matter how much *your opinion* of its rightness may change. So long as alcohol remains alcohol it can never be anything else than right to abstain from it; just as it can never be anything else than right to abstain from murder so long as the Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill." 3. "They have so much unmeaning form and ceremony." *Ans.* No; they are neither much nor unmeaning; just enough to have "everything done decently and in order," and to secure the integrity and promote the success of the organization; and not more unmeaning than taking off your hat to a lady, or saluting your superior officer, or any of the ordinary forms and ceremonies which distinguish polite society from the rude and ungovernable mob. 4. "What is the good of those gewgaws, or regalia, or whatever you may call them, which you wear in your Lodges?" *Ans.* Well, tell me first, what is the harm in them? They are not dangerous. They will not give you the small-pox! What is the good of having a gold chain dangling from your waistcoat pocket, instead of a plain black cord? What is the good of a flower in a lady's bonnet? What is the good of a judge's wig, an admiral's cocked hat, or a clergyman's gown and bands? Why, these are all gewgaws, "or whatever you call them." 5. "Good Templarism supplants the Church." *Ans.* It no more supplants the Church than rolling away the stone from the grave of Lazarus supplanted the life-giving power of the Saviour. Rather than supplant the Church, we will cease to be Good Templars, but we have more faith in the efficacy of the Gospel assisted by Good Templarism than we have in the Gospel assisted (hindered, rather) by moderate drinking. If the Church would only do its duty in this matter it would have little need for the aid of any Temperance society. 6. "The Order employs frivolous and childish signs." *Ans.* These are merely intended to prevent the Lodge from being imposed upon, and to enable members travelling to make themselves known and find friends. In fact, they are the Good Templar's letters of introduction. 7. "Its knocks and passwords are foolish." *Ans.* They serve to keep out intruders and impostors, and are just as necessary and as useful as the knock and the card which prevent the family circle from being disturbed by an unknown or improper visitor; or, as the communion token, which is the guarantee, or at least is taken as such, that you are qualified for admis-

sion to the Table of the Lord. 8. "I object to the admission of women into the Lodges." *Ans.* Why? Is not woman the natural helpmate of man? Do not women suffer most from the terrible evils of the drink-traffic? And should they not, by their encouragement and counsel, help us to free them and ourselves from so great a curse! You don't exclude women from the social party; why then should you deny to us the softening, refining, and elevating influence of their presence at our social party—the Good Templar Lodge? Does not the fact that women *can* sit in our Lodges speak volumes for the character of all our proceedings? 9. "But why shroud your proceedings in secrecy? If there be anything good going on in the Lodge, why not open the doors and admit everybody?" *Ans.* Do you object to secrecy *per se*? "No." Is it wrong for an individual to have a secret? "No." Then it is not wrong for a number of individuals to have a secret. But the order of Good Templars is not a secret society in any improper sense. We merely act the part of every wise and prudent man or body of men, and keep our plans to ourselves till we have them thoroughly considered, and are ready to execute them; but as for our object and principles, we shall be delighted to see them published in every newspaper in the Kingdom. Where is the harm in all this? Are you not aware that secrecy is often necessary to prevent even the best plans from being frustrated by their inopportune disclosure? Did not our Saviour form what was virtually a secret society when He led Peter and James and John up into a high mountain apart by themselves, and charged them that *they should tell no man* what things they had seen, until the Son of Man should be risen from the dead? Were not the twelve apostles a secret society, chosen and instructed in secret, and charged by their Master to "be wise as serpents," to take every precaution which ordinary prudence and forethought might suggest, in order that the work He had given them to do might not be thwarted by the enemy? What are family circles, railway companies or other business partnerships, *inter-locutur* meetings of Presbyteries or other ecclesi-

astical courts, committees, grand juries, cabinet councils, but so many secret societies, from which all but a privileged few are excluded, and whose proceedings are kept strictly private till the proper time comes for their being made known? The Order of Good Templars is a secret society only in this sense. What would have been thought of the wisdom of Lismarek and Olthke, if they had at the beginning of the late campaign made known all their plans, and the strength and disposition of their forces, to the French generals? And could we, as Temperance reformers, lay claim to the respect even of the most simple, if we did not guard against the too early disclosure of our plans to the spirit-dealers? Our secrecy, therefore, merely amounts to this, the precaution which every prudent man takes against the frustration of his designs by an opponent or enemy.

I think I have now replied to all the objections which you can fairly urge against the Order of Good Templars. I know a caviller may find faults in the most perfect scheme; but I trust you are not one of those who refuse to join an organization, forgetful of its great object, and of its fitness to accomplish that object, merely because the organization is not absolutely faultless. I hope you are not one of those most contemptible of all objectors, who merely find faults as an excuse for not doing what they know to be a good thing, and, therefore, so far as they can do it, a duty. Even though this Temperance organization may be imperfect in some respects, the fruits it has even already borne are the best proof that it is a better remedy for the intemperance you deplore than any you have yet tried. His, therefore, your duty, as the keeper of your perishing brethren, to try this means of saving them. It is your duty, if your neighbour's house be on fire, to use even a bucket if you have nothing better; but, if a fire engine come, you are bound to employ it, and every other means in your power, to subdue the flames. Make the best use of the best means, for not till then will you have done all your duty. If you be not a Good Templar, you should become one at the earliest opportunity.

The Good Templar Elocutionist.

THE LITTLE SHOES.

THE writer once lived opposite a beer shop called the "Fox and Geese," and with pained attention often watched the doings and heard the sayings of the customers. One winter's evening a shoemaker's boy went into the shop with an assortment of children's shoes, and the landlady began calling for Adelaide to have her new shoes tried on. A pair was fitted, and the pet was lifted up triumphantly in her mother's arms. "Here, do look at her! Look, dad, do!" Just then a tall man, very thinly clad, came out of the tap-room, passed the bar, and saw the child stretching out her feet for her father to see. Now a poor woman had been hovering about at the corner, peeping now and then timidly into the bar-window, and then creeping to the door; she had

a child in her arms and looked ready to drop with cold and weariness. I had seen that woman on many a Saturday night, waiting and watching for her husband to come out. Ah, there he is, rivetted for a moment, looking at the child showing her shoes; with a start he rous himself and rushes out. "What, Bill, 'going so soon?" brawls the landlady. Outside was his wife and little one. For a moment the woman looks at him timorously, and half swerves aside as if she feared—what I will not relate, lest the manhood of my readers might be wounded. Something in Bill's look reassures her, and she goes close to him, feebly but yet coaxingly. He too the child from her tired arms—the little creature gave a short quick cry of fright, and, as he lifted it, I saw that its little feet were bare; it rew them swiftly under its poor frock, but of before

the father saw them. He put them in his bosom, buttoned his jacket over them, and held his child close, and went on his way with a heavy stamp, as if he beat his thoughts down on the ground; his wife, slipshod and tottering, had hard work to keep up with him.

Some months after there was a meeting at the Temperance Hall, and many working men gave their testimony to the good effects of Teetotalism; now and then they told little bits of their history about the reasons that led them to give up the public-house. One tall, well-dressed respectable looking man listened earnestly, till one, who sat near him, said, "say a word, William; you've known as much about the mischief as any one here; come, tell us, for I never heard how it was that you changed right about. Come, stand up, and speak." The young man rose, and looked very confused. All he could say was, "The little shoes, they did it." With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this, and some thoughtless young people began to titter. At length the choking went from his throat. "Yes, friends," he said, "whatever you may think of it, I've told you the truth—the little shoes did it. I was a brute and a fool; strong drink had made me both, and starved me into the bargain. I suffered; I deserved to suffer; but I didn't suffer alone—no man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worst share. But I am no speaker to enlarge on that; I'll stick till the little shoes. I saw one night, when I was all but done for, the publican's child holding out her foot for her father to look at her fine new shoes. It was a simple thing; but, friends, no fists ever struck me such a blow as those little shoes. 'What business have I to clothe others and let my own go bare?' said I; and outside was my wife and child, that bitter night. I took hold of my little one, and I saw her chilled feet. I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through. Yes, the little feet walked right into my heart. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf and a pair of little shoes; I never tasted anything but a bit of that bread all the Sunday, and went to work like mad on Monday, and from that time I have spent no more money at the public-house. That's all I've got to say—it was the little shoes that did it."—*Abridged from British Workman.*

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

WITHIN a fireless, cheerless room,
A lonely mourner weeps;
Through the long night 'mid cheerless gloom
Her weary watch she keeps;
Waiting in grief, and shame, and fear,
Her husband's well-known step to hear.
An infant on her bosom lies,
And in the wretched bed,
A pining prattler, restless cries,
"Oh, mother, give me bread!"
While she—the wretched! breathes a prayer
For strength, her mighty griefs to bear.
Oh! woman's heart! and woman's love!
Must many trials know;
But language has no words to prove
The wife's keen bitter woe,
When he, who made her earthly bliss,
Sinks in the drunkard's foul abyss.
For him she changed her father's name,
And left her mother's care;
With sweet, confiding fondness came,
His varied lot to share:
And warmly hoped on life's steep road,
His love would lighten every load.
Those hopes were vain; and yet in woe,
Her love is still the same:
No change her gentle heart can know,
Through years of want and shame.
That heart may break, but cannot chill;—
The wanderer is welcome still!
He comes at length:—to mock the tear
Upon her pallid cheek!
To taunt, with language, stern, severe,
The suffering, and the meek.
Heedless he hears his infant's moan,
Intemperance turns the heart to stone!
Lovers of revel and of noise!
Tempters to ruin's brink!
Who sing the drunkard's fatal joys,
Who praise the drunkard's drink;
Your myriad victims, who can count!
What mind conceive their dread amount?
Oh, widely spread the glorious plan,
That heals a grief like this;
That raises fall'n degraded man,
And seals domestic bliss;
That bids intemperance, vile, depart,
And pitying, binds the broken heart!

Literary Notices.

BIBLE TEMPERANCE: Containing an Examination of Rev. Dr. Murphy's Tract on "Wine in the Bible." By Rev. G. H. Shanks. 112 pp. Price 6d. Belfast: W. E. Mayne, 1, Donegall Square East; I. O. G. T. Offices, 26, Ann Street. This is in every respect the most valuable temperance book ever published in Ireland. Its subject is the most important connected with the temperance movement, its style is scholarly, logical, and candid, and its general conclusions are irresistible. The work is well fitted to do for the temperance cause in Ireland, what those on the same subject by Drs. Nott, Lees, and Ritchie, have done for that cause in America, England, and Scotland.

The author is a zealous Good Templar, and we strongly recommend every member of the Order in our jurisdiction to read his little book. We feel confident that a careful perusal of it will excite in every single-minded member of our Independent Order a desire to promote the important doctrines it so ably advocates.

A REVIEW OF THE REV. M. MACAULAY'S SERMON: "A SCRIPTURAL PLEA FOR TEMPERANCE." By Rev. D. M'Murtry, M.A. Price 1d. Belfast: L.C.G.T. Offices, 26 Ann Street. This is a very able and exhaustive refutation of a very fallacious and pernicious discourse. We shall notice it more fully in our next.

Official Information.



Grand Lodge Offices,

26 Ann Street,

Belfast,

20th April, 1873.

THE Annual Session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, to be held this year in London, has been postponed till 22nd July.

The following letter has been sent to every Lodge in Ireland:—

DEAR BRETHREN,—The United Executive Councils of the Grand Lodges of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales regard it as the imperative duty of our Order at present, to make its voice heard strongly in Parliament, by means of a united effort in Petitions from the Lodges.

They send you the enclosed form of Petition as one in full accordance with our platform, and earnestly recommend that it be signed by your Officers.

It should then be made up in a roll open at both ends, addressed "Petition to Parliament," and forwarded (to the House of Commons) to the Member for the County or Borough. A separate letter should also be sent to the Member of Parliament when the Petition is sent off, respectfully requesting him to present and support the prayer of the accompanying petition for the "entire suppression of the liquor traffic." The petition can be sent post free, but the accompanying letter must be duly stamped.

It is earnestly requested that this petition be posted on 3rd May, so that, along with those from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, it may be presented immediately before the Second Reading of the Permissive Bill.

The United Executive Councils have reason to believe that this will greatly strengthen the hands of Sir W. Lawson, and they deem the present time specially opportune for such an effort, seeing that the United Kingdom Alliance has recommended that no petitioning effort be made this year directly in support of Sir W. Lawson's Bill, but that memorials be addressed to Members of Parliament, requesting their votes and influence in support of its Second Reading.

In addition to the foregoing, the United Executives earnestly recommend Subordinate Lodges to promote petitions from public meetings, and also local petitions, similarly worded, the latter of which, in addition to the signatures of our members, might receive the names of all in the locality favorable to the promotion of our great object.

Petitions adopted by a public meeting should be

signed by the chairman on behalf of the meeting. Petitions from the inhabitants of any districts should be signed as numerous as possible, only one name on each line, with place of residence added. Women may sign, but no person under sixteen years of age. At least one name must be on the sheet upon which the petition is written—additional sheets to be pasted to petitions, the foot and the whole made up into a roll and forwarded as above described. If under 2 lbs weight, it can be sent free by post.

This effort, by petitions, on our part, the United Executives regard as present and urgent duty, especially required, that our thorough principles and great social weight as an Order, embracing so large a number of Citizens, should be felt in the great cause of reform.—With fraternal regards,

Yours truly,

JOHN PYPER, G.W.C.T.
WM. R. NELSON, G.W.S.

P.S.—It will be better not to make public our intention of forwarding the petitions all on the same date. Their good effects will be all the greater by the pouring of them in together unexpectedly. The effort will afford an illustration of the value of secrecy in our Order.

The following is a copy of the petition, between 4,000 and 5,000 of which, duly signed, will, we trust, reach the House of Commons, on 5th and 6th inst.:—

To the Honorable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled.

The humble petition of the undersigned Officers of Lodge, No. of the Independent Order of Good Templars, located in the of and County of in name and by authority of members of said Lodge,

SHEWETH,

That the traffic in Intoxicating Liquors, at present licensed in this realm, is destructive of a vast portion of wholesome food, is the cause of an enormous drain of money from the mass of the people, and a terrible source of every physical and moral degradation.

Your Petitioners, therefore, earnestly pray your Honorable House to enact a Law suppressing all Licences, whether for the Manufacture, Importation, or Sale of Intoxicating Liquors, for use as beverages.

And your Petitioners will ever pray.

The G.W.C.T. intends to be in the House on 5th,

6th, and 7th inst., co-operating with other friends in securing votes on the right side, at the Second Reading of the Permissive Bill, which is to take place on the 7th. He earnestly hopes that every Lodge in Ireland will do its duty by forwarding the Petition as requested. If in any case it should be overlooked till after the dates mentioned, let it still be sent as soon as possible—much better late than not at all.

The following Quarterly Circular, which has been sent to the Deputy of each Lodge in Ireland, contains information that may be interesting and useful to all members of the Order in our jurisdiction:—

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—Below you have the Password and Explanation for next Quarter. Please to inform your Lodge as follow:—

1.—Ode and Constitution Books, Secretaries' Books, and Clearance Cards, can be had only from the Grand Lodge.

2.—All Orders for Books, Cards, &c., must be signed by the W.C.T. and W.S. of the Lodge making the application.

3.—All Applications for Books, Cards, &c., all Communications on the General Business of the Order, and all Remittances of money should be addressed to the G.W.S.

4.—All Applications for Charters to open New Lodges, and Communications on points of Law should be addressed to the G.W.C.T.

5.—The next Session of the Grand Lodge of Ireland is to be held in Dublin, commencing on Wednesday, 6th August, 1873.

6.—GRAND LODGE BYE-LAW.—The following

Bye-law has been adopted by the Executive, and is binding upon all Lodges in Ireland:—"No member shall be suspended for non-payment of dues unless he be two quarters in arrears and have received notice in writing at least one month previous to the suspension."

7.—We hope your Lodge will not fail to forward to Parliament the Petition we lately sent you, duly signed, posting it on 3rd May, for the reasons assigned in our letter which accompanied the Petition form.

8.—The circulation of our Official Organ, the *Irish Good Templar*, is upwards of 5,000 per month. This is a most gratifying fact, but we are aware that many of our Lodges could easily do something more to increase this circulation, both inside and outside our Order. Has your Lodge done all in its power in this important matter? We believe there is no means of promoting our good cause, at present within our reach, at once so cheap and effective. We beg respectfully to request your Lodge to give half an hour's earnest consideration to this subject.

Yours in Faith, Hope, and Charity,

JOHN PYPER, G.W.C.T.

WM. R. NELSON, G.W.S.

P.S.—Be careful to note, according to Art. iv., Sec. 8, G. Lodge Constitution, and as specified in your Commission, that you are to withhold the Password till the Quarterly Returns and Per Capita Tax shall have been placed in your hands. The Returns and Tax should reach the G.W.S. not later than 14th May. Enclosed you have Quarterly Return Form. See that all blanks in it be carefully filled in, as otherwise the G.W.S. cannot complete his Annual Report to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge.

Progress of the Order.

DISTRICT LODGES.

THE G.W.C.T. has instituted District Lodges as follow:—Dock Ward, Belfast, in Lancasterian School-room, Frederick Street, on 29th January; Ards, in Good Templar Hall, Newtownards, 30th January; Dublin, in School-room, Lower Abbey Street, 12th February; Portadown and Armagh in Lodge-room, Portadown, 21st February; Londonderry City, in Lodge-room, 14th March; Strabane, in Lodge-room, 17th March; Co. Donegal, in Market-House, Castlefin, 18th March; Newry and Mourne, in Lodge-room, Newry, 20th March; Carrickfergus and Larne, in Good Templar Hall, Carrickfergus, 24th March; St. George's Ward, Belfast, in Grand Lodge Hall, Ann Street, 25th March; Ballymena, in Protestant Hall, 26th March; Lisburn, in Assembly-room, 31st March; Banbridge, in Lodge-room, 1st April; St. Ann's Ward, Belfast, in Lodge-room, Clifton Street, 3rd April; Lurgan, in Mechanics' Institute, 15th April; Downpatrick, in Lodge-room, 21st April; and Ballynahinch, in Lodge-room, 22nd April. He hopes during the present month to institute a District Lodge for Smithfield and Cromac Wards, Belfast, including Ballymacarrett and Hollywood, in the Grand Lodge Hall, on the 15th; one in Coleraine, on the 19th;

one in Cookstown, on the 20th; and one in Omagh, on the 22nd. There are also encouraging grounds to hope that before long we shall have District Lodges established in Aughnacloy, Dungannon, Enniskillen, Monaghan, Cavan, Dundalk, and Cork. We intend to give the names of the Officers of the District Lodges in our next.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

BELFAST.—10th March, a meeting in connexion with the Ark of Safety Lodge was held in the Wesleyan School-room, Falls Road, at which a complimentary and affectionate address from the Lodge was read and presented to one of the members, Bro. John W. Oliver, on the eve of his departure to America. Bro. Oliver, who had been a valuable and much esteemed member of the Lodge from its institution, gratefully accepted the presentation, and made a beautiful and touching valedictory reply. 14th March, an interesting reunion in connexion with the Good Samaritan Lodge was held in Gilmore's Temperance Hotel. Bro. R. Maxwell, W.C.T., presided, and addresses were delivered by Bros. W. G. Lytle, and Dr. M'Murtry, G.W.T. 18th March, a public meeting was held under the auspices of the Star of Erin Lodge, in the Lancasterian

School-room, Frederick Street, Bro. D. Smith, G.W.M., presiding. On the same evening a public meeting was held in connexion with the Minerva Lodge in their new Lodge-room, Trinity Church School-room. Bro. Rev. A. Denholm presided, and a lecture was delivered by Rev. J. H. Deacon, Rector of Trinity Church. 14th April, a soiree under the auspices of the Ark of Safety Lodge was held in their Lodge-room. Bro. T. S. Oliver, W.C.T., presided, Bro. D. Fortune delivered an address, readings were given, and music was discoursed by an efficient choir, Sister Mrs. J. A. Carleton, presiding at the piano. The Fifteenth Anniversary of the Irish Temperance League took place on 16th and 17th April, and was undoubtedly the most successful one yet held. For want of space we are obliged to hold over our notice of the proceedings till next month.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Grand Lodge of Newfoundland was instituted in St. Johns, on 11th December last, by Bro. J. J. Stewart, D.D.R.W.G.T. The members of the Executive are Bros. Adam Scott, G.W.C.T.; R. B. Holden, G.W.C.; Dr. C. S. Lane, G.W.V.T.; F. Winton, G.W.S.; and W. T. Parsons, G.W.T.

QUEENSLAND.

The Grand Lodge of Queensland was instituted in Brisbane, on 19th February, by Bro. J. Watson, D.D.R.W.G.T. The Officers installed were W. Steele, G.W.C.T.; B. T. Gartside, G.W.C.; W. Carey, G.W.V.T.; M. D. Tait, G.W.S.; G. Slater, G.W.T.; Rev. E. Griffith, G.W.Chap.; Sister J. Watson, G.W.M.; P. McLean, G.W.G.; W. Allan, G.W. Sen.; A. McFarlane, G.W.A.S.; Sister A. McLean, G.W.D.M.; and J. McFarlane, P.G.W.C.T.

ENGLAND.

The Subordinate Lodges in England now number nearly 2,800. The Annual Session of the Grand Lodge is to be held in Bristol, commencing on 1st July.

SCOTLAND.

The Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of Scotland is to be held in Glasgow in the second week of July. The Subordinate Lodges in Scotland now number above 800.

WALES.

The Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of Wales was held in Merthyr Tydvil, on 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th April. The Session opened in the afternoon of the 8th, in the Drill Hall, G.W.C.T. J. Bowen presiding. A great public meeting was held in the evening, in Pontmorlais Chapel. G.W.C.T. Pyper occupied the chair, and among the speakers was G.W.C.T. Malins. A public meeting was held the same evening in Aberdare, at which the principal speaker was G.W.C.T. Walker. The Grand Lodge Degree was conferred upon about 500 candidates. The G.W.C. Templar's Report stated that while at the institution of the Grand Lodge of Wales, a year ago, they had but 25 Subordinate Lodges in the Principality, they had now 450, with a membership of nearly 40,000. G.W.C.T. Walker presided at the election of officers on the 9th. There were two candidates for the office of G.W.C.T., Bros. John Bowen and W. L. Daniel. The votes cast for Bro. Bowen were 191, and for Bro. Daniel 111, and Bro.

Bowen was elected. The other officers elected and installed were Bro. Rev. D. Rowlands, M.A., G.W.C.; Sister Miss Mason, G.W.V.T.; Bro. O. N. Jones, G.W.S.; Bro. Captain G. B. Thomas, G.W.T.; Bro. Watkiss, G.W. Chap.; Bro. G. A. Edwards, G.W.M.; Bro. Raper, G.W.G.; Bro. J. Hughes, G.W. Sen.; Bro. Tilston, G.W.A.S.; Sister Mrs. J. M. Jones, G.W.D.M.; Bro. Hughes, G. W. Mes.; and Bro. Dr. Rawlings, P.G.W.C.T. The Representatives to R.W.G. Lodge elected were Bros. Bowen, G.W.C.T.; Daniel, Thomas, G.W.T.; and Rowlands, G.W.C. It was resolved that the next Annual Session be held in Carnarvon between 12th and 19th April, 1874. G.W.C.T. Malins presided during the day on the 10th, and G.W.C.T. Pyper presided during the greater part of the night, the protracted Session being closed in due form by G.W.C.T. Bowen, on the morning of the 11th, at half-past six o'clock. In the afternoon of the 11th a great procession was held, when about 4,000 Good Templars wearing Regalia, accompanied with bands of music and appropriate banners, assembled in the Market Square, and marched through the principal streets of the town, ending the procession at the Drill Hall, in which a great public meeting was held, Bro. Rev. J. Thomas, D.D.G.W.C.T., presiding. The series of meetings, which was in every respect a grand success, terminated, by a public meeting in the evening, held in Zoar Chapel, which was crowded to excess by an intelligent and enthusiastic audience, the majority of whom wore the Regalia of our Order. G.W.C.T. Bowen occupied the chair, and the principal speakers, each of whom addressed the audience from the pulpit, were G.W.C.T. Pyper, Captain Thomas, G.W.T.; J. Lewis, D.D.G.W.C.T.; and Rev. J. R. Hughes, D.D.G.W.C.T. The Grand Lodge Offices are at 25 Victoria Street, Merthyr Tydvil.

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

The Ark of Safety Lodge, No. 23, takes 72 copies monthly of the *Irish Good Templar*. This was unintentionally omitted in our list last month.

Several interesting contributions are unavoidably held over, including reports of meetings in Bleary, Beagh, Gilford, Castlefin, Coleraine, Lurgan, Ballyclare, Lisburn, Laurelvale, Banbridge, Dublin, Larne, Bessbrook, Rathfriland, Maghera, and Armagh. Lodges wishing their public meetings noticed in our columns will please to send us the particulars in writing, or copies of newspapers containing them. When the notice has appeared in any Belfast paper, it will be enough to mention the paper and the date.

Orders for THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR and for Advertisements should be addressed to Bro. Wm. R. NELSON, G.W.S., 26 Ann Street, Belfast. On pre-payment of 1s 6d, one copy monthly for a year will be forwarded by post; and two or more copies will be sent for the published price, *post free*. Two Shillings will thus secure to two individuals monthly for one year a copy each, addressed to any one of them, in any part of the country.

Contributions for THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR and Books for Review in its columns should be addressed to the Editor, JOHN PYPER, G.W.C.T., 4, Old Park Terrace, Belfast.

The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

VOL. I., No. 6.

JUNE, 1873.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



Bro. John Bowen, G.W.C.T. of Wales.

BRO. JOHN BOWEN, Grand Worthy Chief Templar of Wales, whose portrait we present here to our readers, was born on 16th August, 1842, at Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire, but his parents removed to Cardiganshire when he was

only two years of age. The subject of our sketch is the youngest son of a large family. He received an early religious training, and fortunately he had the privilege of being a scholar in an English Wesleyan Sabbath School, and before

he was sixteen years of age he was appointed teacher to the Young Men's Testament Class. One of his first day-schoolmasters was the now earnest and eloquent advocate of temperance, Bro. Rev. J. R. Hughes, Anglesey, who was also a total abstainer at the time, and formed a Band of Hope in connection with the school, of which young Bowen became a willing member. The little periodical, the *Band of Hope Review*, which was at the time in its infancy, was extensively circulated amongst, and by, this little band at Goginan, and the temperance truths which it disseminated, together with the good teaching of the schoolmaster, implanted the germs of total abstinence in our Brother's mind, which have never been eradicated. He has not been, however, a Nazarite from birth, having given way for some time to the popular but erroneous idea that a little stimulant was good for health's sake; yet notwithstanding this, he in controversy invariably advocated total abstinence as the best and safest course to pursue, and, acting upon that conviction, he made a resolve never to handle or taste intoxicants as a beverage, a resolve to which he has tenaciously adhered since it was made, giving it as his experience, omitting other considerations, that he finds it to be much more conducive to health to abstain altogether from intoxicating liquors, than to use them even as he did, in the most moderate quantities.

When the Alliance movement was first introduced into North Wales, Bro. Bowen, who had removed thither, heartily joined it, and has been an ardent supporter of the U. K. Alliance ever since. He has done much good in the Principality by writing letters frequently upon the various phases of the temperance and prohibitive questions to the papers, more particularly the Welsh papers, in which the effusions of his pen invariably receive a hearty welcome. He has also competed largely in writing essays, &c., to the literary Eisteddfodan of Wales, frequently carrying off the palm, and was successful in 1870 in writing a prize essay against the use of tobacco, which was highly eulogized by the adjudicator.

At a conference of temperance friends, held in the Savings' Bank, Wrexham, on Friday, 30th November, 1866, resolutions were passed in favor of "Electoral action, to obtain due representation of the great commercial, sanitary, political, and moral interests embodied in the temperance question;" and at a quarterly conference of the Wrexham District Temperance League, an association for which Bro. Bowen had been for several years an honorary speaker, held on Monday, 30th March, 1863, a resolution was passed that a declaration of opinion should be drawn up for the

signatures of influential persons, with a view of forming a North Wales Temperance Electoral Association. A provisional committee of six was appointed to carry out the foregoing instructions, viz.—Messrs. C. E. Darby, W. H. Tilston, John Bowen, David Williams, David Roberts, and Hugh Jones, with Mr. W. Liston as Hon. Sec. At the first meeting of members, held on 13th July, 1868, the provisional committee, with the Hon. Sec. added, were re-elected with power to appoint their own chairman, president, and vice-presidents. Bro. Bowen labored most assiduously in connection with this association, and, as it progressed he was desired to take the agency in connection therewith, and although he knew that by accepting it he would incur a pecuniary loss upon himself and family, yet, notwithstanding this, seeing the great work that was required to be done, he accepted it, and labored diligently and successfully, and that for a long period, in an honorary capacity.

The Gwent and Morganwg Temperance and Prohibitive Association, which dates its origin from the year 1845, resolved in 1870 to extend the area of its operations so as to cover the whole of South Wales. To carry out their resolve efficiently, they determined to select a proper person to undertake the responsible and arduous duties of corresponding and organizing secretary, when their choice fell upon Bro. Bowen. On his leaving North Wales for his new field of labor, the Executive of the North Wales Temperance Electoral Association passed a resolution, which was sent with a preface by Mr. Lester, the chairman, to a large number of papers published within and outside the Principality. It was as follows:—The active secretary of this Association has this week left for another and similar appointment in South Wales, and on Saturday last the Executive Committee passed the following resolution:—"That Mr. J. Bowen, having been appointed Organizing and Corresponding Secretary to the South Wales Temperance and Prohibitive Association, the Executive have much pleasure in bearing their testimony to his worth and character, and they pray that his labors may be blessed in the new sphere of action to which he is now called.—Wm. Lester, Chairman."

Bro. Bowen heard and read something in the early part of last year, relative to a new feature in the mode of conducting temperance operations under the name of Good Templars, and being desirous to know all he possibly could respecting this new movement, about which he had seen paragraphs appear occasionally in the *Alliance News*, he commenced instituting inquiries, but

was rather at a loss to know where to send for information. Having heard, however, that the Order existed in Scotland, he resolved to make inquiries from Mr. Grierson, a Scotch friend, a resident in Merthyr, who kindly wrote to Scotland and obtained the necessary information; whereupon it was decided to hold a meeting on 15th October, of the friends, in the Temperance Hall, Merthyr. The only speaker for the evening was Bro. Bowen, and the subject of which he was to give an exposition was Good Templarism, a subject rather strange to him at that time. He dilated upon the Order in the best manner he was able, and at the close of the meeting it was resolved to make an application to have a Good Templar Lodge instituted.

The Order was first introduced into the Principality by Bro. Joseph Malins, G.W.C.T. of England, who instituted a Lodge at Cardiff, on 6th April, 1871, and in the early part of 1872 the various Lodges then instituted resolved to petition the R.W.G.L. for a Grand Lodge Charter for Wales, which was granted. Bro. Bowen was pressed to stand as a candidate for the high and

onerous office of G.W.C.T., to which, after mature deliberation, he consented, and he was duly elected on 4th March, 1872, and installed on the following day. Since the formation of the G.L., the Order has progressed rapidly and safely. The Lodges at present number above 120, with a membership approximating to 10,000. We have reason to believe that under the administration of Bro. Bowen, who is eminently qualified to conduct the arduous duties reposed in him, by his thorough acquaintance with the English and Welsh languages, which is a *sine qua non* to carry the movement forward successfully in Wales (the Ritual and Constitutions have been translated into Welsh), the Principality, owing to her strong temperance sentiments, will not be behind any other portion of the globe, in proportion to her size and number of inhabitants, in this glorious movement,* and we wish her much success in the laudable enterprise.—*The Templar Annual for 1873.*

* We are glad to state that this expectation has already been realized as the Lodges in the Principality now number about 500.—*Ed. I.G.T.*

Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the Permissive Bill.

BY THE EDITOR.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, Bart., M.P., visited Dublin on 2nd and 3rd May, and got an enthusiastic reception by temperance reformers from all parts of Ireland. A great public meeting was held in the Round Room of the Rotundo on the evening of the 2nd. The Lord Mayor of Dublin presided, and a cordial resolution of welcome having been moved, seconded, supported, and adopted by acclamation, Sir Wilfrid delivered a most appropriate and telling speech in reply. On the morning of the 3rd Sir Wilfrid was entertained at a public breakfast, and at mid-day he was presented with addresses from the Irish Temperance League, the Irish Permissive Bill Association, the Independent Order of Good Templars in Ireland, and numerous local temperance societies. On behalf of our Order in Ireland, we had the honor and pleasure of reading and presenting to him the following address:—

TO SIR WILFRED LAWSON, BART., M.P.

HONORED SIR,—On behalf of the Independent Order of Good Templars in Ireland, we, the Executive of the Grand Lodge, esteem it a high honor and privilege to unite with other temperance organizations in bidding you “a hundred thousand welcomes” to our shores. You are acquainted with the principles, objects, and operations of our Order in England, where it embraces

the majority of your truest friends and most determined supporters in your patriotic efforts to free our nation from its direst curse. The same mind and spirit animate our Order in Wales and in Scotland, and of nearly 200 Lodges in Ireland, ten of which are in this city (Dublin) and vicinity, there is not a single Lodge, nor, we believe, one member of any Lodge in Ireland, that is not most cordially in favor of your Permissive Bill, and earnestly desirous of supporting you in your noble efforts to secure its enactment. In proof of this statement, permit us to mention that at a meeting of our Grand Lodge, held in Belfast in January, 1872, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—“1. That this Grand Lodge heartily approves of the Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and strongly urges the various Subordinate Lodges under its jurisdiction to use every legitimate means, by votes, petitions, letters to the press, circulation of tracts, &c., to promote the passing of that most just and righteous measure. 2. That the Executive, at the proper time, make arrangements for and superintend the systematic canvassing by Good Templars of every town or district in which a Lodge is located, for signatures to petitions in favor of the Permissive Bill.” These resolutions were vigorously carried into effect in many parts of Ireland, especially in Belfast, and throughout Ulster, where our Order has its strongest position.

At the last Session of our Grand Lodge, held in Belfast in July last, the following resolution was adopted unanimously:—“That this Grand

Lodge, believing the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages to be a sin against God, and the cause of incalculable injury to man, and that it is impossible so to regulate the liquor-traffic as to make it a blessing instead of a curse to the nation, is of opinion that the entire prohibition of that traffic by legislative enactment would be both right and politic, repeats its hearty approval of the Permissive Bill of Sir Wilfrid Lawson as a most just and reasonable measure, and strongly recommends every Good Templar elector to refuse his vote to any candidate for parochial, municipal, or parliamentary honors, who would oppose the granting to ratspayers of the power to banish the liquor-traffic from their midst."

Our Grand Lodge publishes a monthly Organ, entitled *The Irish Good Templar*. The first number of this periodical was published in January last, and we took the liberty of adorning its first page with a portrait of yourself, accompanied by a brief sketch of your parliamentary career. Appended to that sketch is the following interesting note:—"When Sir Wilfrid Lawson introduced the Permissive Bill into the House of Commons in 1864, the vote, including tellers and pairs, was for the Bill 40, against it 297; in 1869 it was for 94, against 200; in 1870, for 115, against 146; in 1871, for 136, against 208. The Irish vote was in 1870, for 26, against 13; in 1871, for 32, against 18. The Scotch vote was in 1870, for 16, against 12; in 1871, for 24, against 18. The Welsh vote was in 1870, for 11, against 5; in 1871, for 14, against 6. The Ulster vote was in 1870, for 13, against 1; in 1871, for 15, against 2. England was behind, but Good Templarism will spur her forward."

In the number of our Organ for the present month there is an article entitled "Enthusiasm," from the pen of a lady-member of our Order, one of the ablest writers in Ireland, a resident of the City of Londonderry, in which occur the following sentences:—"Nor is it in the past alone we see such enthusiasts. Now, in our own days, we can fondly point to a name, noble as the noblest we have mentioned, a name we delight to honor as being in some degree specially our own, the name of a staunch, true, unflinching enthusiast, Sir Wilfrid Lawson. It is, indeed, the deep enthusiasm of a great and good purpose which enables him, year after year, 'mid derision and laughter, to bring before the House of Commons the Permissive Bill, which, so often rejected, is still patiently presented, and which we doubt not will yet meet a glorious reception where now it is scorned, and will eventually cease to be presented, not because the enthusiast has lost his enthusiasm, but because that enthusiasm has won for the Bill a complete victory." These eloquent words aptly express the sentiment that universally pervades the Good Templar Order in Ireland. We respectfully ask you to accept, along with this address, copies of the five monthly numbers of our official Organ that have been issued.

In conclusion, Sir, we rejoice to inform you that there is no British statesman whose name is so highly honored and deeply loved among the Good Templars of Ireland as your own. A flourishing Belfast Lodge (No. 41) is called the "Sir Wilfrid Lawson." The mention of your

name, night after night, evokes hearty cheers in many a Lodge-room, and inspires many a member with fresh courage and zeal in temperance work; and, better still, many an earnest prayer is daily offered up for the blessing of Heaven to descend upon your benevolent labors. With hearts full of gratitude to the Bestower of all good gifts, we look upon you as providentially raised up and eminently endowed with the qualities of head and heart requisite to be the leader of our heaven-born movement in the Imperial Parliament; and until the glorious work on which you have set your manly, generous heart, and bestowed your invincible energies, shall have been accomplished, we beg to assure you of the united, constant, and enthusiastic sympathy and support of the Good Templars of the Emerald Isle.

JOHN PYPER, G.W.C.T.

JOHN SIMMS, G.W.C.

WILLIAM F. LAWLOR, G.W.V.T.

WILLIAM R. NELSON, G.W.S.

A. H. H. M'MURTRY, M.D., G.W.T.

The Permissive Bill was again debated before a very full attendance of the House of Commons for about five hours on Wednesday, 7th May. Sir Wilfrid Lawson's speech in moving the Second Reading of the Bill was a brilliant one, and his reply to opponents before the division was admirable. Lord Claud Hamilton delivered an able and earnest speech in support of the measure. The speeches on both sides are fully reported in the *Alliance News* of 17th May, copies of which may be had at the Irish Temperance League Offices, 1, Lombard Street, Belfast. The speeches are well worthy of perusal. On a division the Bill was rejected by a large majority. The votes, exclusive of tellers and pairs, were for 81, against 321. As on former occasions we had the privilege of being in and about the House for a few days, before the division, as a delegate from the Irish Temperance League, in company this year with the energetic Secretary, Bro. D. Fortune. Friends were there on a similar mission from various parts of the United Kingdom, all endeavoring to induce our M.P.'s to do their duty to their country and their God on the 7th. The division was not, as some have thought, a disheartening defeat, but only a temporary repulse. It was interesting and useful in letting the friends of the measure at issue see their real strength in the present Parliament, and what needs to be done at a coming election. Eighteen Irish Members voted for the Bill and eighteen against it. Of the eighteen that voted in favor of the measure, twelve were from Ulster and only six from the other three Provinces. Ulster is still the best part of the United Kingdom on this great question.

The following are the eighteen that voted for the Bill:—Lord C. Hamilton, M. R. Dalway,

W. Johnston, T. McClure, Hon. E. O'Neill, C. F. Lewis, Sir F. Heygate, R. P. Dawson, Viscount Crichton, Hon. Col. S. Knox, Sir J. M. Stronge, J. Leslie, T. Whitworth, G. E. Browne, W. W. F. Dick, Major Gavin, M'C. Downing, and A. H. S. Barry. The eighteen against were Earl of Yarmouth, Hon. Colonel H. A. Cole, Hon. Col. H. Annesley, J. Bagwell, Lord Bingham, Sir J. C. Colthurst, J. J. Ennis, Right Hon. Col. French, Major Gore, M. J. Guest, H. A. Herbert, A. M. Kavanagh, N. D. Murphy, M. O'Reilly-Dease, R. B. Osborne, J. T. Power, P. J. Smyth, and W. Shaw. Messrs. Corry, Callan, Heron, and Dease paired in favor of the Bill, and Messrs. Bruen and Ronayne against it.

The lines of action are now clearly defined on this great measure. The united action of the publicans and the attitude of the politicians on both sides of the House have made them very plain. That we shall win it of course as certain as that God rules and reigns, but how soon must depend upon the fidelity and zeal of the friends of sobriety and order at the approaching general

election. It will then be seen whether the interests of the liquor traffic or those of religion and morality have the greater sway in the British nation. Let our motto be "No compromise." Let every Good Templar and every member of all other temperance organizations make the unwavering resolve, "I will vote for no candidate who will not promise to support the Permissive Bill," and the measure will be enacted in the very first Session of a new Parliament! Let us earnestly labor and pray for this glorious result, no matter how it may temporarily affect political partizanship, feeling well assured that we can do nothing better for the glory of God and the welfare of humanity with the electoral power providentially committed to our charge. Longfellow says—

"Learn to labor and to wait."

Sir Wilfrid Lawson says—

"Learn to labor and to vote."

We mean to do so. Will every Christian reader do it also?

The Duties of District Lodges.

BY BRO. A. H. H. M'MURTRY, M.D., G.W.T.

(An address delivered at an Adjourned Session of St. Ann's Ward District Lodge, held in Clifton Street Lodge-room, Belfast, on 13th May, 1873.)

BROTHERS and Sisters,—My first duty this evening is to thank you for the good feeling which has prompted you to confer upon me the privilege of occupying this chair. I shall endeavor to prove myself worthy of your confidence and esteem, as thus exhibited.

And now, having had ourselves duly constituted a District Lodge, let me express the hope that the earnest desire and honest intention of every member present are to make it, not a useless addition to the machinery already in existence for the spread of Good Templarism, but a powerful agent in promoting the welfare of the Subordinate Lodges within our jurisdiction, and in leavening the minds of the inhabitants of this Ward with the principles of total abstinence and of prohibition. If, in the forming of this Lodge, we do not mean earnest, self-denying, and persistent labors on behalf of temperance in this portion of the town, far better the Lodge had never been formed at all. But if we now go heartily to work, as men and women impressed with a deep and abiding sense of the terrible realities of the evil for the removal and prevention of which we are professedly banded together; if we lay aside the idea that our meetings have no higher and nobler object than social enjoyment, or the discussion of petty points of law and order; if we go back to our respective

Lodge-rooms to carefully devise, or energetically carry out, the best plans for hastening the legislative prohibition of the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating beverages; then shall we, in some little degree, be true to our obligations and to the present and most pressing claims of the temperance movement.

In order that this Lodge may be a real power for good in its District, it is essential that every member of it should clearly understand the objects for which it has been instituted, and that we should adopt the best means for accomplishing those objects. I need hardly remind you that, as a District Lodge, our field is the Ward which gives us our name—St. Ann's Ward—including the village of Ligoniel. To be more particular, the objects of our special attention will be, first, the Subordinate Lodges located in this District, and secondly, the people residing in it.

I. One chief aim of this Lodge ought to be to improve to the utmost possible extent the present condition of each Subordinate Lodge committed to our supervision, and thereby to render it more successful in gathering in and retaining members. Before this can be done, it will be necessary to find out what the present condition of each Lodge is. For this purpose, I would suggest that each Lodge be requested to send to the D.S.,

for our information, written replies to the following, amongst other, questions:—

1. How many members have been initiated in your Lodge since its institution? 2. What is the number of members in good standing in your Lodge at present? 3. How many of the members initiated in your Lodge are at present under suspension for non-payment of dues? 4. Is your Lodge connected with a Degree Temple? 5. If not, does it hold a Degree meeting regularly? 6. Is the roll of members called at each meeting of your Lodge? 7. If not, in what other way do you ascertain the attendance? 8. What proportion of your members attend each Lodge-night? 9. Do your officers attend regularly? 10. Are all members of your Lodge who have been absent three nights in succession regularly looked after by a Visiting Committee? 11. Are cases of violation of the pledge promptly reported and dealt with according to the Constitution? 12. What is the number of such cases reported during the last three months? 13. What is the average number of candidates initiated each night? 14. What special means are adopted by your Lodge for instructing and confirming the members in the principles and practice of total abstinence? 15. What means are employed by your Lodge for promoting temperance among the people residing in its locality? 16. How many copies of *The Irish Good Templar* do the members of your Lodge take monthly? 17. How many of your members regularly read the *Alliance News*? 18. Is there a temperance library in connection with your Lodge? 19. Has your Lodge a choir? 20. Do you keep any separate register of those members of your Lodge who are municipal or parliamentary electors? 21. Is your Lodge in debt? 22. If so, to what extent? 23. Considering the importance of the temperance movement, and the opposition it has to contend against, do you think the funds of your Lodge could and should be increased, say, by raising the dues, or by soliciting voluntary contributions from the members? 24. Is your Lodge growing in numbers and influence? 25. If not, can you assign any explanation of the fact? 26. If you can favor the District Lodge with any valuable practical suggestions, you will please entrust them to your representatives.

When some such investigation as is indicated by the foregoing queries has been made, it will be for this Lodge to consider what is the best mode of taking action thereon, with a view to effecting an improvement wherever improvement is possible. I would say, however, in general terms, that we ought to provide for the regular visitation of the various Subordinate Lodges by District Deputations; and that the chief end to be kept in view in such visitation ought to be the stirring-up of the members to greater zeal in temperance work, and the rendering of such assistance, in the form of advice, encouragement, or instruction, as each case may seem, from the answers returned, to require. Moreover, the inquiry ought to be repeated periodically, in order that the District Lodge may

measure the progress of the Subordinate Lodges under its care.

II. But, besides thus trying to increase the efficiency and actual work of the Subordinate Lodges, this Lodge ought to bring the inhabitants of this District who are as yet unconnected with our Order, under the salutary influence of our principles, in the hope that they may be led to unite or co-operate with us in our efforts to suppress the liquor traffic. For convenience, they may be divided into the following classes (although, of course, a member of one class may also belong to one or more of the other three)

1. The Drinkers; 2. The Doctors; 3. The Clergymen; and 4. The Electors. (1.) It will be the duty of this Lodge to regularly bring before those resident in the District who are not teetotalers, not only the special merits of Good Templarism, but the duty and advantages of total abstinence, by means of public lectures, the gratuitous distribution of temperance tracts, and, if possible, the sale of standard temperance works. Those of our members who are not better engaged in the evenings ought to esteem it both a pleasure and a duty to select some small district each—say, a street or a number of streets—and regularly leave a temperance tract in each house, and take advantage of the opportunities which will thus be offered for persuading its inmates to join our Order. And how much good might not be done by a few earnest Good Templars taking up their position on a Saturday night in some crowded thoroughfare, and giving away hundreds of well-selected tracts and leaflets in advocacy of total abstinence! (2.) This Lodge ought also to circulate among the medical men and general inhabitants of the District, such temperance literature as exposes the fallacies and evils of the prescription and medicinal use of intoxicating drinks, and demonstrates the possibility of successfully treating disease without giving support or justification of any kind to the liquor traffic and the drinking-customs, and the consequent duty of the medical profession in this matter. (3.) The next and most important class of all comprises the clergymen and other Christian people of the District. There can be no doubt that the belief that alcoholic beverages, if used in “moderation,” are wholesome and beneficial, and that the Bible sanctions such use of them on ordinary occasions, and actually commands it on the special occasion of the celebration of the Lord’s Supper, constitutes the strongest safeguard of the drink system, and the greatest obstacle to the success of the temperance reformation. The Church is the divinely-appointed “light of the world,” and so long as the Church

teaches, directly or indirectly, that God, in His Word, approves, and on certain occasions commands, the use of wine the "mockers," alcohol the poison, or strong drink the dangerous though delightful beverage, so long will it be impossible to convince—and, if that teaching be right, sinful even to attempt to convince—the world that total abstinence is a duty, and that the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors are unnecessary, and, being inimical to the true interests of society, ought to be prohibited. Unless, therefore, we are prepared to relinquish our enterprise as hopeless, because unscriptural, we must show that it is the teaching and practice of the Church, or rather of a portion of the Church, that are unscriptural; and we must not be deterred from this our obvious and most important duty by the possibility of some people, who prefer peace to purity, unreasonably taking offence. Let us first be firmly persuaded in our own minds as to what the Bible teaches on the subject of Wine and Strong Drink, by a careful and candid study of the Bible itself with reference to this question, and of the works of Lees, Nott, Ritchie, Burns, Shanks, Reid, and others on the subject. And, if we come to the conclusion that the Scriptures enjoin total abstinence from intoxicants, not only at our own tables, but at the Lord's Table, let us, secondly, make known the truth, by every proper means, to those who entertain the erroneous belief already referred to. And, lastly, let us not oppose, but warmly encourage, the calm discussion of this strangely dreaded phase of the temperance question, and it is impossible but that the cause of truth and religion will be greatly promoted thereby. (4.) The only other class of the community in this District to which I shall refer as urgently requiring to be indoctrinated with our principles and our facts, are the parliamentary electors. The publicans are not only sinking all political and party considerations in support of men who will oppose the Permissive Bill, but they are exerting for their own private gain a most pernicious and degrading influence, by the help of their demoralizing drinks, on a large number of the electors. (O that the working men of this country would see the utter selfishness of these people, and would rise in their manhood and emancipate themselves by their votes from the grinding slavery in which the liquor-sellers seek to hold them, instead of allowing themselves—"like dumb driven cattle," yea, "like sheep for the slaughter"—to be whipped to the polling-booth by these cruel taskmasters, to vote for the continuance of this publican-enriching, public-robbing traffic!) They have thus succeeded, and will succeed again, till the eyes of

England be opened, in electing members of Parliament pledged to vote against a law making it illegal to issue licences for the common sale of intoxicating liquors in any district whose inhabitants feel such sale to be an intolerable physical, economical, and moral nuisance. They have even frightened the House of Commons itself into the rejection of the Permissive Bill on the 7th of last month by a majority of 321 against 81. But let not us, who aim at the legislative suppression of the traffic, and support the Permissive Bill as containing the best proposal for that purpose, be daunted by such a repulse. Let the one great effect of this adverse vote upon the mind of every friend of prohibition be, neither discouragement nor doubting nor despair, but a resolution to work more earnestly, prayerfully, and believingly than he or she has ever yet done, for the deliverance of our country from the tyranny and thralldom of the liquor traffic. Thus shall we turn a temporary reverse into the beginning of a sure and not far-distant victory, and prove that

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Bears yet a precious jewel in its head."

Let us find in our present "adversity" the "precious jewel" of an invincible determination to succeed, and to put forth just that amount and kind of effort which will make success certain. We do not even deserve success—be our cause never so good—unless our actions are commensurate with our professed object; but when they are, we shall not only deserve but command it. Though we may weaken an opposing force by a smaller force, we can only overcome it by a greater. Let us therefore at once put into operation a greater force than that opposed to us—the political power of the publicans. If the supporters of the Permissive Bill make up their minds to have it passed immediately after the next General Election, and until then act accordingly, the thing is done. For is not the way to prohibition straight and clear? Hitherto, temperance reformers have been addressing themselves to the people indiscriminately on this question, and doubtless the fruits of their labors will appear in due season. Henceforth, however, let them address themselves to the electors particularly. Only the electors can, by their *employes* at their works in St. Stephen's, forge the weapon with which the monster must be struck down; dire experience and heart-saddening knowledge will teach the people generally to wield it. But it is a lamentable fact that the majority of the electors do not understand either the nature of, or the necessity for, the Permissive Bill. What wonder, then, that only eighty-one members of

Parliament understand it? From this day forward, therefore, let the Good Templars, and the various organizations and individuals who wish to see the traffic outlawed, direct their chief efforts towards the conversion of the electors to the principles of Permissive Prohibition. Let them see to it that every parliamentary voter in the Kingdom shall come under a persistent, but judiciously-aimed, cannonade of fact, of argument, and of appeal, by tract and pamphlet and book, by letter and lecture and sermon and speech, and at the next General Election there shall be such a desertion from the ranks of the publicans as shall make our hearts leap for joy. This is what must be done, and, unlike the murder contemplated by Macbeth, there being no doubt about its being "done when 'tis done, 'twere well it were done quickly." Let us set about it at once; let us "fight it out on this line," and "keep pegging away" till a worse than American slavery shall have been for ever overthrown. Let this District Lodge do its share in the carrying out of this policy, and enrol as large a number as possible of the electors of this Ward, pledged to support no candidate of any party who will not promise to vote for, or at least to refrain from speaking or voting against, the Permissive Bill, and then, when the day comes that shall test our strength and our loyalty to our principles as Prohibitionists, St. Ann's Ward, at

any rate, shall not be found wanting. Let us have done talking and boasting about our hundreds of Lodges, and thousands of members, and what we can do; let us simply *do*, leaving all the rest to be taken for granted.

One other thought, Brothers and Sisters, I must lay before you. The work I have sketched, and which ought, in my opinion, to be energetically carried out, both by this and every other District Lodge, will require the expenditure of money, as well as of time and labor. The ordinary funds at our disposal will not be sufficient, and perhaps it would be better to wait till we have increased the finances of the Subordinate Lodges before we think of levying any special assessment upon them. But I ask you whether you could not and should not give more to the support of our Order than 4s. 4d a-year? I know that some of you are already contributing liberally to other temperance societies; but why not also to our own, especially if we believe our own to be the best? It by no means follows that, because we must not give less than the minimum prescribed in our Constitution, therefore we *ought* not to give more. I submit for your consideration the propriety of this Lodge levying a tax on its own members, as well as soliciting voluntary subscriptions from the members of the Subordinate Lodges in this District.

Rev. James Heron on Good Templarism.—No. 6.

BY BRO. GORDON WHITE, LONDONDERRY.

THE objection urged against the Order on the ground of Secrecy is, as Mr. Heron informs us in his first article, the popular one. If it in any way tends to relieve his mind I have no objection to his calling it a Secret Society. But, in considering this matter, common justice requires that it should be borne in mind, that with regard to its objects and the means used for their accomplishment, there is no secrecy whatever. These are open and avowed. Notwithstanding the contradictory statements made by Mr. Heron with regard to the social principle of Good Templarism, most people will still believe that that principle is a good one, and that, to use his own words, "it adds largely and legitimately to the influence of the cause of Temperance." If this social relationship is to exist, if the *esprit de corps* of the organization is to be maintained, non-members must of necessity be excluded, for the very idea of a family circle obviously implies the exclusion of the public. And, for this purpose, what means could be employed, at once so simple

and so effectual, as the possession of a Password by the members of the Order? It would be absurd to suppose that there is anything immoral in secrecy as contradistinguished from publicity. That being so, the whole matter resolves itself into the question—Which will better serve the purpose? In this view the advantage to be derived from secrecy is self-evident.

In addition, however, to the use of the Password, signs of recognition, etc., we are told that the members of the Order are "in the most solemn manner, with hand on heart, pledged to secrecy, and against divulging its internal operations," which, of course, especially include the initiatory and installation ceremonies, and other matters contained in the "Ritual." Having procured from some member of the Order, a copy of this Manual, and examined its contents, Mr. Heron says:—"We should have shrunk from giving publicity to the 'Ritual,' only that we have been assured by several respectable Good Templars that there is not the least desire to with-

hold it from the public eye, but rather the contrary." Acting on the faith of this assurance—in other words, in the belief that the revelation of the matters contained in that book did not involve a violation of the Good Templar pledge—he forthwith proceeds to give them publicity, with the object, among others, of showing that the disclosure of such matters *does* constitute a violation of that solemn obligation! When Mr. Heron has explained by what mental process he was enabled to believe two contradictories, it will be quite time enough to reply to his objection in regard to this matter. He seems to have felt that such a remarkably lame case could not possibly pass public muster without the aid of a "crutch." For, though by way of discrediting the Order, he has in two of his articles referred slightly to its American origin, he has found it necessary to fall back on a "Declaration" of the United Presbyterian Church of that country. And a curious document this "Declaration" is. It is certainly not one of those "mushroom growths" of which our critic speaks as being peculiar to the soil of the New World. In some respects it more nearly resembles those "fossil remains" which belong to that period known to historical geologists as the "Dark Ages." In this age of Bibles and printing presses it is melancholy to find men who profess to teach others, by way of showing that secrecy in associations is unlawful and wicked, quoting such passages of Scripture as the following:—"He is light that lighteneth every man;" "Ye are the light of the world;" "Let your light so shine before men;" "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness;" "They love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil;" "Woe unto them that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord, and their works are in the dark." No wonder the Americans are so eager to get hold of such men as Hall, of Dublin, and Taylor, of Liverpool!

In the objections urged against our pledge we find some pretty sharp practice. Good Templars are represented as "pledging themselves while life lasts to yield in all things a cheerful obedience to laws, rules, and usages, of which at best they know but little, and of which the greater number know nothing." And in the words of the "Declaration" which has been adopted by Mr. Heron:—"When we pledge ourselves to obey a system of laws of which we are ignorant, we know not but that they may be in conflict with the law of God." Now, with regard to a life-long pledge to obey laws, rules, etc., Mr. Heron's statement is simply a misrepresentation of the facts, as in Article IX. of the "Constitution" it is

provided that any member who is free from all charges may, by written resignation, withdraw from the Order. It will occur to most people that "a code of *unknown* laws," which is published to the world at a trifling cost, is rather a novelty in its way. But then it is urged that it is not expressly required that candidates shall have read these laws. Mr. Heron *here conceals a fact, of which he is perfectly aware, viz.,* that before a candidate is introduced for initiation a number of questions are put to him, one of which is—"Will you bind yourself to our laws, *they not conflicting with your duties as a Christian or a citizen?*" A reservation such as this being allowed, the objection falls to the ground. No doubt such suppression of important facts as that above noted, seems most uncandid, but perhaps it would be uncharitable to suppose that our critic acted on the principle that "necessity knows no law."

A new idea seems to have been hit upon, in the fault found with the life-long character of our Total Abstinence. We are told by Mr. Heron that for a man to bind himself to Total Abstinence for life, is both "unwise and unjustifiable," for "he might subsequently come to the conclusion that that course is not a right one." Such an objection just amounts to this—that though intoxicating drinks are admittedly a cause of "stumbling" to thousands, yet a person having taken our pledge may afterwards discover that abstinence from such drinks as *beverages* is *morally wrong*. And this after telling us in his first article that "Temperance, or Total Abstinence, or whatever you like to call it, is a part of religion—a part of Christianity. The Apostle Paul in the name of Christ enforces it on Christians." The opinions of the Apostle were evidently not so liable to change as those of our critic, for under somewhat similar circumstances he did not hesitate to declare that he would abstain from the use of flesh "while the world standeth"—a term of duration at least equal to that of the Good Templar pledge.

But towards the close of Mr. Heron's third article, he has evidently become desperate, for after informing us that "Christianity embraces all the virtues, promotes the harmonious and well-proportioned growth of all sides of the character, and strikes not at one, but at all the evils of society," he says—"With such a system as Good Templarism the preservation of such proportion and harmony is well nigh impossible. Got up for fighting with a single evil, and for the cultivation of a single virtue, however great that evil may be, it is almost sure to exaggerate it, or what comes to the same thing, to lose sight of, and dis-

parage the importance of other evils and other virtues." This objection (which equally applies to the ordinary Total Abstinence Society, it having been "got up for fighting with a single evil,") has certainly the merit of originality, for in plain language it just means—that Good Templarism is not, and does not profess to be, a substitute for Christianity!

In connection with Mr. Heron's charge of Ritualism, it is a rather suggestive fact, that it is made in his first article, *before* he had obtained a copy of the "Ritual," and consequently, when he was entirely ignorant with regard to what he is pleased to term the "interminable rites," and "symbolic acts," of the Order. I may here remark that the "interminable rites" referred to, are *two* in number—one of these is the joining of hands in token of union of purpose and effort, in the work of Temperance, the other that in which, in glasses of water, the new-made members pledge "life-long fidelity to our sacred cause." Both of these occur in the initiatory ceremony, and on no other occasion is there anything whatever, of the nature of rite or symbol employed. And these two *interminable rites* (which have no connection with worship) constitute Ritualism! Are we to suppose that there is anything intrinsically evil in symbols or symbolic acts? Does Ritualism consist in the use of emblems? In that case all Churches are Ritualistic, for the use of symbols is enjoined by Divine authority. But, if Ritualism mean the addition of human acts to the prescribed worship of God, then all Mr. Heron's talk on the subject looks very like an attempt at confounding together things which are essentially different.

A drowning man will, it is said, clutch at straws. To what desperate straits our fault-finding critic must have felt himself reduced, when we find him raising petty objections with regard to the titles of officers of Good Templar Lodges. This matter is not one of much importance, but I suppose even this lover of simplicity, who delights in calling "a spade a spade," will admit, that if a society is to exist at all, it must of necessity have officers of some kind, and that each of these must have some name indicative of the duties performed by him. The term "Grand Juror" seems quite "respectable," but that an officer of a Grand Lodge should be called "Grand Messenger," is, according to Mr. Heron, positively ridiculous. The reason of this is perfectly plain—the one term is applied to Lucie Fitzbags, Esq., of Bags House, J.P., D.L., with an income of a thousand a year, the other most likely to some "nobody," who

(though possibly doing as much in his way to reduce the sum-total of human misery) would, if weighed in the "social scale," infallibly "kick the beam." The worshippers of the "golden calf" still constitute a rather numerous sect. While flinging about so profusely such complimentary expressions, as "inflated titles," "ridiculous pomposities," "sham dignities," &c., it must have occurred to Mr. Heron that his own unmeaning, but "high-sounding," title of "Reverend" is rather open to objection. I would respectfully suggest, that in his pulpit discourses, the occasional and judicious use of such phrases as, "*And the reverend gentleman went down to Joppa,*" might tend to give his hearers a better idea of the "sound and Scriptural" character of this particular piece of clerical "bombast."

With regard to the wearing of Regalia by members of the Order, it seems not unreasonable, that an organization which is intended to be world-wide, should have some distinctive insignia, but as this is a non-essential, there is room for difference of opinion. At the present time English Good Templars are discussing the propriety of leaving the wearing of Regalia optional, with both Lodges and individual members, and as the Order is governed on a representative system, it is plain that any matter of detail, if found objectionable, can be either amended or abolished. In connection with this matter I may mention, that I have known a Minister defend the wearing of his Regalia—*alias* gown and bands—on the ground of its being fashionable. There is a strong belief in the minds of many, that if Good Templarism were more "fashionable," nine-tenths of the objections which are urged against it would melt into "thin air."

I do not consider it at all necessary to cite testimony in favor of Good Templarism, as the good results of it are to be seen all over the country. But, as Mr. Heron has referred disparagingly to the fruits borne by the Order in America, I will conclude by quoting Dr. Cuyler, who is admittedly a representative man, both as an American and a minister of the Gospel. Addressing a meeting in London a short time ago, he said—"I rejoice to hear the Good Templars are growing every day in Great Britain, and doing a great and useful work, and if the work they do here corresponds with what they have done in my own land, they deserve the support, the prayers, and the co-operation of every lover of God and humanity throughout Great Britain."

Soughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER VI.

"COME Parson," said Philip, when he came out to them; "we are going to mass and want you to come along." "All right," answered Christopher, who usually tried to escape from his friend's badinage by humoring it, as far as he could, "where is it to be held?" "We are going to the Regatta at Newdrum," Howard Peton explained, "and as Seguin's governor wanted to come along, I made the excuse that I had to give you a seat, so come for the sake of my veracity." "Mother wanted to take the carriage and bring a lot of the girls," laughed Philip, "but Howard told her that though the stand is just at the Castle-gate, Lady Newdrum never goes out to look at the boats, so mamma thought it was not fashionable and changed her mind." "Well, you see her ladyship has no need to come out because she has a better view from the castle windows, so I told nothing but the truth. But won't you come, Lutton?" "I would not trust myself with such a pair of scapegraces, only I was just feeling seedy as you came up, and wishing I had some means of driving away the cobwebs," Christopher answered, laughing, in spite of himself, at the drollery of the lads. "Hurry, Christy," Philip rejoined; "don't be five minutes." "I'll be ready in three," he answered, running in to tell Miriam that he was going. "Christy," she said, as she was helping him on with his coat, "if they want you to drink anything, remember your promise to the dead." "I will not forget, dear," he answered, kissing her, and then he leaped up on the back-seat of the tax-cart, and they drove off. Howard Peton and Philip Seguin were in high glee, and their good spirits soon infected Christopher, to whom a holiday was such an unusual event, that it was of itself enough to enliven him. But his pleasure was a good deal modified by the alarming way in which Howard made the horse dash down all the hills between Loughmore and Newdrum, for though the young student had got over the set forms of speech which had so often amused his elders when he was a child, he had never been able quite to overcome his constitutional timidity; if he had a stick in his hand, he no longer feared a gander, but a he-goat, or a brood-sow appearing on his path would still cause him many inward quakings. But after a few miles of the road had been passed, he became more accustomed to the perils of the situation, and by the time the town was reached, he was almost sorry that the drive was over. Howard drove to the Newdrum Arms, and then Christopher thought in his innocence that they would proceed direct to the stand, which had been erected to furnish a good view of the boat-race to all who were willing to pay for it. Such, however, was not the intention of either of the young gentlemen, to whom the boat race was only one item in the day's amusement they had planned. Howard led the way into the hotel, and calling for hot water and glasses, he and Philip seated themselves at the table with the air of practised toppers.

"Air Parson, what will you have?" Howard asked when the decanters were brought. "I

won't take anything, thank you," said Christopher, walking to the window, and looking out on the bustling street and the foaming bar, across which the most picturesque of villages lay nestled at the foot of a wooded mountain, while a long stretch of white sand-banks flanked it on the nearer side. "Oh, I say, Christy, don't be a muff, but come and have something to warm you," said Philip, brandy-bottle in hand. "I am quite warm indeed, Phil, and don't wish for anything;" and there was a slight cloud on Christy's open brow, for it was a real pain to him to disoblige anyone. "No one ever does wish for anything till he is pressed," said Howard, "so sit down, Parson; I see you are grown thin and weak, and a little wine will strengthen you."

"Mee moi oion, aiee meliphrona, potnia meeter, Mee meapignio-ces, menos d'alkees to lathomai."

Christopher quoted by way of reply. "Oh, stop!" exclaimed Philip, impatiently "What could Heeuba know about it; she was only a woman." "Just what Hector thought, as you would know had you paid attention to my quotation. What Heeuba did say was:

"Andri de ke'tmeeti menos mega oinos aexel."

"Oh, I say, will you stop Homer; I'll get enough of him at Eton." "The old heathen," put in Howard; "I wonder that a Christian parson has the conscience to quote his precepts as if they were Gospel." "Well, it was not a heathen said this:

"O madnes! to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks, our chief support of health,
When Go! with these forbidden, made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook!"

"Oh, pooh, Pope was as bad as a heathen; you would know from his name that he was a *Papist*." "Wrong again, Phil; it was Milton I was quoting. I am afraid that your education has been neglected of late." "The old Roundhead; he was worse than a Roman Catholic any day, and I marvel that a shining light, such as you are to be in the Church, should take example from a schismatic." "Well, here is an authority that you can't dispute:—'Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.' "It is brandy I am taking, so that does not apply to me," said Philip; "and as for babbling you are doing the most of it yourself." "We won't tarry long at it either, and then there will be no harm done." "You do not know what you may do till you begin." "I have begun, and I know quite well; come and sit down, and you will find all your authorities wrong." "Excuse me, Peton, I do not want to find the Bible wrong, and in this case I am equally averse to

* "Bring me not, honored mother, the wine sweet as honey to the soul, lest thou shouldest weaken my limbs, and I should be forgetful of both strength and courage."

† "To a weary man wine imparts strength."—
ILLAD, BOOK VI, v. 265—6.

proving it true." "Let him alone," sneered Philip, on whom the potent spirit was already beginning to work, to the detriment of his temper, "he thinks it wicked to take a glass with a friend." "Never mind what I think," said Christopher, coloring with vexation at their persistence; "I am not condemning you, and every one has a right to do as he pleases, so long as his pleasure does not interfere with other people's comfort." "But it does interfere with my comfort to see you stand there like a sanctimonious scarecrow when Peton and I are so jolly." "If my presence annoys you I will go away, and you will find me on the stand when you have done," and without waiting for an answer Christopher made good his escape.

When his friends joined him, more than an hour afterwards, Howard's aristocratic face was flushed, and Philip was talking so loudly as he swaggered along, that people turned to stare at him, and a group of school-girls who were standing watching the boats, fled precipitately under the wing of their governess, at his approach. When Philip saw their alarm he took off his hat and bowed to each in turn, at which Howard plucked away his arm quickly, saying, "Stop that, Phil, there are two of Major Maude's daughters there, and they will wonder what kind of company I have got into." Major Maude was an older branch of the same family as the Mr. Maude already mentioned. "O, I'm not good enough company for your miniature lordship, am I not?" Philip exclaimed, stopping short. "Then if I am not good enough company for your lordship, I'll dispense with your lordship's accompaniment." Howard, who was always good-tempered, could scarcely repress his merriment at the thick speech and tragic manner of the other, but he managed to tell him with the requisite gravity, that he was sorry to have offended him, and that he would not dispense with the company of such a jolly fellow for the best horse in his father's stables; which assurance of friendship seemed to satisfy Philip, for he took Howard's arm again, telling him, with much unnecessary fervor:—

'O Peton, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who much enforced shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.'

After this burst of sentiment they shook hands, and Philip recovered his temper and spirits sufficiently to be able to banter Christopher as soon as they joined him. The student felt a good deal ashamed of them both, at first, but after a while they became less excited under the fresh sea-breeze, or else he became better accustomed to them, and the day passed pleasantly enough. They dined at the hotel when the sailing was over, and as the drive home was before them, Christopher remonstrated when he saw Howard and Philip begin to drink again. Howard laughed and called him Samson, and Philip, taking up the jest advised him, if he wished for the jaw-bone of an ass with which to despatch a lion, to get his own amputated for the occasion. Christopher took their jokes good-humoredly, and continued his persuasions till at last he got them under weigh. But when the groom gave the reins into Howard's hand it was plain that he was not fit to hold them, and equally clear that Philip was still more unfit.

Christopher had little experience in driving, and the thought of taking the guidance of Howard's mettlesome steed was frightful. Still, as there seemed nothing else for it, he got Philip exchanged into the back seat, while he himself took the one of honor and responsibility beside Howard. "You might lead him up the hill, if you please," he said to the servant, trying to speak unchalantly, but quite aware that the man was laughing at the timidity he could not conceal. The horse went quietly enough while the man was at his head, but as soon as he was left to himself he stopped and stood stock still, while Howard, laying his head on Christopher's shoulder, began to snore. "What ails the animal? he seemed ready enough for the road when he was pawing before the inn door," thought Christopher as he took the reins himself, and tightening them as much as he dared, requested the horse to move on. The animal obeyed, trotting out swiftly for a quarter of a mile or so, but then he stopped and pricked his ears as if to show that whether he went home or not was entirely at his own option. Thinking that perhaps he was holding him too tightly, Christopher slackened the rein and chirruped; the horse stepped out at that, and Christopher was delighted, thinking that, with practice, he might really become quite a skilful whip. But his self-gratulation was not of long continuance, for going down the first incline he let the animal nearly fall on his head, his own heart making a rapid journey to his throat at the same time. Before it had time to return to its natural position again, a shout from behind caused him to look back, and find that Philip, having tumbled off, was sitting holloaing in the middle of the road. Fortunately the stumble had sobered the horse so much that a very gentle pull stopped him, till Philip leisurely picked himself up and scrambled to his seat again, and Howard Peton, wakening up from his first sleep, bawled out, "Isn't this a jolly lark!" Christopher was glad he enjoyed it, but hoping fervently that it would be some time before he was engaged in such another, entreated the horse to proceed once more. Had the horse been ever so well inclined, however, he could not have obliged his driver this time, as in his fear of him falling again he had pulled the reins so tightly that he was able to do nothing but back into the ditch. "Parson, you are going to pull his mouth off," exclaimed Howard, seeing the danger just in time to prevent a backward excursion over a thorn hedge into a neighboring field, and being considerably refreshed by his sleep he drove himself till several miles were traversed, when he dozed off once more. By that time, however, the horse had bethought him that though it was good fun to frighten Christopher, a more permanent happiness might be obtained at the Castle stables, and taking the matter into his own hands, or rather hoofs, he trotted briskly homeward without needing any reminder from his driver that should have been. Altogether he behaved in a much more sensible manner than either his master or Philip Seguin, but that did not hinder it being a weary drive for Christopher, especially as night fell on them before they reached the lodge gate of Castle Peton. He gave the horse to the gatekeeper there, and persuading Philip to alight led him toward the Grange. But Philip had taken some sudden anxiety about Miriam, and

insisted on going first to see how she was. When Christopher hinted that he was not quite presentable, he stopped short: "Christy, do you mean I'm drunk?" he asked blusteringly; "if you go and tell Miriam that I'm drunk I'll never forgive you—never while the moon is square—never." "I won't tell her that at all; come on like a good fellow," said Christopher soothingly. "I should think you wouldn't, she would not believe you if you did; Miriam knows that though I can take a glass like a gentleman, I would not get drunk; doesn't she know that?" "Yes, yes; she knows perfectly," and his companion urged him forward without thinking to what he was assenting. But Philip stopped yet again to justify himself. "I'm not drunk," he stuttered, "it's you that is drunk; I'm only screwed, you know;" and the word that had seemed so amusing when uttered by him as an innocent child came loathsomely now from the lips of the lad whose hot breath was reeking with fiery liquor.

The walk from the Castle gate was not much of an improvement on the drive from Newdrum, and it required all the manliness of the student to prevent him sitting down to cry in utter weariness and vexation at the folly and obstinacy of the companion whom at other times he loved so well. The Grange door was reached at last, and after it was opened Christopher only lingered long enough to hear Philip address his mother as "old girl," when he met her in the hall, and then, worn out and disgusted, he hurried away. Good-natured though Mr. Seguin was, he felt no little displeasure at the condition in which his son came home, but Mrs. Seguin at once laid the blame on Christopher. "I knew how it would be," she said to her husband, after seeing Philip safely to bed; "I was certain some evil would happen as soon as I heard that young Lutton was to go with them—the son of a drunkard, one can expect no good from him." "Lutton must have been the soberer of the two, for Kelso says it was he who brought him home." "That only shows more clearly what an undesirable acquaintance he is for our boy. A cunning creature who can remain sober himself while inducing others to drink is far more dangerous than an open lively youth like Lord Peton's son." "I doubt if Philip required anyone to induce him. I have observed many a time how well he seemed to like his glass. Boys will be boys, and the mistake was in allowing them to go off by themselves without some one older to look after them." "Philip is almost a man now, my dear, and you cannot control him as if he were a child; if you curtail the liberty of boys you only make them hypocrites," Mr. Seguin rubbed the bald place on his crown thoughtfully. He had no wish to curtail Philip's liberty, but he had an uneasy idea that liberty might degenerate into licence, and yet he could see no way of effectually checking the evil.

When Philip made his appearance next day with aching head, scratched face, and confused brain, he remembered enough of his escapade to enable him to exonerate Christopher. "You need not blame old Christy, mother," he said, as soon as he found she meant to make him the scapegoat, "he would not taste a drop of anything, all Howard and I could do with him." "No matter for that; he is not a proper acquaintance for you.

I happen to know that his father was given to drinking, and the taste will be sure to break out in him some time, no matter how he may try to conceal it now." "I don't care whether his father drank or not, if Lutton never tastes drink he cannot become a drunkard," said Mr. Seguin, "and if Philip goes on as he began yesterday, we cannot say the same for him." "But I won't go on, father; I will never take too much again." "I hope not," said Mrs. Seguin, "excess is very wrong and unfashionable now; it used to be different, but society has undergone a great change in this respect." "I hope you won't forget your good resolution; if you get drunk at sixteen what do you expect to be at sixty?" said his father kindly; and Philip, looking rather shame-faced, repeated his promise of good behavior for the future.

A few days afterwards, when his face had somewhat recovered its natural color, he brushed his hair carefully over the sticking-plaster that still adorned his forehead, and went to the Lake House. He hoped that Christopher had not given Miriam the particulars of the day of the Regatta, and meant to ignore his misdemeanor if possible. But she had got it all from her brother, and "Oh, Philip, what is this that you have done?" was her first question, asked with such evident distress that for the first time the real enormity of his offence struck him. "Nothing bad, nothing to make you look like that, I don't care what the Parson says," but his saucy blue eyes fell under her earnest gaze. "Nothing bad!" she repeated. "Was it nothing bad to overturn your reason and endanger your life for the sake of gratifying such an appetite as a swine might have?" "Never heard of a drunk pig in my life, Miriam." A look half of scorn, half of sorrow, came into the girl's face at the flippancy of his reply, but she lifted the pinafore she had been working at before he came in, and began to sew without answering. He watched her uneasily for a little, and then he broke out. "Well, if ever I heard a fellow getting such a blowing up for following the example of his grave and reverend seniors, and taking a drop too much once in his lifetime!" "If this is the way you think of it, the act will soon be repeated," she answered, with suppressed passion in her voice. "It will not, Miriam; I am sorrier than you think, only you know I wouldn't like to say it to anybody but you, and I won't drink too much again." "Did you mean to drink too much when you began that day at Newdrum?" "Of course not; I'm not such a sot, I hope; but once I began I forgot myself somehow." "And how can you tell that you won't forget yourself the next time you sit down to drink?" "Oh, I'll watch myself better for the future. Getting drunk is pleasant at the time, but you see the after consequences are disagreeable, and I will avoid them for the future." "If you drink at all you cannot watch yourself; Philip dear, I wish you would do as Christy does, and drink nothing that could make you intoxicated." "That may do for Christy, but it would not answer for me at all." "How can you tell till you try? It is far the safest plan, and if you found it did you harm you could stop it." "And if I find drinking doing me harm I can stop it." "That is just where it is, Philip; if

you get the habit of it you can't stop, and so I want you to stop now, before the habit is formed." "You shouldn't try to draw the reins too tight on a fellow, Miriam; a little drink is pleasant and does no harm, and if I watch myself and stop in time, what more would you have?" "A little drink does do harm, for every little you take throws you further off your guard, and makes you less capable of watching, till before you know you may be like the man Solomon describes who was smitten and did not know it, and yet would arise to seek the wine cup once again." "Oh, I say, grandmother, don't preach!" When Miriam heard him use her father's pet name for her, and thought of what her father's fate had been, she covered her face and wept and

sobbed in such a passion of grief as Philip had never seen his sisters give way to in any of their mild woes. "I say, Miriam!" he exclaimed in consternation, but not knowing the exact cause of her sorrow he could think of nothing more consolatory for a minute, when he tried the effect of "Why, Miriam!" and when this failed to check her sobs he put his arm round her waist. "Don't cry, Miriam," he said, "and I will do anything you want me." But after a while, when Miriam dried her eyes and assured him that it was nothing, and that she was only silly, he did not do what she wanted, for he would not promise to do as Christopher did, but only to watch himself well, and never drink too much again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Good Templarism.

BY SISTER A. J. C., LONDONDERRY.

(Irish Good Templar Tracts—No. 3—See Second Page of Cover—the First Paper Read before the Hope of Derry Lodge, No. 44.)

WHAT is Good Templarism? We have heard it defined to be "the most extreme form of Teetotalism." This is true; but, as many have a wonderful dread of that word "extreme," shrink from "extreme views" with instinctive horror, and fancy that to be identified with anything extreme involves some degree of mental aberration, we would like to define our Order by words not so likely to shock tender sensibilities. Good Templarism we consider to be Earnest Teetotalism, giving an affirmative reply to that old question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" In this definition we embrace its distinctive peculiarities, and reveal the secret of its power. Ours is an earnest mission, demanding earnest measures, and bringing us face to face with an earnest foe. We all know something of how terribly earnest this foe is. We have all witnessed the curse, the blight, which follow the footsteps of alcohol. Is there one here who has not had some experience of its power? Is there one here who has not seen some dear to him by blood, or friendship, fall victims to its snares? Is there one family represented here, which has not in some of its branches suffered from its fangs? Everywhere we turn it is the same. Each day, as it carries its record to the Eternal Throne, points to a gloomy page crowded with the terrible stories of broken hearts, of crushed hopes, of blighted lives, of wrong, ruin, and woe unutterable, all springing from alcohol! Each month presents to Him "the Judge of all the earth," a fearful picture of blood, murder, suicide, of crime in its most hideous developments, of degradation in its most loathsome aspects, of brutality in its most sickening forms, all the results of alcohol! Each year, as it rolls into eternity, tells in the ear of Jehovah of tens of thousands of wretches plunged into a fearful hell by the strong hand of alcohol! And from our earth, groaning beneath this curse, rises the mighty cry, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge this blood!" And does not this cry enter into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth? Is not the time drawing near when He will make inquisition for blood?

Then, how terrible will be His vengeance on those who have aided and abetted this curse and crime! Then, how dark will be His frown on those who buy or sell, who give or take, or who in any way encourage or countenance, in any form, the accursed alcohol!

God is earnest! Our foe is earnest! Shall we be earnest? This is the question. Too long has earnestness been classed with fanaticism. Too long have we allowed ourselves to be contented with half measures. Too long has it been deemed sufficient to be personal abstainers without pressing abstinence upon others. We have found that this won't do. Total abstinence has been making little headway. Think of how long it has been in existence, and see how few have been its conquests. In our own city it has been retrograding. Many who were at one time abstainers now have forgotten their pledge. Many from whose tables the drink was once banished now give it a place there, lift it to their lips, and give it to their children. Many who were at one time rescued from the grasp of the destroyer have begun again to tamper with its fascinations, and are fast yielding to its sway. Want of earnest decision is the secret of all this. No one can long maintain a firm personal stand against anything whose use by others he countenances and encourages. And have we not all seen people, calling themselves total abstainers, producing the decanter and wine glasses and giving the drink to their friends? Have we not seen them go with others into a public-house, and sit in the company of those who were drinking? And have we not seen the first yielding to the tempter evidenced by pleading for themselves the right to take a little if they are hot, if they are cold, if they are wet, if they are wearied, if they have head-ache, heat-ache, stomach ache, or any of the other ailments popularly pronounced to be curable by this grand specific. Thus gradually tampering with the foe, they permit it to gain a hold upon them, till at length Total Abstinence is flung to the winds, and they learn to laugh at their pledge as a piece of mere folly. This sort of lukewarm

abstinence won't do, and this is just the *point* and the *power* of Good Templarism. It admits of none of these things. It is a whole-hearted measure. It takes its stand upon the grand principle of having nothing to do, directly or indirectly, with the accursed thing. And let Good Templars be but true to this principle, and the liquor traffic will tremble before them. We must let the world see not only that we are abstainers from alcohol, but that we are haters of alcohol; not only that we ourselves avoid the traffic, but by every means in our power we oppose the traffic; not only that we do not *encourage* the drinking customs of society, but that we *thoroughly, heartily, constantly, and unitedly discourage* them. Our pledge is a noble one; we have each subscribed to it. Our vow is a life-long one; we have each taken it. Our obligation is a solemn one; we are each bound by it. Let, then, the fidelity with which it is kept be our glory and our shield! Our position is a proud one! Is there one here who does not feel it so? Our stand is the right one! Is there one here who shrinks from it? Our cause is a noble one! Is there one here who blushes for it? We think not! Then, Brothers and Sisters, be faithful. Remember your vow! Remember what it involves. Tamper not with the foe. Be not in the company of winebibbers. Enter not the door of the publican. Touch not, taste not, handle not, the tempting cup. Let *No Compromise* be your motto, and soon we shall become a power in our city. Soon it will be felt that the name we have assumed is not a vain-glorious one, that the "Hope of Derry" is not a mere title, but a glorious pledge of a regenerated future.

These are our principles! It is to spread these we are banded together. We do not meet for amusement, merely to spend together a couple of hours pleasantly. No. We have earnest work to do, and we want to be fitted to do it. We want to ascertain the tactics of our foe, and by counter tactics to meet and overcome him. We are seeking to become a great moral, social, political power. A moral power—by letting our lives and our example evidence that Good Templarism tends to make us better men and better women; that our words are free from profanity; that our lives are characterized by rectitude and purity. A social power—by it rendering our homes happier; by it leading us to earnest fulfilment of the duties of life; by it making us better neighbors; better fathers, husbands, brothers, sons; better mothers, wives, sisters, daughters; better servants and better masters; better as employers and employed. A political power—by enabling us to cope with the mighty influence which distillers and brewers, which wine merchants and publicans can bring to bear on our magistrates our recorders, our corporations, and our Members of Parliament. The whole of Liguordum is bestirring itself! Its cry is "the craft is in danger," "vested interests" are threatened! The time of the nation's awakening is come, and the whole of the alcoholic interest is being strongly organized, so as to bring every possible influence to bear on our Houses of Legislature. Good Templars, then, must not be idle. We must be thoroughly instructed in this matter; we must combine our forces; we must keep our own counsels,

and we shall yet astonish the world by the might of our grand organization! The Government of our land is beginning to see what a curse to the entire community the Liquor Traffic is proving itself. The Late licensing Act is a step in the right direction. It has been won by continued agitation, and we shall go on agitating till the Permissive Bill become the law of our land, till we have the power by a two-thirds' majority to banish from our midst these licensed temptations. And then, when that glad day shall come, it will be seen how Good Templarism has prepared the public mind for the result. It will be seen then how our Lodges *can* and *will* give to the cause of Right overwhelming majorities! And O! if the Liquor Traffic were once swept away, how rich we should be! We think of our island home as poor, but just fancy, we are spending *Eight Millions annually* in Ireland on strong drink—about two millions more than the entire imports of our country, about five times as much as we give to the relief of the poor, and about twenty times as much as is spent in the national education of the people. This was stated recently at a grand temperance meeting in Manchester. Think of this, and you will see that, politically speaking, our glorious cause may do more than ought else to make our own dear country rich, prosperous, and happy. Then should we not aim to be a political power? Not fighting about creeds and parties, but with a common front to the common foe be determined that ours shall be the glorious aim of making Ireland free from the curse and slavery of alcohol.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" is, as we have said, an old question, and, from the time it was asked till now, it has very generally received a negative reply, if not verbally, at least practically. We ourselves have seen the masses around us sunk in degradation through the drink. We have seen them helplessly and hopelessly enthralled. We have seen them powerless to aid themselves, and yet we have passed by on the other side! We have drawn in our skirts lest we should be contaminated. We have shrugged our shoulders, and muttered "poor wretches," and we have thanked God we are not such as these. 'Tis not thus Good Templarism teaches us to act. It comes as the Good Samaritan, and its lessons to us are not to shrink from the most degraded, not to despair of the most debased. It teaches us to enter the homes made miserable by the drink, and try to brighten them; to search out the lives sunk into the gloom, the shadow, the wretchedness of the drink, and try to lift them into the light, and warmth, and happiness of Temperance and Religion. It has done this elsewhere. It has made drunkards sober, and when made sober, the power of the Gospel has made them good. It has made homes bright with temperance, and temperance has proved herself the handmaid of piety, leading her in to make these homes brighter still. Among ourselves we have some proofs of the power of our cause, and to each we would say, remember your position involves that you *should* be your brother's keeper! Not only that you should try to gain him to our ranks, but that, having gained him, you should watch over him, guard him, help him, encourage him, and if he fall, *lift him*. This point is very important to us; we dare not be

remiss here! If we rescue one from the drunkard's ranks, we must try to keep him; we must give him companions for those he has lost. We must give him true friendship in lieu of the false. We must let him feel that we care for him, that we are interested in his steadfastness, that we are earnestly desirous of his happiness. It is not only when we meet here that we should know each other, but we should try to make it our aim as far as possible to know the homes and families in our neighborhood, and, by really friendly interest, to evince that we think of each other, and that, how different soever our grades in society may be, we consider ourselves as brothers and sisters in Good Templarism.

Much has been said about the power of woman. Part of it is true, and part is not. But one thing is undoubtedly true, that when woman is on the right side, and exerts her influence wisely, she has a mighty power. Sisters, we are on the right side now. We are upon the *only* side in this question upon which woman ever should be found; the side of purity, of peace, of domestic happi-

ness; the side to which we would not fear to lead the little ones; the side upon which we would gladly see every one dear to us. We are on the side of Patriotism, of Religion, of the Bible, and of God. What can we do to win others to our side? We can do much, we know we can. We shall not define what we can do, for woman's power is not a thing for public life, for outside boast. But in our own homes, among our friends, our acquaintances and neighbors, *we can and we will* work. We shall each strive to win the commendation bestowed on one of old, "She hath done what she could." And in the day when the world's accounts are balanced, it will, we doubt not, be found that the items of our influence will bulk largely in the sum total of the world's happiness.

"Drunkards are dying, day by day,
Hundreds on hundreds pass away;
O Christians to their rescue fly,
And seek to save them ere they die!
What hath your Saviour done for you?
And what for them will you not do!"

The Good Templar Elocutionist.

APPEAL FOR PROHIBITION.

BY J. B. GOUGH.

I HEARD a young man in a railway carriage tell us his own story, while conversing on the Maine Law. Said he, "My father was a drunkard for years; my mother was a strong-minded energetic woman; and with the help of the boys, she managed to keep the farm free from debt. When my father signed the pledge, that which pleased her most, next to his having signed it, was that she could tell him there was not a debt nor a mortgage on the farm. My father used to drive into the city, about eight miles distant, twice a week; and I recollect my mother saying to me, 'I wish you could try and persuade your father not to go any more. We don't need what he earns, and George, I'm afraid of temptations and old associates.' 'O,' said I, 'don't think of it; father's all right.' One evening we had a heavy load, and were going towards home, when my father stopped at one of his old places of resort, and gave me the whip and reins. I latched the horses, tied up the reins, and went in also. The landlord said, 'I'm glad to see you; how do you do? You're quite a stranger. How long is it since the temperance whim got hold of you?' 'Oh, about two years,' said my father. 'Well,' said the landlord, 'you see we are getting on here very well' and they chatted together some time. By-and-bye he asked my father to have something to drink. 'Oh, no,' said he, 'I don't drink now.' 'Oh, but I have got a little temperance bitters here,' said the landlord, 'that temperance men use, and they acknowledge that it is purifying to the blood, especially in warm weather. Just try a little,' and he poured out a glass and offered it. I stepped up and said, 'Don't give my father that,' to which he replied, 'Well, boys aren't boys hardly now-a-days; they are got to be men amazingly early. If I had a boy like you, I think I should take him down a little.

What do you think, Mr. Meyers? do you bring that boy to take care of you? do you want a guardian? That stirred the old man's pride, and he told me to go and look after the horses. He sat and drank till ten o'clock, and every time the landlord gave him drink, I said, 'don't give it to him.' At last my father rose up against me—he was drunk. When he got upon the waggon, I drove. My heart was very heavy, and I thought of my mother. 'Oh, how will she feel this!' When we got about two miles from home, my father said, 'I will drive.' 'No, no,' said I, 'let me drive.' He snatched the reins from me, fell from the waggon, and before I could check the horses, the forward wheel had crushed his head in the road. I was till midnight getting his dead body on the waggon. I carried him to my mother, and she never smiled from that day to the day of her death. Four months after that she died, and we buried her. Now," said the young man, after he had finished his story, "*That man killed my father—he was my father's murderer!*"

There is not a publican but can take your brother, your father, your son, into his dram shop to night, and make him drunk in spite of your entreaties and prayers, and kick him out at midnight, and you may find his dead body in the gutter. All you have to do is to take the body, bury it, and say nothing about it; for you have *no redress, no protection!* Now, protection is what we want. Come and help us. Hurrah for prohibition!!

THE CIRCEAN CUP.

BY SISTER A. J. C.

O who would object to the temperate glass,
Which enlivens the social hour!
How brightly and gaily the moments pass,
'Neath the spell of its magic power.

It is but for a little we plead, you know ;
We are shocked by the drunkard's career,
But because he exceeds, must we forego
Hospitality's cup of good cheer ?

As a "creature of God" it must surely be good,
Then why are we urged to abstain ?
It often is better than medicine or food,
To the over-strained heart and brain.

Why frown on the wine which at Cana's feast,
The Saviour so freely supplied ?
Must the cup which at Supper He gave and
bless'd.

Be now to His followers denied ?

'Tis folly to urge because wretches abuse
The bounty the Maker has given,
That, therefore, no Christian may lawfully use
This gracious provision of Heaven.

Are these thine arguments, O Christian ? Good
No doubt they are in thine esteem ; but hast
Thou ever thought of all that they involve ?
Has it occurred to thee to ask, how those
Of whom thou speak'st with so much scorn be-
came

The wretches they are now ?
Hast thou e'er thought that, in life's early morn,
Their childish brow was innocent and bright
As thine ; that o'er them once a mother's heart
Throb'd with the joy and love which mothers
feel

When in their arms is laid the new-born babe ?
Hast thou e'er thought, that, though besotted now
And reeling on to ruin, once they were
The light and gladness of a happy home ?
That thousands, now degraded, once had dreams,
Bright, joyous dreams ; in which the future
seemed

Full of the promise of a noble life ?
What shadow cross'd their path ? What blight
has fallen ?

What has debased them thus ? *The social glass,*
For which thou pleadest, as a harmless thing,
To them it once seem'd such ; they never dream'd
That o'er them it would gain the fearful power
Which binds them captive in its horrid chains.
They never dream'd, while joyously the time
Flew onward as they sat with pleasant friends,
Around the social board, that friendship's cup
Would prove to them like Circe's cup, which
changed

From manhood's dignity to beastly form.
O ! hast thou never heard, when to thy lips
The social glass is raised, the groans and sighs
Of those whom it has ruined ? Has thine ear
Ne'er caught the echo of the dying cry
Of victims to its power, as down they sank
To hopeless, endless misery, their souls
Lost through eternal ages lost, through that
Which *Christians give and take and argue for* ?
O couldst thou see, as the Eternal sees,
The guilt, the wretchedness, the dark despair,
The ruined homes, the blighted hopes, the wreck,
The crime, the anguish it has caus'd, thou
would'st

Dash from thy lips the cursed thing, and say,
"While the world standeth I will never taste
The draught, whose fatal power has caused
Millions to stumble to a drunkard's hell."
Thou call'st this cup a good thing, and dost urge
That, as God's creature, it must have a place.
'Tis NOT GOD'S CREATURE ! From the Eternal hand
No ALCOHOL is given. It had no place
In the Creation, when th' Almighty Word
Pronounc'd that all was good. It is the fruit
Of man's perverted powers, which evolve
From death, corruption, and decay, the thing
Which is to every good, the direst foe——
——No ! no ! 'Tis not of God ; nor seems it less
Than blasphemy, to say that Jesus made
At Cana's feast, th' intoxicating draught ;
Or that He gave, as emblem of His blood,
The cup, whose fatal taste, still proves it elf
The mightiest hindrance to His saving power !
He sanction'd not, nor bless'd th' accursed thing.
Nor does He now look lightly on, while those
Who call themselves His followers countenance
The accumulating crime and wrong which spring
From Alcohol. O Christians, as ye bear
The sacred name of Him who bore the cross,
Deny yourselves of this unworthy lust !
From hearths and homes, from cities and from
towns,
From heart-crushed mothers and from starving
babes,
From prisons, convict cells, from scaffolds, graves,
Rises the one appealing cry, "Abstain !"
Abstain, as ye would bear the name of men !
Abstain, as ye would not disgrace the name,
The glorious name, implying all that's good,
That's noble, self-denying,—the grand name
OF CHRISTIAN !

Literary Notices.

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approaching this Annual for size and richness of
design has ever been before attempted in con-
nexion with the Temperance movement, and its
execution reflects great credit on publishers, editor,
artists, and printer. It contains, among numerous
other interesting matters, a Temperance Calendar
for 1873, a History of the I. O. G. Templars, a Digest
of the Proceedings of the R. W. G. Lodge and of

the G. Lodges of England, Scotland, Ireland, and
Wales, lists of the Sub-Lodges of Great Britain
and Ireland, Portraits and Biographical Sketches
of the G. W. C. Templars of England, Scotland,
Ireland, and Wales, a "Song by the Christmas
Fire" (words by Rev. J. Yeames, music by Dr. H.
T. Leslie), "The Templar's Life-boat" (poetry
by H. C. Brougham), "Record of Progress,"
"Corney Craven's Christmas Eve" (a temperance
tale by Oswald Leslie, embodying "The Railway
Porter's Story," by J. W. Kirtton, "The Preven-
tive-Man's Story," by Joseph Malins, G.W.C.T.,
"The Student's Story," by S. P. Thompson, B.A.,
"The Doctor's Story," by H. Munroe, M.D., and

"The Professor's Story," by Dr. F. R. Lees, and embellished with three illustrations, "Bona Fide Travellers" (illustration), "The Good Templar's Home for Orphans" (with illustration), "The Cup of Tea" (with illustration), portrait of Dr. Leslie, a "Temperance Guide," "A Temperance Song" (by Rev. J. Yeames), &c., &c. We have no doubt but this mere summary of contents will make most of our readers desire to possess a copy of this most beautiful, interesting, and useful work, and its price brings it within the reach of all.

A REVIEW OF THE REV. M. MACAULAY'S SERMON: "A SCRIPTURAL PLEA FOR TEMPERANCE." By Rev. D. H. M'Murtry, M.A. Published by the Good Templars. 16pp. Price 1d. Belfast:

I.O.G.T. Offices, 26 Ann Street. This is a very able and exhaustive refutation of a very fallacious and pernicious discourse. The great drink curse requires no other security for its perpetuity than the foundation which Mr. Macaulay labors to establish for it, and by no other doctrine will humanity ever be freed from that curse than that very clearly and forcibly propounded by Bro. M'Murtry, namely, that it is contrary to the will of God for man to use alcoholic drink. We would strongly urge all friends of temperance, especially Good Templars, to read and circulate this cheap, timely, and masterly pamphlet on one of the most important questions that now occupy the public mind.

Official Information.



Grand Lodge Offices,

26 Ann Street,

Belfast,

20th May, 1873.]

In consequence of the extra space given this month to "Progress of the Order," we are obliged to hold over several matters that should have appeared in this department. When our Grand Lodge at last Session fixed the date of next Session for the first week in August, the fact was overlooked that Subordinate Lodges are instructed by the Constitution to elect their Grand Lodge Representatives at their first weekly meeting in the Quarter in which the Grand Lodge Session is to be held. Besides the first week of the Quarter is the time fixed for installing Officers and receiving the new Password in every Lodge. On these grounds it is probable the Executive will feel bound at its next monthly meeting to change the date of our Grand Lodge Session in Dublin from the 6th till the 13th of August. We trust the Executive will be able to make advantageous arrangements with the Railway Companies for delegates from the North of Ireland. Full particulars will be given in our next. In the meantime we earnestly hope that every Lodge in Ireland will prepare to send at least one Representative to our coming Grand Lodge Session, which is being looked forward to with great interest by our brethren in Dublin and the South.

In our April issue, we stated that the Annual Session of the R. W. G. Lodge was to be held in London, beginning 27th May. In our last, we announced that it was postponed till 22nd July. In common with all others concerned, we have

received the following letter, which fully explains the cause of the postponement:—

Office of R. W. Grand Templar,

I. O. of G. T.,

Detroit, Michigan, 23rd April, 1873.

DEAR BRETHREN,—Circumstances have constrained us to change the Right Worthy Grand Lodge Session to be held in London, England, from the time fixed by the Constitution, to the twenty-second day of July next. A despatch from Messrs. Henderson, Brothers, of New York, informs us that the steamer Castalia will be unavoidably detained—cannot sail earlier than 17th May, and that we could not reach London before the 30th of that month; offering, however, to distribute Good Templar passengers among three other steamers of the same line, sailing 3d, 7th, and 10th May respectively. To go by the Castalia would carry us beyond the regular time for commencing the Session, and to divide our company among the three other steamers seemed to us unwise. Besides, two cable despatches from England have assured us that the four European Grand Lodges prefer to have the Session in July, and the fact being also known to us that many influential members of the Order in America favored the change, determined us in assuming the responsibility.

Doubtless some, expecting to attend the Session, will be incommoded. This we regret, but trust that all will manifest their love for the Order and the cause of Temperance, by conforming to the new circumstances, and unite with us to render the Session in July extensively useful. We have

assurances from the agents of the Anchor Line, that moneys already advanced for berths will be either refunded or transferred to steamers sailing at the time we wish to go. It is also probable that the rush of travel eastward, peculiar to the early part of this season, will abate by Midsummer, thus leaving

steamers less crowded. All further necessary information will be communicated in due time.

Yours, in F. H. and C.,

JOHN RUSSELL, R. W. G. T.

J. A. SPENCER, R. W. G. S.

Progress of the Order.

DISTRICT LODGES.

WE have now twenty District Lodges instituted in Ireland, each under the guidance of a staff of earnest and well-drilled officers. We believe there is not now a more united, loyal, and determined body of temperance workers in the world, than the Good Templars of Ireland. Our work for the past six or eight months has not been so much the lengthening of our cords as the strengthening of our stakes. We have been educating, organizing, and consolidating, and we have now cheering prospects of future progress on a basis at once permanent and satisfactory. We strongly commend the counsels of Bro. Dr. M'Murtry on "The Duties of District Lodges" to the Officers and Members of every District Lodge in Ireland. We would earnestly add one suggestion, which was not necessary in St. Ann's Ward District, that already contains seventeen Subordinate Lodges, namely, to endeavor to have a new Lodge instituted in every unoccupied town, village, or rural district at the earliest possible date. Forms of Petitions for Charters with all necessary instructions will be forwarded by return of post to any applicant by our G.W.S. In future, District Lodges will be numbered in the order of the dates of institution. Those already instituted have been numbered in the order of the date of institution of the first Subordinate Lodge in each District. Five or more Subordinate Lodges in any new District will be entitled to a Charter for a District Lodge. We hope the brethren in Cork, Dundalk, Armagh, Enniskillen, and Aghnacloy will press on and be ready as soon as possible. Cookstown is ready and will be instituted in the present month. The names, numbers, and Officers of our District Lodges are as follow:—

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ST. GEORGE'S WARD (Belfast)—No. 2. (First Lodge—Emerald, No. 3).—Bro. W. P. Holmes, D.D., D.V.T.; Bro. J. L. Yule, D.T.; Bro. T. J. Davison, D.S.; Bro. G. A. Reilly, D.F.S.; Sis. Mrs. Hutton, D.T.; Bro. T. S. Oliver, D.C.; Bro. R. J. H. Bell, G.W. Sen., D.M.; Bro. H. Hutton, P.D.T.; Bro. J. D. Osborne, D.G.; Bro. J. Snowdon, D.S.; Bro. W. Fletcher, D.A.S.; Sis. Miss Campbell, D.D.M.; Bro. W. Bullock, D.R.S.; Sis. Miss Douglass, D.L.S. Instituted by the G.W.C.T., on 25th March.

DOCK WARD (Belfast)—No. 3. (First Lodge—Extreme, No. 4).—Bro. D. Smith, G.W.M., D.D., D.T.; Bro. J. Henderson, D.V.T.; Bro. A. Ledié, G.W.A.S., D.S.; Bro. J. McDowell, G.W. Mes., D.F.S.; Sis. Miss Holden, D.T.; Bro. J. Matthews, D.C.; Bro. J. G. Henderson, D.M.; Bro. H. Pyper, P.D.T.; Bro. S. Smyth, D.G.; Bro. Reid, D.S.; Bro. W. G. Lytle, D.A.S.; Sis. Miss A. Holden, D.D.M.; Bro. A. Craig, D.R.S.; Sis. Miss Archer, D.L.S. Instituted by the G.W.C.T., on 28th January.

CROMAC WARD AND BALLYMACARRETT.—No. 4. (First Lodge—Excelsior, No. 6). The institution of this Lodge has been postponed till the end of this year, and till then the Lodges in the District have united with those of Smithfield Ward.

SMITHFIELD AND CROMAC WARDS (Belfast)—No. 5. (First Lodge—Rock of Safety, No. 11). Bro. Councillor T. H. Browne, D.D.; Bro. J. M'Alery, D.T.; Bro. H. L. Thomas, D.V.T.; Bro. J. M'Creery, D.S.; Bro. Strain, D.F.S.; Sis. Miss Strain, D.T.; Bro. R. Bruce, D.C.; Bro. J. M. Brown, D.M.; Bro. H. Hill, P.D.T.; Bro. J. Ferrier, D.G.; Bro. W. Beattie, D.S.; Bro. W. K. Huston, D.A.S.; Bro. R. Boal, D.D.M.; Bro. J. Moore, D.R.S.; Bro. W. Campbell, D.L.S. Instituted by the G.W.C.T., on 15th May.

LISBURN.—No. 6. (First Lodge—Lisburn's Hope, No. 12). Bro. Rev. H. N. Moore, D.D.; Bro. A. Mussen, D.T.; Bro. Rev. J. Simon, D.V.T.; Bro. J. M'Cumisky, D.S.; Bro. H. Nugent, D.F.S.; Bro. Brown, D.T.; Bro. Rev. N. E. Smyth, D.C.; Bro. Burrowes, D.M.; Bro. J. Ritchie, P.D.T.; Bro. J. Kerr, D.G.; Bro. Bell, D.S.; Bro. Ingram, D.D.M.; Bro. A. Kirkwood, D.R.S.; Sis. Miss Bennett, D.L.S. Instituted by the G.W.C.T., on 31st March.

CARRICKFERGUS AND LARNE.—No. 7. (First Lodge—Pioneer, No. 17). Bro. J. A. Bowman, D.D., D.T.; Bro. S. P. Kerr, D.V.T.; Bro. W. Larmer, D.S.; Bro. Barr, D.F.S.; Bro. J. Fullerton, D.T.; Bro. Rev. W. Elliott, D.C.; Bro. Sayers, D.M.; Bro. W. Martin, P.D.T.; Bro. Keith, D.G.; Bro. J. Wortley, D.S.; Bro. Herdman, D.A.S.; Bro. Boyd, D.D.M.; Bro. Davey, D.R.S.; Bro. D. Bowman, D.L.S. Instituted by the G.W.C.T., on 24th March.

ARDS.—No. 8. (First Lodge—Ebenezer, No. 19). Bro. Rev. E. Thomas, D.D., D.T.; Bro. H. Montgomery, D.V.T.; Bro. J. Ramsay, D.S.; Bro. W. M. Boal, D.F.S.; Bro. W. Blessington, D.T.; Bro. Rev. D. H. M'Murtry, M.A., D.C.; Bro. S. Irvine, D.M.; Bro. W. Kennedy, P.D.T.; Bro. A. Caughey, D.G.; Bro. J. Apperson, D.S.; Bro. W. Johnston, D.A.S.; Bro. J. McNeilly, D.D.M.; Bro. W. Dobbin, D.R.S.; Bro. G. Apperson, D.L.S. Instituted by the G.W.C.T., on 30th January.

COUNTY DONEGAL.—No. 9. (First Lodge—Dayspring, No. 22). Bro. R. Harper, D.D., D.T.; Bro. R. M'Beth, D.V.T.; Bro. J. Alexander, D.S.; Bro. S. M'Causland, D.F.S.; Bro. A. Roulston, D.T.; Bro. T. Rodgers, D.C.; Bro. R. Midgley,

assurances from the agents of the Anchor Line, that moneys already advanced for berths will be either refunded or transferred to steamers sailing at the time we wish to go. It is also probable that the rush of travel eastward, peculiar to the early part of this season, will abate by Midsummer, thus leaving

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D.M.; Bro. H. Hastings, P.T.D.; Bro. A. Nicoll, D.G.; Bro. A. Lowry, D.S.; Bro. T. Simms, D.A.S.; Bro. A. Davis, D.D.M.; Bro. D. Wilkie, D.R.S.; Bro. A. McConnell, D.L.S. Instituted by the G.W.C.T., on 18th March.

BALLYMENA.—No. 10. (First Lodge—Perseverance, No. 24). Bro. Rev. H. M. Holden, D.D., D.T.; Bro. A. J. McClintock, D.V.T.; Sis. Mrs. Mullen, G.W.D.M., D.S.; Bro. J. Letson, D.F.S.; Bro. R. Courtney, D.T.; Bro. J. Moore, D.C.; Bro. W. Blair, D.M.; Sis. Mrs. S. Smythe, P.D.T.; Bro. A. Nicoll, D.G.; Bro. H. Brown, D.S.; Bro. R. Chesney, D.A.S.; Bro. E. J. McConkey, D.D.M.; Bro. J. Bonnar, D.R.S.; Bro. J. Cathcart, D.L.S. Instituted by the G.W.C.T., on 26th March.

LURGAN.—No. 11. (First Lodge—Ark of Hope, No. 27). Bro. W. R. Nelson, G.W.S., D.D., D.T.; Bro. J. Cassells, D.V.T.; Bro. J. Dickson, D.S.; Bro. A. Harper, D.F.S.; Bro. J. Robinson, D.T.; Bro. T. Spence, D.C.; Bro. A. Murchie, D.M.; Bro. W. Ballard, P.D.T.; Bro. E. Hewitt, D.G.; Bro. J. Irvine, D.S.; Bro. J. Wilson, D.A.S.; Bro. W. M. Jones, D.D.M.; Bro. D. Harvey, D.R.S.; Bro. J. B. Long, D.L.S. Instituted by the G.W.C.T., on 15th April.

NEWRY.—No. 12. (First Lodge—Prohibition, No. 34). Bro. Rev. G. Wight, D.D., D.V.T.; Bro. J. Weir, D.T.; Bro. J. H. Shaw, D.S.; Bro. J. Kilbraith, D.F.S.; Bro. M'Kee, D.T.; Bro. Rev. L. Stafford, D.C.; Bro. R. Crozier, D.M.; Bro. H. E. Bell, P.D.T.; Bro. R. Watson, D.G.; Bro. James M'Clatchey, D.S.; Bro. N. Ferguson, D.A.S.; Bro. J. Cook, D.D.M.; Bro. J. Grandy, D.R.S.; Sis. Miss Rodgers, D.L.S. Instituted by the G.W.C.T., on 20th March.

OMAGH.—No. 13. (First Lodge—Tyrone's First, No. 36). Bro. W. G. Cox, D.D., D.T.; Bro. J. Robinson, D.V.T.; Bro. J. McDowell, D.S.; Bro. R. Cochrane, D.F.S.; Sis. Mrs. Kilpatrick, D.T.; Bro. R. Davidson, D.C.; Bro. S. Rea, D.M.; Bro. J. Kilpatrick, P.D.T.; Bro. J. M'Corkhill, D.G.; Bro. W. Woods, D.S.; Bro. W. Montieth, D.A.S.; Bro. J. M'Farland, D.D.M.; Bro. J. Maclear, D.R.S.; Bro. W. Taylor, D.L.S. Instituted by the G.W.C.T., on 22nd May.

BANBRIDGE.—No. 14. (First Lodge—Morning Star, No. 37). Bro. J. Simms, G.W.C., D.D., D.T.; Bro. J. Smyth, M.A., D.V.T.; Bro. T. M'William, D.S.; Bro. W. M'Kinney, D.F.S.; Sis. Mrs. Simms, D.T.; Bro. Rev. J. Harding, D.C.; Bro. W. Wilson, D.M.; Bro. Dr. M'Bride, P.D.T.; Bro. R. Crothers, D.S.; Bro. Skelly, D.A.S.; Bro. T. Dawson, D.D.M.; Bro. Rev. H. Kennedy, D.R.S.; Sis. Miss Bannatyne, D.L.S. Instituted by the G.W.C.T., on 1st April.

LONDONDERRY.—No. 15. (First Lodge—Hope of Derry, No. 44). Bro. D. Crawford, D.D., D.T.; Bro. J. Gallighar, D.V.T.; Bro. J. N. Milne, D.S.; Bro. John Cunningham, D.F.S.; Bro. J. Mitchell, D.T.; Bro. James Cunningham, D.C.; Bro. A. Downing, D.M.; Bro. S. M'Ginness, P.D.T.; Bro. J. M'Keane, D.G.; Bro. J. Simpson, D.S.; Bro. J. M'Crea, D.A.S.; Bro. A. Gray, D.D.M.; Bro. W. Stewart, D.R.S.; Sis. Mrs. Crawford, D.L.S. Instituted by the G.W.C.T., on 14th March.

DUBLIN.—No. 16. (First Lodge—Dublin's First, No. 46). Bro. Councillor W. F. Lawlor, G.W.V.T., D.D., D.T.; Bro. W. Whitfield, G.W.G., D.D., D.V.T.; Bro. J. Caithness, D.S.; Bro. J. Glasco,

D.F.S.; Bro. H. Brown, D.T.; Bro. Rev. J. Young, D.C.; Bro. J. T. Sullivan, D.M.; Bro. J. T. Glover, P.D.T.; Bro. W. Greer, D.G.; Bro. J. Millar, D.S.; Bro. J. Erskine, D.A.S.; Bro. A. Campbell, D.D.M.; Bro. J. Copeland, D.R.S.; Bro. P. Casey, D.L.S. Instituted by the G.W.C.T., on 12th February.

STRABANE.—No. 17. (First Lodge—Lighthouse, No. 52). Bro. Rev. D. Gordon, D.D., D.T.; Bro. R. Stevenson, D.V.T.; Bro. J. R. Clegg, D.S.; Bro. R. Entrican, D.F.S.; Bro. R. Gordon, D.T.; Bro. W. M'Granaghan, D.C.; Bro. M. Montgomery, D.M.; Bro. S. Wade, P.D.T.; Bro. J. Alexander, D.G.; Bro. W. M'Cleery, D.S.; Bro. W. M'Carter, D.A.S.; Bro. R. Watson, D.D.M.; Bro. S. Knox, D.R.S.; Bro. J. Smith, D.L.S. Instituted by the G.W.C.T., on 17th March.

COLERAINE.—No. 18. (First Lodge—Decision, No. 56). Bro. T. Collins, D.D.; Bro. Rev. D. Robb, D.T.; Bro. G. Mooney, D.V.T.; Bro. W. Bradley, D.S.; Bro. J. Nevin, D.F.S.; Bro. G. Kerr, D.T.; Bro. V. Maculey, D.C.; Bro. V. Sutton, D.M.; Bro. C. D. H. Campbell, P.D.T.; Bro. J. M'Grotty, D.G.; Bro. W. Craig, D.S.; Bro. J. Fisher, D.A.S.; Bro. Hutchinson, D.D.M.; Bro. A. L. Bird, D.R.S.; Bro. A. D. Williamson, D.L.S. Instituted by the G.W.C.T., on 19th May.

BALLYNAHINCH.—No. 19. (First Lodge—No Compromise, No. 58). Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, D.D., D.T.; Bro. J. Patterson, D.V.T.; Bro. J. Walker, D.S.; Bro. J. Brown, D.F.S.; Bro. J. Rea, D.T.; Bro. Rev. J. M'Ilveen, B.A., D.C.; Bro. J. D. McDowell, D.M.; Bro. W. J. Bruce, P.D.T.; Bro. W. M'Namara, D.G.; Bro. J. Thompson, D.S.; Bro. R. Innis, D.A.S.; Sis. Miss Graham, D.D.M.; Sis. Miss M'Bratney, D.R.S.; Sis. Miss Priestly, D.L.S. Instituted by the G.W.C.T., on 22nd April.

DOWNPATRICK.—No. 20. (First Lodge—Hope of Newcastle, No. 65). Bro. Rev. W. Lovett, D.D., D.T.; Bro. R. M'Grath, D.V.T.; Bro. F. L. Cleland, D.S.; Bro. A. Field, D.F.S.; Sis. Miss Coulter, D.T.; Bro. D. Teer, D.C.; Bro. A. Leslie, D.M.; Bro. P. Ferguson, P.D.T.; Bro. G. Willis, D.G.; Bro. W. Quinn, D.S.; Bro. R. G. Moffett, D.A.S.; Bro. Robinson, D.D.M.; Bro. Hope, D.R.S.; Bro. A. Scott, D.L.S. Instituted by the G.W.C.T., on 21st April.

PORTABOWN and ARMAGH.—No. 21. (First Lodge—Victory, 68). Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D., D.T.; Bro. T. H. White, J.P., D.V.T.; Bro. W. Jones, D.S.; Bro. R. Emerson, D.F.S.; Bro. Dr. Crawford, D.T.; Bro. Rev. C. Harrison, D.C.; Bro. W. H. Honeyford, D.M.; Bro. J. Micklejohn, P.D.T.; Bro. R. Sweeny, D.G.; Bro. G. Robinson, D.S.; Bro. G. Carson, D.A.S.; Sis. Miss Tate, D.D.M.; Bro. J. Tate, D.R.S.; Bro. W. Boyce, D.L.S. Instituted by the G.W.C.T., on 21st February.

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

In type and held over for want of space:—"The Bible Wine Question," "Alcoholic Medication, No. 1," and reports of public meetings in Belfast, Newry, Derriagh, Armagh, Tandragee, Dublin, Whitehouse, Coleraine, Lurgan, Bleary, Beagh, Gilford, Ballyclare, Lisburn, Rainhill, Larne, Laurelvale, Prescott, Banbridge, Bessbrook, Rathfriland, and Maghera.

The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

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JULY, 1873.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



Bro. Dr. Collenette, Guernsey.

DOCTOR BENJAMIN COLLENETTE was born at St. Peter's Port, in the Island of Guernsey, on 14th October, 1814. His father was a merchant in good repute, and both father and mother were among the first converts, in the Island, to Methodism, and were for upwards of

seventy years consistent members of the French Wesleyan Society, his father being circuit steward for a large number of years. Dr. Collenette was, at any early age, sent to a boarding school in a neighboring Isle (Jersey), of which Mr., now Judge, Noel, was the principal. Here he remained for some years, and after returning to Guernsey, he became an articulated pupil to one of the resident practitioners. Afterwards, and for several years, he studied medicine and surgery at Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, London, and at the Hotel Dieu and La Pitie Hospitals, Paris. Having taken his degrees, he settled down to the practice of his profession in his native Isle, in the year 1836. For the first five years of his professional life, he was a firm believer in the virtues of alcoholic beverages, as articles of diet, and as a medicine in disease; and, as a natural consequence, prescribed them freely, until his attention was arrested by a question put to him by a poor man, to whom he had been prescribing wine, "to support and nourish, and to give tone and strength to his system." The poor man's question, "Where does this wine get its strength and nourishment from?" led the doctor to examine the subject as thoroughly as he then could; and, after having carefully read several tracts bearing upon the subject, he read *Bacchus* and *Anti-Bacchus*, and every article on wine, brandy, beer, &c., that he could find in the medical works then existing, and being thereby thoroughly convinced of the truth of teetotalism, he, on 9th August, 1841, signed the pledge, and from that hour till this, now nearly thirty-two years, has faithfully and conscientiously kept it, not a drop of intoxicating beverages of any kind having from that day passed the threshold of his house. His wife soon followed his example, and they have always acted up to the spirit and letter of their pledge (life-long) and convictions, and have never offered or prescribed the *drink* to any of their numerous friends or guests. They have had eleven children, all of whom were nursed by Mrs. Collenette without the aid of one drop of any kind of intoxicating drinks. Nine of these children are still alive, and they are all life-abstainers. The doctor's father and mother, then seventy-six and seventy-four years of age, likewise took the pledge, and kept it with comfort and benefit to themselves till the day of their death, which occurred at the good old age of ninety-one each!

The doctor, in his speech at the great medical meeting in Exeter Hall, on 31st October, 1871, says:—"Day by day I became more and more convinced that intoxicating drinks were injurious

to the health and unnecessary as a medicine: and after much consideration, reading, and thought, I resolved that, let the cost be to myself what it might, I would never order them if I could avoid it, but would banish the whole of these poisons from my practice, and from that day till this, I have never had cause to regret so doing, so far as my patients are concerned." It was impossible at so early a day in the temperance movement, as thirty-two years ago, for a medical practitioner to carry out such a resolve, without being a great pecuniary loser thereby, and Dr. Collenette was *not* an exception, for his practice soon fell away. Even some of his own relations looked upon him as a madman, and abandoned him for other medical men, and at the end of his first teetotal year he found that his receipts had fallen from £600 to £150, and it became even worse than this. But the doctor, through evil as through good, persevered in what he knew to be a right course, leaving the result in the hands of God. His personal and medical testimony, after thirty-seven years' experience, is, that alcoholic beverages are never necessary or beneficial in health, and that in sickness they are often very injurious, seldom if ever required, and that patients recover more quickly and more surely without than with them, and that were there not a drop of intoxicating beverages in the universe, there would be much less sickness and much less mortality than there are now.

The doctor early took a prominent part in the temperance movement, into which he threw his whole soul, and within three months of signing the pledge he became president of the Guernsey Temperance League, and Editor of the *Guernsey Temperance Banner*. He became a member of the Independent Order of Rechabites in 1841, and has filled the offices of D.R., of C.R., of D.C.R., and was for many years honorary secretary of the Channel Islands District. He is now, and has been for several years past, the honorary secretary of the Guernsey League for the Total Suppression of the Liquor Traffic. He is also a Good Templar, being one of the Charter members of "Sarnia's First" Lodge. During these thirty-two years, the doctor has seldom been a week without publicly advocating the temperance cause. He has lectured, and still continues to lecture, on every phase of the movement, both in the English and French languages, in addition to taking an active part in the several movements in the Island for the promotion of religion, morality, and science. He has the honor of having been the first mover in the warfare that many years ago closed the public houses in Guernsey during the whole of the Sabbath-day.—*The Templar*.

Alcoholic Medication.—No. 1.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is our high privilege to hold much familiar intercourse with the leading temperance reformers of Great Britain and Ireland, and we never meet one, who, on referring to obstacles in our way, does not place in the front rank the influence of the medical faculty in prescribing alcoholic liquors as stimulants. That such practice is erroneous and pernicious has been abundantly proved, and that ascertained truth on the important subject should be spread by every legitimate means is most obvious. We mean, therefore, in a series of papers from various pens to furnish our readers with weapons, in the shape of facts and arguments, that may enable them to meet and overcome the enemy whenever he presents himself, as "an angel of light" or mercy, in his medical guise.

Our Order everywhere is alive to this as well as every other phase of the temperance movement. At the last Session of our own Grand Lodge the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—1. "That this Grand Lodge, believing that much of the intemperance of the present day is the result of ignorance of the real nature and properties of alcoholic liquors, rejoices at the progress of scientific opinions regarding the medicinal and and dietetic use of intoxicating drinks, as indicative of the spread, power, and ultimate triumph of temperance truth, respectfully calls upon the medical profession to consider whether the prescription of these drinks in the treatment of disease might not with benefit be still further restricted or entirely disused, and earnestly recommends all members of our Order, not only, as far as possible, to avoid the medicinal use of alcoholic drinks themselves, but to discountenance such use of them by others." 2. "That by 'the medicinal use of alcoholic liquors' shall be meant their use on the unsuggested prescription of a temperate and duly qualified medical man—the dose, its frequency, the length of time its use shall be continued, and the other conditions under which it shall be taken, being all regulated by him on the same principles, and with as much care, as is observed in the employment of any other powerful and dangerous drug." The second of these resolutions gives an authoritative reply to the questions so often asked by members of our Order, as to the extent of the exception in our Obligation with regard to alcoholic medication; and we would earnestly urge all loyal members in our jurisdiction to give the first resolution the practical consideration to which it is entitled.

That alcohol is a poison is now universally ad-

mitted by scientific writers, and that alcoholic liquors are unwholesome is rarely denied by them. But that alcohol is a valuable and indispensable medicine is still a prevalent opinion. That this opinion is a dangerous and pernicious error is becoming more and more evident every day. The ordinary drinking of intoxicants, under the name of medicine, is a fruitful source of disease, drunkenness, and death. This is the conclusion forced upon the mind of any one who gives the subject a full and candid investigation. If alcoholic medicine were prescribed and used as other drugs are, we would not have so much reason to complain on this point. (Other poisonous medicines are carefully weighed or measured, and labelled with directions to be taken at stated intervals for limited periods. And it is well known that after a certain time any drug ceases to produce its primary effect upon the system, so that the dose has to be increased, or else the medicine stopped or changed. But alcohol is absurdly—may we not say wickedly?—exempted from all such care and restriction by many practitioners; and the consequences of this recklessness are most disastrous. To recommend a person, who is attending to the ordinary duties of life, to use any form of intoxicating liquor daily for an indefinite period is not a medical advice at all, but an advice against teetotalism, which it becomes the duty of the temperance advocate to repel by every legitimate means in his power. Alcohol taken in obedience to such a prescription, under the name of medicine, will have the same effect upon the drinker, as it would have if drunk under the name of beverage. It will have the usual tendency to beget that ever-increasing desire for larger and larger quantities, which so frequently ends in confirmed inebriation. Dr. Barker says—"I have known several ladies to become confirmed drunkards, the primary cause being a taste for stimulants, which was acquired by alcoholic drink being administered to them as medicine." This medical drinking is, indeed, the most seductive kind of drinking, because it can be practised conscientiously. The temperance movement has shed so much light on the evil nature of using alcoholic beverages, that but few can now imbibe them as such with an easy conscience. But the "doctor's advice" generally throws the conscience off its guard in this matter, and the pitiable victim is given over to the "strong delusion" of believing that he is benefiting his constitution, while he is

sapping the very foundation of his health, both physical and moral.

The practice of alcoholic medication is not only evil in its nature, but is terribly prevalent. It is continually creating drunkards among the temperate, and dragging back into the pit of drunkenness numberless reformed inebriates. Dr. Bennet says:—"One great fault I find with my medical brethren is their ordering reclaimed drunkards to take wine and porter during convalescence. I can point to many cases in which they have been the cause of relapse." Dr. Bayley writes—"There is a fearful amount of moral and physical ruin resulting to mankind from the medical use of alcohol. Too many cases of drink-produced woe, both within and without the pale of the profession, are traceable to medical advice in the use of alcoholics. This is perfectly unjustifiable, since ample experience has shown the use of them to be unnecessary." No intelligent person can give even a slight attention to this subject without agreeing with Dr. Bayley that alcoholic medication is at least "unnecessary." In the rare cases in which there is still some appearance of scientific reason for administering alcohol, some other poison of the same class, for which there exists no prevalent and dangerous appetite in the community could easily be used as a substitute. It is therefore the bounden duty of Christian physicians and patients to use some substitute for alcohol in our times and circumstances, even if it could be proved to be a useful medicine in itself (see Rom. xiv. 21. 1 Cor. viii. 13; ix. 22. 2 Cor. xi. 29.) Here is a legitimate sphere for urging obedience to the law

of Christian expediency. There is no room for this law with regard to the beverage use of intoxicants, except in the case of those who are ignorant of the simple truth that alcohol is a poison and that alcoholic beverages are unwholesome. It is not merely expedient, it is an absolute moral duty, to abstain from the use of what is unwholesome. But the inspired Apostle of the Gentiles had no doubt about the wholesomeness of flesh meat, and yet he says—"If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." So the Christian should say now—"If alcoholic medicine make my brother to offend, I will use no alcoholic medicine while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." How was the Apostle justified in abstaining from what was wholesome, the use of which would have strengthened him for the discharge of the great duties of his laborious life? Because he could use other food that would answer the same end, and the use of which would cast no stumbling-block in his brother's way. Just so now with Christians and alcoholic medicine, granting for the sake of argument, which we are far from doing in reality, that there is no more doubt about its usefulness to the diseased, than about that of fleshmeat to the healthy.

Our conclusion, therefore, is that true medical science leaves little, if any, justification for alcoholic medication; and that such science, supplemented by Christian love, leaves "no quarter" for it whatever. We earnestly commend this thought to Christian physicians and patients.

The General Assembly and the Liquor Traffic.

BY BRO. A. H. H. M'URTRY, M.D., G.W.T.

THE General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland met in annual session on Monday, 2nd ult., in Rosemary Street, Belfast. On the following evening, the Report of the Committee on Temperance was submitted to that venerable body by the Rev. I. N. Harkness, Convener, and a memorial was presented by a deputation of laymen. The Report stated that "drinking and drunkenness are steadily on the increase"—and "thereby hangs a tale" of increase of crime also and of pauperism and immorality and domestic unhappiness and indifference to religion and disease and premature death and eternal misery. The increase in the consumption of drink last year had been at the rate of £25,000 a-week, and for the last four years the revenue from spirits had been advancing at the rate of

£100,000 a-year! We had contributed £700,000 or £800,000 during the year for the evangelization of the world, but every two days we had been, and are spending the like amount upon our own sensuality. In the face of facts like these, the Committee mildly suggested that "the ministers, elders, and people of the Church should take a deeper interest in this question than ever they have done." The memorialists, also, referred to "the alarming increase in drinking and drunkenness," expressed their belief "that the facts stated warranted them in the conviction that greater exertions should now be made than ever," and begged the Assembly "to take this subject into its serious consideration, and devise such measures as the emergency demands." The Assembly then proceeded "to take this subject into its considera-

tion." Mr. Baxter (elder) considered that the time had come [at length—not before?] when the Church must step in and stem the tide of this terrible evil." O that the Church had "stepped in" years and years ago! What misery might she not thus have prevented! Mr. J. P. Corry (elder) "believed that, if our teachers would practise what they preach, we would not now be in the mournful position of spending an enormous sum annually" on drink. This sensible remark excited the laughter of the Assembly. The Rev. Dr. Knox put forward the very "extreme view" (which we hope he will consistently adhere to) that "it was not too great a sacrifice that men should come forward boldly and separate themselves *entirely* from the drink traffic," and "appealed to the Church to give up *all* connexion with the liquor-traffic." Bravo, Dr. Knox! Only stick to that, and in the meantime, by way of initiating the separating process, persuade your own congregation to have no more dealings with the spirit-merchant! "He could not understand how a Christian man could stand behind the bar and dole out the liquid fire to old and young, and call on God to bless the work." The difficulty of understanding this is similar to the difficulty of understanding why the introduction of a live fish into a vessel already perfectly full of water does not cause any overflow! Let Dr. Knox first prove that any really Christian man of the New Testament type does—not occasionally fall into sin, but—day after day and year after year "dole out the liquid fire to old and young," before troubling himself about *how* this is done. And if he find any man doing this who *says* he is a Christian, let him remember that men, like trees, are to be known by their fruits, and that it is possible to prophesy in Christ's name, and in His name to cast out devils, and in His name to do many wonderful works, such as building churches and founding scholarships and subscribing to libraries, and yet to have never been known by Christ—to have never been a Christian. But this is "uncharitable," and we must not pursue it. The Rev. L. E. Berkeley next told the Assembly that "the country is being destroyed from end to end by this traffic," and the Rev. J. M. Rodgers said that publicans "should not be allowed to prey upon their fellow-creatures." Not more gratifying was it to hear such sentiments uttered than it was to witness the hearty applause with which they were received by the large Assembly and by the visitors present, and we gladly give to all parties concerned whatever credit they deserve for so plainly speaking or so warmly applauding the too unpopular truth. The weekly teaching of tem-

perance in our Lodges throughout the country during the last two years, and the presence of a large number of Good Templars in the House on the night in question, no doubt account largely for the enthusiasm that was manifested on the occasion.

The Assembly having thus "considered the subject," and being, apparently, almost unanimously of opinion that the Church should wash her hands of all connection with the drink-system, our readers will naturally expect to be told that it passed a resolution to that effect. But, unfortunately, it did nothing of the kind. To do it justice, however, it was not asked. Dr. Knox, who was the loudest in his affirmations about the duty of the Church in this matter, evidently believed that, notwithstanding the facts contained in the Report, and the favorable way in which his most "extreme" statements were received, the Assembly "was not yet prepared" for such a proposal, and probably would not be until "drinking and drunkenness" have increased still further, and several hundred thousands more of human beings have been consigned to the drunkard's doom. Accordingly, he thought it more judicious, having made a noble appeal to the Church in his speech, to simply ask the Assembly to adopt the following resolutions:—"That we call upon the ministers, elders, and people to put forth more strenuous exertions than they have yet done to resist the progress of this dreadful vice. That we instruct the Presbyteries and Sessions to devise such means as may be expedient. That we appoint the first Sabbath of December as a day on which all the ministers shall bring this subject before their people." Though these resolutions are not, in our humble judgment, "such measures as the emergency demands," we are thankful for them, so far as they may serve to diminish intemperance. We shall only say of them that the first is very vague; that, judging from the action of the Belfast Presbytery (which on the 7th of November, 1871, adopted a Report on Intemperance, but "recommended to the people committed to its care" everything but the true remedy for intemperance, namely, total abstinence, and which, when asked to recommend this remedy, actually refused to do so), we do not anticipate much practical result from the second; and, as for the third, "some of the sermons ordered by the Assembly last year were tame and uncertain, some devoted mainly to attacks upon temperance organizations, some to the defence of moderate drinking, and in a few cases the subject was avoided altogether, or put to the one side as a very unpleasant theme."

After the Assembly had arrived at this "most lame and impotent conclusion," the Moderator (Rev. W. Johnston) addressed a few parting words of encouragement to the deputation. He believed, he said, "that every minister should wash his hands from any connection with the pernicious [drink] system. He did not say that no person engaged in the spirit-traffic should be admitted to the Lord's Table, but he did say that, whatever the Church might do in the future [when matters shall have become so bad that the Church, out of very shame, cannot tolerate them any longer] as to the admission of such persons to the Lord's Table, the time had come, he thought, when they should not be considered eligible to act as office-bearers in the Church. On a question so difficult and complicated, there might never be a law of the Church, but there was a Divine law, which should be faithfully carried out, that the professed followers of Christ shall avoid every appearance of evil, and have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them, and that no bishop shall be given to much wine. He trusted the day was not far distant when the ministers, elders, and people of the Presbyterian Church would adopt the principle of Paul—"It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth or is offended or is made weak." For such utterances as these, from such a man as the Rev. Wm. Johnston, all friends of temperance will be profoundly thankful. Indeed, the speeches of nearly all who addressed the Assembly on the occasion were, as our readers will have already seen, well calculated to cheer the heart of every enemy of the liquor-traffic. The only drawback to the pleasure of listening to such thorough-going and "extreme" sentiments was the fear that those who held them might not be courageous and consistent enough to push them, or at least endeavor to push them, to their logical conclusion, and that thus much of what was said might turn out to be, not exactly "a tale told by an idiot," but something that was more "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," than of earnest resolution "signifying" earnest effort for the speedy annihilation of the drink-traffic. A comparison of the expressed opinions of the leading members of the Assembly with the Assembly's action, on this subject would seem to justify this fear, for it shows that either its Christian instinct is in advance of its intelligence, or both are in advance of its moral courage. The Assembly somehow feels that the Church of Christ ought to have no connexion with such an institution of the devil as the liquor-traffic; and yet, strange paradox! it thinks that

some connexion is, and for some time to come will be necessary; or, strange and shameful cowardice! it hesitates to give up all connexion at once and for ever. It is evident that, if Dr. Knox's opinion be correct, every congregation, minister, elder, deacon, and other member of the Church ought to abstain from the use, purchase, sale, and manufacture of intoxicating drink, for any one of these acts constitutes "connexion with the liquor-traffic;" and if, as the Moderator thinks, that traffic be a "pernicious system," from connexion with which every minister ought to wash his hands, it is equally true that the entire Church should do the same. If, as Mr. Johnston believes, the sale of drink be a sin, and if, for that reason, no drink-seller ought to be allowed to hold office in the Church, it follows that neither of the other *parties to the sale*, namely, the buyer and the user, ought to be allowed to hold office in the Church; and if not only the sale, but the purchase and use (without which there could be no sale), be thus sinful, surely all three—the seller, the purchaser, and the user—ought to be considered disqualified not only for office but for membership in the Church. Continuance in any known sin, whether it be theatre-going, horse-racing, or gambling, drink-making, drink selling, drink buying, or drink using, is surely a sufficient reason for excluding those who do such things both from the Lord's Table and from office. So that, whether we argue from Dr. Knox's premises, or from Mr. Johnston's (both of which seemed to be admitted by the Assembly), and leaving out of the question the Divine law which the Moderator quoted, the inevitable conclusion is that neither the Church nor any of her members should in any way countenance the liquor-traffic or the drinking customs. And yet, a few days after these gentlemen and others had said that the Church should have nothing to do with the "pernicious system" and the "liquid fire," Dr. Killen moved, Mr. Berkeley (forgetting, for the moment, that "the country is being destroyed from end to end by this traffic,") seconded, the Moderator put, and the Assembly "unanimously and heartily passed, a vote of thanks" to "that generous Presbyterian and friend of the Church," (but celebrated brewer!) "Alexander Findlater, Esq., J.P., The Slopes, Kingstown," for handing over to the Assembly, "for good purposes," a portion of that blood-money which had accrued from the manufacture and sale of what Dr. Knox calls "a drug that beggars and degrades the people!" with never a hint to Mr. Findlater that he had made that money in a wrong way. And not only so, but the Church will no doubt continue to be an extensive

purchaser of intoxicating drink for the Table of the Lord, and many of her ministers and members will go on making, selling, buying, or using it as before. But we must remember that, though these things ought not so to be, "the time has not yet come" for putting a stop to them! The time past does not suffice the Church to have wrought the will of the publicans! Ah, surely the evil is already great enough to warrant the Church now in ceasing to have any more part in its production or continuance! What an in-

fluence for good would such a course have upon both the Church and the world! What a gigantic impetus would such a heroic example of Christian courage and duty give to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom! The Church rising in the strength of the Lord and resolving that, henceforth, from the blood of the sixty thousand drunkards who die in this country every year, *her hands shall be clean!* God speed the blessed day!

Rev. James Heron on Good Templarism.—No. 7.

BY BRO. VANCE M'CAULEY, W.C. NO 132, AND D.C. 18.

TO lay hold, and keep hold, of sound *first principles* is of immense importance in conducting any argument to a truthful conclusion. Temperance truth belongs to the class of morals; and morality is an innate principle implanted by God in the human mind. *The human mind is the primary of all revelations of God to man.* I defy Mr. Heron to overturn this axiom, unless he adopt the ancient Platonic philosophy, improved by Des Cartes and David Hume, namely, that "every external object must be doubted, and that there is no self-evident proof to the mind of the existence of anything; so that a man has no proof of his own existence." Indeed, Mr. Heron never attempted to grapple with this axiom when he reviewed my letters in the *Coleraine Chronicle*. Since the human mind is the first revelation of God to man, all other revelations must be subsequent; and subsequent revelations must be attested by the primary one. When Christianity itself teaches morality, the human mind must be the judge of the meaning and application of its moral precepts. As God revealed Christianity to man subsequent to His revelation of reason in man, it is evident that in so far as Christianity inculcates morality its lessons on this subject must be in harmony with those primarily written by God in man's mind. If the mind had not been formed with an innate sense of morality, it could never form an idea of what a moral precept is. Good Templarism employs the very *being* of a man as a powerful lever by which to elevate his morality. The Founder of Christianity is the Founder of our being; He is at once the cause and centre of both. As the radii of a given circle all converge in the centre, so all truth converges in Christ. Man in his creation is a *social* being, and he required and received morality from his Creator, as an innate power for self-government in his relations to his fellowman. I can prove to a man that the very first law which

he transgresses by immorality is a law of his own existence. I will prove it by self-evident demonstration, and not travel beyond the man's own conscience for my proof. Moral objects are as faithfully mirrored upon the conscience through the perceptive faculties of the mind, as material objects are mirrored upon the retina of the eye. Even sin in the nature of a man does not hinder a truthful perception of the mind any more than it hinders a truthful perception by the bodily eye, except so far as it brings *disease* upon either. If I question the perception of my mind in discriminating moral objects, I have as much right to question the organ of vision in discriminating material objects. It is through the *sensation*, and not the perception, that sin leads a man captive—hence the *alluring* power of strong drink. The sensational pleasure overcomes a man's own reason. The I.O.G.T. is the only temperance organization which avails itself of the entire weaponry which God has placed within its reach, and it bases its temperance work upon the constitution of man's own being. Christianity reveals a *new* thing to man, namely, the gift of God's Son, in love, to die a sacrifice for man's sin against God, so that God may be righteous in forgiving sin. It reveals, moreover, that God creates the sinner anew who believes in His Son Jesus Christ. This new creation imparts a new power to every one who "is born again." But, inasmuch as the fewest number of men are thus born again, few possess the new power. It would be folly to appeal to a new power of action where it is not possessed. We must appeal to a *real* power in man, of some kind, when we desire to call forth action.

This is the point where we think Mr. Heron's plan of promoting temperance fails. He says—"The sad and solemn fact that intemperance is on the increase, in spite of all the means hitherto employed against it, seems to call for a re-con-

sideration of our plans and tactics, a new disposal of our forces, and fresh and more energetic effort. The only condition for which we stipulate is that the plans adopted be reasonable, lawful—in a word, in harmony with the principles of Christianity. It is because Good Templarism appears, in our humble view, to be out of harmony with those principles, that we venture, with much diffidence, but with some consideration and deliberateness, to say a word in opposition to it When the end in view is the promotion of morality, or some department of it, and when it is easy and practicable to operate from a Christian basis, in that case to disconnect it with the Christian system and hold its sanction as of no value, seems to us to do dishonor to Christianity and its Founder. The total abstinence society, or any society whatever that has a moral end in view, is like a branch severed from the parent stem when not connected as part and parcel of the Christian system. 'Abide in me,' says Christ, 'without me ye can do nothing.' Now, Mr. Heron is fond of "reality"—cannot put up with "show or rose color." We are at a loss to know what reality is communicated to a man of intemperate habits by connecting him as "part and parcel of the Christian system." He can have no *living* connection with Christ as a branch in the vine until he be converted. It is the worst of all "rose-color," "delusion, and deception," to make a man act the hypocrite. When a man is reclaimed from drunkenness the "Christian system" cannot communicate any new power to him for the cultivation of temperate habits. Until God convert a man, no minister or Church has any other ground of acting upon him for the elevation of his morals, save the innate sense of morality which God has given him by nature. This is enough, however, for that purpose. On this fulcrum Good Templarism can rest its lever for the elevation of even the unregenerate members of the human family, and has power to act upon millions who are not in connection with any Church. Are these millions of our fellow-men to be left uncared for until our ministers prevail upon them to join the Christian Church? We must keep distinct things that differ. I respectfully suggest to Mr. Heron that there is a confusion in his mind relative to the question of temperance reform. He confounds *moral reformation* in our relation to man with *spiritual reformation* in our relation to God. In his reply to me he quotes from Bushnell about "naturalistic reformers making reformation a religion. . . . They make their own Gospel as they go. . . .

. . . Back of *sins* Christianity recognizes *sin*;

back of the *acts a state*. This it regenerates." Surely Mr. Heron cannot believe that when a total abstinence society is connected with a Christian Church such a connection works a regeneration of *state* in its members. Does Mr. Heron teach total abstinence as a Gospel? I don't believe he does; neither do Good Templars. Is it kind or candid then to say that the words of Bushnell seem as if penned with special reference to Templarism?

We must remember that the "Christian system," which we see around us, has lamentably departed from the Christianity of the Scriptures in the *matter of strong drink*. At the very threshold of this "Christian system" the temperance reformer meets an antagonistic element. The glorious Founder of Christianity, when He wished to have Himself and His work kept in the remembrance of His followers, appointed "the fruit of the vine" as the "cup" to symbolize His poured out blood. The sacrifice of the Son of God for human guilt was accomplished by His being "*bruised*" beneath the hand of Jehovah. The bread, which is one of the emblems, is made of *bruised* corn; the cup, which is the other emblem, is filled from the *bruised* grape. It is all a *bruising* of Jesus in the stead of sinners. Now "connection" with this Christianity and its sanction, as our "parent stem" is of unspeakable value. It is just as we might expect. The Founder of Christianity would never institute a law in His Church to outrage the law which He had created in our being. But what do we find the "Christian system" of our day engaged in? Patronizing, in its very centre, "the cup of death"—that cup which sends its sixty thousand souls every year to the drunkard's doom—that cup to fill up which the food of seven millions of human beings is annually worse than destroyed. Mr. Heron dreads a "reconsideration" of this matter, he calls it an "agitation." Why? While the drinking customs and the liquor traffic are endorsed at the Table of the Lord, and the social tables of Christians, it is no wonder that "intemperance is on the increase." How can the "Christian system" promote temperance and at the same time promote the sale and use of intoxicating drink? This "Christian system" itself is "out of harmony" with the spirit and genius of Christianity, and is a "dishonor" to the Founder both of nature and grace on the question now under discussion.

I fully agree with Mr. Heron that "it is easy and practicable to operate from a Christian basis in promoting temperance." When private Christians can live without intoxicants, even though they did not know that they are sinning against

God by destroying human food to obtain those intoxicants, and when the Christian Church can show her Lord's death, at least as well, even though she did not see it to be *imperative*, by the unintoxicating "fruit of the vine," there is no necessity for either the one or the other to promote the liquor-traffic. If all would do this, even for their Lord's sake, we should then have a Christian basis upon which to raise a moral break-water to stem the rising tide of drunkenness. I feel ashamed that Christians are behind in this good work. I feel thankful, however, that God has put into the hearts of some Christians to go forth into the broad fields of humanity and gather up the physical wrecks of our race, and that He has furnished them with a basis in man's moral being upon which they can operate for the restoration of the poor drunken outcasts, many of whom learned their degrading habits inside the "Christian system."

There is very precious "harmony" between the principles of Good Templarism and the principles of genuine Christianity, in operating upon the fallen. Christianity is the outflow of love from the heart of God to melt the rebellious heart of man. It is a sacrifice of Himself to win the wanderer. The whole course from the Throne of Heaven to the Cross of Calvary; and from the grave of death back to the Throne of Glory is *unselfish*. So Good Templarism is that charity which proceeds from the heart of those engaged in its work—a self-denying charity, which has its reward in doing good to our fellowmen. We look upon every man as a brother, and act upon the belief that each man is his brother's keeper, and that the Christian is bound to "do good unto all men." We don't sit down at ease when we are free from the chains of Giant Alcohol ourselves. As long as we find any fellow creature in those chains, we use every energy we possess to

release him. This spirit of humanity has its parallel in true Christianity, which leads its possessor to seek after one's fellow-sinner and bring him to Jesus. Mr. Heron would let the poor drunkard die, unless he join the "Christian system." Not so the loving Jesus, the good Samaritan, whose human sympathies led Him to relieve every case of suffering that crossed His path, whether the person followed Him or not. He did kind things kindly. If Christians want to win souls for Jesus, let them manifest the Spirit of Jesus in promoting the *temporal* well-being of their fellow-men, and that too at *personal* sacrifice. This is in full "harmony" with Christ's Christianity. The unloving spirit which Mr. Heron and other Christians are manifesting in this controversy, is very painful to the Christians who have joined the Order, specially because of its counteracting tendency upon our efforts to lead those of our members who have not been in the habit of hearing the Gospel to go and hear it preached. When they hear a minister of the Gospel talking about the "vantage ground" which Christianity gives for reforming men, and then see him descending to low scurrilities and filthy insinuations, they may very naturally turn away in disgust from ministers of the Gospel. But we feel thankful to tell them that *all* ministers do not treat our benevolent efforts as Mr. Heron does.

Having enunciated principles which, I believe, are "lawful and reasonable," principles which are in perfect "harmony" with genuine Christianity, and principles which can be brought to bear upon the reformation of men's habits *in this life*, even though they should never receive Christ and His Gospel as the higher motive power; and having thus established a position which is impregnable to all Mr. Heron's assaults, I shall now proceed to examine his criticisms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER VII.

MOSES LEARNS HIS FIRST LESSON IN MEEKNESS.

CHRISTOPHER went to Dublin, and before he had been there two years a new trouble fell on him and Miriam. Mr. Lutton had made a will after the birth of his youngest son, in which he appointed his wife sole legatee should she survive him, but in the event of her dying first, he bequeathed the Lake House and farm to Miriam, and left all the ready money he possessed to be divided equally between her and her brothers. A few days before his death he took this money from the branch bank in Upton, and deposited it in

an English one, which was at that time paying a much higher rate of interest. Three years afterwards there was a crash, and the orphans lost all. It was Mr. Bellamy, joint executor with Dr. Marks, who came to tell Miriam of the calamity, and when he went away she sat down and covered her face. "Mira, what's you crying about?" Moses asked, pulling down her hands. "I am not crying, my pet," she answered, looking down at him, white, but tearless. "What ails you then? Baby's good." He called himself "baby" still, and could think of no trouble coming to his sister, except through his own somewhat passionate temper. "We have lost all our money, Baby,"

she said, laying her cheek against his golden curls. "You has me yet, Mira." "Oh! God be praised for that!" and she clasped him convulsively in her arms, with a wild pang at her heart as she thought what life would be without him. And yet they had wanted to take him from her. When they were left motherless at first, Miss Bellamy had proposed to adopt him, but Miriam was so savage about it, that she never ventured to repeat the offer till now, when she thought it must be accepted. "He is my own and I cannot give him up," Miriam answered, when the Rector told her that his sister was still anxious to take Moses for a son. "But you will never be able to live on eight acres of land." "I will part with Jenny and do the house work myself, so that we shall be at very little expense. If Christy can support himself it will not take much to keep Baby and me; and there will be the bog money in addition."

It was a sore trial parting with Jenny Grant, but it had to be gone through and it was. Jenny kissed her little nursing as he lay asleep in his crib, and slipped away in the early morning, weeping bitterly. Had she been leaving Miriam to go to any other service, her grief would have been more deeply seated, but, as she was going to a house of her own, her lover soon dried her tears. She and Joe Martin had had a boy and girl affection for each other when they lived together at the Lake House, and their intercourse had continued after Joe left in a huff, and went to live with an uncle, because Mr. Lutton would never allow him to have charge of a horse after Miss Morrison's death. Lately his uncle had died, and as he fell heir to his farm there was nothing to hinder his marriage with Jenny, except her own will. Jenny's only objection to him was that he still drank occasionally. She pressed him to give it up altogether, but though he refused to do this, he made so many promises of amendment that she felt justified in allowing her scruples to be overcome, as soon as she found that the household at the Lake House was to be diminished. "You know, Miss Miriam dear, Joe has not been drunk three times this last year," she pleaded with her young mistress, "and he says he will never be it again, after we are married." And seeing that she had made up her mind, Miriam said no more to dissuade her. Perhaps, she thought, she had no right to advise Jenny so strongly as she had already done against marrying, for Joe, save for that one failing, was a good match for her, and her true love was the best safeguard he could have. And so Jenny went home to Joe Martin, and Miriam took up this additional burden and went on her way. It was only loss of money to be sure, and that should have been a light cross to one who had so recently lost both father and mother, but sometimes it felt very weighty; for she had never been accustomed to heavy work, and when the body is very weary, and we know that tomorrow and the next day, and every day succeeding, must bring the same work and the same weariness, it is hard for the mind to be buoyant. Could she have got leave to bear her cross in silence as was her nature, it would not have hurt her so much, but people pitied her, and came to tell her that they did so, and though she felt grateful to them, their unskilful mode of

handling it often made it irritate her terribly.

"Your brother will leave college of course," said one kind friend. "If he thinks of going into a shop, I am sure my husband would take him without any fee." "My brother does not mean to leave college," Miriam answered, and forbore to make the further explanation that he meant to support himself by tuition. "My dear, of course you cannot continue to live here, and if you wish for a situation as nursery governess, I think I know a lady who would be willing to take you on my recommendation," said Mrs. Duncan, a fashionable, good-natured lady of the neighborhood, with whom Miriam had very little acquaintance, and who had a much greater taste for patronizing than she had for being patronized. And Miriam persisted in refusing to see this "of course" also. Mrs. Dr. Marks, though a confirmed invalid, got her husband to drive her over to offer her sympathy and condolence. "It is well your poor dear mother is gone before this happened," was what she said; "with her delicate constitution she never could have borne up against hardships; but you are strong, and when people have health nothing is a trouble to them"—an axiom which Miriam disputed mentally. When Mrs. Seguin heard that Mrs. Duncan had called at the Lake House, she told her two eldest daughters that it would only be kind if they would go to that poor girl and see if there was anything they could do for her; likely she could do plain sewing, and if she meant to take in any, they could give her theirs. "I would not fancy telling Miriam that," Matilda said as they set out. "Nor I," answered Sybella. "She would look so awfully dignified. If mamma wants her to do our sewing she may propose it to her herself, or else send a message with Philip." "Hush, Sybby, mamma would be very angry if she heard you." What Miss Seguin did say to Miriam, was not much more palatable. "I am so glad that Miss Bellamy is going to take Moses, we heard as we came along, and we said it would be such a relief to you."

"The galled jade" winced at this; why could not these people leave her alone? What right had they to come meddling with her private affairs, she thought, and then she chided herself for her injustice and ingratitude. Many a one might be situated as she was, and have neither sympathy nor assistance offered to her, because there was no one sufficiently interested in her to think of offering either. But when the tender spot was touched, she could not be patient or reasonable; it maddened her when people spoke of her parting with Moses as a thing of course, because though she told herself that nothing would ever induce her to do it, she had yet a foreboding that one day it must be done. Philip was at home at this time, but he was scarcely a welcome visitor, because he too seemed to think that she was wronging Moses in not allowing Miss Bellamy to adopt him. Though Philip was in general very kind and good-natured with the little fellow, he was jealous of the absorbing attention Miriam bestowed upon him, and would not have been sorry to have seen him comfortably provided for outside the Lake House. Moses, with a child's quick intuition, was aware of the

feeling which Philip himself was unconscious of, and distrusted him accordingly. He liked the presents Philip brought him, but they failed to establish a confidential relationship between them, and Moses would give way to violent passion on provocation from him that from another would not have moved him. The fiery temper of her little brother was a source of great anxiety to Miriam. Before he was two years old she had discovered that his was a very different nature from Christopher's, and required different treatment from what he had received in his infancy. He had been such an exceptionally good child that the dread of calling up the slightest cloud upon his mother's face was sufficient to deter him from wrong doing, and if his wishes were ever crossed, the fact that she knew best, if it did not always satisfy him, prevented the slightest inclination to rebel against her decision. But Moses was quicker and more impetuous than he had been, and needed a firmer hand over him. As yet his sister had contented herself with grave reproof when he occasionally broke out into a fit of childish anger. She knew the danger of his temper gaining the mastery over him, but she was uncertain what means to take to subdue it. "You should give him a good whipping," Miss Bellamy had advised one day at the Glebe, when she saw him kicking and screaming because the Grange nurse took Lily Seguin away when he wanted her to stay and play with him; but Miriam recoiled from what seemed to her such a desperate course. She was in a mother's place, but she feared that if she usurped a mother's judicial rights, the child's affection might receive a shock from which it could never recover. And so the evil ran on unchecked till he was four years old.

One day Philip came over after dinner to fish in the Lake, but finding something wrong with his rod, he went into the house to ask Miriam for a piece of twine to mend it. He sat down at the kitchen fire to make his repairs, and once there, did not seem in any hurry to leave it. His face was flushed, as it often was after dinner; for though Philip had never been very far intoxicated since his boyish escapade at Newdrum, he sat daily over his wine after his mother and sisters retired from the dining-room, and his father never thought of warning him against the practice, as, indeed, he would have had no right to do, seeing that he himself did the same. Moses was sitting on his own little chair in the corner, with a piece of dough in his hand, out of which he was manufacturing a hen; and as Miriam went out and in between the kitchen and pantry, she saw Philip begin to shake the chair with his foot. Moses did not mind it at first, but suddenly he started up in a fury, and began to pommel him with his little fists. "Moses, that is very wrong, sit down at once. Philip, you should not tease him," Miriam said calmly; and the child obeyed immediately, though the passion cloud was still darkening his beautiful face. Philip was seldom in good temper after drinking anything alcoholic, and he sat looking rather sulky at her reproof, while Moses lifted the dough he had thrown down in his haste, and began to mould it again. He soon forgot his passion in the interest of shaping the hen's tail; and a sculptor was never prouder of his work, than he was of his, as he held it up, legs, tail, and bill,

all complete. "Look Miriam, look Philip, at my hen," he cried, holding up the triumph of art. Miriam was in the pantry at the moment; but Philip looked, and as he did so, some evil spirit prompted him to pluck the head off the child's handiwork. Moses flew at him with a cry of rage, and when Philip caught his hands, he bit and kicked at him in a fury. Miriam did not speak when she saw what was going on, but she grew very pale, and made up her mind to a hard necessity. She went swiftly into the yard, and cutting what suited her purpose, came and lifted Moses in her arms without a word. The little fellow had never seen, much less known the rod as an instrument of correction save once when James, the man who attended to the farm, and lived in a house in the yard, had beat Colie, the dog, for chasing the cows over the bridge, when he had told him to drive them into the byre. But James was very angry when he did that, and there was no anger in his sister's sad, grave face, and that his own Mira would beat him like a dog was an idea not to be entertained for a moment. Nevertheless, his instinct told him that the rod and himself were, in some way, to be connected. "Mira, what's you going to do?" he asked, in an awe-struck whisper. "You have been bad, my child, and I am going to correct you for it," she answered, ignoring the ugly word "punish," which speaks only of evil done, and holds out no hope of future amendment. He scarcely understood her, but she felt his heart throbbing hard against her own, as she carried him into the little room off the parlor where her father's books were kept. She knelt down with him, beside the chair that had been her mother's, and holding his hand in hers, she prayed for him and for herself. She asked her Heavenly Father to forgive, for Christ's sake, His little child, who had sinned against Him by giving way to evil temper, and striking a fellow-creature in anger; and prayed that she might be strengthened to perform her duty; that he might have grace to bear his chastisement with patience and meekness, and that the Lord would bless the rod of His own appointment to the little one He loved, so that he would never offend against Him, in the same way again. Moses could not follow all the prayer, he was so busy wondering what dreadful thing Miriam was going to do that she seemed to be so much afraid of doing. Was she going to send him away from her altogether, as Abraham had done Ishmael, or kill him as he would have done Isaac if the angel had not stopped him, that she prayed so fervently for strength to do it? He thought it could be neither of those things, for there would be no Hagar to go with him if it were the first, and their ram had no horns, so it could not be the second. Still he knew that something, that was all the more terrible because completely out of the range of his ordinary experience, was going to happen. But it was not till she laid him on her knee, and bared the white velvet skin, that the full measure of the pain and degradation in store for him broke upon his mind, and made him burst out with the promise of amendment, that comes so readily to the lips of old and young in the day of their trouble. "Mira, I'll never do it again," he cried in terror. "I trust you never will, my child; but I must teach you to remember," she answered, steadily; and

though he could not see her face, he knew, by her voice, that there was no reprieve, and that Colie's punishment was to be his. It would be hard to say which suffered most during the next minute; she did not spare him, though at every stroke she could scarcely forbear gathering him up in her arms and kissing the tender flesh she was using so cruelly. But she meant it to be a lesson that would last him his lifetime, and never faltered in the task she had set herself, laying on the rod even more heavily than she intended, because she thought he would have cried out had he been suffering as much as she meant he should. But Moses had set his teeth hard, and would not cry. Two words of his sister's prayer had stuck in his mind. She had asked God to give him patience and meekness, and though he did not quite understand what she meant by it, he knew that it was something he had not, but should have, and that the first step to its acquirement was to be quiet and not cry when she was whipping him. Yet it was very hard, and had he not remembered how quietly Isaac lay on the altar, in his picture-book, he could scarcely have shown the fortitude he did. She did not know how much or how bravely he had borne, till it was over, and she saw that his face was very white, and two great tears running down it. "Kiss me, Mira," he said, humbly; "I'll be good, and never hit anybody again." "Oh, my darling, if you would be good always!" she exclaimed, clasping him to her breast, and now that there was no further need of self-restraint, kissing him again and again, with over-flowing eyes. He knew then why she had prayed for strength for herself as well as for patience for him, and he caught her hand and kissed it with the unspeakable trust and affection of innocent childhood, sobbing a little as he did so. "Mira, is God angry with me?" he asked, after a minute's silence, during which he lay pondering on many things, with wide-open, meditative eyes. "No, darling; God is not angry with people who are sorry for doing wrong. He has forgiven you, and you must ask Philip to do the same." "I will. I'm glad God doesn't keep up spite." And then with a weary sigh, he leaned his head upon her breast, and was soon fast asleep.

When Miriam carried off Moses so abruptly, Philip followed her, meaning to acknowledge himself the chief culprit, and to beg the little fellow off; but when he saw them on their knees together, and heard her simple petitions, he dared not interfere, but went back to the kitchen fire with mingled feelings of compunction, and admiration for the young sister-mother, who took all the duties of life in such terrible earnest. It was an hour before he ventured back to the study, and then he stood for a little at the door, watching her as she looked down with such holy love in her face, at the child who lay sleeping in her arms, the tears still hanging on his long lashes. After a little she glanced up and saw him, and he went forward and stood beside her. "I hope you did not punish the child on my account, Miriam," he said, deprecatingly. She gave him a quick glance which he did not quite understand. "No, on his own," she answered, looking down again on her sleeping darling. "It was more my fault than his, for I provoked him." "I am aware of that, but he must learn to bear pro-

vocation without resenting it." "Time enough for him to learn that as he grows older." "No one is too young to begin to follow Christ, and those who wait till evil habits and tempers are confirmed, may find that they are too old." "Well, but you know if you keep him so tightly now, there must be a reaction sometime; better allow him to give vent to a little passion now, and learn self-restraint by degrees." "Have you learned it? Is your present self-will the reaction from too much restraint when you were a child?" she asked, and if her manner was cold before, it was keen now. "No, I can't say it is," he answered with a short laugh; "but there is a medium, and Moses is but an infant yet." "As the twig is bent so the tree grows; had you been taught at his age to put a curb on your passions and inclinations, you would have been too good now to take a wicked pleasure in causing one of the Saviour's little ones to offend." "I say, Miriam, don't be so angry with a fellow; I would have been better if you had been at the rearing of me, I know, but it is too late to help that now," he said, laying his hand on her hair. "I am not angry," she answered, quietly, but she drew away her head from his caress with a quick, decided movement, and that awoke Moses. He rubbed his eyes, and looked from one to the other, forgetting at first what the catastrophe had been; and then his lip began to quiver as the remembrance came back, but he put his hand into Philip's at once. "Phil, I'm sorry I hit you, and I won't do it again, and sure you won't keep up spite any more than God?" he said, sticking to a form of expression he had picked up from the man in the yard. Philip had some difficulty in retaining his gravity at the quaint speech, but he dared not laugh in presence of Miriam's serious face. "No dear," he answered, clapping the child's curly head, "I forgive you all out, and you must do the same to me, for I am sorry, too, that I teased you." Moses smiled as if he thought his forgiveness might be taken for granted, and then, not quite certain that he had said enough, he repeated, "I won't never do it again." "Then it's a bargain," said Philip, more touched by the little fellow's sweetness than he would have liked to confess. "I won't tease you again, and you won't strike me; isn't that fair?" "But I must never strike you, no matter whether you teases me or not." "You are a better Christian than I am, Moses." "Miriam teaches me," he answered, too polite, perhaps, to dispute the fact, but willing to account for it. "I wish you would teach her to forgive me for teasing you, she has not done it yet." "Miriam, doesn't you forgive Philip?" "You see she is angry still," Philip said, when she did not answer at once. "No, Mira is never angry; Mira is always good, good," and as if words could not tell how very good she seemed to him, he flung his soft arms round her neck, and made out the remainder of the panegyric in passionate hugs and kisses. "You can't be angry after that," said Philip. "I am not angry, I said so before." "Yes," he answered, drawing up his head, and mimicking her former manner. "You said 'I am not angry, I am too good to be that, as you have just heard, but I am highly incensed and displeased.'" Miriam laughed at the sally, but her face grew sober again, as she answered,

"I have no right to be either one or other with you, for if you had been quite yourself, you would have given me no cause." "Indeed, Miriam, I only took one glass more than usual with the old dad, and even that is much less than most fellows like me indulge in," he answered, apprehending her meaning at once. "If other people's heads are stronger than yours, that is nothing to you. I have observed often that you are not like yourself after dinner, and you best know the reason." "I don't know it at all; that is just one of your odd notions, my propheticness." She shook her head, but did not pursue the subject. "Come, Soumy," she said, gathering up her hair which he had pulled down in his caressing, "we must go and see what the kettle is about." "It's singing, I'm sure, that is all it is ever about, except when it's boiling," Moses answered, jumping off her knee, and running on before. "Miriam, you could make me better than I am, if you chose," said Philip, in a low voice, as she was leaving the

room. "Only God can do that. Oh! Philip, if you would give yourself up to His direction," she exclaimed, stopping to face him in her earnestness. But all the answer he made her was to throw his arms round her neck and holding her tight to kiss her on lips and cheek and brow, before she was aware. Then finding how coldly she tried to withdraw herself, he released her as suddenly as he had caught her, half frightened at what he had done, and wholly angry at her still manner of receiving such an Irish mode of courtship. "Have you a heart at all?" asked this young lover in disgust, as he pushed rudely past her, and left her standing in the middle of the floor. "Have I a heart?" she repeated with a strange smile on her face, holding her hand for a minute over the organ whose existence had been thus called in question, and then she followed them to the kitchen, and took up her household duties again, as calm and undemonstrative as ever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ministers of the Gospel and Good Templarism.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Irish Good Templar Tracts—No. 4—See Second Page of Cover.)

"**W**H^O preaches to the ministers?" was once asked by a person when urged by a friend to attend the preaching of the Gospel. The question is interesting. It suggests that as ministers are but men, they might be the better of a sermon, or at least a lecture, occasionally, as well as other mortals. We think the faults and defects of a ministry that does not claim infallibility may sometimes be pointed out with profit and without presumption, by those who like ourselves feel it a duty, a privilege, and a pleasure to go up to the house of God from Sabbath to Sabbath, to unite with the great congregation in the worship of the sanctuary, and to hear the Gospel of the grace of God proclaimed from the pulpit. We delight to spend the Sabbath thus, and earnestly desire that all others should do the same. We have no sympathy with those who despise the office of the ministry. We believe its functions are the highest and holiest that man can exercise on earth. We have no wish to detract from ministerial influence; on the contrary, we sincerely wish that influence were a thousand times more potent for good, than it even now so happily is. This very desire, however, makes us all the more anxious that such influence should always be for the right, and never for the wrong; always on the side of heaven, and never on the opposite. Our feelings towards the ministry are something like those of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher towards the American legislators when he prayed, "O Lord grant we may not despise our rulers, but do grant they may not so act that we can't help it."

There are those who seem to think it wrong and irreligious to oppose ministers at all, and who set down abject submission to their wishes in matters like Good Templarism as piety itself. This is a grave and guilty error, worthy only of the dark ages in which it originated. We could not but despise the minister who would claim the sacredness of his office to protect him in conduct that would not bear investigation in the light of

truth and purity; and we could not but pity the benighted condition of the people who could yield such a sacerdotal claim to their minister. Ministers should not be opposed, but encouraged and assisted to the utmost, when engaged in their Master's service; but when serving Satan, as they are when by precept or example they uphold the drinking customs, the case is altered. Satan often, indeed generally, "transforms himself into an angel of light," and it is the Christian's duty to resist him in his clerical shape as well as in any other. Does not enlightened Christendom universally honor the names of those, who in past and present times have fought the battles of truth and holiness against the evil one in this form? Then let us hear no more in favor of a contemptible heresy, which has so often and so powerfully retarded the progress of Christ's Kingdom on earth.

Now the temperance community has long felt, and is daily growing in the sentiment, that the liquor traffic and the customs which support it are essentially immoral. There is no escape from this conviction, except by ignoring the philosophy of induction, and the principle on which it is founded given to us by the Great Teacher, that of judging the tree by its fruit. In view of this, it is gratifying to find that so many ministers of the various Christian churches have renounced all connection with a system so obviously wrong; but that ministers as a class are still the most influential supporters of the huge immorality is a melancholy fact. In all earnestness, we would ask them why it is so. Is love of drink the cause of it? Is it a desire to be popular and fashionable? Is it the love of "filthy lucre?" Is it "the fear of man that bringeth a snare?" We think no one will dare to say, it is the fear or the love of God, which ought to regulate the entire conduct of ministers. The motto of the ministry should be, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men." Whatever stands against

God's glory and man's welfare, ministers are bound by the strongest obligations to oppose, to resist even to the death if necessary. They are not valiant for the truth and faithful to the high trusts involved in their office, unless they invariably assume this attitude. Can they doubt that the spirit shops of our land stand out in bold, direct antagonism to the glory of God and the good of man? We think it is impossible. As such, then, they should denounce them, and use every lawful means in their power to suppress them. This they cannot faithfully and consistently do unless they are teetotalers; for the people are acute enough to see, that if it be right to buy and drink intoxicating beverages, it cannot be wrong to sell them.

At a great meeting in the City Hall, Glasgow, on 2nd October, 1866, General the Hon. Neal Dow said, "I find that in Scotland religion is terribly mixed with whiskey." What a mixture! Surely the incongruity of the compound is obvious to all. No union can ever be effected between true religion and alcoholic drink. Light and darkness are not more contrary and mutually repulsive. It is more than *expedient*, it is an *absolute moral duty*, to abstain totally from the cultivation of a tree whose normal fruits are crime, pauperism, disease, and soul-destruction. Such a tree is flourishing and yielding its deadly fruit in the very midst of our churches; therefore, an ecclesiastical reform is urgently needed, and it is the duty of ministers to take the lead in that reform. Wine and punch-drinking ministers are utterly disqualified for any direct, manly, whole-hearted participation in this God-honoring work. Is not their position pitiable? When will they see themselves as others see them? We speak to them as wise men, and ask them to judge what we say. Can they fail to know that their conduct in this matter must be despicable in the eyes of all enlightened beholders, and that it tends greatly to neutralize all their well-directed efforts to regenerate mankind?

We shall further state the case briefly, and request Christian readers, ministers and people, to draw righteous conclusions from the premises, and to act in accordance therewith. In our midst there is, legally protected by a somewhat godless Government, a public traffic in a terribly dangerous, seductive commodity, of whose destructive nature and tendencies the community is fearfully ignorant; and so infatuated are the people, rich and poor, with the allurements of the wicked trade, that the majority of them absolutely refuse to be instructed on the subject. Some of the results are—an open, public, extensive violation of the law of God, of every command of the Decalogue; multitudes of distressed fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, broken-hearted wives, and ragged, starving, uneducated children; thousands of premature deaths every year; gaols, reformatories, penitentiaries, workhouses, asylums, crowded with hapless victims; numerous wretches yearly exiled by transportation, or strangled by the gallows; innumerable, nameless miseries in other forms; and, worst of all, many thousands of immortal souls annually consigned to eternal perdition, under the sentence, "the drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of God." The enemy having thus come in with such an awfully devastating flood, the Spirit of the Lord has raised up

a standard against him in the form of the Temperance Society, especially of the Good Templar Organization. Around that standard have gathered a great and growing host of God-fearing men and women, and noble youths, who bear it bravely forward amid shot and shell, in the face of an opposing army whose name is legion, to a victory as certain as that God reigns. In that antagonistic army are the traffickers, who fight with an energy becoming their calling, an innumerable multitude of deluded victims of the craft belonging to the irreligious and profane classes, a large and powerful company of respectable and intelligent people, who plead for excuse the advice of ignorant or reckless medical practitioners; but the power of the whole phalanx dwindles into insignificance when compared with that of the clerical host. Throughout the country generally the local success or failure of the good cause is very largely in the hands of the ministers. In some localities places of meeting for raising the standard can hardly be obtained, because the ministers indulge in the imbibition of alcoholic wine or something stronger, and are consequently unfavorable to any agitation that would cast reflections on their conduct; and in many cases they are afraid to offend the traffickers belonging to their congregations. In some places, too, where the standard was once raised, it has fallen for a time before similar influences. On the other hand, in congregations and districts where ministers courageously join the standard and steadfastly lead the van, all other kinds of opposition are speedily overcome, the good cause triumphs, men are elevated, and God is glorified.

In such a state of things, what is the duty of those who have taken the Lord's side in this gigantic struggle? Clearly they ought to use every lawful means to enlighten their neighbors, and make converts to their ranks, especially of ministers. The means that should be used will vary with varying circumstances. With some moderate-drinking ministers of the more rational, manly, and conscientious type, the best course is to reason the subject, and to supply them abundantly with temperance literature, till they see that they are wrong; because the reason why such men are not universally with us is, that they have not given due attention to the question. In some instances, deputations waiting on ministers, and bringing the matter wisely and earnestly before them, may be of service. In other cases, memorials as numerous and influentially signed as possible should be forwarded to them. Where ministers will not yield to such solicitations and remonstrances, we are deliberately of opinion that it is the duty of enlightened teetotalers, even at considerable sacrifice, to unite themselves with other congregations where the ministers are on our side, and where consequently their temperance sentiments and efforts will have free scope. We are glad to find this view entertained by many, and that not a few have actually reduced it to practice. Its justifiableness is apparent enough on a little reflection. It is the duty of the head of every household to place his family under the best and safest kind of religious and moral training. It is a great blessing to a congregation when the minister, by precept and example, trains the people, especially the young, in the principles of our Order, and consequently a great curse to it when he takes

an opposite course. In the one case, the people are guided in a path of safety; in the other, in one of imminent danger. Every reader can supply illustrations of the danger of the intoxicating cup; for everybody has had some friend, some acquaintance, and, alas! some relative too, injured or ruined by its baleful power.

If all ministers were teetotalers, and meant to continue so for life, few of them would object to be Good Templars. What reason can they give for not being abstainers? Is an interesting inquiry. Drinking ministers are in duty bound, equally with their abstaining brethren, to use the most effective means for the prevention and cure of intemperance. This fact they are bound to admit. When we ask them what they do for the suppression of drunkenness, they reply that they preach the Gospel. But teetotalers and Good Templars do the same, no less efficiently because they are not publicans' customers. The difference between the two classes is that the one preaches the Gospel and moderate drinking, the other, the Gospel and total abstinence. It would be absurd to waste time in discussing which of the two classes is better fitted to "reclaim the fallen and save

others from falling" through drink. The doctrine and practice of the former class are the parents, the breeders and feeders, of drunkenness; while the teaching and example of the latter are the heaven-appointed remedies for the abounding evil. Every drunkard is an illustration of the unsoundness of the moderate drinking theory, is another failure of the moderate drinking system, is an additional proof of the evil nature of the tree which yields such deadly fruit. Let the Gospel be preached by all means, but let it be done after the manner of the inspired Apostle, the great model preacher. Say to every manufacturer, seller, buyer, and consumer of poisonous drinks, as he said to the jailor, "Do thyself no harm," and you will be all the more successful in adding as he did the higher injunction, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." It is the bounden duty of every preacher to do both. To make the doing of the one a reason for the neglecting of the other is either a sham or a delusion. Should not, then, all ministers of the Gospel be teetotalers and prohibitionists, and when possible Good Templars? We believe they ought. What say you, Christian reader?

Why Many Divines Believe the Bible to be a Drinking Book.

HOW is it that so many learned men still hold the bible to be, not a total abstinence, but a drinking book? This is often a perplexing question to those who have given a fair examination to the subject of Bible Temperance. It is well answered in the "General Preface" to the *Temperance Bible Commentary* (a book worth its weight in gold), by Dr. F. R. Lees and Rev. Dawson Burns, M.A., as follows:—

CHRISTIANS everywhere unite in accepting the saying of St. Paul, that all God-inspired Scripture is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works," (2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.) But the profit derived from Divine Truth will necessarily vary according to the degree of teachableness and soundness of judgment brought to its perusal. The Bible is not accountable for the multifarious errors and abuses it has been employed to support; yet it is occasion for lamentation that on not a few great questions, both of Science and Morals, the Living Oracles have been strangely misapprehended and misapplied. Not the illiterate and vicious alone, but successive generations of scholars and divines, have enunciated mischievous fallacies professedly extracted from the Scriptures. In Physical Science, the fixity and recent creation of the earth; in Political Philosophy, the right of arbitrary government and Negro slavery; in Social Economy, the Excellence of Polygamy; in Ecclesiastical ethics, the duty of persecuting heretics, and the obligation of unlimited submission to the clergy; these and other baneful dogmas, have been zealously propounded, not as speculative theories, but as the practical teachings of the Divine Word. That such conclusions are now commonly discarded, is not due to any change in the Record, but to a marked improvement in the manner of reading it;

and to a perception that there can be no real contradiction between one portion of Holy Scripture and another, or between the Revelation of God in Nature and in His Written Will.

Not less obviously true is it, that social customs and personal habits of diet and indulgence, continued from childhood upwards, may induce a state of mind inconsistent with the unbiased interpretation of Holy Writ. For example, let a man be accustomed to regard intoxicating liquor as a necessity, or even a valuable auxiliary, of life, and as an innocent vehicle of enjoyment and social entertainment; let him remain ignorant of all that can be said, and has been proved, to the contrary; let him consider the intemperance arising from strong drink to be one of the inevitable forms of natural depravity, and therefore to be classed in its origin as well as its results with other sins of the flesh; let him persuade himself that the ordinary means of Christian evangelization are sufficient to eradicate this prolific vice with its dismal progeny of social curses; let all this be done, and it will no longer appear surprising that many of the allusions contained in both the Old and New Testaments are construed in favour of the use of such drink, and that other passages, clearly opposite in their tendency, should be ignored or explained away. This may be done in perfect good faith, and without any consciousness of the process by which the one-sided exegesis is wrought out.

Accordingly, when the Temperance Reformation began, some of the earliest arguments brought against it were borrowed (as was supposed) from the armory of Scripture Texts; and down to the present time many who hold aloof from that cause defend their estrangement by a similar appeal to Scripture precedent and approval. Some even now go the length of charging Abstainers with a conduct at variance not only with the

privileges, but with the duties of the Christian dispensation, and accuse them of seeking to impose a code of asceticism contrary to the genial and liberal spirit of the Gospel. In controverting what have been represented as the views of Temperance writers upon the wines named in Scripture, some critics have ignorantly attributed to them the most absurd positions—such as that all those wines were unfermented and uninebriating—while they themselves have neglected to distinguish between the various terms translated “wine,” and have confounded the use of intoxicating liquor by man of old, and the permission of such use, with the express sanction and blessing of God.

To some friends of the Temperance movement a work of this character may appear superfluous. Certain of them may be disposed to deny that the question is one for Bible arbitration or reference at all; while others may be prepared to concede that Scripture permits and approves the use of strong drink, though also permitting and approving of abstinence from it. It is in vain, however, to expect that the Bible will cease to be quoted as an authority on the subject of Temperance; nor is it desirable that its store of facts should be overlooked, or its testimony left unexamined and disregarded. Those who contend that “liberty to abstain” is all that is needed as an argumentative basis for abstinence, will find themselves undeceived when they attempt to urge the practice upon others as a duty; for how can that be a duty,

it will be asked, the opposite of which is sanctioned by both the *letter* and the *spirit* of the Divine Word? Besides, even the argument from Christian expediency to which such friends attach a high (if not exclusive) importance, cannot be understood without an appeal to passages of Scripture whose true meaning and legitimate bearing have been warmly contested.

In reply to the inquiry, which may not be discourteously proposed, whether the authors of this commentary can claim to be exempt from a bias in favor of abstinence which may have inspired and controlled their exposition?—they can but say, that they have been fully sensible of their liability to such an influence, and have therefore endeavored to counteract its operation by carefully weighing all adverse arguments, and by placing before the reader the materials by which he may form for himself an independent judgment as to the correctness of the inferences drawn. They have honestly sought, with trust in Divine aid, to discover the truth contained in the passages successively discussed; and, in consigning the fruit of their labors to the press, they pray that the blessing of Heaven may attend it so far as it is adapted to promote the faithful, intelligent study of Scripture, and a more perfect sympathy with the spirit of the Psalmist, “Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes; and I shall keep it unto the end. Give me understanding, and I shall keep Thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.”

The Good Templar Elocutionist.

H A B I T.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

IF you say, “Should I find it by experience to be injurious, I will give it up,” surely that is not common sense. Such is the fascination thrown around a man by the power of evil habit, that it must have essentially injured him before he will consent to give it up! Many a man has been struck down in his prosperity, has been sent to prison for crime, before he acknowledged that his evil habit was injuring him. You might as well say, “I will put my hand into the nest of the rattlesnake, and when I find out that he has struck his fangs into me, I will draw it out and get it cured.” I remember riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls, and I said to a gentleman, “What river is that, sir?” “That,” he said, “is Niagara river.” “Well, it is a beautiful stream,” said I; “bright, and fair, and glassy; how far off are the rapids?” “Only a mile or two,” was the reply. “Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show when near the Falls?” “You will find it so, sir.” And so I found it; and that first sight of Niagara I shall never forget. Now launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silvery wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, “Young men, ahoy!” “What is it?” “The rapids are below you.” “Ha, ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land. Then on, boys; don’t be alarmed—there’s no danger.” “Young men, ahoy there!” “What is it?” “The rapids are below you.” “Ha, ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future? No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; we will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current.” “Young men, ahoy!” “What is it?” “Beware! beware! The rapids are below you.” Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard!—quick, quick!—pull for your lives!—pull till the blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcord upon the brow! Set the mast in the socket!—hoist the sail! Ah, ah! it is too late. Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming—over you go. Thousands go over the rapids every year, through the power of evil habit, crying all the while, “When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up.” The power of evil habit, I repeat, is fascinating, is deceptive, and man may go on arguing and coming to conclusions while on the way down to destruction.

THE GIN FIEND.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

THE Gin Fiend cast his eyes abroad,
And looked o'er all the land,
And numbered his myriad worshippers,
With his bird-like, long, right hand.
He took his place in the teeming streets,
And watched the people go
Around and about, with a buzz and a shout,
For ever to and fro.
And it's "hip!" he said, "hip! hip! hurrah!
For the multitudes I see,
Who offer themselves in sacrifice,
And die for the love of me!"

There passed a man in the crowded way,
With eyes bloodshot and dim;
He wore a coat without a sleeve,
And a hat without a brim.
His grimy hands with palsy shook,
And fearfully he laughed,
Or drivelled and swore, as he clamored for more!
Of the burning poison draught.
And it's "hip!" said the Gin Fiend, "hip! hurrah!
Success to him over his bowl;
A few short months have made him mine—
Brain, and body, and soul!"

There sat a madman in his cell,
Palm-clenched, with lips compressed—
God's likeness blotted from his face,
And fury in his breast.
There sat an idiot close beside
With a dull and stolid leer;
The apathy of his heavy eye
Warming at times to fear.
And it's "hip!" said the Gin Fiend, "hip! hurrah!
These twain are wholly mine;
The one a demon, the other a beast—
And both for burning wine!"

There stood a woman on a bridge;
She was old, but not with years;
Old with excess, and passion, and pain;
And she wept remorseful tears.
And she gave to her baby her milkless breast,
Then goaded by its cry,
Made a desperate leap in the river deep,
In the sight of the passers-by.
And it's "hip!" said the Gin Fiend, "hip! hurrah!
Let them sink in the friendly tide;
For the sake of me the creature lived—
To satisfy me she died!"

There watched a mother by her hearth,
Comely, but sad and pale;
Her infant slept, her lord was out,
A quaffing of his ale.
She stayed his coming; and when he came,
His thoughts were bent on blood;
He could not brook her taunting look,
And he slew her where she stood.
And it's "hip!" said the Gin Fiend, "hip! hurrah!
He does his duty well;
And he pays the tax he owes to me,
And the monarchy of hell!"

And every day in the crowded way,
He takes his fearful stand,
And numbers his myriad worshippers,
With his bird-like, long, right hand,
And every day his victims feast
Before his flashing eyes;
And every night, before his sight,
Are offered in sacrifice.
And it's "hip!" he says, "hip! hip! hurrah!
For the deep, up-frothing bowl,
Which gives me the victims that I crave—
Brain, and body, and soul!"

Official Information.



Grand Lodge Offices,

26 Ann Street,

Belfast,

20th June, 1873.

THE Executive has postponed the date of our Grand Lodge Session in Dublin till Monday, 25th August, for the reasons stated in our last and others which will be given to the Grand Lodge, and which we doubt not will satisfy the entire Order in Ireland that the postponement was wise and necessary. The brethren in Dublin are co-operating with the Executive most cordially in preparing to give the Grand Lodge a suitable reception in the metropolis.

The Executive is negotiating with the Railway Companies to secure as favorable terms as possible for members of the Grand Lodge. Full particulars with all necessary instructions will be forwarded to the Subordinate Lodges by circular during the present month.

The American members of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge are at present on the Atlantic, bound for our shores. It is expected that they will arrive

at Glasgow about the 8th inst. The company embraces many of the leading temperance reformers of the New World. In conjunction with Representatives from other parts of the world, they will attend the Annual Fete of the National Temperance League at the Crystal Palace on the 22nd inst, the date of the opening of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge Session in London. One part of the programme of the Fete is a monster Good Templar Demonstration to be held in the Crystal Palace Grounds. The Lodges in England now number above 3,000! It is intended to hold great Good Templar meetings in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, to be addressed by the leading members of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, between the 8th and 22nd. It is proposed to hold five such meetings in Ireland. Belfast, Dublin, and Derry have been fixed upon for three of them, and Lurgan and Ballymena have been spoken of for the remaining two. Had it been possible, we should have been delighted to have had one convened under the auspices of each of our District Lodges in the leading town of the district, but that is impossible for the present month. It is probable some of our American brethren may be induced to stay a few weeks after the R. W. G. Lodge Session, and that they may then favor some other towns in Ireland with a visit for this purpose. In the meantime our G.W.S. will be glad to receive applications from the Executive of any District Lodge for such a visit, stating the prospect of a good gathering, and he will furnish applicants with conditions and instructions.

We have thought it right, at the request of many esteemed members of our Order, to give a full list of Irish Subordinate Lodges in this issue and that of next month. Of each Lodge we give the number, name, place of meeting, night of meeting, and the names of three officers—the W.L.D., the W.C.T., and W.S. When but two officers' names are given, the W.L.D. is also W.S.

- 1 Erin's First.—Clifton Street, Belfast, Thursday. H. Robinson, J. Malcolm, and H. M. White.
- 2 Advance.—Sinclair Seamen's School-room, Belfast, Monday. J. Stewart, J. Reid, and James McGladdery.
- 3 Emerald.—Queen Street, Belfast, Monday. G. Mehaffey, F. Archer, and G. V. Scarboro.
- 4 Extreme.—Frederick Street, Belfast, Saturday. W. Pyper, W. Clarke, and A. M'Dowell.
- 5 People's.—Donegall Street, Belfast, Tuesday. R. Thompson, W. Blair, and J. R. Cooper.
- 6 Excelsior.—Ballymacarrett, Tuesday. H. Campbell, Hugh Campbell, and R. Boal.
- 7 Forward.—Clifton Street, Belfast, Wednesday. J. Hungerford, J. Simpson, and J. Wilson.
- 8 Invincible.—Cromac Street, Belfast, Friday. T. Irwin, H. L. Thomas, and J. Brown.
- 9 Enterprise.—Ann Street, Belfast, Friday. W. Martin, J. Shaw, and R. Boyd.
- 10 Hope of Erin.—Great Victoria Street, Belfast, Tuesday. H. Hutton, W. A. Bracken, and R. J. Orr.
- 11 Rock of Safety.—Argyle Place, Belfast, Friday. J. Brisbane, H. Hill, and D. M'Mechan.
- 12 Lisburn's Hope.—Lisburn, Wednesday. C. Stewart, J. M'Comiskey, and J. Campbell.
- 13 Meliora.—North Queen Street, Belfast, Friday. R. D. Agnew, T. Carruthers, and Isaac M'Iloy.
- 14 Star of Ulster.—Donegall Street, Belfast, Friday. H. Dodd, W. Harrison, and S. Dorman.
- 15 Rescue.—Ann Street, Belfast, Wednesday. H. S. Cree, T. Dunlop, and W. S. Foley.
- 16 Star of the North.—Clifton Street, Belfast, Tuesday. J. Lowry, S. Dempster, and — Leslie.
- 17 Pioneer.—Carrickfergus, Friday. S. P. Kerr, W. T. Carey, and W. J. M'Meekin.
- 18 Thomas Drew.—Durham Street, Belfast, Saturday. J. O'Connor G. Knox, and J. H. B. Maternahan.
- 19 Ebenezer.—Newtownards, Monday. H. Stevenson, G. Apperson, and R. M'Kee.
- 20 Conqueror.—Belfast.
- 21 Nil Desperandum.—Northumberland St., Belfast, Tuesday. J. M'Giffin, J. M'Alery, and J. Parkhill.
- 22 Dayspring.—Castlefin, Thursday. T. Rodgers, R. Harper, and J. M'Naught.
- 23 Ark of Safety.—Falls Road, Belfast, Monday. G. Cummings, W. Maxwell, and A. Davidson.
- 24 Perseverance.—Gracehill, Thursday. Mrs. F. A. Mullan, J. Telford, and A. J. M'Clintock.
- 25 Star of Erin.—Frederick Street, Tuesday. T. Pyper, T. Kerr, and J. Smith.
- 26 Reform.—Ballymacarrett.
- 27 Ark of Hope.—Lurgan, Tuesday. J. Arbuckle, James Arbuckle, and J. M'Caw.
- 28 Beacon.—Holywood, Monday. H. M'Jimpsey, G. W. Bain, and J. Nicols.
- 29 Shield.—Frederick Street, Belfast, Thursday. W. J. Brownlee, H. Allen, and J. H. Fitzgerald.
- 30 John Pyper.—Crumlin Road, Belfast, Tuesday. W. Blair, J. M'Dowell, and J. Gardiner.
- 31 Anchor of Hope.—Glenavy, Wednesday. Rev. C. W. Harding, J. Gibson, and W. Ingram.
- 32 Dictator.—Ann Street, Belfast, Monday. D. M'Cann, R. J. H. Bell, and S. Baird.
- 33 Triumph.—Lisburn, Tuesday. T. M'Cluskey, A. Mussen, and H. Nugent.
- 34 Prohibition.—Bessbrook, Tuesday. Miss M. E. Rogers, J. Weir, and J. Morrison.
- 35 Olderfleet.—Larne, Tuesday. J. Fullerton, and D. M. Wiles.
- 36 Tyrone's First.—Omagh, Thursday. W. J. Robinson, J. Kirkpatrick, and R. Davidson.
- 37 Morning Star.—Dromore.
- 38 Refuge.—Doagh.
- 39 Star of Zion.—Priesthill, Tuesday. L. Shaw, A. Bell, and T. E. Dorman.
- 40 Prosperity.—York Street, Belfast, Wednesday. J. G. Henderson, and J. M. Hull.
- 41 Sir W. Lawson.—Frederick Street, Belfast, Wednesday. J. Wylie, H. Pyper, and J. Reid.
- 42 Lifeboat.—Belfast.
- 43 Dawn.—Donaghadee, Thursday. W. Morrison, J. C. Macgown, and J. C. Macgown, junr.
- 44 Hope of Derry.—Fourth Presbyterian Church School-room, Londonderry, Tuesday. W. Gailey, W. J. Gordon, and A. Nellis.
- 45 Onward.—Dundalk, Wednesday. G. Peters, S. Williams, and B. A. Peters.
- 46 Dublin's First.—13 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin, Wednesday. T. Neill, J. T. Sullivan, and S. Forsyth.
- 47 Royal Standard.—Albion Street, Belfast, Thursday. A. Ferguson, J. J. Skuse, and W. Fletcher.

- 48 Concord.—Frederick Street, Belfast, Monday. A. Kennedy, J. Thompson, and R. Wilson.
- 49 Fortress.—Lurgan, Wednesday. W. J. Galway, R. S. Lattimer, and R. Rea.
- 50 Fidelity.—Antrim.
- 51 Red Cross.—Millfield, Belfast, Tuesday. S. Crozier, W. J. Miller, and C. McCallum.
- 52 Lighthouse.—Castlederg, Monday. R. Duncan, R. Entrican, and T. Hamilton.
- 53 Zion's Safety.—Sion Mills, Monday. J. Lyttle, and J. R. Clegg.
- 54 Hopeful.—Ballindrate, Tuesday. A. J. Ellison, R. Macbeth, and S. Weir.
- 55 Star of Hope.—Ballymena, Tuesday. R. McKinley, J. Bonnar, and W. J. Maternahan.
- 56 Decision.—Newtownlimavady, Wednesday. C. D. H. Campbell, T. Campbell, and J. J. Campbell.
- 57 Neptune.—Bangor, Thursday. H. Montgomery, J. McMeekin, and D. McBlain.
- 58 No Compromise.—Boardmills, Tuesday. J. McGowan, and J. Kirkpatrick.
- 59 Good Samaritan.—Frederick Street, Belfast, Friday. J. Henderson, W. G. Lyttle, and J. Montgomery.
- 60 Royal Oak.—Fleet Street, Belfast, Friday. W. Irwin, R. Miller, and J. Kilroy.
- 61 John Wesley.—Clifton Street, Belfast, Friday. J. E. R. Robinson, J. Horsfall, and E. Cairns.
- 62 Bright Future.—Ballinderry, Tuesday. W. J. Browne and J. Taylor.
- 63 Olive Branch.—Eglinton Street, Friday. J. McDowell, J. Pyper, M.A., and H. M. Martin.
- 64 Star of Peace.—Ligoniel, Thursday. T. Williamson and J. Arlow.
- 65 Hope of Newcastle.—Newcastle, Tuesday. R. Magrath, J. M'Kee, and J. H. Finton.
- 66 Anchor.—Corporation Street, Belfast, Friday. F. Brill and J. Munce.
- 67 Vindicator.—Lisburn, Monday. W. J. Lavery, J. Green, and G. McGuiggan.
- 68 Victory.—Portadown, Friday. W. Jones and L. M'Mordie.
- 69 Britannia.—Lurgan, Friday. J. Robinson, W. Ballard, and J. Mcmurry.
- 70 Home of Peace.—Belfast.
- 71 Fountain.—Waringstown, Monday. Rev. M. M'Murray, and—Wylie.
- 72 City of Refuge.—Coleraine, Tuesday. G. Mooney, A. L. Bird, and C. Craig.
- 73 Magnet.—Lisburn, Thursday. S. Hull, J. Browne, and J. Kenmuir.
- 74 Home Sweet Home.—Moira, Monday. Rev. S. Graham, H. F. McCruden, and T. Hewitt.
- 75 Guardian.—Maralin, Thursday. A. Johnston and T. Spence.
- 76 Banfoot Safety.—Banfoot, Lurgan.
- 77 Ark of Refuge.—Newtownards, Saturday. T. Kears, S. Irwin, and W. J. Macnight.
- 78 Good Endeavor.—Strabane, Wednesday. R. Stevenson, T. R. Gordon, and J. McFarland.
- 79 Alex. Riddell.—Melbourne St., Belfast, Thursday. J. Hamilton and W. Leron.
- 80 Eden.—Dunmurry, Monday. J. Taggart, W. E. Mayne, and J. Wright.
- 81 Star of Freedom.—Bleary, Monday. G. Irwin, E. J. Martin, and J. Irwin.
- 82 Bulwark.—Banbridge, Tuesday. H. Crawford, W. M'Kinney, and J. Davis.
- 83 Gilford's Hope.—Gilford, Monday. H. J. M'Bride, Rev. J. Harding, and M. R. McCausland.
- 84 Domestic Comfort.—Clare, Wednesday. W. Browne, W. Spence, and T. Anderson.
- 85 Protection.—Miltown, Banbridge, Monday. W. Skelly, J. Smyth, M.A., and J. Lindsay.
- 86 Horeb.—Deanry School Room, London Street, Derry, Wednesday. S. Nellis, W. Walker, and Dr. G. M'Cauley.
- 87 Ards Rescue.—Newtownards, Tuesday. Q. Morrison, Rev. D. H. M'Murtry, M.A., and H. Miskelly.
- 88 Publican's Friend.—Ballyclare, Thursday. J. Creeth, F. Curran, and J. Hamilton.
- 89 Fintona's Hope.—Fintona, Tuesday. J. W. Moore, H. Watson, and A. Guy.
- 90 Victoria.—Hope Street, Belfast, Wednesday. G. Page, G. Valentine, and J. Rowan.
- 91 Volunteer.—Riversdale Street, Belfast, Tuesday. J. P. Berry, J. C. Newsome, M.A., and R. Warnock, M.A.
- 92 Albert.—Belfast.
- 93 Minerva.—Trinity Street, Belfast, Tuesday. J. V. Coulter, G. M'Kinney, and J. A. White.
- 94 Champion.—Lisburn, Saturday. A. Kirkwood, T. Blaney, and I. Palker.
- 95 On to Victory.—Reformed Presbyterian Church School-room, Londonderry, Monday. J. N. Milne, W. Pinkerton, and W. S. M'Dermott.
- 96 Mount Zion.—Donegall Pass, Belfast, Friday. J. Williams, J. M'Ghee, and J. Middlemore.
- 97 Star of Bethlehem.—Riversdale Street, Belfast, Friday. S. Kerr, J. M'Calmont, and R. Hunter.
- 98 Newton's Hope.—Newtonstewart, Wednesday. J. M'Clean, J. M'Dowell, and J. J. Monteith.
- 99 Coleraine Lifeboat.—Coleraine, Thursday. W. Bradley, J. Campbell, and R. Hunter.
- 100 Eureka.—Magheramourne, Thursday. J. Foster, A. Barr, and A. Boyd.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Progress of the Order.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

BLEARY.—28th February, a soiree under the auspices of the Star of Freedom Lodge was held in Bleary School House. Bro. W. R. Nelson, G.W.S., occupied the chair, and Bros. E. J. Martin, G. Williams, D. Hervey, J. Geddis, and M'Caughy took part in the proceedings.

BEAGH.—3rd March, a public meeting was held

in connexion with the Star in the East Lodge, in Beagh School House. Bro. T. M'Kay occupied the chair, and the meeting was addressed by Bros. W. B. Barkley, J. Lytle, A. G. Marks, and W. Joyce.

GILFORD.—5th March, a Permissive Bill meeting was held under the auspices of Gilford's Hope Lodge, in Dumbarton School House, Gilford. J. G. Richardson, Esq., presided. Bro. Rev. J. Harding, W.C., opened the meeting with prayer, and

addresses were delivered by Bro. J. Simms, G.W.C.; Bro. Dr. M'Bride, W.C.T.; and Rev. T. Hutton, M.A.

COLERAINE.—13th March, a soiree in connexion the Coleraine Ark of Safety Lodge was held in the Lecture-room of the First Presbyterian Church. Rev. R. W. Fleming presided, and addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. O'Mally, Mr. J. Cuthbert, and Bros. A. D. Williamson, A. L. Bird, and V. Macaulay.

LURGAN.—20th March, a soiree was held in connexion with the Fortress Lodge, in their Lodge-room, Lurgan. Bro. W. J. Galway, W.C.T., presided, and among the speakers were Bros. W. R. Nelson, G.W.S., and Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T.

BALLYCLARE.—26th March, a public meeting under the auspices of the Publicans' Friend Lodge was held in the First Presbyterian Church, Ballyclare. Bro. Rev. W. Elliott, D.C., opened the proceedings with prayer, Rev. J. Hall occupied the chair, and a lecture was delivered by Bro. Rev. D. Gordon, D.D.G.W.C.T.

LISBURN.—26th March, a meeting of members of all the Lisburn Lodges was held in the Assembly Room, at which a eulogistic address, read by Bro. T. Blaney, accompanied with a beautiful tea-service, tray, and kettle, was presented to Bro. A. Mussen, D.T., W.C.T., on the occasion of his marriage. Bro. Mussen replied in suitable terms, after which appropriate addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. H. N. Moore, D.D.G.W.C.T., and J. Ritchie, P.W.C.T. 14th April, a soiree under the auspices of Lisburn's Hope Lodge was held in Market Square School House, Rev. J. L. Rentoul presiding.

DUBLIN.—3rd April, a soiree was held in connexion with the Crusade Lodge, Rathmines, Dublin. Bro. W. F. Lawlor, G.W.V.T., presided, an address was delivered by Bro. J. T. Glover, W.C.T., and an interesting programme was gone through.

RAINHILL.—6th April, G.W.C.T. Pyper preached two temperance sermons in the Wesleyan Chapel, Rainhill, near Liverpool.

LARNE.—9th April, a social meeting of the Oldfleet Lodge was held in their Lodge-room, Larne, for the purpose of entertaining and presenting testimonials to two members, Bros. D. Donaldson and R. N. Craig, previous to their departure from their native land for America. Bro. J. A. Bowman, D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and Bro. H. G. Young, on behalf of the Lodge, read affectionate addresses to Bros. Donaldson and Craig, each of whom was presented with a beautifully mounted writing desk, bearing an appropriate inscription. The recipients having replied in suitable terms, appropriate addresses were delivered by several other brethren.

LAURELVALE.—11th April, a soiree in connexion with the Pearl Lodge was held in the Lapping-room of Laurelvalle Factory. J. Sinton, Esq., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. T. H. White, J.P., W.C.T.; J. Riddell, J. Simms, G.W.C.; Rev. C. Harrison, D.C.; and Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T.; and also by E. D. Atkinson, Esq., Coroner.

PRESCOTT.—13th April, G.W.C.T. Pyper preached a temperance sermon to a very large audience in the Independent Chapel, Prescott, near Liverpool.

BANBRIDGE.—14th April, a soiree in connexion

with the Bulwark Lodge was held in the Parochial School-room, Banbridge. Bro. J. Smith, M.A., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Rev. H. Stewart, Rector; and Bros. J. Simms, G.W.C.; Rev. G. Wight, D.D.G.W.C.T.; and Rev. H. Kennedy, W.C.

BESSBROOK.—On Easter Monday (14th April), a Good Templar Demonstration was held at Bessbrook. Excursion parties, from the Lodges in Portadown, Banbridge, Gilford, Tandragee, and Laurelvalle, proceeded by train to Newry Main Line Station, where they were met by the Newry and Bessbrook brethren, and all formed in procession, accompanied by three bands of music, marched to Bessbrook, resting in a field kindly placed at their disposal for games and amusements. At three o'clock a great open air meeting was held, J. G. Richardson, Esq., presided, and addresses were delivered by Bros. T. H. White, J.P., W.C.T., J. Simms, G.W.C.; Rev. H. Kennedy, W.C.; Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T.; and Rev. G. Wight, D.D.G.W.C.T.; and by J. N. Richardson, jun., Esq. The excursionists were escorted back to the station by the Bessbrook and Newry brethren, and all returned home in safety and happiness, with many an earnest prayer that the time might soon come when every town in Ulster should be as free from temptation and vice as Bessbrook, "The Model Town," without a public house.

RATHFRILAND.—14th April, a social meeting of the Rock Lodge was held in their Lodge-room, Rathfriland. After tea an address was read by Bro. Annet, and, accompanied by a handsomely bound volume, was presented to Sister Miss M'Cormick, on the occasion of her leaving Rathfriland to reside in Newry. A touching address was read by Bro. H. M'Alery, and, accompanied by a beautiful Third Degree Regalia, was presented to Bro. A. McCreedy, W.C.T., who is about to emigrate to America. Several addresses were delivered, interspersed with music, Sister Wensley presiding at the piano.

MAGHERA.—16th April, a lecture on "Self Culture" was delivered by Rev. M. Leitch, in Hall St. School-room, Maghera, under the auspices of the Guiding Star Lodge. Rev. J. A. Robson presided and Rev. M. Woodburn took part in the proceedings.

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

In type, and held over for want of space :—"Our Mission," by Sister A. J. C., Literary Notices, Reports of several public meetings, &c.

Contributions for THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR and Books for Review in its columns should be addressed to the Editor, JOHN PYPER, G.W.C.T., 4, Old Park Terrace, Belfast.

Orders for THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR and for Advertisements should be addressed to Bro. WM. R. NELSON, G.W.S., 26 Ann Street, Belfast. On pre-payment of 1s 6d, one copy monthly for a year will be forwarded by post; and two or more copies will be sent for the published price, *post free*. Two Shillings will thus secure to two individuals monthly for one year a copy each, addressed to any one of them, in any part of the country.

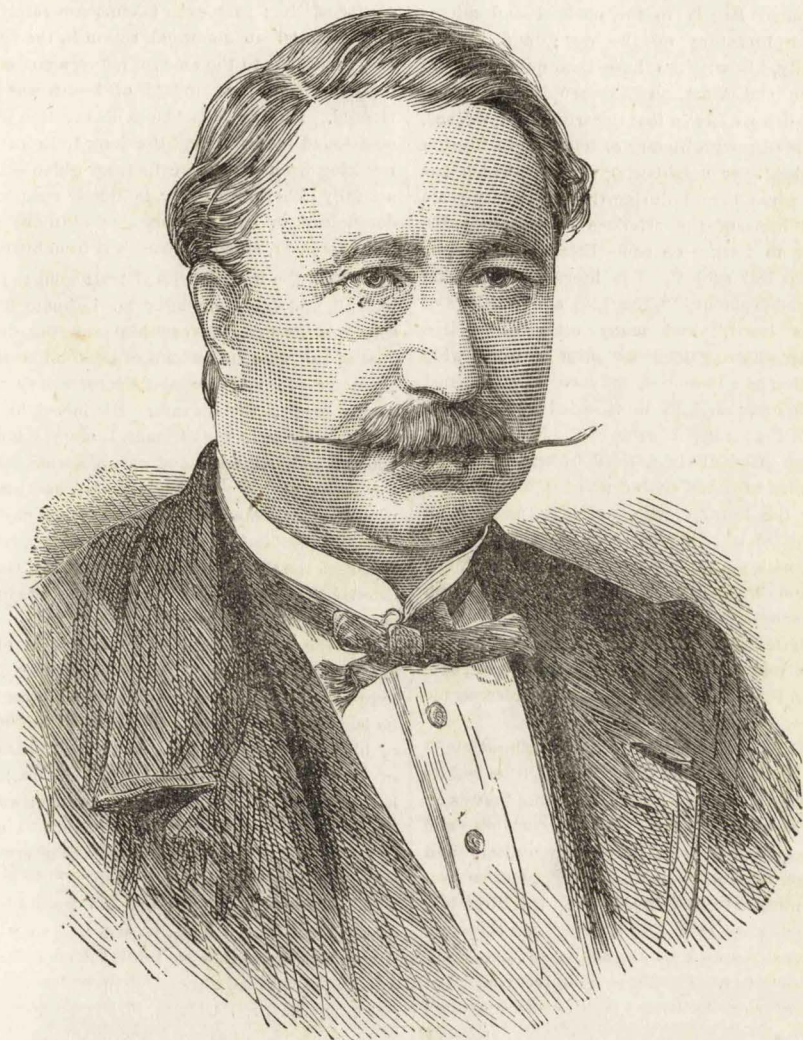
The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

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AUGUST, 1873.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



Dr. Henry Munroe, M.D., F.L.S., D.D.G.W.C.T.

DR. HENRY MUNROE was born in the flourishing seaport town of Kingston-upon-Hull, in the year 1818, and is the second son of the late Captain Martin Munroe, one of the most successful voyagers to the Northern Whale Fisheries during the last ninety years. In

1840, after having obtained the required medical diplomas and licence to practise medicine, he married, and settled down in his native town, where he has for very many years enjoyed a large and extensive practice. He is a graduate in medicine of the University of King's College; a Fellow of the Linnæan Society; and, for the last quarter of a century, has been the lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence and Histology at the Hull and East Riding School of Medicine. He has contributed largely to the medical and microscopical literature of the day; and, as an authority, his writings have been quoted by the German and American Microscopists, as well as by English writers in that department of science. There is scarcely a literary or scientific institution in Yorkshire or neighboring counties, which has not at some period during the last twenty years availed itself of the privilege of engaging Dr. Munroe to lecture on some literary, medical, or microscopical subject. His literary lectures on "Wit and Humour," "The Life and Writings of Thomas Hood," and many other of a like character, have gained for him a world-wide reputation as a humorist, and have been listened to with great delight by crowded audiences in many of the principal towns of the Kingdom. It has been particularly noticed by critics that the fine genius of Hood's mind was happily exemplified by the lecturer who, moreover, possesses a felicitous view of humor coincident, in a large degree, with the temperament of this remarkable poet and humorist. His public lectures on "Microscopic Revelations in Physiology, Poisons, and Adulterations" have been the means of creating, in many towns, a thirst for microscopic investigation, and for the formation of microscopic societies.

In 1853 Dr. Munroe was elected, without opposition, to represent the ward in which he resides in the Town Council. For some years he was an active member of the Hull Corporation, and rendered essential service on the sanitary and other committees. His increasing practice prevented him continuing his labors in this direction. It was not until 1859 that Dr. Munroe's attention was earnestly drawn to the action of alcohol in the human body. Having suffered from repeated attacks of rheumatic gout, he felt confident they were occasioned by some error in living, and that the various forms of alcohol, even moderately taken, were, in a great measure, the *fons et origo* of the disease. Having for six separate months during the year abstained from all intoxicating drink, he found that on again partaking moderately of beer, wine, or spirits he was more liable

to a recurrence of his old complaint. During the years 1861 and 1862 he performed many experiments upon himself, partaking, at different times, after a period of total abstinence, of measured quantities of alcohol, in various forms, as a diet. These experiments and their results, showing in what space of time an attack of gout could be induced, were published in the *Medical Journal*. At the close of the year 1862 he became thoroughly convinced that alcohol was not a necessity of life; that even taken temperately as a diet it caused an abnormal action in the system, and, according to the amount taken, a consequent departure from the standard of health was experienced. Having daily before his eyes the misery occasioned by drink, and the long train of evils resulting from its use—evils from which scarcely a family either directly or indirectly escapes—he determined to take no more alcohol in any form, and, moreover, at once to banish it from his house.

In 1863 the Rev. Charles Garrett went to reside in Hull, and very soon after an intimate friendship was formed between him and the doctor. Just at this time, on account of the total abstinent character of his house, the doctor was suffering from a kind of social death. His house, hitherto the resort of numerous friends, literary, scientific, and professional, seemed almost deserted, so that the visits of the genial, persuasive, and uncompromising minister were much relished and enjoyed by the family. The temperance question was often the theme of conversation. Mr. Garrett listened to the physiological arguments, so simply, earnestly, yet unostentatiously advanced; and, seeing the importance of removing some of the medical difficulties which stood in the way of the temperance cause, he gave the doctor no rest until he had promised to give to the world the benefit of his experiments and enquiries as to the action of alcohol in the human body. The doctor, at last, after much importunity, consented; and in May, 1865, gave his celebrated lecture "On the Physiological Action of Alcohol" to a crowded audience in the Royal Institution. This lecture was afterwards published, and no lecture issued on the temperance question has had so wide a circulation, or exerted so powerful an influence. The *British Medical Journal*, then under the able editorship of Dr. Markham, directed a discussion on the scientific aspects of temperance, and paid a high compliment to the author of this lecture in the following terms:—

Dr. Munroe, of Hull, has published a lecture, delivered by him at the Royal Institution of that town, on the "Physiological Action of Alcohol;" and has adopted the uncompromising side of the

anti-alcohol question. He goes in for the teetotal system; and we feel bound to say, as the conclusion of the long discussion was published in this journal on the subject some time ago, that on the face of it, teetotalers have, from a scientific point of view, the best of the argument. It is something refreshing, therefore, to meet with one who, like our excellent friend, Dr. Munroe, practises what science seems to teach. The public, we think, are much indebted to Dr. Munroe for making popular the physiological side of this question; and, if he be in error in his teetotal conclusions, he errs, at all events, on the safe side, and errs in accordance with the teachings of physiology, so far as they guide us in this case.

The lecture has been largely circulated in America, New Zealand, and Australia, as well as in Ireland and Scotland. The sudden and immediate popularity of this lecture brought the doctor at once into the fore-front of the temperance battle; and applications to write, speak, or lecture on the subject poured in upon him from all quarters. To these appeals he responded as fully as the demands of his profession allowed; and article after article, speech after speech, proved the fervor of his zeal, and the vast extent of his resources. At this time he became identified with the United Kingdom Alliance, and, with his customary ardor, and the co-operation of other friends, established an auxiliary in Hull, of which he has since been the indefatigable president. Exhorted and encouraged by Mr. T. H. Barker, Dr. Lees, and others, he made his first speech on the Alliance platform at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, to an audience of five thousand persons, who gave him a hearty Lancashire reception, and enthusiastically welcomed him as one whose qualifications for carrying on the great work of temperance reform were of the highest order. So pointed and convincing were the arguments of this speech, and so damaging to the dealers in the liquor traffic, that the *Times* newspaper devoted the greater portion of its leader to this meeting, in vain, to controvert, if possible, the effect produced in the minds of those who had the opportunity of hearing or perusing it. He has since then, again and again, delivered admirable speeches at the Free Trade Hall and Mansion House, Manchester; Exeter Hall and the Crystal Palace, London; St. George's Hall, Bradford; and many other large towns, to crowded audiences, who have been charmed and edified by his earnest, manly, and eloquent denunciations against this body and soul destroying traffic. As a speaker he is clear, forcible, argumentative, and wonderfully demonstrative; yet there is a marvellous mixture of humor and pathos in most of his addresses, his audience now convulsed with laughter, and then, as if by an enchanter's wand,

awed into silence and tears by some exquisite

"Touch of Nature, which makes the whole world kin."

No sooner has he uttered half-a-dozen sentences than every intelligent listener feels that he is at the feet of one who thoroughly understands his subject, and prejudice must be strongly entrenched if it does not yield to the force of argument, and the eloquent appeal for the cause so ably advocated.

As a writer, the doctor is remarkable for his clear, incisive style; every word is well chosen, and no one can peruse his writings with uncertainty as to their meaning. He can use the scalpel skilfully and keenly, though ever with mercy; and although at times combative and trenchant, he is exceedingly fair and generous, even to an opponent. He has already done the literary work of half-a-dozen good men, is still in the vigor of life, and we trust he will be long spared to lead on the temperance army to complete victory. Perhaps the most popular of his publications are, "The Physiological Action of Alcohol;" "Alcohol not Food;" "The Drink we Consume;" "Is Alcohol a Necessary of Life?" "Alcohol neither Food nor Force;" "Why I Never Order Strong Drink;" "Take that Bottle Away!" &c., with innumerable letters, essays, &c., in the periodical literature of the day. In his native town, Dr. Munroe stands connected with every society incorporated with the temperance movement, and is ever ready to assist the good work by giving liberally, as well as by being present to counsel and direct. He took an active part as one of the founders of the Sons of Temperance in Hull. As one of the vice-presidents of the Band of Hope Union, he takes especial interest in this phase of temperance work. His daughter, Sallie, has, for some years, conducted with great success a very large Band of Hope connected with the Church of England; and is the authoress of that exquisite little story, "Jesus loves me; or a Band of Hope Triumph!" No sooner had Good Templarism been established in England than he began to enquire into its constitution. During the summer of 1871, having some relatives from America, all Good Templars, visiting at his house, he soon satisfied himself that it was founded upon truth and wisdom; and immediately, with the co-operation of other zealous friends, assisted in opening the first Lodge in his native town, identified himself with the movement, and gave himself heartily to its advocacy. He was very soon selected to fill its highest offices, and now holds the onerous yet important commission of District Deputy of the Order of Good Templars for the East Riding of Yorkshire.—*The Templar.*

Good Templarism and the Liquor Traffic.—No. 1.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE "platform," or basis of operation, laid down by the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, I.O.G.T., which, until altered or annulled, is binding upon all members of our Order, enacts:—

1. Total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors as beverages. 2. No licence in any form, or under any circumstances, for the sale of such liquors to be used as beverages. 3. The absolute prohibition of the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating liquors for such purposes—prohibition by the will of the people, expressed in due form of law, with the penalties decreed for a crime of such enormity. 4. The creation of a healthy public opinion upon the subject, by the active dissemination of truth in all the modes known to an enlightened philanthropy. 5. The election of good and honest men to administer the laws. 6. Persistence in efforts to save individuals and communities from so direful a scourge, against all forms of opposition and difficulty until our success be complete and universal.

It will be seen from this part of our "Platform" that the attitude of our Order towards the liquor traffic is one of uncompromising hostility. That this is right and just, and that, therefore, the attitude of the nation, the state, the legislature, should be the same as ours it is not difficult to prove. A good and just Government, according to Bentham, aims at securing "the greatest happiness of the greatest possible number of the community;" but a Government which licenses the sale of intoxicating drinks almost reverses the proposition. Blackstone says, "No man has a right to use his property to the injury of his neighbour's property, morals, or life;" but 150,000 British publicans are thus injuring their neighbours, constantly and irreparably, and the licensing laws protect them in their criminal iniquity. A great jurist properly defines civil liberty—"freedom from wrong;" but dire and intolerable wrongs are incessantly inflicted by the liquor traffic upon the total abstainers, who have to suffer from and pay for its pernicious consequences. Lord John Russell has well said, "Although every Englishman's house is his castle, he has no just right to make his castle the manufactory for diffusing nuisances, to render it a stronghold or keep for the non-drainage of any particular spot. 'Every Englishman's house is his castle,' but he must not, therefore, be allowed to shoot poisoned arrows at the community from the battlements of his castle." That public-houses are "manufactories for diffusing nuisances" is invariably evident to every recorder or magistrate when asked to license one beside his own villa or porter's

lodge, or the square or terrace in which his own family resides. In such a case he always sees the licence is "not required," refuses to grant it, and acts properly in so doing: it would be gross injustice to force the "nuisance" upon him, his family, and neighbourhood against their will. But it is much more unjust, tyrannical, and oppressive to refuse to those in humble circumstances, who have not the same means of protection or escape from the "nuisance" and the "poisoned arrows," the heaven-born right which the enactment of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Bill would secure for them. The essence of the Divine law, the only infallible guide for human legislation is, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will towards men;" but the licensed liquor traffic stands out in bold, direct antagonism to this holy and beneficent law. It is the most potent instrument of the arch enemy of God and man for luring the inhabitants of Christian lands into rebellion against Divine law, into the open and flagrant violation of every command of the decalogue. That this is really so is not arguable among those who have even a slight knowledge of its nature and operations. In seeking by all the legitimate means for the annihilation of such a system of iniquity as the liquor traffic, our Order is only following the example of "Him who was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil," and is, therefore, entitled to the sympathy and co-operation of all His true disciples.

The sentiment of our Order in Ireland regarding the liquor traffic and the best means of suppressing it is plainly indicated in the resolutions unanimously adopted at two sessions of our Grand Lodge. We need not again quote resolutions, as they have been twice reprinted in our columns. See No. 3 (March), p. 54; No. 4 (April), p. 73; and No. 6 (June), p. 99. The resolutions to which we refer are comprehensive, while they are specially in support of the Permissive Bill. But our Executive, uniting with the Executives of the Grand Lodges of England, Scotland, and Wales, instructed all our Subordinate lodges in April last to take a step in advance of the demand of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's measure, and to petition Parliament "to enact a law suppressing all licences, whether for the manufacture, importation, or sale of intoxicating liquors for use or beverages." (See *I.G.T.* for May, p. 54). This is in accordance with our "platform." This is the object at which we aim, and we simply

support the Permissive Bill as the most feasible and practical means for the speedy attainment of that object.

Consistency is strength and inconsistency is weakness; and, as is ably shown in our last by Brother Dr. M'Murtry, the position of the Moderator and the General Assembly in relation to the liquor traffic is inconsistent, and consequently weak and indefensible, and must remain so till they come up to our platform on the subject. The good Moderator is a man of courage, and fearlessly aims at what he believes to be right, and hence he boldly made a declaration of war against the traffic considerably in advance of any of his predecessors. For this we sincerely thank him, and reverently thank God who inclined him to make it. But we ask him manfully to go a step farther, and proclaim war against the entire traffic, and not against a part of it merely—against the business of the rich manufacturer and

wholesale wine and spirit merchant, as well as against that of the despised publican. He will then receive the cordial support of all enlightened, honest, whole-hearted temperance reformers, and will achieve a glorious success—one which he can never attain in the inconsistent attitude in which he now stands. Let all members of our Order and of other temperance organisations, who are also members of the Assembly, maintain throughout the present year, in their various spheres, the discussion of the subject so well inaugurated by the Moderator, on the thorough and immovable basis we have indicated, and so help to bring the Assembly into its proper attitude with regard to the vile traffic at its next annual meeting if possible. And until the Assembly and all the other Churches of our land take their true position in the matter, let us faithfully and earnestly do our duty on the sound "Platform" of our noble Order.

Saul and Amalek.

BY BRO. R. HARPER, D.D.G.W.C.T., CASTLEFIN.

HERE are few passages, I think, in Sacred History which bring more clearly before the mind of the earnest Good Templar the duty to which he is called, and the way in which that duty is to be performed, than the 15th chapter of 1st Samuel.

In verses 2 and 3 we have the work which God gave Saul to do. "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, I remember that which Amalek did to Israel, how he laid wait for him in the way, when he came up from Egypt. Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass." Saul's commission, we see, was very full and explicit. "No quarter to the ancient and inveterate foe of Israel and Israel's God" must be his battle-cry. Brethren of the Good Templar Order, are we not called to a similar work? Is not our war-cry, "No quarter to alcoholic drink, the ancient and modern foe of God's people?" Are we not banded together and solemnly pledged to drive this enemy from our land? Is it not true of King Alcohol as of King Agag, that his "sword hath made women childless." Ah, who can tell the fearful havoc wrought by this fell destroyer? How truly we can all exclaim—"We have seen bright hopes and prospects blasted, the innocence of youth grown old with the deformity of ignorance and want, beauty clothed with rags and shame, and manhood shorn of its glory," through the power of the

"arch-enemy against which we wage a life-long war!" "Everywhere around us we see terrible wrecks of humanity from this same cause." We see iniquity running down our streets like a river, "foul cess-pools of corruption at the corner of almost every street, whilst the foul minions are revelling in wealth wrung from widows' sighs and orphans' groans; we see our young men falling, and the hoary hairs of fathers brought down with sorrow to the grave; we see lovely women mourning their blighted hopes, children paupers, fathers fiends, and homes hells, while the agonizing cry for help comes up from wretched victims writhing in the grasp of the enemy whose touch is pollution, and whose sting is death!" Then, brethren, let us hear our Heavenly Father's command, and go forth in His strength to battle against this giant evil, and let our war-cry be, "No quarter to the foe!"

But did Saul do the work to which God had called him? Read verses 7 to 10. He and his people utterly destroyed the common Amalekites and the vile and refuse among the cattle, but spared Agag, the king, and the best of the sheep, oxen, and fatlings. Very like the conduct of some Good Templars who go in heartily for the overthrow of the distilleries, breweries, and public-houses, but who are most anxious to spare King Alcohol on the Table of the Lord. Let such read verses 26 to 29. There we see that the sparing of Agag cost Saul his kingdom. Had

he utterly destroyed Amalek, the Kingdom of Israel would have been established in his hand; but by only half-doing his work he was rejected of God from being king. The God of Heaven will make no compromise with evil.

Good Templars, we are called to a glorious work—a work that angels might envy us the honor of doing—namely, to utterly extirpate the vile liquor-traffic, root and branch. Are we prepared to do it? Or, like Saul, will we spare King Alcohol in his place of honor, the Table of the King of Kings? If so, God will raise up some other organization to do His work, and on our banners will be inscribed, “Ichabod!” I say, He will raise up some other organization, for as sure as the “Faithful and True Witness” has said, “Every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up;” so surely is the time coming when the “abomination that maketh desolate” our land shall be cast out of the Sanctuary of God.

I know many good people think that while it is wrong to take intoxicating drink in the public-house, it is quite right to take it at the Lord’s Table. Well, I confess, for my part, I cannot accept this absurdity of modern theology. Why, if intoxicating drink is an evil thing in the public-house, how can it be, by any transubstantiatory process or clerical sleight-of-hand, changed into a good thing when brought into the House of God? Brethren, read verses 32 and 33, and let us learn our duty in this matter. Samuel could see no difference between Agag and a common Amalekite. . . though . . . had occupied a more respectable position, he was still one of the accursed tribe. Nor can those now, who, like Samuel, make God’s command instead of human traditions their guide, see any difference between the intoxicating cup when in the public-house and when exalted to its place of honor in the Sanctuary of the Most High.

Let us look at Samuel’s conduct—he hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord; and where? At Gilgal, the place where the stones of remembrance stood of which we read in Joshua 4th chap., 20th

to 24th verses—which stones remind the Israelites how God had cleft the waters of the Jordan, and opened a way for them to pass over. Brethren, does this not speak with trumpet tongue to us that at the place where we call to remembrance our Saviour’s death, and how by that death a way has been opened for us to life and immortality—that at that very place Agag should be slain? In executing judgment on this enemy of mankind, judgment *should begin* at the House of God.

I know, when we talk of this matter, some people cry out, “Sacrilege.” Was it sacrilege for Solomon to command that the murderer Joab should be slain even at the horns of God’s altar? And if History, Science, and Scripture combine in proving Alcohol to be a poison—a murderer; and if, as a last resource, the murderer flee to the Table of the Lord for refuge, even *there* it is no sacrilege, but a heaven-appointed duty, to slay the assassin.

Again, people meet us with the objection that by carrying out our “extreme views” we will break up the peace of congregations; and they say, “Let us have peace above all things.” We reply, “Peace if bought at the expense of purity costs too much.” Let us say to all such apostles of peace as God’s anointed reformer Jehu said to the son of the wicked Jezebel, “What peace so long as the whoredoms of thy mother Jezebel and her witchcraft are so many?” What peace so long as the Church of the living God, the spouse of Jesus, persists in clasping to her bosom the viper that is sucking her heart’s blood—in protecting the enemy which destroys 30,000 of her members every year; and which, more than all other causes put together, retards her glorious work of winning the world for Christ? This is our work, brethren—to banish from the Church and the world alike one of the most insidious and powerful agents for evil Satan has ever invented or employed for the accomplishment of his devilish ends. This work, whoever else may neglect it, let us, in God’s name, do, and future generations will call us blessed.

Rev. James Heron on Good Templarism.—No. 8.

BY BRO. VANCE M’CAULEY, W.C. NO. 132, AND D.C. NO. 18.

OUR critic departs from his province when he attributes *motives*. He should first *prove* that our regalia, &c., are got up for the purpose of “alluring,” then he could legitimately criticize the design. Unless he can prove that *all* “titles,” which would include his own title, are an “appeal to vanity,” he outrages the principles of logic

by attaching this design to our particular case. In every one of his animadversions upon our externals, he refutes himself by admitting that in *some* cases such things are right. Has Mr. Heron been appointed umpire to draw the line? I would here offer a word of counsel to our young people. The noise that is made about our external insigni-

nia is calculated to lift our minds off our central work, and occupy us in defending the sign instead of working out the thing signified. The time may come when we shall not require our present signs; but that time will not come while such questionable friends of total abstinence as Mr. Heron occupy the ground. Meanwhile, every single title and sign is an index to work.

Mr. Heron says that "Good Templarism is a slur upon Christianity—it is a confession that in the matter of temperance reform Christianity is a failure." We beg Mr. Heron's pardon: it is himself who confesses that in the matter of temperance reform Christianity is a failure. What do you say, Mr. Heron? "Intemperance is on the increase," with a leverage of "all the means hitherto employed against it" in the hands of the Christian Church! A minister of Christ acknowledges that all the means operating from the "vantage ground which Christianity affords" have failed! Good Templars repudiate such a charge against Christ and Christianity. Israel could not prevail while the accursed thing lay concealed in Achan's tent; neither can the spiritual Israel prevail against intemperance while the accursed alcoholic cup is allowed a hiding place in her sordid cupidity. Up! ye Israel of God, for ye have "dissembled." Bind the Babylonish garment and the wedge of gold, with every troubling Achan and self-seeking Jonah, all in one bundle, and fling the whole overboard into the raging sea of intemperance, and ye shall soon anchor safely in your desired haven.

We "heathen" Good Templars were under the impression that the very fact of total abstinence having been enforced by Paul upon Christians made it binding upon every Christian, as a *Christian*, under the government of God in *grace*, as much as it had been and still is binding upon every man as a *man*, under God's moral government. Our theological critic thinks otherwise. While he admits that "total abstinence is a part of Christianity," he holds that "it is not a question of absolute rightness; with more enlarged views a man may change his belief." On the same principle of reasoning, the Sabbath and every moral law of God incorporated into Christianity may be made a matter of "expediency." Is "belief" only a *state* of the mind, and subject to the volition of the will, like muscular motion? What hold can total abstinence have upon the *conscience* if it is not based upon the testimony of God? The conscience of an unconverted man has the testimony of God in his own being; and the true Christian has, in addition to that, the testimony of Holy Scripture; and in the face of

all this the "Christian system" will teach that total abstinence can be taken on and put off the conscience according to the changing state of a man's own "views;" yea, his views may be "more enlarged" when he returns to the cup! Expediency is a very loyal subject of God's government while she lays hold of surrounding circumstances to press our responsibility home upon the conscience; but she is an unpardonable rebel if she usurps the prerogative of God in releasing the conscience from allegiance to its only Lord. "I know that whatsoever God doeth it shall be *for ever*: nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before him."—Ecclesiastes iii. 14.

In no part of his critique is Mr. Heron's critical acumen more glaringly defective than in reference to the "pledge." Indeed, false principles must ever produce false criticism. He tells us that obedience to God "is not a case of absolute rightness;" then he mocks God's only beverage—pure water; then he plays into the hands of the liquor traffic by placing the invention of intoxicating drinks upon a par with "buttermilk;" and then he crowns all by telling the drunkard—"For a man to take a pledge, even to total abstinence, of life-long duration . . . is unwise and unjustifiable . . . no room is left for his escape." What does he want the drunkard to "escape" from? Does Mr. Heron teach the members of his own total abstinence society that they are in *bondage* while they keep their pledge? His accommodating doctrine is that they can make their "escape" when their views get "more enlarged," and when their consciences get a little more hardened they can change their "belief" about the "expediency" of abstaining any longer from the fascinating cup. What place has God in this system? Are His claims to be taken on and cast off as a man happens to "believe" them right or wrong? If God is the moral Governor of the universe, it must ever be wrong—*absolutely* wrong—to destroy either human life or human food. What is wrong in the abstract can never be right in the concrete. If any one man in Ireland were wantonly to rot, in a huge heap, as much wholesome food as would sustain its entire population for a year, and go on doing this *every* year, would he not be unanimously condemned throughout the whole world as a monster of iniquity? But would it not intensify his guilt a thousand fold if he were to convert that decomposed mass into a poison, and therewith destroy the lives of sixty thousand of our fellow-countrymen every year? It would not argue "infallibi-

lity" in another person if the law of his being, under the moral government of God, led him to a life-long abstinence from taking *any part* in such a proceeding. Take this proceeding in its most attenuated form, and stamp it even with "Christian liberty," it must remain "wrong" while God remains Maker and Governor, and our natural life is held in His hand under its present laws. No man, not even a Christian, can set God's moral government at defiance with impunity. It is not Good Templarism that "shuts up" a man to total abstinence *for ever*; it is his Maker. The Government of Heaven has already passed its prohibitory bill against the liquor traffic; we must pander no more.

With the examples I have given of Mr. Heron's moral analysis before us, we need not be surprised at the confusion he makes of our "Obligation." There are three parts in the Obligation. (1.) A repetition of the pledge—total abstinence *for life*. (2.) Obedience to the laws, &c., contained in the "Constitution," and not to reveal the private work "to any one *not entitled to know the same*." (3.) Not to wrong a member or see one wronged. Mr. Heron does not mention the last, and he manifests either obtuseness or perversity of mind by confounding—as to *duration*—the first and the second. The pledge of total abstinence and it *alone* is life-long in its duration, because it is Godward. The second part of the Obligation can be binding no longer than the relation with Good Templars continues. A small portion of common sense would have told Mr. Heron this. When he signed the "Confession of Faith" he was thenceforth "bound neck and heel" to obey the laws of Presbyterianism *while he continues in the Presbyterian Church*; so is a Good Templar bound by the laws and usages of the Order *while he continues a member of it*. It is perfect nonsense to talk about Good Templars being "bound neck and heel" to obey "unknown" laws, whilst all—every single one—of the present laws of the Order are printed for the public. And as to future laws, or change of present laws, every member in every Lodge is free to vote for and send representatives to the higher Lodges to make new laws or change and amend old ones. "Unknown laws!" Does Mr. Heron know what he is talking about? No citizen of a country or member of a Church could get to know the *future* of his country or Church. As an emergency may arise a law must be made to meet it, and therefore there must be always "unknown laws." What kind of anarchy would there be if every man made a law to suit himself? And then, when the majority carries a measure, and I happen to be in the minority, am I to cry

out, "Tyranny," and refuse submission? How can obedience to laws which my representative has passed be an "unwarrantable crippling of my private judgment?"

In our rule of membership regarding "Belief in the existence of Almighty God as the Ruler and Governor of all things," Mr. Heron affirms that "Christianity is expressly and deliberately ignored." Not so fast, Mr. Heron. Do you not know that the name God when applied to the Divine Being means Godhead—Father Son, and Holy Ghost? When you read in the fifth chapter of Genesis that God created the heaven and the earth, do you imagine for a moment that Christ is "ignored" in that statement? And would you charge the Spirit with turning an "adroit corner" upon the Jewish people when He tells them in the 1st of St. John's Gospel and 1st of Colossians that all things were created by Christ? But the above rule is intended to fix the mind upon what it predicts about God—"Ruler and Governor of all things"—so that whether a man believes in the unity of God, or the Trinity in unity, if he believes in God at all as the Ruler and Governor of all things, he places himself under responsibility to that God as *his* Ruler and Governor, and therefore he has no right to abuse himself with alcohol or anything else that God has prohibited. Even if he should reject the Bible as God's book, he is still under law by the book of his own being. But although a deist is under law to God, we most emphatically deny Mr. Heron's allegation, that "the creed is framed to admit a deist into the Order." How could a general rule contain a whole body of divinity? There is plenty of Good Templar literature "available to the public" where it is expressly stated that no person can be allowed to sit in a Lodge who rejects the Bible as God's book. Mr. Heron tells us himself that "the open Bible lies on the altar in front of the candidate" when he receives the Obligation. He is at liberty to draw back when he sees the Bible, and if he does not like it he can refuse to take the Obligation, and go out of the room. How is this an "adroit movement" to "turn a corner?"

Mr. Heron likes to "call a spade a spade." Very well, Mr. Heron, why don't you call Ritualism and Ceremonialism what they really are? When we name "a spade" we only think about the *thing*, not the material of which it is made. We might say that a spade is iron; but we could not say iron is a spade, for the simple reason that there are other things made of iron as well as spades. The ecclesiastical system known by the name of Ritualism or Ceremonialism is essentially made up of rites or ceremonies; but it would be

illogical to affirm that rites are Ritualism or that ceremonies are ceremonialism, for the simple reason that rites and ceremonies are used for other purposes. For example, Mr. Heron could not be called a "Ritualist" when he administers the *rite* of baptism. Neither can the ceremonies of opening and closing a Good Templar Lodge or initiating a candidate be called "Ritualism." But Mr. Heron, "by an adroit turning of a corner," asserts that "Ceremonialism, apart from any supposed efficacy in the ceremony, is opposed to Christianity." If he had been straightforward he should have asserted that "a *ceremony*, apart from any supposed efficacy in the ceremony, is opposed to Christianity." He first uses a term which has a *particular* signification (ceremonialism), then he takes for his second term a *part* of that first term (ceremony), which is of *general* signification, and draws the same conclusion from two sets of premises which are not equivalent. This logic is equal to saying—"There is no saving efficacy in the ceremony of marriage; but ceremony, apart from any saving efficacy in the

ceremony, is opposed to Christianity; therefore the marriage ceremony is opposed to Christianity." Then, by an "adroit movement," our critic doubles round the corner again, and asserts, "What Christianity begins in the spirit, Temperatism with its . . . worldly ceremonies makes perfect in the flesh." Is it total abstinence that Christianity begins in the spirit? It is something that has a *saving efficacy* that Christianity begins in the spirit, namely, the finished work of Christ for sinners. If Mr. Heron's reasoning here has any logical force he must mean that our entire Ritual is gone through to "perfect" the salvation of our souls; or else if we go through our ceremonies to "perfect" temperance, it was temperance that Christianity begun in the Spirit. We know a "Christian" Church in Coleraine that excommunicated one of its members on Mr. Heron's logic. It ran thus—"Drunkenness is a sin: the Gospel is God's only remedy for sin: you uphold Good Templarism as a remedy for drunkenness: therefore you uphold another Gospel." And they cast him out.

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER VIII.

FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE.

MIRIAM reckoned without her host, when she counted upon the bog money to eke out her slender income, for the next Summer was wet, and, though the sluices were kept constantly open, the lake did not dry up, so that no turf could be baked along its margin, and those who had been accustomed to pay for the bogging there had to seek elsewhere for fuel, and she had herself to draw upon the scanty housekeeping purse to lay in a supply of coal for the Winter. The wetness of the harvest prevented the crop being properly saved, and cut her stackyard down to half its usual size, forcing her to part with some of her stock at a loss, because she had not sufficient fodder for them. Then a severe Winter followed, and several of her remaining cattle died, reducing her capital still further. Worse still, Moses began to droop; he no longer scampered about the house and grounds, along with Collie, making the place bright with the indescribable *liveliness* that only the presence of children can give, but sat quiet and languid over the fire, that Miriam dared not pile up to warm the kitchen sufficiently, because she had no money with which to buy coal when that in the coal-house should be finished. He got James to cut down trees for firing, but there was no ash in the plantings, and the poplars and birch would not burn till dried, so that they were almost useless for present purposes. Miss Bellamy renewed her proposal to adopt Moses, and when it was again declined, forbore to render assistance in any other way, partly because she was too much piqued to

do it, and partly that Miriam might be starved into submission. As the Winter months dragged slowly on, and Moses still continued pale and delicate-looking, Miriam began to torment herself with the thought that it had been God's will from the first that Miss Bellamy should have her wish, and that the bank failure, and farming disappointments, had been sent to force her into compliance. Christopher thought that Moses would be better at the Glebe, and now Dr. Marks said that the still life at the Lake House was undermining the child's constitution, and that if Miriam did not provide him with amusement, and with everything nourishing, he would pine still more. She could afford him little of either, and Miss Bellamy could provide him with both, and she was a good Christian woman, who would bring him up in the fear of the Lord. But in one respect his training must be different at the Glebe from what it had been at home; what hope was there of him growing up an abstainer there, where the Rector took his punch every day, and Miss Bellamy laughed at abstainers as a set of amiable fanatics, useless in all places, but in Loughamore, most of all? And Miriam had set her heart on Moses being, not a Nephalist alone, but one who would, by the strength of the Spirit upon him, be mighty in pulling down the strongholds of intemperance. She prayed for guidance in her strait, but prayed as well that she might not be guided into giving away her darling, then catching herself up for insincerity, she would lay bare her heart to God, asking that, no matter what suffering it would give her, she might have grace to do His will, but often she would be checked in her petitions by

the cry, "Oh! Lord, spare my darling to me!" rushing unbidden to her lips.

The Winter passed away, Spring came, making all things look more hopeful, and out among the primroses and violets, Miri forgot her cares, and Moses his languor. He would help him to weave necklaces of wild-flowers with which he adorned her, Colie, or the goat, as the fancy took him, and when she could not stay out with him herself, she would send him with James to ride on the plough or roller, from which exercise he usually returned with sparkling eyes, glowing cheeks, and so brimful of mirth, that it made her heart glad to see him. "Why, wee man, you are getting like yourself again," Philip Seguin said to him one day when he found him and Colie dancing a jig on the kitchen floor, while the goat, having come to the yard to be milked, watched them through the window. "You ain't like yourself then, I hit," Moses answered, letting go the dog's fore paws, the better to look at Phil, whose appearance he did not quite understand. "Why, what am I like?" he asked sharply. "I forget, but your eyes are all red, and you talk as if your mouth was full of something. You hasn't fishing-hooks in it, has you, Phil?" "No, youngster, I have not, and if you have nothing more agreeable in yours you had better hold your tongue." "Oh, I know, now, who you're like; you just look like Joe Martin did, when he came here one day for the rest of Jenny's wages; but Miriam said he was drunk." And it was evident from the tone in which he pronounced the last word that he had been taught to consider being drunk no slight sin. "Miriam should teach you better manners, sir," was Philip's angry reply, as he caught the child's ear between his finger and thumb, and pinched it. For a moment the old passion flared in Moses' face, and he lifted his hand, but the next the tears came into his eyes, and he stood quiet and unresisting till Miriam came into the kitchen, and demanded indignantly what Philip was doing. "He was impudent, and said I was drunk," he answered, sulkily, as he let go his hold. "I didn't Mira; I only said he was like what Joe Martin was, and isn't he?" She looked at Philip, and saw that Moses had spoken only too truly, for he was indeed further gone in intoxication than she had ever yet seen him. "Philip, go home, now, and come again to-morrow," she said quietly, not choosing to have him in the house when he was in that state. "Oh, yes," he answered, preparing to obey her, "whatever he says must be true; I am always to be thrust aside for that brut." "I leave the house, Mr. Seguin, and do not come back till you have learned to speak properly of my brother." When he was gone she took Moses on her knee, and explained to him that though it was not proper for a little boy to make remarks on older people, that Philip was drunk as Joe Martin had been, and that that was what made him so disagreeable. "Poor Phil," said Moses, "I'm glad I didn't hit him. I was just going to when I remembered; Miriam, wasn't it God that made me remember?" "I think it was, dear." "It's nice to have him looking after us, and putting us in mind when we are going to do bad," he said, meditatively; and after a little, he added, suddenly, "Miriam, why doesn't he look after Philip, and keep him from

being drunk." "Perhaps, Philip does not ask Him to do it." "Doesn't Philip say his prayers, Miriam?" he asked, in a shocked voice. "I hope he does, my pet; but it does no good to pray unless we try, too." And then she and Moses had a long talk, during which she explained to him what a progressive thing drunkenness is, and how, if people drink at all, they may be led into it before they know, and Moses promised her that he would never drink anything that could make him drunk. That night, when he was saying his prayers, he looked up—"Mira, shouldn't I ask God to forgive me for feeling like striking Philip; it was wrong, wasn't it, though I didn't do it?" "Yes, Sonny, and you should thank Him for keeping you from doing it." After a few more whispered sentences, he looked up again, "Mira, maybe God would make Philip try to be good, and not drink any, if you and me was to ask Him." "I always ask Him; do you the same." And so, "make Philip try to be good and not drink any more," was added permanently to Moses' petitions.

Philip came next morning, bringing a miniature steam-engine as a peace-offering to Moses, and made his apologies to Miriam, whose brow was even more serious than usual. He flattered himself that it was on account of her tiff with him, but after that was made up in a satisfactory manner she still looked very grave and anxious. Before he left she asked him if he knew when the next fair was to be in Ardrey. He told her, and asked if she was going to buy any cattle. "No, I am thinking of selling my two cows," she answered. "ell your milk cows, Miriam! What will you do for milk and butter if you do that?" "Hush," she said, glancing at Moses, who was sending his steam-engine down the rails, "the goat will give enough for him. Christy needs the money, and I must raise it for him." But this will leave you completely bare, Miriam dear, if you would be sensible, and let me—" "Hush," she said again, stopping him most prosaically, "I will keep the black heifer, and we can manage till she comes forward." She had got a letter from Christopher that morning which had caused her to come to this determination. After telling her how busy he was, he said that the constant hard work was beginning to tell a little upon him. "As I have never yet tasted wine," he wrote, "I cannot say that I crave for it, but I do feel the need of some stimulant, and I think a small quantity of wine or brandy, taken regularly, might enable me to perform my work with more ease to myself, and with less waste of vitality, so at least every one tells me. I have kept my promise to our sweet dead mother for so far, though it was not always easy to do it, and I hope to continue to keep it till I die, but you know, dear, using stimulants as medicine is not like using them as a beverage, and for such an end it would scarcely be a breach of my promise. Tell me what you think of this, for I have argued it with myself both ways, and cannot come to any decision till I hear yours. How s me of the fellows would laugh if they knew I was writing to ask your advice on such a subject! Well, dear, they don't know you, and though I am pretty intimate with some of them, I suppose they do not know me either." Miriam did not need to argue the question of what Christopher should do, for her mind

was made up on that at once, but she was greatly perplexed to know what she should do herself. She knew that he must be feeling his weakness a good deal to write as he did, and with his delicate constitution, to work on as he had been doing, might be fatal. What was what he needed, but how to provide it for him? At first she thought of applying to Dr. Marks or Mr. Bellamy, but her independent spirit rebelled against laying herself under pecuniary obligations to either. Besides, she knew that notwithstanding the doctor's extensive practice, his open-handed charity seldom left him any ready money at command, while her having insisted on her own way about Moses made any application to the Rector peculiarly distasteful. It was not long till she decided that, much as it would curtail her income, he must go. The fair was in a few days, and she did not write to Christopher till she had twenty pounds to send him. "You must give up the tutorship, and only study enough to keep yourself from rusting, till you get strong again," she wrote. "If this money should be all gone before then, I will manage to send you some more. Seed time and harvest are said to correspond, and we have got in the crop so nicely, that I hope the in-gathering of it will be more satisfactory than last year. Don't meddle with stimulants, my dear brother; it is to prevent your doing so that I send the money. They would only make you feel stronger for the time, or rather that you would overtax your strength without knowing. I think we are all endued with a certain amount of vital force, and that if we overdraw upon it one day, we must suffer for it another. Many students, I have no doubt, are ruined in this way; they stimulate themselves to over exertion, till the oil of life is prematurely exhausted, and their lamp is burnt down to the socket of imbecility or death at the time it should have been burning most brightly. Or, if they escape this, the drink they used as a spur becomes in turn a spur to them, and they leave the college walls with the poison in their veins, and the drunkard's quenchless craving at their hearts. When you think of it, I know that you will never for any cause run so fearful a risk. Remember, dear Christy, that it was drink, as a medicine, that left us orphans; for had our poor father not been ordered it by Dr. Marks, he never would have broken his promise." "My own dear, devoted sister, I do not know how to thank you for your loan—as such only will I consider it—" Christopher wrote in return. "I suppose the best way to do it, is to assure you that nothing will ever induce me to break my promise. I wished to think there would be nothing wrong in doing it under the circumstances, but I was doubtful about it, and your letter convinced me. What you say is all true; I have seen it more than once since I came here. I hope you have not left yourself very bare; if I were of the proper heroic spirit I should send the money back to you, but I was too glad to get it to do that, for I was beginning to find that I could not go on as I had been doing. Now, the thought of a partial rest has made me feel less need for it, and long before your generous remittance has been exhausted, I hope to be able to resume my tutorship. You need not be at all uneasy about me, for there is nothing whatever the matter except over work,

my brain reeling after a few hours' study in a way that is not at all comfortable, but than s to you, darling sister, that will soon cease now." His letter was very grateful to Miriam, but it could not restore the cows to their stalls, nor satisfy Moses when he asked in vain for "dne"—his name for all fresh meat—which she had been wont to provide with the proceeds of the milk and butter, but which she could not afford him now. If there was a prospect of a good harvest and of the lake drying up, she might get comforts for him on trust, and hope to pay them before Winter. But the summer proved wet like the last one, the corn did not ripen, the flax, from which she had expected great things, was eaten by a grub, and the water of the lake, now her last hope, did not fall, or fell but to rise again far above its ordinary Summer level. She prayed for drought, but it did not come; and, as the damp Autumn drew near, Moses began to look thin again, and give an occasional cough that made her very heart sick with fear. The way became hedged about her, she dared not keep him there another Winter, lacking the comforts and luxuries he required; but still she hoped that the lake might dry up in time for her to set the bogging; somehow it was always from the lake she expected help to come.

One damp drizzling day late in September, as she was washing the dishes, and Moses sat on the hearth twirling a burning stick in his hand, watching the circle of sparks it made, there was a knock at the hall door. Moses opened it, and found Mr. Bellamy standing under cover of his umbrella. "Where is your sister, my little man?" he enquired, and hearing that she was in the kitchen, he followed Moses there, surprising Miriam in the act of letting down the dress she had pinned up till her morning work was done. He scarcely waited to sit down and deposit the umbrella beside his chair, until he said, "I have brought good news, Miriam; the lake is going to do something for you yet. 'Saved, saved!' she cried to herself, 'I knew that help would come in the day of our extremity.'" Then kissing Moses once or twice in a way that astonished the Rector, who had never seen her so demonstrative before, she waited to hear more. "Mr. Jackson wants to buy the water," he went on, in answer to her look, "and he will give you more for it than the bogging would make in a score of years." "What does he want with it?" "He and the man who supplied him before have had some dispute; it was almost providential that they should, though perhaps I should not say so. It is a shame to see the water of the lake going to waste, and I always said that your father should have built a mill of some sort; there is power enough to turn half-a-dozen if there was a good fall." "What does Mr. Jackson want the water for?" she said, repeating her enquiry with a sinking heart when she saw he did not answer her directly. "Why, to feed the distillery, of course," he said, testily, as if there was some affront implied in the question. "Mr. Bellamy, I would throw myself into the lake before I would sell its waters for such a purpose," she answered emphatically, the color that hope had called up fading away from her cheeks. "My dear Miriam, do not be so foolish and fanatical; once the water is sold it is no business of yours

what is done with it." "But it is my business before it is sold, and I will never give it to aid the manufacturing of poison for my fellow-men." "The whiskey will be manufactured whether you sell the water or not, for Mr. Jackson can bring it from other places, and really, I must say it is very silly to call a thing in such general use a poison." "The extent of the consumption cannot affect the nature of the thing consumed; opium is in general use in China, yet I have heard you call it 'a poison.'" "Opium is not a pleasant exhilarating beverage like whiskey; it is plain you were not born a loquacious, or you would see that it is a different matter altogether." "I do see a difference, the consumption of the one is a sin abroad, that of the other a sin at home; the one is a thing forced upon an unwilling people, the other a thing hugged to a nation's bosom: that is all the difference I see." "Because, my dear, you are still a very young girl; when your judgment becomes more matured you will have wider views." "If maturity of judgment means calling wrong, right, I hope mine never will be matured." "Where is the wrong, child?" he said, impatiently. "Is it in Mr. Jackson affording a profitable market to the farmers, and encouraging industry by giving employment to hundreds? You differ from older and more experienced philanthropists if you think so." "The wrong lies in the sinful waste of the grain God has given to feed the hungry, in the manufacture of a drug that inflames men's passions, softens their brains, and destroys their souls; it lies in a trade that is eating at the vitals of the nation, that is filling the workhouse with paupers, the jail with criminals, the world with broken hearts, the grave with rotting carcases, and hell with lost souls," she answered, vehemently, while her eyes blazed with excitement. "I wished to talk over the matter rationally. You allow your feelings to carry you away, and seem to forget that a large portion of the revenue is derived from this very trade." "I do not forget," she answered, cooling down at his slightly contemptuous tone, "but Mr. Bellamy, if you took a thousand pounds out of a man's pocket with one hand, would it be any excuse to say that you put a hundred of it back with the other?" "Certainly not, but I do not see what that has to do with the subject." By encouraging the manufacture and sale of strong drink, Government with one hand robs the country of health, of wealth, of industry, of virtue, and many another good, that she may gain a few paltry thousands of tarnished gold to pour into it with the other. I often wonder how the transaction looks in the eyes of a righteous God." "I have never seen any of these dreadful things that temperance lecturers make capital of." "There may be things you do not see," and her voice choked her for an instant; "but, though there is so little drinking in Loughamore, we hear enough and see enough, too, to show enough of the traffic. I will never forget Miss Morrison's death." "A bad rider may fall from horseback without drink having anything to do with it." "Miss Morrison was a good rider, and if Joe Martin had not frightened her horse, the accident would not have happened. Then you know Phil Morrow killed his wife when he came drunk from Ardrey. It was drink made Mrs. Sommerville a widow and her children

orphans, and I am afraid if all were known, that there are few people even in our village who could not tell of friends who have suffered from it." "From drunkenness, certainly, but that has nothing to say to drinking in moderation." "It has always seemed to me that the one is but a more advanced stage of the other." "Really, Miriam, the way you set up your opinion in opposition to that of older people is very unbecoming. If I had known how self-willed you were, I need not have run the risk of catching cold by coming out in the rain;" and he coughed a little as if the damage was already done. "It was very kind of you, Mr. Bellamy, and I hope you will not think me ungrateful or presumptuous, because I cannot do what I consider wrong." "Mr. Jackson will be greatly disappointed," he went on in the same aggrieved tone; "for I told him that you would be glad to sell the water, and as he has promised five hundred pounds toward the repair of the church, I would not like to disoblige him. Considering that he does not belong to the parish, I thought it very generous of him to put down his name for so large a sum." Miriam did not see that the repairs of the church had anything to do with how she disposed of the water, and she flared up a little again. "I have often heard of the generosity of brewers and distillers, and Mr. Jackson does not do his alms in secret any more than the rest of them," she said. "They build churches that their trade empties of worshippers; give donations to hospitals, where their victims may linger out a wretched existence; endow orphanages for those who have been deprived of parents for their aggrandisement—I have heard it all blazoned abroad, as so much good done by the manufacture of misery, and I have heard, too, that the thirty pieces of silver, for which our Lord was betrayed, were spent by the philanthropic chief priests in purchasing a burying place for strangers." "You grieve me exceedingly, Miriam; I could not have believed you to be so wanting in Christian charity." "I may be wanting in it, I dare say I am, but it is not Christian charity, but unchristian sympathy to laud men for the good deeds they do with the price of blood," and taking up her dish-cloth, she began to scrub violently at the table, while Mr. Bellamy lifted his umbrella and tapped his boots with the top of it in offended silence, and Moses, twirling his burning stick mechanically, looked from one to the other, and contrived to make out what the hot discussion was about. At last the Rector rose to go, and would have left the kitchen with a stiff "good morning," but that she caught his hand and held him fast. "Dear Mr. Bellamy, you have always been very good to me, do not leave me in anger now." His face relaxed at once. "How can I help being angry when I see you standing in your own light like this?" he asked. "Principle is one thing, but a girlish caper is another, and to refuse Mr. Jackson's offer is nothing better." "It seems so to you, sir, but you know you tell us sometimes that no one should be guided by his neighbor's conscience, but that each must follow the light that is in himself." "That is when I am warning you against priestcraft, and this is a different matter altogether," he answered, better pleased to hear his own words remembered than

at her application of them. "The selling of the water is not a case of conscience, but of common sense; it would give you the means of keeping yourself and Moses comfortably, whereas, if you are stubbornly bent on going on as you have been doing lately, your expenses may be reduced in a way that will make you repent it to the end of your days." He glanced significantly at the child, and left her with that parting thrust. It went home so well that for one minute after he was gone, principle and self-interest—no, something far higher, natural affection—fought, but principle soon gained the victory again, and shewed her that if it were painful to decline Mr. Jackson's offer, to accept it would be dastardly. Then that other more harrowing question still had to be discussed—must she send Moses away? She would not decide it yet, she would wait, and it might be that the Lord, to whom she cried continually, would yet save her from that fearful extremity. She waited a month, and no succor came, her finances sunk lower, Moses grew more fragile, and she dared wait no longer. On Halloween, when happy families cracked their nuts round blazing fires, she made up her mind. She and Moses spent it alone together; they had been asked to the Glebe, but she would not go, for this one night, she would keep her darling to herself. She piled coals on the fire, regardless of his thoughtful reminder, that they were nearly done; she tied an apple to a string for him to try to catch in his teeth; she chased pieces of apple through a tub of water for his amusement; she took him on her knee and told him stories till he got sleepy, and then she carried him up in her arms to bed, knowing that it was for the last time. I need not try to tell you how she spent that night; the heart knoweth its own bitterness, but thank God, He knows it too. "Mira, what are you crying about?" Moses asked, when he awakened in the middle of the night, and found the pillow wet with her tears. "Sonny, would you like to live at the Glebe?" she asked, steadying

her voice. "I think I would; Mattie and me would play, and I would get plenty of duck." The words pierced her with a fresh pang, though they need have given her no additional pain, for she knew that he never dreamed of the possibility of living anywhere away from her. She wept no more, but lay quiet and numb, with her heart like a stone, till morning. Next day she went with Moses to the Glebe; she did not tell him that she was giving him up to another's care, he thought he was going to stay for a few days to play with Mattie, whom he looked upon as about his own standing, and to eat an unlimited quantity of butter, sugar, and duck, and he was in a tumult of excitement, getting his night things and collars for Miriam to put in his bag. How can I tell you what she felt as she closed it? He was going only half a mile from her, but he was hers no longer; and she might have prevented it, and dared not. She had no difficulty in keeping back her tears that he might not see her grief, for they were frozen, but as Moses, the better already of the excitement of leaving home, skipped on before her, and then ran back to take her hand, and laugh up in her face, he marvelled how ghastly she looked as she smiled down at him again. Mattie took possession of him whenever they went in, and she heard them romping and laughing gaily below them, while she was closeted with Miss Bellamy in her own room. She made but two stipulations: she was to see him every day, and he was never on any pretence whatever to be allowed to taste intoxicating drinks. Moses' face fell a little, when he found she was not going to stop. "You know I must go home to milk the goat," she said, "but I will come back to-morrow." And then she kissed him and went out steadily. An hour afterwards, when Miriam's ploughman came into the kitchen for the key of the barn, he heard moans and screams from her room upstairs, and a woman's voice wailing, "I have sold you my darling! my darling!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Office of G.W.C.T.

BY BRO. A. H. H. M'MURTRY, M.D., G.W.T.

(Irish Good Templar Tracts—No. 5. See second page of cover.)

I PROPOSE briefly to discuss two questions in connection with the office of Grand Worthly Chief Templar, namely:—Should there be a salary attached to that office? and, May the peculiar duties belonging to it, as prescribed in Art. IV., Sect. 1, *Uniform Constitution of Grand Lodges*, and elsewhere, be performed, not by the G.W.C.T. himself, but by a special paid Deputy?

The duties of the Grand Worthly Chief Templar are numerous and important, involving much physical and mental labour, and unceasing anxiety and care. Besides the minor duties devolving upon him as President of the Grand Lodge, he has other and more important functions to perform as the Chief Executive Officer of the Order within his jurisdiction. He has to exercise a constant and vigilant oversight over the various Subordinate Lodges; to visit them as often as possible, to guide, instruct, and stimulate them in their work; to assist them in their difficulties, provide for their prosperity, and "labor to keep them upon the

firm foundation" of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Truth. It is his duty to reply to all communications properly addressed to him in his Official capacity, and to decide all appeals regularly submitted; to "spread the Order where its influence is unknown," to expound and defend its principles and objects; and to devise means for increasing its usefulness, and widening the sphere of its operations, whereby it may the sooner accomplish its grand purpose—the suppression of the liquor-traffic. Nor must he be unmindful of the claims of the Temperance Movement generally upon him, for "neither our noble Order nor our glorious Cause is to suffer from neglect during his administration." It will, therefore, behove him to make himself acquainted with the distinctive features of various other Temperance Organizations, that he may the more effectively co-operate with them for the common end. With him should mainly rest the direction of any great assault on the liquor-traffic made by the Order as a whole.

In a word, he is to "discharge such other duties (besides the less important ones of settling matters of law, order, and interneconomy) as the interests of the Order" and of the Cause may require. It will thus be seen that, for "the thorough and faithful discharge of the duties" of the G.W.C.T., much time and no ordinary abilities are required; that "much fatigue must be endured, many difficulties and perplexities must be contended with, and many sacrifices must be made." Remembering the cares and responsibilities of his office, the diversities of disposition, motive, and intelligence he has to deal with, the hostility and misrepresentation he must expect from opponents, his post cannot be regarded as an easy or a pleasant one.

Now, should an office such as I have described have a salary attached to it? Some answer, "No," forgetful, apparently, of the express declaration of the Constitution that the G.W.C.T. shall be "provided with the means necessary to the thorough and faithful discharge of his duties," by which is meant that he shall be provided with "salary, stationery, office-rent, travelling expenses, and whatever in the judgment of the Grand Lodge is necessary to enable the G.W.C.T. to discharge the duties of his office efficiently." But, apart from the Constitution, I would ask these brethren, could anything be more unjust, inconsistent, unreasonable, and tyrannical, than for an Independent Society or indeed a Society of any kind, to require a man, be he lawyer, physician, teacher, Grand Worthy Chief Templar, or Sovereign, to devote his time, his talents, his energies to its service, and provide for him no remuneration? Would not this be, in the case of Good Templars, at utter variance with their obligation, neither to "wrong a member of this Order nor see one wronged," and with the Divine rule—"whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them?" Observe, I do not say that a man may not, if he choose, render gratuitous service; that every G.W.C.T. must accept remuneration; but I do say that no community, or society, or individual can justly refuse to provide remuneration for services, the rendering of which involves the expenditure of a considerable amount of valuable time and labor; and that a Grand Lodge, requiring the thorough and faithful discharge of the duties I have enumerated, is bound to provide, at least, a sufficient salary for the Officer who is required to discharge them—to attach a salary to the office, for the year, which the occupant of the office may put into his pocket or devote to the Temperance Cause as he thinks best. Suppose that the Grand Lodge could, and did, abolish the salary altogether, this would amount to the exclusion from the office of G.W.C.T. of all members, however well qualified in other respects, who could not afford to give their time, &c., gratuitously, which would manifestly be an injustice to the members themselves, and an injury to the Order. But why multiply words? What saith the Scripture? "The laborer is worthy of his hire." Some Good Templars would fain convince us that the laborer is not worthy of his hire, or, if he is, that we are not to "render to every man his due." Do not the common instincts of our nature as well as the commonest precepts of Scripture alike teach that you might as well deprive a man of his life as of

the means whereby he lives? I hold, therefore, that the Grand Lodge cannot withhold a salary from the office of G.W.C.T. without injustice to him, and to the other members of the Grand Lodge, nor indeed without the sacrifice of its own independence. It could have no control over an unpaid, irresponsible officer: no guarantee of the thorough and faithful discharge of merely voluntary services; and no remedy for their neglect.

"But it is not necessary that these services should be rendered by the G.W.C.T. himself," and therefore (it is implied) not necessary that he should be paid. I reply that it is necessary, because the Constitution has it so ordered, and because the thing is necessary and right in itself. The Constitution expressly declares that certain duties shall be performed, and that these duties shall be performed by the G.W.C.T. This is the law, and every loyal Good Templar will cheerfully obey it. Every member has joined the Order with the distinct understanding beforehand that obedience would be expected and required of him. He has, repeatedly and in the most solemn manner, promised to yield a "cheerful obedience to all our laws, rules, and usages." From this vow—"registered in heaven," and witnessed by the Lodge—man can not, and God will not, release him so long as he remains in the Order. Instead, therefore, of deliberately breaking, or unconstitutionally altering, the law, by transferring the duties of the G.W.C.T. to some new officer, the more sensible and becoming course would be to abide by and obey it; at the same time, if we are dissatisfied, using proper means to get it amended, and, failing in this, to either patiently submit or get away from under its operation. But to set aside one of the vital parts of the Constitution in this way, and to create an office hitherto unrecognized in the Constitution, would be so to alter the Order, to fasten such unnatural appendages upon it, as to metamorphose it into a new organisation, call it "Free" Templarism or what you will. Certainly it would no longer be "Good" Templarism. It is our duty to do all we can to conserve the form and advance the interests of the Independent Order of Good Templars, not arbitrarily and unconstitutionally to convert it into something entirely different. It is only the R.W.G. Lodge that can alter or amend the Constitution. But the arrangement itself, that the G.W.C.T. shall himself perform the multifarious functions already ascribed to him, is a wise and necessary arrangement. It has been made by intelligent, practical, picked men, who dearly loved the Order, who were desirous of promoting to the very utmost its best interests, and who had sixteen years' experience of its working and of its requirements to guide them. The wisdom of their conclusions ought not, therefore, to be rashly called in question. Not that I believe in the infallibility of the framers of our Constitution, but I believe that they have "established, by their judicious legislation, a system of laws and rules which will stand as an enduring monument of the wisdom, care, and moderation by which they were actuated."

But, let us consider the philosophy of the argument, and I think we shall come to the conclusion that it is right.

"Order is Heaven's first law, and, this confess'd,
Some are and must be greater than the rest."

Distinctions of rank, of power, and of office are observable in the whole of creation, animate and inanimate. In the Order of Good Templars, as in every other association of *individuals* combined for a given object, whether it be a family, a church, a state, or a solar system, there must be, in order to have harmonious and effective action, and to avoid anarchy and destruction, *one*, and only one, central, controlling power, governing and directing its several parts. No doubt, as "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety," it is right to consult and collect the opinions of many, in the momentous deliberations which ought to precede the establishment of those laws by which the Order is to be bound, and the deciding of that policy which it is to pursue; but the execution of these laws, the carrying out of that policy, the current and ordinary affairs of government, must be left largely in the hands of one individual,—there must be *one* CHIEF Executive Officer, *one* CHIEF of Administration—the Grand Worthy CHIEF Templar. And if the G.W.C.T. be so essential a portion of our organization, it must be because of the services he renders; for a merely honorary, nominal officer is not essential to the existence and success of any society. The nature and extent of these services will appear if we consider the object we have set before us. Our object is the promotion of total abstinence, and the suppression of the most wealthy, powerful, and unscrupulous traffic in existence. We denounce it and the drinking customs of Society, as dangerous and sinful, and thus we incur the displeasure, hatred, and determined opposition of the publicans and their customers. We present a striking contrast to those societies, such as the Masonic and Orange Institutions, which have not self-interest, fashion, appetite, prejudice, and ignorance, arrayed against them. Now, with such formidable opponents we can hope to achieve success only by combined, judicious, and persistent efforts under a well-qualified Chief. Our Chief will have much to do in preparing us to make these efforts. He will have to defend the policy, principles, and objects of the Order, as well as expose the policy, principles, and results of the organization opposed to us. He must preserve the Order in a state of efficiency necessary to the accomplishment of its great object, and this will imply not only the enforcing of obedience and the administration of discipline (or seeing that these things are done), but also the settling of disputes, and the instruction

of the members in matters connected with law and order, and especially in the great principles of Temperance Truth. He will be naturally expected, also, to extend our Order, and so increase our strength. And whilst thus attending to the internal condition of the Society, he, as its Chief and Head, will have to concert, or superintend the concerting of, the best measures for giving effect to our principles and for "hastening the hour when the means of intoxication shall have been driven from our land." Thus, from the very nature of the case, and leaving the Constitution entirely out of the question, I think it is plain that the existing arrangement is right and necessary, that we must and should have a G.W.C.T., and that the G.W.C.T. must and should discharge just such duties as are prescribed for him in the Constitution.

Some object to having a paid G.W.C.T. because they refuse "to render obedience where they should receive a service." Paid officials should be servants, they say, not masters. People who talk thus take a very narrow view of the true nature of the position a G.W.C.T. occupies. He is not a servant in the sense of being an inferior of those whom he serves, any more than the minister, who is placed over a congregation, is a servant because his people cheerfully pay him a salary. He is an agent, a steward, a manager, appointed and empowered by the Grand Lodge to carry out its general wishes, but necessarily possessing a certain authority to act as, in his own independent judgment, he may think best for the Order. He is not a master, therefore, in the sense of exercising any arbitrary or despotic power. In all the departments of Church and State, we find "paid officials"—men who are honored as useful "public servants"—doing the work of the public, and receiving its money, and yet invested with all the power of "masters." We must not forget that payment is not always sufficient for the thorough and faithful discharge of some kinds of service; a certain amount of power is necessary also; but the exercise of this power should always be subject to review by those granting it, whether they be the subjects of a Sovereign or the members of a Society. "Our servant is our master, and our master is our servant. The man who can do our work best is honored most, and if our chosen Chief be not a rich man, we do not let his want of means prove an obstacle in the way. So we secure his services, and pay him for them, and, valuing him for his worth and not for his wealth, we make our paid servant our honored master."

The Good Templar Elocutionist.

THE VOICE OF SCRIPTURE.

BY THE LATE PRESIDENT NOTT, D.D., LL.D.

WHAT shall we say to this? Can the same thing in the same state be good and bad, a symbol of wrath, a symbol of mercy, a thing to be sought after, and a thing to be avoided? Certainly not. And is the Bible then inconsistent with itself? No, it is not; and this seeming inconsistency will vanish, and the Bible will not only be, but will

appear to be, in harmony with itself, in harmony with history, with science, and with the providence of God, if, on examination, it shall be found that the kinds or states of vinous beverage referred to under the name of wine, were as unlike in their nature or effects, as were those mercies and judgments for which the same were respectively employed as symbols, or as were those terms of praise or dispraise by which the same were respectively indicated. No less than nine words are

employed in the Hebrew Bible to express the different kinds of vinous beverage formerly in use; all of which kinds of beverage are expressed in our English version by the single term wine, or by that term in connection with some other term expressive of quality. The term wine, therefore, as used in our English Bible, is to be regarded as a generic term; comprehending different kinds of beverage, and of very different qualities; some of which kinds were good, some bad; some to be used frequently and freely, some seldom and sparingly; and some to be utterly and at all times avoided. By a mere comparison of the passages in which the term wine occurs, this will be rendered probable. For it were difficult to believe that the wine by which Noah was dishonoured; by which Lot was defiled; the wine which caused prophets to err in judgment, and priests to stumble and fall; the wine which occasions woe and sorrow, and wounds without cause, wine, of which he who is deceived thereby is not wise; wine which Solomon styles a mocker, and which is alluded to by One who is greater than Solomon, as a symbol of wrath; it were difficult to believe that this wine—the wine mingled by harlots, and sought by libertines, was the very wine which wisdom mingles; to which wisdom invites; wine which priests offered in sacrifice; evangelists dispensed at communion-tables, and which, making glad the heart of man, was a fit emblem of the mercies of God. There is a wine of some sort spoken of very frequently in the Bible, with express disapprobation, or in connection with drunken feasts, or as an emblem of temporal and eternal judgment. And there is also a wine spoken of perhaps as frequently with express approbation, or in connection with religious festivals, or as an emblem of temporal and eternal blessings. That wines of such different qualities, and presented in such different aspects, and even in such frequent and frightful contrast, were one and the same article, in one and the same state, would seem, even though history, both sacred and profane, had been silent, quite incredible. How much more so, now, that in place of silence, history, both sacred and profane, hath spoken, and spoken, not of their identity, but known and marked dissimilarity!—*Lectures on Bible Temperance.*

THE OUTCAST OF ISRAEL.

BY MIRIAM DRAKE.

I HAD sinned and I had suffered;
 Who has sinned, and suffered not?
 But my sin had been forgiven,
 And my suffering was forgot.
 I had gazed upon the red wine,
 When it moved itself aright,
 Till it stung me like an adder,
 Bit me with a serpent's bite.
 Friends all shrank from my pollution,
 Lest their garment they should stain;
 But a noble woman found me
 Ere I long in sin had lain.
 She no word of stern reproving
 Spoke, save by her hazel eye,

As she softly whispered to me,
 "Brother rise—why will you die?"

Why lie thus all sin polluted,
 When for you the Saviour died?
 And a white robe has provided
 All your filthiness to hide."

At that voice hope stirred within me,
 From the mire I strove to rise,
 Holding by the hand she gave me,
 Reading comfort in her eyes.

But the cords that sin had woven,
 Were around me tight and strong;
 And that soul must struggle sorely,
 That has sold itself to wrong.

But when'er I would have faltered,
 Clara took me by the hand,
 From the wreck-strewn shore she led me,
 From the treacherous, yielding strand.

She was no celestial maiden,
 With a pale angelic face;
 But a ripe and blooming woman,
 With a woman's every grace.

Love and pity ever blended,
 In the sparkle of her eye;
 And upon her bright white forehead,
 Sat pure thought and purpose high.

Far from sin and shame she led me,
 Shrank not from life's stranded waif,
 Till we reached the pleasant high lands,
 And I knew that I was safe.

Then another feeling stirred me,
 Love for her my guide and friend,
 And I prayed, "O do not leave me
 Tarry with me to the end."

At that word my Clara's roses
 Paled from red to lily white,
 "Love and pity are of kindred,
 I own it true," she said, "to-night."

Then I promised to my darling,
 Never more that lips of mine—
 Lips which e'er had pressed her forehead—
 Should defile themselves with wine.

Joy if rightly worn will humble,
 Even more than grief and pain;
 I my sin to man confessing,
 Sought to join the church again.

And it was a happy Sabbath,
 When to former rights restored,
 I sat down with contrite spirit,
 At the table of the Lord.

All my thoughts were pure and holy,
 All my heart was full of love,
 And the broken bread seemed to me,
 Manna sent me from above.

But they handed me the wine-cup—
 Could I dream of danger there?
 Scarce I tasted when upon me,
 Fell the blackness of despair.

Then the slumbering demon awakened,
 Filled my heart and brain with fire,
 And I left that table burning,
 In the flames of mad desire.

To the house, all swept and garnished,
With seven-fold strength, the demons came;
And the morning sun rose blushing,
On their carnival of shame.

Christian friends came weeping round me,
Mingling tears with bitter blame,
For the blot, and foul dishonor
I had cast upon Christ's name.

Then I roused me from my stupor,
"On their heads the sin," I cried,
"Who, as emblem of the Saviour's
Blood, the *poisoned* cup provide."

When next day I sought my Clara,
Pale and sad and cold was she,
"I am your friend," she said, "for ever,
But your wife I will not be.

"For your sin I can forgive you,
But no more can trust you, Guy,

For I hold a broken promise
Little better than a lie."

After that it was all darkness—
Darkness, guiltiness, and gloom;
And a desperate, maddened spirit,
Fighting wildly with its doom.

Clara is a happy matron;
A broken-hearted outcast I;
None to love me while I'm living,
None to weep me when I die.

Good men shun me as a leper;
Bad men mock me for my sin:
Christ alone had mercy on me;
Took the wretched outcast in.

After years of hopeless anguish,
He my back-sliding restored;
But I am shut out for ever
From the table of the Lord.

Literary Notices.

THE COMMUNION WINE QUESTION: A Plea for the Fruit of the Vine. By Rev. Wm. Reid, Edinburgh. Price 9d. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League, 108, Hope Street. Belfast: I.O.G.T. Offices, 26, Ann Street. This is decidedly one of the best pamphlets yet published on this most important subject. This, however, is no more than was to be expected from the pen of the Editor of the "Temperance Cyclopædia" and the Author of many able works on the Temperance question. We would most earnestly recommend every reader *at once* to procure a copy of this

timely publication, and after perusing it carefully to endeavor to give it the circulation it so well deserves.

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY IN RELATION TO COMMUNION WINE. By Rev. Wm. Reid, Edinburgh. Price 3d. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League, 108 Hope Street. Belfast: I.O.G.T. Offices, 26, Ann Street. This is an appropriate sequel to the pamphlet noticed above. Its perusal will show the strong hold the Sacramental Wine Question has at last taken of the Christian mind in the land of Knox.

Official Information.



Grand Lodge Offices.

26 Ann Street,

Belfast,

20th July, 1873.

THE Annual Sessions of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, of the Grand Lodge of England, and of the Grand Lodge of Scotland were held respectively in London, Bristol and Glasgow, during the past month. A summary of the proceedings of each will be given in our next issue. The Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of Ireland will be held in Dublin, commencing on the evening of the 25th inst., at 7 o'clock. Return tickets available for one week will be issued by the Ulster, Northern Counties, and Irish North Western Railway Companies to mem-

bers of the Grand Lodge in the North of Ireland. Members will receive voucher tickets and all other information on application to the G.W.S.

STANDING COMMITTEES.—The following Standing Committees of the Grand Lodge are requested to meet and prepare their respective Reports for presentation at the Grand Lodge Session in Dublin:—

Committee on Appeals.—Bros. H. Robinson (Convenor), A. Ledlie, James Wylie, J. Horsfall, and J. M. Hull.

Committee on Finance.—Bros. H. J. Wright (Con-

vener), J. Spence, J. Malcolm, G. M'Kinney, and James Lowry.

Committee on Credentials and Returns.—Bros. W. R. Nelson, G.W.S. (Convener), J. Campbell, T. W. Fair, H. Brown, and J. Caithness.

Committee on State of the Order.—Bros. Rev. E. Thomas (Convener), Rev. D. M'Murtry, M.A.; J. A. Brown, T.C.; W. Dobbin, and G. Apperson.

Committee on Constitutions.—Bros. D. Crawford, (Convener), R. M'Beth, C. D. H. Campbell, T. Collins, and W. J. Gordon.

The following is a continuation of the Subordinate Lodges:—

- 101 Proctor.—Broomhedge, Wednesday. J. A. Richey, Rev. J. Simon, and T. Green.
- 102 Pride of the North.
- 103 Better Days.—Cookstown, Wednesday. H. Waide, J. M'Dowell, and W. J. Happer.
- 104 Welcome.—York Street, Belfast, Thursday. R. H. Neill, J. M. Burrows, and J. Mathews.
- 105 Portstewart Lighthouse.—Portstewart, Monday. J. Lyttle, D. M'Ilreavy, and R. J. M'Curdy.
- 106 Hand of Friendship.—York Street, Belfast, Monday. C. B. Cunningham, J. Smith, and J. E. Ellison.
- 107 Saint Patrick.—Strand Street, Dublin, Friday. R. Drew, R. Roe, and T. Clarke.
- 108 Conquering Hero.—Portadown.
- 109 Rising Sun.—Whitehouse, Saturday. T. Mackessy, G. M'Cann, and M. Noteman.
- 110 Sunlight.—Ballymena, Tuesday. J. Moore, R. Courtney, and H. W. Allen.
- 111 Ireland's Glory.—Castlewellan, Thursday. J. Robinson, D. Savage, and D. Magill.
- 112 Coldstream Guards.—Glenarm, Thursday. W. Shaw, and A. Hogsett.
- 113 Brunswick of Ulster.—Dundrum, Friday. D. Teer, T. M'Crackin, and Sis. S. J. Teer.
- 114 Message of Peace.—Derryanvill, Wednesday. T. J. Honeyford, and G. Honeyford.
- 115 True and Faithful.—Agnes Street, Belfast.
- 116 Rock.—Rathfriland, Thursday. W. Hanna, S. Annett, and J. Douglass.
- 117 Hope of Down.—Newtownards, Monday. T. W. Doggart, and J. M'Neilly.
- 118 No Surrender.—Moyallen, Monday. J. Vaughan, W. Bell, and J. Watson.
- 119 Coleraine Ark of Safety.—Coleraine, Tuesday. A. D. Williamson, J. Fisher, and W. J. Shirley.
- 120 Havelock.—Carrickfergus, Wednesday. Paul Picken, D. Bowman, and W. T. Penny.
- 121 Ulster Railway.—Durham Street, Belfast, Thursday. R. M'Allister, J. L. Yule, and A. Law.
- 122 Village Hope.—Ligoniel, Belfast.
- 123 Guiding Star.—Maghera, Wednesday. J. Diamond, J. Lytle, and W. J. Joyce.
- 124 Belfast Borough.—Ann Street, Belfast, Tuesday. D. Duff, G. A. Reilly, and J. Sedgwick.
- 125 Brighter Days.—Tulnacross, Thursday. J. Reid, A. Dakson, and W. M'Whirter.
- 126 Captain Boyd.—St. George's Street, Dublin, Tuesday. H. Brown, J. F. Curtis, and W. J. Bates.
- 127 Happy Home.—Aghalee, Moira, Thursday. J. Long, H. Shillington, and T. Marin.
- 128 Crimson Banner.—Ballymena.
- 129 Brian Boroihme.—Eustace Street, Dublin,

Wednesday. P. M. Gilmour and R. W. Marshbank.

- 130 Brighter Prospects.—Ballynahinch, Tuesday. Rev. J. M'Ilveen, W. J. Bruce, and J. Walker.
- 131 Triton.—Bangor.
- 132 Northern Star.—Portrush, Monday. W. J. Porter, J. Grahame, and J. Rowland.
- 133 Band of Unity.—Kells, Wednesday. J. Cathcart, D. Moore, and W. Kernaghan.
- 134 Star of Bethel.—Great James Street, Londonderry, Wednesday. A. Downey, H. Rodgers, and J. Scott.
- 135 Consort.—Dromore.
- 136 Newry Excelsior.—Newry, Thursday. J. H. Shaw, Rev. C. F. Weikinson, and J. Irvine.
- 137 Vanguard.—Kingstown, Thursday. W. Brewster, W. E. Dent, and W. Long.
- 138 Provider.—Soldierstown, Moira, Friday. T. Pedlow, J. Logan, and W. J. Hull.
- 139 Crystal Fount.—Magherafelt, Tuesday. J. Graham, W. J. Thompson, and J. M. Lemon.
- 140 Wisdom.—Drumavish, Killygordan, Tuesday. S. Seaton, J. Johnston, and R. Tait.
- 141 Bethesda.—Newtownards, Wednesday. W. Dobbin, J. M'Kee, and H. Montgomery.
- 142 Exodus.—Comber, Tuesday. W. M'Clelland, G. Frame, and T. Griffin.
- 143 Fisherman's Hope.—Carrickfergus, Tuesday. J. Wortley, R. Davey, and G. Russell.
- 144 Rainbow.—Moneymore, Wednesday. C. M'Cay, R. Whittaker, and B. M'Vey.
- 145 Harmony.—Coleraine, Tuesday. W. J. Kennedy, J. Nevin, and W. Long.
- 146 Consistency.—Killyleagh, Wednesday. R. Irvine, J. Irvine, and H. Gilmore.
- 147 Rampart.—Bushmills.
- 148 Hope of Ballymoney.—Ballymoney, Friday. W. H. Clements, J. Lilley, and W. Smyth.
- 149 Purple Star.—Ahoghill, Wednesday. R. Wilson, A. Nichol, and Sis. M. Davis.
- 150 Stella.—Downpatrick, Thursday. Peter Ferguson, W. Friars, and J. Ferguson.
- 151 Light of the North.—Raphoe, Saturday. T. B. M'Causland, E. G. Cotter, and J. M'Feeters.
- 152 Crusade.—Rathmines, Dublin, Thursday. W. H. Moss, J. Shanks, and J. Hartford.
- 153 Hibernia.—Aughnacloy, Friday. A. Moore, T. J. Graham, and T. A. Moore.
- 154 Heart of Oak.—Molesworth Street, Dublin, Tuesday. W. Davis, J. M'Green, and S. Gordon.
- 155 Rutledge.—Armagh, Friday. R. Reid, W. Carson, and W. J. Ballantine.
- 156 Friend of Humanity.—Derryall, Portadown, Tuesday. Sis. S. M. Tate, and J. Tate.
- 157 Watchtower.—Castlerock, Wednesday. W. Smith, T. H. M'Clelland, and W. S. Warke.
- 158 Patriot.—Banbridge, Friday. T. D. Card, W. Smith, and S. Cunningham.
- 159 Freedom.—Beragh, Thursday. R. Cochrane, R. M'Farland, and D. Cathers.
- 160 Taughboyne.—St. Johnston, Thursday. A. Roulston, H. Hastings, and D. Killen.
- 161 Hyde Park Happy Home.—Hyde Park, Saturday. T. Scully, J. M'Kee, and D. Stevenson.
- 162 Hope of Clogher.—Clogher, Friday. T. Steen, Rev. J. G. Robb, and R. A. Burns.
- 163 Glenagerah.—Glenagerah, Augher, Monday. W. M'Master, J. Mulligan, and J. Orr.

- 164 Clanrye.—Newry, Friday. J. G. Hill, D. Steele, and G. Wilson.
- 165 Star in the East.—Beagh, Maghera, Monday. T. McKay, J. Crawford, and A. Paul.
- 166 Diamond.—Tandragee, Wednesday. R. W. Minnis, T. H. White, J.P., and R. Emerson.
- 167 Shamrock.—Lower Abbey Street, Dublin, Thursday. J. Glasco, and J. Logan.
- 168 Urney's Glory.—Urney, Strabane, Friday. S. Knox, J. J. Stevenson, and W. Harris.
- 169 Wesley.—Summerhill, Dublin, Friday. C. Cooney, G. Mahaffy, and W. McArthur.
- 170 New Britannia.—Bessbrook, Friday. J. Cooke, S. D. Lamb, and A. Holland.
- 171 Sphinx.—Enniskillen, Monday. S. Rea, H. N. Lowe, and T. Hunter.
- 172 Drumaness Happy Home.—Drumaness, Ballynahinch, Wednesday. R. Innis, J. D. McDowell, and G. Robinson.
- 173 Pearl.—Laurelvale, Tandragee, Tuesday. H. Spotswood, R. Sweeney, and J. Parks.
- 174 Clough.—Clough, Tuesday. F. L. Cleland, R. J. Moffet, and C. Nixon.
- 175 Dauntless.—Warrenpoint, Monday. J. Watson, R. A. Jones, and J. Grandy.
- 176 Hope of Killinchy.—Killinchy, Saturday. J. Hewitt, J. Fitzroy, and Sis. M. J. Hewitt.
- 177 River Lee.—Faulkner's Lane, Cork, Wednesday. R. J. Torrens, S. M. Thompson, and W. Woodcock.
- 178 Bethel.—Lower Abbey Street, Dublin, Monday. J. E. Mannioix and J. R. Mannioix.
- 179 Defiance.—Mullaglass, Bessbrook, Wednesday. R. Adams, J. Lockhart, and A. Weir.
- 180 Rose.—Camteel, Aughnacloy, Tuesday. S. Marshall, W. J. Elliott, and R. Pike.
- 181 Constellation.—Artigarvan, Strabane, Thursday. J. L. Knox and W. J. Gourley.
- 182 Kinsale Concord.—Kinsale, Tuesday. Rev. W. Daunt, M.A., Rev. R. Ludlow, and J. W. Barry.
- 183 Hope of Donemana.—Donemana, Strabane, Friday. D. H. Ellis, J. Thompson, and T. Thompson.
- 184 Unity.—Aughadowey, Coleraine, Wednesday. J. McCague and R. Cochrane.
- 185 Markethill Hope.—Markethill, Thursday. A. Greer, W. P. Todd, and W. J. Edwards.
- 186 Crusader.—Portglenone, Wednesday. W. R. Hamilton, Rev. J. H. Wright, and R. Spence.
- 187 Sun.—Enniskillen, Friday. J. Jordan, W. R. Cooney, and W. C. Trimble.
- 188 Richardson.—Richhill, Tuesday. J. E. Wilson, R. Johnson, and A. Hutchinson.
- 189 Miner's Home.—Broughshane, Thursday. R. McKinley, and W. Miller.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Progress of the Order.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

BELFAST.—As stated in a former issue the Annual Meetings of the Irish Temperance League were held in Belfast on 16th and 17th April, and were in every respect most successful. The Annual Soiree was held in the Ulster Hall on the evening of the 16th, the Mayor of Belfast (J. Alexander Henderson, Esq., J.P.) presiding. The Annual Business Meeting was held in the League Rooms, Lombard Street, in the forenoon of the 17th, J. Simms, Esq. presiding; the Annual Dinner Meeting was held in the Ulster Minor Hall, on the 17th, J. G. Richardson, Esq., presiding; and the Annual Permissive Bill Demonstration took place in the Ulster Hall, on the evening of the 17th, M. R. Dalway, Esq., D.L., M.P., presiding. In connexion with the Anniversary, there was also a great Band of Hope gathering held in the Ulster Hall in the afternoon of the 19th, J. P. Corry, Esq., J.P., in the chair. Each meeting was appropriately addressed by English and Scotch delegates, as well as by Irish friends, among the speakers being the Hon. E. O'Neill, M.P., and Wm. Johnston, Esq., M.P. We were interested in noticing that the great majority of the earnest friends present supporting the League are also members of our Order. Among the Vice-Presidents elected were Brothers John Simms, G.W.C.; R. Allen, A. S. Mayne, W. Watt, J. Smyth, M.A.; Rev. G. H. Shanks, C. D. H. Campbell, W. M. Scott, Rev. N. E. Smith, J. Johnston, J. A. Bowman, D. Crawford, Rev. J. White, J. H. Haslett, T.C.; and Rev. E. Thomas. The Committee elected includes Brothers R. Anderson, R. J. H. Bell, J. A. Carleton, C. Hendrick, J. McKenzie, Dr. A. H. H. McMurtry, J.

K. Mitchell, J. Pyper, G.W.C.T.; H. Pyper, James Pyper, M.A.; H. Robinson, D. Smith, C.E.; D. W. Thomson, W. Wilkinson, H. J. Wright, (Treasurer), and D. Fortune, (Secretary). The delegates from kindred associations included Brothers J. H. Raper, U. K. Alliance; Rev. F. Ferguson, M.A., Scottish Temperance League; Rev. E. Franks, British Temperance League; and Rev. A. Wilson, Scottish Permissive Bill Association. Among the others present were the following, most of whom took part in the proceedings:—Brothers Rev. J. McCreedy, G.W.C.; Rev. H. B. Wilson, Rev. A. M. Morrison, Rev. A. Denholm, Dr. J. M. Scott, Quartermaster Williams, T. H. Browne, T.C.; W. R. Nelson, G.W.S.; A. Ledlie, G.W.A.S.; W. P. Holmes, F. McCoy, S. D. Lamb, W. Hobson, S. Smyth, W. Larmour, R. Sprott, W. E. Mayne, T. Pyper, J. Henderson, W. Watt, S. Glasgow, J. Horsfall, M. Hunter, W. Pyper, H. Campbell, W. Brown, W. Hussey, and W. Mayo. Among the ladies who presided at tables at the Soiree were Sisters Mrs. J. McCreedy, Mrs. H. J. Wright, Mrs. H. Pyper, Mrs. James Pyper, Mrs. S. Robinson, Mrs. R. J. H. Bell, Mrs. W. M. Scott, Mrs. J. Mordie, Miss Archer, and Miss Pyper. These facts show the extent to which the value of our Order is already known to earnest temperance workers, and we know its influence is only beginning to be felt and duly appreciated. 18th April, a public meeting was held under the auspices of Erin's First Lodge in Clifton Street Lecture-room. The G.W.C.T. presided, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Quartermaster Williams, W. P. Holmes, and Rev. J. McCreedy, G.W.C. Rev. Mr. Powell also addressed the meeting. 17th April, Captain K. White addressed

a meeting held under the auspices of the Extreme Lodge, in Frederick Street School-room, the G.W.C.T. presiding. 20th April, the G.W.C.T. preached a temperance sermon to a good congregation in Ashmore Street School House. Bro Wells, missionary, took part in the proceedings. 21st April, the second Annual Concert in connexion with the Star of Ulster Lodge was held in the Ulster Hall, and was a great success. 15th May, a meeting in connexion with the Rescue Lodge was held in the Grand Lodge Hall, Ann Street. Bro. G. Reilly presided, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. A. Denholm, Dr. Lindsay, D. Fortune, and T. Dunlop, W.C.T. 6th June, a meeting in connexion with the Enterprise Lodge was held in the Grand Lodge Hall, Ann Street. Bro. Councillor Haslitt presided, and the Irish Hand-Bell Ringers gave their performance in good style. 14th June, a crowded meeting was held in the Lancasterian School-room, under the auspices of the Extreme and John Pyper Lodges, the G.W.C.T. presiding. 2nd July, a meeting under the auspices of the Forward Lodge was held in Clifton Street Lecture-room, Bro. Councillor T. H. Browne, D.D.G.W.C.T., presiding. 10th July, an able lecture was delivered by Rev. F. Powell, under the auspices of Erin's First Lodge, in Clifton Street. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, and several brethren took part in the proceedings.

BROOMHEDGE.—11th July, Bro. F. Powell lectured to a good audience in the Methodist Chapel, Broomhedge, Rev. N. E. Smith presiding.

DUBLIN.—The Order is making very satisfactory progress in Dublin. The Second Anniversary soiree of its introduction into the metropolis was held in the Antient Concert Rooms. Bro. T. D. Sullivan, W.C.T., presided, and suitable addresses were delivered. A farewell address and a purse of sovereigns were presented to our talented and earnest Brother, Rev. James Young, W.C. of Dublin's First, on his departure to Canada. Bro. Young will be found a most valuable member of our Order wherever he goes.

RATHFRILAND.—15th July, a public lecture was delivered in Rathfriland in connexion with the Rock Lodge by Bro. Rev. J. M'Ilveen, B.A., W.C. Bro. J. Simms, G.W.C., occupied the chair and the attendance was large and respectable.

MAGHERA.—17th July, Bro. F. Powell lectured to a good audience in connexion with the Guiding Star Lodge, in Hall Street School House, Maghera. Rev. H. Forde occupied the chair.

LURGAN.—27th April, the Annual Soiree of the Ark of Hope Lodge was held in the Town Hall, Lurgan, which was filled with a most respectable and intelligent assembly. Bro. J. Pyper, G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and among the speakers were Bros. Rev. T. A. Jones, Rev. J. Douglass, Rev. S. Harding, and W. R. Nelson, G.W.S. The Irish Handbell Ringers, under the leadership of Bro. J. Spence, contributed greatly to the pleasure of the interesting proceedings.

ARMAGH.—24th April, an excellent Soiree was held in the Mall School House, Armagh, under the auspices of the Rutledge Lodge. Rev. Mr. Dodds presided, and addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T., Br. Dr. Crawford, Bro. T. H. White, J.P., Bro. Rev. C. Harrison, D.C.; and Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T.

TANDRAGEE.—30th April, the G.W.C.T. lectured

to a very large audience, under the auspices of the Diamond Lodge, in the Town Hall, Tandragee. The chair was occupied by Bro. Dr. Crawford, and Bro. T. H. White, J.P., and Rev. S. Harding, D.D., took part in the proceedings.

WHITEHOUSE.—16th May, a good soiree was held under the auspices of the Rising Sun Lodge in Whitehouse School-house. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, and among the speakers were Rev. Mr. Hewitt and Bro. D. Smith, D.D.G.W.C.T.

DUNMURRY.—19th May, Bro. Rev. N. E. Smith lectured to a good audience in connexion with the Eden Lodge, at Dunmurry, Bro. Rev. J. A. Stewart presiding.

COLERAINE.—20th May, a united public meeting of the Coleraine Lodges was held in one of the Lodge-rooms. Bro. Bird presided, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. D. Robb, the G.W.C.T., and Mooney.

NEWTOWNARDS.—1st of June, the G.W.C.T. preached two temperance sermons, in Zion Methodist Chapel, Newtownards.

LIGONIEL.—7th June, a good open-air meeting was held at Ligoniel, under the auspices of the Star of Peace and the John Pyper Lodges. Rev. Mr. Collier presided, and addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T., Mr. W. Lyons, and Bro. D. Fortune.

KILLINCHY.—10th June, a good soiree was held under the auspices of the Hope of Killinchy Lodge, in Killinchy School House. Hon. and Rev. H. Ward presided, and among the speakers were the G.W.C.T. and Bro. D. Auld.

LISBURN.—11th June, the Lisburn Lodges had an excursion to Massereene Park, Antrim. The members turned out in large numbers. About mid-day, the enjoyment was somewhat marred by heavy rain, which continued the greater part of the afternoon. Having gained admission to the Protestant Hall, Antrim, a good public meeting was held. The G.W.C.T. presided, and addresses were delivered by Bro. Rev. H. N. Moore, D.D.G.W.C.T., and other brethren.

NEWCASTLE.—9th June, the G.W.C.T. lectured to a good audience, in the Infant School-room, Newcastle. Bro. R. M'Grath occupied the chair.

KINGSTOWN.—18th June, an interesting soiree was held in the Seaman's Chapel, Kingstown. Rev. Mr. Randle presided, and addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T., and others.

PORTADOWN.—22nd June, the G.W.C.T. preached two temperance sermons to large congregations, in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Portadown. 23rd June, a most successful demonstration of the Portadown Armagh district was held at Carrickblackler, the grounds being kindly thrown open by the benevolent proprietor, Stewart Blackler, Esq. A great meeting was held in the grounds. Bro. T. H. White, J.P., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Stewart Blackler, Esq., the G.W.C.T., Bros. Dr. Crawford, S. D. Lamb, and Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T.

PORTGLENONE.—26th June, Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T., delivered a lecture at Portglenone, after which a new Lodge was instituted by Bro. Rev. H. M. Holden, D.D.G.W.C.T., assisted by brethren from Ballymena, Gracehill, and Ahoghill. Among the new members was Bro. Rev. J. H. Wright, Rector.

The Irish Good Templar :

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Bro. A. H. H. M'Murtry, M.D., G.W.T.

BROTHER DR. A. H. H. M'MURTRY, Belfast, is the youngest son of Mr. Wm. M'Murtry, Ballynure, County Antrim. He was born at Bal-

lynure, on the 14th of January, 1843. He has three brothers and three sisters, all of whom are zealous teetotalers, and all but two of them, a

brother and a sister, are Good Templars. The power of the pen of one brother, Rev. D. H. M'Murtry, M.A., Newtownards, is well known to our Order in Ireland; and another, Mr. W. J. M'Murtry, has been one of the most earnest, able, and successful supporters of our good cause in Belfast, since "Erin's First" Lodge was instituted in that town.

The subject of our sketch received the ordinary course of instruction given in a good National School, and was about to be apprenticed to a merchant in Ballymena, with the design of devoting his life to business; but, being more inclined to educational than commercial pursuits, he changed his mind, and went to school in Belfast, where he received a thorough English, classical, and mathematical education, in the Belfast Seminary, under Mr. Thomas M'Clinton, and in the Belfast Academy, under the Rev. Dr. Bryce. He entered Queen's College, Belfast, as a medical student in 1860, gaining the first year's Literary Scholarship, and after a highly successful collegiate career, he obtained his degrees in medicine and surgery (M.D. and M.Ch.) with highest honors, in 1864 and 1865. Since then he has followed the practice of his profession in Belfast, with the exception of a short period which he spent in West Bromwich, England.

Although Dr. M'Murtry has been nearly all his life a practical abstainer and a hater of drinking and its consequences, he did not take an active part in the temperance movement till 1869. Towards the close of that year, the heartless conduct of publicans who, for love of gold, supply infatuated customers with drink, in spite, it may be, of the remonstrances of friends, and regardless of the misery they occasion, kindled his instinctive hatred of the drinking system into a flame, which has since become more and more intensified and irrepressible by a thorough study of the hell-born nature of that system. Since 1869 he has, with an earnestness and constancy almost unparalleled, advocated total abstinence and prohibition in the numerous ways legitimately open to a talented and influential medical practitioner in a town like Belfast.

For about four years, Dr. M'Murtry has discarded the use of alcohol as a medicine, with the most satisfactory results. He has a large and steadily increasing practice, which would doubtless have been more extensive had he been a time-server—believing that man's chief end is to make money. But he is of a higher type of manhood than that. He is a genuine Christian Philanthropist, eminently fitted to be a successful one by natural gifts, educational acquirements,

practical experience, and, above all, Divine grace. He possesses ability, inclination, and facility for promoting the temperance cause, unsurpassed, if at all equalled, by any other professional man of his age. We have no more doubt that he has been providentially raised up and prepared for the temperance work he is accomplishing, than that Moses was raised up and prepared by Divine Providence for the deliverance of his kindred from Egyptian bondage. His qualifications for the work are all that could be desired. He is a distinguished physician, and the faculty is almost omnipotent in directing the public sentiment with regard to intoxicants. He is industriously studious, and has examined carefully every phase of the alcoholic controversy. He is an accomplished linguist, reads his Bible regularly in the original Hebrew and Greek, and is thoroughly up in the Bible Wine question. He is profoundly logical, and detects with great readiness the fallacies of an opponent's argument. He is remarkably courageous, and states fearlessly what he discovers to be right and true, regardless of all selfish considerations. He is peculiarly single-minded, and utterly despises the motives of "the wise and prudent," who are governed more by policy than principle. He has a supreme contempt for all shams, hypocrisies, and sophistries, and wonders at the incomprehensible inconsistencies of the religious people, who lament the prevalence of intemperance and the ravages of the liquor traffic, and, at the same time, support that traffic for social and Sacramental purposes. He looks down upon the criminality of the State, and the traitorous conduct of the Church, in fostering the pernicious and immoral traffic in their midst, as only they can do who participate in his high intellectual endowments, keen moral perception, and warm Christian sympathies. To him it is as clear as light that, in the midst of "the slain by drink," no follower of Him who wept over the sins and sorrows of Jerusalem should be a publican's customer, which every moderate drinker, as well as every drunkard, really is.

Dr. M'Murtry has for several years been the ablest and most copious contributor to the *Irish Temperance League Journal*. An article from his pen appears every month in the *Irish Good Templar*, the monthly Organ of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, the first number of which was published in January last, under the editorship of Bro. Pyper, G.W.C.T. Everything he writes is scholarly, brilliant, and effective, and is eagerly read by the earnest and intelligent adherents of our good cause. Many of his articles in our serials have been reprinted in tract and pamphlet form

for extensive circulation. His article, "Good Templarism: What is it?" has been reprinted in more than half-a-dozen shapes, and has had, we believe, a wider circulation than any other document in connection with our Order in the United Kingdom. It constitutes No. 2 of the series of "Irish Good Templar Tracts," and is generally acknowledged to be the best four-page tract published on the subject. An article from his pen, entitled, "The Duty of Medical Men in relation to the Temperance Movement," which appeared in the *Medical Temperance Journal*, was reprinted in pamphlet form, and sent to every medical man in the United Kingdom by the National Temperance League. His pen has already made a permanent national impression upon the temperance movement—an impression which is destined to become deeper and wider as the years roll on.

Dr. M'Murtry was a Charter member and the first W.V.T. of "Erin's First" Lodge, of the I.O.G.T. He was first W.C.T. of the "Star of Ulster" Lodge, No. 14, and also first W.C.T. of the "Good Samaritan" Lodge, No. 59. The members of the "Good Samaritan," a short time ago, presented him with a full-sized portrait of himself, as a token of their grateful esteem.

He is now G.W.T. of Ireland, and D.D. and D.C.T. of St. Ann's Ward, Belfast, the largest District Lodge in Ireland. His honorary work in connection with our Order, in instituting and addressing Lodges, counselling and encouraging officers and members, reading papers, writing articles and letters for the press, and promoting the interests of the Order in every other way, is unequalled in Ireland, and perhaps unsurpassed anywhere. He sees in our Order the exact machinery needed to carry the temperance cause, which he so dearly loves, to a speedy and triumphant issue, and therefore he labors so arduously to lengthen its cords and strengthen its stakes. He constantly laments that his onerous professional duties permit him to do so little for our good cause, while no one else can understand how he is able to do so much, except on the principle of the adage—"Where there is a will there is a way." We sincerely hope and pray that he and his amiable partner in life, who is also a zealous Good Templar, may be spared in health, happiness, and prosperity, to see the desire of their generous hearts accomplished, in the final overthrow of their country's greatest bane—the infernal liquor traffic.—*The Templar.*

The Late Rev. Dr. Morgan.

BY THE EDITOR.

WITH a regret deeper than we can here express, it is our duty to record the decease of the Rev. James Morgan, D.D., Presbyterian Minister of Fisherwick Place, Belfast. In this much-lamented event, which took place on 5th August, a truly great and good man—"a prince in Israel"—has gone to his rest and reward. His remains were followed to the Borough Cemetery, on 8th August, by one of the largest funerals ever witnessed in the North of Ireland. The deceased was born near Cookstown, County Tyrone, on 15th June, 1799, and was consequently in the 74th year of his age when he fell asleep in Jesus. He was ordained pastor of a new congregation in Carlow in 1817, was removed to Lisburn in 1824, and was installed first minister of Fisherwick Place in 1828. In 1829, in company with Dr. Edgar, Dr. Houston, Dr. Hincks, and others, he signed what has been considered the first temperance pledge in Europe, and thus aided in establishing the first Temperance Society in the Old World. The movement was started in the same year by the Rev. G. Carr in New Ross, and by Bishop Doyle in Carlow. John Dunlop, of Greenock, and Wm. Collins, of Glasgow, com-

menced a society in Scotland also in the same year.

The pledge of these early societies bound the members to abstain from the use of distilled spirits, but allowed them the moderate use of fermented liquors. When the total abstinence movement, started in 1832 by "the seven working men of Preston," afterwards came to Ireland, Dr. Morgan soon discovered its value, and gave in his adhesion to it. He also became a thorough prohibitionist, and rejoiced in the formation and progress of the United Kingdom Alliance. He early established, and with great success cultivated a Band of Hope in connexion with Fisherwick Place Sabbath Schools. For many years before his decease, he was President of the Irish Presbyterian Temperance Association, a Vice-President of the Irish Temperance League, and a Vice-President of the United Kingdom Alliance. His wise and earnest counsel guided and stimulated the workers in our cause at many an anniversary gathering of the League, the Presbyterian Association, and the Belfast Ladies' Union. He kept abreast of every phase of the movement. He held total abstinence to be a duty, not merely

on the principle of expediency, but upon absolute, physical, and moral grounds. He was long ago aware that a knowledge of the poisonous and destructive nature of alcoholic fluids would yet overturn the vile liquor traffic, and all the customs that support it. More than ten years ago, at our request, he presided at a lecture on the Bible Wine Question, delivered to a crowded audience in Linen Hall Street Presbyterian Church, Belfast, by Dr. F. R. Lees. At the close of the lecture, Dr. Morgan said to the audience—"The lecture just delivered has deepened in my mind the conviction I have long entertained, namely, that a holy and righteous God cannot have sanctioned in His Word the use of an agent whose tendency is to ruin His creatures."

We undertook the duty of editing the *Irish Temperance League Journal* in 1865. In that year, Dr. Morgan kindly gave us for publication in its columns a temperance sermon, preached by him in 1831, the second temperance sermon ever delivered in Belfast, the first having been one by Dr. Edgar. From 1865, till last year, he gave us an annual contribution for the *Journal*, and the state of his health alone prevented us from asking him for one this year for the *Irish Good Templar*. The sermon and articles from his pen to which we have alluded, were among the best that ever appeared in the *League Journal*. In them, "he being dead yet speaketh," and that through them he may speak, with the extraordinary power which his words always possessed, to a still larger number, we mean to re-print them in successive numbers of the *I. G. Templar*. We sincerely wish that a number of those who have been trained in Fisherwick Place Band of Hope would honor themselves, pay a tribute of respect to the memory of Dr. Morgan, and promote the cause he so dearly loved, by organizing a Good Templar Lodge, and calling it the "James Morgan." Surely when the veterans of the temperance army are taken away, the call to those in the field is—Work "while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

We regret that so few of the newspaper notices and published extracts from sermons referring to Dr. Morgan's life and labors make any allusion to his connexion with the temperance movement. We did not expect moderate drinking writers and preachers to say much in praise of what would condemn their own conduct; but total abstainers, we respectfully submit, should have used the impressive occasion for the promotion of the temperance cause. No matter who may think lightly of the temperance movement, he whose loss we mourn considered it of immense importance, as the following letter, which we had the pleasure of

publishing in the *Irish Temperance League Journal* of January, 1866, abundantly testifies:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—In your last two numbers you have printed a sermon which I preached on the subject of temperance in the year 1831. And you have requested me to express my sentiments in the review of the history through which this cause has passed since that period. In compliance with your request, I submit to you and your readers the following thoughts. The first that arises in my mind is gratitude to God that I have been spared to this hour, a living witness of the truth of the principles which I then adopted and proclaimed. I have acted, for the years that have elapsed from 1831 till 1866, on the counsel which I gave to others at the commencement. I have not used any distilled spirits for thirty-five years, and for nearly the latter half of that period I have not used any intoxicating drinks, wine, beer, or spirits. Surely I am thus qualified and entitled to bear testimony on the question of temperance and abstinence, and I do so freely and strongly. I have found intoxicants to be unnecessary. Were my life to begin again, I would spend it in the same way. I would be a total abstainer. It is my firm belief that my health, mental and bodily, has been much improved by entire abstinence from all such stimulants. I have been enabled to do my work more vigorously, and pleasantly, and successfully, than I could otherwise have done it. I never received any injury by such habits, and I believe I have received much benefit every way. Not long ago, I happened to be travelling with a physician of extensive practice and high attainments, a most amiable and honorable man, and it attracted his observation that, though I was his senior in years, I bore fatigue much better than he did. He inquired of me respecting my habits. Particularly, he asked what was my practice in the matter of stimulants. I told him frankly all the truth—that I did not use any of them. His own practice, he said, was to take them moderately every day. I believe he was a most correct and temperate man. Yet after a lengthened conversation, he said—"I wish I had adopted your habits;" adding, "I believe that the secret of your greater activity and better health is to be found in your habit of total abstinence."

I hope I will not be charged with presumption in thus speaking of my own example. It is not done in pride, but under a deep sense of thankfulness to God, and responsibility to my fellow-creatures, to whom I am constrained to say that I have put the question of abstinence to the test of a life's experience, and that I have thus proved it to be the more excellent way. Nor am I alone in this testimony. There are still some living who began this course with me, and they continue to the present day. Not one of them repents the course he has taken. When we meet and talk over the old times, this is one subject of congratulation, that God put it into our hearts early to take it, and that He has inclined and enabled us to continue in it. No one, I suppose, it may be confidently said, ever repented of his abstinence from intoxicating drinks. And this is no mean argument for it. If all men who have

tried it have found it good, there must be solid reason for it. How different it has been with some who began, but did not persevere in this course! How different with many who could never be persuaded to try it! I appeal to those two classes, and ask their verdict before God upon the solemn question—Is it for your own good and that of others to live in the habitual use of intoxicating drinks, or is it better for both interests to abstain from them? We all know what the answer must be if it be given in truth and righteousness. Nor is it merely while thus viewed in the light of personal advantage that the retrospect of abstinence is pleasant. There is the satisfaction of knowing that while we have received good ourselves we have been contributing to the good of others. We have been helping forward a work involving the highest interests of the community. Every one knows that one of the most fell destroyers of the human family in our day is intemperance. Surely it is a duty to do anything within our power to stem this tide of destructive habit. All men know that it is sending thousands and tens of thousands to temporal and spiritual and, it may be, eternal ruin! It would go far to arrest its progress if the benevolent and amiable and well-conducted would all unite to condemn and resist it. And the most effectual way to do so is by example. Would that we had more of the spirit of Paul, when he said, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

I do not write thus as though I felt this cause had been a failure. It has not had all the success it deserves and we desire, but it has been prosperous. The change produced in the public mind during the last thirty-five years has been great. I can well remember how the subject was at first received with laughter or scorn. Few, indeed, had the boldness to espouse it. I recollect one of the most respected merchants in Belfast saying in those days—"I will give a guinea to the first man of common sense who can be found to identify himself with such a cause." It was then looked upon as hopeless and ridiculous, and men were ashamed to acknowledge it. It is not so now. It would be an interesting and instructive history to trace its progress in our own and other lands. I was one of those who formed the first Temperance Society in Europe, and I have lived to see the cause known and approved, and more or less extended, in all countries. The temperance cause has found its way into all the places where any vigorous efforts are made for the good of men. It holds fellowship with Churches and Sunday-schools and Missions all over the earth. It is felt to be their fitting companion. And we may glance for a moment at some of the many places into which it has found its way. It got early into the pulpit. There its advocacy began. There it is to this day continued. And it has been universally felt that there it was, and is in its right place. The pulpit has it for one of its undying themes, that—"The fruit of the Spirit is temperance." From the pulpit the path was plain and easy to the Sabbath-school. This is now one of the usual accompaniments of the school of the Sabbath. The teachers are to a large extent abstainers. This seems to be expected of them. The scholars are advised to be the same. I know one

school (my own) where between two and three thousand of the young have from year to year signed their names to the temperance pledge. As a rule all Sunday-schools are engaged in this work. And it is felt they all ought to be so. It has ascended into higher circles. Its advocacy has been heard on the bench—judges of the land have spoken of it with favor. Some of them have made it a constant theme of address to grand jurors of the counties and the crowds that assembled within their courts. They have recommended it earnestly and eloquently. It has found its way into the Imperial Parliament. The ministers of the crown have thought it worthy of their solemn deliberations. Measures have been adopted for its promotion, and it is plain as public opinion progresses, and the people are enlightened upon it, there is a readiness to legislate on its behalf. Public houses have been brought under closer and stricter regulations. Restraints are ever growing, and what would, at one time, have been scouted with disdain, is now admitted to be right and reasonable. Better than the legislation of rulers, the voice of the people is beginning to be heard. The idea is gaining ground that the public house is a nuisance. Very many would feel it a disgrace to be seen within it. It is heard on all hands that something must be done to remove this temptation out of the way of the drunkard. It will soon be a prominent question for the hustings, whether the candidate is prepared to set his face against the sale of strong drink. It is felt that the rulers of the land must be the abettors of temperance.

The cause has got a strong hold on the convictions of commercial men. Insurance companies are making their calculations on the lives of the temperate and the intemperate. They do not think it out of their way to prepare tables of statistics upon this question. I cannot withhold the following extract, illustrative of this remark:—

A most influential meeting was held on 3rd November last, at the Mansion House, London, by the National Temperance League. Many had been invited to be present who were not Total Abstinents, but who sympathized with the spirit in which the work was done, and rejoiced in the results attained. The meeting was very largely attended by Magistrates, Members of Parliament, Ministers of the Gospel of all denominations, Physicians, Surgeons, Merchants, Bankers, Military and Naval Officers, Aldermen and other members of the Common Council. The Lord Mayor (The Right Honorable W. S. Hale), Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., Mr. Samuel Gurney, M.P., Mr. Benjamin Scott (Chamberlain of the City), the Rev. A. Hannay, Mr. Samuel Bowly, Mr. George Cruikshank, and others, addressed those assembled. Mr. Scott gave the following statistics, proving the greater security of life under the abstaining system:—"We have evidence now in our own city, that amidst our high civilization, amidst all the stress on mind and body in which we exist, the total abstainer is better in health, and lives decidedly longer, than those who drink even in a moderate way. I allude to the experience of the United Kingdom Temperance Provident Office. It is found that there are fewer deaths in the thousand among the total abstainers than among the other class of well-selected lives. At the end of eight years from the commencement of the Society, the average age of the parties insured was forty-one.

At that age the average deaths per thousand of the whole population of England and Wales is	- 13
In Friendly Societies	- 10
In the "Equitable" Office	- 13
As shown by Carlisle Tables	- 10
As shown by Liverpool Tables	- 16

Now, it was found that at the end of eight years, in this office, although it included every class of the population—laborers, tradesmen, and others above them in the social

scale—only six had died in the thousand amongst the abstaining class, whereas the experience among the careful drinkers was the same as in other offices. Now, the total abstainers are kept as a separate class of lives, and the accounts are kept distinct; and at the end of every five years there is a bonus distributed. Here are the figures relating to the last two distributions. In the general section, including carefully selected lives, moderate drinkers, the bonus ranged according to age, from 23 to 50 per cent—mark the figures. But in the temperance class of lives, the bonus ranged from 35 to 75 per cent. At the most recent calculation of the assets in the general section, the bonus ranged from 24 to 59 per cent., whilst in the abstaining class it ranged from 35 to 86 per cent. So that you see it was found that those who had joined the abstinence section, and who could prove that they had been total abstainers for some time before they effected their life insurance, had got by far the largest amount of return upon their policies, because a fewer number had died in the thousand.

Who could have expected, thirty-five years ago, to read an extract such as this? It is a sure sign of what has been already done in the cause of temperance, and it is an omen of good for the future. The question is coming to be decided by

facts. It is thus getting out of the region of fancy and prejudice into that of grave inquiry and statistics. Men will not continue to be blinded by bad habits and vicious tastes in themselves and others. Bacon brought the subject of philosophy out of vain speculations into the sober region of the investigation of facts. Newton brought the science of astronomy out of the darkness of conjecture into the light of experiment. And the cause of temperance has come to be subjected to the test of figures instead of being sung by the poets. A revolution has passed over the world in its judgment upon it. And it may now be said of it, comparing the present with the former views respecting it—"The times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

Yours sincerely,

JAMES MORGAN, D.D.

Rev. James Heron on Good Templarism.—No. 9.

BY BRO. REV. G. H. SHANKS, G.W. CHAPLAIN.

IN mercy to a suffering world, and to the Church impeded and disgraced by the ravages of intemperance, God raised up the Temperance Society. "I believe," says the late Rev. Dr. Morgan, "that, to meet the crying sin of drunkenness, the Temperance Society is a standard that has been lifted up against it by the Spirit of the Lord." "The old inquiry," says the Rev. John Calvert, "if the work be of God," need no longer be asked concerning the work of temperance. Evidence abounds that upon no human instrumentality has there rested more of the Divine blessing. It has come to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and all it wants to-day is that the universal Church of Christ should accept and employ it as an accredited agent of God for the removal of a most flagrant evil." That the Church of Christ should form a close connexion with the Temperance Society, and use it as a part of its organization, is what Good Templarism labors to accomplish, and when once accomplished its work shall be done.

It is not necessary to argue on behalf of Total Abstinence organizations, for, happily, Mr. Heron is himself one of their ardent advocates. The Temperance Reformation has been met in every step of its progress by the cry that it is "out of harmony with Christianity," and opposed to the Bible. Good Templarism is not more fiercely assailed as being not "Good Christianity" than was every previous stage of the movement, even the first, which went no farther than abstinence from distilled spirits, with liberty to use fermented liquors. About forty years ago, (1831) Dr. Morgan combated the self-same objections against it which I have combated as brought now against Good

Templarism. For example, "It is objected," said Dr. Morgan, in 1831, "that you tempt men to put abstinence from spirits in the room of the faith of the Gospel," just as it is now objected by the opponents of Templarism. And again, says the Doctor, "It is also objected, that the duty undertaken by this society is the duty of the Church, and that this society has taken the place which the Church should occupy"—the very thing which the author of the "New Crusade" says now of the Temperance Society in the form of Templarism. Dr. Morgan answers, in words almost identical with my words, although I did not know it when I used them. "No doubt it is the duty of the Church, and O, that the Church would do this duty. But tell me, what Church does it? And because the Church does not do its duty, shall therefore no one attempt it?" asks Dr. Morgan, just as Good Templarism now asks. The Rev. James Kerr, of Greenock, who goes a "crusading" against Good Templarism along with Mr. Heron, says, that a "Christian must not suffer any society to usurp the Church's place and assume the Church's functions." I think the Church should not fail to keep her own place, nor neglect her own functions; and if Templarism does what the Church *should* do, but does not, I think the blame rests upon the Church, and the praise is due to Good Templarism. Indeed, it has always been the "astute policy of Satan" to oppose every good movement by quoting Scripture against it, and shouting that "it is not good Christianity," and "the Church is in danger." Treatises have been written to demonstrate the "anti-Christian" tendency and character of the Copernican system of astronomy, as learned, as logical, and as Scriptural

to say the least of it, as any which have been written against Teetotalism or Templarism. It is now universally admitted that if the Bible had taught that the earth did not revolve round the sun, as the authors of those treatises thought it taught, the authority of Sacred Scripture would have been for ever overthrown, and I have no doubt that it will yet be universally acknowledged that if the Bible taught that alcoholic liquors were a wholesome beverage, as some opponents of Templarism affirm it teaches, its authority would be destroyed for ever, so that not only the cause of temperance, but the authority of the Bible, is at stake in this Bible Wine and Good Templar conflict.

Mr. Heron admits that the comparative failure hitherto of the Temperance movement is greatly owing to the want of that very thing which Templarism supplies, "something of the kind," he allows, "being very much required;" yet he holds that "Good Templarism is not good Christianity," and accounts for its extraordinary success in putting down intemperance by the curious theory—first propounded by him in the *Northern Whig*—that the devil is willing to let the demon of intemperance be cast out, and even to help to cast him out, provided that the worse demons, which he alleges Good Templarism brings, may enter in, although we have it on good authority that "Satan does not cast out Satan," nor "is divided against himself," and although most writers, from the *Times* downwards, think that worse evils *there could not* be than those which follow intemperance. "Of all obstacles in the path of the Gospel, there is none greater—none more serious—than that of intemperance. . . . The good Spirit of the Gospel seems powerless to cope with the evil spirit of strong drink."—(*Speech of Rev. E. F. Simpson in the Synod of Armagh and Monaghan.*) Dr. Murphy affirms that intemperance is "the inlet for almost every other kind of vice—murders, adulteries, fornication, thefts, false witness, blasphemies," and to find worse than these, through means of Templarism, or any other *ism*, will be difficult, I think, even for the "astute policy" of Satan himself.

If Good Templarism be a "crusade," it is a crusade against intemperance—and is there not a "cause?"—while Mr. H.'s "crusade" is one against Good Templarism, that very institution which he admits is putting down intemperance, and *will continue* to put it down, he grants, more effectually than any other temperance society. His first crusade was carried on in the pages of the *Evangelical Witness*, where he was met and opposed. I was quite content with the results of

that campaign, but Mr. H. was not content. He tries another in a pamphlet form: and whether in this new field he will be more successful than in the other—whether it be in the Good Templar crusade against the drinking usages, or in his crusade against Good Templarism, that there is "bad Christianity"—let the sequel show. His "New Crusade" consists of a reprint of what he had published in the *Witness*, together with what he calls a "rejoinder" to my "strictures" on the same, but without giving my strictures. I give them in this paper, and in the meantime I offer the following remarks upon his "rejoinder":—

1. He represents me as saying that Good Templarism admits Atheists. I expressly said *it excluded them*, and all who acknowledge not God's authority on their conscience as holding them to their vow. Everyone who reads the published "Constitutions" may know it was impossible I could say what he represents me as saying, without telling a monstrous and manifest falsehood. "He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him."

2. He represents me as admitting that "extravagance, bombast, and systematic appeal to vanity" are in the system, and that these "are not anti-Scriptural." I denied most vehemently that these are in the Order, and I deny it still. I said "*what HE THINKS to be such*"—mark the words—"are not anti-Scriptural," clearly showing that what he thinks to be "extravagance, bombast, systematic appeal to vanity," and "laughable," I think to be nothing of the sort, and that I indignantly denied they were. Why did he not give my emphatic words, "what he thinks to be such," "as he thinks"? He has too much of that property which he avers I possess in such profuseness, namely, "arch-simplicity," to give them, although I put them in Italics to catch his eye.

3. He represents me as not only using guile, but as expressing *approval* of its use. Should I condescend to deny such an absurd charge? Surely, however much my "arch-simplicity" (in other words, arch-roguery) may lead me to employ guile, I am not either such a simpleton or a rogue as to *confess* that I am in the habit of using that commodity, and that I approve of using it. Yet this is what Mr. H. positively says I do confess. "Such is the deteriorating influence" of anti-Templarism "upon men's moral instincts." Now, what was the guile I used? It was no less than this: having been invited on one occasion to lecture on temperance in a distant county, and been told another subject must be announced

because "no one would come to hear a lecture on temperance," I therefore guilefully allowed "The Signs of the Times" to be announced as the subject of lecture, and then brought in temperance as one of the signs of the times. I brought it in "sideways" (terrible guile), "slyly *lugged* it in" (a horrible doing), and "being crafty I caught them with guile," as the Apostle Paul's detractors said he did. This fearful guile was perpetrated in the First Presbyterian Church of Dungannon, Rev. Charles Morrell, lately Moderator, in the chair, and under the auspices, too, of the Assembly's Total Abstinence Association. So the whole of this terrible guilt and "guile," which Mr. H. so emphatically insists upon in three or four different places of his "rejoinder," lies at the door of Mr. Heron's own society; and Good Templarism, not then existing in Ireland, nor heard of by me, is as innocent of all complicity with it as an unborn child. Could any one except an anti-Templar crusader suppose that when I used the Apostle's words, "being crafty I caught you with guile," I had any more notion of telling the world that I used guile, than the Apostle had when he used the same words! Who but one that is determined that "Good Templarism is not Good Christianity," could have put such a construction on my words? And as for that horrible term "*lugged*," which he says is "so chaste and apt," and which he so frequently repeats to hold me up to contempt; does he not know that I used it as descriptive of what *opponents* would say, *from whom I first learned it*? And might he not know that I quoted both it and the phrase "caught them with guile," as a false insinuation of my enemies, as he admits Paul did, and "quoted them only to *repudiate* the insinuation?" What is to be thought of the evils he sees in Good Templarism, when he sees in the proceeding just described such terrible evils that he descants upon them, every now and again in such language as the following:—"Mr. S. sees no harm in catching people by guile!" (He might just as well say the Apostle Paul saw no harm in catching people by guile.) "There is nothing Christ condemns more sharply than everything in the shape of guile and fraud, nothing more inculcated than truth and honesty. He was himself 'without guile' and he commended Nathaniel as one 'in whom there is no guile.'" "Paul repels the false insinuation of his enemies at Corinth, that he had caught them with guile," (just as I do that of my enemies at Kilrea.) "We have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness." "Mr. S., a minister of the Guileless One, whose name is Truth

and whose servants should be open, manly, and straightforward, and above every thing in the shape of fraud and trickery, attempts to justify his guile on this occasion," &c., &c. This is the way he proves "the New Crusade" to be "as anti-Christian as the Old," and "Good Templarism" to be not "Good Christianity," representing a perfectly justifiable procedure as so horribly guileful and anti-Christian—a procedure, moreover, not connected with Good Templarism at all, but with his own society. Thus he "manifests the narrowing and dwarfing influence which" anti-Templarism "has upon both his mind and heart."

4. He represents me as admitting that there is "a tremendous amount of unreality, of show, rose-color, specious pageantry, and bunkum about it," and as saying that "these are quite in harmony with Christianity," and as affirming that "I have no scruple in making use of these!" Now, is it possible that anyone except an anti-Templar, could suppose it possible that, with all my "arch-simplicity," I could be either such a rogue or a simpleton as to criminate myself in such a tremendous manner? If I did, my Presbytery would certainly look after me, as either *non compos mentis* or recklessly wicked. The prophet Elijah did not take a stronger way of denouncing the deity of Baal, when he indignantly exclaimed, "he is a God," than I took of repudiating the charge of "unreality, rose-color, bunkum," and all that, as producing the results which I showed God was producing through means of that Temperance Organization, called Good Templarism. How could "unreality" produce real results? *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. From "unreality" nothing real ensues. In my "arch-simplicity" I think that quitting intemperance, which he admits takes place through Good Templarism, is something *real*, and going to church is something *real*, and "its superior organization," which he says, "adds to the Licensed Victuallers' hostility to it," is something real, and "the care with which those who join are looked after," which he admits other Temperance Societies would do well to imitate, is something real, and the "war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt," openly proclaimed against it by the Licensed Victuallers, and, I believe, by Satan and all his emissaries, is something *real*. I affirm it is pure "bunkum" and humbug, on the part of Mr. H., to take such a meaning out of my words—taking *irony* for seriousness. Such a proceeding is unbecoming "a minister of the Guileless One, whose name is Truth, and whose servants should be open, manly, straightforward, and above everything in the shape of fraud and trick-

ery." Besides, I expressly used the words "as he supposes," "as he assumes," but he has too much "arch-simplicity" to give these emphatic caveats in his garbled quotations. Is he not ill off for something *real* against the system when he has recourse to such pure myths? He constructs a man of straw, knocks him down, and then thinks he has knocked down Shanks, and demolished the whole system of Good Templarism. Five or six times he thinks he extinguishes Good Templarism by his quotation and perversion of my words, "commend me to the 'unreality, bun' um," thereby demonstrating the utter "unreality, bunkum," and *humbug* of his own system of opposition. He is like Don Quixote fighting the windmills, or Caligula triumphantly capturing the pebbles on the seashore.

5. He represents me as having "ruled" that he was precluded from all reference to the taste and literary merits of the Order. I only ruled that "if defect there be in this respect" (he never will notice my emphatic *ifs*) that does not prove the system to be "out of harmony with Christianity." His own system of total abstinence was originated by seven working men at Preston, whose taste and literary merits were of course far inferior to his idea of perfection. I also ruled that all the criticisms he brought forward were of a petty kind, utterly unworthy of one who himself "ruled" that all he stipulated for, in order to accept the system, was, *not* that it should show "refined taste and high literary merit," but solely "that it be in harmony with Christianity." And I "rule" farther that all his petty criticisms are more disparaging to the "intelligence, and judgment, and refined Christian taste," and "to the pure and elevated wisdom" of himself than "of the founders of the Order," and are merely calculated to raise odium and prejudice against, and to prevent that "candid, and calm, and fair canvassing" which he professed to have in view. And if there had been literary defects in the Constitutions, Dr. McMurtry's corrections of his own bad grammar and bad composition should teach him that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. It is hard to please him in matters of taste. He complains of Dr. Cuyler's bad taste. I doubt that in his view all have bad taste and little literary merit who differ from him in regard to Good Templarism. I still hold that, "Is the system Scriptural and Christian is one question, and is it (what he considers) tremendously unreal, showy, and a piece of specious pageantry, is quite another." "I can only utter my unfeigned astonish-

ment at hearing" this denied by a Christian teacher. "Must I sit at the feet of the pastor of" Kilrea "to learn that because he" "assumes" a system to be "pageantry, and show, and unreality," it therefore is such, and consequently "out of harmony with Christianity?"

6. He affirms that, in the course of a public lecture which, he says, he "had the rare privilege of hearing" me deliver, I "protested that I would do a great many other foolish things for the sake of promoting temperance," evidently on the avowed principle that "the end justifies the means." Now, I do protest that I never protested anything of the kind. I am sure I do many foolish things, and so does Mr. H., as his "crusades" against Templarism abundantly testify; but that I ever "protested" that I would do foolish things, and that the end justifies the means, and that we may do evil that good may come, I protest I never did. That any one could say I ever made such a queer protestation "manifests the narrowing and dwarfing influence which" anti-Templarism "has both upon his mind and heart."

7. He says that he heard me "with his own ears," justifying the act of an English Freemason in saving the life of his French foe on the field of battle. Now, neither with "his own ears," nor any other body's ears, did he hear me either justifying or condemning that act. I simply said that if I were disposed to defend Freemasonry, he himself furnished me with materials; for I might reply that if the institution never did worse than save the life of an enemy on the field of battle, it might be forgiven, and moreover that it might be argued that "if all the world would only become Freemasons, war would be an impossibility." And because I said so much he exclaims, "I could not have believed that a man of common sense, not to say common Christianity, would have stood up to defend an act which was as traitorous to his earthly, as dishonoring to his heavenly, Sovereign." Be it observed, moreover, that whatever is "traitorous to our earthly, or dishonoring to our heavenly, Sovereign," is prohibited by Templarism, which expressly provides that nothing must "conflict with our duties of citizenship or other relations of life."

8. Mr. H. represents me as having "pandered to anti-clerical passions," "in the true spirit of a stump orator," in the course of that public lecture, already referred to, which he had the "rare privilege" of hearing me deliver. Having said that I professed an approval of guile, of bombast, and bunkum, and appeals to vanity, and that I boasted that the Order receives Atheists, what is it that he'll not say I have done? Now, I would

think it an honor to be a stump orator, or an itinerant lecturer, for so was Whitfield, yea, so was Jesus Christ, who addressed people, few or many, from a mountain, or a boat, or a well, or wherever else; but it was not from a stump that he heard me give the lecture, but from the pulpit of First Rathfriland, the respected pastor opening the meeting with praise and prayer. Nor was it to an audience which would have tolerated a stump orator daring to appeal to anti-clerical passions, but to a highly respectable assembly containing Mr. H.'s own highly respectable relatives and friends, and some six or seven ministers, all most attentive and decorous from beginning to end of a lengthened meeting, without the slightest approach to unseemliness of any kind, or of dissent from my sentiments; and the "enthusiastic applause" which has made such an impression on Mr. Heron, was not drawn forth by "pandering to anti-clerical passions," (I appeal to the ministers who were present) nor by rhetoric nor eloquence, such as Mr. H. is a proficient in—witness his "Punch and Judy" performance, his "lath and plaster hat, seven feet high, upon wheels, driven through the street," and "suit of motley, fitting tightly to the skin," and "due accompaniment of drum and tambourine, and other antics." The "uproarious applause" which he can never forget, that accompanied my lecture was not drawn forth by rhetoric such as this, but simply by the rigid, logical demonstration I made that Good Templarism was in harmony with the Word of God, and that all Mr. Heron's objections were frivolous and untenable, and when tested by Scripture and truth, vanished like "Brobdiagnagian" delusions, dissipated by the "light" which all present admitted and rejoiced in and enthusiastically applauded—all except one man who had determined to receive "no light" from "one committed to the Institution," and who therefore knew something about it. That never-to-be-forgotten lecture, so often referred to with such vivid reminiscences in the New Crusade, and those resounding plaudits, called forth not by rhetoric but by hard and dry truth, overturning all the positions strenuously built up in the first Crusade in the *Witness*—Oh, is this part of the reason why Mr. H., professing to give a "reply to Mr. Shaeks and others," yet names no other than my humble self, referring to me by name seventy-seven times in twenty pages, besides the pronouns, he, his, him, and besides designating "the pastor of Board-mills," under many soft sobriquets, or pet names, such as 'Christian teacher,' "luminous friend," "stump orator," &c., &c., and so often charging him with "candor and fairness, *alias* arch-simpli-

city" (*alias* arch-roguery), playing *ruse*, "pandering to anti-clerical prejudices," with "galle, trickery, fraud," and everything the reverse of what is "open, manly, straightforward," "violating common sense—not to say common Christianity—as traitorous to his earthly, as dishonoring to his heavenly, Sovereign," &c., &c. Me "pander to anti-clerical passions!" Why, I am a clergyman myself, of longer standing than he is, and of a clerical family too; I magnify my office, and am sensitive for the reputation of the clerical profession as much as he is, and am grieved because that reputation is so much damaged by clerical opposition to what promotes human welfare. I heard an avowed infidel declare that one cause of his renouncing Christianity was the indifference of *clergymen* and Christians to slavery, to total abstinence, and other philanthropic enterprises; and although this is notoriously untrue, for the downfall of slavery and the promotion of total abstinence and of everything good, are entirely owing to the efforts of ministers and Christians, yet it cannot be denied that sometimes in promoting total abstinence the minister is *the difficulty*.

9. I never said that "tinsel, show, and pantomime, and imposing demonstration" were "grand," nor that there was grandeur, "moral" or otherwise, "in bedecking one's self in regalia and tinsel and titles." I said there was "moral grandeur" in the *services* discharged by gentlemen and ladies in their humble and kind co-operation with the humblest and poorest in this great work. Mr. H. admits "there might be 'moral grandeur' in such menial services," but he insinuates "*there is no real need for them.*" Good Templars respectfully differ from him in this opinion.

10. He says I am "obliged to make the violent supposition of 'persons of wealth, education, and position' consenting to wear the regalia!" I made no supposition of it, but stated it as a *fact*. Does Mr. H. deny that "persons of wealth, education, and position" have consented to wear them? Does he? I affirm that Good Templarism has in its ranks as large a proportion of the intelligence, the education, the wealth, the gentry, the clergy of the several Churches, the learned professions, the magistracy, the moral worth, and the piety, of the community as any other good movement has ever had in a similar space of time. Of course, not many "noble, nor mighty, nor wise men after the flesh," are called to take the lead in any great movement which promotes the welfare of the human race, but that there is a very fair proportion of the "wealth, education, and position" of Christendom in the ranks of Good

Templarism, I challenge any one to deny. Not to go farther than the ministers and members of his own Church, will he deny that those of them who are Good Templars are a fair representation of the "education, wealth, and position" of the entire body?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Having thus given a specimen of my good friend's misrepresentations of what I wrote in reply to his attacks—and there are hosts more, some of which may be glanced at in passing—I now proceed to notice a second class of his misrepresentations and misleading statements.

Thoughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER IX.

GEORGE CONNOR TRIES A NEW PLAN OF MAKING ENDS MORE THAN MEET.

SLOWLY and drearily the days passed with Miriam, quickly and pleasantly with Moses; sweetly and soundly he slept through the Winter nights, while she lay awake alone in that lonely house; yet feeling no loneliness because of the grief that consumed her. She saw him every day, but her brief visits to the Glebe only served to feed her anguish. He seemed to have understood his position intuitively, and, after the first week, he ceased to ask her when she was going to take him home. She tried to be thankful that he was so happy, as not to wish to return, but it was a thankfulness that wrung her heart and forced bitter tears to her eyes. "You need not fret about him, for he does not fret in the least after you," Miss Bellamy would say, thinking to comfort her, in what she could not help considering a rather unreasonable sorrow. "If you saw how he watches for you every evening," Mattie would amend, with a truer knowledge of love's cravings. If she could sometimes have had him at the Lake House, she might not have felt so strongly that he was no longer hers, but Dr. Marks said that he was not to go further than the garden till Spring opened, and every day her life and his seemed to be growing further apart. Already he had begun to acquire the bold bearing and a little of the imperious manner that is peculiar to the spoiled darlings of the wealthy, while her hands were coarse with labor, and there were hard lines upon her face, such as mark those who have to think how their daily bread is to be provided. No one but herself would have observed either the one or the other, but she saw, or fancied she saw, what would be plain enough to everyone by and by. Mentally she contrasted his beautiful, refined young face with her own, old and care-worn as it would be a few years hence, and watched, in anticipation, the intellectual and social gulf widening between them, for he would be growing in knowledge and mental culture, while she, worn out by anxiety and weeping, had neither strength nor heart for intellectual labor. Soon the child whom she had taught, would learn to despise her ignorance, and it might be that he would also learn to laugh at the principles with which she endeavored to imbue him, and to sneer at the very work to which she had dedicated him from the cradle. Of course these forebodings were, in a great measure, the productions of her own morbid fancy, but that did not hinder them

adding exceedingly to the poignancy of her grief. But when Winter came it reproved her repining, for it set in with unusual inclemency; the lake was frozen hard, for the first time for many years, and as the biting blast swept round the house, and pierced through every cranny, Miriam learned to thank God that her child was safely sheltered from it in the warm Glebe. Once we learn to thank God in a trial, we have got an effectual antidote against a murmuring spirit, and she began to be ashamed of her vexing, and to reproach herself more severely for it than, perhaps, He did, who knew all the love and weakness that called it forth. But she did better than reproach herself, for she set about reforming a life that some would have thought scarcely needed it. Leaving Moses in her Heavenly Father's hand, she ceased to undermine her health by nightly tears, and began to spend the time, formerly bestowed on him, in the way she thought would be most pleasing to the Saviour, in whose footsteps she was striving to walk.

That hard Winter told on the old and weak of Loughamore; and there were more old people in and around the village than could have been found in many places of the same population. Strangers often wondered how it was, when they saw the number of white-headed men and feeble women, who, Sunday after Sunday, wended their ways to their several places of worship. "It just comes of there being no public near us," an old lady told Mr. McPherson, the young Presbyterian clergyman, who had lately come to the neighborhood, when he remarked on the circumstance to her; "our men don't wear themselves out drinking and fighting, nor don't break their wives' hearts with bad usage, the way they do at Ardrey, and so we all live hearty and well, and when we get too old to work our children take care of us till it's the Almighty's will to call us home." And, though the pure mountain air that swept over the hills had also something to do with it, Mr. McPherson knew that the old lady was right, and wished that public-houses were as scarce everywhere as at Loughamore. But old people, no matter how hearty they are, must die sometime, and that Winter they dropped off one by one, till it seemed as if Death would not stay his hand till all of that generation had been cut off. Of those who died there was not one whom Miriam had not visited often; each one, who departed in faith, seemed to her another messenger to her mother in heaven; and partly that they might carry her a good report, partly because she was mindful that kindness done to His servants is counted by our Lord as done to Himself, but

most of all because she loved to do it, she spent her spare time in ministering to the sick and infirm. She had a natural aptitude for it, and the people liked her attending them. "If you would lift my head and shake me up a bit, Miss," an old man whose air tubes were nearly closed with bronchitis, would say; "Molly, she does it bravely, but somehow she can't make me as easy like as you can do." Or perhaps it would be: "If you would make me a mouthful of panada, Miss Miriam, for I'm terrible wake." Or, "Miss Lutton, dear, would you read me a verse or two, for my night's clean gone, and there are none of our ones any scholars." And among them all Miriam was kept very busy, and if that was not the same thing as being happy, it was not far from it. And when Christopher came home to see her at Christmas, looking so well, and in such good spirits, she could not be anything else than happy, and his society soon chased away the last of the morbid regret that her isolated mode of life had helped to encourage. He never knew how much she had sacrificed for him; his mind was so little given to worldly matters, that, though he was aware she must have pinched herself to do it, he did not think of inquiring how she had raised the money for him, and little suspected that it had anything to do with her final decision respecting Moses.

Mr. Bellamy made over the superintendence of the Sunday-school to Christopher, while he was at home. When he and Miriam were walking to it on the last Lord's Day of December, they met Joe Martin and George Connor, Joe with a pipe in his mouth, George with his hands in his pockets, and a cur dog coming slinking behind them. They had both, at one time, been members of Mr. Bellamy's Bible-class, but when Joe married he thought it beneath his dignity to attend it any longer, and then George stopped, too. This was the first Christopher had seen of either of the young men since his return from Dublin, so he stopped to shake hands with them. "I hope you are not turning your back on us to-day," he said, when he saw that they were not shaved, nor in any stage of church-going trim. Joe rubbed his pipe against his trousers. "I'm out of feet wear," he said, looking down at his broken shoes, and turning one of them slightly on its side the better to examine it, "but I'll get a pair, and begin and go out regular now; Jenny's always at me about it, but these isn't good times for the farmers, Mr. Christy." "What does Nanny say to you for staying at home on Sundays?" Miriam asked George, a little mischievously, for Nanny Grant, Jenny's sister, had not yet acquired the right of lecturing George, though it was well known he was her sweetheart. "There's no use in hearing sermons if people don't practise them," he answered, with an honest sort of gruffness. "You know, you need not determine beforehand that you won't practise, but come and hear first, and then the practising will come more readily to you." "Do come, George," put in Christopher. "I needn't say I'll go, and then not do it, but maybe I'll go next Sunday." "Do; and George, I wish you would come early and help me with my class. I have so many stirring boys that I can't manage them properly, and the other classes are all full enough already." The request soothed George's self-respect, and he

looked pleased, as he said he would be glad to be of use to her.

That same week Christopher asked the Rector if he would have any objection to him inaugurating a Band of Hope on the following Sunday. "No more objection than I have to misdirected force of any kind; it would be entirely useless, and the zeal wasted on it, would be more profitably expended in some other direction." "I have heard you admit, sir, that the temperance movement is not altogether useless in Ardrey." "Well, Mr. Cox has reclaimed two or three drunkards, and though I have no faith in the reformation that begins with a pledge to abstain from intoxicating liquors, still in cases like that of that good-for-nothing Joe Martin, it might be useful." "But, sir, prevention is better than cure, and what we want is to insure the children against ever becoming like poor Joe." "Putting their names to a promise they don't understand will not insure them against it." "I will explain what it is we want them to promise." "Even so; they won't understand, or if they do, they will break the pledge as fast as they make it, and that will do them irreparable injury, by blunting their sense of the sacredness of truth." "Miriam and I promised when we were children, and we have kept it; and so has Moses." "You were all well brought up, my dear boy, and that makes a great difference." "I know it does; still I wish you would allow us to try how it would work with those who have not the same advantages." "Well, well," said Mr. Bellamy, good-humoredly, "You young folk like to be striking out new paths for yourselves, and I won't hinder you; only remember that I warned you the old ones were the best."

The next Sunday both George and Joe came to the school, Joe having prudently kept away from Ardrey market that he might be in order for accompanying his crony. Some people would have been rather scandalized at the idea of setting a character like Joe to teach in the Sunday-school, but Christopher was so glad to see him there once more that in the hope of enticing him back, he gave him the charge of a class of little ones; while George Connor helped Miriam to manage her boys. When the lessons were read, Christopher began to put questions to the whole school. "Did you ever see anyone drunk?" he asked. "I have seen my da," "I saw plenty of people," "I seed Joe Martin," "Ay, and I seen George Connor, too," were some of the answers given amid a general titter. "What made them drunk?" "Whiskey, and ale, and gin, and lots of things," answered a ruddy-cheeked little fellow from the front form, hitching his words and his trousers at the same time. "Right, laddy: now, did you ever see me drunk?" "No!" shouted the children, laughing. "Would whiskey not make me drunk?" "It would." "Then how is it that I'm never drunk, when I could get plenty of whiskey in Ardrey?" "You could get it in Dan O'Hare's, too," annotated a pert-looking little damsel. "Because you never drink it at all," answered a number of the others all in a breath. "I suppose that must be it. I suppose then whiskey will not make you drunk unless you drink it?" "No!" chorused the young people, laughing at the simplicity of the question. "What is the use of whiskey, then—what is it for?" "To

make people drunk." "Is it right to be drunk?" "No sir." "Will drunkards be happy when they die?" "No, sir—'No drunkard hath eternal life,' a young girl of Miss Bellamy's class quoted. "Are they happy in this life?" "No." "And don't they prevent other people being happy?" "They do. My ma cries on constantly when my da's drunk." "Then if its wrong to be drunk, and if drunkards are not happy either in this life or the next, sure none of you would like to learn it?" "No." "And if you want to keep from ever being drunk how will you do it?" "We won't drink whiskey or anything that would make us drunk," answered some of the brighter children. "That's the way exactly, and it's the only way; if people never drink they never can get drunk, but if ever they begin they never can tell where they will stop. When I was very little—as little as anyone here, my dear mother, who is dead, got me to promise that I never would taste anything that would make me drunk; if I had not promised I am sure I would have begun to drink wine, and maybe whiskey, long ago, for when the people one is among are all in the habit of drinking, it isn't easy to stand out, and say you won't do it; but if you tell them that you have made a promise not to do it, they will not ask you to break your word, unless they are very bad people, and if they are that you should have nothing to say to them. Now, I have written down the promise that I made my mother, on this sheet of paper, and have written my name at it to show that I intend always to keep it, and never to drink anything intoxicating—that is anything that would make me drunk—my sister has signed her name too, and here is little Moses writing down his, now who more will promise?—Mattie, won't you?" he said, aside, but Mattie Bellamy shook her head, and made a motion toward her aunt, to show him that she would disapprove of it. "I'll set down mine, sir," said a motherly looking little woman of eight years old, "and Bill will put down his too. Won't you, Bill?" "No, I won't," piped Bill, "for then I couldn't lick out the cap ma takes her punch in." But when, after writing her own name, his sister admonished him, that if he didn't promise he would, maybe, learn to be a drunk man and be put in the black hole, he changed his mind, and Miriam held his hand till he wrote something that was intended to represent "William Somerville." The children began to get into the spirit of the thing after that, and a great number followed the example of the little Somervilles. "Now George, we want your name," Christopher said, laying his hand affectionately upon the young man's shoulder. George looked undecided for an instant, and glanced at Nanny Grant, but seeing her frowning at him, he said that he did not intend joining the Band. Joe Martin was so carried away by the enthusiasm of the children that he had almost made up his mind to sign the pledge, till he found that George was not going to do it. That shook his resolution, but he finally promised to think about it, and perhaps give his name on the following Sunday.

Through the week Miriam went to see Jenny and get her to persuade her husband into taking the decisive step. Jenny was looking ill and weak; she would not on any account have exchanged

the married state for the single, had it been possible to do it, but she had found already that if there was fuller joy in wedded life there were heavier crosses in it as well. "Indeed, Miss Miriam, I have been at him about it since ever he told me of the teetotalist Mr. Christopher is getting up," she said, when Miriam told her what he wanted her to do; "As I say to him, where's the use of you having a farm of your own, if you waste all you make of it in the public-house and leave yourself bare, that the landlord and his family may go fine. But Joe can't see the sense of that, and won't believe that it is him drinking that keeps us so poor, by what we might be. While, when he has got too much, he tells me it is the fault of my own bad management; but when he's sober he knows I do the best I can, and when things go wrong he blames it all on our ill luck. If George Connor would set down his name I think Joe would do the same, for he is greatly guided by him; but, for all Nanny is mad when George takes too much, she's against him being teetotal, and he's that fond of her he will do just what she says." "It is a pity Nanny does not know better than to advise him wrong." "Well, you see, Miss Miriam dear, Nanny was always a lively sprig of a girl, and when she is out by, she likes the boys to 'treat' her—not that she cares a taste for whiskey, but she thinks it makes much of her for them to do it—and it would spite her if George couldn't give her a treat, when they are in Ardrey together. I don't like her going into public-houses, with anybody, but she thinks no more harm of it than drinking at home; and you know, Miss Miriam, she's accustomed to Mr. and Miss Bellamy drinking wine and punch, and Miss Mattie, though she scarcely takes anything, isn't teetotal either. Whatever people are used to they get to think right, and that is how Nanny comes to think that it would be shabby of George to stop drinking altogether; maybe if she saw him at his worst she would change her mind." And Jenny sighed, remembering the time when Joe kept his worst concealed from her, though his worst then had been far from being as bad as what it was now.

Christopher and Miriam spent the following Saturday evening at the Glebe, where they had to bear a little raillery concerning the proceedings of Sunday, but as it was good natured, it did not wound them in the least, and having passed the time very happily, they started for home about nine o'clock. "They are very noisy in O'Hare's to-night," said Christopher, as they passed a house, not far from the church-gate, whose shutters were carefully closed, while its more cheerful neighbors all had their windows open, so that, from the road, men and women could be seen busy plying their looms, by the light of tallow candles that hung in tin sconces beside them. "They are often that," Miriam answered; "I do wish the police could get Dan convicted, and then people, who advocate the licensing of drinking-houses, would not be able to say that it is the want of them in Loughamore causes the worse evil of the *shebeen* house." "I don't know that it is a worse evil. You never hear of men fighting leaving Dan's, the way they do coming out of the licensed places. He knows if they did it would expose his illegal trade, so he will not let them drink enough to make them quarrelsome." "They seem to be

quarrelling there now," she said, and they paused to listen. "It is likely people who have called on their way from Ardrey market. Saturday markets are the worst preparation for Sunday ever man invented." He had scarcely spoken, when the door of O'Hare's house was flung open, and from it there came a rush of scrambling, cursing, intoxicated men; others followed shouting for fair play, while Dan O'Hare himself stood at the door, with a light in his hand, imploring them to go home quietly and not fight there, or the police would be down upon him. They did not heed his remonstrances much, for in a minute coats were off, and amid the cheers and imprecations of their different partisans, four human beings were engaged in the "noble art" of defacing the image of their Creator. "Oh, Christy, that is George Connor!" exclaimed Miriam, her blood curdling at the shameful spectacle, that seemed more shameful still, for the pure-eyed stars and placid moon that were looking down upon it, from God's clear sky, on that quiet Winter night when everything was lovely but man. "And Joe Martin, too," he answered, running up to the combatants, and throwing himself between George and his adversary, he entreated them to desist, for though so timid where only himself was concerned, Christopher was never wanting in courage when others needed his help. Miriam joined her efforts to his, beseeching the onlookers to interfere and separate them, but without avail. As Joe Martin fought he still went back and back, farther from the house till he got upon a slide on the side of the road, where the boys of the village had been amusing themselves all day. His foot slipped as soon as he touched it, and he fell with such a groan that the man, who a moment before seemed intent on taking his life, bent over him in dismay, beseeching him to speak and say that he was not much hurt. Poor Joe could only answer by his groans, for his leg was broken, and the fall had hurt him internally; so the fight being brought to an abrupt termination, he was carried tenderly home to his wife, and the doctor sent for. Christopher accompanied Miriam as far as the bridge, and then went back to Joe Martin's to see if he could be of any service. They stood talking a little while at the gate before he went. "What is that?" he exclaimed, interrupting her suddenly in the middle of a sentence. "I heard nothing," she answered listening. "I was sure I heard some one breathing close beside us." "It must have been Colie; here he comes to meet us," she said, stopping to clap the dog's head as he frisked round her, wagging his tail and giving an occasional short sharp bark, as if to assure her of his protection. "You had better lock the gate and reach me the key, for it will likely be morning before I come home, and there may be thieves astray." "The potatoes are all in the house, so there is nothing for them to steal except turnips," she answered as she obeyed him. They kissed each other through the bars of the gate, and he told her he would wait there till she was safely into the house. "My dear boy," she said, turning away, "I am accustomed to rambling about by myself at all hours." The moon was shining with a clear soft light as she went up the avenue. When about half way to the house she was startled for an instant by a shadow lying directly across

her path; knowing that it was not her own she stopped short with a feeling that would have been terror had her mind not been so preoccupied, and then smiling at herself when she remembered that the yew-tree growing there resembled a human being somewhat in its shape, she went on quickly to the hall door. "Good night!" she called to let Christopher know that she had reached it. "Good night!" he shouted cheerily in reply, and "good night!" echoed a voice that did not come from the bridge, but Miriam had entered the house and closed the door and did not hear it.

Christopher came home before daylight next morning, and in the afternoon Miriam went with him to see Joe. They found him in extreme pain of body and depression of mind, while George Connor, with a black eye and battered face, sat beside him, bowed down with remorse, and the weight of Jenny's reproaches. He had acknowledged to her that it was he who was to blame for Joe's mishap, for Joe had told him that he intended to put down his name on the Band of Hope list that day, and had refused to drink anything in Ardrey on Saturday, till he, (not liking him to join the Band when he was not doing it himself,) had got him into a public-house. They only meant to drink one glass each, but once they began they soon forgot to stop. Then on the road home he somehow got into a dispute with one of the neighbors who had been drinking with them, and Joe took his part. They all went into Dan O'Hare's to settle it, but the quarrel grew the hotter the longer it was talked over, till it ended in a set fight. "Miss Miriam, dear, this leg may come off, for I can't bear the pain of it another night," Joe moaned when Miriam asked him how he did. "I'll never be able to do a hand's turn again, and we'll have to go to the poorhouse, for Jenny isn't strong, and can't shift for herself any more than me." "Don't fret about that, Joe, man," said George, "you'll never want for anything as long as I can work for you." "You can't work for us when it takes you busy to keep yourself," Joe answered querulously, and George hung his head again, for he knew that was true enough. "George, give up the whiskey, and you will be better able to help Joe," Miriam whispered to him. He looked up quick at her, as if he thought it a good idea, but he did not make any answer, nor did he speak again till she and Christopher were going away. He followed them to the door then, and said, "I would not like to promise against drink for my life time, but I'll set down my name for a year, and maybe by that time Joe will be able to do for himself again." "Maybe by that time you will have found total abstinence to work so well that you will be quite ready to promise for life," Christopher answered, shaking hands with him over his decision. It was nine months before Joe was able to handle a spade again, but he lost nothing by that, for George paid a great deal more attention to the farm than he would have done himself. George had to neglect his own business almost entirely to attend to Joe's, and he did not regret the sacrifice, but it put the prospect of marrying Nanny farther away than ever, for she refused utterly to begin housekeeping upon nothing, and as she expended all her wages upon herself she expected everything to come from his side. Jenny

said he was better than a brother to her already, but he always cut her thanks short by telling her that it was only justice he should do something for Joe when it was through his fault he was laid up. She knew that in one sense it might be justice, and, indeed, had said so in her first burst of indignant sorrow, when the doctor told her that Joe might never be the same man again; but she knew as well that it was not everyone who would have felt his responsibility as George did, and she never tired singing his praises to Nanny. But though Nanny was proud of her lover's conduct, and flattered by it too, because she felt that his kindness to her sister was partly done for her

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

sake, she could scarcely forgive him for becoming a teetotaler even for a year. Jenny tried to get Joe to follow his example, but at first, when stimulants were strictly forbidden by the doctor, he said there was no use in promising to abstain from a thing he never got the opportunity of tasting; and when the danger of inflammation was over and friends, with mistaken kindness, began to bring bottles of whiskey to him in their pockets, he asked her reproachfully, would she take away the only comfort that was left him. Joe was a man who acted more from impulse than principle, and the impulse that had prompted him to join the Band was gone never to return.

Good Templarism and the Bible Wine Question.

BY THE EDITOR.

(IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR TRACTS—NO. 6—SEE SECOND PAGE OF COVER.)

THE relationship of the Bible Wine Question to the Good Templar Order and other Temperance Societies has been the subject of so much controversy, that we deem it advisable to state what we conceive to be the truth on the important question. The Bible Wine Question is simply the teaching of the Bible with regard to wine, and not, as many seem to imagine, the question of Communion Wine, which is a small, though important, part of the great whole. Some have ignorantly asserted that our Order has nothing to do with the Bible Wine Question, that it is based on the principle of "expediency," and that this is also the basis of nearly all other temperance organizations. Nothing could be farther from the truth than such assertions. Those who make them with reference to our Order try to support their statements by the fact that the Obligation binds our members to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors only as beverages, and not as medicine or at the Lord's Supper. But the taking of this Obligation is only the first step in Good Templarism, just as conversion is the first step in Christianity. And as it is the duty and inclination of him who believes on the Lord Jesus Christ to the saving of his soul to study the Scriptures, to advance in the knowledge of Divine truth, and thereby to increase in holiness and usefulness—"Sanctify them through Thy truth, Thy word is truth"—so it is the duty, and ought to be the desire of every Good Templar to learn and reduce to practice all truth with regard to alcohol. The Obligation binds our members to "do all in their power to advance the cause of Temperance," and the "Platform" of the Order tells them that one of the best means of doing this is "by the active dissemination of truth, in all the modes known to an enlightened philanthropy." They are further told that our "Order is designed to be educational," and the very first night they enter it, they are taught that Scripture, Nature, and History unite in condemning the use of intoxicants, not because it is "expedient" to abstain from their use, but because such drinks are bad in their nature. As they advance in our Order they receive the following instruction:—"He who is conscious that he is *right*, and whose *faith* is in a God who

rewards those who, from principle *do right*, becomes a power unto himself, in whatever situation he may be placed. It is right, then, to forever abstain from all intoxicating liquors, because the Creator never intended that man should use alcohol in his food or in his drink. God never made alcohol. Alcohol is not found in any living grain, fruit, or vegetable of earth; it is the product only of decay, decomposition, and fermentation—coming in only at Nature's funeral. Alcohol is not digestible; it is not food; it imparts nothing to the physical system; it is always an irritant, always an enemy, a poison; and thus it inflicts deplorable injuries on man, by exhausting that vitality which is life itself. Alcohol, whether in distilled, malt, or fermented liquors—home-made or otherwise—be its continued use ever so moderate, creates a fatal appetite—one that never can be cured; but which will continually curse its unfortunate victim; often, alas! too often, leaving the man a physical wreck, ere his days are half spent, and plunging him into a drunkard's early grave! Are we not *right*, then, to vow that we shall never touch the fatal cup! Man, the last and noblest work of his Maker, a slave! led captive through our streets in the chains of earth's most galling slavery! a diseased and loathsome victim of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, and the pernicious customs in society! We take the obligation never, so long as we shall live, will we taste of the drink on which God has fixed His blighting curse. We have no right to injure these bodies of ours by violating the laws of their being. Health is essential to the proper discharge of duty, and alcohol is always an enemy to the well-being of man." This is the teaching of Good Templarism, and there is nothing whatever in any authoritative document connected with our Order but is in full accordance with the quotations we have given—not one sentence that ever hints at an "expediency" basis. Now, it might be consistent enough for deists or sceptics to accept and propagate such doctrine, without either looking or caring for harmony between it and the Bible; but Christians cannot do this. It is, therefore, a monstrous absurdity for Christian ministers and people to allow such doctrine to be freely taught

and accepted, and, at the same time, to oppose the thorough examination of the Bible Wine Question. Fortunately such examination could not be suppressed in our Order, for the highest authority of our organization has prescribed twenty-nine questions as proper for discussion by the Lodges, and number two of them is, "Does the Bible anywhere countenance the use of fermented grape-juice as a beverage?" and number eleven is, "Cannot the use of alcohol for any purpose whatever be dispensed with?"* These questions of course include the subject of Sacramental Wine, which will be just as irrepressible in our Churches while alcoholic wine is retained on the Lord's Table, as the question of negro slavery was in the American Churches until Providence purged them from that abomination in a baptism of blood.

We are often tauntingly reminded that our views on the Bible Wine Question are in the minority; but that deplorable fact does not in the least shake our confidence in the truthfulness of our position. Noah, Lot, Elijah, Daniel, and other Old Testament worthies were not wrong for being in the minority. He who was "the Truth" personified was in the minority, and many important truths have always been in the minority, and till the millennium comes, we believe, will be so, even in the professing Christian Church. But although our Bible Wine views are in the minority in the community in general, we are happy to say they are not so in the Good Templar Order. The minds of our members are almost universally imbued with the truth, that "the arch-enemy against which we wage a life-long war" is *alcohol*, and our battle-cry is, "No quarter to the foe." As an Order we would rejoice to see the enemy dislodged from every stronghold, and very specially from its great citadel—its seat of honor and power—the Table of the Lord. We know it can never be routed till this great fort has been stormed and taken. This is the very Sebastopol of the accursed liquor traffic, as the publicans themselves know, and feel, and sometimes unwisely say. We defy the ingenuity of man or devil to conceive any greater honor or stronger moral support for the infernal traffic, than the honor and support of the Church when patronizing it in the purchase of Sacramental Wine. When viewed in the light of truth and purity

such patronage is inconceivably unscriptural, irrational, and immoral, although the utmost charity and forbearance should be exercised towards those who do not know the truth upon the subject, if they be only willing to examine and learn it. This ecclesiastical patronage of the baneful trade is incalculably pernicious in its effects. It gathers around the tolling, soul-destroying liquid, the protecting power of the genuine piety of the very Church of Christ, and unites in one strange phalanx for the defence of the doomed traffic, the undisguised servants of the devil and the true disciples of Jesus. This will yet be universally acknowledged to be one of the mightiest achievements of the Old Serpent, since his first triumph in Eden. He knows well the value of this stronghold of his tolling kingdom on earth, and he will not relinquish it without a desperate struggle. Hence the uncontrollable wrath which he manifests and stirs up against even an examination of the simple question as to whether intoxicating or unintoxicating wine should be used at the Lord's Supper. Such epithets as "injudicious" and "fanatical," which are so often applied to those who exhibit any unusual degree of zeal in the advocacy of other phases of the temperance reformation, are considered by some far too mild to characterize those who dare to touch the subject of Sacramental Wine. Unreasoning prejudice and intolerant bigotry are sure to brand the conduct of such as "presumptuous," "heretical," "impious," and perhaps even "blasphemous." Ministers and members of Churches that boast of their liberty, and say they court the thorough investigation of all their doctrines and usages, with unparalleled inconsistency assume the attitude of the Church or Churches that tolerate no freedom of discussion whatever, the moment the Communion Wine Question is broached within their domain. This very fact should arouse the suspicion in every discerning mind that something is not right in the matter, else why should there be the least reluctance to encourage that searching of the Scriptures on this question, which is inculcated as dutiful on every other? If our opponents be intelligently persuaded that we are in error, should they not come manfully forward and show where the error lies, especially now when our opinions are spreading with such remarkable rapidity? Why should the question not be openly and fairly discussed? A plain but shrewd man said to a Belfast minister who was deprecating the public discussion of the subject, "Weel, Sir, my opinion is, if the water be *clean*, a shake will doe it nae harm." The more gold is rubbed the more brightly it shines; so the more truth is agitated the more rapidly it spreads. "Search, the Scriptures." If any man forbid this on any question, beware of his counsel. It is the bounden duty of every Christian to "search the Scriptures," "to prove all things," and to "hold fast that which is good." In full harmony with this glorious principle our Order has ordained that every Lodge must honor the Bible by having it present at all its meetings, an open Book, to be read and expounded as fully and freely as the officers and members think proper. Any Lodge refusing thus to honor the Bible would forfeit its Charter. Every member at his initiation into our Order

* At the late Session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge in London, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

"That this Right Worthy Grand Lodge, believing it to be physically and morally wrong to use intoxicating beverages, earnestly calls upon all ministers and members of the Christian Church to abstain from the drinking of intoxicants, and to use all legitimate efforts to substitute the use of unintoxicating for intoxicating wine in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, in all congregations in which the desirable change has not already been effected, thereby withdrawing from the pernicious liquor traffic its highest educational and moral support."

The Grand Lodges of England and Scotland passed similar resolutions at their late Sessions, as will be seen in the notices of their proceedings at page 175; and our own Grand Lodge did the same at its Session of last year, as will be seen in our April issue, page 74; so that Subordinate Lodges have the highest authority and example for giving this most important phase of the temperance question a thorough investigation. Most certainly the sooner this is done the better. Any one who would hinder it is so far on the side of darkness as opposed to light. *Da lucem, Domine, da lucem.*

receives a striking lesson on the Wine Question from a number of texts that clearly demonstrate the Bible to be a Total Abstinence Book, and he is solemnly exhorted to "study well the volume from which they are taken." This exhortation is obviously right, but it cannot be fully obeyed by any member who neglects to study carefully what the Bible teaches regarding wine.

From our intense love of the Bible, the glorious old Book of Books, we confess that this prominence given to its teaching is to us the most attractive feature of our beneficent Order. We know, and rejoice in the fact, that the Constitution, Principles, and Policy of our Order are entirely in favor of the views we have long advocated on the Bible Wine Question, and therefore that no attempt to suppress the full and free discussion of the subject in our noble organization can ever have any permanent success. The foundation principle of our Order is that it is always and everywhere contrary to the Will of God, as revealed in His Word, Works, and Ways, to manufacture and use alcoholic drinks. This grand principle we have often said, and have pleasure in again repeating, we are prepared to maintain and defend in fair and open discussion, on the platform or in the press, against all opponents, professorial, clerical, medical, legal, or lay. We have now had many years' experience in the work. Our position has been often assailed, but never successfully. This has resulted from our position

being true, and therefore invulnerable, and not from any peculiar ability on our part. Our uniform desire has been to "buy the truth and sell it not," either for money, position, popularity, or any other price. Our faith has been in Divine truth, and not in mere human wisdom, believing that the latter always fails in the long run, but that the former never fails, all the attributes of Deity being pledged to its support and final triumph. Our fixed aim has been to imitate Peter upon the water while he kept his eye upon the Lord and walked securely, and to avoid his example when he looked down upon the waves and sank. By looking upwards, we have been enabled to keep underfoot "the fear of man that bringeth a snare," and it has been to us a source of inexpressible delight to find the cultivation of that spirit so uniformly inculcated in the authoritative instruction of our great and growing Order. We listen respectfully, weigh carefully, and refute as clearly as we can, every objection to our views which anybody offers in accordance with the laws of Christian liberty. But if any man or body of men, however organized, should attack us with any other weapons than those born of truth and liberty, we shall endeavor by Divine aid in the future, as we have done in the past, to plant our feet firmly on the rock of Temperance Truth, and say with Fitz James—

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly,
From its firm base as soon as I."

The Good Templar Elocutionist.

WATER.

BY J. B. GOUGH.

WHERE is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for His children? Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play; there God brews it. And down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high up on the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunderstorms crash; and away far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God: there he brews it—that beverage of life, the health-giving

water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-drop, singing in the Summer rain, shining in the ice-gem, till the leaves all seem turned into living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon, sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail-shower, folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world, and weaving the many colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all chequered over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful, that life-giving water; no poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in the words of eternal despair! Speak out my friends, would ye exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol!

Literary Notices.

GOOD TEMPLARS AND THE LORD'S SUPPER. By Bro. Rev. John Morgan, D.D.G.W.C.T., Blackburn. 12 pp. Price 3d. Birmingham: Published by the Grand Lodge of England; Offices, 51, Ann Street. Belfast: I.O.G.T. Offices, 26, Ann Street. This admirable tract, on a most important subject, is the substance of a speech delivered by Bro. Morgan, in opening a discussion

in the Hope of Blackburn Lodge, on the question—"Is it desirable that Good Templars should agitate for the disuse of fermented wine at the Lord's Supper by the Churches of their immediate Districts?" Bro. Morgan ably maintains the affirmative, but is very properly careful in recommending that persistent zeal in the agitation should be tempered with moderation and charity.

GOOD TEMPLARISM IN HARMONY WITH CHRISTIANITY: A Reply to Rev. James Heron's "New Crusade." By Brother Rev. G. H. Shanks, G.W.Chap. 68 pp. Price 6d. Belfast: W.E. Mayne, 1, Donegall Square East; R.O.G.T. Offices, 26, Ann Street. Christians who are unacquainted with Mr. Heron, but who know what Good Templarism is in its principles and operations, and who read Mr. Heron's pamphlet, feel astonished when they are told that the author of such a production is a minister of the Gospel of good standing and high reputation; while on the other hand, those acquainted with Mr. Heron, but who know nothing of Good Templarism, except his absurd caricatures and gross misrepresentations of it, become equally amazed as they learn the truth regarding our Order. That truth is admi-

rably set forth in the able and exhaustive pamphlet now before us, from the ever ready pen of Bro. Shanks; and it will be the duty of the members of our Order to secure for it a circulation ten times more extensive than that gained by Mr. Heron's "New Crusade." This can easily be done by an earnest, simultaneous effort on the part of the Lodges and membership throughout Ireland, and the temporary and local injury done to our good cause by Mr. Heron's imprudence will thereby be turned into a general and permanent benefit. As a specimen of Bro. Shanks's masterly exposure of Mr. Heron's fallacies and absurdities, we give a lengthened extract from his pamphlet at another page, under the heading, "Rev. James Heron on Good Templarism.—No. IX."

Progress of the Order.

THE RIGHT WORTHY GRAND LODGE.

THE Annual Session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of our Order was held in the Royal Amphitheatre, Holborn, London, commencing Tuesday 22nd, and ending Monday, 28th July. On the 22nd, the proceedings commenced at ten o'clock, under the presidency of Bro. Rev. J. Russell, R.W.G.T., Michigan. Among those present during the Session were Mrs. M. B. O'Donnell, R.W.G.V.T., New York; J. K. Van Doorn, R.W.G. Treas., Illinois; J. A. Spencer, R.W.G.S., and Mrs. Spencer, Ohio; J. Walker, R.W.G.C., Scotland; Hon. S. D. Hastings, P.R.W.G.T., Wisconsin; J. Ormiston, R.W.G.M., Canada; Rev. G. Hinds, P.R.W.G.C., England; Hon. S. B. Chase, P.R.W.G.T., and Mrs. Chase, Pennsylvania; Hon. Judge Black, P.R.W.G.C., Pennsylvania; Col. G. F. McFarland, Pennsylvania; Mrs. A. Weichman, Pennsylvania; Miss M. L. Johnson, Pennsylvania; Hon. J. T. Dow and Mrs. Dow, Wisconsin; J. Arthur, Illinois; H. Pugson, Illinois; Mrs. S. E. Wills, New York; E. T. Marsh, S.D., New York; Mrs. M.C. Brown, G.W.C.T., Ohio; Mrs. L. W. Webb, Ohio; S. L. Johnson, New Jersey; Rev. R. B. Yard, D.D., New Jersey; B. Lowe, G.W.C., New Jersey; Rev. Dr. J. B. Graw, P.G.W.C.T., New Jersey; Rev. J. K. Morris, G.W.C.T., New Jersey; Miss M. Bigelow, Connecticut; Miss E. A. Rice, Connecticut; C. H. Baker, Vermont; R. G. Sturtevant, Vermont; Rev. D. Boyd, P.G.W.C.T., Rhode Island; Rev. H. Robinson, Michigan; Mrs. E. D. Stacey, Minnesota; Mrs. J. N. Webb, Minnesota; P. P. Ellis, G.W.C.T., Missouri; Hon. Neal Dow, Maine; Mrs. Partington, Maine; Rev. O. M. Cousens, Maine; T. N. Ramsay, S.D., North Carolina; Rev. J. W. Yearnshaw, P.G.W.C.T., Nebraska; Tim Needham, G.W.S. Kentucky; J. S. Garrigus, Indiana; W. H. B. Sarrell, Colorado; Major S. D. Underwood, P.G.W.C., Kansas; Rev. T. L. Poulson, Maryland; Mrs. Evans, New York; — Stewart, Nova Scotia; — Fitch, New York; H. Randolph, New Hampshire; Dr. Cunningham, California; A. S. Elliot, Alabama; — Mitchell, Massachusetts; Sister Bowker, Massachusetts; Rev. E. P. Ridgeway, G.W.C.T., Delaware; Dr. Oronhyatekha, P.G.W.C.T., Canada; W. S. Williams, P.G.W.C.T., Canada; Rev. M. L.

Pearson, G.W.C., Canada; J. Malins, G.W.C.T., England; A. Holden, J.P., G.W.C., England; Lady Ogle, G.W.V.T., England; P. Spence, J.P., G.W.T., England; J. W. Kirton, G.W.S., England; R. Mansergh, P.G.W.C., and Mrs. Mansergh, England; H. Kenward, P.G.W.V.T., England; T. Scott, P.G.W.S., England; E. Cuttice, P.G.W.T., England; J. Pollard, S.D.G.W.C.T., England; Rev. C. Garnett, P.G.W.C., England; J. B. Anderson, P.G.W.C., England; H. Munroe, M.D., D.D.G.W.C.T., and Mrs. Munroe, England; Rev. J. Yeames, England; S. P. Thompson, B.A., P.G.M., England; Miss Armstrong, S.D.G.W.C.T., England; J. Rae, P.G.W.M., and Mrs. Rae, England; G. Thomeloe, P.G.W.G., England; J. Staunton, England; R. Simpson, P.G.W.C., Scotland; J. Sutherland, P.G.W.V.T., and Mrs. Sutherland, Scotland; Rev. Prof. Kirk, P.G.W.C., Scotland; J. Pyper, G.W.C.T., Ireland; J. Simms, G.W.C., Ireland; W. F. Lawlor, G.W.V.T., Ireland; J. Bowen, G.W.C.T., Wales; Capt. G. B. Thomas, G.W.T., and Mrs. Thomas, Wales; Rev. D. Rowlands, M.A., G.W.C., Wales; W. L. Daniell, D.G.W.C.T., Wales; W. P. Annear, P.G.W.S., Wales; — M'Pherson, D.D.R.W.G.T., Australia; and J. G. Campbell, D.D.R.W.G.T., Holland. After a short morning sitting, the members of the R.W.G. Lodge were conveyed in ten private omnibuses to the Crystal Palace, where the Annual Fete, under the auspices of the National Temperance League, was being held, which was attended by upwards of 53,000 persons. Among the numerous interesting matters in the day's proceedings were two Band of Hope concerts, at mid-day and in the evening, under the leadership of Mr. F. Smith, of 5,000 voices each, which were truly magnificent in every respect; a Conference in the Opera Theatre at which papers on various aspects of the temperance question were read; a public meeting in the Transept Centre addressed by distinguished speakers, including the Right Worthy Grand Templar, Bro. Rev. J. Russell; and the launch of the Good Templar lifeboat, by the R.W.G.T. The R.W.G. Lodge resumed its business in the Royal Amphitheatre, Holborn, on Wednesday morning, 23rd, at ten o'clock, and continued its morning and evening sittings until Monday night 29th. We can only spare room for a

very few of the numerous items of important business transacted. On Wednesday the reports of the R.W.G.T., R.W.G.S., and R.W.G. Treas. were read and received, and a deputation from the U.K. Alliance, headed by Bros. Rev. D. Burns, M.A., W. Hoyle, and T. H. Barker, was received, and an address of fraternal greeting from the Alliance was cordially accepted. On Thursday, the following resolution was adopted:—"That the attention of the R.W.G. Lodge having been called to the injury inflicted on the cause of temperance, and the discredit brought upon the Order, by the use of tobacco by the members, this R.W.G.L. recommends that no member be allowed to use tobacco while wearing regalia, and that Subordinate Lodges be recommended to prohibit smoking in the ante-rooms and lobbies of the Lodge-rooms during the sitting of the sessions;" and a deputation and address were received, and unanimously accepted, from the National Division of the Sons of Temperance. On Friday, a deputation and address were cordially received from the Independent Order of Rechabites; the following Executive officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Hon. S. D. Hastings, R.W.G.T.; R. Simpson, R.W.G.C.; Mrs. Weichman, R.W.G.V.T.; W. S. Williams, R.W.G.S.; and J. K. Van Doorn, R.W.G. Treasurer; it was resolved that any Grand Lodge may, by vote, constitute the junior P.G.W.C.T. a member of its Executive; a gold watch was presented by Brother Malins, on behalf of the British Representatives, to Bro. Russell, the retiring R.W.G.T.; the new R.W.G.T. appointed the following officers, according to the Constitution:—Rev. C. Garrett, R.W.G.C.; Major Underwood, R.W.G.M.; Mrs. M'C. Brown, R.W.G.D.M.; Mrs. F. W. Bowker, R.W.G.G., and A. S. Elliott, R.W.G., Sen.; the officers were installed by Hon. S. B. Chase, P.R.W.G.T.; and the R.W.G.T. was appointed Superintendent of the Juvenile Templar movement. On Saturday, an important Report on Political Action was adopted, to which we shall probably refer in a future issue; it was unanimously agreed to indefinitely postpone the question of granting a Charter for a Worthy Grand Lodge for Great Britain and Ireland: and Mrs. O'Donnell, on behalf of her fellow-members, presented J. A. Spencer, P.R.W.G.S., with a Silver Tea Service. On Sunday, Rev. J. Russell, P.R.W.G.T., preached an able and eloquent sermon in the Royal Amphitheatre, from the text,—"Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit." On Monday, Rev. J. Russell, P.R.W.G.T., was elected R.W.G. Lecturer of the Order for the ensuing year; several important alterations were made in the Ritual; the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"That this R.W.G.L., believing it to be physically and morally wrong to use intoxicating beverages, earnestly calls upon all ministers and members of the Christian Church to abstain from the drinking of intoxicants, and to use all legitimate efforts to substitute the use of unintoxicating for intoxicating wine in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, in all congregations where the desirable change has not already been effected, thereby withdrawing from the pernicious liquor traffic its highest educational and moral support;" it was resolved—"That a committee of five be appointed, whose duty it shall be to prepare an address to the world, and more especially

to the Christian or moral portion thereof, urging the claims of temperance work by all men, as a duty we owe to God, our country, our fellow-man, and ourselves—said address to be given out through the press of our Order, and such other periodicals as can be induced to copy it;" Rev. J. Russell, P.R.W.G.T.; Rev. Dr. Graw, P.G.W.C.T.; Rev. C. Garrett, R.W.G.C.; Rev. Prof. Kirk, P.G.W.C.; and Rev. J. B. Aylesworth were appointed to draw up the address; the R.W.G.S. was authorized to appoint three Agents, one to reside in some convenient point of the United States, one in Great Britain, and one in Australia, to assist in issuing necessary supplies for carrying on the work of the Order; and the R.W.G. Lodge Session was closed near midnight, to re-assemble in the City of Boston on the fourth Tuesday in May, 1874.

GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.

THE Fourth Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of England was held in the Colston Hall, Bristol, commencing on Tuesday morning, 1st, and ending on Friday night, 4th July. Good Templar sermons were preached in many Bristol pulpits on Sabbath, 29th, and an enormous and most imposing procession through the principal streets took place on Monday, 30th June. G.W.C.T. Malins presided at the opening of the Session on Tuesday morning. There was a large attendance of Grand Lodge members of former Sessions, and the G. Lodge Degree was conferred on about 2,000 new members, making in all the largest G. Lodge Session ever held in any part of the world. Bros. Dr. Cunningham, G. Lodge of California; Rev. Prof. Kirk, G.W. Chap., and R. Simpson, G.W.C. of Scotland; J. Pyper, G.W.C.T. of Ireland; J. Bowen, G.W.C.T., and Captain G. B. Thomas, G.W.T. of Wales were introduced in due form, and were vociferously cheered as they took their seats on the platform. The Report of the G.W.C.T. was an able, lengthy, and exhaustive document, and that of the G.W.S. showed there were then no less than 3,100 Subordinate Lodges in England, which have since increased to about 3,300. On Wednesday the following Officers were elected and appointed for the ensuing year:—J. Malins, G.W.C.T. (unanimously); A. Holden, J.P., G.W.C.; Lady Ogle, G.W.V.T.; J. W. Kirtton, G.W.S.; P. Spence, J.P., G.W.T.; Rev. W. Holderness, G.W. Chap.; H. T. M'Iver, G.W.M.; J. Thomas, G.W.G.; R. H. Campbell, G.W.Sen.; Miss E. J. Foster, G.W.A.S.; Mrs. H. Murch, G.W.D.M.; S. Judd, R.N., G.W.Mes.; and Dr. B. Collett, P.G.W.C.T. On Thursday morning the Officers were installed, G.W.C.T. Pyper conducting the interesting and impressive ceremonies. Bros. Malins, G.W.C.T.; H. Munroe, M.D.; R. Mansergh, P.G.W.C.; and T. Scott, P.G.W.S. were elected Representatives to R.W.G. Lodge for 1874; and Bradford was chosen as the place for next Annual Session. On Friday two animated discussions took place on the subjects of Political Action and Communion Wine. On the former the decisions were earnest and thorough, and on the latter the following resolution was offered:—"That the special attention of Subordinate Lodges be called to the practice of Christian Churches in using intoxicating wine at the Lord's Supper, and that they be urged

to vigorous action to sweep away the disgrace." All who spoke were in favor of the use of unintoxicating wine, but some feared that the "vigorous action" urged might tend to disturb the peace of some churches. The following substitute for the motion was unanimously adopted:—"That we urge our brethren to use all proper means to banish intoxicating wine from the Lord's Table, but as its use at that ordinance is not a violation of our pledge, we trust no brother will so act as to disturb the peace of the churches." The Session throughout was most successful, the only unpleasant feature of it being the severe illness of the G.W.C.T. on the last day, caused by over exertion, which illness continued for some time after the Session, but from which we rejoice he is now almost fully recovered.

GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND.

THE Fourth Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of Scotland was held in Glasgow on 16th and 17th July. The Session was called to order in due form by Bro. J. Walker, G.W.C.T. Much interest was added to the proceedings by the presence of the Hon. S. B. Chase, P.R.G.W.T., who presided with the dignity and efficiency peculiarly his own, at several of the sittings. Bro. Walker having accepted an invitation from the Good Templars of California to emigrate there, declined to be a candidate for the office of G.W.C.T., and Bro. Rev. George Gladstone was unanimously elected as his successor. The other officers elected and appointed were L. Mackay, G.W.C.; R. M. Beveridge, G.W.V.T.; W. W. Turnbull, G.W.S.; J. Colquhoun, G.W.T.; Rev. J. C. Russell, G.W. Chap.; T. F. Marr, G.W.M.; T. Dick, G.W.G.; J. Normand, G.W. Sen.; Maggie Peacock, G.W.D.M.; R. Gray, G.W.A.S.; J. Dunn, G.W. Mes.; and J. Walker, P.G.W.C.T. Hon. S. B. Chase conducted the installation ceremonies in a most impressive manner. Among the resolutions adopted was the following:—"That whereas the use of fermented wine at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is nowhere sanctioned in the Scriptures, and considering it is not a proper emblem to represent the blood of Christ, and that so long as it is used at such solemn occasions, the Church is lending her influence to the liquor traffic, this Grand Lodge recommends the members of the Order to use their influence as members of Churches and as members of any branch of the Unfermented Communion Wine Association, to get the Churches of Scotland to return to the use of unfermented wine at the Communion." The next Session of the Grand Lodge is to be held in Edinburgh in July, 1874.

GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

THE Grand Lodge of Ireland held its Third Annual Session in the Metropolitan, Dublin, commencing on Monday evening, 25th, and ending on Thursday morning, 28th ult. There was a very large attendance, much more so than was anticipated, from the distance the majority of the Lodges had to send their Representatives. Among the distinguished visitors who attended from other countries were Hon. S. D. Hastings, R.W.G.T.; R. Simpson, Esq., R.W.G.C.; J. Malins, Esq., G.W.C.T. of England; Rev. G. Gladstone, G.W.C.T. of Scot-

land; J. Bowen, Esq., G.W.C.T. of Wales; E. T. Marsh, Esq., G. Lodge of New York; J. S. Garrigus, G. Lodge of Indiana; J. W. Kirton, Esq., G.W.S. of England; and Captain Thomas, G.W.T. of Wales. Letters expressing regret at inability to be present were received from Angus Holden, Esq., J.P., G.W.C. of England; and W. L. Daniell, Esq., G. Lodge of Wales; and a telegram of greeting was forwarded by Mrs. M. Brown, G.W.C.T. of Ohio. In our next issue, we shall give a lengthened account of the proceedings, which were of a most interesting character, and were more harmoniously conducted than, perhaps, those of any other Grand Lodge Session ever held in the British Islands. In the meantime we shall, in the little space at our disposal, state a few of the leading facts. The following officers were elected by unanimous vote, John Pyper, G.W.C.T.; John Simms, G.W.C.; W. F. Lawlor, G.W.V.T.; and Dr. M'Murtry, G.W.T. There were two candidates for the office of G.W.S.—A. Ledlie, and E. Boreland. For the former there were 77 votes, and for the latter 2, so that the elections were all but unanimous throughout. The G.W.C.T. appointed T. H. White, J.P., as P.G.W.C.T.; Rev. G. H. Shanks, as G.W.Chap.; W. J. Gordon, as G.W.M.; and J. M'Dowell, as G.W.Mes. The G.W.V.T. appointed W. Whitfield, as G.W.G.; and A. Armstrong, as G.W.Sen. The G.W.S. appointed G. A. Reilly, as G.W.A.S., and the G.W.M. appointed Mrs. A. Hodgins as G.W.D.M. The R.W.G.T. conducted the installation service, which was most impressive. Bros. Pyper, Simms, and Lawlor, were elected Representatives to the next Session of the R.W.G. Lodge. It was unanimously agreed that a Bazaar, under the auspices of the G. Lodge, be held in the Ulster Hall, Belfast, during the next year, the date to be fixed by the Executive, to liquidate the debt due by the G. Lodge. The next Session of the Grand Lodge is to be held in Londonderry, commencing on the last Wednesday of August, 1874.

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

CRUSHED OUT:—"Our Mission," by Sister A. J. C., Londonderry; "Official Information;" "Alcoholic Medication—No. 2;" "Water (Poetry)," by Bro. W. G. Lyttle; several notices of books; and reports of public meetings for the past two months.

The next three numbers will contain the *first* and *last* Temperance Sermons preached by the late Rev. Dr. Morgan, which will be read with interest, and we trust with profit, by all lovers of the temperance cause, especially by ministers of the Gospel.

Orders for THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR and for Advertisements should be addressed to Bro. ANDW. LEDLIE, G.W.S., 26 Ann Street, Belfast. On pre-payment of 1s 6d, one copy monthly for a year will be forwarded by post; and two or more copies will be sent for the published price, *post free*. Two Shillings will thus secure to two individuals monthly for one year a copy each, addressed to any one of them, in any part of the country.

Contributions for THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR, and Books for Review in its columns, should be addressed to the Editor, John Pyper, G.W.C.T., 4, Old Park Terrace, Belfast.

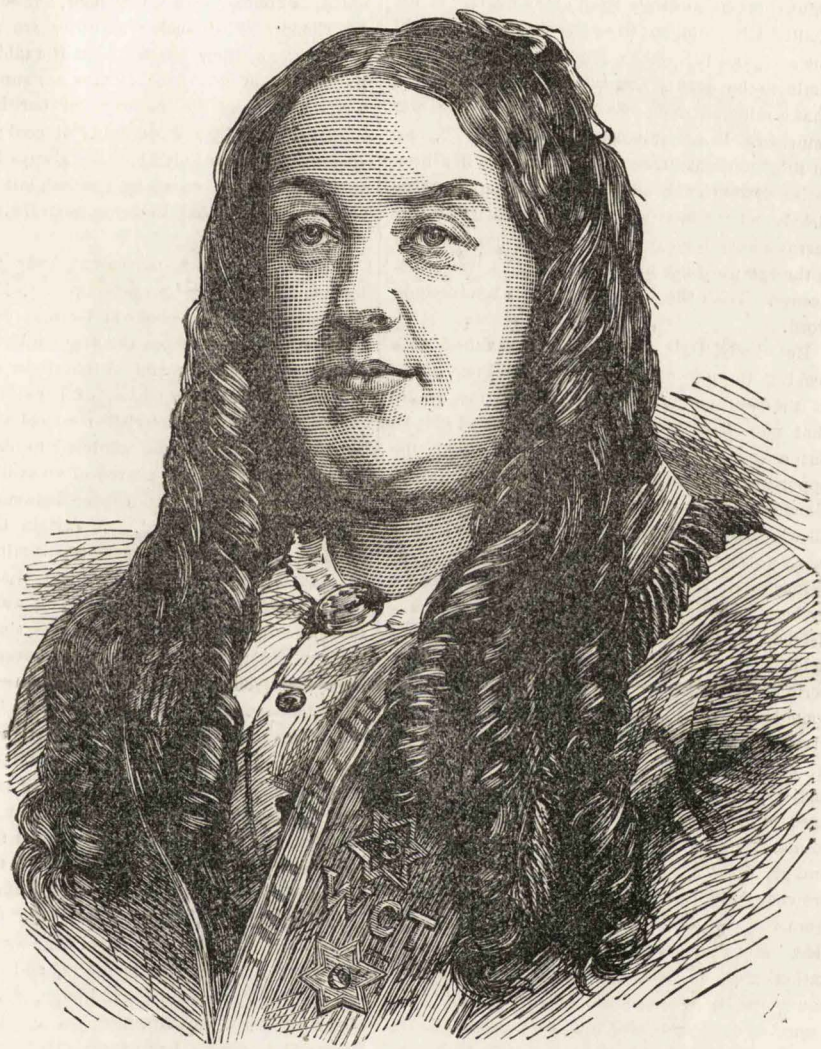
The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

VOL. I., No. 10.

OCTOBER, 1873.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



Sister Lady Ogle, G.W.V.T. of England.

THE portrait that graces our present number is that of Lady Ogle, of Witheane Court, near Brighton, Lady of the Manor of Witheane, daughter and sole heiress of the late William

Thomas Roe, Esq., Commissioner of Customs and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancashire; and grand-daughter of the late Sir E. Dering, Bart., of Surrenden, Dering, Kent; and niece of the late

Sir Fred. Adair Roe, Bart., formerly Chief Magistrate at Bow Street. She married Captain Sir Chaloner Ogle (died 1859), eldest son of the late Admiral Sir Charles Ogle, Bart., Admiral of the Fleet, and both on her own side and that of her husband's, is connected with some of the first families in the country. But for many years Lady Ogle's name has been more endearingly known, far and wide, for her large-hearted, practical benevolence. Seldom, indeed, is a case of real distress unrelieved by her : appeals to her sympathies come in, not only from every quarter of the United Kingdom, but from many parts far beyond the seas, and it is only when necessity requires a limit to be drawn somewhere to her charities, that a reluctant and sorrowful *cannot* is the answer returned. In her immediate neighborhood, and in Brighton, only those whose hunger has been satisfied, whose nakedness has been covered, whose sick beds have been visited and comforted, whose sorrows have been turned into joy, can tell what is the extent of her unostentatious but true beneficence. With the poor her name is a household word.

But Lady Ogle does not rest satisfied with seeking to relieve the mere temporal necessities of the poor and afflicted. She feels too deeply that man lives not by bread alone, and if it be but a cup of water given in Jesus's name, the opportunity is not lost of pointing to Him who alone can satisfy the perishing soul, and give to all who ask the water of everlasting life ! For many years a great work has been going on at Windsor Hall Mission-rooms, wholly supported by her Ladyship. Here the Gospel, pure and undefiled, is regularly preached ; Bible classes are held ; a large Sunday School established, numbering about 120 children of the very poorest, some being street Arabs ; tea feasts are annually given to various classes, at one time to the *roughs*, who look forward to these events with much anxiety, another to the fishermen ; to-night the aged of both sexes are filled with good things, to-morrow the young are gladdened in many vans and green fields, whilst the capacious rooms, &c., are cheerfully lent to any who bring the poor from various parts for a day's outing by the seaside. Many conversions have taken place at these gatherings, many who were once the curse of a home, and the terror of a neighborhood, but now respected and prosperous total abstainers and earnest Christians, point back to one of such gatherings as the time when they first felt pricked in their hearts and found peace in believing in Him who loved them and gave Himself for them. The writer of this memoir could give many most

striking and touching instances of such conversions of men and women who are at this moment the living and bright witnesses of the power of God's Word, though preached to what to many would appear a hopeless auditory and at a most unseemly time. One great feature of the Windsor Hall work must not be passed over. Every Sunday afternoon throughout the year, a substantial tea is provided for about two hundred people. Young men go out into the lanes, bye-ways, and back slums, and gather in as many as they can, chiefly, of course, of the very poor, but not always so. Kind and inoffensive inquiries are made of the guests as they are seated at the table, as to their mode of life, &c. Hymns are sung, tracts distributed, and the message of our Lord and Saviour faithfully and lovingly delivered ; and the seed thus sown in Faith has not always fallen by the way side or on stony ground, but on good soil prepared of God to bring forth fruit to His praise and glory !

In the temperance movement, Lady Ogle has long taken an active and deep interest. For years she has kept a pledge book and cards ; and many have been delivered from the drunkard's curse by her unwearied efforts and watchfulness over the newly rescued. The reason of her signing the pledge herself is characteristic : an old and faithful servant had become addicted to drinking ; warning after warning proved of no avail, and at last he was required to choose between taking the pledge or dismissal. A certain time was allowed him in which to make up his mind ; and, as an example and encouragement, Lady Ogle offered to sign the pledge first. This was irresistible, the man signed, the way was cleared for higher and holier work ; and, for several years after, he lived a consistent Christian—his end perfect peace.

In connexion with Windsor Hall, there was a Total Abstinence Society and Band of Hope, before Good Templarism was established in Brighton. When the Worthy District Deputy for Sussex, Bro. Rev. H. W. Parsons, proposed to hold a public meeting at the Hall, to expound the principles of Good Templarism, Lady Ogle threw herself heartily into the cause, and on the night of the meeting, 30th April, 1872, a Lodge was formed with twenty-two charter members, and received the name of Withdeane Court Lodge, No. 908, in honor of her Ladyship, and has continued to grow and prosper. Lady Ogle is its W.C.T., the only lady, we believe, of rank and influence in the country who holds such a position. Would to God that others would go and do likewise ! If but one in every hundred of our upper ten thou-

sand would use the power of their name, influence, wealth, opportunities, and high privileges as does this worthy sister of our noble Order, who can estimate the amount of good that would follow! Public-houses would be shut up; jails and workhouses would be emptied; wretched homes would be made happy; individual prosperity and gladness would advance with giant strides; the deluge of misery and crime that sweeps over our beloved land from the curse of drunkenness would be arrested, and God's holy name would be glorified and worshipped in places where now Satan works his will and destruction amongst thousands of our fellow-creatures. In confirmation of this, we may give a few figures from the Journal kept by the superintendent of the Windsor Hall. He certifies to 180 who have been converted there since he has had charge (about four years), and who have given unmistakable evidence in all their outward walk and conversation of the reality of the work, besides many who were brought in before, and very many who have passed away, rejoicing in God their Saviour. Altogether we

may safely say upwards of three hundred have been thus redeemed from earthly misery and everlasting woe, and among these a large proportion had been the helpless victims of inveterate drinking.

That men can perform hard work without beer or other intoxicating drink has been fully proved on Lady Ogle's estate. During harvest, not a drop of beer is allowed: reapers are never wanted, and men on tramp, seeking employment, have even said they prefer Lady Ogle's ginger beer to ale, &c.; that they can bear the heat better, get over more ground, and are altogether more able men by being made total abstainers for the time being. Many who have been employed one year come again the next, though they know what they must forego. Well may we rejoice to enrol such a name amongst our numbers, and we devoutly pray Lady Ogle may long be spared to labor in the cause of Truth and Righteousness, and to be still more and more blessed as the instrument of good to others in Faith, Hope, and Charity.—*The Templar.*

Rev. James Heron on Good Templarism.—No. 10.

BY BRO. REV. G. H. SHANKS, G.W. CHAPLAIN.

A SAMPLE OF MR. H.'S MISREPRESENTATIONS OF THE ORDER.

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

1. **H**E represents Good Templarism as having an "*expressly* deistical creed," "deliberately framed to admit deists and exclude Christianity." On the contrary, it has a test to *exclude* all, whether deists or atheists, or whatever else, who do not acknowledge the authority of God as binding on the conscience and that they are held to their vow by that authority. The test is—"Belief in the existence of God as the Ruler and Governor of all things." Does this open the door to deists? Take it away and the door is open, as in other Temperance Societies of which Mr. H. approves. Is it one of the peculiarities of a deist, as contradistinguished from a Christian, to believe in the existence of God as the Ruler and Governor of all things? If any deist believes this, he believes it *in common with Christians*, and not as contradistinguished from Christians. Christianity *expressly* excluded by the "belief in the existence of God as the Ruler and Governor of all things!" Why, it is not even constructively excluded by it. Christianity is implied in it. It is a *Christian doctrine*, whatever anti-Templar theology may say to the contrary. No one could be a Christian without such belief. "God's works of providence

are His most holy, wise, and powerful, preserving and governing all His creatures and all their actions." "The kingdom is the Lord's and He is the governor among the nations!" He says, "Mr. S. is in blissful ignorance of what the word deist means," and tells me that I would find its meaning if I would look a dictionary—"and that a very small one would do." Now, would he just be so good as to tell me what dictionary, large or small, defines the word deist as meaning "one who believes in God as the Ruler and Governor of all things?" Such a definition would be erroneous in two respects; it would leave out what should be put in, and put in what should be left out, for a deist discards the Bible and does not "believe in God as the Ruler and Governor of all things." It would not express one single distinguishing peculiarity of a deist, and would assign to deism that which does not belong to it as a system. *Every Christian* believes in the existence of God as the Ruler and Governor of all things, *every deist* does not. Such a belief is essential to Christianity, and is opposed to deism. I fear he himself "is in blissful ignorance of what the word mean." What deism rejects, Good Templarism most emphatically and expressly enjoins, namely, the authority of the Bible and of Christ; and what deism enjoins (the disbelief of the Bible)

Good Templarism expressly rejects. And yet he affirms—and so does Mr. Kerr—that Templarism has an expressly deistical creed, deliberately framed to *exclude Christianity*! What confidence can be put in what such brethren say against it? Christianity deliberately and expressly excluded by an Order which cannot hold a meeting without prayer in the name of Christ, without the Bible being placed in the centre as the rule and basis of all its proceedings, nor a member be admitted without being exhorted to study the Word of God, to look to Christ, and at the feet of the Son of God to learn, &c., &c.! This is “expressly and deliberately to exclude Christianity!” and for doing this Templarism is “as anti-Christian as the medieval crusades, and is not Good Christianity!” A deist is one who avowedly disbelieves the Bible and professes not to be bound by its precepts or doctrines, and it is an odd way of “opening the door to deists,” to present them the Bible on their approach, as the rule and basis of all their proceedings. I affirm that no Temperance Society which I know of *shuts the door* against rejecters of the Bible and of Christianity, except that of Templarism! Does the United Kingdom Alliance shut the door against them? Does the Irish Temperance League, of which Covenanted ministers are honored vice-presidents and liberal subscribers to its funds, shut the door against them? Does the Greenock Temperance Society, of which Mr. K. is honorary secretary, shut the door against them? Does Mr. H.’s own society shut the door against them, or does a single one of all the other temperance societies of which Mr. H. and Mr. K. approve—for “they spare them by silence”—shut the door against them? He says one true thing, namely, that “his society has no religious test in which Christianity is deliberately ignored.” Neither it has, for it has no religious test at all, and admits members whether or not they believe in the existence of God as the Ruler and Governor of all things. “Be it noted here, Mr.” H. “does not venture to deny my statement that the Constitution of his own Society contains no recognition of Christianity,” beyond what any rationalist or infidel might agree with. I may have admitted deists and atheists to membership with the Total Abstinence Society under the auspices of the Assembly’s Total Abstinence Association, as it is called, and perhaps I will do so again, seeing there is nothing to forbid me, and it is not *restricted* to Presbyterians, but I cannot admit such under the auspices of Templarism; nor do such seek admission, as they know none are admissible but those who hold the authority of God as binding on their

conscience. I would willingly co-operate even with deists and atheists in promoting, in other ways, temperance and every other good work. I may co-operate with them in promoting it under the auspices of Mr. H.’s temperance society, but it is impossible I can co-operate with them in connexion with Good Templarism. How absurd, therefore, is this charge, which, nevertheless is dwelt upon at such great length, and with such repetition by those zealous totaliters, Messrs. Heron and Kerr. And their doing so shows to what straits they are driven for something to say against the Good Templar Order.

2. He represents Good Templars as “dissociating from Christ and Christianity their efforts at reforming and elevating men,” repeating at great length all he had said in the *Witness*, but without making any attempt to reply to my refutation. This is a stale objection, and was refuted forty years ago by Dr. Morgan. It is still brought against his own society by many members of his own Church, and is given as their reason for not becoming members of it. Some will not even preach the annual sermon on Temperance lest they should be “dissociating from Christ and Christianity their efforts at reforming and elevating men,” but will “preach the Gospel.” Does *their* preaching of the Gospel put down intemperance? So far as it has Gospel truth in it, God will likely honor it by making it do good; but not having the truth regarding temperance, but great errors, it is not honored with doing good in promoting *that* virtue. I have shown elsewhere the unreasonableness of this objection as brought against the Temperance Reformation (see my letter in *Witness*), and Mr. H. makes no attempt to refute what is there advanced; but it is doubly unreasonable as brought against Templarism, to which it is not applicable at all for its members are exhorted to “look to Christ,” “to study the Word of God,” to “learn at the feet of the Son of God,” &c. This part of the Ritual he never mentions, although he professes to have read it most carefully, and to give a faithful representation of its contents. Often has Christianity been found outside of what has been called the Church, and, *as regards Temperance*, I have no hesitation in affirming that the several so-called Churches have been defective. True Scriptural temperance has not been taught nor practised by the bodies called Churches—it is taught by the Church—that is, by persons belonging to the Church, found in the several Temperance organizations. These persons are happily teaching and leading the Churches to adopt and exhibit scriptural temperance, and to assume the position which the

Church ought to take in relation to the Temperance Reformation, and to acknowledge that the Church is the proper organization for promoting it.

3. He finds fault with Good Templarism, for not giving a full enough exhibition of Gospel truth—for being "feeble, low-toned," &c., in its Christianity. He thus admits that it *does* recognize Christianity (though not fully enough, he alleges), although he elsewhere asserts, as we have seen, that it "*expressly excludes it*." He further complains that this recognition of Christianity is not "in the Constitutions," where he says it ought to be, but only in the Ritual. I think if it be in the Order it should satisfy him, although not expressly in the Constitutions, in which, being a recital of laws, rules, usages, and dry details, there was no room for it, unless the Templars wished to make a display of their piety. Christianity is *assumed*—*impliedly* recognized—in the Constitutions, and the whole proceedings of the Order—the best of all ways of recognition. And as to there not being a full enough exposition of Gospel doctrines, let it be observed, once for all, that Templarism does not propose to exhibit or expound the doctrines of Christianity. Nor does any Temperance Society, not even the Assembly's Total Abstinence Association, of which Mr. Heron is a member, nor the Greenock Temperance Society, of which Mr. Kerr is an honorary secretary. It does not profess to be a Church or a distinct form of Christianity. If it did I would have nothing to do with it. It supersedes no ecclesiastical organization, nor any evangelistic agency whatever, nor appliance of any kind, which any Church may have. It is no "ecclesiastical society," as Mr. Kerr most strangely calls it. It is not even a "religious society" in the sense of proposing directly to make people religious, nor is any temperance society of which either of those brethren approve. It just proposes to make people temperate. It is, however, a religious society in the sense of being composed, like most other temperance societies, to a great degree, of religious people, and of attempting the removal of the greatest obstacle to religion in a spirit of dependence upon God for success, and in the sense that, by the blessing of God, many are thereby brought to the means of grace, and so become religious. The question is not "does Templarism teach all the doctrines and duties of Christianity," for no temperance society professes to do anything of the kind, not even Mr. H.'s nor Mr. K.'s, but does it teach anything *contrary* to Christianity? If it does so, let these brethren tell what it is. No doubt, if all professing Christians were agreed

on all points the Order might be differently constituted, and so might other temperance societies. We must take professedly Christian society as we find it. It seems very strange that Mr. H. should complain that the name of Christ occurs not *often enough* in the odes and prayers—and that Templarism has not a *full enough* creed. Both he and Covenanted ministers attended Queen's College, where they never heard a prayer with or without the name of Christ, nor sang a psalm nor a Christian ode within its walls all the time they were students. Why blame Templarism for not doing that which the state of society renders it impossible to do, and which no temperance society professes or attempts to do.

4. He represents Good Templarism as confining its good and benevolent actions to those "who are of the brotherhood." On the contrary, the chief objects of its regard are those who are outside its ranks. "To save the fallen" (who are outside its brotherhood), "and prevent others (both within and without the brotherhood) from falling into intemperance," are its grand and avowed objects. It does not bind one to do more for Templars than others. I am bound by no Templar vow to bestow a favor upon one in the Order in preference to one out of it, even although the Templar should be more worthy of it. "To be of the household of faith" is considered to be of infinitely more importance than to be of the Templar brotherhood, and there is not a bit more danger of Templar membership making "membership with Christ" to be regarded as of less importance than of Total Abstinence membership doing so. This objection, also, has been constantly brought against the Total Abstinence Society and against the Temperance Reformation in every phase of it.

5. Observe how he endeavors to escape from "Mr. Shanks's crushing reference to my own society." He actually says "the Assembly's Total Abstinence Association is in close connexion with the Christian Church, and an instrument used thereby." How I wish this were true! For saying that it ought to be so, I and others have suffered much. The Church, as such, has never so much as recognized the existence of what is called "The Assembly's Total Abstinence Association." Good Templarism is just as much connected with the Church and used by the Church as it is, being, like it, used by many who are pious members of the Church, in all lands and in the several denominations. Scarcely a quarter of the ministers are total abstainers at all, and of that quarter scarcely a quarter do anything to make others total abstainers, except those who are Templars, or at least "Bible Wine men." Some

even of the leaders of the Church (and alas ! of every Church) neither practise nor advocate total abstinence. Not one of the Church's Professors is connected with their society, which yet Mr. H. says is in close connection with the Church and an instrument used by it. The Professors are bad *Churchmen*. Some ministers will not preach the annual sermon on temperance, and some when they do preach it preach *against* total abstinence, and teach that it is no "part of religion," no "part of Christianity." Mr. Harkness has done much for the interests of temperance, but he has never yet ventured to ask the Church to recommend its ministers to preach a sermon on total abstinence. This, then, is the way Mr. H. tries to escape my "crushing reference to his own society," namely, by uttering a flagrant and most notorious *untruth*—not that he *knows* it to be an untruth, for he speaks according to the "light" he has got on the subject of Temperance and Good Templarism.

6. After such specimens of Mr. H.'s capacity of making assertions, we need not "utter any unfeigned astonishment" at his assertion, so often repeated in his usual style, that Good Templarism holds the Apocrypha as part of the Word of God—his eulogiser in the *Witness* actually affirming "that every time a new member is introduced the affirmation is made that the Apocrypha is a part of 'Divine Revelation!'" No new member nor old member ever heard such an affirmation made in any meeting. What will the Templar readers of the *Witness* think of the veracity of such witnesses? "Ministers who have signed the Confession of Faith should not do this" (that is, make untrue affirmations) "and they will be liable to be *looked after* if they continue to do it." A few quotations (and very few) from the Apocrypha are made in the Ritual, just as there are quotations often in Mr. H.'s sermons from Thomas Carlyle, whose writings are as much inspired as are those of the Apocrypha, and just as the Apostle Paul quotes from heathen writers, and adopts their sayings as true. And when it is afterwards said in the Ritual that the "gems given are from Divine Revelation" (in words rather unguarded seeing we have such catchy critics watching us, which words can and will be altered easily), the meaning obviously is, that they are in *accordance* with Divine Revelation—being indeed, with few exceptions, given word for word from the Bible. Only by a most ungenerous and unfair criticism can anything be twisted out of the Ritual as teaching that the Apocrypha is part of the Word of God. Some Bibles are printed with the Apocrypha, as well as with uninspired paraphrases and hymns and other human compositions; but it is

the Bible, not with, but *without* the Apocrypha, that Good Templarism requires to be laid on the table—and read and expounded as much as the chaplain or Lodge pleases)—as the recognized basis and rule of their proceedings. There is as little likelihood of ministers like Dr. Barnett, J. G. Robb, H. B. Wilson, John McCreedy, &c., &c., teaching that the Apocrypha is part of the Word of God, as of Mr. Heron or his flattering reviewer in the *Witness* doing so. In great want of something to say, are these "crusaders" against Good Templarism when they bring such a charge; but when they believe and affirm that I expressed approval of "unreality, rose-color, bunkum, bombast," &c., &c., what will they not believe and affirm in their determination to receive no "light from any one committed to the system," but by all means to extinguish it?

7. A host of misrepresentations regarding the Good Templar Obligation, or vow, or pledge, has been made by Mr. H. He represents—and with great repetition, too—the Templar vow as pledging one to "obey laws, rules, and usages which are unknown." *It does no such thing.* The rules, laws, and usages are published to the world. He represents it as binding one *for ever* to obey these laws, rules, and usages, whereas it is only *during membership* that one is bound to obey them. The Constitutions expressly provide that membership may terminate whenever any one likes, and yet, in spite of such express declarations, Mr. H., some dozen times, absurdly charges Templarism with binding persons to obey the laws, rules, and usages of an Order after leaving the Order. "This is what" anti-Templarism "leads its victims to." He represents "life-long secrecy" as a "fundamental principle" of the institution, whereas a life-long warfare against the drinking usages, in case these shall last for life, is "*the fundamental principle.*" "To bind one's self for life to its rules," "to keep secret during life its internal operations," is *not* the Obligation, but *to labor for life for the promotion of temperance*, all the other parts being *only accidents* of this, and only used *for its sake*; while the engagement "not to reveal the private work or business of the Order to any except those who are entitled to know the same," and "to yield a cheerful obedience to our rules, laws, and usages" (which are published to the world) during membership, is the necessary corollary of every society under the sun. That which constitutes the *essence* of the Templar Obligation, or vow, or pledge, is thus kept in the background by Mr. H., scarcely allowed to be seen at all, while that which is merely subordinate and accidental is put forward as the Obligation, although it is to the Obligation

only as scaffolding to the building, or as the buttons to his clothes, which they keep from falling off him, or as the clothes to the human body, or the body itself to the soul which animates it. He mistakes the accidental for the essential, and the essential for the accidental—the subordinate for the principal, and the principal for the subordinate, while the subordinate itself he rarely gives in the words of the Order itself, although he refers to it some sixteen times, but mostly in words of his own, which, I suppose, he thinks tantamount to them, but which nevertheless tend to mislead. For example, the words “to keep secret during life its internal operations” are not in the Order at all, although Mr. H. uses them so many times, and says “members are virtually sworn to them.” I leave it, therefore, to the reader to say which of us is chargeable with “*candor or arch-simplicity*” in this matter of the Good Templar Obligation—with making a “not very ingenuous attempt to conceal it” (or entirely distort it), “at the very moment he is professing to give the Templar’s vow or Obligation!” I stated the simple fact when I said that “the vow is not withheld till you become initiated. It is known to Mr. Heron, and published to the world.” So it is. He admits that “the secret,” that is, “the password, test” (which I suppose he would object to most), is a mere “bagatelle,” but he strangely imagines that I tried to conceal what I thought was patent to all, namely, the “promise not to reveal the private work or business of the Order to any one not entitled to know the same,” and to yield a cheerful obedience (not “for life,” but) during membership to its “laws, rules, and usages,” and he seems to have put himself out of breath with the labor of “dragging into light,” that usual condition of, as I regard it, every society, and to feel at a loss for words to describe what he imagines as my terrible dishonesty, duplicity, deceit, and guile in the matter. How in the world could any society get along if its members were at liberty to reveal its private work or business “to any one not entitled to know the same?” Why deny to Good Templarism a safeguard which is freely granted to every

other court or company in the world? But he says even children must not reveal to their parents the private work or business of the Order. To this I reply, (1) Children are not taken contrary to their parents’ consent. (2.) The parents, both father and mother, may become members, if they choose, along with their children. (3.) Apprentices, even in their minority, must not reveal to their parents the private work or business of their employers. It would be interfering with the *rights of parents*, as well as cruelty to children themselves, to refuse their admission to membership, when their parents and they desire that privilege so protective and so educative to youth. And (4.) It is only on condition that nothing “conflict with their duties as Christians and citizens,” or “the duties arising from any of the relations of life,” that the promise is made, a condition which Mr. H. somehow never noticed (although he professes to have read the Ritual so carefully), all the time he was writing his papers for the *Witness*; and he only notices it in the “New Crusade,” after I had “dragged” his attention to it, while other important things he has never yet noticed, because I have not as yet “dragged” his attention to them, such as the exhortation given to members to “look to Christ in the hour of temptation,” and “at the feet of the Son of God to learn,” &c. The clothes which a man wears would give as correct an idea of what the man is, as Mr. H.’s description of Good Templarism gives of what that system is, and especially of what the Templar Obligation, or vow, or pledge is. When fairly stated, what is there anti-Scriptural or anti-Christian in the vow? Is it anti-Scriptural to vow a life-long warfare against an admitted evil of the greatest dimensions, or to engage, according to the conditions of every society, not to reveal its private business to any except those who are entitled to know the same (the proviso still holding that nothing in the private business conflict with the duties of a Christian or a citizen), and to observe the rules of the society while in connection with it?—*Good Templarism in Harmony with Christianity*—pp. 14-22.

Report of the G.W.C.T. at the Third Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, in Dublin, 25th August, 1873.

TO THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND, I.O.G.T., IN ANNUAL SESSION ASSEMBLED.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS.—As required by our Constitution, I beg to present to you my Report for the last year. I do so, as usual on such occasions, with mingled feelings of pleasure

and regret—of pleasure at the continued progress of our Order and success of our efforts to promote the temperance cause in some directions, and of regret at the absence of progress and temporary failure of our efforts in others. An additional year’s experience, however, has on the whole deepened the

conviction I previously entertained, namely, that our Order is the best organization yet in existence for carrying the temperance movement to a speedy and triumphant issue.

STATE OF THE ORDER.

At our last Annual Session, we had 152 Subordinate Lodges. During the past year 42 new Lodges have been instituted, so that our Lodges now number 194. Of these 14 have either surrendered their Charters, or suspended the holding of meetings for a time, leaving 180 in active operation; and we have reason to hope that the 14 inactive ones will all be revived during the coming year. These Subordinate Lodges, divided into 20 District Lodges, with 12 Degree Temples and about 20 Juvenile Lodges, form an organization as the result of less than three years efforts, that would be considered a grand success, but for the extraordinary and unparalled progress of our Order in Great Britain, in which progress we rejoice almost as much as if it were our own.

OBSTACLES.

There have been some special causes for the progress of our Order being slower in Ireland than in Britain. Among these during the past year, have been the public condemnation of the Order by his Eminence, Cardinal Cullen, of the Roman Catholic Church, and the less public but active hostility of some clergymen of other Churches. This opposition has arisen in many cases from misunderstandings, resulting in some instances in gross and unworthy misrepresentations, as in the published writings of the Rev. James Heron, one of the Presbyterian ministers of Kilrea, the evil influence of whose adverse criticisms was strengthened by his being an avowed teetotaler. We have also had internal difficulties of a serious character to contend with during the year, which will be brought before you in the Report of your Executive. Through various means, however, we have encountered and partially overcome these obstacles, and having truth and right upon our side, I feel perfectly confident we shall yet completely surmount all antagonisms from every quarter.

OUR ORGAN.

At your last Session, you resolved that the Executive should publish a monthly Organ, under my editorship. From pecuniary embarrassments, the Executive, towards the close of 1872, declined to incur the additional responsibility of starting the Organ, with the risk of increasing their financial difficulties. Knowing that our Order had previously suffered seriously for want of an Organ, and that it would be still more

seriously injured if the general expectation that it would commence with the New Year should be disappointed, I requested the Executive to allow me to have it issued, provided I could get a few friends who would undertake the responsibility of meeting the pecuniary liabilities till the present Grand Lodge Session; and as the members of the Executive unanimously desired to carry out your instructions about its publication, but for the single reason, a dread of increasing their financial difficulties, they willingly acceded to this request. I then asked the co-operation of a number of brethren, who very kindly and readily agreed to act as a Publication Committee, and to relieve the Executive of the responsibility of meeting the pecuniary demands connected with the publishing of the periodical, till the present meeting of our Grand Lodge. This Committee will report to you the result of their efforts in this matter at the proper time this Session.

I was thus saved the pain of communicating to our Lodges what would have been another disappointment of hope previously too long deferred regarding our Organ, and had the gratification of offering to you and the public the first monthly number of the *Irish Good Templar* in January, 1873; and, largely through the energetic co-operation of many of yourselves, it has reached a monthly circulation in the first year of its existence larger than has ever been attained by any other temperance periodical in Ireland. In being thus able, amid considerable difficulty, to secure this acknowledged boon to our Order, I rejoiced more than I can describe; because I knew that to have failed to start the *Templar* at the time it appeared would have been exceedingly discouraging to many Lodges, probably ruinous to some, that were struggling with the local and influential pressure of the misrepresentations and unwarrantable objections which have been so triumphantly met by various able and willing pens, especially by that of Bro. Dr. M'Murtry, in the pages of our new and successful Organ. Had we, as we should have, had our Organ issued sooner, and have had those misrepresentations and unreasonable objections refuted as they have now been at an earlier date, our Order would have been in a still better position in Ireland to-day. But now that it has been done, our duty is to learn from the past, make the best of our present position, and do all we can for the future in prosecuting the work of our noble Order, through the instrumentality of our Organ and all other lawful means.

DISTRICT LODGES.

At the last Session of our Grand Lodge, you

were unanimously of opinion that District Lodges organized throughout our jurisdiction would be of great value to the Order, and you instructed your Executive to take the necessary steps to have them instituted as early as possible. This instruction has been obeyed to the best of our ability. It would have been sooner carried into effect, but for the resignation of our G.W.S. in the early part of the year, and for certain matters connected with that resignation which will come before you in the Report of your Executive. I am glad, however, to be able to report that we have now 20 District Lodges duly instituted and organized, each doing good service to our Order in its own sphere.

1.—ST. ANN'S WARD DISTRICT LODGE, No. 1, I instituted in Clifton Street Lodge-room, Belfast, on 3d April, under the presidency of our G.W.C., Bro. Dr. A. H. H. McMurtry as D.D., the other members of the District Executive being Bros. W. J. Totton, J. Boyle, J. Malcolm, Rev. J. Meeredy, and J. Sands, with Sis. Mrs. Sands, leaving 20 Subordinate Lodges under their care—Nos. 1, 5, 7, 13, 14, 16, 20, 29, 30, 59, 61, 63, 64, 70, 91, 93, 97, 104, 115, and 122.

2.—ST. GEORGE'S WARD DISTRICT LODGE, No. 2, I instituted in the Grand Lodge Hall, Ann Street, Belfast, on 25th March, under the superintendence of Bro. W. P. Holmes as D.D., assisted in the District Executive by Bros. J. L. Yule, T. J. Davison, G. A. Reilly, T. S. Oliver, and R. J. H. Bell, with Sisters Mrs. Hutton and Miss Davison, to supervise 14 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 3, 9, 10, 15, 18, 23, 32, 42, 47, 81, 90, 92, 121, and 124.

3.—DOCK WARD DISTRICT LODGE, No. 3, I instituted in the Lancasterian School-room, Frederick Street, Belfast, on 28th January, under the supervision of our G.W.M., Bro. David Smith, C.E., the other members of the District Executive being Bros. J. Henderson, A. Ledlie, J. McDowell, J. Matthews, and J. G. Henderson, with Sis. Miss Holden, to have charge of 11 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 2, 4, 25, 29, 40, 41, 48, 60, 66, 106, and 109.

4.—CROMAC WARD DISTRICT LODGE, No. 4.—On account of the number of Lodges in this Ward being comparatively small, it was agreed to postpone the institution of the District Lodge till the end of the present year, and that till then the Lodges of the District should unite with Smithfield Ward District, Belfast.

5.—SMITHFIELD AND CROMAC WARD DISTRICT LODGE, No. 5, I instituted in the Grand Lodge Hall, Ann Street, Belfast, on 15th May, under the care of Bro. Councillor T. H. Browne as D.D., the other members of the District Executive being Bros. J. McAlery, H. L. Thomas, J. McCreery, J. Strain, R. Bruce, and J. M. Brown, with Sis. Miss Strain, to have charge of 9 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 6, 8, 11, 21, 26, 28, 51, 79, and 96.

6.—LISBURN DISTRICT LODGE, No. 6, I instituted in the Assembly Room, Lisburn, on 31st March, under Bro. Rev. H. N. Moore as D.D., the other members of the District Executive being Bros. A. Mussen, Rev. J. Simon, J. McMinsky, H. Nugent, J. Brown, Rev. N. E. Smith, and J. Burrowes, to

have the care of 10 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 12, 31, 33, 39, 62, 67, 73, 94, 101, and 138.

7.—CARRICKFERGUS AND LARNE DISTRICT LODGE, No. 7, I instituted in the Good Templar Hall, Carrickfergus, on 24th March, under the superintendence of Bro. J. A. Bowman as D.D., assisted in the District Executive by Bros. S. P. Kerr, W. Larmour, J. Barr, J. Fullerton, Rev. W. Elliott, and J. Sayers, to take charge of 10 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 17, 35, 38, 88, 100, 102, 112, 120, 143, and 161.

8.—NEWTOWNARDS DISTRICT LODGE, No. 8, I instituted in the Good Templar Hall, Newtownards, under the presidency of Bro. Rev. E. Thomas as D.D., the other members of the District Executive being Bros. H. Montgomery, J. Ramsay, W. M. Doal, W. Blessington, Rev. D. H. McMurtry, M.A., and S. Irvine, to supervise 9 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 19, 43, 57, 77, 87, 117, 131, 141, and 142.

9.—COUNTY DONEGAL DISTRICT LODGE, No. 9, I instituted in the Market House, Castlefin, on 18th March, under the guidance of Bro. R. Harper, as D.D., assisted in the District Executive by Bros. R. McBeth, J. Alexander, S. McAusland, A. Roulston, T. Rodgers, and R. Midgley, to have charge of 5 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 22, 54, 140, 151, and 160.

10.—BALLYMENA DISTRICT LODGE, No. 10, I instituted in the Protestant Hall, Ballymena, on 26th March, under the superintendence of Bro. Rev. H. M. Holden as D.D., the other members of the District Executive being Bros. A. J. McClintock, J. Lelton, R. Courtenay, J. Moore, and W. Blair, with Sis. Mrs. Mullen, to supervise 9 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 24, 50, 55, 110, 125, 133, 149, 186, and 189.

11.—LURGAN DISTRICT LODGE, No. 11, I instituted in the Mechanics' Institute, Lurgan, on 15th April, under the care of our G.W.S., Bro. W. R. Nelson as D.D., the other members of the Executive being Bros. J. Cassells, J. Dickson, A. Harper, J. Robinson, T. Spence, and A. Murchie, to superintend 10 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 27, 49, 69, 71, 74, 75, 76, 81, 84, and 127.

12.—NEWRY DISTRICT LODGE, No. 12, I instituted in the Lodge-room, Newry, on 2th March, under the supervision of Bro. Rev. G. Wight as D.D., the other members of the District Executive being Bros. J. Weir, J. H. Shaw, J. Kilbraith, J. McKee, Rev. I. Stafford, and R. Crozier, to take charge of 6 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 34, 136, 164, 170, 175, and 179.

13.—OMAGH DISTRICT LODGE, No. 13, I instituted in the Protestant Hall, Omagh, on 22nd May, under the care of Bro. W. G. Cox as D.D., assisted in the District Executive by Bros. J. Robinson, J. McDowell, R. Cochrane, R. Davison, and S. Rea, with Sis. Mrs. Kilpatrick, to superintend 6 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 36, 89, 98, 171, 187, and 191.

14.—BANBRIDGE DISTRICT LODGE, No. 14, I instituted in the Lodge-room, Banbridge, on 1st April, under the presidency of our G.W.C., Bro. J. Simms as D.D., assisted in the District Executive by Bros. J. Smith, M.A., T. McWilliam, W. McKinney, Rev. J. Harding, and W. Wilson, with Sis. Mrs. Simms, to superintend 7 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 37, 82, 83, 85, 116, 135, and 158.

15.—LONDONDERRY DISTRICT LODGE, No. 15, I instituted in the Lodge-room, Londonderry, on

14th March, under the management of Bro. D. Crawford as D.D., the other members of the District Executive being Bros. J. Gallagher, J. N. Milne, John Cunningham, J. Mitchell, James Cunningham, and A. Downing, to superintend 4 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 44, 86, 95, and 134.

16.—DUBLIN DISTRICT LODGE, No. 16, I instituted in the Lodge-room, Abbey Street, Dublin, on 12th February, under the direction of our G.W.V.T., Bro. Councillor W. F. Lawlor as D.D. for the County, and of our G.W.G., Bro. W. Whitfield as D.D. for the City, the other members of the District Executive being Bros. J. Caithness, J. Glasco, H. Brown, Rev. J. Young, and J. T. Sullivan, to superintend 10 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 46, 107, 126, 129, 137, 152, 154, 167, 169, and 178.

17.—STRABANE DISTRICT LODGE, No. 17, I instituted in the Lodge-room, Strabane, on 17th March, under the presidency of Bro. Rev. D. Gordon as D.D., assisted in the District Executive by Bros. R. Stevenson, J. R. Clegg, R. Enrican, R. Gordon, W. M'Granaghan, and M. Montgomery, to take charge of 6 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 52, 53, 78, 168, 181, and 183.

18.—COLERAINE DISTRICT LODGE, No. 18, I instituted in the Lodge-room, Coleraine, on 19th May, under Bro. T. Collins as D.D., the other members of the District Executive being Bros. Rev. D. Robb, G. Mooney, W. Bradley, J. Nevin, G. Kerr, V. Macauley, and V. Sutton, to supervise 12 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 56, 72, 99, 105, 119, 132, 145, 147, 148, 157, 184, and 191.

19.—BALLYNAHINCH DISTRICT LODGE, No. 19, I instituted in the Lodge-room, Ballynahinch, on 22nd April, under the presidency of Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks as D.D., the other members of the District Executive being Bros. J. Patterson, J. Walker, J. Brown, J. Rea, Rev. J. M'Ilveen, B.A., and J. D. M'Dowell, to take charge of 4 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 58, 130, 172, and 176.

20.—DOWNPATRICK DISTRICT LODGE, No. 20, I instituted in the Lodge-room, Downpatrick, on 21st April, under the superintendence of Bro. Rev. W. Lovett as D.D., assisted in the District Executive by Bros. R. M'Grath, F. L. Cleland, A. Field, D. Teer, and A. Leslie, with Sis. Miss Coulter, to have the care of 7 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 65, 111, 113, 146, 150, 174, and 194.

21.—PORTADOWN AND ARMAGH DISTRICT LODGE, No. 21, I instituted in Carleton Street Hall, Portadown, on 21st February, under the presidency of Bro. Rev. S. Harding as D.D., the other members of the District Executive being Bros. T. H. White, J.P., W. Jones, R. Emerson, Dr. Crawford, Rev. C. Harrison, and W. H. Hunniford, to superintend 11 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 68, 108, 114, 118, 155, 156, 166, 173, 185, 188, and 193.

22.—COOKSTOWN DISTRICT LODGE, No. 22, I hoped to have instituted ere this under the superintendence of Bro. Rev. H. B. Wilson as D.D., and other intelligent and earnest brethren in the District, to supervise 6 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 103, 123, 125, 139, 144, and 165, but have been unable to get all the Lodges convened on a suitable evening. The locality is now ready, however, for the institution of an influential District Lodge.

23.—AUGHNACLOY DISTRICT LODGE, No. 23, embracing 4 Subordinate Lodges—Nos. 153, 162, 163, and 180—is also ready for institution under

the care of Bro. F. M'Kay as D.D., who hopes to have one or two more Subordinate Lodges instituted in the District at an early date.

DUNDALK.—In Dundalk, a Subordinate Lodge, Onward, No. 45, is bravely holding its ground amid difficulties, under the superintendence of Bro. A. H. Duff, D.D. for County Louth, who I hope during the ensuing year will be able to get as many additional Subordinate Lodges instituted as will form a District Lodge for that County.

CORK.—Bro. J. H. Richardson, D.D. for Cork, superintends three flourishing Subordinate Lodges, two in the City of Cork and one in Kinsale, whose names and numbers are River Lee, No. 177; Kinsale Concord, No. 182; and Bells of Shandon, No. 192; and he expects soon to institute one or two more, when a District Lodge can be established in that Southern County; so that our noble Order now literally extends from the Giant's Causeway to the Cove of Cork. I am in correspondence at present with temperance friends in several other southern towns about the formation of Lodges, and I have no doubt but our Order will be considerably extended in the South during the ensuing year, especially from the impetus that will be given to it in that direction, by the holding of the present Session of our Grand Lodge in the metropolis.

GENERAL WORK.

Partly from want of funds, and partly from other causes over which I had no control, I have not been able to do as much during the past year, in pushing the extension of our Order into new regions, as I did in former years. I was obliged to do the best I could in the circumstances in which I was placed, and, besides, I considered I was doing a better work for our Order in strengthening its stakes by more complete organization, and by imparting needful instruction to the existing membership, than I could have done by any efforts at lengthening its cords without these. I now believe we have about as compact and well-organized a body of Good Templars in Ireland, thoroughly equipped for steady and permanent advancement in the future, as can be found in any other of the fifty jurisdictions under the control of our Right Worthy Grand Lodge. During the year, besides the general superintendence of our Order in Ireland, the Editing of the *Irish Good Templar*, the instituting of District and Subordinate Lodges with the correspondence and conferences connected therewith, the examining and confirming of Bye-Laws, the answering of questions on points of law, order, and usage, the paying of special visits to Lodges where my services were required, and the delivery of public lectures, sermons, and addresses, [See "Public Meetings" in *I. G. Templar*], I had extra duties more international in their character, that on your behalf I endeavored to discharge to the best of my ability.

INTERNATIONAL WORK.

I attended and took part in the deliberations of

three United Conferences of the Executives of the Grand Lodges of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales—one in Belfast in September, one in Glasgow in February, and one in Bristol in July. At the first of these a highly successful Demonstration was held in the Botanic Gardens, Belfast, at which I presided, when stirring addresses were delivered by the G.W.C. Templars of England, Scotland, and Wales, and by Bro. Councillor Simpson of Glasgow; at the second a great public meeting was held in the City Hall, Glasgow, at which, as your Representative, I was one of the speakers; and the third was held in connexion with the late Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of England, at which I had the honor and responsibility of representing Ireland. I also represented your Grand Lodge at the Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of Wales in Merthyr Tydvil in April. I am happy to say that in return for these courtesies we are to be favored at this Session with the presence of the G.W.C. Templars of England, Scotland, and Wales, and of several other prominent English, Scotch, and Welsh brethren. And I cannot omit to notice in this connexion that we are honored with the presence of the first and second officers of our Right Worthy Grand Lodge—Bro. Hon. S. D. Hastings, of Wisconsin, R.W.G.T.; and Bro. Robert Simpson, of Scotland, R.W.G.C.; and also with that of two other members of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge—Bro. E. T. Marsh, Representative of the Grand Lodge of New York, and Bro. J. S. Garrigus, Representative of the Grand Lodge of Indiana; so that we are much more highly favored by the presence of distinguished visitors than any Grand Lodge on this side, or perhaps on either side, of the Atlantic has ever been before.

In the presence of all these brethren, including the highest authorities on all matters connected with our Order, we are not likely to fall into any constitutional blunders in our deliberations. Their presence, counsel, and words of cheer will I doubt not do much to aid us in the great work before us this week and in the future; and I earnestly hope that their sojourn with us may be as interesting and gratifying to themselves as I am sure it will be pleasant and profitable to us. I had much agreeable and useful intercourse with them and other leading members of our Order from various parts of the world at the late Session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge in London. That Session commenced on the 22nd and continued till the 28th of July, and was attended by our G.W.C., Bro. Simms, our G.W.V.T., Bro. Lawlor, and myself, as your Representatives. An outline of the interesting and important proceed-

ings will be given to you sometime during the present Session.

PROHIBITORY WORK.

As most of you are aware, the aspect of our movement that relates to the prohibition of the liquor traffic has occupied my attention more or less during the whole of the past year; but, the most prominent items of my work in this department transpired in May in connexion with Sir Wilfrid Lawson's visit to Dublin, and the motion for the Second Reading of the Permissive Bill in the House of Commons. The Hon. Baronet visited Dublin at the 1st of May; on the 2nd, he addressed a great meeting in the Rotundo, the Lord Mayor presiding; and on the 3rd, a meeting was held, at which addresses were presented to him by various Irish Temperance Associations, and at which, by the wish of your Executive, I had the pleasure and privilege, on behalf of our Order in Ireland, of presenting him with the following address:—[See Address in *I. G. Templar* for June, p. 99.]

I went to London the following week, as a Delegate from the Irish Temperance League, being a member of Committee of that Organization, in company with Bro. D. Fortune, Secretary, to co-operate with friends of prohibition from different parts of the United Kingdom, in endeavoring to induce as many Members of Parliament as possible to do their duty in voting for the Second Reading of Sir Wilfrid's Permissive Bill on the 7th. The adverse vote on that occasion shews how much and what kind of work our Order, in conjunction with other temperance organizations, has got to do at the next General Election. It was not a defeat, for the cause of God and humanity can never be wholly defeated. It was only another temporary repulse, pointing out to us where lie our strength and our weakness, that we may learn to maintain the one and remedy the other.

Ulster still did its duty, and maintained its pre-eminence as the best part of the United Kingdom in prohibitory sentiment; but I regret to say the Members from the other three Provinces retrograded considerably. Let us earnestly endeavor by all means at our disposal to remedy this national disgrace at the coming election. Let every elector in our Order resolve, and induce all he can to resolve with him, to vote for no candidate for Parliamentary honors who will not pledge himself to vote for the Permissive and Sunday Closing Bills, and the result will tell powerfully in favor of our principles in the next Parliament. Let us, as Christian patriots, no longer trifle with the political influence providentially placed in our hands. Let us be in earnest. We live in an

earnest age. The devil and his servants, including the "licensed victuallers," are in earnest. God and His people are in earnest. O! brethren, let us be prayerfully and energetically in earnest in the glorious work that has been entrusted to our care.

"Work for the good that is highest;
Dream not of greatness afar;

That glory is ever the highest,
Which shines upon men as they are.

Work, though the world would defeat you,
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you,
With smiles through the gates of the morn."

Fraternally submitted in Faith, Hope, and
Charity, JOHN PYPER, G.W.C. Templar.

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER X.

EXCEEDINGLY AWKWARD.

"GIRLS, will you come out and skate by torch-light to-night?" said Philip Seguin to his sisters a few weeks after Joe Martin's accident, during which time the frost had continued with unabated severity, and the ice was many inches thick on lake and river. "Oh yes, where shall we go?" they answered and asked in chorus. "To the lake, of course; I tried it yesterday, and it will carry tons now." "Better see first that Miss Luton has no objection," suggested Matilda. "What objection could she have?" Philip asked, flushing hotly, for some reason best known to himself. "She might not like the idea of us amusing ourselves over the place where her father and mother were drowned." "I don't think the feelings of these kind of people are so refined as to make them think of such a thing: with a lady of course it would be different," said Mrs. Seguin, with the indifference usually displayed by her kind as to the number of the demonstrative pronoun. "I don't suppose natural feeling is confined to any class," muttered Philip, his fair face flushing redder than before. "Not natural feeling—but I was speaking of the peculiar sensitiveness and refinement that is to be found in the higher classes," she answered, benignly, evidently considering that, by virtue of her rank, she was heir to refinement double-distilled. Philip shrugged his shoulders, but made no reply, and Matilda feeling that she had done all that was necessary when she suggested the propriety of consulting the wishes of the Lady of the Lake, did not think it necessary to continue the discussion, leaving it to Philip to carry out the suggestion if he chose. But Philip had his own reasons for not going to the Lake House, so Miriam knew nothing of the skating party till apprised of it by the glare of torches and tar-barrels, and the sound of merry voices, as, attracted by the light, people hurried to watch, or join the amusement. Miriam went up to her own room, which commanded a view of the illumination, and though she was glad that anything belonging to her should furnish enjoyment to others, the lively scene could not but jar upon her at first, and had Mrs. Seguin known the pang she felt when she looked out upon it, she must either have given Miriam a higher rank than what she usually chose to allot her, or else have acknowledged that delicacy of feeling was not so entirely monopolized by her own class as she had supposed. As the torches flamed and the

burning barrels flung their fiery sparks against the glowing sky, and peals of laughter came up from the lake, she closed her eyes, and stopped her ears with her hands, to shut out the sounds that could not disturb the repose of him whose bones lay bleaching under the ice. She never thought of her mother as dead, but always as living in heaven. Much as she missed her, wildly as her heart sometimes went after her, as if it would break down the barrier between them, she never thought of her mother without a sense of comfort, and once or twice the veil of flesh had felt so thin that it seemed as if a touch would tear it away and reveal their spirits to each other. So surely as her Saviour had risen, so surely was her mother with Him in happiness; but of her father she had no such certainty. He knew that God was merciful, but she did not know that her father had ever sought His mercy for Jesus' sake; and if he had not — He *might* have done it; but it is not from vague possibilities that stricken hearts draw comfort, when the opportunity of exchanging the careless hope for assured certainty has passed away for ever. Had he died differently, she thought, as she sat there mourning for him, had he not been in a measure intoxicated when he found his undiscovered grave, her hope would have been stronger; but he had died, if not drunk, at least in drink; the sin that had wrecked his life at the first, had wrecked it at the last; through strong drink it had been wasted, and through strong drink it had been lost. Could the repentance of one sinful human being have expiated for the sins of another, then Miles Luton had been forgiven for his daughter's sake, for it was real remorse, amounting sometimes to agony, that she felt, as she thought of what he might have been; and often she had to check herself in the middle of anguished petitions for his soul's salvation, remembering how useless it was to pray for the dead whose fate is fixed, but understanding too well why loving hearts resorted to prayer for them so often. I think we may learn much of God from all human relationships, and Miriam understood more of her Saviour's love to dying men, from feeling how gladly she would have died to save her father's life and redeem his soul from death. "But Jesus loved him better than I ever could have done," she thought. "I cannot doubt His power to save him, and why should I doubt His willingness? And what am I that I should judge another — most of all my own dear father? True religion may have been in his heart, though he was as undemonstrative in his display of it as of everything else. Or if not, one look to the Great

High Priest, even at the last moment, would be enough, and if he was able to bring mamma to the land he would be able to give that, and the talents which I mourn as wasted, may be, even now, employed in the service of his Master in Heaven." When she got thus far in her musing, she was comforted, and could remove her hands from her ears, and look out again at the lake. Philip was conspicuous with his broad shoulders, erect figure, and open Saxon face, as he skimmed along the glittering ice, holding Lily's hand, and guiding her in and out among the other skaters, with wonderful adroitness. Matilda was skating in the matter of fact, methodical way she did most things, and even Sybella had ventured on the ice, wrapped up in furs, while Mrs. Seguin stood by one of the fires, watching her children, with a soft motherly look on her face that improved it wonderfully. Dr. Marks was there, looking as handsome and benevolent as usual, and Mattie Bellamy and her father had joined the party, while Miriam's eyes were shut. As soon as Philip saw Mattie, he gave his little sister to Matilda's care, and took her in tow instead. Miriam saw her pretty face sparkling with pleasure, as they glided along hand in hand, and once when the light shone full upon them, she observed how Mattie glanced up next the house, and how Philip's brow clouded as she did so, and knew as well as if she had heard the words, that Mattie was saying she wished poor Miriam were with them, but supposed it would be useless to ask her, and that Philip answered he was sure it would. At last Mattie seemed to grow tired, and he guided her to where Mrs. Seguin and the Rector stood together, on the margin of the lake. Miriam saw the look half proud, half wistful with which his mother regarded him as he came up to her, and she saw Mattie blush and smile when he took the blue burnouse she had thrown off when going upon the ice, and wrapped it carefully about her. She saw the Rector smile affectionately on them both from under his broadbrimmed hat, and with a tightened feeling about his heart, she turned away from the window. When she looked again, Philip was not with the others, and she went downstairs, and stood with a quiet, but pensive brow, gazing into the kitchen fire.

It was not often that she indulged in idle meditation, and a growl from Colie soon roused her from it now. "What is it, doggie?" she asked, clapping his head. Colie gave a reassuring "bowh!" and then springing forward to the door, commenced a vigorous salutation of the unseen intruder. "Down, Colie, down," and as the dog returned to his mistress' side, Philip Seguin appeared at the door. "Colie keeps close garrison over you, Miriam," he said, in a voice that showed he was not quite at his ease, but did not tell which it was—the girl or the dog—occasioned his embarrassment. "Yes, he is very good," she answered, stooping to stroke Colie with one hand, while she gave the other to Philip, and thus keeping her face concealed. The dog wagged his bushy tail as usual, and rested his long fox-like nose upon her hand, while Philip stood waiting for the invitation to be seated which did not come. "I thought I would come and ask you to take a turn on the ice," he said rather awkwardly, at last, "it seemed a shame that we should all be

so merry, and you so lonely up here by yourself." "It was very kind of you to come," she answered, giving him the first glimpse of her dark eyes he had got since he came in. "Thank you," he said, gratefully, though it was not very clear what it was that called forth his gratitude, "and you will come out, won't you?" "I think not; I can see you all very well from the upper windows, and I like that better." "It would be ever so much jollier for you down at the lake; do come." "I am glad you want me to go," she said, looking him full in the face this time, with a deep flush round her eyes. "I was afraid you would never wish me to be with you again." "I say, Miriam, will you let bygones be bygones, and forgive me for the way I behaved that day?" "I have nothing to forgive. I was not offended, but only grieved that you should be angry with me when I had done you no wrong." "I had no right to be angry, I know, but I was desperately angry, and that made me say what I did." "You would have said nothing that a gentleman should not have said if you had been yourself." "No, I do not suppose I would," and then, anxious to stop the lecture that he saw impending, he hurried on, "if there was anyone you liked better, I would not say a word more, but you said there was no one, and now that Moses is out of the way, you might give a fellow a morsel of hope." But she refused to listen to any love-making from him or to give him one word of encouragement, so he was forced to be silent. Indeed, he had nothing to urge, for he was dependent on his father, who, being almost entirely under his mother's sway, would never be allowed to consent to his son's marriage with Miriam Lutton. Philip was perfectly aware of this, though he had selfishly overlooked the fact a month before. It would have been as well for him to have remembered his dependent condition before he told Miriam that he loved her better than anyone else in the world, and that if she did not consent to be his wife he would never marry. He had tried to tell her the same a year ago, but she had stopped him then by telling him that nothing would ever induce her to give up her charge of Moses; and the last time she had told him that she never would marry a man she could not always respect, and that at that moment she could not respect him. Philip broke into a passion at that, accusing her of drawing him on for the pleasure of casting him off, and, after almost swearing at her, had gone away in a rage, and never came back again till this night of the skating party. Miriam had not meant to act the maiden's part of saying "No" and taking him, but though she managed by having her hands constantly full to keep down any vain regret, except now and then when it came upon her unawares, she felt his desertion keenly, for, in spite of her refusal, she loved him. Then, when she missed him from his place in church during those weeks which followed his quarrel with her, and heard from Dr. Marks that he was drinking more heavily than he had done before, she reproached herself as the cause, though unable to tell wherein she had done wrong. And now that he had sought her again, her heart welled up with thankfulness. "But Philip, we will be friends," she said, little thinking in her simplicity what a

heartbreaking thing such a friendship might be." "Yes, dear, we will," he answered, putting his arm round her waist in a way so strictly friendly that she suffered him to keep it there unrequited; and accepting the substitute she offered for love more cheerfully than some men would have done, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. Indeed, he was almost prepared to be satisfied with the half one, provided there was plenty of sugar in it; and however much he may have desired the whole one, it is questionable if, under the circumstances, he would have teased Miriam to give it to him at their last interview, had he not been partially intoxicated. At all events, if he had been in full possession of his reasoning faculties, he would have been too wary to startle her by the mention of such a serious word as marriage, when there was no probability of his being able to make her his wife for many a year to come. "And you will not be angry with me if I use a friend's privilege, and tell you when I think you do wrong?" she proceeded, affectionately. "No, I will not—but for pity's sake, Miriam, don't preach!" he exclaimed, with such genuine alarm, when he saw what was coming, that, although very much in earnest, she could not help laughing a little. "You need not be afraid of me preaching to you, Philip, but when I hear that you are given to wine and strong drink, I can't be silent." "My dear girl, people are all given to wine and strong drink now-a-days; they are no longer luxuries, but necessities of life, as Gibbey's advertisement says." "You know what I mean, and you promised me to be careful." "Well, I have not been just so careful as I should have been these last few weeks; there is nothing for keeping one's spirits up like pouring spirits down, and I needed something to comfort me after you sent me a packing." "It is a dangerous comfort, and it ends in death to many a one." "But I am a long way off the end yet," he answered lightly. "You are nearer it than you were a year ago, and if you continue to travel at the rate you have been going lately, the end will be reached sooner than you think." "I'll slacken my pace though, and if I forget at any time and begin to go too fast, I will come and get you to give me a lecture. If that does not put me to rights again I don't know what will." "You should not sneer at me, Philip." "I am not sneering at you, Miriam; though I can't enjoy your lectures, I do not altogether object to your delivering me one now and again; it helps to keep your hand in as a prophetess, and it shows that you have some little regard for me or you would not be so anxious for my welfare." Perhaps the involuntary tightening of his arm round her waist warned her of the trap that was laid for her; instead of the confession to more than a little regard for him, which he expected, she answered, sadly—"You give me cause enough for anxiety, and you have so often promised to slacken your pace, and then gone on faster than ever, that I cannot trust you now, so long as you are on the road at all." "You are talking riddles," he said, shortly, for he was disappointed, poor boy. "What do you want me to do?" "I want you to stop drinking altogether; that is the only safe course for you." "Oh! that is some of your teetotal twaddle. Why should

moderate drinking be more unsafe for me than for other men?" "I am not sure that it is safe for any man, and I am sure that for all men total abstinence is safer." "Nothing can be safer than safe, so that is an illogical speech, and you must have a very mean opinion of our powers of self-command, or you would not have made it." "It is the nature of alcohol to rob men of their self-command so insidiously that they never suspect how their moral strength is oozing from them. I am sure when you sit down to drink you never mean to get drunk before you rise." "I should think not," he answered, reddening. "Yet you do it. How is that?" "Well, I suppose it is because old Adam, in the shape of the brandy-bottle, is too strong for young Melancthon." "Then why encounter him at all? Oh! Philip, strong drink is a very Delilah, who is luring you to sleep in her lap, and if you don't rouse from the enchantment you will find some day when you rise to shake yourself, that the locks of your strength are gone." "If you were Delilah!" he exclaimed, with a look of intense satisfaction at the idea. "Oh! Philip, dear!" and there was much pain in the low cry, as she covered her face with her hands, that for a moment he thought she had received some physical hurt. "Why, Miriam! you are such a strange girl," he said, kissing her bowed head by way of comforting her. "There is nothing strange in being grieved that you can jest about your own ruin," she answered, raising her head to prevent a repetition of the caress. "Don't look so fierce about it, and I will do whatever you like; I will stop taking distilled liquors, and become temperate if that will please you." "True temperance is to use harmless things moderately, and hurtful things not at all; if you would do that, it would please me." She was off her guard just then, and as she spoke, there was such a tender light in her eyes, that he lost his head at once, though not his effrontery, and saying, "Kissing is very harmless, and I'll do it moderately," he tried to bring her firm red lips into contact with his moustaches. "Just one, Miriam—give me one," he exclaimed, as she tried to free herself; then hearing something stir in the kitchen he stood still, asking, "What's that?" "It is the dog," said Miriam, answering according to her wishes, instead of her fears.

"Really, Philip, I was not aware that you and Miss Lutton were on terms of such intimate friendship," said Mrs. Seguin, coming forward into the light. "She had observed Philip going next the house, and after waiting for him to return till she was in a fever of anxiety and indignation, had followed him, to find her worst fears more than confirmed. Colie heard her come into the kitchen, and did his best to warn the culprits, but they were too much absorbed to heed his excited movements. Philip gave a dismayed exclamation when he heard his mother's voice, and allowed Miriam to spring away from him. Her cheeks were tingling with shame, but she spoke composedly. "Philip and I are very old and intimate friends, Madam; I thought you knew it." "And very dear ones, to judge by appearances." "She is dear to me, at any rate," said Philip, warmly. Mrs. Seguin gave him a look of mingled pity and reproach; she did not consider him the chief offender, however, so took no notice of his speech,

but addressed herself to Miriam with sarcastic politeness. "Perhaps, Miss Lutton, when you encourage my son in such unbecoming familiarity, you are not aware that if he marries without our consent, his father will cut him off with a shilling." More insolent words were on her tongue, but she dared not give them utterance, so long as Miriam stood, lady-like and dignified, looking so perfectly mistress of the awkward situation, in which Philip's unmannerliness had placed her. "Mother, you need not be insulting Miriam; she has refused me." "She does not treat you like a rejected suitor. Refused you, indeed! ha! ha!" and the lady's thin lips parted in a mocking laugh. "Refused me, indeed! ha! ha!" "Oh! Philip! what is that?" she cried, clutching his arm, and turning whiter with fear, than she had previously done with anger. "An echo, I suppose, there are a good many about here, and you left the door open," he answered, sulkily, meaning that had she not left the door open she would not have heard it. "But there is some one at the window, look! look!" she exclaimed, hiding her face in terror. "You are full of groundless fears to-night, mother, there is no one there." There is, there is. I saw him peering in at us." Philip did not believe there was anyone, but ran out, followed by Collie, to make sure. The yard gate was open, and he fancied he saw something passing through the entrance, but it was in the

shadow of the office-houses, and he could not be certain. The dog gave a joyous yelp, and sprang forward, and Philip dashed after him. He lost sight of both dog and figure in a group of willows overhanging the lake, and when he passed them and reached the path leading down to the old boat-house, it—if there was an it—had disappeared, and no living thing was to be seen, except Collie, who came to meet him wagging his tail, as usual. Philip went back to the house laughing. "I suppose it was one of those young rascals from the village, looking in to see what we were doing. There were a lot of them sliding on the ice when I came away," he said, wishing to reassure his mother: though glad that anything should have created a diversion in her thoughts; but Mrs. Seguin had taken some unaccountable fit of nervousness, and was not to be persuaded out of it. "It was no one from the village; I saw him. Take me home, Philip," she said, in a subdued voice. Philip proposed to take her to the Grange, and then return to the ice; but scared and nervous though she was, she would not leave him on such dangerous ground without her protection. So they went back together, and she waited, with cold shivers running down her spine, till the tar-barrels became heaps of red ashes, and the torches went out, and the skating party broke up, leaving the lake to solitude and the pure passionless moon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Late Dr. Morgan's First Temperance Sermon,

PREACHED ON 8TH JANUARY, 1831.

"When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."—*Isaiah lix. 19.*

A SHORT time ago, in one of my visits among the poor, I entered the house of a man whose family had been for some time known to me. The husband was engaged in working laboriously at his trade, his wife was occupied with her spinning wheel, and the children with their books. They were all particularly clean and neat in their persons, and the whole house wore the appearance of industry and comfort. I looked with surprise at what I saw, for on former occasions, when I had visited them, the husband was never almost to be found, his wife so neglectful of her person as to be disagreeable to look upon, the children naked and idle, and the whole household a scene of confusion and filthiness. My curiosity was naturally excited to know the cause of so wonderful and happy a change, and after some conversation the secret was unfolded: both the man and his wife had been for some months members of the Temperance Society. Since that period the parents have been members of a Christian congregation, and their children are regular attendants at one of our Sunday-schools. This is a single case that fell under my own observation, but it is not a singular one. I might relate others, and there are, I believe, hundreds similar to it, of which the public know nothing. It would, therefore, have been a strange dereliction of duty had I not come cheerfully forward, at the request of the

Temperance Society, to advocate its cause, as best I can, before you.

I have chosen the text as the subject of my address to you, because I intend to consider the question strictly as a religious one. Unhappily, as I think, it has been too commonly viewed merely as a civil question, involving the temporal interests of society; but I would choose to treat it as a religious one, vitally connected with the interests of godliness, and affecting powerfully both the conversion of an ungodly world and the edification of the Church. Permit me, therefore, in the first place, to endeavor to illustrate the principle on which the doctrine in the text proceeds. And this will open the way for a full and Scriptural discussion of our subject—"When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."

In the context, as I understand it, there is a prediction of a very general and grievous apostasy from true religion. The reference seems to be to the times of the Gospel, that is, when in the midst of a Christian profession, the world would be inundated with a flood of antichristian superstition, infidelity, impiety, and wickedness. At such a crisis, when it would seem as if true religion was about to take its departure from the earth, the Lord suddenly makes bare his arm for its revival. "Behold the Lord's arm is not shortened that it cannot save." When the enemy of souls would be rejoicing in his work and reckoning that soon it would be completed, carrying all

before him as a flood, then would the Spirit of the Lord raise up a standard against him, stop the progress of the flowing waters, and roll them back into their native and narrow channel. The principle, then, on which the text proceeds is obviously this, that when matters come to be at the worst, hopeless, helpless, God interposes, disappoints the hopes of his enemies, and dissipates the despair of His people. And it deserves to be remarked how the dispensations, in all ages, have been conducted on this very principle. See man in the hour of his first apostacy. The guilty pair and their betrayer are before God. He pronounces a curse on the serpent, a curse on the woman, a curse on the man, and a curse on the very ground for their sake. An observer would have said, all was over with man—all was over for ever. But, just as despair was setting down upon his mind, behold a promise—a promise of a saviour, who would subdue man's deadliest foe, and raise him from the ruins of his fall. Or see the morning penitent. He has seen his sin, its guilt, and danger, and demerit. He knows not how it shall be removed, but he finds it a burthen heavier than he can bear. He goes in heaviness of spirit, and no relief can he find. And, as if hope had fled, he resigns himself to despair. But, in his darkest moment, a light breaks in upon his mind, some precious promise comes powerfully to his conscience, he discovers that he may be saved, that to reject salvation would be one of the heaviest of his offences, that God is honored in his salvation, and, embracing the hope set before him, he is enabled to say—"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." On the same principle it was, when the Jewish people had sunk into midnight darkness as to any spiritual knowledge, that the bright light of the Sun of Righteousness burst out upon them. And again, when the enemy prevailed with the Jews to put Him to death, and the hopes of the Church seemed to have been buried in His grave, then it was that He rose triumphant from the tomb, spoiled principalities and powers, ascended with triumph to the skies, confirmed the faith of His people, and confounded the machinations of their foes. It was at the very period when infidelity had over-run the French nation, and the goddess of reason threatened next to raise her standard in England, that the Bible Society was established there and commenced its glorious course. God has thus ordered it in grace as He does in nature. The darkest moment of the night is before the rising of the sun. The height of the fever's rage is before the patient turns the point towards recovery. Nor can my hearers fail to notice the hand of God in these arrangements. He permits man to see his weakness and insufficiency; He allows sin to show itself in its virulence and impurity. And when He has taught vain man these humbling lessons; when He has shown him that he can place no confidence in the flesh; when He has driven him out of himself; when He has compelled him to feel the need and cry out for the help of One that is mighty to save; then He makes bare His holy arm, rescues the sinner as a prey from the enemy, and puts a new song into his mouth, even salvation unto our God. "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."

This, now, is the principle on which the text proceeds, and this is the principle on which I purpose to advocate the cause of the Temperance Society. I look upon it as one of those providences of God by which He interferes for the moral preservation of the world. Our country was likely to be inundated with a growing flood of intemperance. It was tearing down all in ruin before it. But God, in His providence, has checked its progress. A standard has been raised against it, and we would fondly hope its waters may be now rolled back into a narrow stream. Discussing the cause, then, upon this principle, what more need I do than follow the reflections suggested by the text, when applied to the evil of intemperance? It is an enemy; it is an enemy which, in this country as well as in some others, has come in like a flood; a standard has been lifted up against it, and I would fondly hope it is a standard that has been lifted up by the Spirit of the Lord. Let us, then, more particularly consider the cause under these views.

I. Intemperance is an enemy. I will here be understood to speak of a particular branch of intemperance, namely, in the use of distilled spirits. And this intemperance, I say, is an enemy. It is an enemy to man; to man's best interests. Nor let us go further without distinctly understanding what is meant by intemperance. Now, I should fear that in the vocabulary of many it signifies only habitual drunkenness, and that those are considered to be free from such imputation who only occasionally indulge themselves in this sinful madness. But by intemperance I understand a very different thing. I bring under the charge of it not merely the habitual drunkard, nor the man who occasionally falls into that sin, but many who have never been in a state of intoxication. And I think if my hearers give me their unprejudiced attention I may be able to convince them that men may be intemperate without being intoxicated or drunken. Intemperance means excess—that is, an indulgence in anything beyond what is necessary. Grant me, then, the correctness of this definition, and the man is guilty of intemperance who, without necessity, uses distilled spirits. He is, again, more guilty who habitually uses them without necessity. He is farther advanced in the crime who feels them necessary for his comfort and gratification. And he who uses them for the purpose of producing excitement of mind, either occasionally or habitually, has approached to a point not very far removed from drunkenness. I take it for granted that for the ordinary purposes of life spirits are unnecessary. This has been proved to demonstration; because you all know that, to say the least, the man who abstains altogether enjoys health as good as any man who indulges in them. Here, therefore, are even many grades in intemperance, while yet there is no drunkenness. We may charge many with intemperance, on this principle, who yet have never been intoxicated. And it is of this intemperance, as well as of a more advanced criminality, I would wish you to understand that I speak when I say it is an enemy to man's best interests, namely, the habitual use of ardent spirits, in any form or in any measure.

To what, valuable to man, is it an enemy? It is an enemy to health. On this point, I believe,

the world has been astonished by the published opinion of those who are most competent to judge. A certificate, signed by the Physician-General, the Surgeon-General, and forty-eight of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the metropolis of this Kingdom, declares that, in their opinion, nothing would so much tend to improve the health of the community as an entire disuse of ardent spirits, and that they are the most productive cause of disease in their city. Nor can you forget the testimony of the highest medical authority in the Kingdom, which has been pledged to the following statement, that should ten young men begin and continue to drink daily one glass of ardent spirits, calculating on the average influence of spirits on the human constitution, eight of the ten would have their lives shortened by from twelve to fifteen years. I choose to adduce this testimony because the persons with whom I wish to prevail will not put the question to the test of experience. Those who have never used spirits testify, because they have experienced it, that they are wholly unnecessary. Those who have laid them aside declare that their health is improved. But the persons with whom I now reason cannot be induced to make the trial. It is true, many of them are complaining of want of health. This is, at least, partly attributable to the use of this noxious article. But they have formed the habit of using it; they deem it and, I fear, find it necessary to their comfort, and therefore will not put the question to the test of experience. I must here only leave them to the testimony of others, and that they will never be able to set aside. Again, it is an enemy to industry. Nor do I here speak merely of those degraded creatures who devote days and weeks to this horrid indulgence, while their concerns are totally disregarded. But, keeping in view the respectable members of society who make a daily use of it, how much precious time does it dissipate? I put this question to them, whether, on an average, reckoning those evenings wholly occupied with it, and others only partially, those spent in society with others, and those in their own family, they do not consume upon it daily an hour. I should think this a moderate assumption. Here, then, are seven hours in the week, a day and a quarter in the month, sixteen days in the year, and, supposing this carried on for twenty years (which is not extravagant), it amounts to nearly a whole year devoted to the mere exercise of consuming an unnecessary and hurtful drug. This is done by the most regular and temperate men who use it at all. Is it not, then, a waste of time? And the waste of time is the enemy of industry. Viewing the subject as I do, I do not see how I could account to God, at the final judgment, for one year in every twenty of my life, spent in a practice which, I believe, His Word forbids. But, farther, it is an enemy to morality. A certificate has been signed by the Lord Mayor, the High Sheriff, the Senior Magistrate, and the Recorder of the City of Dublin, declaring their belief, founded on the most accurate observation, that the use of ardent spirits is one of the most fruitful causes of crime in the city. The Recorder

says that on an average he has about fifty criminal cases in the week, and that he believes forty of that number may be traced to intemperance. In one district of the country 1,700 cases were some time since tried in the course of a fortnight, and the person who presided declared his belief to be that the whole of them were directly or indirectly connected with the use of ardent spirits. There is reason to believe that in Scotland nine-tenths of the inmates of the prisons have been led there by the use of this demoralizing liquid. Nor need we confine ourselves to these gross cases. There are many temperate men, as they are reputed to be, who keep themselves habitually in such a state of health as produces fretfulness and a habitual excitement of the evil passions. Many, I am persuaded, who little suspect it, are laboring under this habitual enemy to a sound moral state of mind and feeling. Intemperance is an enemy to the peace of families. I will not shock you by some of the heart-rending scenes which I would be here entitled to draw of widows, of mothers and desolate children, and heart-broken parents. These, we all know, are the habitual and daily effects of ardent spirits. But I wish to impress upon you that I believe the unhappiness that secretly disturbs many a respectable family arises out of, not the intoxication, but the intemperance, of its protector and head, from his moderate use of a liquid which can be taken habitually in no quantity without injuring the temper and producing a fretfulness vexatious to all who are exposed to its bitterness. Intemperance is an enemy to the prosperity of nations. If it were not that it would be tedious, I would bring before my hearers a calculation from which it appears that the quantity of distilled spirits consumed in these countries has been the unvarying measure of disease, and crime, and poverty, throughout a series of years. And, surely, when these evils exist, we cannot speak of national prosperity. But why proceed with such a subject as this? Intemperance is the enemy of reason. Of all the inmates in our lunatic asylums it is acknowledged, even by their friends, that the one-half of them have been driven to madness by intemperance. Intemperance is the enemy of life itself. O, how many has it cut off in a moment, and sent to the judgment with all their sins upon their heads! We can scarcely take up a newspaper of the day but it records some fatal accident from this wretched drug. And how many thousands has it gradually cut down, and buried in their premature graves. And that, too, in hundreds of instances when it was never suspected to be the cause. Intemperance is the enemy of man—the enemy of his best interests—of his earthly happiness and his heavenly glory. Yea, its effects reach eternity. "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of Heaven." I believe there is not in the Scriptures a catalogue of crimes or of sinners that does not include the intemperate. Intemperance is the enemy of all that is good and great and glorious. It answers no good end. It is subversive to every base, and bad, and dishonorable purpose. And, yet, this is not all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Good Templar Elocutionist.

WATER.

BY BRO. W. G. LITTLE, P.W.C.T. OF GOOD SAMARITAN
LODGE, BELFAST.

AWAY with the wine cup! we've had it too long here!

Be it banished forever! and now we shall choose
That liquid so crystal, so pure and refreshing,
That liquid which God the Omnipotent brews:
And *where* is it brewed?

Not from simmering Still comes that life essence
precious,

'Mid sickening vapors and poisonous gas;
But in fair grassy dales, where the wild red deer
wander,

Where the innocent hours of childhood we pass:
Our God brews it there!

And down, away down in the beautiful valleys,
Buried deep in the shade of the neighboring
hills,

Where the nightingale mingles her notes wild and
gushing

With Nature's own music, the singing of rills:
Our God brews it there!

And high on the hill tops, the towering hill tops!
Those hoary old mountains of ages untold;

Where the tempest-clouds brood and the thunder
storms gather,

And the granite in sunbeam gleams brighter
than gold:

Our God brews it there!

And away, far away on the wide, boundless ocean,
That spreads like eternity out here before us,
Where the hurricane howls and the giant waves
roar,

As if swelling to heaven an unceasing chorus:
Our God brews it there!

Oh, a beautiful thing is this health-giving Water!
This liquid distilled by the ever kind Giver,
As it sparkles in dew drop, or prattles in stream-
let,

Or plays in the fountain, or swells in the river!
It is beautiful still!

Oh, a Heaven-like thing is this beautiful Water,
Wherever we find it, above or below;

In Summer rain singing, in ice jewel gleaming,
Or falling in soft flakes of pure, spotless snow!
And 'tis found everywhere!

It sleeps in the glacier, it leaps from the moun-
tain,

With a dash and a crash and a roar like the
thunder!

Oh, a power of might is this life-giving Water!
An object of beauty! an object of wonder!

And 'tis found everywhere!

Then away with the Wine Cup, and bring us pure
Water!

Drink of it! drink of it! fearlessly drink!
See how it sparkles! no blood stain is in it:

No poison is bubbling up there on its brink:
Drink of it, drink!

It foams, but its foam brings no madness and
murder;

Widows' and orphans' tears mingle not there;
No drunkards' ghosts from their gloomy graves
rising

Curse it in words of eternal despair:
Water is pure!

Would we exchange it for that which is blight-
ing

And ruining thousands, once happy, to-night?
No! away with the poisonous Wine Cup, and
give us

The Heaven-born Water, fresh, sparkling, and
bright,

That is found EVERYWHERE!

Did I say *Everywhere*? Ah, I must pause here!

Have we not read of a terrible place,
Prepared by a just but offended Jehovah,
Future home of the fallen and lost of our race?
No Water is there!

In those same pages we read that the drunkard
Cannot see Heaven; oh, 'tis awful to think
How in any brave men and fair women around us
Are dying and lost, and the *cause* is strong
drink!

Oh, it is sad!

Let us be up then, and let us be doing;
Rest not because *we* have given it up;
Labor unceasingly, earnestly, prayerfully,
Others to save from the snares of the cup,
While it is day!

Let us be pure as the soft, limpid streamlet,
Soothing the weary, the fainting, the dying;
Let us be bold as the fierce mountain torrent,
All opposition we meet with defying!
Thus let us work!

Progress of the Order.

NEW LODGES.

In our July and August issues we gave a full list of Irish Subordinate Lodges from 1 till 189, giving the number, name, locality, night of meeting, W.L.D., W.C.T., and W.S. of each. The following eight new Lodges have since been instituted:—

WE ARM TO CONQUER, No. 190; instituted in Omagh, 23rd July, by Bro. W. G. Cox, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. J. Murphy, W.L.D. & W.S.; T. McKelvey, W.C.T.; and W. G. Jarvis, W.V.T.

BUD OF PROMISE, No. 191; instituted in Gaivagh, 11th August, by Bro. S. D. Lyttle, S.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. A. Archibald, W.C.T.; A. Gibson, W.V.T.; and H. Fleming, W.S.

BELLS OF SHANDON, No. 192; instituted in Cork, 14th August, by Bro. J. H. Richardson, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—F. Byrne, W.L.D.; H. Ford, W.C.T.; J. H. Richardson, W.V.T.; W. H. Busted, W.S.

HAMILTON, No. 193; instituted in Newtown-hamilton, 19th August, by the G.W.C.T.; principal

officers—Bros. W. H. Kendrick, W.L.D.; W. Warmington, W.C.T.; J. Patterson, W.V.T.; and D. Patterson, W.S.

RODEN, No. 194; instituted in Bryansford, 22nd Aug., by Bro. Rev. J. McCreedy, P.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. James Kennedy, W.L.D.; J. Cherry, W.C.T.; S. M'Spadden, W.V.T.; and John Kennedy, W.S.

SAFE ANCHORAGE, No. 195; instituted in Dungen, 11th September, by Bro. C. D. H. Campbell, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. J. Dunn, W.L.D.; J. S. Crawford, W.C.T.; J. Rossborough, W.V.T.; and J. Douglas, W.S.

SAINTFIELD'S HOPE, No. 196; instituted in Saintfield, 16th September, by Bro. Rev. J. M'Ilveen, B.A., D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. E. Wilson, W.C.T.; J. Potter, W.V.T.; and J. M. Bennett, W.S.

EMPERESS OF INDIA, No. 197; instituted in Cork, 19th Sept., by Bro. J. H. Richardson, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. E. J. Keane, W.L.D.; W. Waldo, W.C.T.; W. Wynne, W.V.T.; and G. Manns, W.S. This is a military Lodge in connexion with the 7th Regiment, going out to Poona, Bombay Presidency, India.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

BELFAST.—8th July, Bro. Rev. F. Powell delivered an address in connexion with the Excelsior Lodge, in their Lodge-room, Ballymacarrett. 13th July, the G.W.C.T. addressed a meeting in Ekenhead School-room. 20th July, the G.W.C.T. lectured in the Sailors' Institute. 8th August, a large meeting was held in Clifton Street School-room. The G.W.C.T. presided, and able addresses were delivered by Bros. W. S. Williams, R.W.G.S.; J. Ormiston, G.W.C. of Canada; Rev. L. M. Pearson, G.W. Chap. of Canada; and Rev. J. Hall, Grand Lodge of Newfoundland. On the motion of Bro. D. Smith, G.W.M., seconded by Bro. S. Glasgow, P.W.C.T., the thanks of the meeting were given by acclamation to the distinguished speakers. 14th August, a great meeting was held in the Temperance Hall, Working Men's Institute. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair. About twenty of the American Representatives to the late Session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge in London occupied seats on the platform, and the principal speakers were Bro. J. K. Van Doorn, R.W.G. Treas.; Bro. Rev. J. Russell, P.R.W.G.T.; Bro. Dr. Oronhyatekha, P.G.W.C.T. of Canada; and Sis. Mrs. Weichman, R.W.G.V.T. 19th August, Bro. James Pyper, M.A., W.C.T., lectured under the auspices of the Excelsior Lodge, Ballymacarrett. 15th September, Bro. Rev. T. B. Stephenson, B.A., of London, lectured to a large audience in University Road Wesleyan School-room, under the auspices of the local Band of Hope Association. Rev. Dr. Crook presided, and a choir led by Bro. Dick, W.V.T. discoursed excellent music, Mrs. J. Greenhill presiding at the harmonium. On the motion of Councillor J. Greenhill, seconded by G.W.C.T. Pyper, the thanks of the meeting were accorded to the lecturer by acclamation. The esteemed chairman expressed his cordial approval of the Good Templar Order.

DUBLIN.—29th July, an excellent soiree was held in Dublin, under the auspices of Captain

Boyd Lodge, Bro. W. Whitfield, D.D.G.W.C.T., presiding, in the unavoidable absence of the G.W.C.T. 7th August, a large meeting was held at the Rotundo. The G.W.C.T. presided, and the meeting was addressed by Bros. J. Ormiston, P.R.W.G.M.; Rev. M. L. Pearson, G.W. Chap. of Canada; W. S. Williams, R.W.G.S.; and Councillor W. F. Lawlor, G.W.V.T. 24th August, the G.W.C.T. preached a temperance sermon in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Abbey Street. 26th August, a great meeting was held in the Metropolitan Hall, under the auspices of the Grand Lodge. Councillor W. F. Lawlor, G.W.V.T., occupied the chair, and the speakers were Bros. Hon. S.D. Hastings, R.W.G.T.; R. Simpson, R.W.G.C.; E. T. Marsh, G. L. of New York; Rev. G. Gladstone, G.W.C.T. of Scotland; J. Bowen, G.W.C.T. of Wales; J. W. Kirton, G.W.S. of England; W. Whitfield, D.D.G.W.C.T.; and Rev. J. McCreedy, P.G.W. Chap. 27th August, a Grand Lodge soiree was held in the Metropolitan Hall. The Hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and the attendance was very large, the members wearing the handsome Regalia of the Order. G.W.C.T. Pyper occupied the chair, and G.W.V.T. Lawlor the vice-chair. Addresses were delivered by G.W.C.T. Gladstone, G.W.C.T. Bowen, Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T.; and Captain G. B. Thomas, G.W.T. of Wales. An interesting musical and elocutionary programme was gone through in first-class style. The completeness of the arrangements reflected great credit upon the Dublin District Executive, especially upon the indefatigable D.S., Bro. J. Caithness.

GILFORD.—7th July, a lecture on "The Good Templar: His Mission and Aspirations," was delivered by Bro. Rev. F. Powell, author of "Bacchus Dethroned," in Gilford, under the auspices of the Gilford's Hope Lodge. Mr. W. T. Mercier presided, Bro. Rev. J. Harding, W.C.T., took part in the proceedings, and the thanks of the meeting were accorded to the lecturer on the motion of Bro. Dr. M'Bride, seconded by Bro. M. R. M'Causland.

BROOMHEDGE.—11th July, a public meeting was held in connexion with the Protector Lodge, in the Methodist Chapel, Broomhedge, Lisburn. Bro. Rev. N. E. Smith presided, and a lecture was delivered by Bro. Rev. F. Powell.

DOWNPATRICK.—16th July, a most successful soiree was held in connexion with the Stella Lodge, in the Assembly Rooms, Downpatrick. Bro. Rev. W. Lovett, D.D.G.W.C.T., presided, and the principal speakers were the G.W.C.T. and Bro. Rev. J. M'Ilveen, B.A., D.D.G.W.C.T.

COOKSTOWN.—16th July, Bro. Rev. F. Powell lectured to a crowded audience in Cookstown, under the auspices of the Better Days Lodge.

MAGHERA.—17th July, Bro. Rev. F. Powell lectured on "Good Templarism: its Work and Results," under the auspices of the Guiding Star Lodge, in Hall Street School-room, Maghera, Rev. H. Forde presiding.

PORTRUSH.—18th July, the G.W.C.T. lectured in the Town Hall, Portrush—subject, "Good Templarism and the Three Books." Rev. Mr. Ffolliott presided, and Rev. J. Simpson, Bro. V. Macauley, and others took part in the proceedings.

NEWCASTLE.—In July, the anniversary tea meeting of the Hope of Newcastle Lodge was held in the Lodge-room. Bro. J. M'Kee, W.C.T., pre-

sided, and appropriate addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. J. Mccredy, G.W. Chap.; R. Magrath, W.V.T.; Gould, and D. Coulter.

NEWTOWNSARDS.—At the usual meeting of the Hope of Down Lodge, Newtownards, on 28th July, the members presented two of their number, Bro. J. McNeilly and Sis. Lizzie Blackwood, who had just got married, with a handsome tea service, as a token of esteem and good wishes on the interesting event. The presentation was made on behalf of the Lodge amid applause by Bro. J. Brian, W.V.T., and Bro. McNeilly acknowledged the compliment in appropriate terms. 2nd September, Bro. Rev. J. White lectured to a good audience in the Assembly Room, Newtownards, G. Walker, Esq., presiding. Admission was by ticket to liquidate a debt incurred in repairing Bro. Rev. J. Harris's Church, Conlig. G. Harrison, Esq., T.C.; Bros J. Pyper, G.W.C.T.; Rev. D. H. McMurtry, M.A., W.C.T.; W. Dobbin, T.C., W.L.D.; and Rev. J. Harris took part in the proceedings. 3rd September, a crowded meeting was held under the auspices of the Bethesda Lodge in the Good Templar Hall, Newtownards. Bro. H. Montgomery, W.C.T., occupied the chair; Bro. J. A. Brown, T.C., D.D.G.W.C.T., on behalf of the members of the Lodge presented Bro. McKee, W.C.T., with a handsome Grand Lodge Regalia; an interesting musical and elocutionary programme was gone through; and several addresses were delivered, including one by G.W.C.T. Pyper.

KINGSTOWN.—6th August, the G.W.C.T. lectured in Kingstown, in connexion with the Vanguard Lodge. Bro. Shaw occupied the chair.

DRUMANESS.—6th August, a good public meeting was held under the auspices of the Drumaness Happy Home Lodge, Ballynahinch, Mr. W. J. Hurst, J.P., in the chair.

TANDRAGEE.—7th August, a large meeting was held in the Assembly Room, Tandragee, under the auspices of the Portadown and Armagh District Lodge. Bro. T. H. White, J.P., P.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T.; Mr. E. D. Atkinson, Coroner; Bro. Dr. Crawford, Bro. J. W. Mullin, and Bro. J. Hamilton.

CORK.—7th August, a crowded meeting was held in the Assembly Rooms, Protestant Hall, Cork, under the auspices of the River Lee and Bells of Shandon Lodges. The hall was decorated with banners, mottoes, and evergreens; the Band of the 15th Regiment performed several pieces; and an interesting programme was gone through.

BESSBROOK.—14th August, an excellent meeting was held under the auspices of the Bessbrook Lodges, in the Friends' Meeting House, when an able and interesting lecture was delivered by Bro. Col. McFarland of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge.

LARNE.—On Saturday, 16th August, the steamship *Pennsylvania*, that had sailed from Glasgow the previous night, stopped at Larne to receive Irish passengers for America. Among those who embarked at Larne were the members of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, I.O.G.T., who addressed the public meeting noticed in another column on the previous evening in Belfast. G.W.C.T. Pyper accompanied them to Larne, where they were joined by some of the Larne brethren. On board, they

met Bro. Hon. Judge Black, Bro. Hon. S. B. Chase, Sis. Mrs. Chase, and several other brothers and sisters, including Bro. Jabez Walker, P.G.W.C.T. of Scotland, who with his wife and children were emigrating to California. In the vessel, a meeting was convened, Hon. S. B. Chase presiding, when Bro. Pyper, on behalf of some Irish brethren who had heard of Bro. Walker's departure, presented him in complimentary and feeling terms with Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Ireland: its Scenery, Character," &c., in three large volumes, handsomely bound and richly illustrated, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Bro. Jabez Walker, P.G.W.C.T. of Scotland, as a small token of affectionate regard, high esteem, and heartfelt gratitude, by a few Irish brethren, on the occasion of his emigration from Great Britain, his native island, to America, at Larne, Ireland, 16th August, 1873. Signed, with every fraternal sentiment, on behalf of the donors, John Pyper, G.W.C.T. of Ireland." Bro. J. A. Bowman, D.D.G.W.C.T., Larne, having made a few remarks corroborative of Bro. Pyper's statements regarding the high esteem in which Bro. Walker is held by the Good Templars of Ireland, as the founder of the Order in our island, Bro. Walker, in a touching address, acknowledged the compliment paid to him, and bade his Irish brethren an affectionate farewell.

NEWTOWNHAMILTON.—19th August, the G.W.C.T. lectured to a crowded audience in the Court House, Newtownhamilton. The Rector occupied the chair. At the close of the meeting the G.W.C.T., assisted by Bro. Kendrick, formerly of Armagh, and other brethren, instituted Hamilton Lodge, No. 193. Upwards of twenty new members were initiated, including Rev. J. Kirkpatrick, Presbyterian minister.

LURGAN.—20th August, a large and influential meeting was held in the Mechanics' Institute, Lurgan. Bro. W. R. Nelson, D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bro. P. P. Ellis, G.W.C.T. of Missouri; Bro. J. Pyper, G.W.C.T. of Ireland; Sister Mrs. Weichman, R.W.G.V.T.; and Sister Mrs. Stacey, of America.

LISBURN.—23rd August, members of the Lisburn Lodges met in the Temperance Hotel, to present Bro. W. Porter with a gold Albert chain and pendant on the occasion of his leaving Lisburn. After tea, Bro. A. Mussen, D.T., was called to the chair, and made the presentation in a suitable address. Bro. Porter returned thanks to the donors in appropriate terms.

DUNMURRY.—In August, a large meeting was held in connexion with Eden Lodge, in the Assembly Room, Dunmurry, which was appropriately addressed by Bros. W. E. Mayne, W.C.T.; and J. Taggart, W.L.D. Bro. Rev. H. Edgar conducted the opening and closing services.

MOIRA.—1st September, at the quarterly public meeting of the Home Sweet Home Lodge, Moira, the W.C.T., in the name of the Lodge, presented Bro. Rev. T. A. Jones with eight volumes of Kitto's Works, as a mark of the fraternal esteem in which he is held by the members, on the occasion of his removal to the Rectory of Segoe, Portadown.

KILLYLEAGH.—7th September, the G.W.C.T. addressed Rev. A. Breakey's Sabbath-schools, and in the evening preached a temperance sermon to a very large congregation in the First Presbyterian Church, Killyleagh, County Down.

The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

VOL. I., No. II.

NOVEMBER, 1873.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



Bro. Rev. Charles Carrett, R.W.M. Chaplain.

THE Wesleyans, in common with other branches of the great "Methodist Family," have always taken a lively interest and occupied a prominent place in the temperance movement. James Teare, one of the earliest to join the total

abstinence ranks at Preston, was a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society. In the first days of the enterprise the ministers of the body were well represented by such men as the valiant William J. Shrewsbury, Richard Tabraham (still spared

among us), James Cox, and men of a similar order. Now there are upwards of five hundred Wesleyan ministers avowed abstainers, among whom, most prominent, popular, and successful, is he whose name is known throughout the length and breadth of the land, and whose face graces our portrait gallery to-day. The Rev. Charles Garrett was an abstainer when he entered the ministry, having signed the pledge on the 25th of November, 1840, after hearing a lecture by the revered John Cassell. While stationed in wide and scattered country circuits, he had little time for any but the incessant and engrossing occupations of the pastoral office. But when, in 1857, he was appointed to Rochdale, he found himself everywhere confronted by the evil effects of drink, and at once threw himself heartily into the work of remedying and removing them. So earnestly did he labor, that when he left the town an immense multitude gathered together in the public hall, under the presidency of the Mayor, to take farewell of him, and to express at once their appreciation of his efforts, and their regret at his removal, by a testimonial-address and presents.

At Preston, as may well be believed, Mr. Garrett was heartily received, and found a congenial but laborious sphere of effort. During his residence here the dark shadow of the Cotton Famine fell over Lancashire. Day after day was Mr. Garrett, with many other devoted men and women, employed in ministering to the patient but sorely-stricken sufferers. Hundreds of gloomy homes were brightened by the generous gifts he was able to convey, and by the godly and kindly words he spoke. It was while at Preston that Mr. Garrett was able to put into practical shape a long-felt wish that the Methodist press should be made more popular in its character and rendered thoroughly loyal to the temperance movement. He originated the *Methodist Recorder*, now having the largest circulation of any denominational paper, collecting himself the whole of the money needed for its establishment. Many were the fears at first expressed by even good and wise men, and not a little opposition was evidenced by some to the enterprise; but now, that popular penny weekly is felt to be a power for good, and a blessing to the Methodist Church, while we rejoice to say it is a firm and cordial friend to the temperance cause. Mr. Garrett came from Preston to speak at the Annual Meeting of the Band of Hope Union in Exeter Hall. The eloquent and powerful address he there delivered was afterwards published in pamphlet form, under the title of "Stop the Gap," and has had a sale of over 100,000 copies in England, besides a large circulation in

America and Australia. On his removal to Hull, Mr. Garrett was warmly welcomed by the temperance friends. It was his misfortune here, however, to incur considerable odium during the time of the general election, by his earnest support of the Conservative member, Mr. Somes. Mr. Garrett, though a Liberal in politics, supported Mr. Somes because he introduced the Sunday Closing Bill, having regard, in that as in every other instance, to the immense superiority of moral over merely party questions. Mr. Garrett is now closing the sixth year of his ministry in Manchester, where he has been "in labors more abundant." All branches of the Temperance Reformation have had his ready assistance. He is a vice-president of the United Kingdom Alliance, and one of the Executive of the Sunday Closing Association. He is a Son of Temperance, a Rechabite, and Worthy Chaplain to the "Rev. Charles Garrett" Lodge of Good Templars.

Mr. Garrett was one of the originators, and continues one of the editors, of the *Methodist Temperance Magazine*, which has the largest circulation of any temperance periodical in the world. He is also one of the founders and editors of the *Methodist Family*, a remarkably successful and vigorous religious monthly. At the last Conference Mr. Garrett was elected into the Legal Hundred, a distinguishing honor conferred by the suffrages of his brethren, in recognition of his arduous self-denying and successful work among the masses. We can but regard this action of the Conference as being also a grateful tribute to the temperance movement, of which Mr. Garrett has always been such a bold and prominent exponent and advocate. On Easter Sunday, 1871, Mr. Garrett preached on behalf of the National Temperance League in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, being the first Wesleyan minister honored to speak from that pulpit. The magnificent building was crowded: at times the audience, almost forgetful of the place and the day, were nearly roused into applause, and anon the tears were seen trickling down many manly cheeks. The effect of the sermon, as delivered, was electrical. The sermon was printed and published, and 40,000 copies of it have been issued. Mr. Garrett devotes one night per week to temperance effort, every other night being strictly reserved for purely religious work. There is scarcely a circuit in England in which he has not preached, and he has done some little in Ireland and Scotland. Mr. Garrett's power as a speaker is owing to his great simplicity, intense earnestness, and manifest sincerity. His addresses are not adorned by flowers of rhetoric or flights of poetic fancy.

His language is almost entirely Saxon—the “mother tongue” of the people. Anecdote and illustration are extensively employed in order to illuminate and enforce the truths of which he speaks. A thorough acquaintance with the working classes, a genuine sympathy with their difficulties and sorrows, and a very extensive experience of pastoral labor among them have furnished Mr. Garrett with an inexhaustible fund of material; and in every sermon and speech he is able to “bring out of the treasury things new and old,” and to bring home truth to the hearts of his hearers by apt and forceful illustrations, drawn from real life. Though a ready speaker, there is sometimes a hesitancy in delivery, which is rather occasioned by the rush of thought than the failure of words.

Mr. Garrett's power is in his intense *humanness*, if we may so speak; to all this there is evidently superadded “power from on high.” His audience are placed perfectly *en rapport* with himself, and the impulsive throbbings of his own warm heart are communicated to those who hear him, until they are convinced by his arguments and carried away by his appeals.

Every abstainer, every Band of Hope child, and every Christian and patriotic man, zealous for the honor of Jehovah and the good of our country, will unite with us to pray that the Most High God may long preserve and richly bless to this generation the earnest, laborious, and devoted Charles Garrett.—*The Templar*, March, 1872.

At the Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of England, held in Preston in July, 1872, Bro. Garrett was installed G.W. Chaplain, and at the late Annual Session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge in London, he was installed in the high position of K.W.G. Chaplain. He now labors with his wonted vigor and success in Liverpool, “the black spot on the Mersey.” On 16th Oct., 1872, at a great meeting in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, Bro. Peter Spence, J.P., G.W.T., in the chair, he was presented with a testimonial of 1,000 guineas, subscribed by his friends and admirers throughout the United Kingdom, in national recognition of the value of his services to the temperance cause, and to other philanthropic movements. His adhesion and zealous co-operation in our Order should be imitated by every faithful minister of the Gospel.

The Good Templar Bazaar.

BY THE EDITOR.

AT the late Session of our Grand Lodge in Dublin, almost everything in connexion with our Order in Ireland was gratifying and encouraging, except the heavy debt in which the Lodge had become involved. The circumstances which had brought us into that unenviable position were described, and were regretted by all. It was evident that, if the honor of the Order could only be vindicated by a speedy liquidation of the debt, the progress and efficiency of our beneficent movement would soon be as rapid and great as ever. Much gratitude was felt towards those who amid great difficulties had steered the good ship so far in safety, and consequently the proceedings of the Session were harmonious, cordial, and earnest. The one weight that lay with its dispiriting influence on every heart in the early part of the Session was the debt. If only it could be cleared off, it was obvious that its causes could easily be avoided in future, and that such an obstacle need never trouble us again. In these circumstances, an intelligent and influential Committee was appointed to retire and consider our financial position. When this Committee submitted its report, and recommended *inter alia* that a Grand Bazaar should be held in the Ulster Hall at a suitable

time during the coming year to liquidate the debt, the recommendation was unanimously and cordially adopted, as being the best possible means within our reach to meet the exigencies of the case. Every heart felt lighter by the prospect of the speedy relief thus opened up, and the after proceedings of the Session were as cheerful, energetic, and determined, as those of zealous temperance reformers, “ardent spirits,” usually are. The project is good and lawful, and the object is high and noble, but the success must now depend on the spirit and energy with which the matter is taken up by the Lodges and membership throughout Ireland. Knowing the loyalty of sentiment and earnestness of purpose by which they are animated, we confidently appeal to them to make a united, simultaneous, and energetic effort during the next five months, and our noble Order will be relieved of an incubus that would retard our progress and thwart our best efforts for years to come. We shall give further hints and instructions on the subject in future issues. In the meantime, we submit for the practical consideration of our readers the following circular which has been issued by the Executive, and which contains all information at present necessary:—

GOOD TEMPLAR BAZAAR.

A Grand Bazaar in aid of the Funds of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, I.O.G.T., will be held in the Ulster Hall, Belfast, on Wednesday and Thursday, 1st and 2nd April, 1874. The Grand Lodge has fallen into a considerable debt, mainly from circumstances over which the present Executive had no control. At the late session of the Grand Lodge in Dublin, it was felt by all the members that our Order in Ireland was in a healthy and prosperous condition, and that it had the cheering prospect of becoming an incalculable blessing to our drink-cursed island, if only this debt could be wiped off. To accomplish this most desirable object, it was unanimously resolved to hold a Bazaar in the Ulster Hall, and the Executive has fixed upon the above date.

It has been decided to have Twenty Tables at the Bazaar, one under the auspices and management of each District Lodge in Ireland, bearing the name and number of the Lodge. No District Lodge will have any difficulty in supplying abundance of appropriate wares for its own Table, and the healthy rivalry thus excited cannot but favor the great object in view. The Executive would respectfully suggest to each District Deputy the propriety of asking each Lodge in his District to appoint two of its members—sisters, of course—to form a united District Bazaar Committee, to be convened by the District Deputy as early as convenient, and as often as found desirable. After united consultation, the Members of

this Committee could return to their respective Lodges and report; aid in canvassing the Lodge and neighborhood for subscriptions and donations; and at the proper time appoint Ladies, either of their own number or of liberal donors outside themselves, to preside at their Table. Canvassers have full liberty to solicit and receive donations and subscriptions from friends of our cause who are not members of the Order.

There is always less difficulty in getting goods for Bazaars than in getting them advantageously turned into money. It will, therefore, be wise to obtain as many donations in cash as possible. It has been proposed to raise £250, one-half the amount required, in cash subscriptions from individuals or Lodges, of £5 each. Some of these have already been promised—a list of them will be published in due time—and additional promises will be gratefully acknowledged. All cash subscriptions, as well as sales, will be reckoned as belonging to the Table of the District from which they are received. The aid of all loyal members of the Order and all zealous friends of Temperance is earnestly solicited in this laudable undertaking. Further information will be given monthly in the *Irish Good Templar*.

On behalf of the Grand Lodge,

JOHN PYPER, G.W.C.T.

J. HEN SIMMS, G.W.C.

WM. F. LAYLE, G.W.V.T.

ANDREW L. DILL, G.V.S.

A. H. H. M'MURRAY, M.D., G.W.T.)

} Executive.

Rev. James Heron on Good Templarism.—No. 11.

BY BRO. REV. G. H. SHANKS, G.W. CHAPLAIN.

"Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment."

CAN a fair estimate of the Institution be formed by one who positively says he "leaves out of account the object it has in view"—an element of some importance surely? He also actually declares that he "leaves out of account the social principle," whose influence he admits is "legitimate" and most potent. Whatever is acknowledged to be legitimate and useful, and essential to the system, he "leaves out of account," and fixes his eye only on the accidents, which owe their value to the very things which he leaves out of account—just as if, in giving an account of the Queen's Colleges, which he and Covenanters support, one would leave out of account everything except that there must be no prayer, nor reading of Scripture in them. No institution in the world could stand it judged in such a way. Mr. H. does not discriminate between the essentials of the system, and the accidents which in themselves are of no value whatever, although in connexion with the object in view, and the means used, they are of great value. The regalia, ceremonies, titles, secrecy, are to the system itself what pins or buttons are

to a lady's or gentleman's dress. These are very "unreal and laughable" if regarded as capable of giving heat, or if used for that purpose, yet Mr. H. might find the want of them very inconvenient. His not observing distinctions leads him into many other errors. Thus he says the Templars "are identified with Total Abstinence, not through conviction that this cause is right and good, but owing to the charms of Templarism—its show of mystery, its ceremonies, its titles, and regalia, and the like;" whereas it is the conviction of total abstinence being right and good that leads them to use what he calls the charms of Templarism.* Is it wrong to "charm" people into a "right and good cause?" What a charming society Templarism must be! He asks, "What does Templarism—that is, what do the tomfooleries which go to constitute it, appeal to?" I answer, the "tomfooleries" of it appeal to nothing, for it has none, but it itself appeals to all that is rational, self-preservative, patriotic, and benevolent, in man's nature. He says (very strongly)—"It is beside the

* Mr. H. will likely in his next "crusade" say that I approve of charms (magic and sorcery, and such like), as he said in his last that I approved of "gills, combast, bunkum, unreality, show," &c.

question for Mr. S. to answer that Templars can give reasons why they should be for ever total abstainers." Now, I do really think, in my "arch-simplicity," that to be able "to give reasons for being for ever total abstainers" is something "to the question," and shows wherein "*reason and conscience* are appealed to," and that therefore "fondness for display and show is" not "the one feeling in the human breast, which the system can reach." This answers his challenge—"Would Mr. S. just show wherein they appeal to reason, or to conscience, or even to good taste?" Herein I show it, just on Mr. H.'s own confession, that "*Good Templars can give REASONS why they should for ever be total abstainers.*" His not discerning distinctions leads him again to say that "the regalia, the ceremonies, and the secrecy" constitute Good Templarism, and that "Brother Malins says they do." Brother Malins says no such thing. He only said they *distinguish* Good Templarism from other temperance societies, and are "its trademarks," being no more Good Templarism itself, than the "trademarks" are the trade itself, or the music or colors of the army are the army itself, or the premiums given to encourage learners are learning itself, or the pulpit or pews are religion itself, or the pulpit gown is the preaching itself, or a man's clothing is a man himself. A life-long warfare against the drinking usages is Good Templarism. It is distinguished from other temperance societies, however, by *more* than merely the regalia, ceremonies, and secrecy. It is distinguished by giving more time, and money, and labor, to the good cause, by superior organization, as Mr. H. fully admits, and by being more hated by liquor-doom, tipplers, and lukewarm temperance professors. What Good Templarism has *in common* with other temperance societies, he condemns as much as what is peculiar to it. He says that Good Templarism, "strictly so called," "consists of the regalia, the ceremonies, and the secrecy," and that, "but for these it would be an ordinary temperance society." If so, why does he condemn it for anything except these three? Why condemn it for having processions, for example, and other things, when it has them *in common* with other temperance societies? Has Mr. H.'s Band of Hope, or Sabbath-school, never had an excursion, or "used their legs?" Why condemn it on the ground that its use "indicates a suspicion of the Gospel being a failure in putting down intemperance," "as a slur on Christianity," and all the talk of that kind, when the self-same objections were made forty years ago against the temperance society which he himself supports? His strongest and most plausible objections are not against

Good Templarism, but against the Temperance Reformation itself.

As for those three things which *distinguish* (not "*constitute*") Good Templarism, I ask. Wherein are they contrary to Scripture? It will not do to cry they are "bunkum," "tremendous amount of unreality." I do "rule" that shouting such things does not prove them to be such. Let him produce the texts of Scripture which forbid them. There is a "tremendous amount of" REALITY in certain regalia, and ceremonies, and secrecy. See how the soldiers will stick to their colors, and fight around their flag to preserve it. Reserving farther remarks regarding the "*ceremonies*, for the next paragraph. I would here remark regarding the regalia that deep in the principles of human nature they have their root. In one way or other they are universally used. Human society could not exist without them. Hence traders have their trade marks. Nearly every profession, even the clerical, is distinguished by its dress. The Mayor and Alderman have their robes, and the soldier and the sailor have their dress. I have yet to learn what the tailors' cut is, or the color, which Scripture forbids. I am not ashamed to wear any mark or badge which tends to remind me of my voluntary engagement to wage a life-long warfare against the drinking usages, and to strengthen me in my purpose. I need all the help I can get. Mr. Heron may not need them, but all people are not Mr. Herons. And even his own society cannot and *does not* do without a species of regalia. Hence the pledges, medals, &c., which have been issued under the auspices even of the "Assembly's Total Abstinence Association." The one kind of regalia is just as Scriptural as the other, the only difference being that those of Good Templarism are more perfect in their kind—more adapted to their purpose—calculated to be a bond of union, and to foster that *esprit de corps* which Mr. H. admits was so much required—calculated, in fine, not only to stimulate, but to unite all the teetotallers throughout the world as one immense army under central direction, so that the efforts of the humblest are not isolated, and therefore comparatively lost, but are like to those of a soldier whose every stroke against the common foe is in concert with, and supported by, the whole army. To have such regalia, I affirm, is no "unreality," but a tremendous *reality* and a tremendous power; and it would be a violation of both "Scripture and reason" to refuse to use what tends to give Good Templarism that "superior organization" which Mr. H. owns it has above every other temperance society, and to enable it so to "look after its members" as to make the affrighted

publicans to cry out in alarm that "every member can be depended on in an emergency, which cannot be said of other associations," and forces Mr. H. himself to confess that, after all the excitement caused by the charms of novelty shall have subsided, it will still have "more success" than any other temperance society—a confession, surely, which indicates that it is *not* "one of those movements that are sensational, and that spring up like mushrooms, superficial and shortsighted," but "dead and lasting, grinding like the mills of God."

He seems to have abandoned his charge of *Ritualism*, but says if not ritualism there is "*ceremonialism*." Now, as I have convinced him that "the use of a ritual does not lead to Ritualism, any more than the use of moderation leads to Moderatism, or of reason to Rationalism," so I am sure it should be easy to convince him that the use of a ceremony does not lead to *ceremonialism* in any objectionable sense of the term. Is a ceremony contrary to Scripture? What can be done without a ceremony or a form? He could not have got a wife without it. He may reply that marriage is of Divine appointment, as is also total abstinence, according to his own statement that "it is a part of religion—part of Christianity;" but he cannot maintain that the *ceremony* whereby he became a happy husband is of Divine appointment. The marriage ceremonies or forms differ, and may be equally agreeable to Scripture. A boy or girl cannot enter upon an apprenticeship without some ceremony. Yea, a person cannot be admitted even into his own Temperance Society without a ceremony, only his ceremony is not so impressive, nor solemn, nor binding, nor so calculated to excite and foster the so much needed *esprit de corps*, and awaken enthusiasm against the evil attacked as is the Good Templars' ceremony. What is there in the ceremony contrary to Scripture? He can point out no Scripture it is against, or that is against it, but can only cry out, "bunkum, unreality, rose-color," &c. Let him produce some ceremony which has more "*reality*" in it of a beneficial kind, and agreeable to "Scripture and reason." The "Templar altar" is not "visible and material" any more than is "the Temple" or altar "of Science," or the altar erected by Mr. H. *in his own house*. The word is as "figurative" in Templars' language as it is in "Paul's language." As the "Temple of Science" is science itself, or the passionate pursuit of science, so the altar of temperance is temperance itself, or the zealous and combined and pledged promotion of temperance.

All the objections to Good Templarism made

by Mr. Kerr in his pamphlet I have answered in replying to Mr. H. except three. One of these is, "Good Templarism uses uninspired hymns in the worship of God." Many do this who are not Templars, but the enemies of Templarism. I have heard songs or hymns sung by Covenanters, and at Temperance meetings under Covenanter auspices, not superior to Templar odes and hymns. The singing at Templar meetings does not profess to be always Divine Worship, any more than does the singing at other temperance or social meetings, where it is engaged in for instruction or amusement, and where worship may form a *part* of the proceedings. Everything we do, we should do it prayerfully. Another objection is, "The existence of set forms of prayer." Is that forbidden in Scripture? He says, it is this which is "particularly in view" when he charges the Institution with "*Ritualism*!" He admits that "extempore prayer is allowed in the Lodge," but he makes a purely gratuitous assumption when he says, "but the times when such permission is embraced are few and far between." His only remaining objection not already answered relates to services at funerals, and the opening of Templar Halls. To which I reply, that he does not say such services contain anything *contrary to Scripture*, and if there be not *enough* of Scripture-truth in the funeral service, this would only be a valid objection in case such service superseded the regular religious services conducted by the minister or others. He still argues on the false assumption that Templarism is a sort of *Church*, or supersedes any Church services. Besides, Templars are not *bound* to observe either the funeral or hall services.

Mr. Kerr not only uses the same arguments as Mr. Heron does (with the exceptions just quoted), but he adopts a similar *mode* of reasoning. Thus, he asserts that it is vanity which makes people become Templars, and that Good Templarism fosters vanity, and then he quotes Scripture against vanity, and thinks he quotes it against Good Templarism. I might just as well assume that it is vanity which makes persons write against Good Templarism, and that their vanity is fostered by doing so (which I have a great notion is the case), and therefore all their Scripture against vanity I might quote against anti-Templarism. I am greatly mistaken if all who know Messrs. H. and K. will not bear testimony, that in addition to all their excellencies, they both have a considerable dash of *vanity* in their constitution. Thus Mr. H. represents himself as "the modestly-dressed girl," and a Templar as a "gaudy, showy, tawdrily-dressed girl." Mr. K. represents himself

as a man—as one who has “put away childish things,” while Templars he represents as *children* compared with him—as those who have not yet “put away childish things.” He is *too much of a man* to become a Good Templar, and so is Mr. H. His very first argument is thus expressed—“Good Templarism encourages the spirit of *childishness* . . .” (the Italics are his.) If some persons could get a *child-like* spirit “encouraged” in themselves—if they could be “converted and become as little children,” and not think themselves *men* too soon, it might be better for them, and keep them from uttering “*childish*” and illogical arguments. He gives what purports to be a quotation from my reply to Mr. Heron in the *Witness*, and yet he confessed to me that he had *never read* my reply. If he had only read it, he would have seen that the quotation, as given by him, makes me say the very reverse of what I actually did say.

Following in the wake of Mr. H., he charges Good Templarism with having no recognition of Christianity *expressly in the constitutions* (not denying it to be recognized in other parts, and when I pressed him with the question, “Does your own society at Greenock, of which you are an honorary director, make any express recognition of Christianity in its constitution?” he sang *dumb*. In his pamphlet he charges Templarism with “making the door wide enough to receive a Deist, an Arian, a Romanist, a Mahomedan” (what his own and other societies do, and what Templarism does not do), while in his public lecture he blamed it for not making it a little wider, so as to receive an Atheist also, boasting that his society did so, and exclaiming, “Templarism will do nothing for the poor drunken Atheist;” so that if Templarism would only receive Atheists, in addition to “Infidels, Romanists, Deists,” &c., all would be right! “This is what” opposit on to the most effectual way of promoting temperance “brings its victims to.”

Whatever Mr. K. gave in his public lecture, beyond what he read out of his pamphlet, seemed to be for the purpose of raising prejudices and odium against the institution—such as his reference to the *tunes sung*—(“Bonny Doon, Lang Syne,”—is it contrary to Scripture to sing these?) his reference to “fees and dues” (are they contrary to Scripture?) to Representatives of “The World’s” Grand Lodge coming over from America to attend the annual meeting in London (is that contrary to Scripture?) Is there not need of a *world-wide* Temperance organization, to counteract the world-wide drunkenness, at least, wide as the Christian world? Thanks be to God, that

as drunkenness has been mysteriously allowed to become co-extensive with *Christendom*, He has raised up a remedy, co-extensive with Christendom too. I only wish that Mr. K. may come back to this neighbourhood with similar results as those of his last visit. And still more, I hope when he does come, I will be invited to attend and to speak my mind, and that he may have time to do what want of time constrained him to decline before, namely, discuss the matter with me in alternate speeches.

The temperance societies which Covenanters approve of, and generously assist with their funds, such as the United Kingdom Alliance, Irish Temperance League, Greenock Temperance Society, do “welcome to their membership persons of the most conflicting views on truth,” just as much as Templarism does, *and more*; and have nothing *either* in “the underlying basis or condition of membership,” *nor* “their practices,” to exclude “a Deist, an Arian, a Romanist, a Mahomedan;” and when prayer is made at their meetings, it follows that “Infidels, Romanists, Deists, Christians, &c., hold religious (?) fellowship through” these societies, just as much as (and far more than) they do “through this society” of Good Templars; and concerning all such societies, approved as they are by Messrs. H. and K., and by Covenanters (to their honor), I have much better reason to ask than they have concerning Templarism—“Is not religious association with such as ‘abide not in the doctrine of Christ’ a virtual renunciation by the Christian of all that is distinctive in his profession of the truth?” And all the Scriptures quoted in this connexion against being “unequally yoked,” “Christ with Belial,” “communion of light with darkness,” “A believer and an infidel,” &c., are just as much against their own societies as against Templarism. It is painful to observe Sacred Scripture quoted so as to pervert its true meaning and intent, and so as to prevent that neighborly and brotherly co-operation of fellow-countrymen in useful and necessary enterprises which Scripture enjoins, and in which all may and *should* unite without the slightest compromise of religious or political principles. Mr. K.’s radical error—that which necessarily *vitiates all his reasoning* on the subject—is his regarding the system as if it professed to have a *system of religion*, or to be an ecclesiastical organization—as if it had “a religious object in view”—“an ecclesiastical object”—“an ecclesiastical and religious object in view”—as if it were “a Christian institution”—and there were “an essential element of the religion of the society”—(all of which he predicates of it),

whereas it is no more a religious society, nor one that has a *religion*, than is his own society at Greenock, of which, he tells us, he is "one of the honorary directors," or is any other temperance society, or any association for laudable, secular, social purposes—it has no more "a religion" than has any of these—except, perhaps, that it endeavors more to make every secular concern subordinate to religion, and to seek God's blessing on "whatever we do."

I might quote all Mr. K.'s texts as against himself and in favor of Good Templarism, as I have done with Mr. H.'s. Take, for example, the two which he builds most upon: "Come not thou into their secret," (Gen. xlix. 6.) Into whose secret? Templars? No. Murderers. See the context. Are Templars murderers? Does not Good Templarism *save from being murdered* by alcohol and the legion of evils which it brings with it? Therefore, the "secret" which the text warns us "not to come into" is the counsel or purpose (so is the word in the original) of those who combine to crush a system which endeavors to save sixty thousand of the Queen's subjects, and of God's image, from being murdered every year by alcoholic murderers. His other text is: "Be ye separate, saith the Lord." Separate from whom? Read the next words—"and touch not an unclean thing" (the definite article is not in the original). Isn't the intoxicating glass "an unclean thing?" What more so? The text, therefore, bids us be separate from Messrs. Heron, Kerr, & Co., so far as they would crush that Heaven-sent Institution, which "separates" people from the myriads of "unclean things" connected with the intoxicating bowl. If people would read the *context*, it would often save them from perverting Scripture. Mr. K. is carried away by the *sound* of the word "secret," and not the sense of it, supposing Templarism to be a secret society, never reflecting how often secrecy is *commended* in Scripture, and babbling, "prating fools," "revealers of secrets," *rebuked*. See Prov. xi. 13, xxix. 11; Judg. xvi. 17; Eccles. v. 3; Prov. x. 8, 10, 19; Eccles. x. 2, 3, 14; 3 John 10, &c.

Mr. H. and Mr. K. are happily better in their *practice* than in their *theories* of temperance. In practice they invite all to become brother abstainers, "a Deist, an Arian, a Romanist, a Mahomedan;" and, engaging in prayer with, perhaps, such present, they so far countenance what *their theory* calls "religious fellowship" with "Infidels, Romanists, Deists, Christians," while in theory, as put forth in part of their pamphlets, they would invite none to be brother abstainers

except true Christians, who, according to their theory, need not take the total abstinence pledge, and should not, for their *Christianity* will, as a matter of course, make them temperate; and to take a pledge, or form a society, would be "a slur on Christianity"—"a confession that Christianity is a failure in the matter of temperance." I would here just observe that my Christianity has made me temperate, and consequently led me to take a total abstinence pledge (and Templar's vow, too), and all the means suggested by reason and Scripture for promoting my own temperance and that of others. True Christianity promotes every virtue, but *only* by leading to the *right use* of the right means for that end. I am exceedingly sorry that the Christianity of some people, even of the Reformed Presbyterian Church as well as others, has not only *not* led them to practice total abstinence, but not even to *avoid making themselves often the worse* by the use of intoxicating beverages—that many who, I cannot but believe, are *real Christians*, yet do not exhibit "*good Christianity in the matter of temperance*." In other matters they may be better Christians than I am, and doubtless some are; but I believe they would still more glorify God, and be sounder, healthier Christians, if, in addition to their other excellencies, they would do themselves no harm in the use of intoxicating beverages, nor cast a tumbling-block in their brother's way.

Mr. Kerr mentioned in his public lecture that he had been informed of a case in which a Templar preferred Templarism to his Church—the *case* of Mr. H., too, and of opponents of temperance. I know a case of that sort, to, perhaps the same case. A Christian brother was constrained either to leave the Plymouths or the Templars, and he left the Plymouths, and is now a worshipper in a good sound Presbyterian Church. If this was preferring Templarism to his Church, it, perhaps, was not preferring it to the Church. It is a remarkable fact that the Plymouth Brethren and Covenanters as the two Churches which will not suffer any of their members to become Templars; although am not sure that either of them excludes from its communion those who are sometimes the worse for liquor. Is Templarism worse than drunkenness? Would any parent rather see his son become a drunkard than a Templar? Good Templars are invariably among the best and most useful members of their several Churches, if they are *allowed* to be useful and to remain in them, and not persecuted and "cast out of the Church" to the great loss of that Church which foolishly and wickedly casts them out, and to the great gain of

that which receives them. To the two former Churches I believe I may add that of *Rome*. At least the Pope and the priesthood are as deadly

enemies of the Order as are Messrs. H. and K., the Plymouthists, Covenanters, and liquor-sellers.
—*Good Templarism in Harmony with Christianity.*

Thoughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER XI.

WHICH THOSE WHO DO NOT LIKE IT NEED NOT READ.

PHILIP SEGUIN was a particular favorite at the Glebe, and, whenever Miss Bellamy expected company, she was in the habit of writing to ask him to come and help to entertain them. One morning he got a note from her entreating him to come and dine that day. "My brother has asked Mr. McPherson," she wrote, "and you know he never can get on with him; we expect Dr. Marks, but there is no dependence to be placed in him, for he would break an engagement with the Lord Lieutenant, if an old woman's finger ached; Mr. McKenzie is coming also, and we won't be homogeneous quantities—isn't that the scientific expression?—without you; excuse short notice, and don't disappoint us." Neither Mr. McKenzie nor Mr. McPherson was a frequent visitor at the Glebe; the former went little into society, and as the Rector found the latter somewhat difficult to entertain he asked him as seldom as he could in civility. "He is a very good young man," he would say, "but there are so many things to dispute about, that it is really a bore to avoid them all, so the better plan is to keep apart." But at present he took a more liberal view of the matter, and proposed of himself to invite him to dinner, although it wanted a full month of the time when, in the regular course of things, Mr. McPherson should have received the invitation. "There should be more union among Christians," he said, seeing his sister looking a little surprised, "it furnishes a sad handle to the enemy when we stand aloof from each other, and I would like to see more of him than what we have been in the habit of doing."

Mr. McPherson, who was thus invited to dine at the Glebe for the promotion of Christian unity, was a tall man, with black curly hair, which was the first point ladies usually noted. Closer observation shewed a broad, rather low forehead, with bumps that it would have delighted a phrenologist to examine, dark eyes whose usual expression was slightly languid, as if from ill-health, but which could kindle and blaze occasionally in a surprising manner, high nose, with nostrils more indicative of a certain contradictoriness of temper than was consonant with beauty, and mouth and chin nothing in particular unless he smiled, when every feature combined to give his face an expression of singular sweetness. A talented, shy, reserved man he was, who, could he have followed his own inclinations, would have shunned general society, and who dreaded Miss Bellamy's formal half-yearly dinners, and her high-backed chairs, on which lounging was an impossibility, even while he accepted his fate gracefully and with a certain ingenuousness of manner, that both Mattie and

her aunt thought very engaging. Mattie could not help contrasting the appearance of the two young men, as they sat around the table that day, and, though Philip was more interesting to her for several reasons, she had to acknowledge that the advantage was not all on his side. Philip far surpassed the clergyman in breadth of chest, soldierly bearing, and regularity of feature; but something that the other possessed was wanting in his face. It was not talent, for that he had in abundance, had he chosen to make use of it; nor was it amiability, for in spite of his occasional fits of ill-temper, he was better tempered, in the main, than most men; but the want of moral power and fixed purpose that was in his character, shewed in his countenance. Philip could be generous, but he could not be noble; he could be benevolent, but was incapable of any great act of self-abnegation; he could be courageous, but not resolute; he could be obstinate, but not firm; he could stick to a thing because he had said he would do it, and not because it was right, and herein lay his danger.

It is a difficult matter for the clergy of different denominations to enter into familiar discourse with each other; they have fallen into the habit, in their own set, of talking more of the external than internal things of the Church, and the Sunday-School, the week-day Prayer Meeting, and the Mission collections are to them as fruitful subjects of conversation as crops and cattle are to the farmer, and cottons and yarn to the business man. But when thrown into the society of the clergy of other branches of the Church, the denominational element comes in and checks the freedom of speech, for a thin church may mean a full chapel, or *vice versa*; and though there is ample room for laborers of every creed in the mission field, petty jealousies may arise even there, and render the subject an awkward one. Mr. Bellamy and Mr. McPherson were both sympathetic men, who scrupulously avoided anything that would be likely to cause embarrassment to another, and this very delicacy often kept them silent when less sensitive men would have conversed freely. For this reason the dinner at the Glebe was, so far as the two clergymen were concerned, a rather dull affair, and Philip, being out of sorts about something, was far less assistance than Miss Bellamy had expected. Mr. McPherson would have felt quite comfortable if they had allowed him to eat his dinner in silence, for Mattie was sitting opposite to him and looked so engaging in her blue muslin dress, that his eye found ample employment in resting on her. But Miss Bellamy liked people to talk whether they had anything to say or not, and, if they did not do it, thought that she had failed in her capacity of hostess; so she exerted herself conscientiously to make up for the deficiencies of the others, stretching the weather to its utmost limits, though nothing but the exi-

gencies of the case would have induced her to use up a subject generally reserved for morning visitors. The Rector, finding all attempts to engage his clerical neighbor in conversation vain, assisted her with a side wind of astronomy, when he was not carving, to which Mr. McKenzie responded, when his mouth was not full; while Philip played with his knife and fork, and wished that Miss Bellamy would have wine or ale on her dinner-table to give people an appetite for their food.

Mr. Bellamy always took punch after his dinner; he had been ordered it for indigestion, many years before, and still continued the practice, though the slight attack of dyspepsia for which it was prescribed had been but temporary. His sister usually sat with him when he was taking it; she said, with some truth, that when ladies left the table as soon as gentlemen began to drink, it looked as if they expected them to indulge more freely in their absence, than they would like to do in their presence; she could not prevent the custom being kept up in other people's houses, but she would not conform to it in her own. Miss Bellamy had for a short time been a member of one of the old temperance societies, and though she acted on the principle that what is good for the gander is good for the goose, and took a small glass of sweet punch for her digestion, because her brother had been ordered it for his, she still called herself temperate, and openly condemned many of the phases of the drinking customs of society. "Now, Mr. McPherson, help yourself," the Rector said, pushing the whiskey decanter towards him, after measuring a wine-glassful into his own tumbler. "Oh, I believe you are temperate," he added, as the other reached for the wine instead. "Help yourself, Philip." Philip did not stop to measure the spirit as the Rector had done, but poured it into his tumbler from the decanter. When Mr. Bellamy had made the punch to his taste he ladled out the full of a wine glass and handed it to his sister. Mr. McPherson made his wine into negus, and filled a glass, which he handed to Mattie, just as Philip was about to supply her from his. Philip did not look altogether pleased when he saw that the clergyman had anticipated him. It is not agreeable to have another usurp our office, and though Mattie generally "ginned" at the strength of the punch he made for her she had always been in the habit of taking it from Philip when he dined at the Glebe. "Here, Moses, you had better take this if nobody else wants it," he said rather ungraciously. "Thank you, Phil, you know I don't take any," Moses answered gravely. "Are you temperate too?" asked Mr. McPherson. "Yes, I'm total; Mira bid me be it." "Then you and I can drink each other's health in jam water," said Mr. McKenzie who was putting strawberry jam into his tumbler—he had never drunk anything intoxicating since Grace Morrison's death—which they accordingly did to the amusement of the others.

"What do you think of this new doctrine of total abstinence?" the Rector asked of Mr. McPherson, congratulating himself on having found a fresh subject for conversation with his unentertainable guest. "I think that when the devil cannot upset a coach he mounts the box and drives," he answered, delivering his words forcibly and compressing his lips slightly when he had

done. "Do you think the devil has a sufficient dislike to the temperance coach to care whether it is upset or not?" Mattie asked with a blush, which might be said to have become chronic, as it made its appearance whenever she spoke or was spoken to. "He should have a dislike to it, for it has carried off a good many of his own passengers," he answered curtly, as if resenting the doubt implied by her question. "I know a fellow who promised against distilled liquors to please his mother, and I have seen him as drunk as he could be with wine. Rum temperance that!" said Philip, glad of the opportunity of saying something to irritate Mr. McPherson. "I daresay you have seen plenty of people intoxicated," was the not very polite response; but the editor of the *Upton Chronicle* answered him more fully. "That is not temperance," he said, "but is as much intemperance as if he made himself intoxicated with whiskey or brandy." "Bible temperance is the moderate use of everything provided by a bountiful Father for our enjoyment, liquors distilled and fermented as well as everything else," said the Rector. "Owing to the growth of drinking, the word intemperance has acquired a special reference to the lavish use of distilled liquors, and as opposed to that temperance means abstinence from those liquors," said Mr. McPherson decidedly. "Intemperance, as we use it, means excess in anything intoxicating, and is, therefore, as applicable to fermented as distilled liquors. Temperance having its root in the Greek, *tempo*, to cut off, means the cutting off of whatever causes intemperance; therefore total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks is true temperance," said Mr. McKenzie. "Most logically proved if you could get anyone to agree with you," said the Rector, with a good-natured laugh. "You see you cannot agree among yourselves," said Philip, "but according to Mr. McPherson, the devil and Mr. McKenzie must be close acquaintances." "I did not know Mr. McKenzie's opinions when I said that," the presbyter answered, looking apologetically at the editor. "My holding them makes no matter, but if you would study the opinions of abstainers you would find that if it was the devil who propounded them he has outwitted himself as usual." "Very likely, or else I would find that he had very little to do with them. You know it is human nature to ascribe whatever we do not understand to Satanic agency. 'Yes, even our Lord was accused of casting out devils by Beelzebub,' said Mattie, smiling and blushing her approbation of the candor of Mr. McPherson's speech. "He never tried to cast out the devil of intemperance by abstaining from intoxicating drink, my dear, and if we would follow His footsteps we will not strive to be wiser than He was. When He sat at the marriage feast and made the water into wine, He made sure that no one should ever be able to quote Him as an example of asceticism." "Abstainers are not ascetics; it is from what is hurtful that we abstain, and not from what is innocuous." "If wine were hurtful our Saviour would not have provided it, by a miracle, for the use of the guests at the marriage feast." "It was not intoxicating wine He made."

"Not intoxicating! My dear sir, how do you prove that?" "It nowhere says that it was in-

toxicating; and as our Saviour knew then, as well as we do now, what evils had arisen and would yet arise from intoxicating drink, it would have been a poor way of 'showing forth His glory' to imitate man by manufacturing it. I used to think He had done so, and it shook my faith in Christianity; but when I looked more closely into it I found that the Lord was then, as ever, true to His own holy nature, and that it was men who were misrepresenting Him. We have all been using the word 'drinking' with reference to intoxicating liquors, but should it ever come—as probably in time it will—to be applied exclusively to those liquors, it would be unfair for posterity to argue that because everyone was in the habit of drinking something, therefore the use of intoxicating liquors was universal in our day."

There was a minute's silence after this, during which more than one of those present stared at the editor, as if they thought him slightly crazed. "You are arguing in a circle," said Mr. McPherson at last. "Yes," the Rector said, taking up the cue; "you argue as if it was the use of intoxicating drink that is wrong, whereas it is only the abuse of it. Not that I would oppose the temperance movement if people would carry it on moderately, and not go to extremes, for I do believe that the lower classes, who are deficient in self-control, would be better if they did not drink." "I do not see how we can advise them to join temperance societies if we drink ourselves; besides, there are many in the upper and middle classes as deficient in self-control as in the lower." "Then let all who have not command over their inclinations abstain, but for men like you or Mr. McPherson, I can see no occasion for temperance in the sense you use the word." "You can't tell whether I have command over my inclinations or not, I might be a drunkard yet for anything you can tell," said Mr. McPherson. The Rector laughed. "Well, if I cannot answer for you, I can for myself, and I have taken a glass of punch every day for years past without feeling any inclination to increase the quantity." "I wonder how many drunkards you have helped to make by your moderate drinking." "None, I am sure, but I hope I have been the means of saving some by the power of the Gospel." "It is well if your example has not done more harm than your preaching has done good," Mr. McPherson answered, with such sweetness in his eye that it robbed the words of all appearance of rudeness. "Paul said he would neither eat flesh nor drink wine while the world stood, if his doing so would cause a brother to offend, and he is the finest model we will find for a clergyman," said Mr. Bellamy; "but then it is only my drinking to excess that could cause my brother to offend: if he follows my example, and only takes a little in moderation, he will not stumble." "If people would follow your example, my dear, they would not go far astray," put in his sister. "But they may not be able to drink in moderation." "Then they should not drink any, and if they do, the fault is their own, not mine." "Perhaps they would not drink any if they did not see you do it," said the editor. "I was asking George Connor to-day if he would renew his pledge when the year is expired, but he says he thinks not, for that there can be no harm in doing as the Rector does." "Nanny, are you

going to scald us?" Philip asked mischievously, as Nanny Grant, in placing a jug of boiling water on the table, spilled some of the contents; and Nanny made her escape out of the room with very flushed cheeks, for George Connor was mending the lawn-gate that day, and she had been standing with him when Mr. Philip Seguin came through. "If George Connor had always done as my brother does, it would have been better for him," said Miss Bellamy, in a slightly irritated voice. "Perhaps he did not because he could not, as you mean it; there are men so constituted that one glass deprives them of the power of stopping in what people generally call time. Of course, whatever others may do, they should, as Mr. Bellamy says, drink nothing; but they may be unaware of their own weakness, and think that they can drink a little, and then stop, as they see others do. Besides, there are vocations in which drinking in moderation is, humanly speaking, an impossibility. I have not always practised as I am preaching now, but if good Dr. John had not got hold of me, and induced me to join a temperance society, at the time I was reporting for one of the Belspeed papers, I must have become a drunkard. Sometimes, for weeks together, sitting up till morning, at the most exhausting work ever a man was engaged in; travelling about at other times with a wild set who looked askance at all who were not 'good fellows,' in their acceptance of the term; no settled home, no fixed employment, and whiskey everywhere I turned. If I had not been an abstainer then I must have been lost." "I am sure it took a great deal of the grace of God to keep you from falling in such circumstances." "I speak it reverently, sir, but had I drunk, God's grace could not have kept me from drunkenness. Grace can do much, but it can no more keep a man sober, if he habitually drinks with boon companions, than it can keep him from infection in a polluted atmosphere, or save his life when he has taken poison, and the death-rattle is in his throat. Grace teaches us to control our animal propensities, but it cannot cure our hunger or slake our thirst, and the craving that strong drink creates is more insatiable than either, and only drink can alleviate it. I never felt it myself, but the sub-editor of the paper, for which I was reporter, was a drunkard, and he used to describe his sensations to me, and say that he would give thousands, if he had them, never to have tasted intoxicating liquor. When he was found dead at his desk one morning, I took his place, and if I was in danger of becoming a reveller before, I ran the risk then of degenerating into a sot. I had to be in the office every night of the week, except Saturday, and the constant fagging was trying almost beyond endurance. Many a time I was tempted to have recourse to the brandy-bottle to enable me to bear the mental strain; but I knew that, however it might stimulate me at the time, it would weaken my nervous system in the long run. If I had given way to the temptation even once, I could not have stopped myself, the desire to find present relief for an over-wrought brain, at the expense of future weal, would have been too strong for me. How I used to envy those who had their Sundays to themselves—" "Did you work on the Sabbath too?" Miss Bellamy asked with a shocked face.

"I had always to go to the office about the time other people were going to evening service. Good people who read Monday papers little think how much Sunday desecration is in their columns." "There are peculiar temptations con-

nected with the newspaper press, I know, and perhaps it would be well if all the different staffs were abstainers," said Mr. Bellamy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Mission.

BY SISTER A. J. C., LONDONDERRY.

THE beautiful and familiar words of our Ritual,—"to reclaim the fallen and to save others from falling,"—express, very briefly, a mission noble enough to claim the most earnest energies of the most devoted philanthropist, and Christ-like enough to enlist the sympathies of the most genuine Christian; a mission, which, if fully entered upon by all who have pledged themselves to it, would, in a wonderfully short time, transform many of the aspects of society, and cause some of the darkest shadows which now cast a gloom over our beautiful land to vanish before the bright beams of truth and temperance.

This mission is, however, by no means an easy one. It demands *work*, earnest unflinching work; and many fancy that work is so uncongenial to the tastes and temperaments of the great bulk of society, that any organization which requires it is but a visionary impracticable scheme. We think that this, however, is a great mistake, and that just here, the wisdom of the Good Templar organization is strikingly evidenced, by its constant recognition of the working principle. We believe firmly in work being a necessity of our nature, not merely as a means of its thorough development, but as a something absolutely requisite, to be the complement of our God-given powers and desires. The idler is never happy, and the absence of happiness always proves that some essential craving of our nature is left unsatisfied. And if, notwithstanding this craving, little is really done, it is more through want of a definite object, and organized plan, than through any inherent inertia. It has been the non-recognition of this working principle which has hitherto rendered so many of our temperance societies almost powerless for good. Work is the real basis of cohesion, of vitality, and of strength, and no matter what the organization may be, in which people are banded together, without work being given them to do, it will prove but a rope of sand. No doubt very many have been rescued, through connecting themselves with these societies, but when rescued they have not been urged to fly to the rescue of others—they have not been told "It is your business now to commend to others the means which have saved yourselves." No! they gave their names, that was all—they pledged themselves to total abstinence, but no one bade them go to the fallen and reclaim them, no voice bade them tell those who still stood to beware lest they might yet be numbered among the fallen. This was left to temperance lecturers, or to a few zealous spirits here and there, who saw and deplored the mighty evils of the drink. It was this want of organized effort, which made Good Templarism so welcome to our earnest teetotalers. Work is one of its grand characteristics, and more perhaps than any other

part of its system has this working principle proved to be its element of success. We believe, too, that this success will ever be in proportion as this principle is kept prominently before the minds of its members, and as they are trained to work efficiently. We sometimes fear, that in some of our Lodges, the education which can alone make earnest workers is partially neglected, and amusement substituted in its place, and we are convinced that should this ever become generally the case, the power of Good Templarism would cease. Our members must not only be pledged to total abstinence, but they must be able to give a reason for that abstinence. They must not be taught merely to shun the cup on the ground of expediency, but they must learn that Nature, Science, History, and Scripture, all cry, "Touch it not." No man or woman will be likely long to continue an earnest Good Templar, who is not instructed on these points. The lessons of our Ritual are not in themselves sufficient; they require to be "more fully exemplified and set forth," and for this purpose we should ever bear in mind, that one great design of our weekly meetings is to afford frequent opportunities for such teaching. Such subjects should be the theme of essays, conversations, debates, &c., till every member would be so familiar with every aspect of the temperance question as to have his conscience and reason fully enlightened and satisfied. Then, and then only, will he be fitted to be an earnest and successful worker. At the present time such instruction is much needed. Our principles are assailed, and we should each be able to defend them; our position is pronounced untenable and we must show that we can maintain it; our organization is scoffed at, as frivolous and ridiculous, and we must let it be seen as a thing of strength and power, more to be feared than scorned. Above all, we must, by constant persevering work, prove that the lessons and teaching of our Order are not in vain; that by them we are melted into sympathy with the fallen, inspired with zeal and tenderness to seek by every means in our power to lift them up, and impressed with such hatred to the traffic which has degraded them, and such determination to save others from like degradation, that we are resolved never to rest till the foul blot of alcohol is effaced from our land.

Much is expected from Good Templarism both by its friends and foes, and it is undoubtedly accomplishing much. We have stood in more than one Lodge, and as the solemn words of the obligation fell upon our ear, we have looked round upon bright faces, and stalwart forms, which had borne, not so long ago, the brand of the destroyer. We know men, now filling respectable and responsible positions, regular in their attendance

upon Divine worship, with cheerful homes, and happy-looking well dressed children, who, one short year ago, were almost outcasts of society, frequently reeling through the streets, never entering the house of God, their wives pale and sad, their children ragged and hungry. We could point to a number of such cases that we know personally, and if we can form any adequate conception of the amount of misery, heart-break, and ruin, expressed by the words, "a drunken husband and father," we may form some idea of what a blessing that organization must be, which has changed all that, which has given smiles for tears, pleasant words for oaths and curses, peaceful nights for weary, waiting, watching ones, happy days for dreary, pinching, desolate ones, and above all, which, while it has not given, nor cannot give, the peace and joy of which Christ alone bestows, has prepared the way for the reception of that peace, and has opened long closed ears to listen to the Gospel message.

"To reclaim the fallen" is indeed our work, and nobly and patiently it is being accomplished. But we have another duty still, "to save others from falling." "What is the use of getting such an one into your Order, he does not need to pledge himself; he takes very little, and knows right well when to stop; he is safe enough?" Eeware! "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." "The enemy with which we have to contend is crafty and powerful;" its snares are laid at every step; and before ever he is aware, many a youth of promise, many a man of talent and high character, is entangled in its meshes, and rendered almost powerless to extricate himself. We fully believe in "prevention being better than cure;" and in order to this, we seek not only to bring all into our ranks we can induce to come, but we seek also to obtain such legislative enactments as will remove these snares from the path, as will take out of the way the terrible temptation which has proved itself too strong for the resolution of thousands. Good Templars have already made their power felt in municipal

and parliamentary elections, and, bound as we are by our Obligation to seek by every legitimate means to suppress the traffic, we watch for every opportunity of restricting it, while waiting and working for its total prohibition. Restriction we know can do but little, yet it can do something. Reducing the number of public houses, and limiting their hours for sale, lessen by so much their power for evil. The limitation of their hours may especially affect for good one very important class of our community, the young men in our shops, warehouses, offices, &c. It has been ascertained that it is these, and not the artisan class, who chiefly avail themselves of the publican's late hours. They can spend part of the night in carousal, and not requiring to be at business till eight, nine, or perhaps ten o'clock next morning, can sleep off some of its effects. This necessary early rising of the working man prevents him doing; so that notwithstanding the cry about the rights of the working classes being interfered with, it is not really they who would be much affected by any change in the hours of sale. To lessen, then, the temptations surrounding our young men, we consider an object worthy of our efforts; and while agitating for the Permissive Bill, we agitate also for early closing, so that in districts where the Permissive Bill might be long in taking effect, some restriction may be placed upon the curse which has blighted so many of our most promising youths, and has brought disgrace and heart-break into so many once happy families.

Good Templars! we have plenty of work to do; work in which we can each help; work which is truly ennobling to the workers; and when accomplished, will raise our nation to a nobler manhood and womanhood than it has yet known. Then in the name of humanity, in the name of everything dear and sacred, let us work. Let us not shrink from our duty, nor grow wearied with the task; but casting mere amusement or self-pleasing to the winds, let our Lodges be training schools, fitting us for effort, for trial, and for triumph.—*I. T. League Journal.*

The Late Dr. Morgan's First Temperance Sermon,

PREACHED ON 8TH JANUARY, 1831.

II. **I**NTEMPERANCE is an enemy which, in these countries, "has come in like a flood." The ideas we are accustomed to attach to a flood are familiar to all my hearers. When it is mentioned we think of a mighty river bursting beyond its natural and accustomed boundaries, overflowing the neighbouring country, sparing neither flocks, nor crops, nor the habitations of man, but overwhelming all in universal ruin. When the Northern Barbarians poured their elves down upon Europe, and swept away in their merciless course the ancient and wise institutions of civilised Rome, we speak of their savage inroads as the inundation of an overflowing flood. But this figurative description is not more just than when we apply the language of the text to the sin of intemperance, and pronounce it a flood which in its heedless course sweeps before it and desolates with ruin everything that is valuable in human society. O, this is indeed a flood which has burst beyond its

natural boundaries, spared nothing in its widespreading and desolating course, and was threatening to uproot everything valuable in our land! When we look calmly and minutely into the real state of things, we find that there is scarcely a relation of society, or an institution of any kind, public or private, sacred or civil, into which this sin has not found its way, and without which it was deemed incomplete. When we come to look at the state of things in which we stood so long, and which, by our participation, we upheld and encouraged, we are amazed at ourselves. Since our attention has been called to the subject we are disposed to cry out with the blind man whose sight was restored by our Lord—"Whereas once I was blind, now I see." We behold a universal evil—a universal evil tolerated through the grossest deception—and yet no one appeared to suspect it. O, how universal! Did we show hospitality to strangers? It must be by being

guilty of intemperance ourselves and leading others into the same. Did we wish to express our gratitude for a kindness done to us? It was by tempting our benefactor to intemperance. Did we associate together and go in quest of pleasure and amusement? There was no amusement without intemperance. Did we bind our children to some employment, by which they might earn a livelihood? In a large number of cases, they must enter on their new work, not merely by intemperance, but by drunkenness, and by the drunkenness of all the others, too, with whom they were to be associated. Did we celebrate the solemn and deeply responsible ordinance of Christian baptism? It must be accompanied by intemperance. Did we spend the day in the awful and serious duty of ordaining a minister of the Gospel to the cure of souls? It must be closed by an evening of intemperance. What, in short, in human society had escaped the infection? No situation was exempt, no character was free. And under what gross deception was all this abomination practised? It was by a perversion at which, now that light has been cast upon the subject, we cannot but stand amazed. Were we warm? Ardent spirits must be taken to make us cool. Were we cold? They must be taken to make us warm. Were we weak? They must be taken to make us strong? They must be taken to nerve our strength. I verily believe that not merely were these extraordinary and contradictory qualities ascribed to this noxious liquid, but that they were very commonly believed to belong to it. And, yet, what is now ascertained to be the fact? That it does not possess one of them. Instead of preventing cold, it makes the more susceptible of it. Instead of strengthening, it weakens the constitution. Instead of nerving, it unnerves the frame. It is never useful, save in some few medical cases—if, indeed, in any. Was ever such an imposition practised upon the world by man? How can we account for it, that the eyes of so many wise and good men were so long closed against such deception? I believe it is one of those things on which the world will soon begin to look as a people just emancipated from idolatry do upon their idols. They know not which more to wonder at, their own stupidity and sottishness, or the worthlessness and viciousness of their idols. And yet this noxious drug has constituted, and still does constitute, one principal article of the commerce of our country. Thousands are supported by it, and many of these, men of undoubted character. But many of these have for conscience' sake abandoned the trade, and many more, I am persuaded, will soon follow their example. In my own native village, I am thankful to learn, six persons have conscientiously abandoned the trade. O, how must angels look down on such a traffic! How we smile at the silly traffic of the heathen, bartering their valuable commodities for a few glittering, worthless beads. But O how the angels must look upon us, trafficking in an article which consumes the strength of the body and drowns the soul in perdition! Be roused, my hearers, to a sense of danger and of duty. The enemy hath come in like a flood, but let a standard be lifted up against him. A standard has been lifted up against him in the society whose cause I have undertaken to advocate. And

to this standard let me now, in the third place, direct your attention.

III. A standard has been lifted up. At the present stage of the society's history I would deem it unnecessary to spend much time in explaining what this standard is. It must be known to all my hearers. It is a determination totally to abstain from the use of ardent spirits, and by all possible means to discourage the use of them in others. At the same time, the society looks to the temperate men in society as its strength and encouragement. Now, in this principle there is surely everything that is fitted to promote the cause and gain it acceptance with the wise and good. There can be nothing more simple. We determine to abstain from the use of ardent spirits ourselves, and in no way to contribute to the use of them by others. Simple, however, as it is, a host of objections have been raised against it. One is that it is a very fearful thing to take upon us so solemn a vow. That is, we have discovered a sin in our conduct, we have determined to commit it no longer, and that determination is a vow so solemn that we should be cautious of taking it upon us. But the objection is not so much with many to the determination as to the recording that determination by subscribing our names in a book. But do we not daily pass resolutions in all our societies, in the Bible and missionary societies, for instance, and record our determination to support them and to act agreeably to their principles; and what do we more here? I do not see any difference between the cases, nor how he who does the one can consistently refuse to do the other. Indeed, the slightest reflection will show that without this signing there could be no society, and if no society, matters must remain as they were. He who abstains without subscribing does some good, but he who abstains and subscribes does double good, for he does his own duty himself and encourages others to do theirs. But another objection is to total abstinence; and it is said we may be temperate without being abstinent. Viewing the subject, however, as the society does, nothing but abstinence can be lawfully taken for its fundamental principle. It holds ardent spirits to be unnecessary; more than this, it holds them to be injurious. Did it therefore consent to their use at all, it would be sanctioning what it considers to be wrong. It labels the bottle that contains them "poison;" and though poison be sometimes a necessary medicine, yet could it never agree that poison might be safely trusted to society for ordinary use. It can allow of the use of either only in the hands of the physician; and, without reasoning farther upon it, everyone sees that as a society it can exist only upon the principle of abstinence. For, let it be admitted that any quantity may be used, and who will agree upon the proportion? Still farther, it is objected that the society should address itself almost exclusively to the temperate. But this is its wisdom, and that for many reasons. As to the drunkard, that is of all cases perhaps the most hopeless. Blessed be God, since the society commenced its operations many drunkards, contrary to all expectation, have been reclaimed. New light, I conceive, has been thrown upon this interesting problem—the possibility of reclaiming the drunkard. But while

the drunkard is not neglected, it would be rather a strange society that consisted only of drunkards. Tell me what drunkard would join such a society? In the nature of man, could it be expected that these unhappy men would come forward and before the world declare themselves joined to a society into which none but drunkards would be admitted? O! if we have any tenderness towards them, would we desire thus to expose them to the scorn and reproach of a calumnious world? No! They have been unfortunate, as we all might have been, and let us not expose them. Let us have a common society in which the good and the bad are mixed together, where the name of the sober man and the drunkard shall be recorded alike, and then will many an unfortunate wanderer from the path of purity be led to insert his name, where no suspicion will attach to his character. And thus may good be done, and that in secret, too. But we do not admit that this is a society merely to reclaim the drunkard. Its principle announces—"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." It is a society to reclaim the drunkard and to keep the sober man sober. It would destroy crime by removing it, and, what is still better, by preventing it. No man should consider himself proof against temptations to intemperance. Considering his own weakness and the thousand fascinations by which Satan will endeavour to ensnare him, it is the part of prudence to take that place where temptation is least likely to come, and that place is the recorded determination of abstinence. This is the motto of our society—"Touch not, taste not, handle not." At the same time we think it not less commendable on this other ground also, that it seeks its members only by moral persuasion. It uses no force, it does not place its confidence in legal enactments. It proposes to enlighten the minds of men, as far as it is enabled, in the sin of intemperance, to urge upon them every motive by which it could impress the duty of abstaining from it, to endeavour to engage them heartily in its righteous cause, and thus would it hope to induce many to join the standard it has raised. And how has it pleased God hitherto to prosper its labours? It was in America the cause first began, and there its progress has been amazing. Within three years it could reckon among its members persons of all classes and conditions, clergymen, senators, representatives, judges, merchants, farmers, mechanics, and labourers. 1,600 ministers of religion and 2,000 congregations had joined its standard better than a year ago, and, at the same time, there were in the United States 1,615 societies, with above 100,000 members. The consequence has been a diminution in those districts of crime, pauperism, disease, and misery by above one-third. It is little more than a year since the standard has been raised in these countries, and how amazing has been its success. In the three kingdoms there are many societies, with a multitude of members. I cannot but exclaim, as I look at these things—"What hath God wrought." Verily His hand is upon it. I feel myself justified in applying to it the language of the text—"When the enemy shall come like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." It has been verified, I

believe, in the present case; and I shall now, therefore, proceed to the last point and endeavour to show you.

IV. It is a standard which, we have reason to believe, has been lifted up by the Spirit of the Lord. I do not infer this merely from its success. That I would notice with thankfulness and attribute to the blessing of God. Still success is not an infallible proof that any cause is of God. In the present case, I draw that proof from the nature of the cause itself, and the principles on which it is conducted. The cause is eminently one of purity. Whatever evils may attach to it, it has at least this advantage, that it seeks to purify the conduct of men. And it aims at a kind of purity which the spirit of God has, in numberless instances, most plainly demanded in the Scriptures. Is it not in every place His command, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be ye filled with the Spirit." "Keep thyself pure." I have been struck, but not surprised, by noticing that in the cheering accounts which have lately reached this country of the revival of religion in different parts of America, the introduction of the temperance society is uniformly marked as one of those means which, under the blessing of God, has contributed to it. And how many instances have we seen in which the fairest prospects of usefulness have been disappointed by the indulgence of intemperance? I do not mean drunkenness, but the habitual use of ardent spirits. I recollect a case in which a minister of Christ visited a populous town, where the Gospel was very little preached. It pleased God that his ministry attracted considerable attention, and there was reason to believe that many souls were blessed. They began to show their kindness to their minister by inviting him to their houses; and, as soon as the worship of God was over, spirits were introduced. This became a habitual practice, and while the meeting commenced with prayer it as regularly ended with this dangerous refreshment. I do not believe that, at any time, there existed what the world would call indulgence; but the issue was, attention to religious things was completely checked, its professors fell into formality, they began to dispute with one another, their minister was broken-hearted and left them, and it is now some years since these things happened, but the cause never has been revived. I am as convinced as I can be of anything that it was simply the introduction of ardent spirits that gave the death-blow to that interesting, important, and rising cause. The Spirit of God, I believe, refused to acknowledge it because of their sensual indulgence. And thus, while our Transatlantic brethren can quote the blessings of piety, we can confirm their statements by showing the evils of impiety. I rest the proof, however, that this cause is of God, not merely on the purity of its character, but on the accordance of its principles with the Word of God. For what are these principles? The first is—"Abstain from all appearance of evil." That there is the appearance of evil in the use of this dangerous liquid who will deny? Then it is a Christian duty to abstain. The second is—"Lead us not into temptation." Who will say there is not temptation either to ourselves or to others in the use of it? Then it is a duty to abstain. The

third is—"Pe not partakers of other men's sins." But who can indulge in the habitual use of ardent spirits and be free from encouraging its intemperate use in others? It is, therefore, a duty to abstain. The fourth is—"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." However innocently we might use it, yet if we thereby in any measure so encourage a practice that may possibly injure others, it is better to abstain from it. But why need I go on thus? It would be easy to show you that the duty to which this cause calls us is one in every way accordant with the Scriptures. But it is objected, you tempt men to put abstinence from spirits in the room of the faith of the Gospel. Why, it may be so abused; but, if so, it is not the fault of the society, for it does no such thing. Its members, I should suppose, will be generally ready to acknowledge that a drunkard may become sober without becoming a converted man. But this they cannot see is a reason why they should not endeavor to deliver him from his drunkenness. When that is effected, they conceive, he is much more likely to be brought to the knowledge of the truth. For why? The drunkard does not attend the house of God: the sober man is apt to do so. The drunkard usually neglects the Bible: the sober is apt occasionally to read it. The drunkard is usually seared in conscience: the sober is apt to have some sensibility of conscience. The drunkard is hourly in danger of a premature end: the sober man is more likely to be longer spared. Surely, then, we do a man an essential good when we turn him from drunkenness to sobriety, though, at the same time, we acknowledge he may still be unrenewed in the spirit of his mind. If we object to the society on this ground, we must abstain from cautioning any neighbor against lying, or stealing, or swearing, lest he might lay aside his vice and foolishly imagine he had become a new man. If it be right to advise a man against any sin, it is right to advise him against drunkenness; and if it be right in an individual to do so, it is right in a society. But it is also objected, that the duty undertaken by this society is the duty of the Church, and that the society has taken the place which the Church should occupy. No doubt it is the duty of the Church, and O! that the Church would do this duty. But, tell me, what Church does it? I know it not. And because the Church does not do its duty, shall, therefore, no one attempt it? I am a member of the Bible Society, the Missionary Society, the Tract Society, and the Sunday-School Society, and yet I believe

not one of them should need to exist. And why? Because they are doing what the Church should have done. But the Church will not do it. Therefore I have been compelled to join in these voluntary associations that we might endeavour to supply the lack of service in the Church, and, perhaps, be the means of rousing the Church to a sense of duty. It is the duty of the Church to supply the world with Bibles, and preachers, and education; but if the Church will not do it, then the Christians of all denominations must unite, as a voluntary association, to do the business of the Church. I contribute my aid to our Poor-house and House of Industry, and yet I think neither of them would be required if the Church was faithful to its duty, for it ought to see to the wants of the poor. And I give an alms to the beggar at my door, although I believe if the Church did its duty no beggar would be there, for Christ left the poor a legacy to His Church that it might provide for them and support them. Such are my views of the Christian Church that were it constituted in these lands, agreeably to the Scriptures, it would meet all the cases of delinquency and distress that could occur. But I think it is not so constituted; and, in the want of this, we must only support the societies that propose to do its duty; and, in the meantime, I believe that to meet the crying sin of drunkenness the Temperance Society is a standard that has been lifted up against it by the Spirit of the Lord.

I call upon you, then, my brethren, to join this standard. You should join it for your own sake. None of you know what temptation may yet seduce you. You should join it for your family's sake. I wish to educate my children with the belief that whisky is poison, and that he is a foolish man who exposes it for ordinary use. You should join it for your brother's sake. It is bearing a good testimony to him who has fallen a victim to drunkenness; and it may deter many from the precipice down which others have fallen. You should join it for the Church's sake. Many a fair prospect has been blighted by intemperance. And who knows but the example of this society may rouse the Church to a wholesome exercise of discipline? You should join it for your country's sake. It is going to ruin before this sin. Will you not make some sacrifice to redeem it? You may refuse to join the standard of this cause, but I can turn with confidence to the promise of the text, and be sure it will prosper, for this is the word of the unchangeable God, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."

The Good Templar Elocutionist.

WATER.

BY THE LATE REV. R. G. MASON.

WATER is the grand beverage of organized nature—the drink appointed by an unerring God to primordiate man; and all the attempts to improve it by the admixture of alcoholic, narcotic, or aromatic substances, have only served to injure and poison it. The highest medical authori-

ties assure us that water, when pure and fresh, is the most wholesome drink, and the most grateful to those who drink it, whether they be sick or well. It not only expels noxious matters, cools the body, and quenches thirst, but it promotes perspiration, assists digestion, repels putrefaction, and strengthens the stomach. It is rare for a person to drink water, when not thirsty, merely for the pleasure of drinking; and, as thirst is the natural guide, if he drinks

when not thirsty he takes more fluid than nature points out as proper, and so violates one of her obvious laws. The efficacy of all mineral springs and nutritious drinks is chiefly owing to the quantity of pure elementary water which they invariably contain. In fine, cold water is the most suitable beverage for both man and beast; it cools, thins, and clears the blood; it keeps the stomach, head, and nerves in order, and makes man in every vicissitude, cheerful, serene, and healthy.

Then give me reviving, purifying, and fertilizing water—the rill, the stream, or the torrent, which pours from the bright sides of our cloud-crested mountains! the gush, cool and clear, that bubbled up before Hagar and fainting Ishmael; that followed the stroke of the prophet's rod from the rock of Horeb! and refreshed the inhabitants of primeval Eden. Give me the pure water that Isaac drank from the pitcher of Rebekah, Elijah received from the hands of an angel, and the Saviour tasted at the well of Jacob; that cheered the spirits of the favored Israelites, the valiant Gideonites, the noble Nazarites, and the honoured Rechabites; that quenched the thirst of the mighty Samson, the holy Daniel, the fearless John, and the youthful Timothy. Give me of these cheering springs, these flowing brooks, and these crystal rivers, whose transparent surface reflects all that is dark, or soft, or bright in the beautiful firmament above. Give me these gentle streams, these ever-allaying waves, in health and in sickness; and, when the keen thirst of the expiring pang shall assail my vitals, give me these waters, untainted and free, until I drink of that river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God.

WATER.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM M'COMB, BELFAST.

BLESSED water,—Liquid gem,
Star on earth's green diadem;
Sparkling, flowing, onward going,
I blessings all around bestowing;
Man and beast, refreshing them;
Beautiful thou art to see,
Orb of spotless purity.

Blessed water, soothing power,
In the dewdrop, and the shower,

Thou art falling—gently falling—
To the thirsty earth out calling,
Waking many a sleeping flower;
Bud and blossom, fruit and tree,
Nursed and nourished are by thee

Blessed water, brewed by God,
Oozing from the mountain sod,
Lisping, singing, diamonds flinging,
Pearls of light and beauty stringing,
Laughing at the wild-flowers' nod;
Rippling, wimpling, babbling still,
Melodizing rock and rill?

Blessed water, bold and bright
In the glacier's dizzy height;
Fearless glancing, reckless dancing,
Down the trackless ravine prancing.
Silvering snow-flakes in thy flight;
Weaving, when thy work is done,
Golden gauze around the sun.

Blessed water, lovely thing—
Dewdrop on an angel's wing;
Rainbows dyeing, stars outvying,
In the rosebud cradle lying;
Wild deer lapping mountain spring,
Misty morn of summer day
Rolling silvery clouds away.

Blessed water, in the wild,
Saving Hagar and her child;
Faint and weary, lone and dreary,
Weeping, wandering, uncheery,
From their Hebrew home exiled;
Blessed water, fount of joy,
Life to Hagar and her boy.

Blessed water, doubly blest,
When the parched tongue and breast,
Panting, dying, nought desiring,
But the phantom mirage flying.
'Midst the burning sands distress;
Foon of Heaven—help at hand,
In the dry and desert land.

Blessed water, with a shock
Gushing from the smitten rock;
No delaying—onward straying,
Prophet's rod and will obeying—
Following still the wandering flock.
Meribah with streams abound,
Zin and Kadish greet the sound.

The Good Templar Programme.

BY BRO. JOSEPH MALINS, G.W.C.T. OF ENGLAND.

THE gigantic proportions which our Order is assuming, and the stringent practices of its members, must make us feel that in our organisation is consolidated the embodiment of uncompromising, aggressive, temperance sentiment. We shun the intoxicating cup, not from the petty plea of self-denial or expediency, but on the simple ground of the universal and immutable truth of the doctrine that total abstinence is the only consistent rule of life for all nations. We further condemn the traffic in so poisonous, sensual, and brutalizing a beverage, and we think that the whole drinking system is grossly immoral. Let us speak out in unmistakable terms and show

the world what we believe, and what we intend to do. Let us begin at the beginning, and declare that science, Scripture, history, and experience all combine to give their testimony not against drunkenness only, but against the drink itself—that to take strong drink with a full knowledge of these great truths is to violate the laws of nature, which are the laws of God; and to violate the laws of God is to commit sin—that to lack a knowledge of these truths in this enlightened age is to be culpably ignorant.

Let us go a step further—let us boldly follow the spirit of progress which leads us on, and emerge into the full light of day. Let us declare

the fact that strong drink is not the panacea for, but the parent of, nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to. Let us point to the fact that whenever the medical profession have left the stereotyped lines of their as yet imperfect systems, and have faced this matter with a desire to know the truth, the result has been a conviction that if alcohol were banished from the medicine shelf, disease and death would be the losers. That the present mode of indiscriminately prescribing strong drinks, to be procured from anywhere, and almost at any time and in any quantity, is a disgrace to the healing art, and if continued will cause its inconsistent followers to be properly branded as quacks.

Let us go further than this—why should we fear?—let us not any longer be silent while the Lord's Table is defiled by the cup of death; let it be replaced by a true symbol, in the form of the life-sustaining, unfermented juice of the grape. While we cannot make abstinence from fermented wine at the Sacrament a condition of membership, we must realize that men can scarcely be expected to banish the intoxicating cup from the home, while it is made to typify the blood of the Prince of Peace in the sanctuary.

Let us, having dealt with the drink as being bad—bad in itself—turn to the traffic in this abomination—let us declare that the whole system of licensing is grossly immoral; that free trade in strong drink is not a whit better. Let us protest against the abettors of those evils who recommend persons of good character as fit to hold a licence. Let us protest against good character being considered as a qualification for a licence, and say that if licences must be granted they should be given to prize-fighters, and harborers of thieves, who naturally feel the occupation is congenial to their feelings, and have but little difficulty in keeping their licences. Let them not spoil good citizens, but give licences to those who have no characters to lose. Let us shout against the system which allows our law makers to make law breakers; which opens a legalized trap, and punishes those who fall into it. Let us expose the pretensions to charity which are put forth by the traders in human blood, and show that American slavery was no worse than the slavery which takes possession of both body and soul.

Let us stigmatize the upholding of so gigantic a wrong for deriving a real or imaginary revenue from it as a wickedness, infinitely greater than the sale of opium, which the heathen Emperor of China scorned to profit by. Let us demand the annihilation of the traffic at the hand of the power which created and sustained it, and let us support our demand by the only consistent and effectual course we can take—the exercise of the franchise. Let us do as our enemies have long done: insist upon being represented in the Government of the country, and when that Government fails to reflect the opinions of the sober and Christian part of the community, let us labor for its reformation.

Let us scorn the idea of compensation to those who, having simply purchased a ticket-of-leave to poison the community for one year, would fain lay claim to a life-interest in their dishonest calling, and that by virtue of the money they have been foolish and wicked enough to invest in it. Let us laugh when compensation is asked for, and demand a settlement on the part of the traders for homes destroyed, hearts broken, and souls lost, through their direful instrumentality. Let us cease to prate about only despising *the trade* and not those who are pursuing it. How can we separate between the two in our fiery denunciations of the gigantic evil? They are too closely allied not to be alike bad. Shall we go to the publican and meekly reason with him about the sad effects of his "*unfortunate calling*," as some weak-kneed teetotalers advise us to do? What a farce! As if the drinkseller were not face to face with these horrors every day! Should they not be imprisoned for the crime of having no visible means of earning an honest livelihood—for possessing money and not being able to show that they came by it righteously. Let us at once declare that we are ready for the fray; that in the grand struggle we will give no quarter to the enemies of God and man, and that we will ask none at their hands. Let us guard carefully our outposts, that spies may not enter our secret enclosure; let us arrange and set to action our marvellous system, and use well the multifarious means which we have at command, and only cease the strife when our breath leaves our lips, or the enemy is utterly destroyed.

Official Information.



Grand Lodge Offices,

26 Ann Street,

Belfast,

20th October, 1873-

THE following are our Standing Committees for the current year:—

On Appeals.—Bros. W. P. Holmes (Convener),

D. Smith, Rev. E. Thomas, W. R. Nelson, and T. S. Oliver.

On Finance.—Bros. H. J. Wright, (Convener),

J. Malcolm, G. M'Kinney, J. Lowry, and R. J. H. Bell.

On Credentials.—Bros. A. Ledlie, (Convener), W. Colhoun, G. A. Reilly, J. Wylie, and W. Pyper.

On State of the Order.—Bros. Rev. H. V. Holden, (Convener), J. Bonnar, A. J. McClintock, and Rev. H. Hutchings, with Sis. Mrs. Mullen.

On Constitutions.—Bros. C. D. H. Campbell, (Convener), D. Crawford, Rev. D. Gordon, R. Harper, and W. J. Gordon.

On Political Action.—All the District Deputies—Bro. Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry, Convener.

The following are the most important of the Resolutions adopted at the late Session of our Grand Lodge in Dublin:—

1.—That the Executive be instructed to take steps to have as many Juvenile Lodges as possible instituted during the ensuing year.

2.—That the Constitution for District Lodges issued by the Executive be adopted, subject to revision and amendment if necessary, at next Grand Lodge Session by a two-thirds vote, without notice to Subordinate Lodges.

3.—That the Grand Lodge fraternally recommends the various District Lodges to make arrangements in conjunction with the subordinate Lodges in their respective jurisdictions, for holding series of monthly public meetings during the coming Winter, and that they endeavor to procure suitable speakers to address the same.

4.—That this Grand Lodge, while not objecting to miscellaneous entertainments of a pure and elevating character, reminds its subordinate Lodges that each Lodge meeting should be pre-eminently a Temperance meeting, at which, by means of original essays, select readings, addresses, debates, &c., all present should receive some useful instruction in the principles of Total Abstinence and Prohibition.

5.—That this Grand Lodge, believing the liquor traffic to be the greatest social evil from which our country at present suffers, is of opinion that the question of its total and immediate suppression should, with all social and political reforms, take precedence of all other questions of the day until effectually and finally settled.

6.—That as the grand object of our Order, the suppression of the liquor traffic, can only be accomplished through the Legislature, it is the duty of all Good Templar electors to support only such candidates for Parliamentary honours as promise

to vote for prohibitory measures, such as the Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill of Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

7.—That this Grand Lodge strongly urges the Good Templars and other friends of temperance in every constituency throughout the country to take immediate steps to induce as many of the electors as possible to pledge themselves to vote for no Parliamentary candidate who will not promise to vote for the second reading of the Permissive Bill.

8.—That this Grand Lodge strongly recommends all members of the Order to regularly read, and aid in circulating the *Alliance News*, as one of the most valuable means of spreading the principles of Prohibition and hastening their adoption.

9.—That this Grand Lodge expresses its cordial gratitude, to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, for the new and revised editions of the Subordinate and Degree Rituals, adopted at late Session in London, and welcomes them as an admirable summary of Temperance principles, in full harmony with Divine Revelation.

10.—That this Grand Lodge is gratified by the action taken by the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, in rejecting the proposal to establish a Worthy Grand Lodge for Great Britain and Ireland.

11.—That the Executive be requested to arrange, in conjunction with the District Lodges, for the holding of series of large excursions, and open air demonstrations throughout our jurisdiction, in the last week of June, 1874.

12.—That Section I, Article VII., Subordinate Lodge Constitution, be rescinded and the following substitute for it adopted:—A member eighteen years of age, three months after his initiation in the First Degree, shall be eligible to the Second Degree, and three months after he has received the Second Degree shall be eligible to the Third Degree. No member not thus qualified shall receive the Degrees except Charter members on the institution of a new Lodge; and a violation of Article II., Sec I., shall work a forfeiture of Degrees. [This resolution is binding on and after 1st November.]

13.—That the Grand Lodge hereby confirms the Bye-Law adopted by the Executive in March last, namely, "That no member shall be suspended for non-payment of due, unless he be two quarters in arrears, and have received notice in writing at least one month previous to the suspension."

Progress of the Order.

U. K. ALLIANCE ANNIVERSARY.

THE Anniversary Meetings of the United Kingdom Alliance were held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on 14th October, and were in every respect a grand success. Sir W. C. Trevelyan, Bart., occupied the chair at the General Council meeting, and Mr. J. Miller, M.P. for Edinburgh, presided at the public meeting in the evening. Frequent references were made to the progress and power of our Order in the Report and by the speakers. G.W.C.T. Malins addressed the council meeting, G.W.C.T. Gladstone addressed the public meeting, and a telegram was read from G.W.C.T. Pyper, expressing

regret at inability to be present. Among the other speakers were Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., M.P.; Bio. General Neal Dow, Bio. R. Simpson, R.W.G.C.; and Mr. B. Whitworth, J.P. Vigorous resolutions in view of the struggle with the liquor traffic at the coming General Election were enthusiastically adopted.

DISCUSSION ON GOOD TEMPLARISM,

THE Rev. James Kerr, Greenock, a minister of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, has published a pamphlet entitled, "The Principles and Practices of Secret Societies Opposed to Scripture and Reason,"

18 pages of which he devotes to Good Templarism, and the remainder he divides between Masonry and Orangeism. At the request of Consistency Lodge, No. 146, the G.W.C.T. reviewed the Good Templar portion of it in a public lecture, Bro. Captain Gilmore presiding, in the First Presbyterian Church, Killyleagh, Co. Down, on 30th September. A few days afterwards, he received from the author of the pamphlet a challenge to a public discussion of the subject in Killyleagh and also in Belfast, which he at once accepted. The discussion in Killyleagh is to take place in the Church in which the lecture was delivered on the evening of the 4th inst., and the one in Belfast is to occupy two evenings, 5th and 6th inst., in the Clarence Place Hall—Bro. John Simms being chairman on the side of the G.W.C.T., and Mr. G. D. Leatham on that of Mr. Kerr.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

BELFAST.—22nd August, a very large and respectable meeting was held under the auspices of the Olive Branch Lodge, in Lonsdale Street School-room. The G.W.C.T. presided, and addresses were delivered by Bro. R. Simpson, R.W.G.C.; Bro. Hon. J. T. Dow and Sis. Mrs. Dow, Wisconsin, U.S. The thanks of the meeting were accorded to the speakers by acclamation, on the motion of Bro. D. Smith, D.D.G.W.C.T., seconded by Bro. James Pyper, M.A., W.C.T. 20th September, an excellent meeting was held under the auspices of the Extreme Lodge in the Lancastrian School-room, Frederick Street. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. W. P. Holmes, D.D.G.W.C.T.; Rev. A. Denholm, W.C.; and D. Smith, D.D.G.W.C.T. 21st September, the G.W.C.T. addressed a meeting in Ekenhead School-room. 20th September, a very successful soiree in connexion with the Concord Lodge, was held in the Lancastrian School-room. The G.W.C.T. presided, and addresses were delivered by Bros. G. A. Reilly, G.W.A.S.; D. Smith, D.D.G.W.C.T.; and A. Ledlie, G.W.S. 1st Oct., a good soiree was held in the Lancastrian School-room, under the auspices of the Sir Wilfrid Lawson Lodge. Bro. D. Smith, D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. H. Pyper, W.C.T.; J. Wylie, W.L.D.; and the G.W.C.T. 3rd October, a highly successful concert with readings, under the auspices of the Meliora Lodge, was held in Ekenhead School-room, the G.W.C.T. presiding. 5th October, a good meeting was held in St. Mathews' School-house, Shankhill Road. Rev. J. Crossley presided, and addresses were delivered by Bro. W. Mayo, and the G.W.C.T. 17th October, a good soiree was held in connexion with the Invincible Lodge, in Alfred School-room, Cromac Street, Bro. J. L. Yule, D.T., presiding. 20th September, a crowded meeting was held in Argyle Place School-room, under the auspices of the Rock of Safety Lodge. The G.W.C.T. presided, and a lecture, entitled "Britain in the Balance," was delivered by Bro. A. Ledlie, G.W.S. 23rd September, the third anniversary soiree of Erin's First Lodge, was held in Clifton Street Lodge-room. Bro. H. J. Wright occupied the chair; and addresses were delivered by Bro. Rev. J. McCreedy, P.G.W.C.; and D. Smith, D.D.G.W.C.T.

MARALIN.—21st August, Bro. T. Spence, W.C.T. of the Guardian Lodge, Maralin, entertained the

members at tea on the occasion of his marriage. The members embraced the opportunity of testifying to their high esteem for Bro. Spence, by presenting him with a complimentary address, accompanied by a handsome biscuit basket. Bro. H. Mathers, P.W.C.T., presided, and appropriate addresses were delivered by several members.

BALLYMENA.—8th September, the members of the Star of Hope Lodge, Ballymena, presented Bro. J. B. Cathcart, who had been one of the most valuable workers in the Lodge from its institution, with an appropriate valedictory address, on the occasion of his emigration to America. Bro. Cathcart read a touching and suitable reply.

GRANGE.—29th September, a public meeting was held in the Grange Protestant Hall, Rev. H. Geer, in the chair. Addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. H. Edgar, W.C., Dunmurry, Rev. J. H. Wright, W.C., Portglenone, and others. At the close of the meeting, Bro. Edgar received upwards of twenty signatures to a petition for a Charter for a new Lodge. The Charter has been granted, and the Lodge will be instituted in a few days.

WARRENPOINT.—29th September, a most successful soiree was held under the auspices of the Dauntless Lodge, in the Savings' Bank Hall, Warrenpoint. Bro. J. Simms, G.W.C., occupied the chair, and the meeting was addressed by Bros. J. Weir, D.T.; Rev. L. Stafford, W.C., and Rev. C. Baskin, W.C.; and also by C. A. Von Steijlitz, Esq., J.P.; Rev. W. C. Barker, Rev. W. McCullough, and Mr. Harris.

SEAFORDE.—8th October, a highly successful soiree, under the auspices of the Clough Lodge, was held in the Court House, Seaforde. Bro. J. M'Iroy (Dundrum), presided, and addresses were delivered by Bros. J. Pyper, G.W.C.T.; Patterson, Ballynahinch; D. McCutcheon, Downpatrick; and R. Magrath, Newcastle.

DERRYANVILLE.—10th September, a highly successful soiree was held in connexion with the Message of Peace Lodge, in the Methodist Chapel, Derryanville, Portadown. Bro. T. Kingsborough, W.C.T., occupied the chair; a report was read by Bro. T. J. Hunniford, W.S.; addresses were delivered by Rev. W. Maguire, Bro. L. M'Mordie, W.C.T.; Rev. W. Devenish, Bro. J. W. Mullin, and Bro. Rev. C. Harrison, D.C.; and between the speeches recitations and music were interspersed, making the evening both pleasant and profitable.

EXCURSIONS AND DEMONSTRATIONS.

COLERAINE.—10th June, the Lodges of the Coleraine District had a highly successful excursion to Roe Park, Newtownlimavady, kindly thrown open to them by the proprietor, Mr. Alexander, D.L.

LISBURN.—11th June, the Lisburn Lodges had an excursion to Massereene Park, Antrim. The G.W.C.T. was one of the party.

MAGHERA.—20th June, the Maghera and Beagh Lodges enjoyed a delightful excursion to Shane's Castle.

PORTADOWN.—23rd June, the Lodges of the Portadown and Armagh District held an imposing demonstration in Carrickblackler Demesne, Portadown. The G.W.C.T. took part in the proceedings.

The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

VOL. I., No. 12.

DECEMBER, 1873.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



Bro. Hon. Gen. Neal Dow.

THE Independent Order of Good Templars being so emphatically an uncompromising Prohibitory organization, it was very appropriate that the first number of the Organ of our Grand Lodge should open with a portrait of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., the leader of the Prohibitory party

in the British House of Commons; and it is equally appropriate that the first volume of our Organ should close with a portrait of Bro. Hon. Gen. Neal Dow, the foremost Prohibitionist of the world, and a distinguished member of our world-wide Order. We are glad to announce that Bro. Dow is likely soon to visit Ireland for a short time, under the auspices of the Irish Temperance League, as a special deputation from the United Kingdom Alliance. He will receive an enthusiastic reception from the members of our Order, as well as from all other genuine friends of the Temperance Reformation.

The following brief sketch of his life, from the pen of Bro. John Hilton, lately appeared in the *Templar*, Organ of the Grand Lodge of England:—

"One of the most illustrious and revered names in connection with the Temperance cause on the other side of the Atlantic is that of Neal Dow. The Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, has said, 'God of Heaven bless thee, noble-minded Dow. I would rather go with Neal Dow's reputation to posterity, and have to meet the last gathering up of the influence of his life in the noble contemplation of an eternal world, than be any other man who lives, or has lived, in this country, the magnificent Father of his country not excepted.' Neal Dow was born at Portland, Maine, on the 20th of March, 1804. His parents and his ancestors for many generations were members of the Society of Friends, but he is a member of the Independents. He has been an active Temperance worker nearly all his life, was much esteemed in his own State, and even beyond, before his name was familiar on this side the water.

"It was, however, his indomitable energy in the Prohibitory movement, resulting in the passing of the Maine Liquor Law, framed by himself, which gave him such world-wide fame. The *Times* once said, 'The man who shall invent a really efficient antidote to this system of voluntary and daily poisoning will deserve a high place among the benefactors of his race.' This is what Neal Dow has done—done admirably, eminently, triumphantly. The Rev. Dr. Marsh, of New York, said of him, 'In prosecuting this work Mr. Dow has been possessed with the true spirit of a reformer. He has never sat down in despondency and brooded over ills as incurable. That trait has

never belonged to him. Nor has he spent his time in cutting off the outer branches of the upas tree, and circumscribing its limits, but he has at once struck at the root, never fearing that its overthrow, with its trunk and mighty branches, would involve him in destruction.'

"Neal Dow is not only an abstainer from alcoholic liquor, but from tobacco. As a man he is modest, high principled, and courteous; in fact, I may, from personal knowledge (having travelled with him, and been much in his company) describe him emphatically as a *Christian gentleman*. In 1837 we find him recognised as the leader of the Prohibitory party in America, and from that time he has laboured energetically throughout the States. In the Spring of the year 1848, when his Maine Law was passed, he travelled, within two months, more than 4,000 miles in advocating the cause. As soon as the Law was passed he was elected Mayor of Portland, a post which he has honourably filled several times. In 1855, when again Mayor, he was the victim of a wicked Liquor party conspiracy, which resulted in a riot, but his character and conduct were clearly and triumphantly vindicated.

"When the American Rebellion broke out the United States Government sent and offered him a commission in the Army. He wrote that he had no interest in the war except so far as it might result in the abolition of slavery. If that was what the Government meant, he would take the sword, but on no other ground. The reply was a commission as Colonel, from which he soon rose to that of Brigadier General. In an unsuccessful attempt to storm Fort Hudson, in Louisiana, he was wounded, and, while being nursed in a private house, was betrayed and taken prisoner. He was confined for many months in the Libby Prison, at Richmond, and had not recovered from his wounds when the war closed.

"He is now paying his third visit to Great Britain, as the guest of the United Kingdom Alliance. During his past visits he has materially aided the Prohibitory movement in this country, especially by his admirable addresses at great meetings all over the realm; one of the most notable being at the Guild Hall, presided over by Alderman Hale.

"The Hon. Neal Dow is a member of the I.O.G.T., of which the Order may well be proud."

Rev. T. V. Killen's Misrepresentations of the Late Dr. Morgan.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE following letter appeared in the *Evangelical Witness* of last month:—

I think the biographer of the late Dr. Edgar

does a serious injury to the good man's memory by the prominence he gives to his opposition to teetotalism, inasmuch as for nearly

twenty years before his decease he had entirely abandoned that opposition; and ceasing to do wrong is the most genuine kind of repentance.

In a still worse way I think the Rev. T. Y. Killen does a still greater injustice to the memory of the late Dr. Morgan by the following remark about his sentiments on the temperance question in your last issue:—"He early joined Dr. Edgar in the great Temperance Reformation, and his voice and example were always at the command of those who sought to promote the cause of temperance; but at the same time he deprecated the untenable position taken up by some of its advocates; and in a conversation we had with him a few months ago he expressed his regret that the friends of the cause should be divided by the unscriptural opinions which some have adopted regarding unwholesome wine, and the extreme measures to which they are resorting."

It is only from a knowledge of Mr. Killen's own views on the temperance question that one can understand the meaning of this indefinite statement. I feel satisfied, however, that the idea he means to convey implies a serious, though unintentional, misrepresentation of Dr. Morgan. I shall assume, and Mr. Killen can correct me if wrong, that the "untenable position taken up by some advocates" of which he speaks is that intoxicating beverages being poisonous, and therefore unwholesome, their use is contrary to the Will of God as exhibited in His Word, His Works, and His Ways. So far from deprecating this position as untenable, Dr. Morgan himself occupied this very position for at least a dozen years before his lamented decease.

If Mr. Killen doubt this, I can furnish evidence that will fill pages of the *Witness* from Dr. Morgan's own pen, that will place the matter beyond dispute. The *Irish Good Templar* of the present month contains as much evidence of this kind as will perhaps be sufficient for those who wish to know the truth on the matter. I have had dozens of conversations with Dr. Morgan on the temperance movement, more I believe than any other man now living, and I never heard one word from him of the kind Mr. Killen puts before your readers, while I have often heard much from his wise and honored lips that was most encouraging to me in humbly endeavoring to maintain what I have assumed Mr. Killen means by "the untenable position taken up by some advocates."

The position I have indicated, which Mr. Killen condemns, but which I affirm Dr. Morgan held and ably supported, is not that occupied by

merely some, but by nearly all advocates of the temperance cause. That salvation is by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of sinners is not a more settled and universal doctrine of the Christian Church, than that the use of alcoholic drinks is contrary to the Divine Will is of the Temperance Reformation. There is not a national temperance organization in existence, that does not advocate teetotalism and prohibition on this basis. There are now hundreds of temperance periodicals and newspapers being issued monthly, weekly, or daily from the press, and everyone of them teaches total abstinence to be an absolute moral duty, binding upon all men in all times and circumstances. There are about two hundred public temperance advocates in the United Kingdom, recognized agents and lecturers of various temperance organizations, and I believe there is not one of them—and I know scores of them personally—who now bases his arguments for total abstinence on the principle of Christian expediency laid down by Paul—the only basis that Mr. Killen would admit to be tenable. And why do they not? Simply because they know, and would be incompetent advocates if they did not know, that it is a pernicious error to apply that high and noble principle to abstinence from bad unwholesome articles which the Apostle applies only to things good and lawful in their nature. The advocacy of total abstinence on that principle aids in perpetuating the tremendous lie which forms the basis of the great drink-curse, namely, that alcoholic liquors are good creatures of God designed by Him for human food and drink.

The Heaven-appointed remedy for this as well as every other evil is the knowledge and practice of the truth—"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Before the power of the truth, and before no other power, the infernal liquor traffic will yet as certainly fall as Dagon fell before the Ark of the Living God. Dr. Morgan had for many years a pretty clear and full apprehension of the truth of the question of temperance, and, therefore, "his voice and example" were upon the side of total abstinence. Mr. Killen and many of his ministerial brethren have not such a knowledge of temperance truth, and, consequently, their "voice and example" are against total abstinence. Let our united prayer be that of the godly Gillespie—*Da lucem, Domine, da lucem.*—Faithfully yours,

JOHN PYPER.

Elfaist, 6th Sept., 1873.

SINCERITY is speaking as we think, believing as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise, and being as we appear to be.

Rev. James Heron on Good Templarism.—No. 12.

BY BRO. REV. G. H. SHANKS, G.W. CHAPLAIN.

"To the law and to the testimony. What saith the Scripture? How readest thou?"

IN my public lecture, which Mr. H. "had the rare privilege of hearing," and in my reply in the *Witness*, I stated that he had never specified what it was in Good Templarism which was contrary to Scripture, nor *presented any Scripture texts which it was contrary to*, except those contained in the "American Declaration," which was published long before Templarism was in existence. "Be it noted here that he does not deny this statement," which, he declares, "took with the audience." So it did. Well, he endeavors to make amends for that curious omission by presenting ten groups of texts in his "New Crusade"—and he might just as well have presented ten times ten for all the relevancy they have and all the help they give him. Thus, he begins with, "Abide in Me; without Me ye can do nothing.—John xv. 4, 5." So teaches Good Templarism, saying, "Look to Christ;" "At the feet of the Son of God learn," &c. He continues—"Whatsoever ye do in word or deed do all in the name of the Lord Jesus," says Paul; exactly what Templarism attempts to do, opening every meeting with prayer, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and inculcating, both by precept and example, that "Without Him we can do nothing," and accordingly praying twice, at least, at each meeting, and often several times. He quotes "Col. iii. 17; also, Col. ii. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10," and adds—"But Templarism has framed a deistical creed, deliberately ignoring Christ and Christianity, and Mr. S. can see no reason to object to it on this ground." No, indeed; for this ground does not exist, as I have shown already. Might he not just as well quote any of the texts from Genesis to Revelation, and add to each of them, with his usual close reasoning and proofs—"But Templarism has framed a deistical creed, deliberately ignoring Christ"—"expressly excluding Christ and Christianity;" "and Mr. S. can see no reason to object to it on this ground"? Sure a deistical creed, deliberately ignoring Christ and Christianity, opposes all the texts of the Bible as well as those quoted above, and why, therefore, he quoted *them* more than others, I have not got "light" enough from my "luminous friend" to see. This group of texts is a specimen of the point and relevancy of the other nine, and his treatment of them is a sample of the logical and pertinent way he treats the rest. Why quote so

many, or even any at all, when it is beyond dispute that "Templarism has framed a deistical creed," "deliberately and *expressly* excluding Christ and Christianity"? In truth, his laboriously collecting so many texts to prove Templarism to be "not good Christianity," demonstrates that *he does not believe his own assertion* that "Templarism has framed a deistical creed, deliberately and *expressly* excluding Christ and Christianity;" for who would think it necessary to present ten collections of texts to prove that the "express exclusion of Christ and Christianity" was "antichristian" and "not good Christianity?"

I might stop with this, but, as a farther specimen, I observe that in his second collection he quotes—"I spake openly to the world, and in secret have I said nothing," which is only *apparently* against Templarism, and not really, when properly interpreted; for the interpretation which would make it be against Templarism would also make it be against Christ's own doings and sayings, for *He held private meetings with His Apostles, and often said things which they were strictly charged not to disclose*. Mr. H. "calls upon me to substantiate this statement," and says that I have "not perceived it to be a direct negative to our Saviour's words." Here I am, then, just at his call. Mark ix. 9—"He charged them that they should tell no man what things they had seen." Luke ix. 21—"And He *straitly* charged them and commanded them to tell no man that thing." See also Luke x. 23; John vii. 10; Mark ix. 2; Matt. xvii. 19; xvi. 20. Does not this "substantiate my statement" that "Christ held private meetings with His disciples," and "said things they were strictly charged not to disclose"? And that His having done so tells powerfully against Mr. H. and helps my argument, is demonstrated by the desperate effort which he makes to deny it. Who is it, then, that gives "a direct negative to our Saviour's words"? If this "Christian teacher" would read his Bible more, and less of "Punch and Judy," "Gulliver's Travels," and Thomas Carlyle,* and such like, he might be a more Christian Crusader, and better fitted to lecture his seniors on such subjects. He actually himself

* He might read Carlyle with great advantage on Intemperance. Eccentric as is that great man, he is a thorough hater of alcohol in all forms. Will Mr. H. consent to make that hater of shams umpire between him and me, and leave it to him to say on which side lie the "tremendous amount of unreality, rose-color, bunkum," sophism, humbug, and misrepresentation?

gives four reasons why Christ "*laid injunctions on persons healed by Him*" (not on *them* alone, but on His Apostles also) "to tell no man what had been done to them" (and what had been said to them too, and what they had *seen* also—see the above texts), and yet he denies that "Christ held private meetings with His disciples, and said things they were strictly charged not to disclose." "This is what" opposition to a good cause "brings its victims to." What will he not deny in his blinding passion against Templarism? Templarism "speaks openly to the world," holding public meetings oftener than any other temperance society, and, after the manner of Christ, "in secret says nothing" *inconsistent* with what it says openly to the world, or what need "fear the light of day," when the proper time comes for publishing it. What harm has it got, for example, from all that Mr. Heron "has dragged to light" of its private proceedings? If he has done no more harm to himself than to it, it will be well for him. The words of our Saviour, quoted by Himself, "What I tell you in darkness that speak ye in light, and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the house-tops" (Matt. x. 27), *imply* that He did tell things to His disciples "in darkness" or in private meetings, and that they heard things "in the ear"—that is, in secret, while they also give warning that nothing can be kept secret from God, nor from men either, in the long run, as is obvious from the previous verse; "for there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, and hid that shall not be known."—(See also Luke xii. 3.) And just in accordance with this, Templarism warns its members that "a Templar's vow is registered in heaven,"* and teaches that all its operations are open before the eyes of the All-seeing One, "the Ruler and Governor of all things." Templarism has "no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reproves them."—Eph. v. 11. "The unfruitful works of darkness" never do cast out the demon of drunkenness. Templarism is "a city set on an hill, and cannot be hid." It "lets its light shine before men" (Matt. v. 14, 15, 16), and wherever a Lodge is established, there persons become members of the Church.

In his third collection of texts he quotes—"Charity vaunteth not itself. 1 Cor. xiii. 4," and "at the corners of the streets to be seen of men, Matt. v. 12;" and alleges that these are violated by Good Templars when they "parade the streets in imposing demonstrations"—as his own Sab-

bath-schools and Band of Hope do—and he gravely asks, "Why such demonstration of the power of walking if one has the use of his legs? It only raises a suspicion of weakness in those members!" I hope such applications of Scripture will do no worse for him than "raise suspicion of weakness of legs" for his charges to stand upon, or of their having no legs at all to stand on. Again, Templars "judge" what is said to them. 1 Cor. x. 15. They "prove all things. 1 Thes. v. 21." They are "not the servants of men. 1 Cor. vii. 23." Nor do they "turn again to the weak and beggarly elements. . . . Gal. iv. 9." Nor is their worship of God a bit more "Judaic" or less "Christian" than that of the anti-Templars. "Col. ii. 10; Heb. ix. 10." Again, it endeavors, as it "has opportunity to do good unto all men"—"to rescue the fallen, and prevent others from falling"—"especially unto them who are of the household of faith." Again, he finds, or supposes that in the Lodge-room members move, for example, "to the desk of the financial secretary to sign the Constitutions," and this is "bodily exercise," contradicting "1 Tim. iv. 7, 8, bodily exercise profiteth little." This is the way he undertakes to do what I called upon him to do, namely, to specify some things in Good Templarism which are contrary to Scripture, and to produce texts which they are contrary to. He wisely abstained from making any attempt of the kind until I called upon him to do it, and until he saw from my public lecture how his not doing so "took with the audience;" and if he will do himself "the rare privilege of hearing" more of my public lectures, he will, perhaps, find how "it takes with the audience," to show how he has succeeded in the attempt. Again he quotes—"2 Cor. i. 12; Phil. iv. 8," and adds, "In short, the spirit of Christianity" is, "be simple, true, real, natural." Exactly, Mr. Heron, and make no misstatements, therefore, nor represent your opponent, for example, as expressing "*approval*" of "unreality, show, bombast, bunkum even, extravagance," &c., when in the strongest manner he denies it, nor represent the system you attack as "expressly excluding Christ and Christianity," when you cannot but know, if rightly informed, that it is the only temperance organization which, by its principles, *excludes* from its membership those who avowedly exclude Christ and Christianity—while yet, even *them* it endeavors to make temperate, by giving them, in the meantime, a total abstinence pledge, and introducing them into some other temperance society (Templars being generally members of some other), such as the Irish Temperance

* Mr. Heron alleges that Good Templars attach a certain meaning to these words which *never* entered my mind, nor any other Templar's mind that ever I heard of.

League, or the Assembly's Total Abstinence Association, or the Greenock Temperance Society, till they be brought, if possible, to acknowledge the authority of the Bible, and *then* bring them to a Templar Lodge, thence to the house of God, and thence to Christ. And this is an answer to the extraordinary objection which Mr. Kerr made in his public lecture, that "Templarism will do nothing for the poor drunken atheist"!—Mr. Heron objecting, on the other hand, that the Order admits atheists! "There is nothing Christ condemns more sharply," says Mr. Heron, "than everything in the shape of guile and fraud—nothing more inculcated than truth and honesty"—so that, Mr. Heron, you are not at liberty to use guile and fraud, misrepresentation and sophism, nothing but truth and honesty, even for the purpose of putting down Templarism, even although it should, as you declare, let in more and worse demons than drunkenness, unless you hold the doctrine that "we may do evil that good may come." Mr. Heron can produce plenty of texts against "guile and fraud"—against "unreality," "show," "bunkum,"—against all that is contrary to "truth and honesty;" but I take leave to say, with all respect, that *that* is not producing texts against *Templarism*, but against *Anti-Templarism*, and against his own Anti-Templar crusades.

We are not sure that the wine commonly used at the Lord's Table has a single drop of "the fruit of the vine" in it; but we *are* sure it has exceedingly little, if any at all—not that this would be a great objection, perhaps, provided such wine contained only what was wholesome and fit for use, and not a thing whose use on such an occasion countenances the drinking usages, hinders total abstinence, and so promotes intemperance. The worst thing about Templarism, in the opinion of some, is its alleged tendency to remove intoxicating wine from the Lord's Table, and so propagate the idea that it is unfit to be used as a beverage, and is not sanctioned in the Bible. Some may think this the best thing about it; but whether it be the worst or the best, it is not *peculiar* to Templarism, for it commenced long before Templarism existed—indeed, from the very first of the temperance movement, and was brought as an objection against that movement from the very beginning. The Templar Obligation obliges no one to abstain from wine as a medicine—if it ever be a medicine, which some eminent medical practitioners deny—nor from its use at the Lord's Table; nor does it formally commit anyone to the "Bible Wine Views." These views, as they commenced long before Templarism was heard of, will pre-

vail—perhaps not so rapidly—even if Templarism were immediately and for ever annihilated, unless its annihilation would be also the annihilation of the Temperance movement (as it probably would), and of all inquiry as to the dietetic and medicinal qualities of alcoholic drinks, and their relation to the human body (or any body, vegetable or animal), and their supposed sanction in Scripture. How does Mr. H. meet the reply I gave to his objections on this head? He had said that Templarism was "a slur on Christianity"—just as many say of the Temperance Society in any form. I replied, that "the need for it was a slur on Christianity"—that is, on *such* Christianity as the Church generally exhibits in the *matter of temperance*—the so-called Christian lands being the drunken lands all the world over, and Mr. H. replies, "Comment is superfluous"! "It is a confession," says he, "that in the matter of temperance Christianity is a failure"—an objection notoriously not against *Templarism*, but against the whole temperance movement, brought every day against his own total abstinence association and every other temperance society. Will he deny that such Christianity as the Church generally now exhibits is a failure in the *matter of temperance*? What Church does its duty in this matter? Not one. Not the infallible Church of Rome. Not the "Reformed Church" of the Presbyterians, which needs reform in this *matter* as much as the un-reformed Presbyterians, and which, to its honor be it spoken, in order to effect the much-needed reform, has recourse to the total abstinence pledge and to temperance organizations—such as the Irish Temperance League, the United Kingdom Alliance, &c., in which Templars are leading members—to these the Covenanters nobly have recourse, unmoved by all Mr. H.'s slang about "a slur on Christianity"—"a confession that in the matter of temperance, Christianity is a failure," &c., &c. I showed, however, that *not* Christianity, but the imperfect exhibition of it in the matter of temperance, causes the failure—that a false interpretation of Bible words for wine, an anti-Scriptural teaching regarding the use of wine at the Lord's Table, and as a beverage—that *this* causes the failure: and what does he say in reply? Oh, "there is no need here to follow Mr. S. in his remarks on Bible Wine!" So! "Comment is superfluous."

Then he gives an advice which is exceedingly good, and for which I beg to thank him most warmly, and that is, that everyone who is "unconvinced" should read "Mr. S.'s pamphlet in reply to Dr. Murphy." I agree with that. Glad I am to find *something* to agree with him in. But

he says, "If there is any one of ordinary intelligence, and not infatuated and blind, still unconvinced of the unscripturality and folly of the so-called Bible Wine theory, I ask no better than that he should read the pamphlet in which Mr. S. nibbles at Dr. Murphy's article on that subject—an article still unanswered." I "ask no better" either. Some think I did more than "nibble" at the Doctor's article—that I absorbed it—for where is it now? The Rev. I. N. Harkness differs in opinion from Mr. H. in this matter, and Mr. Harkness has received publicly the thanks of the General Assembly for his successful and judicious labors in the cause of temperance, and is perhaps as good a judge in matters of the kind as Mr. H. is. Mr. Harkness says, "There is no man in the Church who is more beloved than Dr. Murphy: but *just on this account*, the evil that has been done by his pamphlet is *incalculable*. Mr. Shanks replies to him, and *does it most effectually*." And yet Mr. H. says that Dr. Murphy's article "is still unanswered!" The Rev. Dr. Houston, Professor of Divinity and Hebrew for the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Ireland, a highly esteemed and eminent Divine, also differs from Mr. Heron in this matter. He says, "There are few men, I am persuaded, in any country, that have more carefully studied the subject in all its bearings, and characterized as he (Mr. S.) is by the deepest reverence for the Word of God, and warm-hearted Christian philanthropy, few have higher claims to be heard on what he may say or write on questions connected with the Temperance Reformation." Dr. Houston farther says that he regards my reply to Dr. Murphy "as an important and valuable contribution to the cause of total abstinence"—"it takes a wide range—abounds in rare and valuable information—contains important criticism, and judicious expositions and applications of passages of the Divine Word, and is throughout distinguished for a tone of Christian candor, and manly integrity, in avowing and enforcing the author's convictions of truth." He adds, "This I may be permitted to say, that Mr. Shanks has satisfactorily shown that it is not *the mere excess of wine* but *the use of it* which the Bible in many passages expressly condemns. His expositions, moreover, of the different words in the sacred Originals, that are rendered in our Authorized Version wine, new wine, &c., are fully borne out by the soundest criticism, while his statements and reasoning, and the copious evidence which he has adduced respecting 'the fruit of the vine'—the wines of vinous countries—the wine used by

the Jews in ancient and modern times in the Passover—and Sacramental wine—deserve to be carefully considered, and are well fitted to produce conviction in unprejudiced minds." Dr. Houston concludes with "cordially commending" my reply to Dr. Murphy, "as furnishing *satisfactory replies* to various popular objections against total abstinence—vindicating its advocates from the charge of being extremists—and supplying tried and polished weapons for carrying on successfully this holy war on the side of light and truth against the hosts of darkness." Many other quotations might be given from reviewers, equally decided in their testimony, that Dr. Murphy's article has been thoroughly answered, but as it may be possible that some persons may think them all wrong, and Mr. Heron alone right, on this point, just let every one then take Mr. H.'s advice and *read my pamphlet*, and so judge for himself. "I ask no better." A few copies of the second edition still remain. A third edition has been called for.

"O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee, Devil."—(*Shakspeare*.) "As wine plays so important a part in Jewish ceremonies—whether in the synagogue or at home—it may be well to say once for all that the most rigid teetotaler need hardly object to the harmless beverage which is usually understood by this term—not our fiery port and sherries, nor even the lightest of claret, but a compound of home manufacture, which is often prepared somewhat as follows:—A pound of Malaga raisins is bought at the nearest grocer's. These are chopped up fine and steeped in boiling water. The mixture is allowed to cool, and the liquid is strained off. *This is wine*."—(*Sunday Magazine*, of September, 1870.) This extract testifies two things of greatest importance to this inquiry: 1. That in the opinion and practice of the Jews up to the present day, all fermented wine was forbidden at the Passover, in which nothing "leavened" or fermented dare be used, and consequently Jesus could not have used fermented wine at the Lord's Supper, for He used the Passover wine. 2. That *that* which is unintoxicating and unfermented *is wine*, notwithstanding the curious notion of some, given forth in their cuckoo song that "nothing is wine which is *unintoxicating*," even although *confessedly* grape-juice or "the fruit of the vine." *No one denies* that juice of the grape is used most frequently in an *unintoxicating* state in Bible lands.—*Good Templarism in Harmony with Christianity*.

KINDNESS is the music of good will to men, and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER XII.

WHICH THOSE WHO DO NOT LIKE IT NEED NOT READ.

"YOU will soon have it that it would be well for everybody to abstain," said Philip, who had certainly not been practising abstinence while the others were talking. "It would not be ill for some," Mattie answered, touching—as she thought—his foot gently with her own when she saw him about to fill his tumbler for at least the fourth time; but as she could not look under the table to make sure which was Philip's, she operated on Mr. McPherson's instead, and her face, neck, and ears, became a universal pink when she was made aware of her mistake by the surprised enquiry expressed in that gentleman's eyes. He thought she meant it as a confidential hint that he was to continue the discussion, and though he would much rather have held his tongue, he was too gallant to do it when a lady bade him speak. "There are temptations in every path," he said; "a student's life is not free from danger any more than that of an editor or reporter." "No, indeed," the Rector said, his eyes softening at the remembrance; "I was in some danger myself of becoming addicted to drink when at college, for the students were such a merry lot—all except the stewards—and we had so many supper parties that morning headache and late for classes was quite a common occurrence with me." "It was no wonder you were too delicate to read much, papa." "Indeed, though I drank nothing stronger than claret, the dissipation did me serious harm, and Jones of my year never recovered it, but died of consumption before he was a twelvemonth ordained. Poor Smith and Brown too—splendid fellows they were—but they fell into drinking habits, and the last I heard of them Smith was in the poor-house and Brown in prison. If they had not grown fond of drink they might have been at the head of their professions to-day, but that is what it has brought them to." And Mr. Bellamy sighed, and sipped his punch meditatively. "I had no time for dissipation," said Mr. McPherson. "I had to pay my own way at college, and had trouble enough sometimes making both ends meet, though I took a scholarship every year, and taught several hours a day besides. It was my usual practice to sit up reading till four o'clock, with a wet towel round my head to keep myself awake, four hours' sleep being my allowance." "A little wine would have cleared your head wonderfully." "So some of the fellows told me, but those who recommended it were not the ones who carried off the prizes, and I thought it wisest to stick to my own plan, and though my nerves were a good deal shaken, my constitution suffered very little in the long run." "But do you think there would be any danger in people, who have no hereditary tendency to immoderate drinking, taking stimulants to help them to study?" asked Mattie, who had been listening with all her eyes, and took a peculiar interest in this branch of the subject on Christopher's account. "I have no hereditary tendency that I know of, Miss Mattie, but I think

if I had taken anything alcoholic for the sinking feeling I used to have in the morning, that I would have been in danger. If you overtax yourself at night, you must suffer for it in relaxed muscles and languid brain next morning. My room-mate, who was a hard worker too, drank his morning glass as regularly as he dressed himself, but that only increased the excitement of brain, and caused the greater reaction, so that he had to take another peg to set him up, as he said, for his night-work. He was ordained before me, and I heard the other day that he had been suspended for drinking. I was not surprised at it." "You should have taken a glass of good old port when you felt that sinking," said Miss Bellamy. She had generally a prescription for every ailment, past and present, and placed great reliance in old port. "I did not feel any need of logwood," he answered drily. "Now, Mr. McPherson, I saw in the last wine circular we got that the stories told about its adulteration are all fabrications." "Perhaps; but I thought it best at the time to use nothing that could intoxicate me." "I do think you were right, and it would be well if all students were as wise. I highly approve of Students' Temperance Societies, and when a young man from my parish was going to college lately, I strongly advised him to join one."

On hearing her father exempt this third class from his sweeping condemnation of total abstinence, Mattie was undutiful enough to allow her eyes to flash back a look of fun at Mr. McPherson, when he glanced significantly at her. "I do not know how it is in your church," Mr. McPherson said, wishing to draw out some further concessions, "but I know that in ours the temptation does not end with student life. I got off with drinking wine at my own ordination, but the first time I visited my people I was pressed to drink whiskey in almost every house I went into, and some of them thought me very proud and stuck-up because I would not do it. If I had drunk even a small quantity every time I was asked I must have been intoxicated at the close of the day's visitation." "That was owing to the kindness and hospitality of the people," said Miss Bellamy. "It was." "That is what makes it lost labor to attack the drinking of spirits," said the Rector; "it is so connected with hospitality and festive occasions, that unless you change the character of the people, you cannot alter their customs. If we wish to benefit them, the only way to do it is to stop the drunkenness, and let drinking alone." "How can you stop drunkenness without stopping the drinking that causes it? No man becomes a drunkard without being a moderate drinker first; drinking customs make moderate drinking, and moderate drinking makes drunkenness, and the only sure plan is to strike at the root and cut down the drinking customs altogether," cried Mr. McPherson, starting up from the table, and planting his back against the chimney-piece, as was his usual custom when excited. "My dear sir, when you have lived as long as I have done you will find that it is difficult

enough to induce people to keep the ten commandments, without imposing an eleventh upon them." "It's not an eleventh commandment, it's the sum of the ten," he answered, picking savagely at his teeth. "How is that?" "The sum of the ten commandments is to love the Lord with all our hearts and our neighbors as ourselves, and we cannot love the Lord if the mind is clouded and the heart made callous by strong drink; and we cannot love our neighbor as ourselves if we will not deny ourselves in such a small matter for His sake."

"Mattie, my dear, we had better adjourn to the drawing-room, and have some music," said the Rector. Mr. McKenzie gave his arm to Miss Bellamy, and Mr. McPherson had offered his to Mattie before Philip, looking daggers at being again forestalled by one who was not in general noted for polite attention to ladies, could get up from his chair. Mr. McPherson, unaware of the wrath he had excited, led Mattie to the piano and asked her to sing. "You have been talking so much about drinking that I will sing you a drinking song," she said, turning over the leaves of her music-book till she came to a song named "Marah." The words were very simple, but they suited the plaintive air to which they were set, and Mattie's voice suited both. Mr. McPherson's short "Thank you," when she finished, was highly satisfactory. "Where did you get that?" Philip asked quickly. "I heard Moses at it, and I got him to sing it over while I took it down." "Where did you get it, little man?" the Rector asked of Moses, who was engaged in a confidential conversation with Mr. McKenzie, respecting the feeding of rabbits. "Miriam taught it to me," he answered; "she said that Marah means bitterness, and that no matter how sweet punch or wine is, it brings bitterness to drink them." "There is the whole question settled dogmatically," said the Rector, laughing. Moses, having been taught that little boys should not speak in company unless spoken to, had gladly seized the opportunity of deciding the point they had all been discussing, by delivering his sister's judgment on it. He had all a child's horror of being laughed at, and felt doubly affronted because it was Miriam's opinion, and not his own, that he had given. "It isn't dogmatically, it's true," he answered indignantly, "for Mira said it." "That is a good boy, always mind what Miriam says, for she knows best," said Mattie, turning round to smile at him. "Rather dangerous doctrine, Miss Mattie! Children should be taught to reason a thing for themselves, instead of trusting another's word," said Mr. McPherson. "But till they are able to reason for themselves should they not be taught to take things on trust?" "On trust from whom, though?" "From whoever is most worthy of trust, and Moses will find no one more worthy of it than Miriam. But you would be surprised how well he can reason about things usually supposed to be above a child's comprehension." "Children can comprehend a great deal more than they get credit for." "And grown people less, sometimes." "Very likely. Had Miss Lutton any special reason for wishing her brother to be a teetotaler?" "Not that I know of; I suppose she thought the earlier a good habit was formed, the better." "Or rather that

the longer a useless habit was from being formed the better; temperance is natural to a child, and it is the taste for drink that is foreign to its nature, and has to be acquired." "Some people teach their children to like alcohol long before they are as old as Moses; I think it is very wrong." "Of course it is." "Is not a taste for wine quite as unnatural as for ale or whiskey?" "Have you never squeezed the juice out of blackberries, and drunk it; or is it such a long time since you did it that you have forgotten?" "I remember doing it very well," she answered, laughing, "but that was not wine." "It was quite as much wine—blackberry wine at least—as what we were drinking to-day; grape juice does not need to be either fermented or adulterated to make it wine; though I would not acknowledge that to him;" nodding in the direction of the editor. "There is no alcohol in it when it is newly pressed, is there?" "No, it is the alcohol does the mischief."

Mr. McPherson then ensconced himself in an arm-chair close to the piano, and Mattie played, and sang, and chatted to him familiarly between turns, till Philip was savage. Now, Philip had no special claim upon Mattie, nor Mattie upon Philip, but people had thrown them at each other till they had almost persuaded them into a mutual fancy. Moreover, Philip had always been in the habit of depreciating Mr. McPherson, whom he looked upon as a countrified young man, not at all *au fait* in the usages of good society; this opinion he had more than once expressed to Mattie, and to find her laughing with the man at whom he had often laughed, was doubly aggravating. He lifted a portfolio off the side table, and as he did so took the opportunity of stumbling purposely over Mr. McPherson's feet, which were stretched out at ease a few yards from his chair. But though Philip anathematized the said legs pretty loudly, the owner never troubled himself to move them, and Mattie took no notice, but continued to flit her hands up and down the keyboard in heartless disregard of his feelings. "She has to turn the leaves for herself, for that dolt does not know how," was Philip's sole consolatory reflection, as he began attentively to examine landscapes he did not see, and heads that, for anything he knew, might have belonged to horses or monkeys as readily as to human beings. But at last one arrested his attention, and a gratified smile broke over his face, as from among Mattie's drawings he drew forth a chalk portrait of himself—from memory too, for he had never given her a sitting. It soothed his vanity to observe how well she had remembered, and how faithfully portrayed every little idiosyncrasy. How well she had done that elegant imperial, so much more *distingue* than any moustache, and how admirably she had caught the expression, half sad, half quizzical, of his eyes. I am afraid you will think Philip dreadfully vain; in general he was not so, but to-night he was in an excitable mood—almost-tipsy, a strict abstainer would have called him—and the depression occasioned by Mattie's gross neglect was replaced by a very congratulatory feeling, as he contemplated this evidence of her favor. He became more excited as he looked at it. "On my word, a girl couldn't draw a fellow like that, unless she liked a fellow," he exclaimed aloud, holding the picture at arm's length. Fortunately no one heard him.

Mr. McKenzie and Moses were at the further end of the room, and Mr. McPherson, absorbed in the music, thought he was talking to Mr. Bellamy, but the Rector had fallen asleep as soon as he got a chance. "And, on my word, if a girl likes a fellow, it would be a shame if a fellow did not like a girl—a downright sh-a-a-me," he stuttered, addressing the likeness, reproachfully. Yet Philip was no fop; on the contrary, when quite sober, he had rather a low opinion of his own powers of attraction; but this very humility laid him open to flattery, for, having in some respects formed too low an estimate of himself, he was unduly elevated by the high opinion of others, and would too often grieve his real friends for the sake of those false ones who flattered his weaknesses, and professed an extraordinary regard for his society. And so he had acquired, along with his taste for drink, a dangerous tendency to low company, that is, company where he would be deferred to in everything, where "Mr. Philip's" word was law, and where his mind and morals had no chance of being elevated by contact with those of a higher calibre. And this same humility—or vanity, whichever it was—made him also somewhat of a flirt, and the girl who loved him with a love that was quiet, because of its very intensity, was sometimes forgotten for the sake of those whose lighter fancies admitted of more demonstrativeness of manner. Miriam Lutton was not aware of this. Though a matured woman in some things, she was simple as a child in others, and the idea of Philip making love to another girl, while she had his heart, would have been beyond her comprehension. With her to love once was to love for ever, and though she had refused to be Philip's wife, it seemed to her that there was a tie between them nothing could break. Mattie Bellamy knew more of Philip's susceptible nature, and being acquainted with his passing fancy for more than one pretty village girl, was not disposed to lay too much weight on his attentions to herself since her return from a boarding school in Dublin; but at the skating party, and for a few weeks preceding it, there had been a certain tenderness in his manner, which girls better versed in the ways of the world than she was, would have taken as meaning something more than either friendship or admiration. Mattie knew as much of Miriam's mind as most, but she had never been taken into her confidence so far as Philip was concerned, or she might have suspected that pique at the cool way in which his addresses had been received, had something to do with his sudden accession of devotion to herself. But she had not so much as one suspicion that she was poaching on her friend's ground, and as she had always been fond of Philip as a child, and liked him very well since she grew up, she began to think a good deal about him, and make mention of him in her prayers, though the depth of her woman's heart had not yet been stirred.

Philip had absented himself from the Glebe for ten days after the skating party, and Mattie, having resolved to punish him when he did come, had treated him with unwonted neglect, as has been told. Yet, though seemingly engrossed by Mr. McPherson, she did not lose sight of Philip glooming in a corner, and her heart began to relent. So when Dr. Marks came in, hours too late

for dinner, and created a stir in the room, Mattie, still keeping her seat at the piano, turned round and smiled sweetly at Philip, and he, not to be outdone, smiled at her in a way he never did at Miriam, because, strive as we may, we never can make the counterfeit exactly the same as the genuine coin. However, Mattie, having had no experience of the genuine, was quite contented, and patted the chair next to the music-stool, encouragingly. Of course he took the hint, and came over to her, looking unutterable things. "You seem to have a great love for solitude, to-night," she said, half petulantly. "You didn't give me any other choice," he answered, drawing his chair a little closer, and speaking a little thick, but in the peculiar tone that men use when they mean nothing except to make women believe that they mean a great deal. "What had I to do with it?" she asked, her fingers dancing lightly over the keys. "Can you ask me?" Tone more tender still, and head bent till it almost touches her shoulder. "How nasty punch is on the breath." This to hide her own consciousness. "If you don't like punch I won't take pu-unch." "I don't like it at all except for middle-aged gentlemen like papa." "Then if you don't like it at all, I'll not take it at all, for I want to please you." Mr. McPherson was a much more observant man than people in general gave him credit for, and though he seemed to take no notice of the pair at the piano, the occasional sharp glance he gave at them enabled him to read their feelings better than they could have done themselves. He understood better than Mattie did, why Philip's hand trembled as it rested on the back of her chair, and understood too, why the look of self-consciousness never left her face, as it would have done had she cared for him in the way she thought she did. Yet many people have married who loved each other no better, and never found out (happily for themselves) that there was a higher love of which they knew nothing. "A great mistake," said Mr. McPherson, answering an observation of the Rector's with his own thoughts, and being thereby forced to justify an assertion he had not meant to make; for, like many of us, he preferred propping up a tumble-down edifice, to acknowledging that he built upon a wrong foundation. Though Philip became soberer after tea, he went home that night highly elated, and wakened next morning with the impression that he had done something foolish; he could not exactly remember what. Mr. McPherson went home wondering how it was that girls always preferred rakes to sober men; and Mattie went to bed with the pleasant consciousness that Philip made unmistakable love to her, but wondered why she did not feel quite so happy as she should have done under such circumstances. She supposed it was because, when picturing tender passages to herself with some unknown lover, as young girls will do, she had never thought of that lover being slightly intoxicated when avowing his affection; but, as Philip had promised to stop drinking punch, she need not be uneasy about that. Be it observed that Mr. McPherson let down Philip's character to the lowest link; he was not a rake. Had he died then, people would have said what a fine open-hearted fellow he had always been, and his praises would have been set

forth in every newspaper in the county; but if he lived to grow worse, or to come to a bad end, they would say it was what they had always

predicted, for that he had been wild from his youth up.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Dr. Morgan's Last Temperance Sermon.

"I HATE THEM WITH PERFECT HATRED."

Psalm cxxxix. 22.

THIS saying is to be understood, not of the persons of men, but of their wicked works. The Psalmist loved the men while he hated their doings. It is said of Jesus, "He looked on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts." Anger is not inconsistent with love. At present I shall apply the text to one subject—Intemperance—and only to one department of it—the Public-house—and while I have compassion for those who live by it, I am constrained to say of itself, "I hate it with perfect hatred." My thoughts concerning it have taken this course. If David were now living among us, what would he think and say of our public-houses? What would He, of whom David was a type, Jesus Christ, think and say of them? What would Christ's great Apostle, Paul, if he were among us, think and say of them? What would John, the beloved friend of Jesus, think and say of them? In the light of their judgment how ought we to regard them?

1. David.—How must we suppose he would regard the public houses of this land? Read his views of wicked men in this Psalm, contained in verses 19—22, and judge. God would slay them, he would depart from them, he was grieved with them, they were a burden to his soul. Read his views of what a ruler of the people ought to be, as he expresses them in 2 Sam. xxiii. 1—4, and judge. He spoke in prospect of death, and said he ought to be "just, ruling in the fear of God;" and he compared him "to the sun in the brightness and blessing of the morning light." What, then, would such a man and such a ruler think of our public-houses? For what would he see as he contemplated them? They are occupied in the sale of intoxicating drinks. The direct effects of these is to destroy the reason of those who use them. They are placed in the hands of any and all who desire to enrich themselves by the sale of them, to dispose of them to all comers. They enjoy the special protection of our laws, and are authorized to profane the Sabbath day by trading in them, while those who would do so by the sale of food and clothing are prohibited to trade in them. And what are the ordinary effects of these public-houses, so tolerated and encouraged? Walk with me into one of our suburbs and see. Here is a vast and costly prison, and who are its inmates? The half of them or more, it is believed, have been sent there by the public house. Walk a little farther, and hard by the prison is a great Asylum for the deranged. How came they there? Those competent to tell say the public house has supplied the majority. Extend your view, and look on to the vast Union Refuge for the destitute, where hundreds daily congregate, and say, how have they been made so poor and dependent and miserable? The chief cause of all their sorrow is the public-house. Come to ourselves,

to our families, and who of us all have been free from the fell destroyer? If our own immediate household has been preserved by a kind Providence, yet are there none among those near and dear to us who have fallen by him? Alas! we are constrained to cry, as Israel did concerning Egypt in the day of deliverance from its slavery, "there is not a house in which there is not one dead." This is the scene on which we suppose David to look, and we ask, "What would he say of it?" He would surely say—"I hate it with perfect hatred."

2. But I must appeal to one higher than David, to Him of whom David was an humble type, Jesus Christ, and I inquire what would He think and say of our public-houses? Jesus! Think of His character—"holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners"—pure in principle, doing hurt to none, avoiding all contamination, and having no fellowship with the ungodly. Think of His life—"He went about doing good"—active, diligent, useful, blessing the bodies and souls of men. Think of His mission—"to seek and to save that which was lost." He came from heaven to seek lost souls, and saving them from their sins, bring them with Him to glory. Think of all He suffered to accomplish this mission. "He made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." And by all this humiliation the Apostle urges upon us "to look not at our own things, but those of others, and to have the same mind in us that was also in Christ Jesus." Think of His Spirit and what Jesus said He would send Him to do—"to convince the world of sin, and righteousness, and judgment"—"destroy sin, promote righteousness, and prepare for judgment." Think of the design of His Gospel—"the Grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us to deny ungodliness, and live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." Such was Jesus. In the light of His life I ask, what would He think and say of our public-houses? He came to save men, they destroy them; He came to purify men, they pollute them; He came to ripen men for heaven, they fit them for hell. A short time ago, as I walked in one of our streets, I saw a man lying on the footstep of a public-house. He was unable to move. A car was called to take him away. A man came out of the public-house, who appeared to be the keeper of it, lifted up the wretch who lay at his door, threw him on the car, and went into his house laughing. I stood and looked, and thought how such a scene would be regarded by Jesus, "whose eyes are as a flame of fire," and how these parties would meet at the judgment in the last day, and what would be His award then! What must we believe that Jesus would think and say of such a scene? What else than what His servant David had said before—"I hate it with perfect hatred."

3. And what would the great Apost'e Paul, the chosen one to bear His Gospel to the Gentiles, think and say of it? How would he estimate our public-houses? I appeal to him as the organizer of the Churches. He preached to the people, and as his word was received he formed them into Churches. It is instructive to observe what he desired and expected their members to be. This will be seen in the addresses which he made to them in his several epistles. To the Romans he said, "to all that be at Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints." To the Corinthians, "unto the Church of God, which is at Corinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints, with all that call on the name of Christ Jesus." To the Ephesians, "to the Church of God, which is at Ephesus, and to the faithful in Christ Jesus." To the Thessalonians, "to the Church of the Thessalonians, which is in God the Father and in the Lord Jesus Christ." They were in God the Father, as the children of God, and they were in Jesus Christ as the branches are in the vine, fruitful in holiness. It is observable that the word chiefly used by him to describe the members of the Church is *saints*. They are holy in heart and in life, and being themselves holy, their aim must be to make others holy too. How, then, must the members of the Church of Christ, being thus holy, look upon our public-houses? How would Paul regard them? How would he expect us to regard them? Suppose him to be among us now, with what withering words would he speak of them? How he would repeat his admonition of old—"come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing." Every member of the Church of Christ ought to say of them—knowing what they are and what they are doing—"I hate them with perfect hatred."

4. It remains to inquire what the Apostle John would think and say of them. He was known as "the disciple whom Jesus loved." Of all the apostles, he was the likeliest to his Master. As he himself was the object of love, so did love dwell in him. It was "shed abroad in his heart," and burst out in his words and actions. Love was the theme of his writings. He wrote of the love of God, and delighted to tell how "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish but have everlasting life." He showed how, under the power of Divine love, men should love one another. "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him." Man is thus made like his Maker. "He that saith I love God, and hateth his brother, is a murderer, and how dwelleth the love of God in him?" It cannot be. "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love." "If God so loved us we ought also to love one another." How could we think of such a man trading on the hurt and destruction of others? Is it possible that he could put the cup of sorrow into the hand of a brother? Above all, that he could do so to advance his own temporal interests, and grow rich on the ruin of others? But as much as John wrote on the power of love, he could appeal as well to the fears of men. Hear his description of the final judgment—"I saw a great white throne and Him that sat upon it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled

away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works—and death and hell were cast into the lake of fire." In the light of this fearful revelation I ask, "where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God." And what of those who contribute to make men drunkards—what account shall they give? "Be not partakers of the sins of others." How shall we think of our public-houses in the prospect of judgment? Can any right-hearted man say otherwise than David did of the works of wicked men in his day—"I hate them with perfect hatred?"

What, then, shall we say to all these things? What use shall we make of what we are sure is the mind of David and of Christ, and of Paul, and of John? Let us "have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." Eschew the public-house. In so doing we save ourselves and the community as well. Listen to the voice of one of our noblemen on this view of the subject:—

"I may be permitted to mention that, as a representative of the County of Tyrone, in which the system of permissive prohibition has been tried, and tried with complete success, my occupying this chair is somewhat justified. I propose at once to allude to the remarkable success of restriction there, because that success has been much questioned. I am here as representing the county, to assure you that the facts stated regarding the success of prohibition there are perfectly accurate. There is a district in that county of 61 square miles, inhabited by 10,000 people, having three great roads communicating with market towns, in which there are no public-houses, entirely owing to the self-action of the inhabitants. The result has been that whereas those high roads were in former times constant scenes of strife and drunkenness, necessitating the presence of a very considerable number of police to be located in the district, at present there is not a single policeman in that district, the poor-rates are half what they were before, and all the police and magistrates testify to the great absence of crime. . . . I happened to reside, in the year 1851, in Elinburgh, where, at that time, it was most painful to see the almost universal prevalence of intoxication amongst well-dressed females. In 1853, an Act, certainly somewhat restrictive, and not altogether permissive, was passed, called the Forbes-Mackenzie Act. It had a host of opponents, including a mass of interested individuals. These exercised all the power, the ingenuity, and the influence they possessed to defeat and misrepresent that bill. I rejoice, however, to say that Parliament did pass it. What was the result? Immediately all parties concerned in the administration of the law acknowledged the marked improvement in the habits of the people. And there is a significant fact which I must state. There was a discussion going on about that time amongst the authorities as to how the existing gaols could be enlarged so as to meet the requirements of the growing number of prisoners due to the preva-

lence of intoxication. I remember there was a plan decided upon, to carry out which a sum of £12,000 was voted. The plan was the enlargement of the gaol. Fortunately the bill was then enacted, and within a very short time the authorities found that not only did they not want to enlarge the gaol, but that the existing cells were barely more than half filled. It is owing to this fact that that £12,000, formerly voted for the enlargement of the gaol of Edinburgh, has been withdrawn and never applied."

In conclusion, let me read with you the words of the tenth Psalm, in our old metrical version, verses 6-10, and consider of whom they are a picture in our times :—

"Within his heart he thus hath said,
I shall not moved be ;

And no adversity at all
Shall ever come to me.

"His mouth with cursing, fraud, deceit,
Is fill'd abundantly ;
And underneath his tongue there is
Mischief and vanity.
He closely sits in villages ;
He slays the innocent :
Against the poor that pass him by
His cruel eyes are bent.

"He, lion-like, lurks in his den ;
He waits the poor to take ;
And when he draws him in his net,
His prey he doth him make.
Himself he humbleth very low,
He croucheth down withal,
That so a multitude of poor
May by his strong ones fall."

Soiree and Presentation to the G.W.C.T.

A SOIREE was held on Monday evening, 24th November, in the large room of the Working Men's Institute and Temperance Hall, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to John Pyper, Esq., G.W.C.T. of Ireland, in recognition of the ability and success with which he defended and supported the Order in his recent public discussion with the Rev. James Kerr, of Greenock. The capacious hall was well filled with a highly respectable assemblage, composed of members and friends of the Order. After tea, on the motion of Bro. W. P. Holmes, D.D.G.W.C.T., Bro. Rev. John McCreedy, P.G.W. Chaplain, was called to the chair amid loud applause.

The CHAIRMAN said he had been very unexpectedly called upon to preside, and he confessed that, for his own part, he could have wished that some other brother connected with their noble Order had been asked to occupy that position who would have done it more effectually than he could possibly pretend to do. They had met there that evening for a very laudable and praiseworthy purpose—one that commended itself to their sympathies and hearts. (Hear, hear.) It gave him exceeding pleasure to be there that evening, when he knew that the object which they had assembled to promote was to recognize the worth and talent displayed by their Grand Worthy Chief Templar in the late discussion which took place in Belfast. (Applause.) That movement had his (the chairman's) warmest sympathies. He believed it was what they owed to themselves as a grand temperance organization, and he believed it was what they owed to the cause of God and of truth, which was so near and so dear to their hearts. (Applause.) All through the discussion and before it, and even now, he could not help saying that he regretted very much that there should be even the semblance of controversy among the friends of temperance—(hear, hear)—for he had always thought they had foes enough outside without having any controversy amongst themselves. (Hear, hear.) He was sure that in this respect he was only re-echoing the sentiments of every Good Templar. (Hear, hear.) They were, however, not the first to enter upon the discussion ; they were not the parties to provoke the controversy. (Hear, hear.) It was forced upon them ; but if anyone now knew the opinion of the Rev.

James Kerr, it would, he believed, be that it would have been far better if he had remained in Greenock till his beard had grown—(laughter)—but when the reverend gentleman threw down the challenge, it was but right that Mr. Pyper should accept it ; and with unprejudiced men there must be one opinion as to the result. A person asked him privately about the controversy, and his reply was that their friend, Pyper, had swept the decks. (Loud applause.)

BRO. GEORGE A. REILLY, G.W.A.S., announced that letters of apology had been received from Bros. Counsellor Simpson, Glasgow ; Rev. George Gladstone, G.W.C.T., Govan ; W. F. Lawlor, T.C., Dublin ; John Simms, G.W.C., Banbridge ; T. H. White, J.P., Tandragee ; Rev. J. G. Robb, Clogher ; Rev. N. E. Smith, Hillsborough ; Rev. H. B. Wilson, Cookstown, &c..

BRO. DR. M'MURTRY, G.W.T., then read the address to G.W.C.T. Pyper ; after which

The CHAIRMAN presented to him, amid most enthusiastic applause, a purse containing One Hundred Guineas.

BRO. COUNSELLOR T. H. BROWNE (treasurer) then addressed the meeting, expressing how delighted he was to assist in doing honor to one to whom honor was so justly due. (Applause.) It was only about ten days since the circular was sent out, and if a little longer time had been allowed the amount would have been double. (Hear, hear.) The late discussion had done a great deal of good, for he believed the Good Templar was never so high in public esteem as at present—(applause)—and if they knew Mr. Kerr's mind he was sure it would be found that he regretted he ever came here at all. (Applause.)

MR. PYPER, after reading his reply, proceeded to address the meeting. He said he had been informed by the committee that they expected him to do more than read a formal address, that he should say something on that occasion, especially as Bro. Rev. George Gladstone and some others who were to have been present were unable to attend. On the morning after the discussion was held, a meeting took place in a temperance hotel in town, and at that meeting the Rev. James Kerr made a speech, to which he thought it was his duty now to refer, as he had not an opportunity of doing so publicly since. With regard to the

private property of the Order, the "contraband goods" which he, as a smuggler, is in possession of—he stated that he got the Ritual by writing to a clergyman, who sent it to him, and that he returned it to that clergyman again. Was that a sufficient excuse for an honorable man to make regarding the possession of the private property of either the Grand Lodge of England, Scotland, or Ireland—some of the three. If Mr. Kerr had purchased the book, and paid ten times the price of it, it was a disgrace to him to use it as he did. If the clergyman who sent it to Mr. Kerr was a Good Templar, he broke his Obligation, and if he was not a Good Templar he was in possession of goods got in some dishonest way. (Hear, hear.) Private conversations were not safe, private business affairs were not safe, private church affairs were not safe—anything that was done in private was not safe if the public endorsed the doctrine of Mr. Kerr that he was entitled to the Ritual because he got it in the manner stated. With regard to the Covenanters meeting in secret, Mr. Kerr said they did so because they were compelled by the dragoons of Claverhouse. He (Mr. Pyper) was far too strong an admirer of the Christian heroism of their Covenanting forefathers in Scotland to allow the calumny of a Covenanting minister to rest upon their memory. The Covenanters of Scotland were prepared to go to the scaffold, and many of them did, before they would do what was unscriptural. Were they the men to commit unscriptural acts because of the dragoons of Claverhouse? It is a libel on their memory. No; they thought it better to hold private diets in the glens and caves that they might worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and they were right in so doing. They had their sentinels, and he believed in some cases their passwords too. They held secret meetings for good purposes—and for a time, and the Good Templars just did the same. They held private meetings for good purposes—

and for a time. They had their passwords and means of keeping out spies, and they would keep them out, no matter how they might be pronounced as unscriptural or unreasonable. (Applause.) With regard to Mr. Kerr's pamphlet, he might state that four editions, the first of 1,000 copies, and the second, third, and fourth of 500 each, had been printed from the same type—(laughter)—the fourth edition being dated 1874. (Renewed laughter.) After his discussion with Mr. Kerr, the Rev. Andrew Bowden thought right to deliver a lecture in town, entitled, "Further revelations respecting the Independent Order of Good Templars." On the evening on which the lecture was delivered he (Mr. Pyper) was out of town—in the neighborhood of Hillsborough—lecturing under the auspices of one of their Lodges, and so could not be present; but he sent Mr. Bowden a challenge to a public discussion. Having read the challenge, and Mr. Bowden's reply, declining to accept the challenge, which he criticized at some length, Mr. Pyper concluded an able and eloquent speech, amid loud and prolonged applause.

Bro. Rev. S. HARDING, D.D.G.W.C.T., Portadown, then delivered an eloquent address, in which he passed a high eulogium on the Grand Worthy Chief Templar. The delivery of the address was interrupted by frequent bursts of applause.

During the evening a number of musical selections were admirably rendered by a company of amateurs, a lady member of the Order presiding at the piano.

After the usual votes of thanks had been passed by acclamation, the proceedings of a very pleasant and enthusiastic meeting were concluded by the singing of a hymn and the pronouncing of the benediction.—*The Evening Press* (Belfast).

The Address and Reply will appear in the *Irish Good Templar* for January, 1874.

The Late Discussion on Good Templarism.

ACCORDING to announcement in our last the Public Discussion on Good Templarism between the Rev. James Kerr, of Greenock, and the G.W.C.T. took place in Killyleagh on 4th November, and in Belfast on 5th and 6th November. The discussion in Killyleagh took place in the First Presbyterian Church, before an audience numbering about 1,000, including fourteen clergymen, and most of the other influential inhabitants of the town and neighborhood. J. Heron, Esq., was chairman for Mr. Kerr, and Bro. Rev. John McIlveen, B.A., D.D.G.W.C.T., was chairman for Mr. Pyper. A local committee had arranged that the speeches should be half-an-hour each alternately—Mr. Kerr, as challenger, to open the debate. The discussion commenced at half-past seven o'clock in the evening and lasted till two o'clock the next morning, seven speeches having been delivered on each side, besides the addresses of the chairmen. On the motion of Mr. Kerr, seconded by Mr. Pyper, a cordial vote of thanks was passed to the chairmen for their dignified and impartial conduct. The utmost decorum prevailed throughout the entire proceedings. The discussion in Belfast took place in the Clarence Place Hall.

The preliminary arrangements for it were made by a joint committee, consisting of the Rev. J. A. Chancellor and Mr. John Megaw on the part of Mr. Kerr, and Bro. Rev. John McCreedy and Bro. Charles Henderick on the part of Mr. Pyper. It was agreed that George D. Leatham, Esq., should preside on behalf of Mr. Kerr, and Bro. John Simms, G.W.C. on behalf of Mr. Pyper; that the debate should commence at seven o'clock each evening, and that the discussion should be conducted under the following rules:—

- 1st. The subject of discussion to be—Are the Rev. James Kerr's Strictures on Good Templarism in his pamphlet on Secret Societies Defensible?
- 2nd. The time allotted to the speakers shall be forty minutes to their opening speeches, thirty minutes to their second, and twenty minutes to their third speeches on each night.
- 3rd. Mr. Kerr to open and Mr. Pyper to close the discussion on both nights.
- 4th. At the close of each speech, if there be any personal misrepresentations to be corrected or explanations required, five minutes to be allowed to each disputant for that purpose.
- 5th. It will be the duty of the chairmen to call speakers instantly to order should they in-

produce irrelevant topics or use unparliamentary language. 6th. No person or persons allowed to interrupt the speakers or disturb the meeting by manifestations of approbation or disapprobation. 7th. The chairmen to have power to remove from the place of meeting any one who transgresses this rule. 8th. The meetings to be open to the press, but a special reporter to be engaged, who shall be responsible for a full and accurate report of the discussion. 9th. The copy of the special report, authenticated by signatures of reporter and chairmen, to be handed to joint committee for publication, if they think advisable. If not published, a copy to be prepared and handed to each disputant. 10th. The meetings to be opened with prayer, and to be closed with the benediction immediately after the speeches have terminated. Signed on behalf of Rev. James Kerr—Josias A. Chancellor, John Megaw. Signed on behalf of

John Pyper, Esq.—John Meeredy, Charles Hendrick.

The Clarence Place Hall does not accommodate quite 600, and the tickets of admission had to be limited accordingly. On this account many hundreds who desired to be present were disappointed. Mr. Pyper's friends were most anxious that a larger building should be taken, but Mr. Kerr's friends would not consent. Before closing on the second night, on the motion of Mr. Kerr, seconded by Mr. Pyper, a vote of thanks was passed by acclamation to the chairmen for the able, dignified, and impartial manner in which they had discharged their duties, after which, on the proposal of Mr. Pyper, the disputants warmly shook hands amid loud applause. The discussion is to be published in pamphlet form, at an early date.

Official Information.



POLITICAL ACTION.

MANIFESTO OF THE UNITED EXECUTIVE COUNCILS :
TO THE MEMBERS OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER
OF GOOD TEMPLARS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—In view of the approaching dissolution of Parliament and the election of representatives to a new House of Commons, it is incumbent that we consider fully and fairly our duty as citizens, and the extent to which our Good Templar Obligations should influence our political action. From the authoritative teachings of our Order, as adopted from time to time by our Right Worthy Grand Lodge, we learn that you have become members of our Order on the understanding that obedience to our rules shall not conflict with your duties as citizens or Christians, and that there is nothing involved in your Good Templar Obligations inconsistent with your duties arising from any of the relations of life. While "the I.O. of G.T. is not a political organization, and from its social structure is incapable of being so used, it may, however, hold and teach positive political opinions regarding the temperance reform; and may also with perfect propriety suggest from time to time such legal, governmental, or political measures as may appear best calculated to promote the end so devoutly desired by all good citizens—the utter overthrow of the liquor-traffic." "Voluntary total abstinence and legal prohibition constitute the fundamental doctrines of temperance;

Grand Lodge Offices.

26 Ann Street,

Belfast,

20th November, 1873.

the first indicating the sphere of moral suasion, the second the field of political action." With reference to the latter, our R.W.G.L. adopted in 1859 as part of the Platform of the Order:—

1. "No licence in any form or under any circumstances for the sale of alcoholic liquors to be used as a beverage.

2. "The absolute prohibition of the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating liquors for such purposes.

3. "The election of good, honest men to administer the laws."

Prohibition is strictly a political question. "In its influence upon social happiness and national prosperity it is unrivalled in importance, and consequently only differs from other political issues by being demanded by stronger moral considerations than they. It is pertinent, therefore, to inquire why other questions so readily find their way into the platforms of political parties, whilst this most important one is sedulously ignored in such relations. The history of political institutions attests that government by the people is government by parties, and that the success of great principles is through the ascendancy of the parties which espouse them." The abolition of slavery, the repeal of the Corn Laws, free trade, the extension of the elective franchise, the ballot, and other political changes are each "the result of having been made a distinctive political issue." While without platform recognition, their advocates were politically powerless; but from the day they were adopted on the platform of a distinct political or-

ganization, they gradually grew more and more powerful, until they obtained control of the national government. It is well known that there are large bodies of voters interested in the liquor-traffic organized in all parts of the land, for the avowed purpose of controlling the action of existing parties in the interests of their wicked traffic. With these men, love of drink and love of gain are much stronger than party ties.

Now, those who believe that "the legalized traffic in intoxicating beverages is the great curse of the age, producing irreparable injury to the best interests of the whole people, and at war with the social, financial, moral, and religious hopes of the world, with not a single redeeming feature to justify its toleration by government," will feel guilty of a gross neglect of duty to themselves, to their fellows, and to God, if they fail at the approaching Parliamentary election, to express their convictions through the ballot-box, by voting only for those who will represent their sentiments upon a question which they regard as of vastly more importance than any of the other political questions of the day. Many, we doubt not, will be found expressing this feeling by voting for political opponents, when they find them more advanced upon questions of temperance reform than those of their own party; others will be found using their influence in their own political party by seeking to secure only such candidates as are favorable to temperance legislation; whilst many will be found refraining from voting altogether, where candidates are not distinctly pronounced in their opinions upon this question.

On all our members we urge the careful consideration of the quotations from the Journals of our Right Worthy Grand Lodge, embodied in this Manifesto, and plead that they bear in mind that while those who are electors can give effect to their principles by their votes, every one of our members can do something practical in the way of promoting our great object, by *actively working* for the return of those candidates, who, at least, are favorable to the Permissive Bill, or, in other words, to the placing in the hands of the people the power to say whether they desire the continuance of the liquor-traffic in their midst or not. At the same time, let existing political parties distinctly understand that any dalliance with the interests of the liquor-traffic on their part must result in the formation of a **DISTINCT PARTY**, having as its fundamental principles the absolute prohibition of the manufacture, importation, and sale of alcoholic liquors as beverages, and other important social and political questions affecting the weal of humanity.

On consideration of the condition of the country, we have come to the conclusion that the time is come when temperance men of every class can no longer support those who are opposed to the granting of power to the people to protect themselves from the injuries inflicted by the liquor-traffic. Feeling the responsibility that is laid upon us, we earnestly counsel:—

1. That members of our Order do their utmost to obtain as candidates in connection with their respective political parties only such as are favorable to the prohibition of the liquor-traffic.
2. That our members shall under no circum-

stances vote for those who are hostile to the object for the accomplishment of which our Order exists.

3. That in any contest where all the candidates are hostile to legislative prohibition of the liquor-traffic, our members shall refuse to aid them, and so prove true to the spirit and purpose of our Order and organization.
4. That in any election contest our members take steps to secure unity of action among all temperance reformers.

Adopted by, and signed on behalf of, the United Executives of the Grand Lodges of Great Britain and Ireland,

JOSEPH MALINS, G.W.C.T., England.

JOHN W. KIRTON, G.W.S. "

GEORGE GLADSTONE, G.W.C.T., Scotland

WM. W. TURNBULL, G.W.S. "

JOHN PYPER, G.W.C.T., Ireland.

ANDREW LEDLIE, G.W.S. "

JOHN BOWEN, G.W.C.T., Wales.

O. N. JONES, G.W.S. "

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

REPORTS of public meetings and other interesting matters held over in consequence of four pages of our space being this month occupied by title page and index for 1873.

List of Good Templar Marriages in Ireland will appear in our next. We shall be happy to receive additional notices to those already forwarded.

We beg the special attention of all our readers to the following extract from last Grand Lodge Quarterly Circular to Subordinate Lodges:—

"And last, but in some respects most important of all, we beg the special attention of your Lodge to the position of our Organ, the *Irish Good Templar*. Its success hitherto has been unequalled in the history of Irish Temperance Literature, as far as circulation is concerned; and we think every member of the Order will admit that it has been a valuable defender and advocate of our principles and practices. Let any of its readers think for a moment what would be our position without it. Well, to continue it next year in its present form would be a dead loss in money, unless its circulation can be considerably increased, and, in the present state of Grand Lodge Finance, the Executive cannot honestly increase their pecuniary liabilities. In short, we are shut up to either increase the circulation to 6,000 per month (we find now that 5,000 will not pay), or else to decrease the size to 16 pages instead of twenty. We in common with all earnest members of the Order, would deeply regret the latter alternative; and it can easily be avoided, if every Lodge will appoint a suitable committee to canvass its members, and all sympathizing friends in the neighborhood, for the names of subscribers for the year 1874. If 6,000 subscribers can in this way be reached, all will be well with our Organ. We earnestly appeal to your Lodge to energetically and at once set about doing its share of this most important work. Next to the Bazaar, this is the work of the hour for the interests of our noble Order in Ireland."

Back numbers of the *Irish Good Templar* to make up volumes for binding may be had from the G.W.S. See index.

THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR:

ORGAN OF THE

INSTITUTED ON



26TH JULY, 1871.

VOLUME II.—1874.

EDITED BY

JOHN PYPER, G.W.C.T. OF IRELAND.

WINE IS A MOCKER—*Scripture*. ALCOHOL IS A POISON—*Science*. BEWARE OF STRONG DRINK—*Experience*.

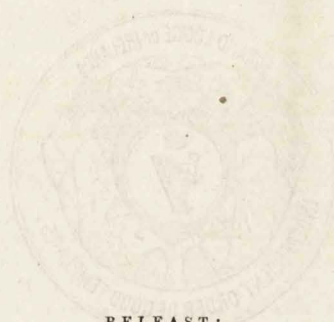
“It is the preaching of false doctrine which makes Christian nations the most drunken nations the world over. There is no other possible way of accounting for this strange anomaly. The truth is preached in Christian lands upon other questions, and consequently they are the freest from other forms of evil. So will they be the freest from drunkenness when the truth is preached in them regarding drink, but never till then.”—*See page 175.*

BELFAST:

GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND, I.O.G.T., 26, ANN STREET.

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ORGAN OF THE



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JOHN PYPER, G.W.M. OF IRELAND

GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND, 10, GRAFTON STREET

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The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

VOL. II., No. 1.

JANUARY, 1874.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



Bro. Robert Simpson, R.W.M.C.

BRO. ROBERT SIMPSON was born in the town of Saltcoats, in Ayrshire, on 15th May, 1807. In 1821, he removed to Glasgow, in which city he commenced business as a merchant in the year 1825. So strong was Bro. Simpson's desire to inform his mind and cultivate his intellect that when thirty years of age, while engaged in carrying on his business, he contrived to enter himself

as a student of Glasgow University, and also studied in the Congregational Theological Academy, under those distinguished and able Professors, Morell, M'Kenzie, and the Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. For the last forty years, Bro. Simpson has devoted a large amount of time and labor to evangelistic work. He has gone forth among his fellow-citizens and elsewhere to seek to turn

men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to the kingdom of God. Under the Divine blessing his earnest and self-denying efforts have been attended with much success. He has been instrumental in raising several Christian churches in and around Glasgow, all of which are in a prosperous condition. In 1832, he joined a Temperance Society, and for nearly forty years, through all the phases of the Temperance Reform, he has been fighting in the front ranks. He has thus been connected with the Scottish Temperance League, a director of the Scottish Permissive Bill Association, and a member of the United Kingdom Alliance. In September, 1869, he joined the Star of Hope Lodge, I.O.G.T., and at the First Session of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, held in May, 1870, he was chosen Grand Worthy Counsellor, to which office he was re-elected at both the Second and Third Annual Sessions in 1871 and 1872. At the late Session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge in London, he was elected to the high office of Right Worthy Grand Counsellor, so that he is now the second officer in our world-wide Order. Besides travelling thousands of miles up and down Scotland in the advocacy of Good Templar principles and the formation of Lodges, Bro. Simpson has been honored to take part in the formation of several Lodges in the North of England. He has several times visited Ireland, and has addressed large meetings in connexion with the Order in Belfast, Derry, Dublin, Dundalk, and other towns with great power and acceptance. He has more than once stated that he has seen more good done and more direct and visible fruit of labor during the last four years in connexion with the Good Templar movement than during the whole thirty years of previous labor in other departments of Temperance Reform, in not only making thousands of hopelessly abandoned victims of the drink perfectly sober and keeping them so, but in hundreds of them being led to Him who came to seek and to save the lost, and who are now proving the genuineness of their conversion by a Christian walk and conversation. Bro. Simpson is a remarkable evidence of the fallacy of popular notions as to the necessity of intoxicating liquors for the sustentation of health. For thirty-five years he has put this matter thoroughly to the test, having been engaged, with few exceptions, seven days each week, and though now the oldest merchant in Glasgow, in his line of business, is still engaged in active pursuits, enjoys unbroken health, and feels as able to perform any duties as he did twenty years ago. He is always ready to give his testimony on this phase of the subject, believing

that the surest way of damaging even a good constitution is to partake of alcohol in any shape or form.

The Order was introduced into Scotland in the beginning of August, 1869, by Bro. Thomas Roberts, a Scotchman, the appointed missionary of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge. He arrived "doubtful of success, and deeply impressed with a sense of the responsibility he had assumed, in undertaking such a mission." On 11th August, a meeting was held in the hall of the City of Glasgow United Working Men's Total Abstinence Society, in Candleriggs, Glasgow. Fully three hundred were present. At some length, Bro. Roberts, in a plain forcible manner, explained the principles and benefits of the Order, and at the close earnestly urged all who approved of what he had said to give in their names for initiation. A pause ensued, each waiting on some other to be first, and no one being ready to lead the way, a movement towards the door was made. At this point, the President, anxious that some result should flow from the meeting, rose and said, "Friends, I am going to be the first to put down my name to be a Good Templar in Scotland." Immediately Bro. Roberts addressed him, saying, "Ere twelve months are past you will be proud to be able to claim the honor of being the *first*." The first Lodge in Scotland was formed the following Friday, under the name of "Scotland's First," No. 1, with forty-two members, and Bro. Thomas Mackie as W.C.T. There are now nearly 900 Lodges, with a membership of nearly 100,000. From the valuable work of Bro. Rev. George Gladstone, G.W.C.T., entitled, "Good Templarism: its History and Principles," we extract the following testimonies as to the results of the working of the Order in Scotland:—"In the General Assembly of the Church in Scotland, held in May, 1871, Rev. Professor Charteris reported that 'next to the preaching of the Gospel, the Good Templar movement has done more for the reclamation of the lapsed masses than any other agency.' A few days after, Dr. Cunningham, through the *Strathearn Herald*, of 10th June, testified of the good which was being done in his own Parish of Crieff. He said—'I may say, with all sincerity, that during the three months the Good Templar movement has been in existence in Crieff, it has done more good than has been done by all the preaching of the ministers during the last twenty years. Not that the ministers have been remiss in their duties, or that they have not fully and faithfully preached the Gospel to the best of their ability; but I believe the secret is in the fact that the people have taken up the question for themselves, and that

they are in thorough earnest about it. And while this is so they are sure to prosper; and I am certain every right-minded minister will look on them as valuable allies in his work. I can point to cases which have given me the greatest possible pleasure—cases in which I could hardly have entertained much hope.' Weighty testimonies these from such men as Drs. Charteris and Cunningham. In the report by Wm. Kidston, Esq., Convener of the Temperance Committee, in the General Assembly of the Free Church, 1871, the following occurs:—'We have to notice the efforts of a new society called the Good Templars. It is not easy to judge of a society, part of whose plans are involved in secrecy; but, according to the maxim of judging by the fruits, it would appear that this society is likely to prove a great blessing to our country. . . . In many places it has been reported to us that, in consequence of the numbers who have joined them, there has been a sensible diminution in the receipts of the public-houses in their neighborhood. On the whole, we augur great good from the great energy and

persistent efforts of this society, and every lover of order must rejoice in what they are doing.' In supporting the adoption of the report, the Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff thus spoke:—'In the course of visitation of Presbyteries on the subject of vital godliness, a month or two ago, I found, in the greater part of the places we visited, the uniform testimony to the good that was done by the Good Templars.' Such testimonies as these, given in our highest ecclesiastical courts, might be greatly multiplied. The best testimonies, however, are found in the changed lives and altered homes of thousands. Very truthfully could G. W. C. T. Walker say, in his report to the third meeting of the Grand Lodge of Scotland:—'With heartfelt gratitude to Almighty God I record our unprecedented success, and rejoice with you in the fact that thousands of poor miserable drunkards have been reclaimed, that hundreds of homes have been made happy, and that not a few thus reclaimed from the power of strong drink have been led to seek refuge in the Rock of Ages that was cleft to take them in.'

The Bible and Total Abstinence.—No. 1.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE grand object of the Independent Order of Good Templars is the entire suppression of the manufacture, sale, and use of alcoholic drink of every description, throughout the whole world. This object is already accomplished, so far as the membership of the Order—and all others who have adopted their views and practices with regard to drink—are concerned. And, therefore, the mission of the Order, in conjunction with other agencies, is to propagate those views and practices, by all legitimate means, until they become universal.

In prosecuting this gigantic work, it is important to clear away the obstacles that retard our progress, and the greatest of these first of all. In Christian lands, by far the greatest obstacle our Order has to encounter is the still prevalent belief that Jesus Christ, as "God manifested in the flesh," made and used alcoholic drink, and that the Bible, "the revealed will of God," sanctions the use, and, by consequence, warrants the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages. This doctrine is as false as any that ever emanated from him who "is a liar and the father of it;" but, nevertheless, it is still believed by a large majority of those who accept the Bible as the Word of God. As Good Templars, therefore, our first and greatest duty is by all means in our power to dispel this satanic delusion, feeling assured that our progress in the attainment of the object of our "life-long work" must be measured mainly by our successes in this particular department.

The infernal liquor traffic, like every other system of iniquity on earth, seeks shelter behind a

"refuge of lies," of which lies immensely the greatest is that the drinking of alcoholic liquor is Divinely sanctioned in the Holy Bible. Let us demolish this "refuge of lies" by the talisman of truth, and, throughout Christendom at least, the hideous features of the vile traffic and the wickedness of all practices by which it is sustained, will soon be seen as they are—"evil, only evil, and that continually." The progress and final triumph of our Grand Templar crusade depend principally on our success in the removal of this one great hindrance out of the way. So long as it remains, every effort we make will be doomed to partial or total disappointment. It has been so in the past, and it will be so in the future. It must be so by immutable law. Falsehood is the grand enslaver—truth is the grand emancipator. No mere human wisdom, nothing but Divine truth, will ever free our race from the thralldom of intemperance in which it is bound. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

We read in heathen mythology that Sisyphus has been doomed to the eternal punishment of rolling to the top of a hill a large stone, which no sooner reaches the summit than it always bounds back with great velocity into the plain. The great stone of intemperance will always roll back in a similar way in spite of all human effort to remove it, wherever the people believe that God sanctions the use of intoxicants in His Word. A great well-meant, and apparently successful, effort was made in our land to roll away the stone forty years ago by the old Temperance Society. Temporary good was effected in so far as truth

was taught, believed, and practised; but the great lie about the Bible sanction of intoxicating drink was untouched, and the stone rolled back again. Ten years later commenced the 'Total Abstinence Movement, in which true practise was advocated, but only on the shifting grounds of expediency, still leaving the lie about Bible sanction unexposed, and again the stone rolled back, and intemperance raged as before. Then the cry was raised, "Our hope is in the young," and bands of Hope for a time were earnestly engaged, but not more than fifteen per cent. of those who, during the last twenty years, became members of the Bands of Hope, have remained true to their pledge in after life, because the lie about Bible sanction was still defended by the majority of Band of Hope patrons and conductors, and again the stone rolled back, and the ravages of intemperance prevailed as before. And even of the small minority who have continued faithful to this Band of Hope obligation, the majority are those who during the last ten years have been taught to discard the lie and accept the truth regarding Bible sanction—the truth making and keeping them free.

But because of the limited extent to which the truth on this subject has been diffused, our Christian nation has been as thoroughly and extensively opposed by its load of intemperance in 1873 as it ever was in any previous year. Will it be the same, or worse, in 1874 and other years to come? Not if we can help it. In this editorial *we*, may we include every brother and sister of our beneficent Order in Ireland? We confidently trust we may. Then, brethren, permit us fraternally to assure you, from all experience in the past, and from the very nature of the case, that the permanent success of our laudable resolution will be in proportion to the number and influence of the persons we convince that the manufacture and use of alcoholic drink is contrary to the Will of God set forth in Revelation, as well as in Nature and Providence.

God is angry with our Churches and Nation for the dishonor done to His Holy Word in this matter, and is permitting them to be punished for their sin. He has said "Them that honor me I will honor, but they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." Men honor Him when they honor and obey His Word, and *vice versa*. It was greatly dishonored in America while the Churches there made it the bulwark of slavery—"the sum of all villainies"—and the nation was punished accordingly. It has long been despised in other nations that are now justly coming to be "lightly esteemed" among men. But no greater dishonor was ever done to the Bible, in any age or country, than is still done to it in our beloved land by the persistent and determined efforts of the majority of our religious teachers to maintain that it

countenances the use of alcoholic poisonous drink. While this is believed by the people, the manufacture and sale of such drinks cannot be condemned by them, so that this infernal traffic stands securely protected by their blind faith. So long as this fearful belief prevails, all the efforts of Leagues, Lodges, and Alliances to suppress the traffic are made in vain—the great stone still rolls back upon them through the gravitating force of this hell-born doctrine.

Again, therefore, we would impress upon our readers that our hope, our only hope, is in the dissemination of the truth regarding alcoholic drinks. The truth about them is, they are not "good creatures of God," but bad articles of man's device; they are poisonous and therefore unwholesome; it is a violation of physical law, which is God's law, to use them. The Saviour never made nor used any description of them; it is contrary to His example to use any kind of them in commemorating His dying love, and the Bible frequently condemns, but never sanctions their use. This is the truth God has given us to spread and maintain. Let us learn it well, love it as we ought, and trust in its power as we are entitled to do when we think of its Divine authorship. "Great is the truth and it shall prevail." Any temperance effort we make apart from it will deservedly fail, the stone will roll back again; but when using it aright we can never fail, for all the attributes of deity are pledged to the support and triumph of truth.

Let no "fear of man that bringeth a snare" ever hold us back from the propagation of any important truth, especially a "present truth," like ours. Truth is not a stone to be "buried in the earth," but a seed to be planted, watered, and nourished, that it may "bring forth fruit after its kind." However apparently unsuccessful our humble efforts to extend this much-needed temperance truth may be, let us persevere earnestly and prayerfully, and we shall one day be gratified, if not astonished, at our success. "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

"From little seeds sweet flowers spring,
And perfume o'er our pathway fling;
The noble oaks derived their birth
From acorns buried in the earth;
And the bright corn on waving plains,
Rose from the tiny scattered grains.

How small the seed of truth appears!
Oft sown in weakness and in tears;
And yet the precious germ imparts
Fragrance and life to desert hearts;
Nor shall its progress stay until
Its branches the wide world shall fill."

Expediency Not the True Ground of Total Abstinence.

BY SISTER A. J. C., LONDONDERRY.

WHO is there, that knows anything of the annals of war and the records of victory, but is aware of the advantages of gaining a commanding position and of occupying the highest ground? Who has not heard with interest of the

manœuvres of military tactics, or of the rush and dash of brave battalions to dislodge an enemy from such a position, and to plant there a victorious standard? With quickened pulses some of us have read how, long ago, at the siege of

Quebec, General Wolfe and his fearless soldiers scaled secretly, and by night, the steep ascent to where the city stood, and, when morning dawned, revealed to the astonished eyes of the besieged the highest point occupied by the besiegers and their cannon, in a position to ensure success. And many of us may remember how these lands throbbed with the enthusiasm of conquest on the arrival of the glad tidings that, baptized in flame and fire, our brave troops had won the heights of Alma! It is always thus in military movements; high vantage ground is never tamely yielded to an enemy. And, as it is in physical conflict, so is it in the moral conflict ever raging around us; its heroes are not those who are content to fight upon the low ground of mere expediency, but those who aim at attacking and dismantling the very citadel of error, perched though it be on the highest summit claimed as the lawful possession of the Right and the True.

In this great moral conflict the forces of Temperance have taken no unimportant part, yet it must be admitted that their success has not been by any means proportionate to the earnestness of their efforts. The secret of this we believe to be their having yielded, almost without a struggle, the heights to the enemy. They have been content with expediency as the basis of their operations, and have permitted Alcohol to entrench his forces on the vantage ground of Nature, Science, and Revelation. Is it, then, to be wondered at that, with the opposing forces in their relative positions, the ranks of Temperance have hitherto been so comparatively powerless? Let but Alcohol be able to maintain that his cause has for its basis the experience of Nature, the discoveries of Science, and the teachings of Revelation, and all our attacks upon it will be but idle blows, proving utterly vain and futile. If we would be successful we must take the higher ground, and we are glad to perceive that the necessity of this is beginning to make itself felt, and that its possibility is coming to be generally believed in the Temperance ranks.

From our childhood most of us have been in the habit of hearing Alcohol, in some of its varied disguises, recommended as a specific for almost all forms of disease. We have been accustomed to the idea of its imparting to the system both food and force. Its "life-sustaining power," its "cheering and invigorating properties," have been continually lauded, while its character as a "tonic," and its "blood-making" capabilities, have been generally unquestioned. We have heard it spoken of as existing in the grain and in the grape, and as being a blessing, Heaven-bestowed and scripturally sanctioned. We have seen, it is true, its dire effects. We have watched its serpent folds daily tightening around its victim. But we were calmly told that this is the abuse of a blessing, and is not by any means to be confounded with its use. We have looked with shuddering terror upon its fearful ravages in hearts and homes, upon the bodies and souls of men, and, in bewildered indignation, we have asked, can this mightiest of Satan's agents be really God-given? And it has been replied, "Yes, it is a product of Nature, it is the result of the process of fermentation, and, this process being a blessing, Alcohol is, of course, a blessing too." We have been pointed triumphantly to Holy Writ in vindication

of its claims, and told, in accents of authority, that our Saviour made it at Cana of Galilee, and gave it as an emblem of His blood, to be used as His perpetual remembrancer. We hear it called a creature of God, and we have been frequently reminded that every creature of God is good, and that thanksgiving is the only limitation of its use. Time was when we might have been disposed to believe these statements, and accept, as the only ground of our abstinence, the principle of expediency, which, as Scripturally explained, means the *abstaining for the sake of others from a thing lawful in itself*. That time has, however, gone by, and now we fearlessly throw down the gauntlet, and assert, that *God never made Alcohol; that it is not included among the things lawful; that Nature, Science, and Revelation all pronounce it to be an enemy; and that our use, or disuse of it, cannot be regulated by the law of expediency*. Such is our position, and we now proceed to defend our claim to it.

It is now an undisputed fact, that not all the powers of the most skilful analyst can detect, in grain or fruit, the slightest trace of alcohol till the process of fermentation has commenced. Neither the grape, as it hangs in the cluster, nor the grain, as it is gathered into the storehouse, contains of it the smallest particle. Decomposition under certain conditions must have reached a particular stage, and *must be arrested* at that stage, in order to its production. There are many substances, such as starch and sugar, which have no power of themselves to pass into decay, or change in composition; whilst there is another class of substances, including albumen, fibrine, caseine, &c., which, when exposed to moderately heated air in a moist condition, more or less rapidly begin to putrefy or decompose. These latter substances are called ferments, and, when they are brought into contact with sugar or any other fermentible substance, they cause it to be broken up into other compounds, and it is this process which constitutes fermentation. We have heard the principle of fermentation called life. On the contrary, we would call it *death*; for, while the vital principle remains in anything it cannot ferment. It is this vital principle which is, in animal or vegetable organisms, the bond of union. Let this be extinct, and separation will begin; the elemental parts will move off from one another, and form new combinations; and it is on this fact that fermentation depends. Under all circumstances, fermentation indicates decomposition—the differences in its results depending on the different natures of the things fermented. From everything containing sugar, or any substance which can be converted into sugar, may be produced alcohol. It is known to have been evolved from blood, flesh, eggs, cheese, and even human bodies, when decaying at a certain temperature, and, *if distilled from these, would be in its nature precisely the same alcohol as when produced from grapes or barley*. It is always four parts of carbon, six of hydrogen, and two of oxygen.

Grapes never ferment while they hang on the vine. They must be pressed or trodden to mix their sugar with the water they contain. Then the carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen of the sugar unite with the albuminous part of the grape; and, these mixing with the oxygen of the air, ferment-

tation commences, and, if *unchecked*, goes on till the fermenting power is exhausted. If *unchecked*, we say, and to this point we would direct special attention; for if the process of fermentation, uninterfered with, naturally stopped at the alcoholic point, then alcohol is a legitimate result of a natural law. Such, however, is not the case, and it is just here that man's perverted ingenuity comes in and finds the means of arresting the process, and of thus preventing it arriving at its next, or acetous stage, and going on thence to complete putrefaction. To arrest it thus is a very tedious operation. Clearing, racking, fining, and sulphuring must be resorted to in order to remove or destroy every particle of the fermenting principle; and so long is the process necessary, in wine-making, before it is considered past the risk of acidifying, that, for eighteen months it requires constant watching, and even then it is sometimes liable to spoil. By way of contrast to this lengthened and troublesome operation, we may just remark that but a very simple process, requiring only a few hours' labour, is necessary to preserve the pure juice of the grape in an unfermented state; and, so far is this from being a modern invention, it can be proved beyond doubt to have been the process most generally adopted in making the wine of the ancients. It is plain, then, that the production of alcohol was never an end designed by Divine Wisdom. And if this be true of the grape, which contains in itself the albumen necessary to fermentation, how specially true is it of the grain which is entirely wanting in such a constituent! It must be heated and mashed in order to turn its starch into sugar, and then yeast must be made to set in motion the fermenting process.

To [this yeast we wish especially to refer, as much importance has been attached to its action; its character and value being, in some strange way, deemed to be indicative of the character and value of Alcohol. This yeast is a glutinous, albuminous substance, undergoing putrefaction. One part of it floats on the surface, another part of it is precipitated at the bottom of fermenting liquors, and, when microscopically examined, it proves to be a species of fungus which grows upon it, just as mould does on decaying meat, cheese, bread, &c. The action of this yeast has been described by some as entirely exceptional to that of other ferments. It has been spoken of as something specially marvellous, and as being a wonderful development of vital energy. All this is purely imaginary. It possesses, as it floats on the liquor, a sort of life, it is true, but it is the life which always springs from death, the life of a fungus; and even this life must be extinct, and putrefaction commenced, before it can possess any fermenting power. It is a remarkable fact that a fungus, precisely the same in its nature, exists in some forms of internal maladies in the human body. We may just remark here, that where the Scriptures speak of not putting new wine into old bottles, there is reference to

this very fungus, for, in old skin bottles, from which wine had been emptied, this fungus formed upon the decaying albuminous matter left in the pores, and if the new unfermented wine were put into these skins, this yeast would cause fermentation to begin, and, of course, the bottles would burst. But "put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved!" It is also a striking fact that, while the legitimate use of this yeast or leaven is scripturally recognized, its peculiar character, as springing from corruption and leading to corruption, is frequently referred to. It is often used as an emblem of sin, of hypocrisy, and of malice; and its being banished from the sacred festivals of the Jews is explained by Paul's reference to it, when he says—"Therefore, let us keep the feast, not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth."

That yeast has a legitimate application, no one denies, but we do deny that such application is in the manufacture of Alcohol. It surely does not follow, that because its use in bread-making is a blessing, therefore all uses to which it may be applied are blessings also; or, that because the mechanical action by which it forces the particles of dough asunder produces a light and wholesome bread, therefore all its results, under all circumstances, are equally beneficial. We are quite aware that, in the bread-making process, Alcohol is evolved; but we are also aware that it is dissipated by the same process. Alcohol does nothing towards raising the bread, nor does it remain in it. It boils at 180 degrees, and passes off entirely in the vapour of the hot loven, leaving no trace of its presence, unless, indeed, the bread is badly baked in a half-cold oven; and when thus baked, it is sure to turn sour, 212 degrees of heat being required to destroy the fermenting power of yeast. As we have said, *Nature never stops short at the Alcoholic point*. In everything it is the same; the fermenting principle must be removed or destroyed by heat, or the natural results, acidity, and then putrescence, will inevitably follow. It is upon the action of carbonic acid gas that the raising of bread depends. It is always being evolved while Alcohol is being produced, and the sticky texture of the dough not permitting "it to escape, it forces up little bladders, and the dough thus becomes light and porous." Yet, who will say that, because the gas is a blessing thus applied, therefore it is a blessing when, as "choke-damp," it suffocates miners; or as when, in the Black Hole of Calcutta, it killed its 120 victims. Is not this, however, quite as reasonable as to say that Alcohol is a blessing? The one is as deadly as the other, the rapidity of action in both depending on the quantity inhaled or drunk, the gas being, indeed, evidently the less dangerous of the two, as for every one poisoned by it, thousands are poisoned by "its twin sister, Alcohol."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A QUESTION FOR WINE DRINKERS.—The Island of Maderia produces only 30,000 barrels of wine annually. How, then, can that island supply Europe with 100,000 barrels, and America with 50,000 barrels of wine every year?

Britain in the Balance.

BY BRO. A. LEDLIE, G.W.S.

IN glancing over the landscape of nature, the eye is struck with the variety of size, form, and tint that meets it at every turn and on every side. What diversity of magnitude, dissimilarity of outline, and blending of color, supply their several items, to perfect the picture of unsurpassing beauty, interwoven with the gorgeous garb wherewith the scene has been clothed! As the scrutinizing and dazzled eye impatiently wanders from place to place, and flits from object to object, feasting on the multifarious optic luxuries scattered abroad so extensively and profusely, each successive object on which it rests presents a picture peculiar to that particular object, differing in some respects—perhaps in many—from any or all of those previously presented. In external appearance, and even in internal structure, plant differs from plant and animal from animal, less or more widely according as the specimens compared are or are not of the same species or family; so that varieties among these are at least as numerous as are all the individual plants and animals at present in existence. Nor is this variety, which is universally characteristic of plants and animals, confined to the vegetable and animal kingdoms. River differs from river, valley from valley, hill from hill, mountain from mountain, island from island, continent from continent, ocean from ocean; each having an area, an outline, an aspect, peculiar to itself, after an original pattern, giving it an individuality even in appearance, and so distinguishing it from all other objects presented to the human gaze. But although no two objects of which we are cognizant are exactly alike in appearance, each standing out clothed in its own individuality and aspect, and so presenting an original and unduplicated picture to the observant eye, there is, nevertheless, one respect in which all are alike—one characteristic common to all. From the ephemeral insect of a single day's duration to the elephant, a massive moving column of flesh that roams the desert for a protracted lifetime—from the most delicate herb that graces the conservatory to the stalwart oak that braves the hurricanes of a thousand years—yea, even from the momentary water-ripple raised by the passing breeze to the so-called everlasting hills—from the smallest to the greatest—from the most trivial to the most precious—all are creatures of comparatively recent formation, and dissolution is the inevitable doom awaiting each. That gigantic monster of enormous strength and vast

proportions was once an infinitesimal embryo, and shall one day resign its strength and prostrate its massive body beneath the fatal stroke of death. That giant oak, with ramified root, stalwart trunk, and superincumbent branches radiating over so wide an area, was once a tiny germ encased in an acorn and shall yet decline, droop, and die, beneath the stroke of the same fell destroyer. Yonder lofty mountain, so long the picturesque monument of the power that unheaved it, was once concealed "beneath old ocean's bed," and shall doubtless return from its exposed and exalted position and again seek retirement and rest under the same soothing element. The cankerworm of time, continually and everywhere doing its deadly work, eventually completes it, and the common epitaph finally fitted to everything mundane is, *It is not, for death took it.*

Such is the conclusion of the history of things as we see them. Even man, the master specimen of creative skill, shares in the common lot. In whatever clime, and of whatever nation, death and dissolution consummate his brief and busy history here. So obvious is this, and so abundantly corroborated by every-day observation, that it does not require even to be named in order to be known. All, from sad experience, are cognizant of the solemn fact. But it requires a little closer attention and stricter inquiry to discover that not only individuals but even nations are subject to a similar process. Notwithstanding, the overthrow of a nation, a compound catastrophe involving the discomfiture and destruction not of an individual merely, but of myriads of human beings, is an occurrence repeatedly registered on the pages of history, both sacred and profane, and even the times in which we live have been marked by more than one of those memorable epochs. Illustrations will readily present themselves to the minds of many, and if we take the pains to inquire into the causes of so great calamities, we shall find that in each case the national subversion was simply the reward of some prevalent national sin. Whether the instrument employed was the sword (home or foreign), or the famine, or the pestilence, the effect was not without a cause. Sacred history, in recording such an event, invariably places the cause side by side with the catastrophe. Profane history generally does so, and in the case of those later incidents, our knowledge of what the nations were previous to their discomfiture furnishes us

with data sufficient to convince us, that they, too, like their predecessors, in their several subversions had their several rewards. The day of reckoning had come to each. The test-balance was applied and the handwriting recording the result of the experiment was, "Weighed and found wanting." Weighty words these; narrow in number but mighty in meaning. To scan their mysterious import as penned in the far past is still sufficient to strike terror into the strongest; but when the writing has been repeated in our own day and generation, and even at our very threshold, surely it should be enough, and more than enough, to make us look to ourselves as a nation—walk round—tell our towers and mark our bulwarks, lest haply the testing day come upon us unprepared and we too when weighed in the Balance be found wanting.

Verily, nature seems to have chosen Britain as her darling pet, placed her in an ideal position, surrounded her with peculiarly favorable circumstances, draped her with the most delectable garment, and poured into her lap her choicest treasures. Her lot has been cast neither under the burning sun of the tropics, to be scorched and seared by unmitigated perpetual fire, nor within the ice-locked sterile region of the poles, held in the unrelaxing iron grasp of unbroken Winter, and entombed in a sepulchre of eternal snow, but in the genial and equable climate of the temperate zone, where she is visited and variegated by the vicissitudes of the seasons, alternately clothed in the verdure of Spring, crowned with the garlands of Summer, cheered by the produce of Autumn, and chained in the fetters of Winter, and thus constituted a superb, natural panorama, ever going round her circle of change and diversity, and so relieved from that stereotyped and tiresome monotony characteristic of so much of the earth's surface. Again, her position is not situate in the interior of a large continent, far away from the ocean, which would cut connexion with all sea communication, retard, if not hinder, intercourse with other nations, and prove an almost insurmountable barrier to the progress of civilization. Neither is she placed in mid-ocean, widely isolated from the rest of the habitable world, which would also of necessity prevent that ready intercommunication which adjacent nations generally enjoy, and which would exclude the refinement and magnanimity usually engendered by international commerce, correspondence, and connexion. Placed at a convenient and yet safe distance from that part of the adjacent continent which, from the numerous indentures in its coastline, affording an almost endless series of sites for

harbors and seaports, and the equally numerous navigable rivers opening up much of the adjacent lands to traffic by ships, is much better adapted to facilitate and encourage trade and commerce, and consequently to foster and further civilization, than any other place in the world, Britain, as it were, rides safe at anchor in the shelter of a spacious and luxuriant harbor, sufficiently near to enjoy convenient communication with the land, and yet sufficiently clear to secure safety against any unexpected hostile visit from her continental neighbours. One other point in reference to her position deserves special notice, as one of peculiar interest and importance. It is a well-known geographical fact, that the present distribution of land and water on the earth's surface is such as to place almost all the land in one hemisphere, which has been conveniently termed the "Land Hemisphere." Of this hemisphere, Britain occupies the centre. Her metropolis, the city of cities, to which all others are secondary, is almost coincident with the central point. Thus is she in the very literal sense of the term *the central nation*. All others are eccentric. Like the glorious sun, which is at once the centre and source of light and heat to the surrounding bodies of the solar system, Britain, occupying her central citadel, has long been diffusing her enlightening and softening influences to the surrounding nations of the earth. In this respect she is, and must be, unique. No second such position does, or can, exist; consequently, herein she can have no rival.

Notwithstanding the numerous unrivalled enriching properties inherent in, and peculiar to, the locality occupied by Britain, nature, nevertheless, seems to have been unwilling to leave her with these merely, and to have made a very special effort to confer on her a special mark of continued endearment, by the continual bestowal of a gift of extraordinary and exceptional character. The tepid waters of equatorial regions, in common with all the waters of the ocean, are continually moving westward, constituting the great equatorial current, athwart whose course projects the Continent of America. This continental barrier completely obstructs their westward flow. The obstructed waters, continually supplemented by the coming current, are carried forward through the Caribbean Sea into the Gulf of Mexico. Shut in here on the south, west, and north by land, and swollen into a heap by the volume and pressure of the current from the south-east, they are detained more than a week under the burning glare of a tropical sun which, acting on the waters already lukewarm, raises them to the temperature of blood. The Gulf Stream, like the aqueduct of

a stupendous heating apparatus, cleaving the Atlantic with unintermittent flow, carries those calorific waters from the caldron of the Mexican Gulf and conveys them to the shores of Britain, there to exhaust their fructifying treasure of heat in nurturing the extensive plots of this universal conservatory. And as if to carry out to completion, and thoroughly utilize this extraordinary fluid machinery, "the wind in his circuit" has been so trained as to co-operate with the water in working out to the best advantage the beneficial effect of this unceasing boon lavished on Britain by the very elements of nature. Our prevalent winds are from the south and west, coming, therefore, from warmer regions and blowing over this very Gulf Stream. Raised in temperature and saturated with moisture by contact with its heat-stored waters, these winds, charged with heat and vapor, travel across the British Islands, where, by meteorological agencies, the vapor is condensed into clouds which are eventually precipitated as fructifying showers, imparting to Britain in general her characteristic fertility, and to Ireland in particular, that proverbial verdure which has given her the world-wide appellation of the "Emerald Isle." Surely, then, from these two unmistakable evidences, which are enhanced as resulting chiefly from no less mighty an agency than the motion of the earth on its axis, we may fairly conclude that, under present arrangements, special provision exists for the special welfare and prosperity of Britain.

The genial climate of Britain, rendered all the more genial by those mollifying and fructifying oceanic and atmospheric currents, and the richness and diversity of her soil, resulting from the disintegration of a series² of outcrops of strata differing from each other in mineral composition,

taken in connexion with her surface configuration, chiefly composed of beautifully sloping hills and winding valleys, render her remarkable both for the richness and the variety of her vegetation. Wheat, oats, rye, and barley, the staple sustenance of the people, from year to year crown the fields with their luxuriance, and fill the garner with a produce worthy the toil of the husbandman, in some thirty, in some sixty, and in some an hundred fold; and the abundant herbage, carpeting the meadows and covering the hill tops, affords an almost unlimited supply of pasture. The cattle on a thousand hills, and the surrounding plains teeming with vegetation, proclaim in reason's ear that Britain is in very deed the modern land of milk and honey. Nor is it the surface conditions and surface produce only, nor even chiefly, that constitute the great source and supply of opulence to Britain. Prolific and precious as these are—and they are prolific and precious—they are comparatively trifling when contrasted with the abundant wealth bequeathed to her by a cosmological law, and lodged deep down in the earth below her surface. Her exhaustless stores of limestone, granite, and marble, yield the choicest materials for building purposes, and their ever ready supply has facilitated the founding and growth of those numerous cities, towns, and villages, which mark the centres of our ever-increasing trade and commerce, and, besides, has cultivated a taste for the art of architecture, whose proficiency is seen in those stately edifices, picturesque corridors, towering domes, Gothic arches, and ornamental sculptures, which, by adding the excellencies of art to the beauties of nature, render the British landscape a thing of surpassing grandeur.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER XIII.

MIRIAM GOES INTO HOSPITAL.

EVER raged in Ardrey and the neighboring hamlets that Winter, killing some of the hard drinkers and of the very poor, and reducing many to greater straits than they had been in before; but there was not a single case in Loughamore up till June. Then came days of stifling heat, that caused many a putrid tank and neglected dung-heap to give out their poisonous exhalations. The people could not see that there might be death in them. "Why, Miss, dear, it has been there as long as I mind, and never did one of us a bit of harm," they would say, when Miriam pointed out one or other; and when she told them that when the pestilence was abroad these things would make them more liable to it, they laughed, and said that

Ardrey was seldom wanting fever, but it had never come their length yet. One fearfully hot day she was coming from seeing Moses, when she met a withered-looking woman with bare feet, clothes half-way up to her knees, and a bundle on her back. Her appearance was very unprepossessing, but seeing she was a stranger Miriam stopped to ask where she was going. "I'm goin' to lodge in Widdy Ball's, mem; my son's wife and me cast out, and she turned him against me, so I just come off, and left them to their own shifts, and they'll maybe find the need of me when they want me," she said; and then she explained that she came from Ardrey, and that as she was acquainted with Mrs. Ball she knew she would take her in. Miriam called on Mrs. Ball a few days afterwards, and found Mattie Bellamy there. "I came to ask Mrs. Ball about her lodger," Mattie said "she

was up at the Glebe begging, and, because she was a stranger, aunt would not let papa give her anything till we would inquire who she was. I said she should get a charity, at any rate, for that she would not be begging if she were not in want; but aunt overruled me." "Miss Bellamy was just right, Miss Mattie; she needn't be in want any more than other people unless she liked; and if I had known the sort of her I wouldn't have let her in here a foot." "But you have not told us what the sort of her is." "Well, Miss, she came to me with a story as long as your arm, about her son having married an indifferent sort of a girl that misused her, and wouldn't even allow her a bed to lie on, though she wrought the nails off her fingers slaving for him and her. But when Jenny Martin was at the town the other day with a message from Joe to the uncle that lives there, what does she hear but that Maria Mehargh—that's her name—is such a drinker that her son couldn't hold foot to it, and when he would not give her money, she slipped the things out of the house and sold them for whisky; and at last, when her daughter-in-law was laid up in fever, what does she do but take the bed from under the childher and pawn it? No man with a spirit would stand that, so he tells her that the first time he ever caught her at the like again she would march. But she took the foreway of him, and made off with the blankets, and then came to me with a poor mouth about the ungrateful son she had reared, and the bigger fool I to be taken in by her, for the more I'm lonely enough sometimes, no company is better than bad." "So she took you in, and you took her in," said Mattie." "Just that, Miss, and if she steals my things, or I take the fever off her, I'll be worse took in yet." "Maybe she isn't so bad as what people say." "There's not a mistake about it, for Jenny had it from that ould targe, Jock Martin's wife, and the woman that can drink more than herself isn't slack at it." "If she is a woman of that sort I do not think you are bound to keep her," said Miriam. "Neither I would if I could get rid of her, but, poor crather, she isn't well, and no matter what she is, I couldn't turn her out like a dog." "What does she complain of?" "She says it's all her inside, and she's gone to Ardrey to get something at the dispensary for it; but I'm thinking the public will be the dispensary she'll be at before she comes back." "Do you think she is really sick?" "Oh, in troth she is; I wouldn't malign anybody, and she is just as wake as water, and her face as green as leeks. She threw off something this morning like the yolks of eggs, and I was thinking maybe there was a bile on her stomach that had broke." "Very likely," said Mattie, too indolent to combat the prevalent idea that bile was the same as a boil; but Miriam's apprehensions were roused, and she asked the widow if her lodger slept with her. "Indeed, no, for she wouldn't be pleasant company, and that's the fact; so she has just to lie on a grain of straw in the corner, and not being used to it, she says her bones are so sore in the mornings that she can hardly stir." "Mira, we must get the poor body a bed. I know there is some of the blanket money left from last Winter yet." I don't think that would be a justifiable way of appropriating it. The money was collected to

save people from the consequences of misbirtune and not from the consequences of sin." "But misfortune is itself the consequence of sin, and if we were allowed to lie just as we made our beds, there would be a good many sore bones in the world." "Don't you think, dear, that God's purpose in sending sorrow on the heels of sin is to show us the exceeding evil of it?" "Yes, but we, who are sinners ourselves, are not in God's stead to punish sin in others." "I did not mean that: I only meant that we should be careful how we interfere to shelter people from the effect of their own ill-conduct." "Every wil of life is the natural effect of sin, is it not, Mira? Yet religion and philanthropy interfere, as you call it, to soften the punishment." "Yes dear, but when a woman sells her bed"—"It wasn't her's, Miss Miriam; it belonged to her son," Mrs. Ball corrected—"To satisfy a lust, we have no right to use the money, meant for proper objects of charity, in buying her another which will probably go the same way." "Now, my dear prophethess, don't be so judiciale. When Maria Mehargh sold her bed like Marjory Daw, she did not know that, like her, she would have to lie on the straw; and now that she knows how it feels, perhaps she won't want to do it again." Miriam looked lovingly in her friend's blushing face. "I suppose it is a case in which each of us must act according to her own judgment, but I am sure Mr. Bellamy will not give you the money for the bed." "Then I will buy it out of my own allowance, for a bed she shall have; and perhaps the comfort of it may make her wish for other comforts that she cannot have while living in sin, and that may lead her to give it up," said Mattie, breathless and determined.

That night Maria Mehargh came home half-drunk and whole ill. Her inside was all wrong, she said, and the drops the doctor gave her did not do her any good; but Mrs. Ball observed that the drops were taken out of a big black bottle, and that she always smelled strongly of whisky after each dose. She hung about for two or three days, and then lay down. Not that she was sick, she maintained, but "there was a sinking about her heart, and her bones were that sore she was glad to rest them on the bed Miss Nattie had sent her; a blessing on her purty face, it's she has the heart to feel for a poor body." Mrs. Ball wanted to send for the doctor, but dared not, the sick woman stormed so when she mentioned it. She wanted no doctor to be sending her to the hospital; bad luck to them and their hospitals; she wondered how they would like to be packed off to one if they were sick themselves. It wasn't many went in came out alive, and she didn't doubt but the doctors hired the nurses to make away with them till they would get them for subjects. But she wouldn't be made a subject yet a while, and if Mrs. Ball offered to send for the doctor her ghost would haunt her as long as she Maria Mehargh lived; which contradictory threat effectually scared Mrs. Ball. But Mattie came to see how she liked her bed, and finding her raving, sent off for Dr. Marks. When he arrived, the first thing he did was to turn Mattie out by the shoulder, and order her not to come near the house till he gave her leave; the next was to try the windows, and when none of them would open,

to knock his riding whip through a pane in each. The woman had a very bad fever, and there was little hope of her pulling through. "Couldn't she be taken to the hospital, doctor, dear?" Mrs. Ball whispered, fearfully; and Maria's bony hands were clenched outside the bed-clothes at the hated word. "If you had sent for me in time I could have got her in, but it would be at the risk of her life to move her now."

Maria Mehargh only lived a week, and she was but a few days dead when Mrs. Ball took ill. The doctor searched the village for some one to attend her, but found none. At first the women excused themselves on the ground of the widow's poverty; she could not afford to pay for attendance, and, though they would do anything in reason for a neighbor, they could not leave their own families to attend her. But when the doctor told them that the board would pay for a nurse, they acknowledged that it was dread of the fever that deterred them from rendering the services that the poor in general are so prompt in offering to each other. Maria Mehargh's death had created a panic in Loughamore, and it was in vain Dr. Marks assured them that it was not the virulence of the fever that had carried her off, but that she was the victim of a besotted life that had left her no strength to weather the disease. They could not reason on the subject; they only knew that the woman had died raving, after a few days' illness, and had been buried early next morning without the decency of a wake, and if the doctor gave them a hundred pounds they would not put themselves in the way of taking the infection. "You may take it, at any rate," said Dr. Marks, between wrath and despair; "for the poor woman was going about among you for a week with the poison in her clothes." "Well, sir," said the last woman he applied to; "if I take it the Almighty's will be done; but it would be tempting Providence to go where I would be sure to catch it." "And will you let Widow Ball die there by herself without a soul to look after her?" "The dear forbid, but sure she can go to the hospital?" "You'll go to the hospital when you take it, but she has worn herself out attending the woman that died till she is too weak to bear the journey to Upton," he answered, fiercely, turning away, and striding down the street till he nearly ran against Miriam and Mattie, who were coming up it. "Doctor, what is wrong?" Miriam asked, when she saw his perturbed countenance. "The heat is wrong, for one thing; I don't know how you girls contrive to look so cool," he answered, as he wiped his steaming face. "It is not by getting out of temper, at any rate," said Mattie, laughing. "Tell me what is wrong," Miriam said, earnestly, for she saw there was more the matter with him than the heat. "Enough to try the patience of a saint, so no wonder it tries mine." "Seeing that you are a saint, or that you are not—which, doctor?" Mattie inquired. "Whichever you please, Miss Saucebox; if I had known the plague you were going to be, I would have helped you out of the world the day I helped you into it." "I am waiting," said Miriam. "Well, Widow Ball is down in fever; and, though I have asked every woman for three miles round, I cannot get one enough of a Christian to come and nurse her?"

"You have not asked every woman, doctor; I know one who will go?" "Who is she?" "Myself," "Nonsense, Miriam," he exclaimed, hastily; "what business is it of yours?" "It is my business as much as other people's, and it would be more unchristian in me to refuse to do it, than for women who have their families to think of." "No one asked you to do it, and no one would expect it from you." "That is no reason why I should not do it, doctor; and I will," "Lut, Miriam, if you should take the fever," put in Mattie, who was divided between dismay and admiration at Miriam's proposal. "I will not take it if it be God's will that I should not, and I will run no greater risk than the women would have done, with whom Dr. Marks is so indignant." "But you may carry the infection to Lutton," Moses was often called Lutton Bellamy now. "No, for I will not go near him till I am out of quarantine." "That might not be for a long time, and you could not bear to keep away from him." "I can bear it. Do not tempt me to forsake my duty, Mattie; you know, 'Forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'" "I know you are a darling, noble girl, and if it was any other disease I would not say a word; but fever is so infectious." "Not when there is proper ventilation. There is not very much danger if a house is kept well ventilated, is there, doctor?" "No, but how Widow Ball's cottage is to be ventilated, I don't see; I did all I could by smashing the windows, but I cannot get a current of air." "I will use every precaution, and if I do take it why you may send me to the hospital;" but her smile, as she said it, was a little pitiful. "For shame, Mira!" exclaimed Mattie, reproachfully. "I have it," said the doctor. "Well, doctor?" "That is, if you are quite determined to turn sick nurse." "I am quite determined." "Then I will have the widow removed into the new house Mr. Seguin has built at the corner of the village; it is large and airy, and will just answer the purpose." "Mr. Seguin might not be willing to give the house." "Trust him. I will tell Mrs. Seguin that when I had charge of the dispensary at Allgrove, Lady Lanesborough put a large house at my disposal as soon as fever broke out, and that will move her to move her lord to do likewise. How soon can you come, Miriam?" "I must go home for a little now, but I can be ready in an hour." "I don't want you in an hour, and I won't have you till the widow be removed to the corner house, out of that hole of a place." "You can't remove her without my assistance, when everyone is afraid to go near her." "True enough; well come when you like, and I will go straight to the Grange now. You have nearly given me sunstroke, keeping me here in the heat." "Miriam, you make me ashamed of myself," Mattie said, half-weeping, as they parted. "My dear, the poor are my family, and I am doing nothing but my duty in attending to them. Tell Moses why I must not see him for some time." "Will you not come and bid him good-bye before you go to Mrs. Ball's?" "I think not; I don't want to make a fuss, as if I expected to take the fever, when I don't. Please God, I will be among you all again in a few weeks."

But though Miriam spoke lightly, her heart

felt heavy enough; and it was because she could not trust herself to do it, that she did not go to see Moses, for the thought that it might be

months before she dared look on his sunny face again made her heart sink.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Address and Presentation to the G.T.T., with Reply.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—Doing good to man, from love to God, is the noblest work and the truest glory and pleasure. The intelligent Christian philanthropist needs not the praise, as he reckons not the scorn, of a too often ill-judging world. Confronted with difficulties, or harassed with calumnies, he has that within him which is at once his support and protection. Yet, he none the less deserves and values the encouraging sympathy and aid of others, which also it is none the less their duty cordially to give him.

We, therefore, your Good Templar brethren, would not be slack in this our duty. Not in the words of fulsome flattery or blinded admiration do we greet you; but, soberly appreciating your labors and your aims, we thank and cheer you. Long since you saw and grieved over the awful fact that tens of thousands of our fellow-men are annually murdered with drink for money, and you saw, and resolved to dispel the satanic delusion on which that fact rests. Believing that the Powers of Darkness can be overcome only by the Light of Truth, you have been for many years proclaiming in the face of prejudice, fashion, appetite, and selfish interests—of the bitter opposition of enemies, and the timid, time-serving counsels of “moderate” and “judicious” friends—that the Upas tree of the liquor traffic is not a “plant which our Heavenly Father hath planted,” and must, therefore, be rooted up; that nowhere in His Word, His works, or His ways, has God sanctioned, or could He sanction, a trade or a custom whose essential and invariable tendency is to destroy the temporal and eternal interests of mankind; that especially the Bible holds out no warrant for the countenance or support of a system which is so manifestly born of hell. You have spared no pains, shrunk from no sacrifice, and neglected no known means which could the more effectually spread this glorious truth.

A new form of Temperance Society, in the shape of the I.O.G.T., having come under your notice, you examined it, and, finding that its principles and policy were precisely those you had long advocated, but that its machinery for giving effect to them was superior to any that had yet been devised, you adopted it, and for the past three years, as its chosen head in Ireland, you have been guiding and extending its operations with all that singleness of mind, intelligence, and zeal which had hitherto characterised you as a Temperance Reformer. On the 4th, 5th, and 6th of the present month you were called upon, in reply to a challenge from the Rev. James Kerr, of Greenock, to publicly discuss with him the subject of Good Templarism; and the ability with which you repelled that gentleman's attack on our Order, the overwhelming and ignominious defeat suffered by him at your hands, as well as your dignified and earnest demeanour throughout the entire debate—arising from your intense consciousness of the momentous issues at stake—have heightened your already high reputation as a

logical exponent of truth, and have won for you the increased esteem and gratitude of all your brethren. In token whereof, we request your acceptance of this Address and Purse of One Hundred Guineas. We know you need not these to deepen your conviction or increase your earnestness. The righteousness of your cause, its cheering progress and its blessed fruits, are your best justification and encouragement. Nevertheless, you will not undervalue the hearty approval of your fellow-laborers in the Temperance Movement.

And now, Sir, go on in your Christian and patriotic enterprise. Fear not the denunciations of the trafficker in poisonous drinks. Heed not the remonstrances of any who, not understanding, would excuse or palliate the liquor curse. Be not discouraged by the apathy or taunt of those who, professing a sentimental admiration of moral heroism in the old reformers, condemn it in the modern ones as fanaticism or folly. Welcome the fiercest onslaughts of the most unscrupulous enemies of our Order, so long as you are enabled to make such an unanswerable defence of it as that for which to-night we thank you. And we, on our part, with our faith in the rightness of our principles unshaken, shall heartily co-operate with you until, through the Divine blessing on our joint efforts, the accursed liquor traffic shall be for ever overthrown.

Praying that God may grant to you a long and useful life, a peaceful and triumphant death, through Jesus Christ our Lord, we are, dear Sir and Brother, fraternally yours,

(On behalf of the Committee)

A. H. H. M'MURTRY, M.D., Chairman.

THOMAS H. BROWN, T.C., Treasurer.

GEORGE A. REILLY, Secretary.

Belfast, 24th November, 1873.

REPLY.

MY DEAR BRETHREN—At this moment I can very sincerely adopt the words of Byron and say, I

“feel

What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.”

This meeting, the occasion of it, your Address just read, and the unexpected and substantial token of your esteem and regard with which that address is accompanied, combine to fill my mind and heart with thoughts and emotions inexpressible by any language it may command. Your address, much of which I would set down as flattery but for my knowledge of the honesty and sincerity of its authors, is, at the same time, so full of important and suggestive matter, that I feel bound to refer to a few of its leading thoughts.

If, in your over-kind reference to myself and my efforts in the cause of Temperance, you were describing what I have wished to be and to do, rather than what I have been and done, I could honestly accept your eulogium

as justly merited. But when I think how often I have fallen short of what I desired and ought to be, and how little I have accomplished compared with what I should have done, I feel truly humbled in your presence to-night, and especially in the presence of Him to whom all things are known. And in this review of the past, and looking out upon the miserable homes, the bleeding hearts, the mangled forms, the blighted hopes, the withered prospects, and the ruined souls—all caused by the tyrannous sway and insatiable cruelty of King Alcohol and his myrmidons—I wish, now, and here, to resolve anew, in the strength that comes from on high, to do more in the future than ever I have done in the past, by thought, sentiment, and prayer, by pen, tongue, and act, for the speedy and complete annihilation of this “monster, gorged with human gore,” this remorseless foe of God and man. Would it be too much for me at this calm moment, to ask everyone present to make a similar resolution? If only one-half of those present would kindly accept this invitation, and daily, during the next twelve months, ask help from the Source of all strength to carry out the resolution, this will have been the most influential Temperance meeting ever held in Ireland.

I acknowledge that you only recognize a fact when you say I have long seen, that the cause of our nation continuing year after year to sacrifice so many thousands of lives to drink Moloch, our great British Juggernaut, is “Satanic delusion” regarding the production and nature of the poison, alcohol, and that my unwavering conviction has been, “that the Powers of Darkness can be overcome only by the Light of Truth.” I have long seen very clearly, what others saw and taught, amid derision and obloquy, before I was born, that the inhabitants of our Christian nation, Church and State combined, because of their guilty ignorance, selfishness, and sensuality, have been given over to “strong delusion that they should believe a lie” regarding alcoholic liquors, and that, as an inevitable consequence of practising that lie, the nation is suffering, and must continue to suffer, misery, indescribable, until her people learn and practise the truth on the subject. It is a law as fixed and unalterable as the Throne and will of God, that lies believed and reduced to practice produce misery, “fruit after their kind,” and, therefore, that the belief and practice of truth can alone produce “the fruit of good living,” to the honor and glory of God and the welfare of His creatures. Hence He who is the Truth personified, who was “manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil”—might overthrow the dominion of the Father of Lies, whose kingdom is founded upon falsehood and delusion, has taught us the great lesson, applicable to every effort that can be made to elevate, save, and sanctify our sin-stricken race—“Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.”

The grand, central truth of the Temperance Movement is that it is contrary to the Divine will, revealed in Nature, History, and the Bible, that man should manufacture, use, or furnish to others to be used, any kind of alcoholic drink. This doctrine is quite as fixed and universal in the Temperance Reformation, as is the doctrine that salvation is by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ in the Christian Church; and there will soon be no Temperance Movement at all, except among those who believe and obey it. Looking at the melancholy fact that

the most Christian nations are the most drunken nations the world over—a fact explicable only on the theory that the Christian Churches have been in error regarding the nature of intoxicants—I have long been resolved, and, if possible, I am more firmly resolved to-night than ever, that no day of my life shall ever pass without my saying or doing something towards the eradication of that error, and the removal of its resultant reproach from Christendom, believing, as I most firmly do, that, humanly speaking, that error and reproach are by far the greatest hindrances to the success of the Gospel at home and abroad.

You are also correct in saying, that it was because I found the Independent Order of Good Templars, in its principles, policy, and organization, so admirably fitted for the dissemination of the truth on which the progress and permanency of the Temperance Movement depend, that, in conjunction with some of yourselves, I at first gave in my adhesion to it. I never for one moment regretted that step, while day by day, as I learn more and more of the good and glorious work which, through the Divine blessing, is being accomplished throughout the country by our noble Order, I can with increasing gratitude “praise Him from whom all blessings flow,” that it was ever established in our drink-cursed land. And, while I never claim perfection for our Order, any more than for any other society of which I am a member, I sincerely declare I never saw its beauty so clearly, nor knew its value so fully, as during the events connected with the discussion which has been the occasion of our assembling here to-night. I acquired this fresh knowledge of the goodness of our Order, on the one hand, by observing how few and insignificant are the defects in it which the most determined opponents can discover, either honorably or dishonorably; and, on the other hand, from the numerous and important testimonies regarding its good fruits in various parts of our island, which were kindly forwarded to me for use in the discussion. Time did not permit me to adduce these testimonies in the debate, but I mean to put them before the public otherwise, as opportunities can be obtained.

I greatly dislike discussion or controversy with any genuine friend of the Temperance cause. I did not seek the discussion, the value of my humble services in which you have, in your kindness, much over-estimated. But when the challenge was presented to me I readily accepted it, believing that it would have been injurious to the Order had I declined it, and that probably good might result from the holding of the discussion. I was not, however, sanguine enough to anticipate that our cause would immediately receive such an impetus from it as has already been experienced. It would be affectation in me if I did not acknowledge that I agree with you in the belief, that our side gained in the discussion; but then I cannot claim much credit for this, seeing my opponent was so obviously on the wrong side of the question. On the other hand, however, we have, unfortunately, the unpopular side. We are still a despised, scorned, and, in too many quarters, a hated minority. But the consciousness that we are right compensates for all this, as we know that whatever is right and true will be popular in the “good time coming.” The voice of the people is, alas, not yet the voice of

God on our question; but it will be; and our mission and duty are to make it so as soon as possible.

I cordially accept your affectionate Address and munificent Gift, and for both I can to-night only thank you, which I do with all my heart. For your stimulating and cheering words of counsel and encouragement, I feel grateful indeed. You ask me to go on in the future, as I have done in the past. This I shall earnestly endeavour to do, and more also. May I respectfully reciprocate the counsel? Let us all "thank God and take courage" in our heaven-born movement, and persevere through all forms and phases of opposition, incident to our unfashionable, and, therefore, unpopular work. Let us labour more earnestly, prayerfully, unitedly, and affectionately. Let "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men" be the mainspring of our every thought, word, and deed. And let the firm resolve of each and all of us be, that no influence of man or devil shall ever induce us to relinquish our task, either until we shall see our

heart's desire accomplished in the final and complete overthrow of the infernal liquor traffic, or until He whom we serve, and in whose grace we trust, shall, with a joyful "Well done," call us to our rest and reward, and, in His all-wise providence, commit the completion of our glorious enterprise to those whom we shall have instructed, drilled, trained, and left behind us on the field of victory. Labouring thus day by day, sometimes in joy, sometimes in sorrow, but always in "Faith, Hope, and Charity," let us each feel cheered by singing, as we go—

"I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my coming, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do."

Fraternally, faithfully, and gratefully yours,

JOHN PYPER.

The Good Templar Elocutionist.

DEATH'S PRIME MINISTER.

DEATH, the King of Terrors, was determined to choose a Prime Minister, and his pale courtiers, the ghastly train of diseases, were all summoned to attend, when each preferred his claim to the honor of this illustrious office. Fever urged the numbers he had destroyed; cold Palsey set forth his pretensions by shaking all his limbs; Gout hobbled up, and alleged his great power of racking every joint; and Asthma's inability to speak was a strong though silent argument in favor of his claim: Stone and Colic pleaded their violence; Plague his rapid progress in destruction; and Consumption, though slow, insisted that he was sure. In the midst of this contention, the court was disturbed with the noise of music, dancing, feasting, and revelry; when immediately entered a lady, with a bold, lascivious air, and flushed jovial countenance. She was attended, on the one hand, by a troop of bacchantes, and on the other, by a train of wanton youths and damsels, who danced half naked to the softest musical instruments. Her name was Intemperance. She waved her hand, and thus addressed the crowd of diseases:—"Give way ye sickly band of pretenders, nor dare to vie with my superior merits in the service of this monarch; am I not your Queen? Do ye not receive your power of shortening human life almost wholly from me? Who, then, so fit as myself for this important office?" The grisly monarch grinned a smile of approbation, placed her on his right hand, and she immediately became his principal favorite and Prime Minister.—*Addison.*

THE INEBRIATE.

(AFTER HOOD.)

With face unshaven and grim,
With head unbonneted, bare,
figure shiver'd in filth and rags,

By the candle's feeble glare.
Cold was the night without,
Cold was the night within;
And dark and cold was the dismal hearth,
Where seldom a fire had been.

Damp was the roof above,
Damp was the floor beneath;
And o'er the moist walls, grey spiders wove
Huge webs that swung in the breath
Of the fierce, December winds,
That raved through the creaking door,
Singing as 'twere a doleful dirge,
Wild and sad as the moan of the surge,
That breaks on the lonely shore.

With eyes all fiery and red,
With face all bloated and wan,
A drunkard sat in a wretched hut,
On its only seat—a stone;
Sat on that wintry night,
Forsaken, dejected, and sore,
And sang with a voice whose lingering tone
Told it was sweet in the years that were gone,
This song never heard before.

Oh! for a long, long draught!
My throat's so hot and dry,
And a rare good friend is the red, red rum,
To a son of misery;
All others have cured or died,—
So welcome! thou chanc'd for care—
The antidote for the woes of earth,
The poor man's solace, the sad man's mirth,
The foe of the fiend Despair.

"I have tried thee long, and to-night
Thou'rt dearer than ever I trow,—
So fierce are the flames that rage within
I dare not want thee now.
A thrilling pang shoots o'er
My frame when I lack the bowl,
And stinging thoughts, like a host from hell
Come up and possess my soul.

"My soul! ah! me, 'tis undone!
For thee 'twas bartered and sold,
And a sainted wife so meek and good,
And baby with curls of gold:
They sickened, and pined, and died,
And sleep 'neath the desolate lea;
Sometimes they smile thro' my dark, dark night
Like stars o'er a troubled sea.

"She pled with her dying voice—
'Oh! my husband beware!
Forsake the cup, seek mercy of heaven,
And vow thou wilt meet us there.'
But I may not think of heaven—
Fair land of joys Divine—
Sweet home of those whose souls are shriven,
And pure as the robes their King hath given,
For guilty and foul is mine.

"And then she's so bright and fair,
I marvel she thinks of me now,
Who killed her with grief, and want, and care,
And many a cruel blow.
Oh God! could I forget
This damning perfidy,
I might repent and be happy yet,
And hope might rise that so long hath set—
'Tis vain! it can never be.

"I am weary, but fear to sleep,
For fearful dreams will come,
And horrible shapes will grin and stare,
And carry me down through the fulsome air
To their deep sulphureous home.
Then ho! for my valiant rum!
Oh! a mighty enchanter is he!
He waves his wand, and the ghastly band
In dread and disorder flee."

Feebly the candle shone
With flickering glimmering ray,
But feebler still the lamp of life
In his poor, frail house of clay.
Exhausted, weary, and worn,
He sank on the icy floor;
With never a coverlet over his breast,
With the wild night-winds to sing him to rest,
He slept—but waked no more.

Thus, in the drear, dark night,
Despised, abandoned, and spurned,
Like a soulless thing, by the Christian world,
He sang of the fires that burned—
Burned at the roots of life,
Till the God-built fabric fell:
Thus, oh! my brothers, he passed, and there,
In the gloom of night went the soul—but where?
Ponder, O men, and tell!

Official Information.



Grand Lodge Offices,

26 Ann Street,

Belfast,

20th December, 1873.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO LODGES.

At the last meeting of our Grand Lodge Executive, it was resolved, in response to numerous enquiries from Lodges and Members, and for the information of the Order generally, to publish in the *Irish Good Templar* for February, the Reports of the G.W.T. and the Finance Committee, that were adopted at the last Session of the Grand Lodge. It was also resolved to publish a list of the Subordinate Lodges in debt to the Grand Lodge, with the amount due by each, that all may have the fullest information about the financial position of the Order, in view of the approaching Bazaar. We would, therefore, in giving this notice, respectfully, but earnestly, urge every such Lodge to make a special effort, now at the beginning of the year, to have the amount of its debt forwarded immediately to the G.W.S., and thus avoid the unpleasantness of appearing in the published list of debtors to the Grand Lodge, and, above all, help the Executive to meet heavy claims that are now pressing upon them.

Bro. the Honorable S. B. Chase, P.P.W.G.T.,

presided at part of the Fourth Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, held in Glasgow in July last. The following questions, which were put to him, with his authoritative answers will be found useful, as they include many of those which, as G.W.C.T., we are frequently in the habit of receiving from and giving to members and Lodges in Ireland:—

1. Is it in order for Members, when they rise to make a motion, or ask a question, to raise the right hand? Answer—We have no sign for addressing the Chair. I would not say it is disorderly to raise the hand. It does no harm, but it is not required, and is no part of our work.

2. Is it proper to give any verbal explanation of the signs when exemplifying the unwritten work? Ans.—No. It is no part of our unwritten work to give any explanation of the signs.

3. Can a Lodge expel, after due suspension, for non-payment of dues? If so, when? Ans.—A Lodge can have a Bye-Law authorizing the expulsion of any suspended Member after one year, but notice must be given such Member of his

arrears before expulsion. I do not say you have not the power to make a Bye-Law for a shorter period, but that is the usage in America. I consider it is unwise to expel at the close of the second quarter for unpaid dues. Retaining the names of Members on the roll stimulates our Membership to collect their dues. We do not allow our Members to suspend under six months, or expel under a year. We require our Sub-Lodges to pay Tax to Grand Lodge on every Member who is not suspended *bona fide* from his Lodge, and, as they cannot suspend before the end of the second quarter, they would have to pay Per Capita Tax on Members who have paid nothing to the Sub-Lodge funds. The result of that law is, that, to avoid paying Tax on Members who have paid nothing to their funds, they appoint parties to go to the Members, and solicit them to pay their dues, and, in nine cases out of ten, we find they do so.

4. Can Members be required to pay any dues during the quarter in which they have been initiated? Ans.—No. You may collect the dues weekly, and place it to their credit. Our laws require the quarterly dues to be paid *before* the password is given. Thus, if a Member was initiated six weeks before the beginning of a quarter, and has paid one penny per week since the date of initiation, he would require to pay other sevenpence before getting the password for the next quarter. Then he might resume paying at the rate of one penny per week, in advance, to entitle him to the password for the next quarter. The whole one shilling and a penny must be paid in advance, for the quarter to which the password applies, before it is given.

5. May a Lodge grant the use of their own Good Templar hall to some of its Members for the purpose of holding a social meeting, at which dancing may form a part? Ans.—No, if the Lodge is aware or has reason to suppose, that dancing form a part of the entertainment.

6. Can a Brother who has been expelled for divulging the private work be again received into the Order? Ans.—There is no law in our Order which would prevent it. The Lodge is to judge of the propriety of electing or rejecting such an applicant for membership. Certainly great caution should be used under such circumstances.

7. Will a Subordinate Lodge be acting wrong in admitting Members without ballot? Ans.—Yes.

8. Can continued non-attendance form the ground of a charge preferred against a Brother, who, after being remonstrated with, still persists in it, without any valid excuse? Could it result in a sentence of suspension or expulsion, although the fees have been regularly paid? Ans.—Yes. A part of the final charge of the W.C.T. to the initiate is, that he is expected to be present at all our meetings; and a wilful, unexcused, and continued absence from Lodge meetings is actionable, and may be punished as the Lodge may deem best.

9. Can Excisemen, who are necessarily employed in breweries and distilleries, be Members of the Order. Ans.—Yes.

10. It is provided in Grand and Subordinate Lodge Constitutions, that their officers shall be elected by written or printed ballot. (1). Is it

imperative that every Representative to Grand Lodge vote? Ans.—Not unless required by the Grand Lodge. The G.W.C.T. or Grand Lodge can require all Representatives to vote, except excused. (2). Is it imperative that every Member in good standing in Subordinate Lodge vote? Ans.—Same as last.

11. Does a Member, suspended for violation of Art. II., forfeit honors previously acquired? If so, does re-obligation, when suspension is removed, restore previous honors? Ans.—He does forfeit honors, and they are not restored by re-obligation or re-instatement.

12. Is it lawful for a District Deputy, if he suspects dishonest practices in Returns or Per Capita Tax, to call for and examine the books of a Subordinate Lodge? Ans.—The District Deputy, as the Representative of the Grand Lodge, may demand access to the books of any Subordinate Lodge for the purpose of investigation under above circumstances.

13. Can a Good Templar, who is an auctioneer, conduct public sales of intoxicating drink? Ans.—No—except such sale shall be an Executor's, Administrator's, Sheriff's, Constable's, or some other sale of an official character. (See Chase's Digest, page 393, sec. 3.)

14. Is it constitutional for Subordinate Lodges to decorate First Degree Regalias with any other lace than white? Ans.—No.

15. Is it constitutional for a Subordinate Lodge to sit in Session with none but the officers clothed, the Lodge being in possession of regalia to clothe all the members? Ans.—No.

16. Does the District Deputy or Lodge Deputy discharge his duty, if he sit in such a Lodge without finding fault? Ans.—Any Deputy present in such a Lodge should call attention to the fact, and *insist* upon all the members being clothed in regalia.

17. In a Degree Temple Meeting, is it proper to read the minutes of the Second Degree Meetings in the Third Degree, and the Third Degree minutes in the Second Degree Meetings? Ans.—The proceedings of the Second Degree may be read in the Third Degree Meetings, but not *vice versa*.

18. Seeing it is unconstitutional to speak in a Lodge unclothed, is a vote given by an unclothed member valid? Ans.—When the Lodge can furnish regalia, all members are required to wear it, but we are not prepared to decide invalid a vote which may be cast by one unclothed in regalia.

19. Can a member who has lifted a Clearance Card from a Lodge, and kept it in his possession for three months, be admitted into another Lodge without paying dues for the three months which he has not been in any Lodge? Ans.—The Clearance Card being good for one year, a person may join one at any time during the year without paying anything save the regular admission fee.

20. Upon what condition can a member be taken back into a Lodge, after being twelve months out and no dues paid, but who has not violated the pledge? Ans.—If he has been expelled, he must be initiated, the same as a new member; if not, he will resume his membership in good standing, on paying all arrears of dues.

21. A member asks his Clearance Card, and it

is granted by his Lodge. Is he still a member of that Lodge until his Clearance Card is served

upon him? Ans.—His severance from the Lodge dates from the time it is granted.

Literary Notices.

THE TEMPERANCE ANNUAL AND GOOD TEMPLARS' YEAR BOOK FOR 1874: A Manual of Useful and Interesting Information for the Temperance World. 120 pp., with Illuminated Cover. Price 1s; Post Free, 1s 3d. London: Curtice & Co., 12, Catherine Street, Strand. Belfast: I.O.G.T. Offices, 26, Ann Street. This is the second issue of Curtice's unrivalled Templar and Temperance Annual. It ought to be on the table in every Templar and Temperance household in the land. A summary of its contents will make this abundantly evident. In addition to the useful information usually found in first-class Almanacs, it contains a well-executed Frontispiece ("I Wonder What It's Like"); a Temperance Calendar; a Summary of the Proceedings of the R.W.G. Lodge, and of the Grand Lodges of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; Temperance Legislation for 1873; History of the Order for 1873; Officers of the R.W.G. Lodge, the Grand Lodges, the British and Irish District Lodges and Degree Temples; District Secretaries of the I.O. of Rechabites and Sons of Temperance, and Officers of many other Temperance Organisations; the A B C Temperance Guide to the Principal Towns of the United King-

dom (worth the whole price); First Class Portraits of Bros. Hon. S. D. Hastings, R.W.G.T. (with Biographical Sketch by Sister Mrs. M. M'Brown, G.W.C.T.); Robert Simpson, R.W.G.C. (with Biographical Sketch); Hon. S. B. Chase, P.R.W.G.T. (with Biographical Sketch); and Rev. John Russell, P.R.W.G.T.; Two Years in a Life (a Temperance Tale, by Oswald Leslie, in Fourteen Chapters, with Twenty-four Illustrations); Good Templars' Grand Marching Hymn (Music by Dr. Leslie); Original Poetry, &c., &c.

THE YOUNG TEMPLAR: An Illustrated Temperance Treasury for the Young. 96 pp. Handsomely Bound. Vol. I. Price 1s. London: Curtice & Co., 12, Catherine Street, Strand. This is about the best and most pleasing shilling's worth we know in the form of a children's volume. It is composed of the twelve monthly parts, price one halfpenny each—of the *Young Templar*, the organ and advocate of the Juvenile Templar movement in England. It contains between thirty and forty beautiful and striking pictures, and the remainder of its pages are filled with music, poetry, and stories, well-fitted to instruct, elevate, and gratify the youthful mind and heart.

Progress of the Order.

GRAND LODGES.

In the first issue of the *Irish Good Templar*, the number for January, 1873, we gave the names and head-quarters of the forty-four Grand Lodges of our Order then instituted. During the past year no less than six Grand Lodges have been instituted, so that they now number fifty. The following are the six new ones, with the G.W.C.T. and G.W.S. of each:—North Carolina, Rev. Dr. Pritchard, and S. J. Fall, Raleigh; Newfoundland, A. Scott and F. Winton, St. John's; Arkansas, E. N. Hill and J. L. Bowers, Little Rock; Queensland, W. Steele and M. D. Taits, Brisbane; South Australia, Lieut. Corn. Jennings, R.N., and L. E. Harcees, Adelaide; and Victoria, R. S. Inglis and F. Palmer, Melbourne. Additional Grand Lodges will ere long be instituted in New Zealand and other parts of the world. In "Progress of the Order" department, we mean to notice the progress in foreign lands more frequently and copiously during the present year than we did last year.

NEW LODGES.

STAR Lodge, No. 198, was instituted in Crown-hall, 15th October, by Bro. S. Rea, D.G.W.C.T.; principal Officers—Bros. H. McClelland, W.L.D. and W.S.; and J. McFadden, W.C.T.; and Sister Weir, W.V.T.

LEVER Lodge, No. 199, was instituted in Rathfriland, 16th October, by the G.W.C.T.; principal Officers—Bros. H. McAleery, W.L.D.; J. Davidson, W.C.T.; E. Phillips, W.V.T.; and J. Murphy, W.S.

LIGHT OF TRUTH Lodge, No. 200, was instituted

in Balteagh, 17th October, by Bro. C. D. H. Campbell, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal Officers—Bros. S. J. Clarke, W.L.D.; W. S. Oliver, W.C.T.; W. Donaldson, W.V.T.; and J. Donaldson, W.S.

BRIDGE OF SAFETY Lodge, No. 201, was instituted in Hamiltonsbawn, 29th October, by Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal Officers—Bros. J. Cochrane, W.L.D. and W.S.; S. H. Anderson, W.C.T.; and J. R. Greer, W.V.T.

WORLD'S HARBOUR Lodge, No. 202, was instituted in Queenstown, 31st October, by Bro. J. H. Richardson, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal Officers—Bros. G. Sayers, W.L.D.; T. W. Fox, W.C.T.; and T. Harte, W.S.; and Sister Miss Harte, W.V.T.

VIGILANCE Lodge, No. 203, was instituted in Seskanore, 3rd November, by Bro. W. G. Cox, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal Officers—Bros. J. Kyle, W.L.D. and W.S.; T. Telford, W.C.T.; and A. Moore, W.V.T.

WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 204, was instituted in Fermoy, 4th November, by Bro. J. H. Richardson, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal Officers—Bros. J. North, W.L.D. and W.V.T.; G. T. Major, W.C.T.; and W. H. Randell, W.S.

VILLAGE FOUNTAIN Lodge, No. 205, was instituted in Castledawson, 7th November, by Bro. Rev. H. B. Wilson, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal Officers—Bros. R. Fulton, W.L.D. and W.S.; J. Fulton, W.C.T.; and T. Thompson, W.V.T.

WATERCOURSE Lodge, No. 206, was instituted in Cork, 7th November, by Bro. J. H. Richardson, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal Officers—Bros. W. Reid, W.L.D.; F. M. Walker, W.C.T.; and J. Gallagher, W.V.T.

LION Lodge, No. 207, was instituted in Blacklion, 8th November, by Bro. S. Rea, D.G.W.C.T.; principal Officers—Bros. J. H. Neely, W.L.D. and W.V.T.; W. C. Elliott, W.C.T.; and J. M. Elliott, W.S.

OLIVE LEAF Lodge, No. 208, was instituted in Newry, 12th November, by Bro. J. Simms, G.W.C.; principal Officers—J. Glenny, W.L.D.; Rev. L. Stafford, W.C.T.; R. Cotter, W.V.T.; and J. Cooke, W.S.

NORTHERN LIGHT Lodge, No. 209, was instituted in Crossgar, 22nd November, by Bro. Robert Irvine, D.G.W.C.T.; principal Officers—Bros. J. Fulton, W.L.D. and W.V.T.; and J. Gibson, W.C.T.; and Sister M. Millar, W.S.

HILLSBOROUGH, No. 210, instituted in Hillsborough, 4th December, by Bro. Rev. H. N. Moore, D.D.G.W.C.T. Principal officers—Bros. W. Dodds, W.L.D.; Rev. N. E. Smyth, W.C.T.; C. Lackey, W.V.T.; and H. Smyth, W.S.

MIZPEH, No. 211, instituted in Cootehill, 22nd December, by Bro. S. Rea, D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Sister Mrs. Adams, W.L.D.; and Bros. H. Cooney, W.C.T.; and J. M'Ninn, W.S.

EGLINTON HOPE, No. 212, instituted in Eglinton, 22nd Dec., by Bro. D. Crawford, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. J. O'Brien, W.C.T.; R. Adams, W.V.T.; and J. Adams, W.S.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

BELFAST.—20th October, a crowded public meeting was held in Argyle Place School-room, under the auspices of the Rock of Safety Lodge. The G.W.C.T. presided, and a lecture was delivered by the G.W.S., entitled "Britain in the Balance." 23rd October, the annual soiree of Erin's First Lodge was held in Clifton Street School-room. Brother H. J. Wright, P.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. J. McCreedy, P.G.W.Ch., and D. Smith, D.D.G.W.C.T. 24th October, a public meeting was held in Charlotte Street School-house, under the auspices of Mount Zion Lodge. Bro. Councillor T. H. Browne, D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T. and Bro. W. P. Holmes, D.D.G.W.C.T. 30th Oct., a large public meeting was held in Donegall Street Independent School-room, under the auspices of the Star of Ulster Lodge. 11th Nov., the members of the Nil Desperandum Lodge held their annual soiree in Northumberland Street School-room. After tea Bro. D. Fortune took the chair. Addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. A. M'Kinley and others. 12th November, the Belfast Borough Lodge held its annual soiree in Cromac Street School Room. After tea Bro. G. Reilly took the chair. Bros. A. Ledlie, G.W.S., and G. A. Reilly, G.W.A.S., delivered addresses. 4th November, a public meeting was held under the auspices of the Good Samaritan Lodge, in the Lancasterian School Room. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry, G.W.T., Rev. J. McCreedy, P.G.W.C.T., Rev. A. M'Kinley, and D. Fortune. The same evening the members of the Thomas Drew Lodge held their annual soiree in Christ Church School Room. Bro. N. E. Smith occupied the chair, and addresses were given by Bros. the G.W.C.T., W. P. Holmes, D.D.G.W.C.T., and Rev. A. M'Kinley. 17th November, the Dictator Lodge held its annual

soiree in the Grand Lodge Hall, Ann Street. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, and the meeting was addressed by Bros. A. Ledlie, G.W.S.; G. A. Reilly, G.W.A.S.; and R. J. H. Bell, W.C.T. 21st November, a large public meeting was held under the auspices of the Olive Branch Lodge, in Lonsdale Street School Room. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, and gave an address on the progress of the Order. 22nd November, a soiree was held in the Lancasterian School Room, in connection with the Extreme Lodge. The G.W.C.T. presided, and Bro. David Smith, D.D.G.W.C.T., delivered an excellent address. 26th November, a successful meeting, in the form of a concert with readings, was held in Clarence Place Hall, under the auspices of the Ulster Railway Lodge. Councillor Thomas Gaffkin occupied the chair.

NEWCASTLE.—7th October, a soiree was held in the Infant School-house, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Hope of Newcastle Lodge. Bro. J. M'Kee, W.C.T., presided, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Cherry and M'Grath.

DOAGH.—13th October, a large meeting was held in connexion with the Refuge Lodge in Doagh School-house. Bro. G. Graham presided, and a lecture was delivered by the G.W.C.T.

NEWTOWARDS.—21st October, a public meeting was held in the Assembly Rooms, Newtownards, under the auspices of the Bethesda Lodge. W. Parr, Esq., presided, and an entertainment was given by the Irish Good Templar Hand Bell Ringers.

BALLINDRATE.—21st October, Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T., lectured in the Presbyterian Church, Ballindrate, under the auspices of the Hopeful Lodge. Bro. Rev. J. M. Guy, W.C., presided, and on the motion of Bro. A. Ellison, W.L.D., seconded by Bro. R. M'Beth, W.S., the thanks of the meeting were accorded to the lecturer by acclamation.

MARALIN.—23th October, a large public meeting was held under the auspices of the Guardian Lodge, Maralin. Bro. Rev. S. Graham having opened the meeting with devotional exercises, Bro. H. Mather's, P.W.C.T., was called to the chair, and a lecture was delivered by the G.W.C.T.

CASTLEWELLAN.—23rd October, a soiree was held under the auspices of Ireland's Glory Lodge, in the Court-House, Castlewellan. Bro. R. Magrath presided, and addresses were delivered by Rev. H. Watson and others.

DUBLIN.—21st October, a successful soiree was held in the Lodge-room, Lower Abbey Street, Dublin, under the auspices of the Heart of Oak Lodge. 23rd October, an excellent soiree was held in Dublin, under the auspices of the Crusade Lodge, Bro. Councillor Lawlor, G.W.V.T., presiding.

BRYANSFORD.—24th October, a soiree was held in the School House, Bryansford, under the auspices of the Roden Lodge. Bro. J. Cherry, W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bro. R. Magrath, W.L.D., and others.

RAPHOE.—22nd October, a highly successful soiree was held in the National School House, Raphoe, under the auspices of the Light of the North Lodge. Rev. John Thompson presided, and addresses were delivered by Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T., and others.

CASTLEFIN.—23rd October, a lecture was delivered under the auspices of the Dayspring Lodge,

to a large audience, in the Town Hall, Castlefin, by Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T. Bro. Rev. D. Gordon, D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and Bros. R. Harper, D.D.G.W.C.T., E. G. Cotter, W.C.T., and others took part in the proceedings.

WOODLANDS.—24th Oct., Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T., lectured to a large audience, under the auspices of the Wisdom Lodge, in the Woodlands School House, near Stranorlar. Bro. S. Seaton, W.L.D., occupied the chair.

BALLYNAHINCH.—28th October, a large public meeting was held in Ballynahinch, under the auspices of the Brighter Prospects Lodge. Bro. Rev. J. M'Ilveen, D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and the performance of the Irish Good Templar Hand Bell Ringers was the most interesting part of the proceedings.

ST. JOHNSTON.—20th October, a lecture was delivered in the Presbyterian Church, St. Johnston, under the auspices of the Taughboyne Lodge, by Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T. Rev. J. M'Conaghy occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance.

DUNMURRY.—27th October, a crowded meeting was held in the Assembly Rooms, Dunmurry, under the auspices of the Eden Lodge. Bro. W. E. Mayne, W.C.T., occupied the chair, and the Irish Good Templar Hand Bell Ringers performed in their usual effective style.

HAMILTONSBAWN.—29th October, a crowded meeting was held in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Hamiltonsbawn. Bro. T. H. White, J.P., P.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and an able lecture was delivered by Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T., after which the Bridge of Safety Lodge, No. 201, was instituted.

PORTADOWN.—4th November, the annual soiree of the Victory Lodge was held in the Carleton Street Hall, Portadown. There was a large attendance. Bro. Dr. S. K. Crawford occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T.; J. W. Mullin, Rev. T. A. Jones, W.C.; and Rev. C. Harrison, D.C.

CORK.—In November, the Good Templars of Cork, representing five Lodges, met in the Protestant Hall to present an address and purse of sovereignty to Bro. J. W. Dyas, P.W.C.T. of the River Lee Lodge, in token of the fraternal regard of his brethren on the occasion of his removal to Dublin, his native city, to fill a responsible business situation. Bro. Langlands occupied the chair, and Bro. R. Williamson read the address to Bro. Dyas. Bros. Gates, W.C.T., Pulvertaft, W.C.T., and Torrens, W.L.D., also addressed the meeting, all expressing their gratification at the success of the Order in Cork, and attributing much of that success to the untiring zeal of Bro. Dyas.

MOIRA.—10th November, the members of the Home Sweet Home Lodge, held their annual soiree in the Market House, Moira. The large room was well filled with a highly respectable party. After tea, Bro. H. F. McCrudden, W.C.T., took the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. the G.W.C.T., Rev. T. A. Jones, Rev. S. Graham, Murchie, Mathers, and Spence.

PRIESTHILL.—11th November, a public meeting was held under the auspices of the Star of Zion Lodge, in the School-house of Zion Chapel, Priesthill. The room was crowded. The chair was occupied by Bro. Rev. B. Child, and a lecture was

delivered by the G.W.C.T., entitled "Good Templarism and the Three Books." On the motion of Bro. Rev. E. Thomas, seconded by Bro. L. Shaw, the thanks of the meeting were accorded to the lecturer by acclamation.

SAINTFIELD.—12th November, a soiree was held in connection with the Saintfield's Hope Lodge, in the Court House. The large building was filled with a highly respectable party, composed of the members of the Lodge and their friends. After tea, T. Price, Esq., J.P., was called to the chair. Addresses were delivered by Bros. the G.W.C.T. and Rev. J. McCreedy, P.G.W. Chap. Recitations were given by Bros. M'Alcerty and M'Mordie, of Belfast. The proceedings were enlivened with music at intervals by the choir of Erin's First Lodge. Sister Miss McCreedy presided at the piano.

KILMORE.—13th November, a large audience assembled under the auspices of the Aghalee Happy Home Lodge, in Kilmore Church School-house, to hear a lecture on Good Templarism by the G.W.C.T. Bro. H. Shillington, W.C.T., occupied the chair, and Bro. Rev. S. Graham conducted the devotional exercises. The thanks of the meeting were given by acclamation to the lecturer and chairman.

OMAGH.—11th November, the annual soiree of Tyrone's First Lodge was held in the Protestant Hall, Omagh. Bro. W. J. Robinson, P.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. W. G. Cox, D.D.G.W.C.T.; Rev. J. Johnson, W.C.; Rev. J. G. Robb, W.C.T.; and others. The hall was filled by a respectable audience, and the soiree was a great success.

LISBURN.—17th November, a large public meeting, in connexion with the Order, was held in the Assembly-Rooms, Lisburn. J. N. Richardson, Esq., occupied the chair, and an able lecture was delivered by Bro. Rev. A. M'Kinley.

DUNDALK.—26th Nov., the annual soiree of the Onward Lodge was held in the Assembly-Rooms, Dundalk. Rev. J. Thompson occupied the chair, and the meeting was addressed by Bros. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T., and A. H. Duff, D.D.G.W.C.T.

ST. JOHNSTON.—1st November, a public meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church, St. Johnston, under the auspices of the Taughboyne Lodge. Rev. J. M'Conaghy occupied the chair, and an able address on Good Templarism was delivered by Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, G.W.Ch.

BALLINDRAIT.—2nd November, Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, G.W.Ch., lectured to a large and respectable audience at a public meeting held in Ballindrait Presbyterian Church, under the auspices of Hopeful Lodge. Rev. Mr. Guy presided.

RAPHOE.—3rd November, a public meeting was held in Raphoe School-room, under the auspices of Light of the North Lodge. There was a large and respectable audience. Rev. Mr. Thomson occupied the chair, and a lecture was delivered by Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, G.W.Ch.

URNEY.—4th November, a public meeting was held in Urney Presbyterian Church, under the auspices of Urney's Glory Lodge. Bro. R. Ennican presided, and Bro. G. H. Shanks, gave a lecture.

WOODLANDS.—5th November, a public meeting was held in Woodlands School-room, under the auspices of Wisdom Lodge. Bro. S. Seaton, D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and a lecture was delivered by Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, G.W.Ch.

PORTSTEWART.—December 8, the second anniversary soiree of the Portstewart Light-house Lodge was held in the Lodge Room. There was a large and highly respectable party, composed of the members of the Lodge and their friends. Several of the brethren from Coleraine were also present. After tea the meeting adjourned to the Coffee-house, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion with evergreens and flowers, and Good Templar mottoes

and banners. On the motion of Bro. J. Lyle, Bro. M'Ilreavy was called to the chair, and in a short address, gave a history of the Order in Portstewart. Addresses were also given by Bro. A. Mathews, P.W.C.T., and A. Bird, W.C.S. City of Refuge Lodge. Sister M. King added much to the pleasure of the evening by her excellent singing. After the usual vote of thanks, Bro. Clements closed the meeting with prayer.

Varieties.

"THE TRIAL OF SIR JASPER."

WE beg to direct the attention of our Belfast readers to the advertisement on cover, under the above heading. "The Trial of Sir Jasper" is a Temperance Tale in poetry, of extraordinary merit, by S. C. Hall, Esq.; Rev. J. L. Rentoul is an accomplished elocutionist; Mr. Edgar's illustrative Line-Light Views are excellent; the music, under the leadership of Mr. Smith, will be admirable; the chairman is a Total Abstaining M.P.; and the proceeds go to the funds of an energetic and successful Good Templar Lodge. We, therefore, cordially commend the interesting and instructive entertainment to all—especially to all friends of the Temperance movement.

THE LATE DISCUSSION ON GOOD TEMPLARISM.

In response to numerous enquiries, we are glad to state that the late Discussion between the Rev. James Kerr and the G.W.C.T. is in the Press, and will be published in a few days by the Joint Committee. The price will probably be Eightpence per copy, in Paper Cover, and One Shilling, Bound. Orders will be received by the G.W.S., and should be sent in immediately. A considerable reduction will be made to Lodges or individuals taking a dozen copies or upwards.

GOOD TEMPLAR MARRIAGES.

In compliance with numerous requests, we recently consented to devote a corner of the *Irish Good Templar* to the record of Good Templar Marriages, in imitation of some other Templar periodicals, and requested the particulars of such marriages in Ireland to be forwarded to us for the purpose of insertion in the present issue. From the number of suggestions we had from time to time received on the subject, we expected a much longer opening list. We have, however, much pleasure, according to promise, in giving the following, and shall be happy to insert others that may be forwarded to us, duly authenticated, in future issues:—

SHANKS—KINKEAD.—13th July, 1871, in the Independent Church, Donegal Street, Belfast, by Bro. Rev. John White, Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, W.C. of No Compromise Lodge, No. 58, Board-mills, (now G.W. Chap.), to Lizzie Kinkead, W.T. of Erin's First Lodge, No. 1, daughter of the late James Kinkead, Esq., Lonsdale Street, Belfast.

OLIPHANT—TEMPLE.—26th June, 1872, in Donoughmore Episcopal Church, Co. Donegal, by the Rev. Edward Gibson, Bro. John Oliphant to Sister Jane Temple.

ENGLAND—WHALEY.—11th December, 1873, in St. Paul's Church, Gilford, by Bro. Rev. J. Harding, W.C.T. of Gilford's Hope Lodge, No. 83, Bro. Abraham England to Sister Letitia Whaley, both of No Surrender Lodge, No. 118, Moyallon.

CULBERT—BORROWS.—17th December, 1873, in the Wesleyan Chapel, Westport, by the Rev. Robert Hewitt, assisted by the Rev. Wm. Quaille. Bro. James Culbert, Ballymaclose House, Co. Antrim, Bright Future Lodge, No. 62, to Henrietta Wesley, youngest daughter of the late Henry Borrows, Esq., Crossmolina, Co. Mayo.

M'ALISTER—MOORE.—25th December, 1873, in the Wesleyan Chapel, Ballymena, by Bro. Rev. Samuel Hollingsworth, Bro. Alexander M'Alister, W.F.S. of the Star of Hope Lodge, No. 55, to Sister Annie Moore, P.W.V.T. of the Sunlight Lodge, No. 110, third daughter of Bro. James Moore, W.L.D., of the Sunlight Lodge.

OBITUARY.

RICHARDSON.—On 11th December, at his residence, 3, Arundel Terrace, Cork, Bro. Joseph Hancock Richardson, D.D.G.W.C.T., aged 30 years, after a short but severe illness. In this much lamented decease, the Temperance cause generally and our Order in particular have lost one of their most energetic, talented, and successful workers. We shall give a more extended memorial notice of our beloved brother in our next issue.

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR, Vol. I., for 1873, price One Shilling, in paper cover, and also back numbers to make up volumes for binding, may be had on application to the G.W.S.

Contributions for the *Irish Good Templar* and Books for Review in its columns should be addressed to the Editor, JOHN PYPER, G.W.C.T., 4, Old Park Terrace, Belfast.

Orders for the *Irish Good Templar* and for Advertisements should be addressed to Bro. J. G. Henderson, Clifton Street, Belfast.

Communications connected with the Business of the Order should be addressed to Bro. A. Ledlie, G.W.S., 26, Ann Street, Belfast.

The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

VOL. II., No. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1874.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



Bro. Hon. S. B. Chase, P.R.U.G.T.

THE HONORABLE SIMEON B. CHASE was born at Gibson, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, 18th April, 1828, and is consequently in his forty-sixth year. He has always resided in Suquehanna County, where he is generally known and universally esteemed. By teaching school in

Winter to earn the means, and studying industriously at all times, he prepared himself for and entered Hamilton College, New York, where he graduated with honors in 1851, standing high in scholarship. The expenses of his collegiate course were partially defrayed by acting as Deputy

Prothonotary. Industrious and thrifty, like many of the best men on both sides of the Atlantic, he is an example of the power of "self-help," and owes his position principally to his own persevering exertions. In 1852, Mr. Chase was admitted to the study of the law, and for four years, commencing with 1851, he edited and published the *Montrose Democrat* in connection with E. B. Chase.

Politically, he acted with the Democratic party until 1856, when he joined in with the formation of the Republican party, of which he became at once a leading and influential member. He was Chairman of the State Convention of 1856, which nominated David Wilmot for Governor, and has been Chairman of Committee on Nominations once since. In 1856, he was elected a member of the House of Representatives, and re-elected in 1857, '58, and '59. Here he took a high rank, occupying the position of Chairman of the Ways and Means, Judiciary, and other important Committees. He was a prominent candidate for Speaker one term, and, though not elected, he occupied the Speaker's chair most of the Session, on account of the protracted illness of the Speaker-elect. Thoroughly familiar with Parliamentary law, self-possessed, firm, an excellent speaker, and of commanding and agreeable address, Mr. Chase presides with dignity and ease over the most turbulent bodies, always preserving order and decorum during the most exciting discussions. As a presiding officer he has probably no superior in the State.

Mr. Chase continued the practice of law, in addition to his public duties, until August, 1868, when employed by the Good Templars to give his entire time to the Temperance work. In his temperance labors, he comes forward most strikingly, as a fearless, able, consistent, and uncompromising opponent of that dark stain upon the honor, and consuming cancer upon the prosperity of the commonwealth—the *licensed traffic in intoxicating drinks*. And, hence, he is a fitting representative of the independent men who have resolved to use for its overthrow *the ballot*, so long used only to build up and protect it. He signed the Washingtonian pledge when but nine years of age, and has preserved it with all the sacredness that Hannibal did his vow of hostility to the Romans, taken at the altar of his gods, at a like early age. He has worked earnestly with every organization formed to resist the increase of intemperance, and more especially with the Sons of Temperance, from 1850 till 1853 (when they temporarily went down in his County), and with the Good Templars from that time since. Always a master spirit, he at once took and kept a con-

trolling position among his co-workers, and has held so many positions of trust and influence in the Order of Good Templars, that a mere enumeration of them might tire the patience of the reader. It is sufficient to say that he has been presiding officer of either State or National Lodges almost continuously from 1856 till the present time—seventeen years—and attended every Session of the R.W.G.Lodge, over which he presides for five consecutive years. He is now the honored G.W.C.T. of Pennsylvania, a position he has filled for seven years with ability and dignity. His reputation and acquaintance, it will thus be seen, are not sectional, but national, and everywhere his clarion notes of warning have rung out against the traffic that destroys both soul and body. He has spoken on Temperance ever since his sixteenth year.

Mr. Chase is a polished writer, and has written much that has exerted a great influence at the time and since. Many of his published reports and addresses are able and valuable contributions to the current literature of the day. Among the volumes written by him we note the following well-known works:—"Digest and Treatise on Parliamentary Law," which is now in its ninth edition, and has had a large circulation in Europe as well as in America; "Good of the Order;" "Manual of Good Templarism," for "Mill's Temperance Annual." He has also written more or less on the Rituals, Platforms, &c., of the Order, largely shaping the policy and purposes of the Good Templars of the United States and of the world.

In his ecclesiastical relations, Mr. Chase is a Presbyterian, and has been as active in his Church relations as in Temperance affairs. He has been entrusted with responsible positions in the Church also, being twice Commissioner to the General Assembly of the United States. His faithfulness to the Sabbath-School cause is evidenced by the fact that he has been superintendent of a school for twenty years consecutively, save the three years he was absent from home travelling. He is now an Elder in the Church—faithful, consistent, and beloved. He has lived at his present home, Great Bend Village, Susquehanna County, for twenty years.

Such is the Hon. S. B. Chase, P.R.W.G.T. A Christian gentleman, thoroughly educated, possessing a wide range of experience, a good speaker, of admitted honesty and integrity, and known at home and abroad, he is worthy of the suffrages of every good man; and it is not surprising that he has been put forward by the Prohibitionists as a candidate for the office of Governor of the State

of Pennsylvania. He would discharge his duties honestly and efficiently, and control the affairs of the State with dignity to himself and credit to his fellow-citizens. Above all, he has never injured his system or weakened his intellect by the

use of intoxicating liquors, and brings to the discharge of his duties the clear head and steady purposes of the teetotaler.—*The Templar Annual for 1874.*

The Bible and Total Abstinence.—No. II.

BY THE EDITOR AND DR. RITCHIE.

IN our last, we endeavored to show that the greatest hindrance to the progress of our Order and the achievement of its grand object is the still prevalent belief that the Bible contains Divine sanction for the use of intoxicating drink, and expressed our conviction that that doctrine is as false as any which ever came from him who "is a liar, and the father of it." But as we would not accept any man's dogmatic assertion on such a subject without evidence, neither would we ask our readers to accept our assertion without proof. We mean, therefore, to furnish a series of articles, original and selected, from various pens, which, we trust, will, through the Divine blessing, convince all who read them, that the Bible is literally a Total Abstinence Book, frequently condemning, never commending, the manufacture and use of intoxicating drink.

It does seem strange that any Christian, especially any total abstaining Christian, should object to so important a question receiving the most thorough investigation; yet many do object to it. We are frequently a party to such a colloquy as the following:—"We cordially approve of this movement of yours, except the agitation of the 'Bible Wine Question.'" "Do you not look upon it as a duty to 'search the Scriptures?'" "O yes." "On every subject of which they treat?" "Yes." "Except?" "I would make no exceptions." "Then you cannot object to the searching out of what the Bible teaches about 'wine and strong drink!'" To this there is really no reply, except one that tends in the direction of taking the Bible from the people altogether. Be assured, dear reader, the counsellor is wrong here, no matter on how many other points he may be right, who advises you to let the Bible Wine Question alone: he contradicts the Saviour's command—"Search the Scriptures!" We cannot but look upon opposition to the searching of the Scriptures on this, or any other, question, as emanating from the great enemy of all Bible truth, even though the opposition comes in the guise of "an angel of light."

To "search the Scriptures" on this question, as on others, is obedience to a Divine command—is

a duty: not to search them on the question is disobedience—is a sin. For this sin many are suffering the Divine displeasure and chastisement, and will continue so to suffer till they discharge the duty. We are glad to know that the number of those who discharge this duty is rapidly on the increase. We were delighted, a few days ago, to receive a letter from a clerical brother of our Order, saying that a society had just been formed in his town, the members of which are to meet fortnightly to study the Bible Wine Question. Every Good Templar Lodge and every other Temperance Society should make the question a matter of frequent, earnest, and prayerful study.

The Rev. Dr. Ritchie, in the first chapter of his admirable book, entitled "Scripture Testimony against Intoxicating Wine," after showing that the verdict of science is against the use of alcoholic drink, makes the following excellent observations on the importance of the Bible Wine Question:—"We believe that the God of science is the author of the Bible, and that He has established a perfect harmony, between the work of His hand in the human frame, and the revelation of His truth in the Book Divine. In view, then, of these testimonies of science against the use of intoxicating drink, it becomes a momentous inquiry—What is the voice of Scripture on this question? This is an all-important inquiry, both to the Christian believer and to the social reformer. Is it not of vast consequence to the Christian believer, to know what the Bible says, or does not say, respecting the use of intoxicating drink? Has it spoken on this subject, or is it silent? Does it approve the use of intoxicating liquor as a common beverage, or condemn it? If it sanction the indulgence, does it define the extent to which it may be followed with safety? Does it point out the needful guard against danger? Does it tell clearly how the use may be maintained, and yet the abuse certainly avoided? Or does it disapprove this indulgence—then in what way? Is it by a distinct utterance or an admonitory silence? Is it by command or example—by definite precept or comprehensive principle? Are not these inquiries of great importance to every believer of the Bible,

as the Book of God? Intoxicating drink is in the midst of us, entailing enormous evils on man. The question, then, is, what relation does the Bible bear to the use of it as a common beverage? Is not this an inquiry of transcendent importance to every one who has faith in the Divine Book?

And is not this question important also to the social reformer? It may, we believe, be laid down as axiomatic, that the Bible is the book of human progress. All history and experience serve to establish this truth. The hope of humanity, the progress of the world, lies in the moral power of the Bible. Let this glorious old book be but embraced by the human mind, let it rule the human heart everywhere, and it is proved by universal fact that man will rise in power of thought, of feeling, of will,—of faith in the true and of love to the good, and go forward to a blessed future. As the social reformer, then, looks on any evil that arrests the progress of man, and as he seeks to remove it,—is it not to him an inquiry of infinite moment, whether is the Bible in this enterprise for or against me? Does it sanction what I propose to discountenance? Is it hostile to the means I employ, or at most neutral? Can I be inspired with courage and hope, as I feel I may appeal to it as on my side? or must I work with fainting heart, as I fear I may be walking in a way of reform in which I cannot carry my Bible along with me? Is it not thus manifest that it is of the highest importance to the Christian believer and the social reformer, to know whether the Bible is *against* or *for* the use of intoxicating drinks? Has it given a certain sound; which side does it favor—indulgence or abstinence?

In the progress of the temperance reformation it is manifest the voice of the Bible regarding the use of intoxicating drink is assuming an increasing importance for all true friends of the cause. On physical, and moral, and benevolent grounds, they have met the advocates of the common use of alcoholic liquors, and established an argument for total abstinence from these beverages sufficient, we think, to satisfy every candid mind. And now the question rises for consideration, to a higher and still more sacred field of thought. Many sincere seekers after truth and duty, on the subject of temperance, are feeling their consciences drawn to face this inquiry, respecting the verdict of Scripture as to the use of intoxicating wine. They deem it not enough to hear the voice of science, or of alleged expediency, and even experience; they wish, above all, to know what is the voice of the Book of God. Hence it is that the Scripture aspect of the temperance cause is attracting earnest and growing attention in these days, both in our country and over the American Continent. I sincerely rejoice in this state of things, as auguring well for the future success of the abstinence movement. It shows that earnest minds are directing thought to the subject, and are disposed to view it in its very highest bearings—its relation to inspired truth. These are circumstances eminently promising, for we firmly believe, the Bible gives a certain sound on this great question; and if only they who revere the Divine Word can be persuaded that it is against intoxicating wine, they will feel constrained to abandon the use of it, and give in their adherence to the cause of abstinence."

Expediency Not the True Ground of Total Abstinence.

BY SISTER A. J. C., LONDONDERRY.

(Continued from our last.)

The distillation of spirit from fermented, sugary liquids was first discovered in the 9th century, and it was then the name of Alcohol was bestowed—a name most significant of its nature, being in Arabic, the evil spirit. In all its disguises, it is always the same. Distillation in no way changes its nature; it only separates it from other liquids, so that wherever we meet with it, whether in brandy, rum, whiskey, wine, porter, or ale, its elements and its effects are unchanged; these several liquors only differing from each other in strength, in proportion to the amount of spirit contained, and in flavor, according to the other ingredients associated with it. We know that popular opinion has attached to each of these liquors some specific character, rendering it specially adapted to produce certain effects. Wine,

for instance, is considered peculiarly fitted to get up the strength, beer and porter to keep up the strength, and so on with all the others. In reply to this, we would just quote the words of Dr. M'Kenzie, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. He says—"There are two kinds of wine made from grape juice, the one unfermented, containing the nourishment found in the grape, the other fermented, having its nourishment destroyed by fermentation, and its sugar converted into the poison called Alcohol. *All fermented wines are alike void of nourishment, containing nothing deserving the name of 'food,'* or worthy the title, 'generous.' They differ from each other only in their amount of Alcohol, coloring matter, and flavor." And of beer or porter, he says—"In 730 quarts of it, there is but 20 ounces

of flesh-forming matter, and even that small amount only exists because it is not fully fermented, so that to prescribe fermented wine or malt liquor as nourishing food, or to prescribe one variety as more nourishing than another, is a proof of gross ignorance in the sciences of chemistry and physiology."

We have spoken of Alcohol as a poison; that it is so, science abundantly demonstrates. Chemistry and physiology have of late years so clearly defined its character and its action on the physical system, that now we find it generally described as a "narcotico-acrid poison;" and we believe that no one thoroughly acquainted with these sciences would for a moment hesitate to pronounce the wonderful properties commonly ascribed to it to be imaginary and delusive. It has been called a stimulant, but it is so only by being an irritant. Like a spur to a jaded horse, it may serve to arouse to spasmodic effort; but such effort is far from indicating increased strength, or an improved condition of the vital organs. On the contrary, it diminishes the strength and exhausts the vitality, by so much as it appears to stimulate it. It fans the flame, but it adds no fuel; for it is an undoubted fact that it is never digested, nor in any degree assimilated with the structure of the body. The celebrated chemist, Baron Liebig, tells us that "Beer, wine, spirits, &c., furnish no elements capable of entering into the composition of blood, muscular fibre, or any part which is the seat of the vital principle." Its irritant nature is seen and felt if it be held in the mouth for a few minutes; and precisely the same action occurs in the gullet and stomach, though these, being out of sight, the inflammatory heat produced is often supposed to be the increase of true vitality. It has been described as a *sedative*. It is so, but not by restoring excited nerves to healthy action, or by the removal of the exciting cause, but by deadening the nerves, and paralyzing their operations—thus silencing the monitors of disease, under the foolish supposition that we are checking the disease itself. It is frequently recommended as an aid to digestion. Precisely the opposite, however, is its real effect. It is a powerful astringent, tanning and hardening all vegetable and animal substances, and thus rendering them tough and indigestible. It acts powerfully on the gastric juice, by injuring its supply, and destroying its powers, while upon the liver it has an especially injurious effect, deranging its functions, and through it becoming the fruitful source of fatal diseases.

We hear alcoholic drink often prescribed, particularly in the form of port wine, as a blood-

maker. So far from this being true, alcohol always disturbs the circulation, prevents the absorption by the vessels of the nourishment necessary to the supply of blood, and cannot be drunk, even in moderation, without injuring some of the blood globules themselves. In experimenting with Alcohol to ascertain its action on the blood, Schultz, Munroe, and others found that when Alcohol and its red globules meet, the latter contract to a point, and then disappear, their coloring matter passes into the general stream of the blood, is forced into the fine hair-like ends of the blood-vessels, and then frequently settles either in the delicate glands of the lungs, thus causing consumption, or is driven to the surface, evidencing its presence by the blotches, pimples, and empurpled visage, so indicative of the drunkard. "The natural amount of fat in healthy blood is from 2 to 3 parts in 100; but in the blood of habitual drinkers, it is nearly 12 parts in 100. This accumulated fat is deposited very frequently where it is most injurious, as for instance in the muscles of the heart, often causing sudden death, *though it is never found thus fatally misplaced in abstainers.*" On no part of the body, however, does Alcohol act with such rapidity as on the brain; and it is remarkable that it is chiefly those parts of the brain which are the seat of the animal passions that are most affected by it. Hence, when these are excited, the nobler principles are obscured, and crimes of every description are frequently the result.

In thus depicting the effects of Alcohol on our physical system, we are not making rash or random statements. The highest chemical and physiological authorities substantiate what we have stated, and we might multiply, almost without limit, reliable testimonies confirmatory of it. Two thousand medical men, including some of the very first rank in science and practice, have publicly declared Alcohol to be a poison, that even its *moderate* use is injurious, and that the most perfect health is, under all circumstances, compatible with total abstinence. At a great medical conference held in London a few years ago, strong testimony was borne as to the ruinous effects of Alcohol. From one we hear that "drinking always fosters the conditions which engender disease, and cholera, typhus, scarletina, &c., find their readiest victims where the drink is used;" from another, that "every form of alcoholic liquor is bad, that it is totally unnecessary in any condition of health, and that it is a dangerous and treacherous remedy in disease." And the united testimony of all was to the effect that the use of Alcohol is fatal to the health and happiness of

man, that it contains no principle of nutrition, but, on the contrary, that it undermines the constitution, and makes all our diseases more fatal than they would otherwise be. The Tables of Mortality and the returns of Life Assurance Offices determine that the average mortality, even among *moderate drinkers*, is more than double that of total abstainers; and we do not need to be told, on any authority other than our daily observation, that *drunkards* are dropping off from amongst us with fearful rapidity.

As to the medical aspect of the question, we would only say, that many physicians, high in reputation, *never use Alcohol as a medicine*, and their testimony is very remarkable, as proving that their success, as practitioners, has been much greater since they discarded it. Dr. Collenette, of Guernsey, the P.G.W.C.F. of England, says, "It is my firm and deep conviction that, as a medicine, alcoholic drinks are for the most part injurious, and almost, if not altogether, unnecessary; and this opinion I have formed after having attended, and successfully brought through without their use, cases of typhus, malignant, scarlet, and other fevers, cholera, small-pox, *delirium tremens*, exhaustive and other diseases in which it is the usual practice to administer large quantities of brandy, wine, or beer. And the only patient I have ever lost after operation was the

only one not strictly treated on the non-alcoholic principle." Dr. Trall, of America, who has a Medical College and a Hygienic Home, and who *never uses any Alcohol*, says, "I have treated hundreds of cases of all the forms of fever incident to New York and its vicinity, without losing a patient. I have treated a large number of cases of measles, small-pox, and erysipelas, and have not lost a case. During the last Winter, when the deaths in New York, of scarlet fever and pneumonia alone, exceeded 100 per week for months, none of the physicians of our establishment lost a single case, although we treated many." Such testimonies as these might be greatly multiplied, but we must forbear. We believe, however, that we have proved that science and nature pronounce Alcohol to be an enemy. And, now, may we not reasonably ask, can this enemy be among the things lawful—the things good in their moderate use, and only to be abstained from because their immoderate use is the ruin of many? If it be not among these, Expediency, as Scripturally taught, cannot apply to it; for unquestionably it was only to things lawful the Apostle referred. He mentions wine, it is true, but, as we hope to show, it was the wine which was as harmless as the meat he includes in the same category.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Britain in the Balance.

BY BRO. A. LEDLIE, G.W.S.

(Continued from our last.)

BUT there is yet another and a still greater source of wealth, comfort, and convenience to Britain found in her extensive coal measures, stowed away deep down in her floor, whence is exhumed that invaluable supply of fuel, *fulmen*, and force, warming alike the cottage and castle, illuminating alike the cell and city, and propelling alike the lever and locomotive. These coalbeds are the mineralized vegetation of pre-Adamic ages and cycles of ages, extending so far back into the past eternity as to completely baffle the finite mind when attempting to grapple with anything like a definite idea of their protracted duration—a vegetation which then as now was fostered and furthered by a genial warmth chiefly derived from the sun. And so we find that the solar rays falling on, and absorbed by, our earth, during the countless ages of its past history, were economically stored up in the vegetable kingdom, so luxuriant in those primeval epochs, and eventually crystallized into coal, and so preserved for the use of man, earth's latest but most illustrious tenant.

In no other way can be more clearly illustrated the truthfulness of the statement, that the earth was made for man. Here is a process which must have been almost co-extensive in duration with the whole existence of the earth, and its issue conduces to the welfare of man only, for no other being is capable of taking advantage of it. Thus may he be said to bask in eternal sunshine. The beams of light which swept through space from sun to earth innumerable ages ago, after lying imprisoned for durations untold in their subterranean cells, now emancipated from their bondage, shoot forth effulgent as when they emanated from the luminous atmosphere of the sun, immersing millions of our race nightly in an ocean of light. Never a fire flickers on the peasant's hearth, never a spark escapes from the cottage chimney, never a gas-flame battles back the surrounding darkness, never a piston-rod gives place to the increasing volume of the expanding vapor, never a locomotive advances along the rails nor a steamboat propeller

wimples the waters of the mighty deep, but we are afforded ample evidence of the preservative process at work in all past time to secure abundance for the period when man was to appear on the stage of existence; and in no part of the world have we such abundant evidence as is found in Britain. Thus are we constrained to conclude that the favors unceasingly enjoyed by her at present are but the continuation of that preparation for her auspicious birth, exuberant growth, and unprecedented position and circumstances, which had been going forward during the whole past history of the earth.

Space would fail us to notice in detail all the advantages accruing to Britain from her extensive and almost exhaustless coal-beds, together with the iron mines ever accompanying them. To these chiefly must be traced our national supremacy in mechanism, manufacture, and commerce. Just as her priceless quarries of limestone, granite, and marble have produced such a high stage of proficiency in our architecture, so her still more valuable and necessary stores of coal and iron have produced a corresponding stage in our machinery and manufacture. Through the instrumentality of these two materials, ever found side by side over a large portion of our country, man has succeeded in yoking the forces of nature to the wheels of art, and in thus working out results at once amazing from their magnitude, and delightful from their delicacy. We have lived to witness results attained through these agencies which, both in quantitative and qualitative respects, overwhelmingly surpass the most sanguine expectations of our forefathers. Most of our domestic utensils, almost all our implements of husbandry, machineries for manufacture, vehicles of commerce, and weapons of war are elaborated from the substance of the one through the agency of the other, or rather from the substance of both; for the finer and more durable of these are made from steel, which is iron impregnated with carbon, the essential element of coal. Hence our numerous and ever-increasing linen factories, which afford employment to so large a portion of the population, and whose unrivalled fabrics are purchased and prized throughout the civilized world. The product of the British loom is the purest and most carefully preserved article of dress in the wardrobe of the foreign prince. Nor is our superiority in the textural art seen only in the manufacture of an unrivalled quantity and quality of linen. Cotton, which is not native to the soil, is, in an unmanufactured state, sent hither in large quantities from America and elsewhere, in many cases

to be returned when woven—an admission on the part of the senders that British looms produce much better fabrics than those of their own countries.

A more wonderful application of these mineral products of Britain is seen in her vehicles of commerce. The old rickety and diminutive constructions—dragged along by man or beast at measured pace—have, to a large extent, been superseded by the mighty locomotive, with his train of attendants, scouring the country in all directions, transporting from place to place an almost unlimited burden of people and produce, and moving with a velocity unknown to the ante-locomotive commercial world. Were the commercial Briton of one hundred years ago afforded an excursion through the Great Britain of to-day, he would see sights in this direction wider than the wildest flight of his imagination had ever pictured to him. This lately-constructed labyrinth of railways, lying over the country like a huge net with ever-diminishing meshes, affords the inhabitants of Britain a facility for commerce and communication among themselves, unknown to the inhabitants of any other nation. But she rises in our estimation another niche on the scale of national grandeur, when we come to examine her vehicles of commerce by sea. Grand as are her land locomotives, spanning her area in all directions, and carrying to and fro her people and produce, grander still are her stately ships, which walk the waters like things of life, importing, exporting, and commingling the peoples and produce of the whole earth. Those noble floating castles of British build, as they move from continent to continent, and almost from pole to pole, carry conviction to the several beholders, that Britain is, as she claims to be, the Queen of the Ocean. The only specimens of human structure superior to these that we can cite are the huge war-ships constituting her fleet. Who will attempt to paint to perfection the minutiae and majesty of a British man-of-war? We leave the task to those who are willing to attempt it. She is one of those things that require to be seen in order to be properly imaged to the mind. And what nation so remote, what people so secluded, as not to have been favored, or perchance fear-stricken, with the sight? Those monsters of the deep, pregnant with engines of destruction and death, which roam our coasts like giant sentinels—at once the security of the native and the terror of the foreigner—roam also at large, unhindered and unheeded, around every coast, and across the whole expanse of ocean. Here is a field whereon she walks supreme. Ocean-born, she claims it as

her birthright, and has long had her claims allowed. Her ships ride triumphant over every sea—her banner floats in every breeze. The Trades, engirdling the torrid regions round the equator—the Monsoon, alternately inhaled and exhaled by the parched and spacious lungs of India—the Sirocco, scorched by the burning sands of the Sahara, and slaking its thirst from the bosom of the Mediterranean—the Simoom, furrowing the surface of the ancient Nile, once the “father of waters”—the Tornado, that agitates and eddies to their lowest depths the mighty waters encircling the islands of the West Indian Archipelago—the Variables, fanning and fructifying the prolific plains and sloping hills of the temperate zones—and the Polar Winds, coming from the uttermost ends of the earth, alike are cloyed by the British standard, and burdened by the British banner.

In measuring the area and enumerating the population of the British Empire, we must not confine our operations to the group of islands lying in the Atlantic and bordering on the Western coast of Europe. Time was when they did constitute the British Empire, but now they are but as the grain of mustard seed out of which has grown a majestic tree, whose fragrance already covers the whole earth, whose numerous and far-extending branches are still expanding, and under whose shadow a very large portion of the earth's inhabitants find shelter. The stalwart Canadian, occupying one-half the surface of the great Continent of North America—the sable negro, basking in the burning sun of Northern, Western, and Southern Africa—the swarthy Indians, in their teeming millions, stretching from the Himalayan heights to the ocean—the sensual Australian, burrowing for gold in the clefts and gullies of the Southern Alps—the savage New-Zealander, roaming at large undraped and unhoused at the other extremity of the earth's diameter—and the scattered inhabitants of a thousand islets, spangling the bosom of the mighty ocean, in common with their fellow-subjects in Great Britain and Ireland, marshal their forces under the British banner, and pay their tribute of support and allegiance to the British Throne. In all the past history of nations, never did sovereign wield a sceptre commanding the submission of so many subjects as does Queen Victoria at the present time. True, Alexander the Great conquered the then known world, but in this respect a greater than Alexander is here. The Roman Empire in the days of Julius Caesar had absorbed almost all the inhabitants of Western Europe, but even it dwindles into insignifi-

cance, when compared with the British Empire of our own day. Babylon, Greece, Persia, Rome—those resplendent, historic nations, that stood far out in high relief beyond the other nations of their respective times—all pale their mediæval splendor, before the meridian glory of her on whom the very ends of the earth have come in these latter days.

Many other items might be adduced, showing the pre-eminence of Britain among the nations from a material point of view; but, whilst the pleasantness of the work invites, the space at our disposal forbids the farther scanning of material Britain here, and so we pass on rapidly to survey Britain intellectual. And in this department alone there is subject matter not for an article merely, but for volumes. There are canvasses and coloring for a picture, as far surpassing the portrait of material Britain, as the meridian sun out-blazes the distant star—as mind surpasses matter. On the present occasion, detail must be omitted—summary must suffice. Her schools and colleges are numbered by hundreds, her teachers and professors by thousands, and her students by millions. The inexhaustible hidden treasures of knowledge buried deep in the bosom of nature are being continually penetrated more deeply by those intellectual miners. New specimens of thought are being continually exhumed and exhibited for the admiration and edification of an ever-increasing host of students. Multitudes of our rising youth are themselves quite conversant with nature, ever wearying her with new and curious questions, and winning her willing and unerring answers; and the number of these already numerous interrogators of nature is rapidly increasing. Thus science progresses, education increases, the mind expands, knowledge runs to and fro, the intellectual flame of Britain burns with an ever-increasing brilliancy, her circle of illumination glitters with an ever-widening circumference, until it has embraced within its majestic sweep the remotest corners of the earth. Her burning orators, like magic reflectors, give tenfold intensity to the brilliancy of the flame, and her unparalleled poets fling over it an undulatory pathos, which strikes the nerves and stirs the heartstrings to their farthest extremities. Her language is rapidly absorbing all other languages, marks the progress of civilization, and bids fair one day to be universal. The treasures of knowledge digested into books written in the English tongue overwhelmingly outvalue the aggregate items found in the other more than three thousand living languages. To her books there is literally no end, for each successive year increases the number by

hundreds. And, above all, the Book penned by Divine inspiration, the special and supernatural boon of the Creator Himself, sheds a heavenly halo of living light around and over the whole, material and intellectual, unfolding the origin and object of both, and revealing the elsewhere unrevealed policy which alone exalteth a nation. This

celestial lamp, diffusing and radiating its vitalizing beams through and from the thousands of sanctuaries and millions of homesteads, scattered broadcast across the country, has long burnished Britain with a living sheen, making her a very beacon-light to the surrounding nations.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MIRIAM DRAKE.

CHAPTER XIV.

DR. MARKS went to the Grange; whether he appealed to Mr. Seguin's benevolence, or to Mrs. Seguin's vanity, deponent sayeth not; but he not only got permission to use the corner house as a hospital so long as he required it, but was offered a bed and sundry other articles, which Matilda packed up and sent down at once to be in readiness for the sick woman. It was she who first thought of asking the doctor if a good nurse had been obtained. "We have got the best one in the whole country," he answered; "Miss Lutton has kindly promised to act in that capacity." "Miriam Lutton! What a very peculiar girl that is!" exclaimed Mrs. Seguin, returning mental thanks that none of her girls were tinged with eccentricity in the smallest degree. "Doctor, you should not permit Miriam to expose herself in such a way," said Philip in the same breath. "Yes, Miss Lutton is one of the 'peculiar people, zealous of good works,' and I could not hinder her from performing them if I tried," the doctor said, answering both speeches together. Mrs. Seguin was silenced, but Philip was not satisfied. "What has put this folly into Miriam's head?" he asked, angrily, following Dr. Marks to the door; but the doctor was mounting his horse, and pretended not to hear him. "Dr. Marks, she may take the infection." "She may, and die of it, too; but that is her own business, and neither yours nor mine, it seems;" and there was a grim smile on the doctor's face as he rode away, leaving Philip sufficiently vexed with him, vexed with Miriam, and most of all vexed with himself, whose business it should have been to look after her safety. When he went back to the parlor, they were all discussing Miriam's chances of escaping the infection. Mrs. Seguin was certain she had none; and she went over several girls who had been considered handsome till they took fever, but had grown red-faced and florid-looking after it; while Matilda recounted instances of people who had seemed to recover, but pined away and died; and Sybilla told of numerous cases, in Ardrey, of women carried away in ten days by this very fever. "Altogether, you have doomed Miriam among you," Philip said, with a harsh laugh, when he could bear it no longer; and then, unable to settle in the house, he went down to the village, and began to saunter up and down before the door of the fever house. The street (there was but one in Loughamore) was very quiet; even the children had been driven in by the heat; and George Morrow's whistle was very subdued as he worked at his carpenter's bench. "George, is there anyone with Mrs. Ball?" "I think Mr.

Philip, the doctor was there awhile ago, but I have seen no one since," he answered, wiping the sweat from his brow. Philip stood watching him till he had planed the plank, on which he was at work, smooth; and then, too restless to stay longer, he went to see what was being done at the corner house. Finding that the cart had arrived, with the things from the Grange, he went back to get George to put up the bedstead; and as he passed Mrs. Ball's he saw the "waft" of Miriam going in, but she closed the door too quickly for him to get speech of her. He told George to bring a second turncrew, and helped him in with the screws; and when the bedstead was up, he brought a woman to settle the bed. "Mrs. Grey, won't there be things needed in the kitchen?" he asked, when that was done, though not so neatly done as it would have been had he not been superintending the operation, and making the woman so flurried that she forgot whether the quilt or blanket was to be put on first, or whether it was the pillow or bolster should go uppermost. "Mrs. Seguin sent a kettle and saucepan, sir," and I suppose Miss Lutton will get whatever else is needed when she comes." "She will have enough to see about if she is going to nurse Widow Ball, as they say; you had better buy whatever is wanted." Mrs. Grey was a shrewd woman; and as she took the money he offered, and made a mental inventory of kitchen and bedroom furniture, she "put that and that together," as she said herself, and concluded that there was a cause for the young squire's philanthropy. When Philip went into the village again, Mrs. Ball's door was open, and a spring cart piled with cushions stood before it. Philip went in and found Miriam assisting the doctor to lift the sick woman. "I will do this," he said, taking the corners of the mattress from her hands and raising it gently as Dr. Marks directed. Miriam got into the cart, and supported the widow's head upon her lap; and Philip and the doctor followed the cart in silence up to the corner house, which stood on a slight eminence, with its gable to the river. It was not till they had deposited their burden safely upstairs that Miriam spoke. "You should not have come here, Philip, when your mother and sisters are so much afraid of infection." "Are people all to think of themselves, except you?" he answered; and then they shook hands silently, and as he ran lightly down stairs Miriam stood for a minute watching him with the tears in her eyes. The doctor's voice recalled her to her duty. "You must keep her perfectly quiet, and give her this bottle every second hour. If she seem very weak, you may give her a desert-spoonful of the wine Mrs. Seguin sent. I will see

you in the morning." Miriam sat down by the open window when he was gone, and congratulated herself that he had not told her positively to administer the wine; till he did so, she would follow her own judgment. Mrs. Ball, wearied by her removal, lay in a stupor; downstairs a cricket chirruped, upstairs her watch ticked, and outside the river murmured drowsily. She was well accustomed to solitude; but never in her life had she felt it hem her round, and shut her out from her fellow-creatures, as it did now, though the village was so near, and its sounds coming up faintly to her, along with the sultry air. The bare white walls of the room stared at her till her mind seemed blank like them, and a dull hopeless feeling that was mostly physical oppressed her, so that it was a relief when her patient stirred and moaned in her sleep till she awoke herself. Miriam gave her the medicine and she smiled the thanks she was too weary to speak, and then dozed off again; and there was silence in the house for another hour, when a cart came from the Glebe with a little table and chairs, and a hair mattress. By the time Miriam had carried these upstairs—the Rector's servant being too much afraid to give her any assistance—Mrs. Grey came in with the delf and tin ware she had been out purchasing. When Miriam wished to know who had given her the commission, she said it was Mr. Seguin, but backed out by the door too quickly to explain which Mr. Seguin, and so left Miriam under the impression that it was the elder man. Then Mrs. Ball wanted a drink, and she had to kindle a fire and boil some water to put on cream of tartar; and when that was done there were vinegar-cloths to be applied to her head and various other offices to perform, which soothed the patient and did good to the nurse as well. Sick nursing is by no means a romantic occupation; but though Miriam's nerves were somewhat overstrung she was strong in mind and body, and was perfectly equal to the situation she had so cheerfully accepted. Yet the days were dreary enough; not so much at first, for then Mrs. Ball was able to talk to her a little, but the fever grew more violent as it progressed, and toward the close of the first week she became slightly delirious. Dr. Marks had not charge of the dispensary at Ardrey, but he had a large practice, and could only find time to ride out to Loughamore every alternate day. He told Miriam to keep up her spirits, that her patient was doing well, but there could be no change for another week, and he ordered her to have a spoonful of wine every third hour. "And be a sensible girl, and take a glass yourself to keep up your strength," he said; and she thanked him gratefully for his thoughtfulness, without the slightest intention of proving her sense of it by obeying his injunction. Nothing would induce her to drink wine herself; but she was perplexed to know whether she would be justified in forcing abstinence on another, against the orders of her medical man. Dr. Marks said that Mrs. Ball must have wine, not because of anything peculiar in her constitution, but because she had fever, and wine was necessary in all fever cases; and though physicians equally skilful, and more eminent, said it was not necessary, it seemed very presumptuous in her to decide between their conflicting opinions. But the abstaining doctors supported their theory

by successful practice, whereas Dr. Marks had never tried whether a fever patient might not be better left to Nature than stirred up by stimulants to greater excitement; and Mr. McKenzie had once told her that in the hospital at Upton, where wine was administered, a very large proportion of the fever patients died. She shrank from giving the wine, and she shrank from disobeying the doctor; and not knowing what to do, she left Mrs. Ball sleeping, and went down to the kitchen and prayed for guidance.

There is a promise that *before* we call, God hears us, and so she found it, for while she was still on her knees there came a knock to the door, and when she opened it she found Mr. McKenzie standing outside, and that was the answer to her prayer, though she did not know it at first; for when the answer to our petition comes in an unexpected shape, we seldom recognize it immediately. Mr. McKenzie and Miriam did not see much of each other, but there had been a very kindly feeling between them since that terrible day in the past, when, as he sat in mute despair, with the head of his dead love on his knee, and while other sympathizers were endeavoring to soothe the shrieking Fanny, Miriam put her arms round his neck and sobbed, "Oh, Mr. McKenzie, I am sorry for *you*, I am sorry for *you*." Though neither had ever mentioned Grace Morrison's death to the other since then, he knew Miriam was sorry for him still, and having heard at the Glebe of how she was employed, he had called to see if he could be of service to her in any way. She was very glad to see him, but would have kept him outside the door had he not walked past her into the kitchen in spite of her refusal of admittance. In other circumstances she might have been shy of telling him her perplexity, but her loneliness and need of advice combined to make her treat him as an old friend and talk to him without reserve. "I know how you can relieve your own conscience and obey Dr. Marks both," said he, promptly; and then, he told her how a temperance friend in London had sent him a hamper of unfermented wine some time before, which he would be very glad to place at her disposal and if more was needed he would procure it for her. "But if it is unfermented, it is not wine," she said, dubiously. "My dear Miss Lutton, that is an old prejudice from which I thought you would have been free. Wine is simply grape juice, whether fermented or unfermented." "We have been so long accustomed to hear the word applied to intoxicating liquor only, that we forge the proper meaning; but in grape-growing countries wine is often drunk newly expressed from the fruit, and in the Bible wine is spoken of as being even *in* the grape." "I never thought of that before; still it is fermented wine he meant me to give, and if he asks me am I doing it, what should I say?" "If he meant you, an abstainer, to give intoxicating liquor, he should have said so; and if he asks you are you giving wine, you can tell him with perfect truth that you are. It will be a pious fraud, if it be one at all." "Or if a fraud can be pious at all." "But I will not be a fraud. If the doctor use words without attending to their meaning, that is his own fault." Mattie Bellamy came to the corner house every day, but Miriam would not speak to

her except through the window, and positively forbade her bringing Moses; for she knew that to see him and not be able to fondle him would be worse than not to see him at all. Not that she believed there would be much danger of either him or Mattie taking the fever if they did come into the house to her, or that the fever was dangerous if they should take it; but she did not think she had any right to run the risk of spreading the infection for her own gratification, so she denied herself. She denied Philip for the same reason, though he came every day seeking admittance and finding none. Philip never knew how dear Miriam was to him till now that she was in danger; and perhaps even that would not have shown it to him had her strong will not shut him out from all communication with her save such as could be held through the open casement, at which she appeared for the space of one minute every evening to receive the fresh flowers he flung in to her. Had she wished to inflame his passion for her, she could not have chosen a better way to do it. Often, while waiting for her to appear at his summons, he felt that he would gladly give up all his worldly prospects to be able to hold her in his arms, and hear her say that she loved him even as he loved her; and many a time he resolved that he would overcome all real and fancied obstacles, and win her yet, though he should be forced to go into business or turn tenant-farmer to maintain her. And when the brief glimpse of her was over for that day, and she had retired where he could not see her, but where she could watch his departure, with a heart swelling with love and thankfulness at this daily proof of his devotion, he would go away, thinking how wearily the time would drag on till that hour tomorrow when he might see her again. And frequently, to while away as much of it as possible, he would go straight from the corner house to the Glebe, and talk to Mattie as if there was no such person as Miriam in existence. Though Philip had been slightly the worse for brandy when he promised Mattie not to take anything

stronger than wine, he had kept his promise for so far. His sisters chaffed him a good deal about it, but his mother approved of the change, remarking that Philip was quite right to use wine, instead of whiskey or brandy. Lord Lanesborough, she believed, had enrolled his name as a supporter of temperance, so that it was quite fashionable, though there was not such a rage about it as there had been for a time. Had the supporters of temperance seen the quantity of wine Philip drank at dinner, they would not have thought him a very promising disciple; but Mattie did not know that wine might be as dangerous as spirits, and she did not know that Sybella Seguin had asked her quizzingly which it was, she or Mr. M'Pherson, who had made a convert of Philip. She became sweeter with him when she found he had kept his word to her—so sweet that he could not, in courtesy, be less so; and between sweetness on the one side and on the other, they were drifting irrevocably into the footing of acknowledged lovers. Miss Bellamy had begun to decoy Moses out of the room, in order to leave Philip alone with her niece, and even the Rector, who was rather obtuse in such matters, had commenced to beg pardon if he came upon them together. "If papa observes it, there must be something," Mattie thought, casting about for some more solid foundation on which to rest the general opinion, and finding none. "If I don't take care I am in for it," Philip thought; "though I am sure, except once, I never spoke a word of downright love to the wee pet since she was ten years old. I might do worse, too, if it were not for Miriam. To be sure, Miriam would not listen to me; but if she gave a fellow any sort of encouragement, I would soon try her again. It is all very well to talk about friendship when one does not mean anything else, but it is a poor substitute for what I do believe she would give me if I had any way of doing for myself, and my mother were not so dead against it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Alcoholic Medication.—No. II.

BY BRO. DR. HENRY MUNROE, G.W.V.T. OF ENGLAND.

I SHALL relate a certain circumstance which occurred to me some years ago, and the result of which made a deep impression on my mind. I was not then a teetotaler,—would that I had been!—but I conscientiously, though erroneously, believed in the health-restoring properties of stout. A hard-working, industrious, God-fearing man, a teetotaler of some years' standing, suffering from an abscess in his hand, which had reduced him very much, applied to me for advice. I told him the only medicine he required was rest; and to remedy the waste going on in his system, and to repair the damage done to his hand, he was to support himself with a bottle of stout daily. He replied, "I cannot take it, for I have been some years a teetotaler." "Well," said I, "if you know better than the doctor, it is no use applying to me." Believing as I did then that the drink would be of service to him, I urged him to take the stout as a medicine, which would not interfere with his pledge. He looked anxiously in my face, evidently weigh-

ing the matter over in his mind, and sorrowfully replied, "Doctor, I was a drunken man once; I should not like to be one again."

He was, much against his will, prevailed on to take the stout, and in time he recovered from his sickness. When he got well, I, of course praised up the virtues of stout as a means of saving his life, for which he ought ever to feel thankful; and rather lectured him on being such a fanatic (that's the word) as to refuse taking a bottle of stout daily to restore him to his former health. I lost sight of my patient for some months; but I am sorry to say that on one fine Summer's day, when driving through one of our public thoroughfares, I saw a poor, miserable, ragged-looking man leaning against the door of a common public-house, drunk, and incapable of keeping an erect position. Even in his poverty, drunkenness, and misery, I discovered it was my teetotal patient, whom I had, not so long ago, persuaded to break his pledge. I could not be mistaken. I had reason to know him well, for

he had been a member of a Methodist Church, an indefatigable Sabbath-school teacher, and a prayer-leader, whose earnest appeals for the salvation of others I had often listened to with pleasure and edification. I immediately went to the man, and was astonished to find the change which drink in so short a time had worked in his appearance. With manifest surprise, and looking earnestly at the poor wretch, I said, "S——, is that you?" With a staggering reel, and clipping his words, he answered, "Yes, it's me. Look at me again. Don't you know me?" "Yes I know you," I said, "and am grieved to see you in this drunken condition. I thought you were a teetotaler." With a peculiar grin upon his countenance he answered, "I was before I took your medicine." "I am sorry to see you disgracing yourself by such conduct. I am ashamed of you." Rousing himself, as drunken people will at times, to extraordinary effort, he scoffingly replied, "Didn't you send me here for my medicine?" and with a delirious kind of chuckle, he hiccuped out words I shall never forget—"Doctor, your medicine cured my body, but it damned my soul!" Two or three of his boozing companions, hearing our conversation, took him under their protection, and I left him. As I drove away my heart was full of bitter reflections, that I had been the cause of ruining this man's prospects not only in this world but in that which is to come.

You may rest assured I did not sleep much that night. The drunken aspect of that man haunted me, and I found myself weeping over the

injury I had done him. I rose up early the next morning and went to his cottage, with a little garden in front, on the outskirts of the town, where I had often seen him with his wife and happy children playing about, but found to my sorrow that he had removed some time ago. At last, with some difficulty, I found him located in a low neighborhood, not far distant from the public-house he had patronized the day before. Here, in such a house as none but the drunkard could inhabit, I found him laid upon a bed of straw, feverish and prostrate from the previous day's debauch, abusing his wife because she could not get him some more drink. She, standing aloof with tears in her eyes, broken down with care and grief, her children dirty and clothed in rags, all friendless and steeped in poverty! What a wreck was there! Turned out of the Church in which he was once an ornament, his religion sacrificed, his usefulness marred, his hopes of eternity blasted, now a poor, dejected slave to his passion for drink, without mercy, and almost without hope! I talked to him kindly, reasoned with him, succored him till he was well, and never lost sight of him nor let him have any peace until he signed the pledge again. It took him some time to recover his place in the Church; but I have had the happiness of seeing him restored. He is now, more than ever, a devoted worker in the Church; and the cause of Temperance is pleaded on all occasions.

Can you wonder, then, that I never order strong drink for a patient now?

The Good Templar Elocutionist.

BLOOD-GUILTINESS OF THE LIQUOR-TRAFFIC.

A Discourse Preached by the Rev. David Gibson, of the New York Conference M. E. Church, at the funeral of a man who died of delirium tremens.

"Like a roaring lion ravening the prey, they have devoured souls; they have taken the treasure and precious things; they have made her many widows in the midst thereof."—Ezekiel xxii. 25.

The pulpit is one of God's instrumentalities for the promotion of His work among men. It is designed to be a bulwark of rights. We regard ourselves as here at the call of God, and as accountable to Him. This consideration brings with it a sacred solemnity. It must be ours to speak the truth, to declare the thing as it is. God is at hand, saying, "Son of man, if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked . . . his blood will I require at thine hands." In this text are three specific charges. These, in all their force, we bring against the rum-sellers. Here is the atrocious crime—they have done it.

First—"THEY HAVE TAKEN THE TREASURE AND PRECIOUS THINGS." Among "treasure and precious things" we reckon (1.) Property. Selfishness is native to the human heart; but in no one of its many forms is it so prevalent as that of covetousness. Covetousness may be defined an inordinate love of money. Here is the prime mover of most of the fearful crimes in human society. Where can we find covetousness more fully developed than in the rum-seller? Nowhere is conscience more completely paralyzed. Such is

the benumbing influence of rum-selling, that the heart becomes shrivelled up; all natural feeling and affection die under its drying, scathing, blating power. Hardened by habitual sights of human sorrow, petrified by familiarity with the scenes of woe he has created, the rum-seller has little feeling left. "Taken the treasure!" Yes, though every cent was corroded with human gore. Taken it! Yes; and, less scrupulous than the chief Priest, he has put it into his treasury, knowing that it is the price of blood. Ah! he "ravens" in his gains; not indeed like his victim, in the gratification of a physical appetite, but in sheer lust of gain; this is his great, his ruling passion. His moral nature callous, he stands forth a concentrated mass of covetousness, the very personification of avarice which could sell men for money to the eternal pit. (2.) Character is, by some, estimated chief among "precious things:"—

"Who filches from me my good name,
Makes me poor indeed."

The man before us once had a good name and wore it worthily. He was respectable and respected; but, ah! the rum-seller—he plied his arts. Bait after bait was set; snare after snare laid. Long did he tempt. Yes, temptation is business. He "sitteth in the lurking-place of the villages: he lieth in wait, secretly as a lion in his den; he croucheth and humbleth himself: he doth catch the poor when he draweth him into his net." So, in this case, the man began to yield; his reputation went piecemeal. The rum-sellers saw him falling, saw his character sinking, still clutched the price, till the man had

sunk down in the fearful vortex of degradation lower than all save the man who sold him the rum—the frightful cause of his ruin. (3.) Affection. This is among the most precious of all things. He is a pitiable object who is destitute of affection or destitute of an object on which to fix his affections. Not so the man before us. He was kind by nature. The whole treasure of his sympathetic nature was poured into the heart of the woman of his choice. He swore “to love, honor, and protect.” Yes! and when the words passed his lips, he felt their power in his very heart. He meant to do it! There was no spark of hypocrisy in him as he uttered those vows. By nature kind and affectionate, he did “love;” he did “cherish;” he did “honor and keep.” But alas! the rum-seller got hold of him, and how changed! Soon the fond affectionate look became the cold unfeeling glance. Appetite began to be formed; affection became frozen; his mind stoned; his heart stoned. Now he could, without any compunction, neglect to make provision for those whom God and nature had made dependent on him. Nay, he could even take from them all their means of support, leaving them to starve. Aye! he could actually raise his clenched fist against the partner of his bosom. How long, O Lord! How long! Shall we forever be compelled to behold scenes like these? Astonishing is the power of affection. He is ignorant of human nature in some of its most interesting phases, who has not observed that power of endurance, based upon undying affection, which God has pent up in the heart of woman. At every step in his downward career, he was met with kindness and love which endureth all things—the wife of his choice still clinging to him with an attachment which nothing could sever. How carefully she hid his faults, almost from her very self; the ever-present consideration being, “he is the husband of my youth, the father of my children.” Held by a magnetic power in her heart of hearts, she loves him still, while, inflamed by the maddening draught, his cruelties are constantly repeated, and he has become a very demon. What am I to think of the man who saw all this, who knew it, who caused it; who, knowing it, fed the flame; who, for sheer stark love of gain, supplied the terrible cause of this demoniac fury? I think a roaring lion is a quiet, sociable, companionable beast in the comparison. Oh, if the man before us had met nothing worse than a roaring lion, how infinitely better had his case been; that could only destroy the body; but if it be true that no drunkard can enter the Kingdom of Heaven, then body and soul are by this man both destroyed in hell.

Second—“MADE MANY WIDOWS IN THE LAND.” This charge is plain. The words are easily said, and not difficult to be understood; but who can comprehend their power? I would not have the guilt of this sin on my conscience for all the gold of Peru or Mexico. Oh, to put asunder what God has joined; to break, rend, rive the heart’s tenderest affections—’tis guilt beyond compare. Who can describe the consequent suffering? ’Tis easy to talk of tears, sobs, sighs; but who can fathom that deep under-current of unutterable anguish of which these are but the outward and visible signs? Come hither, thou man of blood!

Look on this thy finished work. Look on this agonized heart. Behold its broken, bruised, crushed fibres. And thinkest thou that thou shalt escape? Is there not a God in Heaven? Shall He not visit thee for these things! Yes, the rum-seller has done it. He has “made many widows in the land,” and he is ready to make many more. ’Tis his trade! How can he be made sensible of his deep, damning guilt? Oh, for a continuous echo to ring forever in his ears the cries of those whom he has widowed and orphaned, that sleep may be chased from his eyes and slumber from his eyelids, till he repent and abandon his fearful business.

Third—“THEY HAVE DEVoured SOULS.” This is the very acme of guilt, reaching in its consequences through eternity. There is “a spirit in man, and the breath of the Almighty hath given him understanding.” Made in the image of God, man is destined to live forever. Man upon earth is a probationer. This is the consideration which invests the present life with such transcendent importance. Happiness or misery, life or death, Heaven or Hell are the tremendous issues dependent on this fleeting hour. Here is a life cut off in its prime. A man sent to his final account. Whence is this? Who slew this man? I ask you to make one supposition, by no means a violent one. Suppose all the rum which this man ever bought had been sold to him by one man—suppose one man had supplied all the liquor he ever drank in his entire downward passage through perfect sobriety (so-called moderate drinking) down to *deirium tremens*. You would not hesitate to charge him with MURDER. Yes, you would say distinctly he murdered him, and who would attempt to gainsay it? And now let me ask, is it less murder because there are many, and their “name is legion?” The murder is done, and when God shall “make inquisition for blood,” He will allot to each his proper share of responsibility and his just reward. They have murdered him. God holds them responsible, for “it had been testified to them that the ox was wont to push with his horn.”—Exodus xxi. 29. It is in vain to tell me they did not plunge the murderous knife in his heart. Ah, how much better would it have been for the dead, if they had done so while he was a child. They have done worse—they have devoured his substance, and sent him to a drunkard’s grave O earth! earth! earth! hide not this blood! O echo! forever prolong these dying groans. O Heaven! let these cries be graven in characters of lurid light across thy surface, that the horrid deed may strike every sense of its perpetrator, till he shall call on the rocks and mountains to hide him from outraged humanity, and till he shall seek shelter from wrath in the Rock of Ages. Terrible as is the fate of the drunkard, I would be the most degraded drunkard, when I stand before my Maker, rather than I would be the man who sold him the rum, and made him such.

And now, my hearers, pass before you the history of this young man for twenty-five years. Some of you knew him when he was an innocent child. You have seen him a man of property and respectability. You have known him in all the endearing relations of life—a son, a brother, a husband, a father. You have known his life and his death, and well do you know the cause of his

misery and degradation. It comports with philosophy that like causes produce like effects. 'He cause is still in operation. Have any of you a son, upon whom you have centred your hopes and affections? Is he kind, affectionate, of good business capacity, just starting in life, with all bright before him? Here are the men who can blast his progress, destroy his reputation, take away his property, ruin him, body and soul, for time and eternity. Yes, they can do all this; it is their business, it is their trade; and just in proportion as their trade is prosperous, such ruin is wrought. Ah! if anyone possessed of prescience, should go through the families of this neighborhood, and point out those who will fall into the snares of those who "devour souls"—father, mother, let me ask you, were it infallibly revealed to you that your child, now an infant, would run such a career as has the man before us, would you not infinitely rather he should be cast into a den of lions? When a roaring lion has done his worst, he has only killed the body; but does the rum traffic leave its victim till it has destroyed both body and soul in hell? Never, no, never! This tearful funeral calls upon us all to examine our position—citizen, Christian—let us not lay a flattering unction to our souls. We surely are not clear of this man's blood unless we have done all we can to stem this fearful tide of death. May God, in mercy, forgive our remissness in times past, and help us to "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

WHAT HAD HE DONE?

BY SISTER ELLA WHEELER.

I saw the farmer when the day was done,
And the proud sun had sought his crimson bed,
And the mild stars came forward one by one;
I saw the sturdy farmer, and I said,

"What have you done to-day?
O farmer say!"

"O I have sown the wheat in yonder field,
And pruned my orchard to increase the yield,
And turned the furrow for a patch of corn—
This have I done since morn."

I saw the blacksmith in his smithy door,
When day had vanished and the west grew red,
And all the weary noise and strife was o'er;

I saw the kindly blacksmith, and I said,
"What have you done to-day?
O blacksmith say!"

"O I have made two plough-shares all complete,
And nailed the shoes on many a horse's feet,
And, O my friend I cannot tell you half!"
The man of muscle answered with a laugh.

I saw the miller, when the day had gone,
And all the sunlight from the hills had fled,
And tender shadows crept across the lawn;

I saw the dusty miller, and I said,
"What have you done to-day?
O miller grey!"

"O I have watched my mill from morn till night,
And never saw your flour so snowy white,
And many are the mouths to-day I've fed,
I ween"—the merry miller laughed and said.

I saw another, when the night drew nigh,
And turned each daily toiler from his task,

When gold and crimson banners decked the sky,
"What have you done to-day?
Drink-seller, say!"

But the drink-seller turned with drooping head,
And not a single word in answer said.
What had he done! his work he knew full well,
Was plunging human souls in deepest hell.

Alas, drink-seller! on that awful day,
When death shall call you, and your race is run,
How can you answer, what can you hope to say,
When God shall question you; "What have
you done?"

How can you meet the eye
Of the Most High!

When night approaches and the day grows late,
Think you to find your way to heaven's bright
gate?
Think you to dwell with souls of righteous men?
Think you to enter in? if not—what then?

THE LIQUOR DEALER'S PRAYER.

"WHEN ye spread forth your hands, I will hide
mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many
prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of
blood. Wash you, make you clean; put away the
evil of your doings from before mine eyes."—
Isaiah i. 15, 16.

At evening he retired to pray,
And kneeling low, began to say,
"Our Father, still in heaven the same,
Hallowed be thy glorious name"—
When conscience rising in his breast,
The prostrate suppliant thus addressed:—
"Daily you sell that drink for gain,
Which makes your neighbors so profane;
With boisterous hand and poisoned breath
He scatters firebrands, arrows, death;
Can then your heart one wish afford,
That God's great name should be adored?"
Although convicted, almost dumb,
He still proceeds—"Thy kingdom come!"
Again does the reprover rise,—
The monitor within replies—
"You still pursue that deadly craft—
Still vend the soul-destroying draught,
Which so obstructs that kingdom's course,
And adds to sin and Satan's force;
How dare you now pretend to plead,
That heavenly kingdom to succeed?"
Still venturing on, once more he said,
"Give us each day our daily bread!"
"What! while your bins and bags contain,
Exchanged for drink, the poor man's grain;
Or in your till the price is laid,
Which should have bought his children bread."
His soul with keen conviction stung,
With struggling heart and faltering tongue,
He cries, "Forgive! grant me salvation,
And henceforth keep me from temptation;
Nor any longer will I lay
Temptation in my neighbor's way;
What thus is gain, when understood,
I see to be the price of blood;
I'd rather dig, or beg, or serve—
Yea, henceforth, sooner will I starve,
Rather than once again I'll stain
My hands with such unrighteous gain!"

Building the Battlements.

BY BRO. REV. T. L. CUYLER, D.D.

THE roofs of Oriental dwellings, as our readers know, were perfectly flat, and were used for a variety of purposes. Being covered with earth, rolled hard, they were the favorite promenade of the family and their guests. Booths were erected there during the Feast of Tabernacles. Upon these flat roofs corn was dried, and figs and raisins were prepared for market. Often the roof was used as a place of devotion; and while Peter was praying on the tanner's house-top in Joppa, the vision of the descending sheet was revealed to him. In cases of sudden alarm, the house-tops were avenues of escape without descending to the narrow streets below. Along by the street side, the roof would expose its occupants to fatal falls; and, therefore, the Divine law was enacted:—"When thou buildest a new house, thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof." Then the little children of the household might play and romp there with impunity. Good old grandpa might walk about there at eventide, with his dim eyesight, and be in no danger of stumbling off and being dashed to death on the pavement below. This was a wholesome law; was it not? Let us use this passage as a parable, and gather a few lessons from it.

1. From this parable of the parapet we learn that prevention is better than cure. It costs but little time and labor to construct the railing around the roof. But oh! what a terrible cost of agony to parent and child, if a beloved boy should be hurled down from the house-top into a mass of mangled and bloody limbs! The house would be haunted with the memory of such a tragic neglect for ever afterwards. Prevention was easy: cure impossible. What a simple process of a moment is vaccination; but the loathsome disease which it prevents is often utterly incurable. Some of us have spent no little labor in the protracted and painful efforts to rescue some wretched victim of the bottle from the abyss of misery and degradation into which he had hurled himself. Again and again we lifted him up, only to see him reel over into a deeper shame. A young man who had thus wrecked himself in the morning of life, once made the thrilling confession:—"I know perfectly well that I am breaking my mother's heart, and that I am killing myself, and that when I die I shall go to hell; and yet it is too late for me to give it up!" The prediction of the doomed man proved true. He soon drank himself into eternity. And yet all that awful havoc of character, life and immortal soul, might have been easily prevented by putting up the little parapet of a total abstinence pledge. The longer we labor to stem the tide of intemperance, the more thoroughly are we convinced that the reformation of inebriates is always difficult and often impossible. To save the young by keeping them from the first glass, is the chief hope and almost the only hope. And the right place to put up this parapet of total abstinence is the home and the Sabbath-school. Those parents who neglect the right instruction of their children in this vital matter, and who neglect to set the example of self-restraint and abstinence, may yet have a fearful account to answer for.

2. This brings us on to the second lesson of the

parapet, viz: that wilful neglect of duty is as fatal as wilful crime. It was not deemed needful by the Divine Lawgiver to forbid a man's pushing his child or his neighbor off his housetop. But the neglect to build a battlement would make him equally guilty. "If any one fall from thence, blood shall be brought on thy house." This means that not-doing is twin brother to wrong-doing. "We have left undone the things we ought to have done" is as grievous a ground for repentance as "we have done the things we ought not to have done." Many a father has wrung his hands in agony over the letter which told him of a son's disgrace, and yet on those very hands rested much of the blame of that boy's ruin. Why? Had they led that son into Sabbath-breaking, or drunkenness, or theft, or profligacy? No; but they had left the youth alone most fatally, and left him to drift into sin unrestrained. Neglect was the boy's ruin. Poor old Eli failed to put up the parapet of restraint around his household. His two sons "made themselves vile," and broke the old man's heart. Elkanah and Hannah surrounded their lowly dwelling with the railing of prayer, and watchful, holy example; and Samuel lived to be the sunshine and joy of their "Indian Summer" of earthly life. It is from the unguarded house-top that children are dashed into ruin. It is the neglected switch that wrecks the railway train; the neglected leak that sinks the ship. From the neglected children of our city streets, whom no mission-school gathers in, and no church cares for, penitentiaries are recruited. Prisons and gibbets are God's assessment upon society for the crime of neglecting the young! And what else but neglect is the chief cause of every sinner's everlasting doom? Neglecting to put up the safeguard of faith in Jesus, and the protection of His grace, he topples over into perdition! My friend, if you are yet impenitent, and remain so, it will require nothing else to shut you out of heaven. To "neglect the great salvation" is to be lost. There is no need that the man in a skiff amid Niagara's rapids should row towards the cataract; simply resting on his oars is quite enough to send him over the awful verge.

3. A third thought is suggested by this fruitful parable of the parapets. Every man is bound to look after the welfare of others. We are our brother's keepers. Not only for ourselves, but for our friends and our neighbors, are we enjoined to build up the battlements. Am I not bound to use my influence and my example so as to be a help and not a harm to my brother? Am I not to keep him from falling? The big-hearted apostle saw others toppling over into temptation, and so he said, "It is good not to drink wine, nor anything whereby my brother stumbleth." His influence was a parapet of protection to the weak and the easily tempted. When I see rich Christians dressing so extravagantly in God's house as to shame away their poor, ill-dressed brethren, I say to them, your abominable pride is wronging your fellow-Christians, as well as corrupting yourself. When I hear of a church-member going to the lewd modern theatre, or setting out the card-table or the decanter, I say to such, your influence is breaking down the

parapets that keep others from temptation and ruin. Every Christian is either building up, or else pulling down the battlements of restraint. This is a good time to build up the battlements. God's Word furnishes us with plenty of precepts for our parapets. Blessed is the man whose daily life is walked about by a Bible-conscience! He is not the man who falls into defalcation and disgrace. Blessed is that home which has the cheerful parapet of good

government and holy example; for in it the children are safe. Blessed is that Christian life which, like an Oriental terraced-roof, is lifted up into the sunshine of God's countenance! Its flowering graces charm the eye and regale the spirit. The enclosure of God's law and God's love gives it security. From such a house-top it is a short step into the glory of our Father's house in the heavens.

Progress of the Order.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

BELFAST.—2nd December, Bro. Rev. Dr. Gale, of England, lectured in the Friends' Meeting House, Mr. John Pim presiding. 5th December, the General Council Meeting of the Irish Temperance League was held in the League Rooms, Lombard Street. Bro. J. Simms, G.W.C., occupied the chair, and among the speakers were Bros. the G.W.C.T.; Dr. M'Murtry, G.W.T.; Rev. J. McCreedy, P.G.W.Ch.; and H. J. Wright. 11th December, a meeting was held under the auspices of the Emerald Lodge, in the Queen Street School-room. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair; addresses were delivered by Bros. D. Smith, D.D.G.W.C.T.; A. Ledlie, G.W.S.; and G. A. Reilly, G.W.A.S.; selections of music were sung by a choir under the leadership of Bro. J. Wylie, W.C.T.; and recitations were given by several members. 16th December, the annual soiree in connexion with the Star of Erin Lodge was held in the Lancasterian School-room. Bro. D. Smith, D.D.G.W.C.T., presided; addresses were delivered by Bros. the G.W.C.T. and G. A. Reilly, G.W.A.S.; and an interesting elocutionary and musical programme was gone through. On the same evening, a meeting was held under the auspices of Mount Zion Lodge, in Charlotte Street School-house. Rev. E. J. Hartrick presided, and addresses were delivered by Bros. T. H. Browne, T.C., D.D.G.W.C.T., and D. Fortune. 20th December, a successful Christmas Bazaar was held under the auspices of the Extreme Lodge, in the Lancasterian School-room, the proceeds of which are to be given by the Lodge as a donation to the forthcoming Grand Lodge Bazaar. On the same evening a successful Bazaar was held in Clifton Street Lodge-room, under the auspices of the Forward Lodge. 23rd December, Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, G.W.Ch., delivered a lecture in the Clarence Place Hall, Belfast, in reply to Rev. A. Bowden's lecture previously delivered in the same place. Bro. Rev. J. McCreedy, P.G.W.Ch., occupied the chair, and a vote of thanks was given by acclamation to the lecturer on the motion of the G.W.C.T., seconded by Bro. W. M. Scott. 2nd January, a soiree in connexion with the Hand of Friendship Lodge, was held in the Lancasterian School-room. Bro. D. Smith, C.E., D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and an interesting programme was gone through. 12th January, a meeting was held under the auspices of the Ark of Safety Lodge, in the Wesleyan School-room, Falls Road. Bro. J. A. Carleton, W.C.T. presided, and a lecture was delivered by Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T. Several pieces of music were given by a choir, Sis. Mrs. Carleton presiding at the piano. The thanks of the meeting were accorded to the lecturer on the

motion of Rev. Dr. Applebe, seconded by Bro. W. Maxwell. 14th January, a lecture, under the auspices of the St. Ann's Ward District Lodge, was delivered in the Lancasterian School-room, by Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, G.W.Ch., Bro. Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry, G.W.T., D.D.G.W.C.T., presiding. The thanks of the meeting were warmly given to the lecturer on the motion of Bro. W. M. Scott, seconded by Bro. H. J. Wright. 16th January, a soiree under the auspices of the Hope of Erin Lodge, was held in the Magdalene School-house. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. J. McCreedy, P.G.W.Ch.; Rev. A. Gray, M.A.; W. P. Holmes, D.D.G.W.C.T.; and Rev. E. J. Hartrick. 19th January, a meeting was held under the auspices of the Concord Lodge, in the Lancasterian School-room, Bro. Councillor T. H. Browne, D.D.G.W.C.T., presiding. 20th January, a meeting was held in the Grand Lodge Hall, Ann Street, under the auspices of the Belfast Borough Lodge. Bro. Fullerton, W.C.T., occupied the chair, and an interesting programme was gone through. 21st January, a large meeting was held in the Temperance Hall of the Working Men's Institute, under the auspices of the Nil Desperandum Lodge. Bro. Councillor J. H. Haslett occupied the chair. The "Trial of Sir Jasper" was read by Rev. J. L. Rentoul, and was illustrated by lime-light views, exhibited by Messrs. Edgar and Bowden. Appropriate selections of music were rendered at intervals by a choir under the leadership of Mr. F. R. Smith, Sister Miss McCreedy presiding at the piano.

NEWTOWNARDS.—26th November, a crowded meeting was held in the Good Templar Hall, Newtownards, under the auspices of the Bethesda Lodge. Bro. J. M'Kee, W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Rev. W. T. Martin, Rev. J. Gilchrist, Bro. H. Daggart, and Bro. J. Ramsay. Recitation and vocal music added to the enjoyment of the evening. 24th December, a similar meeting was held under the auspices of the same Lodge in the same place. Bro. J. A. Brown, T.C., D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair. Addresses were delivered by Bros. J. Rainey, J. M'Neekin, R. Miller, W. Dobbin, T.C., and G. Apperson. 29th December, the G.W.C.T. delivered a lecture, under the auspices of the Ards District Lodge, in the Assembly Rooms, Newtownards. Rev. John Gilchrist occupied the chair, and Bros. Rev. D. H. M'Murtry, M.A.; Rev. J. Harris; J. A. Brown, T.C., D.D.G.W.C.T.; W. Dobbin, T.C.; R. Miller, G. Kennedy, and G. Apperson took part in the proceedings.

MAGHERAMORNE.—30th November, a good meeting was held in connexion with the Eureka Lodge, in Magheramorne School-house. Bro. A. Barr,

W.C.T., occupied the chair. Suitable addresses were delivered, and an interesting programme of reading and music was gone through.

DUNMURRY.—1st December, Bro. W. E. Mayne, W.C.T., entertained the members and a number of friends of the Eden Lodge to tea, in the Assembly Room, Dunmurry, on the occasion of one of the members removing to another part of the country. Addresses were delivered by Bro. W. R. Nelson, D.D.G.W.C.T., and several other brethren. 22nd December, a meeting was held under the auspices of the Eden Lodge in the same place. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, and the meeting was addressed by Bro. Mayne, W.C.T., and Bro. T. Kirkwood. 19th January, Rev. J. W. Dickson, of Belfast, lectured to a large audience in connexion with the same Lodge in the same place, Bro. W. P. Holmes, D.D.G.W.C.T., presiding. The thanks of the meeting were accorded to the lecturer, on the motion of Bro. Moore, seconded by Bro. Mayne. At each of the meetings the devotional exercises were conducted by Bro. Rev. H. Edgar, W.C.

GARVAGH.—1st December, a crowded audience, in connexion with the Bud of Promise Lodge, assembled in the Temperance Hall, Garvagh, to hear a lecture from the G.W.C.T. Rev. T. Madill occupied the chair, and the thanks of the meeting were accorded to the lecturer on the motion of Rev. R. Gage, seconded by Bro. J. Hemphill.

TANDRAGEE.—2nd December, the anniversary soiree of the Diamond Lodge was held in Tandragee. Bro. J. Simms, G.W.C., occupied the chair, and the meeting was addressed by Bros. T. H. White, J.P., P.G.W.C.T.; Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T.; Rev. J. Harding, Gilford, and others.

KILLYLEAGH.—2nd December, the annual soiree in connexion with the Consistency Lodge was held in the Methodist Chapel, Killyleagh. Bro. Captain Gilmore occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. W. Lovett, D.D.G.W.C.T.; W. P. Holmes, D.D.G.W.C.T.; A. Ledlie, G.W.S.; G. A. Reilly, G.W.A.S.; Patterson, Ballynahinch; and Miller, Comber.

DUNDRUM.—3rd December, the annual soiree in connexion with the Brunswick of Ulster Lodge was held in the School-house, Dundrum. Bro. Rev. W. Lovett, D.D.G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T., and Bro. M'Iroy, W.C.T.

NEWRY.—7th December, the G.W.C.T. preached a temperance sermon in the Independent Church, Newry.

ENNISKILLEN.—9th December, a highly successful soiree was held in the Protestant Hall, Enniskillen. Bro. Capt. Elliott occupied the chair, and among the speakers were Bros. the G.W.C.T. and W. C. Timble.

BALLYMENA.—17th December, a soiree under the auspices of Ballymena District Lodge was held in the Protestant Hall, Ballymena. Bro. Rev. H. Hutchings occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T.; Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T.; Rev. D. McMeekin, and Rev. J. Rutherford.

LURGAN.—17th Dec., a meeting was held under the auspices of the Britannia Lodge, in the Town Hall, Lurgan. Bro. W. R. Nelson, D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair; addresses were delivered by Bros. A. Ledlie, G.W.S.; and J. Geddes, D.T.; and a musical performance was given by the Irish Good

Templar Hand-Bell Ringers. 14th January, a meeting was held under the auspices of the Lurgan District Lodge, in the Mechanics' Institute, Lurgan. Bro. J. Geddes, D.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T. on "Faith," by Bro. Rev. T. A. Jones, W.C., on "Hope," and by Bro. H. Mathers, D.D.G.W.C.T., on "Charity."

AHOGHILL.—18th Dec., the G.W.C.T. lectured at a meeting held under the auspices of the Purple Star Lodge, in the Orange Hall, Ahoghill. Bro. Rev. H. Hutchings presided.

BOARDMILLS.—26th December, a soiree in connexion with the No Compromise Lodge was held in Boardmills School-house. Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, G.W.Ch., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T. and others.

BROUGHSHANE.—26th December, a soiree was held in connexion with the Miners' Home Lodge, in the Parochial School-house, Broughshane. Bro. Rev. H. Hutchings occupied the chair, and an interesting musical and elocutionary programme was gone through.

KILMORE.—31st December, a soiree under the auspices of the Happy Home Lodge, was held at Kilmore, near Lurgan. Bro. Rev. S. Graham of Moira occupied the chair. An address was delivered by Bro. G. A. Reilly, G.W.A.S., and singing and recitations were given by several brethren from Lurgan.

LARNE.—1st January, a meeting under the auspices of the Olderfleet Lodge, was held in the Town Hall, Larne. Bro. J. A. Bowman, D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and a lecture was delivered by Bro. A. Ledlie, G.W.S. Bros. J. Fullerton, J. T. Boyd, and others took part in the proceedings.

BALLYCLARE.—1st January, a meeting in connexion with the Publicans' Friend Lodge, was held in the Court House, Ballyclare, the W.C.T. presiding. Addresses and recitations were given by several members.

BESSBROOK.—2nd January, a soiree under the auspices of the New Britannia Lodge, was held in Bessbrook. Bro. J. Simms, G.W.C., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bro. Rev. G. Wight, D.D.G.W.C.T., and Mr. F. Harris. Readings and recitations were given by Rev. H. W. Lett, Bro. S. D. Lamb, Bro. D. J. Cooke, and Mr. W. N. Channon. The proceedings were further enlivened by the performance of the Bessbrook Brass Band, and also by appropriate pieces of vocal music.

BRYANSFORD.—12th January, a soiree was held in connexion with the Roden Lodge, in the Parochial School-house, Bryansford. Bro. J. M'Iroy, Dundrum, presided, and an interesting programme was gone through.

BALLYNAHINCH.—12th January, a soiree was held under the auspices of the Brighter Prospects Lodge, in the Market House, Ballynahinch. Bro. Rev. J. M'Iveen, B.A., D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T., Bro. Rev. A. M'Kinley, and others. The evening's proceedings were enlivened by the performance of the Ballynahinch Good Templar Band, the singing of the Lodge choir, and readings by Bros. Agnew and M'Iroy, of Belfast.

BROOMHEDGE.—14th January, a meeting was held in Broomhedge School-house, under the auspices of the Protector Lodge. The W.C.T. presided, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. E. Thomas, W.C., A. Ledlie, G.W.S., and others.

KILLINCHY.—20th January, a soiree was held in Killinchy School-house, under the auspices of the Hope of Killinchy Lodge. Rev. Mr. Moore occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T. and Bro. D. Auld. Vocal music by Bro. Gibson, of Lurgan, and recitations by Bros. Lytle and McCann, of Belfast, added to the enjoyment of the interesting proceedings.

THE RIGHT WORTHY GRAND LODGE.

BOSTON.—The Committee of Arrangements for the R.W.G. Lodge held a meeting on Saturday, 27th December, in Boston, and organized, with Bro. J. H. Roberts as chairman, and Sis. Amanda Lane as secretary. It was voted to make arrangements for a reception and a public meeting. At last Session of the R.W.G. Lodge, held in London, the delegates from this side of the Atlantic were hospitably entertained by the Grand Lodge of England. The Good Templars of our State undoubtedly desire to reciprocate the favor, and to show New England hospitality to those who come from Old England. To defray the expense, and the other inevitable expenses of this Session, contributions will be solicited from the Subordinate Lodges of this State. Circulars will be issued, asking our Lodges to appoint committees to take action in the matter.—*Temperance Album.*

CALIFORNIA.

A TEA PARTY was held, under the auspices of the Order, at the Oddfellows' Temple, Ninth and K Streets, Sacramento, on 20th December. The hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens, pictures, and American flags. A large party was present, seated at four large tables. A fine cake, having the emblems of the Order upon it, was presented by Mrs. A. H. Cummings. The meeting was called to order at eight o'clock by Bro. Jabez Walker, G.W. Lecturer, and Bro. A. D. Wood, G.W.C.T., was chosen chairman. The Rev. Chas. Snelling asked the blessing. On taking the chair, Bro. A. D. Wood gave an address, after which an Ode was sung, and the company indulged for half-an-hour in uninterrupted enjoyment. A cake, with the emblems of the Order upon it, was given to the Good Templar Orphans' Home. Misses Mary Mohler and Josephine Waite sang "Beside the Grave of Jennie." Bro. G. B. Katzenstein addressed the meeting on the history of the Order. He said in 1851 the Order of Good Templars was formed. In July, 1852, at Syracuse, New York, a Temperance Convention was held, at which it was decided to perfect the organization, and the new organization was called the Independent Order of Good Templars. On 17th August, 1852, the first convention of the Order assembled at Ithaca, New York; a Grand Lodge was formed, and Nathaniel Curtis elected G.W.C.T.; since which time it had grown from an American to an International Institution, and now enrols fifty Grand Lodges, with a membership of over half-a-million. Then followed a Scotch song by Miss Mary Walker, "Creep before ye Gang." The Rev. J. L. Trefren expressed his surprise at three things: 1st, that in a town with so many saloons a tea party could be successfully held; 2nd, that so many should attend; and 3rd, that the Good Templars of the city had not thought of it before. Mrs. Rice and Miss Carrie Ray sang a duet, after which Bro. Jabez Walker, G.W. Lecturer, addressed the meeting. Speaking of the

liquor traffic, he said, "An irregularity cannot be regulated. What will you do with it? PHIT it down—totally prohibit—that is the only sound, philosophical, and logical platform." A duet was then sung by the Misses McCants, "The Lily and the Rose," and Colonel Hawkins, of Nashville, Tennessee, gave a short address. Miss Jenny Trefren sang "Lily of the Snowstorm," and Dr. C. S. Haswell addressed the meeting on "Templars' Bands of Hope." The closing Ode was then sung, and the meeting terminated.

SCOTLAND.

On 2nd January, a large and enthusiastic Good Templar soiree was held in the Town Hiall, Greenock, under the auspices of the local District Lodge. Bro. Captain Brochie presided, and among the speakers were Bros. Rev. G. Gladstone, G.W.C.T.; J. Pyper, G.W.C.T.; and Rev. F. Ferguson, M.A. 4th January, G.W.C.T. Pyper preached a temperance sermon in G.W.C.T. Gladstone's Church, Govan, Glasgow. 5th January, a meeting under the auspices of the District Lodge was held in the Town Hall, Stirling. Bro. McFarlane, D.D.G.W.C.T., presided, and the meeting was addressed by G.W.C.T. Pyper and Bro. Rev. Mr. Kaye. 6th January, the half-yearly meeting of the United Executive Councils of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales was held in the Grand Lodge Offices, Glasgow. On the evening of that day, a great meeting was held in the City Hall, Glasgow. G. W. C.T. Gladstone presided, and among the speakers was Bros. J. W. Kirton, G.W.S. of England; Capt. G. B. Thomas, G.W.T. of Wales; John Pyper, G.W.C.T. of Ireland; and R. Simpson, R.W.G.C. 7th January, a large meeting was held in Falkirk. The D.D.G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, and the principal speakers were G.W.C. Templars Gladstone and Pyper.

BRO. REV. DR. GALE, OF ENGLAND.

Bro. Rev. Dr. H. Gale, Rector of Garsdon, Malmesbury, in whose Church unintoxicating wine has been used in the celebration of the Lord's Supper for fifteen years, visited Ireland early in December, under the auspices of the Irish Temperance League, as a special Deputation from the United Kingdom Alliance. He addressed meetings with great power and acceptance in Belfast, Gilford, Dungannon, Castlederg, Letterkenny, Castlefin, Londonderry, and Bessbrook. Dr. Gale preached two thorough-going temperance sermons in Belfast on 7th December—in the morning in Christ Church, and in the evening in the Maripers' Church.

BRO. HON. GENERAL NEAL DOW IN IRELAND.

The renowned prohibitionist, author of the Maine Liquor Law, Bro. Hon. General Neal Dow, of America, visited Ireland last month under the auspices of the Irish Temperance League, as a special deputation from the United Kingdom Alliance. He received an enthusiastic public welcome in Belfast, in the Temperance Hall of the Working Men's Institute, on 15th January. The Mayor of Belfast presided, and among the speakers were General Neal Dow, Rev. Wm. Johnston, Moderator of the General Assembly; Rev. Dr. Hannay, Vicar of Belfast; and Rev. Dr. Binney, J.P., of Bangor. General Dow was entertained at a public breakfast in the Temperance Hotel, Donegall Street, Belfast, on 16th January, Bro. Dr. A. H. H. M'Murty presiding.

Bro. Gen. Dow also addressed meetings in Newry, Enniskillen, Coleraine, and Dublin, and in each place received a most cordial welcome. We are

happy to announce that Ireland is to be favored with another visit from the gallant gentleman before his return to America.

Varieties.

THE LATE DISCUSSION.

THE "friends" of the Revs. J. Kerr and A. Bowden, in the late Discussion and Controversy on Good Templarism, continue to manifest a diligence and zeal worthy of a better cause. Their weapons and movements, however, are of such kind and description, that, like the elephants in the army of Pyrrhus, they are immensely more injurious to their friends than their foes. They *abhor secrecy in words, but in practice, theirs is the most secret of all secret societies.* Their printed missiles, fired at their opponents *by name*, are full of falsehood, fallacy, folly, and filth, and are issued illegally, without the names of writers, printers, publishers, or sellers, to be obtained by those willing to "come into their secret," for as specified number of postage stamps, from "Anti-Templar," or houseless and homeless "Richard J. Robinson, Box — Post Office."

We are glad, for the dignity of the Order, that nobody on our side has condescended to pay any serious attention to their contemptible and disreputable manoeuvres. They are afraid to let the Report of the Discussion go to the public on its own merits, and so they have planned to precede and accompany it by anonymous misrepresentation and slander, so as to neutralize, if possible, the effect which they know it is likely to produce. Conduct so dishonorable will be estimated at its true value by all whose opinion is of any importance, and must recoil, we cannot say upon the heads of the perpetrators, for they have none that can be discovered, but upon Messrs. Kerr and Bowden, and their Anti-Templarism, unless these gentlemen can publicly disclaim all connection with such vile tactics. It is not necessary to ask our readers to give no credence to printed statements, coming through such channels. In our next and succeeding issues, we mean to give the correspondence between the G.W.C.T. and his opponents, Revs. J. Kerr and A. Bowden, *in full.* It will then be seen how much deceit, misstatement, and misrepresentation are in one of the anonymous documents published by the "friends" of those gentlemen, and industriously circulated by one of Mr. Kerr's representatives on the Joint Committee. We hope none of our friends, or even honorable opponents, will be caught by the bait in the advertisements of Mr. Kerr's friends, so as to give their orders for copies of the Discussion to Mr. John Megaw. The price finally agreed upon is Nine Pence per copy. Orders sent in to Bro. Ledlie, G.W.S., will be promptly attended to. A considerable reduction will be made, when parcels of a dozen copies and upwards are taken.

GOOD TEMPLAR WEEK OF PRAYER.

At the half-yearly Conference of the United Executives of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, held in Glasgow on 6th January, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

"That the United Executive Council unanimously recommend that the week commencing

8th March be set apart by the members of the Order in Great Britain and Ireland, for special and united Prayer to Almighty God for His blessing on the Temperance cause and the work in which we are engaged; and further, that the Lodge Meetings held during that week be mainly devoted to Prayer on this behalf."

We sincerely trust that the recommendation of this resolution may be as unanimously and cordially adopted by every Lodge and Member in Ireland, as it was by the United Executive Council. The Lodges will probably receive instruction on the subject by a Circular, and we shall refer to the matter again in our next issue. In the meantime, we would ask those of our readers who have heard our Order recently slandered as Deistical—Is the above like the resolution of a Deistical Organization?

OBITUARY.

Bro. Joseph Hancock Richardson, D.D.G.W.C.T. for Cork, whose early decease was recorded in our last issue, was born on 8th February, 1844, at Summer Hill Grove, Newcastle-on-Tyne. At his native place, and at Bridge Water, in Somersetshire, he was an earnest worker in the temperance cause from his fifteenth year till he came to Cork, in February, 1870. Shortly after his arrival in that city, he threw himself heartily into the general temperance movement, especially into the work of the local branch of the Permissive Bill Association. On 10th Feb., 1873, the G.W.C.T. visited Cork, and, with a small band of Chartermembers, including Bro. Richardson and his wife, instituted the River Lee Lodge, No. 177. Bro. Richardson was commissioned as District Deputy, an office for which he was in every way qualified. His zeal and ability in the discharge of the duties of his office, with the co-operation of other friends, resulted in the institution of six new Lodges in the District before his decease—namely, Kinsale Concord, No. 182, in Kinsale; Bells of Shandon, No. 192, in Cork; Empress of India, No. 197, in Cork; World's Harbor, No. 202, in Queenstown; Wellington, No. 204, in Fermoy; and Watercourse, No. 206, in Cork. In his last illness, he was in correspondence with friends in Bandon about a new Lodge in that town, which is likely to be instituted soon. His District was, therefore, quite ready for the institution of a District Lodge, and we were looking forward with much pleasure to the acceptance, at an early date, of his invitation to visit Cork again, institute the District Lodge under his superintendence, and co-operate with him a few days in his arduous and successful District labors. "Man proposes, but God disposes." Our beloved brother now "rests from his labors, and his works do follow him." How his place in our Order can be filled, it is impossible for man to see. But it will be filled, for while "God buries His workers, His work goes on."

Brother Richardson's last illness was short,

though severe, brought on apparently by severe colds, to which, for some time, he had been subject. He was affectionately attended by a beloved and devoted wife, who, in all "his works of faith and labors of love," was an ever-ready and efficient sympathizer and helper. His intellect was clear, and his mind calm till the last, his thoughts and words being more about the friends and work he was leaving behind than about himself. Resting with a firm faith on the Saviour he had loved and served, his end was perfect peace. His remains were affectionately conveyed to their place of repose by his Temperance friends, united with members of the Society of Friends, to which he belonged, and in which he was highly esteemed. A short and appropriate address, followed by prayer, made a deep impression upon the sympathizing crowd around the grave in which his body was deposited till the morning of the resurrection. "He being dead, yet speaketh." What does he say, reader, to you and me?

ACROSTIC.

BY BRO. PARKS, PUBLICANS' FRIEND LODGE.

G uided by th' Almighty hand,
O nward in the good cause move;
O ur motto be in every land—
D evotion, Temperance, and Love.

T he all-destroying cup denounce,
E ach victim in its toils advise;
M ay all by grace Divine renounce
P ernicious drink in every guise.
L ord grant to us Thy heav'nly grace,
A ll obligations to fulfil;
R efresh our souls, our zeal increase,
S ave and defend us from all ill.

THE GENERAL ELECTION AND THE PERMISSIVE BILL.

Just as we go to Press, the announcement of the Dissolution of Parliament and the General Election has appeared. We are glad that we do not require to urge upon our readers the importance of refusing their support to any candidate who will not vote for the Second Reading of the Permissive Bill. We beg the earnest attention of all members of our Order to the Manifesto of the United Executive Councils published in our issue for December. We do not see how they can be true to their obligations and responsibilities, unless they accede to the advice and instructions therein contained. If they faithfully and unitedly do so, their influence will make a powerful impression upon the character of the next Parliament, and the final overthrow of our country's tremendous curse will be materially hastened. Will they do it? We confidently believe they will.

REV. DR. DUFF ON THE WINE QUESTION.

"In our own land, wine has become so exclusively a mere luxury, or what is worse, by a species of manufacture, an intoxicating beverage, that many have wondered how the Bible speaks of wine in conjunction with the corn and other staple supports of animal life. Now, in passing through the region of vineyards in the east of France, one must at once perceive that the vine greatly flourishes on slopes and heights, where the soil is too poor and gravelly to maintain either corn for food or

pasture for cattle. But, what is the Providential design in rendering this soil—favored by a genial atmosphere—so productive of the vine, if its fruit become solely either an article of luxury or an instrument of vice? The answer is, Providence has no such design. Look at the peasant at his meals in the vine-bearing districts. Instead of milk, he has a basin of the pure and unadulterated 'blood of the grape.' In this its native, original state, it is a plain, simple, wholesome liquid, which at every repast becomes to the husbandmen, what milk is to the shepherd—not a luxury, but a necessary—not an intoxicating, but a nourishing beverage. Hence, to the vine-dressing peasant of Auxerre, for example, an abundant vintage, as connected with his own sustenance, is as important as an overflowing dairy to the pastoral peasant of Ayrshire; and hence, by such a view of the subject, are the language and sense of Scripture vindicated from the very appearance of favoring what is merely luxurious or positively noxious, when it so constantly magnifies a well-replenished wine-press in a rocky, mountainous country like that of Palestine, as one of the richest bounties of a generous Providence."

GOOD TEMPLAR MARRIAGES.

LAYCOCK—GOATER.—7th November, 1873, in the Parish Church, Enniskillen, by the Rev. T. Hughes, Sergeant-Major Laycock to Sister J. Goater, Sun Lodge, No. 187.

ECCLES—ABRAM.—6th January, in the First Presbyterian Church, Glendernmott, by the Rev. T. Thompson, Bro. A. Eccles to Miss E. J. Abram, Dunhuo, Co. Derry.

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

REPORTS OF G. W. T. FINANCE, COMMITTEE, &c. —At the request of the Finance Committee, and with the concurrence of members of the Executive, we postpone the publication, in our columns, of the Reports of the G. W. T. and Finance Committee, and list of Subordinate Lodges in debt, until the resolution of the Executive on the subject be reconsidered at this month's meeting. It is probable each Lodge will be supplied with the documents referred to, in a circular, during the present month, as they concern the Order alone, and not the outside public. In the meantime, we would again respectfully urge every Lodge that owes an account to the Grand Lodge to have it paid as early as possible in this month.

NEXT issue will contain Portrait and Biographical Sketch of HON. S. D. HASTINGS, Right Worthy Grand Templar.

THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR, Vol. I., for 1873, price One Shilling, in paper cover, and also back numbers to make up volumes for binding, may be had on application to the G.W.S.

Contributions for the *Irish Good Templar* and Books for Review in its columns should be addressed to the Editor, JOHN PYPER, G.W.C.T., 4, Old Park Terrace, Belfast.

Orders for the *Irish Good Templar* and for Advertisements should be addressed to Bro. J. G. Hendersen, Clifton Street, Belfast.

Communications connected with the Business of the Order should be addressed to Bro. A. Ledlie, G.W.S., 26, Ann Street, Belfast.

The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

VOL. II., No. 3.

MARCH, 1874.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



Bro. Hon. Samuel D. Hastings, R.W.G.T.

BY MRS. M. M. BROWN, G.W.C.T. OF OHIO.

A CHARACTER of worth needs no panegyric. The plain records of deeds is its finest garniture. A man's principles will en-hrine themselves in his deeds. To pourtray his characteristics, therefore, we must analyze and classify his con-

duct. His motives, his impulses, and his powers are delineated through his life habits, and his decisive strokes of wisdom in life's emergencies. We present here an Anglo-American statesman and philanthropist, born an American, of British

parentage, and developed through the peculiarly American *régime* of early support. The accompanying Portrait indicates the high order of gentility to which he belongs. He is begotten of a fine mental temperament within a very slight physique, which is remarkable for its endurance and wiry toughness of constitution. This extraordinary combination produces an activity of both mind and body that is truly wonderful. He accomplishes an incredible amount of work by beginning early, continuing late, and working assiduously in the meantime. He is strong, but not muscular. He is systematic, but not rigid. He is alike smooth and refined at work and in the relaxations of social life. He possesses force without coarseness, dignity without pride, excitability without rashness, and sensitiveness without effeminacy. His mental actions speedily arrange themselves into facts that take a practical shape. He is quick of observation, clear in memory, and scrupulously critical of doctrines, laws, and policies which involve human interests. His expanded reflective tendencies, taken with his observation and memory, enable him to control, administer, and superintend complex affairs with executive power. He is shrewd in the comparison of data, and mathematically accurate in his deductions. He is not a natural financier or speculator in the American sense of that term, but a sagacious manager of money interests through unimpeachable channels. He is rigorously just, measuring his acts by the highest standard of moral principle. He is genial, possessed of a highly refined social nature, universally courteous, even to little children, and tenderly kind and sympathetic. His intimate friendships are not numerous, but lasting as life. His friends are numerous, as his acquaintance is extended.

Having made these deductions of his mental, moral, and physical habits, we shall now proceed to surbase them by actual life-history. This was begun 24th July, 1816, in Leicester, Worcester County, Massachusetts. His mother was of Scotch descent, named McIntosh. (His grandfather McIntosh was a soldier in the Revolutionary war under the command of General Washington.) His mother possessed, in a marked degree, decision of character, independence of thought, and ardent devotion for her children. These elements doubtless stamped her son with some of his noblest traits. His father was of English ancestry; and, as we believe the blood of a family, with somewhat of its properties, is entailed from generation to generation, we shall give a brief extract from the "Memorial History of the Family," from which the subject of our sketch is descended. "The

name of Hastings is illustrious in history, and the race to which it applies is of Danish origin. In the early days of the British Kingdom, the Danes made frequent incursions into that part of England and Scotland bordering upon the North Sea. It was in one of these that Hastings, a Danish chief, made himself formidable to Alfred the Great, by landing a large body of men upon the coast. He took possession of a portion of Sussex, and the castle and seaport were held by his family when William the Conqueror landed in England, and they held it from the Crown for many generations. The first of the family who enjoyed the peerage was Henry, Lord Hastings, son of William de Hastings, steward of Henry II. They were allied by marriage to the royal family of Scotland and England. George, the third Lord of Hastings, was, in 1529, created Earl of Huntingdon. Sir Henry and George Hastings, grandsons of the Earl of Huntingdon, had sons who became Puritans, and were obliged by persecution to leave their native land and find homes in the New World. As early as 1634, we find Thomas Hastings and wife had arrived on this shore, and in 1638 John and family had followed. That they were brothers was a tradition in the family; but it has not been clearly shown, and it is more probable that they were cousins, Thomas being descended from a younger brother of the Earl of Huntingdon. The coat of arms would also indicate as much—ermine, on a chief azure (blue), two mallets (gold), known by the name of Hastings. The motto of Lord Hastings is also, the same, '*In veritate victoria*' (In truth is victory). The family of Hastings has had nineteen peerages. Three now exist, with scarcely an heir to bear the titles. But from the youngest sons of that family who came to the New World for conscience' sake, and established themselves through many privations little dreamed of in 'Merry England,' numerous sons and daughters have founded homes from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the tropical regions of South America."

The subject of our sketch descended from the said Thomas Hastings, who settled in Watertown, Massachusetts, and who long held important position, both in State and Church. The reader will not fail to observe striking lineal characteristics in this family, not the least of which is expressed by reverence for the family motto—"In truth is victory." At a very early age Mr. Hastings' parents took him to Boston to reside. A few years later his mother removed to Philadelphia with an elder brother, leaving him at Boston. On his fourteenth birth-day, he took passage on a brig

for Philadelphia, and joined his mother, whose side he never left till manhood's duties called him out into the busy world. His school training was limited to the first thirteen years of his life. At Philadelphia, he pursued studies with the kind help afforded by an acquaintance who was a teacher. He took a systematic course which was practical, though not strictly scientific or classical. He availed himself of the benefits of debating associations in which he labored, and studied to be prepared thoroughly and accurately upon all current topics. In his public life, he has often experienced a need of assuring science, but has much more frequently reaped the benefit of the practical culture acquired by that self-drill and self-dependence in youth. He entered a store in Philadelphia about this time, and was early promoted to the position of book-keeper. After a few years, a gentleman from his native village, taking a fancy to him, and ascertaining some of his traits of character, proposed to furnish capital to set him up in business for himself, which he did six months before he was twenty-one years of age. Although always engaged in some active business by which to secure a support for himself and those depending upon him, he never allowed the acquirement of money to be the sole aim of his life. Otherwise he might now be numbered among the wealthy of the land. But the reformatory and philanthropic movements of the times always engaged much of his time and energies. Entertaining a lively interest in human affairs, he could not forego the responsibility of a conscientious citizen of the Republic and allow himself to drift on the tide of events without an effort for public reform. He kept himself thoroughly posted on the live questions of religious, social, and political life.

The Anti-Slavery movement was one of the political questions which engrossed his attention. He was one of the founders of the Liberal Party in Pennsylvania, and, though quite a young man, was made Chairman of the State Central Committee. He persisted in the advocacy of the Liberal principle through heated campaigns, even to the detriment of his business, and all through his public career and in his public speeches (many of which may be found in the archives of the State of Wisconsin, where he now resides) he has been an earnest advocate of universal freedom and education. Having removed to the West in 1846, when Wisconsin was yet a territory, he became identified with her history as an active citizen. In Walworth County, where he located, he was first elected Justice of the Peace, without his knowledge that his name was being used at the

ballot-box. Equally without his solicitation, or even knowledge that his name was to be used, he was, in 1848, nominated for the Legislature, the nomination resulting in his election by a large majority. He went to the State Capital, Madison, in 1849, as a member of the first regular Winter Session of the Legislature after the State was admitted to the Union. During that Session, he delivered a speech before the Assembly on the subject of slavery, opposing its extension into the territories, and denouncing all Congressional legislation which in any way favored the slave trade. This speech was published and circulated widely by the newspapers of the day, and afterwards republished and extensively circulated as one of the documents of the Anti-Slavery Society. It is sufficient for this paper to say that the resolutions for which he spoke, and of which he, as Chairman of the Select Committee, was author, with some slight amendment, passed both Houses, committing the State irrevocably to the principles he so ably advocated. The *Milwaukee Free Democrat* of that date says, "He performed a large amount of labor as one of the Joint Special Committee on the enrolled bills reported by the revisers and compilers. * * * * He was one of the best speakers of the House, and much respected by his associates. He belongs to the class of men who will 'do right though the heavens fall'—never too numerous in a legislative body. Representative and constituent were alike honored by his election."

On his second election to the Legislature, he was favorably spoken of for Speaker of the House; but he magnanimously put forward the name of a friend, who was chosen. In the year 1852, he removed from Walworth County to La Crosse, where in many ways he was a recognized co-operator in building up the town and promoting its institutions. He removed to Trempealeau, a new town on the Mississippi, to develop and build on property there. In 1856, Mr. Hasiings was again brought into political life by a second election to the Legislature, and in the following year, 1857, he was elected Treasurer of the State. This office he filled most worthily for four consecutive terms of two years each; a portion of the time being those trying years of war, when the resources of the State were drained off toward the maintenance of the Union. To him the State is under obligations for the most astute management of her finances; projecting plans of economy; securing good legislation on measures of finance; and recommending a practical disposition of State War Bonds. His duties were arduous and unrelenting, and he applied himself with unwearied zeal, de-

clining all tenders of promotion to Congressional honors, that he might serve the interests of his

State in the capacity designated by his constituents.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

The Bible and Total Abstinence.—No. III.

BY THE EDITOR AND DR. NOTT.

IN previous articles, we have endeavored to show the infinite importance of learning carefully and promptly the teaching of the Bible with regard to intoxicating drinks. God teaches us His will in Three Books—Providence, Nature, and Revelation. Their instructions being Divine are always harmonious, but human interpretations of them are often contradictory.

In the *First Book*—History, or the Providence of God—we are taught, with fearful emphasis, that the custom of manufacturing, selling, buying, and drinking alcoholic liquors is dangerous, sinful, and ruinous to every community ignorant or wicked enough to practise it. So plainly is this lesson taught in our own land at the present time, that there is not a man or woman to be found who can say—"No relation of mine was ever injured or destroyed by this custom." Let each one think how many of his own relations, near or remote, have been, or are being, ruined by this custom, and then pray for the capacity to hate it as he ought. Assuredly the teaching of our Order is fearfully true—"History lifts its warning voice, saying—Beware of strong drink! It tells of heroes, prophets, priests, and kings fallen by its power. It shows that neither genius, learning, position, nor strength is proof against it. Our own observation confirms this testimony. We have seen bright hopes and prospects blasted; the innocence of youth grown old with the deformity of ignorance and want; beauty clothed with rags and shame; and manhood shorn of its glory—each repeating daily the sad warning of the past—*Beware of these drinks!*"

In the *Second Book*—Nature, or the Works of God—we learn that it is a violation of physical law—that is, Divine law—to manufacture and use alcoholic drinks of any description or name. Alcohol is a poison; alcoholic drink is poisonous; its use is inimical to health and vitality, and is, therefore, a violation of the Sixth Commandment, which in principle prohibits the abbreviation of human life, or "whatsoever tendeth thereunto." The lesson of Nature on this point is thus graphically summarized in the impressive teaching of our noble Order:—"It is right to for ever abstain from all intoxicating liquors, because the Creator never intended that man should use alcohol in his food

or in his drink. God never made alcohol. Alcohol is not found in any living grain, fruit, or vegetable of earth; it is the product only of decay, decomposition, and death—coming in only at Nature's funeral. Alcohol is not digestible; it is not food; it imparts nothing to the physical system; it is always an irritant, always an enemy, a poison; and thus it inflicts deplorable injury on man, by exhausting that vitality which is life itself. Alcohol, whether in distilled malt, or fermented liquors—home-made or otherwise—be its continued use ever so moderate, creates a fatal appetite—one that never can be cured, but which will continually curse its unfortunate victim, often, alas! too often, leaving the man a physical wreck ere his days are half spent, and plunging him into a drunkard's early grave!"

The teaching of the *Third Book*—Revelation, or the Word of God—is in perfect harmony with that of History and Nature upon this question, as upon every other of which it treats; and yet there are many still prepared to defend the infernal liquor traffic, and the wicked customs by which it is supported, by misinterpretations of the Divine instructions of the Holy Bible. This will yet be universally recognized, as it is now by all who have duly examined the subject, as one of the most signal triumphs of "the father of lies." The Divine voice proceeding directly from each of the Three Books with regard to intoxicating drinks is—"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." The folly and sin of ecclesiastics, in endeavoring to place the teaching of Revelation in antagonism to the *established facts* of History and Nature on this subject, are graphically indicated in the following extract from one of the *Lectures on Biblical Temperance*, delivered to the students of Union College, U.S., in the Winter Session of 1838-9, by the late Rev. President Nott, D.D., LL.D.:—

"When commending wine, if, in place of commending the nutritious, unintoxicating wines of Nature, the Bible commends the innutritious, intoxicating wines of art, it does so in contravention of the will of God, as everywhere else expressed; and the doing of this, here stands forth an isolated fact, at variance with all the other facts recorded in the Scriptures, a fact unexplained and unexplainable. All the other articles recommended as food or beverage are not only pronounced good, but are *practically* found to be so. Elsewhere, in reference to articles of diet, the Word and Providence of God are in harmony; here only at variance; for, however bland, refreshing, and

life-sustaining the nutritious, unintoxicating wines of Nature may be, the strong, exciting, intoxicating wines of art have ever proved themselves to be both life and soul destroying. Against the use of intoxicating wine, God hath not left Himself without a witness in His Providence. From the cup that contains it, is audibly breathed out the serpent's hiss, and visibly darted forth the adder's sting. Around this chalice ruins are strewed—strewed by the 'mockers'—in which ruins there is a voice that speaks for God—*Touch not, taste not, handle not*. Here there can be no mistake. That sin and sorrow, crime and disease, flow from this inebriating chalice, none can deny; nor can any sophistry shelter its bewildering, crime-producing contents from deserved reprobation, or bring its use as a beverage within the sanction of the sanctuary.

The *Books of Nature and Revelation* were written by the same unerring hand. The former is more full and explicit in relation to the physical, the latter in relation to the moral, laws of our nature; still, however, where both touch on the same subject, they will ever be found, *when rightly interpreted*, to be in harmony. There was a time when the Copernican system, the truth of which was stamped on the phases of the planets, and proclaimed in the revolution of the stars, was pronounced a heresy, because it was believed to be irreconcilable with the language of the Bible. Councils decreed that the earth stood still, and that the sun and stars revolved around it. Regardless of that decree, the sun and stars maintained their unalterable position, and the earth, unawed, moved onward in its orbit, and revolved on its axis; and it has continued to do so, till mankind, familiarized to its movements, see no longer any contradiction between those movements and the language in which they were formerly spoken of by patriarchs and prophets. *Nature and Revelation are as little at variance on the Wine Question as on other questions, and when rightly consulted, it will be found to be so.* It is not in the *TEXT*, but in the *interpretation*, that men have felt straitened in their consciences; and though this feeling should continue, unless the Providence of God changes, it will not alter the facts of the case. In vain will sophists teach, or councils decree, that intoxicating wine, wine the mocker, is good wine, and fit for beverage, so long as God in His Providence proclaims that it is not. In despite of the teachings of sophists, and the decrees of councils, the purpose of God will stand, and human arrogance continue to be rebuked, till it shall be felt that the laws of Nature are sacred, and that it is as fatal to resist, as idle to reason, against the will of Him who ordained them.

It is true that wine, as well as flesh, and herbs, and bread, and milk, and honey, is contained in the original grant of good things to man, but this implies no sanction of bad wine, any more than of any other bad article. Because *flesh* is contained in the same grant, no one feels called upon to defend the use of flesh when diseased, or rendered noxious by putrescence or otherwise. Neither does any one, because *herbs* are contained in that grant, feel called upon to defend the use of *henbane* or *deadly-night-shade*, or even of garden herbs after having become wilted, and especially after having become deleterious by decay. As

little, because *wine* is contained in that grant, can the wine of Sodom be defended; nor even wine from the vines of Eschol or Lebanon, after it shall have been rendered deleterious by fermentation, or any other process. Who ever thought, because *bread* and *milk* are sanctioned in the Bible, that therefore *bread* must be eaten after it had become *mouldy* by age, or *milk* after it had become *sour* by fermentation? From the moment the animal is slain, the herb gathered, or the cluster of the vine plucked, the process of decay commences, which, unless arrested, will continue in each, till all alike are rendered unfit for use by progressive fermentation. With wines, as with herbs and meats, some were originally comparatively good, some comparatively bad; and some which were originally good became bad through mistaken treatment, progressive fermentation, or some other incidental process. Meats recently slaughtered, herbs recently gathered, wines recently expressed from the cluster, are usually the most healthful, nutritious, and refreshing. And though wine perfectly free from alcohol may not be easily obtainable, and though *its most perfect state be the state in which it is expressed from the fresh cluster*, still it may be more or less objectionable, as it deviates more or less from that state till it becomes positively deleterious and intoxicating.

Though God's grant to man covers 'wine among other good things, it designates no particular kind, it gives no directions as to the mode of preparation, or the time when it is most fit for use. These and similar instructions are to be looked for, not in the Book of Revelation, but of Nature. Man is a rational creature, and God treats him as such. The great store-house of Nature is flung open before him, and permission is given him to slay or gather, and eat; not, indeed, inconsiderately and indiscriminately, but of such only as are suited to his nature and 'good for food.' That Patriarchs and Prophets drank wine, and that the Scriptural right to drink it still remains unimpaired, there can be no doubt; still, in making the selection, other directions than what the Bible contains must be followed. Here reason must be exercised, and experience consulted. Who, in the selection of herbs, or milk, or meat, would venture to take a contrary course; or who, having taken it, would not find in the sequel his temerity rebuked? How often, in the course of events, have herbs, or meat, or milk, proved poisonous, and produced disease or death? In cases of this sort, how unavailing to declare that these articles, because included in the original grant, were *not* poisonous, when God declared in his Providence that they *were*. Herbs, and meat, and milk, stand on the same footing as wine, and we only insist that the same discrimination should be exercised in relation to the latter as to the former. The question, so far as *good* wine is concerned, is a question of expediency, and abstinence becomes a duty only when indulgence would be injurious. But abstinence from *bad* wine is always a duty; and whether intoxicating wine, wine that enervates the reason, defiles the conscience, destroys the constitution, be not bad wine, will hardly, where prejudice is not indulged, or appetite consulted, at this late day be made a question."

Expediency Not the True Ground of Total Abstinence.

BY SISTER A. J. C., LONDONDERRY.

(Concluded from our last.)

IT now remains but to enquire—Does Revelation in its teachings ever run counter to the teachings of Nature and Experience? Does the law of God written in His Book differ from the law of God written in our bodies? Does He sanction in His Word what he disapproves in His Works? The Bible aspect of the Temperance question is one which has been warmly and eagerly discussed, and a great deal of philological research has been brought to bear upon it. Of course, it is impossible for us to enter into it fully, but as it seems to us to hinge chiefly on the meaning attached to the word *wine*, we shall endeavor briefly to examine its use.

We have heard it dogmatically asserted that the word *wine* is never applied but to fermented liquor; that to speak of "*fermented wine*" is tautology, as it could not be wine unless fermented, that to say "*unfermented wine*" is as silly as to say "unhatched chickens," or "unintoxicating Alcohol." Such assertions as these we deem to be evidences either of prejudice or ignorance. They are, no doubt, based on the common application of the word in these countries, but its usage here is no test of its real meaning. Before referring directly to its Biblical use, we would endeavor to fix the meaning attached to it in Bible times, as evidenced by the writings of the Ancients; and, to this end, let it be borne in mind that *Alcoholic wine cannot be reduced by boiling or by any other process to a syrup, or to a thick mass, the sugar which alone could render it thick and syrupy being changed into thin, watery-like Alcohol.* This being the case, it cannot have been to fermented liquor the term *wine* was applied by Aristotle, when he says—"The Arcadian wines were reduced to a concrete mass by heat," by Cato when he speaks of the "Coan wine being firm and knotty," by Plato when he calls the Opimean wine "the best wine" (being then 150 years old), and says of it that it is like honey, and when used was mixed with water. In old Greek authors, we read of "taking wine from the fields," of "wine imprisoned in fruit upon the branches," of "squeezing out the wine," of "wine being now in the grapes," &c. We think that such testimonies should prove to the satisfaction of any unprejudiced mind that the word *wine*, in Bible lands and times, was frequently applied to unfermented liquor, that indeed this was its most general application. In our own

times, pure grape juice is always spoken of on the Continent as wine; and even in our own lands, the word is not exclusively applied to fermented liquors. Sullivan, in his small dictionary, which is in constant use in our National Schools, speaks of "new wine, unfermented." Webster, in his great dictionary, tells us of "wine pressed from the grape, but not fermented." And the great chemist, Liebig, speaks of filling a flask with grape juice, making it air-tight, and keeping it for a few hours in boiling water, and adds, "the wine does not now ferment." Few will, we think, venture to dispute the competence of these authorities as to the use of a word. In the Bible itself, however, we find the word *wine* used when it can only apply to the simple juice of the grape, or to the grape itself. For instance, in Jeremiah xl. 10, the Jews are commanded thus—"Gather ye wine and Summer fruits and oil, and put them in your vessels;" and in the 12th verse it is stated that "they gathered wine and Summer fruits very much." In Isaiah xvi. 10, it is said—"The treaders shall tread out no wine in their presses." (Does anyone suppose the liquor was fermented while still in the press?) In Numbers vi., with reference to the Nazarite's vow, it is said—"He shall separate himself from wine and strong drink, and shall drink no vinegar of wine, nor vinegar of strong drink, neither shall he drink any liquor of grapes, nor eat moist grapes, nor dried." According to some of the best Hebrew scholars this passage reads thus—"He shall separate himself from *yayin* and from *shakar*, and shall drink no fermented liquor of *yayin*, nor fermented liquor of *shakar*, neither shall he drink any maceration of grapes." If this be correct, it is evident that the *yayin* and *shakar* in the first part of the sentence must have been unfermented. It has been insisted that "liquor of grapes" is the term used in the Bible to signify unfermented grape juice. The highest authorities give it quite a different meaning, telling us that it is applied to drink made of steeped grapes, something like the raisin wine still used by the Jews at the Passover.

We might multiply passages, and quote numberless writers, to further substantiate our point, but we must hasten on. We think, however, it is plain that harmless, nourishing, unfermented grape juice was in constant use in Bible times, and was always known as *wine*. This being the

case, is it not right and reasonable to suppose that when the Bible speaks of wine as a blessing, the pure, healthful grape juice is meant, and that when it is denounced as a curse, the reference is to the fermented liquor, which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder?" On what other supposition, indeed, can we reconcile the entirely opposite statements in the Divine Word? Can we think that inspiration contradicts itself, that it emphatically condemns in one place what it promises as a choice boon in another? It does not remove the difficulty to say that when used moderately it is approved of, and that it is excess only that is condemned. How can this be if, of the very same wine we are in one passage told to *drink abundantly*, and in another warned not so much as to look upon it? Surely *drinking abundantly* might be called excess, and merely *looking upon* it is certainly the most moderate use of it imaginable. Yet the former is approved of, the latter condemned. Either, then, the Bible is inconsistent with itself, or two different things are spoken of. Take but the two following passages and contrast them. "Thus saith the Lord, as the *new wine is found in the cluster* and One saith destroy it not, for a blessing is in it," &c., &c. (Does this wine not plainly mean pure grape juice, even before it is pressed?); and "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright." (Does not this describe intoxicating wine?) These two passages in themselves form, we believe, a true key to the Bible Wine Question.

It is a commonly received opinion, however, that when wine is spoken of as "cheering the heart," as "giving gladness," &c., it is its intoxicating quality that is spoken of. The idea is absurd! Does anyone suppose that God recognizes the noisy revelry, the maudlin mirth of the drunkard as genuine merriment? Can we for a moment admit that what addles the brain, excites the worst passions, obscures the mental faculties, induces silly speech, and still sillier actions, is, in consequence of these results, said by the God of Wisdom and Purity to cheer the heart and give true gladness? No; the gladness spoken of was such as was also associated with the abundant production of corn and oil. These are frequently classed with wine in such passages; and, indeed, in this connection, the original word is almost invariably the one used to designate grapes, the solid produce of the vine. And it is a great mistake to suppose that the chief use of the grape is to give wine of any sort. A Syrian missionary says—"Wine is not the most important, but rather the least so, of all the objects

for which the vine is cultivated." Speaking of some particular vineyards, he says—"They cover an unbroken space, about two miles long by half-a-mile wide. The wine made in them amounts to but a few gallons, but they produce about 180,000lbs. of raisins, besides forming the principal food of the inhabitants for three months." Another missionary mentions that "thin cakes of bread, eaten with plenty of grapes, form the meals of the inhabitants of Lebanon morning, noon, and night." Is it, then, any wonder that, in a country where thus used, an abundant vintage should cause gladness, and be considered one of the richest bounties of a beneficent Providence?

Having dwelt so long on these points, we must advert, but briefly, to others. The miracle at the marriage of Cana is so frequently quoted against us, that we cannot pass it without some reference. Having, however, as we believe, established the fact, that two kinds of wine are mentioned in the Bible, the one with approval, the other with disapproval, we think it cannot be very difficult to decide which of these was the wine made, as a manifestation of the glory of the Son of God. Surely few can believe that the pure and loving Jesus miraculously supplied intoxicating wine, to the amount of 120 gallons, to persons who had already been drinking similar wine, for several days? Can we believe that He created then, what He never created in nature, Alcohol? Can we imagine that He subjected himself to the terrible anathema—"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink?" It is a vile libel on the character of our Saviour to say so—the mere statement of it confutes itself! As to the wine used at the institution of the Lord's Supper, we would but say, it was Passover time, and the Saviour could not then have given fermented grape juice, or any alcoholic liquor, without utterly disregarding the positive command, to banish all leaven (*i.e.*, ferment) out of the house. The testimony of the best Jewish authorities is always to the effect, that the Jews most carefully removed, not only leavened bread, but every species of ferment, out of their houses at the Passover. Even now, they are equally careful. They still use a decoction of raisins at that feast, and so particular are they, that those of them who are in the wine trade, lock up their premises, and send the key to a Gentile neighbor. Thus, if they cannot banish leaven from their premises, they forsake, for the time being, the premises themselves. The case of the Corinthian Church is often cited as a proof of intoxicating wine being used at the Lord's Table. The best Greek scholars,

however, say that the word there translated "drunken" should be "full," "satiated," and it would then read, "One is hungry and another is full." "This is obviously the proper reading, it agrees with the sense of the passage, making a perfect antithesis, whereas everyone knows that drunken is no antithesis to hungry."

We could wish to enter fully into many other passages supposed to favor our opponents, but space forbids. We think, however, that enough has been said to establish clearly our claim to the position we took at the commencement. We have shown that Nature and Experience pronounce Alcohol to be injurious, and that Scripture fully harmonizes with their teachings. Are we not, then, right in maintaining that Expediency is not the true ground of Total Abstinence? *It cannot be so, unless the use of Alcohol can be classed among the actions which, so far as they relate to the doer, are not intrinsically wrong, or injurious, but which may have an injurious effect upon others—actions which, "irrespective of circumstances, would be innocent, but which circumstantially are attended with harm."* It is only to such actions as these that the law of Expediency applies. It can never apply to unlawful acts—such, for instance, as lying, stealing, &c. We have seen, however, that alcoholic beverages are physically injurious; to use them, then, cannot be morally right, and consequently can never, under any circumstances, be an innocent indulgence; and if not innocent,

we cannot say of it *that it is inexpedient, but that it is absolutely unlawful.* We need not, however, bewail the loss of our position on the Expediency basis—it is at best but a shifting one. It is the low ground on which few conquests are gained; and if ever the banner of Good Templarism is to lead on to victory, it must be by our possessing ourselves of the higher ground. We must be faithful to the principles of our Order, and disseminate, as far as we can, what the lessons of History, Science, and Revelation demonstrate, that the use of Alcohol is a physical, moral, and spiritual wrong, that its action is poisonous, and that in no case, as a beverage, can it be other than pernicious. If we can succeed in moulding public opinion in this direction, we shall be most effectually preparing the way for legislative prohibition; and we are persuaded, were the teachings of our Order on these points fully understood and acted upon by every member of our Order, this legislative prohibition would soon be obtained, and ere long over every city, town, and hamlet of our land, our standard of victory would wave, the black strongholds of Alcohol would disappear, the grand proclamation of liberty would gladden the heart of many a captive, and, delivered from this terrible bondage, the way would be prepared for a still more blessed emancipation, even for their entering upon the "glorious liberty of the children of God."

Britain in the Balance.

BY BRO. A. LEDLIE, G.W.S.

(Concluded from our last.)

SUCH is the ponderous accumulation that we have to place in one scale of the balance—an accumulation of superlatives altogether without parallel, either now or at any previous point of time. Having arrived at this stage, we might be prepared to say of Britain—"She walks a queen among the nations, the very embodiment of national grandeur and perfection. She is altogether lovely. There is nothing that hurts or defiles." Alas, that it should not be so! Alas, that there should exist a counterpoise! Perfection perverted is the essence of imperfection. Good perverted is evil, and the greater the good before perversion the greater the evil after it. It was the mis-use of the tree of knowledge that entailed on our race the heritage of ignorance. Man, the most sublime specimen of creative skill, when utterly fallen, is the most degraded creature in the universe. It required a fallen angel to

constitute a devil, and the great archangel perverted is Beelzibub the prince of devils. As with men and angels, so is it with nations. The more exalted the eminence to which a nation has attained, the more degraded is it capable of becoming. Israel, Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome were successive testimonies to the truthfulness of this, and Britain now stands forth as a living witness. "I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness." A malignant disease has damaged her whole system. A virulent liquid has irrigated her entire structure. Its unintermittent flow is being injected into her heart chambers, clogging her circulation, destroying her strength, shrivelling her fair proportions, consuming her substance, and withering her beauty. The poison has permeated every pore. Every tissue has become tainted. Her life-current is corrupted. The

whole organism is diseased, and, except this River Lethe be shut off, a general mortification and putrefaction must be the result. This is something more than a figure. It is a great physical fact, patent to all who have eyes capable of seeing and ears capable of hearing. Drunkenness, we are told, is on the increase, and this statement, which is a statistical fact, is repeated year after year. It was a true statement many years ago, it has been true ever since, and it is true still. Each succeeding year produces more drunkenness than did its predecessor. What makes the matter all the more alarming is, that this increase is itself increasing—going forward with ever accelerating velocity. Thus the increase of last year was much greater than that of the year previous; while that of the present year may be expected to be still greater than the increase of last year.

Why this sad state of things—this geometrical progression in our national debauchery and debasement? Because year after year, additional breweries and distilleries are erected and set in operation; because year after year, an ever-increasing quantity of the drunkard-making fluid is being manufactured by these Satanic agencies; because year after year, an ever-increasing number of public-houses and spirit-grocers are licensed and opened; and because year after year, this ever-swelling, deadly potation is being doled out more abundantly by the publicans and swallowed by the people. Here is the true philosophy of the whole matter. It is the drink that makes the drunkard. Nothing else can do it. Consequently they who manufacture the drink virtually manufacture the drunkard. But for their shameful craft, drunkenness would be an impossibility. Their love of gain is the germ of this national disease. Their gratification of that love is the development of the germ. Drunkenness is the Upas tree into which it develops itself, the leaves of which are for the poisoning of the nation. Thus to gratify the sordid sensuality of a few, the whole nation is being sacrificed. For what are some of the effects entailed by that gratification? Year after year, enormous and increasing quantities of the staple food of the people are rotted and manufactured into this deadly drug. Year after year, through its baneful agency, we have a steady increase of squandered properties, ruined characters, haggard bodies, idiotic minds, miserable homes; broken-hearted wives; and famished children, of poorhouses filled with paupers, jails with criminals, asylums with maniacs, and sepulchres with the dead. To complete the climax, we are forced to add that year

after year, increasing numbers of immortal souls are, through the same hellish agency, being consigned to everlasting death, for "the drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven." It must be patent to every intelligent mind that gives even a cursory thought to this matter, that we are rapidly approaching a crisis in the history of our nation. Things cannot go on much longer as they now are, and have long been going. That they should do so would be a physical impossibility. Plainly there is a limit to the length this process can proceed—a hitherto and no farther, a point beyond which it must be impossible for it to penetrate, a definite boundary line, which, if reached, will be the sure index of an unavoidable national collapse. Towards that line we, as a nation, are pressing with ever accelerating speed. If our present course be persisted in, the goal will one day be reached. Our nation of nations will be subjected to the balance-test, and it were needless to add that she, too, like her brilliant predecessors, will and must be found wanting.

What, then, will it avail her to have been so highly favored with those superlative privileges previously enumerated? They will but add to her misery, and make her degradation all the more degraded. They will rise up in judgment and testify to the justice of the verdict, for all of them, without exception, have been perverted through and to this monster national evil. Her goodly increase of wheat, oats, rye, and barley, the produce of her fertile soil and genial climate, has been rotted and perverted into this very potation. Her healthy atmosphere, purified and enriched by the waters of the Gulf Stream, has been poisoned by the pestiferous stench of the polluted dram-shop. Her subterranean treasures of building materials have been used for the constructing of edifices in the shape of breweries, distilleries, gin-palaces, and pot-houses, dedicated at once to the enriching of the possessors and the impoverishment of the nation. Her priceless stores of coal and iron have been employed in the construction of machinery for the manufacture of the deadly fluid. Her central position, extended area, enormous population, locomotives, ships, and ready sea communication have facilitated the spreading of the infectious pestilence abroad over the human family, and intensified its deadly influence within her own limits. Her poets' strains and orators' eloquence have alike lauded the potation and advocated its perpetuity. Her numerous schools and colleges have inculcated the poisoning process, and strenuously opposed every well-directed effort aimed against the de-

structive element. Nature herself has been charged by these with manufacturing the instrument of death. Nay, more, the Bible, that Divine lamp, by having some of its prismatic colors absorbed in the opaque medium of the preacher, is made to appear as representing the unholy thing an article fit for holy places and necessary to holy observances; and even the Author of both Nature and the Bible has been exhibited through the same *camera obscura*, as making it by miracle and inducing the people to swallow it. Thus our heavenly gift has been perverted from doing the mission of the benign Giver to furthering the cause of Satan. Our light has been turned into thick darkness that might be, and, alas! is widely and painfully felt.

All these privileges, then, from being helps are perverted into hindrances. How strange that they should be so; but how passing strange that even the Government, her professed protector, acts the part of a very force-pump in injecting the venom into her veins! The nation lies prostrate beneath the heel of this fell destroyer, and the Government will have it so. She is weltering in her gore, and would willingly arise and shake herself free of the murderous load; but she is bound by a law to suffer in silence, remain unrelieved, and eventually die of oppression. Such is the sad plight into which our fair nation has fallen, such the iron grasp with which she is held there, and such the gloomy fate that hangs over her. How different this from the Britain pictured at the beginning! Fallen, fallen, fallen! O! how fallen! When we contrast the Britain that is with the Britain that might be, with a somewhat greater variation of phraseology than that made by a recent eminent statesman and orator, we may truthfully adopt the expression of our great poet. But for the traffic, and Britain might have stood against the world; now none so poor as do her reverence. She is placed in the paradoxical position of being at once the most prosperous and most prostitute nation under heaven. So incongruous a conglomeration of wealth and poverty, happiness and misery, knowledge and ignorance, glory and shame, was never before, during the world's whole history, welded into the framework of any single nation. Her resources, inherent and imported, together with those supernatural blessings bestowed upon her, if rightly employed, are sufficient to elevate her to the summit of opulence and supremacy; whilst these very resources and blessings, when perverted from their natural and legitimate use, the former into the manufacture of the unnatural poison Alcohol, and the latter into the illegitimate

defence of it, virtually constitute a monster mill-stone around her neck, dragging her down to the lowest depths of wart and degradation. Between these two contending forces, Britain at present hangs in instable equilibrium—in a word, she is here trembling in the Balance. Her fate hangs on the issue of the contest. The natural or the unnatural, the legitimate or the illegitimate, life or death must gain the victory. The issue of the struggle closely concerns every individual inhabitant. The issue less or more depends on each individual inhabitant. None are, none can be, neutral in the matter. For the one side or for the other, the influence of each individual is exercised. On the one side or on the other, each has taken his stand. Not to be on the one side is to be on the other. On the one side are arrayed all those that are growing rich on the blood of the nation, supported and sustained by all who in any way perpetuate or countenance their murderous craft. Against these are assembled all whose hands are clean of the iniquitous traffic; who neither make, use, buy, sell, furnish, nor cause to be furnished to others anything that can intoxicate. The line of demarcation is clearly drawn. The opposing forces are already locked in deadly strife. Foremost on the one side are the brewers and distillers, shielded by an immoral law, excited through fear of the downfall of their craft, and exasperated with deadly hatred against those who have invaded it. Among the foremost on the other side is the Good Templar army, shielded by *faith* in the Captain of their host, armed with the *hope* of a speedy triumph of truth over error, and imbued with *charity* for the victim nation. The one side is exerting its utmost energy to drag her down to want, degradation, death, and hell. The other side is laboring with an ever-increasing determination to elevate her to opulence, respectability, health, and heaven. Between these two contending forces, as diametrically opposed as are heaven and hell, hangs the nation in suspense. How precarious the position, how momentous the *present moment*, how mighty the issue, how awful the responsibility of all concerned! O! that men and women everywhere saw their real responsibility in this all-important matter. Let those who are on the wrong side beware! The blood of a nation will be avenged as surely as was the blood of an Abel. Let those who are on the right side also beware! It is their duty and privilege to struggle in a conflict by far the greatest and grandest ever entrusted to a people. A work has been given them to do, and they are required to do it with all their might. Less

than this will be at their peril. The work of emancipating the nation has been placed in their hands. Less than the accomplishing of that work would be a failure in duty. The power to perform the task is within their reach. *Truth* is on their side, and she is omnipotent. The Good Templar organization is equal to the task. It is a weapon which, if properly wielded, is capable of piercing to the dividing of the nation and the traffic. Such a division is all that is necessary—and it is absolutely necessary—to her disenfranchisement. Accomplish but this, and all other national blessings will follow in its train. Consequently the accomplishing of this is the most patriotic work that could exercise the energy of any individual or society. But this is the object of the Good Templar Society in Great Britain and Ireland. Consequently the genuine Good Templar stands among the foremost of living patriots.

To you, then, Good Templars, we believe the work of emancipating the nation has been committed. To you she looks for relief, and never before had so great a nation so great need of

assistance. Consequently her claims and your privileges are alike doubly great. Never did soldier do battle in a more glorious conflict, and with greater certainty of success, if only you properly wield the weapons already put into your hands. Why, then, allow the war to be waged so long in doubtful struggle, and at the expense of sixty thousand immortal souls every passing year? What account will you render when the day of reckoning and retribution comes? For your obligation's sake, for your own sake, for your country's sake, for humanity's sake, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, lay aside every weight, gird on the whole armor, quit you like men, go forth in the strength of your Divine leader, smash those Satanic shackles which have so long chained our nation, pull off the infernal load that has held her down so long and so deeply, and leave her free to soar aloft to that position among and above the nations, for which she is so well adapted; and then let the testing day come when it may, your duty will be discharged, your nation will be ready for the experiment, and, we trust, will not be found wanting.

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MIRIAM DRAKE.

CHAPTER XV.

PHILIP FINDS HIMSELF BETWEEN THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.

DR. MARKS came to the Glebe in a hurry one day. "Miss Mattie, I want you to go out and beg," said he; "Rose Welsh is down in the fever, and I can't get a penny of relief screwed out of the guardians, because her husband is able to work; as if he could attend her while working, or work while attending her! I showed them the absurdity of it, when they flung the rules of the Board in my face; but they would not listen to reason. Miriam says she will attend her if she be removed to the corner; we may as well fit up the house as a temporary hospital at once, but we will need funds, and you must go and collect them." "Miriam will never be able to nurse both patients; she will wear herself out," said Miss Bellamy. "Rose Welsh's sister has promised to go and wash, and do anything that is needed in the kitchen, which will relieve her a good deal, but still her hands will be full enough." "Matilda Seguin may go out and collect the money," said Mattie, her eyes widening to twice their natural size, at the thought of the opposition she would have to encounter; "I will go and help Miriam to nurse." "Indeed, you will do no such thing," cried her aunt. "O Mattie! cried her father; while the doctor shook his head, as if he thought it would not do. "Now, papa, dear, you must not say a word against it. Miriam must not be allowed to wear herself out night and day, without one to help her; the more fatigue she has, there will be the more likelihood

of her taking the infection, but a burden that is too heavy for one can be borne quite lightly by two." "I will go too, and help Miriam," Moses said, gravely, when Mattie stopped short, all covered with blushes at the unusual length of her speech. "You would be quite as much help to her as Mattie would be." "I am sorry you think me so useless, Aunt Sophy," said Mattie. "It is me she thinks useful," said Moses, at which they all laughed; but Miss Bellamy's face retained its expression of obstinate disapprobation, even in her mirth. "Aunt, you must coax papa to let me go;" and Mattie put her arm lovingly round her aunt's waist. "Let her do as she wishes, Miss Bellamy," said the doctor. "Many a young lady walks an hospital now-a-days, and nowhere is she more useful, or more in her own sphere." "Well, her father may do as he likes; but I don't approve of it," she answered, too good-natured to oppose what was left to her decision, but wishing to have something to fall back upon should evil ensue from her consent. Come, Mr. Bellamy, the responsibility of refusal will rest with you now, if you will not allow Mattie to practise the precepts that you preach. Offer up your Isaac, Abraham, and don't make such a long face over it, or the offering will not be much prized." "Mayn't I go, papa. You know there is not more danger for me than for Miriam." "Yes, my own darling, you may go, and God bring you back safely." "Bravo!" exclaimed Dr. Marks; "I will soon have a regular staff of assistants." "I am afraid I will not be very efficient, but I can learn," said Mattie, smiling from where she was perched on her father's knee.

"How soon can you come?" "To-morrow morning." "A bad beginning; when I asked Miriam the same question, she said, 'In an hour,' and kept her word." "The orthodox answer would have been 'Now; but I am not 'always ready, aye ready,' like Miriam, and I can't go either now, or in an hour." "Philip is to be here this evening," said Moses, stating the fact, and leaving it to the others to find out what bearing it had on the subject under discussion. Mattie blushed more violently than ever, but the doctor took no notice. "To-morrow will do very well, my dear," he said, as if he had not heard Luton's remark; but when he met Philip, half an hour afterwards, he rode on without stopping, humming a verse of an old song:—

"It is good to be merry and wise,
It is good to be faithful and true;
But be sure you are off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new."

"How are you, doctor?" said Philip, thinking he had not observed him; but the doctor continued his song, and did not look back. "Is the man drunk?" thought Philip, staring after him with astonishment; "or am I? It can scarcely be I, though my head does feel a little waltzy, for I only drank wine to-day. No, it must be old Marks himself that is drunk, and I won't forget it the first time he takes upon him to lecture me."

Philip was a good deal dismayed to find that Mattie was going into hospital, as she expressed it; for Miriam and Mattie to be shut up together, and he shut out from them both, was not a pleasant prospect. When he could not dissuade her from going, he kissed her on the head of it, from which she made no attempt to dissuade him. To her father and aunt, Mattie spoke cheerily of the duty she was undertaking; but she had an idea in her own mind, which was partly morbid and partly sentimental, that she would take fever and die; so she thought it behoved her to be very kind to Philip while she was still in the land of the living. He found that she expected him to visit her at the hospital; but this was one of the last things he wished to do, and when she told him that there would be no danger downstairs, but that she would always change her dress, to make sure, before going to him, his face flushed very hot. "You are not afraid, are you, Philip?" she asked, observing his manner. "Afraid?" he repeated, indignantly; "no, indeed, I helped to carry Widow Ball up to the corner house myself." "You never told me that before," she said, admiringly. "Where was the use?" he asked, toying with her brown curls. "Great use, when you knew I would like to hear it. But you will come, won't you, every day?" "I don't think Miriam would admit visitors, and as you will only be under nurse you must obey orders." "Oh, but I will get her to make an exception in your favor. Come to-morrow evening, and you will find I have obtained a pass for you." Had he not been a moral coward, as perhaps most men would have been in the same false situation, he would have told her honestly then of the love passages there had been between him and Miriam, and allowed her to draw her own inferences. Had he done so, the disclosure would doubtless have given her a sharp pang at the first;

but pride would have been soothed and affection gratified by him taking her into his confidence, and as loyalty to Miriam would have enabled her to overcome the fancy that had grown out of a mistake, she would soon have learned to laugh at the warmth of their confidential friendship, and at her relatives for being deceived by it. But he dared not tell her; if she found it out from Miriam, when they were together—and girls always make confidantes of each other whenever they get a good opportunity—well and good, but he could not begin to talk about such a thing. Besides, there was really nothing to tell, and anything there was, likely Miriam had told long ago, and Mattie only looked upon him as a friend. He would be a great fop to think she regarded him in any other light, or that she would be pained by knowing he preferred Miriam to herself; and if Mattie allowed him to kiss her in the way of friendship, why he would do it again. Which he did; but his conscience was ill at ease, in spite of the sophisms, the contradictoriness of which his brain was too confused to see.

Rose Welsh had been removed to the corner house, and Miriam, feeling just a little faint-hearted at the prospect before her, was girding up her loins for double duty, when in walked Mattie Fellamy with the doctor. "Here is help for you," said the doctor; "I carried her off in my gig this morning. She will sit up to-night while you get a good sleep, and after that she is to be day and you night nurse." But the girls were too busy hugging and kissing each other to hear what he was saying. "You should not have come," said Miriam, when they had finished that interesting operation. "Indeed I should have come," she answered, laughing a little hysterically; "it is time you had some one to help you, for you are grown as thin as a whipping-post." "That is because she disobeys orders, and won't take anything to keep up her strength. I will expect better things from you, Miss Mattie; let me see how soon you will empty those bottles your aunt put in the gig." "I will do my best, because I promised papa I would." "That's a good girl. How is Rose, now, Miriam?" "She says she is quite comfortable, and does not believe she has fever at all." Dr. Marks ran up stairs to see his patients, the girls following more leisurely. Mrs. Ball was very weak, and inclined to be "fractious," as Rose Welsh said, she herself being a lively young woman, who had never been prostrated by sickness in her life, and to whom the prospect of a few weeks in bed with two young ladies attending her seemed rather an agreeable change. "Doctor, what may I get to eat?" Mrs. Ball asked, in a voice that illness had made very weak and quavering. "You may have a little porridge morning and evening now." "How could I sup parritch?" she exclaimed, dolorously, beginning to cry. "Mayn't Miss Miriam give me some beef?" "Not yet, but you may drink —" "I beg your pardon, doctor; will you give me the directions down stairs; when a patient does not hear the doctor's prescription, she takes the nurse's word for it, but when she does she makes herself uneasy lest she should not be following it implicitly." The doctor laughed, and they went down together to the hall, leaving Mattie sooth-

ing poor Mrs. Ball and promising her all manner of dainties. "I was going to tell her that she might have as much wine as she chose; a quart in the day would do her no harm in her weak state. How is it holding out?" "Pretty well; there is some left yet." "I will beg more for you at the Grange when it is finished. Nothing feeds a fever like alcohol." "Nothing indeed," she responded, drily. "I mean nothing feeds a patient so well in fever," he corrected; "I really believe we would have lost Mrs. Ball had it not been for wine." "I am sure the fruity principle in it is very nourishing and refreshing; people could almost live on grapes, it is said." "Well, we won't quarrel about what it is makes it an invaluable medicine, so long as you administer it when I tell you. Watch Mrs. Ball's pulse closely, and when it evinces a tendency to sink, repeat the dose till the circulation is brought up again." "Brought up to the fever standard again, do you mean, doctor?" But the doctor did not answer her question, and went away laughing.

Three other patients were brought into the hospital within the next fortnight, but none of them was violently ill. The richer people of the neighborhood had entered warmly into the local hospital plan by this time, and sent beds, and everything else that was required. Only two men took the fever; one was removed to the Upton hospital, where he died; the other had a hard struggle, but ultimately recovered, which Dr. Marks said he would not have done had he not kept him up so well with stimulants. With these cases the fever took its departure from Loughmore. The patients had almost all been pronounced convalescent, though none of them had yet returned to their homes, when Mattie Bellamy began to complain. She had drooped a little from the first, and though the hamper she had brought from the Glebe was nearly emptied, the contents had not served to keep up either her flesh or her spirits, and she began to look—Mrs. Ball sometimes told her—as if a breath would blow her away. She missed her walks among the breezy hills, for which the daily exercise Miriam made her take in a field behind the house afforded but a poor substitute, and she missed her father and aunt and Moses in a way she would not have done had Philip Seguin come to see her as she had expected he would. But Philip contented himself with sending fruit and flowers every day by a special messenger, who delivered them with "the young master's compliments, and he wants to know how the young ladies are, and hopes their sick people are getting better." Mattie naturally enough took this attention as paid to herself, and wondered that Miriam made no comment upon it, but she pined a little for a sight of his handsome face, and grew nervous and restless as day after day passed and he did not come. Miriam observed her loss of appetite, and urged her to return to the Glebe, but Mattie would not desert her friend or her post, or acknowledge that anything ailed her, till the night before the establishment at the corner house was broken up. After bidding good-night to the convalescents, Miriam went into the bedroom across the lobby, to which her co-nurse had retired an hour before. "What ails you dear?" she asked, when she found Mattie sitting up in bed, with flushed

cheeks, and dangerously bright eyes. "Oh, it is so hot I can't sleep, and 'the spool of my breast is sunk,' as Mrs. Mooney would say; you might send for her husband to lift it; she says he is a capital hand at it." "Is your head aching?" "Yes, some; what a nice cool hand you have," she said, as Miriam laid it on her forehead. "Have you any pain in your back?" "No, but it is quivering in a queer way. Don't look at me with such a professional air, Mira, for it betrays that you are only an amateur, with all your skill. You need not feel my pulse either, for I counted it myself, and it gives two beats for every tick of my watch." "Do you think it is fever?" she asked, when Miriam had finished her inspection; and her voice faltered, for she had been looking forward to her release on the morrow very eagerly; and besides she always had a presentiment that if she took the fever she would die of it. "I hope not, dear; but I will give you some of the saline mixture, and if you don't be better in the morning, we must get Dr. Marks to pronounce upon you."

Miriam was very weary, for she had been busy all day, but she was far too anxious to think of going to rest, so sat down to watch by Mattie, and give her the medicine if she were awake. She lay so quiet that Miriam hoped she was sleeping, but when she stole over to the bed to look at her she found her eyes wide open and a tear or two hanging on her eyelashes, which she wiped off by an adroit movement of her head on the pillow as soon as she saw Miriam looking at her. "Miriam, if I die, I want you to do something for me," she said, bringing her gaze home from the half-shut window, and fixing it trustfully on her friend's face. "I will give you your medicine the first thing I do," Miriam answered composedly; "you should have had it half an hour ago, but I thought you were sleeping." And when she had given it to her, she said, tenderly, "You are not going to die, dear." "But I may; and if I do I want you to give a message to Philip. — What ails you, Mira?" for Miriam had plucked away the hand that she had laid on her forehead. "Nothing ails me, dear. What am I to tell him?" "Say that I have missed him these last six weeks, but that he was quite right not to come in the way of danger; tell him that I never forgot him, but prayed for him every day, and that I want him to remember his promise to me." "What promise?" "He promised not to drink brandy or whiskey, and I want him to be sure to remember, for, poor fellow, his head is easily affected, and even after wine, he sometimes looks excited." "Anything more?" Miriam asked, in a strangely still way, as Mattie's tone, more than her words, revealed her fancied proprietorship in Philip. "I might be delirious, you know, and not able to tell you again; but you must cut a lock of my hair, and send it to him. There is one curl fairer than the rest, that he used to admire; take it." And then, gathering from Miriam's manner that she too thought she was going to die—whereas Miriam was not thinking of her at all, except in so far as she was connected with Philip—she grew bolder, and went on. "And tell him—I need not be ashamed of it when I am dead, and if I should live he will soon know it at any rate—tell him I loved him, and thought

of him as long as I could think of anything." "Is that all?" "Yes, that is all. And you will be kind to him for my sake, when I am gone, Miriam?"

O the egotism of love in all its phases; kind to Philip for Mattie's sake! Had it not been for the utter misery, lying like a dead weight at her heart, Miriam could have laughed at the idea. She made no reply, and Mattie needed none, for she was drowsy, and her head growing a little confused. She soon closed her eyes and slept heavily, and then Miriam sat down at the window, and gazed out into the night, till its curtains were lifted and the rising sun cast his light upon a colorless face, from which a soul strong for noblest self-sacrifice looked out. The crowing of the neighboring cocks awoke Mattie, and finding her still feverish, Miriam roused Jane Welsh to send some one for Dr. Marks. When he came he pronounced Mattie to be suffering from a sort of nervous fever, neither dangerous nor infectious, and said that the change home again would do her more good than any medicine. "And I am not going to die?" she said, inquiringly, her cheeks burning with more than the fever flush as she remembered the revelation she had made to Miriam on the supposition that she was. "Die? Of course you are going to die when your time comes, child; but that will not be for many a year to come." And then he added aside to Miriam, "It is just the effect of over-excitement and fatigue on her nervous temperament." "Perhaps of over-stimulation," she answered. "Now, Miriam, be candid, and acknowledge when you are beaten; your hospital experience might have convinced you of the use of alcohol in fever cases." "But Mattie had not fever when you and Mr. Bellamy persuaded her to drink wine for it." "It is useful as a preventative as well as a cure." "I cannot see how stimulation, which is itself feverishness, can prevent fever." "There is many a thing true in Nature which you cannot see." "But this is contrary to Nature, so cannot be true." "That is your opinion," he answered, a little stiffly. "Not mine, doctor; I would not presume to set my opinion against yours; but it is that of far wiser people than I." "Meaning teetotal quacks, who talk, like the charming woman in the song, of what they don't understand." "Mr. McKenzie is not a quack, and he told me that death and disorganization follow whenever alcohol is brought into contact with living tissue." "McKenzie is a sensible man in most things, but he is a great fool about alcohol. When it gives strength, supports vitality, and develops nervous energy, how can it cause death and disorganization?" "I might

alter the question, and ask you how a thing that causes death and disorganization can give strength, support vitality, and develop nervous energy?" "You should know that the most virulent poisons are sometimes our most valuable medicines." "Yes, and if you ordered alcohol as a poison I would have no right to object, for the use of poison in pharmacopœia is for the faculty to decide upon; but when doctors—I don't say you do it, Dr. Marks, but others do—give people a *carte blanche* for poisoning themselves for every disease and no disease, I think the laity have a right to speak out and say that such wholesale prescription of this universal health-restorer savors greatly of quackery; and I know many medical men repudiate it as such. You say that alcohol gives strength, supports vitality, and develops nervous energy; but I was reading a book lately, written by a physician, who says that vital force can only be renewed by nutrition, supplied by food, sleep, and pure air, and that alcohol, far from creating vital force, only wastes it, by giving a sort of fictitious strength, which causes a man to spend more than what he receives." "Don't try to be wiser than your granny, Miriam—" "No, Miriam, grannies don't like it," said Mattie, ruefully, but laughing. The doctor shook his hand fatherly with a threatening motion, and went on, "But take facts as you find them; wine has done good service for you these last few months, for if you had not given it to your patients you would not have got rid of them so soon." "Doctor, come into the lobby; I want you." "Yes, go, doctor," said Mattie; "and don't blame me for what you see, for Miriam stood on her dignity as head nurse, and made me do as she liked, even to keeping the secret from you." Wondering what the two girls meant, Dr. Marks followed Miriam into the lobby; she opened a press in the wall. "Look, doctor," she said; and the doctor looked, and saw the shelves filled with bottles; the corks of some were marked "port," some "sherry," and some "claret," but every bottle was full, and every cork unbroken. "Miriam, you told me you gave them wine," he said, severely, as he began to understand. "So I did; but it was the wine Mr. McKenzie sent me, without one drop of alcohol in it. You can never say that alcohol is necessary in fever again, Dr. Marks." Had there been any triumph in her manner he would have been angry; but she was quiet as ever, and though her eyes were smiling, there was a weary look upon her face that touched him. "Women were deceivers ever," he said, lightly; "get home as soon as you can, and sleep for a week."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Correspondence Connected with the Late Discussion.

THE late Discussion on Good Templarism, between the Rev. Jas. Kerr and the G.W.C.T., will be looked back upon as an interesting event in the history of the Order in Ireland. On this account, and on account of the misrepresentations and falsehoods circulated broadcast, anonymously, by Mr. Kerr's "friends," especially by one of his representatives on the Joint Committee, we deem

it right, in accordance with the intimation given in our last, to publish in full in the present and some successive issues, the correspondence that took place between the G.W.C.T. and his opponents, Revs. J. Kerr and A. Bowden, in connexion with the Discussion. We may occasionally connect the letters by observations, pointing out the unfair and unscrupulous tactics of our op-

ponents—tactics suitable only for the kind of work in which they are engaged.

In introducing the correspondence, it is necessary to recapitulate a few facts about the origin of the Discussion. The Rev. James Kerr, of Greenock, a minister of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, published a pamphlet some time ago, entitled, "The Principles and Practices of Secret Societies Opposed to Scripture and Reason," in which he misrepresents and abuses three organizations, Good Templarism, Masonry, and Orangeism. The pamphlet was being circulated last year, by the author's friends, in some parts of Ulster—among the rest in Killyleagh, County Down. In last Autumn, at the request of the members of the Consistency Lodge, No. 146, the G.W.C.T. consented to reply to the Good Templar portion of the pamphlet, in a public lecture in Killyleagh. Admission to hear the lecture was by ticket of which the following is a copy:—

"GOOD TEMPLAR LECTURE.

THE REV. JAMES KERR'S Strictures on Good Templarism, in his pamphlet on Secret Societies, will be reviewed in a Lecture by

JOHN PYPER, ESQ., G.W.C.T. CF IRELAND,
IN THE

1ST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, KILLYLEAGH,

On Tuesday Evening, September 30,

At Seven o'clock.

REV. WM. LOVETT, D.D.G.W.C.T., WILL PRESIDE.

After the Lecture, Mr. Pyper will be prepared to reply to any questions or objections put in a proper manner by any one present.

Admission, Three pence."

Mr. Kerr having received a copy of the ticket, the following correspondence took place:—

Lorne Place, Greenock,
26th Sept., 1873.

To the Chairman of Meeting on Templarism
at Killyleagh, Sept. 30th, 1873.

SIR,—I have just learned that, at a meeting to be held on Tuesday first, in Killyleagh, "John Pyper, Esq., G.W.C.T.," is to review the Good Templar portion of my pamphlet on "Secret Societies." The coming Sabbath is the Preparation Sabbath for my Congregational Communion—next week being the week of Communion. In addition to the Day of Fasting, I have other meetings of a Sessional and other nature which require my presence in Greenock the whole week. I regret that it is, therefore, as you will see, impossible for me to embrace the opportunity of being present at your meeting, and forming the acquaintance of Mr. Pyper, somewhat after the same manner in which, recently, at a public meeting near Boardmills, I had an introduction to the Rev. G. H. Shanks, an eloquent gentleman from that neighborhood.

As, however, I am still prepared to defend,

with the Word of God for my guide, the position I have taken up in regard to Good Templarism, I hereby and now challenge "John Pyper, Esq., G.W.C.T.," to a public discussion of the subject in Killyleagh, and also to a second discussion on the same subject in Belfast. In regard to the meeting in Killyleagh, I will be glad to have the chairman of this evening, and to meet in this place. These and other subsidiary arrangements, however, can be attended to by a committee of say four persons, two of whom, as representing me, shall be named on my receipt of the formal acceptance of this challenge. This step I feel constrained to take in my love for truth, charity, abstinence, and men of every persuasion.—I beg to remain, very sincerely yours,

JAMES KERR.

Independent Order of Good Templars' Grand
Lodge Offices, 26, Ann Street,

Belfast, 4th October, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—I only last night received your challenge, addressed to Chairman of Good Templar meeting in Killyleagh, on 30th September. It was not forwarded to the meeting, but has now been forwarded to me by Rev. T. Dick.

I have much pleasure in accepting your challenge, being, like yourself, a lover of truth, especially of its application in the removal of human misery arising from the practice of error. Be good enough to name the two members of committee you wish to represent you, and I shall name two others to unite with them in making necessary preliminary arrangements. Say also what dates will suit you, and I shall meet your convenience if possible.

To save time, I thought it better to write you directly to-day. You can reply to me, or through your friend, Mr. Dick, as you think proper.—Faithfully yours,

JOHN PYPER.

Rev. James Kerr, Greenock.

Greenock, 10th October, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter received on Monday. I am endeavoring to procure two gentlemen from Killyleagh to act with two representing you. As I know very few persons there, it may be difficult for me to find any to attend to the matter. In the meantime, we can advance matters a little by thinking of a suitable time; and also by asking and securing a place of meeting.

As for time, I am open to go over on the first week of November, holding our meetings on Tuesday the 4th, and Wednesday the 5th, of that month. Would be glad to hear of this time suiting you.

Then, as for place, it is most desirable that the Killyleagh meeting be held in the place where your lecture was delivered. I am, therefore, just now about to write Mr. Breakey for his church on the evening of 4th or 5th. I write requesting you to send a similar request, and, no doubt, this would secure a place in Killyleagh.

Then, as for Belfast, if the 5th suited Killyleagh better, we could be in Belfast on 4th; but as for place of meeting, where would you suggest? So far as I know, I have no objection to any place.

Then what would your wishes be in regard to

the form of the meeting? Should tickets be printed? Any charge for admission? If so (say 3d each as before) let any profits, after paying advertising, printing, and hall or church expenses, go to some charitable purpose. You to have half of the tickets printed for sale, I the other half. In having your mind on these points it is possible we might arrange everything, or nearly everything, without representatives. You will then please write Mr. B. on receipt for his church, on the 4th or 5th, and at your convenience let me have your mind on the other matters.—Very sincerely yours,

J. KERR.

P.S.—I am sorry my letter was not in time for the meeting on 30th.

Greenock, 14th Oct., 1873.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to intimate that my committee for arranging for the Belfast meeting are Rev. J. A. Chancellor, Botanic Avenue, and Mr. John Megaw, 18 College Street South. Your committee will please communicate with them at earliest convenience.

No reply yet from Killyleagh. I expect one in the morning.—Very truly yours,

J. KERR.

Belfast, 15th October, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—I duly received yours of 10th and 14th inst. Before receiving the first, I had an engagement of some weeks' standing to lecture at Priesthill, Hillsborough, on 4th Nov. Bills were printed announcing the lecture, so that I could not accept the dates you proposed, without the consent of the parties with whom I had made the engagement. I communicated with them at once, and have this day received a reply relieving me from the engagement, so that I can now accept the dates you name,—say the 4th for Killyleagh, and the 5th for Belfast.

As, however, the 5th is the Anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, it would be better to hold the Belfast meeting on the 6th, if suitable to you. If not, I shall agree to the 5th, as I am anxious to meet your convenience in every way I can.

I shall write this evening to Killyleagh about place of meeting. I have no objections to your suggestions about mode of admission, &c.; but these matters can be safely left to the local committee in Killyleagh, who will know local circumstances better than either of us. I shall name two members to represent me as soon as you let me know the names of your two.

I shall send you the names of two gentlemen to-morrow, who will co-operate with Rev. J. A. Chancellor and Mr. Megaw in making arrangements for the Belfast meeting.—Truly yours,

Rev. J. Kerr.

JOHN PYPER.

Belfast, 16th October, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—One of the two gentlemen I wish to represent me on the Belfast Committee was out when I called at his house to-day; and, as I am leaving Belfast for a meeting in Rathfriland this evening, I cannot see him till to-morrow. I shall, if possible, send you the names by to-morrow's mail.—Yours in haste,

Rev. J. Kerr.

JOHN PYPER.

Belfast, 17th October, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—The Rev. John Mecredy, the Manse, Clifton Street, and Mr. Charles Hendrick, North Street, will co-operate, on my behalf, with the two gentlemen you have named, in making arrangements for the Belfast meeting.

As you are the challenging party, it is proper that your side should take the initiative in every step of the proceedings. You will, therefore, please to instruct Messrs. Chancellor and Megaw to communicate at once with Messrs. Mecredy and Hendrick, and, as a Joint Committee, they will relieve you and me from further correspondence about the meeting in Belfast.

A similar Committee will give us similar relief regarding the Killyleagh meeting, when you send me the names of the two gentlemen who are to represent you there.—Sincerely yours,

Rev. J. Kerr.

JOHN PYPER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Good Templar Elocutionist.

TEMPTED AND RUINED.

MARY HARVEY was a pretty girl, and she never looked half so pretty as when she stood by the side of William Grant—the orange flowers clustering amid the ringlets of her hair, and a beautiful and costly veil of lace shading her features. Yes, Mary Harvey was a pretty bride, and many a fair maiden envied her the position she had gained by her marriage; for William Grant was a wealthy man, and remarkably good-looking withal. William took his bride to a home of luxury, and for many months they lived most happily together; but the demon of intemperance, ever on the alert for victims, singled out this young man upon whom to practise his fascinations. Night after night William tarried over the wine-bottle and beside the card-table; week after week, he saw hundreds of pounds swept from his possession; and still he yielded to the wiles of the Tempter. He drank deeper and deeper to drown the voice of con-

science, and two years from the day he brought Mary Harvey, a happy bride, to his princely home, deprived her of the comforts with which she had been surrounded; and in their place he provided small and poorly-furnished apartments, and treated her and her only child with neglect and unkindness. His fortune had all been spent at the gaming-table and at the fashionable Tavern. He could no longer find a welcome in the halls of dissipation, when he parted with his fortune. When the bird has been stripped of its plumage, it must seek some other quarters; and William Grant sank lower and lower in crime and infamy.

One evening, he returned to his miserable rooms, apparently perfectly sober; and Mary indulged in the fond hope that he was about to reform, and said, "You will not go out again to-night, William, will you?" "I must—I have an engagement." "Oh, William, do remain with me—you cannot imagine how lonely I feel when you are away all night—I have such terrible

thoughts." "Terrible thoughts!" he repeated; "I wonder what women don't have terrible thoughts. But never mind, Mary, this afternoon I won a hundred pounds—to-night I shall perhaps tiele it; and may in a short time regain my fortune, and then shall reform and become a better man; and we will again live in style, and show people that some folks are as good as others." "Oh, William, do not think of it—I do not want to live in style; if you would only leave off drinking we would be happy—oh, so happy!" "Nonsense! Now, Mary, don't begin a temperance lecture, for I will not hear it. Good-night!" and in another moment he was gone.

All night Mary sat lonely waiting her husband's return. Hour after hour took its flight—one, two, three o'clock came—and still she sat there sewing and weeping. At length William rushed into the room, his hat off, his eyes glaring wildly. Mary, horrified, sprang up, and exclaimed, "Good Heavens, what is the matter?" "Matter? O nothing! only I've killed the wretch who dared to call me a thief! I've killed him, and they're after me now! Hark! They're coming up stairs! Oh, do you hear? I'm a murderer—ha! ha! ha!" he shrieked in a wild and terrible manner. Three police officers entered the room, and before Mary could comprehend the scene, they seized her husband and dragged him away. A moment she stood gazing at them—then with one wild shriek of despair, she sank senseless upon the floor. William Grant was tried and convicted of murder; but ere the day set for his execution arrived he was found dead in his cell—he had committed suicide. Mary is an inmate of a Lunatic Asylum—her child is in the Home of the Friendless.—*London Temp. Trct.*

AN HONEST PUBLICAN'S ADVERTISEMENT.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS,—Grateful for the liberal encouragement received from you, and having supplied my Drunkery with a new and ample stock of choice Wines, Spirits, and Malt Liquors, I thankfully inform you that I continue to make Drunkards, Paupers, and Beggars for the sober, industrious, and respectable community to support. My Liquors may excite you to riot, robbery, and blood, and will certainly diminish your comforts, augment your expenses, and shorten your lives. I confidently recommend them as sure to multiply fatal accidents and distressing diseases, and likely to render these incurable. They will agreeably deprive some of life, some of reason, many of character, and all of peace—will make fathers fiends, wives widows, mothers cruel, children orphans, and all poor. I will train the young to ignorance, dissipation, infidelity, lewdness, and every vice—corrupt the ministers of religion—obstruct the Gospel—defile the Church, and cause as much temporal and eternal death as I can. I will thus "accommodate the public," it may be at the cost of my never-dying soul. I have a family to support—the trade pays—and the public encourage it. I have a character from my minister, and a licence from the magistrates; my traffic is lawful; *Christians countenance it*; and if I do not bring these evils upon you, somebody else will. I know the Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill;"

pronounces a "woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink," and enjoins me not to "put a stumbling-block in a brother's way." I also read that "no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God," and I cannot expect the drunkard-maker, without repentance, to share a better fate; but I wish a lazy living, and have deliberately resolved to gather the wages of iniquity, and fatten on the ruin of my species. I shall, therefore, carry on my trade with energy, and do my best to diminish the wealth of the nation, impair the health of the people, and endanger the safety of the State. As my traffic flourishes in proportion to your ignorance and sensuality, I will do my utmost to prevent your intellectual elevation, moral purity, social happiness, and eternal welfare.

Should you doubt my ability, I refer you to the Pawn-Shop, the Poorhouse, the Police Office, the Hospital, the Jail, and the Gallows, where so many of my customers have gone. The sight of them will satisfy you that I do what I promise.

JUDAS HEARTLESS.

N.B.—I teach young and old to drink, and charge only for the materials; a very few lessons will be sufficient.

OUR COUNTRY'S BANE.

BY J. A. LANGFORD.

THEY stand throughout this noble land,

The haunts of vice and sin,

Like plague-ships on a smiling strand,

The palaces of gin.

And demon-spirits revel there,

With music, dance, and song;

And hollow mirth, and dark despair,

There hurry life along.

Oh! well the tempter spreads his snare,

Well works he for his prey;

With fawning smiles, and gild and glare,

He carries hearts away.

The burning liquor is the bait

He sets for catching souls;

And eagerly within his gate,

The tide of victims rolls.

There frantic rush old men and young,

The mother with her child;

And down they pour the liquor strong,

While rings the revel wild;

And there will maidens, gone astray,

Seek respite for awhile,

From thoughts that madden, or display

How vice becomes more vile.

And men—ah! Christian men—'tis said,

By such a traffic thrive,

And from the misery round them spread,

With untold riches live.

Oh! is it not a curse for man,

Such ill-got wealth to win—

To build a home on vice's gain,

To fatten on such sin?

Adorned with all the weak may lure,

Or tempt the fallen more;

Despite the glare, hell cannot, sure,

More deadly horrors store.

They stand throughout this noble land,

The haunts of vice and sin,

Like plague-ships on a smiling strand,

The palaces of gin.

The General Election and the Permissive Bill.

WE feel grateful that the members of our Order in Ireland have so generally used their electoral power in the late General Election as advised by the Grand Lodge, and so often urged in these columns. Our action in this respect, united with that of other Temperance Organizations, especially of the Irish Temperance League, has been highly successful, particularly in Ulster, from which we are likely to have a unanimous vote in the House of Commons in favor of Sunday Closing, and to have at least twenty of its twenty-nine votes in favor of the Permissive Bill, and we hope none against it. We shall probably give particulars in evidence of this in a future issue. In the meantime, we beg the attention of our readers to the following vindication of the course pursued by the Executive of the League and the Grand Lodge, which has just been issued:—

A great deal of valuable breath, and paper, and ink, and time, having been wasted, during the past few weeks, in most unfair and unprofitable denunciation of the supporters of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, for the course they pursued in the recent Elections, we deem it right, for the better prevention of such waste and injustice in future, and for the information of those who, complaining bitterly of our conduct—which, however, we must admit, they do only when it clashes with their own schemes, never when it helps the accomplishment of them—very foolishly forget our reasons, and indeed, that we even have reasons, for it, to state once more what those reasons are. And we request, as a special favor, and for their own credit, that our critics, instead of quarrelling with our action merely, will kindly examine the principles on which that action is based. After a study of the subject, at least equal to that bestowed upon it by our opponents, we have long believed, and been as widely as possible declaring, that, (1.) The liquor-traffic is a prolific source of intemperance, crime, pauperism, immorality, insanity, disease, premature death, domestic misery, unnecessary taxation, and mischief of every kind and degree. Physically, morally, and economically, it is a gigantic nuisance, incomparably more grievous and more urgently requiring removal than any that either Liberals or Conservatives have ever yet abolished or proposed to abolish. It is the curse and disgrace of our country, on which it confers not one real benefit. (2.) The extinction of the liquor-traffic would be an infinitely greater blessing to the nation than any other ever, or likely to be, conferred upon it by either Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli, and is, as John Stuart Mill admits, the logical issue of the principle of restriction (for if the traffic may be restricted for the good of the community, it may be prohibited for the good of the community). It would, moreover, come properly and naturally among the very first acts of the State, inasmuch as one of the most elementary and essential conditions of a nation's full and healthy development is that its people be sober. This is why, as

has been well said, "the temperance movement lies at the very foundation of all social and political reform." (3.) The experience of the last 300 years, and the trial of about 400 Acts of Parliament, prove, what was, indeed, to be expected *a priori* from the nature of intoxicating drinks, that the liquor-traffic, no matter how regulated, cannot be carried on without incalculable mischief following as a matter of absolute necessity and certainty. Even supposing that, some centuries hence, through the efforts of the schoolmaster and the clergyman, the people shall have become drink-proof (which we know to be impossible), that is no reason why the evils of the licensing system should be endured till then. Where is the use of telling a starving horse that the grass is growing? (4.) As the Law requires of the citizen obedience, the citizen has a just claim on the Law to protection. It is the duty of the Legislature to protect the people from the injuries suffered by them through the operation of the liquor-traffic. In acknowledgment of this duty, the Legislature has so far "interfered with the liberty of the subject" as to put certain restrictions on the sale of intoxicating drinks; but the efficient fulfilment of it demands, as we have shown, that their sale should be entirely prohibited. Accordingly, various organizations have been formed for the purpose of bringing about the total and immediate suppression of the liquor-traffic by legislative means. (5.) With regard to the shape which legislative action should take, the country is not yet prepared for a measure abolishing the liquor-traffic all over the kingdom at one stroke. But many parts of the country are groaning to be delivered from this system; and, to refuse to these the power to rid themselves of an intolerable curse, is virtually to force that curse upon them, and to be guilty of a crime against God and man, and a tyranny of which England ought to be ashamed. (6.) The Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, being framed expressly and solely for the purpose of enabling "cities, boroughs, townships, and parishes" to prevent the common sale of intoxicating liquors therein, affords at once the most just and practicable, and, indeed, the only, mode yet proposed of doing away with both the tyranny and the curse, and we therefore heartily join in demanding of the Legislature this most reasonable and moderate measure. At the same time, we gratefully accept any enactment which will tend to reduce intemperance, and are even prepared to give up Sir Wilfrid's Bill, whenever another is brought forward better fitted to secure to the people the power to protect themselves from the baneful influences of the public-house. (7.) From what has been said, it is clear that the only possible way of attaining our object—the overthrow of the liquor-traffic—under present circumstances, is by sending men to Parliament who will vote for the Permissive Bill. Any member who refuses to vote for the Permissive Bill, no matter what else he may do, virtually supports the continuance of the liquor-traffic against the wishes of the people, which, as we believe, means the continuance of the evils inevitably flowing from it, and is, of course, di-

rectly opposed to the end we have in view. And any elector who votes for a candidate unwilling to vote for the Permissive Bill (unless, perhaps, he do so for the purpose of preventing the election of an actual opponent of it) does the same thing.

Holding the above views, the United Kingdom Alliance, the Irish Temperance League, the Good Templars, and other Temperance organizations, long before the late General Election was thought of, adopted the general policy of supporting only such parliamentary candidates as promised to vote for the Permissive Bill. And they have, in the various bye-elections, been ever since carrying it out, and, through the press and on the platform, been making it, and their intention of acting upon it, as widely known as possible, and urging the electors generally to put the interests of humanity, morality, and patriotism before mere party ties, by acting upon it also. And now when a General Election comes round, we adhere faithfully to the principles we had long held, and to the professions and recommendations we had long before made. We endeavor to find out the views of every candidate with regard to the Permissive Bill, to remove his objections to it, if he have any, and to induce him to consent to vote for it if returned. If he say he will oppose the Bill, we oppose him, whether he be Liberal or Conservative, believing that a candidate who refuses to trust the people with power to decide for themselves whether they require public-houses or not, ought not to be trusted by the people with power to make laws

for the nation. If he say he will vote for the Bill, we do our utmost to secure his election, with this one reservation, that, if all the other candidates for the same constituency promise also, our support of any one of them in particular will be determined by other considerations. And so, it occurred, in the elections just held, that we supported and helped to return candidates, sometimes of the one party and sometimes of the other, and it is a most significant and gratifying fact that, in Ulster, only one of those who had our support was defeated.

Such is the course we have pursued and shall pursue. Truly we can do no otherwise. "Reproaches will ring in our ears—let them ring: we will not purchase for ourselves a base indemnity from unpopularity with a sting on our consciences." We may occasionally sacrifice a Liberal or a Conservative seat, in following out our policy, as, in a game of chess, a "pawn" or a "piece" is sacrificed for a future gain; but we are confident that, a few more moves, and we shall checkmate "King" Alcohol. "Labor, unactuated by selfish considerations, and solely fixing its eye on the goal of duty, and steadfastly determined to reach it, is, we believe, never defeated."

On behalf of the Executives of the Irish Temperance League, and the Independent Order of Good Templars,

DAVID FORTUNE, } Secretaries.
ANDREW LEDLIE, }

Belfast, 24th February, 1874.

Progress of the Order.

NEW LODGES.

FOYLE LIGHT-HOUSE Lodge, No. 213, was instituted in New Buildings, 9th January, by Bro. D. Crawford, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. T. Rogerson, W.L.D.; John Clements, W.C.T.; A. Cunningham, W.V.T.; and James Clements, W.S.

ROYAL CHARTER Lodge, No. 214, was instituted in Arklow, 15th January, by Bro. Councillor W. F. Lawlor, G.W.V.T.

HOPE OF THE BORDERERS' Lodge, No. 215, was instituted in Kinsale, 1st February, by Bro. Rev. W. Daunt, M.A., S.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. Sergt. Ramsey, W.L.D.; Sergt. Evans, W.C.T.; Corpl. Ellard, W.V.T.; and M. M. Muir, W.S.

MAGNUM BONUM Lodge, No. 216, was instituted in Derrygonnelly, 2nd February, by Bro. S. Rea, S.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. R. E. Kitson, W.L.D., W.V.T.; J. McKeague, W.C.T.; and Sis. M. McCabe, W.S.

FAUGHAN Lodge, No. 217, was instituted in Knockbrack, 6th February, by Bro. D. Crawford, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. T. MacGonigle, W.L.D., W.S.; R. Walker, W.C.T.; and R. Thompson, W.V.T.

TYRONE'S HOPE Lodge, No. 218, was instituted in Donaghmore, 9th February, by Bro. Rev. H. B. Wilson, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. W. J. Venables, W.L.D.; J. Parkhill, W.C.T.; J. Watt, W.V.T.; and T. Stenson, W.S.

Lodge No. 219, was instituted in Dromara, 11th

Feb., by Bro. Rev. J. McIlveen, B.A., D.D.G.W.C.T.

PIONEER OF THE WEST Lodge, No. 220, was instituted in Ballina, 12th February, by Bro. G. Armstrong, S.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. G. Shannon, W.L.D.; G. Armstrong, W.C.T.; W. Reid, W.V.T.; and G. MacKenzie, W.S.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

BELFAST.—4th February, a good soirée in connexion with the Lifeboat Lodge was held in Matilda Street School-room. Bro. W. P. Holmes, D.D.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. the G.W.C.T., Rev. J. McCreedy, G.W. Chap.; Hollywood, and others.—6th Feb., a successful soirée was held under the auspices of the Star of Ulster Lodge in the Independent School-room, Donegall Street. Bro. Rev. A. Gray, LL.B., occupied the chair, and the meeting was addressed by the G.W.C.T. and others. A public meeting, under the auspices of Ark of Safety Lodge, was held in the Lodge-room, Falls Road, Belfast, on 12th January, the W.C.T., Bro. J. A. Carleton, in the chair. There was a crowded attendance. Bro. Rev. Samuel Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T., lectured on "The Evils of the Liquor Traffic," and explained and defended the principles of our Order. Sister Mrs. Carleton presided at the piano (the property of the Lodge). The Lodge choir rendered suitable Temperance music at intervals. A vote of thanks to Bro. Harding was proposed by Rev. W. P. Appelbe, LL.D., seconded by Bro. Wm. Maxwell, P.W.C.T., and carried by acclamation.

NEWTOWNARDS.—23rd January, a public meeting was held in the Good Templar Hall, West St., under the auspices of the Hope of Down Lodge. The hall was decorated with evergreens, mottoes, and banners. There was a crowded attendance. Bro. J. McNeilly, W.C.T., occupied the chair. Addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. A. McKinley, Rev. D. H. McMurtry, M.A., and Rev. J. Harris. Bros. G. Kennedy, W. Dobbin, T.C., and R. Miller also addressed the meeting. Several pieces of recitation were given by Bros. H. Dobbin and J. Apperson. The proceedings were brought to a close by singing the National Anthem. 24th January, a large meeting was held in the Good Templar Hall, Newtownards, under the auspices of the Ark of Refuge Lodge. Bro. Kennedy, W.C.T., presided, and addresses were delivered by Bros. the G.W.C.T., McNeilly, Doggart, and Apperson.

CONLIG.—25th January, the G.W.C.T. preached a temperance sermon in the Baptist Chapel, Conlign. —26th January, a large meeting was held in the same place. Bro. J. A. Brown, T.C., D.D.G.W.C.T., presided, and a lecture was delivered by the G.W.C.T., after which the meeting was briefly addressed by Bros. Doggart, Apperson, and Rev. J. Harris, *pastor loci*, and also by Rev. D. Gordon.

BROUGHSHANE.—28th January, the G.W.C.T. lectured in the Parochial School-house, Broughshane, under the auspices of the Miner's Home Lodge. Rev. Dr. Grainger presided, and Bros. Rev. H. Hutchings, D.C., and Rev. H. M. Holden, D.D.G.W.C.T., took part in the proceedings.

COMBER.—30th January, a successful soirée was held in a National School-house, Comber, under the auspices of the Exodus Lodge. Bro. G. Apperson, W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. the G.W.C.T. and R. Millar.

CARRICKFERGUS.—31st Jan., a crowded meeting was held in the Good Templar Hall, Carrickfergus. Bro. J. A. Bowman, D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. the G.W.C.T., Rev. A. McKinley, D. Fortune, and D. Bowman.

ENNISKILLEN.—8th Feb., the G.W.C.T. preached a temperance sermon, to a large and intelligent audience, in the Primitive Wesleyan Chapel, Enniskillen.

GOOD TEMPLAR WEEK OF PRAYER.

We beg to remind our readers of the recommendation of the United Executive Councils of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales given in our last, "that the week commencing 8th March be set apart by members of the Order in Great Britain and Ireland for special and united Prayer to Almighty God for His blessing on the Temperance cause and the work in which we are engaged; and, further, that the Lodge meetings during that week be mainly devoted to Prayer on this behalf." We again earnestly request all members of the Order in Ireland to adopt this recommendation. They will be encouraged by learning that the proposed Prayer Union will not be confined to the British Isles, but is likely to be observed by the entire Order throughout the world, as will be seen by the following extract from a letter written some time ago by Bro. Hon. S. D. Hastings, R.W.G.T., to Bro. R. Simpson, R.W.G.C.—"I rejoice to hear of the action of the United Executives as to a Week of Prayer for the cause of Temperance. It meets with my most hearty approval. As soon

as I get the action of the Conference in proper form, I shall issue a recommendation to the entire Order to unite in the observance of the week named for the purpose suggested."

BELFAST LADIES' TEMPERANCE UNION.

On 10th February, the Annual Meeting of the Belfast Ladies' Temperance Union was held in the Independent School-room, Donegall Street. There was a large attendance of the members and friends of the Union. Bro. Rev. John Meeredy, P.G.W.C., occupied the chair. Bro. John Pyper, G.W.C.T., on behalf of the Secretary, read the Committee's Annual Report, and on behalf of the Treasurer submitted the annual statement of accounts, which were of a highly encouraging character, and moved the adoption of both. Bro. Rev. Alexander Denholm seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. Bro. Hugh J. Wright moved the following resolution:—"That this meeting hereby pledges itself to support the Bazaar in aid of the funds of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, I.O.G.T., to be held in the Ulster Hall on 1st and 2nd April, and earnestly calls on all members and friends of the Union to do the same, and thus assist the Grand Lodge Executive in freeing the Order of the debt which now presses on so important a Temperance Organization." Bro. G. H. Pearce, of America, seconded the motion, and the resolution was unanimously adopted. On the motion of Bro. David Smith, C.E., seconded by Bro. Horsfall, a cordial vote of thanks was given to the speakers; and, a similar compliment having been paid to the chairman, the meeting was closed with the benediction.

GOOD TEMPLAR MARRIAGES.

SIMMS—CATHER.—1st February, 1872, in Lifford Church, by the Rev. S. E. McClintock, Bro. Thomas Simms, to Sister Annie Cather, both of Dayspring Lodge, No. 22, Castlefin.

M'DERMOTT—COLHOUN.—18th July, 1873, in the Alt Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. Samuel Stewart, Bro. James M'Dermott, to Sister Matilda Colhoun, both of Dayspring Lodge, No. 22, Castlefin.

TAYLOR—TAYLOR.—21st October, 1873, in the Presbyterian Church, Sion Mills, by Bro. Rev. D. Gordon, Bro. J. W. Taylor, to Sister Catherine Taylor, both of Dayspring Lodge, No. 22, Castlefin.

M'CREA—SMITH.—5th February, 1874, in the Second Presbyterian Church, Donaghedy, County Tyrone, by the Rev. J. M'Math, Bro. David M'Crea, to Sister Eliza M. Smith, both of the Hope of Donemana Lodge, No. 183.

SHAW—NELSON.—6th Feb., 1874, in the Falls Road Wesleyan Church, Belfast, by the Rev. Wm. P. Appelbe, LL.D., Bro. Wm. J. Shaw, to Sister Jane Nelson, both of the Ark of Safety Lodge, No. 23.

DYER—DAVIDSON.—10th Feb., 1874, in the Donegall Square Wesleyan Church, Belfast, by the Rev. Wm. P. Appelbe, LL.D., Bro. Samuel Dyer, Royal Standard Lodge, No. 47, to Sister Mary Davidson, Ark of Safety Lodge, No. 23.

NIXON—WALLACE.—11th Feb., 1874, in the Florencecourt Church, by the Rev. J. Crampton, Bro. Alex. Nixon, Lion Lodge, No. 207, to Miss Jane Wallace, Rockpark.

The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

VOL. II.—No. 4.

1ST APRIL, 1874.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



Bro. Rev. John Russell, P.R.W.G. Templar.

BRO. REV. JOHN RUSSELL is a distinguished Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. He has long been a prominent member of our Order, and by the suffrages* of his brethren stood at its head last year. He is now the junior P.R.W.G.T. His Temperance Sermons and Addresses in Great Britain and Ireland, in July and August last, were of the highest order, and made a deep and lasting impression. His Speech in the Temperance Hall of the Working Men's Institute, Belfast, on the evening of 15th August, was one of the best we ever listened to, and will not soon be forgotten by those who had the privilege of hearing it. He is now R.W.G. Lecturer of the Order, in which capacity he will receive an enthusiastic welcome when he again visits the British Isles, which we hope will be at no distant date.

Bro. Hon. Samuel A. Hastings, R.W.G. Templar.

BY MRS. M. M^c. BROWN, G.W.C.T. OF OHIO.

(Concluded from our last.)

DURING all his political career, with its multiplicity of cares, toils, and tests, Bro. Hastings was an ardent and earnest advocate of the Temperance Reform. From early boyhood up through the varied changes of life, he always found time and means to spend in this great cause, for he never drank liquor nor used tobacco, but was energetic in measures designed to remove the curse from others, embracing every opportunity of visiting societies, making speeches, encouraging legislation, and attending Temperance associations. As early as 1849, a Bill was presented in the Wisconsin Assembly providing for the repeal of all licence statutes on the State Code authorizing the sale of intoxicating liquors. This Bill, and the various petitions appertaining thereto, were referred to a Committee of five, Bro. Hastings, who was then a member of the Assembly, being one. It fell to his lot to write out their Report, and it is a masterly document. It calls attention to the poisonous character of these beverages, and to their injurious effects upon the community: 1st, destroying the property, health, happiness, and lives of the people; 2nd, destroying family relations; 3rd, producing pauperism; 4th, producing crime; 5th, exhausting useful productions and money without any comparative accruing benefit; variously, in the cost of liquor consumed, the invariable loss of time, production, labor, and capital; and in the consequent loss of health and reason; also, in the cost of pauperism, prosecution of criminals, and in casualties. The Report favors repeal, because such laws are antidemocratic, and contrary to the spirit of the age. "Law should sanction only that which is right in itself, and just and equal in its results. In all its requirements and sanctions, it should be in strict accordance with natural justice, and should consult the best good of all its subjects. We are told by high authority that 'all laws derive their force from the law of nature, and those which do not are accounted no laws.'—*Fortescue Jac. Law Dict.* It is not competent for legislative authority to authorize wrong, to authorize a man to injure his neighbor, or injure the community in whose midst he may reside, or to authorize him to pursue a business which would produce these results. The traffic in spirituous liquors does produce all these results. To sanction and pro-

tect it by law is wrong. It is transcending the rightful authority of the law-making power." The Bill thus reported passed the Assembly by a vote of forty-one to five. It also passed the Senate, but was afterwards reconsidered, and lost by a majority of two. Thus it will be seen that Bro. Hastings' best energies and influence have long been arrayed squarely against the liquor traffic. In the Order of Sons of Temperance, which was once a considerable body in the United States, he arose to the position of Grand Worth Patriarch of Wisconsin, and was sent as a delegate to the National Division at Chicago, which was presided over by Judge O'Neil, of South Carolina, and Hon. Neal Dow as M.W. Associate. Here he met for the first time Thurlow Weed Brown, General Cary, and other prominent Temperance men. He became a member of Capital Lodge, I.O.G.T., at Madison, Wisconsin, in February, 1857, while at that place a member of the State Assembly. He has ever since retained membership with that Lodge, and, what is still better, attends the meetings regularly every week when at home. He was elected Representative to the Grand Lodge of Wisconsin from Capital Lodge in 1859, but his official duties as State Treasurer prevented his attending the Session. He was re-elected the succeeding year, and went; was elected Grand Worth Chief Templar and also Representative to the R.W.G.L., whose Session was held at St. Louis, and he has attended every subsequent Session of that body. He was again elected G.W.C.T. in 1861, and also Representative to the R.W.G.L. At that Session, which was held at Detroit, he was elected Right Worthy Grand Templar, but was declared ineligible, because he held the office of G.W.C.T. at the time. Singularly enough, no minute was kept of that election and decision. In 1862, he declined the nomination to the chief chair in his own State, and that year was again elected to the chief chair of the Order, which he held four consecutive years by re-election, making five in all. During that period, the Order was carried through the cataclysm of civil war, which tested the vitality of all philanthropic organizations. At the Richmond Session, he declined re-nomination owing to a prospective change of business, which rendered

it impossible for him to give the necessary time to the work. In the interim, he has always been an assiduous worker in his own Grand Lodge and in the R.W.G.L., his advice being frequently asked in the consideration of important steps. His election at London was unexpected. He supposed there were younger men prepared to assume the responsibilities of the hour, and carry the Order forward into new fields, besides maintaining it in the old. But his supporters doubtless knew that he could bring into the office the ripened experience and judgment essential to the fast-growing interests of the organization.

It would be violence to the fundamental principles of a true life not to sketch the religious and social habits of our subject. Taught in early life a strict observance of the Sabbath, he found a congenial sphere for his activity in the various duties incumbent upon church-going people. When a mere youth, we find him the presiding officer of a Young People's Missionary Society in the Presbyterian Church. At sixteen years of age, he united with the Church, and took charge of a class in the Sunday School. Soon afterwards he became Superintendent of a colored Sunday School, numbering from two to three hundred children, holding two sessions per day, and engaging a fine corps of teachers. When about twenty-four years of age, and the Anti-Slavery agitation growing warm in Church and State, he was compelled for the maintenance of his principles, to sever the fondest church relations and join with others in establishing a Free Congregational Church on an anti-slavery basis in the City of Philadelphia. He was made deacon in the Church, which relation, with that of trustee, he has sustained the most of the time since in the different places in which he has resided. He has also been almost constantly identified with the Sunday School work—is now, and has been for a number of years, Superintendent of one of the best schools in his State. He was for two years, presiding officer of the State Sunday School Convention. At one time, he was elected Moderator of the State Convention of the Congregational Churches, a position to which but one layman had ever attained. It was the custom for the retiring Moderator to open the next Session with a sermon. Bro. Hastings was requested to open the Session with remarks *ad libitum*. He did so, taking the words, "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," from which he set forth clearly the fact that tobacco could not be used for the glory of God. The lecture produced a profound sensation,

giving tone to the whole Session, and converting several from the use of that noxious weed. But it is in the performance of every-day duties that the Christian exhibits the highest perfection. It is, therefore, a greater meed of praise to state the fact that Bro. Hastings is always present at the weekly prayer circles than to name all his munificent acts of church benefaction. Two evenings of the week are always engaged—one for the Lodge and one for the prayer meeting.

It will be observed that his fellows have ever been wont to put Bro. Hastings in places of trust. He is treasurer of the Home Missionary Society of the Congregational State Convention; also trustee of Beloit College and Rockford Female Seminary, twin institutions of learning, and one of the officers of the State Historical Society. He has been for many years a member, and for the past three years secretary of the Board of Trustees of Wisconsin State Hospital for the Insane, also Secretary of the State Board of Charities and Reform. In the interest of these institutions, he was commissioned to visit and report upon similar ones in Great Britain, which he did during his recent travels in that country. As a citizen of Madison, the beautiful capital of his State, he is ever at the public service in whatever good work commands his rare business talents. For many years, he has been treasurer and director of the Madison Mutual Insurance Company, director of the Madison Manufacturing Company, director of the City Gas Works, &c., in all of which he has maintained a reputation for faithfulness and executive quality, so much more to the man worthy of public confidence than the honorary and material testimonials which, in his case, have often been added.

It would hardly be a fair protraiture of this able and much appreciated public man should we fail to note how truly he illustrates the philosophy of the great English poet, when he declares that all men are alike in this, that they have two soul-sides—

"One to face the world with,
And one to show a woman when he loves her,"

his gift of business thoroughness and integrity in the world being equally only in what seems there to be his sole purpose, that of making his home a home indeed. All the elements of character that enter into and insure his success in the public affairs of life, all that give him the confidence of friends and the respect of enemies, that which go to making up extremes of suavity and sternness, delicacy and strength, the graciousness of grace and the inflexibility of justice, seem rounded into a beautiful completeness in the

home circle of which he is head and soul. Perhaps this—yes, is too much, for here he is aided and sustained—who can say how much and to what else in completeness?—by his wife, *nee* Miss Margaretta Shubert, of Philadelphia, a lady who, to the casual observer, might be called a model housekeeper, but who is so much more than this as to merit that rarest of economies, a homekeeper. Those who know the difference between these need not be told how, to all worthy material uses, she adds the nameless grace of a high order of womanliness and artistic taste in working the endless details into the harmony of a home. Of five children, three have reached maturity; the eldest, a son, being among the prominent lawyers of the State. Of Emma, the elder of two lovely daughters, it is almost difficult to speak; because it is necessary to know her, or some one like her, to understand that charming combination of the intellectual-

spirituelle, at once the fascination and worth of female society. She was recently married to H. R. Hobart, Esq., of Chicago, who for several years has been editorially connected with the newspaper press of that city. Florence, a flower in every æsthetic and physical acceptance, remains at home, lending herself to every use and grace of the paternal and social sphere, where she is maturing for some auspicious future. Happy are the friends who meet at the board, and joyous are those who participate in the social life of this bright home circle. Long may they be spared to bless each other, to benefit those about them, and to promote the cause of humanity; and when the ultimate cycles of earth-like influence are measured, there must be a multitude, from those associated both in public and private life with Bro. the Hon. S. D. Hastings, to arise and call him blessed—*The Templar Annual for 1874.*

The Bible and Total Abstinence.—No. IV

BY THE EDITOR AND DR. STUART.

WE have shown that the Three Books—History or the Providence of God, Nature or the Works of God, and Revelation or the Word of God—unite in condemning the use of alcoholic drink. The doctrine that the Bible contains Divine sanction for the use of intoxicating (poisoning) drink is *immoral*, when judged by the infallible test, “by their fruits ye shall know them:” it contradicts the plainest lessons of ethics. It is also unscientific: it contradicts the plainest facts of nature. But it does more than set the Bible in opposition to many of the most incontrovertible facts of experience and science: it would make the Bible itself a most contradictory book. No true book emphatically condemns in one place what it commends in unqualified terms in another place. But the Bible does speak of Wine in these two ways. And the drinking theory, that it is the moderate, cautious use of it which is commended, and the excessive, reckless indulgence in its use which is condemned, does not meet the facts of the case; for of the sanctioned wine we are invited to “drink abundantly,” and on the condemned we are not even to “look” with a desire to partake of it. That the *quality*, and not the quantity, of the wine accounts for the opposite terms of laudation and denunciation, in which the sacred penmen speak of it, is the only theory that harmonizes the Bible *with itself*, as well as with history and science on this question.

The grand fallacy in the reasoning of those who try to defend the drinking of intoxicants by appeal to the Bible is, that *the word being the same proves the thing denoted thereby to be the same.* They argue that what is called wine in the Bible made Noah and others drunk, therefore, all wine spoken of in the Bible was intoxicating. It would be as logical and as truthful to argue that as Cain, the murderer, is called a man in the Bible, therefore, every man spoken of in the Bible was a murderer; or that as the devil, the liar, and seducer, is called a spirit in the Bible, therefore, all spirits spoken of in the Bible are liars and seducers. A score of other parallels will readily occur to the mind of every intelligent reader. If the word being the same proved the idea or thing to be the same, the following pair of texts would flatly and irreconcilably contradict each other:—“God did tempt Abraham”—“God is not tempted of evil, neither tempteth He any man.” Though Solomon says—“Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing,” he would not have said that every wife is a good thing; for he says elsewhere—“It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house.” As there are good men and bad men, good wives and bad wives, good angels and bad angels, good spirits and bad spirits, there are also good wine and bad wine, spoken of in the Bible—the *quality* and not the quantity making

the difference. The words may be, and often are, exactly the same, and yet the persons, things, or ideas denoted by those words as different as heaven, the abode of holy spirits, is from hell, the abode of demons and lost souls. And this gives the key to the true interpretation of Scripture on the wine question. Wine is a generic term, a name for the fruit of the vine in any state, solid or liquid, fermented or unfermented, intoxicating or unintoxicating, mixed or unmixed, poisonous or wholesome. Wine, as it comes from the hand of God, "the new wine found in the cluster," "the pure blood of the grape," the genuine "fruit of the vine," contains no more alcohol than milk or water does, never made a drunkard and never can, and its use is frequently commended, never condemned, in the Bible. But fermented, intoxicating wine, in which sugar, the food, the blessing, has been converted into alcohol, the poison, the curse, is pernicious in its nature, ruinous in its effects, and its use is frequently condemned, never commended, in the Divine Word. The error and sin of not "rightly dividing the Word of Truth" on this matter have produced "fruit after their kind," in the unholy alliance which now alas! exists between the church and the liquor traffic, and furnish the solution of the otherwise inexplicable, paradoxical anomaly, that Christian nations are the most drunken nations throughout the world!

In our last, we gave a lengthened quotation in support of our views on this question from the pen of the learned President Nott, D.D., LL.D., whose eloquent "Appeal to Woman" appears in our "Good Templar Elocutionist" department this month. Indeed we confidently hold, that every competent scholar on either side of the Atlantic, who has given sufficient examination to the subject, has adopted the views upon the Bible wine question, that we are advocating in this series of articles. The late Professor Moses Stuart, D.D., of Andover, is universally acknowledged to have been one of the ripest scholars, and most acute Biblical critics, of the last generation. At the request of President Nott, Professor Stuart, in 1847, gave the subject a thorough investigation, and the result of his research was published in 1848, in a sixty-page pamphlet, in the form of a letter addressed to Dr. Nott. From that letter, we give the following extract in support of the argument we have submitted to the candid consideration of our readers:—

"Wherever I find declarations in the Scriptures respecting any matter, which appear

to be at variance with each other, I commence the process of inquiry by asking: *Whether these declarations respect the same object in the same circumstances?* In some cases, we find directly opposite things said of the same object. For example; *Abraham is alive*, and *Abraham is dead*. How do we solve this apparent contradiction? With all the ease imaginable. Abraham is dead in a *physical* sense; but he is alive in a *psychical* one; or in other words, *his body is dead*, but *his soul is alive*. Both these propositions have respect to the same person or individual; yet one applies only to his *mortal*, the other to his *immortal* part. We have familiar cognizance of this state or condition of man; and by this knowledge we are enabled in a moment to see, that each of the propositions is true, and equally true, and that there is not even the semblance of contradiction between them. In other cases, we betake ourselves to a method of exegesis that is somewhat different from this specifically, but which still rests on the same solid basis. We find *contrary* things said of one and the same person or thing. The case is one, we will say, that cannot be solved in the same way as the preceding, i.e., by a reference to the person or thing as being in this condition or in that. It is one where things are seemingly affirmed of a person or thing, which cannot belong at all to his or its real nature. For example; by nature *God is a spirit*; but on the other hand, to God are ascribed *hands, feet, eyes, mouth*—in a word, all the parts, and even the passions and affections, of mortal men. Now it must be, that one of these descriptions cannot be *literally* true, in case the other is true. From the very nature of the case, we all spontaneously unite in saying, that the declaration, *God is a spirit*, is and must be *literally* true. By this agreement, we necessitate ourselves of course to give a *tropical* or *figurative* sense to all the other declarations; for a spirit hath not flesh or bones. All declarations of such a tropical nature, then, merely establish the fact, that there are, in God, powers and faculties which have some correspondence or analogy to our own; for it is on such a basis that this language of description rests. Thus it is, in respect to all the objects of the invisible world, wherever the language employed is of such a nature as in itself to designate what is *material* and *local*. Thus it must be in all cases, where the power of language, as it now is, are inadequate to give a literal description. We pronounce those to be mere dreamers, who, on the ground of such declarations as have been adverted to, actually assign to the Godhead material parts and passions. We do so, because *material* form and substance are contrary to His known nature. For ourselves, we do not once even suspect any contradiction or discrepancy, in the two different classes of passages that have respect to the Godhead. All the demands of exegesis are satisfied, when we interpret as *tropical* all those passages, which, literally understood, would mar the idea of His spiritual nature. But plain, easy, and rational as all this is, the solution of the case mentioned above, in respect to Abraham, is still plainer and more familiar. It leaves no trace of doubt upon the mind. And it is this latter case, which, in my

apprehension, directly resembles in principle the case now before us.

Wine and strong drink are a good, a blessing, a token of Divine favor, and to be ranked with corn and oil. The same substances are also an evil; their use is prohibited; and woe is denounced to all who seek for them. Is there a contradiction here—a paradox incapable of any satisfactory solution? Not at all. In the light of what has already been said, we may confidently say, *Not at all*. We have seen that these substances were employed by the Hebrews in two different states; the one was a *fermented* state, the other an *unfermented* one. The *fermented* liquor was pregnant with alcohol, and would occasion inebriation in a greater or less degree, in all ordinary circumstances; and even where not enough of it was drunk to make this effect preceptible, it would tend to create a factitious appetite for alcohol or to injure the delicate tissues of the human body. The *unfermented* liquor was a delicious, nutritive, healthful beverage, well and properly ranked with corn and oil. It might be kept in that state, by due pains, for a long time, and even go on improving by age. Is there any serious difficulty now in acquitting the Scriptures of contradiction in respect to this subject? I do not find any. I claim no right to interfere with the judgment of others; but for myself I would say, that I can find no other solution of the seeming paradox before us. I cannot regard the application of the distinction in question, between the fermented and unfermented liquors of the Hebrews, to the solution of declarations seemingly of an opposite tenor, as any forced or unnatural means of interpretation. It simply follows suit with many other cases, where the same principle is concerned. *Abraham is dead*; in what respect? *Abraham is alive*; in what respect? *Wine is a blessing—a comfort—a desirable good*; when and in what state? *Wine is a mocker—a curse—a thing to be shunned*; when and in what state? Why now is not the answer plain and open before us, after we have taken a deliberate survey of such facts as have been presented? I can only say, that to me it seems plain; so plain, that no wayfaring man need to mistake it. My final conclusion is this; viz., that wherever the Scriptures speak of wine as a comfort, a blessing, or a libation to God, and rank it with such articles as corn and oil, they mean—they can mean—*only such wine as contained no alcohol that could have a mischievous tendency*; that wherever they denounce it, prohibit it, and connect it with drunkenness and revelling, they can mean *only alcoholic or intoxicating wine*. I need not go into any minuteness of specification, or exemplification; for the understanding of my readers will at once make the necessary discrimination and application. If I take the position that God's *Word and works* entirely harmonize, I must take the position that the case before us is such as I have represented it to be. Facts show that the ancients not only preserved wine unfermented, but regarded it as of a higher flavor and finer quality than fermented wine. Facts show that it was, and might be, drunk at pleasure, without any inebriation whatever. On the other hand, facts

show that any considerable quantity of fermented wine did and would produce inebriation; and also that a tendency toward it, or a disturbance of the fine tissues of the physical system, was and would be produced by even a small quantity of it, full surely if this was often drunk. What then is the difficulty in taking the position, that the *good and innocent wine* is meant, in all cases where it is commended and allowed? and, that the *alcoholic or intoxicating wine* is meant, in all cases of prohibition and denunciation? I cannot refuse to take this position without virtually impeaching the Scriptures of contradiction or inconsistency. I cannot admit, that God has given liberty to persons in health to drink alcoholic wine, without admitting that His *Word* and His *works* are at variance. The law against such drinking, which He has stamped on our nature, stands out prominently—read and assented to by all sober and thinking men. Is His *Word* now at variance with this? Without reserve, I am prepared to answer in the negative.

Our main work is done. I have discussed *facts*, first of all; then, the *principles of interpretation* to be applied to the relation of them. All that remains for me is, very briefly to make a few explanations of some particulars that have not yet come into special notice, in order to remove objections, or to prevent their being made. One question may perhaps have already suggested itself to the mind of the reader: How comes it, that the Scriptures have nowhere said anything more about the different wines, and the processes by which they are prepared? Had they made plain the distinction between them, and explicitly grounded commendation or blame on this, all difficulty would have been removed. I do not say, that, situated as we now are, our way would not have been easier and plainer, had this been done. But when I find every where in the Bible, that men are addressed as cognizant of all the objects of nature and art around them, and that the sacred writers rarely, if ever, stop to explain what they suppose every body to be acquainted with, I do not find anything singular, or peculiar in the case before us. Why may I not take, for it granted, that when they ranked wine with corn and oil, they expected to be understood, as speaking of a wine that might truly be ranked with them, as a lawful and useful beverage? And why not understand them as prohibiting and denouncing only such wine, as every body knew would produce intoxication? The case seems to me about as obvious as the assertions, *Abraham is dead*, and *Abraham is alive*. Does any sacred writer stop to tell *how* and *why* Abraham is dead, or *how* and *why* he is alive? Does any prophet or apostle stop to tell you *why* you must not attribute *material parts* and *human passions* to God? Not at all. Such writer appeals to that knowledge, which he may well suppose the reader to possess. He commits his declarations to the common sense and reason of men for interpretation. Even so in the case before us, *Prohibition* concerns that which is known to be evil; *allowance and commendation* apply only to that which is good. The decision as to the good or the evil qualities of wine, in this case, is altogether within the power of men.

It depends on their own experience. It is, no *new revelation*, when precept is given to abstain. It is simply a confirmation of what is impressed on our very nature. The very fact, that the sacred writers have nowhere entered into minute illustration and defence of their position, in regard to the matter before us, is sufficient of itself to show, that they felt no difficulty respecting that matter. They must have seen, as plainly as we, that there was an apparent discrepancy between the language uttered in one place concerning *wine* and *strong drink*, and that which was uttered in another. But they appear to have no more thought of any necessity to stop and explain, than we do, when we say *Abraham*

is dead and *Abraham is alive*. All our difficulties, in this case, arise from our inexperience and our want of due knowledge. We could not reasonably expect that the Biblical writers should meet every exigency of this nature. The Bible must become many times larger than it now is, if this were done for every nation and tribe, on the face of the earth. In a word, we might as well insist that the sacred writers should have written in *English* instead of Hebrew; and every nation would have the same claim, in respect to their own peculiar language. Indeed, demands of such a nature would have no bounds, and never could be satisfied."

Alcoholic Medication—No. III.

BY BRO. A. H. H. M' MURTRY, M.D., G.W.T.

FOR the still prevalent ignorance regarding the physiological action and medicinal value of alcohol, there may, perhaps, be some excuse. But, for the credulity which believes, without evidence or against evidence, the most extravagant and absurd dogmas as to the beneficial influence of intoxicating liquors in warding off or curing disease, or in "enabling the patient to pull through" it; for the superstition which ascribes to them therapeutic properties of the most extraordinary (but purely imaginary) character; as well as for the scepticism which, (generally out of love for the drinks themselves), denies the clearest proofs of the superiority of abstinence over "moderate" drinking, and of non-alcoholic over alcoholic medication, there can be nothing but blame. Not even the order of a physician is, of itself, a sufficient reason for doing that which science and experience show to be both unnecessary and dangerous. Every patient, not wanting a pretext for drinking, ought, in view of the evils often resulting, or believed by many to result, from the medical use of intoxicating liquors, to require the physician who orders them, if not to guarantee the patient against injury, at least to satisfy him, that it is indispensably necessary to incur the risk. I have been greatly grieved of late to find that a large number of Good Templars, have fallen back into drinking habits from acting upon this foolish and false idea that they were bound to swallow, either literally or figuratively, and without question, the prescription of their medical advisers. To do something towards the prevention of this in future, I shall state, as briefly and as simply as I can, some of my reasons for believing, and for asking my brethren to believe, that alcoholic liquors are, to say the least of it, utterly worthless as a food, and quite unnecessary as medicinal agents.

I was taught to regard the various compounds sold, not in the apothecary's shop, but in the public house, as a *sine qua non* in the treatment of all cases of debility and debilitating disease. Like a great many other simple people, I believed all I was told, because I thought those who told me ought to know. It never occurred to me to call in common sense to verify and, if necessary, correct the teaching of the schools. Had I done this, I might sooner have adopted the treatment which I have since found so useful, as well as relinquished the treatment which I grieve to think was so often injurious. Well, it did not require college training, but merely my sense of smell, to tell me, what chemical analysis has so often demonstrated, that alcohol comes out of the body as it goes into it, which is a pretty suggestive hint that the body wants to have nothing to do with it, but treats it as an intruder, as it treats every other foreign body, and gets rid of it as soon as possible. When real food thus passes through the body unchanged, as it does, in certain diseases of the digestive organs, everyone admits that the food could not possibly have done the body any good, either as an aliment or a stimulant; but though alcohol always passes thus through the body, a most unaccountable exception is made in its favor, and this wonderful drug gets the credit of both nourishing and strengthening the weakened frame! On the contrary, the body cannot make any use of alcohol, and therefore expels it—expels *it*, the alcohol, not the refuse of its decomposition. Now, why does it do this? The body contains a blood-making machine, which possesses the marvellous property of being able to make blood out of the most heterogeneous substances. The materials introduced into it for this purpose are taken to pieces in a part of the machine called the stomach; the absorbable portions are

then taken up by an apparatus of cells and tubes, and still further changed; and from these they are conveyed into the circulatory organs, undergoing another change in their course thither, which ends in their complete conversion into blood. And not only does the body contain a blood-making machine, but the blood is the material out of which Nature (whatever *she* may be) makes the body. Nature uses the different ingredients of this fluid for making bone, muscle, nerve, sinew, skin, glands, nails, hairs, ligaments, &c.; and after she has used up all the useful constituents of the blood, that is, of the food originally put into the machine, she throws out the remainder as worthless, and, if retained, actually injurious.

Nor did it require college training to teach me this other fact, that Nature, when she gets her own way, makes no blunders; and I might be very sure that what she throws away, she cannot use for the building up of the body and keeping all its parts in proper working order, and that the reason she throws it away is just because she cannot so use it. Now, she invariably throws alcohol away. If this substance be introduced into the machine over which she presides (an accident, by the way, which can only happen when her foremen, Knowledge and Reason, are absent from their posts), she sometimes thrusts it out again forthwith by vomiting; but if it succeed in making its way among the more minute and delicate parts of the mechanism, the whole of the works are for the time disarranged and disturbed, there is disorder and tumultuous excitement (miscalled stimulation and strength) throughout the whole frame, and the different parts move rapidly and laboriously till the obstruction has completely passed through. Thus the intruder is expelled as quickly as possible, and the exquisite "piece of work"—the human body—carries on its various functions as before. But alcohol it goes in, and alcohol it comes out, just because Nature protests against having anything whatever to do with it. She has a notice on the front of her premises, that there is "No admission except on business," and as alcohol only comes in to upset all her arrangements (which it cannot but do), she thrusts it out as an enemy. Any one who compares the smell of alcohol, with the smell of a drunk man's breath, and who chooses to exercise a little reflection, need not go to college to be taught whether alcohol ought to be used as a food or a medicine. He will be able to arrive at the conclusion for himself (and he will find his conclusion confirmed by accurate scientific investigation), that alcohol contributes nothing to the nourishment of the body, which is the same as saying that it contributes nothing to the strength

of the body, which is the same as saying that it is neither food nor stimulant. What is it, then? In a small quantity, it is a deranger of function—a "disturber of the peace"—ful movements of the machine; in a large quantity, it brings a part or the whole of the machine to a dead-lock—it kills a part or the whole of the body—it acts as a narcotico-irritant poison. Nature is generally able to cope with her adversary, and the man recovers; sometimes she is unable, and the machinery stops—the man dies.

Such is a homely, but, I believe, a correct description of the action of alcohol in the human body; and it must be plain, that if alcohol, alone and unaided, can give Nature so much trouble, it can give her a great deal more when it has an ally—disease—to assist it. If the strong body of a healthy man be so easily disordered by the presence in it of alcohol, is it not the plainest common sense to suppose that the weak body of a diseased man will be still less able to resist its injurious influence? Could anything more absurd be conceived than to pour this disturbing agent into a frame already at the highest pitch of disturbance from the poison of fever or some other cause, or this narcotizer into a frame already weakened by disease? Dis-ease is deranged function; deranged function is the result of deranged structure; deranged structure (except when caused by direct mechanical violence) is the result of deranged nutrition; and deranged nutrition is the result of the absence of one or more of the conditions of perfect nutrition, and requires for its removal the presence and co-operation of all these conditions. One of these conditions is the introduction into the body of only such agents as are capable of being in part or entirely converted by the blood-making machine into healthy blood, and then used by Nature—or the vital force—for the formation of healthy structure. This being done, healthy function, that is, health, will of necessity follow. But we have seen that alcohol is not such an agent; and therefore alcohol can never be useful in the removal of disease. As a healthy man's food or drink, it is unnecessary, useless, injurious; and it is much more so as a sick man's medicine. At least, this is what my theorizing brings me to, and my practice points in the same direction. I am fully aware of the danger of drawing conclusions from too small a number of facts; but the experience of the past five years, during which I have not prescribed any intoxicating liquor, as compared with that of the previous four years, during which I followed the ordinary practice, has convinced me that the very worst cases of fever, scarlatina, small-pox, dyspe-

psia, loss of blood, and the other diseases in which these drinks are usually resorted to, can be far more satisfactorily and successfully treated without alcohol than with it. The longer I live, the

more strongly am I of opinion that the total withdrawal of this poison from the list of remedies would be an inestimable blessing to humanity.

Juvenile Templars.

BY SISTER MRS. WEICHMANN, R. W. G. V. T.

I LOOK forward to the children for the advance of our noble Order. We do not attach enough of importance to this branch of our work. Early impressions are undoubtedly the strongest, and most enduring, and hence, while we labor to impress upon the minds of the adult portion of the community the necessity of the Temperance reformation, we certainly should not fail to instil the same ideas into the minds of the children, that they may become part of the very bone and sinews of their characters. Let us to the work then among the little ones. Our Juvenile Lodges should be under the fostering care of earnest, intelligent, and kind-hearted brothers and sisters. We should be lenient towards the young, leading and winning them by gentle persuasion, making them love the Temperance cause, and every cause that has Truth and Sobriety on its side. A child when grown up never forgets the teachings of early days.

The history of all reforms, especially those that must be accomplished through the expressed will of a majority, proves that a certain amount of education by agitation is indispensable to their accomplishment. Though we may gain temporary and comparatively insignificant victories over our foe, or even those valuable, as stepping stones, to future and more radical conquests, through our untrained recruits, drawn from the ranks of our adversary, or of the indifferent, it is evident that

we have need to put the weapons of attack and defence into the hands of youthful volunteers and drill them for active and efficient service, before the gigantic evils of intemperance can be overcome. We must destroy the *germ* of the poisonous seed before it has had time to mature even the *first crop*! If fathers and mothers need the restraining influence of the Lodge-room, can we say less of their sons and daughters?

Children are eminently imitative and social beings, and while we fail to occupy their young minds with such educational and social influences as shall make them not only virtuous, but valiant for the Truth, the drinking customs of society will not fail to lead them astray, or at least to render them callous to the enormity of the evil, and hence just such indifferent spectators of it as those that clog the wheels of our progress now. Let us go on, then, brothers and sisters, in our work among the young, and fervently pray that God may prosper us therein. Who can predict, with the Temperance agitation now going on the world over, what golden fruits may be in store for the youthful workers in our Temperance fields? I firmly believe that if our Order were to adopt as its main principle, the Temperance Education of the Children, we would present a more brilliant record of Temperance progress, and a nobler roll of followers beneath its banner, than we can expect to do from our present methods.

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MIRIAM DRAKE.

CHAPTER XVI.

IS CAUGHT ON ONE OF THEM.

"GCH, Miss Luton, dear, but I'm glad to see you home again," Bridget, James's wife, shouted from the yard when she saw Miriam unlocking the hall door, but she kept at a respectful distance while offering her congratulations. Miriam changed her clothes, and then hurried away to the Glebe, for she was famishing for a sight of Moses. "I don't know what I would have done without him," Miss Bellamy told her, as they sat in Mattie's room, Moses on

his sister's knee, with his arms around her neck in the old childish fashion, while Mattie lay smiling at them from her white-curtained bed, which she declared had never felt so soft before. "And have you been a good boy all this time?" Miriam asked, looking into the deep, grey eyes of her darling. "He was very good," answered Miss Bellamy. "Except once, Aunt Sophy," he corrected; then turning to his sister, "I was angry because they would not let me go to you along with Mattie, and I tried to run away, but George Connor was working at the rustic paling — didn't you see the new rustic paling, Mira,

with the roses trained up it?—and Aunt Sophy made him run after me, and he caught me before I was half way to the village." "It was very naughty of you to run away, dear." "But I didn't take time to think whether it was naughty or not; I wanted so much to be with you and Mattie, that I just ran without thinking. When George caught me I knew I was wrong, but I was so angry then that I did not care, and I kicked and squealed all the way back to the house till he could scarcely get me along at all." "Moses, dear, that was not like a child of the Kingdom," she said, in a low voice, leaning her forehead on his sunny hair. "I forgot that I was that till afterwards," he answered, giving her a little squeeze round the neck. "Tell all, when you are at it, Lutton," said Miss Bellamy, kindly. "When George brought me back, I was so hot that the Rector said I would be taking cold after it, and wanted me to drink wine to cool me, but I remembered that I mustn't do that, and wouldn't; and when Aunt Sophy shut me up in the blue room by myself, I began to remember, you know,"—and he gave her neck another squeeze, by way of explaining his meaning—"only I wouldn't let myself, and tried to get out by the window, but it would only lift a wee, wee bit, and when I was trying to push my shoulders through it, I heard something in the inside of me whispering that I was very wicked, and that it was the devil was putting me up to it. So I said I wouldn't do what the devil bid me any more, and I pulled in my head and asked God to send him away; and my heart got cool all of a sudden, and I lay down on the floor and cried because I had been so bad." Miriam felt too much worn out to remain long at the Glebe, and when she returned home Bridget had overcome her fears so far as to venture into the kitchen to tell her the domestic news. "James couldn't sleep in his bed when you were away, for fear somebody would run off with the house," she said, after giving the natural history of the fowl, to which Miriam listened only half awake, "he rose twice every night and went round the place with Colie to see that all was right." "I did not know that I was such a protection." "He thinks you are, at any rate, and it looks as if he were right, for with all his watching, somebody is stealing the pirtas." "Why I never knew of that being done before. Are there many taken?" "There's nearly as good as a rig hoked one place and another. We thought at first it was the pig, but then it's never out." "Some other person's may have crossed the lake, or the gate may have been left open." "We thought of that too, and him and me considered that must have been the way of it, but when we were going to dig our own pirtas on Saturday after the shower, we saw the mark of a man's bare foot, and I declare it gave me a start." "Likely it was some poor tramp took them; I am sure it was none of the neighbors." "I wish he would tramp in some other art then; and wasn't it queer that he walked over our rigs and went to yours?" "I suppose he thought I could best afford to lose," she answered, wearily, dismissing Bridget and the subject together, and going upstairs to seek the rest she so much needed, too tired to remember to lock the back door.

But though she found rest for her body when she lay down, there was none for her mind till hours had passed away. There was a dull throbbing sense of pain and loss at her heart that would not let her sleep, and though she was too weary to think, she was not too weary to feel, or rather the weariness made her feel more intensely the scorching of the sacrificial fire of the altar on which she had laid herself, without a murmur or a thought that her happiness was for a moment to be considered in the matter. Had she deemed herself necessary to Philip's happiness she would not have given him up, even for Mattie's sake, but if he loved Mattie best—and he must have learned to do that, or Mattie would never have spoken of him as she had done—no look or word of hers should ever betray that there was a time when it was otherwise. That Philip's heart had been hers she knew, but that it was hers no longer she did not doubt, though she could not tell when the transfer had been made, for she had never felt surer of his love than the last evening he came to the Corner House. When or how it had been done she did not know; she only knew that her friend had unwittingly stolen her lover, and that she could do nothing but suffer in silence, till God should comfort her; and it might be that in another world she would be as dear to Philip as Mattie was, and he would know there, though never here, how she had loved him. She would wait patiently till then; it did not seem so long to look forward to, as it sometimes did, for suffering had brought the unseen world very near her that night, and there were no earthly hopes to obstruct the view. Her mental pain did not abate, but rather increased as the hours passed, till at length she became stupefied with it, as if with a powerful opiate, and her body seemed to sleep, though her mind still retained its consciousness. She heard three o'clock strike, and then something stirred in the room, but her eyes were closed, and when she tried to open them the lids were heavy as if held down by some supernatural power, and she could not lift them. The floor creaked; something came and stood over her, and she felt a hot breath upon her cheek; she tried to scream, but her tongue was as powerless as her eyelids, and she lay as quiet as death, while the breath came hotter on her cheek; something that felt like a human face touched her face, and something that felt like human lips, buried in hair, touched her lips; then the floor creaked again, the door closed softly; there was a mumuring sound outside it; the room whirled, and Miriam became insensible. The sun was streaming through the windows when she awoke with a dull, dazed feeling; but she had hardly begun to recall the "terror by night" when Colie pushed his nose in at the door, and seeing her, sprang upon the bed with a bark of welcome. Here was very simple solution of the mystery, Miriam thought, as she stroked his head, and invited him to take a lower place; the bolt of the door had not shot home when she closed it, and Colie and a disturbed brain had combined to produce the creeping horror of nightmare.

When she finished her breakfast, James came to get her out to look at the corn before he would begin to cut it; he always asked her

opinion on farming matters, as regularly as that he took his own way. Their consultation being finished, she told him he might as well dig the potatoes for the dinner, then, and that she would gather them. "Very well, Miss Lutton, but if things go on as they have been doing lately, there'll soon not be many to dig," he answered, his manner growing mysterious at once, as he began to tell her of the unknown thief; "I suppose Biddy tould you how they are going, and how I saw the track of him that took them; it was the plain mark of two bare feet, but one of them had only marked the ground with four toes," he said, glancing uneasily over his shoulder. "Perhaps whoever left the footmarks had lost one of his toes." "That is just what I said myself; I said he had only nine." And having said that, he would say no more, but knocking his spade into the ground, began to toss out the potatoes, without seeming to mind how far Miriam might have to run to look for them. "Did you go to church regularly when I was away?" she asked after a little, thinking her task might be more easily accomplished if his thoughts were turned into some less perturbing channel; for she knew he was of a superstitious nature, and guessed the shape his fears had taken, when she remembered that her father had lost one of his toes, by an accident, when a child. "There's no use in me going to church; my heart is so hard that it takes very deep preaching to break it, and that's what nobody'll get from the Rector, poor body." "Well, Mr. McPherson is deep enough; you might go to hear him." "Mr. McPherson isn't bad in his own way; he can divide a sarmon into heads and tails as nately as any man I know; but he's too much for works, and it takes stiff doctrine to do me any good. Besides, he has fallen away badly since he joined the Temperance. He used to be very edifyin' about original sin, but he hardly named it the last time I heard him; and instead of prachin' again' the world, the flesh, and the devil, it was all again' the world, the devil, and whiskey." "He cannot say too much against whiskey, for it is one of the devil's pet agents." "I'm not denying that, and in a week-day lechur there would be no harm in giving it a wipe; but in a Sunday discourse it is a body of divinity the like of me wants, and that's what is hard to get. I travelled as far as Kilmurry to look for it Sunday was a week," he continued, leaning on his spade, while Miriam picked the pink tubers from among the earth he had carelessly scattered over them, "and there's a man there gave me a stomachful. He preached for three mortal hours, and had to leave the half of the sarmon over till the next Sunday. He insensed us into the reason of sin being allowed in the world, and tould us that the more sinners there were in hell, it would be the more glory to the Almighty." "I would think rather that the more saints there were on earth and in heaven, the greater would be the glory to Him." "Well, now, he made it very plain the other way, only I can't rightly remember his argyments. He took a fling at the Temperance, too, and said that people were to use all God's good gifts with thankfulness, and that he wouldn't wonder if the bad crops this when years back were a judgment on people for making

so little of His bounties, and wanting folk to abstain from them." "If he was meddling with God's purposes, he might have said with more truth that the bad crops were a judgment sent on account of the good grain that is rotted in the distilleries for the manufacture of whiskey." "It isn't likely he would say that, and Mr. Jackson his right-hand man," James answered, thinking her very stupid.

When Miriam had washed the potatoes, and put on the full of a large pot to boil for the pig and fowls, she went over to the Glebe. Moses was watching for her, and ran down the avenue to meet her as soon as she came in sight, and, taking her hand, began to tell her how lonely he had been when she and Mattie were away, and how he had prayed for three nights that he might take the fever and be sent to the Corner House to be nursed, and how he had taken a headache after the third time, but Aunt Sophy had overheard him, and told him that it was wrong to pray to be sick: so he asked God to keep away the fever, and then the headache got better. "But Mattie has it now," he added, as if he thought her headache was identical with the one he had got rid of. Mattie was looking both weak and feverish when Miriam went upstairs to her. "Put your hand on my head, Miriam dear," she said plaintively; "aunt's is too warm, and Lutton's is too small to cool more than a patch of my forehead at a time." "Is it aching much?" Miriam asked, as she did as requested. "It was not ill to a little while ago; but aunt was talking to me, and that wine makes it worse." "Then why do you take it, dear?" "They say it will strengthen me, and papa would be vexed if I did not take it. I will never taste it again when I get strong, though. I used to think there was no harm in it, but—" "But what?" "You know I told you that Philip had promised not to drink anything except wine, and aunt has been telling me this morning that papa saw him quite intoxicated in Ardrey the other day, and I am sure it was not whiskey or brandy he had been drinking, when he said he would not. But that makes me more anxious to please papa and them all by taking wine when I am sick," she added, moving her head restlessly on the pillow, and talking a little ramblingly. "Philip would not mind what I said so much if I went too far, and people do a great deal of harm by running to extremes, and saying that alcohol is never useful as medicine." "I don't know any one who says that, dear; it is only that it is inexpedient to use it even as medicine on account of the way people have got into of looking on it as a cure for everything, whereas it has done incalculably more harm than ever it has done good. And as to running to extremes, you know, Mattie dear, that all great reformers have been thought by some of the men of their own day to do that." "That may be, but papa says the way Mr. McKenzie talks about Temperance has disgusted him at the whole movement." Mattie was too weak to be argued with, so Miriam did not remind her that her father never had supported it. She looked so lovely with the delicate flush on her cheek, and the fever brightness in her blue eyes, that Miriam did not wonder she had outrivalled her. "Mattie, how long is it

since Philip—"?" she began, and then stopped from sheer inability to put that question into words; but Mattie understood her. "You know there was always a great friendship between us," she answered, softly, "but I never thought of anything more than that till last Winter, when he began to be different, though he never spoke out till two months ago." "And what did he say when he spoke out?" Miriam asked, resolved to leave herself no loophole through which hope might shine. "What people always say at such times, I suppose, only he said it more nicely than any one else could have done." "But what did he say?" "I could not tell you if I tried, but he wanted to know if I could love him," she answered, stripping down her friend's long taper fingers with her own little chubby ones. Just then, Moses, who had gone to find the kitten to show to his sister, came in with his adopted aunt. "Child, you have been talking quite too much; you are as white as a sheet. Miriam, you should not have allowed her!" exclaimed Miss Bellamy. "It was not Miriam's fault," Mattie hastened to assure her, in a feeble voice, her lip beginning to tremble from sympathy with herself, when she saw how anxious her aunt looked as she held a glass of wine to her lips. "That does her good!" Miss Bellamy said triumphantly, as her cheeks began to burn, and her eyes to sparkle again. "Indeed it doesn't," returned Moses, stoutly, "it just makes her look as if she had real fever." "You never saw any one in fever, child." "No, but I know well enough how they look; Philip used to look as if he had fever after drinking a lot of punch." "'Lot' is not the proper word to use, Lutton." "Well, then, a jorum of punch, or of 'distilled damnation,' whichever you like," he answered gaily, and then fell to kissing the kitten on its 'we pink snout,' as he said himself. "Lutton, who taught you such a naughty word?" "I heard it in Mr. McPherson's meeting-house the evening I made the Rector take me to hear the lecture there." Moses had a comical, old fashioned way of saying "the Rector" that always made Miss Bellamy laugh, so she allowed the naughty word to pass without further reproof; although she moralized inwardly on the coarseness and vulgarity of Dissenters in general, and Temperance people in particular. To be sure, the fact of a gentleman lecturing in Mr. McPherson's church was no proof of him being a Dissenter; but, like many other good, kind-hearted women, Miss Bellamy having once arrived at her conclusion, was in no way particular about the premises by which she had reached it.

When Miriam was going home, she saw Philip coming down the hill from the Grange. She hurried on, for she had no desire to meet him just then; but he hurried too, and overtook her, before she could reach the bridge. "It is a pleasure to see you on the road again," he said, holding out his hand in his frank, genial way. "It is a pleasure to me," she answered, withdrawing her fingers from his pressure, with a red spot on each cheek; "the world never looks so beautiful as when we have been shut out from it for a little." "That does not apply to inanimate nature alone." "It sometimes sickens me to think how poor prisoners, who are shut out from

God's sunlight, must suffer," she went on, her eyes falling under his meaning gaze, and talking because she dared not keep silence. "Perhaps they do not feel the deprivation so keenly as you suppose; when people are miserable they do not love they light or see any beauty in nature," and there was a bitterness in light-hearted Philip's tone, as if he had felt it so himself. "Not at first; I suppose, like the dumb animals, our first instinct when in pain is to hide away, in darkness and solitude, from the cheerful faces that jar upon us, and the joy bells of nature, that seem to mock our suffering: but afterwards, when the first agony is over, we long for the voices of sympathizing friends, and the minor chords of Nature's music; and it must be awful to long for them in vain." "The crime that brings people to prison usually deadens their sensibilities, till they are incapable of feeling as you think they do." "People may be in the position of criminals without their hearts being hardened by the crime for which they suffer. Poor Mr. Innes, who killed the gentleman in Dublin the other day, was really no more guilty than thousands of young men who take too much wine at dinner, and you cannot tell how soon you may occupy the same fearful position that he does." "I, Miriam?" "Yes, for you, too, destroy your reason by intoxicating drinks, and in some mad moment, when your passions are from under your control, you, too, may deprive a fellow-creature of life, in drunken anger, and have to atone for it by long years of sober misery, shut out from heaven's light, from friends, from hope." "I always said you were a prophetess; but, by my word, Miriam, you are a very black one to-day." "I cannot prophesy smooth things to you; I cannot say 'peace, peace, when there is no peace.' Oh, Philip, when I think of what you are, and of what you may yet become, I tremble for you!" she cried, white with agitation. "You have not much faith in me," he answered, sullenly. "I have faith in you, but I have none in the spirit you allow to take possession of you. It has ruined men as high-souled and noble as you." (N.B. There was no particular nobility in Philip's yet undeveloped character, but Miriam's love had endowed him with some of her own attributes, as true love delights in doing.) "undermining all that was good in their nature, and sending them chartless, compassless, rudderless, adrift on the sea of life. Many young men, as cultivated and high-born as you, have made soul and body shipwreck on the rock of intemperance, and you have no guarantee that their fate will not be yours." "I am no child, to be frightened by bug-bears, Miriam, and if you were wise you would not try it. Can a man not take a glass of wine without being in danger of damnation, as your pleasant doctrine teaches?" "Can a man take fire in his bosom and not be burned?" she asked, in turn. "You forget there is such a thing as principle." "Principle has not kept you from falling in the past, and even religious principle cannot preserve us from temptation if we deliberately thrust ourselves into it." "You really are too bad, Miriam. Mattie Bellamy would not attack me like this; she thinks better of me." Had she understood men's ways better, she would have known that he only wanted to

move her to jealousy; but she thought he was sincere, and answered with a complete absence of temper. "I know how highly Mattie thinks of you, Philip, and I want you to be worthy of her; she is good and pure and true, and you must be the same—true to her and true to yourself. She is worthy of your love, be you worthy of hers, and may God bless you both," she said, solemnly, and then she went away quickly, leaving him half stunned by the suddenness of his release. He wanted no release, for he had not felt himself bound, and it chafed him to think that she considered her consent was necessary to his perfect freedom, as her manner showed she did. But it chafed him far more to think that she had, unasked, renounced her claim to him; doing it, too, with such sincerity and absence of resentment, that he knew she meant what she said, and had not given him up in a fit of pique, as some women might. It wounded him to the quick that it cost her so little effort to say what she did, for he underrated her power of self-command, and little guessed what it cost her to acknowledge him as Mattie's lover instead of her own. He knew that women sometimes hid their real feelings under a mask of indifference or scorn, but he did not know that love's most impenetrable disguise is the open friendship that seems to require none. But even as his wounded vanity and self-love made him call her cold and heartless, he knew that she was dearer to him than any other woman ever had been or ever should be, and as he watched the tall, graceful girl, who had allowed his arm to encircle her once, but never would again, the depths of his heart were stirred, and a great flood of sorrow and tenderness welled up from it.

"Miriam, Miriam, come back to me!" he cried. Ah! had she heard that cry— But she did not hear it, nor look back to see how he was stretching out his arms to her, in vain entreaty; and so she went on her lonely way to her lonely house, and the waters of Philip's deeper nature returned whence they came. "Better as it is," he thought; "what could I have said, or how could I have justified myself for making love to Mattie? I suppose the little simpleton has told her all the nonsense I ever talked to her, so there is nothing for it but to do as they all expect me." And a feeling almost of repugnance to poor Mattie took possession of him, as, shouldering his gun, he left the vicinity of the lake, and strode away to the Grange meadows. He went along the bank of the leaping, sparkling, joyous river—the same river that flowed so darkly and silently in Peton woods—till he came to a little grove of poplars, and there he threw himself down to cool, physically as well as mentally, for he had walked fast, and a month of gloomy weather had been succeeded by a return of most oppressive heat. But he had scarcely felt the luxury of the shade when he heard a sound of panting, and there was the Rector coming painfully along the path under his silk umbrella. He threw himself on the grass beside Philip, and

wiped his forehead before he could speak. "I was going up to the Grange, when I saw you making for the meadows, and I called as loudly as I could, but you would not hear," he said, as soon as his speech returned. "I am sorry you took the trouble of following me," Philip answered, trying to speak courteously, but unable to keep a tinge of sarcasm, that was lost upon Mr. Bellamy, from appearing in his manner. "I knew you could not have heard that poor Mattie—" and Mr. Bellamy stopped short. "What of Mattie?" the other inquired, sharply. "She is ill; she has fever." "Oh! fever, is it?" exclaimed Philip, rather disappointed, for he had been hoping, from the Rector's disconsolate face, that Mattie had run off with some one. "But it is not infectious," Mr. Bellamy hastened to add. "I am glad of that," Philip forced himself to say. "She must keep her room of course, but the doctor allows her to sit up for a couple of hours every day, and I don't suppose he would object to her seeing any very particular friend," said Mr. Bellamy, looking sly, but wiping his eyes at the same time. "Oh!" groaned the young man. "Don't grieve, my dear boy; please God we will soon have her downstairs again, and till then you may see her—for a short time, though—every day." "Ah!" ejaculated the young man, varying the vowel, and smothering a temptation to throw his father-in-law expectant into the river. "It would be too shallow to drown him, and then I would have the trouble of picking him out;" he soliloquized, while the Rector went on: "You can come up for a little while this evening, about seven o'clock—only for a little while, remember; and, above all things, you must not excite her." "If I excite her, I am sure it will not be by the violence of my love-making," Philip thought. "The doctor might not approve of me seeing her," he said aloud; "she might not be equal to the exertion of entertaining visitors." The scarcely concealed bitterness of the speech was thrown away on Mr. Bellamy, who saw only the young man's anxiety for the health of his lady love, which made him willing to deny himself the delight of her society rather than run the risk of endangering it, so he answered: "I sounded the doctor about it, and he said she might see Miriam, or any very intimate friend; and to tell you the truth, my dear boy, when I asked her to-day if she wanted anything, she whispered, 'I would like to see Philip,' and I promised I would bring you; so we must not disappoint her, for that would hurt her more than the excitement of seeing you, and Dr. Marks charged us to keep up her spirits. Seven o'clock, remember." "Seven be it, and good-bye till then." And Philip lifted his gun and marched off. "Poor fellow, he is quite affected," said the Rector, as he began to gather himself up from the ground. "I wish, though, he had helped me up before he went away, for it is easier to lie down than rise this weather."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MORTALITY AND DRINK.—Experience and Statistics, amongst operatives, soldiers, and middle-class civilians, in England, America, Germany, and India, establish the truth that, under the same circumstances, the per-centage of sickness and mortality is twice as great amongst moderate drinkers as abstainers, and four times as great among drink-hards.—DR. LEES.

Correspondence Connected with the Late Discussion.

(Continued from our last.)

Greenock, 17th October, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—Your letters of the 15th and 16th just now to hand. Agreed then that the meeting in Killyleagh be held on the evening of the 4th November. The Committee of Church there have intimated to me that they have the complete control of arrangements, and I replied expressing my satisfaction, at the same time giving the names of two persons to whom the Committee, if they see right, should deliver one half of the tickets. You, of course, can name to them two parties to receive the other half. As that Committee takes entire control, there is no necessity for appointing a Committee on our part unless in this matter. The Church was granted at once at my request: yours not having been forward at time mine was presented. Your arrangements about lecturing, however, fully explain the delay.

Then as for Belfast. I am glad to know that you are willing for 5th or 6th; as on deliberation, I think one night will be scarcely sufficient for opening up the whole subject, I desire two nights there, both 5th and 6th. As you are ready for either night it cannot overturn any arrangement of yours to take both. Messrs. Chancellor and Megaw are prepared to make such an offer to your representatives. It does not matter whether you intimate your Committee to me: intimate them to Messrs. Chancellor and Megaw, and forthwith proceed. To save time, I will write now to Mr. Megaw to call at Offices to-morrow, find out names of Committee, and arrange first meeting with them, where and when may be thought convenient. This will set matters agoing.—Very truly yours,

J. KERR.

Belfast, 18th October, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—I have received yours of yesterday, and willingly agree to your proposal for two nights—5th and 6th—in Belfast. Mr. Megaw has got the names of the two members of Committee on my side, so that the whole matter of arranging for the Belfast meetings is now in the hands of the Committee.

I have been asked by a member to give the Committee the definite subject of discussion, and have replied—"The Principles and Practices of Good Templarism Contrary to Scripture and Reason." Is this your understanding of the matter? It is necessary to be definite on this point.

I shall name two gentlemen in Killyleagh to take charge of one half of the tickets as you have suggested, and that will complete our share of the arrangements there. If you kindly answer my question about subject of discussion per return of post, I presume our personal correspondence will be at an end, until we have the pleasure of meeting in Killyleagh on 4th November.—Faithfully yours,

JOHN PYPER.

Rev. J. Kerr.

Greenock, 20th Oct., 1873.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to intimate that your letter written on 17th is only now (Monday morning) received, and, in reply, that I will instruct my Committee in Belfast regarding yours, and that Messrs. A. Martin, High Street, Killyleagh, and F. Weaver, Ardigon, near Killyleagh, are my Committee at Killyleagh.—Yours very truly,

J. KERR.

Greenock, Oct. 21, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of date 18th, only now to hand. Glad to hear you are willing for the two evenings in Belfast. Glad also you have taken the initiative regarding the definite subject of discussion. If you have no objection, I would prefer that the question be stated thus:—"Is Good Templarism in harmony with Reason and Scripture?" of which question you take the affirmative and I the negative.

Hoping to meet on 4th prox., and enter on this discussion with a single eye to the Glory of God.—I am, ever sincerely yours,

JAMES KERR.

Belfast, 22nd October, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of yours of yesterday, and feel somewhat surprised at its contents. All your previous letters I looked upon as candid, fair, and reasonable, and felt pleasure in replying to them in what, I considered, a similar spirit and style. But I do not think you can expect me to accept as either fair or reasonable your favor of yesterday. I have not "taken the initiative regarding the definitive subject of discussion," unless you place an emphasis on the word "definite" which would be utterly unreasonable; and I beg very decidedly to state that I shall accept no such alteration in the form of the discussion as that which you so strangely suggest at this stage, namely, "that the question be stated thus:—"Is Good Templarism in harmony with Reason and Scripture?" and that I should take the affirmative and you the negative.

The title of your pamphlet is—"The Principles and Practices of Secret Societies Opposed to Scripture and Reason." I agreed at the request of a Good Templar Lodge to lecture in Killyleagh, on 30th ult. My subject was announced in placards and hand-bills, a copy of which I presume you saw, as follows:—"The Rev. James Kerr's Strictures on Good Templarism, in his Pamphlet on 'Secret Societies,' will be reviewed in a Lecture by John Pyper," &c. The lecture was delivered on the announced date, and your challenge, dated 26th September, runs thus:—"To Chairman of Meeting on Templarism at Killyleagh, Sept. 30th, 1873. Sir,—I have just learned that at a meeting to be held on Tuesday first in Killyleagh, 'John Pyper, Esq., G.W.C.T.," is to review the Good Templar

portion of my Pamphlet on 'Secret Societies.' I hereby and now challenge 'John Pyper, Esq., G.W.C.T.' to a public discussion of the subject in Killyleagh, and also to a second discussion of the same subject in Belfast." What "subject?" I answer—"The Principles and Practices of Good Templarism Opposed to Scripture and Reason." This is the "definite subject of discussion." The terms of your challenge, in my opinion, bear no other legitimate construction, and I mean to accept no other, unless you can show that I have been in error on this point, which I think it will be impossible for you to do.

You have taken the "initiative" in every step from the first, and must do so till the end; and, therefore, you must take the affirmative, of your own proposition, as I have indicated it, and I shall take the negative. I shall merely act on the defensive in the future, as I have done in the past. I have far too much important work on hands at present to challenge any man, especially a total abstaining minister, to a public discussion. But if any man, and especially any minister of the Gospel, assail Good Templarism, or any other Society of which I feel it my duty to be a member, as "Opposed to Scripture and Reason," in its "Principles and Practices," I shall endeavor, as opportunity may permit, to show that he is wrong. And while thus employed, should I be challenged, as I have been by you, I shall accept the challenge, if I deem the party offering it competent to conduct a creditable discussion. This I considered you to be, and, therefore, at once and most cordially accepted your challenge. But you may rest assured that neither now, nor at any other stage of the proceedings, will I tolerate any turning aside from the straightforward course of a fair and honorable discussion. Your proposal about subject seems to me something like deviating from what is straightforward, though I hope unintentionally on your part; and I shall, therefore, anticipate that you will not think of pressing the proposal when you look at the matter as I have now hastily endeavored to put it.—Faithfully yours,

JOHN PYPER.

Rev. J. Kerr.

Greenock, 24th Oct., 1873.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of yours of the 22nd, and am sorry if I have said anything that was calculated to offend you. But in reply let me explain that in your letter of the 17th, you write—"As you are the challenging party, it is proper that your side should take the initiative at every step of the proceedings." &c. In your letter of the 18th you say, "I have been asked by a member to give the Committee the definite subject of Discussion, and have replied—"The Principles and Practices of Good Templarism contrary to Scripture and Reason." Is this your understanding of the matter? It is necessary to be definite on this point." To this I replied I was glad you had taken the initiative regarding the definite subject of discussion, but that I preferred it should be stated, "Is Good Templarism in harmony with Reason and Scrip-

ture?" If there be anything in this apparently wanting in candor or straightforwardness, I regret it.

As to the challenge then in its bearing on the settlement of the question, I beg to say that you have omitted in your quotation a most important portion of that challenge, and which will help to a settlement. This omitted portion is—"As, however, I am still prepared to defend, with the Word of God for my guide, the position I have taken up in regard to Good Templarism. I hereby and now challenge 'J. Pyper, Esq., G.W.C.T.' to a public discussion on the subject," &c. This clause underlined tells plainly enough I think what the subject for discussion is—"The position I have taken up in regard to Good Templarism," which position I am to defend. And therefore the subject is—"Are the Rev. James Kerr's objections to Good Templarism contained in his pamphlet on Secret Societies defensible?" or to adhere to the very words of the challenge, "Is the position the Rev. J. Kerr has taken up in regard to Good Templarism, in his pamphlet on Secret Societies, defensible?" Of this I take the affirmative and you the negative.

Please reply at convenience as to which of these two statements of the question you select.—Very sincerely yours,

J. KERR.

P.S.—I am still awaiting your Committee's names for Killyleagh. You got mine a few days ago. I send your letters to my Committee for their inspection.—J.K.

Belfast, 25th October, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—As the time is so far advanced, I do not wish to delay matters, else I might say something in reply to your reasoning on the terms of your challenge, that I think would necessitate the form in which I stated the question being adopted, as the only proper one. But as my desire has been, and is, to facilitate the preliminaries of the discussion in every way I can with propriety do, I am willing to accede to your wish with regard to the statement of the question so far as to adopt either of the following:—

1.—Is the position the Rev. James Kerr has taken up with regard to Good Templarism, in his Pamphlet entitled, "The Principles and Practices of Secret Societies Opposed to Scripture and Reason," defensible?

2.—Is the Position the Rev. James Kerr has taken up in regard to Good Templarism, namely, that its "Principles and Practices" are "opposed to Scripture and Reason," defensible?

Either of the above, or the statement of your position by yourself in the title of your pamphlet, as I gave it in my last letter, would be intelligible and definite, which could hardly be said of either of the forms you give in your letter of yesterday. Neither of them would indicate the subject of discussion, except to those who had seen your pamphlet; and I would not like to be a party to the making of so lame an announcement, in such circumstances.

I still believe the form I stated in my last would be the most manly and straightforward for you to adopt. It is your own—why should

you shrink from it? But if you wish your own name and that of your pamphlet included in the statement of the question, you will have them in either of the two forms I have now suggested.

And to have done with what appears a needless correspondence between earnest, honest men, I leave the matter entirely in your own hands in this way:—I shall share the responsibility with you of announcing any one of the three forms I have proposed, or I shall allow either of the two forms you give in your last letter to be announced, reserving to myself the right of criticizing it *as yours alone* in the discussion.

I trust, therefore, you will give a reply by return of post that will save any further correspondence between us till the discussion be over. I know my own time is so valuable to me that I have need to economize it, and I am sure yours must be the same to you; so let this matter be settled at once as you have now the full power of doing it.

The names of the two gentlemen who represent me in Killyleagh are Mr. William Gilmore, Killyleagh, and Mr. James Irvine, Ballytrim, Killyleagh.—Truly yours,

JOHN PYPER.

Rev. J. Kerr.

Greenock, 27th Oct., 1873.

DEAR SIR,—In receipt of yours. I have again looked over your ticket and my letter to the Chairman of meeting in Killyleagh, and still believe that my statement of the question is fair and honorable. I beg, however, to propose another statement of the question taken from the very words of your ticket for Killyleagh; and bear in mind that it was in relation to that ticket and lecture that my challenge was presented. Your ticket runs—"The Rev. James Kerr's *Strictures on Good Templarism* in his pamphlet on '*Secret Societies*,' will be reviewed," &c.

Now the statement I submit is this:—"Are the Rev. James Kerr's *Strictures on Good Templarism* in his pamphlet on '*Secret Societies*' defensible?"

I cannot conceive of the slightest objection you can offer to this. If there be anything dishonorable in this, you may attribute it to yourself or your friends: and consequently you and (or) they owe me an apology.

You may blame yourself for this delay. I am endeavoring in every proper way to meet you. My willingness to go at a stormy (usually) season, so far as Belfast and Killyleagh, and my

sending of a challenge to be presented to you, show how desirous I am to take every difficulty out of your way in order that I may make your acquaintance. The delay too is attributable to the fact that several of your letters are two days of arriving here. From the post-marks, &c., it is clear that they have been posted after the mail to Greenock direct leaves Belfast, and so they do not come to me till the second day after posted. This would also have been the same case with this one but for the Sabbath day, and I think a mail by Kingston and Holyhead. Beware of accusing me of a delay caused by your own neglect, wilful or otherwise, it is not for me to say.

I entirely repudiate the offensive insinuations in your previous letter as unworthy a gentleman and a Christian. Why you omitted in that letter one of the most important portions of my challenge is best known to yourself: and especially strange was it when you were imputing the absence of straightforwardness to me.

That there be no more delay, I hope you will at once intimate to your Committee what your answer is to this. If you do not consent to your own words, then I am willing to refer the matter back to joint Committee.—Very truly yours,

J. KERR.

P.S.—Let your Committee know reply in time for their meeting in the morning.—J. K.

From the terms and tone of the above letter and of Mr. Kerr's preceding one, dated 24th October, Mr. Pyper feared that he (Mr. K.) desired to raise a quarrel by quibbling over the title of the discussion, and thus, with the aid of his friends on the joint Committee, to get a pretext for evading the encounter altogether. To prevent the possibility of this, and to bring the correspondence to an end, Mr. Pyper replied as follows:—

Belfast, 28th October, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—I consider the form of stating the question for discussion, as well as your reasoning in support of it, in your favor of yesterday, defective—not dishonorable, but lame and indefensible. But rather than correspond further on so small a matter, or give the Committee any trouble about it, I shall accept it.—Truly yours,

JOHN PYPER.

Rev. J. Kerr.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Good Templar Elocutionist.

APPEAL TO WOMAN.

BY THE LATE PRESIDENT NOTT, D.D., LL.D.

It has not being usual for the speaker, as it has been for some others, to bespeak the influence of those who constitute the most numerous, as well as the most efficient part of every assembly where self-denials are called for, or questions of practical duty discussed; and yet, no one is more indebted than myself to this influence.

Under God, I owe my early education, nay, all that I have been, or am, to the counsel and tutelage of a pious mother. It was her monitory voice that first taught my young heart to feel that their was danger in the intoxicating cup, and that safety lay in abstinence. And as no one is more indebted than myself to the kind of influence in question, so no one more fully realizes how decisively it bears upon the destinies of others. Full well I know, that by woman

came the apostacy of Adam, and by woman the recovery through Jesus. It was a woman that imbued the mind and formed the character of Moses, Israel's deliverer,—it was a woman that led the choir, and gave back the response, of that triumphal procession which went forth to celebrate with timbrels, on the banks of the Red Sea, the overthrow of Pharaoh,—it was a woman that put Sisera to flight, that composed the song of Deborah and Barak, the son of Abinam, and judged in righteousness, for years, the tribes of Israel,—it was a woman that defeated the wicked counsels of Haman, delivered righteous Mordecai, and saved a whole people from utter desolation. And not now to speak of Smeriramis at Babylon, of Catharine of Russia, or of those Queens of England whose joyous reigns constitute the brightest periods of British history, or of her, the patron of learning and morals, who now adorns the throne of the sea-girt Isles; not here to speak of these, there are others of a more sacred character of whom it were admissible even now to speak. The sceptre of empire is not the sceptre that best befits the hand of woman; nor is the field of carnage her field of glory. Home, sweet home, is her theatre of action, her pedestal of beauty and throne of power. Or if seen abroad, she is seen to the best advantage when on errands of love, and wearing her robe of mercy. It was not woman who slept during the agonies of Gethsemane; it was not woman who denied her Lord at the palace of Caiaphas; it was not woman who deserted His cross on the hill of Calvary. But it was woman that dared to testify her respect for His corpse, that procured spices for embalming it, and that was found last at night, and first in the morning at His sepulchre. Time has neither impaired her kindness, shaken her constancy, nor changed her character. Now, as formerly, she is most ready to enter, and most reluctant to leave, the abode of misery. Now, as formerly, it is her office, and well it has been sustained, to stay the fainting head, wipe from the dim eye the tear of anguish, and from the cold forehead the dew of death.

This is not unmerited praise. I have too much respect for the character of woman, to use elsewhere the language of adulation, and too much self-respect to use such language here. I would not, if I could, persuade those of the sex who hear me, to become the public, clamorous advocates of even Temperance. It is the influence of their declared approbation; of their open, willing, visible example, enforced by that soft, persuasive colloquial eloquence which, in some hallowed retirement and chosen moments, exerts such controlling influence over the hard, cold heart of man, especially over a husband's, a son's, or a brother's heart. It is this influence which we need,—an influence chiefly known by the gradual, kindly transformation of character it produces, and which, in its benign effects, may be compared to the noiseless, balmy influence of Spring, shedding, as it silently advances, renovation over every hill, and dale, and glen, and islet, and changing throughout the whole region of animated nature, Winter's rugged and unsightly forms, into the forms of vernal loveliness and beauty. It is not yours to wield the club of Hercules or bend Achilles' bow. But, though it is not, still you

have a heaven-appointed armor, as well as a heaven-approved theatre of action. The look of tenderness, the eye of compassion, the lip of entreaty, are yours; and yours, too, are the decisions of taste, yours the omnipotence of fashion. You can therefore,—I speak of those who have been the favorites of fortune, and who occupy the high places of society,—you can change the terms of social intercourse and alter the current opinions of the community. You can remove, at once and forever, temptation from the saloon, the drawing-room, the dining-table. This is your empire, the empire over which God and the usages of mankind have given you dominion. Here, within these limits, and without transgressing that modesty which is Heaven's own gift and woman's brightest ornament, you may exert a benign, kindly, mighty influence. Here you have but to speak the word, and one chief source of the mother's, the wife's, and the widow's sorrows, will, throughout the circle in which you move, be dried up for ever. Nor, throughout that circle only. The families around you, and beneath you, will feel the influence of your example, descending on them in blessings like the dews of Heaven that descend on the mountains of Zion; and drunkenness, loathsome drunkenness, driven by the moral power of your decision from all the abodes of reputable society, will be compelled to exist, if it exist at all, only among those vulgar and ragged wretches, who, shunning the society of woman, herd together in the bar-room and the groggery.

Why, then, should less than this be achieved? To purify the conscience, to bind up the broken-hearted, to remove temptation from the young, to minister consolation to the aged, and kindle joy in every bosom throughout her appointed theatre of action, befits alike a woman's and a mother's agency—and since God has put it in your power to do so much, are you willing to be responsible for the consequences of leaving it undone? Are you willing to see this tide of woe and death, whose flow you might arrest, roll by you onward to posterity, increasing as it rolls, for ever? O! no, you are not, I am sure you are not. However others may hesitate, waver, defer, temporize, take you the open, noble stand of ABSTINENCE; and, having taken it, cause it by your words, and by your deeds, to be known on earth, and told in Heaven, that mothers here have dared to do their duty, their whole duty, and that, within the precincts of that consecrated spot over which their balmy, hallowed influence extends, the doom of drunkenness is sealed. Nor mothers only; in this benign and holy enterprise, daughter and mother alike are interested. Ye young woman!—might the speaker whose chief concernment hitherto has been the education of the young, be permitted to address you, he would bespeak your influence, your urgent, persevering influence, in behalf of a cause so pure, so full of mercy, and so every way befitting your age, your sex, your character. O! could he make a lodgment, an effectual lodgment, in behalf of Temperance, in those young, generous, active hearts within his hearing, who this side heaven could calculate the blessed, mighty, enduring consequences? Then from this favored spot, as from some great central source of power,

encouragement might be given, and confidence imparted, to the whole sisterhood of virtue, and a redeeming influence sent forth, through many a distant town and hamlet, to mingle with other and kindred influences in effecting throughout the land, among the youth of both sexes, that moral renovation called for, and which, when realized, will be at once the earnest and the anticipation of millennial glory. This, the gaining of the young to abstinence, would constitute the mighty fulcrum on which to plant that moral lever of power to raise a world from degradation. O! how the clouds would scatter, the prospect brighten, and the firmament of hope clear up, could the young be gained, intoxicating liquors be banished, and abstinence, with its long train of blessings, be introduced throughout the earth. —*Lectures on Biblical Temperance, page 176.*

THE CROSS AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

BY IDALINE, GUERNSEY.

I stand beneath the shadow of the Cross ;
I touch the wounded feet there nailed for me ;
I see the crimson blood come trickling down ;
I gaze upon the last death-agony.
I know 'twas sin that nailed my Saviour there ;
I know 'twas sin that pierced His precious side ;
'Twas sin that stretched Him on that rugged tree ;
For sinners, guilty sinners, Jesus died.
O shall I, then, not hate the thing which made
The Saviour suffer death for man undone,
And spurn the tempter who would lure my feet
Into the paths where guilt and folly run ?
Shall I not hate whatever draws away
From Truth and Right the souls by Jesus
bought,
And leads His ransomed ones down, down to death,
Forgetful of the great salvation wrought ?
Is there one thing, above all other things,
Which leads to ruin, misery, death, and hell,
Sending it thousands to eternal woe,
Where, far from God, they evermore must dwell ?
There is ; the Traffic in Strong Drink does this ;
Its open doors are seen on every side ;
The heartless tempter lures his victims in,
And down Destruction's path they swiftly glide.
Shall I not hate this odious Traffic then,
Which fills with crime and misery our land,
And call on all who love the name of Christ
To lend to put it down a helping hand ?
How can those men who deal out day by day
The fiery poisons which their brothers kill,
Look up and see the sufferer on the Cross,
And mock Him with their seeming homage still,
Knowing, as they must know, the thing they sell
Is spreading death and misery all around ?
Good men and angels mourn, while fiends rejoice,
To see the evils which their trade surround.
Is it not, then, a duty Christians owe,—
All who profess to serve their Lord and King,
And do the work He bids them—they who rest
Beneath the shadow of His sheltering wing,—

O, is it not a duty to their God,
To Him who, bleeding, hung upon the tree,
To ask, in burning words that must be heard,
Their country from this Traffic shall be free !
I stand beneath the shadow of the Cross ;
I look upon the bleeding Sufferer there ;
I know His heart is yearning o'er the lost ;
I know He doth for the poor drunkard care.
I know that He who has for sinners died—
Would snatch the erring one from ruin's brink ;
And as I look I hate with bitter hate
This fearful Traffic in the accursed Drink.

THE IRISH CRY.

BY BRO. R. A. W. (BARNEY MAGLONE).

THERE'S a wail from the glen ; there's a groan
From the hill ;
'Tis the cry of the land 'gainst the Fiend of the
Still !
'Tis the *caoine* of Erin—the *caoine* so dead,
That swells for the living, and not for the dead—
The living! the smitten—the blasted—the seared—
The souls by the slime of the drink-snake
besmeared.
From the home on the upland, the hut in the dale,
From the hamlet and city, is bursting the wail.
'Tis the sob of the wife ; 'tis the moan of the child ;
'Tis the groan of a nation by bloodshed defiled.
From the heart of the orphan it pierces the air ;
It bursts from the widow's white lips of despair ;
It moans from the roofless, untenanted walls ;
And, gurgling and choked, from the gallows it falls !
It sobs o'er the grave where the drunkard is laid ;
It shrieks from the soul of the maiden betrayed ;
It bursts from the poor-house, the mad-house, the
goal ;
This woe!—despairing—wide—wild Irish wail !
Up ! Children of Erin, respond to the cry !
For man's sake—for God's sake—up ! act in reply !
For the sake of the soul-smitten slave of the cup—
For the sake of his victims—up ! countrymen, up !
By the hell in his heart, and the hell that he fears ;
By his wife and his children—their tortures and
tears—
Up ! act ! nor be backward with heart, voice, or
hand,
Till the King-fiend of curses is swept from our land.
Heave up the old land into daylight again,
The smiled-on by Heaven—a praise among men :
Wring the curse from her heart, wipe the stain
from her sod ;
Roll her out among nations, an island of God !
IN VINO FALSITAS.
BY SIR W. A. BECKETT.
Grief, banished by wine, will come again,
And come with a deeper shade,
Leaving, perchance, on the soul a stain,
Which sorrow had never made.
Then fill not the tempting glass for me :
If mournful, I will not be mad ;
Better sad, because we are sinful, be,
Than sinful, because we are sad.

Progress of the Order.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

BELFAST.—26th February, Bro. G. H. Pearce lectured to a large audience in Clifton Street Lecture-room, under the auspices of Erin's First Lodge. Bro. Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry, G.W.T., occupied the chair. A vote of thanks was given by acclamation to the eloquent lecturer, on the motion of Bro. Rev. J. Mecredy, P.G.W.C., seconded by Bro. D. Fortune. On the same evening, a meeting was held in connexion with the Alexander Riddell Lodge, in the Primitive Methodist School-room, Melbourne Street, at which addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T., and others. 28th February, a meeting was held in the Lancasterian School-room, under the auspices of the Extreme Lodge. Bro. D. Smith, D.D.G.W.C.T., presided, and an interesting programme was gone through. 6th March, a large meeting was held, under the auspices of the Star of Ulster Lodge, in the Independent School-room, Donegall Street. Bro. Councillor J. H. Haslett presided, and a selection of music was rendered in good style by a choir under the leadership of Bro. R. Foster. Mrs. Glyndon presiding at the piano. 9th March, the G.W.C.T. lectured to a good audience in the Ekenhead School-room. Rev. J. Greenlees, A.M., occupied the chair. 15th March, the G.W.C.T. addressed a meeting in the same place. 18th March, a successful soiree in connexion with the Prosperity Lodge was held in the Belfast Mercantile Academy, Bro. J. G. Henderson, W.C.T. occupied the chair. Addresses were delivered by the chairman and Bro. W. Colhoun. Recitations and music by members of the Order added to the enjoyment of the evening. 20th March, a meeting was held in connexion with the Royal Oak Lodge, in Fleet Street Hall. Bro. A. Ledlie, G.W.S., presided. Addresses were delivered by the chairman and by Bros. Boreland and Irwin, and a good elocutionary and musical programme was gone through.

KINSALE.—28th January, a very large meeting was held under the auspices of the Kinsale Concord Lodge, in the Lodge Room, Kinsale. Bro. Rev. R. Ludlow occupied the chair, and an interesting programme was gone through.

MOYALLON.—28th January, the members of the No Surrender Lodge held their annual soiree in Moyallon. There was a large attendance of members and friends. Bro. T. H. White, J.P., P.G.W.C.T., presided, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T., and Rev. T. A. Jones, D.C., and by Rev. Mr. Orr.

DOWNPATRICK.—2nd February, a highly successful soiree was held, under the auspices of the Stella Lodge, in the Assembly Rooms, Downpatrick. Edward Gardner, Esq., occupied the chair, addresses were delivered by Bros. the G.W.C.T., Frost, M'Cutcheon, and others, several pieces of music were rendered by a choir, Sister Miss Ferguson presiding at the harmonium, and readings were given by Bro. Isaac M'Iroy.

NEWTOWNSTEWART.—3rd February, a good meeting was held in the Wesleyan Chapel, Newtownstewart, under the auspices of the Newtown's

Hope Lodge. Bro. Rev. G. Mehaffy occupied the chair, and Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T., delivered a lecture, subject:—"Public-House Sign-Boards, or Pictures of the Traffic."

MONEYMORE.—4th February, the members of the Rainbow Lodge held their annual soiree in the Town Hall, Moneymore. There was a crowded attendance. Rev. Dr. Grainger occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. H. B. Wilson, D.D.G.W.C.T., Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T., and others.

MAGHERA.—11th February, an excellent soiree was held in Hall Street School-house, Maghera, under the auspices of the Guiding Star Lodge. Bro. James Lytle, P.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and among the speakers were Bros. the G.W.C.T., W. M. Scott, and S. D. Lytle, W.C.T.

DUBLIN.—12th February, the annual soiree of the Captain Boyd Lodge was held in the Independent School-room, York Street, Dublin. Bro. Councillor W. F. Lawlor, G.W.V.T., occupied the chair, and an interesting programme was gone through. The soiree was highly successful. 27th February, the members of the Sons of Mars Lodge, held a soiree in the Presbyterian School Room, Sandymount, Dublin. There was a very large attendance. Bro. Councillor W. F. Lawlor, G.W.V.T., occupied the chair, and an interesting musical entertainment was given by the Lodge Glee Class, under the conductorship of Bro. P. Hawthorn, D.G.W.C.T. Serjt. Crossby presided at the piano, and Drum Major Ball performed on the oboe.

HILLSBOROUGH.—17th February, a lecture on Good Templarism was delivered under the auspices of the Hillsborough Lodge, by Bro. Rev. N. E. Smith, W.C.T. Rev. S. Campbell, Lisburn, occupied the chair, and the Lodge-room was crowded, the members wearing their regalia. The thanks of the meeting were cordially given to the lecturer, on the motion of Bro. L. Shaw, W.L.D. 10th March, a successful soiree was held in connexion with this flourishing Lodge in the same place. The Ven. the Archdeacon of Down occupied the chair, and the meeting was addressed by Rev. S. Campbell, Bro. Rev. B. Child, and Bro. Rev. N. E. Smith.

CASTLEFIN.—19th February, a large meeting was held under the auspices of the Dayspring Lodge, in the Town Hall, Castlefin. Bro. Robert Harper, D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and Bro. G. H. Pearce delivered an able lecture. On the motion of Bro. A. Kerr, seconded by Bro. T. Simms, a vote of thanks was accorded to the lecturer. 22nd February, the G.W.C.T. addressed a large meeting in the Market House, Castlefin, Bro. R. Harper, D.D.G.W.C.T., presiding.

PORTRUSH.—23rd February, the annual soiree of the Northern Star Lodge was held in the Town Hall, Portrush. Major Hannay, J.P., occupied the chair, and the attendance numbered about 400. Revs. H. Ffolliott, J. Simpson, R. W. R. Rentoul, H. Hughes, and M. Woodburn addressed the meeting, and a choir of members of the Lodge gave appropriate selections of music at intervals.

TANDRAGEE.—23rd Feb., a crowded meeting was held in the Assembly-Rooms, Tandragee, under the auspices of the Diamond Lodge. Bro. T. H. White, J.P., P.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and Bro. G. H. Pearce lectured with his usual ability.

CARRICKFERGUS.—24th February, a large meeting was held in the Good Templar Hall, Carrickfergus, under the auspices of the Fisherman's Hope Lodge. Bro. John M'Dowell, W.C.T., occupied the chair, and an interesting programme was gone through, including singing by an efficient choir and by Bro. Dixon, and readings by Mr. Houston.

DROMORE.—24th February, a most successful soiree was held in the School-house connected with

the First Presbyterian Church, Dromore, under the auspices of the Morning Star Lodge. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, addresses were delivered by Rev. J. C. Johnston and others, and appropriate selections of music were given by a choir, Mrs. Harrison presiding at the harmonium.

DUNDALK.—25th February, the members of the Onward Lodge held a social meeting in the Market House, Dundalk. There was a good attendance of the members and their friends. Bro. G. Townley, W.C.T., occupied the chair and addresses were delivered by Bro. Rev. Mr. Kinch and Rev. J. Thompson. The proceedings were also enlivened by singing, readings, and recitations.

Varieties.

REPORT OF THE LATE DISCUSSION.

A full Report of the late Discussion on Good Templarism, between the Rev. James Kerr and the G.W.C.T., is now ready, in an Eighty-page Pamphlet with paper cover, price Ninepence. A considerable reduction will be made to Lodges or Members taking parcels of a dozen copies or upwards. Orders with cash forwarded to Bro. A. Ledlie, G.W.S., 26, Ann Street, Belfast, will be promptly attended to.

GOOD TEMPLAR WEEK OF PRAYER.

We are happy to state that we have reason to believe our request, that Lodge meetings in the week commencing 8th March, should be mainly devoted to prayer for the Divine blessing upon the operations of our Order and other Temperance Societies, was almost universally acceded to throughout our jurisdiction. And the exercises were so agreeable and refreshing that many Lodges have resolved to make their meetings Temperance prayer meetings once every month or every quarter. We greatly rejoice at this, and would earnestly commend the consideration of the matter to all Lodges. Let us pray and work, and work and pray, as we have never done before for the destruction of our great national curse.

OBITUARY.

The W.C.T. and members of the Guiding Star Lodge, No. 123, Maghera, had to discharge the mournful duty of accompanying the remains of Bro. Henry Donaghey, a charter member of the Lodge and an earnest worker in the cause, to their long resting place, on Wednesday, 18th March. At the Lodge meeting on the evening of that day, all the members felt the great loss which the Order had sustained, and a cordial resolution of sympathy and condolence with Sister Anna Donaghey, wife of the deceased, was adopted, and ordered to be conveyed to her by an influential committee.

GOOD TEMPLAR MARRIAGES.

LOGAN—DEANS.—11th Feb., 1874, in Moira Presbyterian Church, by Bro. Rev. S. Graham, Bro. James Logan, P.W.C.T. of Provider Lodge, No. 138, to Sarah Jane, youngest daughter of Mr. A. Deans, Soldierstown.

MORROW—M'KEOWN.—26th February, 1874, in Hillsborough Church, by the Ven. the Archdeacon of Down, Bro. James Morrow, of Sphinx Lodge, No. 117, to Sister Mary M'Keown, of Hillsborough Lodge, No. 210.

LENAHAN—POLE.—5th March, 1874, in the Wesleyan Chapel, Ballina, by the Rev. G. G. Ballard, Bro. Isaac Lenahan, of Pioneer of the West Lodge, No. 220, to Miss Pole, Ballina.

HULL—HULL.—11th March, 1874, in Soldiers-town Church, by the Rev. Robert Hill, Bro. James Hull, to Sister Jane A. Hull, second daughter of Mr. James Hull, Kilview Cottage, both of Provider Lodge, No. 138.

BOWMAN—SMILEY.—18th March, 1874, by special licence, at Cross Street, Larne, by Bro. Rev. J. B. Meek, Bro. John A. Bowman, U.D.G. W.C.T., to Martha Love, daughter of John Smiley, Esq., Larne.

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor begs to express his regret that, from circumstances which he could not control, the *Irish Good Templar* was too late in being issued the last four months; but he is happy to intimate that new arrangements having been made regarding the printing of it, subscribers may confidently expect to receive it in good time in future.

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Orders for the *Irish Good Templar* and for Advertisements should be addressed to Bro. J. G. Henderson, 18, Clifton Street, Belfast.

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The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

VOL. II.—No. 5.

1ST MAY, 1874.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



Bro. Hon. Judge Black, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

IN the great reform now agitating all minds among English speaking people, there are a few who seem to become pre-eminently the leading spirits of the movement. In

America, where, theoretically, all are declared to be on an equality, it might be supposed that one would not be much greater than another in a grand moral reform. It seems, however, one

of the providences of the great Ruler, that some should take the helm and guide the ship of reform through the angry billows of ignorance, prejudice, and bigotry. In the cause of Temperance, particularly that known as Prohibition, upon the Western Continent, it has been conceded that James Black, of Pennsylvania, stands as a prominent leader, and a great expounder of the principles of Prohibition.

He was born at Lewisburg, Union County, State of Pennsylvania, U.S.A., 23rd September, 1823, and is now in his fifty-first year. He lived on a farm until he was twelve years old, and though this out-door exercise and farm life may have laid the foundation of his robust constitution, yet it had no particular charms for him. Occasionally he would drive the horses on the Pennsylvania and Union Canals for a change. When he was thirteen years old, his parents moved to Lancaster City. He found employment in a saw mill, which was run by water-power, on the Conestoga river, during the Winter and Spring. By this means he earned sufficient to pay for his tuition during the Summer in the Lancaster Academy. When the Public High School was opened, in 1838, James entered the first class, and remained at the head of the class until the next year, when he became a member of an Engineer corps, engaged on the Susquehanna and Tide Water Canal, which passed along a few miles south of the city of his adoption. On one occasion he drank enough to make him so drunk that he became aware of the fact when he recovered himself. He felt so mortified, so worried about it, that he never forgot it. He found that he loved the taste of intoxicating drinks, and young as he was, he felt his danger. Quietly he slipped away from his companions, the other members of the corps, and there, on the banks of the Susquehanna river, hid by the thick foliage from all but his God, he knelt in fervent prayer, imploring forgiveness, vowing that he would never again touch the intoxicating cup, and asking God to give him strength to keep this vow. Often does he refer to this critical period as the turning point of his life. The next year, at the age of seventeen, he identified himself with the Temperance movement, and became a member of the first Washingtonian Temperance Society of Lancaster City. The following year, he returned to Lewisburg, where he entered the Lewisburg Academy, and completed his studies, including Latin and Greek. In 1843, he commenced the study of law with James F. Linn, of Lewisburg. The next year, he returned to Lancaster, and completed his reading of law with

Colonel W. B. Fordney, and was admitted to the Lancaster Bar at the age of twenty-three.

When Bro. Black was nineteen years old, he was received as a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. At the age of twenty-two, he married Miss Eliza Murray, of Lewisburg. The following year, at the time he was admitted to practise law in Lancaster, the home of his adoption, he was chosen trustee of his church, and made Superintendent of the Sabbath-school, and the same year, he assisted to organize the "Conestoga Division of the Sons of Temperance." In 1852, the Lancaster County Temperance Convention was held, and James Black was chosen chairman of the County Committee. A few days after this, he made his first Temperance speech. This was followed by a mass woods meeting, where he made an eloquent and powerful appeal in favor of Prohibition by the vote of the people at the ballot-box. For the next three succeeding years, he was member of the State Central Prohibitory Committee, and in 1854, he was chairman of the Committee to interrogate the candidates for Governor, and other high officers of state. His mind now became impressed with the importance of publishing Temperance literature. Under this conviction, in 1859, he wrote an article upon the subject, which was published in the *American Temperance Union*, edited by Dr. Marsh. This was so well received that he followed it with another upon the same point. At the National Convention held in 1865, at Syracuse, New York, he presented an exhaustive paper upon the necessity of more Temperance literature. This was referred to a committee of five, who reported in favor of a committee of twelve to organize a "Temperance Publishing House," and James Black was made chairman of this committee. This publishing house has since become an immense power in the providence of God, for the spread of Temperance Truth, and millions of Temperance tracts and books have been published and circulated by it, as well as tens of millions of Temperance papers. There were 25,277,478 pages published last year alone by this very National Temperance Publishing House.

In 1858, on 1st October, the first Good Templars' Lodge was organized in Lancaster, and Bro. James Black was elected as its first Worthy Chief Templar. He was so well pleased with the Order that he at once took an active interest in it, and devoted considerable time to the organization of Lodges. In two years, by his influence, Lancaster County could boast of as many Lodges as all the rest of the state combined.

In 1860, he was elected G.W.C.T. of the State of Pennsylvania, and for the two succeeding years, was re-elected to the same position. In 1864, he was elected R.W.G. Counsellor of the highest body of the Order, and retained this position for three successive years. At the request of the R.W.G. Lodge, he prepared a memorial to Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, asking for the abolishment of whiskey rations in the Navy and the Army. By the request of the same body, he prepared the celebrated "Cider Tract," which seemed to have the effect of settling the question of the propriety of Temperance people using sweet cider as a beverage. In 1866, Bro. Black presented a resolution in the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, authorizing the calling of a State Convention to consider the propriety of making the Prohibitory question a political issue. This Convention met at Harrisburg, in February, 1867, and Bro. Black was made chairman. The following year, a National Convention of similar

character was held in Cleveland, Ohio, and Bro. Black was made chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. Four years after, another National Temperance Convention was held at Columbus, Ohio. On 22nd February, 1872, the Hon. Judge Black, was chosen as the Temperance candidate for President of the United States. He well knew the odium that politicians of other parties would endeavor to cast upon this movement, and upon all connected with it. There could be but little hope of a good vote upon the first introduction of a new party based on any great moral reform. His feelings were against accepting a nomination that could offer no personal advantage, even in the remote future, and requiring continual sacrifice; but duty and his love of the cause compelled him to lay aside selfish considerations, and allow his name to be used. Bro. Hon. Judge Black is now an acknowledged leader of the Temperance Movement in America.—*The Templar*.

The Bible and Total Abstinence.—No. V.

BY THE EDITOR AND DR. MILLER.

IN previous articles on the Bible and Total Abstinence, we have directed the attention of our readers to the immense importance of the subject, in its practical bearings on the progress and triumph of the cause of Temperance. We have pointed out the only method of harmonizing the teaching of the Bible with that of Science and Experience regarding intoxicating (poisoning) drink. We have shown that Nature, History, and Revelation unite in condemning, without any qualification, the use of all intoxicating beverages. We have given irresistible demonstrations of our arguments in extracts from the pens of the eminent Divines, Drs. Ritchie, Nott, and Stuart.

No intelligent Christian can give due attention to the question without seeing that it is a dreadful perversion of Scripture to attempt to defend the use of poisonous, soul-and-body-destroying drinks from the Bible. It is both amazing and humiliating to hear the flippant dogmatism with which some prominent Biblical expositors still condemn teetotalism, by their traditional interpretations of Scripture. Dr. Lees, in his own pithy style, speaks of "Classical scholars whose scientific education has been neglected." This is an accurate description, as far as the chemical and physiological basis of teetotalism is concerned, of all the professors and preachers who try to defend the use of alcoholic drink from the Word

of God. Whenever a man of Science, like the late Dr. James Miller, Professor of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh, looks into the question, he sees at once that it is a gross violation of physical law to use intoxicating beverages of any description. And if, like Dr. Miller, he should be a devout believer in the Bible as the inspired Word of God, he at once feels that, as one truth can never contradict another, the Holy Scriptures cannot sanction what he knows to be wrong. And when, like the Bereans, who "were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so," he gives due attention to the matter, he finds to his delight, according to his anticipations, that the Bible is in full harmony with his scientific facts relative to the question, and that nothing but unfounded misinterpretations of the sacred volume have ever made it appear otherwise. This is now the intelligent conviction of scores of Professors, thousands of Ministers of the Gospel, and millions of the most earnest and intelligent Christian people of our day. Thank God, their numbers are daily increasing. It is only by the prevalence of this doctrine and the practice which it involves, that Christendom can be freed from the sin and shame of drunkenness which now rest upon it. "Ye shall know the Truth, and the

Truth shall make you free." "Sanctify them through Thy Truth, Thy Word is Truth."

Professor Miller's Temperance career supplies an admirable illustration of the ordinary working of Temperance Truth in the heart and mind of a man of God, a man of science, and a man of letters. As a devoted Christian, observing in common experience as well as in his surgical and medical practice, the baneful results of the use of intoxicating beverages, he became a teetotaler and a zealous advocate of the Temperance cause. Then as a man of science, he noticed, what indeed had long been taught by other Temperance advocates, that alcohol is a poison, that all alcoholic liquors are poisonous, and therefore inevitably injurious to those who use them as beverages; and so he wrote and published his lucid demonstration of this most important truth, in the now well known work—"Alcohol: Its Place and Power." But this necessarily led him to make the further inquiry—How is this truth to be harmonized with the teaching of the Bible on the subject? As a linguist and historian, whose scientific education had not been neglected, he therefore turned his mind to the examination of this point also; and to his delight, as doubtless he anticipated, he ascertained that the Bible frequently condemns, but never sanctions, the use of alcoholic drink.

"Alcohol: Its Place and Power" was published in 1858, by the Directors of the Scottish Temperance League, to whom the gifted author generously presented the valuable manuscript. In 1859-60, Professor Miller demonstrated the complete harmony of Experience, Science, and Revelation, on the drink question, in a course of brilliant lectures to the students of the University of Edinburgh. He embodied the substance of these lectures in a work entitled—"Nephalism, (Teetotalism) the True Temperance of Scripture, Science, and Experience." This work was published by the Directors of the Scottish Temperance League in 1862. Its circulation has been very great, especially during the last four or five years, indicating the gratifying progress of the all-important doctrine which it propounds. We shall here give an extract from this valuable work, regarding the personal example of our Saviour, to which we beg the thoughtful and prayerful attention of all our readers. At page 100, the eminent Professor writes as follows:—

"Understanding, then, that the intoxicants now in ordinary use in this country, as a means of personal and social entertainment, had no existence in Judea, 1800 years ago; that the wines then and there used were of two kinds, fermented and unfermented, intoxicating and non-intoxicating; that the latter were in at least as frequent use as the former, and that even in the present day, in wine-growing countries, these unfermented wines are equally esteemed as the fermented, and by some 'esteemed the best;' that drunkenness was then by no means a specially prevailing crime in Judea, certainly not the most

prominent of the sins of the Jews; and concluding, therefore, that the people had then the option of drinking either the intoxicating or the non-intoxicating wines, with the bias of custom and propriety doubtless leaning towards the latter—let us now reverently approach the personal example of our Saviour; premising only this much more, viz., that if I found it proved that He, either Himself drank intoxicating wine, or made it, and caused it to be drunk by others, my mouth would be shut as an advocate of Nephalism. *Did Christ ever Himself drink intoxicating (fermented) wine?* The only ground for alleging the affirmative is, that He came in contrast to John the Baptist. John was a Nazarite; He was not. 'John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil.' The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, (or wine-drinker, *oinopotes*) a friend of publicans and sinners.'—(Luke vii. 33, 34.) He partook of ordinary food; and that was ground enough for the scoffers to stigmatize him as 'a man gluttonous.' He also partook of wine, of some kind, not abstaining absolutely from the fruit of the vine, as John and other Nazarites did; and that was ground enough for the imputation of 'wine-bibbing.' As he was 'a man gluttonous,' so was He a 'wine-bibber.' As much; and no more. While John came as a Nazarite, drinking no wine, the Nazarene came, not as a Nazarite, but partaking occasionally of wine, of course in a manner and degree absolutely devoid of all sin. Now, if it had been necessary to prove His freedom from the Nazarite vow, through infringement of its terms, by His partaking of fermented, and consequently intoxicating wine, my case falls to the ground. But how stand the facts? The Nazarite's vow we find thus described:—'He shall separate himself from wine (*yayin*), and strong drink (*shechar*), and shall drink no vinegar of wine, or vinegar of strong drink, neither shall he drink any liquor of grapes, nor eat moist grapes or dried. All the days of his separation shall he eat nothing that is made of the vine tree, from the kernels even to the husk.'—(Num. vi. 3, 4.) In order to assert His liberty from that vow, then, it was enough that He should partake of 'moist grapes or dried,' or of 'any liquor of grapes,' or of 'anything that is made of the vine tree, from the kernels even to the husk.' The wine used might be fermented or unfermented; if the product of the grape at all, that was enough. And with that option, is it reasonable—is it possible—to believe that He preferred at any time that which contained the element of intoxication? Is such an act credible on the part of Him of whom it was prophesied.—'Butter and honey shall He eat, that He may know to refuse the evil and choose the good.'—(Isaiah vii. 15.) Did He partake of fermented wine, mingled, or pure, as a medicinal agent, in the crisis of sickness, or exhaustion, or pain? We cannot tell. But this much we know, that in the inspired narrative of His terrible decease accomplished at Jerusalem, these solemn words occur—'They gave Him to drink wine mingled with myrrh; but He received it not.' Not only is there no proof that He ever partook of intoxicating wine, but on the contrary, the inference, if not the proof, is diametrically opposed

to any such idea. *Did He ever make intoxicating wine, to be consumed by others in social enjoyment?* This brings us to the far-famed scene at Cana of Galilee. 'The mother of Jesus was there: and both Jesus was called, and His disciples to the marriage,' among Jews of the humbler sort, no doubt, for He had no relationship with the rich or great till in the tomb. As the feast went on—not continuous in its eatings and drinkings, but interrupted, according to the various meals, as might happen at Christmas week parties, in country houses in our own day—the stock of wine which they had provided, and thought sufficient, is exhausted. Mary applies to her son for more. Six waterpots of stone, set there 'after the manner of the purifying of the Jews,' and capable of 'containing two or three firkins apiece,' are, by His command, filled with water. 'And they shall fill them up to the brim.' He then 'saith unto them, draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare.' The ruler of the feast, having tasted the water which was made wine; saith, 'Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk (*methusthosi*), then that which is worse (*classo*, less, or inferior to—poor); but thou hast kept the good (*kalon*) wine until now. This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory, and His disciples believed on Him.'—(John ii. 1–11.)

Two questions now emerge. Was the wine, provided for the feast, and consumed prematurely, intoxicating or non-intoxicating? It must have been one or other. Which? Let us consider both alternatives. (1.) Suppose it to have been unfermented and non-intoxicating—no unnatural supposition; all the more as 'the Jews' passover being then at hand,' the time was within three or four months of the close of the grape season, when, of course, this kind of wine could, with perfect facility, be obtained. The party have been enjoying themselves with the innocent beverage, and at its conclusion a further supply is required. The Son of God, who came to save men from their sins, knowing the infirmities of men, Himself tempted of Satan, but Himself 'tempting no man,' makes 80, or 90, or 120 gallons of wine, and commands it to be served to the guests. The men and women have been partaking of innocent food and refreshment, and they ask for more. Will He give them, in answer, that which is not food, and not innocent—that which His own Word declares to be a 'mockery' and 'raging'? 'If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? or if he shall ask an egg, will he give him a scorpion?'—(Luke xi. 11, 12.) 'If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven, give good things to them that ask Him?'—(Matt. vi. 11.) To men and women who have been enjoying 'good things' analogous to bread, fish, an egg, will the Lord Himself, the God of holiness, truth, and love, give that of which He warns all men to beware, not even to 'look upon' it, because, 'at the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder?'—(Prov. xxiii. 32.) He did this, if He made intoxicating wine then. And to imagine such an act possible, were

virtually to place the Lord of glory on a lower level of morality than 'any of you that is a father, being evil!' (2.) Suppose the first supply of wine to have been fermented, and consequently intoxicating, more or less—the only other alternative. The obvious inference then is, from the remarks of the governor of the feast, that in that case the guests had not only consumed all that had been provided, and, in the first instance, considered sufficient, but had taken 'as much as was good for them,' to use an expressive phrase of the present day. '*Methusthosi*' is the word; according to one of its meanings, 'are saturated with what they have been drinking;' according to the other 'they are drunk.' And if what they have been drinking is intoxicating, then the sinister meaning is necessarily implied—drunk, or at the very least, upon the verge of inebriety. To men or women under such circumstances, are we to suppose that Christ gave 80, or 90, or 120 gallons of wine, as intoxicating—nay more intoxicating, for then '*kalon*' must mean 'strong,' as '*classo*' must mean not only 'inferior,' or 'small,' but '*weak*?' Can we suppose that He who has declared in His inexorable law, one jot or tittle of which cannot pass away, that no drunkard (*methusoi*); mark the identity of this word with *methusthosi*, 'well drunk,' as descriptive of the guests) 'shall inherit the kingdom of God;' that He, to a party of marriage-guests, either already drunk, or on the very brink of becoming so, should give 80, or 90, or 120 gallons of wine, not only as intoxicating as that which they had already used to excess, but more intoxicating still—practically tempting them to complete the act which shall put them in danger of hell, if they repent not? Is that conceivable? Is such an alternative not grosser blasphemy than the other? practically supposing the Lord of Glory, 'who tempteth no man,' to be like unto Satan and his agents, whose work he came to destroy; nay, worse, practically subjecting Christ to His own terrible anathema against such a tempter: 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also, . . . the cup of the Lord's right hand shall be turned unto thee, and shameful spewing shall be on thy glory.'—(Hab ii. 15, 16.) The supposed alternative is impossible—absolutely impossible. 'This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory.' And in consequence of that glorious manifestation, 'His disciples believed on Him.' On the whole, the inference seems inevitable, that the guests had been enjoying themselves with unintoxicating wine, and that their deficient stock was supplied by the Giver of all Good, by wine of a like nature, but of richer and rarer quality. Had it been otherwise, had they been drunk, or in any degree approaching thereto, the request for more wine would not have been complied with, but refused with indignant rebuke. Would He not have done then, as doubtless He would do now (if we can suppose Him personally introduced to a marriage-feast of the present day, loaded with fiery intoxicants), what we are told, a few verses on, He did in the temple—Would He not have made a scourge of small cords, and driven them all out saying, 'Take these things hence!'"

What Ought the Church to Do ?

BY BRO. A. H. H. M'MURTRY, M.D., G.W.T.

THE General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, at its meeting in June last, instructed Presbyteries and Sessions to "devise such measures as may be expedient," in view of the increasing intemperance of the people. The Assembly's Temperance Committee recently reminded the Presbyteries of this instruction, and, at the same time, requested them to consider "What action should be taken by our Church, and especially by our ministers, under present circumstances, in the great temperance question?" This "great temperance question," we may remark, is, simply, "Should all abstain from the use of, and should the State prohibit the Traffic in, intoxicating drinks?" That is the whole subject of controversy, and, as the Church cannot remain a mere spectator of the contest, but must needs take some side in it, Presbyteries have been asked to say which side, in their opinion, she ought to take—the affirmative or the negative? As the action which the Church may take in this matter will affect for weal or for woe the temporal and eternal condition of millions, according as that action is or is not based upon the truth, it behoves all who fear God and love their fellowman to enquire whether the answer of the Presbyteries to the momentous question put to them by the Temperance Committee be the right one, and, if it be not, to endeavor to find out what the right answer is.

So far as we know, not one of the thirty-seven Presbyteries of the General Assembly has unequivocally declared that the Church ought to take the side of total abstinence and prohibition. What they *have* declared may, perhaps, be fairly enough stated in the words of the Presbytery of Belfast, that ministers and sessions ought to "take whatever steps they may think best for the promotion of the growth of habits of Scriptural temperance" among the people. The value of this plan for the prevention of drunkenness depends entirely on the interpretation given by the Presbyteries of the phrase "Scriptural temperance," (in regard, of course, only to intoxicating liquors.) We believe we are correct in saying that, by "Scriptural temperance," in this limited application, the Presbyteries mean "moderation" in the use of intoxicating drinks, and their counsel to the Church, therefore, is, that she ought to take the side of drinking and a drink-traffic. We shall try to show that this interpretation is

not the true one, that this advice is utterly fallacious, delusive, and pernicious, and that the Church ought, on the contrary, to at once wash her hands of all connection with, and responsibility for, the drink-system and its many and terrible evils.

The Presbyteries do not go so far as to say that the use of intoxicating drinks is a duty—that a man is, by his conscience or anything else, required to drink (and, therefore, it is presumed, total abstainers are to be exempted from the attentions of ministers and sessions). They merely hold that a man is at liberty to so far conform to the fashion of the world, or to so far produce in himself the sensuous gratification of alcoholic excitement, as to drink—only, he must do so "in moderation." The desire for alcoholic pleasure—the desire to be alcoholically "exhilarated," "elevated," "jolly," "happy," "intoxicated," or whatever else the alcoholic condition may be called, has (so it is said) been implanted in man's physical constitution by the Creator; or (as others say); if it has not, man is permitted to implant it there himself by means of alcohol; and then, when he has created in himself a want, a desire, which God never created, and for the gratifying of which God has made no provision, that want or desire is a perfectly proper and legitimate one, whose gratification is allowable; only, unlike the natural and God-created desires of man—such as hunger, or thirst, or the desire of "tired nature" for her "sweet restorer, balmy sleep"—the natural (according to some), or the properly and legitimately acquired (according to others), desire of the drinker for alcohol, to remove his self-induced discomfort or to give him pleasure, must not be *satisfied*—it may only be *partially relieved*! The "temperance" or self-control, the "crucifixion of the flesh, with its affections and lusts," the "keeping the body under," spoken of in the New Testament, does not require a man to do altogether without the fleshly gratification produced by alcohol, but to do with some undefined and indefinable degree of it called a "little," or a "moderate" amount. A man is not to entirely overcome and subdue his fondness for "the pleasures of the cup," but only to indulge it a "little"—to give it a "little" sway, and this is self-control, self-mastery!—such self-control as is exhibited in going to the theatre, or the gambling-hell, or the race-course,

or the cock-pit, only a "little" while, a "moderate" length of time, and controlling the desires to take one's fill of the pleasures which these places afford! The desire of the "drunkard" and the desire of the "temperate" man have precisely the same nature, the same origin, the same object, and, possibly, sometimes the same strength, and are, therefore, equally proper and legitimate. The difference is not between the desires of the two men, but between the degrees to which the desire is satisfied in the two cases. The "drunkard" fully satisfies the desire, by getting "drunk;" the "temperate" man only partially satisfies it, by getting only partially "drunk." Both alike leave the path of perfect sobriety—that condition in which the system is perfectly free from the influence of alcohol. The only difference between them is, that the "temperate" man goes only a little way in the direction of "drunkenness," whereas the other goes all the way—and only satisfies a natural, or, at least, a proper and legitimate, desire in so doing! And it is not the resisting of the desire to leave the path of sobriety which constitutes "Scriptural temperance"—that is fanaticism or asceticism—but, having already left that path, the resisting of the desire to go the whole way along the downward and enchanted road to helpless drunkenness! Hence, as "Scriptural temperance" is not the restraining of oneself from drinking, but the restraining of oneself in drinking, one man is as truly "temperate" in resisting the desire for the tenth glass as another man, or even the same man, is in resisting the desire for the second, and everybody is "temperate" so long as he does not drink just as much as he would like to drink! Accordingly, few admit that *they* have passed that extremely hazy and ever-receding line which is supposed to separate "temperance in drinking" from intemperance; "for," say they, "though we take more drink now than would have sufficed to 'partially relieve' the alcoholic appetite of some years ago, and therefore more than 'Scriptural temperance' would have permitted at that time, yet we do not take enough to completely satisfy the alcoholic appetite of to-day, and this refusing to satisfy our desire for the quantity now required proves that we are 'temperate!'" Should "ministers and sessions" fail to recognize the force of this reply of the drinker to their appeal to him to "cultivate the grace of temperance," they are bound to tell him in very definite and intelligible language what they mean by "temperance"—how far he may satisfy his desire for alcohol without becoming "intemperate." "For,

if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle? So likewise ye, except ye utter words easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken? For ye shall speak into the air."

The absurdity, indefiniteness, and impracticability of the Presbyteries' interpretation of the word "temperance," as it occurs in the Scriptures, make it, we think, abundantly manifest that that interpretation is not the true one. "The grace of temperance" has to do, not with the extent only, but with the quality and fitness of an action; or, rather, it has nothing at all to do with wrong actions, and only with the extent of right ones. Who would say, for example, that the "temperance" which Paul "reasoned of" before the sensual Felix meant "moderate indulgence," and not rather complete abstinence? or that when the Apostle enjoins "temperance in all things" (1 Cor. ix. 25), he means all things whatsoever, including opium, *hashish*, and alcohol? Do not Horace and Epictetus both tell us that the *athletae*, to whom Paul refers in this passage, actually *abstained from wine*? And was not this abstinence an element in the "temperance" which he thus commends? Obviously, the nature of the action must first be known before we can know whether true temperance permits the action itself. Now, if there be one thing which Science and Experience have demonstrated more clearly than another, it is this, that the desire for alcohol is not one of those "appetites and passions which are a part of ourselves," is not a "propensity of our nature," is an unnatural and therefore illicit desire, altogether; that alcoholic liquors are unwholesome; that they have no adaptation to the wise and necessary ends of man's organism; that they are essentially bad, and, when used, invariably injurious. The use of them, therefore, is a wrong, however pleasant, action, which Scriptural temperance, rightly understood, entirely forbids. For these reasons, we hold that the Church ought not, as advised by the Presbyteries, to take the side of drinking and a drink-traffic. We shall probably give others next month.

CHURCH-BUILDING BREWERS.—To build a church is a good work; but if its foundations are laid in the ruins of the poor, their children come not to pray for, but to curse the builder.
—Rev. Thomas Adams (1614.)

A RETORT.—Coleridge was once violently hissed when lecturing. He at once retorted—"When a cold stream of truth is poured on red-hot prejudices, no wonder they hiss."

The General Election and the Permissive Bill.—No. II.

BY SISTER A. J. C., LONDONDERRY.

CONSISTENT adherence to avowed principles must surely be a rare thing now-a-days, if we may judge by the outcry raised when such principles are resolutely carried into action. From the evident surprise such action occasions one might suppose principles to be only subjects to talk about, only texts for platform speeches, only glowing theories too transcendental for daily practice. Grand, true, noble, they may be pronounced when inspiring an orator's eloquence, when evoking enthusiastic applause from crowded audiences; but when carried into effect in the stern battle of life, when tested and proved in the common place unpoetical routine of every day duty, then they are seen in quite another aspect. They are sure then to run right across somebody's whims, to interfere with somebody's plans, to thwart somebody's ambition, and at once a cry is raised of fanaticism, intolerance, ignorance, and all the other fine epithets which may be suggested by irritated selfishness. If principles could be adapted to times and circumstances, could be maintained in one place and laid aside in another, they would suit some people wonderfully well. To be staunch to them there, where they would serve our interests, to be silent about them here, where they might mar our plans—this is the sort of thing which finds favor with many.

Tacticians of this expediency type have found of late grand cause for indignant astonishment in the unflinching adherence of the Irish Temperance League, and of the Good Templars generally, to what is known as the policy of the "United Kingdom Alliance." The storm of abuse, of insult, of gross personalities which has burst upon them, is almost unparalleled in the history of the Temperance agitation. Day after day, the Press hath poured forth its invectives, public meetings have groaned their disapproval, and private circles have echoed the condemnation. The policy which has evoked all this uproar is a very simple one. It is but the natural outgrowth of Temperance principles, the embodied belief of all true teetotalers. We hold that the Liquor Traffic is the curse of our country, the source of a vast proportion of the crime, misery, and poverty around us, that it tends more than aught else to degrade and to demoralize our nation, and that, far above every measure comprised in the programme of either Liberal or Conservative Legislation, its prohibitory or re-

pression would give to our land happiness, prosperity, and union. This is our creed expressed in words. Expressed in action, it is voting only for the candidate who pledges himself to support such prohibitory or repressive legislation. This vitalized creed is our policy, and is it not a consistent one? That those who disagree with our premises should object to our conclusion is only natural. We find no fault with the judgment these have passed upon our late political action; but it does surprise us that, among the avowed friends of our principles, among those who profess firm adhesion to the Permissive Bill, there should be many who condemn unsparingly the action resulting from these principles. It is true some of our friends approve of such action in Newry and Carrickfergus, but condemn it in Belfast; while others entertain just an opposite opinion. The former virtually say our principles are right when they help to gain a seat for a Liberal candidate, but wrong when they throw our votes into the Conservative scale; while the latter just reverse this judgment. Whatever such people may profess, it is evident they believe less in their principles than in Liberalism or Conservatism; and however they may talk about the Liquor Traffic, it is plain that either they consider the points of difference between Whig and Tory as of more vital moment to our country's well-being than the repression of the Drink curse, or, that such well-being is of less importance to them than the party cry of political faction.

But, we hear it said, in England the Beer interest and the Conservative interest are identical, and our only hope of repressive measures is from a Liberal Government. How foolish then it is for Good Templars, &c., to make common cause with the Licensed Victuallers in helping to swell the Conservative majority; thus by their short-sighted policy aiding to keep out of office the only party likely to deal with the question. This sounds plausibly, but it does not stand the test of experience. A Liberal Government, unparalleled in power, swayed our Legislature during the past five years. With an overwhelming majority it carried almost impossible measures, but it quailed before the Liquor Traffic; and, in its failure, we read the lesson that from no Government, how powerful soever it may be, that from no party, merely in virtue of either its Conservatism or its Liberalism,

can we expect true Temperance legislation, while we fail to compel attention to our claims, by having our Parliamentary representatives pledged to support them. The legislation which we want—that of permitting a popular *veto* on the Traffic—is not included in the programme of any Government, nor shall we ever obtain it till we place in large numbers, both above and below the gangway, brave, earnest, whole-souled men who, while differing from each other on many points, agree in this—that it is the people's right to say whether or not they will have the publican at their doors dealing out misery, pauperism, crime, and death. Men who, while following in other measures the Prime Minister or the leader of the Opposition, on this point follow our Parliamentary leader, Sir Wilfrid Lawson; and ignoring the dictates of either political party, stand true to the policy which aims at sweeping from our land the dire curse of Alcohol.

We are not now arguing the principles of the Permissive Bill; but we are arguing that, believing in this principle as we do, we have a right to make it a testing-point in our elections; and we think that no man who respects true consistency can reasonably object to our doing so. We believe the drink to be the greatest evil under which our country labors; that its removal would do more to lessen our burdens than the removal of the Income-tax, more than the reduction of duty on any, or every, excisable commodity; that, more than any education scheme, its repression would sweep away ignorance, elevate our working classes, and prepare them for the reception of higher truths; that more than any Church Establishment or Disestablishment, its overthrow would establish virtue and truth, and disestablish vice and error. And, believing all this, can we be blamed for casting to the winds all mere party considerations, and for voting heartily for the true and honest man who promises to give his earnest support to the measure which, we are convinced, would grapple most effectively with the evils we deplore? We do not mean to ignore legislative reforms in other directions, but we do mean to say that they sink into insignificance compared with this great measure. We esteem it to be first in importance

—a preparative, in fact, for all the others. We look upon it as the axe which shall cut down the upas tree, whose presence poisons all healthy growth, and beneath whose shadow no elements of good can flourish. Remove it, root it up, and our beautiful land, lying broad and free to the light of Heaven, will present a glorious field for the reception of good seed, and will bud and blossom into beauty and fertility hitherto undreamed of.

Our scheme may be laughed at—may be pronounced impossible, tyrannical absurd, the wild dream of a miserable minority—but what of this? Many a great measure received similar treatment in its time; indeed, such treatment forms part of the history of almost every measure of which we are nationally proud. Conceived in the brain of some pioneer of thought, deemed Utopian by all but a few, persevered in by that few, despite of scorn, opposition, and defeat, gaining gradually on public favor, pressed with unmistakable emphasis on Parliamentary attention, at length, the little one becomes a thousand, and a nation's representatives bow to it as the expression of a nation's will. What has been may be, and we are firmly persuaded that in this case it will be; only let us not be moved from the policy we have adopted, either by the opposition of open enemies or by the reproaches of *soidisant* friends. We know that a few genuine friends have been in some degree estranged by our late political action, but we feel convinced that, when the irritation of the moment has passed, they will see our position in its true light, and will respect the consistency they failed to imitate. Whether, however, we gain or lose friends by the course we have adopted, while we believe in our principles, we cannot act otherwise; and knowing well that neither the recitude of a cause nor its ultimate triumph can be tested by its apparent weakness, nor yet by the amount of scorn, obloquy, or insult heaped upon its defenders, we go on calmly, steadily, and confidently, being assured that

“We yet shall be victorious,
Though fearful the pathway trod,
For Right is sure to conquer,
Our cause is the cause of God.”

I. T. L. Journal.

A Reply to Mr. Varley's Pamphlet—“Why I Left the Order.”

BY BRO. REV. T. RYDER, NOTTINGHAM.

HAVING known and esteemed Mr. Henry Varley for many years, we enter upon this task with some reluctance. As youths and

young men we consorted together at prayer meetings, temperance and other societies, in connection with the Calthrope Terrace Bible

Class in London, where we had abundant testimony of his prayerfulness and zeal. Looking back upon those former days, we deeply regret that necessity is laid upon us to enter into a controversy with Mr. Varley, which can only end in victory to our cause, and the utter demolition of the fortresses he has raised against us. The main reason why the battle must be fought is that Mr. Varley is looked upon by many as a kind of prodigy in the religious world; and among those who are given to traditions, and possess only second-hand thoughts, he is an undoubted authority. The sentiment of scores of people we know is this—"There must be something wrong in this Good Templarism, for Mr. Varley condemns it." Or, "The Order must be very bad indeed, or such a good and holy man as Mr. Varley would not rail against it so." No one would wish to rob Mr. Varley of his good reputation, though it is better for *one* man to suffer than a thousand; but since he has vigorously attacked our noble and Christ-like cause both by tongue and pen, it is needful to set before those who are commonly swayed by Mr. Varley's *ipse dixit* the fallacy of his reasoning, and the injustice of his attacks. Had he been an unknown man, it were folly to waste time in answering his pamphlet, but being a somewhat celebrated revivalist preacher, whom thousands at a time have listened to, and from whom thousands have received good, it is imperative that a reply be issued in defence of the Order, so that inquiry may be promoted, prejudice removed, and the truth established. Mr. Varley opens his pamphlet by assuring us of his thorough-going teetotalism, and of our aims, as Good Templars, he evidently approves. Beyond that, however, there is commendable in the organization known as "The Independent Order of Good Templars." On the contrary, it is "opposed to the Word of God;" is worthy Paul's anathema; is "dangerous and delusive;" "tends to immorality;" "panders to every vanity;" is "the *unclean thing*" of 2 Cor. vi.; and "for superlative wickedness it cannot be exceeded." Now, had these been the utterances of the Licensed Victuallers, we should not have been surprised. It would be natural to expect a torrent of abuse like that from such a quarter, and being rather used to it, it would have rolled off us like water off a duck's back. "For it was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it; but it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance." To be stabbed by your unsuspected fellow-traveller, with whom you have had pleasant intercourse on the journey, is

a thousand times harder to bear than the more furious assault of one whom you never expected to see except in the garb of a foe. It is amazing to find one professing the same hatred to the drinking customs of society as we do, yet nevertheless rushing against us with the fury of an enemy. And why, it is difficult to discover from the pamphlet before us. Let us now examine it.

We shall first address ourselves to the inquiry—*IS GOOD TEMPLARISM A RELIGIOUS SOCIETY?* In the same sense understood by Mr. Varley, it is nothing of the sort. Many people are wise above what is written. Mr. Varley's logic is irresistibly comic. Because there is an Initiatory Ceremony, and a Ritual, *therefore* the Order is a religious society. By a parity of reasoning, the Order of Freemasons, Oddfellows, and Foresters, must be religious societies, for they all have rituals and initiatory ceremonies. Moreover, a part of the Lodge furniture is called an *Altar*, and this, says Mr. Varley, distinctly proclaims the Order a religious society. Well, the word *altar* is certainly almost invariably associated with the celebration of religious rites, but there are just two instances in Scripture which are sufficient to justify our use of the term. The first instance occurs in Exodus xvii. 15, 16, where we are told that the celebrated altar, JEHOVAH NISSI (the Lord my banner), was built by Moses "as a sign that the Lord will have war with Amalek from generation to generation." And why may we not have an altar as a sign that the Lord will have war with the modern Amalek of strong drink from generation to generation? The other instance was the other altar built by the Reubenites, the Gadites, and the half-tribe of Manasseh, in the borders of Jordan, and which was erected (see Joshua xxii. 10 to 29) *not for burnt offering, nor for sacrifice*, but that it might be a witness between them and the rest of the tribes. And just as Mr. Varley has mistaken the meaning of *our* altar, so the tribes on the west of Jordan at first grievously misinterpreted the act of their brethren, and suspected them of a design to establish a separate system of religion. It almost led to a civil war, but a deputation headed by the high-priest's son, that was sent to remonstrate with the supposed offenders, came back perfectly satisfied that the altar had no religious significance whatever, but was simply erected in grateful commemoration of mercies received. Such an altar is ours, and we hope Mr. Varley will accept this explanation with as much courtesy as Phinehas and the deputation showed to the Reubenites, Gadites, and the half-tribe of Manasseh. But

we have a *Chaplain*. Is not this further proof that Good Templarism is a religious society? Let us see. Is the House of Commons a religious society? Yet it has a Chaplain. So has every regiment of soldiers, and every admiralty vessel, and every union and goal. The fact is, Mr. Varley is wilfully purblind. What does he mean by a religious society? He knows very well that the Order does not profess to save the souls of men or give them a title to Heaven, though it goes a long way to help them in that direction. We challenge him to find a single instance of a member who either felt or thought, that by virtue of his initiation, he was converted to God and was a member of the Church of Christ. The I.O.G.T. can only be considered a religious society from an etymological standpoint. The word "religion" comes from the Latin *religare*, to tie hard, to bind, to make fast. We aim to blot out a great social curse, and we bind ourselves together to achieve it. In this sense we are a religious society, and in no other; and the fact that we implore the Divine blessing at every session of the Lodge is no proof that Good Templarism is "another gospel." The best men and women in the Good Templar Order claim for it no more than it is at the head and front of all the social reforms of the age, and so well adapted "to raise the fallen and keep others from falling" that the great Head of the Church may be asked so to guide and control its movements, that it may be made subservient to the accomplishment of His beneficent purpose of good-will toward men.

THE RITUAL.—This, Mr. Varley criticizes very freely, and professes to probe the motives of the original compilers. He feels "compelled to affirm" that the ritual was "purposely framed to meet those who reject the Lord Jesus and the Holy Spirit," and "lest Unitarians and others should be offended." He says the prayers are Christless, and that the Doxology was "shamelessly altered to put Christ away." The assumption is wholly gratuitous. With regard to the Doxology, we were no more enamored of the mutilation than Mr. Varley, and we are right glad it has been removed from the Ode-Book, not because we smelled heresy in it, but because the poetry was bad and the rhyme worse. But suppose we subject to the test of Mr. Varley's own criticism a few of the hymns which he is in the habit of giving out in his own tabernacle. We give the first line only—

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,"
 "The Lord my Shepherd is,"
 "God moves in a mysterious way,"

"There is a land of pure delight,"
 "O God of Bethel, by whose hand,"
 "When I can read my title clear."

Now, these are all "good old hymns," used in the most orthodox of churches, yet there is not one word in any of them, from the first verse to the last, concerning "the Bearer of sin, the Conqueror of sin, the Son of God, and the Holy Spirit." Of course, all this has been left out to "please the Unitarians." These hymns must have been "purposely framed to meet those who reject the Lord Jesus and the Holy Spirit;" and "for superlative wickedness this cannot be exceeded." The words in the inverted commas are Mr. Varley's, not ours. To be consistent, he ought for ever to discard those hymns from the sanctuary. His reply, no doubt, would be—"Ah! but when we sing those hymns, the mediatorial work of the Son of God is implied; and the agency of the Holy Spirit, though not directly affirmed, is understood." Even so. And may not the Christian Good Templar be credited with as much discernment? Cannot he, as well as Mr. Varley, perceive the Divine Lord without the name appearing in print before his eyes? And yet, forsooth, because we have had prayers and odes which had no other blemish than the "good old hymns" above referred to, we, as Good Templars, are charged by Mr. Varley with denying the Son, dishonoring the Father, and doing despite unto the Spirit of grace; and are accounted by him worthy of a much sorer punishment than they who despised Moses' law, and died without mercy under two or three witnesses! (See page 6 of Mr. Varley's pamphlet.) In a foot note on page 7. Mr. Varley acknowledges the publication of the revised ritual. We readily admit that several phrases in the old ritual were worded ambiguously, and needed alteration, and others needed to be eliminated altogether. The ritual being a private book, we are not at liberty to quote from it, but suffice it to say, that in our present ritual there are no quotations from the Apocrypha; all the prayers are offered through Jesus Christ our Lord, and if the Chaplain will, extempore prayers may be substituted; and there is no promise to our members that mere faithfulness to our Order will make it well with them now and hereafter. *All this Mr. Varley knew before he issued his pamphlet.* He might, at least, have said that the "wickedness" was not quite so "superlative," and that there was some glimmer of hope that the Templars would be a blessing to the world. But no, he does not even say, "I'm glad that changes have been made," but he asks that iceberg question,

"What is to prevent the Grand Lodge from going back to the former state of things?" We shall answer Mr. Varley by asking him a question. What is to prevent the West London Tabernacle from becoming a theatre or a dancing saloon, or its present pastor from deserting the church and again becoming a butcher? We should suppose the faithfulness, zeal, and piety of its pastor and church members. If they wish to preserve its sanctity, will it do for them to *quit* the tabernacle, and leave the management in the hands of unbelievers? In like manner, if Christian people generally had followed Mr. Varley to the outside of the Good Templar camp, the Grand Lodge might have entered upon a degenerate course by this time; but while so many thousands of believers, headed by upwards of a thousand of their ministers, continue to labor and pray for it, we are pretty confident it will not fall into the hands of Satan.

THE BROTHERHOOD.—"It has been remarked," says Mr. Varley, "that there are three families known to the Divine Word—the human family, the domestic family, and the family of God." We wonder who the sage can be that made the above remark, and why Mr. Varley brings forward no proof-texts in support of it! Besides which, what has that to do with the brotherhood of Good Templarism? Soldiers call their comrades in arms *brothers*; patriots address their fellow-countrymen as *brothers*. The Lord Chief Justice, in his summing up of the Tichborne case, more than once spoke of "my *brethren* on the bench," referring to Mr. Justice Mellor and Mr. Justice Lush. There is nothing either in common sense or in Scripture opposed to such an idea, and why Templars may not be brothers equally with soldiers, patriots, and lawyers, we are at a loss to know. Mr. Varley's theory, however, is that the Christian who joins the Order violates the injunction—"Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." Mr. Varley sadly misreads Scripture if he thinks that in the Templar Lodge, righteousness and unrighteousness are in fellowship, light and darkness in communion, and Christ and Belial in concord. We give him credit for being a better expositor than that. Such complaining is the essence of bigotry. The scope and design of the apostle are clearly—There must be no compromise with the world, or with idolatry, or with the devil. Your religion must stand out in bold relief everywhere, and under all circumstances, and every association which would lead you to stifle your convictions or tempt you to hide your light, must be avoided, whatever privations and losses

it may entail. But does our Order require the eclipse of faith and love? Is it any more difficult to maintain a religious life in the Lodge-room than in the market, or in the warehouse? Certainly not. On the other hand, the nature of the services, and the noble moral object of the movement, present an incentive to the followers of Christ to be earnest, devoted, and true to their profession. Speaking for ourselves, we have felt many a Lodge-session to be a powerful means of quickening holy impulses, and of awakening fresh solicitude in the service of Christ. No, Mr. Varley will not find a weapon in 2 Corinthians, vi. wherewith to injure our cause. To interpret that chapter in Mr. Varley's fashion would be to shut us up in monasteries, where we could have no dealings whatever with the outside world. If our association with unbelievers in a Good Templar Lodge is a wilful infraction of a Divine law, Mr. Varley, as a retired tradesman, is equally guilty of that infraction, except on the supposition that all his customers were saints, which is not very likely. He has probably often done business with unrighteous men, and so far, in accordance with his own interpretation, there have been fellowship between light and darkness, and concord between Christ and Belial. Let Mr. Varley be careful how he handles Scripture, and avoid selecting passages which, when flung at a foe, like the Australian's boomerang, will return again to the flinger. To make his case stronger, Mr. Varley says "there are THOUSANDS of abstainers who are *liars, blasphemers and sensualists*." Is this true? Our prompt reply is, the assertion is most unjust and cruel. Mr. Varley has had no better opportunity than ourselves of determining this point, and we unhesitatingly call it a libel on the Temperance world, which the abstainers of this country who are not in our churches will indignantly resent. We have certainly met with a score or so of such persons in a period of fifteen years, but to speak of *hundreds* would be to exaggerate. And yet Mr. Varley says THOUSANDS! And now, mark the use of this. He is vainly endeavoring to prove the unscripturalness of the Templar brotherhood, and to frighten the good people whose indignations are in our direction, he insinuates that if they join a Lodge, they may have to consort with "*liars, blasphemers, sensualists, gamblers, and men of fast life*." Were it not that this pamphlet may fall into the hands of some who know not the facts of the case, we should deem it idle to waste time in refuting the calumny which is here implied. The laws of the Order, and Mr. Varley knows it, are so framed that

vicious and immoral men cannot belong to the Order unless they discontinue their vices, and the discipline exercised by the Lodge, when a member is found to be addicted to any vicious habits, is more rigidly enforced than in some churches we know. He further complains that the brotherhood lets in "Deists of every grade, Unitarians, and Swedenborgians." Well, what if it does? We see no reason why a Deist should not make a good teetotaler, and if he falls in with all our rules and usages, the Order has nothing to fear from his deism, but everything to hope. Mr. Varley would regard it as a very hopeful

sign indeed, if some Swedenborgians and Unitarians were to wait regularly and devoutly on his ministry at the Tabernacle. Or, if Mr. Varley had a brother who was a Swedenborgian, and another brother who was a drunkard, would not the two former unite heartily to save the latter? Unquestionably. We are only enlarging the sphere of such operations in the work of Good Templarism having learned from a good old book to regard EVERY MAN AS OUR BROTHER, AND EVERY WOMAN AS OUR SISTER.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MIRIAM DRAKE.

CHAPTER XVII.

AND HELD FAST.

IT is not to be supposed that Philip continued to resent being entrapped into Mattie's sick-room as an accepted suitor once he was inside it. He went up to the Glebe at the appointed hour, feeling like a chained bear, and resolved to put a bold front on it, and tell Mr. Bellamy that he came, not as a lover, but as a friend, at Mattie's own request. Anything, he thought, rather than suffer himself bound to a girl whom he did not love; and better for her to suffer a little pain now than have to endure a life of misery with him, for he knew that he could not make a girl whom he did not love happy. The thought that he was tied to her without hope of release would freeze up all that was good in his nature, and any affection he had for her would turn to hatred. He had come to this resolution after he left the Rector, but he knew it would require courage to carry it out; and, lest this should fail at the critical moment, he tried to bring it up to the proper standard by tarrying so long over his wine that it was almost seven o'clock before he set out for the Glebe. He did not see the Rector when he went in, and instead of asking for him, his alcoholic courage enabled him to do nothing more valiant than scowl defiantly at Miss Bellamy when she reiterated her brother's charge, that Mattie should not be excited. She, good woman, seeing him look so fierce, thought he had detected her scruples as to the propriety of admitting him to a young lady's bedroom, and took him upstairs without more ado, leading the way with such a meaning smile that he felt a strong inclination to throw her over the bannisters; but his ill-temper vanished as soon as he was ushered into Mattie's presence. She looked so lovely as she lay in the depths of a huge arm-chair, with a blue dressing-gown about her, that it seemed the easiest and most natural thing in the world to salute her with a kiss. Never before had she been so sweet or confiding with him, and the soft affectionateness of her manner was very soothing to his wounded vanity. As he sat, with her hand in

his, her blue eyes fixed with veiled fondness on his face, he wondered why the prospect of this interview had been so distasteful to him, and intoxicated alike by the wine he had drunk and by the mimicry of love, he pressed her fingers, and fanned her cheek with his hot breadth, and murmured words of affection, till he believed himself that they were true. When he left Mattie, he tried to recollect what it was he had meant to say to Mr. Bellamy, but his senses were confused, and he could only remember the first words of one of the speeches he had composed. "Nothing could have gratified me more," he began, holding the Rector's hand, and then, forgetting what came next, he concluded it differently from what he had intended, and made a proposal in due form, and in much more pompous language than what he generally used; and the Rector shook his hand very hard and blessed him; and if Mattie was not excited that night, Philip was—and not with happiness.

Of course he came to see Mattie every day after this; and one evening, Miriam coming to the Glebe later than usual, and running up to Mattie's room without waiting till Miss Bellamy or Moses came to her, found him there. She opened the door quietly, and looked in: Philip was sitting with his arm round Mattie's waist, toying with her curls as she lay with her head on his shoulder. They were evidently very happy together, as she had hoped they would be; yet Miriam could scarcely repress a cry as she saw them thus. The long breath she drew made them both look round, and he started to his feet, displacing Mattie's head by the movement in a rather unlover-like fashion. Mattie blushed as usual, but did not seem much embarrassed by the entrance of a third person on the scene. "So late, Mira, dear, I thought you were not coming to-night," she said. "I could not get away any sooner; I was papering Christy's room," Miriam answered, kissing her, and spending as long in the operation as she could. When she did look up at Philip, his face was disagreeably impassive, and he allowed her proffered hand to slip through his fingers in a way that was suggestive of anything but the friendship she had hoped to preserve

between them. "Good-night, Mattie," he said, after an awkward pause, during which Miriam wished herself somewhere else. "I'm off." "You are not going so soon?" she said, in a tone of disappointment; "don't let Miriam chase you away." "I have not seen Moses yet," said Miriam, rising to leave the room, but Mattie caught her hand. "Philip shall not frighten you away, either. I am not so selfish as to keep him all to myself, I will share him with you." "Good-night, I am going," said Philip, impatiently, holding out his hand to Mattie, but as she offered her face, he was compelled to salute her in the customary manner, notwithstanding Miriam's presence. Thinking that he would come back if she went away, and finding that Moses had gone with one of the servants to the village, and meant to call at the Lake House to see what had become of her, Miriam only stayed a few minutes with Mattie, and then hurried off lest she should miss him. The Rector had called Philip into the parlor after he left Mattie's room, and they came out to the hall while Miriam was standing on the steps, bidding Miss Bellamy good-night. "Wait for Philip," said the Rector, when Miriam, following her first impulse, was turning to fly, and there was nothing for it but to obey, and allow Philip to accompany her. To any one who has felt the delight of sustaining a conversation with one who has been on terms of very intimate friendship, but is so no longer, it is needless to tell what a disagreeable walk that was; every attempt of Miriam's to make talk failed; Philip either answered her sarcastically, or in monosyllables, or not at all, till she was fain to keep silence. At last it struck her that he might be accompanying her unwillingly, and she told him that if he had any other place to go, he need not come any farther, as she often walked alone much later. "I'm sorry my company is so disagreeable to you," was the chilling reply. "Your company is not disagreeable to me, but your manner is. How have I offended you, Philip?" "Oh, I'm not offended at all; you have a right to do as you please." It was too hard, when it was he had done as he pleased, and she who had stood out of the way as soon as she found that she was in it; but she dared not ask him what he meant, or burst out, as she felt inclined to do, with:—"Why, then, do you look so coldly, and speak so unkindly?" A dread of something, she could scarcely tell what, kept her calm. "We have always been friends," she said gravely, "let us be so still." "We can never be friends," he answered, in a voice of such concentrated bitterness, that the tears forced themselves into Miriam's eyes with pain to hear it, and it was a great relief to see Moses prancing along the road to meet them. "Nanny and me were at the house, but Bridget said you were gone to the Glebe. What made you stay so short a time?" "I was afraid of missing you, darling." "Mira, what are you crying for?" he asked, quickly, detecting tears in her voice. "No matter, never mind," she answered, too truthful to deny the fact. "Phil, have you been making her cry?" "She does not care enough for anything I say or do, to cry about it." "Moses, tell him that is not true." "What of that? Truth is only wasted upon a woman,

being so contrary to her nature that she does not understand it. Women always have been, and will be, deceitful; remember that, Lutton." "How dare you say that to my child?" she exclaimed almost fiercely, for he was torturing her beyond endurance. "Moses, he speaks falsely, and when you grow up, you will know that the man who has most faith in God, is the one who has most faith in woman." The boy looked in wonder from one to the other, but it was too dark to see their faces. "I have faith in you, Mira," he said, kissing her hand in a half courtly, whole caressing way he had. "So you may; you were always a passion with her, and she never cared who she sacrificed to that phase of selfishness." "It is not women, but men who sacrifice others to self," she said. "I don't deny that men do it, but it is women who teach them." "Yes, sometimes; my father was sacrificed on your mother's altar, so no wonder if you inherit a taste for human victims," she exclaimed, passionately; then, shocked at her own violence, and frightened lest he should understand the admission that she was a victim, she cried, penitently, "Forgive me, Philip. I have no right to taunt you thus." "Forgive me, Miriam," he replied, his mood answering hers in a way that showed how well their natures suited, and thinking her taunt referred to his small flirtations in the village. "I have been talking like a madman; forget it." "Yes, we will forget," she said, and they shook hands over the bond of forgetfulness—so easy to draw up, so hard to ratify; for, except to very shallow natures, the hardest thing in this world is to forget. The next time Philip and Miriam met, they were frank and friendly, but while ignoring the past, they tacitly agreed to keep as clear of each other for the future as possible. This was not what Miriam had wished; she thought that those who had been lovers might still be friends, but after that stormy interview she saw that however it might be in theory, practically too great an intimacy would be injudicious, and it was evident that Philip did not wish it. Miriam took care to time her visits to the Glebe so as not to interfere with his; but if she saw him seldom she heard of him often, for she was the recipient of all Mattie's confidences concerning her lover, and had Mattie's thoughts not been pre-occupied, she must sometimes have wondered to find how conversant Miriam was with his character and ways.

Mattie did not make a speedy recovery, though aided by both love and wine: she was weak and listless, and when she did leave her room and go out, she was compelled to muffle as she had never before been accustomed to do. She would have rebelled against it had her father and aunt not got Philip to interpose his authority. "Oh yes, Mattie, you must put on a respirator," he would say carelessly; and though she would ask him saucily how he could get a kiss through it, she would obediently do as desired before sallying forth on his arm for their evening saunter. Or perhaps Miss Bellamy would say, "Philip, make her put on her fur cloak; the doctor said she was to be very careful of taking cold;" and he would take the cloak from her and put it round Mattie's unwilling shoulders, unwilling no

more once he interfered. Had it not been expected from him he would have enjoyed the privilege of wrapping her up. But possession sadly marred his enjoyment, and the pleasure of attending Mattie became a very tame one when there was no one to dispute it with him. She varied the monotony of these lovers' walks one day, by taking him seriously to task about his one fault. "You won't be angry with me, Philip, dear, if I say something," she said, deprecatingly. Since their engagement, she had grown a little in awe of Philip, and had entirely given up the small, engaging tyrannies which she had once been in the habit of practising upon him; and this provoked him to occasionally tyrannize over her in a way that was not engaging, and which she would not have borne had she not already learned some of the wifely duty of submission. He did not tell her that nothing she might say could make him angry, as a proper behaved lover would have done, and as he would himself have done a few months before. A short laugh, and half-contemptuous "Not I, indeed," was his answer to her prelude. "It is about you drinking so much wine. Miriam says it is just as bad for you as brandy, and that I should speak to you about it." "I don't want you to be talking to me from Miriam's dictation." "You promised not to be angry, Philip. I am not going to talk from her dictation, for I wanted to say it to you myself this long time, but I was afraid, till Miriam told me it was sinful to give way to cowardice." "Why didn't she set you to lecture yourself; you drink wine as well as I do." "I only take it as medicine. I used to drink it because other people did, but I would never taste it now if Dr. Marks did not order it." "It is as medicine that I take it, too." "You are not ill? Is there anything wrong with you, Philip?" she asked, quickly, as it struck her, for the first time, that he had grown somewhat sallow and heavy-eyed of late. "No, goosey, I am not ill," he answered, mollified by the loving anxiety visible in her look and tone; "but wine is good medicine for the mind as well as the body." "Yes, I can quite understand people taking it to drown care; but you have no care to drown, you know." "Did Miriam tell you that?" "Of course not; I know it myself; for what care could you have?" "What indeed?" And he gave a short laugh, that would have thrilled Miriam with sympathetic pain, but which told nothing to Mattie. They walked on in silence for a little, the yellowing leaves dropping round them as they went, and then she spoke again. "Wine makes care; the Bible says that the people who have woe and wounds without cause are they who tarry long at the wine, and Philip, dear, you know you do that, and I wish you wouldn't." She was so pretty, as she looked up sweetly and timidly in his face, that, moved by a sudden impulse of his better nature, he stooped and kissed her, respirator and all. "Here is an unreasonable little girl," he said, gaily; "first she vetoes brandy and whiskey, and now she wants to make me stop wine as well. I would look rather foolish sitting with my glass empty when everyone else was drinking." "No, Philip, you would look wise; and it would be grand to show that you have courage to do what

is right, no matter what people thought." "Oh, that is all very well in theory; but it would not feel at all grand to have the fellows jeering at me, and saying that I dare not drink any for fear of drinking too much." "That's the misery," she sighed; "if it was not the custom to drink, it would make everything easy." "But it is the custom, and a custom that is not going to be overturned by either you or me." "If everyone would stop drinking it must be overturned," she said, quite brightening up at the thought. "Everyone will not, nor one person out of fifty, in good society; so there is no use in talking about it." "Then, if you would take less; it is not the custom for everyone to drink as much wine as you do." "That is more sensible, and I will tell you what we will do; we will make a bargain, and I will only drink two glasses for your one. That cannot be too much, for my head is surely twice as strong as yours." "That will be four. I only drink two now. I took three when I was ill, but Miriam got Dr. Marks to allow me to drop one of them." That was a pity, for then I could have taken six; but four be it, unless you can be persuaded to resume the other one for my sake." "I would rather drop both for your sake, and then, as twice nothing would be nothing, you would be a total abstainer; but papa and the doctor would never allow me to do that." Philip was kinder and more attentive that day, and for a good many succeeding ones, than he had been since their engagement, and Mattie was very happy. She did not analyze her feelings, or she might have found occasion to blame Philip that her cup was not always so full as it was then. But he did not keep within the prescribed bounds for more than a fortnight; one day he forgot his promise, and having once broken it did not consider it any longer binding. It was a strange, but not uncommon notion of honor that made him think that a breach of vow absolved him from it. Mattie fretted a little when she discovered it, but her father told her not to mind; he wished all young men were as steady as Philip. She must not mind the croaking of her aunt or Dr. Marks. He had very seldom seen Philip at all the worse of drink; and if he had not believed that marriage would make him as sober as they desired, he would not have accepted him as a son-in-law. So Mattie was comforted.

Mrs. Seguin repined somewhat at Philip's choice. He might have done so much better, she said. But when Matilda reminded her that he might have done so much worse, she became resigned. There were only two things to delay the marriage—the want of a suitable residence and a suitable income. Mr. Seguin was wealthy, but Mrs. Seguin liked to live stylishly, and the allowance necessary for Philip's housekeeping would hamper them more than she cared for. But both obstacles were removed at the same time by Howard Peton. His father had died a year previously, and since then the trustees had received the rents; but as soon as the young lord came of age he wrote to ask Philip to become agent for the Peton Estate, and as he meant to spend very little of his time in Ireland, he would like him to occupy the castle. Nothing could have been more satisfactory to Mrs. Seguin, who

pronounced the old lord's death to be quite providential. Philip Seguin, Esq., Castle Peton, would sound well, and people at a distance would think the castle was his own residence. "I don't see what good that will do us," said Mattie, who had no hankering after the gloomy grandeur of the castle, and would greatly have preferred a snug little place of their own. The wedding-day was fixed for early in the Spring, and the *Upton Chronicle* announced that Philip Seguin, Esq., of Castle Peton, son of the esteemed agent of the Upton Estate, was about to lead to the hymeneal altar, a young lady celebrated alike for beauty and amiability. The Rector chuckled over the paragraph; but when he showed it to Mattie, she threw down the paper, looking very indignant. "I hate to have my name paraded before the public that way; it may please American girls but it does not please me," she exclaimed, putting her hands up to cool her cheeks. "Why Mattie, what ails you? Your name is not mentioned." "No, nor would anyone recognize me from the description were it not for the connection. 'Beauty and amiability!' Ladies are all beautiful and amiable when they are going to be married. I wonder how Mr. McKenzie knows what I am, for I am sure when he is here he never thinks worth while to look at me." "He does, indeed, dear," said Miriam, who happened to be present; "he told me once that you were a very sweet little girl." "Hear that, now," laughed her father. "Mr. McKenzie is quite sincere; still I don't think he inserted the paragraph out of his own head, probably some one supplied it." "Likely Mrs. Seguin; only she would have had it, 'son of the venerated lady of the esteemed agent,' &c. I have not a doubt that it did run that way until Mr. McKenzie cut it down. I hate this aping of people in higher rank, I hate newspaper cant, and I hate to be the subject of it." "And you hate to be Mrs. Seguin junior." "No, I don't think I will hate that," she said with a sunny smile breaking over her face. Another important subject of consideration was the bridesmaids.

To Mrs. Seguin's disgust, Mattie not only insisted that Miriam should be bridesmaid, but bridesmaid in chief. "Its really very disagreeable to be saddled with Mattie's low connections. How will my daughters look beside Miriam Lutton?" she said, indignantly. "They will look rather dumpy to be sure, but that can't be helped," Philip answered, nonchalantly. "I do believe, Philip, that you are bewitched with that girl yet." "You were bewitched with her father at one time, were you not, mother?" "Never, I never was so foolish." "Well, he was bewitched with you; and that is much the same." "I could not help that, and he occupied a different position then from what his daughter does now. When I knew Miles Lutton, he was quite a gentleman, but he became a low-lived drinking fellow afterwards." "What drove him to drink, do you know mother?" he asked sarcastically. "His own base inclinations, I suppose: there is an old proverb, true, though vulgar, which says you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." "Lug, mother; quote it right, when you are at it; but it is equally true that, no matter how you try, you can't make a sow's lug out of a silk purse." Nevertheless Philip hinted to Mattie that, when his mother was so much opposed to it, there was no need to ask Miriam to officiate, especially as he was sure she would not expect it. "What has turned you against Miriam? I always thought you were good friends, and I am sure you were till lately. Whatever has come between you?" "Nonsense, Mattie, we are good friends still; but I thought you would like to please my mother." "So I would, Philip, but not by displeasing my chosen friend." "Oh, well, do as you like." "But I should like you to like what I do." "I need not care; the bridesmaid is a very secondary consideration." "Yes, it won't be the bridesmaid you will be marrying," she said blushing. "No; I would to God it were," he muttered between his teeth.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

Correspondence Connected with the Late Discussion.

(Continued from our last.)

IN our last issue, we gave the conclusion of the correspondence between the G.W.C.T. and Rev. J. Kerr before the Discussion. The Discussion took place, as our readers are aware, in Killyleagh on 4th, and in Belfast on 5th and 6th November, 1873. A full Report of the Discussion in Belfast is now published, and can be had from the G.W.S., price Ninepence. Rev. Andrew Bowden, Bacup, England, came over to attend the Discussion. He is a Baptist Minister, a violent opponent of Good Templarism, and his Mission to Ireland seemed to be to assist Mr. Kerr and his friends to injure the Order as much as possible—a strange mission surely, for a professed follower of Him who

"went about doing good!" Mr. Bowden announced that he would deliver a lecture in Clarence Place Hall, Belfast, on the Evening of 11th November, Rev. J. A. Chancellor to preside, subject of lecture—"Further Revelations Respecting the I.O.G.T." Mr. B. intimated that he would be prepared to answer any questions that might be put to him on the subject, at the close of the lecture, and gave the G.W.C.T. an oral invitation to be present. The latter, having to fulfil an engagement to lecture on that evening at Priesthill, under the auspices of the Star of Zion Lodge, wrote to Mr. Bowden as follows:—

Belfast, 10th Nov., 1873.

DEAR SIR,—As you have given a general invitation to Good Templars and others, and as you favored myself privately with a personal one, to ask you questions on Good Templarism after your lecture in the Clarence Place Hall, to-morrow evening, I beg to say that a previous engagement renders it impossible for me to be present. In these circumstances, I hereby challenge you to a public discussion, in this town, of the question, "Is Good Templarism Entitled to the Adhesion and Support of Christians?" of which I would take the affirmative and you the negative. I sincerely hope you will accept the challenge for as early a date as can conveniently be arranged. The discussion will give you a good opportunity of making still "Further Revelations Respecting the Independent Order of Good Templars."

I give this challenge—the first of the kind I have ever offered—not from any overweening confidence in my humble ability as a debater, but from a profound sense of the eminently Christian character of the work the Good Templar Order is accomplishing, and from a deep conviction that the more thoroughly the matter is examined the more apparent will the goodness of the Order, in its principles and operations, become to those who "fear God and regard man." To me, as a Christian, it seems pitiable that you and other Christian men should occupy your time and talents in opposing so good a movement; but, since you take on yourselves the grave responsibility of doing so, you impose upon those who, like myself, believe you to be grievously astray, the duty of repelling your attacks by all legitimate means, and therefore I feel constrained to depart from my usual course and offer you this challenge.

I shall be satisfied with arrangements for conducting the discussion similar to those of the one between the Rev. James Kerr and myself last week, except that I should wish it to be held in a larger building, so that, while called a public discussion, it might not be semi-private, but open, if possible, to all who might wish to hear it, and so be the more useful in the long run in furthering what may be found to be true and right.—Faithfully yours,

JOHN PYPER.

Rev. Andrew Bowden, of Bacup.

BRO. DR. A. H. H. M'MURTRY, G.W.T., took this challenge to the Clarence Place Hall, to read and present it publicly to Mr. Bowden after his lecture. But the chairman, adhering strictly to his decision to allow no one on the Good Templar side to do anything except ask questions, would not allow the Doctor to read it; so he simply handed it to Mr. Bowden, stating what it was. On 17th November, the G.W.C.T. received the following, which we print *verbatim et literatim*, including punctuation, for reasons that will be seen hereafter:—

Bacup Lancashire 15th Nov. 1873.

John Pyper Esq.

MY DEAR SIR, I received from Doctor M'Murtry your note containing your challenge to a public

discussion with me in Belfast on the question, "Is Good Templarism entitled to the adhesion and support of Christians?" In reply to this challenge and your note permit me to say, that I am neither afraid of, nor indisposed to any proper course of action by which, what I am persuaded is the right reply to this question may be fully and clearly brought before the public; feeling assured, as I do that it only requires your so called "noble order" to be fully unfolded in order to make it plain to intelligent christian people not already committed to it by solemn obligation or oath that it is at utter variance with the Word of God and the obligations of His people. Apart therefore from late events I should at once have accepted of your challenge, but having listened to the discussion last week between you and the Rev. J. Kerr on a similar question to that you now propose, I feel, with the friends in Belfast that my discussion with you now would be underable because unnecessary.

We presume we have had all you are able to advance either against an opponent or in favour of your views, and on review of that discussion feel persuaded you must admit, what was evident to all the intelligent part of the audience, that no one of the serious charges preferred and proved against the unchristian and baneful constitution and tendencies of this late American importation were at all refuted, indeed hardly referred to, and also that nothing whatever was advanced by you, either from Scripture or reason, in commendation or support of your system.

With all courtesy then I am compelled to say under the circumstances, that I should really consider it a waste of time to enter on a discussion with you on the subject of Templarism.

If any evangelical christian gentleman in your order should feel it his duty to come forward and be accepted of as a representative of the Lodges, from whom there could be entertained a reasonable hope of something new or positive being advanced in favour of the system and in answer to our objections to it, I am quite prepared to hand the matter over to my friends in Belfast to make such arrangements as they shall feel desirable in reference to a discussion. I repeat it, I am quite willing and prepared to enter, in a christian spirit into such a debate, and have not the slightest doubt respecting the results. I am convinced "that the more thoroughly the matter is examined the more apparent will the *badness* of the Order in its principles and operations, become to those who fear God and regard man! To me as a christian it seems pitiable that you and other christian men should occupy your time and talents in supporting so *vile* a movement; but since you take on yourselves the grave responsibility of doing so you impose upon those who like myself believe you to be grievously astray, the duty of repelling your attacks" on the members of our families, our churches and our congregations, and leading them away from "the truth as it is in Jesus" into paths of error and immorality by which misery has been brought on themselves, grief on their families and injury on the church of God.

At no time does the devil require to be more boldly or immediately confronted by those "not led captive by him," nor "ignorant of his devices," that when he "clothes himself as an angel of light"

and thus "lies in wait to deceive." This is what he has done in this organization. An unscriptural society with a Unitarian religion is gilded over with a profession of temperance and to make it go down the gilding is put on strong. This is what is called "Good Templarism." The man who opposes and exposes this is as surely doing God's work as was Elijah when he was opposing and exposing the prophets of Baal.

Hoping, as the appointed head of the order in Ireland you may be able to find me some one, in discussing with whom this exposition may be given, and also that your own eyes may soon be opened to the evils of this order. I am my dear Sir yours in christian affection

ANDREW BOWDEN

Excuse haste, I have again to day to leave home

To this letter, the G. W. C. T. sent the following reply:—

Belfast, 21st Nov., 1873.

SIR,—Yours of Saturday reached the above address on Monday, after I had waited nearly a week for your reply to my challenge; but, I suppose, waiting on the instructions of your "friends in Belfast"—some of whom were circulating the contents of your letter before it arrived here—was the cause of your delay.

I addressed my challenge to you as a stranger, but, from your title, Rev., and the gentlemen in whose company I found you, I assumed you to be an educated, Christian gentleman. Your letter compels me with reluctance to modify this assumption considerably. It is clear that you are deficient in even English Education, Christian sentiment, and gentlemanly candor. The construction of several of your sentences shows your knowledge of English grammar to be defective, and even your orthography is deficient, as when you spell apparent "apparant." But your deficiency in Christian sentiment is still more glaring. This is sad indeed, seeing you have assumed the awful responsibilities of a preacher of the Gospel. You commence your letter with "My dear sir," you say you write "with all courtesy," you style me a "Christian man," and you end with "I am, my dear sir, yours in Christian affection, Andrew Bowden"—and all this while the letter itself is a designed, studied, contemptuous, and ill-natured insult to the person you address. Out upon such Jesuitical hypocrisy! There is not a particle of Christian sentiment in it.

You profess yourself ready and willing to enter the lists in public discussion with "any Evangelical Christian gentleman in our Order," but you decline to accept my challenge on the pretext that you and your "friends in Belfast" think you have heard, in the late discussion between the Rev. J. Kerr and myself, all I am able to say in defence and support of Good Templarism, which you allege was simply nothing at all, and that therefore it would be a waste of your time to enter into a discussion with me. This is a piece of such hollow, hypocritical artifice, that it is nothing short of profanity in you to name Christianity in the same epistle. Your pretence, moreover, is as silly as it is insincere. Even a child could easily perceive that the weaker my debating powers, the better for you and your side in the proposed discussion,

provided an audience could be secured, which you well know there could be, more numerous and intelligent than you and your "friends in Belfast" would probably desire. Are you and they stupid enough to think that a discerning public can be induced to believe that you really desire to meet in public discussion an abler and more efficient opponent than myself, or that it is because you sincerely believe me to be so powerless an advocate of Good Templarism as you pretend, that you decline to accept my challenge? If so, you may as well be undeceived. Your shallow excuse will at once be perceived, by all whose opinion is of any value, to be a weak, contemptible, cowardly subterfuge, unworthy of a straightforward, honest man, especially of a professed follower of Him "in whose mouth no guile was ever found." The strategy of your scheme is brainless, while its morality is outside the pale of Christianity at least. No assertion on your part about not being afraid will convince thoughtful people who learn the facts but that the real reason why you decline my challenge is because you dare not accept it, and that the true reason why your "friends in Belfast" advised you to refuse it is because the dread another all but certain defeat. If you and they thought a triumph in public discussion over "the appointed head of the Order in Ireland" possible and probable, you would be only too glad of the opportunity of achieving it, as about the heaviest blow you could give the Order here. But feeling it to be, if not impossible, at least highly improbable, that you could accomplish this feat, and being too far bereft of gentlemanly candor to acknowledge the fact, you have attempted a stratagem most discreditable to its authors, and which, when properly exposed, as you may rest assured it will be, will serve the interests of Good Templarism quite as much as another victory in public discussion. Our good cause, with proper vigilance on the part of its adherents, has nothing to fear from an opposing party capable of descending to such duplicity. It will be an easy task to unveil the devil so "clothed as an angel of light," even with two or three Rev. gentlemen in the plot. God knows, I heartily wish all professing ministers of the Gospel were above such trickery. My feeling regarding them everywhere is like that of the late Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher regarding American legislators, when he prayed, "O Lord, grant that we may not despise our rulers; but do grant they may not so act that we can't help it."

Being so deficient in intelligence, candor, and truthfulness, one cannot be surprised to find you wanting in charity also. You say you feel assured "that it only requires our so-called 'Noble Order' to be fully unfolded in order to make it plain to intelligent Christian people, not already committed to it by solemn obligation or oath, that it is utter variance with the Word of God and the obligations of His people." In other words, you charge the hundreds of thousands of the most pious men and women of the present generation, among whom are many of the most "intelligent Christian people" on earth, and to whom the Order is "fully unfolded," because they are members of it, as continuing to be deliberate traitors to their God and Saviour, and upholders of a system "at utter variance with the Word of God," because, forsooth, they are committed to it by a "solemn obligation!"

Well might any one possessing even a minimum of Christian charity exclaim, on hearing such atrocious calumny, "Who is this Andrew Bowden, of Bacup, with the title of Rev., that has the impious daring to utter a libel so foul and unmitigated on the Christian character of so many hundreds of thousands of 'the salt of the earth,' including many thousands of the most devoted and loyal ministers of the Gospel of Christ, such as Theodore Cuyler, of America, Charles Garrett, of England, John Kirk, of Scotland, Daniel Rowlands, of Wales, and John Mecreedy, of Ireland!" No wonder, sir, from your lack of charity, your ungovernable temper, and your recklessness in assertion, that you have got into hot water in Bacup. It is not at all strange that at a late conference in connexion with the Baptist Union, held in Nottingham, a brother minister of your own felt constrained to say—"As to Mr. Bowden's remark about Good Templarism splitting up the Church, I should not be surprised at the Church at Bacup being split up with a minister like Mr. Bowden;" and that another minister told you publicly that yours "is the spirit that will split up Churches," a statement which was received with cheers by ministers and members of your own denomination. You may now settle your difficulties as best you can with your friends in Bacup—we shall deal with your "friends in Belfast."

From what I have learned of your performance in the Clarence Place Hall, I consider your attack upon our Order, necessarily including an attack upon the Christian character of its adherents, was outrageously violent and virulent; perhaps, if I added vile and villainous, it would not be too strong, or be very difficult to justify the language. I always feel restrained by a disagreeable reluctance when contending with a genuine friend of the Temperance cause, and take all proper precautions to avoid anything so unpleasant; but I would now have no more of that feeling in encountering your opposition on a public platform, than I would have in meeting a recognized champion of the Licensed Victuallers' Association, and I only wish you could muster up courage enough to accept my challenge. But as you dare not, I may tell you, your visit to Ireland has already

done our Order more good than harm, and it will yet be still more useful to it, when the numerous unfounded statements made by you in your lecture shall have been publicly refuted, as they would have been ere this but for our waiting on your acceptance of my challenge.

Sorry, indeed, would I be to offer you the name of any other member of the Order as a substitute for my own, especially as you do not say you would accept it if I did, but only that in such a case you would be "prepared to hand the matter over to your friends in Belfast to make such arrangements as they should feel desirable in reference to a discussion." It is easy to see the kind of circumstances in which your "friends," from their late experience, would feel it "desirable" to permit you, since you have put yourself so slavishly into their hands, to accept any offer I might make; and I am not so foolish nor regardless, as wantonly to expose any other member of our Order to the liability of a petty insult, such as you and your "friends" have made an attempt to inflict upon myself—an attempt which cannot possibly injure me, whereas it will be a lasting disgrace to its perpetrators. Besides, I am satisfied that no other member of our Order in Ireland would deign to meet you in discussion under the circumstances. He would feel that your conduct has been too contemptible for your opposition to receive any such respectful consideration. Indeed I now feel myself that I owe the Order an apology for having condescended to offer you a challenge at all. My plea is what I have mentioned at the beginning of this letter—namely, my want of personal knowledge of yourself, my regard for the sacredness of the office you have assumed, and my esteem for the gentlemen in whose company I found you. I sincerely regret that the disgrace should rest on Belfast of you having in it "friends," however few in number, capable of advising you to take the disreputable course you have done; and earnestly do I hope and pray that, through the influence of Divine grace, you may yet become a more honorable, truthful, and charitable man.—Yours, honestly,

JOHN PYPER.

Rev. A. Bowden.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Progress of the Order.

BELFAST.—The Annual Meetings of the Irish Temperance League were held in Belfast on 8th, 9th, and 11th April, and were highly successful throughout. We shall notice them and other Belfast meetings held last month, more fully in our next.

HAMILTONSEAWN.—26th February, the annual soiree of the Bridge of Safety Lodge was held in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Darlysbriidge, Hamiltonseawn. There was a large attendance. Bro. R. Johnston, W.C.T., Richhill, was called to the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T., J. Hamilton, P.W.C.T., and G. Cousens, W.C.T., Armagh.

CLOUGH.—In February, the annual soiree of the Clough Lodge was held in the Orange Hall, Clough. Bro. F. L. Cleland, W.C.T., presided,

and addresses were delivered by Bros. Wensley and Teer. Bros. Moffett and M'Ilroy also took part in the interesting proceedings.

ENNISKILLEN.—The G.W.C.T. preached a temperance sermon to a crowded audience in the Primitive Wesleyan Chapel, Enniskillen, on 1st March, and lectured in the Protestant Hall of the same town, on 2nd March, under the auspices of the Sphinx and Sun Lodges.

DUNMURRY.—2nd March, the annual soiree of the Eden Lodge was held in the Assembly Rooms, Dunmurry. The hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion and the attendance was large and respectable. Bro. T. H. White, J.P., P.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Rev. S. Anderson, and Bro. Rev. H. Edgar. Singing by Bro. Kirkwood, and Sisters Wilson

and Barry, and readings by Messrs. T. S. Mayne and A. S. Mayne, jun., and Bro. A. Ledlie, G.W.S., added to the enjoyment of the evening. On the motion of Bro. W. E. Mayne, the cordial thanks of the meeting were given to the chairman, speakers, readers, and singers. 20th April, Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, G.W.Ch., lectured to a large audience in the same place, Bro. W. E. Mayne, W.C.T., presiding.

AGHADOEY.—On 4th March, the handsome Good Templar Hall, which has been recently erected, was formally opened by Bro. J. Pyper, G.W.C.T., and other officers of the Grand Lodge. The building is erected on ground generously granted by Mrs. Hemphill, Aghadoey House. It is a beautiful and substantial structure, capable of accommodating about 200 persons. The funds for the erection have been raised mainly through the liberality and zealous exertions of Bro. and Sister Mr. and Mrs. James Hemphill. The whole hearted way in which Bro. and Sister Hemphill threw themselves into the work when the undertaking was first contemplated, and their unceasing perseverance and untiring zeal in carrying it forward to such a successful issue have merited the admiration and gratitude of all earnest adherents of our cause in Ireland. They have set an example well worthy the imitation of all who have the good of the Order at heart and the means of giving a similar expression of their good wishes in good works. At seven o'clock the local Lodge, the Unity, No. 184, marched to the hall in procession, headed by a brass band, the members wearing their regalia. The hall was filled by members of the Order, some of whom had come from Garvagh, Newtownlinavady, Coleraine, and Belfast. Bro. C. D. Campbell, D.D.G.W.C.T., opened the meeting in due form, after which Bro. J. Pyper, G.W.C.T., assisted by Bros. Campbell, A. Ledlie, G.W.S., and Rev. D. Robb, conducted the impressive dedicatory ceremony. The G.W.C.T. then took the chair, and an interesting programme was gone through, including addresses by the chairman, Bros. Robb, Campbell, and Collins; singing by Bros. W. Pyper and T. Coath, and Sister Coath, with piano accompaniments; and readings by Bros. W. Pyper and A. Ledlie. Miss Adams presided at the piano with much taste and ability. The interesting proceedings, with which all were delighted, were concluded with the Doxology and prayer.

NEWTOWNARDS.—4th March, Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, G.W.Ch., lectured to a large audience in Newtownards.

BALLYCLARE.—5th March, a good meeting in connexion with the Publican's Friend Lodge was held in the Court House, Ballyclare. Bro. S. Boyd, W.C.T., presided, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Beckett, Curran, and Creeth. Recitation by Bro. J. Creeth and musical selections on the harmonium by Sister Parks enlivened the proceedings. 7th April, an interesting soiree was held in the Court House, Ballyclare, under the auspices of the Publican's Friend Lodge. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair and delivered an address. Addresses were also delivered by Bros. S. Boyd, W.C.T., J. Creeth, W.L.D., and others. Odes were sung at intervals, Sister Miss Parks presiding at the harmonium.

CONLIG.—5th March, Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, G.W.Ch., lectured in the Baptist Church, Conlig. Rev. Dr. Binney presided, and Bros. Revs. J. Harris and D. H. M'Murtry, M.A., took part in the proceedings.

SOLDIERSTOWN.—13th March, a successful soiree was held under the auspices of the Providor Lodge, in the School-house attached to Soldierstown Church, near Moira. Bro. Rev. S. Graham, D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T. and Bro. H. Mathers, D.D.G.W.C.T.

CASTLEFIN.—16th March, a soiree, attended by about 600 persons, was held in the Rev. J. Thompson's Granary, Lisecooley, near Castlefin, under the auspices of the Dayspring Lodge. Bro. R. Harper, D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. G. Mehaffy, R. A. Wilson, J. Pyper, G.W.C.T., R. Entrican, Rev. Mr. Smiley, and others. Good Templar Bands were in attendance from Castlefin, Castlederg, Ballindrate, and Raphoe, and furnished abundance of excellent music.

LIGONIEL.—19th March, the G.W.C.T. lectured at a public meeting held under the auspices of the Star of Peace Lodge, in the Village School-house, Ligoniel. Bro. John Malcolm, D.T., occupied the chair, and the thanks of the meeting were given by acclamation to the lecturer and chairman, on the motion of Bro. R. Ferguson, W.L.D., seconded by Bro. T. Williamson, W.C.T. Monthly public meetings have been held in connexion with the Star of Peace Lodge in the same place, since December last, at which addresses have been delivered by Messrs. W. Lyons and Brownlee, and Bros. Glasgow, Horsfall, and Ferguson—the W.C.T., Bro. Williamson, presiding on each occasion.

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

SUNDAY CLOSING BILL.—Professor Smyth will move the Second Reading of the Sunday Closing Bill for Ireland, on Tuesday, 5th inst., with good prospects of success. The Bill is endorsed by Dr. Smyth, The O'Connor Don, Viscount Crichton, Mr. Dease, Mr. Redmond, Mr. W. Johnston, Mr. J. P. Corry, and Mr. T. Dickson. Electors interested in the important measure should at once write their respective representatives, requesting their attendance and favorable vote on the 5th.

CRUSHED OUT till next month.—“Literary Notices,” “The Good Templar Elocutionist,” “Public Meetings” for April, “Official Information,” “Obituary,” “Good Templar Marriages,” &c.

A Review of Rev. A. Breakey's Sermon, by Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, G.W.Ch., will appear in our next.

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The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

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1ST JUNE, 1874.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Rev. A. Breakey's Sermon—"Temperance without Templarism."

BY BRO. REV. G. H. SHANKS, G.W. CHAPLAIN.

ON the day appointed by the General Assembly for preaching a Sermon on Temperance, the Rev. A. Breakey, instead of preaching against Intemperance, preferred to preach against Templarism and Total Abstinence. Intemperance, it seems, does no harm. Not a word is there in the Sermon indicating that there is any intemperance about Killyleagh, or any where else, in the Church or in the world. Not a sentence is there against intemperance. All is against Templarism. People have far more need to be warned against Templarism, than against drunkenness. He tells us that "Forty years ago Dr. Edgar preached Temperance here, so did Dr. Morgan," and heads, "so has the humble individual who now addresses you preached against the sin of intemperance, and urged the exercise of faith which works by love, and purifies the heart, and overcomes the world" (as of course every minister will say he does), but whether or not he ever preached against intemperance with such vehemence as, on 7th December last, he preached against Templarism and Total Abstinence, I leave it to his hearers to say.

Mr. Breakey says, indeed, that he is not "against Temperance," (of course not—what is?) and, moreover, that even "against Temperance in its extreme form, he would, as God is his helper, never open his lips." What he means by "Temperance in its extreme form" I do not know. He cannot mean Teetotalism or Total Abstinence, for he has opened his lips against it; nor can he mean Good Templarism, for against it he "openly avows" that he "feels the most decided hostility." And if neither Total Abstinence nor Good Templarism be the "extreme form of Temperance," what can be it? For my part I hate extremes. It has passed into a proverb that "extremes meet." I fear that Temperance of an extreme form might not be Temperance at all, and against such so-called Temperance I never would pledge myself never to open my lips.

A strange phenomenon now presents itself in certain quarters, and that is, ministers who labor with all their might to check the over-zeal of some of their people against intoxicating drink, and seem afraid that any one should think it wrong to "drink a glass of Bass's ale at dinner," as if people were more in danger of entertaining too great a horror of intoxicating liquors than of drinking too much of it, and, therefore, needed to be instructed by their ministers as to the "innocent and nutritious" qualities of "ale, malted, brewed, the liquor flavored and bittered with hops," and that "the drinking of wine is an emblem of heaven." Dr. Guthrie, however, said, "he was hale because he drank no ale." Mr. Moody, the great revivalist, declares all such drink to be, "that infernal stuff." And Dr. Cuyler, "whose praise is throughout all the churches," although a Good Templar, shows that the drinking of it is a "violation of the law of God written on the body," as well as of that "written in the Bible;" and if this be so, as very many believe who have studied the subject as carefully and as prayerfully as Mr. Breakey has, then, at Mr. Breakey's making the drinking of it an "emblem of heaven," I might exclaim, in Mr. Breakey's own words—"What error! What impiety! What blasphemy!"

Mr. Breakey entitles his sermon "Temperance without Templarism." We have the "without Templarism," but where is the "Temperance?" All the Temperance I can find in it is simply to hate and execrate Templarism. "Total Abstinence" from Templarism is the only Temperance taught in it. But after all he does not really preach against Templarism at all, but only against a thing he calls Templarism—a thing which has no existence except in his own fancy—a pure phantasy—a creation of his own brain—the result of a misinformed judgment, or the offspring of pure calumny, as a few sentences will demonstrate. For example, at page 9, he represents "A Grand Worthy Chaplain" (*alias*

G. H. Shanks) as, in his own hearing, "comparing the paltry pretended secrets of a Templar's Lodge to the mysteries of God's inscrutable wisdom, which are to be unfolded and justified on that awful day (of judgment) before the assembled, intelligent universe,"—and here he exclaims, "What impiety!" Now I declare he never heard me do anything of the kind, and I repeat his own words "what impiety!" to put into the mouth of a brother what he never uttered. What I *did* say on the subject of Templar secrecy will be seen in my pamphlet on "Good Templarism in Harmony with Christianity," page 15 of the Appendix (a work which no one has yet attempted to answer), and there it will be seen that what I said is as far from what Mr. Breakey says he heard me say, as light is from darkness, or truth from falsehood, or Templarism as it exists *in fact* from Templarism as it exists in Mr. Breakey's fertile fancy.

Again, Mr. Breakey says, p. 19, that "his own ears, again and again, heard it repeated by the Great Grand Worthy Chief that *Templarism was before the Gospel!*" When a child I heard the proverb, "Bad hearing makes bad rehearsing." When I know from my inmost consciousness that Mr. Breakey *misheard myself*, and took an entirely false meaning from my words, a meaning which no one could possibly have taken who had not Templarism-hating ears, I can easily understand how he misheard Mr. Pyper, and entirely misunderstood him. When the late lamented Dr. Morgan—who to the last encouraged Mr. Pyper "to go on"—preached 40 years ago, that he believed the Temperance Society was "one of those special providences by which God interferes for the moral preservation of the world," he did not "lower the Gospel," nor put "the Temperance Society before the Gospel," any more than to support a life-boat institution would be putting it before the Gospel. Moreover, I affirm that nothing but Mr. Breakey's bad hearing could lead him to say that the Grand Worthy Chief Templar, in expounding the Transfiguration, "makes himself stand for the Lord Jesus Christ, the Templar Lodge for Tabor (?) where the Lord Jesus was transfigured and His glory manifested, and the Templar boys and girls stand for Peter, James, John, Moses, and Elias; and what was true of the one is true of the other." To that saying of Mr. Breakey's I apply his own words—"Such piety—such logic,"—and I add, such misrepresentation—such bad hearing! Mr. Breakey is acknowledged to be one of the best theologians in the Church, and I deliberately declare my conviction, that as a theologian and

a Biblical critic, Mr. Breakey is *not* superior to Mr. John Pyper. I know them both well, and I *know* it is just as impossible for Mr. Pyper to say that "Templarism is before the Gospel" as for Mr. Breakey to say it, and as impossible for him to give the foregoing exposition of the Transfiguration as for Mr. Breakey to give it. At the same time, I beg to say, that Mr. Breakey is my personal friend, and has done me many friendly acts, some of them of great value, and never an unfriendly one. I entertain high esteem and deep gratitude toward him, and nothing but my love for Truth and Temperance could compel me thus to expose his misrepresentations, which must be unintentional on his part, and arise from wrong information. Like Luther to the Pope, I appeal from Rev. A. Breakey *wrong*-informed to Rev. A. Breakey *right*-informed.

Mr. Breakey sees and hears every thing about Templarism in such a queer way that actually he declares that to get money for the "Grand Officials" is "the root of the whole"—"the original and moving cause of all"—"the root and main-spring of the system"! Indeed! Sagacious Mr. Breakey! What a discovery! As grand and valuable as that of the source of the Nile, or the North-west passage. Is it impossible that the original and moving cause *might* be to get rid of the intemperance which disgraces and ruins the land, so that it might no longer be a solemn and sad fact that intemperance prevails most within the professing Church of Christ, among the baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, the Christian lands being the drunken lands all the world over? I wonder what money it puts into the pocket of the Grand Worthy Chaplain, or Grand Worthy Counsellor, or Grand Worthy Vice Templar, or Grand Worthy Treasurer! Mr. Breakey cannot suppose that "the Grand Worthies and their Deputies, and Grand Messengers about our towns and churches could be found beating up for recruits, touting for Templars," unless they were paid for it!! Is there no such thing, Mr. Breakey, in the Church and the world, as disinterested benevolence? No love of country? No love of neighbors? Is there no one to be found to do anything for suffering humanity except to make money? Well, Mr. Breakey, I beg to inform you, that what you regard as impossible is an actual fact. The Grand Chaplain and other "Grand Officials,"—"Grand Worthies and their Deputies, and Grand Messengers beating up for recruits, touting for Templars"—are paid nothing at all for all their services, but sometimes are put to great personal

expenses, almost as much as would pay for "a glass of Bass's ale for dinner," or "the wine, the emblem of heaven," all the year round, strange as that may seem to many. An organization extending over the whole of Ireland, must have a head office, "in Ann St." or somewhere else, for which rent must be paid, and a staff of servants. There must be a Secretary to devote his *whole time* to the work, and he must be supported; and the Head Officer called Chief, must give his whole time and energies to the duties of his office, and of course must be supported; but *all* who, not devoting their whole time to the services of the organization, can therefore follow an avocation for their support, give their labors entirely gratuitously. Now, Mr. Breakey, is this not strange intelligence for you?—"Beating up for recruits, touting for Templars," and *making no money by it!!* Strange people, these Templars, in the opinion of those who think no one can do anything to put down drunkenness, *except to make money*. The Grand Chief gave up a highly honorable, useful, and remunerative calling, to devote his talents and energies to the promotion of Temperance; so did the Grand Secretary. If Mr. Breakey thinks that impossible, it is because he does not know these gentlemen, nor the strength of convictions regarding the evils of intemperance which possesses the minds of many. Nine times does this astute octogenarian refer to the *money making* objects of the Order, as if "filthy lucre" were the only object in view! Total Abstinence and the Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic are the only objects in view. He might as well say that the British Parliament, which imposes taxation by a simple majority of votes, does so to put the money into the pockets of the members, as that the Grand Lodge,—which is simply the annually elected Representatives of all the Templars throughout Ireland—"imposes special assessments," by "a vote of two-thirds," to put the money into the pockets of the members. He might as well say that the Sustentation Fund of the General Assembly was got up to give money to Mr. Aiken and the Sustentation Committee,—or that 1st Killyleagh Church was got up to give money to Rev. A. Breakey, the Sexton, the Elders, and other "officials" of the congregation, as say that Templarism was got up to make money for Mr. Pyper and the "Grand Officials." This money making frenzy of his forms the staple of his whole Sermon and Appendix, cropping up in almost every page, with a puerility of argument that we should not expect from an octogenarian of Mr. Breakey's logical ability and great accomplishments.

In this craze of his, about money, he imagines that Templarism, while lucrative to the "Grand Officials," is impoverishing to the other members. If this were the case, the other members would come in for a share, inasmuch as the "Grand Officials" only hold office for a year, and the private members of one year are the "Grand Officials" of the next, if elected. But the Order is in truth neither money-making nor yet impoverishing. Giving up "the glass of Bass's ale at dinner" and the wine, "the emblem of heaven," will *many times* pay *all* the assessments required, and also go far to remunerate the "Grand Officials" for the extra expenses which they are often put to. Invariably, all the members find it truly beneficial, in a *financial point of view*, except the "Grand Officials." If any baptized person is unable to get suitable dress to appear at church, let him become a Templar, and he will soon be at church. Or if any be too poor to pay stipend, or contribute to the Sustentation Fund, let him become a Templar, and he will soon be able to pay to those important objects. Mr. Breakey can be pointed to a man not far off him, who, on giving thirty shillings to the Sustentation of a certain congregation, said, in answer to the surprise which the gift awakened, that "now, since he became a Templar, he was able to pay thirty shillings, than formerly, thirty pence!"

Under the heading of "Templar Dishonesty," Mr. Breakey says, "that Templarism assumes it is the veritable Samaritan," and thereby gives, he says, "a double hit—first a knock down to the clergy and then a glorification of Templarism." Now if there be "a knock down to the clergy" in the parable of the despised Samaritan saving the half-murdered man whom the Priest and Levite (the clergy) left to perish, it is given by our Saviour, and the chastisement ought to be humbly and dutifully received by the clergy. But Mr. Breakey says, that so far from acting the part of the Samaritan, Templarism, instead of pouring in oil and wine, stops with merely "taking care of the robbed and wounded man, and binding up his wounds" (very good for so far certainly), but Oh! he plaintively exclaims, "it will pour in *no wine* (Italics are his) into his wounds; they are bound up, but into his mouth—no not a drop." Nor is oil either poured into his mouth! Poor man—to be deprived of "that infernal stuff"—of that which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder"—to have not a drop put into his mouth of that which cannot be drunk "without a violation of the law of God written on the

body," as well as of that "written in the Bible!" Mr. Breakey goes on to declare that Templarism, instead of giving "two pence" to the robbed and wounded man, "would take it from him, or after all, leave him to die in the ditch." I leave it, therefore, to the reader to say whether this

paragraph of Mr. Breakey's, which is headed by him, "Templar Dishonesty," should not have been headed, "*Anti-Templar Dishonesty*," and to say who "bears false witness against his neighbor."

[TO BE CONTINUED].

The Bible and Total Abstinence.—No. VI.

BY BRO. DR. F. R. LEES, LEEDS.

THE Divine Works and Word correctly interpreted *must* harmonize, not less on the Temperance Question than any other; and since this is a practical topic, connected with morals and religion at many points, the Bible may be fairly expected to have recorded special instructions upon it. When we come to examine it, impartially, in the light of Facts and correct principles of Interpretation, it is even found to have anticipated the ordinary wisdom of men and the developments of modern Science. The great physicians of Europe—Levy, Lallemand, Lehmann, Chambers, Smith, etc., express the last verdict of Science when they affirm the old Temperance doctrine that Alcohol is simply a narcotic *Poison*, and not *Food* in any true or ordinary sense of that word. The property of such a poison is to seduce, mock, deceive; to generate an ever increasing appetite for itself amongst men; and to make the soul subject to the craving tyranny of the sensual nature. The express language of Scripture is but the echo of this conclusion—"Wine is a *mock*"—"Be not *deceived* thereby." The cry of the drunkard is—"They have stricken me but I *felt it not*. I will seek it yet again." The voice of a warning wisdom is—"Look not upon the Wine, when it is red, when it giveth its eye in the cup (marks of fermentation); at the last it *biteth like a serpent*." Nay, more, in three plain texts, the only word in Hebrew for "*Poison*" (HHEMAH)—the word six times so translated—is applied to this very species of drink which "*stingeth like an adder*." The evil wine was like "*the poison of dragons*."—(Deut. xxii. 33.) The Princes made the King "*sick with poison of wine*."—(Hos. vii. 5.) And a woe is hurled against him who giveth such drink to his neighbor—who "*putteth thy poison to him*."—(Hab. ii. 15)—the consequence being that God's poisoned Cup of Wrath (HHEMAH) shall be turned to him. Is it not pure insanity to suppose that *such* an element is identical with the contents of the "*cup of blessing*"?

The Facts of the Bible are not less clear and decisive as regards the evils of Drinking. 1st. God uses *intoxicating* wine as the constant symbol

of wickedness and punishment. *Hhemah* is the poison of the cup of wrath,—the *maddening* element—which is to the soul what physical poison is to the body. From Moses to John this expressive symbolism prevails. 2nd. God shows us, in the biography of his People, how prophets, patriarchs, and priests fell into sin "*through wine*" and were "*swallowed up*" of strong drink. 3rd. God teaches us that the great cause of perversion in his people, as Church and Nation, after centuries of varied education and discipline, of unexampled laws and privileges, social, sanitary, and political, was the love of drink. "What more could I do for you?" saith the Lord. "Why, then, when I looked for grapes, do I find poisonous (or wild) grapes?" The answer of the prophets is still the same. Amos sums up the whole in *four* transgressions; and the four resolve themselves into one cause. (1.) The Judges passed unjust verdicts, to get fines *for drink* to be consumed in the holy places. (2.) They commanded the prophets to cease, unless they would prophesy of wine and strong drink. (3.) They tempted the Nazarites to break their pledge, because their sobriety was a standing rebuke to themselves. (4.) They cared not for the "*affliction of Joseph*," but drank wine in bowls.—(Compare Amos ii. 6; Micah ii. 11; and Isaiah v). For these sins it is said, "Therefore shall they go into captivity;" and it is remarkable that they learned sobriety at last in the Court of Cyrus, the magian teetotaler, where royal fashion and Persian philosophy co-operated to that end. In this sublime history, we see *evil* constantly associated with intoxicating drink; and exhibited as the *hindrance* to God's own teaching. How vain, then to expect that our laws and crotchets will triumph over this sin, where His failed! The Church can cure Intemperance only by banishing its cause.

In the Common version of the Bible even there is but one text that gives God's apparent sanction to *intoxicating* wine, namely, Deut. xiv. 26, where strong drink is named as a permissible element in a sacred feast. The answer is conclusive—that no word for "*strong*" exists in the original

Hebrew. The term there is *shekar*—the original of *saccar*, sugar, and other terms. It denoted *Palm-Wine*, which exists in various states, unfermented, sweet, and syrupy, as well as intoxicating and “bitter.” Hence, as Bishop Lowth observes, the antithesis of Isaiah—“Thy *shechar* (sweet wine) shall become *bitter*”—i.e., deteriorated. About 60 texts of the authorized version refer to wine (or what is supposed to be wine) with approbation, where the context shows or implies it to be a natural or unfermented product. Not more than 52 texts exist which can be *proved*, by the context, to refer to *intoxicating* wine—and not one of these is connected with the Divine blessing. On the contrary, one half of them describe it as an evil, as a mocker and a stupefier, or *prohibit* it, either in general, or in special cases. These special implications of the evil *quality* of a particular kind of wine cannot be got rid of by saying that the Bible warns against *excess*, and thus implicitly sanctions a lesser use. In reality, it does both warn against the *use* and the *excess*. But the principle of the objection is false. It is the same as to say, that if you are prohibited from killing a man, as in the Decalogue, you are *allowed* to maltreat him short of killing! But not only does the Old Testament commend abstinence and condemn drink, the New Testament frequently and distinctly exhorts to it, and Church history furnishes illustrious examples of it in the first ages. It was, as Prof. Jowett admits, ranked “amongst the counsels of perfection.” The Bishop of Ephesus—Timotheus—was an extreme Abstinence, and seemed to need an Apostolic prescription to induce him to use “a little wine,” even as a medicine. What sort of wine it was, we do not know; but we do know that Athenæus says of the sweet Lesbian, called *protropos*, it was “very good for the stomach.”—(ii. § 24.)

The fact that teetotalism prevailed throughout the East for thousands of years—that it was a part of the discipline of the Oriental priesthoods, from Egypt to India—that it pervaded Judea in the time of our Lord, and was manifested in the sympathetic sects of the Essenes and Therapeutæ,—are circumstances which *compel* the impartial critic to give a plain and literal sense to the language of the Scriptures, when it at once *corresponds* with historical practices and scientific verities. The presumption is strong against the supposition that our Lord would transform innocent water into *intoxicating* wine, an element that the Essenes called “Fools’ physic,”—which after Christians designated as the “invention of the evil one”—though, as

Augustin witnesses, they readily drank the *juice of grapes*; which the Saint somewhat illogically condemns as inconsistent! All that our Blessed Lord did was to discountenance the Dualistic mistakes of the Persian philosophy, with a foresight of the Manichean revival of it, that there was essential evil in matter, and therefore in Marriage and in “Wine.” But as His countenance of a pure marriage gives no sanction to a corrupt one, neither does His conversion of pure water into pure wine involve the slightest approval of that essentially impure and corrupt element which is “a mocker,” and “*wherein* is excess.” Here, again we find the true modern conception anticipated by Divine Wisdom, in that miracle which, though the first in order of time, was recorded only in the last of the Gospels, when the error it meets was creeping into the Church.

All the critical mistakes of those who have vainly striven to enlist the Bible on the side of sensuality arise from the acceptance of *false principles* of Interpretation, and from ignorance of *Facts*. No text referring to intoxicating wine can have any validity, unless it be associated with *Divine Sanction*. No such text exists—but many exist associated with varied evil. Such wine, no doubt, was “permitted” to be used, by both good and bad men, but so were divorce, polygamy, concubinage, slavery, permitted. This was “for the hardness of their hearts,” not because the practice was good. The sole critical argument of the Tippler is this, that the word “wine” is the same in connection with the drunkenness of Noah, and the blessing of God upon wine in the Psalms, etc. Quite so; but that does not argue sameness of *nature* or *quality*. “Man,” “spirit,” “angel,” “wife,” etc., are, like “Wine,” general words—but for that very reason cannot denote the *specific* differences amongst the class of things to which they are severally applied; as good or bad, pure or corrupt. Ignorance of facts is displayed in the common assertion that wine signifies “the *fermented* juice of the grape.” The ancients did not, and could not, know anything of such a conception, inasmuch as they were ignorant of the process of fermentation itself. Hence the old Hebrew books—as the *Gemara* and the Chaldee paraphrase—speak of “the *wine* (*yayin*) which Messiah shall drink,” as being “reserved in its grapes from the beginning”—a striking comment upon the language of our Lord at His Last Supper. Hence also, in the 13th century, the great logician and theologian, Thomas Aquinas, decides that grape juice is of the *specific nature of wine* (*vinum*), and may be

used in the celebration of the Eucharist. The definition attempted to be palmed upon us, there-

fore, is false in history, and confounds the *genus* with the *species*—"Man" with "Negro"!

A Reply to Mr. Varley's Pamphlet—"Why I Left the Order."

BY BRO. REV. T. RYDER, NOTTINGHAM.

(Concluded from our last.)

CHARGES OF IMMORALITY.—To paint this picture in still darker colors, Mr. Varley alludes to "some painful instances of immorality and sin," of which he has heard as having taken place in the Lodge-room. But has he only *heard* of them? Or, if he can speak to the facts, how many such cases does he know of? Three, two, or one? Even if he can establish *three* such charges, is that a sufficient reason for defaming the *Order*? Are there no painful instances of immorality and sin in households? But must the pure members of such households have the disgrace flung in their teeth as though it were theirs? Nay, are there not painful cases of immorality and sin in churches? Yet is that a reason for blotting the churches out of existence? Mr. Varley must take care how he uses an argument of this sort. He says, further, that where such flagrant instances of immorality do not exist, "the tone of Christian life is lowered, and often the prayer meeting and house of God are forsaken for the Templar Lodge." We deny it *in toto*. Our own experience in a church of nearly five hundred members is, that the tone of Christian life is sweeter and purer for being associated with Good Templarism, that the Templar members of the church are among the most regular attendants at the prayer meeting, and may be relied upon for prompt and earnest work in every good cause.

DOES GOOD TEMPLARISM PANDER TO VANITY? Mr. Varley says it does, to *every* vanity. This is another random charge which is without justification. It would be useless to deny that vanity may appear in a Lodge-room as well as anywhere else. It is even possible in the house of God, and there are few places in which it flourishes more. Yet who would think of charging the church with pandering to every vanity? It does not want a Good Templar Lodge to engender vain thoughts. They will grow in almost any soil. On the other hand, our observation rather inclines us to the view that the Lodge-room has an influence in the opposite direction. The majority of our members wear a simple white collar, which to us, on first assuming it, was by no means an attraction or an encourage-

ment to vanity. And in wearing the colors of the different Degrees, nothing more is required than a blue, purple, or scarlet regalia, neatly trimmed. Some Templars go about, it is true, bedizened with all manner of stars and devices, but many do not; just as there are persons in ordinary life who will array themselves in all the colors of the rainbow, and wear a large amount of jewellery, and others whose garments are always simple and homely. If there is a *tendency* to vanity in a young person, it becomes a question whether, with all our regalia, it is not infinitely better for such an one to be in a Good Templar Lodge, than about in the giddy world of fashion. Our experience proves that there is far more in a Lodge-room to check that tendency than to foster it. Mr. Varley also says that "almost every officer is *Grand*." This is a mistake. We question whether one Lodge in a hundred can boast of an officer with that title. In the Lodge with which we are most intimately connected there are many members who are, or who have been, officers with the title of *Worthy*, but since its commencement, which is upwards of two years ago, there has never been one styled *Grand*. For ourselves, we are not over fond of either the titles or the regalia, but it is a libel on our Order to say "it panders to every vanity." On the contrary, there is much in it to humble the members, and if a man cannot leave his pride outside, the Lodge-room has no congenial atmosphere for him.

SECRECY.—We are less disposed to reply to Mr. Varley on this point than on any other. He makes "much ado about nothing." Anyone who did not know better might imagine, from what he says, that there was something in Templarism of the nature of "The Gunpowder Plot," or of those crafty intrigues and secret conspiracies which were the terror of the continent during the earlier part of the last hundred years. We marvel how he can dare to impugn our object and aims by quoting the passage—"Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved." Such application of these words is simply cruel. Again, Mr. Varley displays his blind attachment to

literalism by endeavoring to find a scourge for the Templars in the words of Christ to the high priest—"I spake openly to the world, and in secret have I said nothing." Anyone with half an eye can see that Mr. Varley egregiously blunders here. Are there not abundant proofs that Jesus Christ was often in private communion with His disciples, and much that was said and done at such times has never yet been disclosed? The evident meaning of Christ's words is this—"There is no sedition. My disciples are not a secret society, plotting against Judaism. *Nothing I have said to them in secret contradicts what I have said openly to the world.*" We are amazed that any professed expounder of the Word of God should exhibit such weakness in Hermeneutics. As to the secrecy in the Order, with the exception of a few signs and passwords, we have discovered very little more in a thirty months' membership than we knew before we joined the Order. The secrets complained of are but the *stitches* in a beautiful banner, which is unfurled to all the world. Our principles and almost all our plans of operation are open to the investigation of all who wish to know them, and are to be ascertained from books which may be had through any bookseller in any quarter of the globe. What capacities some people have for converting mole-hills into mountains.

GOOD TEMPLARISM AND THE GOSPEL.—On page 10, Mr. Varley, singularly enough, takes up the weapon of the moderate drinkers against Templarism, viz., that it is put in the place of the Gospel. As he has so often had to reply to that argument himself in the defence of Temperance Societies of other kinds—and we have heard him do it very successfully—we ask Mr. Varley to confer with Mr. Varley on the subject. If, after that, he chooses still to say that we bring men to Good Templarism instead of bringing them to Christ, all we can say, is,—We don't. Neither do we agree with Mr. Varley that the Gospel needs no aids or auxiliaries. Without a doubt, "Christ crucified" is the grand central Sun of God's beneficent system, but there are other beautiful orbs revolving around it, which, if noticed a little more, could only result in fixing our thoughts still more earnestly upon the central Sun that regulates their movements. Mr. Varley again misreads Scripture. Paul is made to say—"I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ (*and nothing about Him*) and Him crucified." Did Paul ever tell the Corinthians of how Christ blessed the poor, healed the sick, and fed the hungry multitudes? Has Mr. Varley forgotten that the first letter Paul wrote

the Corinthians has (in the English version) *a thirteenth chapter*? And when we think of the glorious work which a Bernardo has done for the street Arab, an Agnes Jones for the sick-poor, and a George Muller for the lonely orphan, and how the land is studded with asylums, refuges, alms-houses, and infirmaries which have been erected and supported in the name of Christ, and for the glory of God, what right have we to say the Gospel needs no auxiliaries? And our Good Templarism has played a not unimportant part in helping lost men to find their way to God, however Mr. Varley may revile it. If our view is not the correct one, then let Mr. Varley justify his conduct in providing a sumptuous tea or supper for the butchers of London, just before delivering to them the Gospel of the grace of God. If the Gospel is sufficient, why provide the tea!

POPERY.—Mr. Varley has been most unfortunate in describing the conduct of our Chief in interdicting public discussion upon the Ritual of the Order, as "rankest popery." The motto of the church of Rome is—"No safety outside our church." Now, Bro. Malins exceeded no trust reposed in him by his brethren, when he forbade the members of the Order publicly to discuss the question: but Mr. Varley acts a true Pope in excommunicating from the Church of God all who have not followed him out of the Order. These are his words—"This Order stands in direct opposition to the Word of God."—"All Christians who abide by the Word of Truth must come away from Good Templarism at once and for ever."—"Templarism cannot be mended and utilized so that Christians may join it."—"No Christian loyal to his Master can consistently hold the principles of Good Templarism." And thus Mr. Varley makes himself an infallible judge, and condemns his fellow-Christians; but, like the blind man whom they cast out of the synagogue, the Master does not disown us; and while the pastor of the West London Tabernacle has sought his Father's forgiveness for so rashly joining the Order (see p. 14), there are thousands who, like ourselves, praise God every day, that they are still identified with it, and can use it as a valuable aid in promoting the interests of Christ's Kingdom. The prophet of Horeb once imagined he was the only true worshipper in Israel, until God told him of seven thousand others; and in modern Israel there are those who need to be reminded that others, besides themselves are in the habit of asking daily, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

On calmly surveying the whole controversy, we cannot but feel that Mr. Varley is laboring

under some dire infatuation, from which we sincerely hope he will have speedy deliverance. His warlike attitude to the Order has brought him into strange associations. We remember to have seen a leader in *The Morning Advertiser*, a well-known public-house newspaper, in which Mr. Varley was highly applauded for his denunciation of the publicans' greatest foe, the I.O.G.T.; and we know of at least one gin-shop in Nottingham where his praises were sung by a company of toppers, one of whom was reading a report of the speech Mr. Varley delivered at the Nottingham

conference on "Good Templarism" last October. These are facts sincerely to be deplored, but they are the inevitable result of a policy such as that pursued by Mr. Varley. We hope, ere long, that he will repent of having spoken so unadvisedly, rashly, and uncharitably of an Order which has done, and is doing, incalculable good in the Empire, and which shall be spoken of in the days of England's greater glory, as one of religion's noblest allies in her encounter with sin, and one of her most illustrious attendants in her march to victory.—*The Good Templars' Watchword.*

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CHURCHWARDENS' DINNER.

NOUGHAMORE CHURCH had been taken down in the old, and put up in the new, and as Mr. Jackson had generously doubled his subscription, it was resolved that a dinner should be given in his honor, and an address presented to him. All subscribers of five pounds and upward were invited, and Mr. McPherson was honored with a card, because he had given the use of his church while the Episcopalian one was being repaired; Mr. Bellamy having asked him for it immediately after he became so anxious for the promotion of Christian unity. Howard Peton was at the castle at the time, and Mr. Seguin, who was one of the dinner committee, sent up a card with Philip, to which the young lord's subscription did not entitle him. "A thousand thanks, my dear fellow," he said, when he had looked at it, "but I am not going to be bored to death for the sake of my dinner;" at which Philip laughed, and answered it was well for him that he could get escaping it. "I tell you what, Phil, never put yourself out of your way for anybody's sake but your own; that is my creed, and it saves me a deal of bother. There was my poor old dad, who was always thinking what he could do for people, and how he could improve the condition of his tenantry, yet you would never hear his name now, while the most of them cringe to me as if I was their Providence." "Your father was a good man," said Philip striking a match. "And I ain't? Is that what you mean?" "Well, you are not quite as bad as you make yourself, but, like myself, you might be long chalks better than you are." "I am sorry to see that you have forgotten your catechism, Master Philip. I learned two; the first question in the one my mother taught me, is, 'What is your name?' and in the one my father taught me, 'What is man's chief end?' The answer to the first is, 'Lord Peton;' and to the second, 'To glorify Lord Peton.' I wonder is that what McPherson teaches his people?" "Not very likely; he has too independent a mind to teach them anything of the sort, and he would put you on the stool of repentance as fast

as he would Joe Martin. But he will be at the dinner and you can ask him." "Ask him to put me on the stool of repentance? I don't covet the privilege, unless it would make me look interesting in the eyes of that glorious Lutton girl, who holds her head for all the world like my horse, 'Flying Beauty.' It might, too, for godly females always hanker after penitents of the masculine gender, and I would like to stand well with the black-haired damsel, for there isn't an animal in Rotten Row to compare with her." "Lord Peton, do you mean to come to the dinner or not?" "Hey day! Seguin, did anybody touch your withers? No, I won't go. Make my politest excuses to the illustrious churchwardens, or whatever they are, and say that I am seriously indisposed, which is quite true; and the presence of the long-legged clergyman makes me still more so. What business has a man who has only one hundred a year with an independent mind, I should like to know? Especially when he pockets seventy-five of it on the understanding that he is not to have any. Well, well, these are degenerate times," said Lord Peton, lighting his cigar with an expression of amiable insolence on his high-bred face, that looked as if it had been polished and polished through succeeding generations till all coarseness and substance had alike been polished away.

The dinner was held in the Corner House, which, after a thorough purification, had been fitted up and tastefully decorated for the occasion. Some of the guests would have felt more comfortable in a house that had not so lately been used as a fever hospital. But, thanks to Miss Bellamy's active superintendence, the viands were served up in such first rate style, and everything was so comfortable, that the most timid soon forgot the purpose to which the Corner House had at last been applied; and the gentlemen were all in high good humor, with the exception of Mr. McPherson, who felt as uncomfortable as he usually did in mixed company, and Philip Seguin, who had been carousing with Lord Peton the previous night, and felt both out of sorts and out of temper. Christopher Lutton was there; he was in priest's orders now, and was staying with Miriam till he would get a curacy. Very proud

of him Miriam was, for he had fulfilled the promise of his childhood, and was pious and learned, eloquent and wise, and if there was more of womanly softness than of manly strength in his small Roman nose and delicately cut lips, it only enhanced the purity and goodness of a face that women often called saintly, and men effeminate. When Philip Seguin was in bad temper, some one on whom to vent it was a necessity to him; sometimes he made his mother the scapegoat, sometimes Moses Lutton, and even Mattie did not always escape when he was suffering from the effects of intemperance. At the dinner he seemed uncertain which to cast his javelin at, Christopher or Mr. McPherson, but as he hid his evil designs under an appearance of uproarious hilarity neither of them observed for some time what it covered. So when he caught up everything Christopher said and turned it into ridicule, Christy thought it was just his high spirits, and took it all in good part, though his sensitive nature shrank from the rough badinage. Mr. McPherson, who had never seen Christopher before, admired his amiability, and thinking that Philip was imposing on him, came to the rescue once or twice and turned the laugh against the laughter, to the amusement of such of the company as were within hearing and not too busily engaged with their knives and forks to heed them. Now no one has such a dislike to being quizzed as the man who is fondest of quizzing, for the keen sense of the ludicrous that makes him alive to what is laughable in others, causes him to suffer torture should they discover anything laughable in himself; and though Philip laughed loudly at Mr. McPherson's irony, and retorted with sarcasm that still preserved a slight outward crust of good-nature, his inward irritation was increasing rapidly as the dinner proceeded, and he was fast drifting into the reckless mood in which men will say and do things for which a life-long repentance cannot atone. He ate little but drank much, even before the cloth was removed, filling his glass so often that Christopher could not but observe it, and wonder why Miriam had never mentioned this failing of Philip's in her letters. Mr. McPherson drank nothing but water at dinner, and when the cloth was removed and hot water and decanters placed on the table, he still refused to have any wine, much to Christopher's satisfaction. It is never more difficult to carry out our principles than when in company of older people who have known us from childhood, and as the Editor of the *Upton Chronicle* sat too far away for his total abstinence to be a support to Christopher, Mr. McPherson's companionship in what most present deemed a craze was the more desirable. Had Mr. McPherson thought of it, he would have abstained that the young priest, for whom he had taken a liking, might not feel singular; but it was not of Christopher's comfort he was thinking, when he shook his head dissentingly and passed the decanter to his next neighbor; he was thinking of a text that had come into his mind, which the popping of corks did not help to drive out again. "Be not among wine-bibbers" were the words that kept ringing in his ears. Surely they were Bible words, he thought, though he had never observed them there, for they struck him with a force that

only words of Holy Writ possess. Yes, it was certainly in the Bible; he could tell the particular part of the page in which he had seen it many a time. Strange that it had left no impression on his mind, nor ever recurred to him till now. He had a Bible in his pocket, and was sure he could find the passage in a minute, but he would be thought mad if he took it out to look for the passage in the present company. Who were the wine-bibbers? Were they men like Mr. Jackson, who was just now stirring his punch, and telling the Rector what a shame it was that, in a thriving little village like Loughamore, there should not be a single house of entertainment for travellers? Or like Mr. Jones, the rich grocer, who echoed the sentiment, and gave point to it by saying that there was not a house between Ardrey and Muckamore where carmen could call to get a drink? Or like good Mr. Bellamy himself, with his kindly, open face, and cordial, old-fashioned politeness? No, it was punch they were all drinking, and the text said wine; besides, whiskey was unknown in Bible times, though its potent spirit must have been in the wine then as now, judging by the denunciations against drunkenness. Who were the wine-bibbers? Was Mr. Seguin, with his white hair and smooth ruby-colored face, one? Mrs. Seguin had lately voted distilled liquors vulgar, and it was wine that was in Mr. Seguin's glass as he set it down, till he would inform the company in general, and Mr. Jackson in particular, that it was one of old Lord Peton's whims not to permit any public-houses to be on his estate; but it was hoped that the young lord would not think it necessary to carry out his views on the subject. Yes, Mr. Seguin was a wine-bibber, if wine-bibbing meant wine drinking. And Philip? No doubt about Philip, with his hand already shaking, and that hot flush on his forehead and red light in his eyes. "My Master was at a wedding feast where wine was drunk; but was that feast like this, or was the wine He made like this wine? May not Mr. McKenzie, after all, be right, and may not I be wrong to countenance wine bibbing as I have hitherto done?" And as the drinking went on, Mr. McPherson's conscience grew ill at ease, and, pushing back his chair from the table, as if to record his disapprobation of the proceedings, he fell into a brown study, that might have been a black one by the dark look on his face, till he forgot to fence off Philip's attacks, and was only roused at length by Christopher rising to read the address. Mr. Bellamy had given Christopher the paper when he went to the Glebe that morning, and told him that the duty of reading it was to devolve on him; and as he was talking to Mattie at the time, he glanced over it, so as to make himself familiar with the words, without much minding the sense. He saw that it expressed exaggerated gratitude for Mr. Jackson's munificent donation; and, after referring in terms more complimentary than truthful to his mental and moral qualities, concluded with a prayer that Heaven would continue to prosper the industry that brought blessing and happiness to so many homes, and that, when at last he rested in an honored grave, his works might follow him. It was only a grandiloquent way of expressing

the fact that he gave employment to a large number of workers at the distillery—and Christopher passed over the hackneyed phrases without a second thought till he rose to read them, and it was not till he came to the concluding words that their terrible irony struck him in full, causing him to stammer and almost break down. "That the Lord may bless your labors as he has hitherto done—" ("More likely the devil," muttered Mr. McPherson),—and that the fruit of that noble industry, which has brought comfort and happiness to hundreds of homes, may be preserved to you for the glory of God and the good of mankind—(Christopher read with the perspiration breaking over his forehead at the thought of what he was praying)—and when God's purposes with you in this world are at last finished—(here the Rector pulled out his handkerchief, and Mr. Jones blew his nose)—and you rest from your works in an honored grave, may they be remembered by the Lord for a memorial of you, and may their fruits live for ever, throughout endless generations." "Amen," said the Rector, solemnly, and "Amen," repeated some of the gentlemen present; but, "It will be a black look out for him if they do," said they Editor, aside; "The Lord forbid!" ejaculated Mr. McPherson; and, "Buy a ha'p'orth of fudge," whispered Philip to a young squire beside him, which caused his "amen" to be choked in a laugh.

When Christopher sat down, wiping his damp forehead, and feeling as if he had been cursing, Mr. Bellamy raised a cheer, and, when it was over, called for another and another, and every time the huzzas filled the room a voice whispered in Christopher's ear, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" "What doest thou here, Elijah?" "What doest thou here, Elijah?" and the last time it seemed to be repeated so plainly that he covered his face with his hands, and sat stunned by his emotion. When he raised his head, they were cheering still, and Mr. McPherson was looking sympathetically at him. Mr. McPherson could have joined heartily in a spontaneous British cheer, and had he been present at the vestry meeting, where Mr. Jackson's promise of a thousand pounds to the church was announced, he would have cheered as loudly as anyone, but this cut and dried applause was a thing he hated, and he wished himself far away from it. "Can we not get out of this?" Christopher whispered, as their eyes met. "Yes, come; I am not afraid of rudeness," Mr. McPherson answered, encouragingly. Philip Seguin caught the look between the two clergymen, and heard the whisper; and as he had just flung a jibing remark at Christopher, to which neither had paid any heed, he took some insane notion that they were making signs about him; for he was now in that stage of the disease when he was aware of his own intoxication, but resented anyone else having any suspicion of it. "What are you grinning at, like a monkey?" he demanded of Christopher, thinking that, because he had known him from childhood, it was less a breach of good manners to attack him than Mr. McPherson, whom he would much have preferred to engage. "I don't understand you, Philip," mildly answered the clergyman, who had never felt less inclined to

grin like a monkey; but Mr. McPherson said sharply—"Mr. Seguin, I would not be a fool if I were you." It was answering a fool according to his folly, and he was made aware of it next minute, when Philip threw a glass of wine full in his face. "Philip!" cried his father, in dismay; and "Philip!" echoed Mr. Bellamy, who, having seen no symptom of the storm that had been brewing from the commencement of the dinner, was completely bewildered by the suddenness of the outburst. Mr. McPherson rose with compressed lips to leave the room, but Philip misinterpreted the action, and, starting from his seat at the opposite side of the table, struck him a violent blow. All was confusion after that, some holding Philip back from further violence, and others standing ready to interfere should Mr. McPherson attempt to retaliate. Any one to have looked at him would have known that it was not cowardice that restrained him, as he stood drawn up to the full height of his six feet, the veins standing out on his forehead like knotted whipcord, and his sinewy hands clenching and unclenching in a way that would have boded ill for his opponent had he accepted his brutal challenge. Had they fought, he would have won the victory; but he was engaged in a fiercer conflict just then, for he was fighting himself, and had his passions been an iota less under control, his higher nature would have been vanquished. The Editor laid his hand on the young man's shoulder when he saw the struggle, and Christopher whispered leseechingly, "Oh, Mr. McPherson, for Christ's sake!" He turned to him at that with a strange smile on his passion-paled face—"Yes, Mr. Lutton, for Christ's sake I shall go home." And, bowing to those that were gathered around him in suspense, he left the room followed by Christopher. "If you are a man, you will apologize for this," the Editor said to Philip when they were gone. But Philip was in no mood then for making any *amende*; he was too angry at his own wrongdoing to feel himself the wrong-doer, and though several of the older gentlemen tried to impress upon him how cowardly it was to strike a clergyman, whose cloth debarred him from the privilege of striking back, he paid no heed to their admonitions, but drank on, in sullen silence, and after a little they ceased to pay any heed to him. With the exception of this misadventure, the dinner passed off with much *eclat*, and was fully reported (still with the same exception) in that week's *Upton Chronicle*; Mr. McKenzi taking the trouble of making the speeches delivered worthy of printing before he allowed them to appear in type, so that the speech-makers were all astonished to find what clever fellows their neighbors were, though no one suspected that his own crude ideas had received any embellishment. Mr. Jackson went home from the dinner very happy in the idea that Miss Bellamy would make a splendid head cook, and that since the days of Howard there had not been such a public benefactor as himself. Philip got home he did not know how, and wakened next morning with a sense of unutterable shame, that oppressed him all the more because he knew that Miriam would hear of his brutality from Christopher. His recollection of what had passed was hazy,

but he remembered enough to know that the most abject apology he could make would be small amends for the unprovoked injury he had done to Mr. McPherson. Under ordinary circumstances, he would have slept all day after the night's dissipation, but, weary and stupefied though he was, his conscience would not let him rest; so, thinking that the sooner a disagreeable thing was got over the better, he rose, and surprised his mother and sisters by coming down before eleven o'clock, looking dour enough, but yet in much better temper than they were accustomed to see him on similar occasions. It is very easy to forgive an injury so long as it is not done to ourselves, or any one dear to us; but Mr. McPherson, who was as good a Christian as most people, found it no easy thing perfectly to obey the Gospel precept. Had Philip's conduct been altogether unprovoked he would have found it easier to do; but he had felt irritated, and spoken sharply to him when pity should have kept him silent, and as this made his conscience uneasy, it caused his indignation to burn the hotter, and he found himself reverting again and again to the insult he had received, with feelings that it frightened him to think his heart should be capable of. Like many another good man, he had thought because certain passions did not trouble him, that therefore they had been quite eradicated by grace, if they ever had any existence in his nature. And now, when a desire for revenge made itself unmistakably felt, he was humbled to the dust because of it, and yet felt the more resentment toward Philip for being the cause of the unwelcome visitor that had suddenly appeared so rank in his heart. He prayed fervently and sincerely for the grace of forgiveness, and, though he felt that he could have attained to it more readily could he have given one blow in return, he had at length gone to sleep feeling tolerably satisfied with his own frame of mind. But Satan was busy while he slept; he dreamed about the squabble, and awakened up with his hand on Philip Seguin's throat, and wishing he had slept long enough to give it a squeeze. Dis-mayed to find his anger burning as hot as ever,

he leaped out of bed and went to his knees, to pray so earnestly for pardon for his own sin, that he forgot for a while that any fellow creature required forgiveness at his hands. When he went down stairs the temptation returned, and he astonished his housekeeper by jumping up from the table before he had finished breakfast, and locking himself in his bedroom. He was still there when, after two hours had passed, she knocked at the door. His face was very pale when he opened it, but she thought she had never seen so sweet a look in his eyes, and regretted afterwards that she had not taken that opportunity of telling him she had broken the kitchen lamp the previous night. She put a card into his hand, on which he read Philip Seguin's name, and under it was scribbled with a pencil, "I am come to ask your pardon." "Show Mr. Seguin into the parlor, and say I will be down immediately," he said. "But, sir, you have got no breakfast." "Never mind breakfast; I have got what will do me for a good while." Philip was standing in miserable uncertainty as to his reception, when the parlor door opened. The two young men looked at each other for an instant, and then Mr. McPherson held out his hand. "I don't deserve it, indeed," Philip said, and the one with which he took it was very damp and shaky. "I never was so much ashamed of myself in my life, and, if you wish it, I will make you a public apology." "Say no more about it. I was very angry, but that is passed; and it was drink, not you, that did the wrong." "I suppose so, but I remember little about it, and indeed, I don't want to remember if you are willing to forget." "Forgetting is not altogether in our own power, and perhaps we would both be the wiser of remembering. If you had not been drinking you would not have given the blow; and if I had tasted wine yesterday, I would have disgraced myself and my calling by returning it." That day Mr. McPherson enrolled his name as an abstainer from all intoxicating liquor; and the following Sunday he preached from the text, "*Be not among wine-bibbers.*"

[TO BE CONTINUED].

Correspondence Connected with the Late Discussion.

(Continued from our last.)

Bacup, Lancashire, 24th Nov., 1873.

TO JOHN PYPER, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter has been delivered to me. I have read it. The worst feeling I now or ever shall have to its author is expressed in the desire that he may yet be ashamed of ever having written such a letter, and of the organization under whose influences and on whose behalf it was penned. If he be, as I hope he is, a Christian, I am quite sure he will.

To the torrents of personal abuse and slander which have been poured on me without measure by members of the Templar Order I have never attempted any reply. This rule prevents me noticing in any way the greater part of your letter. I shall forward it, as I have done the others, to the Anti-Templar friends in Belfast, and if they

think that now or at any time I can be of any use in the exposition of error or the advancement of truth, so far as my duties here will allow, I shall place myself at their service. Whether you believe it or no, these friends have the assurance and conviction that I am quite prepared to meet, either in public or private discussion, any one of the heads or members of this organization in any part of the world. Our only regret in this case was, that the challenge came from one whose defeat on the platform has been so recent and so complete that the acceptance of it would on the one hand have had the appearance of a verdict opposed to conviction and fact, and on the other hand, as we had a right to presume you had done your best for the Order, we thought it would be a waste of time to the public, as well as to the debaters, to go over the same arguments so soon again. These are

the positive facts, accept or reject them as you may.

There are two or three matters in your letter to which I wish just to advert. The first has regard to the erroneous impressions which, from the English "Templar" and other misrepresenting sources, you have received respecting my church and the state of things in Bacup. I would fain hope you will be pleased to hear what I am able to assure you are the facts—that since I came to Bacup there has not been the slightest disagreement between me and my people either from Templarism or any other cause, but that, on the other hand, I am constantly receiving the fullest proofs of their affection and esteem, and also that I am as confident as I am grateful in being able to state that my church is one of the most united, one of the most earnest, and one of the most prosperous in the Valley of Rossendale, or in the County of Lancashire. This I have too much reason to fear, and many illustrations to prove, might not have been the case if Templarism with its blighting influences and immoral tendencies, had been permitted to enter in amongst us. The Order, I am also happy to say, is almost extinct in this town. I hear and see no more of it now than if it had never been in existence here. I have many warm, Christian friends, whom I have made such by my timely warning of the people of its pernicious principles. You will not then, I am confident, again repeat these positive falsehoods respecting my church or the state of things in regard to Templarism in Bacup. A respectable man here would now, I believe, be almost ashamed to say he was now, or even had been, a Good Templar.

Secondly—In reference to the delay of my reply, of which you seem to think you have a right to complain, I really did not think that, even looking at it in the worst light, you had been kept so very long in suspense. You would, however, have had my reply sooner but for the fact, of which I thought you were made aware, that the day after I received your letter I was unexpectedly summoned home owing to the illness of one of my children, and thus I was prevented from answering you while in Belfast; but the very first hour I could command for the purpose after my return was devoted to it, and, as I had again to leave home, and be in Liverpool on the Saturday, I had only a very short time to give to it, and therefore had to write both it and the copy thereof in great haste, which brings me to the third thing to which I wish to refer, which has regard to the defects of my orthography and syntax which to you are apparent in my epistle. I am sorry I am not so scholarly as I should like to be, nor am I always as correct as I ought to be, but I know enough of spelling and of the English language, and a few other languages, to enable me to smile very complacently at your corrections and criticisms. I knew how to spell apparent and a few other words equally difficult before ever Good Templarism was heard of. As I trust I have a proper Christian affection for all men, I again subscribe myself, my dear Sir, yours, in Christian affection.

ANDREW BOWDEN.

There is a great change in the tone of the above letter compared with that of Mr. Bowden's reply

to the challenge of the G.W.C.T., given in our last issue. It is obvious it was written for public use and designed to contrast favorably, in assumed mildness, with the emphatic style of the G.W.C.T.'s second letter, given in our last. Indeed the two letters were published with this avowed object, by Mr. B.'s "friends in Belfast," in the *Morning News* and in a pamphlet for more general circulation. This was done in violation of a recognized rule of etiquette, as the G.W.C.T.'s letter was private, and his permission to publish it was never asked. Had it been asked, it would certainly have been willingly granted, on the condition that the following reply to Mr. B., which with characteristic unfairness was kept back and which is now printed for the first time, should be published with the others:—

Belfast, 29th Nov., 1873.

SIR,—I received yours of the 24th inst. on the 26th. There was no necessity for a prompt reply, and I was busy with other matters since. I now beg to say that, in common with almost every one to whom I showed your reply to my challenge, I considered your letter a mixture of reckless folly, uncharitable impudence, and bombastic self-conceit. The wise man inspired gives two apparently contradictory injunctions for our guidance in dealing with such a communication. 1.—"Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him." 2.—"Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit." When absurd, extravagant, and false charges are made, where none but the accuser and accused are concerned, and no reasonable hope can be entertained by the latter of altering the sentiments of the former by reply, it is better in obedience to the first injunction of Solomon which I have quoted, and in imitation of Him who frequently "answered them not a word," to make no reply at all. But "circumstances alter cases," and when others besides the accuser and accused are concerned, or when, as in the present case, the interests of a good cause are involved, it is better to deal with wild, raving, foundationless calumny like that in which your letter abounds, in obedience to the wise man's second injunction. This, in my last letter to you, I deliberately, carefully, and, whether you can understand it or not, prayerfully, endeavored to do. And the wonderfully subdued and moderated tone of your second letter, compared with the inflated and stilted style of your lecture and first letter, gives me reason to believe that I have to some extent succeeded in my aim. Therefore, I am not yet, nor am I likely ever to be, ashamed either of my letter or of the I.O.G.T.

Before I could say whether I should rejoice at the peace and unity which you assert prevail in your congregation, I would require to know whether any distillers, brewers, malsters, publicans, or publicans' customers be members of it. If there be, and I fear there are from your allgations about Good Templarism there, then your boasted peace rests upon a false basis and ought to be disturbed as soon as possible. "First pure, then peaceable" is the Apostolic rule. I am sure the devil

wishes peace between the Church and the liquor traffic, and his desires are always wrong. I hope, however, that your statements regarding Good Templarism in Bacup are as wide of the mark as I know many of your other assertions to be. At any rate, I shall send a copy of your letter to some of the Officers of the Grand Lodge of England, so that, if your account should turn out to be correct, you may be instrumental in directing their attention to the sad state of affairs in your locality, and that they may use the necessary means to elevate the Order there to the proud position of usefulness which it now happily occupies in most of the other towns of England.

You reiterate your assertion, that you and your "friends in Belfast" assumed that I had said all I could say in support of Good Templarism in the late discussion, and that therefore you decline to accept my challenge. Your assumption has not

the shadow of a foundation. A score of such discussions would not exhaust the one-half of what I could say in support of the Order. Be courageous enough to accept my challenge, and you and your friends will see whether I am able to say anything more or not. If you do not, the prevalent and permanent impression will remain here, that it is because you dare not. We shall feel that at any rate you and Mr. Kerr have said and done all you are able to injure the Order in Ireland, and that you have only succeeded in materially helping us to lengthen its cords and strengthen its stakes.—Faithfully yours,

JOHN PYPER.

Rev. A. Bowden.

To this letter, Mr. Bowden thought it prudent to attempt no direct reply.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

The Good Templar Elocutionist.

GIVE ME BACK MY HUSBAND.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

NOT many years since, a young married couple from the far, "fast-anchored isle," sought our shores with the most sanguine anticipations of prosperity and happiness. They had begun to realize more than they had seen in the visions of hope, when, in an evil hour, the husband was tempted "to look upon the wine when it was red," and to taste of it "when it gave its color in the cup." The charmer fastened around his victim all the serpent spells of its sorcery, and he fell, and, at every step of his rapid degradation from the man to the brute, and downward, a heart-string broke in the bosom of his companion. Finally, with the last spark of hope flickering on the altar of her heart, she threaded her way into one of those shambles where man is made such a thing as the beasts of the field would bellow at. She pressed her way through the Bacchanalian crowd who were revelling there in their own ruin. With her bosom full of "that perilous stuff that preys upon the heart," she stood before the plunderer of her husband's destiny, and exclaimed in tones of startling anguish, "*Give me back my husband!*" "There's your husband," said the man, as he pointed towards the prostrate wretch. "*That my husband!* What have you done to him? *That my husband!* What have you done to that noble form that once, like a giant oak, held its protecting shade over the fragile vine that clung to it for support and shelter? *That my husband!* With what torpedo chill have you touched the sinews of that manly arm? *That my husband!* What have you done to that once noble brow, which he wore high among his fellows, as if it bore the superscription of the Godhead? *That my husband!* What have you done to that eye, with which he was wont to 'look erect on heaven,' and see in his mirror the image of his God? What Egyptian drug have you poured into his veins, and turned the ambulating fountains of the heart into black and burning pitch? Give me back my husband! Undo your basilisk spells, and give me back the man that stood with me by the altar!"

The ears of the rum-seller, ever since the first

demijohn of that burning liquid was opened upon our shores, have been saluted, at every stage of the traffic, with just such appeals as this. Such wives, such widows and mothers, such fatherless children, as never mourned in Israel at the massacre of Bethlehem, or at the burning of the Temple, have cried in his ears, morning, night, and evening, "*Give me back my husband! Give me back my boy! Give me back my brother!*" But has the rum-seller been confounded or speechless to these appeals? No! not he. He could show his credentials at a moment's notice, with proud defiance. He always carried in his pocket a written absolution for all he had done, and could do, in his work of destruction. *He had bought a letter of indulgence.* I mean a *licence!* a precious instrument, signed and sealed by an authority stronger and more respectable than the Pope's. He confounded! Why, the whole artillery of civil power was ready to open in his defence and support. Thus shielded by the *Ægis* of the law, he had nothing to fear from the enemies of his traffic. He had the image and superscription of Cæsar on his credentials, and unto Cæsar he appealed, and unto Cæsar, too, his victims appealed, and appealed in vain.

MAN'S MISSION.

BY BRO. W. J. NETTELTON, P.W.C.T., NO. 10.

MAN'S Mission is to elevate
And raise his fellowman;
His duty to alleviate
The wants of all he can.

The true philanthropist is he,
Whose sympathetic care
Doth pierce the slums of misery,
Of darkness and despair.

To permeate the stagnant mind
With God's most sacred truth,
And weave an influence refined
Around the untaught youth.

Inspired with heavenly zeal he seeks
The outcast and distressed,
To whom in accents mild he speaks,
Of pure celestial rest.

The truest image of his God,
And of the brave most brave,
Is he who goeth out abroad
Humanity to save.

His heart of pity yearneth sore,
His soul is sad within,
As he beholds the helpless poor,
And drunkards bathed in sin.

The wealthy prostitute their wealth
For worldly praise, and fame;
The poor man goeth forth by stealth
To comfort and reclaim.

He buildeth not some high church tower,
Nor monumental stone,
But in the silent evening hour,
He wanders out alone.

Anxious to do his Master's will,
The sick receive his care,
And in the chamber dark and still,
He invokes God by prayer.

The prostrate listen to his voice,
While he expounds the Word,
That bids the wand'ring soul rejoice,
And lean upon the Lord.

He knows the brevity of life,
The certainty of death;
And feels how terribly rife,
The tempter's fetid breath.

He, conscious of the many snares,
That de beset man's way,
Goes fortified by faith and prayers,
To work while it is day,

Knowing that soon the night must come,
When hope with day hath fled,
And in the dark and silent tomb,
We mingle with the dead.

Yea, thou thy brother's keeper art,
And God hath will'd that thou
Should'st act no idle sleeper's part,
With a brand upon thy brow.

Oh! brothers, sisters, exercise,
The talents God hath given;
In Christ's name bid thy fellow rise,
And change his course for Heaven;

And thine the promises shall be,
When ends this mortal strife,
To wear throughout eternity,
The fadeless crown of life.

Literary Notices.

FULL REPORT OF THE PUBLIC DISCUSSION OF GOOD TEMPLARISM, BETWEEN REV. JAMES KERR, GREENOCK, AND JOHN PYPER, ESQ., G.W.C.T. OF IRELAND, in Clarence Place Hall, Belfast, on the Evenings of 5th and 6th November, 1873. 67 pages, with paper cover. Price 9d per copy, 7s. per dozen. This Report is published by the Joint Committee, and certified as "true and authentic" by the chairmen and reporters. The first issue is almost exhausted, but a few copies may still be had from the G.W.S., 26, Ann Street, Belfast. As far as our side is concerned, the Report, as issued by the Joint Committee, has been honorably and confidently left to make its own legitimate impression on the public mind. But it has been very different with Mr. Kerr and his "friends." All along, they have exhibited a nervous dread of the effects of the Discussion if left to its own merits. By the gratuitous circulation of anonymous misrepresentations and falsehoods, in tracts and pamphlets, among those attending the Discussions both in Killyleagh and Belfast, and throughout the community, along with the published Report and otherwise since, and also by most unwarrantably and unfairly prefixing to a second issue an anonymous, one-sided, eight-page, "Introductory Critique," they have manifested *their own want of confidence* in Mr. Kerr's efforts, unsupported by these questionable "helps and aids." We hope to be able to deal with these auxiliary efforts of theirs as they deserve elsewhere. In the meantime, we should be glad that every reader of the *I. G. Templar*, who has not yet seen the Discussion itself, would procure and peruse a copy as soon as possible.

MISTAKES OF CHRISTIANS ABOUT GOOD TEMPLARS: A Reply to Rev. A. Bowden, Baptist Minister, and to J. Plunkett, Esq., Plymouth Brethren Teacher. By Bro. Vance Macauley,

D.C. 16 pp. Price One Penny. I.O.G.T. Offices, 26, Ann Street, Belfast. This is a Scriptural, thoughtful, and well-timed pamphlet, from the pen of an able, earnest, Christian Good Templar. It cannot be too widely circulated at the present juncture. We would earnestly recommend every Lodge to order at least 100 copies at once. We are sure the order would soon be repeated by most Lodges, if the members had got a perusal of the tract. The generous author has appended the following note on the last page:—"REQUEST.—Besides disseminating sound Temperance Truth, I wish to make a little money for the funds of our Grand Lodge by the sale of this Tract. I, therefore, respectfully request the Members of our Order to push its sale in every available direction. At the price of One Penny per copy, we can clear 20s. per 1000. I shall forward any number, ordered by the W.S. of any Lodge, to any address, at the rate of 6s. per 100; and let our Sisters and Brothers have the pleasure of forwarding the profits of their sales to our G.W.S., Belfast. I also request Prayer for the Divine blessing upon our efforts. VANCE MACAULEY, Maddybenny, Coleraine."

GOOD TEMPLARISM—WHAT IS IT? By Bro. J. E. C. Roberts, D.S., Dublin. Published by Direction of Dublin's First Lodge, No. 46. 10 pp. Price One Penny. Dublin: Robertson and Co., 3, Grafton Street. This is an excellent penny pamphlet by a zealous and intelligent Brother. We very cordially commend it to those who for themselves or others desire a lucid, graphic, and satisfactory answer to the question—What is Good Templarism? Bro. Roberts shows the Order to be (1) a Hospital, (2) a Harbor of Refuge, (3) a Home, (4) a Salvage Corps, (5) an Army, and (6) a Successful Gospel Helper; and ably replies to some of the objections still urged against our organization.

Progress of the Order.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

BELFAST.—31st March, the annual soiree of the People's Lodge was held in the Independent School-room, Donegall Street. Bro. Rev. J. White occupied the chair, and among the speakers was the G.W.C.T. 3rd April, a good meeting was held in the Lancasterian School-room, under the auspices of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Bro. Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry, G.W.T., presiding. 8th April, the annual soiree of the Irish Temperance League was held in the Ulster Hall. Mr. M. R. Dalway, M.P., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bro. Gen. Neal Dow, Bro. Bailie Torrens, Bro. Rev. G. Gladstone, G.W.C.T.; Rev. G. Gron, and Mr. J. Bradshaw. 9th April, the Annual Meeting of the League was held in the Council Room, Lombard Street. Mr. Dalway, M.P., President, occupied the chair, there was a good attendance. Bro. Fortune, Secretary, read the Report, which was highly encouraging. Bro. H. J. Wright, Treasurer, submitted statement of accounts, which was very satisfactory, and an interesting Conference ensued, in which the following gentlemen took part:—Mr. T. Gaffikin, jun.; Bro. D. Crawford, D.D.G.W.C.T.; Bro. John Smith, M.A.; Bro. T. H. White, J.P., P.G.W.C.T.; Mr. F. Gahan, C.E.; Mr. J. N. Richardson, Mr. H. C. Knight, Bro. J. Pyper, G.W.C.T.; Mr. J. G. Richardson, Mr. L. A. Brown, Bro. Rev. A. Denholm, Mr. A. Shillington, Bro. Rev. J. McCreedy, P.G.W.Ch.; Bro. Rev. J. White, Mr. J. R. Neill, Bro. S. D. Lamb, Mr. G. D. Leathem, Bro. F. McCay, Mr. R. J. Bell, Rev. J. C. Street, Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T.; Bro. Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry, G.W.T.; Bro. James Pyper, M.A.; and Mr. G. O'Brien. 9th April, the Annual Dinner to Delegates was given in the Ulster Minor Hall, Mr. J. G. Richardson presiding, and the Annual Permissive Bill and Sunday Closing Meeting was held in the evening in the Ulster Hall. Mr. Wm. Johnston, M.P., occupied the chair, and among the speakers were Mr. M. R. Dalway, M.P.; Rev. J. C. Street, Mr. W. Gernon, Rev. S. A. Steinthal, Mr. J. G. Richardson, Bailie Torrens, Bro. Neal Dow, Bro. Rev. G. Gladstone, Bro. Rev. S. Harding, and Bro. Rev. N. E. Smith. 10th April, a large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the Temperance Hall, Working Men's Institute. G.W.C.T. Pyper occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Mr. T. Gaffikin, Bros. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T. Rev. A. Denholm, W.C.; H. Pyper, W.C.T.; W. P. Holmes, D.C.T.; and G. A. Reilly, G.W.A.S. 11th April, the League Annual Band of Hope Demonstration took place in the Ulster Hall. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. J. P. Corry, M.P., the chair was occupied by Mr. G. D. Leathem. The large hall was crowded. Appropriate addresses were delivered by Gen. Neal Dow, the Mayor of Belfast, and Mr. J. G. Richardson. The singing of the choir led by Bro. W. Mayo was excellent, and the performance of the Irish Temperance Hand Bell Ringers was loudly and deservedly applauded. 22nd April, a large meeting was held in the Lancasterian School-room in connexion with the Sir Wilfrid Lawson Lodge. Bro. Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry, G.W.T.,

occupied the chair, and Bro. Wm. Pyper read the "Trial of Sir Jasper," which was illustrated by Dissolving Views exhibited by Mr. Wm. Edgar. 12th May, a meeting under the auspices of the Forward Lodge was held in Clifton Street Lecture-room, as a complimentary farewell to Bro. John Simpson, P.W.C.T., one of the most active and useful members of the Lodge from its institution, prior to his emigrating to New Zealand. Bro. Councillor T. H. Browne, D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair. 15th May, a good meeting was held in Clifton Street Lecture-room, under the auspices of the John Wesley Lodge. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, appropriate addresses were delivered by Bros. S. Glasgow and J. Horsfall, and musical selections were given in good style by the choir of the Volunteer Lodge. 16th May, an interesting social meeting in connexion with the Extreme Lodge was held in Lancasterian School-room, Bro. W. J. M'Murtry, P.W.C.T., presiding.

MANCHESTER.—3rd April, an important series of meetings was held in Manchester, under the auspices of the South Lancashire District Lodge. A Breakfast meeting was held in St. George's Hall. At noon, a great conference was held in Hulme Town Hall. G.W.C.T. Pyper, presided, and papers were read by Bro. Councillor R. Stephenson, G.S.J.T., on "Our Young People;" Bro. Rev. A. Hall on "Political Parties and the Liquor Traffic;" Bro. Dr. R. Martin on "Our Mission;" and Sister Miss Armstrong, P.G.D.M., on "Woman's Work." An interesting discussion followed the reading of each paper. In the evening, an enthusiastic public meeting was held in the Free Trade Hall. Bro. Peter Spence, J.P., D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and the speakers were Sister Miss Armstrong; Bros. W. Hoyle, G.W.T.; Rev. A. Hall, R. Stephenson, G.W.C.T. Pyper, Rev. J. Yeames, Dr. Martin, Captain G. B. Thomas, G.W.T. of Wales; and Dr. F. R. Lees. 5th April, G.W.C.T. Pyper, preached two temperance sermons in City Road Independent Church—Rev. A. Hall's.

ECCLES.—4th April, a Good Templar Conference was held in Eccles at two o'clock, p.m. At four o'clock, a large procession, with music, banners, and regalia, paraded the principal streets, and an open air meeting was held in the Market Square. At six o'clock, a soiree attended by about 600 persons was held in the Co-operative Hall. Bro. Murney, S.D.G.W.C.T., presided, and the chief speakers were Bros. Rev. A. Hall, S. D. Whyte, G.W.C.T. Pyper, and J. H. Raper.

SAINTFIELD.—6th April, a crowded meeting was held under the auspices of Saintfield's Hope Lodge, in the Court House, Saintfield. Bro. Rev. J. M'Ilveen, B.A., D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair. Bro. A. Ledlie, G.W.S., delivered an address, and an interesting elocutionary and musical programme was gone through, including selections performed by the Ballynahinch Good Templar Band.

KILLYLEAGH.—6th April, a good meeting was held in the School-room of the Second Presbyterian Church, Killyleagh, under the auspices of the Consistency Lodge, Bro. J. Irwin, P.W.C.T., in the chair.

NEWCASTLE.—6th April, a soiree was held in the Infant School House, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Hope of Newcastle Lodge. Bro. R. Gould, W.C.T., occupied the chair, and Bro. R. Magrath, D.C., addressed the meeting. An interesting programme was concluded with the National Anthem.

BALLYMACARRETT.—7th April, a good meeting was held under the auspices of the Excelsior Lodge, in the School-room of the First Presbyterian Church, Ballymacarrett. Bro. Councillor J. H. Haslett, presided, an address was delivered by Bro. Rev. A. M. Morrison, and a musical entertainment was given by the Irish Temperance Hand Bell Ringers.

DUNGIVEN.—7th April, a good meeting was held in the Market House, Dungiven, under the auspices of the Safe Anchorage Lodge.

VARIETIES.

MR. VARLEY AND MR. PYPER.—*The Good Templars' Watchword*, the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of England, of 14th May, contains the following:—

MR. VARLEY declines to discuss the merits of Good Templarism in public, as the following correspondence will shew:—

Birmingham, 4th May, 1874.

SIR,—I observe that you have published a pamphlet entitled "Why I Left the Order;" its contents being, I believe, identical with a speech which you delivered in the course of a discussion which took place at your Tabernacle, between yourself and some local friends. I have seen a copy of the "Sixth Edition" of this pamphlet, and, in the judgment of myself and others, the positions you take in that tract are indefensible. I desire, on behalf of a Christian gentleman, John Pyper, Esq., Grand Worthy Chief Templar of Ireland, to challenge you to a public discussion, the basis of the discussion being the tract referred to above; and shall be happy to receive from you an early acceptance of the challenge. If, with your reply, you can name a committee of two or three of your friends to represent you, on receipt of their names, we shall also name a similar committee to meet with them in London, or any place that you may determine, to make the necessary arrangements.

—I am, Sir, yours very sincerely,

Rev. Henry Varley.

JOSEPH MALINS.

Notting Hill, W., 9th May, 1874.

SIR,—I am in receipt of your letter. In reference to its subject, permit me to say I have no time for this discussion. The ground I occupy as opposed to Templarism is, in my opinion and in the opinion of many thousands, in entire accordance with the Spirit and Word of God. Nothing that Mr. Pyper could say would exceed his statements in the Belfast Discussion lying before me. Had I needed any confirmation of the evil working of Templarism in connexion with churches, I have had from many melancholy proofs since the issue of my statement. I regret exceedingly any seeming division, for I heartily go in for any opposition to the terrible drinking customs, provided it is not contrary to the unerring guide.—Believe me, always yours very sincerely,

Mr. Malins.

HENRY VARLEY.

The able reply to Mr. Varley's pamphlet, written by Bro. Rev. T. Ryder, is now ready and is being extensively circulated.

THE PERMISSIVE BILL.—The Second Reading of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Bill is fixed for Wednesday, 17th inst. All Electors in favor of the Bill should write brief, respectful, earnest letters to their Parliamentary Representatives, requesting their attendance, support, and favorable vote in the House of Commons on that day. The G.W.C.T. hopes to be present to co-operate with other friends in reminding Members of favorable promises already made, and in securing others if possible.

GRAND LODGE EXECUTIVE.—Bro. John Simms having resigned the office of Grand Worthy Counsellor, Bro. Councillor W. F. Lawlor has, according to the Constitution, been elevated to that office, and Bro. David Crawford, of Londonderry, has been elected to the office of G.W.V.T.

OBITUARY.

It is our melancholy duty to record the decease of Bro. James M'Ilwain, W.S. of the No Compromise Lodge, No. 58, Boardmills, which took place on 26th March, at the early age of 23 years. Our departed brother was the head Teacher of First Boardmills National School. He was well educated, possessed much natural ability, a most amiable disposition, and an earnest desire for the promotion of every cause he believed to be good. His presence and effective co-operation will be missed in many a circle, and in none more than the Good Templar Lodge, with the exception of the family of which he was an ornament. His early death is a subject of universal regret about Boardmills, mitigated only by the well-grounded hope, that he is "not lost, but gone before."

GOOD TEMPLAR MARRIAGES.

M'CLOY—RAINEY.—26th March, in the First Presbyterian Church, Kileara, by the Rev. James Stewart, Bro. Thomas M'Cloy, of Unity Lodge, No. 184, to Sister Rebecca Ann Rainey, of Erin's First Lodge.

BEATTIE—DAVEY.—2nd April, in the Second Presbyterian Church, Carrickfergus, by the Rev. James Warwick, Bro. Samuel Beattie, of Fisherman's Hope Lodge, No. 143, to Sister Elizabeth Davey, of Pioneer Lodge, No. 17.

HENDERSON—SMITH.—12th May, in Clifton Presbyterian Church, Belfast, by Bro. Rev. J. Mecredy, P.G.W.Ch., Bro. J. G. Henderson, W.C.T. of Prosperity Lodge, No. 40, to Isabella, youngest daughter of the late John Smith, Esq., Dartins, Castlederg.

COULTICE—WILSON.—21st May, in St. Enoch's Presbyterian Church, Belfast, by the Rev. Hugh Hanna, Bro. James F. Coultice, W.V.T., to Sister Mary Wilson, W.D.M., both of Forward Lodge, No. 7.

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

PORTRAIT and Biographical Sketch of Bro. Rev. George Gladstone, G.W.C.T. of Scotland, will appear in our next. Notices of Public Meetings in Richhill, Maghera, Newtownards, Newry, Dublin, Arklow, Cork, Kinsale, Queenstown, Ligoniel, Armagh, and Lurgan are crushed out till our next issue.

Contributions for the *Irish Good Templar* and Books for Review in its columns should be addressed to the Editor, JOHN PYPER, G.W.C.T., 4, Old Park Terrace, Belfast.

Communications connected with the Business of the Order should be addressed to Bro. A. Ledlie, G.W.S., 26, Ann Street, Belfast.

THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR, Vol. I., for 1873, price One Shilling, in paper cover, and also back numbers to make up volumes for binding, may be had on application to the G.W.S.

Orders for the *Irish Good Templar* and for Advertisements should be addressed to Bro. J. G. Henderson, 18, Clifton Street, Belfast.

THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR
The Irish Good Templar :
ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

VOL. II.—No. 7.

1ST JULY, 1874.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



Bro. Rev. George Gladstone, G.W.C.T. of Scotland.

BROTHER GLADSTONE is a native of Yetholm, in Roxburghshire, not far from the thriving town of Hawick, on the borders of

Scotland and England. His family removed during his childhood into the City of Edinburgh, where he had the privilege of being reared under

the fervid ministry of the Rev. Professor Kirk. Anyone who knows the spiritual earnestness of Mr. Kirk will not be surprised to be informed that Mr. Gladstone became at once deeply imbued, when sitting in the pews of Brighton-street Chapel, with a burning zeal to labor for the salvation of souls, and a thorough devotion to the Temperance cause. Consequently when his curriculum of study was concluded at the Edinburgh University and the Glasgow Theological Hall of the Evangelical Union Church, our brother stepped out upon the platform of public life prepared to regard Temperance work as a part of his ministerial duty, inasmuch as he recognized strong drink to be the greatest barrier which the Enemy of Souls had raised in this country to the spread of the Gospel of the Grace of God.

Mr. Gladstone was settled at Sanquhar, in Dumfriesshire, in 1865, and labored in that town with much acceptance for six years. It had been well known to his ministerial and denominational friends that he was an eloquent speaker, but an address which he delivered in October, 1868, at the annual meeting of the Scottish Permissive Bill Association, before a crowded meeting in the City Hall of Glasgow, took the Temperance world there completely by surprise, and established his fame as one of the most powerful orators of whom that branch of philanthropy and political reform could boast. When the Good Templar movement began to spread throughout Scotland in 1870, with a rapidity that did not come far short of the progress of the fiery cross in olden days from hill to hill, Bro. Gladstone's warm sympathies with suffering humanity led him to welcome the new Order as a phase of Temperance effort well fitted to revive the flagging cause, and raise a greater army of abstaining recruits than Scotland had ever known. He was immediately made Chief of his own Lodge, and afterwards District Deputy of Dumfriesshire, an office which he was requested to fill even after his removal to the pastorate of the Evangelical

Union Church in Govan (a populous suburb of Glasgow) in 1871.

Soon after this ecclesiastical change was effected, Bro. Gladstone manifested his deep interest in the Good Templar movement by publishing a very interesting volume, extending to 220 pages, entitled "Good Templarism: its History and Principles, with Replies to Objections." The work has had a rapid sale, the first edition being now nearly, if not altogether, exhausted. The work supplied a want which was beginning to be felt all over the country. People were beginning to ask everywhere, "What is Good Templarism?" and the friends of the cause were glad to be able to put into the hands of such inquirers a treatise which gave an account of the origin of the Order in America, explained its principles and regulations, and replied to the objections which were most commonly urged against its peculiarities.

It cannot therefore be matter for surprise that when Bro. Jabez Walker felt it to be his duty to leave for California, on account of the state of his health, the eyes of the leading friends of the cause in Scotland began to be turned towards Bro. Gladstone as being eminently well qualified to succeed him in the office of Grand Worthy Chief Templar. Although comparatively a young man, yet approaching the prime of life, truly eloquent in speech, thoroughly conversant with the principles of the Order, firm in purpose, and loving useful work with all the ardor of a passion, the new Chief Templar for Scotland bids fair to fill the seat of honor with ability and success. We may add that Bro. Gladstone is carrying on the work of his Church as well as of his Chief-ship (for the latter of which vocations, indeed, he is to receive no formal salary).^{*} He proposes to address as few Good Templar meetings as possible, being necessitated to devote his energies to the administrative rather than to the oratorical duties of his office. We may remark, in closing, that Bro. Gladstone is married to the only daughter of Dr. James Morrison, of Glasgow, one of the first theologians of the day; and it must assuredly be a great gratification to his friends that he is gradually taking his place as a truly valuable and honored man.—*The Templar*.

^{*} At the last Session of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, it was reported that Bro. Jabez Walker, who had held the office of G.W.C.T. for four years, had, on account of the state of his health, accepted an invitation from the Good Templars of California, and was about to emigrate there. Before the election of Officers, it was moved, "That the salary of the G.W.C.T. for the next year be £250." It was moved as an amendment, "That all offices prescribed by the Constitution shall be bestowed only on parties not deriving profit or remuneration of any kind from the funds of the Order." It was moved as an amendment to the amendment, "That no salary be attached to the offices of G.W.C.T. and G.W.S.; this Grand Lodge, however, reserving to itself the right to vote such sums as it may think proper as remuneration for their services." After discussion, there voted for the amendment to the amendment, 292; against, 52; it was therefore carried. It was resolved, that the "remuneration," or salary, of the G.W.S. for the ensuing year be £150; but as Bro. Gladstone was minister of a congregation, and could neither give his whole time, nor say how much of it he could devote to, the onerous duties of the office of G.W.C.T., by his own wish, the decision of the amount of his salary or "remuneration" was postponed till next Annual Session, to be held in Edinburgh in the first week of the present month—so that his tenure of office is in no sense "honorary" as some have supposed. Bro. Gladstone's labors have been neither small, light, nor inefficient. We feel assured that no mere monetary consideration could have induced him to undertake and discharge them; but we feel confident also that common sense, honesty, and independence will prompt our Scottish brethren to vote him a "remuneration" or salary creditable to the Order, perhaps equal to that of his predecessor who gave his whole time to the work of his office. The critics of our organization, who think that the positions of G.W.C.T. and G.W.S. could be efficiently filled by mere "honorary" officials, know but little of the incessant application, mental anxiety, and physical toil, absolutely requisite to the right discharge of the duties of those offices.

The Bible and Total Abstinence.—No. VII.

BY BRO. DR. F. R. LEES, LEEDS.

THE original Scriptures, in Hebrew and Greek, are not less clearly in favor of Abstinence, than our English Version. The Hebrew has many distinct words which are all confused into the English phrases—"wine"—"new wine"—"sweet wine"—"flagons of wine"—and "wine on the lees." The real distinctions are as follow:—1.—TIROSH, a collective term for "the fruit of the vine" in its natural state, from the early "tirosh in the cluster" to the richer "blessing within it" of the full, ripe grapes, ready for consumption or use. Hence Micah's phrase, "Thou shalt tread tirosh, but shalt not drink yayin" (its juice), for the fruit should be withered.—(vi: 15.) It is thus associated as a thing of growth and of the fields, with corn and orchard-fruit (*yitzhar*—not oil); dependent upon the dew, rain, etc. In the Latin, French, German, Italian, and Spanish Versions, it is generally, but wrongly, translated *mustum*, *mosto*, etc. It is nowhere implied to be either intoxicating or liquid. "Whoredom, wine, and new wine" does not make sense; but Idolatry, Inebriety, and Luxury does—represented by Whoredom, Wine, and Grapes, which "take away the heart." The words in Proverbs iii. 10, and Joel ii. 24, translated "bursting" and "overflowing," respectively, in the original signify no more than abundance. 2.—ESHISHAH, "sweet cake," is the word translated "flagons of wine"—but erroneously, as all scholars now concede. 3.—SHEMARIM, in Isaiah, from *shamar*, "to preserve," means "preserves," well refined—not "dregs" or "wine." It only occurs once in the supposed sense of wine. The older translators regarded it as "sweet and dainty things." 4.—MESECH, signifies "mixture" simply, which might be good or bad. The mingled-wine of *Wisdom* (boiled grape-juice mixed with water), or the wine of sensuality. "Who hath woe? They that are mighty to mingle sweet drink" with inebriating drugs. 5.—YAYIN is the generic term for wine, including the pure "blood of the grape," preserved juice, and the fermented and drugged juice." It is applied in all these varied ways. "They washed their garments in wine." "They gathered wine." "Wine is a mocker;" it "biteth like a serpent." "Their wine is the poison of dragons." Nowhere do we find Divine sanction associated with yayin, where

the context shows it to be intoxicating. This word being general, necessitated in the later ages of the Jewish literature, the use of two or three specific terms to indicate particular kinds of wine. As, for example—6.—HHAMER, fresh "foaming" wine in its first sense. But since the wine when it ferments becomes red, the idea of the redness got associated with the Chaldee use of the word; and, perhaps, "thickness" also. It is the word related to the foam of the sea, and bitumen of pits. 7.—AUSIS, from *asas*, "to tread," signifies the same as the classic *protropos*—"first trodden" or "running" wine. "The mountains shall drop down ausis." 8.—SOBBE is "boiled wine." It is the *sapa* of the Romans, the *sabe* of the French and Italians. It was the luxurious drink of the rich; but of course not intoxicating. 9.—OINOS is the generic Greek word corresponding with the Hebrew yayin; and is applicable to all sorts of wine. The context alone can determine the specific nature of the wine. 10.—GLEUKOS only occurs once in the New Testament, and is not associated with any Divine approval. It is classically the name of rich-grape-juice, or unfermented wine; perhaps in some cases, for initially fermented wine.

THE NEW TESTAMENT distinctions and instructions are not less in harmony with teetotalism than those of the Hebrew Bible. 1.—ENGKRATIA, self-control, is the word four times translated "Temperance," and in its other forms, twice *temperate* and once *continent*. In I Cor. vii. 9, ix. 25, it has evident a negative application, equal to abstaining. 2.—EPI-EIKEES, forbearing, translated only once *moderation*, thrice *gentle*, once *patient*. 3.—SOPHRONEO, sedate, discreet, translated *sober*, *sober-minded*, and in a right-mind. This is mental "sobriety," or the state when we can obey reason, and resist appetite. This can have nothing to do with drinking, which at best is but the gratification of a sensuous appetite. Mental Temperance being thus expressed by the preceding terms, we shall want a word for Abstinence in regard to the body. This is found in a compound formed from the negative particle *nee* (not), and *pio* (to drink), *neephō*. 4.—NEEPHO occurs in the Apostolic exhortations seven times, in its adjective form (*neephalios*) thrice, in such peculiar connexions, that it seems absurd to put upon it any secondary or metaphorical meaning. The primary sense of

the word, beyond all cavil, is that of **ABSTINENCE**; its secondary sense of "wakeful," being derived from the condition in which people are who abstain from narcotics. "Without doubt," says Dean Alford, "the word signifies Abstinence, but Dr. Lees is bound to prove that it means *total* abstinence!" Now we are bound to prove, no more than this—that it means *not-drinking*, and that the Apostles use it in that, its primary sense. Josephus, one of their contemporaries, says of the Priests—"They abstained from wine"—(*ἀπό ἀκρατου νεφחות*). So Paul and Peter, who use the word *along with* the proper words for mental-temperance and for watchfulness. Thus:—1 Tim. iii. 2.—Be (*neephalion*) **ABSTINENT**, sound-minded. 1 Thes. v. 6.—Let us *watch* and **DRINK NOT** (*neephomen*). 1 Peter iv. 7.—Be sound-minded and **ABSTINENT** unto prayer. 1 Peter v. 8.—(*Neepsate*) **DRINK NOT**, be *vigilant* because your adversary seeketh whom he may *drink-down* [*kata-pie*]. Why Josephus, Philo, Plutarch, and Porphyry should mean *abstinence* from drink by this word, but, as some strangely contend, the Apostles signify *drinking a little*, we shall not inquire; for we will not follow perversity and appetite into the Den of Idols.

The objections that the Deacons are not to be "given to *much* wine," and the Deaconesses (aged-woman) "not to be enslaved to *much* wine," falls before the fact that unfermented-wine was allowed to women and to men after a certain age. If it be said, "Why warn against excess in that which does not intoxicate?"—we answer, "Why does Solomon inform us that 'To eat *much* honey is not good'—if no one ever did?" This is the fallacy of interpreting the language of the ancients by the customs of the moderns. Pliny

and many others show us that the abuse of syrupy and sweet wines was a *special vice* of the day. Lucian has this passage—"I came, by Jove, as those who drink *gleukos* require an emetic"—before they drink again. Josephus says of the Jewish priests, that on account of their office, they had prescribed to them "a double degree of purity." So Paul deemed a *special* and *extreme* form of Abstinence proper to be urged upon a Bishop: just as the Law Book of the Ante-Nicene Church commands that a Bishop shall not enter a *Tavern*, except on necessity. To this end Paul uses a word which is equivalent to the modern pledge—"discountenance the drinking usages,"—namely, *mee* (not)—*par* (over, or in company)—*oinon* (wine). In 1 Tim. iii. 2, 3, and Titus i. 7, 8, in connexion with being *no-drinker*, sound-minded, and *no-striker*, it is commanded that a Bishop shall be *mee-par-oinos*, "not near wine"—not in its company.

Thus it will be seen, even from the bare summary of the case, that the varied language of the Old and New Testaments, and the known facts of antiquity, conspire to establish every portion of our Critical Theory; thus does each separate fact and phrase find its fitting place in the Temple of Truth; and thus, too, is it made manifest that Holy Scripture concurs with moral and physical Science in teaching abstinence from narcotic poisons—a doctrine which needs to be reiterated afresh from the pulpits of Christendom, until the torpid conscience be aroused, and the great obstacle to the progress and triumph of the Gospel be removed out of the way. "Wherefore take unto you *the whole armor of God*, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day; and having done all—to stand."

Rev. A. Breakey's Sermon—"Temperance without Templarism."

BY BRO. REV. G. H. SHANKS, G. W. CHAPLAIN.

(Continued from our last.)

A farther specimen of Mr. Breakey's fighting with a man of straw—with a creature of his own construction—and not with veritable Templarism, is seen in what he says of the Templar vow or pledge. No one could suppose from his account of it, that the Templar pledge was simply the benevolent and sensible one of *total abstinence* from all intoxicating liquors as beverages, and of compliance with the laws of the Order during membership, "these not conflicting with our duties as citizens or Christians," nor with those arising from "any of the relations of

life;" but, his readers would think that it bound one to follow blindly for life wherever the Order might mysteriously lead, and with some secret, selfish, sinister object too. Thus, page after page, and several times in the same page, he speaks of it as "binding yourselves for life to obedience to laws and usages of which the person vowing is *antecedently wholly ignorant*"—"yielding himself blindly to his guides, and promising that in all things he will yield a cheerful obedience to customs, rules, and usages, of which he knows nothing," &c., &c. Now all this is just about as

true as that he heard "a Grand Chaplain compare the paltry, pretended secrets of a Templar Lodge to the mysteries of God's inscrutable wisdom;" or that he "heard the Great Grand Worthy Chief repeatedly saying that Templarism was before the Gospel;" or "John Pyper, videlicet, to make himself stand for the Lord Jesus Christ, the Templar Lodge for Tabor, and the Templar boys and girls stand for Peter, James, John, Moses, and Elias;" and many other strange absurdities which some how or other have been imposed upon this worthy and aged gentleman's hearing and belief. Whereas, as already stated, the Templar pledge is just that of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors as beverages, and no mystery about it; together, of course, with that of obedience to the rules of membership, which are published to the world, so long as one continues a member. So far from "yielding myself blindly to my guides and promising that in all things I would yield a cheerful obedience to laws, rules, and usages, *of which I knew nothing*," I affirm that there is nothing in the vow which I did not know before I took it. I knew perfectly well—and so may every outsider—that if I became a member I must take a vow of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquor as a beverage—not, mark, total abstinence from it *in case* it may be required in sickness (if it ever be required), nor at the Lord's Supper, but simply as a common beverage—and that so long as I choose to remain a member I must obey the rules of membership; "these not conflicting with my duties as a citizen or a Christian," nor with those arising from "any of the relations of life." Should I find after entering the Order, that some things had been concealed from me, which conflicted with my duties as a Christian or a citizen, or with those arising from any of the relations of life, or should there be afterwards introduced anything of that sort; should there be found to be anything anti-scriptural in the Ritual, and persistently retained; or should there in any other way, be anything opposed to Christian doctrines and Christian duties, then I can plead that I am released from my obligation of obedience to the laws, rules, and usages of the Order, the conditions being broken on which I entered into membership.

What is there, then, so dreadfully censurable, in all this? Is this "taking a course which reason in a healthy state must abhor?" Is this "taking a solemn obligation to obedience to laws and usages of which he is understood to be wholly ignorant," and a "surrendering the right of private judgment, and becoming as guilty of

blind faith as any devotee of Romanism?" Is this "a vow so impious and ensnaring that it makes one shudder at the very contemplation of it?" Total abstinence from intoxicating drinks as beverages is the essence of the pledge, and how is it, then, that in all the many expressions of horror at the pledge, Mr. Breakey never alludes to total abstinence at all, as being the pledge, or even a part of it? The *essence* of the pledge he entirely leaves out in all those expressions of horror, and the engagement to comply with the rules of membership, so long as one chooses to continue a member, he alters into a vow to "yield obedience to laws and usages of which the person vowing is antecedently wholly ignorant." Thus by leaving out the main, essential thing, and putting in what is not in it at all, he presents to his readers a creation of his own, which exists no where but in imagination, or in calumny and slander, and calls that the Templar vow, and "shudders at the contemplation of any vow so impious and ensnaring,"—that is, "he shudders" at the contemplation of the monster conceived in his own brain, or rather in that of Rev. James Kerr, the real father of it, from whom unfortunately Mr. Breakey borrows it and adopts it. Thus is the whole system of Templarism entirely metamorphosed into another thing altogether, and in condemning the newly begotten monster, this venerable Divine thinks he condemns Good Templarism!

The most curious part of this affair of the pledge remains to be noticed. After all his denunciations of the mythical or imaginary pledge, he actually, in the appended notes of his Sermon, gives the true pledge, which should have set him right in the matter, and which demonstrates the utter irrelevancy of all his denunciations, and thus refutes himself. Here it is, *literatim et verbatim*, as positively quoted by himself.

"THE PLEDGE.

No member shall make, buy, sell, use, furnish, or cause to be furnished to others, as a beverage, any spirituous or malt liquors, wine, or cider, and every member shall discountenance the manufacture, sale, and use thereof in all proper ways."

Yes, *that's* the Templar Pledge, the Rev. A. Breakey himself being witness. But no part of it is quoted by him or Mr. Kerr, in any of all those anathemas, which they hurl so plenteously against their own *pseudo* pledge. What fault can be found with the true pledge as quoted from Mr. Breakey's own appended notes? Who can find fault with it except those who wish to drink "cider, the juice of apples," and recommend

"ale, made of grain, malted, brewed, the liquor flavored and bittered with hops, usually esteemed innocent and nutritious," and eulogize "a glass of Bass's Ale at dinner," and praise (intoxicating) wine to the skies, as "an emblem of heaven?" I praise wine too, which, as well as bread and water, is an emblem of heaven; that is, I praise the wine which Scripture praises, "the fruit of the vine," but *not* that which Scripture warns us "*not to look upon*," but to avoid as a "mockery," and as that which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder"—much less that highly alcoholic, maddening, adulterated, logwooded wine, which is sold in Killyleagh; to talk of drinking which "*with God*" as an emblem of heaven, I look upon as nearly approaching to "impiety, to blasphemy."

With the real pledge before his eyes and copied with his own hand, how can it be accounted for that such a talented and accomplished gentleman could have been betrayed into such mistakes regarding it? It can be accounted for only on the principle that he has himself done something like what Mr. Kerr most incorrectly says the Templars do, namely, he "yields himself blindly to his guides," such as Mr. Kerr and Mr. Heron. Mr. Kerr seems to be the *evil genius* of this most aged and respected minister, or his Pope, to whom he "surrenders the right of private judgment, and is as guilty of blind faith as any devotee of Romanism." Hence a mind originally so acute, and so accomplished, and one so fond of justice and fair play, has fallen into such marvellous mistakes, and been led to give no justice and no fair play to the views of his opponents.

Now is there not need for such a pledge? Is there not a call to it from the Head of the Church? Oh, with such a pledge before his eyes, and in

view of the ravages made by intoxicating drink—and made *within the professed Church of Christ*, and comparatively no where else—among the baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and therefore among those who professedly follow Christ and have put on Christ—the Christian lands being the drunken lands all the world over, so that when a Mohammedan becomes a drunkard, his co-religionists say, "that man has left Mohammed and gone to Jesus"—130 millions of pounds sterling spent directly on intoxicating drink in the Christian Empire of Britain, and more than that sum spent indirectly, to the loss of 60 thousand lives every year, and the training of 60 thousand more every year to fill the places for a few years, or this earth left vacant by the 60 thousand who have gone to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's place—Oh, in view of such a state of things in our Church and in our Christian land, might not my venerated father, with the true pledge before his eyes and copied with his own hands, have had the *charity* to suppose that, *not* "to make money for the Grand Officials," but to abate, and if possible, put an end to the horrible evils of intemperance has led so many truly Christian and philanthropic people of all ranks, and of both sexes, in all denominations, and in all lands, to take the Good Templar Pledge—their hearts "trembling for the ark of God," "jealous for the Lord God of hosts," fervently praying, many of them, that the Church, instead of being that within which this terrible evil prevails most, and the propagator of it, by the unscriptural teaching and practice of many of her sons and accredited leaders and representatives, may, on the contrary, be hailed as "looking forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

What Ought the Church to Do?—No. II.

BY BRO. DR. A. H. H. M'MURTRY, G.W.T.

AT the late meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, held in St. Enoch's Church, Belfast, Rev. I. N. Harkness, Convener, presented the Report of the Temperance Committee, and moved the following resolutions:—

1. That special attention be directed to the training of the young in temperance principles, and, accordingly, that Bands of Hope be organized in connexion with the various congregations.
2. That, as drinking and drunkenness abound to an alarming extent, and are upon the increase,

and as it is to be feared that this state of matters will continue as long as drinking customs are encouraged and patronized, we believe it is incumbent upon our ministers and people seriously to consider what may be their duty in regard to the use of intoxicating drinks as beverages.

3. That, as it is manifest that great evils result from the liquor traffic as at present conducted in these lands, both to those engaged in it and to the general community, we believe it to be our duty as a Christian Church, to circulate among our people information regarding these evils, and faithfully to warn them of the danger connected with this traffic.

Rev. James Heron having seconded the motion, Bro. Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry, G. W. T., delivered the following unanswerable address :—

MR. MODERATOR, FATHERS, AND BRETHREN,—If any apology be expected or required from me for rising to move an amendment to the resolutions which have just been proposed, I have only to plead a strong and deep conviction of the evil, and the evils, of drinking; of the utter inadequacy of the plan (so far as I understand it) recommended by the Assembly's Temperance Committee for preventing those evils; and of the power and the duty of the Christian Church to adopt such measures as *shall* prevent them. If ever there were a time when, and a question upon which, the Church ought to speak out plainly and loudly, such a time is the present, when her work is hindered and neutralized as it never was before, and when many even of her own officers and members are not unscathed, by the use of intoxicating drinks; and such a question is the one on which depends the very existence of the Temperance movement, namely, Ought we entirely to abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks, or no? To an inquiry involving such momentous issues, the Church, which is the "light of the world" and the "salt of the earth," should give a clear, intelligent, and true reply. Now, it is just because of the vagueness, ambiguity, and inconsistency of the resolutions now before this House that I object to them. I defy any one to tell from them whether the Assembly, if it pass them, shall be declaring in favor of the duty to abstain or in favor of the liberty to drink, and yet these are precisely the two points on which the Church is bound, and certainly expected by a large number of people both inside and outside her pale, to make up and express her mind. (Hear, Hear).

The first resolution leaves us to *infer*, but it does not say, that the young, at all events, are to be trained in total abstinence principles; for, although it speaks of training them "in temperance principles," and although "temperance" is understood by many of the members both of the Assembly's Temperance Committee and of the Assembly itself, to mean "moderation in the use of intoxicating beverages," it is difficult to believe that either the Committee or the Assembly would seriously recommend that it be understood in this sense in the case of children, and "that Bands of Hope be formed in the various congregations" on moderate-drinking principles. At any rate, before we can vote intelligently on the first resolution, we shall require to know what the Committee mean by "training the young in temperance principles" (as regards, of course, intoxicating drinks). If "temperance principles" mean "moderate-drinking principles," then I for one do most earnestly protest against any such course of training being entered upon, or any such Bands of Hope being established "in the various congregations" or in any congregation. If, on the other hand, by "temperance principles" be meant "total abstinence principles," I and "the young" want to know on *what grounds* this is proposed, if, as members of this House maintain, and as the second and third resolutions seem to

imply, it be *right* to drink intoxicating liquors; and also, *how* this Assembly can, with any consistency or success, adopt and carry out such a resolution, unless it first tell the young, by its own united utterance and by the example of its members, that it is *not right* to drink such liquors. Or if, as the only way out of the difficulty, we tell the children (as, indeed, the first and second resolutions, taken together, virtually do) that they *are* children, but that we are grown men, and that, while it is perfectly right for us, who are older, to drink, it is *their* duty, until they become older, to abstain, I fear that, children though they are, they will readily see through so hollow a pretext. Besides the difficulty of convincing them that it is wrong for *them* to do what their wiser seniors do, they will remember that we are commanded to "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he shall not depart from it," (Applause), and just *in order that*, when he is old, he *may* not depart from it. Of course, there are some "ways," proper enough for a *child*, which he *ought* to depart from when he is old; but I deny that the practice of total abstinence by a child is one of those "childish things" which, when he "becomes a man," he may "put away." Those members of this House, therefore, who believe in the duty to abstain, cannot support this resolution if it is to be understood as recognizing the liberty to drink; and those who believe it is not wrong to drink, cannot consistently support it if it imply the duty to abstain. Assuming, Sir, that the Assembly will pass this resolution, I assume also that it will pass it in a total abstinence sense; and if it pass a total abstinence resolution for the children, it cannot consistently refuse to pass a similar one for itself and for the other adult members of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, and indeed, unless it do the latter, it cannot consistently or to any purpose do the former.

The Temperance Committee, however, seem to entertain some doubts on this point, for, although the only rational conclusion from the preamble of their second resolution (which states that drinking and drunkenness will continue to increase so long as the custom of drinking is encouraged and patronized) is that that custom ought no longer to be encouraged and patronized, the Committee have shrunk from drawing it, but have drawn a "most lame and impotent conclusion" instead, namely, that, since drunkenness will continue so long as drinking is encouraged and patronized, therefore "it is incumbent on our ministers and people," not to at once withdraw and for ever withhold that powerful encouragement and most influential patronage bestowed upon the drinking customs by the example of such holy men—not to at once and for ever cease to drink, and discountenance drinking—but only "to seriously consider what may be their duty in regard to the use of intoxicating drinks as beverages!" How differently and how much more in accordance with common sense do the ministers of New York regard this same fact of the connexion between drinking and drunkenness, and between the patronizing of drinking by good men and the increase of drunkenness! The *National Temperance Advocate* for last month

publishes the names of 202 ministers (including Dr. John Hall, Dr. Cuyler, Mr. Beecher, Mr. W. M. Taylor, Dr. Talmage, and other such men) attached to the following declaration:—

"We, the undersigned clergymen of New York and vicinity, believe intemperance to be a prolific source of disease, poverty, vice, and crime; that *moderate drinking is the primary cause of drunkenness*; that it is good neither to drink wine, nor anything whereby many stumble and are made weak; that 'we then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves' (Rom. xv. 1); therefore, we unite in, and commend to others [to this Assembly, for instance], the solemn pledge not to use alcoholic liquors of any kind as beverages; and we would welcome any adequate legislation—State and national—for the suppression of the traffic in alcoholic liquors for drinking purposes." (Applause).

But this statement, that "it is incumbent on our ministers and people seriously to consider what may be their duty in regard to the use of intoxicating drinks," is another instance of the vagueness of the language of the Committee. What is its exact significance? For, as I said before, we must understand the resolutions before we can vote upon them, unless we are prepared to make a laughing-stock of ourselves before all sensible people. The Committee seem to hint very gently (is it necessary to be so very gentle, and cautious, and roundabout in asking Christians, who, of all men, might be expected to be the most humble and teachable, to do their duty)? that our ministers and people are not doing their duty at present with regard to the use of intoxicating beverages; but what they consider that duty to be, they do not venture to say. Do they mean that our *total abstaining* ministers and people are not now doing "their duty in regard to the use of intoxicating beverages?" If they don't mean this, why do they call on them to "seriously consider what may be their duty" in this matter? Or, do they wish to convey that it is only our *moderate-drinking* ministers and people who are not doing their duty? If this be what they mean, they should say so, plainly.

Or is it that they have no opinion at all to offer, and that they think the Assembly should offer no opinion, as to which of these two classes it is that is not doing its duty in reference to the use of alcoholic liquors, or as to whether *abstinence* or *drinking* be the duty of our ministers and people, and therefore leave the question to be decided by everybody for himself? If the Committee were of this opinion, it was hardly necessary to bring forward a resolution calling on people to do what, it must be presumed (from the length and present state of the temperance controversy), they *have* been doing all along. The Committee might have assumed that those who abstain do so because they believe abstinence to be their duty, and that those who drink do so because they believe the "pleasures of wine" are among the "allowable gratifications."

But, Sir, I hold that a question affecting not only the material and temporal, but the spiritual and eternal, interests of the people ought not to be left for any such haphazard settlement as this. (Hear, Hear.) This question is not to be decided, any more than other questions, by opinions, but by evidence, by facts; and I say that it will be unworthy of this Assembly, and exceedingly dangerous to the real well-being of the community, if a declaration go forth from this religious body, that, in the matter of drinking, every man is to do, not necessarily what is right, but only what is "right in his own eyes." Either drinking is right, or it is not right; which of the two it is, can only be ascertained by an examination of the facts connected with drinking. And, as it is simply absurd to expect that each of our ministers and people will or can, not only "seriously consider," but intelligently examine and correctly determine, what is his or her duty in regard to the use of intoxicating drinks, I maintain that it is among the proper functions of this Court to pronounce judgment on a subject many times more important to the Church and the world than some on which, after long and oft-renewed deliberation, it has finally adjudicated. (Applause).

[TO BE CONTINUED].

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER XIX.

BEFORE THE WEDDING.

MATTIE BELLAMY continued so delicate that the wedding was postponed from time to time, but at length it was positively fixed for a day in the beginning of October. Meantime, Mr. Bellamy having conveniently discovered that he was no longer fit for the whole duty of the parish, Christopher Lutton was established as his curate at Loughamore. Another change had taken place in the neighborhood, for Mr. Jackson's remark concerning the dearth of houses of entertainment had fallen on good ground, and Mr. Jones had rented the Corner House for a hotel, while Tom Morgan, who lived at the other end of the village, as soon as he heard that

the young lord had rescinded his father's law, applied also for a licence. Both applications were granted by the magistrates (Mr. Jackson being one of them), in spite of a good deal of opposition from Mr. McPherson and others, who could not think, as some did, that the old lord's eccentricity had kept Loughamore half a century behind the age, and that it was a plain sign of progress when the "Peton Arms" and "Traveler's Joy" opened their hospitable doors for the good of the public. Both houses were soon driving a brisk trade—if that which takes all and gives nothing in return can be called trade—for it is wonderful how true it is that supply creates a demand, for bad things as well as for good. There were never many travellers to be found at the "Peton Arms," but as Lord Peton,

to encourage his tenant, always made it a point to stop there to refresh himself and horse, either going or returning from his rides and drives, other young gentlemen were not slow to follow his example, and before Summer was over the house had become a regular place of resort for various idle, and consequently mischievous, characters, who were glad to while away their time, drinking and smoking, and occasionally betting with the fast young lord. It was probably the spirit of contradiction that made Howard Peton become more attached to his Irish estate after he had given up the management of it to Philip and offered him the castle as his residence. Instead of living in England as he had intended, he spent the whole Summer at Loughmore, thereby furnishing a text to the proprietor of the *Upton Chronicle*, from which he wanted Mr. McKenzie to preach a much-needed sermon on absentee landlordism; but the Editor left out the text, although he wrote the article. "If the little scapegrace must be praised, you may do it yourself," he said. "The good that a neighborhood derives from a landlord's sojourn in it, depends entirely on his character; and as one man in high rank can do more mischief than a hundred in a lower, Loughmore would be better if Lord Peton were as much of a stranger in it as Lord Dorfort is to his tenants in Upton, who have never seen him." "The boy is young," returned the proprietor, "and drinks rather hard for one of his age, but once he has sown his wild oats, he will be all right, and a better landlord than ever his father was." "I have not much faith in people being all right as soon as they sow their wild oats; men must reap as they sow, and if they sow tares in their youth, we can't expect a crop of good corn in their maturer years." So Howard went without his meed of praise (for the young proprietor of the paper stood too much in awe of his sad-browed Editor to insist on it being given), but he was as careless of praise or blame as most people, and went on his way with a merry heart, his most innocent amusement being to saunter into the Grange twice or three times every week, and set Mrs. Seguin into a flutter of dignified expectation by his attention to Sybella, and then to aggravate her beyond endurance, by telling how he had met Miriam Lutton, and how gloriously she was looking. "Rothboy's daughter, who is the most celebrated beauty in London, would look dowdy beside her," he would declare in a burst of ingenuous enthusiasm, at which Mrs. Seguin had always great difficulty in retaining the conventional light which she was able to put on—never in—her eyes, at pleasure.

The nearer the wedding day drew, Philip became the more unhappy, and consequently, as was his wont, the more reckless. There was to be no reprieve for him this time, for no matter how delicate Mattie might be, she was to marry him on the appointed day, and trust to the wanderings of the honeymoon, to restore her to perfect health. Philip drowned thought as best as he could in wine and revelry, and when that failed he besotted himself with ale till he was too stupid to remember his misery or feel one throb of pain for the sacrifice so soon to be completed. Mr. Bellamy had not so much confidence

in Philip as he had when he was first engaged to Mattie. It was not so much his drinking habits that he feared, as the companionship of Lord Peton and his associates which drinking led him into. But when he remonstrated with him in his kindly way, Philip's face darkened. "If you think me unworthy to be your son-in-law, I am ready to resign my pretensions to the honor," he answered. The Rector was silenced and frightened as well; he trembled for the happiness of his one little ewe lamb, if placed in Philip's keeping, and yet he feared to say a word lest Philip should carry out his implied threat and break off the marriage. "I wish I had never encouraged him, but it would break my little girl's heart if anything should come between them now," he thought; and if a dread that Philip did not love her so well as she loved him, ever oppressed him, it made him so unhappy that he shook it off as quickly as possible. Of course he loved her, for no one could help doing it, and, if he did not, he would not have wanted to marry her. Late hours and dissipation had made him irritable, as they did everyone, but, once he was married, he would stop all that, and Mattie would be as happy as the day was long, please God. He was just an old fool to fret about it, when he should be thankful to have her so well provided for; people could not get everything they wanted in this world, and if Philip were not quite perfection, he was a manly, open-hearted fellow, and would make a very good husband he did not doubt. But though the Rector reasoned thus with himself, he often looked very wistfully at Mattie, when she was engaged with the dressmakers in any preparation for the wedding, and sometimes when she would glance up from her tatting she would see his eyes fixed so tenderly upon her that she could not bear it, and pitching down her work, she would go behind his chair and kiss and fondle and talk nonsense to him, till his cheerfulness returned. Of course Mattie could not be ignorant that her betrothed was often "very naughty", as she expressed it to herself, nor was she ignorant of the infirmity of temper that the "naughtiness" always produced, for she had more frequent opportunity of observing it than anyone else had. But it is a question if she did not love him better for thus allowing her, before marriage, a wife's privilege of being temper conductor. It showed such confidence in her love when he spoke shortly or rudely to her; it showed that though she had not yet vowed to put up with it, he knew that his pettishness could make no difference in her; and that was a compliment, for many a girl, Mattie thought with a little natural complacency, would have had a tiff with her lover, or quarrelled outright on far less provocation than she sometimes received. But she would be sorry to vex Philip by seeming to mind his ebullitions of temper; what people who delighted to sulk over every fancied slight, called sensitiveness, was nothing else than a refined sort of selfishness, and she hoped she was not selfish—at least not in that way. Besides she provoked poor Philip many a time she knew, for she had grown quite stupid since her illness, and men liked girls to be bright and lively, and able to keep up their spirits. As to the naughtiness, she would wean

him from it when she got him away from Lord Peton, and that had set he had fallen among, she thought, forgetting that he had been naughty before Lord Peton came, but love of any sort likes to make excuses. You will observe that her forbearance was all grounded on the assurance of Philip's love, indeed it was on that assurance she had ever given him hers; but having once learned to consider him as her own peculiar property, the feeling which was at first mere friendship and fancy, soon ripened into pure womanly affection. It is strange that no one has thought of writing the natural history of love, for there are as many different species of it as there are of animals. There is the love of passion which flares up in a day, and burns to the socket in a night, leaving nothing behind but the bitter ashes of disappointment; there is the love of fancy, when mutual admiration is forced, by the excitement of a ball-room, into something the permanence of which entirely depends on whether there is anything for it to rest upon *besides* the captivating moustache or bewitching face which first inflamed it; there is the love that, springing from friendship, and rooted securely in esteem, branches out and buds and blossoms, in full-grown love, before anyone is aware; and there is the love reciprocal that loves because it is loved and for nothing else, though there may be qualities to fix the color once it has been taken, and this was the love that Mattie had bestowed upon Philip. Till she thought that he loved her, he was nothing more to her than any other young man with whom she was on friendly terms. Christopher and Mr. McPherson were both more frequently in her thoughts than he was, but the first word of love that Philip spoke raised him at once from their level. He was not so amiable as the one, nor so strong-natured as the other, nor so good as either, but by virtue of his appreciation of herself he became to her infinitely superior to both. Then when he won her, and began to treat her with more of the capriciousness of a husband than the deference of a lover, the novelty of it was not altogether displeasing to her, for Mattie had been nurtured in love and never had heard a cross word addressed to her by anyone till Philip wooed her. She was so sweet tempered that they never quarrelled, so there were never any formal makings-up between them, but Philip had a conscience, however it might have been drugged to sleep, and as he was always doubly kind after any harshness, she gladly accepted the bitter for the sake of the sugar after it, and never thought that the time might come when the bitters must be drained to the dregs, without any compensating sweetness.

The fall of the leaf has generally a saddening effect upon the mind, but Mattie enjoyed all seasons, and Autumn had ever seemed a happy time to her, and she loved to see the golden grain falling before the lovers' scythes. This year the crops had been both earlier and heavier than usual, and full stackyards gave promise of plenty in the land, and farmers returned thanks for it, at fire-side altars, and at public worship. But Lord Peton with that aping of infidelity that is doubly disgusting in the young, because it seldom comes naturally to them, remarked, coming out

of church, on the Sunday specially appointed for thanksgiving, that the curate had attributed everything to Providence, and nothing to the fine season, and Mattie, turning an indignant face on him, exclaimed, "Who is it that makes the sun to shine and the rain to fall?" "Never mind him, Mattie," said Miriam, who was walking beside her down the walk with grey tombstones on either side, "it is the custom of the puny to strive to elevate themselves by pulling down those greater than they, and even the throne of their Maker is not too sacred for their unholy hands." Lord Peton's face changed a little from its wonted carelessness of expression. "You are too hard upon a fellow, Miss Lutton; but, by jingo! you should have been a preacher, and I would have come every Sunday to hear you," he said, coming closer to her side. "I preached to you about the public houses, and you would not listen." "That was because I had promised Jones, you know; and if a fellow does nothing else, he is in honor bound to keep his word." "Our ideas of honor differ, my lord; I would have thought that honor for the memory of a dead father should have prevented you making the promise." And Mrs. Seguin stepping into her carriage exclaimed what a forward girl that was to be talking up to his lordship in such a style. "Mamma, hush; she will hear you," urged Matilda. "I do not care; her forwardness is disgusting," returned the mother, elevating her voice, and bitter at heart because Lord Peton lingered with Miriam instead of joining her. Mrs. Seguin had gone in almost as strongly for blue fixings on the bridesmaid's dresses as she had for Miriam's omission from their number; and here again Mattie was obstinate. "She just wants to make a fright of Miriam because Lord Peton is to be Philip's best man," she said to herself; "pale blue would be very becoming to the other girls, but Miriam would look horrid in it." And so she stood out for scarlet trimmings, and carried the day, as she had a right to do. Mattie was not so much occupied with her own affairs as not to be able to do a little castle-building on her friend's behalf. She had observed how intently Howard Peton watched Miriam in church, though Miriam was too much absorbed in Christopher's sermon to take any heed of him; and she had begun to suspect why he lingered at Loughamore for so long. One wedding often led to another, she thought; and if Lord Peton was wild, Miriam was the very one to tame him, and if he was too good for her, as people would say, in one respect, she was far too good for him in another, and that would equalize matters. To be sure St. Paul said that Christians were not to be unequally yoked with unbelievers; but Lord Peton was not an unbeliever, however he might talk, or he would not go to church, and what could one expect from him with such a worldly mother as he had? A wife like Miriam would be the making of him, and she would just be fitted to live in the castle and be Lady Bountiful to the neighborhood. She meditated on the scheme till, from being merely possible, it became quite probable; and she even broached the subject to Philip, and wondered why he asked so savagely what put that nonsense in her head. Of course it was

nonsense, but nonsense turned out sense sometimes; and even if it did not, there was no harm done by planning. Philip's angry ridicule rather served to confirm her suspicions; likely he had observed Lord Peton's manner, and was afraid of her saying anything to Miriam, and making her take the alarm. "But he need not be afraid of me doing that," Mattie thought; "I would be very sorry to say anything to Miriam lest it should be only my own imagination after all, and indeed perhaps she would not have him if he did ask her; but I must see that she is well-dressed at any rate." She was so anxious about it, that she got the dress, with which her aunt presented Miriam, made at the Glebe by her own dressmaker, and superintended the fitting of it on with a care that amused her friend. When it was satisfactorily completed, she made her put it on to see how it looked, and then, before Miriam could stop her, she ran and called for Philip, who was in the study with her father. When he, obeying her behest, came up to the dressing-room, he found Miriam standing with her white silk dress sweeping the ground, and a wreath of brilliant scarlet japonicas over her black braids. "Oh, Philip, did you ever see anyone so regal-looking?" Mattie exclaimed, in delight; "it is she should be the bride." "Yes, she should be the bride," he repeated; and Miriam began to drag the flowers roughly from her hair, but Mattie caught her hand. "Stop, Mira, till Philip gets a good look at you," and standing on tip-toe she replaced the wreath on her head, appealing again to Philip to know if she did not look splendid. "There can be only one opinion as to that," he answered, in a grave way, that was unlike his usual manner. "I knew you would acknowledge it, when you saw her with the scarlet trimmings," she said, betraying in her eagerness that the subject had been under discussion before, when his dictum had not been so favorable as now; though, in truth, he had given no opinion, but only exclaimed pettishly, "I wish you would let me alone about Miriam." "There, Mattie, I have been quite sufficiently admired," Miriam said, and Philip went downstairs at that, while she laid off her finery, looking very sober and quiet.

This was on the 2nd of October, and the wedding was to be on the 5th. Miriam was to sleep at the Glebe on the night of the 4th, to be ready to assist at Mattie's toilet next morning. The three younger Misses Seguin were to be bridesmaids also; and Moses, Mark Bellamy (a cousin of her own), and Mr. McPherson, whom she wished to be present because she liked him, made up the rest of the bride's party. Philip, with his elder sisters, Lord Peton, and a young gentleman of the neighborhood, and Captain Armytage, a nephew of Mrs. Seguin's, were to meet them at the church, and Christopher was to assist the Rector in performing the ceremony. When the three Misses Seguin came to the Glebe on the morning of the 5th, they found Mattie nervous and dispirited; her father, who had been striving in vain to keep up an appearance of cheerfulness for the last few days, had broken down completely at the breakfast table, and shutting himself up in his study was not since to be seen. Miriam had not kept her promise of

sleeping at the Glebe, and everyone was so busy that Moses was the only one who had time to go to see what had become of her. He had come home, saying that the Lake House was shut up; but he was so scared by a strange man that he saw, or imagined he saw, as to render his report hardly trustworthy. There were tears in the brides eyes as she told them this. "I didn't imagine it," said Moses, who was promenading the room hand in hand with Lily. "I saw him as plain as I see you; he was barefoot, and he had a long, dirty-looking beard, hanging down nearly to his waist. I knocked ever so long, and couldn't get in; and when I was coming away I met him and Colie, and he stared at me a bit and then caught hold of me and kissed me hard." "Who, Colie?" "No, the man. And I guess if Philip was to kiss you, that you wouldn't be pleased if I said that you imagined it. I wasn't frightened either, although I ran away; I just felt queer the way he looked at me, and didn't want to be alone with him, so I ran off as soon as he let me go." "But why did you not ask James or Bridget where Miriam and your brother were?" "They weren't at home either; I suppose they are at the church, for I saw the people gathering there a good while ago." "It is very thoughtless of Miss Lutton to keep us waiting," said Flora Seguin, a young lady of seventeen. "It is not thoughtlessness," answered Mattie warmly, annoyed that Miriam should be blamed; "she has likely had to sit up all night with some sick person; but I wish she would make haste and come, for it is after eleven now, and she will not have a minute to dress herself." Mark Bellamy coming in laughing at having almost missed the train created a diversion of thought for a little, and then Mr. McPherson turned up, looking rather grim, as was his wont on festive occasions; but Mark assured him there was no need to be down-hearted so long as he was not going to perpetrate matrimony himself. Still Miriam did not come, and as Miss Bellamy was getting fidgety about the *dejeuner*, which was to be ready at one o'clock she told them they must not wait for her any longer. "I cannot go without Miriam," Mattie said, feeling sadly in need of the support of her friend's presence, for everything felt so strange and dreary. "But, my dear, even if she came now she could not possibly dress in less than half an hour, and it is after twelve now." So the Rector was hunted out of the study, and they all got into the carriages and drove away. The road near the church was crowded with people, who cheered them as they passed; but there were no carriages at the gate. "Miss Bellamy need not have hurried us away," said Mr. McPherson, who was in the bride's carriage, "the bridegroom has not arrived yet." Mattie's face changed color several times when she heard it, but her father answered—"She has kept him waiting for a year, so it is only fair if he keeps her a few minutes." The curate was in the vestry, and was surprised to find that Miriam was not with them. Mrs. Morrison had sent for her on Tuesday—this was Thursday—to stay with Fanny while she went to Belspeed to see her sister. Miriam said positively when she went away that she would be back on Wednes-

day evening at farthest, and when she did not come, he, thinking she was at the Glebe, had given himself no uneasiness. It was agreed by nearly all that Miss Morrison must have taken ill, so that Miriam could not leave her; only if that were the case Mattie thought she would have written to tell them. But the wonder as to what had become of the bridesmaid was soon swallowed up in the greater one of what was detaining the bridegroom, and the Rector went to one of the windows every minute, like Bluebeard's sister-in-law, to see if there was anyone coming. Mattie began to look very wan under her white veil, while Mark tried to keep up her spirits by telling her that she need not be uneasy about Philip's tardiness, for that if he had rued, either himself or Mr McPherson would be happy to take his place; and he made her laugh in spite of herself by pulling out half a crown, and offering to toss up which it should be. At length the Rector came from his post of observation, saying in a tone of satisfaction, "Here they are at last." And the way the bride's countenance brightened up at the announcement showed there had been a lurking anxiety in her mind. Her heart began to beat so hard that she was unconscious of anything that was passing around her till Philip's party was in the vestry, and she saw that neither he nor Lord Peton was there. Matilda was explaining the position with a very blank face, when the bride's heart, after a final whirl, settled down quietly enough to enable her to take note of what was going on. "He went yesterday to dine with Lord Peton," Miss Seguin was saying, "and, when he did not come home last night, we thought he had stopped at the castle. His lordship promised to breakfast with us this morning at nine o'clock, but neither he nor Philip came, and when we sent up to see what was detaining them, the housekeeper said that they had not been at the castle since two o'clock yesterday, and she had no idea where they were gone. We did not know what to think, but, supposing that, wherever they had spent the night, they had left themselves too little time to call at the Grange, and had gone direct to church, we came here hoping to find them." Everyone looked strangely at his and her neighbor, and as Miss Seguin glanced round the room, she asked sharply—"Is Miss Lutton not here? Where is she?" "Run off with Philip, I suppose, for it seems she is mysteriously missing also," laughed Mark Bellamy, but the next moment he wished he had held his tongue, for he saw by the hard look that came into Miss Seguin's face that what he said in jest she feared in earnest. The church doors had been thrown open as soon as the carriages from the Glebe came in sight, and the house was crammed with people, impatient to witness the ceremony, and wondering why the wedding-party delayed so long in the vestry. For Matilda and the others having entered by a side door, few knew that the bridegroom was still absent. Tick, tick, tick—you would have thought the gentlemen's watches were running races, they went at such a rate; and then the clock struck two. "Papa, we had better come home now—something must have happened," Mattie whispered, tottering a little as she rose, and put her hand in her father's arm. "Yes,

dear, we will come," he answered tenderly, patting her hand with his own, while Moses whispered to Lily Seguin that he was sure Philip had got drunk, and couldn't come, and that when they were going to be married he would not keep her waiting.

They were all on their feet ready to go, yet lingering, as people do sometimes, even though they know it can do no good, when there was a quick knock at the door; and when some one opened it Miriam came in with a dash—"Mattie, you are not to be uneasy—Philip is safe, she exclaimed, with a strange harrowed look in her eyes, as she pushed through them all when they would have gathered about her, and put her arms round poor half-fainting Mattie. "Miriam, what has kept him, and what is that?" the bride asked in an awe-struck whisper, as Miriam's shawl fell back, and showed a crimson stain on the shoulder of her grey dress. "He was wounded—he and Lord Peton were out together, and Philip was wounded. No—it was an accident entirely; they were not fighting, and it is not dangerous. Dr. Marks is with him at Mrs. Morrison's, and he says no one is to be frightened, for that it will not signify. I hurried away as soon as I could get, for I knew you would all be anxious. But I must go, now that I have told you," she said, speaking rapidly, and looking significantly at Mr Seguin as she concluded. "But, Miriam, you have told me nothing," Mattie cried, with the tears raining down her white face. "Where is he? How did it happen? Oh tell me all!" "I can tell you nothing yet, and if I could, you are too worn out to hear it, my poor child. Mr. Bellamy take her home, and she will get news of him again very soon." "Miss Lutton, my boy is not dead?" Mr. Seguin said, catching Miriam's arm, when she had avoided the others, and waited for him in a corner of the grave-yard, where two tall and spreading yew trees hid them from the dispersing crowd. "No, I told you the truth; he is alive, but, oh! Mr. Seguin"—and she broke down utterly, weeping as no one had ever seen her do in her life before. "What is it? tell me, dear. Was it a duel?" he asked, taking off his hat, and passing his hand over his bald head in a dazed way. "No, no; worse, far worse! He was shot, and it was I did it," she cried, wringing her hands in an agony of grief. A quarter of an hour afterwards, Mr. Seguin was driving away to Laurel Grove on the car that had brought Miriam from it, and she was on her way to the Glebe, where Miss Bellamy was alternately dosing Mattie with wine, and declaring that she always said it was unlucky to postpone a wedding.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

ST. JOHNSTON.—29th May, the annual soiree of Taughboyne Lodge was held in St. Johnston School-house. There was a very large attendance of the members of the Lodge and their friends. After tea, the chair was taken by Bro. R. Harper, D.D.G.W.C.T. Addresses were delivered by Bros. John Pyper, G.W.C.T.; D. Crawford, D.D.G.W.C.T.; W. G. Gordon, G.W.M.; and by Rev. Mr. Foster. The proceedings were enlivened by the performance of a Flute Band belonging to the Lodge, and by the singing of an excellent choir from Derry.

Correspondence Connected with the Late Discussion.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE G. W. C. T.'s challenge to Rev. Andrew Bowden and that gentleman's reply, which appeared in the *I. G. Templar* for May, were published on 25th November, in the *Belfast Morning News*, with the introductory note—"We have been requested to publish the following correspondence." On 26th November, the G. W. C. T. addressed a letter to the Editor of the *Morning News*, which appeared in that paper on 28th November, and which commenced as follows:—

SIR,—Your publishing, by request, in yesterday's *Morning News*, of my challenge to the Rev. A. Bowden, with his reply, might appear to your readers as done impartially, at the desire of both parties. This is not the case. The letters were published at the request of Mr. Bowden, or his friends, without my consent or knowledge, in the interests of his side in the controversy. I trust therefore, you will see that, in fairness, I am entitled to space for a rejoinder to Mr. Bowden's letter. I have written a private reply to him, which would be too long to ask you to insert; besides, there are alterations, additions, and amendments discredibly made by Mr. Bowden, or somebody else, in what appears as his reply to me in your columns, which would make some parts of my reply to his original letter unintelligible to your readers. With your permission, I shall now, however, offer some observations in reply to the letter as it appeared in the *Morning News*.

To the above, the following rejoinder appeared in the *Morning News* of 4th December:—

SIR,—John Pyper, Esq., G. W. C. T., in his letter which appears in your issue of Friday last, in reference to my reply to his challenge, says, "There are alterations, additions, and amendments discredibly made by Mr. Bowden, or somebody else, in what appears as his reply to me in your columns, which would make some parts of my reply to his original letter unintelligible to your readers."

He may be right in so far as that in one word an *a* was put in for an *e*; and it is just possible that in another *e* was put in for *a*, but beyond a clerical error, permit me to say, with a brevity which I mean to be emphatic, that *this statement of his is erroneous*.—I am, sir, yours truly,

ANDREW BOWDEN.

Bacup, 1st Dec., 1873.

To this epistle, the following reply appeared in the *Morning News* of 17th December:—

SIR,—I have been from home during the past week, else I should sooner have noticed the Rev. A. Bowden's letter in the *Morning News* of the 4th inst. I find his "friends in Belfast," in their own, small, fussy, anonymous way, have been trying to make capital out of the delay thus occasioned. In my brief letter to you of the 26th ult., which appeared in your columns on the 28th

criticizing Mr. Bowden's reply to my challenge, I stated, "I have written a private letter to him (Mr. Bowden), which would be too long to ask you to insert; besides, there are alterations, additions, and amendments, discredibly made by Mr. Bowden or somebody else, in what appears as his reply to me in your columns, which would make some parts of my reply to his original letter unintelligible to your readers." To this statement Mr. Bowden replies, "He (Mr. Pyper) may be right in so far as that in one word an *a* was put for an *e*, and it is just possible that in another *e* was put in for *a*; but, beyond a clerical error, permit me to say with a brevity which I mean to be emphatic, that *this statement of his is erroneous*." This "emphatic" contradiction, however, contains an admission, which to some extent supports my statement, inasmuch as in my "private reply to his original letter," I referred to the defects in both the orthography and syntax of his epistle. Part of my reference to these would necessarily have been "unintelligible to your readers," who saw his letter only with its errors in spelling corrected. Those of your readers who know how liable half-educated people are to misspell words ending with *ent*, *ance*, or *eive*, will hardly be inclined to look upon Mr. Bowden's spelling of apparent "apparant," variance "varience," deceive "decieve," and received "relieved," as nothing more than "clerical errors." His letter contains all these orthographical blunders and several others, some of which I would not notice, as they might be only "clerical errors," like the one which he and his "friends" think they have discovered in one of my letters, where, I suppose, a stroke of the first letter of the word "hypocritical" is too long, and, in their desperate anxiety to find out some error, they have been able to read it *p*. Would you believe it, Sir, this little *lapsus penne*, real on my part or imaginary on theirs, has so delighted Mr. Bowden and his "friends in Belfast," as being, at least, they think, something gained on their side of the controversy, that they have actually gone to the expense of having it printed in capital letters, under the heading, "Reprinted from the *Morning News*," although it and several other matters which they print under that heading never appeared in your columns at all. And they have had boys employed selling their anonymous and false document (with all their boasted hatred of secrecy they dare not give their names) in the streets of our town, instructed to exert their lungs to the utmost pitch in calling the attention of the public to the bad spelling of the Grand Worthy Chief Templar—the bad spelling being nothing more nor less than the supposed *p* for *h* in the word "hypocritical!" Poor Mr. Bowden and "friends in Belfast," what they would say and do in their present distress, if they could find out any real mistake in the composition, conduct, or character of the Grand Worthy Chief Templar!

Mr. Bowden's partial denial of the truthfulness of my statement, that there were "alterations,

additions, and amendments" in his letter, as it appeared in your columns, renders it necessary that I should prove my assertion, which I now proceed to do. In the first sentence of the letter, the phrase "in Belfast" is omitted, and in the second, the word "challenge" is omitted. As the letter proceeds, "what I am persuaded is the right reply" is altered to "the proper and correct reply;" "committed to it by solemn obligation on oath" is altered to "committed by solemn obligation or oath to it;" "now propose" is altered to "again propose;" "the friends in Belfast" is altered to "his friends in Belfast," thus turning the phrase into Rev. J. Kerr's "friends in Belfast," to prepare for the addition, not a word of which is in the original letter, "and, I may add, some who were not his friends before his coming;" in "my discussion with you now would be undesirable," "now" is omitted; "in favor of your views" is altered to "in favor of your system;" "what was evident to all the intelligent part of the audience" is abbreviated to "what was evident to all;" in "nothing whatever was advanced by you," "whatever" is omitted; "I am compelled to say, under the circumstances," is altered to "I am compelled, under the circumstances, to say;" in "any evangelical, Christian gentleman in your Order," "gentleman" is omitted; "over to my friends in Belfast" is lengthened to "over at once to my friends in Belfast;" "I am convinced" is altered to "convinced as I am;" "so vile a movement" is altered to "so unholily a movement;" "believe you to be grievously astray" is lengthened to "believe and know you to be grievously astray;" "the members of our families, our churches, and our congregations" is altered to "the young members of our families, churches, and congregations;" "grief on their families and injury on the Church of God" is altered to "grief to their families and injury to the Church of God;" "more boldly or immediately confronted" is altered to "more boldly met and immediately confronted;" in "an unscriptural society with a Unitarian creed is glided over," "is" is omitted; "the man who opposes and exposes this as surely doing God's work as was Elijah when he was opposing and exposing the prophets of Baal" is altered to "the man who opposes and exposes it as surely doing God's work as did Elijah in opposing and exposing the prophets of Baal;" "head of the Order in Ireland" is altered to "head of your Order in Ireland;" in "and also that your own eyes may soon be opened," "also" is omitted; and the concluding phrase of the letter, "to the evils of the Order," is altered to "to its evils."

I might add to these "alterations, additions, and amendments," but the list I have given is long enough for my purpose. Some of those I have submitted are important, and others are not; but, taken altogether, they are far more than sufficient to demonstrate the perfect truthfulness of my statement, and to expose the reckless absurdity of Mr. Bowden's "emphatic" denial of it. It is not strange that an uneducated man should assume the title of "Rev." and become a Baptist preacher, but it is a melancholy thing that anyone occupying the position of a preacher of the Gospel should be so regardless about the grounds of his "emphatic" assertions. Mr. Bowden's allegations, with tongue and pen, against the Good Templar Order are generally as foundationless as the one I have now refuted. *Ab uno disce omnes*. Your readers will, therefore, now be able to form their own opinions about the importance of his opposition, and about the wisdom of his "friends" here in bringing him all the way from Bacup to Belfast as their English champion, to oppose the progress of the Order in Ireland. They cheered his abusive declarations against the Order in the Clarence Place Hall, where no one was permitted by the chairman to contradict them; but, as determined enemies of it, they are wise enough not to allow him to accept my challenge to a public discussion, so that the validity of his "emphatic" utterances might be tested before a Belfast audience. —Respectfully yours,

JOHN PYPER.

Belfast, 13th December, 1873.

To this letter, the Rev. gentleman wrote the following, crushing rejoinder, which appeared in the *Morning News* of 22nd December and which terminated the correspondence between him and the G.W.C.T. —

SIR,—I have just received by the last post a copy of Mr. Pyper's letter, which appears in your issue of the 17th inst. I have hesitated noticing it in any way, inasmuch as I am quite sure that those of your readers who care to look at the matter will at once see that the slips of the pen or the eye, "real on my part or imaginary on his," enable me to say with increased emphasis that Mr. Pyper's statement respecting "alterations, additions, and amendments discreditably made, which would make some parts of his reply to me unintelligible to your readers," is erroneous.—I am, sir, yours truly,

ANDREW BOWDEN.

Bacup, 20th Dec., 1873.

Progress of the Order.

RIGHT WORTHY GRAND LODGE.

The Twentieth Annual Session of the R.W.G. Lodge was held in Boston, U.S., on 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th May. There was a numerous and influential attendance, including representatives from the Grand Lodges of England, Scotland, and Wales. On account of the embarrassed state of our finances, the Representatives of the Grand

Lodge of Ireland did not attend. It was reported that there are now 56 Grand Lodges, 18 of which are under the British flag, and Charters were granted for two more under that flag, so that the Order cannot truthfully be called an American organization. The following officers were elected, appointed, and installed for the ensuing year:—Bro. Col. John J. Hickman (Kentucky), R.W.G.

Templar; Bro. Joseph Malins (England), R.W.G. Counsellor; Sister Mrs. M. M. Brown (Ohio), R.W.G.V. Templar; Bro. W. S. Williams (Canada), R.W.G. Secretary; Bro. J. K. Van Doorn (Illinois), R.W.G. Treasurer; Bro. Rev. G. K. Morris (New Jersey), R.W.G. Chaplain; Bro. Rev. C. W. Buck (Alabama), R.W.G. Marshal; Sister Mrs. W. R. Taylor (Wisconsin), R.W.G.D. Marshal; Sister Mrs. L. C. Mitchell (Massachusetts), R.W.G. Guard; Bro. Wm. Crowhurst (California), R.W.G. Sentinel; and Bro. Hon. S. D. Hastings (Wisconsin), P.R.W.G. Templar. Sister Mrs. M. B. O'Donnell (New York) was appointed R.W.G. Superintendent of the Juvenile Templars, and the R.W.G.L. Executive were recommended to employ Bro. Rev. John Russell, as R.W.G. Lecturer. The Session throughout was most successful, the Reports of officers and committees were highly satisfactory, and the prospects of the Order encouraging in the highest degree. The next Annual Session of the R.W.G. Lodge is to be held in the last week of May, 1875, in Bloomington, Illinois.

NEW LODGES.

MALONE Lodge, No. 221, was instituted in St. John's Church School-room, Malone, 4th March, by Bro. G. A. Reilly, G.W.A.S.; principal officers—Bros. D. Pinkerton, W.C.T.; G. Waugh, W.V.T.; and J. M'Clean, W.S.

ERNE Lodge, No. 222, was instituted in Ballyshannon, 8th April, by Bro. S. Rea, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. M. Kerr, W.L.D., W.V.T.; and D. Downey, W.C.T.; and Sis. E. Irwin, W.S.

SANDYMOUNT Lodge, No. 223, was instituted in the Congregational Church School-room, York Street, Dublin, 21st April, by the G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. G. W. C. Lawlor, W.L.D.; J. Caithness, W.C.T.; R. A. Smyth, W.V.T.; and J. F. Caithness, W.S.

HAND IN HAND Lodge, No. 224, was instituted in Enniskillen, 28th April, by Bro. S. Rea, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. W. Johnston, W.L.D.; E. Sullivan, W.C.T.; and J. Henderson, W.S.; and Sis. K. Shea, W.V.T.

VILLAGE HOPE Lodge, No. 225, was instituted in Loughbrickland, 28th May, by Bro. J. Simms, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. T. Seiner, W.L.D.; W. T. Dawson, W.C.T.; D. M'Aldin, W.V.T.; and W. White, W.S.

CHARTERS FOR NEW LODGES—Upon the petition of ten or more members of the Order, or of ten or more respectable persons (not less than 16 years of age), praying for a Charter to open a Subordinate Lodge in any part of Ireland, the Grand Lodge may grant the same. Forms of petition, with instructions, may be had on application to the G.W.S.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

RICHHILL.—8th April, a Soiree was held at Richhill, under the auspices of the Richardson Lodge. Bro. R. Johnston, W.C.T., presided, an address was delivered by Bro. J. Todd, and the "Trial of John Barleycorn" was recited.

MAGHERA.—8th April, a large meeting was held, under the auspices of the Guiding Star Lodge, in the Wesleyan Chapel, Maghera. Rev. M. Leitch occupied the chair, and a lecture, on the

"Elevation of Ireland in the Scale of Nations," was delivered by Bro. Rev. H. B. Wilson, D.D.G.W.C.T.

CARNARVON.—The Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of Wales was held in Carnarvon on 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th of April, and was in every respect a grand success. Among the visitors from other Grand Lodges were Bro. J. Malins, G.W.C.T., and Sister Lady Ogle, G.W.C., of England; Bro. Rev. G. Gladstone, G.W.C.T. of Scotland; and Bro. J. Pyper, G.W.C.T. of Ireland. It was reported that the Welsh Lodges number 676, with a membership of about 42,500, including about 600 Ministers of the Gospel, namely, 300 Calvinistic Methodists or Presbyterians, 170 Independents, 55 Wesleyans, and the remainder of other denominations. The following Officers were elected and appointed for the ensuing year:—Rev. M. Morgan, G.W.C.T.; J. M. Jones, G.W.C.; J. Lewis, G.W.V.T.; O. N. Jones, G.W.S.; Capt. Thomas, G.W.T.; Rev. Prof. Peters, G.W.Chap.; G. Edwards, G.W.M.; G. Lewis, G.W.G.; E. Evans, G.W.Sen.; W. Griffiths, G.W.A.S.; and Sister Jones, G.W.D.M. The G.W.C. Templars of England, Scotland, and Ireland, conducted the Installation Ceremonies. Enthusiastic public meetings were held on the first and second evenings, and a Grand Procession through the principal streets of the town took place in the afternoon of the second day. It was resolved that the next Annual Session of the Grand Lodge be held in Aberystwyth.

BOARDMILLS—19th April, the G.W.C.T. preached two temperance sermons in the First Presbyterian Church, Boardmills. Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, G.W. Chaplain conducted part of the services.

DUBLIN.—20th April, a highly successful soiree was held in the Antient Concert Rooms, Dublin, under the auspices of the Dublin District of the Independent Order of Rechabites. Bro. Wm. Whitfield, P.D.C.R., occupied the chair, and among the speakers were Bros. G.W.C.T. Pyper, H. E. Brown, and J. E. C. Roberts. The most interesting feature of the proceedings was the presentation of a full size Portrait of himself, beautifully framed, to our G.W.C., Bro. Councillor W. F. Lawlor, D.C.R., by the Members of the Rechabite Loan Fund. 25th April, the Annual Meeting of the Irish Permissive Bill Association was held in the Friends' Institute, Molesworth Street. Mr. J. G. Richardson presided, Mr. T. W. Russell, Secretary, read the Report, and among the speakers were Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P.; Bro. Dr. F. R. Lees, Rev. C. L. Morell, Councillor T. Whittaker, and G.W.C.T. Pyper. 29th April, a great Permissive Bill Meeting was held in the Rotundo. Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., occupied the chair, and the principal speakers were Bailie Dick, G.W.C.T. Pyper, Dr. Lees, Dr. Whyte, City Coroner; and Councillor Whittaker. 4th May, Bro. Councillor W. F. Lawlor, G.W.C., presided at the weekly meeting of the Dublin Total Abstinence Association in the Antient Concert Rooms, and the chief speaker was G.W.C.T. Pyper. 13th May, the G.W.C.T. lectured to a crowded audience under the auspices of Dublin's First Lodge, in Abbey Street School-room. Bro. J. E. C. Roberts, W.C.T., presided, and Bro. Lawlor, G.W.C., also addressed the meeting. 14th May, the

G.W.C.T. lectured to a respectable audience, convened by the Crusade Lodge, in the Township School Rooms, Rathmines. Bro. Lawlor, G.W.C., occupied the chair, and the meeting was also addressed by Messrs. H. E. Browne, T. W. Russell, and others.

NEWTOWARDS.—21st April, a farewell soiree, in compliment to Sister Isabella Brown before leaving for America, was given by the Ark of Refuge Lodge in the Good Templar Hall, Newtownards. The chair was occupied by Bro. G. A. Kennedy, W.C.T., an address was delivered by Bro. G. Apperson, and singing and recitation were given by a choir and members of the Order.

NEWRY.—28th April, a highly successful soiree was held in connexion with the Clanrye Lodge in William Street School-room, Newry. Bro. Rev. C. Baskin occupied the chair, addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. L. Stafford, Rev. C. F. Wilkinson, and J. Beresford, and selections of music and recitation were admirably rendered by several other members. 30th April, Bro. Rev. G. Wight, D.D.G.W.C.T., on behalf of the Excelsior Lodge, Newry, presented Sister Jane Elliott with a handsome watch on the occasion of her removing to Belfast, as a mark of the esteem in which she is held by the members. 7th May, a public meeting was held under the auspices of the Excelsior Juvenile Lodge, Newry. Bro. Rev. G. Wight presided, readings and recitations were given by members and friends, and beautiful views by the aid of a magic lantern were exhibited by Mr. Wilson.

ARKLOW.—6th May, the G.W.C.T. lectured to a large audience, convened by the members of the Royal Charter Lodge, in the large School-room, Main Street, Arklow, Bro. Dr. Heath presiding.

CORK.—8th May, a large meeting was held in the Munster Hall, Cork, under the auspices of the Cork District Lodge. Bro. J. Langlands, D.V.T., occupied the chair, and a lecture was delivered by G.W.C.T. Pyper. Bro. Rev. R. Ludlow, D.C., also addressed the meeting, after which a vote of thanks was accorded by acclamation to the G.W.C.T., on the motion of Bro. Pulvertaft, seconded by Bro. Thompson.

KINSALE.—9th May, the G.W.C.T. lectured to a large audience in the Fisherman's Hall, Kinsale, Bro. Rev. W. Daunt, M.A., D.D.G.W.C.T., in the chair. 10th May, the G.W.C.T. preached Temperance Sermons to crowded audiences in the Primitive Wesleyan Chapel and the Fisherman's Hall. 28th May, an entertainment was given in the Fisherman's Hall, Kinsale, in connection with the Kinsale Concord and Hope of the Borderers Lodges. The entertainment was got up in aid of the Grand Lodge Debt and was very successful. Bro. Rev. W. Daunt, M.A., D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair. Bro. Rev. R. Ludlow, D.C., delivered an eloquent lecture. A lengthy programme consisting of singing, readings, and recitations, was gone through. The Good Templar String Band of the 25th Regiment played some appropriate selections which added much to the enjoyment of all present.

QUEENSTOWN.—11th May, the G.W.C.T. lectured in Queenstown, under the auspices of the World's Harbour Lodge. The chair was occupied by Bro. Rev. W. Daunt, M.A., D.D.G.W.C.T.

LIGONIEL.—14th May, the Rev. D. K. Mitchell lectured to a good audience in the Village School House, Ligoniel, under the auspices of the Star of Peace Lodge. Bro. T. Williamson, W.C.T., occupied the chair.

LURGAN.—19th May, the annual soiree of the Ark of Hope Lodge was held in the Town Hall, Lurgan, and was highly successful. G.W.C.T. Pyper occupied the chair, addresses were delivered by Bro. Rev. J. Douglas and Rev. J. Carson, and appropriate selections of music were rendered by a well trained choir. 31st May, the G.W.C.T. preached two Temperance Sermons to large congregations in the Primitive Wesleyan Chapel, Lurgan.

ARMAGH.—21st May, the members of the Rutledge Lodge entertained the members of the Juvenile Lodge at tea. Bro. W. Carson, W.C.T., occupied the chair, suitable addresses were delivered, and an interesting musical programme was gone through.

VARIETIES.

GRAND LODGE SESSION.—The Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of Ireland will be held in Londonderry commencing on Monday evening, 24th August. Necessary instructions will be communicated to each Lodge in the Quarterly Circular during the present month.

EXCURSIONS AND DEMONSTRATIONS.—In accordance with resolution of Grand Lodge at last Session successful Excursions and Demonstrations have been held during the past month at Dublin, Ballymena, Ballynahinch, Armagh, Newtownstewart, and Portstewart. Others will be held during the present month. We shall give a report of all in our next issue.

THE PERMISSIVE BILL.—The Second Reading of the Permissive Bill was again defeated in the House of Commons on 17th June, by a majority of 301 against 75, exclusive of tellers and pairs. We shall give the names of the Irish Members that voted for and against it in our next. In the meantime we note the gratifying fact, that Ulster still maintains its honorable position as the best part of the United Kingdom on this question, nineteen of its Members having voted and paired in favor of the Bill, and only six against. County Antrim gave no less than six votes in favor of this measure.

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

CRUSHED OUT.—“The Good Templar Elocutionist,” “Literary Notices,” “Official Information,” &c.

Contributions for the *Irish Good Templar* and Books for Review in its columns should be addressed to the Editor, JOHN PYPER, G.W.C.T., 4, Old Park Terrace, Belfast.

Communications connected with the Business of the Order should be addressed to Bro. A. Ledlie, G.W.S., 26, Ann Street, Belfast.

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The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

VOL. II.—No. 8.

1ST AUGUST, 1874.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Rev. A. Breakey's Sermon—"Temperance without Templarism."

BY BRO. REV. G. H. SHANKS, G.W. CHAPLAIN.

(Concluded from our last.)

REV. A. BREAKEY styles his sermon, "Temperance without Templarism," but he might just as well have called it, "Temperance without Total Abstinence," for against total abstinence he preaches. If it were not for its *rigid, uncompromising total abstinence*, which distinguishes it above other Temperance organizations, there would not be such implacable hostility awakened against Templarism; nor would Good Templar "secrecy," its "titles, letters," &c., nor "the Templars' regalia—bibs, rosettes, stars, tassels, collars"—"tassels, fringes, raps, and gavel," &c. (for Mr. Breakey is very lavish of Templar ornaments—some of which I never heard of), be more reviled than Free Mason or Orange "secrecy, titles, bibs," &c., &c. Mr. Breakey can bear all "these baubles" when used in societies, which, however good their objects may be, do not enforce *total abstinence*. It is true Mr. Kerr writes bitterly against Masonry—and no doubt misrepresents it as he does Templarism—declaring, moreover, that "most, if not all, the evils of Templarism are in Masonry," while he does not say that most, if not all, the evils of Masonry are in Templarism. It is true, too, that he condemns Orangeism in severest terms, for the strange reason that it "engages to support and maintain the laws and constitution of these kingdoms, and the succession to the throne in her Majesty's illustrious house, being Protestant," and "declares the principles of the Revolution effected by King William to be 'glorious principles,'" which he affirms, "Reformed Presbyterians" cannot do—and which, therefore, only the *unreformed* can do. Yet he does not go over the country lecturing against either Masonry or Orangeism. On the contrary, when he came to this neighborhood as a lecturer, he was quiet as a mouse regarding them both ("will he come back"—either to Bailliesmill, to accept my challenge, or to Killyleagh, or Belfast, to have another Discussion—or will Rev. A. Bowden "come back" to accept

Mr. Pyper's challenge?), and only against Templarism did he open his mouth. Yes, against Templarism, because *it* not only has total abstinence for its sole object, but it places total abstinence on a solid basis, so as to sweep away for ever the drinking usages, the very thing which the anti-Templars do not want done, not even the total abstinence anti-Templars, who, in general, only want the drinking usages to cease *in the meantime* and *in their present form*, so that the moderate (?) use of them might afterwards be indulged in without danger of excess. This moderate use, as it is called, of a liquor which is unnecessary, poisonous, and hurtful, as a beverage, even in so called moderation, as Sir Henry Thompson and hundreds of other medical men declare, would undoubtedly soon bring back all the drunkenness now prevailing. I think our expediency total abstainers should see it to be *expedient* to contemplate nothing less than the *perpetual* and universal disuse, as a beverage, of all intoxicating drink, otherwise, even were they now to succeed in their purpose—not very likely—of promoting temperance, a future generation would have the same work to do over again. Non-Templar total abstinence leaves the *root* in the ground, Templarism plucks it up. Hence the hatred and persecution which it has to bear.

Let us now endeavor to grapple with the arguments formally brought by Mr. Breakey against Good Templarism.

His first argument is,—that, "In the Holy Scriptures there is no Templarism, neither name nor thing: no warrant for it, direct or implied." Neither there is for what HE CALLS Templarism, *for his caricature of it*,—but that is no proof that Templarism itself is not in Scripture, in its fundamental principles. A "standard against the enemy coming in like a flood" is in Scripture, (Is. lix. 19). If ever there was a warrant, direct or implied, for "*a solemn league and covenant*"

against any evil, and danger, and enemy, there is warrant for it against intemperance. It might as well be said—"There is no Life-Boat Institution in Scripture, neither name, nor thing; no warrant for it, direct or implied;" nor "no Temperance Society," not even that in its first plan of abstaining only from distilled spirits; and so of ten thousand other things which are not *expressly mentioned* in Scripture but which every body admits are in accordance with Scripture teaching and the off-spring of Scripture principles.

His second mighty argument is,—that "Templarism is a *new thing*," (the Italics are his own). Some might regard a Life-Boat Institution as "*a new thing*." It is new to those who never heard of it before. Revival is a new thing to those who are not acquainted with the history of revivals as given in Scripture and in Ecclesiastical history. The Temperance Society which Mr. Breakey boasts that Dr. Edgar advocated in Killyleagh, and which Mr. Breakey himself advocated most effectively for some years, was thought by many to be "*a new thing*," and "not to be in Scripture, neither name nor thing; no warrant for it, direct or implied." The alleged *newness*, therefore, of a philanthropic enterprise, I respectfully submit, is no proof nor test of its being contrary to Scripture, nor of being uncalled for by the Divine Will.

Mr. Breakey's third argument is,—that, "Templarism, in its most perfect state, will not *save a soul*"—"Even the *real thing* will not, much less my caricature of it," as if he had said). Neither will a Life-Boat Institution "*save a soul*." Is it, therefore, to be rejected as unscriptural or opposed to the salvation of the soul? If it saves *bodies* it is something. Jesus Christ saved, and still saves, *bodies* as well as souls. A soul can only be saved while it is *in the body*. Oh, save the body (of all drunkards and others) by all means, for the sake of saving the soul within it, and *with all haste*, too, lest the soul escape from it unsaved. I wish Mr. Breakey would read "*Haste to the Rescue*," by Mrs. Wightman. Besides, while the Good Templar Order makes, it is true, no profession of saving a soul by its Templarism, but sends its members to the Church and to the Gospel for *that*, yet *indirectly* it does *save souls*, as well as *bodies*, multitudes now attending the means of grace who did not previously to their becoming Templars. So I humbly think that the fact of Templarism not saving a soul, nor professing to save it, is no proof of its being contrary either to Scripture or Reason.

Mr. Breakey's fourth formidable objection is,—that "*Templarism is not necessary to Gospel Temp-*

erance." I reply that it is because there is *not* Gospel Temperance generally among professed Christians, that Templarism and other Temperance Societies are an absolute necessity. As soon as Gospel Temperance shall generally prevail—in other words, as soon as the Church of Christ does its duty in the matter of Temperance—Templarism and other Temperance organizations shall cease, having done their work, just as Missionary Societies cease when the *Church* itself becomes missionary. We cease, now, for example, to subscribe to the "*Scottish Missionary Society*," because the several Churches in Scotland and Ireland now send their missionaries to the Heathen. And the Church taking its proper place in relation to the promotion of Temperance will, in like manner, supersede Templarism and render unnecessary those formidable subscriptions to Templarism, which now put Mr. Breakey into such fearful pucker.

But, he adds, "There is Temperance now outside Templarism!!" Yes, and there are persons now not drowned at sea "*outside the Life-Boat Institution*," infinitely more numerous than those who are saved from drowning by means of it. But does that prove the Life-Boat to be contrary to Scripture or Reason. But for the Life-Boat *some* would be lost; hence the Scripturality and reasonableness of it; and outside Templarism, many times more than all the Life-Boat *saves* are lost every year in worse waves than those which wash the British shores, who would all be saved did they only avail themselves of the Life-Boat of Templarism, or did persons like Mr. Breakey give them the opportunity of it. When Mr. Breakey says that "Templarism is a failure and must be a failure," it looks as if "the wish were father to the thought." Is it right to *wish it to be a failure*? Is it right to *help to make it a failure*? If it prove a failure, it will be owing to want of support from able, Christian, influential persons, like Mr. Breakey. And great, therefore, is their responsibility. Templarism can never become a greater failure than did, to all appearance, the Temperance Society which Mr. Breakey helped Dr. Edgar to establish, nor than the Total Abstinence Societies generally, which have *all* collapsed, so far as I know them, except where Templarism or Bible Wine Truth has infused new life into them. Dr. Edgar's Society, however, was no failure, for it *led the way* to Templarism, and Templarism may possibly lead the way to something better for hastening the downfall of King Alcohol. Partial failure will, no doubt, accompany Templarism, as it does every good enterprise, even Christianity itself,—many lands, once Christian,

being now Heathen or Mohammedan—owing not to defect in the system, but to the imperfection of the human workers. Upon whom lies the blame of the failure? The history of our fallen race is a history of the failure—for a time—of every good work. What the poet says of the contendings for freedom is applicable here—

“Freedom’s battle, once begun,
Transferred from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled off, is ever won.”

I contend, therefore, most respectfully, that Mr. Breakey’s prophecy of its failure is no argument that Templarism is contrary to Reason and Scripture.

His fifth great argument is,—that “Templarism attempts to arrogate to itself the effects of the Gospel.” This was said of the earliest Temperance Society under Dr. Edgar, but falsely said. Neither does “Templarism say that the Gospel is a failure.” It only says, what no one denies, that the *preaching* of it has failed to put down intemperance within the professed Christian Church, where it prevails more than in Heathen and Mohammedan lands, which cannot be said of any other vice. And the reason of this was given by Rev. I. N. Harkness several years ago, in his “Temperance Papers,” when he showed that in not preaching Total Abstinence, the Gospel is *defectively* preached.

His sixth argument is,—that “Templarism attempts to put itself above and before the Gospel”—a stale argument, replied to sufficiently already, and which Dr. Morgan indignantly repudiated above forty years ago, when charged with equal unreasonableness against the *first* aspect of the Temperance movement.

And the seventh argument—last not least—is that the “root of the whole is to make money for its advocates!” This also has been disposed of already and needs no further attention. The mere statement of it is its own refutation.

It is obvious that Mr. Breakey has too much logic not to see the weakness of the foregoing seven arguments. It is manifestly not on *them* he depends for making an impression on his hearers and readers, but on his powers of *caricaturing* the system and making it appear ridiculous. Like his unfortunate guides, Messrs. Heron, Kerr, Bowden, & Co., he depends upon unmanly *invidios* as to “some secrets he knows” but charity makes him “silent,” though all these innuendo-makers have been challenged and *defied* again and again to *tell all they know*, but still they are “silent.” He depends upon the adroitness with which he selects and combines quotations from poetry, rituals, funeral services, and opening of halls, so as to make the whole appear ridiculous,

and so save himself the trouble of pointing out any thing really contrary to Scripture or Reason;—his logic, like Mr. Heron’s, being that *because it is laughable*, as he tries to make it appear, *therefore*, it is unscriptural and unreasonable. Not one of the quotations he and others give from Ritual, or Constitutions, or hymns, or tunes, or services, is, in itself, contrary to Scripture or Reason, nor laughable either, apart from the *laughable, antic manner* in which they are *intoned* and presented by the caricaturists, who show their powers of buffoonery and mimicry, *yea*, and of levity too, and heartless indifference to the miserable victims of our national vice, and want of sympathy with those who labor to rescue them, and prevent others being victimized. He depends upon the *tone* in which, like Mr. Kerr, he can read the hymns and other extracts, and especially in which he can pronounce “*John Pyper Esq., G. W. C. T.*,” and revile him—one of those extraordinary men whom God raises up at special crises for special work, and one who, “To all the vials of wrath poured out upon him without mixture and without mercy”—“To all the misrepresentations of his enemies, to all the torrents of obloquy, *opposes his character and his conduct during his whole life*,” just as fearlessly as Mr. Breakey can do. He depends upon that power, with which the anti-Templars seem largely gifted, of multiplying adjectives and saying the hardest things against the Order without any attempt at proof, calling it “Mormonism,” “Jesuitism,” “a malignant leaven,” “a human contrivance, clumsy, complex, proud, vain, founded on a secret and unholy vow,” “a vow unholy, ensnaring, unjustifiable,” “unscriptural, irrational, and inadequate,” “complex, cumbrous, unscriptural, irrational,” “a design covertly, and insidiously, to introduce and propagate *Deism*, to undermine and subvert Christianity, and to introduce a new religion, or a no-religion,” “aggressive to the Gospel, intolerant, uncharitable,” “the foundation of its ruin laid in the just retribution of Heaven,” “men puffed with pride and falling into the condemnation of the wicked one,” and so on, some 24 times in a few pages, *lack of argument* being supplied by *plenty of adjectives*, and weakness of reasoning strengthened by a voluble vocabulary hurled against the poor Templars, overtaken by “the just retribution of Heaven,” and “condemned with the Devil.” Certainly, if “the foundation of its ruin” could be “laid” in strong, fluent words, multiplied assumptions, and terrific denunciations, Templarism is done for. He depends, too, upon the skill with which he can present to his readers pages bristling with big

letters, ingeniously collocated, such as "G I G, (the Gig)" (see page 10), so as to make his readers *gigle*, and thereby render them unable to judge calmly and seriously as to their duty in the matter—upon wit, humor, gallantry, telling "his dear young friends, the innocent, interesting, amiable young ladies," that "they are the loadstones, they are the attractions"—for in all that concerns wit, humor, gallantry, splendid powers of composition, &c., "his eye is not dim with age, nor his natural force abated." I should wish much that these noble gifts, with which he is so richly endowed,

were employed in putting down intemperance instead of Templarism, that institution, which, if only adopted by the several churches, would undoubtedly in a few years sweep away intemperance for ever from the land, and with it, Templarism too, and all other Temperance organizations, as being no longer needed, thereby hastening the time, when "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain;" when "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

Weariness.

BY SISTER A. J. C., LONDONDERRY.

IT is a remarkable and well-attested fact, that while steady progress seems almost invariably to characterize nearly every department of Literature, Science, and Art, a retrogressive tendency appears almost equally to be a characteristic of every movement aiming at social, moral, or religious advancement. In the march of scientific discovery, we never hear of times of reaction, of flagging interest, or of relaxed efforts. We never hear of the forsaken observatory, of the neglected laboratory, or of the forgotten study. But what Church is there without evidences of some such reaction? What movement, originated by religious or philanthropic zeal, has not felt at times the chill of depressed energies, the weariness of sinking vitality, or the unsympathetic spirit represented by the saying, "Man, mind thyself!"

This retrogressive tendency is not of mere modern date, nor is it peculiar to our Western clime; for an apostolic injunction, given long ages ago, in Eastern lands, evidences that then, as now, weariness in well-doing required to be guarded against. It may be, that this reactionary bias being much more distinctly a feature of our moral than of our mental being indicates that the former, much more than the latter, is out of harmony with the great purposes for which man was designed; or it may be, that this weariness is chiefly traceable to disappointed expectations, unsatisfactory results, or to the exhaustion of labor apparently unrewarded by corresponding fruit. "In due season, we shall reap, if we faint not," is the encouragement appended to the apostolic warning; and this conveys the idea, that the weariness of which he spoke—arose from such depressing causes as we have mentioned. The tendency felt then is felt still, and has been

felt, less or more, in every religious or benevolent movement, from then till now; and remembering that results are seldom, if ever, commensurate with expectations, that buds are always in excess of fruit, it is but natural to suppose that this tendency is one, which, in our imperfect state, will never be fully eradicated. To feel it, however, is one thing, to yield to it is another. The best and bravest that ever lived, the most patient, the most enduring, have felt this weariness; but while feeble, coward natures fall easy preys to its power, the heroic rise superior to its chilling influences. Its first indications are but to them signals for more strenuous effort. The discouragements of apparent failure and the obstacles oft encountered where least expected serve but as spurs to renewed exertion.

There has, however, never been any great or good cause, which has not numbered among its adherents many of those who readily succumb to weariness. And no sooner does one begin to falter, than others are infected by his example, and a general and most disheartening apathy takes the place of the first enthusiasm, while the most zealous efforts on the part of the faithful and true-hearted fail to overcome the dull inertia. Something of this, we have felt in our Good Templar Order. It would, indeed, be strange did it prove an exception to so general a rule, particularly as, more perhaps than any organization of which we are aware, it demands from its members continued interest and unwearied zeal, as the great elements on which its success depends. Other systems may be sustained by the wealth and influence of their leaders, by the prestige of aristocratic names, or by the semi-sacredness of time-honored memories and national traditions; but on none of these can Good Tem-

plarism rely. Among its members are, it is true, men and women of wealth, influence, title, and position; but these are not necessarily its leaders—not in these does its strength consist. No traditional memories invest it with a sacred halo. No national prejudices are pledged to its support. No! it stands out in the broad daylight of the practical, matter-of-fact present, resting on its own broad, independent basis, an aggregate of individual workers, a living, healthy, energetic organization, not depending for its action on its perfect machinery, but depending really, and chiefly, on the sustenance of its vital, individual energy.

Organized to counteract the terrible and ever-increasing evils of the Liquor Traffic, having for our grand object the total suppression of that Traffic, one might suppose that the constant presence around us of the foe against which we struggle and the every-day evidences of its fearful power would effectually counteract the tendency to weariness and apathy. It seems, however, sometimes to have just the contrary effect. The enormous magnitude of the evil, the dreadful fascination which it exerts over its victims, and the comparatively small results of all our efforts naturally tend to make us feel as if we were giving strength and time for nought—as if the warfare were so unequal that it is but folly to maintain it. And when added to these discouragements, we find leagued against us those whom we might have expected to be with us—when battling, as we are, against the greatest enemy of the Gospel, we are told that we are setting ourselves up in opposition to it—when struggling, as we are, with the prompter and the ally of licentiousness, it is said that ours is a system which fosters immorality—when seeking, as we are, to make our Order the handmaid of Religion, we find ministers of Religion throwing themselves into fiercest antagonism—is not all this enough to cause the question to be asked wearily—"Why expend our energies in such an ungrateful struggle?" Why? Let the reply of the faint-hearted be, "We will give it up, our efforts are useless," but their melancholy tones are lost in the majestic swell of unnumbered voices, responding to the question, "Why?" "Because greater is He who is for us than all that can be against us!" "Why?" "Because convinced that ours is the cause of Truth and Right, we know that, despite all opposition, the Truth shall be victorious, for God defends the Right." "Why?" "Because many as are our discouragements, we can point to triumphs over which angels rejoice—because we can tell of

victories greater than those which have wreathed with laurel the conqueror's bow." Our reaping is not all to come; we have reaped fruits which might gladden the dullest heart, which might rouse to action the most apathetic nature. There is not a Lodge, we believe, three months in existence within the world-wide limits of our Order, without its record of such results—drunkards rescued from ruin; homes made happy with a new joy; wives made glad in the fulfilment of the long-forgotten promise of being loved and cherished; children bright and rosy, not cowering away in fear, but springing to meet their fathers' embrace—and, better still, ears long unused to the Gospel, now listening eagerly to the joyful sound; hearts long hardened and seared, now broken and contrite; spirits long enthralled in Satan's worst slavery, now rejoicing in the liberty of the children of God. Are these results to be sneered at? Who that loves God and his fellow-men would say so! Our Order by Divine help has done great things "whereof we are glad," and we are convinced that it shall yet be the means of doing still greater things than these.

That it may be so, however, we appeal earnestly to all our members, never to yield to discouragement, never to allow the spirit of weariness to gain over them a victory. We have nought to fear from without, if we be but steady and faithful within. The only thing which could really deprive our Order of its strength is apathy on the part of its members. Let this be guarded against, and we shall go on, increasing and conquering, till the vile Traffic against which we wage war shall for ever be swept from our land. We each know our duty, we know what is expected from us, and we also know that nothing else can make amends for these duties being neglected. We know that the most complete system of visiting cannot take the place of the kind interest, the loving supervision, which one neighbor may easily exercise over another. We know that the most eloquent addresses and the most convincing essays in the Lodge-room cannot have the effect of the words of friendly counsel, timely encouragement, or affectionate warning, fitly spoken by one member to another. The most attractive programme cannot maintain the interest of our meetings, as can the consistent example of regular attendance, the pleasant smile of mutual recognition, the warm shake of the hand, and the words of friendly greeting. These may all seem little things, but, if they have a great influence, they are not to be despised. It is not easy in the current of passing events to say what is little and what is great. Upon

apparent trifles, momentous events have often depended; and upon such a little thing as a friendly recognition, a kind word, or a cheering counsel, it may depend whether or not a tempted brother fall or prove victorious, whether or not the happiness of a family be made or marred. Let us, then, never forget our position and what

it demands; but, rising superior to every discouragement, struggling bravely against every tendency to apathy, watching eagerly for every opportunity of lending a helping hand, "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season, we shall reap, if we faint not."

What Ought the Church to Do?—No. III.

BY BRO. DR. A. H. H. M'MURTRY, G.W.T.

(Continued from our last.)

WITH regard to the third resolution, I have no objection to the proposal "to circulate among our people information regarding the evils resulting from the liquor traffic," although it does seem somewhat superfluous, Sir, to circulate information regarding evils which, the resolution says, are only too manifest already. Information as to how to avoid and prevent those evils would be much more useful. (Hear, Hear). Nor do I object to your "faithfully warning them of the dangers connected with" the sale of intoxicating drink, provided you agree to faithfully warn them also, as you are going to warn the young, of the much greater dangers connected with the use of intoxicating drink, and also of the sin of unnecessarily exposing themselves to the dangers connected with that use. But what I do object to, in this third resolution, is that the Assembly is asked to declare, virtually, that the chief evils resulting from the liquor traffic spring rather from the mode in which it is "at present conducted in this land," than from the essentially and inevitably mischievous character of the liquors themselves (Applause); and that this traffic is, in itself, a proper enough one, and is capable of being conducted without great evils resulting from it. If the Committee know of any plan by which the liquor traffic can be so "conducted in this land" as to be a blessing to the country instead of a curse, it would have been more to the purpose if they had submitted it to the Assembly (Applause), with a request that the Assembly lose no time in having it laid before Parliament, which has long been at its wits' end to know what to do with this troublesome and terrible business. (Hear, Hear). But I challenge the Committee to say when or where the traffic in intoxicating beverages has ever been, or to show that it can be, conducted in such a way as to be productive of more good than harm "both to those engaged in it and to the general com-

munity." Even in France, which has been referred to by the last speaker as a place in which total abstinence is unnecessary, and which is probably one of the "lands" in which the Committee think the liquor traffic is a benefit to the country, it has been found necessary, the year before last, to establish a National Temperance Society, with branches throughout the Departments, for the purpose, as is stated in the Articles of the Association, "of combating the continual increase and disastrous effects of drunkenness." (Hear, Hear).

Having thus indicated, Mr. Moderator, some of the reasons why, in my humble judgment, this House should not, and can not on any common principle, pass the resolutions proposed by the Committee on Temperance, I now beg to move the following amendment to them:—"Considering the dangers attending, and the injury to men's temporal and eternal interests frequently following, the use of intoxicating drinks; and considering that the use of such drinks in health is believed by the highest medical and other authorities to be both unnecessary and hurtful; and believing that universal total abstinence is the only effectual remedy for the evils now caused by drinking, and would greatly promote the glory of God and the good of man; and believing that the use of intoxicating beverages by Christians is an offence to many of their brethren, and, as an example, helps to perpetuate and extend the evils of the drink-system: Resolved, That we deem it to be our duty as a Christian Church, and as individuals, to abstain from and discountenance, the use, sale, and manufacture of intoxicating liquors as beverages." You will observe that the chief difference between the amendment and the resolutions is that the amendment is a plain, straightforward, and unequivocal declaration of the duty of total abstinence from all participation, direct and indirect, in the traffic

in alcoholic drinks, with the principal grounds on which that duty is based; whereas the resolutions are a vague, obscure, unintelligible declaration of nothing in particular (Laughter and Applause), inconsistent with themselves, without any leading principle, in one part seeming to insinuate, in a most hesitating sort of whisper, that we ought to abstain, and in another, as if that were too much to expect of self-denying, Christian men, compromisingly suggesting that we may drink in moderation, and that we may retain, for that purpose, a small liquor traffic, to be conducted on some new and approved principle, by which the intoxicating liquors sold and consumed shall no longer have the power of intoxicating the consumer. (Laughter). Now, Sir, I like men, if they have convictions at all, to stand by them. If the Committee think we ought to abstain, why don't they say so, and give a reason for the faith that is in them? If they believe that men are under no obligation to abstain, and may drink if they choose, why do they not come before this Assembly, and say: "Fathers and Brethren, our 'occupation's gone.' (Applause). As we don't see the use or the sense of opposing that which is right, we ask to be dissolved, and we beg to express our belief that the entire movement for the abolition of the drinking customs and of the liquor traffic, being based on a false idea, is a delusion and a sham." That is the only logical course open to those who may oppose the amendment. (Hear, Hear).

But, Sir, I do not anticipate that, in a meeting of this kind, the amendment shall meet with any very general or very powerful opposition. None will dispute the proposition, that the use of intoxicating drinks is attended with *danger*. It is admitted in the resolutions, and all history, from the days of Noah till the present hour, teems with the proofs of it. The good and the bad, the educated and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, the great and the small, all sorts and conditions of men, who would at one time have resented the imputation that they might some day be overcome of wine, fall victims yearly, by the sixty thousand or more, to the fascinations of the "tricksy spirit." This is not the place nor the time to give a physiological exposition of the origin and growth of the drinker's appetite for alcohol. The fact, however, is indisputable that it is the nature of alcohol to increase the desire for itself, and to weaken the power of restraining that desire—to inflict injury, long imperceptible, it may be, but none the less real or serious, at the very time that it imparts agreeable sensations, and this faculty to "mock and deceive" is

the secret of its dangerous power. (Hear, Hear.) This is the reason why no drinker, whatever be his character or position, is absolutely safe,—that no man who drinks is sure that he shall never become a drunkard. Now, a practice which is so dangerous in its tendencies, and so often disastrous in its results as the practice of drinking admittedly is, must have some very extraordinary condition of things to justify it, if indeed it can be justified by any considerations whatsoever. What is there to justify the use of intoxicating drinks in health? Absolutely nothing, but, on the contrary, much to condemn it.

[The Moderator having, a little before this, expressed a desire that "our friend would endeavor to curtail his remarks as much as possible," the Doctor here omitted, in consequence of the Moderator's remark, some medical testimonies in support of that part of the amendment which states that "the use of intoxicating drinks in health is both unnecessary and hurtful;" and then proceeded:—]

These testimonies are fully confirmed by common experience, as well as by the stricter test of insurance statistics. The evidence derivable from this source may be summed up in the statement, that "people are not only as well able to perform the duties and enjoy the natural pleasures of existence without strong drink as with it, but that their strength is increased, their health improved, and their enjoyment augmented. (Hear, Hear). In England, where Government and Life Assurance statistics are accessible, it has been established that the health of teetotalers is, on the average, *one half better* than that of moderate and free drinkers together; and that the value of life amongst abstainers is increased by *one third* as compared with the moderate drinkers." (Applause). Now, Sir, it is neither fair in argument, nor courteous, for gentlemen, who may be excellent theologians, but who are neither chemists nor physiologists, to haughtily ignore or dogmatically deny these facts, while they admit, on no stronger evidence, similar medical testimony regarding other poisons and their effects on the system. The Westminster Divines have told us, and we believe, that we are required, by the Sixth Commandment, to make "all careful studies and lawful endeavors to preserve the lives of ourselves and others, by resisting all thoughts and purposes, subduing all passions, and avoiding all occasions, temptations, and practices which tend to the unjust taking away the life of any;" and that "under one sin or duty [such as intemperance or temperance]

all of the same kind are forbidden or commanded; together with all the *causes, means, occasions, and appearances thereof, and provocations thereunto.*" I believe I have shown, and I could multiply the evidence manifold, that drinking is not only useless, dangerous, and injurious, but

is perfectly unnecessary; and I should like to know if it be not wrong unnecessarily to expose ourselves to danger and to injury, and if total abstinence from such a practice be not, as stated in the amendment, our duty? (Applause).

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT].

The Bible and Total Abstinence.—No. VIII.

BY REV. G. C. M. DOUGLAS, D.D., PROFESSOR OF HEBREW, FREE CHURCH COLLEGE, GLASGOW.

IN endeavoring to distinguish the various words used in the English Bible for wine and strong drink, we have to remember the difficulty which must be felt in discriminating words which have a close mutual connexion, in that which has been near two thousand years a dead language; and with respect to its niceties even the ancient translations may be of little value, partly on account of the ignorance or carelessness of their authors, yet partly also because these men assumed that their readers were as familiar with the topic as they were themselves. No writer with whom we are acquainted has devoted so much time and research to the subject as Dr. F. R. Lees. We believe that his principal positions have not yet been successfully assailed. Without following him implicitly, we agree with him in the main, especially in reference to the first word to be explained; and the settlement of its meaning is at once important and difficult. The vine grows so well in Palestine and the neighboring countries, that we may feel assured its produce was a very important part of the husbandman's returns. Accordingly we read of it in the patriarchal times, in connexion with the history of Noah, of Abraham and Melchizedek, of Lot, and of Joseph, and in the legislation of Moses; and in the books of Scripture which refer to the subsequent history of the Israelites, the references to the use of the grape and of wine are extremely numerous. At the present day, it is still observed by travellers and others, who stay for a time in the lands of the Bible, that the grapes are sold fresh for three, four, and five months in the year, at a price so low as to make them an important part of the food of even the poorer classes; and when they can no longer be obtained fresh, there are preparations of them, both dried and boiled, in which shapes they continue to be extremely valuable articles of diet. It is necessary to make some such statement as this at the outset, because we are apt to overlook this truth, to think of the vineyard as yielding an article of mere luxury, and to forget that it

was principally cultivated for the supply of food.

1. The most general word, then, among those applied to the produce of the vine, is *tirosk*, which we translate "vintage fruit." In the Authorized Version, and in others, this meaning is not found, the common renderings being "wine," and "new wine," though also "sweet wine," all which in reality are translations of words to be subsequently noticed. The force of the argument for rendering it "vintage fruit" is seen specially (1.) when we observe how it is habitually combined with *dagan* and *yitzhar*, translated "corn and oil" in the Authorized Version, but which are to be taken in a very wide or generic sense, the former as including all kinds of grain, and the latter as meaning "orchard fruit," though in this fruit a prominent place may have been given to the fruit of the olive, from which oil (*shemen*) was extracted. We find all the three terms denoting the produce of the field, of the vineyard, and of the orchard, occurring together nineteen times as descriptive of the abundance yielded by the good land which the Lord gave to Israel—in Num. xviii. 12; Deut. vii. 13, xi. 14, xii. 17, xiv. 23, xviii. 4, xxviii. 51; Hosea ii. 10, 24 (8, 22, English Version); Joel i. 10, ii. 19; 2 Caron. xxxi. 5, xxxii. 28; Jer. xxxi. 12; Hag. i. 11; Neh. v. 11, x. 40 (39, English Version), xii. 5, 12. We find *dagan* and *tirosk* eleven times—in Gen. xxvii. 28, 37; Deut. xxxiii. 28; Ps. iv. 7 (8, English Version); Hosea ii. 11 (9, English Version), vii. 14, ix. 2; 2 Kings xviii. 32; Isa. xxxvi. 17, lxii. 8; Zech. ix. 17; *tirosk* and *yitzhar* only twice—in Joel ii. 24; and Neh. x. 38 (37, English Version); and *tirosk*, without either of the other two, six times—in Judges ix. 13 (where, however, verses 9, 11, mention the olive and the fig fruit, which is nearly equivalent to naming *yitzhar*; Pro. iii. 10 (where *dagan*, and perhaps *yitzhar* also, is suggested by the mention of barns); Hosea iv. 11; Micah vi. 15 (associated with the olive); Isaiah xxiv. 7, lxxv. 8. *Tirosk*, therefore, occurs thirty-eight times; and besides this overwhelming preponderance of combination with *dagan* and *yitzhar*, it is found seven times combined with words signifying "first fruits;" and ten times with "tithes" or "offerings," which were mainly the first of gathered fruits and grain in their natural state. And while it and its two companion words are thus closely connected with expressions for increase of vegetable produce in general, &c., they are scarcely ever combined with specific fruits or particular articles of diet,

and still more rarely with terms which intimate the process of preparing or preserving them. It is connected with *yayin*, the proper word for wine, only in three passages; in one of which, Micah vi. 15, it is plainly not wine, for it is that which yields wine by being trodden, as the olives yield oil. And while the use of these three words, in a general sense, is thoroughly different from that of the specific words for bread, wine, and oil, it is remarkable that *tirosk* is never in the Bible named along with oil, *shemen*; nor *yitzhar* along with wine, *yayin*. (2.) It is spoken of as a solid substance, gathered like *dagan* and *yitzhar*, Deut. xi. 14. Like them, and also like animal food, it is spoken of as being eaten, Deut. xii. 17. It and they apparently were laid in heaps, 2 Chron. xxxi. 5, 6. In Isaiah lxx. 8, the *tirosk*, or fruit of the grape, is found in the cluster, and one saith, "Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it." But it is never spoken of as a liquid in connexion with bottles, cups, or the like, nor as being poured out and drunk, unless in Isaiah lxii. 8, 9, "Surely I will no more give thy corn to be meat for thine enemies; and the sons of the stranger shall not drink thy *tirosk*, for the which thou hast labored; but they that have gathered it shall eat it and praise the Lord, and they that have brought it together shall drink it in the courts of my holiness." Dr. Lees has made a suggestion which has some plausibility, that *drinking* may be used in the sense of *sucking* fruit. Yet, waiving this, the verb, *brought it together*, strongly supports the opinion that *tirosk* was a solid; and the preceding phrase may at least as well be rendered "in which thou hast labored," a rendering that would precisely suit the translation "vintage fruit," on which the labor of treading was expended for the production of wine, precisely as in Micah vi. 15, noticed under the preceding argument. No proof, certainly, can be extracted from Pro. iii. 10, or Joel ii. 24, that *tirosk* was a liquid; the overflowing and bursting out of the vats is quite as intelligible on the supposition that *tirosk* was the fruit of the vine; in which case alone this circumstance could be mentioned as a blessing, since the overflow and outburst of a liquid, would have been purely a loss. (3.) The law of the tithes (Deut. xiv. 22, 26) seems to necessitate the interpretation of *tirosk*, so as to include all that the vineyard yielded; else a very large and valuable portion of the increase from agriculture, would have escaped from being tithed. Nor is this argument met by a reference to the custom of the later Jews, according to the rule in the Mishna, that wine is to be tithed "from the time it is purged," which is explained to be the time when it has cast off the kernels during its effervescence. (4.) *Tirosk* is universally spoken of as a blessing, without any reference to the possible or prevalent abuse of it, of which abuse much is said in connexion with *yayin*, wine. At least, the only exception is Hosea iv. 11,—"Whoredom and wine, *yayin*, and new wine, *tirosk*, take away the heart." But in this case, whoredom seems to be connected with the abuse of *yayin*, and *yayin* with the abuse of *tirosk*; to avoid which abuse even the habitual use might be abandoned. Thus, the same prophet (ch. iii. 1) notices the evils from the love of the people

for "cakes of grapes," as the last expression there is now rendered by the consent of scholars. Thus, too, the sin and the ruin of Sodom are traced to "pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness," in Ezek. xvi. 49. And a classical parallel is furnished in the words of Terence, *Sine Cerere et Libero friget Venus*. A common derivation of *tirosk* from the verb "to take possession," because it intoxicates, is too arbitrary to deserve serious refutation.

2. The general word for the produce of the vine, when this has been transformed into a liquid, is *yayin*, wine, derived, according to the prevalent opinion, from a root meaning "to be turbid, to boil up," and applied to the grape-juice, as it rushes foaming into the wine-vat. Others consider it to be a word foreign to the Jews, and the nations who spoke kindred languages: certainly, the word is found to be very wide spread, as in the Greek *oinos*, the Latin *vinum*, &c. This Hebrew word is said to occur 141 times in the Old Testament, and the Greek word 32 times in the New, besides words derived from it. It seems to be used to describe "all sorts of wine" (Neh. v. 18), from the simple grape-juice, or a thickened syrup, to the strongest liquors with which the Israelites were acquainted, the use of which often led to deplorable scenes of drunkenness. As to the particular kinds of wine in use, our information is very scanty. The wine of Helbon is mentioned (Ezek. xxvii. 18) as much esteemed, and the same may have been the case with the wine of Lebanon, Hosea, xiv. 8 (7, English Version).

3. *Hhamar* occurs only in the Chaldee portion of the Old Testament (Ezra vi. 9, vi. 22, and repeatedly in Dan. v.) But it is in accordance with the usual variation of Chaldee and Hebrew pronunciation to identify it with *hemer* (Deut. xxxii. 14; Is. xxvii. 2.) In the latter text, our translators have rendered it "red wine," referring no doubt to Ps. lxxv. 9 (8, English Version, where the cognate verb occurs, "the wine is red," although the preferable translation is "the wine foams," or perhaps, "the wine is turbid;" but there is another reading of this text in Isaiah, "a desirable vineyard," for which respectable authority can be pleaded. In Deuteronomy, the translation is "Thou didst drink the pure blood of the grape," as if the word had been understood to mean the newly expressed grape-juice, of which we shall speak presently: and this is one of the senses in which we have noticed that *yayin* is taken. On the whole, we think it safest to regard *hhamar* as in Chaldee equivalent to *yayin* in Hebrew, the generic word for liquor obtained from grapes; and the rare word *hemer*, would be the corresponding form, appearing only twice in Hebrew poetry, as is not unfrequently with words which are in common use in Chaldee prose.

4. *Mesech*, literally "a mixture," might be used in many senses; as in Pro. ix. 2, the cognate verb occurs: Wisdom "hath mingled her wine,"—probably with water, according to a prevalent custom, though it might be with aromatics. But the noun appears to have been restricted in usage to a bad sense, to denote wine mingled with stupifying or exciting drugs, so that the wine might produce more powerful effects than was possible otherwise, at a time when distilla-

tion had not yet been discovered. The word *mesech* itself occurs only in Ps. lxxv. 9 (8 English Version) "it is full of *mixture*," but a closely related form, *mimsach*, "mixed wine," Pro. xxiii. 30, is undoubtedly the same, or so little different as to be undistinguishable. And this latter word occurs again in Isaiah lxxv. 11, where it is rendered "drink offering," though this is not a translation, but a statement rightly enough inferred from the context. In the New Testament Greek, a name occurs in a passage very similar to Ps. lxxv. 8, "He shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation," Rev. xiv. 10, where again, "poured out" is rather an inference than a translation. Still another kindred Hebrew word is found in Cant. vii. 3 (2, English Version), "a round goblet which wanteth not liquor," *mazey* understood by some to be wine mixed with water, by others to be aromatic wine; compare Cant. vii. 2, "spiced wine."

5. *Asis*, according to etymology, "something trodden out," and hence, "grape-juice," "must." It occurs five times in Scripture—Cant. vii. 2, in the Authorized Version, "juice;" Isaiah xlix. 26, and Amos ix. 13, "sweet wine;" Joel i. 5, iii. 18, "new wine." The first text speaks of the *asis* of the pomegranate, which is an evidence that the word was sometimes used in that width of meaning, which the etymology sanctioned. The passage from Isaiah, "They shall be drunken with their own blood, as with sweet wine," is no proof of that "must," which is unintoxicating, cannot here be meant, for neither is blood intoxicating, but all the meaning that the verb necessarily conveys is, to drink till one is satiated or cloyed. A more plausible ground for the allegation is to be met with in Acts ii. 13, "These men are filled with new wine," for *gleukos* is unquestionably "must." But if the language was not a taunt, in which incongruous words were intentionally brought together by malicious accusers, the most natural mode of explanation, is by the fact, that great care had to be taken wherever the "must" was to be preserved, and the neglect of precautions would be followed by fermentation. One of those precautions was to put "young wine" into "new skins" (Mat. ix. 17), not, as some have imagined, to let it ferment there, for new skins and old skins would be alike powerless to resist the forces generated in that process; but in order to exclude all air, and at the same time to have inside no remains of old fermented substances.

6. *Shechar*, occurring once in the New Testament under the form *sikera* (Luke i. 15), is rendered in the Authorized Version, "strong drink," twenty-one times, and once, "strong wine," Num. xxviii. 7; once again it appears only in the margin (Ps. lxxix. 12), "drinkers of strong drink." This English translation is probably due to the influence of the cognate verb, to whose proper meaning we have alluded, when treating of *asis*. If it is simply to satiate or to cloy, there is the less reason for hesitating to connect *shechar*, etymologically, with that widely diffused oriental word, which, with us, has assumed the form *sugar*, and to regard it as originally a name for "syrup." Syrups are much in use among Eastern nations, and are obtained in abundance from

the luscious fruits of Palestine. Its sweetness seems to give emphasis to the language in Isaiah xxiv. 9, "*Shechar* shall be bitter to them that drink it." But we incline to the belief, that *shechar* early came to have a fixed meaning, related to that of *yayin*; the latter denoting all the liquid products of the grape, from *asis* to *mesech*; the former including all similar products of any fruit except the grape. The liquors included under *shechar* might, therefore, be pomegranate-wine (noticed under *asis*), palm-wine, apple-wine, honey-wine, perhaps even beer, for some have identified it with the liquor obtained from barley by the Egyptians. But if any single beverage is to be selected as most commonly meant by *shechar*, it is the palm-wine, procured easily and abundantly by tapping the tree. When newly drawn off, it is a delicious, wholesome, and refreshing drink, and it is so cheap as to form an important part of the sustenance of the people. But in one day's heat, it undergoes a rapid fermentation, effervesces and becomes possessed of such intoxicating power as some of our light malt liquors. In this state it has also been compared to our cider, as indeed cider is said to be derivative from *sikera*.

7. *Sobhe* or *sove* is a word with which we meet only thrice, and whose meaning, therefore, cannot much affect the current of interpretation. There is considerable probability that it is copied in the Latin word, *sapa*, "boiled wine," or more precisely, "must boiled down;" and when it was so far inspissated as to become a syrup, it might be included under the name *honey*. In Isaiah i. 22, "Thy silver is become dross, thy wine mixed with water;" the literal translation is, "thy *sobhe* circumcised with water;" and Dr. Lees produces a curious passage from Varro (*De Re Rust.* i. 54), which speaks of such a coarse, poor, watered wine, *lora*, as bearing this very name, circumcised. In Hosea iv. 13, "Their drink is sour," it might be natural to trace a contrast to the original sweetness of this inspissated wine; but the simplest translation is, "Their *sobhe* is gone," from which we are not able to learn anything of its nature. The third passage, Na. i. 10, is obscure, and no light will probably be reflected from it, on the precise meaning of this term.

8. *Hometz* is simply vinegar, and this substance can be produced in many ways; among others, by permitting wine to continue fermenting till it turns acid. This word has often been used in a somewhat indefinite sense. Compare the abstinence of the Nazarite from vinegar of *yayin*, and vinegar of *shechar* (Num. vi. 3). And it is not unlikely that the vinegar in which Boaz desired Ruth to dip her morsel (Ruth ii. 14) was some thin, sour wine, such as laborers often use in wine-growing countries. Similar to this, the *posca*, which the Roman soldiers were accustomed to drink, might be the vinegar given to our Lord when hanging on the cross—John xix. 29, 30; Matt. xxvii. 48, also, v. 34; Luke xxiii. 36; with which compare the prophetic language, Ps. lxxix. 22 (21, English Version).

In conclusion, it only remains to say, that *Shemanim* is a word connected with wine, whose meaning has already been discussed in the article, *Lees*; and that another term, *ashishah*, has really

no right to be considered here. It occurs in 2 Sam. vi. 19; 1 Chron. xvi. 3; Cant. ii. 5; Hosea iii. 1, and is translated "flagons," or "flagons of wine." But by universal consent, it is now un-

derstood to be some kind of cake,—probably a cake of dried fruit; perhaps of dried grapes, as there is another term for a cake of figs.—*Imperial Bible Dictionary.*

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER XX.

MIRIAM SHOOT'S PHILIP, WITHOUT ANY INTENT TO KILL.

"MY DEAR MIRIAM,—Do take pity on me and come with the bearer. Aunt Ellen is not well, and mamma is going to see her. It is too far for her to come home the same day, and she does not like to leave me alone these times. There has been another burning beside us, Mrs. Neill's stackyard was fired last night, and though I am not afraid, it makes one rather nervous. I would not ask you to leave home so near the wedding, only that mamma will be sure to be back to-morrow, for the car to take you away early. So come, my dear, and do not fail.

Your affectionate friend,

F. MORRISON."

When Miriam got this letter she went to Laurel Grove as has been told, directing Christopher to send a message to the Glebe that she was gone, which he, after the manner of men, forgot to do. The burnings to which Miss Morrison referred had been going on for some time, indeed, ever since the grain had been put into the stackyards; and as, so far, no trace had been found of the incendiaries, there were not wanting those who attributed the outrages to diabolical sources. In this they were perhaps not much mistaken, only that the agency was less direct than they supposed.

Laurel Grove had fallen a good deal out of repair. Several panes were wanting in the windows of the Lodge, and their place had been supplied by sundry articles that might once have been useful but were not now ornamental. The hedges on either side of the avenue had not been cut for years, and underneath, goodly crops of nettles and hemlock were ripening their seed vessels unmolested. The ash trees that lined the avenue had shed their leaves, which lay thick under the horse's feet, as he dragged slowly up the rising ground, and then went down the decline on the other side at a mild trot. The little iron gate was all moss-grown, and when she alighted a dog, old and grey, came forward from under the oak that grew so close to the parlor window as effectually to intercept the sunshine, barking drearily and showing his toothless gums as he smelled round her to find whether she were worthy of being admitted on a friendly footing or not. Fanny met her as she had done that memorable time more than fifteen years ago, but she was sadly changed from what she had been then. Her crisp brown curls were mixed with grey, and there were lines drawn by ill health round her mouth and under her eyes; and though she retained the sprightly manner of her youth, it seemed flighty now, it was so altogether out of keeping with her face. Mrs. Morrison had gone to the station at Ardrey

when the car was going for Miriam, and was to return the next evening by the four train. Tuesday passed very quietly, and one of the men servants sat up all night to watch the stackyard, but there was no disturbance. "They would know that people would all be on the watch, my dear, and of course would not come out," Miss Morrison said to Miriam next morning, when the latter brought her up her breakfast, and reported quietness. "Who is suspected?" Miriam asked. "Everybody and nobody, my dear. The first place fired was Mr. Hunter's, five miles from here, and he thought it had been done from malice by a discharged servant, and was going to try to get it off the county, but since that there have been several stackyards burned when there could be no malice against the owners. Mrs. Neill has not an enemy in the world. It was funny about her, I could not help laughing, though of course, my dear, I was very sorry for the poor widow, all the same. Lord Peton was going home from a ball at Major Maud's when he saw the stacks blazing and gave the alarm. He threw off his dress coat and worked as hard as any one in trying to extinguish the flames, and they got a good deal saved. Mrs. Neill believes that it was the devil set the stackyard on fire, and vows she heard the 'deils nigherin' when they saw the flurry everybody was in. His lordship encouraged her in the idea, for the fun of the thing, and offered to pay for a priest to come and say masses over it. He is such a mischief! But it was very good of him to work so hard in putting out the fire, and he so delicate-looking. But, my dear, these high-bred people are always far stronger than they look." Though Miriam was frequently at Laurel Grove she had never spent the night there since she and Mattie Bellamy had slept together in the little bed in Grace's room, and when she took down Miss Morrison's tray, and sat eating her solitary breakfast in the parlor, every circumstance connected with the last time she had breakfasted there, returned vividly to her mind; all the more vividly that likenesses of both Grace and Mr. McKenzie were looking down at her from over the mantelpiece. When Miss Morrison came down she found her standing before them. "Yes, my dear," she said, "I wanted to have them where I could see them both together, so Rupert gave me his picture to hang beside hers—he does anything I ask him, and could not be kinder if he were my real brother. He had got it taken just before that terrible day, but it is not much like him now, poor fellow. Mamma says that he should forget our darling, and love some one else; but, my dear, he says that true love can never die nor change, that all desire and selfishness may be eliminated from it, but that the love that death alters is not love at all, but a counterfeit. He just said this once, but mamma never tried to per-

suade him to marry after that, and I never forgot it. Poor Rupert! I sometimes think that he is most to be pitied of any of us, for, my dear, mamma and I have each other, but he has no one. He comes here, you know, and is very good to us, but still it is not for our own sakes, but Grace's, and we don't understand him as she did."

One of the men servants of Laurel Grove went to deliver a load of potatoes at Ardrey, and after three o'clock the other took the horse and car to meet his mistress at the station, and when the maid brought in the tray at four o'clock, Miss Morrison gave her out the tea with directions to "wet" it as soon as she heard the car, as Mrs. Morrison did not like it drawn in the pot. They expected her home not later than half-past four, and when five came without bringing her, Fanny concluded that she must have waited for a later train, and made the tea that Miriam might be ready to start as soon as the car returned. But when seven struck and she had not arrived, they began to be uneasy, for there was no train from Belspeed to Ardrey later than five. At last about eight they heard the car going round to the yard, and Fanny ran to the kitchen to see what had become of her mother. In a little she came back half-crying, with a letter in her hand. "Mamma is not coming till to-morrow, she has written by one of the guards, and Jane says that both men are so drunk they can scarcely stand. I never knew William do such a thing before, but this is what comes of public-houses." It was too late for Miriam to go home then even had either man been fit to take charge of her, so there was nothing for it but wait till morning, and set out as early as she could get away. Miss Morrison was so nervous and flustered when she found the men were too much intoxicated to be of any service in guarding the place, that she could not well have left her at any rate. Jane, the maid-servant, offered to take their place, but she had been very busy all day, and looked so ready for bed when she made the proposal, that Miriam declared she would sit up herself. She carried her point in spite of the protestations of Miss Morrison, who said it would be a bad preparation for the wedding, and only consented at last on the understanding—though Miriam made no promise—that she would waken the girl at two o'clock, and go to bed. The window of Grace's room overlooked the stackyard, and after seeing Miss Morrison comfortably settled for the night, Miriam sat down beside it, with a pistol on the dressing-table. Not that she expected there would be any need for it, or that she could use it if there were, for she had never pulled a trigger in her life; but because the men kept firearms within reach, Jane thought it was the proper thing for Miss Luton to do also, and had brought the pistol from above the kitchen fireplace, telling Miriam she knew it was loaded, for she had seen William charge it that morning. The moon had not risen above the hills when Miriam put out her candle and commenced her vigil, but the stars were out in the sky, and lights in distant cottage windows looked yellow and earthly, beside their pure eyed sparkling. One by one the candles were extinguished, and the world fell asleep, but Miriam had no inclination to share in its slumbers. She felt no excitement, for she had no fear, and it was to quiet Miss Morrison's apprehensions that she had

insisted on watching, not because she believed there was any need for it. But thought was too busy to admit of drowsiness, and for this one last night she would indulge in what would be sin to-morrow. How well she remembered the pang it had given her childish heart, when Philip, in that very house, had expressed his preference for Mattie. Even then she knew she had loved him, and she wondered if Mr. McKenzie spoke truth when he said true love could not die. She remembered a time when, fearing that her love was idolatry, she had tried to crush it out of her heart, but it had only struck its roots the more deeply down into the innermost depths of her being. Then that fear had passed away, and she had learned to find God in His most precious gift, and to thank Him for it, with a gratitude that was almost painful in its intensity. Instead of looking upon Philip's love as a temptation to be avoided with trembling, she had gradually learned to rejoice in it, as a token of Divine favor, and the holier were her feelings, and the nearer she felt to her God, the closer she was drawn to Philip. Had this been Satan coming to her as an angel of light, and had she been an idolator all the time? Had her idol been taken from her to show her what her hidden sin had been? or had her love been a lawful one, and was it to perfect, not stifle, it, that it had been thus crossed? She could not tell. It might be that she was wrong to think of Philip as she was doing then; yet she had a right to think of him, for she had loved him first, and he had loved her once, as he never could love Mattie or any other woman. Alas! how far her love was from being perfected when she could take a wicked comfort in that thought. But though it was wicked in her to derive any comfort from it, she knew that it was true; that he would be happy with Mattie, she prayed, but he would never become with Mattie what he would have been had he been hers. What selfish vanity was this? God had given him to Mattie, and He knew best what was needed for the checking of Philip's bad qualities, and the development of the good, she thought; forgetting, in her self-reproach, that, though the Lord holds the ends of the web of destiny in His hand, men may break and warp the threads, so as to mar the cloth. A sad-colored web *her* life had seemed to others, but there had always been bright threads running through it, and the brightest was the glorious hope of immortality and sinless joy, that, like the pure gold thread of the famed Indian gossamers, had been woven into it at the beginning, and that, untarnished by tears and undimmed by time, would, she knew, continue ever as lustrous as when it came from the shuttle of grace, till faith was swallowed up in sight. For had not He, who had begun the good work, promised to perform it unto the end? Thus she sat musing, as the hours slipped by, and the moon took her place among the attendant stars, that had been watching for her with their lamps burning, and a cock from the nearest farm-yard wakening up suddenly, and mistaking the misty clearness of the night for the breaking of the day, began to call upon the world to arouse, concluding each crow with a wild exultant note that brought a rush of sweet memories to Miriam's heart. It reminded her of a time when she, a little child, lay ill of scarlet fever. No matter how she had suffered during the day,

she would never acknowledge to feeling any pain when night came; and then when her mother, deceived by her assumed appearance of ease, would seek the rest she needed, she would lie for hours in dumb agony, stifling every moan that might disturb her, and longing inexpressibly for the soothing caresses she denied herself in her strong, childish love. It was the crowing of a cock that always brought her relief then, for as soon as its clarion note came across the lake, pain abated and a restful feeling of perfect peace came in its stead. Then angel visitors seemed to be moving about the room with noiseless footsteps, banishing by their presence all sense of loneliness; she could almost feel their soft, cool fingers laid upon her burning brow, and fragrant breaths from heaven fanning her fevered cheek. She never doubted that it was to their ministrations she owed that blessed interval of ease, and, full of her childish fancies, she thought they had been watching by other sick beds, till the crowing of the cock aroused more earthly nurses, and that they called with her on their way home to heaven, or before flying to visit the sick in the place where night went when it left the Lake House.

Had she been dreaming all this time, and was she a child still, sitting at her own bedroom window at home? And would she waken up after a little, and find that she had sat so long looking at the stars, that she had forgotten to go to bed, and fallen asleep undressed? But the window at home did not look out upon a stackyard. She remembered all now, and is that the shadow of a stack she sees in the light, grown now almost as clear as day? No, that is not the shadow those round stacks throw, as they sit on their stone pedestals; it is too thin, too long, and it *moves*. Now a pair of giant legs are amputated by a hay-rick, while the giant head belonging to them disappears at the other side of the barn. Then three dark figures come in sight; and as they move apart from each other, a sudden tongue of fire leaps up from where they had stood. The incendiaries were at work, and Miriam waited to see no more. Mechanically snatching at the pistol, she flew downstairs to the room off the kitchen where the men servants slept. "William! David! up quick, they are firing the corn," she cried, but the one man only muttered in his sleep, and the other breathed on heavily, undisturbed by calls or shaking, while Jane snored heavily from the loft overhead. A wild excitement seized Miriam, she could not wait to rouse them out of their drunken slumbers, but rushed out herself without a thought of fear. She heard the sound of suppressed laughter as she reached the stackyard, and a low voice said, "That will do now;" but another answered, "The fool's hand is so shaky he can't get his one lit." She was hiding behind the hay-rick, and the speakers were on the opposite side of it; but a few yards off the third man with a black crape over his face was inserting a lighted match into the thatch of a cornstack. She sprang forward and caught his arm, and when he tried fiercely to dash her away, she only clung the tighter. For a minute they struggled silently, and then he flung her off, with an imprecation. "Tell me it is not you?" she cried, plucking desperately at his mask, and feeling that she must see his face, or become distracted. He knocked

down her hand with another oath, and as he did so the pistol went off. Whether he had touched the trigger, or she had involuntarily pulled it herself, she could never tell, but the deed was done, and by the light of the moon, and leaping flames, she saw Philip Seguin lying at her feet with the blood welling from a wound in his neck. "You have done for me now, Miriam," he said, with a look that might have been either love or hate, in eyes that seemed already glazing. If Miriam was ever in danger of losing her senses it was during the next few hours. She was in too great a maze of horror to know how she did it, but in some way Philip was got into the house, his wound bandaged, Jane pledged to secrecy, and the men wakened to put out the flames. The first thing she distinctly remembered was Dr. Marks's amazed face when he opened his door at her summons, and found her standing there in the grey twilight. "Come fast to Laurel Grove, Philip is dying of a wound in his neck," and having said that in a strange monotonous voice of which she was herself conscious at the time, she would have darted away to run back, as she had come, but he caught her, and pulled her into the surgery, where the night lamp was burning. "Miriam, I can have the horse in the gig in ten minutes, and you must wait and go with me or you will not be able to do anything for him. Do you understand me?" "Yes, I will wait; but, oh! come fast," she whispered. He harnessed the horse himself, for he knew there must be something terribly wrong, and he had gathered from her manner that secrecy was necessary. The ten minutes had scarcely expired when they were on the road, the doctor driving furiously, and in perfect silence. The stackyard was still blazing when they reached Laurel Grove, and a crowd of people had collected, and were carrying the uninjured corn out of reach of the flames. The doctor tied his horse to the gate, and followed Miriam into the bed-room off the parlor, where Philip lay like a corpse, and Miss Morrison, like another, sat keeping watch over him. It was hours before Dr. Marks dared leave him, or before Miriam's agony of suspense allowed her to remember that this was Philip's wedding day. And yet she remembered that suspicion must be allayed, and had got Jane to take the doctor's horse to the stable, that it might not excite remark if seen standing at the gate. And she had taken out tea to the people in the stackyard, and apologizing for Miss Morrison's absence on the ground of her delicacy, had thanked them in her and Mrs. Morrison's name for the trouble they had taken in saving their property.

It was not till Dr. Marks was about returning home, after giving them the comforting assurance that Philip would do now if they took good care of him, that he asked any awkward questions. He took Miriam into the drawing-room, and closed the door. "Now, Miriam, tell me all about it," he said, authoritatively. At first she tried to parry him, but when he saw through her equivocation, and said reproachfully, "You might have learned to trust me," she told him all, and when he heard it, he prayed, as everyone needs to pray, "God keep us from temptation." "But, doctor, it must be kept quiet; the world must not know of his dishonor," she said, still jealous for Philip's reputation. "You say there were three men; did

you know either of the other two?" he asked, without seeming to have heard her. "Their faces were covered, so that I could not see them." "That is not what I asked," he said, drily, "I asked if you knew them?" "I could not swear to either, but one was small and slight." "Like a lord?" "Yes." "All right; it can be hushed up. We shall say that he was out shooting with Lord Peton, and that the gun went off by accident." "But that would not be true," she said anxiously.

"And do you expect to practise deception, and yet stick to the truth? Name his lordship at any rate, and that will stop people's mouths, though we can't help them tearing away at the thinking. You are an uncommon girl, Miriam, and if you had gone an eighth of an inch more to the left side, you would have given Philip what he would never have got over."

[TO BE CONTINUED].

Progress of the Order.

GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.

The Fifth Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of England was held in St. George's Hall, Bradford, commencing on Tuesday morning, 7th, and ending on Friday night, 10th July. Good Templar sermons were preached in many Bradford pulpits on Sabbath, 5th, and an enormous procession, with banners, bands, regalia, &c., marched through the principal streets to the Peel Park, where a grand demonstration was held, on Monday, 6th. A great public meeting was held in the Park and addressed by various distinguished speakers, G.W.C.T. Malins presiding. Bro. Malins, assisted by the other Grand Lodge officers, opened the Session at eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, and conferred the Grand Lodge Degree on the new members. The attendance was very numerous, the large hall being nearly filled. The following prominent members of the other jurisdictions were introduced in due form, and were loudly cheered as they took their seats in the place allotted to them on the platform:—R. Simpson, P.R.W.G.C.; Rev. G. Gladstone, G.W.C.T. of Scotland; J. Pyper, G.W.C.T. of Ireland; Rev. M. Morgan, G.W.C.T. of Wales; Mrs. L. C. Partington, Grand Lodge of Maine; Mrs. E. Parker, G.W.V.T. of Scotland; W. L. Daniell, late P.G.W.C.T. of Wales; W. W. Turnbull, G.W.S. of Scotland; Rev. J. C. Ash, P.G.W. Chaplain of Canada; and Bro. Barnes, of South Africa. A united Prayer meeting was held every morning during the Session, from seven till eight o'clock. It was reported that the Lodges in England, up till May last, numbered 3,743, and that the members in good standing numbered 210,555. The following Officers were elected, appointed, and installed, Bro. R. Simpson presiding at the installation ceremonies:—J. Malins, G.W.C.T. (unanimously); Dr. H. Munroe, G.W.C.; Dr. F. R. Lees, G.W.V.T.; J. W. Kirton, G.W.S.; W. Hoyle, G.W.T. (unanimously); Rev. T. Ryder, G.W. Chap.; Capt. Phipps, G.W.M.; J. Alderson, G.W.C.; P. J. De Carteret, G.W.Sen.; Rev. A. Trengrove, G.W.Mes.; Mrs. H. Kenward, G.W.A.S.; Miss Price, G.W.D.M.; and G. Whitehead, P.G.W.C.T. The first five form the Executive Council, and will be recognized by our readers as among the principal Temperance instructors of England and the world. The electing of such men shews the spirit and principles which animate the Order in England. The salaries of the G.W.C.T. and G.W.S. were continued at £500 and £350 per annum respectively.

G.W.C.T. Pyper brought before the Grand Lodge the matter of our Ulster Hall Bazaar, and announced the names of a dozen ladies in different parts of England, who had kindly consented to receive donations of work or money for the Bazaar from friends in their several districts. The intimation was well received, and there is good reason to hope that we shall have a successful English Stall at our Irish Bazaar. The next Annual Session of the Grand Lodge is to be held in London.

GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND.

The Fifth Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of Scotland was held in the Literary Institute, Edinburgh, commencing on 1st and closing on 3rd July. A special Prayer-meeting was held in the Hall each morning during the Session, previous to the opening of the Lodge. The attendance of Representatives numbered nearly 1,000. The Reports were of a highly encouraging character, shewing that the Order in Scotland is making steady progress in numbers and influence. The following Officers having been duly elected and appointed, were installed by Bro. J. Pyper, G.W.C.T. of Ireland:—Rev. G. Gladstone, G.W.C.T. (unanimously); J. Sutherland, G.W.C.; Mrs. E. Parker, G.W.V.T.; W. W. Turnbull, G.W.S.; J. Downie, G.W.T.; Rev. T. C. Wilson, G.W. Chap.; W. Howat, G.W.M.; Mrs. Calder, G.W.G.; G. J. A. Kidd, G.W.Sen.; T. Clapperton, G.W.Mes.; R. Gray, G.W.A.S.; Mrs. Sutherland, G.W.D.M.; and I. Mackay, P.G.W.C.T. The sum of 150 guineas was voted to G.W.C.T. Gladstone for his services during the past year. The G.W.S. and G.W.A.S. received jointly £275 salary for the past year, and it was decided that they should both give their whole time to the duties of their offices during the next year, the former at a salary of £200 and the latter at £150. The deciding of the amount of the G.W.C. Templar's remuneration was again postponed till the end of the year, he being pastor of a congregation, and, therefore, only able to give a part of his time to the work of the Order. At the request of G.W.C.T. Pyper, Sister Parker, G.W.V.T., kindly undertook to receive donations of work and money from members of the Order in Scotland for a Scotch Stall at our forthcoming Irish Bazaar in the Ulster Hall. G.W.C.T. Pyper having in his address, as representative of the Order in Ireland, brought the matter of the Bazaar before the Grand Lodge, it was

moved, seconded, and carried unanimously, that the Lodges and members be recommended to forward such donations as they may be able to Sister Parker so as to have a Stall at the Bazaar creditable to Scotland and useful to Ireland. The next Annual Session of the Grand Lodge is to be held in Dundee.

GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

The Fourth Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of Ireland is to be held in the Corporation Hall, Londonderry, commencing on Monday Evening, 24th August, at Seven o'clock. A Public Meeting will be held on Wednesday Evening, 26th, to be addressed by the G.W.C. Templars of England, Scotland, and Wales, and other distinguished visitors who are expected to be present. This meeting will probably conclude the Session. Full instructions regarding the election of Representatives have been sent to all our Subordinate Lodges, through the Lodge Deputies, in our Quarterly Circular. The Derry Brothers and Sisters are determined to do their part in making the Session a grand success. The Secretaries of the Reception Committee are Bros. W. J. Gordon and J. Goligher, Orchard Street, Londonderry.

NEW LODGES.

UNITED PIONEER Lodge, No. 226, was instituted in Clonmel, 6th July, by Bro. J. Henderson, S.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. J. Henderson, W.L.D.; W. Johnston, W.C.T.; W. Parker, W.V.T.; and J. Potter, W.S.

MONAGHAN Lodge, No. 227, was instituted in Monaghan, 22nd July, by the G.W.C.T.; principal officers—E. Emerson, W.L.D.; S. Loughhead, W.C.T.; A. Donaldson, W.V.T.; and J. Caulfield, W.S.

FAIR VIEW Lodge, No. 228, was instituted in Ferrybank, near Arklow, 22nd, July, by Bro. Councillor W. F. Lawlor, G.W.C.; principal officers—Bros. W. B. Heally, W.C.T.; and J. Robinson, W.S.; and Sis. M. Dillon, W.V.T.

CHARTERS FOR NEW LODGES.—Upon the petition of ten or more members of the Order, or of ten or more respectable persons (not less than 16 years of age), praying for a Charter to open a Subordinate Lodge in any part of Ireland, the Grand Lodge may grant the same. Forms of petition, with instructions, may be had on application to the G.W.S.

EXCURSIONS AND DEMONSTRATIONS.

In accordance with resolution of Grand Lodge, at last Annual Session, we had a considerable number of highly successful Good Templar Excursions and Open-Air Demonstrations in the month of June. On 25th May, the Dublin District united with the Dublin Total Abstinence Society in an Excursion to Woodlands, the Demesne of Lord Annaly. The party was numerous, the weather was fine, a meeting was held in the Demesne, Bro. W. F. Lawlor, G.W.C., presiding, and all were delighted with the proceedings, which were mainly under the guidance of Bro. T. W. Fair, D.T. 11th June, about 2,000 of the members of the Ballymena, Carrickfergus,

Larne, Cookstown, and Coleraine Districts spent a very pleasant day in the Demesne of Galgorm Castle, kindly granted by John Young, Esq., J.P., D.L. There was no public meeting held. 13th June, the largest Demonstration of the season was held at the Spa, Ballynahinch, under the auspices of the Belfast, Ballynahinch, Downpatrick, and Lisburn Districts. A large meeting was held in the beautiful grounds. Bro. J. Simms, P.G.W.C., presided, and addresses were delivered by Bros. J. Pyper, G.W.C.T.; Rev. J. McCreedy, P.G.W.Ch.; Rev. G. H. Shanks, G.W.Ch.; Rev. J. McIlveen, D.D.G.W.C.T.; and Rev. A. M'Kinley. The Local Committee on arrangements, with their energetic Secretary, Bro. R. McDowell, did their part well. 22nd June, the Portadown, Armagh, and Newry Districts had a highly successful Demonstration at Armagh, in the Demesne of His Grace the Lord Primate, which was generously thrown open for the occasion. A large meeting was held. Bro. T. H. White, J.P., P.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. John Pyper, G.W.C.T.; Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T.; Rev. G. Wight, D.D.G.W.C.T.; and Rev. A. M'Kinley. 24th June, the Omagh and Enniskillen Districts had a successful Demonstration in Baronscourt Demesne, of which we have not seen the particulars. There have also been several interesting Excursions and Demonstrations of a minor character connected with individual Lodges, such as those of Gilford's Hope Lodge to Carrickblackler, the seat of Stewart Blackler, Esq., and of the Enniskillen Juvenile Lodge to Kinarla Cottage, the residence of Bro. Captain Elliott. The Newtownards District Excursion to Lady Annesley's Demesne, Newcastle, is to take place on 12th inst. 26th June, the Londonderry, Strabane, and Donegall Districts had a very pleasant excursion to Portstewart. A good meeting was held, at which G.W.C.T. Pyper was the principal speaker. Bro. D. Crawford, G.W.V.T., efficiently superintended the arrangements.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

BELFAST.—27th May, a large meeting was held under the auspices of the Volunteer Lodge, in Lonsdale Street School Room. Rev. J. Martin occupied the chair, and Bro. Rev. John White delivered an able lecture on "The Eccentricities of Fashion." The choir belonging to the Lodge rendered several select pieces of music in excellent style. After the usual votes of thanks the meeting was concluded by singing the doxology. 30th May, a Social Meeting was held in Clifton Street Lecture Room, under the auspices of the Forward Lodge. The meeting was held in honor of Bro. J. Simpson, P.W.C.T., on the occasion of his leaving for New Zealand. After tea, Bro. J. M'Kinley, W.C.T., took the chair. Addresses were delivered by Bros. John Pyper, G.W.C.T., and Rev. John McCreedy, P.G.W.Ch. Several pieces of music were rendered by the choir belonging to the Lodge. During the evening a presentation consisting of a Purse of Sovereigns accompanied by an Address, was made to Bro. Simpson in token of the estimation in which he was held by the members of the Lodge. 5th June, a meeting was held in the large

Hall of the Belfast Mercantile Academy, under the auspices of the Olive Branch Lodge. Bro. James Pyper, M.A., W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. G. H. Shanks, G.W.Ch., and Rev. A. M'Kinley. 7th June, a social meeting was held in the Grand Lodge Offices, Ann Street, under the auspices of the Shield Lodge. There was a good attendance. After tea Bro. A. Ledlie, G.W.S., was called to the chair. Addresses were given by Bro. J. S. Shaw, W.C.T., and J. Shaw, P.W.C.T. of Enterprise Lodge, and singings were given by Bros. J. Shaw and J. Mitchell. At the close, several visitors gave their names for initiation. 9th June, a meeting was held in the Grand Lodge Hall, Ann Street, under the auspices of the Dictator Lodge. Bro. R. J. H. Bell, W.C.T., occupied the chair; and addresses were delivered by Bros. A. Ledlie, G.W.S., and D. M'Cann, W.C. The proceedings were enlivened by readings and recitations by Bros. M'Cann, Johnston, and Serjt. Foster, and singings by Bros. M'Cann, Nettleton, Prenter, and Simpson. 3rd July, a meeting was held in the Alfred School-room, Cromac Street, under the auspices of the Invincible Lodge. There was a large and respectable audience. The chair was occupied by Bro. A. Ledlie, G.W.S. Addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. A. M'Kinley and W. Wilkinson. The proceedings were enlivened by readings and recitations by several members, and by music efficiently rendered by the choir of the Volunteer Lodge conducted by Bro. Whitley. 6th July, an entertainment was given in the Magdalen School-room, Gt. Victoria Street, under the auspices of the Malone Lodge. There was a large and respectable attendance. Bro. C. Hendrick was called to the chair and delivered an appropriate address. Bro. W. P. Holmes also addressed the meeting. Readings and recitations were given by Bros. M'Cann, Bell, Boyle, and Boal, and by Mr. Dunwoody, and singings by Bros. Whitley and Kirkpatrick, and Sis. Miss M'Farland.

LONDONDERRY.—17th May, the G.W.C.T. preached a Temperance Sermon to a large audience in the Wesleyan Chapel, Waterside, Londonderry. Bro. Rev. Mr. Roberts took part in the services.

COMBER.—26th May, a large meeting was held in the Masonic Hall, Comber, under the auspices of the Exodus Lodge. Mr. S. Stone occupied the chair. Addresses were delivered by Rev. G. Smith, and Bros. G. Frame, P.W.C.T., G. Apperson, W.C.T., and R. Miller, W.L.D.

CARRICKFERGUS.—28th May, a large and successful meeting was held in the Good Templar Hall, Carrickfergus. Bro. D. Bowman occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. John Pyper, G.W.C.T.; D. Fortune, Rev. A. M'Kinley, and S. P. Kerr, W.L.D.

NEWRY.—10th June, a meeting was held in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Newry, under the auspices of the Olive Leaf Lodge. Bro. Rev. L. Stafford occupied the chair, and a lecture was delivered by G.W.C.T. Pyper. On the motion of Bro. Rev. G. Wight, D.D.G.W.C.T., seconded by Bro. Rev. C. F. Wilkinson, W.T., a vote of thanks was passed to the lecturer by acclamation.

DUBLIN.—12th June, a soiree was held under the auspices of the Wesley Lodge, in the Lodge Room, Langrishe Place. After tea Bro. Robert Lowe was called to the chair and a very pleasant

programme was gone through, including addresses, singings, and recitations. 23rd June, a meeting under the auspices of the Dublin District Lodge was held in the Court House, Sandymount. There was a large and respectable audience. Bro. W. F. Lawlor, T.C., G.W.C., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. J. T. Wesley, Rev. J. Lee, W. Whitfield, T. W. Fair, J. E. M'Loughlin, T. Hannon, J. Caithness, and others. At the end of the meeting several of the audience gave their names as candidates for membership.

MAGHERAMORNE.—12th June, a meeting was held in the School Room, Magheramorne, under the auspices of the Eureka Lodge. Bro. A. Barr, W.C.T., occupied the chair. Bro. J. Fullerton, W.L.D., delivered an address, and readings and recitations were given by some of the members.

PORTADOWN.—21st June, the G.W.C.T. preached two Temperance Sermons to large congregations in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Portadown. 29th June, a musical entertainment was given in the Town Hall, Portadown, under the auspices of the Salem Lodge. The Hall was filled by a respectable audience. The choir of the Lodge was assisted on the occasion by Members of Armagh and Newry Choral Societies and Armagh Cathedral choir. A varied and extensive programme was gone through. The proceedings were terminated by singing the National Anthem.

LISNISK.—21st June, the G.W.C.T. addressed a large Sabbath School in Lisnisk School House, near Portadown, Mr. A. Shillington presiding.

CONLIG.—23rd June, a public meeting was held in Conlig. Bro. G. A. Kennedy, Newtownards, occupied the chair. Several of the Brethren from Newtownards delivered addresses. At the end of the meeting Bro. J. A. Brown, T.C., D.D.G.W.C.T. installed Conlig Hope Lodge.

BROOMHEDGE.—28th June, the G.W.C.T. preached a Temperance Sermon in the Broomhedge Methodist Chapel to a large congregation. Bro. Rev. E. Thomas took part in the services. With reference to the Sermon, the following resolution was passed by the Protector Lodge on 1st July, and forwarded to the Editor for publication:—"That this Lodge records its hearty thanks to G.W.C.T. Pyper for the Sermon preached by him in this neighborhood, on last Sunday Evening. The discourse was to prove that the practical recognition of the *Truth* with regard to intoxicants was necessary to the Christian's full growth in Scriptural Temperance (John xvii. 17); and the arguments employed were absolutely incontrovertible and irresistible."

DOAGH.—30th June, a meeting was held in the Primitive Wesleyan Chapel, Doagh, under the auspices of the Refuge Lodge. There was a good attendance. Rev. W. Young, Ballyeaston, presided, and an able lecture was delivered by Bro. Rev. H. B. Wilson, Cookstown.

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions for the *Irish Good Templar* and Books for Review in its columns should be addressed to the Editor, JOHN PYPER, G.W.C.T., 4, Old Park Terrace, Belfast.

Communications connected with the Business of the Order should be addressed to Bro. A. Ledlie, G.W.S., 26, Ann Street, Belfast.

The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

VOL. II.—No. 9.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

The Liquor Traffic and the Permissive Bill.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is most obviously wrong to do anything that would tend to encourage and aggravate a source of crime, pauperism, disease, and sin, so prolific as that of the drinking customs which prevail in our land. That our present, legalized liquor traffic ministers to and aggravates our national drunkenness, with all its concomitant evils, requires no argument with candid, observant minds. Universal experience shows that an increase in the number of public houses in any locality causes an increase of drinking and drunkenness, and *vice versa*. It cannot be otherwise while there are people weak enough to "know the right, and yet the wrong pursue." Mr. J. H. Otway, Q.C., Recorder of Belfast, in his inaugural charge to the Grand Jury, asked, "Would there be no difference in the way of temptation of a whiskey-shop next door, or round the corner, or 100 yards off, and one that would require a ten minutes' walk to reach it?" He then added, "Upon the plainest principles and tendencies of our nature, I think it not arguable that an increase of public houses does not tend, in a greater or less degree, to an increase of drunkenness." This reasoning is irresistible, but its legitimate issue favors the removing of the temptation altogether. If a ten minutes' walk, instead of one or two, to the nearest dram shop would greatly decrease the temptations to drunkenness, an hour's walk would be immensely better, and a day's journey would as a rule render drunkenness and its attendant evils impossible. Why then should not this be done, and the consequent advantages be realized? It is a most pernicious legislation which first multiplies temptations to evil and then punishes the tempted, and yet this is actually what we do at present. Our licensing system does not tend to make it "easy to do right and difficult to do wrong," but the reverse. We have ignored the true principle that "prevention is better than cure" and have suffered for our folly; and we must continue to suffer till we change our policy. The lesson which as a nation we must learn and reduce

to practice before we can make much progress in elevating the masses is admirably summed up in the following declaration, which has been signed by about 3,000 ministers of the Gospel of different denominations in the United Kingdom :—"We, the undersigned ministers of the Gospel, are convinced by personal observation within our own sphere, and authentic testimony from beyond it, that the traffic in intoxicating liquors as drink for man is the immediate cause of the crime and pauperism, and much of the disease and insanity, that afflict the land; that everywhere, and in proportion to its prevalence, it deteriorates the moral character of the people, and is the chief outward obstruction to the Gospel; that these are not its accidental attendants, but its natural fruits; that the benefit, if any, is very small in comparison with the bane; that all schemes of regulation and restriction, however good as far as they go, fall short of the nation's need and the nation's duty; and that, therefore, on the obvious principle of destroying the evil which cannot be controlled, the wisest course for those who fear God and regard man, is to encourage every legitimate effort for the entire suppression of the trade, by the power of the national will, and through the form of a legislative enactment."

The wisdom of prohibiting the liquor traffic has been abundantly demonstrated by the beneficial operation of the Maine Liquor Law in many of the States of America, and by the happy results which have followed the prohibition of the sale of intoxicants in several towns and many parishes of Great Britain and Ireland. It must be quite clear to all right-thinking people that it is desirable in the highest degree to suppress universally, by any and every legitimate means, so fertile a source of evil. The only difficulty which the genuine philanthropist can have is about the best means of accomplishing the desirable result. Many who admit most readily that the traffic ought to be suppressed still cherish the conviction that with us its suppression is

impracticable. They say that as we live in a free country the laws must harmonize with the will of the people, and the country is not yet prepared to dispense with the public-house. It must be admitted that there is a lamentable amount of truth in this statement. But all that is wanted to prepare the country for the needed reform is enlightenment, and the work of enlightenment through the instrumentality of Good Templarism and other agencies is progressing most favorably. And while the whole country is yet far from being ready for the great deliverance, many portions of it are ready. Would it not be both benevolent and just to apply the wholesome remedy in every place where it is practicable, and at the earliest possible moment? Can the philanthropy of Britain devise no method by which such unquestionable social benefits may be secured? Thanks to Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his coadjutors, an unobjectionable plan has been propounded in what is popularly known as the Permissive Bill. That measure is based on a principle which effectually meets the objections commonly urged against the Maine Law. It simply proposes to remove the temptations of public drinking-shops from any parish, township, or given district, where two-thirds or more of the ratepayers desire it. Its provisions could not, therefore, be enforced except in localities where a large preponderating public opinion should be in its favor. Could any proposal be more reasonable and fair? The Permissive Bill would in no way interfere with the administration of our present licensing laws wherever public-houses are wanted, nor would it frustrate any modifications of the licensing system that from time to time may be deemed expedient. The present law for the regulation of the liquor traffic is based on the avowed principle of granting licences only for public accommodation, or to supply the wants of the public. But are not the ratepayers who reside in any given locality, as a general rule, much better judges of the necessities of their neighborhood in this matter than Recorders and Magistrates can possibly be,

who frequently know little or nothing about the actual condition of the localities in which they are asked to grant licences? It is well known that licences are often granted in direct opposition to the wishes of those, whose interests and sentiments ought in justice chiefly to be considered.

The enactment of the Permissive Bill would be quite in harmony with modern constitutional legislation. It would be a righteous extension of true liberty. There could be no greater mistake than to imagine, as some people have done, that this Bill would interfere with the rights of Her Majesty's subjects. There is not, and never has been, in this country free trade in intoxicants, so that there is no civil right involved in the question, except the securing to subjects of the just right which is now denied them, namely, that of protecting themselves and their families from the whiskey-shop nuisance. It is a settled principle with us that Government must interfere with this peculiar trade in the way of regulation and restriction, and the only question is where that interference should terminate. Liverpool some years ago made a very near approach to free trade in alcoholics, but had to repent of the hazardous experiment, and, at fearful cost, has supplied another proof that, to be at all tolerable, the pernicious traffic must be curbed and hemmed in. Hundreds of restrictive laws have been enacted to regulate and control it so as to render it harmless, but they have all signally failed of their object. This being the case would it not be both philanthropic and politic to enact an effective remedy for the evil, which the Permissive Bill would certainly be wherever its provisions should be adopted? The measure in its object and its principle cannot be thoroughly understood without securing for it the cordial support of all who, looking above and beyond individual and class interests, seek "the greatest happiness of the greatest possible number of the community," and who desire that the laws of our beloved country should rest on the only permanent foundation—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men,"

Inconsistency.

BY SISTER A. J. C., LONDONDERRY.

IF all things in this contradictory world of ours, we think there is nothing so common as inconsistency. Go where you will you find it. In some of its forms it exists everywhere—in the church and in the world, in the policy of nations and in the lives of individuals, in the

greatest movements of the age and in the smallest affairs of every day duties. We see it in others and feel it in ourselves. Profession and practice, precept and example, very generally evidence it. It is, indeed, utterly impossible to find anyone to whom in no sense the word applies.

But of all phases of inconsistency we think one of the most provoking, as well as the most ruinous, is that which society constantly presents in its verdict upon intemperance, as contrasted with its treatment of the source of that prevalent vice. If we judge a tree by its fruits, a fountain by its waters, a cause by its effects, the natural and legitimate conclusion surely is, if these be evil, the root must be evil; if these be condemned, the source must be condemned; if these are to be removed, action must begin at the cause from which they result. That drunkenness with all its inseparable concomitants, vice, degradation, and misery, is evil, only evil, intrinsic, irremediable, unmitigated evil, is universally admitted. No one hesitates to denounce in strongest terms the whole train of effects, yet with glaring inconsistency the cause which produces them is defended, the source from which they spring is countenanced and encouraged, the drink which is the root of all the evil finds countless advocates. The Government which makes laws against the consequences, makes other laws to license and perpetuate the cause. The Church which declares the solemn truth, that "no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God," fosters the drink, uses the drink, avails itself of the money made by the drink, and by its example tacitly announces that the drink, with its pleasures and its profits, is of more value than immortal souls. Terrible inconsistency!

Look, too, at individual conduct. Can there be anything more ridiculously inconsistent than to see a man sitting in his cosy parlor, mixing his punch, and discanting fluently upon the evils of intemperance? There he sits, a young friend opposite him, before whom he has also placed the intoxicating glass. The conversation turns upon a poor fellow whom drink has ruined, and he remarks, "He was a capital business man, shrewd and clever, might have succeeded well, had it not been for his love of the glass, but poor wretch he could not control himself. What a pity it is of his young wife and little children!" Yet that *benevolent, pitying* speaker, first gave to that young man the downward impetus. At that table, chatting thus socially, he had first learned to love the Circean cup. There he first came under the spell of the enchantress, which has transformed him from a loving husband and father, into a harsh, besotted, degraded being, the dread of his heart-broken wife, the terror of his helpless little ones. We are sure his host never meant it to come to this, never dreams now that he was the author of this misery, never fancies that on his present companion his ill-advised

hospitality may have the same effect; but we are equally sure that he knows that it was the drink wrought the ruin, and while he pities the victim, he yet harbors the enemy beneath whose grasp he has fallen; while he laments the results, he yet presses upon others the fatal cause. Is not this the madness of inconsistency?

Listen, also, to the conversation at a commercial dinner-table. Now, some fatal accident is spoken of—the cause was drink. Then, some once prosperous, now sinking man is alluded to—"he has taken to drink." Again, the improved circumstances of another is commented upon—"he has become a Good Templar." Now employers speak of the trouble sometimes given by the employed—"they have such love for the drink!" Then, the conversation turns upon the threatened visitation of a terrible epidemic, and it is said—"Cholera has most of its victims among those accustomed to drink." One would suppose to hear the various items of talk, and the wonderful blending which the drink has with all, that the speakers must surely be its decided enemies, that they would avoid it as a serpent, dread it as man's subtlest foe; but, O strange inconsistency! no sooner is the cloth removed, than brandy, wine, and other forms of the drink make their appearance, are welcomed as friends, and soon those, very men who so lately spoke of its sad results, discuss its merits, pledge each other's health and happiness in its poisonous draught, laugh and jest under its exciting influence—while, at intervals, as general conversation is resumed, we hear of some fresh instances of ruin effected by its power. Might not such conduct be justly pronounced the climax of inconsistency?

Look, too, at how strikingly inconsistency displays itself in the conduct of many parents. They are delighted if their children become abstainers. "Oh yes! we quite approve of the Band of Hope movement; total abstinence is a very good thing indeed for the young;" but it never seems to occur to them that it might also be a good thing for the old; nor do they ever appear to remember that children are apt logicians; that from the given premises of a father's and mother's use of the beverage, and their presenting of it to their guests, they are likely to draw the conclusion, "it is right for us to use it too." Such inconsistent parents drink ale or porter at dinner, and expect their children to drink only water; they discuss with their guests the flavor of some favorite wine, and think not that the desires of their children may be roused by such discussions; they smile contemptuously at the opinions of some Good Templars are

elicited, and yet expect their children to be guided by similar opinions; they require those children to pass the decanter to their friends, and yet would shudder to see its contents raised to their own lips. What fruits can be expected from such inconsistency? Is it not natural to believe that children so trained, will gradually learn to sneer at total abstinence; that boys particularly, in their haste to be *manly*, will consider as a childish resolution their Band of Hope pledge; and that from parental example may result the ruin of those, who, by wise, consistent guidance, might have become ornaments to society and blessings to the world?

There is nothing, however, connected with inconsistency, which makes us feel so thoroughly indignant, as to hear professedly Christian men trying to make out that the Bible is as inconsistent as themselves; that it approves in one place, what it condemns in another; that its precepts, inculcating temperance, are virtually negated by the Saviour's practice. Perhaps they would not venture so far, as boldly to announce the last statement; but does it not amount to this, when they affirm that, at Cana, Jesus countenanced what even our Government forbids, the giving of an abundant supply of intoxicating liquor to men already drunken? We have been shocked beyond measure, by hearing a minister coolly assert, that the words employed in the narrative undoubtedly imply, that the guests were in such a condition as not to be able to know the difference between good and bad wine. To our ears this sounded

little short of blasphemy. To reason with men holding such views is very often almost useless, they cling so obstinately to their prejudices, and so resolutely refuse to listen to explanations. We point them to Scriptures strongly condemnatory, not only of the abuse of wine, but of its use. We tell them intoxicating wine is condemned, and that unfermented liquors only are sanctioned in the Bible. We show to them how different are the words used in the original, to express the forbidden and the recommended beverage, but all avails not. They are resolved not to be convinced. They are determined to find in the Bible a warrant for their use of the stimulating, though treacherous, cup!

Alas! for our hopes of ever seeing men consistent, while professing Christians daringly assert that the standard of our faith, the rule of our life is inconsistent. Alas! for the prospect of seeing drunkenness swept away before the progress of vital Christianity, if the life and example of its Divine Founder be forced by His professed disciples to encourage the use of its source. O Christians beware! Seek not to shield your own inconsistency by impeaching the consistency of Him who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." Draw not from His life lessons it never taught, but learn from it the great lesson of love and self-denial. Act out this lesson in your lives, and you will never subject yourselves, by the use of *poisonous, pleasure-exciting liquors* under the false name of *drink*, to the charge of inconsistency.

What Ought the Church to Do?—No. IV.

BY BRO. DR. A. H. H. M'MURTRY, G.W.T.

(Concluded from our last.)

BUT, Sir, the amendment also states that total abstinence is the only effectual remedy for (not *all* evils, but) the "evils now caused by drinking." This, which seems so self-evident a truism, has actually been disputed by members of this House. It is equivalent to saying that the only means of preventing an effect is by removing its cause. As long as a *community* drinks, (I don't say, as long as an *individual* drinks) whether in the Church or in the world, it is absolutely certain that intemperance will follow. (Hear, Hear.) Experience has proved it, and as we desire and are bound, if we can, to prevent intemperance in any, and as we cannot tell beforehand which members of a community shall give way to drink, in order to keep *all* safe we must insist on the rule that *all*

must abstain, or, at least, lay down the principle that *all ought* to abstain. You cannot restrict the liberty to drink to those to whom drinking will be safe, because you cannot *tell* to whom it will be safe. It has been objected to this part of the amendment that it is putting total abstinence in the place of the Gospel. The objector assumes what he has to prove, that total abstinence is *not* included among the duties of the Gospel. And he confounds two things which ought to be kept separate—the mode of preventing intemperance, and the motive prompting the adoption of that mode. The "evils of drinking" are caused by drinking, and not by the non-acceptance of the Gospel, and obviously they can only be prevented by all ceasing to drink—that is, by universal total abstinence;

but, I admit, the belief of the Gospel often is, and oftener ought to be, that which makes people adopt that means of prevention. I don't ask you to cease preaching the Gospel, in order to try total abstinence; but I ask you to cease drinking in order to make the preaching of the Gospel more effectual. (Hear, Hear.) But the amendment adds that "universal total abstinence would greatly promote the glory of God and the good of man." Who in this House can doubt it? And if the practice of total abstinence by *all* would have this effect, and would entirely prevent the evils now caused by drinking, without bringing any other real evils in their place, it is *my* duty as *one* of the all, and it is the duty of every individual in this House as *one* of the all, to do that which, if all did it, would have this glorious and blessed result. (Applause.) "The power to do good implies the obligation to do it." Would the Church and the world not be greatly benefited if all Christians abstained from and discountenanced the making, selling, and using of intoxicating beverages? If they would, then all Christians ought to abstain. In the discussion of the question, Ought all to abstain? which side would the Devil take? (Laughter.) Doubtless, the negative side. Then I hold that the Church ought to take the affirmative. (Applause.) The amendment also declares that the "use of intoxicating drinks by Christians is an offence to many of their brethren, and, as an example, helps to perpetuate and extend the evils of the drink-system." I do not think that this, either, will be disputed. Drinking Christians may wish that their example had not this effect, or they may think that it ought not to have this effect; but they cannot deny that it is highly calculated to make the men of the world believe that drinking is right, and to make them drink accordingly. Mr. Bright only uttered an all but universal opinion, when he said the other day at the Friends' Annual Convocation: "I have been induced to look very carefully to what is the mode in which this evil can be touched. I believe it can never be touched unless the thoughtful, serious men, beginning with the ministers of the Gospel, and all those who go to places of worship for other reasons than fashion, should regard this as one of the great evils which they have to overcome. If the ministers of the Church drink, a good many of their congregations will favor this evil in consequence. I have come to the conclusion that unless the religious portion of the community take up this question, there is no hope for it whatever." (Applause.) It is just as

wrong, Mr. Moderator, for the Christian members of a community to *perpetuate* therein, by the influence of their example, its drinking customs, as it would be for the Christian members of a community that has not yet begun to drink, and which is, therefore, free from the evils of drinking, to *originate* therein, by the influence of their example, drinking-customs, and thereby bring upon it those evils from which it was hitherto free. (Hear, Hear.) Now, Sir, I submit that I have proved the preamble of the amendment, and, if its assumptions be true, the inevitable conclusion is that it is our duty as a Church and as individuals to abstain from, and discountenance, the use, sale, and manufacture, of intoxicating liquors as beverages. (Applause.)

A word or two more, Fathers and Brethren, and I sit down. I know the importance of our being unanimous in our decisions, and united in our action, against this and every other evil. (Hear, hear.) But I have no sympathy with that shallow nonsense about our great power to oppose evil being in our unanimity, with never a question as to whether that about which we are asked to be unanimous is the right thing or not. Better three agreed on a right principle, than three thousand agreed on a principle that is fundamentally wrong. Let us, then, be unanimous, if possible, but I pray God to prevent us being unanimous about that which is not the right thing, the *entire* right thing, for the Church to do in this solemn and important matter. Now, what prevents our being unanimous? What prevents, for instance, the abstaining members of this Assembly from taking, for the sake of union, the platform of those other members who use drink "in moderation" as a luxury? Conscience, Sir. And what prevents those who use drink as a luxury, and who are so anxious for united action against intemperance, from taking the platform of the total abstainers? Is it conscience, Sir? Is it anything half so honorable? Pardon me for saying that I can find no other name for that which prevents those who drink on the ground, not of conscience, but of "allowable gratification," from uniting with those who abstain on the ground of duty, than *appetite*. (Hear, Hear.) Now, if we ought to be unanimous, whether should appetite yield to conscience or conscience to appetite? And if we be not unanimous, who is to blame? Again I ask, what hinders the Assembly declaring, as between abstinence and drinking, that abstinence is our duty? Is it the fear of what the Editor of the "*Belfast Publicans' Gazette and Betting Advertiser*" conjured up the other day about

"the far-reaching consequences" of a declaration against the entire drink-system? Has the Church lost faith in that God who is "in the midst of her?" And shall she make a public confession to the ungodly world that she is afraid of the consequences to her Sustentation Fund (loud applause) and to her membership which might follow her proclamation of "war to the knife and the knife to the hilt" against this entire system of wickedness? (Applause.) How can she tell sinners that they must cut off the right hand and pluck out the right eye, if she is not prepared to do the same? The Church must do what is right, let the consequences be what they may, assured that they cannot by any possibility be *evil*. (Applause.) Sir, the only plausible objection that can be brought, and that may be brought, to the great delectation of all drinkers and publicans, by some members of this House, against my amendment is—what do you suppose?—that the Bible is against it! My reply is this: The Bible *cannot* be opposed to *facts*. Your interpretation of the Bible may, as some other interpretations of it *have* been. And before you ask us to believe that the Bible is opposed to the *facts* on which the duty of abstinence is based, you must prove that what we allege to be facts are *not* facts. Until you do

this, when you say that the Bible is opposed to the doctrine that total abstinence is the duty of all, we reply that you misunderstand the Bible. Show us first of all that it is not a *fact* that drinking is dangerous, injurious, and unnecessary; that it is not a *fact* that drinking on the part of Christians is an offence to many of their brethren; and that it is not a *fact* that the example of a drinking Christian has a pernicious influence, *before* you tell us that the Bible is or can be opposed to the only rational conclusion that can be deduced from these facts. (Applause.) And when you do go to the Bible for light on this subject, shut not your eyes to those numerous passages which teach the duty of keeping far from evil, of guarding against offences, and of setting a true, pure, good example—an example which even a reformed drunkard can safely follow. (Hear, Hear.) Sir, I ask this Assembly to pass the amendment, and the Christian Church to wash her hands of all connection with the liquor-system. (Applause.) If she do this, she will be doing what men and angels shall admire and rejoice at, and what, I reverently believe, her great King and Head shall approve. I thank the Assembly for its patience, and beg to move the amendment. (Prolonged Applause.)

The Bible and Total Abstinence.—No. IX.

BY REV. J. G. MURPHY, LL.D., PROFESSOR OF HEBREW, PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, BELFAST.

THERE are eight words translated wine in the Old Testament. The first of these terms, *'asis* (juice of fruit in general), denotes radically that which is trodden out, and, therefore, the juice which flows out from treading the fruit. It is applied to the liquor expressed from the fruit of the pomegranate as well as the vine—(Song viii. 2.) *Sobe* (sweet drink) is cognate with a verb signifying to suck or swill, and denotes any pleasant or exhilarating beverage especially the boiled or inspissated juice of the grape. *Tirosh* (must) contains the root *rash* (to crush, bruise), and, therefore, denotes primarily the juice of the grape, which is given forth when it is in any way crushed or bruised. In one case it is put by a poetic figure for this juice while yet in the cluster of grapes—(Isaiah lvi. 8). But properly it is a liquor (Isaiah lxii. 8), and, like oil, is described as being in the vat or coop after flowing from the press—(Prov. iii. 10, Joel ii. 24). It is the raw produce of the vine when its grapes have undergone the simple process of treading. Hence it is often coupled with corn, and other material from the threshing floor, out of which human food is prepared by art. *Yayin* (wine) comes from *vin*, a lapsed root, which appears to have meant to bow, bind, squeeze, and refers either to the climbing propensity of the

plant or to the use of pressure in the extraction of the wine. It is used to denote all stages of the juice of the grape, but particularly wine in its maturity, after it has gone through the ordinary process of art as well as nature. It is thus distinguished from *tirosh*, and accordingly associated with bread, the manufactured product of corn, in the well-known phrase, bread and wine, except in one case, where it is conjoined with corn—(Sam. ii. 12). *Shemer* is pure, or red, or fermented wine. In the latter case it is the only term that expressly refers to fermentation as a process in the formation of wine. *Shenarim* (lees, or wine on the lees), denotes wine that has been long kept, and is applied to the lees, or dregs which are deposited by it. Wine kept on the lees is said to retain its body and odor, and, therefore, when refined, is of superior quality. *Mimsak* (mixed wine), as well as the cognate words *mesek* and *mezeg*, is used to denote mixed wine, either diluted with water or deriving additional strength or flavor from the infusion of spices or such drugs as myrrh, mandagora, nuxvomica, and the opiates. *Shekar* (strong drink), from *shaker* to cloy or satisfy with drinking, probably denotes originally a sweet syrup or saccharine beverage. The name is preserved in the Greek *sachar*, and in our word sugar. It was obtained chiefly from the date in the form

of a thick, luscious syrup, which is sometimes called date honey. The juice of the palm tree itself is also procured by making an incision in the top of the tree, from which flows, during the night, a sweet liquor that is very pleasant to the taste. This is the fresh palm wine. When it has gone through a process of fermentation it becomes the intoxicating *shekar*, the three forms of which correspond to the *sobe*, *tiros*, and *yagin* derived from the vine. Besides these words we find *ashishah*, rendered "flagon of wine" (2 Sam. vi. 19, 1 Ch. xvi. 3), in which the words, "of wine," however, are put in Italics, as not belonging to the original. This term evidently means grape or raisin cake, as we learn from the phrase *ashishe 'anabim*, cakes of grapes, which is rendered "flagons of wine," and gives the appearance of 'anabim, grapes, having the meaning of wine. The term *chomez*, rendered "vinegar," and in the Septuagint and New Testament means *oxos*, a sour wine. The line of duty with regard to the use of these various beverages is laid down with sufficient clearness in Scripture.

'Asis, the juice trodden out, is found in five passages. It is described as a good in three places (Joel i. 5, lii. 18, Am. ix. 13), and as exciting or intoxicating in one (Isaiah xlix. 26). In the fifth passage (Song viii. 2) it denotes the juice of the pomegranate, and is counted a good. Hence we learn that that which intoxicates when taken to excess is called a good when used with moderation.

Sobe (sweet drink or syrup of wine) occurs only twice, once as a good (Isaiah i. 22), and once as an occasion of drunkenness or excess (Hos. iv. 18).

Tiros (must) occurs thirty-eight times. It is rendered "sweet wine" once (Micah vi. 15), "new wine" eleven times (Ne. x. 39, xiii. 5, 12, Prov. iii. 10, Isaiah xxiv. 7, lxxv. 8, Hosea, iv. 11, ix. 2, Joel i. 10, Hag. i. 11, Ezek. ix. 17), and simply wine twenty-six times—(Gen. xxvii. 28, 36, Num. xviii. 12, Deut. vii. 13, xi. 14, xii. 17, xiv. 23, xviii. 4, xxviii. 51, xxxiii. 28, Judges ix. 13, 2 Kings xxviii. 32, 2 Chron. xxxi. 5, xxxii. 28, Neh. v. 11, x. 37, Psalm iv. 7, Isaiah xxvii. 17, lxxii. 8, Jer. xxxi. 12, Hos. ii. 10, 11, 24, vii. 14, Joel ii. 19, 24). It is found twenty-four times in a triad with corn and oil, ten times in a duad with corn, and only four times alone. It is counted a good or a blessing in thirty-six passages, its abuse is denounced in one passage (Hos. iv. 11), and it is described as exhilarating in another—(Judges ix. 13). If it be held that the three preceding terms always denote unfermented wine, yet it is plain that they cause excitement or intoxication when taken to excess, and that their abuse has to be condemned.

Yagin (wine) occurs 141 times, and is the most important word of all. Its intoxicating quality is indicated in seventeen places—(Gen. ix. 21, 24, xix. 4 times, Deut. xxxii. 33, 1 Sam. xxv. 37, 2 Sam. xiii. 28, Esther i. 10, Psalms lx. 5, lxxviii. 65, Isaiah xxix. 9, li. 21, Jer. xxiii. 9, li. 7, Zec. ix. 15). Its exhilarating power is noticed in three passages—(Gen. xxvii. 25, Eccles. x. 19, Zec. x. 7). It is forbidden to priests when officiating in two passages—(Lev. x. 9, Eze. xlv. 21). It is forbidden with *shekar*, and every part of the vine, to the Nazirite, in eight places—(Num. vi. 3, 3, 4, Judg. xiii. 4, 7, 14, 14, Am. ii. 12).

In the record of the Rechabites, who abstained from building houses, sowing seed, planting or having vines, and drinking wine, it is mentioned seven times—(Jer. xxxv.) Abstinence from pleasant bread, flesh, and wine, is mentioned four times in the history of Daniel—(Daniel i. 5, 8, 16, x. 3.) It figures as a curse on four occasions—(Jer. xiii. 12, 12, xxv. 15, Ps. lxxv. 9). Abuse, or excess, or unseasonableness in the use of it, is condemned in twenty-five places—(1 Samuel i. 14, 15, Prov. ix. 2, 5, xx. 1, xxxiii. 20, 30, 31, xxxi. 4, Eccles. ii. 3, Isaiah v. 11, 12, 22, xxii. 13, xxviii. 1, 7, 7, lvi. 12, Hos. iv. 11, vii. 5, Joel iv. 3, Amos ii. 8, vi. 5, Micah. ii. 11, Hab. ii. 5). On the other hand, it is mentioned with indifference, that is, without approval or disapproval, in thirty-two passages—(Gen. xlix. 11, 12, Joshua i. 4, 13, Judges xix. 19, 1 Sam. x. 3, 2 Sam. xvi. 1, 2, 1 Chron. ix. 29, xii. 40, xxvii. 27, Neh. ii. 1, 1, v. 15, xiii. 15, Esther i. 7, v. 6, vii. 2, 7, 8, Job xxxii. 19, Psalm iv. 17, xxi. 17, Ezra xxvii. 18, Am. v. 11, Zep. i. 13, Hag. ii. 12). It is prescribed as a drink-offering in eight places—(Exodus xxix. 40, Lev. xxiii. 13, Num. xv. 5, 7, 10, xxviii. 14, Deut. xxxii. 38, Hos. ix. 4). Its use, by the upright, is stated or implied in eighteen places—(Gen. xiv. 18, Deut. xxix. 6, 1 Sam. i. 24, xvi. 20, xxv. 18, Neh. v. 18, Job. i. 13, 18, Prov. xiii. 6, Eccles. ix. 7, Song i. 2, 4, ii. 4, iv. 10, v. 1, vii. 9, viii. 2, Jer. xl. 12). It is described as a good or blessing in eleven places—(Deut. xxviii. 39, Psalm civ. 15, Isaiah xvi. 10, xxiv. 9, 11, lv. 1, Jer. xlviii. 33, Lam. ii. 12, Hos. xiv. 7, Am. ix. 14, Micah vi. 15). It is permitted in two remarkable passages, in the latter of which it is coupled with *shekar*—(Numb. vi. 20, Deut. xiv. 28). In several of these places, where the abuse of it is condemned, that of flesh or oil is condemned at the same time. This shows that the disapproval arises not from its exciting power, but from its being partaken of to excess. In a few instances it is said to be gathered, just as the *tiros* is once said to be in the cluster. All the passages in which the word *yagin* occurs are given in the quotations, and it is easy for the reader to test the arrangement which is here given of them. Some few passages might be differently placed, but with no notable effect on the general result. It will be obvious to the dispassionate mind that the fruit of the vine is approved in some passages and condemned in others, not because there are two kinds of wine, good and bad, or unintoxicating and intoxicating, but because it is used sometimes with moderation and at other times to excess. Excess in the drinking of wine is more frequently condemned than excess in the use of flesh or oil, simply because the former is intoxicating.

Shemer (red, or pure, or fermented wine) occurs eight times, in two of which it is counted a blessing (Deut. xxxii. 14, Isaiah xxvii. 2), and in the remaining six it is mentioned without any mark of approval or disapproval—(Ezra vi. 9, vii. 22, Daniel v. 1, 2, 4, 23). *Shemarin* (lees or wine on the lees) is found in five passages. In one it ranks as a curse (Psalm lxxv. 9), in another as a metaphor for evil (Zep. i. 12), in one it is indifferent (Jer. xlviii. 11), and in the remaining two it is counted a blessing—(Isaiah xxv. 6).

Mimsak (mixed wine) meets us in two places.

In the one its abuse is condemned (Prov. xxiii. 30), in the other it is a drink-offering—(Isaiah lxx. 11).

Shekar is mentioned twenty-three times, in twenty of which it is conjoined with *yayin*. It is rendered "strong wine" in one passage (Num. xxviii. 7), simply because it is used to denote the drink-offering, which, in all other places, is prescribed to be of wine. Its intoxicating quality is noticed in two places—(1 Sam. i. 15, 1s. xxix. 9). It is forbidden to priests when officiating in one—(Lev. x. 9). In five passages it is forbidden to the Nazarite—(Num. vi. 3, 3, Judges xiii. 4, 7, 14). Its abuse is condemned in nine places—(Psalm lxix. 13, Prov. xx. 1, xxxi. 4, Isaiah v. 11, 22, xxviii. 7, 7, lvi. 12, Micah ii. 11). Its use is recorded in three passages—(Deut. xxix. 6, Prov. xxxi. 6, Isaiah xxiv. 9). It is proverbially recommended for the perishing and heavy-hearted on account of its restorative property. Its use is permitted in one passage—(Deut. xiv. 26).

The above review of the texts in which these terms for wine occur will show that no wine of Scripture is absolutely prohibited, that *yayin* and *shekar* are expressly permitted; and that excess or abuse of all kinds of food as well as drink, among which *tirosk* is expressly included, is repeatedly and strongly condemned. The prohibition of wine to the priest when about to officiate implies the allowed use of it on other occasions. Grapes, *tirosk*, and every other product of the vine, as well as *yayin*, were forbidden to the Nazarite during the period of his vow, which was one, two, or three months, and *yayin* he is expressly allowed to drink after its completion. The Rechabites abstained from building houses, sowing corn, planting vines, and Daniel from eating pleasant bread and flesh, as well as from drinking wine. No one has ever supposed that the former acts are intrinsically wrong; and no one, therefore, can legitimately infer from these cases that the latter is culpable. In all these instances the abstinence was expedient, votive, religious, or symbolical, but in no case was it on the principle that there was anything inherently sinful in the partaking of wine. The use of all sorts of drink mentioned in the Old Testament is allowed either by example of the worthy or by express permission. The drink-offering consisted, with a single apparent exception, of *yayin* in general and not of *tirosk* in particular, and that exception was in favor of *shekar*, and not of *tirosk*. The latter, indeed, could not be had at all seasons without an artificial expedient, and particularly at the Passover, when the wine was at least half a year old.

In the New Testament we have two words rendered wine—*gleukos* and *oinos*. The former of these is employed only once—[Acts ii. 13.] It denotes a sweet wine, said to be the same as must, or the *tirosk* of the Hebrews. It is remarkable that in the only instance in which it occurs an intoxicating quality is ascribed to it. *Oinos* occurs thirty-four times in the New Testament. In eight cases it is distinguished by the epithet *neos*, new—[Matt. ix. 17, 17, Mark ii. 22, 22, Luke v. 37, 37, 38.] The abstinence of the Nazarite from it is noted twice—[Luke i. 15, vii. 33.] Its abuse is forbidden in three passages—[Eph. v. 18, 1 Tim. iii. 8, Titus ii. 3.] It is six

times figurative of the curse pronounced upon the ungodly—[Rev. xiv. 8, 10, xvi. 19, xvii. 2, xviii. 3, xix. 15.] Abstinence from wine or flesh for a benevolent purpose is mentioned with approval in one passage—[Rom. xiv. 21.] Wine is mentioned with indifference in 13 passages, including all those in which *neos*, new, is attached—[Matt. ix. 17, xxvii. 34, Mark ii. 22, xv. 23, Rev. xviii. 13.] The abuse is in every case in the way of excess, and, therefore, implies the allowed use. Its use by the upright is recorded in eight passages—[Luke x. 34, John ii. 3, 3, 19, 10, 10, iv. 46, 1 Tim. v. 23.] It is described as a blessing in one place—[Rev. vi. 6.] It is to be added that *sikera* the Greek form of *shekar*, occurs once, as a drink from which the Nazarite was to abstain—[Luke i. 15]. *Kekerasmenon akraton* is given as a description of the wine of the Divine wrath—[Rev. xiv. 10]. It denotes wine of full strength, rendered more potent by the infusion of drugs. The *oinos esmurmismenos* [Mark xv. 23], "myrrhed wine," is the same as the *oxos meta choles memigmenon* [Matt. xxvii. 34], "vinegar mingled with gall." It is probable that the sour wine in question was mingled with various ingredients, among which were myrrh and *chole*, which is probably the equivalent of the Hebrew *rosk*, and, therefore, a vegetable substance, though difficult of identification. *Oxos* occurs eight times, all in the account of the crucifixion, and means vinegar, in the sense of sour wine, its original meaning.

It is evident from these facts that the New Testament agrees with the Old in making no distinction of different sorts of drink into permitted and prohibited, in pronouncing every kind of wine a blessing in itself, in permitting the moderate use of all then known forms of drink, and in denouncing intemperance in eating as well as drinking. This is what was to be reasonably expected in a book of heavenly wisdom. At the same time it marks with approval the practice of abstaining from wine or flesh, or any other source of temptation to the weak-minded, in order to save such from pernicious habits. It does not touch upon the question of bad, adulterated, or poisoned wines. No one will partake of these if he can help it, apart from the consideration of any duty but regard to taste or health. If such existed in early times, at all events the Scripture does not perplex the conscience with minute distinctions. This is a useful lesson, if we will learn it. It was the custom of the ancients to drink wine mingled with water, in the proportion of one of wine, to one, two, or three of water. Some other interesting details might be added, but space does not permit. Meanwhile, with the key here afforded, the English reader may examine for himself all the texts in which wine occurs.—*Evangelical Witness.*

GOD-GIVEN WINE.—Look at the peasant at his meals in vine-bearing districts. Instead of milk he has a basin of pure, unadulterated "blood of the grape." In this, its native, original state, it is a plain, simple, wholesome liquid, which at every repast becomes to the husbandman what milk is to the shepherd—not a luxury, but a necessary; not an intoxicating, but a nutritive beverage.—*Rev. Alexander Duff, D.D.*

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER XXI.

MARRIED AT LAST.

"**N**OW, Philip, there is no use in scheming any longer; you are able for confession, and I want you to make a clean breast of it." Philip was lying in Mrs. Morrison's drawing-room, looking sadly worn and shaken after the long fever that had followed the extraction of the ball from his neck. He covered his face with his thin hand when Dr. Marks spoke. "I have not been scheming; I would have told all I know before this, had you allowed me." "Yes, to Mrs. Morrison, who would find an excuse for everything, merely because you have done her wrong; or to Miss Fanny, who can see no evil in you, because she has fretted herself nearly into the grave for fear you should die; or perhaps to Miss Mattie, in whose romantic eyes your sin has, doubtless, exalted you into a hero. Mild confessors they would have been, shriving you without repentance, and bewailing your sufferings till you forgot that they were richly merited." "God knows I have repented." "Repented of the consequences of the arson, doubtless; many a man has done the same at Botany Bay." "Doctor, it does not deserve so harsh a name as that, for I was so mad with drink that I did not know what I was doing." "Ay, as other men commit murder when they are drunk and hang for it. I tell you, Philip, that this intoxication men plead in extenuation of their crimes is only an aggravation, for what right has any one to drown the reason God has given him till he has no more control over his passions than a brute? If you were a poor man it would not avail you much as an excuse for destroying the property of widows and orphans, to say that you primed yourself with drink to give you courage to do it." "Dr. Marks, I declare before Heaven that you wrong me!" Philip exclaimed, excitedly. "I never knew who committed the outrage till that night, and I was half-seas over before they told me, and persuaded me to join them." "Who persuaded you?" "I am not going to screen myself behind others, but I think you know as well as I do." Then, after a pause, he asked, in a shaking voice, "Does Miriam—do they all believe that I have been concerned in every burning that has taken place?" "Miriam Lutton is not given to tell much of her mind; but I will soon set you right with her and all of them: I am glad you have not been so bad as you seemed." "And all these weeks that Mrs. Morrison and her daughter have been so kind, have they thought the same of me that you have done?" "Don't excite yourself with guessing at what any of us thought, my boy; but tell me all about it, and I will clear you as well as I can." "I can tell you very little," he said huskily. "Lord Peton asked me to come and spend the last evening of my bachelor freedom with him. We dined at the Peton Arms, for he said there was not a decent cook at the castle. Humbert and some young fellows were present, and we all drank hard. Late in the evening, the conversation turned on courage, and I remember Humbert

sneering at something I said. I answered that that there was not a thing in the world I dared not do. Peton said he could tell me something I would be afraid to do, though every one present, except myself, had done it already. I said there was nothing they had done that I would fear to undertake; and then they began to bet whether I was as brave as my boasting. I remember a sick feeling coming over when they told what it was I had vowed to perform; but Peton said that if I drew back Humbert would fleece him and the rest, for that they had all depended on me keeping my word and backed my courage. I thought then that I was bound in honor to do what they wanted, and I don't remember much more till I found Miriam trying to pull the mask from my face. The fear of discovery maddened even while it sobered me, and I would have murdered her rather than have had her recognize me. I saw she had a pistol in her hand, but I did not care whether it went off or not if I could but get away without her knowing me. You understand what followed better than I do." "Yes, I know how the pistol did go off and wound you within an eighth of an inch of your life; how Miriam carried you into the house, with some very small assistance from the maid, and then ran from here to Ardrey for me; and how she has done everything, but lie, from that day to this, in order to avert suspicion from you." "I don't see how it can be averted," he said, with a heavy sigh. "Easily enough, when suspicion of you would involve suspicion of his little lordship. How can people suspect anything when they have it in black and white from the *Chronicle* that you and Lord Peton were out before breakfast, shooting at a mark, on the morning of the 5th, when his lordship's pistol went off by accident and wounded you. It is not explained why you were carried from the castle to Laurel Grove, but nothing could exceed the grief of the amiable young nobleman at the melancholy occurrence. His nerves were so unstrung by it, the *Chronicle* understands, that his medical attendant, Dr. Marks—a bribe to me, you will perceive—has forbidden the painful subject to be mentioned in his hearing." Philip laughed a little shamefacedly, and then asked for Miriam. "Miss Mattie knows more about her than I do; why not ask her?" was the pointed reply. "She might have come to see me," he said, without seeming to have heard the doctor's question, though his face flushed at it. "Perhaps she thinks you have not forgiven her for shooting you yet." "I wish she had never done me worse harm than that," he answered, tracing the blue veins on one thin hand with the forefinger of the other. "Philip, lad, your confession has not been made in full yet; tell me all." "All what?" he asked, lifting his eyes in feigned surprise; but when he met the doctor's look of keen intelligence he let them fall again. "Some confessions are best unmade," he answered low. "I don't know that. It is always better that one should weep for a little than that two should be miserable for life." "Why do you think that anyone will be miserable?" "The

symptoms of unhappiness are as visible as those of disease, and an experienced eye can as readily detect them." "People's eyes may sometimes be too quick, and they may detect things that have no existence." "You need not try to deceive me; your heart never was in this marriage; and it is a cruel wrong for a man to give his hand without his heart—a double wrong in this case, where the hand should be given where the heart is." "What if it would not be accepted?" "Ay, is that possible?" "It was possible before, and would be doubly possible now, when I am bound to another. I don't pretend to misunderstand you, doctor; you think I am in love with Miriam, and I was once, but if you think she is in love with me you are wrong, for she never gave me reason to believe that she cared for me except as a friend, and now I am sure she despises me. I am bound to my own little girl by every tie of honor, and I am not such a scoundrel as to break faith with her." "Well, you may be right about that, or you may be wrong, but I know that Miriam does not despise you any more than Miss Mattie does." "I am clearer-sighted than you, doctor. If a man whom Miriam loved committed murder, she would cling to him to the gallows-foot; but an escapade that Mattie would forgive because it was only a folly would, for that same reason, sink him below Miriam's regard." "Then, it would be well for Mrs. Morrison to prosecute you for arson, and when your folly is ranked with a crime, and meets with a crime's punishment, she—Who's that?" For there came a soft knocking to the door. "It is I, Dr. Marks," Mattie's voice responded. "Well 'I' is not wanted here. Didn't I tell that I was going to have a long talk with Master Philip, and that none of you girls were to be interrupting us?" "Your talk has been quite long enough," she said, opening the door and showing her sweet girlish face; and then, seeing how sober Philip looked, she came forward, shaking her clenched hand at Dr. Marks, in playful wrath. "You have been scolding my poor sick boy, you old Turk, and if I had known that was what you wanted with him, I would not have let you be three minutes alone together." "Do you not think I deserve to be scolded, Mattie?" Philip asked when the doctor had gone away, protesting that he would lock her out the next time. "Yes, dear, I am afraid you deserve it a little," she answered, caressing him as she dared not have done two months before. "But 'if all men got their deserts, who would escape a whipping?' And I think the scoldings people give themselves do them far more good than those administered by others." Not that Mattie did not bestow upon her betrothed her own little quantum of gentle chiding as soon as she thought him strong enough to bear it, softening down every reproving word with a kiss, as she would have done to a naughty child, who had been receiving severe but merited correction. But when she and his other feminine friends and relations found that he had not merited it to the extent they had supposed, they strove to atone for doing him injustice in their thoughts by such lavishness of love and pity, that Philip was in danger of being persuaded that he was something between a hero and a martyr, instead of the disgraced and worthless scamp he had thought himself at first.

Laurel Grove was almost entirely given over to the Sequins and Mattie Bellamy while Philip lay there, and such times as were not spent in attendance on him were employed in singing his praises to each other, in which Mrs. Morrison and Fanny joined as heartily as if, besides helping to destroy their property, he had not put them to no end of expense and trouble. While his life was in danger, it was the patience with which he bore his sufferings that was the theme of these man-worshippers; and when he recovered sufficiently to remember what had occurred, the penitence, shown by the touching humility of his manner, elicited their profound admiration, which increased if possible a hundredfold when they found he had so little to be penitent for compared with what they had thought. Among them all Philip had recovered much of his self-complacency before he had left Laurel Grove, but Miriam disturbed it a good deal by coming to see him on one of the last days of his stay. Mattie had twitted her so much on her unkindness in not visiting "poor Philip" that she could not excuse herself any longer, and told Mattie she would go with her. "Here is Mira come to see you at last," Mattie said, going before her into the drawing-room, at which announcement Philip half started from the sofa, with his haggard face aflame. She went forward very quietly, but he felt her hand tremble as she placed it in his, and, forgetting everything except that she was there, he held it fast, and would not let it go. "That is right," said Mattie, wakening him from his momentary dream; "I want to see you two good friends. Shake hands, Philip, and tell her you bear her no malice for shooting you." "I bear none if she doesn't," he answered gaily, dropping Miriam's hand. She knew his jauntiness of tone was assumed. "You might have been killed," she said in a hushed voice. "I might, and that wouldn't have been the worst of it, for people don't go drunk to heaven." "They do not; it is by God's grace you are not lifting your eyes in torment—have you thanked Him for it?" "You promised not to be hard on him," Mattie urged, weeping a little at her solemn manner, while he smiled up wanly at Miriam as she stood over his sofa. "I have thanked Him on my knees—will that content you?" "Have you repented, on your knees as well?" "I have done a great deal of repentance in yonder bed-room for the last six weeks." "You know that true repentance does not mean sorrow for sin alone, but the turning from it. Have you resolved to do that?" "I have. I am going to lead a different life. I vowed when I thought I was dying, that I would do it if I was spared, and I mean to keep my vow." "You cannot live a different life unless you give up the intoxicating drink that has been the curse of the old one. Have you resolved to do that?" "I have. I wanted to stop at once, for that would be easier to me than doing it gradually, but the doctor says it would be dangerous, and that I must break off by degrees." "Break off at once, Philip—never mind what the doctor says. Drink has done you more injury than it will ever do you good—do not meddle with it any more." "Now, Mira, you should not advise him to that," said Mattie, whose faith in stimulants had been greatly increased by a year's constant use of them. "Dr. Marks says that a little wine is absolutely necessary for him.

at present, and he must take it as long as he tells him. Taking it as medicine is not like drinking for the love of it." "The oracle has spoken, and I must obey," said Philip, rather ironically; but seeing Miriam's eyes fixed anxiously upon him, he added seriously, "I have not forgotten your sharp lesson. I will drink wine only as the doctor orders, and I will stop it as soon as he permits me."

Shortly after this there was a quiet wedding in Loughmore Church, and a quiet breakfast after it, at which both bride and bridegroom—because it was not their medicine hour—pledged each other in lemonade, and Moses announced in triumph that he and Lily were drinking their health in the same unintoxicating beverage, and that Lily had promised to him she would never drink any wine again. "I said I wouldn't marry her if she did, so she said she wouldn't ever again," said the young autocrat aside to his sister. Miriam wore her white dress and scarlet wreath, but Lord Peton was not there to see her, having gone abroad shortly after Philip's accident. She comforted and supported Mattie when her father's grief at parting broke her down, and hers was the last face the newly-made husband and wife saw smiling after them as the carriage carried them away from the Glebe. "See that you cherish her," she said to Philip, as she bade him good-bye. "I will," he answered sincerely and firmly as he left her standing on the steps and joined his bride. Miriam spent a long time in her own room that evening. In the innermost recesses of one of her drawers were souvenirs that should have been destroyed before, and which she must not keep any longer. There was a lock of curly fair hair, at which she gazed long, as she smoothed it over her fingers. How well she remembered the time it had been given her; Philip was going to travel, and had come to bid her adieu: just before he left he lifted the scissors from her work-basket and cutting a lock of hair from his temple had laid it on her lap, bidding her keep it always to remember him by, and saying he would buy her a gold locket to put it in. He wanted her to give him one of hers in exchange, and pleaded so hard for it that she could scarcely refuse him, but young as she was then—scarcely fifteen—her innate sense of the fitness of things had made her withstand him, till he went away in a huff without saying good-bye, after all. There was a letter—the only one she had ever received from him—written a few days after, full of remorse for the petulance that had spoiled the leave-taking, and of protestations of eternal friendship; never answered by her, because he had let her know that it was written without the knowledge of his tutor. These, and a bunch of withered flowers—the first he had brought her when she was nursing the fever patients at the Corner House—were all the mementos she had of the past. She had no right to treasure them now, but her heart grew very desolate, as, with an effort, she crushed up all in her hand and tried to strike a match to burn them. Either the lucifers were damp or the trembling of her hand prevented her striking them properly, for they would not ignite, and still crushing her treasures, she went down to the parlor to burn them there. The fire was burning dimly and the room was so dark that she did not see Christopher lying on the sofa in the shadow. But he saw her kneeling on the hearthrug, and her

expression reminded him of some of the old martyrs, as she thrust the little crumpled mass between the bars, and knelt watching, while the withered flowers crackled and flamed, and the hair shrivelled and withered like a living thing in agony, and the letter burned, till every fibre of it was covered with myriads of fiery "soldiers" that fought and consumed each other till black death devoured them all, and nothing was left save a piece of charred gossamer, on which the word "Philip" held its place to the last. For a long time she remained motionless; the fire, rekindled by the precious fuel, flickering on a face that looked heroic in its power of endurance, and on eyes that were full of a strange clear light, as they gazed on the spot where the last word had disappeared. Leaving her thus, Christopher went softly out by the door she had left open. When he came back the lamp was lighted, and Miriam was sitting at the table sewing as composedly as if there was no such thing as romance in the world.

Philip was very kind to his bride, and Mattie wrote home such glowing accounts of the happiness she enjoyed with him, that the Rector forgot he ever had had any misgivings on the subject, or that Philip had ever been anything else than an exemplary young man. And Philip was happy too, for he enjoyed more peace of conscience than he had done for many a day, and no longer went about with the undefined but depressing feeling that there was something wrong underlying all his gaiety. I cannot say whether or not he was a Christian at this time, but he was determined to do what was right, and the determination ennobled him, though as yet he had only carried it out in what some would have considered the trifling matter of pleasing his wife. He was amply repaid for any self-denial this may have cost him, for it could not but please him to see her so happy, when he knew it was he had made her so. Her entire dependence on him, too, appealed powerfully to all that was manly in his nature; it would be a shame, he thought, not to be good to her when she had no one but him to look to; and so he resolutely stifled all vain regrets, and amused and petted her to her heart's content, giving her all he had to bestow, and giving it the more openly because there was something deeper that it was out of his power to give. Every one knows how habits grow, good as well as bad, and after Philip had, as a matter of duty, studied Mattie's comfort in everything, and behaved in all things as a devoted husband for some time, he began to feel as if he were one, and to love her from habit if that were possible. Indeed it would have been hard not to love Mattie, for she was sweet and good beyond the ordinary run of womankind, and was so fond and proud of him that he must have been very insensate had no reciprocal feeling been awakened in his heart. And his conscientious striving to do the duty nearest him, soon stirred him up to the performance of other duties that for years past he had been neglecting. Mattie wrote home in loving triumph how Philip had got her to stay a week longer in Hamburg, that they might partake of the Communion there, at the Mission Church; and how, although Sunday was so loosely observed in Germany by people in general, he stayed in the house all day reading and singing hymns with her. "Dear Philip, he is in the right

way at last," the Rector said, wiping his tear-dimmed spectacles after reading the letter, "and if any one can help him along it to heaven it is my own pious little girl." Mr. Bellamy, with pardonable affection, rated Mattie's piety perhaps a little higher than he would have done had she not been his own child, but he was not wrong in thinking she was of assistance to Philip in his new life. Mattie's husband could not see her kneel so reverently night and morning and yet neglect his own devotions, especially when he knew that she never knelt without putting in a very particular petition for "my own darling Philip." She had retained her childish habit of whispering her prayers, and those were the words he had overheard her use in her dressing-room one morning, and so tenderly did they make him feel towards her that he had some difficulty in refraining from taking the little white figure in his arms then and there, and repaying her for it in genuine lover's kisses. She sometimes called him so to himself, but to hear her do it when she believed herself alone with her God, gave a reality to the expression of her love, and made him feel more than he had ever done, how unworthy he was of it. Not that he looked upon her as an angel; he was not much given to exalting women into a celestial order of beings as some men—usually the best of men—are occasionally apt to do; he was not blind to the defects of female character in general, and Mattie's in particular; but as his supposed love for her had first elevated him in Mattie's eyes, so now her love had in turn begot love in him, which soon produced its natural fruit of humility. Yet under the humility there lurked a pleasant sense of self-satisfaction, because the fondness of his bride for him showed that there must be a good deal of merit in himself to draw it out.

The honeymoon, which, on account of the health of both had been prolonged to nearly six months, passed happily away, and the March winds were giving place to the softer breath of April when they came home and commenced housekeeping in the castle. Castle Peton was a grand old mansion, grander in its gloom and ill repair, than all the modern castles of all our merchant-princes put together, and surrounded by such woods as all the wealth in the world is powerless to create—woods, where gaint elms stretched out their huge arms to monster oaks, while here and there dark pines nodded their funeral plumes; and through them the river crept slowly, stealthily, and treacherously—deep and dark, like the river of death, save when an occasional sunbeam struggled through the gloom and sparkled on the water, like a gleam of immortality. The same gloomy grandeur pervaded the inside of the house, and Mattie shivered when she entered it, as if a breath from the grave had chilled her. But a bright fire was blazing in the smallest of the breakfast parlors; it danced on the sombre flock paper and brightened it in spite of itself, and it lit up the face of an old gentleman on the wall, till he being too seriously disposed to smile, winked gravely with one eye at Mattie when she came in, as if to say, "Don't be afraid, I'll take care of you;" and seeing that he had his hand on his sword, she quite believed on his promised protection. Then another old gentleman, not in a frame, who had heard their car coming to the door, but would not believe that he heard it

lest he should be disappointed, held her in his arms, and blessed her and bade her welcome home, and Miss Bellamy and Moses, who had met them in the hall, took another bout of hugging and kissing her; after which her mother-in-law and sisters-in-law went through the latter half of the same ceremony with different degrees of warmth. When the salutations were over, Mattie looked round the room; "I thought Miriam would have been here," she said, in a disappointed tone. "Miss Lutton would not of course think of intruding upon you to-night," Mrs. Seguin answered, coldly. "She said she would come to-morrow. I guess she didn't want to come when Mrs. Seguin was here," said Moses, fiercely. But Mattie, seeing what was coming, smothered the last four words with a kiss, and hoped her mother-in-law had not heard them. Miriam did come to the castle early next day, and the first glance at Philip's face as she saw it over Mattie's shoulder, when embracing her, told her that all was well with him. "You see I have brought her back blooming!" she said, shaking hands cordially. "You have, she has not looked so well for a long time," she answered, with the approbation he sought, in both tone and smile. "It would be a shame not to be well when he takes such good care of me. And isn't he looking blooming too?" Mattie said, with a fond glance at her husband.

After a while other visitors came in to offer congratulations and munch bridecake and sip wine, for though neither Philip nor Mattie drank wine now—except as medicine—they were far too hospitable to deny it to their guests, who had not the same reason for abstaining that they had. "You might break rules for once, Miss Lutton," said Miss Jackson, the distiller's niece, when she saw Miriam eat her cake dry. "My rule is formed on a principle, so cannot be broken." "Do you really expect to make all the world sober by your water-drinking?" Philip asked playfully, his six months' abstinence—except from medicine—having made him feel competent to discuss the subject without any personal feeling. "I know that my influence is very small, but that is no reason for not throwing it on the right side." "But for this once it could do no harm, and you know Mrs. Phillip Seguin is never likely to be coming home a bride again," said Miss Jackson with a titter. "And if she were, I do not see that my pouring out a libation to Bacchus would promote her happiness. Mr. Bellamy says that is how the custom of drinking on all festive and sorrowful occasions originated," was the half jesting reply. Miriam's cheeks were not the only ones that began to burn, when, after a little, the conversation somehow drifted into the numerous excellencies of Lord Peton. "It would have been a long time before his father would have paid all the damages of the burnings rather than let them fall on the county," said Miss Jackson, repeating her uncle's sentiments, as she usually did, with as much determination of manner as if they were her own, which she meant to uphold against all comers. "Yes indeed," echoed Flora, the third Miss Seguin, whom his lordship's share in Philip's escapade had been kept secret. "Has he done that?" Miriam asked, as she turned over the leaves of a presentation copy of Tennyson, without daring to look up. "He has, indeed. Uncle saw about it in the

Chronicle ;"—Miss Jackson never read a newspaper herself,—“and I think it is very noble of him.” “Who would be noble if not a nobleman?” queried fashionable Mrs. Duncan, brushing the crumbs off her lavender silk. “They should be, of course ; but so many of them arn’t, and his father was such a stingy old thing,” Miss Jackson replied, doubtless considering that a redundancy of adverbs atoned for the want of any predicate in the sentence, just as Howard Peton’s present lavishness of money atoned for all his defects of character. “His father was a good, benevolent man,” said Mattie, with matronly dignity, seasoned with a little severity, by reason of her confusion. “Oh, he was good enough, I suppose ; but he was such a miserly creature. The young lord has done more for the distillery since he came of age—in the way of orders, you know—than he did all the time he was alive, and that was so mean,” and the distiller’s niece looked round them all as if she thought she had settled that point. “I do not think the old lord showed any meanness in that,” said Miriam. “I beg your pardon?” said Miss Jackson with a startled, put-down look,

that showed she had heard the observation quite well, and only wished it repeated to gain time. “I think the son has shown much more meanness than the father for so far.” “Uncle would not agree with you.” “Because it would not agree with his pocket,” said Moses, decisively. “Moses, my dear,” remonstrated Mattie ; but Mrs. Duncan’s sense of fun was stronger than her politeness just then, and Miss Jackson seeing her laughing thought it was the proper thing to do, and laughed also, without any appearance of her feelings being wounded. Miss Jackson was correct in her statement of facts, whatever she may have been in her opinion concerning them. Under the heading of “The Recent Fires,” the *Upton Chronicle* had, some time before, announced that Lord Peton had, with his accustomed generosity, authorized it to state that he meant to relieve the cesspayers by paying all the damages himself. Dr. Marks chuckled when he read the paragraph, knowing how very little generosity had to do with it.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

The Good Templar Elocutionist.

AN APPEAL TO MODERATE DRINKERS.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

WE need no new evidence to prove, that our moderate wine-drinking citizens are the most formidable enemies that retain the field against the progress of temperance. We know that they are strong, very strong : that they occupy the highest walks of life, and fill almost every station of honor, trust, and emolument. We know they number in their ranks the learned, the wise, and powerful. We cannot employ towards them any other language than that of respectful entreaty and expostulation : nor would we do it if we could. No ; we would say to our fashionable wine-drinking citizens, “Come, let us reason together.” To you, gentlemen, we must address our appeal ; for we recognize no other opponents in the field. The unreformed inebriate, the rum manufacturer ; the rum-seller and importer, are mere supernumeraries in your camp ; they wear no arms ; they are under your protection, and subsist on your example and support. Gentlemen, we are your fellow-citizens. In many of the duties and avocations of life we walk side by side ; in many of the interests of our community and country we take sweet counsel together. We can testify to the integrity of your honor, to the respectability of your standing, the cordiality of your friendship, and the munificence of your philanthropy. And we appeal to these bright qualities of the heart when we say, that there are thousands of unfortunate beings who are trying in vain to reform on your principle. At the corners of the streets you may meet scores of poor inebriates who have tried to become temperate men by following your example ; but it has plunged them deeper in the mire. These side-walks are daily thronged with those who are trying to arise from habitual intoxication to the moderate use of the intoxicating

cup. Alas ! is it your example that is hanging out this tantalizing phantom ? Will you cheat their souls with the insidious delusion, that they may again be moderate drinkers ? Will you bind, with wanton hands, another stone to the willing neck of a Sisyphus, to drag him back into the fiery abyss, at each successful attempt to rise from its torments ? Will you torture a Tantalus with visions of the cooling waters of life, with which he may never slake his burning lips ? Shall that father who has almost strength enough to face the tempter ; shall that husband who has just recommended an existence of life and love ; shall that son and brother who has just been rescued from the lee-shore of intemperance—shall these be dashed back into their original ruin by a glance at the wine that sparkles on your tables ? When the ship-wrecked mariner has clung to his frail plank through all the wilderness of the wintry waves, and when he is in sight of the haven of rest, will you hang out false beacon-lights to lure him on to breakers, whence his mangled corse shall be dashed on the shore ? When, with a desperate effort, he has caught hold of the ark of safety, will you strike off his hand and leave him to sink in the waves ?

OUR IRISH LODGES.

BY BRO. W. J. NETTELTON, P.W.C.T., NO. 10.

In our “Crusade” ’gainst intemp’rance,
We want no flagging zeal ;
Each “Patriot” must within his breast
No cowardice conceal ;
And in the “Vanguard” every soul
Must God’s good Spirit feel—
Our warfare is for “Freedom,”
Love, and “Hibernia’s” weal.
Ye daughters of the “Shamrock” Isle,
“Aurora” smiles on you—
Behold the promised mercy in
Yon “Rainbow’s” varied hue ;

And to the God of "Wisdom," let
 Your hearts in prayer ascend,
 That He, from heaven's "Crystal Fount,"
 Refreshing joy may send,
 To fill the world with "Harmony,"
 "Consistency," and Truth,
 And make each home a "Watchtower,"
 To guard the tender youth.
 And on our noble "Enterprise,"
 The "Morning Star" will "Dawn;"
 And "Havelock" the "People's" hope,
 To "Victory" shall lead on;
 And great will be our "Triumph,"
 Our "Hope" for "Better Days,"
 And on "Mount Zion's" "Fortress," we'll
 Our "Red Cross" ensign raise;
 And round our "Crimson Banner,"
 The "Hope of Derry," we,
 With "True and Faithful" hearts, shall form
 A "Band of Unity."
 Ho, "Forward" to the "Rescue," all,
 "Advance," ye true and brave,
 With "Hopeful" hearts your "Lifeboat" steer
 To yonder wreck and save.
 Fear not old "Neptune's" angry roar,
 "Minerva," she will guide
 Thy bark of "Royal Oak" safe o'er
 The dark, accursed tide.
 Though "Triton" blow his fiercest blast,
 Still be ye firm and bold,
 For soon the "Exodus" of sin
 Through drink, we shall behold.
 Let each a "Conquering Hero" be,
 Beneath the "Rising Sun;"
 Nor faint in "Perseverance," till
 The "Olive Branch" be won.
 The memory of "Saint Patrick,"
 Like "Sunlight" shall be shed,
 And "Ireland's Glory,"—"Erin's First,"
 Fond hope, no more be dead.
 Then from the "Fountain" of the heart,
 Brave men, no longer slaves,
 May sing within their "Home of Peace,"
 "Britannia" rules the waves.
 And "Home, sweet Home," with wondrous power,
 Will like a "Magnet" be,
 To draw each link of friendship close,
 In true "Fidelity."
 Oh! let the "Emerald" put forth
 The "Hand of Friendship" too,
 And like the "Good Samaritan,"
 Love's labor still pursue,
 Encouraging that "Unity,"
 Which gives us strength to do.
 Upon our "Royal Standard," may
 This motto aye be seen,
 "Excelsior," Excelsior,
 In bright and golden sheen.
 Let "No Surrender" be the cry,
 As "Onward," hard you press,
 Yea, "On to Victory," God will
 Your "Good Endeavor" bless.
 "Invincible" must be the heart
 Of every "Volunteer,"
 Till all mankind a "Refuge" find,
 And "Brighter Days" to cheer.
 The "Coldstream Guards" we'll join, and fight
 For our "Victoria's" King,
 Our "Bulwark" God—each "Village Hope"
 Will a "Bright Future" bring;

And each true Christian heart will beat
 Within a "Champion" breast,
 And in the "Ark of Safety," man
 Will "Anchor" safe at rest.
 For on our "Ark of Refuge,"
 The "Star of Peace" will shine,
 The "Dayspring" of the "Conqueror,"
 Our "Pioneer" Divine.
 The Lord's our "Rock of Safety,"
 Our "Star of Freedom," who
 Will "Shield" us from our great "Extremes,"
 And be our "Guardian" through;
 And brave "Sir Wilfrid Lawson"
 Shall as a "Lighthouse" stand,
 A "Beacon" raised by God to shed
 "Protection" o'er the land;
 To bring "Prosperity" and joy,
 "Domestic Comfort" too,
 And make men live like those good men—
 "John Wesley," "Thomas Drew,"
 And "Alexander Riddell,"
 And "Captain Boyd," the brave,
 Who did the tempest dare, and died
 His fellowman to save.
 Our gallant Chief "John Pyper,"
 Still lives to lead us on,
 Through him, the "Hope of Erin,"
 We shall victor's be anon.
 The "Star of Ulster"—"Star of Hope,"
 With pure transcendent ray,
 Will be a never failing light
 Upon our rugged way.
 "Nil Desperandum," this shall be
 Our watchword through the night,
 "No Compromise,"—a "Happy Home,"
 We'll win, for this we fight.
 Our hearts in "Concord" will unite,
 None may "Dictator" be,
 We must with strong "Decision" strike,
 And set the captives free;
 Yea, show them how they may "Reform,"
 Ere numbered are their days,
 And to the "City of Refuge"
 Direct their wand'ring gaze;
 And speak to them of Christ, who is
 Our "Vindicator" still,
 Our "Star of Zion," who our "Ark
 Of Hope" with joy shall fill
 Oh! "Star of Bethel," "Guiding Star,"
 "Protector" of the good,
 "Provider" for the souls that are
 In want of heav'nly food,
 In this our "Prohibition" war,
 Sustain us by Thy hand,
 Till Thy "Message of Peace" shall come
 To gladden all our land.
 O Thou bright "Star of Bethlehem,"
 Herald of sacred peace,
 Shine down upon our stricken earth,
 And bid our bondage cease.
 Greater than gold or "Diamond" wealth,
 The bliss we hope to gain,
 When love, joy, happiness, and health
 O'er drink's fell pow'r shall reign.
 Oh! haste the time when all the world
 May shout with one accord,
 "Eureka!" I have found the peace
 That cometh from the Lord—
 When we shall "Brighter Prospects" reap,
 With sickle, not with sword.

Then, when the storm and struggle's o'er,
Through which our bark is driven,
We'll find a rest on "Eden's" shore,
The "Welcome" rest of Heav'n.
My brother, sister, be thou steadfast still,
Nor flinch when duty bids thee firmly stand;
Work with a holy, pure, unselfish will,
To drive this blighting curse far from our land.
Thou art thy brother's keeper, bear in mind,—
To thee, to all, this sacred trust is given,

To raise the fallen, and to lead the blind
Upon the straight and narrow path to Heaven.
Stretch forth thy hand, the drunkard to reclaim,
Nor shut thy heart 'gainst pity's plaintive cry,
But breathe into his ear that Saviour's name,
Who, sinless, came for sinful man to die.
Oh! think of Him, and let thy bosom swell
With pure philanthropy and heav'n-born love,
Nor blush to save a trembling soul from hell,
Or lead a wanderer's thoughts the skies above.

State of the Order.

IN the *Northern Whig* of 25th, 26th, and 27th May, three letters appeared, signed respectively, "Fidelity," "Truth," and "Querist." The purport of these communications will easily be understood by the following letter which appeared in the *Whig* of 30th May:—

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Fidelity," professes to be a Good Templar, and to write in the interests of the Order. But some of his statements are so unfounded, that not many inside the Order will believe him to be a member in good standing, unless he give his name and the number of his Lodge. As he writes anonymously, I would not notice his letter, were it not that some friends of the Order have been misled by his assertions, and have been expressing their regret at its supposed decline; while no doubt others, like your correspondent, "Truth," have been rejoicing at it. "Fidelity" asserts that the Order in Ireland has "proved a most complete failure," that the membership in Belfast has declined "about 75 per cent.," and that "the inglorious demise of Irish Good Templarism is merely a question of time," unless the two causes of the alleged declension which he specifies be removed. One of these causes is the discussion of "the Bible Wine Question;" but he shows plainly that he does not understand the meaning of that phrase, and he cannot, therefore, be a competent judge as to whether the question ought to be discussed by officers or members of the Order, or by anybody else. His other cause is "the enormous salaries"—"Truth" calls them "miserable salaries;" so "doctors differ"—of the two paid officers of our national organization. Perhaps it is a pity that these two officers, of whom at present I happen to be one, could not afford to give their time and labor altogether gratuitously. If the "total abolition" of these salaries be desired by the "vast majority of the members," as "Fidelity" asserts it is, they will, of course, totally abolish them, as they have full power to do so any year they please; and if the abolition shall turn out for the benefit of the Order, no two members, I am sure, will more heartily rejoice than the two now in receipt of the "enormous salaries."

"Truth" assumes the assertions of "Fidelity" regarding the State of the Order to be truthful, but completely refutes his arguments in accounting for it, and suggests the late Discussion between the Rev. James Kerr and G.W.C.T. Pyper as the real cause of the downfall of the Order in Ireland. In

response to this suggestion, "Querist" asks, very pertinently, why the Rev. A. Bowden declined further discussion with Mr. Pyper in Ireland, and why he and Mr. Kerr and other anti-Templars do not use the same means of destroying the Order in England and Scotland. They have certainly sufficient opportunities for doing so. The readers of the *Good Templars' Watchword*, Organ of the Grand Lodge of England, and of the *Irish Good Templar*, will know that the leading religious opponent of the Order in England, Mr. Varley, of London, has also declined to meet Mr. Pyper in public discussion, the challenge having been presented to him by Mr. Malins, G.W.C.T. of England.

But, sir, the assertions of "Fidelity" about the declension of the Order in Ireland, I am happy to say, are incorrect; and, therefore, the assumption of "Truth" is unfounded, so that both their superstructures give way for want of foundation, as two or three facts will demonstrate. So far from sinking gradually into an "inglorious demise," the Order in Ireland was never in a stronger position than it is at present; and while its progress in numbers and influence is not equal to the wishes of its adherents, it is, nevertheless, highly gratifying. The increase in the number of Irish Lodges, since the Annual Session of the Grand Lodge in August last, is quite equal to that of the previous year; and since that Session there has been an increase in the membership of more than 20 per cent. Even in Belfast, which "Fidelity" specially singles out as a place where he would have your readers believe the Order to be almost extinct, the progress is steadily upwards and onwards. About forty Lodges now hold their usual earnest weekly meetings inside the Borough, and instead of a decrease of membership, there has been an increase of more than 8 per cent. since last August.

In the light of these facts, taken from the Official Returns lying before me, what will your readers now think of the assertions of "Fidelity" and "Truth"? What will your correspondents themselves think of the appropriateness of the names they have assumed? Would they have subscribed their real names to the same assertions? Genuine Good Templars will feel that the Order has little reason to rejoice in the adhesion of such friends as "Fidelity," and little cause to fear from the opposition of such foes as "Truth."—Yours, &c.,

ANDREW LEDLIE, G.W.S.

Grand Lodge Offices, 26, Ann Street,
Belfast, 29th May, 1874.

Literary Notices.

PRIZE PICTORIAL READINGS. In Prose and Verse. Illustrating all Phases of the Temperance Question. By Various Writers. London: John Kempster & Co., 9 and 10, St. Bride's Avenue, Fleet Street. This is a handsomely bound, richly illustrated, gilt edged volume, containing 124 pages well printed on thick toned paper. It contains thirty Temperance Readings, none of them above four pages in length. They are all of a high order of merit, some of them of the very highest, being from the pens of Dr. F. R. Lees, Rev. Dawson Burns, Dr. Edmunds, E. Lamplough, M. A. Paull, H. A. Glazebrook, &c. Several of the Readings are in the form of stories. They all combine the interesting with the instructive in an eminent degree, and every one of them is admirably adapted for reading in the Lodge-room. We, therefore, most cordially commend them, as the best collection of Readings for Good Templar Lodges and other Temperance meetings yet published.

JOHN COTTON; OR, THE SUCCESSFUL FACTORY LAD. A New Temperance Tale of Lancashire Life. By Bro. C. Duxbury, Master of Classical Academy, Ledbury. Manchester: John Heywood, 141 and 143, Deansgate. This Tale is

divided into twenty-five chapters, and is issued in a volume, 172 pages in length, neatly bound, with gilt edges. The plot of the story is well conceived, the composition is excellent, and the moral tone is of the highest order. The story vividly and truthfully portrays the social, moral, and religious life of Lancashire, that wonderful hive of successful industry. We sincerely wish it may have a circulation equal to its merits, which will be extensive indeed.

GOOD TEMPLARISM IN HARMONY WITH CHRISTIANITY: A Reply to Rev. James Heron's "New Crusade." By Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, G.W. Chaplain. 66 pp. Price 6d. Belfast: W. E. Mayne, 1, Donegal Square East. I.O.G.T. Offices, 26, Ann Street. This able defence of the principles and policy of our Order, from the pen of our talented and indefatigable G.W. Chaplain, has had a good circulation with excellent results in several localities. But there are still a number of our Lodges that have done little or nothing towards its circulation yet. We beg to assure the Members of such Lodges, that one of the best things they can do for our good cause is to get it in extensive circulation immediately in their respective districts.

Progress of the Order.

MEETING OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

Before the present Number is in the hands of our readers, the Fourth Annual Meeting of our Grand Lodge shall have been held in Londonderry. We anticipate a large and earnest assembly of Brothers and Sisters from all parts of the Country, and we trust that the blessing of God will rest upon their deliberations. We shall give a report of the Session in our next.

NEW LODGES.

ACHILLES Lodge, No. 229, was instituted in St. Mathias' School Room, Dublin, 4th August, by Bro. W. F. Lawlor, G.W.C.; principal officers, Bros. H. Brown, W.L.D.; H. Shanks, W.C.T.; C. Kelly, W.V.T.; and W. Lemon, W.S.

DAYBREAK Lodge, No. 230, was instituted in Moy, 12th August, by Bro. Rev. G. Wight, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. J. Meiklejohn, W.L.D.; Rev. A. J. Lewis, W.C.T.; and J. Grimson, W.S.; and Sis. E. Smart, W.V.T.

OVOC'S HOPE Lodge, No. 231, was instituted in Ovoca, 12th August, by Bro. W. F. Lawlor, G.W.C.; principal officers—Bros. W. Greene, W.C.T.; C. Wade, W.V.T.; and J. Parkla, W.S.

ARK Lodge, No. 232, was instituted in Belurbet, 14th August, by the G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. J. A. Martin, W.C.T.; and Sis. Mrs. Martin, W.V.T.

LODGE No. 233, was instituted in Strangford, 18th Aug., by Bro. P. Ferguson, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Bros. W. Breen, W.L.D.; B. Hughes, W.C.T.; and H. M'Keown, W.S.; and Sister Hughes, W.V.T.

GOOD TEMPLAR MARRIAGES.

PINKERTON—CRAIG.—7th November, 1873, in College Square North Presbyterian Church, Belfast, by Bro. Rev. A. Gray, Mr. John Pinkerton to Sister Jane Craig, W.T., Star of Bethlehem Lodge, No. 97.

MELVILLE—GORDON.—19th May, in the Independent Church, Carrickfergus, by Rev. Wm. Graham, Bro. James Melville to Sister Mary Gordon, both of Havelock Lodge, No. 120.

CUNNINGHAM—POLLOCK.—26th June, in Waterside Presbyterian Church, Londonderry, by Rev. R. Ross, assisted by Rev. T. Crockery, Bro. John Cunningham, W.S., to Sister Annie Pollock, both of Horeb Lodge, No. 86.

GOULD—MARRON.—11th July, in St. Anne's Church, Belfast, by Rev. Mr. Spence, Bro. R. Gould, P.W.A.S., Invincible Lodge, No. 8, to Sister Miss Marron, P.W.T., Victoria Lodge, No. 90.

HANNA—HAIR.—24th July, in the Presbyterian Church, Hilltown, by Rev. James Wilson, Bro. Wm. Hanna, W.L.D., to Sister Ellen Hair, both of Rock Lodge, No. 116, Rathfriland.

MAGEE—FULLERTON.—8th August, in St. Colmanell's Church, Ahoghill, by Rev. E. Patman, Mr. Scott Magee to Sister Eleanor Fullerton, W.V.T., Purple Star Lodge, No. 149.

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions for the *Irish Good Templar* and Books for Review in its columns should be addressed to the Editor, JOHN PYPER, G.W.C.T., 4, Old Park Terrace, Belfast.

The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

VOL. II.—No. 10.

1ST OCTOBER, 1874.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

The Bible and Total Abstinence.—No. X.

BY THE EDITOR.

A GREAT writer says, "It is only by virtue of the opposition which it has surmounted, that any Truth can stand in the human mind." According to this, Total Abstinence Truth is designed to become stable and permanent. It has been strenuously opposed by the learned and the pious, as well as by the ignorant and the wicked. Not strange the latter, but passing strange the former, when one thinks of the nature and extent of the social and moral evils which total abstinence is designed and perfectly adapted to prevent and cure. As certainly as there is a conflict progressing upon earth between truth and error, between good and evil, between light and darkness, between heaven and hell, so certainly is total abstinence from the use of intoxicating beverages upon the right side, and the practice of drinking them either in moderation or excess upon the wrong side. Teetotalism is *right*, and the use of intoxicating beverages is *wrong*, if any truth has ever been discovered and confirmed in Experience or the Providence of God, and in Nature or the Works of God. The temperance literature of our day contains a mass of evidence confirmatory of this established truth that can never be refuted.

Every toxicologist now admits that alcohol is a poison, and, as such, it is invariably injurious to man in a healthy state. In the language of Professor Miller, "Alcohol is a poison; in chemistry and physiology this is its proper place. It kills in large doses, and half kills in smaller ones. It produces insanity, delirium fits. It poisons the blood and wastes the man. The brain suffers most injury, both in structure and function; but there is no vital organ in the body in which there is not induced, sooner or later, more or less disorder and disease." Liquids containing this poison are properly styled intoxicating, that is, poisonous (Greek, *toxikon*; Latin, *toxicum*, poison). Chemists and physiologists have, by the most careful and minute experiments, demonstrated the effects of alcohol

on plants, cold-blooded animals, and warm-blooded animals to be uniformly injurious, the difference between moderation and excess in its administration being only one of *degree* not of nature. The *immediate* effects of alcohol upon the human system, in common with all poisons of its class, may be thus stated:—1. A small dose produces an illicit, pleasurable sensation, hence drinkers say they *feel* the better of it. 2. A larger one causes giddiness, or a tendency to stagger. No wholesome substance would do this. 3. A still larger quantity effects paralysis, complete prostration (dead drunk state). 4. And, finally, the imbibition of a quantity by no means large results in death, as if caused by a shock of the nervous system. The habitual use of intoxicants has, moreover, a *progressive* tendency, varying in its intensity in different constitutions, to produce a diseased, abnormal, ever-increasing appetite for larger quantities—an appetite which "grows by what it feeds upon," till at last, like the horseleech's daughters, it cries "give, give," and is never quite satisfied. This is the true philosophy of drunkenness and its cause, for nobody ever intends or wishes to be a drunkard at first. It is therefore unnatural, unphilosophical, wrong, and consequently sinful, to encourage or countenance, by precept or example, a popular custom so necessarily prolific of human misery for time and eternity, as the drinking custom has proved itself to be.

Surely, in the face of all this, to attempt to make it appear that such a custom has the sanction and patronage of the Word of God and the Saviour of men is dangerous, daring, and presumptuous in the highest degree. Nay, more, we cannot help believing such teaching to be wicked and blasphemous, because it is either an ignorant or a wilful perversion of that Holy Book which never sanctions evil or its cause. God has, in justice tempered with much mercy and long-suffering, permitted the Church in these lands for centuries past to suffer most signally and

grievously for the dishonor which in this matter she has done to His most Holy Word. What member of the Church has escaped, in all its forms, the chastisement of the drink-scurge? Not one. Many inquiring men at home were, for a time, being driven to infidelity, because of the false teaching of the Church on this subject, and, as our missionary records attest, the name Christ has been blasphemed among the heathen from the same cause. Men, therefore, like Stuart, Nott, Lees, Miller, Ritchie, and Shanks, who have sought and found a perfect harmony between Natural Science, Sociology, and Scripture on this subject, as Chalmers, Miller, and others formerly did between Astronomy, Geology, and Scripture, are among the greatest reformers of the age, and will assuredly receive the gratitude of the Church in future times, whether this generation accords to them their due or not. They have done their work of harmonizing so faithfully and well, that no Sabbath-school teacher who reads one of their books can fail to perceive that they are right; and, but for the prejudices, appetites, and selfishness of the drinkers and vendors of intoxicants, their views, from their nature and utility, would be promulgated and received with a rapidity hitherto unexampled in the progress of truth. And until the Church gets free from the weight of misrepresenting the teaching of the Bible on this important subject, she can never, in the full sense, rise to her proper altitude and appear as she ought to do, in the view of a dark, sinful world, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners!"

While the remarks we have just made would be of general application, they are intended specially to apply to an article which we reprinted in our last issue from the number for June, 1865, of the now defunct *Evangelical Witness*. The article is from the pen of Rev. Dr. Murphy, an eminent Belfast professor, for whom as a scholar, a Christian, and a friend, we entertain the highest respect and esteem. We would, therefore, as a matter of personal sentiment, much rather speak in softer tones; but honesty and loyalty to what we most firmly believe to be truth of vast practical importance constrain us to speak plainly. Had Dr. Murphy exercised his wonted prudence and caution, even with the views he entertains on the Wine Question, he would not have allowed such an article to be published in his name, in the community by which he is surrounded. Not to begin lower, every publican and every lover of alcoholic liquor—and how numerous they are!—

who read the article were delighted with it, while multitudes who never saw it have been rejoiced to hear of the good professor's attack on teetotalism. On the other hand, many of the most devoted Christians in Ireland have been deeply grieved at its publication, especially those who know the falsity and pernicious nature of its doctrine, having got sounder views on the subject from the lips and pens of scholars equally eminent, who have given the matter a fuller investigation. In the present series of articles on "The Bible and Total Abstinence," we have given the views of such scholars at considerable length. We have furnished articles from the pens of Rev. Wm. Ritchie, D.D., of Scotland; late President Nott, D.D., LL.D., one of the most distinguished Divines America ever produced; late Professor Stuart, D.D., Andover, one of the ripest Biblical Scholars Christendom can boast of; late renowned Professor Miller, Edinburgh; Dr. F. R. Lees, the philosopher of the Temperance movement; and Professor Douglas, D.D., one of the distinguished Hebrew scholars now engaged by Parliamentary appointment, in the great and solemn work of preparing a revised English version of the Holy Scriptures. It is no disparagement of Dr. Murphy's scholarship to say that these writers are, at least, as well qualified as he is to expound the true teaching of the Bible on this question; and every one of them, as our readers are aware, teaches that the Bible is a Total Abstinence Book, frequently condemning—never sanctioning—the use of any kind of intoxicating beverage. But Dr. Murphy would still make the Grand Old Book, given as a "lamp unto the feet and a light unto the path" of man, a Drinking Book, sanctioning the use of the poisonous liquor that maddens the brain and ruins the soul. When "doctors differ" thus, who shall decide? Councillor Whittaker answers—"Thomas Whittaker"—that is, it is his duty to decide for himself which class of doctors he will obey. He is right, and it is the duty of every individual to decide for himself which doctrine he will accept on the great question at issue, after carefully weighing the evidence.

It will be observed that there is no material difference between Dr. Murphy's definitions of the original Hebrew and Greek terms translated "wine" and "strong drink" in our English version, and those of the other doctors whose names I have mentioned; except in one instance, *tirosh*, which Dr. Murphy erroneously defines as a liquor, instead of vine fruit in the solid state. It is not, therefore, with his linguistic research

that we quarrel, so much as with his logical blundering. We accept his definitions of the Hebrew and Greek words almost *in toto*, but several of his inferences from the use made of these words in certain texts, we are compelled to reject as absurd *non-se quiturs*. His teaching on the question is scholarly in a linguistic sense, but it is amazingly illogical. Any reader will perceive this who compares his logic with that of the others whose views we have recorded; and his fallacious reasoning will be made still more evident, in critical reviews of his article from various pens, which we mean to give in future issues of the *I. G. Templar*. His interpretation, if true, would make the Bible a contradictory book, commending in one place what it condemns in another; an unphilosophic book, sanctioning the use of abnormal drink; an unscientific book, commending the drinking of unwholesome beverages; and an immoral book, encouraging the use of drink whose nature is to lead to sin. His exposition represents the Holy Book as the main-stay of the infernal liquor traffic; for if it be right to drink intoxicating liquor it cannot be wrong to manufacture, sell, and buy it. It is, therefore, our bounden duty to expose the unsoundness of his exegesis, seeing so many of those among whom we labor are constantly referring to him as an authority on the side of the enemy against which we "wage a life-long war."

Dr. Murphy is almost the only influential writer in Ireland, who has undertaken to defend the imbibing of intoxicants from the Bible; though many otherwise excellent people have all along been quietly taking it for granted that their moderate wine drinking was in harmony with Scripture. His position and character render him about the most powerful opponent Ireland could produce. While we cannot but regret the opposition of such a man, perhaps it is Providential that he should be the first to take up his pen against us; for if we can refute Dr. Murphy's attack on our doctrine, we have

gained the field as far as *authority* goes. Well, this we confidently claim to have accomplished, and shall continue to submit our proof in the present series of articles.

Dr. Murphy deservedly enjoys the gratitude of the Christian community, for the zeal and ability displayed by him some years ago in the refutation of Bishop Colenzo's attack on the Pentateuch, and for several valuable contributions to our Biblical literature; and if he would give due attention to the Bible Wine Question, by the perusal of such works as the *Temperance Bible Commentary*, he would, as a lover of truth, soon rejoice in the discovery of another, and to him a new, internal evidence of the Divine origin of the Sacred Volume. He would find that while chemistry and physiology completely overturn the false interpretation of Scripture which he has in this case adopted, they perfectly harmonize with the Bible itself, as true science must always do. We confess that we love our Bible all the more that it gives no sanction whatever to a practice which we have all our life observed to be a public source of ruin, lamentation, and woe. To use Dr. Murphy's own words in a truer sense, "This is what was to be reasonably expected in a book of heavenly wisdom." At the close of a lucid and cogent lecture upon this subject, delivered about twelve years ago by Dr. Lees, in Linen Hall Street Presbyterian Church, Belfast, the late Rev. Dr. Morgan, one of the wisest and best of men, gave utterance to a sentiment which we earnestly commend to the thoughtful, "dispassionate" attention of Dr. Murphy and all Christian readers. He said, "The lecture just delivered has deepened in my mind the conviction I have long entertained, namely, that a holy and righteous God cannot have sanctioned in His Word the use of an agent whose tendency is to ruin His creatures." If intoxicating drink has no such tendency, tell us what has! We shall next month give a review of Dr. Murphy's article, from the talented pen of Bro. Dr. F. R. Lees, G.W.V.T. of England.

Report of the G.W.V.T. at the Fourth Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, Londonderry, 24th August, 1874.

TO THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND, I.O.G.T., IN ANNUAL SESSION ASSEMBLED.

WORTHY OFFICERS AND MEMBERS,
—At the close of another eventful year in the history of our beneficent Order in Ireland, we have assembled in Faith, Hope, and Charity, to transact the business of our Fourth Annual Session. It becomes us to com-

mence our deliberations with an expression of our unfeigned gratitude to Almighty God, for tokens of Divine approbation vouchsafed to us in the past, and of our humble dependence upon His help and unswerving confidence in His gracious guidance, during this Session and in all

time, to come. In accordance with our Laws and Usages, it is again my duty and privilege to submit to you my Annual Report.

PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

At our last Annual Session, our Subordinate Lodges numbered 194. Since then, 42 new Lodges have been instituted, precisely the same number that were instituted in the previous year; so that our Subordinate Lodges now number 236, and they are under the supervision of 24 well-equipped District Lodges. There has been also a proportionate increase in the membership during the year. While this progress is not as great as we desired, it is nevertheless highly encouraging, and will be looked back upon as remarkable in all future time, when viewed in connexion with the obstacles against which we have had to contend.

RELIGIOUS OPPOSITION.

Strange things have been done in all ages in the name of religion, and often by well-meaning people too. In no country in the world, do the people of all denominations follow more implicitly, often bigotedly, the leadership of their religious guides and instructors than in Ireland. This trait in our national character works well so far as our religious teachers are right in theory and practice; but when they happen to be wrong, as unfortunately the large majority of them are upon the drink question, the results are often disastrous indeed. The condemnation of our Order by Cardinal Cullen, the Irish Head of the largest Church in our island, makes it impossible for us to gain many adherents among our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen. If his Eminence would condescend to give the reasons of his condemnation, I would gladly discuss the subject with him, and have no doubt I could vindicate our cause successfully against any arguments he could advance. But as, in his elevated position, he does not feel called upon to discuss, which would be difficult, perhaps dangerous, but merely to denounce, which is to him easy and safe, I can only leave those who feel satisfied to obey such dogmatism to take their own course, with the hope and prayer that they may soon come to see that we are right and the Cardinal wrong, and that it is their duty to "obey God rather than man."

The only other Church in Ireland that, as such, has anathematized us is the Reformed Presbyterian Synod, a small but determined body of people who glory in their faithfulness in what they call "testifying" and "witness-bearing." They feel in duty bound to bear solemn and continuous testimony against all other Churches in these lands, and against almost every society not directly under their own auspices. The Temperance Society seemed for some years past to be an exception to this rule until our Order was introduced, and because it has some features in common with other societies which they have been in the habit of denouncing, we soon came in for more than our share of their public censure. From my personal regard for some of their ministers and people, several of whom are earnest and intelligent advocates of the Temperance cause, I allowed their denunci-

ations to pass unnoticed for a considerable time, and should gladly have continued to overlook them had they confined them within the limits of their own small body; but this they did not do. The Rev. James Kerr, of Greenock, a minister of their denomination, by the request of his co-Presbyters, published a pamphlet entitled, "The Principles and Practices of Secret Societies Opposed to Scripture and Reason," in which he vehemently abused Good Templarism, Masonry, and Orangeism. He afterwards came across the Channel and delivered lectures in several places in the North of Ireland, not against the three societies attacked in his pamphlet, but only against our Order. Why he abused, ridiculed, and misrepresented our organization only, and said nothing against the other two, he did not explain.

As our Order was the youngest of the three in Ireland, it was the most easily misrepresented, and it having been just introduced, or about to be introduced, into some of the places where his lectures were delivered and his pamphlet was being circulated, some new friends and adherents of our Order became alarmed and annoyed at his caricature of it. Silence on our part was no longer desirable, as the Order was beginning to suffer from his unwarrantable attacks, made as the representative of the denomination to which he belonged. In these circumstances, shortly after the last Session of our Grand Lodge, a young but vigorous Lodge in Killyleagh, County Down, (Consistency, No. 146), that was suffering somewhat from Mr. Kerr's misrepresentations, invited me to review the Good Templar part of his pamphlet in a public lecture; which I did before a large and attentive audience in the First Presbyterian Church, Killyleagh, on 30th September last. Mr. Kerr having been informed of this sent me a challenge to a public Discussion of the question, in Killyleagh and Belfast. I at once accepted the challenge, and the Discussions took place in Killyleagh on 4th November, and in Belfast on 5th and 6th November. A *verbatim* Report of the Discussion in Belfast was taken by shorthand writers and has since been published. To that Discussion, as thus published, I confidently appeal, as a complete vindication of our noble Order with regard to the unwarrantable charges usually urged against it by religious objectors, such as those of Deism, Ritualism, Unlawful Secrecy, Vain Titles, Violation of the Rights of Conscience, Exaltation of the Apocrypha to a Level with Divine Revelation, &c. Wherever the Discussion may be read, I feel satisfied it will produce the good results which I am aware it has already done in many important quarters.

The first edition of the Discussion is exhausted, and a second one is called for, which will likely be issued before the end of the present year, with appropriate preface, introductory critique, notes, and appendices. These *addenda* are rendered necessary to meet and expose the unscrupulous tactics of Mr. Kerr and his friends. A course more unwarrantable, unworthy, unfair, and dishonorable has seldom, if ever, been pursued by any party in the whole history of controversy, as will be made evident in the new edition of the Discussion. You will have seen

some hints of this already, in the correspondence connected with the Discussion that has been published in the *Irish Good Templar*. Mr. Kerr and his friends have all along manifested their own want of confidence in his efforts in the Discussion, unaided by some collateral assistance, usually supplied in the form of cowardly, anonymous writing. I shall only notice here the climax of their wanton unfairness and folly in this respect, namely, their getting some hundreds of copies of the Discussion printed off the original type, by private arrangement with the printer (Mr. Kerr is experienced in that kind of work), and issuing them in the same form as the original Discussion, in similar cover, with same title-page, marked as "Published by the Joint Committee," but containing an anonymous "Introductory Critique," eight pages in length, full of the most libellous, untruthful, and virulent abuse of the Order in general and myself in particular that as yet been penned.

In this unmanly, anonymous article, apparently published by the "Joint Committee," Mr. Kerr is lauded as a hero of the first rank, for having with "a dash of defiant recklessness," thrown himself into the dreaded arena of "Public Discussion with one of the Heads of a powerful Secret Association, that the heartless shams and delusions which were being so industriously practised upon the unwary by designing men might be openly tested and exposed." According to this writer, the members of this Grand Lodge are worth looking after. His opinion of myself and the Discussion is given in the last two sentences of his critique, as follows:—"The solemn and crushing charges successively adduced by Mr. Kerr against the Order of Good Templarism, firmly based, as they are, both in Scripture and reason, and sustained by an overwhelming weight of evidence, could not be met in the way of positive denial, or of bold and manly vindication, but only by the well-practised arts of skilful dodging and fallacious misrepresentation. On the printed pages of this Discussion, these charges remain, unanswered and unanswerable; and, like the great millstone that the mighty angel took up and cast into the sea, they are sufficient, in the estimation of all unprejudiced judges, to sink any association around whose neck they are fastened, at once into the lowest depths, so that it shall not be found any more at all." Well, brethren, whatever faults I have, or am represented to have, I generally get credit from friends and opponents alike for being honest, truthful, and sincere; but, according to this critic, I am neither, for he represents me as having in the Discussion exercised my "well-practised arts of skilful dodging and fallacious misrepresentation."

But, you will ask, "Who is this bold accuser, who expresses such high admiration of openness, manliness, courage, and honor, and such detestation of secrecy and cowardice?" Well, I am in a position to answer the question, but, strange inconsistency, he writes *anonymously* and appears to think that he can influence the public mind against Good Templar secrecy through his denunciation of it, while he conceals his own name as an anti-Templar secret. Dare he have used the same language regarding the Order and

myself, on a public platform in my presence, or in the press with his own name attached to it? I do not believe he dare. Some of you will be astonished, as I was, at the discovery that our anonymous maligner is the Rev. J. A. Chancellor of Belfast, one of the ablest and most popular of the Reformed Presbyterian Ministers in Ireland. Had not the evidence been conclusive, I could not have believed him capable of making such an attack upon myself in any form, or such an attack upon anybody anonymously; for I had long held him in the highest esteem, though he differed from me about Good Templarism, and I fully believed he entertained similar sentiments towards me. But since he has deliberately taken such a course, I beg to inform you now, and the public, including himself, when this Report be published, that he shall likely hear more of the matter bye and bye. Many wondered how a man of Mr. Chancellor's high character associated himself so intimately with so vulgar and abusive a lecturer as Rev. A. Bowden, of Bacup; but their astonishment on that point will not be so great, when they learn that he is the author of the anonymous article to which I have referred.

The harm done by Mr. Bowden's pamphlet and lectures against us was, I believe, largely neutralized by his refusal to accept my challenge to a public Discussion. In some of your Districts, I am aware that the Order was receiving temporary injury from the circulation of the pamphlet written against us by Mr. Henry Varley, of London. I think its pernicious influence was also considerably neutralized in Ireland, as well as in England, by Mr. Varley's refusal to accept my challenge to a public Discussion, presented to him in my behalf by G.W.C.T. Malins. I have arrived at the conviction, though I am not a lover of controversy, that the offering of a challenge to public Discussion may often be an effective means of suppressing and repelling swaggering abuse on the part of religious assailants of our Order. I, therefore, recommend you to use, as often as necessary, this legitimate means of protection, and, if you can find no better defender of the Order, my humble services will be cheerfully at your disposal, so long as I have health and strength to expend in so good a cause.

When these religious assailants decline to meet us on the platform in Discussion, we can encounter them with their own weapons in the press; and with so many able and willing pens at our disposal, and the truth on our side, we can never be worsted. Mr. Bowden has been victoriously refuted by Bro. Vance Macauley, D.C., Coleraine; Mr. Varley by Bro. Rev. T. Ryder, G.W. Chaplain of England; Rev. Mathew Macauley by Bro. Rev. D. H. M'Murtry, M.A., Newtownards; Rev. Andrew Breakey by our own G.W. Chaplain, Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks; and Rev. James Heron by Bros. Rev. G. H. Shanks, Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry, Gordon White, and Vance Macauley. And last, but not least, religious opponents in general have been indirectly and triumphantly met, by the monthly articles in the *Irish Good Templar*, from the lucid, eloquent, and Scriptural pen of Sister A. J. C., Londonderry.

My only regret on this point is that, as an organization, we have made so little use of the polished weapons so abundantly supplied to our

hands for coping effectively with the religious objections, so strangely raised in so many quarters, against our benevolent Order. If every member and Lodge in Ireland would make all the use they can for the next twelve months of the writings in reply to religious objectors to which I have alluded, almost all the opposition from Christian men and women around us would be narrowed down to the one *real* objection, namely, practical dislike to teetotalism itself. Brothers and Sisters, endeavor to realize fully the importance of this matter, and my earnest appeal to you for aid in extending the circulation of our religious, controversial literature will not be in vain.

WEEK OF PRAYER.

At a meeting of the United Executives of the Grand Lodges of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, held in Glasgow on 6th January, it was unanimously resolved—"That the United Executive Council recommend the week commencing 8th March to be set apart by the members of the Order in Great Britain and Ireland, for special and united Prayer to Almighty God for His blessing upon the Temperance cause and the work in which we are engaged; and further, that the Lodge meetings held that week be mainly devoted to Prayer on this behalf." I am glad to say that this recommendation was very generally adopted in Ireland, with the happy results that were anticipated. I was privileged to take part in no less than seven Lodge Prayer meetings in that week, having attended two on one of the evenings. The season was so refreshing that several Lodges have since held, and mean to continue to hold, Prayer meetings at least once in each quarter.

I have sincere pleasure in cordially advising this Grand Lodge to imitate the Grand Lodge of Scotland, in recommending all Subordinate Lodges to set apart the first weeks in September, December, March, and June, for special and united Prayer on behalf of our work. If you agree to make this recommendation, as the Grand Lodge of Scotland unanimously did, at the suggestion of Bro. Gladstone, I have no doubt the Executives of the English and Welsh Grand Lodges will unite with us in making similar recommendations in their respective jurisdictions; so that we shall likely have upwards of 5,000 Temperance Prayer-meetings held in the same week, once every quarter during the coming year, in the British Isles. What blessings from above may we not expect from such stated concerts for Prayer in behalf of such a work as ours!

THE GENERAL ELECTION AND THE PERMISSIVE BILL.

At every past Session of our Grand Lodge, strong resolutions were unanimously adopted in favor of the legislative prohibition of the liquor traffic, especially through the instrumentality of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Bill. At our last Session, the resolutions on this point adopted by the Grand Lodge urged the importance of social and political reformers giving the suppression of the liquor traffic precedence of all other questions until finally settled, and declaring it to be the duty of Good Templar Electors to support no

candidate for parochial, municipal, or Parliamentary honors who should decline to support the Permissive Bill. The General Election in February last afforded a good opportunity for testing the sincerity and power of our Order in this all-important part of our work, and I rejoice to say that neither was found wanting. As your representative, with the concurrence of our Executive, I endeavored at the Election to carry your resolutions into effect by working unitedly with the Committee of the Irish Temperance League, of which Committee I am a member; and I believe we were much more successful in accomplishing our common object—the returning of Members to the House of Commons pledged to support the Permissive Bill—by this united action of the League and the Order than we could have been by working separately. Your Executive and the League Committee, for a considerable time previous to the General Election, had been preparing in concert for the great event, and, sudden though it came, they were ready for the occasion. During the weeks between the Dissolution of Parliament and the Election, I gave my time wholly to deputational work, in waiting upon candidates in various parts of Ulster, the League paying my travelling expenses. During that time, I had the pleasure of meeting many of the Electors in our Order, and found them generally quite prepared to carry out the prohibitory resolutions of our Grand Lodge to the fullest extent. The course I adopted and advised generally may be illustrated by the Belfast Election, as indicated by the following Address, which appeared in the newspapers, covered the walls of the town in large placards, and was circulated in hand-bills through the Lodges and among the members during the week of the Election:—

To the Good Templar Electors of the Borough of Belfast.

DEAR BRETHREN,—At the last Session of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, held in Dublin, the following Resolution was cordially adopted:—

"That as the grand object of our Order—the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic—can be accomplished only through the Legislature, it is the duty of all Good Templar Electors to support only such candidates for Parliamentary honors as promise to vote for prohibitory measures, such as the Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill of Sir Wilfrid Lawson."

As Messrs. Johnston and Corry have promised, if returned, to vote for the Second Reading of the Permissive Bill, and Mr. M'Clure has declined to promise, you are hereby earnestly called upon, in accordance with the above Resolution, to vote for JOHNSTON and CORRY, and to do all in your power to secure their triumphant return.—Fraternally and faithfully yours, JOHN PYPER, G. W. C. T. of Ireland.

The results of our efforts on the whole were most cheering. They demonstrate that success in our prohibitory campaign is simply, under the Divine blessing, a question of sowing and reaping, of work and reward, of standing manfully by our guns and glorious victory. Every candidate in Ulster for whom we felt called upon to work vigorously was returned, except Lord

Claud Hamilton, who was defeated for County Tyrone by Mr. Macartney. This one failure, however, is deeply to be regretted. Hardly any other individual loss in Ireland could have been greater. His Lordship had nobly supported Sir Wilfrid in the House on several occasions, by voice as well as by vote, while Mr. Macartney not only did neither the one nor the other, but defiantly voted on the publicans' side on 19th June, his first opportunity. I am quite sure that in this vote he did not represent the sentiment of County Tyrone, and am greatly mistaken if his constituents do not emphatically inform him that he has misrepresented them in this matter, should he ever again solicit their suffrages. We have reason also to deeply regret the vote from Downpatrick, the capital of my native County. The late Member for that Borough, Mr. Keown, voted several times for the Permissive Bill, and never against it. To the surprise of everybody and the deep regret of many, especially of our Downpatrick brethren, Mr. Mulholland voted against the Bill, although at the General Election in 1868, when he was a candidate for Belfast, he promised, if returned, to vote for its Second Reading. Our brethren and other Permissive Bill friends in Downpatrick must let the Hon. gentleman know distinctly, at the proper time, how much they feel aggrieved by his adverse vote. The case of Coleraine is also cause for deep regret. The late Member for that Borough did not vote for the Permissive Bill, but he never voted against it; while his successor, Mr. Taylor, recorded his vote against it on his first opportunity. This retrograde influence from Coleraine is the more to be regretted, because the members of our Order and other friends of Sir Wilfrid's measure in the Borough had it easily within their power to prevent the possibility of an adverse vote from their representative, and by due firmness and tact they could also have secured a favorable one. From a pretty exact knowledge of the "situation" in Coleraine, I feel certain of this, and I earnestly counsel our Coleraine brethren to carefully prepare for the good work of having their sentiments truly represented in the House of Commons at the earliest opportunity. The ancient city of Armagh has also been disgraced by Mr. Vance, for the first time, voting on the wrong side. On former occasions, he declined to vote either for or against the Permissive Bill. When the proper time arrives, he must be made to understand how thoroughly dissatisfied our Armagh brethren are with this retrograde conduct on his part. I was not surprised at the adverse votes of Mr. Connolly, Member for County Donegal, and Col. Cole, Member for County Fermanagh, as these gentlemen were only pursuing their old, unpatriotic course. I am glad, however, to state that our Order is making such progress in both these Counties, that the representatives I have named will by and by be induced to change their attitude with regard to the liquor traffic, or be obliged to give place to others of more enlightened views on the subject.

While it is my duty to record, and to assist you in remedying, these losses and defects, our successes on the other hand, have been such as may

well prompt us to "thank God and take courage." We have to rejoice in the gain of Newry. The late Member for that Borough, Lord Newry, voted against us both on the Permissive and Sunday Closing Bills, while his successor, Mr. Whitworth, cordially supported both. Lord Hill Trevor, Member for County Down, was induced to vote for the Permissive Bill this year for the first time, though on a former occasion he had voted against it. I was disappointed that his colleague, Mr. Crawford, did not vote for the Bill, though he did not vote against it. At the Election, he expressed himself personally in favor of the measure without any hesitation, but he had agreed with his Committee to pledge himself publicly on no question but one—Tenant-right. I am quite satisfied from his own views on the subject, that if all his constituents who are in favor of the measure—numerous and influential as they are—will let the Hon. gentleman know their desire on this matter, by memorials, resolutions, and letters, he will not hesitate to vote for the Second Reading of the Bill next year. County Antrim proved itself this year the best County in Ireland, I believe also the best in the United Kingdom, on our question. The whole six Members—Hon. E. O'Neill and Mr. Chaine for the County, Messrs. Corry and Johnston for Belfast, Mr. Dalway for Carrickfergus, and Sir Richard Wallace for Lisburn, followed Sir Wilfrid into the right Lobby. I sincerely trust we may be able to keep this great County in its present proud position, until the Permissive Bill shall be a Permissive Act. Mr. Lewis again properly represented the "Maiden City," as Professor Smyth also did County Londonderry. Dr. Smyth has proved a valuable advocate of prohibition in the House—especially of Sunday Closing, in favor of which the Ulster vote was unanimous. Mr. Law did not vote. Our friends in various parts of County Derry must endeavor to persuade the Right Hon. gentleman to do so next year. Viscount Crichton again did his duty for Enniskillen, and Dungannon was properly represented by Mr. Dickson. The other Members from Ulster who voted with Sir Wilfrid were Hon. H. W. L. Corry, County Tyrone; Mr. Archdale, County Fermanagh; Messrs. Verner and Close, County Armagh; Messrs. Leslie and Shirley, County Monaghan; and Mr. Biggar, County Cavan. The entire votes and pairs for the Three Kingdoms were as follows:—

England and Wales, for the Bill 46, against 281.		
Ireland,	30,	18.
Scotland,	16,	19.

Of the thirty favorable votes from Ireland, nineteen were from Ulster, whose names I have given; and of the eighteen unfavorable ones, six were from Ulster, whose names I have also recorded. The names of the eleven Members from the other three Provinces, who voted favorably, are Mr. Browne, Lord Conyngham, Mr. Dease, Mr. Dick, Mr. Downing, Mr. Henry, Mr. Meldon, Mr. Moore, Chevalier O'Clery, Sir C. O'Loghen, and Mr. Sullivan. The last named gentleman supported the Bill by a powerful speech as well as by his vote. The twelve adverse votes from Leinster, Munster, and Connaught were those of Right Hon. J. T. Ball, Lord Beresford, Sir R. G. Booth, Sir G. Bowyer, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Braen,

Mr. Collins, Mr. Errington, Major O'Gorman, Dr. O'Leary, Mr. Power, and Mr. Shaw. Dublin is in as bad a state as it almost can be, as far as its influence in Parliament on our question is concerned. We must do all in our power to help our brethren there to bring about a happier state of things in the metropolis. On the whole, taking into account the extraordinary efforts of the distillers, brewers, and publicans at the General Election, the late division on the Permissive Bill is very far from discouraging. We shall win the day sooner than many faithless people imagine, if we only energetically persevere, always seeking guidance and strength from the Source of all wisdom and power.

OFFICIAL DECISIONS.

The following Decisions on points of Law, Usage, and Order include nearly all the important ones given by me during the past year, and they are binding upon all Lodges and members of the Order in Ireland, until reversed by this Grand Lodge or some higher tribunal:—

1.—The admission of members and election of officers must be by ballot.

2.—A vote of suspension or expulsion must be taken by ballot.

3.—It is a violation of the Obligation for a member to take intoxicating drink daily for an indefinite period under the name of medicine. Members can take intoxicating liquors as medicine only as other poisonous drugs are taken, and even such use of them is discountenanced by the Order.

4.—It is not a violation of the Obligation to partake of intoxicating wine at the Lord's Supper, but it is the duty of every Good Templar to make all lawful endeavors to have the poisonous cup displaced by the innocent, unintoxicating "fruit of the vine" at that sacred feast, in the Church to which he belongs.

5.—A clerk or assistant in a wine and spirit merchant's establishment cannot be a member of the Order, though an excise officer may, because the former by an understanding, explicit or tacit, is in duty bound to promote the business of his employer (the merchant), whereas the latter may feel that he is advancing the best interests of his employer (the State) by laboring for the suppression of the liquor traffic.

6.—A member violates his Obligation if he lets his property to be used as premises for the sale of intoxicating drink.

7.—A member of a co-operative company in whose store intoxicating drinks are sold cannot be a member of the Order.

8.—A Good Templar cannot sell intoxicating drinks by auction, if he receives part of the price as his auction fees; but he may do so as an administrator, executor, or sheriff's agent, provided he has no pecuniary interest in the sale.

9.—A butler, waiter, or domestic servant, who buys or serves intoxicating drinks, cannot be a member of the Order.

10.—No person under sixteen years of age can be a Charter member.

11.—All musical, elocutionary, or dramatic performances given in character are illegal.

12.—Dancing in Lodges, or at meetings connected with Lodges, is illegal.

13.—It is illegal to smoke in Lodge-rooms or anti-rooms during Lodge Sessions, or while wearing Regalia anywhere.

14.—It is illegal for members to wear any other badges than the Regalia of our Order, in Lodges or Good Templar processions, except those of kindred Temperance organizations, such as the Independent Order of Rechabites or the Sons of Temperance.

15.—All members in Lodge must be clothed with Regalia, unless where it is not procurable, and any member refusing to wear it when available is not entitled to deliberate or vote.

16.—Every Subordinate Lodge must be connected with a District Lodge, and no Subordinate Lodge can withdraw from one District Lodge and join another, without the sanction of the G.W.C.T. or the Grand Lodge.

17.—Every Subordinate Lodge must hold weekly meetings.

18.—A Lodge Deputy grossly neglects his duty if he fails to read, or have read, the Quarterly Circular of the G.W.C.T. and G.W.S. to his Lodge. Every Lodge should insist on having it read.

19.—The Lodge Deputy is not entitled to communicate the Quarterly Password to any one but the W.C.T., and not to him till after his installation.

20.—A Lodge Deputy may install the officers of another Lodge than his own, if requested to do so by the Deputy of the Lodge, or in the absence of the Deputy on the regular installation night, by the request of the Lodge.

21.—The Lodge Deputy should communicate the Travelling Password to the W.C.T., the W.V.T., and the P.W.C.T. No other officers or members should receive it, except those about to travel beyond the limits of their own Grand Lodge jurisdiction, and such members are entitled to it only after having received Travelling Cards.

22.—Current Passwords are not to be written down in ordinary characters, and Deputies should be very careful of the cypher committed to their care.

23.—No member can be Deputy for any Lodge except his own.

24.—A District Deputy may be Lodge Deputy for his own Lodge.

25.—In the absence of the W.C.T., the W.V.T. takes the chair, but the latter may ask the Lodge Deputy to preside, if he thinks proper.

26.—It is not proper to salute the presiding officer when rising to address the Lodge.

27.—The W.C.T. and his Supporters should unite in forming the circle, after resuming their stations, in the initiatory ceremonies.

28.—No part of the Ritual can be omitted, except the Odes, in either opening, closing, or initiatory ceremonies.

29.—The initiatory and all other prayers in the Lodge may be *extempore*.

30.—I do not approve of Public Installations, and have almost without exception refused to grant Dispensations for such.

31.—Charter members must pay the usual fees for their Degrees.

32.—A member who withdraws from the Order can be admitted again only by reinitiation, and

forfeits Degrees and all other honors previously acquired. The same law holds with regard to members on Clearance Card, at the expiration of one year from the date thereof.

33.—A member on Clearance Card cannot prefer a charge against a member in good standing.

34.—A Committee of investigation into any charge preferred against a member must be appointed in the Lodge, and the W.C.T. cannot fill vacancies in the Committee outside the Lodge.

35.—No member can demand *as a right* admission to any Lodge except his own. The admission of a visitor by a Lodge is only *an act of courtesy*, but one which is seldom refused.

36.—Only a P.W.C.T. who has been installed and completed a term as W.C.T. is entitled *ex officio* to the Grand Lodge Degree.

INTERNATIONAL WORK.

As your representative, I endeavored throughout the past year, as in former ones, to maintain our fraternal relationships with neighboring jurisdictions, by accepting invitations to Anniversary Good Templar meetings in England, Scotland, and Wales, as far as my time, the state of our finances, and the interests of the Order at home seemed to me to justify. Like your other Representatives elect to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, I did not attend the Annual Session at Boston in May. It was the value of the time rather than the expense that prevented me, for if I could have spent a few weeks in Canada and the United States going and coming, my expenses would have cost the Grand Lodge little or nothing. I attended, by special invitation, Anniversary Good Templar gatherings in Greenock in January and in Manchester at Easter, on which occasions my expenses were paid by the parties who invited me, and I had the honor and privilege of presenting the fraternal greetings of the Order in Ireland to the brotherhood across the Channel. Through want of time, I have been obliged to refuse several invitations to Good Templar demonstrations in the sister island during the past year, like the one to be held on Wednesday next, in the grounds of Brayton Hall, Cumberland, the residence of our Parliamentary champion, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, at which the Hon. Baronet himself is to preside.

I attended a meeting of the United Executives of the British Grand Lodges in Glasgow on 6th January, at which a good deal of important business was transacted, the most important of which for us was the lessening of our liabilities by the amount of £60. It was mutually agreed at a United Executive meeting held in Belfast in September, 1872, that it would be necessary for the four British Grand Lodges to contribute at least £500 towards the expenses of holding the Annual Session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge in London, in 1873. Of this sum, £80 was the amount levied upon Ireland. But at the Glasgow meeting to which I have alluded, by pressing our pecuniary position and showing the comparative smallness of our numbers, I was enabled to induce the brethren to accept, unanimously, £20 instead of the £80, as a fair amount for Ireland under the circumstances, and so our Grand Lodge is relieved of a claim of £60. It was worth while for me to be present on that occasion.

I spent nearly a week of April and nearly two weeks of July in representing this Grand Lodge at the Annual Sessions of the Grand Lodges of Wales in Carnarvon, of Scotland in Edinburgh, and of England in Bradford. In return for these courtesies, I secured the promises of the presence at our present Session of the three G.W.C. Templars, Bros. Malins, Gladstone, and Morgan, with, perhaps, some other prominent members of their respective Grand Lodges. I should have felt guilty of a sin of omission, if I had not made this effort to add so much eclat and usefulness to our present anniversary in the "Maiden City." Moreover, as you will have seen in the *Irish Good Templar*, I brought the matter of our debt and the contemplated Bazaar for the liquidation of it, before the Grand Lodges of England and Scotland, and with great kindness in both Lodges the matter was taken up, and effective arrangements were made for having an English Stall and a Scotch Stall at our Irish Bazaar. Something of the kind is likely to come from Wales also, so that the three weeks I spent in visiting our sister Grand Lodges were not only pleasant and cheering to myself, but will be profitable to the Order in Ireland, in more respects than one.

There were, besides, United Executive Meetings held at the time of the Grand Lodge Sessions at Carnarvon and Bradford, which it was my duty to attend. At each of these, important, international business was transacted, one item of which I may here mention. By a unanimous vote of the Executives at Carnarvon, it was resolved to ask the Right Worthy Grand Lodge to alter the Grand Lodge Constitution, so as to give any Grand Lodge the power to increase the number of its Elective Officers from five to seven, thus adding two members, say the G. W. Chaplain and G. W. Marshal, to its Executive. The British Delegates to the Annual Session at Boston, of whom I was then expected to be one, were requested to introduce the matter to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge. They did so in due form, by notice of motion, so that this important question will be discussed, and will most likely be decided as we desire, at the Annual Session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge to be held in May next, in Bloomington, Illinois. A copy of the *Journal of Proceedings* of the Boston Session will shortly be sent to every Lodge Deputy, in which will be found some important information for the Lodges.

GENERAL WORK.

Of my general work, it is right that I should say something, but it is not necessary that I should dwell upon it in reporting to you, most of whom are pretty familiar with my efforts during the year to establish and extend our Order in the land. When I think of the importance of the official duties committed to my care by this Grand Lodge, and of the magnitude of the work in which we are engaged, I feel deeply humbled before you, and especially in the presence of Him, "whose I am, and whom I serve," at the contemplation of how little I have been able to accomplish, compared with my desires and intentions. From this standpoint, I feel strongly inclined to ask forgiveness for my shortcomings, "let the dead past bury its dead," and gird myself anew for more effective service in

the future. But as that would not be deemed sufficient or satisfactory on an occasion like the present, I feel a degree of pleasure in saying that no day or night of the year has passed, in which the interests of our Heaven-born movement have not occupied the foremost place in my head and heart, or in which I have not made some active efforts for the promotion of our glorious cause in one form or another.

You cannot doubt the truth of this statement, if you reflect for a moment, that during the year I addressed all members of our Order in Ireland, and many persons outside the Order, monthly, myself, and furnished them with much valuable instruction and admonition from the pens of others, in the pages of our organ, the *Irish Good Templar*; that I addressed all our Lodges every three months in our Quarterly Circular; that I repeatedly addressed all who would read, on the principles of our Order, in tracts, pamphlets, and newspaper correspondence; that I addressed many hundreds of members and others from the pulpit, and many thousands from the platform and in the open air; that I attended one Session of nearly all our District Lodges, and two of some of them; that I accepted numerous invitations to visit Subordinate Lodges and gave instruction and advice therein regarding various local and Lodge difficulties; that I instituted three new District Lodges and several Subordinate ones; that I examined and confirmed about fifty sets of Subordinate and District Lodge Bye-Laws; that I decided several Appeals, and by conference and correspondence got numerous differences in Lodges amicably settled without coming to a crisis in the form of Appeal and legal decision, which usually give a victory to one party, a defeat to another, and leave unpleasant feelings behind; that my correspondence with Lodges and members was incessant; and that conversations and conferences with members and friends, about all phases of our movement, were with me a daily and nightly exercise.

That all these duties were discharged by me during the year now gone is simply a fact; that they have been so imperfectly performed is a source of deeper regret to me than it can be to any other; but that in them all I earnestly desired and sincerely aimed at serving the best interests of the Order to the utmost of my ability is no more than the truth. And when, remembering your vows in the Degree of Charity, you consider the facts just enumerated, in connexion with my International Work, my Permissive Bill labors connected with the General Election, and my Discussion with Rev. J. Kerr and correspondence connected therewith, I doubt not but you will cordially admit that I have not been altogether unmindful of the responsible duties of my office during the past twelve months. Many of you are familiar with, and all of you know something of, the kind and character of the year's labors which I have thus briefly summarized, and I, therefore, with confidence submit them as a whole to your fraternal consideration.

TEMPERANCE SERMONS.

I beg, in conclusion, to crave your attention to one feature of my year's work, comparatively new to myself, namely, the preaching of Tem-

perance Sermons. During the year, I preached upwards of twenty times, in Presbyterian, Methodist, and Independent pulpits, and from the platforms of public halls. I have been led to the conclusion, from what I have observed and heard, that these discourses form one of the most useful items of my year's labors. I have long noticed, that we get larger audiences, of a more thoughtful, and consequently more influential, character to listen to the solemn Truths of Temperance, upon the Lord's Day than upon any other day of the week. Desiring to embrace this, as well as every other, opportunity of sowing the much needed seed, I resigned my stated class in the Sabbath School nearly two years ago, that I should be free to accept such openings as might offer themselves for the preaching of Temperance Sermons; and the apparent success of this department of my work has led me to believe that the course I adopted in this matter is pleasing in the sight of God.

Some of you have heard some of my Sermons. If you liked them and choose to invite me back to your localities for similar work, I shall gladly accept the invitations; and perhaps you can recommend brethren in other localities to invite me also. If some of the clergymen to whom you apply for the use of their pulpits think it not orthodox to call the addresses of a layman sermons, then call them lectures, discourses, or any other suitable name. A sermon literally means a speech, and my speeches will be all the same, under whatever title they may be announced. You may rest assured that in each of them there will be pointed allusions made to Temperance. I shall be glad to have at least one-half of my Sabbaths throughout the next year occupied in preaching Temperance Sermons in various parts of Ireland, and I wish I could have the pleasure of hearing sound Temperance Sermons preached on the other half. Bro. Rev. Dr. Cuyler, minister of the largest Presbyterian congregation in the world, says he never preaches a Sermon in which he does not make some reference to Temperance. I am sure he is right in pursuing that course, and such preaching is far more needed in Ireland than in America.

We have now many Temperance Sermons preached in Ireland every year, in Churches of various denominations, and some of them of the highest order; but when ministers who are not teetotalers preach on Temperance, by order of their Church, it is usually found that it would have been much better for the Temperance cause had they let the matter alone. Such preachers do not believe and practise the truth respecting intoxicating drink. No matter how good they may be in other respects, with regard to drink they are only "blind leaders of the blind," and both often fall into the ditch of intemperance. Ministers require to learn the simple, fundamental lesson, that the cause of drunkenness is drinking intoxicating (poisoning) liquor, and that, therefore, such drinking is wrong in its nature, before they can become reliable helpers in the Temperance Reformation. Non-abstaining ministers believe and do what is untrue with regard to intoxicating drink, and our Saviour's prayer for them, as for all other erring disciples, is—"Sanctify them through Thy truth, Thy word is

truth." The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth is the Divine instrument for human sanctification as well as justification. As in the physical world the stream cannot rise higher than the fountain, so in the moral world the stream of a man's life cannot rise above his knowledge of the truth. In both cases, the stream may be lower than the fountain, but can never be higher. The reason is obvious. As a free, moral agent, I must know what is right before I can do it. Even with my heart right, aiming at obeying the Divine will, if I believe what is untrue on any matter, I must do what is wrong if I practise my belief. As a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he." "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Let us illustrate this great and important principle in relation to the preaching of Temperance Sermons. We ask a moderate drinking minister to join our Order, and he refuses. We explain our object, and remind him respectfully that it is as much his duty as ours to aid in the suppression of the prevalent drunkenness of our land, with all its vile progeny. He readily admits that it is, but adds that he has no faith in teetotalism as a remedy. We smile at such a statement about a remedy absolutely perfect, and ask him what remedy he applies. He responds with a triumphant air that he preaches the Gospel. We reply, "So do we," but there is still a mighty difference between us regarding the specific evil of intemperance. He preaches the Gospel and moderate drinking as the remedy for the evil—we preach the Gospel and total abstinence. The more of our kind of preaching, the more rapidly intemperance disappears, succeeded by sobriety and godliness. The more of his kind of preaching, the more intemperance increases and prevails, for it contains the specific lie that forms the basis of the whole drink curse. Such preaching propagates one of the most tremendous falsehoods that ever emanated from him who "is a liar and the father of it," namely, that the use of the deceitful poison, which breeds and feeds all the mischief we are banded together to destroy, is in accordance with the Will and Word of God. It is the preaching of this false doctrine which makes Christian nations the most drunken nations the world over. There is no other possible way of accounting for this strange anomaly. The truth is preached in Christian lands upon other questions, and consequently they are the freest from other forms of evil; so will they be the freest from drunkenness when the truth is preached in them regarding drink, but never till then. "The truth in love" is God's own prescription, for the cure of every human ill. He can never sanction nor bless anything but the truth for the accomplishment of any good end. He Himself is the God of Truth. His Son, our Saviour, is "the Truth" personified—"manifested to destroy the works" of the father of lies, of which the drink-system is one of the mightiest. His Spirit is the Spirit of Truth. His Word is the Word of Truth. His Kingdom is the Reign of Truth. All his Laws are founded on Truth. All his Works are done in Truth and Righteousness. Before the power of the Truth, and before no other power, the infernal liquor traffic, our British Juggernaut, this great Babylon of iniquity,

the hugest disgrace to Christendom, and the mightiest scourge of our race, will as certainly fall for ever as Dagan fell before the Ark of the Living God.

Then, brethren, if you would be valiant soldiers in our Templar army, have your loins girt about with Temperance Truth. Treat every effort made, no matter by whom, to hold you back from learning and obeying the whole truth respecting alcoholic liquor, as emanating from him who hates the truth above all things, who is the father of lies, who established his kingdom in this world by lies, and who perpetuates his dominion upon earth by lies and only by lies, of which fact the endless lies believed about alcoholic liquors, in Christian lands and by Christian people, furnish the most striking illustration in the whole history of our deluded race. As you study the great subject, you will learn that alcoholic drink is not a good creature of God, but a bad article of man's device; that it is not a wholesome beverage, but a poisonous liquor; that Divine Providence does not countenance its manufacture, sale, and use, but emphatically warns against them; that the Bible does not sanction its use, but frequently condemns it; that it was not made by Jesus at the marriage of Cana, nor ever used by His appointment to commemorate His dying love; that it is not a specific for almost every disease, but the greatest disease producer in the world; and that the physical ills of which it is the great progenitor are but faint types of the indescribable, moral miseries of which it is the prolific parent in this life and the next. Let all our Lodges be little schools of instruction in this fundamental truth, that our members may become rooted and grounded in it, and, in accordance with their Obligation, practise it for life, and so be sanctified thereby. Let us teach this truth, diligently and prayerfully, in our families, that all our loved ones may be sanctified thereby. Let us teach this truth in our Schools, Juvenile Lodges, and Bands of Hope, that the rising generation may be sanctified thereby. Let us by all the means in our power diffuse this truth in our Churches, that pulpits and pews may be sanctified thereby. Let us scatter this truth throughout our beautiful Green Isle, and in its heavenly light, we shall yet with joy behold our great national curse disappearing in its presence like mist before the rising sun, and Old Ireland becoming in reality, what alas! she is now only in poetry—

"Great, glorious, and free!

First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

My brothers and sisters, this is the Heaven-appointed work of our Order in Ireland. No more philanthropic and patriotic work was ever entrusted to the brave sons and fair daughters of Erin. We have got the requisite machinery for the work in the organization and equipments of our noble Order, and we have got the necessary power in the truth to which I have alluded. Shall we use them, with brain and soul, with tongue and pen, with heart and hand, with life and, if necessary, with death? is now the solemn question. Oh! that each of us may feel, as God knows I feel, in the Corporation Hall of this historic city to-night—Woe is me if I do not do my proper share of this man-saving, God-honoring

work, in the Name and for the Sake of Him who died that I might live; that thereby I may contribute towards the hastening of the dawn of His Millennial Reign!

"Men of thought! be up and stirring,
Night and day;

Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,
Clear the way!

Men of action! aid and cheer them
As ye may!

There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray.

Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,

Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?

What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;

Aid it, hopes of honest men;

Aid it, paper, aid it, type;

Aid it, for the hour is ripe;

And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.

Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!"

Fraternally submitted in Faith, Hope, and
Charity,

JOHN PYPER, G. W. C. Templar,

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER XXII.

PHILIP TELLS THE TRUTH, OUT OF SEASON.

I WISH I could close the story of Philip's and Mattie's lives here, saying that they lived happy ever afterwards; but it may not be. For a while, indeed, they lived happy at Castle Peton—happy in their friends, happy in themselves and in each other. And though Philip was not altogether so devoted a husband as he had been when he had Mattie entirely to himself, nor was Mattie quite so patient under any unintentional neglect as she might have been had their desultory courtship not been followed by those six months of supreme and unalloyed bliss, still, their lives were as free from clouds as that of most young couples when the romance of the honeymoon is over and sober everyday life begun at their own hearths. This was for the first three months after their return from abroad, during which time they were not going into society, as they and the family at the Grange were then in mourning for a brother-in-law of Mrs. Seguin's. But when, at the end of the three months, all the pent-up wedding-parties came off with a rush, and when for weeks together a domestic evening was almost an unheard-of luxury—which they were both too wearied to enjoy when it did by chance occur—things were not so pleasant, and neither was Philip. The novelty of being good was beginning to wear away a little—as it does off all of us unless a constant renewal of grace keeps it ever fresh—and he ceased to strive after it as the one object of existence, as he had done in the first bloom of his reformation. He had grown less distrustful of himself, too, and more confident in his power of self-command; and, instead of asking Dr. Marks if he might stop the use of his medicine, as Mattie—on a hint from Miriam—wished him to do, he continued to use it in rather increased doses, and with less regard to the particular hours at which it had been prescribed. Mattie was a little frightened at this at first, but taking alcohol herself so constantly—as medicine, of course—had somewhat blunted the dread of seeing Philip take it, which she had experienced during his convalescence, even while bowing dutifully to Dr. Marks' judgment that it was necessary for him. Then, she thought, Philip having been so abstinent for nine months, had quite learned to overcome his bad habit; so

that perhaps, as he said himself, it was no longer necessary to be so strict, and if he drank wine at all it did not make much difference whether he took it at different times or all at once. "You take yours after you bitters; but I am not taking bitters, so I take mine after my dinner," Philip would say, laughing away her remaining fears; and when she saw him for the first time drinking in company, and spoke of it, he stopped her mouth with a kiss, saying, "It is against your principles to drink in public, little woman; but I was always a social animal, and liked to be open and above board with whatever I did." Mrs. Seguin, senior, would have had the young couple limit their acceptance of the invitations to those of the select few with whom she herself visited; but Mattie, being a clergyman's daughter, was acquainted with many outside her mother-in-law's charmed circle, and knowing how they had set their hearts on giving her a bridal party, it would have taken more than the dread of lowering her dignity as Philip's wife, or prospect of a little fatigue, to have induced her to disappoint any of them. "I assure you, my dear, I have been there scores of times, and they did not contaminate me in the least," she said with a note of invitation, in which pleasure was spelled "plezzure," and five o'clock specified as the hour for tea, was brought in from two elderly ladies, and Sybella, who was with her at the time, raised her brows, and said that of course she did not mean to accept it. "But you were not married then," Sybella said. "No; and being married now, I have less need to be particular about the society I keep. Not go, indeed! Do you want me to break the dear old ladies' hearts, and they having nursed me many a time when I was a baby, and kept me quiet with sweeties when I began to go to church, and always wanted to shout 'Bah!' when I saw papa in a white sheet?" Sybella did not see that either of these things gave them a claim to be put on the visiting list of her brother's wife, but she was too languid to discuss the point, especially as she knew it would be useless, for Mattie had a very decided will of her own where the giving gratification to others was concerned.

Mild as anyone accustomed to town life would have thought the gaieties of Loughmore at that time, they were too much for Mattie's strength,

and she was always compelled to make up for late hours at night by lying so long the next morning, that Philip had very often to breakfast alone, and go out without seeing her down-stairs; and Mattie, after hurrying her dressing till she was tired and out of breath, would often come down just in time not to see him off. "He is away riding, though I told him last night that if he took the phaeton I would go with him," she said to Miriam one day, by way of accounting for the suspicious redness of her eyes. "You were not crying about that, were you, dear?" "It was silly, but I could not help it; not that I cared so much for the drive, but I was hurt at him not taking me when I said I wanted to go," "Perhaps he forgot." "That makes it worse: he should have remembered;" and Mattie's eyes began to fill again. Miriam watched her for a little, and then put her arm round her shoulder. "Mattie, while you live never let a word of complaint against your husband pass your lips," she said, solemnly. "It is only to you, Mira." "To me, or to anyone; you wrong him to do it. You wrong him by those tears, too, for they show distrust of him. He loves you, be content with that; and though he should become remiss in lover-like attentions, love is not dependent on these, and you must not worry him by exacting them from him. Mattie, darling, never let any childishness of yours come between you and Philip." "You talk very seriously, Mira, of what was only a trifle." "Because estrangement begins in trifles, and I fear lest you should ever grow less careful to please him than you are now. Remember, dear, that you must not expect perfection from him any more than from yourself, and that it was not for your own happiness alone you married him, but for his. Seek his happiness and highest good before everything, and don't measure your love by the expression of his, but give him all that you have." "What a wise old lady it is! But don't be afraid, Miriam; I know he loves me, and I will give him measure for measure. I suppose he has spoiled me a little, till I have got to think that I have a right to have everything exactly my own way, and when I am not strong I get pettish, sometimes; but I will watch, and not let him see it." "You should watch and not feel pettish." "You are very wise, Mira, dear, but you don't know everything. I would not feel pettish if I could help it, you may be sure; but it is a physical infirmity quite as much as headache or toothache, and you are so strong you know nothing about any of them." "My poor little girl I wish you were quite strong too." "I will be better when we get quietness again." But quietness was not to be had yet, unless Mattie disobliterated her friends, which her kind heart would not suffer her to do, though it would have been better, both for her and Philip, if it had.

At the more fashionable gatherings, wine was the only intoxicating beverage offered the guests, but Philip's brain was often slightly excited with what he drank of it. His friends saw that he exceeded the quantity to which he had limited himself so long, but they never thought of warning him, for they held to the old opinion that the evil was not in the alcohol consumed, but in the man who consumed it; and when Philip was quite steady now, what was there to fear? They had been will-

ing enough for him to abstain entirely when he was hurrying to destruction—of two evils, they were glad that he should choose the least; but now that he had recovered his self-control, and could drink his wine like a gentleman without crossing the invisible boundary supposed to lie between genteel hilarity and vulgar intemperance, they had no scruple in encouraging him to join them in their potations; and Mattie grew accustomed to him doing it, and said to herself that drinking at a friend's house was very different from drinking with the wild young fellows with whom he had formerly associated; in which she may have been correct, but she forgot that the one might lead to the other again. In some of the less genteel places her mind was not so easy—houses where she had not much in common with the females who thought it an honor to have her among them, but did not seem quite certain what to do with her when they had got her; or with the bluff, hard-featured men, who crushed her delicate fingers in their coarse, honest palms, so ruthlessly, when bidding her kindly welcome. She liked them all, and, had she met the women-kind singly, could have found plenty to say to them out of the woman heart that was common to them both; but in regiments they frightened her much more than she frightened them; and while Philip sat enjoying himself with the men, she sat smothering her yawns, and longing for the hour when she might, without offence, make a move to go, as a signal for supper to be brought in. Philip, on the contrary, seemed happier the more homely the people were among whom he was; for it was pleasanter to be with those who looked up to him, quoted his opinions, and laughed at his dullest jokes, than with his peers, who were not so much alive to his peculiar excellencies, and were more trammelled by conventionalities besides. There was a heartiness pervading the hospitalities of the farm-houses which he often missed in more pretending mansions; and between the Rector's parishoners, who invited them for Mattie's sake, and Lord Peton's tenantry, who invited them for Philip's sake, and for their own, there were not many houses of any substance where they had not been honored guests; and the new agent's want of pride and stuck-uppishness was a source of very general admiration. Perhaps the punch had something to do with the heartiness; at all events it had a prominent part in the festivities at such places, usually welcoming the guests on their arrival, and making its appearance at every convenient interval from then till the party broke up in the small hours. Even after most of the company had separated, Mattie had often to wait, with her cloak on, for an hour before she could get Philip dragged away. He was not a toper at this time, but he liked to sit to the last with those who were; and, had it not been for her annoyance on such occasions, Mattie would have laughed at the fulsome flattery he swallowed from tongues deprived for the time, by drink, of the blunt honesty that had been their chief charm in the beginning of the evening, and to witness the affecting partings that took place between men who lived a mile apart from each other, and expected to meet again before the week was out. "Mr. Seguin, you know, sir," one stout gentleman would say, as he wiped up the whiskey he had spilled on the table, with his red pocket-handker-

chief; "and when you say it's wheat should go in the Long Acre, I'll sow wheat, for you know best, and wouldn't advise me to anything that wasn't for my good. And here's your health, sir;" at which the tumblers would go up to their mouths again, and when they were about half-emptied the stout gentleman would seize Philip's hand and "wabble" it from side to side, with tears in his eyes, till Philip would be quite affected, and tell Mattie going home that Brown had the warmest heart of any man living. It was all new to Mattie, for when she had gone out to tea through the parish with her aunt and father, before her marriage, they had always left early, and she had no idea of how people got on when freed from the restraint of the "clergy." The first of the maudlin leave-takings she witnessed touched her sensitive nature so much that, being under the impression that one of the party was on the eve of sailing for the Antipodes, she wept herself, and regretted that she could not clearly make out which was the intending emigrant, that she might shake hands with him and bid him God speed. When she discovered from Philip, next morning, that no one was going farther than home, she was glad she had not done it, and kept her handkerchief dry for the future. Why need I go on, or tell you that Philip's half-conquered taste began to gain the mastery again, and that before a year was gone he had returned to many of his old habits? He did not know it himself, and was displeased at his friends evincing any anxiety on his account. He might have exceeded a little once or twice lately, he acknowledged; but any man might do that, a few times in a life, and it was nothing to make a fuss about. Nevertheless, Mrs. Seguin did make a fuss about it to Mattie, accusing her of leading her husband into low company, and comforting her with the assurance that his ruin would lie at her door when it was accomplished, which she had no doubt it would soon be in a most satisfactory manner. Miriam made a fuss about it too, in a different way; for trying to speak to him of his broken resolution one day at the castle, she broke down, and was only able to cry, "Oh, Philip!" and weep so bitterly that he was mightily touched, and behaved himself for a month afterwards. He continued, in general, to be very kind to the wife he had not chosen, but there were dark days occasionally, during which he was so morose and sulky that Mattie dared not have shown any of the pettishness of which she had complained to Miriam, even had she been inclined: but she had kept her promise of never allowing him to be annoyed by it. And then there came a time when all his kindness—and in the first days of grief he was very kind—failed to comfort her. For there was an empty cot upstairs, where a baby had been and was not; there was a drawer in her room full of piles of baby garments, in the embroidering of which she spent many hours of tender happiness, and wasted perchance some precious strength. The little blue shoes were there, and the marvellous cap, and the grand robe it had worn on the day of its baptism, but never again. Mattie was very delicate after her baby was born, and a healthy young woman was brought in to suckle it; against whom Mattie rebelled sorely at first, but was forced to submit to what seemed to her a very unnatural arrangement; though her

mother-in-law assured her it was a fashionable one, and evidently considered that there had been some special interposition to compel Mattie to do the correct thing in spite of herself. The young mother was very jealous for a while of the rosy-cheeked stranger on whom her infant depended for the sustenance she could not give it; but as day by day its face lost the old, old look one only finds in the two extremes of existence, and as the yellow skin grew fair and white and the wrinkles smoothed out of it as the flesh formed underneath, she began to think that it was perhaps well that the child should derive its nourishment from a perfect by healthy source.

There was a large christening party, and when her friends were all gone, Mattie went upstairs to look at her baby. The nurse was lying on her back sleeping soundly, with one arm under its head, and when she stooped to kiss the little velvet hand that lay outside the clothes, Mattie felt the strong smell of ale. But she thought nothing of that, for though the doctor strictly forbade the nurse taking stimulants, Miss Bellamy had given her something in honor of the christening. The infant opened its eyes as its mother watched it, and then with a strange, old-fashioned smile closed them again. She knelt down and committed it to God's care, and after kissing it once more went to her own room and from that to bed. She never saw it alive again. When the nurse awoke next morning she was not lying on her back, and the baby's face was fair no longer, but purple and swollen. The scream she gave when she touched it and found it cold, brought Mattie flying to the nursery, and a look told her the truth. "You have killed him! Oh my darling! my darling! she has smothered you," she cried, wildly, holding the poor little stiff form tight to her breast, as if that could recall the departed life. For many days she refused to be comforted. In vain her father urged her to submit to God's will. "It was not God's will that he should die, it was the wicked woman killed him," she would cry. "My poor Mattie, the Lord would have prevented it had he seen good," Miriam said, falling back on the trust in Omnipotence that had been her own comfort through life. "Then why did He not prevent it? Why did He suffer my sinless lamb to be slain?" she asked despairingly. "Be sure that He had some good purpose in it, which you will know hereafter. Perhaps He saw that it would not be happy here, and took it away from evil that might have come," she answered, thinking of another reason which was not the time to speak of, thinking also that the Lord has nowhere promised to turn aside the natural consequence of any act of ours, and that He usually allows the consequences to follow uninterrupted that others may take warning. The nurse's heavy sleep was the natural consequence of taking the ale, and the turning over upon the child (which instinct would have prevented her doing had her sleep been the sleep of nature), was the natural consequence of the unnatural stupidity. "Miriam, are you sure it is with Him?" Mattie asked suddenly, one day, fixing her eyes steadfastly on her face. "They all tell me it is in heaven, but I can't be sure." "When Bathsheba's child died, do you remember how David said that he would go to it? When he was sure, what cause have you for doubt?

Our Saviour has died and risen since then." "But David's child died, and he knew why it died, while mine seemed forgotten, left to perish and forgotten, and, oh, Miriam, if it should be forgotten in the ground!" "Hush Mattie, God cannot forget, and your darling is safe in its Father's house." "If I could be certain of that, and if it had died any other way! But to see how lovely he looked that night when I left him and then to find him lying murdered, and think of him out there with the worms—oh Miriam, I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it!" This was still the burden of her grief—the needlessness of her baby's death, and the horror of it; for a long time she could not look beyond its untimely grave, and turning from all their well-meant efforts to soothe her, she prayed to be left alone with her misery. At length, when Dr. Marks saw that her morbid sorrow was undermining her health, he bethought him of using sharpness, and accused her openly of ingratitude. "Your heavenly Father has been showering down blessings on you since the hour you were born," he said, checking all appearance of the sympathy he really felt for her; "and has because He seen good to take back one gift, you slight all that are left, till it is well if you don't provoke Him to take more. What if your husband had died as well as the baby?" Mattie's conscience was touched at once; she had forgotten that there were any other blessings left her on which the Lord could lay His hand, and now, when she was awakened to the sinfulness of her repining, she cried out in fear and penitence! "Not Philip! O, Lord, spare my husband, and forgive me that I have kicked against Thy stroke." After that, no murmur ever passed her lips: her soul became quieted as a weaned child, and though she wept much and often, it was such tears as soften, not scorch the heart. But still they were tears, and Philip did not like them. He had mourned bitterly for his firstborn for a little while, but men forget sooner than women, and he soon grew tired of the black dress and pale face that were always reminding him of his loss, and he went out more than ever, that he might not see them, and drank harder than he had done for a long time; sometimes wine, sometimes brandy, and sometimes ale. He did not know the danger he was in, but labored under the impression that he was quite steady. "Oh, I'm all right, old fellow," he told the shocked Rector one day when he met him coming out of the Peton Arms, and began rather foolishly to expostulate with him on his condition. "I'm as tight as two pins, and am not ashamed of any one knowing that I have been taking a glass with some fellows in yonder. It's only the clergy that have to drink on the sly. Eh, old fellow, you twig—on the sly, know," and after accomplishing a most elaborate and prolonged wink with one eye, he swaggered off. When he went home he found Mattie weeping quietly. She dried her eyes as soon as she saw him, but it was too late then. "Nothing but tears!" he muttered impatiently, and pulled the bell. "Tell them to saddle Black Prince in three minutes," he said to Nanny Grant, when she, thinking it was her mistress had rung, answered the summons. Nanny had accompanied Mattie from the Glebe, as her own maid, and very faithful and devoted she was in that capacity, in spite of

all George Connor could say to induce her to bestow her allegiance upon himself. Mattie saw that Philip was not in a fit state for riding, and her heart smote her that she had not of late made home so pleasant to him as she should have done. She would amend her ways. "Philip, dear, stay with me, and I will be as cheerful as you like. See, I am smiling now." And she laid her hand on his shoulder and held up her wan face to him in a way he could not have resisted had he been himself. But he was past both the jocular and sulky stages of intoxication by this time, and shook off her hand half-savagely. "Oh, Philip, don't go out again to-night, if you love me," she pleaded, a presentiment of evil beginning to oppress her. "Love you! I'm dying about you, you puling baby, and always was," he answered, jeeringly. She was so anxious that she scarcely heeded words that would have stabbed her at another time. It was plain he did not know what he was saying, and it would be at the risk of his life to ride Black Prince in the condition he then was. So, secure in the knowledge of his love, she nestled her head on his breast, saying coaxingly: "I am very lonely when you are away, Philip; don't leave me again to-night, if you love me, as I know you do." Did she think there was a charm in the word that she repeated it, or was there no reason for it except that she was urged on by fate? "Do you know that I love you?" he cried in senseless anger. "Know now then, that I never cared three straws for you, and that I loved Miriam all the time. There's the truth for you at last, and I hope you like it."

She would have been wise to let the speech pass as a tipsy man's folly, but she did not do it. "Why did you marry me if you did not love me?" she asked, her breath coming and going quickly, and her eyes rivetted on his face, with a wild searching look. "Because, poor baby, you could not live without me, and made Miriam believe that I was engaged to you." Now, she had the truth, and, Heaven help her! *she knew it*. She had never dreamt of it before, but now words and looks little thought of or understood at the time, came crowding up in confirmation of what he avowed, and her heart became like lead in her bosom. He went out leaving her standing in the middle of the room, stunned by the bitter truth. She did not know how long she remained there, for the next succeeding hours were a blank, yet she did not faint or fall down, but just stood as if turned to stone, where he had left her. The first thing she remembered was the old butler bringing in the lamp, and looking wonderingly at her. When he had fastened the shutters, and left the room, she tried to reach a sofa, but it seemed far away, and she could not steady herself on the inclined plane that lay between her and it, so she groped about till she found a chair, and then Nanny came in. "Its time for your drops, ma'am; I was afraid you would forget them." "Yes, you might measure them for me," she answered, as soon as she comprehended what she said; and when Nanny, greatly alarmed by her mistress's wild, bewildered look, had given her the tonic, and a glass of wine after it, she motioned her to give her a second one. "Thank you, Nanny, I was a little faint, but I am better now," she said, when she had swallowed it. In so far as burning

agony is better than blank misery, she was better. She did not think of what Miriam might have suffered, or Philip, as she sat brooding over her wrongs; she only thought of how she had been deceived between them, and, as she thought of it, her heart grew full of such passionate indignation that she felt as if she hated them both. She should have prayed. She tried to do it, but when the brain is burning, as if seared by a red hot iron, and every thought seems like the last surge of a sea of agony, it is not easy for the heart to pray, whatever the lips may do. You say she could not have been a Christian, or she would not have suffered passion thus to take unholy possession of her. Ah! judge her not till you have been tried as she was. A far higher type of Christianity than Mattie's might have shrivelled up in the flames of jealousy that Philip's words had kindled; for she knew that if he did not love her—had never loved her—that the past was mockery, and the future misery. What—with Heaven before her? Aye! even with Heaven before her, for her religion had been a religion of love, and now love seemed blotted out of earth and Heaven alike. The time might come when her soul, purified by suffering, would be able to rise above the ashes of its earthly hopes, and say, "My Maker is my husband; the

Lord of Hosts is His name." But that time was not yet; the time for suffering was now, the time for suffering's fruit would be by and gone by; though whether the jealousy, that is cruel as the grave, ever does produce the peaceable fruit of righteousness, is a question from the practical solution of which may Heaven keep us all. For a long time Mattie sat motionless, with waves of passion rolling over her; sometimes she was on the top of them, and then the depths engulfed her, and billows on every side heaved up like mountains above her head. At last the sea of fire closed over her, she heard it sounding in her ears, and fell asleep in its embrace. Have you ever heard a horse come home riderless when you knew there should have been some one in the saddle? If you have you will never forget it. That was the sound that awoke Mattie from her lethargic slumber, and, with a low cry, she ran to the door in time to see Black Prince gallop past with empty stirrups and trailing bridle. Kelso, the butler, who had heard it too, came running at the same moment, and while he and the other servants went to seek their master, Mattie sat down and waited, feeling as if everything that was happening now had happened long ago, in some previous state of existence. [TO BE CONTINUED].

Fourth Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of Ireland.

THE Fourth Annual Session of the G. L. of Ireland was held in Londonderry, on 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th August. The attendance of members and visitors numbered upwards of 500, and the prevalent opinion was that the Session was the most influential, earnest, and important Temperance Anniversary Gathering ever held in Ireland. The proceedings on the whole were most harmonious, almost every vote after discussion being unanimous. The Report of the G. W. C. T., given in full in our present issue, was adopted by a unanimous vote, and indicates fairly the principles and policy that animate and guide the Order in Ireland. The anniversary commenced by two sermons, preached to large and appreciative audiences by Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D. G. W. C. T., on the afternoon and evening of the 23rd, in the Corporation Hall and East Wall Wesleyan Chapel. The G. Lodge was called to order on the evening of the 24th, in the Corporation Hall, by G. W. C. T. Pyper, nearly all the other officers and a large body of the members being present. The Lodge having been opened in due form, the Report of the Committee on Credentials was presented and adopted, and the Grand Lodge Degree was conferred on those entitled to receive it, after which the G. W. C. T. read his Report. On the 25th, a large and earnest Prayer-meeting was held from 8 till 9 o'clock, a.m., and sittings of the Grand Lodge were held from 10 o'clock, a.m., till 2 p.m., from 3 till 7 p.m., and from 8 till 11 p.m. On the 26th, a similar Prayer-meeting was held at the same hour in the morning, and two similar sittings of the Grand Lodge were held at the same hours in the forenoon and afternoon. In the evening, a great public meeting was held, at which Bro. T. H. White, J.P., occupied the chair, and stirring addresses were delivered by Bros. G. Hastings, Delegate from the G. L. of England; Rev. M. Morgan, G. W. C. T. of Wales; Councillor W. F.

Lawlor, G. W. C.; and J. Pyper, G. W. C. T. After this enthusiastic meeting, the last sitting of the G. L. Session was held, commencing at 11 o'clock, p.m., and ending at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 27th. Much important business was transacted during the Session, as will be seen by the Journal of Proceedings, which is now in the hands of the printer and will be forwarded to the Lodge Deputies before the end of the present month. We mean to give the Report of the G. W. S., which is an able and exhaustive document, in our next issue. The Report of the Executive was presented by Bro. Lawlor, G. W. C.; of the Treasurer, by Bro. Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry, G. W. T.; of the Committee on Finance, by Bro. H. J. Wright, Convener; of the Committee on State of the Order, by Bro. Rev. H. M. Holden, Convener; of the Committee on Appeals, by Bro. W. P. Holmes, Convener; of the Committee on Constitutions, by Bro. C. D. H. Campbell, Convener; and of the Committee on Political Action, by Bro. Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry, Convener. After due discussion, every Report presented was adopted either unanimously, or by a vote that was almost equivalent to a unanimous one. The officers for the ensuing year, each of whom was elected by a unanimous vote, were installed by Bro. Morgan, G. W. C. T., assisted by Bro. G. Hastings, as follows:—J. Pyper, G. W. C. T.; W. F. Lawlor, G. W. C.; Dr. A. H. H. M'Murtry, G. W. V. T.; A. Ledlie, G. W. S.; W. P. Holmes, G. W. T.; Rev. W. Daunt, M.A., G. W. Ch.; J. W. Barry, G. W. M.; J. Henderson, G. W. C.; R. Johnston, G. W. Sen.; J. Malcolm, G. W. A. S.; Mrs. D. Crawford, G. W. D. M.; J. Green, G. W. Mes.; and C. D. H. Campbell, P. G. W. C. T. Bros. Pyper, Lawlor, and Whitfield were elected Representatives to the next Session of the R. W. G. Lodge. It was resolved that the next Session of the G. Lodge shall be held in the City of Cork, commencing on Tuesday, 20th July, 1875.

The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

Good Templar Regalia Vindicated.

BY THE EDITOR.

(From a Speech delivered in the Discussion with Rev. J. Kerr, at Killyleagh.)

AS to our Regalia, our badges or uniform, Mr. Kerr ridicules and speaks of them scornfully and contemptuously, but he does not prove them to be either unscriptural or unreasonable. Indeed it would be impossible for him to do either, but being determined to injure the Order if he can, he takes the easier, and with thoughtless, superficial minds, perhaps the more effective, mode of trying to turn them into ridicule and contempt. There is nothing unscriptural or morally wrong in the wearing of badges, collars, or uniforms of any color, pattern, or material, if they be honestly procured and worn for lawful purposes and with good results, all of which we claim for our Regalia; and, this, moreover, makes it reasonable to wear them, by giving sufficient reason for so doing. Scripture does not condemn costumes, for if people wore no costumes they would be naked. Nor does it condemn the use of *official* costumes, for almost every office, civil and ecclesiastical, among the Jews had its distinctive costume, and in some cases the form, material, and color were divinely prescribed. And in the book of Revelation, we have beautiful, figurative descriptions of the robes worn by the glorified in the better land, such as we all hope yet to wear. And there is certainly nothing unreasonable in the wearing of distinctive badges or uniforms, if we take the opinions and practices of the wisest of men, in their most civilized and educated estate, as evidences of what is reasonable. Colleges and Schools, Judges and Lawyers, Parliaments and Municipal Corporations, Armies and Navies, Churches and Hospitals have all recognized the value, and all given their support, theoretically and practically, to the reasonableness of wearing distinctive costumes, badges, and uniforms. It would only waste time, which at present is precious, to give illustrations of these to an audience like that which I have the honor to address.

I hold my position established in reply to Mr.

Kerr, as far as Good Templar Regalia are concerned. There is nothing unscriptural or unreasonable in the wearing of them, and it is, therefore, not only defensible but dutiful to wear them, if good can be accomplished thereby. The putting of Regalia on candidates at their initiation, with the exhortation to wear them with pleasure and profit to themselves, and honor to the Order, and to the cause of Temperance, has a beneficial effect in many cases. The wearing of Regalia enlivens the appearance of our Lodge-rooms, and so renders them more enjoyable to many. In public meetings or demonstrations, it preaches Temperance to outsiders, and, like the uniform in an army has a stimulating effect on the wearers. It has been well said that our titles, Regalia, and ceremonies are to our Order what buttons are to clothes. Buttons are not clothes *per se*, and would look very ridiculous if anybody offered them as substitutes for clothes. Buttons are valuable in their own place and for their own purpose nevertheless. They, or some substitute not yet invented, are necessary to the binding of the clothes upon the body—without them, the clothes, however good, would be practically useless. So in ignorance of the use and importance of our titles, badges, and ceremonies, without which we could have no organization of any practical value, Mr. Kerr, from a fancied elevation, tries to look down upon us with supreme contempt and exclaims—"Does the cause of truth and righteousness stand in need of such titles, trimmings, and ceremonialism for its existence and success?" I reply—"The cause of truth and righteousness," that is, the Temperance cause, stands in need of the Good Templar Organization; the organization needs the titles, Regalia, and ceremonies as really as clothes need buttons; and in ridiculing and despising these, Mr. Kerr only exhibits his own want of intelligence and perception. Our titles and Regalia are, therefore, Scriptural, reasonable, and valuable. They aid in binding together our

great, growing, [powerful, and highly efficient Temperance organization, every step of whose

progress is for the glory of God and the welfare of humanity.

The Bible and Total Abstinence.—No. XI.

BY BRO. DR. F. R. LEES, G.W.V.T. OF ENGLAND.

DO not desire to make any extended critical examination of Dr. Murphy's article on the Bible Wine Question, but a few passing notes in the interests of truth, seem called for. With much of what the learned Professor says, I am glad to concur; especially the concessions that AUSIS, SOBHE, and GLEUKOS, at any rate, denote unfermented drinks, either fresh or insipissated *musts*. TIROSH is also significant of the same product in the Doctor's mind, if not in mine; and in questioning the accuracy of his view, I do it without any reference to the Temperance doctrine. There is no evidence whatever that even in one text [Isa. lxxv. 8.] the word is used poetically for "juice in the cluster"; and I think this fancy was satisfactorily disposed of in *Tirosh lo Yayin*, so far back as 1841—[See my Works, vol. ii.]. Nor is there a single text which speaks of it as a *fluid*, or compares it with "oil." It is not even once associated with oil [*shemen*—a most significant fact—but with *corn*, *fruit*, and "growing produce" continually. The Dr. has been deceived in his texts cited [Prov. iii. 10; Joel ii. 24], by neglecting to verify the translation. In Joel i. 10, it is said to be "dried-up," or rather, withered—a term not applicable to fresh-trodden out juice; and the *Yitzhar* is said to "languish" with the heat—which is equally inapplicable to "oil." *Paretz** and *Shook*† do not even involve liquidity as their essence; and should not be translated "burstout" and "overflow." They signify "to heap" or spread,—and to "a-bound." This makes all consistent, and sense besides; for it can be no blessing to burst one's vats and lose one's wine. A careful induction, with these hints, may satisfy Dr. Murphy's candid mind, that his definition will be amended thus—"Tirosh denotes the raw produce of the vine before the grapes have undergone the process of treading." So says Micah [vi. 15]—"Thou shalt TREAD tirosh, but shalt not drink yayin." This is as

* Job i. 10. "His substance is increased." Must we read—"His cattle and corn are spilled or flowed away"? 1 Chron. iv. 38. "The house of their fathers increased. Shall we read—"The house flowed-out"?

† The noun signifies "leg," and also "street" or path, on which we walk; the verb hence came to mean "running"—a-bound-ing—and, as our translators thought, "running-over." But in the three texts (Ps. lxxv. 9; Joel ii. 24, iii. 13) it can more truly, and with fuller sense, be translated increased.

palpable as any pikestaff that ever fell upon mortal head. Why seek to stultify this plain text to suit the blind and erring authority of the past? The conjectural etymology of *ti-rosh* from an alleged root *rash*, "to crush," I shall accept when I find any examples of it in the Bible. Let the texts be produced, and the process be explained; for I cannot find either. Coupled with "corn," a natural raw material, both being dew-fed in their season, I cannot separate them. They grow together, and must be classed together; and it would be as reasonable to make *dagan* mean flour [ground corn], as *tirosh* prepared juice. Moreover, the juice is plainly called *yayin* in contrast to the natural thing out of which it is trodden. As to the poetical fancy, that it was "yet in the cluster," there is no ground for it. If we can literally speak of flowers and fruits and grain being injured in the bud and the ear, why not of *tirosh*? The Septuagint and the Vulgate are certainly right here; for one translates "berry" and the other "gratum."

YAYIN is also derived, conjecturally, from a lapsed root, which "appears to have meant," (1) etc. Now Renan has two other conjectural etymologies—which, with the rest, are just—worthless guesses. What the word includes must be gathered from its application; in other words, by induction. Dr. Murphy says "it is used to denote ALL STAGES [of the preparation or change] of the juice of the grape; and accordingly is associated with bread" [another artificial preparation.] As one comes from the corn, so the other from the vine-fruit. I interpolate the words within brackets, to avoid at once a falsity and an ambiguity; since otherwise the one process of producing "grape juice" will get commingled with artificial changes inducing aldehyde, alcohol, and vinegar—of which Nature knows nothing in "the juice of the grape." *Yayin*, therefore, is generic. As "man" and "wife" include all sorts of men and wives, so this includes all kinds of wine. Being applied to "grape-juice" before fermentation, it follows that that after-process is no essential part of the historic meaning of the word—though it may be applied to wine that has been fermented, and, in fact, is so applied in probably fifty texts. HEMAR,

indeed, might be fermented-wine, though it signifies simply "foaming"—which is the characteristic of all fruit-juices violently pressed out—and since "fermentation" is also a "foaming" process [or as the French say, *bouillant*, "boiling"], it would be applied to fermenting rather than fermented wine. But to make the latter occult, and at first unknown process, a part of its meaning, would be the same absurdity as to make *boiled-milk* into *fermented-milk*. In fact, the ancient Jews had a theory that the juices of fruits did not "ferment," in the true and technical sense of that word. To attach our modern sense of "ferment," then, to any of these terms, is only to play tricks with our own understanding. SHEMARIM was sometimes "dregs" or "lees," but there is no proof that it was ever "wine" at all—much less intoxicating. As *Shemanim'* signifies "fat-things," so, I think, with the older translators, that *Shamarim'* signifies "sweet things"—*preserves*, from *Shamar*, "to preserve." I fully accord with the learned Professor's definition of SHECHAR [though not with his etymology]. It is a wide-spread Oriental word for *sugar*, *date-syrup*, and *palm-wine* in various states. "It probably," as he says, "denoted originally a *sweet-syrup* or *saccharine* beverage; the juice of the palm tree is the fresh *palm wine*. When fermented, it of course becomes intoxicating. Now, there is no passage in the Bible where the context proves it to be at once an intoxicating beverage and *approved*; but there is the reverse implied. "Thy *sweet-wine* shall become *bitter*—[deteriorated], which it does become when fermented. AUSIS, in Isaiah xlix. 26, is not implied to be either exciting or intoxicating; unless blood be so. God shall *drench* the wicked with blood,* as with *sweet-wine*, which people drink abundantly and freely, *because* it is safe to do so. There is nothing more in the text; and if there were, there is no blessing implied. How the phrase, "Their drink is sour," proves *sobhe* to be intoxicating in Hosea iv. 18, passes my understanding altogether! So it is equally incomprehensible to me, how the word *sahmah* in Judges ix. 13,—a word usually translated "rejoice" or "glad,"—can prove that *tirosk* was intoxicating. When it is said that a man "shall *cheer up* his wife"—does that mean "exhilarate" quasi "intoxicate"? Does "the light of the eyes that *rejoiceth* the heart" mean physical exhilaration? Is *God*, as well as man, "exhilarated" with *tirosk*? We must not, to suit a theory, divorce an attribute from one of its essential

* Otherwise expressed—"Satiated with slaughter."
"The sword shall be drunken"—not intoxicated.

subjects. I hold, then, of "the three terms," that so far from its being "plain," that *the things* [not the terms, as the article has it] "*cause excitement or intoxication*," there is not the shadow of any substantial reason for the supposition. I need not follow the attempt at detailed classification, which is vitiated by the assumptions pointed out—but I repeat, of all the ten words, in about two hundred passages, not a single text associates God's *blessing*, as a beverage, and intoxicating quality, together. Of course Temperance men agree, that when a *good wine* or thing is in question, it is in general the abuse, not the use, that excites disapproval. But this even has its limits; for it would have been *wrong* in the Nazarites to have consumed either pure or fermented, grape-juice, grapes, or vinegar. As to GLEUKOS in Acts ii. 13—where this classical word for *unfermented wines* occurs—there is nothing to prove the fact assumed by Dr. Murphy. Consider that the accusation was made in a spirit of mockery,—just as the French papers called Proudhomme "*a water-drinker*" [meaning the contrary]—and that the strangers made a huge blunder, of which the Apostle took immediate advantage in his reply. He virtually said, "This thing is simply *incredible*, because *we Jews* do not drink at all before noon, and it is only now the *third hour* of the day." If the mockers were such bad authorities about facts, they are not good ones in regard to the correct meaning of classical Greek words. However, it is a question quite immaterial to the Temperance doctrine, since there is no Divine sanction connected with the use of the thing meant, whatever it might be.

When Dr. Murphy comes to speak of "*the allowed use*," in contrast with special and occasional prohibition, he appears to me at once to get into obscurity, and to advance an unsound and dangerous principle of criticism, which can be safely applied to no language, either sacred or profane. A prohibition of use may not be implied in the prohibition of *excess*, but neither does the latter *imply* sanction upon the thing tolerated in some measure. Everybody condemns black lies—but some people justify white ones. Everybody [now] condemns American slavery, but not *all* slavery. Contrariwise, some speak against the *cruelty* of slavery, and against certain very open forms of drinking, who by no means *justify* the modified forms of the evil. In a book of gradual development of morals [like the Bible], the ruder forms of evil are first attacked, and then the more subtle and refined. If silence does not give consent always—much less does it in-

volve or infer *approval*. Did our Lord imply the excellence of the Roman depositism, because he told his hearers to pay tribute to Cæsar? Did Paul clearly approve of slavery, because he advised a slave not to run away? Does a warning against "an *excess* of riot," and "a *superfluity* of naughtiness," imply that a little riot and naughtiness are good? In fact, however, it is not true, nor even like the truth, that the Bible "pronounces *every kind* of wine a blessing;" or that "*excess* is the abuse in every case." "Their wine is the *poison* of dragons"—"At last it biteth like a *serpent*"—"Wine is a *mock*er," etc.—"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor *drink* [water or milk?]-that putteth thy *poison* [hmemah] to him." Surely this is qualitative ascription! As Dr. Wardlaw well says—"The *inflammatory tendency* is ascribed to wine as well as to strong drink—"Till wine *inflame* them." As Dean Ramsay also allows—"It *allures* men into a vicious indulgence." If it did not, *why* was it forbidden to the priests, more than milk, while doing God's work in the Temple? And if it does allure, why use it in doing our *own* work, and His, in the Temple of Life?

The learned Doctor has [I am sure unwittingly] in one passage grievously misrepresented our views. He says—"The Rechabites abstained from sowing corn, and Daniel from eating flesh, as well as both from drinking wine; no one has ever supposed the former acts *intrinsically* wrong; and no one, therefore, can legitimately *infer*, from these cases, that the latter is *culpable*." I never myself made, and I never knew any one who *did* make, such a foolish inference. The Dr. is here quite at sea concerning our real use of these texts. *From these parallels*, I grant, we cannot infer that it is wrong to drink *intoxicating* wine. But we look at the teaching that a wine is a "poison"—"a *mock*er," a wine that bites the body and disorders the mind,—that causes priests and prophets to *err* who use it,—and the fact that God prohibits such to the best men, in their best moments;—we look at *EXPERIENCE*, *STATISTICS*, *PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCE*, and *SOCIOLOGY*,—and from these, *altogether*, we infer that it is unwise and culpable to use that which does no good, or no material good, and inflicts upon Society and the Church the most intolerable and tremendous mischiefs.

Report of the Grand Worthy Secretary.

TO THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND, I.O.G.T., IN ANNUAL SESSION ASSEMBLED.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—According to our Constitution, but not according to our custom hitherto, it now becomes my duty and privilege to present to you my first Annual Report, which is also the first formal Secretary's Report that has been presented to this Grand Lodge. The circumstances under which and the reason why I accepted office as your special Secretary more than a year and a half ago are now pretty well known to you all. The state of affairs in the Grand Lodge office was, indeed, painful in the extreme. We have a right to be thankful that it was not fatal. The storm of abuse to which I subjected myself during the first few weeks by furnishing the accounts as they appeared in the Grand Lodge Books I shall not soon forget, and certainly I should not like to encounter again. Thanks to yourselves, especially those of you who were directly interested in the matter, and more especially to the worthy Convener and other members of the Finance Committee, things have been got into a much better shape. The *cause* no longer exists, but, unfortunately, some of the *effects* still remain. Hence, among other things, has arisen the Grand Lodge Debt, which more than anything else has retarded the progress of our

Order in Ireland. Having removed the cause, I trust the Order will soon remove this effect also through the opportunity afforded them by the Bazaar, and then it will be possible for our Order to make that progress and do that work which we all desire and which some of us unreasonably expect under present circumstances.

It was not without feelings of gratitude to Him who sustained me in keeping matters moving in the Office till the end of last year, nor of thankfulness to you for your appreciation of my services that I received your better than unanimous vote at our last Annual Session. I do not intend to give a detailed account of my work in the office during the year, which would be, if not impossible, at least impracticable, and which would also be undesirable, as most of you must know what the duties of such an office—the centre of such an active National organization—must mean, and as some of you know something about it from actual observation. Suffice it to say that with whatever power of body and mind I possessed I have tried to do the work which you gave me to do, and I must leave it with you to judge as to how far I have succeeded. You yourselves could easily make the work of your Secretary both much easier

and more effectual by giving him a little assistance in some matters. I would mention, in particular, the gathering-in of the debts due to the Grand Lodge by your respective Lodges where such debts are due, and the sending in of the Quarterly Returns and Per Capita Tax, as desired by the Quarterly Circular, within one week after the installation of Officers. In reference to the former I may say that nearly all debts contracted since I took office I can gather in in due course, but there are still some of the old debts out-standing which I have often written for with not sufficient success. They are being paid gradually, but rather too slowly. As to the latter, I may say that about one half of the Lodges do send in their Returns and Tax in due course. The majority of the other half send in during the rest of the Quarter, but a few always remain unpaid at the end of the Quarter that have to be written for, and in some cases the Pass Word for the succeeding Quarter has to be withheld till the Returns and Per Capita Tax are sent in. I would also call particular attention to the fact that in many cases sufficient care has not been taken in filling up the blanks on the Quarterly Return Forms. It is only when all the Lodges send in these forms with all the blanks carefully filled up, that we can have full particulars as to the statistics of the Order in Ireland. Hence you will see the importance of having this matter very carefully attended to in the case of every Lodge. For want of sufficient attention to this on the part of many of the Lodges, it has been impossible for me to make out, as I should have liked to do, a tabular statement of the number initiated, suspended, left on card, &c., during the year, and I have been obliged to content myself with simply giving the number of members for whom Per Capita Tax has been paid at the end of each Quarter. At our last Annual Session it was found that the number of members on whom Per Capita Tax had been paid for Quarter ending 30th April, 1873, was 7,500. Our membership has been steadily increasing since then, as the following summaries show :—

For Quarter ending 31st July, 1873, Capita Tax was paid on 8,694 members. For Quarter ending 31st Oct., 1874, Capita Tax was paid on 9,128 members. For Quarter ending 31st Jan., 1874, Capita Tax was paid on 9,316 members. For Quarter ending 30th April, 1874, Capita Tax was paid on 9,633 members.

These figures are an official and a sufficient reply to the statement that the Order in Ireland is going down. Those who believe this must have very local ideas and limited information indeed, of the Order generally. The statement is simply contrary

to fact for the Order is going *up*, and those who originate or propagate such statements, whether maliciously or ignorantly, are militating against the success of the Order, and are therefore among the ranks of the enemy and ought to be regarded as such. I would invite special attention to this, believing that no more important point could be pressed upon the attention of this Grand Lodge, for we could not be too much on our guard against such deception. Let us, by all means, be charitable to all, especially to those who are of the household of faith, but let us not forget that our Order, like ourselves, has not only the world and the devil but also the flesh—not only external but also internal enemies to contend with; its greatest foes being sometimes those of its own household. It is true the increase during the year is not as great as we could desire—far from it; but it is no less true that it is as great as could be reasonably expected by all who know the unsatisfactory and dangerous state into which matters had fallen during the previous year. It is cause for thankfulness that we are as we are, and as these matters have been much ameliorated we may reasonably expect a much greater increase during the year on which we are now entering. I am glad to find that this expectation exists pretty generally throughout our membership, as indicated by many of the letters which I am now receiving. These generally, if they refer at all to the state of the Order in the localities and Lodges from which they come, speak of renewed energy and, its natural consequent, renewed success, with the expectation of a good increase of membership during the coming Winter. Let us earnestly unite in prayerful, persevering effort to secure the realization of this expectation and it shall be done. Nor are figures alone a fair criterion by which to judge of our improvement. Quality as well as quantity ought to be taken into account, and I submit that, as a general rule, a Lodge of a given membership now is a much more efficacious society for doing Temperance work than was a Lodge of equal membership a year ago. In addition to the improvement effected by another year's experience and education in our principles and policy, the sifting process has been going on removing many who were with us but not of us, and leaving a more devoted membership behind. It is encouraging then to know that we have been improving in both respects. At our last Annual Session, it was reported that some of the Lodges had suspended sitting for a time. Of these a few have been reinstated during the year, while about an equal number of others have ceased sitting for the present. The cause of this has

chiefly been the opposition and persecution of religious opponents. But as this opposition is becoming "small by degrees and beautifully less," we have good reason to hope that the most of these Lodges, if not all, will be revived and got into good working order again during the next year. At the present time efforts are being made in this direction which we expect to prove successful within a few weeks. Not only have we the prospect and first fruits of an improvement of the Order where it already exists, but we have also the encouraging fact that it is steadily extending into new localities, and is likely to do so more rapidly in future than it has been doing for some time past. Several new Lodges (much more than the average) have been instituted during the past few weeks, and I am at present in correspondence with several other places, in each of which I hope to see a Lodge a few weeks hence.

My work has been multitudinous, and very testing on both mind and body. The consciousness of occupying a position so prominent, and playing a part so vital in our organization, on whose success or failure, as I believe, depends very largely the rise or fall of our country, has seldom been absent from my mind. The solemn obligation which I took a year ago, at the hands of the Right Worthy Grand Templar, in the presence of God and you, I have endeavored to keep. The trust committed to my charge I then felt, have ever since felt, and still feel to be a solemn and responsible one. Never until then had I so fully understood the meaning of those words in our Ritual, "A good Secretary is *always* at his post," for experience has taught me that the Secretary who will properly discharge his proper duties must deny himself much of the pleasure and popularity attainable by visiting Lodges and attending meetings, and must confine himself for a large fraction of the 24 hours within the walls of his Office. The burden of the work, both mental and material, has been greatly alleviated by the encouragement and co-operation of some kind friends. All of these have my warm thanks—a few deserve special notice. To the Grand Worthy Chief Templar himself, my *father* in the Temperance cause as well as my *brother* in the Order, I feel deeply indebted for his timely encouragement, wise counsel, and hearty co-operation in all cases where these were needed. My long and close experience of his wisdom and worth as a Temperance Reformer—the Temperance Reformer of this age, in this country—gave me implicit confidence in his counsel and much encouragement in his sympathy. It was by his persuasion I accepted the office at first; as his colleague I have held it since, and *only* as such

would I continue to hold it. A change in the office of Grand Worthy Chief Templar would necessitate a corresponding change in the office of Grand Worthy Secretary. To my friend and Brother, Dr. M'Murtry, the Grand Worthy Treasurer, I am truly grateful for the many wise and valuable suggestions with which he has favored me. Those of you who read his articles appearing from month to month in the pages of the *Irish Good Templar* will be able in some measure to estimate the value of him as an adviser, especially in matters relating to the practical workings of the Order. In this, as in other ways, he has done much good for our cause during the year. His heart, head, and hand, have been gratuitously devoted to the good work, with a zeal and constancy characteristic of the man and worthy of the cause. For practical work in the office, in the regulating and keeping of the accounts, I am especially obliged to Bro. John Malcolm of the Finance Committee. The time and pains which he took in helping to bring back matters into a proper shape when I went there at first, and the unabating perseverance with which he has assisted to keep them so ever since, are unprecedented in my experience. In this way, he has done invaluable service to the Order in general and to myself in particular, for which he has the thanks and esteem of your Executive. I have also received much valuable and voluntary assistance from Bro. G. A. Reilly, G.W.A.S.

In addition to this direct and immediate assistance, much of the correspondence which I received from several parts of the Order was of a highly encouraging kind, and betokened that fraternal sympathy which ought to characterize all the members of our Order. Day after day, and week after week, the stream of letters that came flowing in relieved the reports of the strugglings and strivings of the Lodges which they contained by mixing these with the intelligence of another and yet another victim of the *Traffic* lifted from his loathsome lair, cleansed from the filth of the Public house, brought within the fraternal circle, and "restored to family, friends, and society." The consequence was that the very magnitude of the correspondence was a source of pleasure rather than pain, and formed a kind of sympathetic nervous system through which I could feel the fraternal grip, and learn the wants and wishes, the trials and triumphs of the Lodges generally. This was at once the largest, the most interesting, and perhaps the most useful department of my work during the year. I was thus continually reminded that, while attending to official work, I was *not* engaged in a mere matter of business, or dry dis-

charge of duty, but privileged to assist in keeping in trim a great physico-moral machine, built up of living wheels, disallowed indeed of men, but blessed of God to the elevating of the bodies of many of our fellow-countrymen out of the pit of drunkenness, and the directing of their minds, in not a few cases successfully, to the way that leads to that higher Temple where pure streams of living water, untainted by anything that can hurt or destroy, ever flow from their exhaustless fountain; whereat the members of a higher Brotherhood, clothed upon with a better Regalia, satisfy and refresh appetites no longer depraved, and bodies no longer debased, by that earthborn, evil spirit, which is the bane and blight of society here, and for the stamping out of which our present Brotherhood has been called into existence. Brothers and Sisters, our work is not a myth, nor is our success a matter of chance. The elevation of the world by the annihilation of the Liquor Traffic is the special business of the Order. The elevation of *Ireland*

is the business of this Grand Lodge. We are left without excuse for inaction. God has supplied to us the lever—Himself the fulcrum. Where now are the manly sons and fair daughters of Erin, whose patriotic bosoms thrill with emotion at the very mention of her name, and who are willing to spend and be spent for the good of their country? Here, then, is your great opportunity. The historic "*Isle of Saints*" has become the modern *Isle of Sin*, swamped as she is in this seething sea of alcohol, out of which she cries for deliverance. Shall her cry be heard in vain? I can imagine every rock from Cork to the Causeway re-echoing the universal "*No!*" Then

"Heave up the old land into daylight again,

The smiled on by Heaven—a praise among men;

Wring the curse from her heart, wipe the stain from her sod,

Roll her out among nations, an Island of God."

Fraternally submitted in Faith, Hope, and Charity,

ANDREW LEDLIE, G.W. Secretary.

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BITTER TRUTH BRINGS BITTER CONSEQUENCES

IT is not for nothing that Paul warns husbands not to be bitter against their wives, for it is wonderful how natural bitterness comes as soon as love begins to wane. It rouses the latent jealousy of the masculine nature when a man knows that a woman is indissolubly bound to him in the closest of ties, and has a right to his name, his purse, and his affections. Even in the most affectionate unions, the feeling often manifests itself in a desire to thwart feminine plans for no other reason than to show that he has the power to do it. The most loving husband, if he has any talent for self-examination, will occasionally be conscious of this disposition; if he has learned the spirit of the Gospel, he will struggle against it, but if he has not, the root of bitterness will be encouraged till it grows into a tree, and two lives are blighted by its shadow. By reason of Mattie's extreme femininity, and his own manliness, Philip was not often bitter against his wife when sober; but whenever his passions were inflamed by drink they got the better of his reason, and he would grow savage at the thought of being bound to Mattie. The weakness and gentleness that appealed to his better feelings when he was himself, were an offence to him at such times, and every pretty winning way but hardened his heart against her the more, because it was such a contrast to the manner of the woman he had loved once. He had never before spoken out what his excited brain would have dictated; he had always sense enough left to enable him to conceal the lurking demon, or if he exhibited anger to lay it upon any cause that came to hand, so that the real one might not

be suspected. But the storm that had been gathering all the time that Mattie was weeping for her firstborn had burst at last, and as Philip rode away feeling exultingly vindictive, he resolved to go direct to the Peton Arms again; because that was the last thing Mattie would wish him to do. Lord Peton was staying at the hotel in Loughmore. Mattie had been so very cool with him when he met her at Philip's aunt's in London, that he did not care for going to the Castle, though a suite of apartments had been reserved there for his use. The General Elections were approaching, and as he meant to contest the County with Major Maude, he had come to Ireland to canvass. He had written to Philip to meet him at the Peton Arms, and Philip had no choice but obey; but there was no need for him seeing him again that day, and had he not drunk so much at the first interview, he would have had no desire to seek a second. Lord Peton was delighted to see Philip return, and they spent a jovial evening. Mr. Humbert, the lordship's constant shadow, was specially brilliant; but once when he was quizzing his patron about some lady whose name was not mentioned, the little lord's face flushed, and he exclaimed quickly, "Stop that, Humbert!" Mr. Humbert stopped it as he was bid, but there was an ugly look on his face that Philip remembered long afterwards, though he paid little heed to it at the time. It was long past midnight when Philip mounted the horse he was utterly unable to guide. But Black Prince needed no guidance; he knew the road much better than his master did, for the refreshment he had partaken of in the hotel stables had only excited him pleasantly, without overturning his judgment. Thinking probably that a little open air exercise would work off hi

own excitement, and give Philip time to regain his sobriety somewhat, he decided in his own sagacious mind to take him home to the castle by the east gate, instead of by the grand entrance, which was only a few perches out of the village. So off and away he galloped, unmindful of the slack rein or the incapable rider who swayed to and fro in the saddle. "That's young Mr. Seguin, I know the way his horse strikes the ground," said Miss Fry, the dressmaker, to her heavy-eyed assistant, as they sewed the lace on a dove-colored silk of Mrs. Duncan's, while a sleepy servant dozed at the fire, waiting till it should be finished. On galloped Black Prince, with his quick-measured tramp, through the village and along the road skirting the lake, and Philip, only half conscious, and forgetting many things he should have remembered, but dimly remembering some things it had been well to forget, broke out into a wild snatch of song—

"My love she lives on the lake,
Where mermaids come and go,
And I ride all night for her sake,
But my true love she does not know."

And Miriam, wakened by some subtle instinct, thought of Philip, and began to pray for him, and as she prayed, Black Prince swerved suddenly, and then galloped home, panting and trembling with fright, leaving his rider lying stunned upon the ground, while a half-naked man, with matted locks hanging about his wolfish face, stooped over him, muttering, "Harriet's son, Harriet's son; Norah, and I and Harriet's son, a merry party under the lake!"

"The dear save us the master's not on him," exclaimed the pensioner who lived at the east gate, when, roused by Black Prince's champing, he rose and opened it, and saw him rush riderless past. He was the first to reach Philip, and was with their master when the servants from the castle found him. "Oh! poor master, nothing will be a warning to him," the butler cried, wringing his hands, when he saw him lie so like death. "Kelso," said the old soldier, severely, "any gentleman may fall from his horse. Attend to your duty, and help me to carry him home." The butler, who had been a servant at the Grange, and many a time carried Philip in his arms, when he was a child, did not recover the severity of the rebuke till they got home, and saw his mistress watching for them beside the little Gothic church, where old Lord Peton had been wont to hold domestic worship. "My dear mistress, don't be scared, he isn't dead," he said then. "Not dead!" she repeated, more it seemed in surprise than joy. Poor child, death had seemed the easiest mode of solving the problem of life that had suddenly become so difficult to her. It always does seem the most natural solution to the young, when they meet a trial face to face, through the darkness of which there seems no pathway. It never entered Mattie's mind that she could live, united to Philip, knowing that she was only tolerated as his wife; it was the only comfort she had during the agony of that night, that a merciful God would not keep her in the land of the living, but would cut a path for her by consumption or some other wasting disease, and then Philip would be free to marry Miriam. But when Black Prince came back alone, she thought that it was Philip who had been thus

quickly loosed from the bondage that galled him, and when they told her he was not dead she scarcely believed them. His consciousness returned a little after he was brought in, and seeing his lips moving, she bent down to hear what he was saying. "Miriam, dear, my head," he whispered, and when she heard him, she wished, in her soul, that they had deceived her when the said he was alive. Philip lay for two days unconscious, and then began to look about in a dazed kind of way, and to smile at Mattie when she fed him with water gruel from a spoon. There was not much conversation between them; the doctor had forbidden any, and Philip for the first week felt far too lazy to have any inclination to disobey orders. He knew that he had fallen from his horse, and knowing that he would not have done that had he been quite sober, supposed he must have been a little drunk at the time, and felt some qualms of conscience concerning it. He observed Mattie's extreme pallor, and, attributing it to anxiety about himself, was touched by it accordingly. Had his mind been clearer, he might have felt the want of her attendance on him, but weak and confused as he was, he only knew that she was unremitting in her care; wearing herself out for his sake, as he told himself, with indolent compunction. Once when she had been holding his head on her arm, while she smoothed the pillow, he waited till she laid it down again, and then putting his arm round her neck in turn, pulled her face down to his and kissed her, saying affectionately, "Poor little Mattie." Ah! if she had spoken then! But her heart was hot and dry, and his pitying tone galled her. "What right had he to pity where he did not love?" she asked herself, as she drew back coldly. "The doctor didn't forbid us to kiss, did he?" Philip inquired, smiling lazily, when he saw the action, but not the face that accompanied it. Ah! had she spoken then! had it been only to pour out all the indignation that was in her wounded heart; for then the truth would have come out, and Mattie would have found that, though Philip might not love her as he had done Miriam, still she had a wife's honorable place in his heart.

But Mattie did not speak; she nursed her misery in silence; and when Philip began to come alive again, as he expressed it, he could not help observing her cold, listless manner. He thought she was angry with him for indulging too freely, and as he had been taking himself to task for his backsliding, while he lay there, he did not wonder that she should. No one had ventured to speak a word of reproof to him; if they had, he would soon have found plenty of excuses for his conduct. But there being no one to blame him openly, he began to blame himself, and to form serious resolutions of carrying out his work of reformation more thoroughly than he had been doing for the last year. One day, when the doctor had said that he might begin and talk as much as he liked, and Mattie did not seem inclined to give him much encouragement to profit by the permission, he put his purpose into words: "Mattie, I am going to turn over a new leaf in earnest this time. I won't give you cause for anxiety about me again." He expected she would have thrown down her work, and confirmed his good resolution by her caresses; but she sewed on without looking up and answered,

"My anxiety is of little moment if you do not injure yourself." "Some people would think your peace of mind of quite as much consequence as my peace of body. The last time Christy Lutton took upon him to lecture me, he made your pale cheeks his text." "Christy was always considerate," she answered, with such reproach in her tone that, had he been thinking at all of her, he could not but have observed it. "I answered him shortly enough then," he went on, "for I thought I had not any need for his advice; but while I have been lying here I have been thinking that he was right, and that it would have been better for me had I been an abstainer from my birth like him." "If you think so, it is not too late to be one yet." "I wish it weren't, and I wish I had never been taught to like my wine and brandy, and then I would never have felt the want of them any more than Christy does. But I do like them, and can't *un*-like them by wishing; however, I will limit the quantity from henceforth. I am going to begin life afresh now." "You began afresh two years ago." "Oh, I say, Mattie, don't be reflecting, for it's a thing I can't bear. If a fellow means to do well for the future, where is the use of taunting him with past failure?" "I did not mean to taunt you; but when you have broken your resolutions of amendment so often, you need not wonder if I am not very sanguine about your keeping them now." "Love is always sanguine; but perhaps you are growing careless whether I do well or ill," he exclaimed, stung by her apathy. "Perhaps you measure my love by the extent of your own," she retorted bitterly. Alas, Mattie!—alas, Philip!—and alas! for love, when it leaves its home in the heart to give venom to the taunting tongue. "Miriam would have encouraged me; she would never have dashed cold water on me in this way," Philip thought as he lay in hurt silence, remembering with a sense of loss how often she had tried to fan his flickering resolutions into a flame, and to urge him to live a life worthy of a man with an immortal soul. "I will rise to-morrow," he said at last; "it is very dull lying here by my myself." He had not felt it dull, but the words were prompted by a desire to revenge himself for her coldness by speaking as if her company counted for nothing. He succeeded better than he thought, better than he ever knew, for the speech cut her to the heart. She made her escape out of the room, and when Nanny came into the breakfast-parlor some time after, she found her mistress lying on the sofa in violent hysterics, while General Peton looked down upon her from the wall with profound sympathy. "Why but you got her something, instead of standing there glowering?" Nanny exclaimed, forgetting in her hurry that the old General was even more useless in a case of hysteria than the common run of men. She ran to a cabinet, and lifting the first decanter that came to hand administered a large dose of the contents. It happened to be brandy, and it soon quieted Mattie by making her too sick to cry as she had been doing; and when after a while she fell into a heavy sleep, Nanny was triumphantly convinced that nothing was so effectual for "the nerves" as brandy.

This was the beginning of estrangement between Philip and Mattie. As he became stronger he grew more exacting, and more hasty in expressing

his displeasure at anything that irritated him. "Why couldn't you have my slippers aired? you might have thought of that, one one would think," he would exclaim testily, when the said slippers were quite dry and warm. Or perhaps it was, "Mattie, I wish you would close that window; you need not keep it open for your own pleasure, when you know I can't bear the noise of the saw mill." Or, more aggravating still, "I wish, if you can't attend me properly, you would bring in a nurse; you have not fixed these cushions half so comfortably as my mother did yesterday." It was hard to bear under any circumstances; but a month ago she would have soothed and petted him out of every little fit of the temper that is natural to most men in a certain stage of convalescence. But now each hasty word was a stab because it seemed a fresh proof of his want of love for her. Had she been strong, she might not have felt everything with such morbid keenness; but she was very delicate, and every day she grew more so. Many a time, when Philip's discontent had provoked a sharp reply, she would run from his room, and closing herself up in some unused apartment of the great gloomy house would sob and scream till she was exhausted, or till Nanny, who had commenced to exercise a watchful care over her, would come to her relief with the unfailing cup of brandy. Mattie made the girl promise never to mention these attacks to anyone, so Nanny came to the conclusion that her master was in some way at the bottom of them. She was a sensible girl in most things, and having heard that hysterical fits were very much under people's own control, she expostulated with her about giving way to them. "I can no more help it than you can help breathing," her mistress answered; "my heart first gives a whirl, and then it beats quicker and quicker, and my throat fills up and up till I have to scream or I would be suffocated." "But, mistress dear, if you wouldn't let your heart begin to whirl—if you would try not to fret about anything." "I can't help it, Nanny. I can't help my heart whirling," she added quickly, fearing that Nanny would take the first sentence as an admission that she did fret. Relations-in-law are not usually very quick in observing any failure of health, and Philip's mother and sisters saw nothing wrong with Mattie. Miriam knew that she was looking wretchedly ill, but Mattie stopped her so short when she remarked it that she dared not allude to it again. Indeed, her friend's manner often perplexed her now. Sometimes she was as affectionate as ever, and then suddenly without any perceptible cause, she would grow cold and reserved, yet always denied that anything had offended her in the least. Mr. Bellamy had been very ill at the time of Philip's accident, and, except for one hurried visit, Miss Bellamy had not been able to leave him to go to see her niece. But the first time Mattie came over to the Glebe, the good lady was shocked beyond measure by her appearance; and as soon as she got her out of her father's room she put her through a rigorous cross-examination concerning her health. Mattie parried her questions as well as she was able, laying the blame of her looks upon close attendance on Philip. "What were his mother and sisters or Miriam Lutton thinking of that they allowed you to wear yourself away to a shadow?" Miss Bellamy asked, indignantly; and

the next time Dr. Marks came to see the Rector she reproached him for not looking after Mattie's health. "My dear lady, I, seeing her every day, would not observe any change in her as you would do. I did think she was getting thin, but I did not wonder at that." "Thin is no name for it, doctor; why her arm is not half the size it was a year ago, and her eyes look absolutely wild, the flesh has fallen so much from about them. I am afraid she is fretting about the baby yet; nothing pulls away the flesh like fretting." The doctor prescribed tonics and plenty of nourishing food for her. There was evidently so much of the weakness nervous, that he would have preferred her not taking any stimulants; but when Miss Bellamy (little knowing what she was saying) declared that Mattie could not do without wine, he said, "Oh, well, a glass or two of light wine in the day will do her no harm." But Miss Bellamy had no faith in light wines, and so, in obedience to the doctor,

Mattie forced herself to eat food that nearly shocked her, and in obedience to her aunt drank old Port, besides quantities of brandy in the new milk that Dr. Marks prescribed for her. But neither nourishing food nor inflaming drink could restore what she had lost. She did not recover health, and the sweetness which had made her so winning seemed buried in the ruins of her love. She became sharp and querulous, answering every hasty word of Philip's with a bitter one, which too often led to others from him, till hysterics and brandy ended the controversy. The breach widened every day, and, restless and unhappy, poor Philip soon forgot his good resolutions. "There's no use in trying to rise out of one's self with an ill-tempered wife dragging one down," he thought, ruefully, and in a short time he gave up trying altogether.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Adulteration of Wine.

BY BRO. DR. B. COLLENETTE, D.D.G.W.C.T., GUERNSEY.

IT has been said that there is not one glass of pure, undiluted wine in the United Kingdom. At the close of the year 1873, several of the London papers exposed the shameful sophistication and vile adulteration of Sherry wine, and one of the medical press said, "Between the converting manœuvres of the trade and the cloud of dust thrown into the eyes of the public by experts, the public will get nothing but Sherry poison, i.e., *alcohol, with a variety of noxious ingredients skilfully mingled together*, for many a long day to come;" that "the great art of the seller is directed towards manipulating the small quantity of genuine grape juice imported, so that the palate shall be thereby either destroyed or perverted, and thus it becomes impossible to say what is or what is not a pure or wholesome wine;" that "pure wine may be found in Spain, *but it never reaches England*" (and this is given upon the testimony of one of the largest houses in the wine trade); and that the "Sherry of commerce is a vile compound of alcohol, sulphuric acid, plaster of Paris, sugar, caramel, and fusil oil!" In the year 1834, a Parliamentary Committee—of which James Silk Buckingham was the chairman—sat to investigate the cause of drunkenness. It is said that one of the witnesses, a wine merchant, was asked whether it was possible to procure pure Port wine, and that his reply was to the effect that it certainly was possible; but then the purchaser would have to go to Portugal, proceed up the Douro, visit the vineyard, see the grapes pressed, the juice placed in the cask, the bung in the hole, and then sit astride that cask and never leave it until he had landed it in his own cellar. A few years ago I extracted the following from the *London Times*:—"A great sensation has been caused at Oporto by the discovery of extensive frauds in the wine trade. It appears that mixtures to represent Port wine are manufactured

in England and Hamburg, and sent out in ships to Oporto for the benefit of a sea voyage, when, by means of falsified certificates, the mixtures are imported into England as Port wine! About three thousand pipes of this mixture are now in London. The mixture has been tested and found to be a composition of bad alcohol, molasses, and the essence of tar!" Dr. Hiram Cox has made the following statement:—"I analyzed a lot of wines for some conscientious gentlemen, who insisted on my bringing my chemicals and apparatus to their wine stores, that they might see the operation. Among them were Port wine, Sherry wine, and Madeira wine; these wines had not one drop of the juice of the grape. The basis of the Port wine was diluted sulphuric acid, cider, berry juice, alum, sugar, and spirits. The same week, after analyzing these wines, and exhibiting their quality and character to the conscientious proprietors, a beadle of one of our churches informed me that he had then purchased some of this Port wine, to be used in his church on the next Sabbath for Sacramental purposes!" Some few years ago, in the presence of the minister and of some twenty office-bearers of a church in this island, I challenged a wine merchant (himself an office-bearer in the church) to say before God and these brethren, that there was a drop of the juice of the grape in the wine that he provided for the Lord's Table! He was dumb, mute; he never answered a word. Let each one draw his own conclusion.

The *Daily News*, speaking of the little town of Cetto, says that "a bad vintage, or rather a succession of bad seasons, is regarded there rather as a blessing than a misfortune." "Logwood there is used largely, cider extensively, sugar not a little, Cheropiga and Benicardo are imported in great quantities, but never leave Cetto under their original names." To be brief, within the limits of this little Mediterranean

seaport, and from the crude materials just enumerated, are produced in enormous quantities imitations of every known vintage—Claret, Hock, Johannisberg, Burgundy, Champagne, Madeira, Moselle (sparkling or still), Lachrymæ Christi, Constantia, Port, and Imperial Tokay! So accurate is the palate, so nice the skill of this little colony of thrifty wine makers, that they can, with more than Chinese precision, imitate the flavor and copy the color of any wine. Let but the cider crop be copious and the Bay of Campeche yield liberally of its wood, and they will take care that the cellars of England shall not lack of the finest Port! But Cetto is not alone skilled in this wonderful art; for the wine merchants of Guernsey—where, by-the-bye, we have not now, and never have had, even a square yard of land devoted to the culture of the grape for wine manufacturing purposes—have managed to export wine in large quantities. We gather from the Oporto and London Custom-house books, that in the year 1812 Guernsey received from Oporto 135 pipes and 20 hogsheds of Port wine; but our ingenious and clever merchants sent that year into the London market alone 2,545 pipes, and 162 hogsheds of real, undoubted, genuine, old Port! From the year 1812 till 1828, more Port wine left Guernsey for London than was received from Oporto; and from the year 1829 till 1833, not one pipe left Oporto for the Channel Islands, and yet our merchants managed somehow to export into the London market no less than 1,515 pipes of Port wine! How was this accomplished? Doubtless in some such way as I have already described in speaking of Cetto; or it may have been by some such process as I adopted a few years ago when lecturing on the manufacture and adulteration of wines. I manufactured, in the presence of some six hundred people, a bottle of “real, undoubted, genuine, old Port,” that did not, however, contain a drop of the juice of the grape, and which was said by a committee appointed by the audience to watch the process (composed of a colonel in the army, a captain in the army, a captain in the militia, and a gentleman connected with our Custom-house, all connoisseurs in, and—if their noses spoke the truth—drinkers of Port wine) to be equal to any that could be got from any of our best houses for three shillings and sixpence the bottle! Mine cost me five farthings (it would cost the reader fourpence halfpenny), and was indebted to spoilt cider for a body, to alcohol for its strength, to logwood for its color, to rhatany for its astringency, to salts of tartar for its age, to alum and sugar of lead for its clearness and hue. The bottle having been crusted by means of bullock’s blood, the corks stained to the required hue, and cobwebs and dust borrowed from the cellar and used liberally, the process was complete!

Probably some persons who read these lines will be inclined to doubt the truth of the statements made, from the fact that they have been nursed in the belief that wine is the fermented juice of the grape, and that alone; but it is notorious that the vineyards of Champagne do not grow grapes sufficient to produce the quantity of Champagne drunk every year in London alone! Where, then, does all the other Champagne come

from? It is notorious that the vineyards of Fontignan produce but 2000 casks of wine a year, and yet the merchants manage to export 30,000 casks! How are these produced? It is notorious that the vineyards of the island of Madeira only produce some 10,000 casks of wine a year, and yet no less than 40,000 casks are annually sold in Europe, and as many more in America! Whence, then, come these 70,000 casks? It is notorious that all the grapes grown annually in Portugal would not supply England alone with Port wine! How, then, are France, Spain, Portugal itself, Germany, Austria, Russia, and America supplied, except it be in the manner already described? Indeed we have not merely conjectural or circumstantial evidence to rely upon, but we have the open, unblushing statements of the men who have practised these frauds upon the public for years, and who have published their “guides” for the enlightenment of the craft. Not three years ago, a Guernsey wine merchant, engaged in this unholy traffic, and whose conscience, I presume, troubled him at times, told me that had he known what the trade was before he embarked in it, he never should have done so, and that he would rather see all his boys dead and buried, than that one of them should follow him in the business. Poor fellow! he has fallen a victim to his own manufacture. The following is a recipe taken from one of these wine guides for the making of “good Port wine”:—“Take of good cider four gallons, of the juice of red beet two quarts, brandy two quarts, logwood four ounces, bruised rhatany root half-a-pound. First infuse the logwood and rhatany root in the brandy and a gallon of cider for one week, then strain off the liquor and add the other ingredients; keep it in a cask for a month, when it will be fit to bottle.” Take another recipe from the same source:—“Spirits of wine three ounces, cider fourteen ounces, sugar one ounce and a half, alum two scruples, tartaric acid one scruple, strong decoction of logwood four ounces!”

I need not multiply recipes, but shall conclude this article by relating an anecdote that goes to prove that *wine making* has for many years been successfully carried on. It appears that at one period during the dissolute life of George IV., the gentlemen of his household had appropriated to their own use a quantity of wine, which they imagined the Prince had forgotten. Having drained the bottles one after another almost to the very last, they were one day astounded at receiving an order for the said wine to be forthcoming at an entertainment to be held the following day. In the paralysis of their consternation no hope was entertained of averting a disclosure. Happily for them, however, one of their number being intimately acquainted with a *wine brever* in the city, posted away to inform him of the distressing circumstances and request his charitable aid. “Have you any of the wine left for a specimen?” enquired the manufacturer of the “fruit of the vine.” “Yes,” was the reply. “Well, then,” said the wine maker, “send me some, and I shall forward the necessary quantity in time.” The wine was made, and placed upon George IV.’s table; the Prince and his lords drank of it, and the deception was in every respect so perfect and

complete as to defy discovery! And these are the vile compounds, this the abominable trash, which our mothers, our wives, our sisters, our daughters are made to swallow to enable them forsooth properly to nourish and sustain the young life committed to their care! These are the vile compounds, this the abominable trash, we are asked to place on our tables to regale and refresh our friends and our guests with! These are the vile compounds, this the abominable trash,

which our doctors prescribe for us, under the false idea of supporting and strengthening our system! And, worse than all, these are the vile compounds, this the abominable trash, so often found on the Lord's Table, placed there, too, as a fit emblem of His shed blood!! Shame! shame!! that this should be so, in the Year of our Lord, 1874.—*The Good Templars' Watchword.*

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon on Smoking.

BY BRO. REV. PROFESSOR KIRK, EDINBURGH.

FROM what one hears on the subject of Mr. Spurgeon's late heroic utterances regarding cigars it seems desirable that there should be yet more discussion on that subject. The excellent pastor of the Tabernacle refers to the "pain" which has been removed and the "refreshing sleep" which has been secured by the smoke of tobacco in his own experience. I can have no doubt for a moment as to his statement of simple facts. There is a similar though more dreadful system which furnishes an illustration in point. A person who has got into the terrible habit of using opium, somewhat as those who smoke use tobacco, finds the most excruciating pains and restlessness removed by repeatedly using the narcotic. The action of the opium on the nerves produces pain and restlessness when the stupefaction is passing off, and these are again allayed very speedily when the dose is repeated. Just so in many cases in which tobacco is used; not only uneasiness and sleeplessness come on when the narcotic effect is passing away, but these are at once removed when the fumes of the herb are again applied. The experience of both the user of opium and the user of tobacco is that of alternate uneasiness and the soothing of that uneasiness. The prescription of the drunkard for his comrade in the morning after a *spree* is to "give him a hair of the dog that bit him," which is used to cure the patient. In like manner when a cigar is smoked to cure the pain which previous cigars have caused, it is just another instance of helping the sufferer by giving him this "hair of the dog that bit him."

I have not much hope that any lover of this smoke of tobacco will readily see this; but there is something in the case which, if he thinks at all, he will not find it easy to pass over. I refer to that which appears when we look to the difference between a medical application, properly so called, and the habitual use of a narcotic which may possibly be sometimes of use medicinally. There are times, doubtless, when such a drug may be successfully applied to give relief from dangerous pains or sleeplessness *which have been otherwise caused*. But the use of such a remedy in such cases is one thing, and the habitual use, in which the drug is at the same time the cause and cure of the pain and restlessness, is a totally different thing. It is of incalculable moment that this distinction should be kept in view. The person who receives an opiate as a real patient, for the cure of pain or restlessness, or for their temporary abatement, is in a position totally

unlike that of him who first produces the uneasiness and then abates it with opium. Nobody thinks of reflecting on the conduct of the merely medicated sufferer, but everybody shudders when he thinks of the opium-eater. In the same way nobody would have reason to hesitate as to the perfect innocence of one who, during a critical period, should find soothing and sleep from the use of tobacco, or any one of the legion of narcotics, if called for medically and specifically in his case.

It is a totally different matter, however, when one who stands out as an example to other men takes to habitual smoking. It is out of the question to attempt to confound medical use with that habitual use of drugs, in which they create the necessity for their repeated and continued application. I for one would never think of the application of narcotics, such as opium and tobacco, in neuralgic affections at all, for with a very simple method of treating the spinal system there is no difficulty in taking pain away and giving sleep—that is unless the patient persist in smoking, and so undoes with the tobacco all that is done to cure his nervous system. But if we admit to the utmost that Mr. Spurgeon, partly with great mental effort, and far more by the use of tobacco, keeps bringing pains and sleeplessness upon himself, and taking these off alternately, he is sadly mistaken if he imagines that God has any glory in the case. As to the *sin* of the matter, it is perhaps best to leave that between him and his only Judge. But as to the virtue, I should be in even greater difficulty. As to the wisdom of habitually dosing one's nerves and causing them to give pain and restlessness, so as to have the pleasure of soothing these and curing them by turns, there need not be much difficulty at all. As to setting the example to the world's youth of habitual smoking, very little need be said in order to make such a man as Mr. Spurgeon wish himself as soon as possible clear of it for ever.

CIVIC COMPLIMENT TO THE ORDER.—The Birmingham authorities have requested the Good Templars to form a "Guard of Honor" on the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales on 3rd inst. The members will be marshalled in the space at the back of the Town Hall, whence they will proceed to the principal streets and stand in single file along the front of the barricades.

The Good Templar Colcutionist.

AROUSE YE, MEN OF IRELAND!

BY A. L. W.

AROUSE ye, men of Ireland,
 Who boast your country free,
 Arouse ye, in the sacred names
 Of Home and Liberty!
 There's a treacherous foe among you,
 In cottage and in hall,
 Binding his million captives fast
 In base and bitter thrall.
 Each year, by tens of thousands,
 He lays his victims low;
 Then rouse ye, men of Ireland,
 And crush your country's foe.

By the cry of helpless anguish
 That rises up to heaven,
 From hearths made dark and desolate,
 Whence every joy is driven;
 Where the wife sits broken-hearted
 In more than widowed woe,
 Trembling to hear the footsteps nigh
 That brings the curse and blow;
 And the children cower in terror,
 Hushing their hunger wail;—
 Arouse ye, men of Ireland,
 And make the tyrant quail.

By manhood's strength dishonored,
 Of reason's crown bereft,
 All that was pure and noble gone,
 Only a demon left:
 By woman's form degraded,
 Whence the mother's heart has flown,
 Deaf to her famished infant's cry,
 Deaf to its dying moan;
 By childhood old in sorrow,
 In rags, and crime, and woe;—
 Up, haste ye to the rescue,
 And lay the enslaver low!

By the floods of bitter weeping
 Shed o'er an erring child,
 Lured by the tempter's wiles astray
 And ruined and defiled:
 By youth's bright promise blighted,
 By the wreck of fortunes fair,
 By the dark tide hiding in its de
 The suicide's despair;—
 Arouse ye, men of Ireland,
 No tampering with the foe!
 Up, in the might of freemen,
 And lay the spoiler low!

By the sounds of strife and bloodshed
 That ring throughout the land,
 By the death-shriek of the victim,
 And the murderer's gory hand:
 By remorse, all vainly brooding
 In the felon's lonely cell,
 By madness, with its fevered brain,
 And wild, delirious yell;—
 Arouse ye, men of Ireland,
 And lay the tyrant low;
 Up, ye who love your country,
 No quarter to the foe!

By the house of prayer forsaken
 For the gilded haunts of sin,
 Like gorgeous palaces without,
 But dens of crime within;
 By the white robe of religion
 With deeds of evil stained,
 By the holy banner of the Cross
 In heathen sight profaned;
 By all in heaven that's sacred,
 Or dear on earth below;—
 Arouse ye, men of Ireland,
 And crush your country's foe!

SOUND THE CLARION.

BY BRO. J. MALINS, G.W.C.T. OF ENGLAND.

TUNE:—"HOLD THE FORT."

SOUND THE CLARION! Louder! Louder!
 See! the foe is nigh.
 Temp'rance soldiers, hear the signal;
 Now to *do* or *die*!
 Raise our Standard—Freedom's emblem—
 In the Heavenly light;
 Pray we now before the conflict,
 "God, Defend the Right."

SOUND THE CLARION! Brothers, onward!
 Cowards leave behind!
 Sweep we down upon the foe-man,
 Like the rushing wind.
 Grapple with the powers of Darkness;
 Alcohol o'erthrow;
 Help the Lord against the mighty;
 Lay the Tyrant low.

See the mighty hosts contending!
 Surely Right prevails?
 No! The hostile legions prosper,
 And our courage fails.
 Hark! above the waning conflict,
 Widows, Orphans, moan.
 Cries are heard from men in bondage,
 Lord, avenge thine own!

	{ Brothers, look! behold your comrades Fallen on the field!
Female	{ Girt with Truth, they lacked only <i>Faith's</i> impervious shield.
Voices.	{ All the shielded ones are scathless Fighting hand-to-hand; As, arrayed in God's whole armor, Undismayed they stand.
Males.	{ Ho! ye sisters—ready helpers— Bring the Bucklers true.
Females.	{ Now equipped our forces rally Terrible to view!
	SOUND THE CLARION! God of battles, In Thy strength we go, Following our Red Cross banner, Vanquishing the foe.

SHOUT ALOUD ! THE FOE IS FLYING—
VICTORY IS WON !

Males. { Sisters, succor ye the wounded
Now the strife is done.
Females. { Brothers, break the bondmen's fetters,
Drooping spirits cheer.
Males. { Sisters, comfort ye the widow,
Dry the orphan's tear.

SOUND THE CLARION ! Gather ! Gather !

One glad song to raise ;
To the God of Israel's people
Be ascribed the praise.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
To the Great "I AM."
Honor to the Holy Spirit,
Glory to the Lamb !

THE BREWER.

I.

While poor men toil through weary years,
Their bread bedewed with sweat and tears,
Who flaunts his wealth 'mid England's peers ?
The Brewer !

II.

While poor men dwell in garrets dark,
Their fire a small and scanty spark,
Who boasts his palace and his park ?
The Brewer !

III.

While poor men's wives have garments few,
Who sits each Sunday in his pew—
His spouse bedecked in raiment new ?

The Brewer !

IV.

Who sends our sons to tread the flags,
With shoeless feet and shameful rags,
While he can drive his pair of nags ?

The Brewer !

V.

For every needless cup of ale,
Some woman's cheek with want looks pale !
Who thrives, while hungry children wail ?

The Brewer !

VI.

Who doth the poor man's penny crave,
Which he for wife and child might save ?
Who makes a man a sot and slave ?

The Brewer !

VII.

Who pours the liquor down men's throats,
To steal their brains and win their votes,
Then o'er their degradation gloats ?

The Brewer !

Oxford, March, 1874.

Q. C.

Progress of the Order.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

BELFAST.—21st September, the members of the Red Cross Lodge held a social meeting in the Clifton Street Lecture Room. There was a good attendance. After tea, Bro. A. Ledlie, G.W.S., was called to the chair and a select programme of addresses, readings, recitations, and music, was gone through. 24th September, a good meeting was held in Melbourne Street School-room, under the auspices of the Alexander Riddell Lodge. Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T. and Bro. Rev. R. W. Burnette. 29th September, an excellent soiree in connexion with the Hope of Erin Lodge was held in the Magdalene School-house. Bro. W. P. Holmes, G.W.T., presided, and addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T., Bro. Rev. S. Harding, and others. 31st September the members of Prosperity Lodge held their third annual soiree in the Belfast Mercantile Academy. There was a good attendance. After tea, the chair was taken by Bro. S. Kerr, and addresses were delivered by Bros. F. M. Walker and J. G. Henderson. The evenings proceedings were enlivened by some excellent pieces of music and recitations. 2nd October, a pleasant soiree in connexion with the Invincible Lodge was held in Queen Street School-room, the G.W.C.T. presiding. 6th Oct, a successful soiree was held under the auspices of the Belfast Borough Lodge in the Grand Lodge Hall, the G.W.C.T. in the chair. Addresses were delivered by the chairman on the Principles of the Order, by Bro. Rev. S. Harding on

the Policy of the Order, and by Bro. A. Ledlie, G.W.S., on the Progress of the Order. 8th October, Bro. G. H. Pearce delivered an eloquent lecture under the auspices of Erin's First Lodge in Clifton Street Lecture-room. The G.W.C.T. presided, and Bros. Rev. A. M'Kinley, H. J. Wright, and J. Malcolm, W.C.T., took part in the proceedings. 10th October, a large meeting was held in connexion with the Extreme Lodge in the Lancasterian School-room, Bro. D. Smith, D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, Bro. Rev. S. Hastings delivered an able lecture on "Extremes," and brief addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T. and Bro. W. J. M'Murtry. 12th October, the members of the Star of Ulster Lodge held a very pleasant re-union in Robinson's Temperance Hotel, on the occasion of the marriage of two of its members, Bro. M'Clure and Sister Windrim. After tea Bro. W. J. Totton was called to the chair, and a select programme of vocal and instrumental music, readings, and recitations was gone through. 16th October, the members of the Royal Oak Lodge held a soiree in the Grand Lodge Hall, 26 Ann Street. There was a large attendance of the members and their friends. After tea, Bro. C. Hendrick, D.D.G.W.C.T., was called to the chair and delivered an appropriate address. Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T. also addressed the meeting. The proceedings were enlivened by singings, readings, and recitations.

PRIESTHILL.—21st July, a meeting was held in Priesthill School Room, under the auspices of the Star of Zion Lodge. There was a good attend.

ance. The chair was occupied by Bro. Rev. E. Thomas. A lecture was delivered by Bro. W. Jones, Birmingham. Rev. B. Turnock, *pastor loci*, also addressed the meeting. On the motion of Bro. L. Shaw, W.L.D., the thanks of the meeting were accorded to the lecturer.

ST. JOHNSTON.—29th July, the G.W.C.T. lectured under the auspices of the Taughboyne Lodge to a large audience in the Presbyterian Church, St. Johnston, Bro. Hastings, W.C.T., presiding.

CASTLEFIN.—30th July, the G.W.C.T. lectured to a large and appreciative audience under the auspices of the Dayspring Lodge, in the Town Hall, Castlefin. Bro. R. Harper, D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair.

COLERAINE.—2nd August, the G.W.C.T. preached a Temperance Sermon in the Independent Church, Coleraine. Bro. Rev. D. Robb took part in the proceedings.

NEWTOWNLIMAVADY.—2nd August, the G.W.C.T. preached a Temperance Sermon to a large and attentive audience under the auspices of the Decision Lodge in the Town Hall, Newtownlimavady. Rev. G. Steen conducted the devotional exercises. 25th Oct., the G.W.C.T. preached a Temperance Sermon to the Presbyterian inmates of the Newtownlimavady Workhouse.

BALLYMENA.—4th August, an excellent soiree was held in the Good Templar Hall, Ballymena. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, addresses were delivered by Rev. J. Rutherford and Mr. Erwin, and a choir led by Bro. Rev. H. M. Holden discoursed excellent music, with piano accompaniments by Sister Mrs. Carey.

NEWCASTLE.—12th August, a highly successful excursion of the Good Templars of Newtownards and neighborhood to Newcastle took place. A large open-air meeting was held in the afternoon. The G.W.C.T. occupied the chair, addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Bros. Rev. J. McCreedy, and Rev. A. M'Kinley.

BELTURBET.—15th August, the G.W.C.T. lectured to a large audience in the Primitive Wesleyan Chapel, Belturbet, Rev. Mr. Phillips presiding, after which he instituted the Ark Lodge, No. 232. 16th August, the G.W.C.T. preached a Temperance Sermon under the auspices of the new Lodge, in the same place, to a very large audience.

LIGONIEL.—3rd September, Bro. S. Glasgow lectured to a good audience under the auspices of the Star of Peace Lodge in the Village School House, Ligoniel, Bro. T. Williamson presiding. 29th October, the G.W.C.T. lectured to a good audience in the same place under the auspices of the same Lodge. Bro. Williamson again presided, and a cordial vote of thanks was passed to the lecturer on the motion of Bro. Ferguson, W.L.D.

TANDRAGEE.—16th September, Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks, P.G.W.Ch., lectured under the auspices of the Diamond Lodge to a large audience in the Assembly Room, Tandragee. E. D. Atkinson, Esq., occupied the chair.

MOYALLON.—17th September, Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks lectured to a crowded audience under

the auspices of the No Surrender Lodge in the Moyallon National School House. Bro. L. M'Mordie, W.C.T., occupied the chair, and the thanks of the meeting were given by acclamation to the lecturer, on the motion of Bro. F. P. Balkwell, seconded by Bro. Rev. J. Taylor.

BALLYCLARE.—17th September, a good meeting was held under the auspices of the Publican's Friend Lodge in the Court House, Ballyclare. Bro. S. Boyd, W.C.T., occupied the chair, an address was delivered by Bro. Rev. S. Nicholson, and papers were read by other brethren.

MILLTOWN.—18th September, Bro. Rev. G. H. Shanks lectured to a good audience under the auspices of the Protection Lodge in the Milltown School House, Banbridge, Bro. John Simms, P.G.W.C. in the chair.

DONAGHMORE.—21st September, a meeting was held in the Lodge Room, Donaghmore, under the auspices of Tyrone's Hope Lodge. Bro. Rev. Mr. Grant, W.C., occupied the chair and gave an appropriate address. Bro. Elliott also addressed the meeting. The proceedings were enlivened by some excellent pieces of vocal music given by members of the Lodge.

CASTLEDERG.—28th September, a meeting in connection with the Lighthouse Lodge, was held in the Court House, Castlederg. There was a large attendance. The chair was occupied by Bro. R. Entrican, D.D.G.W.C.T., who delivered an appropriate address. A paper, entitled "Why I am what I am," was read by Bro. Rev. W. Smylie. Bro. William M'Granahan gave a reading. The evening's proceedings were enlivened by music given by the Brass Band belonging to the Lodge.

KINSALE.—28th September, a meeting under the auspices of the Kinsale Concord Lodge, was held in the Fisherman's Hall. The chair was occupied by Bro. John W. Barry, W.C.T., and addresses were delivered by Bros. Rev. W. Daunt, M.A., G.W.Chap., Rev. R. Ludlow, and W. Roycroft. The evening's proceeding were enlivened by music given by the Band of the 12th Regiment, and by singings, readings, and recitations.

AGHADOWEY.—29th September, a soiree was held in the Good Templar Hall, Aghadowey, under the auspices of the Unity Lodge. There was a large attendance. After tea, James Blair Stirling, Esq., was called to the chair. Bro. Rev. D. Robb, Coleraine, delivered an address. Bro. J. Hemphill gave a reading. The evening's proceedings were enlivened by several pieces of vocal and instrumental music.

DUNMURRY.—29th September, a meeting was held in the Assembly Rooms, Dunmurry, under the auspices of the Eden Lodge. Bro. Rev. N. E. Smith occupied the chair, and a lecture was delivered by Mr. W. D. Stewart. Addresses were also delivered by Bros. Rev. H. Edgar and Rev. T. Johnston.

CASTLEDAWSON.—30th Sept., the G.W.C.T. lectured to a crowded audience in the School House, Castledawson, under the auspices of the Village Fountain Lodge. Rev. John Hall occupied the chair, and several brethren from Magherafelt took part in the proceedings.

BUTTEVANT.—8th October, a social tea meeting was held in connexion with the Hope of the Borderers Lodge in the Lodge Room, Buttevant, in honor of Bro. E. D. Chatterton, late W.L.D. and W.S., on the occasion of his leaving for England. After tea, Bro. Bell, W.C.T., took the chair and spoke in complimentary terms of Bro. Chatterton. A varied and interesting programme was gone through consisting of singings, readings, recitations, and music by the Band of the 25th Regiment.

MONAGHAN.—14th October, a meeting was held in the Church Assembly Rooms, Monaghan, under the auspices of the Monaghan Lodge. There was a crowded attendance. The chair was occupied by the Venerable Archdeacon Stack, Rector of Monaghan, and an able lecture was delivered by Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T. After the usual vote of thanks, the proceedings were concluded by the singing of the Doxology.

ISLANDMAGEE.—16th October, a most successful soiree under the auspices of the Mariner's Hope Lodge was held in the Orange Hall, Islandmagee. Bro. J. A. Bowman, D.D.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T., Rev. J. Shaw, Bro. Simms, Bro. J. Fullerton, W.L.D., A. Barr, D.S., and Earls, W.C.T.

GARVAGH.—19th October, the G.W.C.T. lectured to a large audience under the auspices of the Bud of Promise Lodge, in the Temperance Hall, Garvagh. Rev. M. Smith occupied the chair, and the thanks of the meeting were given by acclamation to the lecturer, on the motion of Rev. William Lowe, seconded by Bro. J. Hemphill, D.C.T.

KILREA.—20th Oct., the G.W.C.T. lectured to a good audience in the Second Presbyterian Church, Kilrea. Rev. J. Dickey presided, and a vote of thanks was accorded to the lecturer on the motion of Mr. R. M'Cahon, seconded by Bro. T. Thompson, W.L.D. Eight names were received to form a new Lodge.

CLOUGH.—21st October the members of Clough Lodge held their annual soiree in the Presbyterian Church, Clough. There was a large attendance. After tea the chair was taken by Rev. Mr. Stewart, *pastor loci*, and an address was delivered by Bro. Rev. A. M'Kinley. Readings and recitations were given by members of the Order. An efficient choir under the leadership of Bro. F. Lee Cleland gave some excellent pieces of music.

DUNGIVEN.—22nd October, the G.W.C.T. lectured to a crowded audience under the auspices of the Safe Anchorage Lodge, in the Court House, Dungiven. Bro. C. D. H. Campbell, P.G.W.C.T., occupied the chair, and a warm vote of thanks was accorded to the lecturer on the motion of Mr. Fallows, seconded by Mr. Dunn.

PORTSTEWART.—23rd October, the G.W.C.T. lectured to a very large audience in the New Church School House, Portstewart, under the auspices of the Portstewart Light House Lodge. Rev. D. Aicken occupied the chair, and a vote of thanks was enthusiastically passed to the lecturer, on the motion of Bro. A. Mathews, W.C., seconded by Mr. R. Reid.

CASTLEROCK.—25th October, the G.W.C.T. preached a Temperance Sermon to a crowded

and attentive audience under the auspices of the Watchtower Lodge, in the Good Templar Hall, Castlerock.

STRANGFORD.—28th October, the G.W.C.T. lectured to a large audience under the auspices of the Strangford's Hope Lodge, in the Primitive Wesleyan Chapel, Strangford. Rev. R. E. Fleming occupied the chair, and on the motion of Mr. Clarke, seconded by Bro. D. M'Cutcheon, the thanks of the meeting were given by acclamation to the lecturer, and a similar compliment was paid to the chairman on the motion of Bro. Frost.

GOOD TEMPLAR MARRIAGES.

EVANS—PEGG.—26th August, in Kinsale, by Rev. Edward R. Riddell, Bro. Sergeant James Evans, P.W.C.T., Hope of the Borderers Lodge, No. 215, to Sister Sarah Anne Pegg, W.D.M., Kinsale Concord Lodge, No. 182.

WILTON—CHURCH.—2nd September, in the Parish Church, Coleraine, by Rev. James O'Hara, Bro. David Wilton, Ark of Safety Lodge, No. 119, to Sister Martha Church, City of Refuge Lodge, No. 72.

M'CLURE—WINDRIM.—11th September, in St. Enoch's Presbyterian Church, Belfast, by Rev. Hugh Hanna, Bro. Thomas M'Clure, to Sister Mary Windrim, both of Star of Ulster Lodge, No. 14.

YOUNG—THOMPSON.—22nd Sept., in Ekenhead Presbyterian Church, Belfast, by Rev. John Greenlees, M.A., Bro. Joseph Young, W.C.T. of Sir Wilfrid Lawson Lodge, No. 41, to Sister Lizzie Thompson, Concord Lodge, No. 48.

M'CALLION—MAHON.—22nd Sept., in the Second Presbyterian Church, Newtownlimavady, by Rev. George Steen, M.A., Brother David M'Callion, P.W.V.T., to Sister Eliza Mahon, W.L.S., both of Decision Lodge, No. 56.

RAMSAY—HORSLEY.—4th October, 1873, in St. Multose Church, Kinsale, by Bro. Rev. W. Daunt, M.A., G.W.Chap., Bro. Sergeant J. H. Ramsay, Hope of the Borderers Lodge, No. 215, to Sister Dora Horsley, W.D.M., Kinsale Concord Lodge, No. 182.

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

CHARTERS FOR NEW LODGES.—Upon the petition of ten or more members of the Order, or of ten or more respectable persons (not less than 16 years of age), praying for a Charter to open a Subordinate Lodge in any part of Ireland, the Grand Lodge may grant the same. Forms of petition, with instructions, may be had on application to the G.W.S.

Contributions for the *Irish Good Templar* and Books for Review in its columns should be addressed to the Editor, JOHN PYPER, G.W.C.T., 4, Old Park Terrace, Belfast.

Communications connected with the Business of the Order should be addressed to Bro. A. Ledlie, G.W.S., 26, Ann Street, Belfast.

THE IRISH GOOD TEMPLAR, Vol. I., for 1873, price One Shilling, in paper cover, and also back numbers to make up volumes for binding, may be had on application to the G.W.S.

The Irish Good Templar :

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.

VOL. II.—No. 12.

1ST DECEMBER, 1874.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Good Templar Titles Vindicated.

BY THE EDITOR.

(From a Speech delivered in the Discussion with Rev. J. Kerr, in Belfast.)*

ONE of Mr. Kerr's charges is, that the Titles of our Order are unscriptural and unreasonable. There is nothing unscriptural or morally wrong in the use of titles of distinction. Luke styles Theophilus "most excellent," and Paul addressed Festus as "most noble." Sarah called Abraham "lord," and is commended by the Apostle Peter for so doing. High Priest is often used in Scripture. "Chief" is perhaps the title most ridiculed in our Order by opponents, but it is frequently used in Scripture, as, "chief of the people," "chief of the tribe," "chief of the house," "chief captain," "chief prince," "chief ruler," "chief priest," "chief butler," "chief baker," &c. The Scriptures speak also of "honorable men" and "honorable women," teach the duty of giving "honor to whom honor is due," and of counting those elders that rule well "WORTHY of double honor." Indeed, they who most fully obey the heavenly teaching of the Bible, though not obsequious or sycophantic, are the most courteous and polite members of every community in which they dwell, and the most observant of the respect due to others in every society of which they are members; and they find nothing in Scripture opposed to the use of titles of distinction among men, provided they be

not flattering, irreverent, or blasphemous. Good Templar titles are neither, and therefore they are not unscriptural.

Neither are they unreasonable, if the example of the most reasonable of men be taken as a criterion of what is reasonable. The best and most extensive educational establishments have the largest number of titles of distinction. Ecclesiastical organizations have titles of distinction almost without end, including "Reverend," which Mr. Kerr himself uses, and of course defends. And if one were inclined to be hypercritical, it would be easy to show that the title, "Reverend," applied to man, is *at least* as unscriptural and irrational as any used in the Good Templar Order. "They who live in glass houses should not throw stones." And in social life and civil affairs we all use Mr. and Mrs., Sir and Madam, Ladies and Gentlemen, Esquire, Grand Jury, Councillor and Alderman, Worship and Worshipful. Lord and Lady, Lordship and Ladyship, Honorable and Right Honorable, Highness, Royal Highness, Sovereign, King, Queen, Majesty, Most Gracious Majesty, &c.

If it be reasonable to use all or most of these titles, and I think Mr. Kerr will admit that it is, there is nothing "opposed to reason" in the titles used by Good Templars; and there being nothing unscriptural or irrational in their use, it is more than defensible, it is dutiful, to use them if they serve a good and useful purpose. That they do so is easily shown. They are necessary to complete the organization of our Order, and render it thoroughly efficient in the promotion of its great object. After all the ridicule that has been heaped upon them by Mr. Kerr and others, they are very simple indeed. The chosen president, chairman, or head of a Templar Lodge is the Chief Templar of it, the Vice-Chairman is called the Vice-Templar, and the other officers are named intelligibly from the duties of their respective offices. And that all the members may be trained to be properly polite and respectful

* Regarding the Discussion as published, G. W. C. T. Malins writes—"Having perused the report of your Discussion on Good Templarism, with the Rev. J. Kerr, of Greenock, I do not hesitate to declare that your addresses are the most masterly defence of the Order which has ever appeared."

G. W. C. T. Gladstone writes—"Your replies to the objections urged by Mr. Kerr are perfectly satisfactory, and your defence of our Ritual, our Principles, and our Order generally, all that could be wished."

G. W. C. T. Morgan writes—"I consider Bro. Pyper's replies the most complete, profound, and conclusive I ever read on the subject, and I feel assured that the reading of this Discussion would be sufficient to refute for ever all the material objections in the minds of 99 per cent. of thoughtful readers. Hence I consider the wide circulation of this book among the best means of promoting our Order."

G. W. C. T. Daniel writes—"The clear, logical, and masterly reasoning in your addresses is worthy of the high position you occupy in the Order, and the fame which you have for many years enjoyed as a writer of no mean ability. I feel proud that you have in this debate won fresh laurels, which might be justly envied by the ablest men within our ranks."

towards their officers and others, the word, "Worthy," is in each case prefixed to the bare name of the office, as "Worthy Chief Templar," "Worthy Vice-Templar," "Worthy Secretary," "Worthy Chaplain," &c. This is no more unreasonable nor unscriptural than it is to style the chairman at any ordinary meeting, "Worthy Chairman."

When the Lodges in a country or state amount to a certain number, they elect representatives, one, two, or three from each Lodge, according to its size, and these representatives, chosen members of the Order in the country, are formed into a large Lodge that meets annually, as a deliberative assembly, to enact laws and devise means for the government and extension of the Order in that country. This Lodge needs to be distinguished from the Lodges which it governs by some term that will indicate its superior position. The term adopted is "Grand," as "The Grand Lodge of Ireland." No briefer term of distinction could have been selected, and I think none more suitable, especially as "Grand," in its etymology and general use, means great, high, or superior, as opposed to small, low, or inferior. Mr. Kerr cannot say that the title, "Grand," is unscriptural, since we have "Grandfather" in the Old Testament and "Grandmother" in the New, and I respectfully submit that I have proved it to be most reasonable. A Grand Jury is distinguished from a Petty Jury by the same term. It being, then, neither unscriptural nor irrational to distinguish the great governing Lodge from the small local subordinate ones by the term, "Grand," it follows, as a matter of course, that it is neither unscriptural nor irrational to distinguish the officers of the former from those of the latter by the same term, and this is simply what we do in the Good Templar Order, and no more.

Then each of these Grand Lodges, of which I may tell my reverend friend there are now fifty

in the world, and there will soon be more, elects one, two, three, or four of its members annually, or biennially, and these choice members of the Order meet stately as an international deliberative body, to legislate and plan for the government and extension of the Order throughout the world. This body needs to be distinguished from the Grand Lodges which it governs by some term that will indicate its elevated position. The term adopted for this purpose is "Right Worthy," and the Lodge is entitled "The Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars," and its officers are distinguished from those of the Grand Lodge by the same prefix, "Right Worthy." Such a distinction cannot be shown by Mr. Kerr to be opposed to Scripture, and it is quite as rational as to distinguish the members of Her Majesty's Government by the title, "Right Honorable," from other members of Parliament, who are styled "Honorable."

The object and tendency of our titles are not, as Mr. Kerr most uncharitably argues, to excite a spirit of childishness and vain ambition, but to make necessary distinctions between Lodges and officers in our organization, and perhaps to indicate to members and non-members what we think of the greatness and grandeur of our glorious cause. My opinion is, that if the Rev. James Kerr had as high an opinion as he ought to have of the greatness and grandeur of the Temperance movement, in the present state of society, he would not despise Good Templarism so much as he does. The use of such titles is necessary to the completing of the Good Templar organization, and that organization is necessary to the speedy triumph of the Temperance cause, and, therefore, it is not only defensible but dutiful, on the part of Mr. Kerr and all other Christian philanthropists, to be members of our Order, if there be no hindrance in the way but our Titles.

The Bible and Total Abstinence.—No. XII.

BY REV. WILLIAM RITCHIE, D.D., SCOTLAND.

WE have transferred to our columns to-day an article from the *Evangelical Witness and Presbyterian Review*, on "Wine in the Bible." The *Witness* is, we believe, an organ of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, and the article is from the pen of Dr. Murphy, a distinguished scholar and author, belonging to that denomination. The object of the writer, it will

be seen, is to try to convince his readers that the Bible fully sanctions the use of intoxicating wine, as in itself a good thing, and disapproves alone of excess in its indulgence. We demur with our whole heart to this position, but we do not in the least regret that, being held, it is here published and a defence set up for it. We have reason to know that the subject superficially

discussed in the article is attracting increased attention among the friends of Temperance in England and Ireland, as well as in Scotland. We do not profess in this place to enter into a full discussion of the question at issue, and we do not deem it necessary to offer any strictures on minor points raised in this paper. In the little work, entitled "Scripture Testimony against Intoxicating Wine," published by the Scottish Temperance League, the whole question is fully discussed, and we must refer to that treatise for an answer by anticipation to many of the statements and arguments of this writer. We think it proper, however, in the pages of this *Journal* to do what we can to expose some of the leading assumptions and fallacies of this pretentious article. It is not our business to remark on the oracular tone, and the sparseness of reasoning shown in it, just as if it were enough to propound a dogma, however crude, or to indicate an inference, however far fetched, to get people to swallow both. Neither do we care to advert particularly to the slipshod way in which facts and texts are produced and classified, as if these were all bearing on the subject, and nothing more required to settle the question at issue. But first of all we must express our unmingled surprise at the position this writer has taken up, with regard to an important point in this discussion, we mean the nature of the substance denoted by the word *tirosh*, often rendered wine in our English Bible. "*Tirosh* (must)," he says, "contains the root *rash* (to crush, bruise), and therefore denotes primarily the juice of the grape, which is given forth when it is in any way crushed or bruised. In one case it is put by a poetic figure for this juice, while yet in the cluster of grapes. But properly it is liquor." This, we think, can be proved to be both a very *rash* derivation and deduction, showing, we fear, that the writer has not taken time to apply either his scholarship or his logic to the matter in hand. We do not suppose it will be thought any disparagement to his learning in the Hebrew to prefer the guidance of the eminent lexicographer, Gesenius, to his, in the path of derivation; and that distinguished scholar gives *yarash*, to possess or inherit, as the root of the term *tirosh*; although, with all deference to such high authority, we judge he is mistaken in *inferring* that it is so named because it possessed the head, and not rather because the fruit of the vine was a chief substance of possession in Canaan. But further, says this writer, *tirosh* is "*properly a liquor*." We own we were required to rub our eyes, and read

this cool assertion over again, to make sure we were right in our first perusal. But there the words stand all clear; and agreeing, moreover, with the whole context. Well, either the writer has read what has been written by others on the subject, or he has not. If he has not, it is sheer presumption in him to attempt to decide a question of this importance by his authority alone; and if he has read on the point in discussion, it is a proof of something else than conscious power of argument to ignore all that has been said on the other side, and moreover, to attempt to adduce no reason in support of his own opinion, or in disproof of the opposite.

Yet, let any reader of the Bible, apart from Hebrew scholarship or anything else but common sense, look at this assertion, *tirosh* is properly a *liquor*, in the light of Scripture expression and facts, and see how it squares with them. Look, for example, to this fact that *tirosh* is so often connected in the Bible with corn, and oil, or *orchard fruit*, as Dr. Eadie maintains, and so we read in the oft repeated expression, corn, and wine (*tirosh*), and oil. Look again to this fact, that we never find this word united with objects that would indicate it to denote a liquid. It is never spoken of in connection with bottles, or cups, or pots, or as poured out as a fluid. Look once more to this fact, that *tirosh* is not associated with acts or processes that apply to a liquid. We will not load our pages with citing the texts to which we here refer, but the allusions can be easily verified. *Tirosh* is spoken of as "gathered," as "eaten," as "laid up in heaps," as "fading when the vine languisheth," as "dried up when the field is wasted," as "trodden and yielding wine." Strange expressions these, are they not, respecting what is "properly a liquor?" By what constraint of metaphor can it be supposed that wine, as a liquor, is gathered, eaten, laid up in heaps, trodden, and then yielding a liquid. Yet these are the absurdities to which those are driven, and this writer among them, who hold that *tirosh* denotes liquor or fluid of any kind. On the whole view of Bible expressions and facts, we are led to the conclusion that *tirosh* means vine fruit in the solid form.

We may be referred as an objection to this view, to such words as these—"The sons of strangers shall not drink thy wine;" but the same passage speaks of it as "brought together," a term applied elsewhere to the collecting of grain, of persons, of lambs, of sheaves of the thrashing floor. Hence it is in view of this phrase, "brought together," that Gesenius, though not agreeing with our opinion generally, assigns to it the meaning

here of "grape fruit." Or, again, we may be referred to the passage—"Whoredom, and wine, and new wine (*tirosh*) take away the heart," words appealed to in the article under review to prove that not only does it mean liquor, but liquor possessing an intoxicating quality. Most true it is, as said by the wise man, "The legs of the lame are not equal." If wine in the second term here mean intoxicating liquor, as this writer affirms, then what need of the third at all to denote the same thing. A careful reader will observe in this that it is not said that wine taketh away the reason, but it taketh away "the heart," and if we understand by whoredom, idolatry—a common meaning in Hosea—we perceive a gradation of thought pointing to the evil of taking it away in three powerful *occasions* of it, the greatest being idolatry, the second, an agent of intoxication, the third, vine fruit, as an exponent of worldly possessions generally to which the heart cleaves and turns thereby from God. Thus, we hold, there is not a passage in the Bible which justifies the conclusion that *tirosh* is properly a liquor, but all support the position that it denotes vine fruit.

It is not difficult to perceive the reason why the writer of the article before us is so eager to write down *tirosh* as a liquor. In all the thirty-eight texts of the Bible, where it occurs, it is spoken of as a promised or permitted enjoyment, and if this can be proved to be an intoxicating liquor, the conclusion seems unavoidable, that Scripture sanctions the use of such a beverage. But we are most firmly persuaded that this position can never be established, and that we are not, therefore, shut up to the shallow, vague, misty platitudes, set forth by the writer, that all the Bible condemns *excess* in the use of intoxicants. We shall have more to say of this anon when we examine what he says about another term, *yayin*. Meantime, we express our intense conviction that, so far as we have reviewed the article, the writer has utterly failed to make good his position, and that our abstinence principle is untouched by his willing, but in this case, not wise hand. We have proved that *tirosh* does not denote "a liquor," but vine fruit; and, therefore, those thirty-eight texts in which it occurs, and that are so often appealed to for evidence of the Bible sanction of intoxicating wine, cannot by possibility support this position, and have no bearing whatever on the question at issue.

We shall not attempt to follow the writer through his classification of texts on the different words for wine in Scripture, or his complacent

comments on them. Some of them we have found very inaccurate. Witness, for example, his reference to Prov. ix. 2-5, which he cites as an instance in which wine is *condemned*! though Divine wisdom employs it there as an emblem of the blessings of salvation. All of them are, so far as we can perceive, without any order, and certainly are wanting in point, as put in this paper, for argument on the great question of the Bible sanction of intoxicating wine. We may agree or we may differ from this writer in his classification of passages, but we are as far as ever from being conducted by him in these to definite issues on the subject in hand. He never once touches on the fact of the well-known use of unfermented as well as fermented wine among the Jews. For him the history of the nation of Israel has no voice on this subject, and he actually pens this extraordinary sentence—"Tiros" which he maintains is properly wine liquor—"could not be had at all seasons without an artificial expedient," just as if the Jewish people did not uniformly employ such means to preserve their wine from fermentation or corruption; and this in the face of the testimony of the historian, Josephus, who enumerates among the stores in the fortress of Massada, "corn, wine, and oil," and adds that the Romans found the remains of these fruits *uncorrupted*.

Passing, however, these details, there is only one practical point on which we care here to join issue with this writer, and we do this all the more earnestly because the chief reason of our whole controversy with him lies in it, and because it would appear it is for defending this he has entered on this discussion. The great point is this, he says—"The fruit of the vine is approved in some passages of Scripture and condemned in others, not because there are two kinds of wine, good and bad, or unintoxicating and intoxicating, but because it is used sometimes with moderation, and at other times to excess." This position is repeated in other forms in the course of the article—so this is the one definite, unmistakable principle the writer has pledged his name as an interpreter, a divine, and a scholar, to uphold: "The Bible fully sanctions men to use intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and only forbids the abuse or *excess* of the indulgence." Now, as we believe, for the honor of the Holy Bible and its Divine Author, we enter our solemn protest against this principle, and in the name of religion, as well as common reason, we demand proof for it, else we shall not cease to denounce it as an insult to the Book of truth and love. Have we not a right,

at the very threshold of this argument here, to require from those who take up this position and advance it with such confidence, a definite reason for the principles they defend? Considering that the use, or abuse, if they will, of intoxicating drink has been the source of perhaps more sin and misery than any other external cause under the sun, might we not reasonably expect that God in His Book would make known His mind regarding it? If it were His will to sanction the use, and merely condemn the abuse, who can doubt He could and would have said so? Would it not have been as easy for Him to say this as it is for the writer to do it? But here is the master difficulty with those who advocate this theory. God in Scripture has *not* said it is the abuse alone he condemns, nor anything like it to lead us to suppose this is His meaning, but the explicit statement is all on the other side. What is it, then, on which this position depends for support so that men who profess to risk their faith and practice on Scripture accept it? Why, in the face of so much in the Bible against it, it depends on *inference* alone—on inference, as we firmly believe, illogical and unfounded. What are the facts of the case, and what is the process by which this bold inference is deduced? They are simply these:—God sometimes in the Bible commends a thing called wine, and sanctions its use, and in other cases condemns it, and gives solemn warning against it, saying,—“Wine is a mocker, it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder,” and *therefore* says this writer, and many who think along with him, it is clear it is not the use of intoxicating wine the Author of the Bible forbids, but only its abuse or excess in it. Was ever inference, having such momentous issues, deduced from such bold and unsatisfactory premises? Let the same process of reasoning be followed, and men will draw from the Bible a sanction for slavery in almost any of its forms. In fact, this is the very course of argument the heaven-daring slaveholders in America have all along pursued in seeking to find Scripture authority for their inhuman system. In the Bible, they have said, we find a system of bondage permitted by God, though warnings are addressed regarding it, and *therefore*, it is plain it is not the use, but only the abuse of the thing that is forbidden—the exercise of cruelty or oppression towards those held to service. How has this libel on the Bible been met by its friends—met, for aught we know, by the very writer of the article on which we are commenting? They have said two things are spoken of in the Bible—the owning of service

from men and the owning of unlimited property in man. The first is permitted, the second is forbidden, so that it is not a question of degree or abuse, but a question of principle and use. And this is precisely our position with respect to wine in the Bible. Two things, or rather a substance in two states, are spoken of in Scripture, wine innocent and unintoxicating, wine dangerous and intoxicating. The use of the former is allowed by God, the use of the other receives no sanction from Him in His Holy Book.

In proof of our position, we point to the terms and tenor of the Divine Word. The writer before us refers to the texts, “Wine is a mocker,” and “Look not on the wine when it is red,” as evidence that it is not the drink itself, but only its excessive indulgence, that Scripture interdicts. Without intending offence we must say it required no little assurance to hazard this statement. It is not *excess* here that is denounced as a mocker, but the intoxicant itself, and it is *not the immoderate indulgence* that is prohibited in the Word, it is the prompting of desire for and use of the inebriating beverage—“Look not on the wine.” And what, then, is the meaning of all this warning and woe against strong drink in the Book of the God of Love? Why is it that of the one hundred and forty-one Scripture texts in which *yayin* the word for wine occurs, while thirty-three of these are indifferent or doubtful, seventy-one of them contain loud warning against it, while of the remaining, not one contains a sanction of the use of intoxicating wine? Why is it that of the twenty-three texts in which *sheekar*, the word for strong drink occurs, not one exhibits a permission for its use as a common beverage, but the uniform voice of God is in warning or admonition against it in this character? Why is all this, but to prove the clear, the emphatic testimony of His Book is against the use of intoxicating drink? We do not prolong the discussion at present in the columns by offering remarks on many other passages in support of our views. We take leave of the writer of the article we have freely criticized with no unfriendly feelings. We believe he is in grave mistake on an important branch of Bible truth, and we have given our reasons for our convictions. If he or any others shall canvass our views fairly, and show us their opinion, we shall consider their arguments candidly. But this, after much study of the question, we hold as the profound belief of our heart—the whole testimony of the Bible is against the use of intoxicating drink.—*Scottish Temperance League Journal of 8th July, 1865.*

Oughts and Crosses.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLARKE (MIRIAM DRAKE).

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT KILLED JOE MARTIN?

"IT'S a most horrid bore, and I've half a mind to throw it up and let Maude get the seat if he likes," said Lord Peton, as, pulling up at a very dilapidated gate of a very disorderly farm-yard, he threw the reins to his groom, and descended languidly from his trap. "Do you want to break the hearts of your would-be constituents?" sneered Mr. Humbert, leaping down quickly after him. "It is their wishes alone that deter me," he answered, with a light-hearted laugh, as he picked his way daintily through the mire to the dirty-looking cottage, with patches of green corn growing among its ragged thatch. "The idea of a fellow living in such a miserable hovel as this, professing to have any political principle!" he added, as he knocked on the door with the end of his whip. "Come in!" shouted some one from the inside, at which invitation he pulled the string that did duty as latch lifter, and he and his companion entered the cottage. The inside formed a marked contrast to the outside; the walls of the kitchen were as white as lime and buttermilk could make them; the table and dresser were spotlessly clean, and the tins, which hung in a row upon the wall, were shining brilliantly; two young men were sitting on roped chairs before a blazing fire; and from the room opening out of the kitchen, a woman's voice was heard humming a plaintive, hymn tune. One of the men had long, lank hair, sallow complexion, and heavy countenance, and his coat and trowsers, which were patched in many places, hung upon him in a slovenly fashion. The other wore neat, white corduroy jacket and trowsers; his auburn hair was curled round his forehead; and though there was a meditative expression in his brown eyes, his whole face was bright and intelligent. "How do you do, Mr. Martin?" said Lord Peton, holding out his hand courteously to the sallow-faced man. "My name's Joe," he answered, without taking any further notice of the salutation. Mr. Humbert was more successful with George Connor, who had risen at once with a respectful, yet independent sort of bow, and offered seats to the visitors; he shook hands with him for about a minute with great *empressement*, exclaiming as he did so: "Dear me, such a sweet little spot!" and then he sat down and invited George to do the same. "Don't stand, my good fellow," there's room enough for all," he said, pulling a chair close to his own. The "good fellow" took it, his face flushing a little at the fine gentleman's bad manners, and Mr. Humbert began to discourse graciously to him. "I hope you have thought better of what we were talking about the other day?" said Lord Peton to Joe, who sat smoking his pipe apparently unmindful of his presence. Joe spat out, put his pipe in his pocket, and then rising deliberately from his chair, as if he had not heard the question, went, with a slight limp, to the room door, and called—

"Jenny, Jenny! here's Lord Peton wanting to shake hands with you; come fast, for you won't have another opportunity for seven years." Jenny, who had been ironing, and had stopped her hymn and her work to listen, when she heard the voices, came into the kitchen as desired, but, for a moment, forgot, in her confusion, which was the gentleman on whom she was to manipulate. Mr. Humbert jumped up, when he saw her, and saluted her with the same excess of warmth he had already displayed to George, while Lord Peton raised his hat so deferentially, and held out his white hand with such a deprecating look, that Jenny's heart softened towards him at once. But when Lord Peton began to ask her to use her influence with her husband, and get him to reconsider his resolution of voting for Major Maude, Joe cut him short. "I've promised to vote for the Major, and I'll do it, I don't care what she says, or you either." "I would not ask you to break a promise, which I dare say you had good reasons for making, without offering you stronger ones." "If you mean that the Major paid me for my vote, you're mistaken; George Connor says he has the interest of the poor man most at heart, and that's the only reason I have for voting for him; but its one you won't be able to bribe me out of." "I suppose it is for the interest of the poor man that he wants to deprive him of his whiskey and ale—don't you know he has promised to support the Bill for putting down public-houses?" "I don't care, I'll vote for him. It wouldn't be the worst thing that could happen us, if drinking houses were all shut up." While the candidate was talking to Joe and Jenny, Mr. Humbert had become quite confidential with George. He knew that he had not a vote, but he was not wasting his affability on him for nothing, for he wanted his services as bludgeon man at the poll. When George indignantly refused, he asked him to go to Morgan's, and talk it over with the man who was to lead the Loughamore mob. "I think, sir," George answered quietly, "them that told you I was a likely one to do your dirty work, forgot that I have drunk none these three years, and more; you may gather a party of ruffians, but you needn't go to teetotallers to look for them."

A few evenings later, Joe met George in the village, coming from his work, and would have him into Morgan's for a treat. "Nonsense, Joe, you know that I have stopped all that," George said, pulling away the arm that the other had caught. "Oh! come man—you've stuck to Temperance long enough: your time's up long ago." "It is, and begun again; but I'm pledged for life this time, instead of for two years." "You haven't been such a fool, surely!" "There's nothing foolish in it; when I found I could keep off whiskey for one year, and be better without it, I promised for two; I found at the end of the two that I was better off still, so I promised Mr. Lutton for life." "Promised Nanny, you mean, Geordie, man; you have done more for her than

ever I would do for Jenny." "More's the pity that you would never take Jenny's advice, there would have been more corn growing in your fields and less on your roof if you had." "You need not talk, when you haven't a roof of your own at all, so your teetotalism hasn't done so much for you." "It takes more than three years' thrift to undo six years' wastefulness, and I'll have both roof and land of my own soon." "And then Nanny will take you, she can't do less, when you have made a Jenny of yourself to please her." "You're out there, Joe. Nanny is so ill-pleased with me for being a teetotaler, that she scolds me nearly as hard now for drinking none as she used to do for drinking too much." "She's right; there's nothing like moderation in everything." "I differ from you; for I am a deal better both in health and pocket, than when I used to practice what you call moderation; and I can do a bigger day's work on water, than ever I could on whiskey." "Well, well, come in and have a glass for this once at any rate." "Indeed and I'll not, thank you, Joe. I never was well able to stop with one when I began; and if I took one now it would break my pledge, and I never told a lie in my life." "A bottle of ale, then? Come now, Georgie, for the sake of old times—there's no harm in ale." "Nor ale either; there's plenty of harm in it—and poison too, Mr. Lutton says." "Mr. Lutton talks a power of nonsense. Don't the doctors order people to drink ale for their stomachs; and in some places working men drink their beer as regular as they eat their dinners." "They do, and their stomachs would be a heap better if they didn't; it just makes them able to eat more than they have digestion for, and that can't do them much good in the long run. I'm promised against ale too, Joe." "Well, you aren't promised against lemonade. Come in and have a bottle of it." "No, I'm not promised against lemonade, but I'll drink nothing in a public-house." "Why, man, what difference does it make where you drink it." "I prayed this morning that I mightn't be led into temptation, and I needn't pray that, and then go to a place where I'll see other people drinking. The smell and the company is a temptation to any man, but most to one like me that used to be given that way myself." "You're grown very unsociable, Georgie, and me wanting to have a talk with you about these elections." "I'll go home with you and talk about them as long as you like. Home is the best place for a man in the evenings; and if you want to vote for Major Maude, you had best keep out of Morgan's, where so many of Lord Peton's men gather." "I don't care how many of them are there, they won't change my principles," said Joe, vauntingly. "They might happen to make you forget them though," George returned. "I'm not a baby; they can't make me drink more than I choose—if that's what you mean." "You must choose to drink a good drop more than what's good for you, sometimes, then. Come home with me, Joe, and Jenny will give us a cup of tea, and that will be better than whiskey or anything else. It's well for you has her to do it for you." "Hillo, Martin, my good fellow, will you come in here a minute, I want to speak to you," said Mr. Humbert, coming up to them. "Don't go with him, Joe—come home to Jenny,"

George Connor whispered; but Joe went into Morgan's with the tempter.

Two days afterwards Jenny Martin came crying to the castle, to seek Philip's influence to get him out of Morgan's. He had not been home for two days and nights, she said, and when she went to look for him they would not let her in. Philip assured her she need be under no uneasiness—that Joe would return safe to her as soon as the poll was taken, and that she might be certain he was not detained against his will. "That's the very thing scares me, sir, for it's only by priming him with whiskey they could make him willing to stay; and since the time he was hurt the drink flies to his head worse than it used to do." Philip wrote a note to Lord Peton, requesting as a personal favor that Joe Martin might be sent home. Jenny found his lordship at the Peton Arms. "I will see to this, my good woman," he said carelessly when he read the letter. "Oh, sir—my lord, won't you make them let Joe come home?" she urged. "Certainly, I will persuade him to go home to you if I can. You may expect him this evening. I will tell him that it's a plaguy shame to stay away from such a pretty wife." "She would be pretty too, if she weren't so pale, so that's no lie," he mused as he turned away. "Joe Martin—that's the limping fellow was so hot for Maude; Humbert said he would nab him." Jenny fully believed that Lord Peton would keep his word. Whatever other peccadilloes gentlemen may indulge in, they are required, by the code of the lower classes, to be strictly truthful, and Jenny never thought of the possibility of a nobleman breaking his promise. Lord Peton had said that Joe would be home in the evening, which might mean any time after four o'clock, so she wet the tea, and put the cups on the table, and sat down, knitting in hand, at the clean fireside, to wait for him. She could scarcely hope that he would be sober when he came, but she was never much afraid of him when he was in drink. If he spoke rough she spoke smooth, and made him as comfortable as she could, and then a night's sleep would make him all right, and he would be doubly kind next morning for having vexed her. She thought of this as she sat expecting him. Joe had his faults, but he had always been a good husband to her, and if he would give up drinking, and the Almighty would give her a living child, she would have nothing more to desire in this world. If they had weans, Joe would stay more at home; it was lonesome for him in the evenings, with only her to keep him company, and no wonder he was sometimes enticed into the public-houses. But, thank Goodness, he was far from being as bad in that way as many a man, she thought, comforting herself by the worse condition of some of her neighbors, as we are all apt to do occasionally. The hours went by as she sat waiting, the tea stewed on the hob, the ashes fell on the hearthstone, and were swept carefully off again and again, but still Joe did not come. At last she took down her bonnet and cloak from the peg where they hung, intending to go to the village to look for him; but just as she was tying her bonnet, she heard him come stumbling up to the door. He fumbled at the latch, without being able to undo it, and she ran to open it for him.

His first salutation was an oath and a blow, and then he went raging through the house till he caught sight of the tea-tray, when he seized the cups and dashed them against the fireplace. He seemed to derive satisfaction from this, and went about breaking everything breakable, and pitching whatever was not at his poor, scared wife, who sat in the corner too much frightened even to weep. At last his senseless rage was satisfied, and he blundered into the bed-room and lay down with his clothes on. After a little she heard him begin to snore, and slipped down to loose his necktie, and lift his head higher on the pillow. He muttered while she was doing it, but soon relapsed into what seemed a heavy slumber, and she went into the kitchen, and sitting down at the fire, wept till she could weep no more. As the night wore on, she grew so weary, with sleep and sorrow, that she could sit up no longer, and lay down, without undressing, on the bed that was to have been the children's, had they lived. She slept soundly, in spite of her sore heart; and when she awakened it was daybreak, and Joe was snoring still. She found, when she looked at him, that he had never moved from the position in which she had left him; but there was something in his livid face, and stertorous breathing that filled her with such vague uneasiness that she ran to the nearest house, and entreated some one to hurry away for Dr. Marks. She went back to watch by Joe, but after a time she became more accustomed to his appearance; and thinking that she had perhaps been more alarmed than there was any occasion for, and that he was only sleeping off the effects of his drinking bout, she righted up the house, and put on the kettle, in case he should want some tea when he awakened. But Joe did not waken; he never awakened in this world, and what his wakening was in the next who dare think.

Dr. Marks was not long in obeying Jenny's summons, but the first look at Joe told him he could do no good, and he turned away with a mournful shake of the head. Jenny caught the bedpost, to steady herself when she saw his face. "Sir, is he very ill?" she asked with sudden terror in her voice. "He is very ill," was the grave reply. "Doctor, he isn't going to die?" "I am afraid he cannot live, my poor girl." Oh! the wild wail that burst from her when she heard that fatal sentence. It pierced the hearts of those who heard it, but it could not reach the ears of him who was passing away in that drunken sleep to the judgment bar. Some hours afterwards, Miriam was passing Joe Martin's house on her way to the castle. A crowd of neighbors was gathered before the door; Lord Peton's trap was waiting outside, and some one was leading Dr. Mark's horse up and down the road; the doctor having called a second time to satisfy Jenny. He came out as Miriam stopped to speak to some of the people, and she asked anxiously for his patient. "He is dying dear; he won't be half an hour alive," he answered sadly. While they were talking, Lord Peton came from the house with a very downcast face. "Lord Peton, this is your work," Miriam said sternly; and he lifted his hat and drove off without replying, but when he had went a little way she found he had stopped, and was waiting for her. "Miss Lutton," he

said in an agitated voice, "you accuse me wrongfully, I am not in any way accountable for the unfortunate man's death. My friends did not wish me to go to see him, lest I should be implicated; but you would have despised me if I had allowed that fear to deter me from an act of common humanity. I wished to say to the poor young woman that I would see to it that her worldly circumstances do not suffer by her husband's death; but she is in such terrible grief that it would be like mockery to speak of it now. If you would tell her so from me, when she is a little calmer, I would feel much obliged." He had driven away again, before she could well make up her mind what to think of the speech. She went next day to see Jenny, who took her to the room where the body was laid out, and began to tell again, as she had told a score of times already, how her husband had died. She commenced quite calmly, and Miriam listened in silence, only pressing her hand in token of sympathy, but before Jenny had got far in her pitiful story she broke off crying wildly: "Oh! Joe, my dear, dear husband, to think of you dying without a word or a prayer!" and then she began to call down curses on Lord Peton, and his agents. Miriam tried to stop her, by telling how grieved Lord Peton was, and how, though he was innocent of any share in poor Joe's death, he wanted to assist her by any means in his power. "And, Miss Miriam, did he dare to send you here with a bribe to me?" Jenny exclaimed excitedly. "A bribe, Jenny!" "Yes, what are his fair promises but a bribe to me not to send any word to the police, but let my murdered husband be laid in his grave without any inquiry into who sent him there? Ever so many of them have been telling me that his death was natural, and that there was no need for an inquest; but I knew who set them on to say it, and never heeded them; the coroner's to be here to-morrow, and all the lords in the world won't stop the inquest now. But, oh! Miss Miriam, dear, if he had done as you and Mr. Christy wanted him, and took the pledge the same time as George Connor, he would have been a living man this day."

Joe Martin's death was, to say the least of it, embarrassing to Lord Peton and his party; and as an inquiry into the cause of it was a thing to be especially dreaded, many an anathema was breathed against the foolish woman who persisted in forcing one. But a coroner's inquest may mean anything except a strict investigation, and when it could not be prevented, Mr. Humbert went to Jock Martin, the dead man's next of kin, and by the judicious application of golden arguments, succeeded in making most satisfactory arrangements for concealing the truth. A jury entirely devoted to Lord Peton was got up, and they, and the witnesses to be examined, met in a room at Morgan's, to consider the verdict and evidence beforehand. Tom Morgan was to be foreman of the jury, and his wife principal evidence. One man, who was anxious to be a witness, was rejected, because it was feared that the truth would slip out against his will, and another because he had been so drunk for the past week that all his endeavors could not make him look sober; but after a lengthened sitting and the consumption of a good deal of whiskey (which was of course

put to Lord Peton's account), the witnesses were fixed upon, and the evidence expected from them, recited by Morgan for their own benefit. "Well, now, boys, what's he to die of, colic or what?" This was how the verdict was prepared. "No-body dies of colic," said Morgan, taking his pipe from his mouth and spitting out. "It might turn to inflammation you know," suggested the first speaker. "It might, but I think it would need to be something about the head." "There's no call for us to bother ourselves about that part of the business," said another jurymen; we just return whatever verdict the coroner bids us, and leave him to put a name on it." "What if he puts the wrong name on it?" said Morgan, with a wink. "No fear; there's them that will see to that. Mr. Humbert said that in his opinion the man died of apoplexy, and you'll find the coroner will agree with him." "You're just about right; headache is a sign of apoplexy now I mind, and Mrs. Morgan says he was complaining of a pain and weight in his head." "I hope it's not always a sign of it, or there'll be a good many coroner's inquests before these times is over." At which sally they all laughed and grew very merry, till some one threw a bomb-shell among them, by asking what was to be done if Dr. Marks was examined. "Dr. Mercer won't examine him," said Morgan, decidedly; "if he does there will be the mischief to pay, for you might as well think to gather the sea in a barrel, as gag Dr. Marks." Jenny Martin was a good deal astonished at the tale she heard at the inquest. It seemed from Mrs. Morgan's account that Joe, being a sort of amateur carpenter, she had got him to come to the house to do some odd

jobs that George Morgan was too busy to attend to. He was complaining of pain and weight in his head, so she asked him to stay all night, as that would save him rising so early to come to his work. The last time she saw him alive, he told her that he felt so poorly he would go home, for he was sure he would not be able to work any the next day; and next morning she heard that he was dead. Other witnesses gave similar testimony; but one man, remembering that colic had been mentioned, and being rather muddled at the time, complicated the case a little, by swearing to vomiting fits and griping pains of which no one else had heard. The only questions asked Jenny were, if her husband spoke after he came home, if his face was dark, and his breathing stertorous, to all of which she answered in the affirmative. The coroner, without consulting Dr. Marks, who was present, though he had not been sent for, directed the jury to return a verdict of "Death from apoplexy," which they accordingly did. Jenny threw up the farm and went to live with her brother Adam, who had a cottage in Peton Wood, and in the excitement of the election, Joe's untimely death was soon forgotten. Of course the manner of it reached the ears of Major Maude's partisans, and they made the most of the facts; but in the face of the verdict given at the inquest, people paid little heed to what they regarded as an election libel. Lord Peton was returned for the county by a much larger majority than what was expected; so the loss of Joe Martin's vote did not matter one way or other, and the loss of his life mattered only to himself, and to the few who loved him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sacramental Wine.

BY BRO. REV. DAWSON BURNS, M.A., ENGLAND.

FRIEND,—Good morning, sir. Your church has decided to use unfermented wine at the Lord's Supper.

Minister.—Yes; and I am happy to say that the decision was as nearly unanimous as could be expected.

F.—Did you propose the alteration yourself?

M.—I did; first stating the reasons, and answering questions that were put by several of our members.

F.—Some have wondered why so much fuss should be made over so small a matter.

M.—Why, then, do they make such a fuss in opposition to the change? The quantity of wine thus consumed is not small, taking into account all the churches in one kingdom, to say nothing of the whole world.

F.—They mean that the quantity taken by each person is too small to do any harm.

M.—That is more than they can warrant, and at all events that solemn ordinance ought to be observed with the utmost regard to its spiritual meaning.

F.—Is it not doubted by many that unfermented grapejuice is wine at all?

M.—Such persons really transfer the vulgar meaning of "wine" to the original words translated "wine" in our version. They should also remember that what was used at the Lord's Supper is never called wine in the Gospels, but "the cup," and "the fruit of the vine."

F.—Is there any proof that this was unfermented?

M.—May we not rather ask for any proof that it was fermented? In its natural state the fruit of the vine as it hangs in clusters, or as it yields its juice under pressure, is never intoxicating; and those who think that what the Lord calls the "fruit of the vine" had acquired another quality, and become alcoholic, and capable of exciting and maddening the system, are surely bound to show reason for their opinion.

F.—But is it not said the Corinthians got drunk at the Lord's Supper, and may we not conclude they used the same kind of wine the Lord had blest?

M.—The charge of intoxication is not established by the passage referred to (1 Cor. xi. 21)—"one is hungry, and another is drunken." The apostle is contrasting two classes; but hungry people

are not the opposite of drunken ones. In the opinion of eminent scholars, not teetotalers, the Greek word rendered "drunken" should be translated "filled out" or "over-filled," and in John ii. 10 it is the word rendered "have well drunk." The question, "Have ye not houses to eat and drink in?" is not language proper to persons chargeable with intoxication. Besides, the Corinthians were so irregular that no part of their conduct can be set up for imitation.

F.—Is it true that all fermented things were forbidden at the passover? Did the Jews so understand it?

M.—In the Old Testament two things were forbidden: *seor*, which means yeast or whatever may cause fermentation; and *khamatz*, anything which has become fermented. The Jews do not confine these words to solids, but extend them to all fermented and distilled liquors made from grain.

F.—Do they exclude fermented wine also?

M.—There is no uniform practice. Where fermented wine is used, the defence or excuse made is that the juices of fruits do not ferment; but it is proved beyond doubt that the fermentation of grape-juice is precisely like that of beer, and that neither grape-juice nor any other liquid ferments till a yeast or decayed matter is present, by which the sugar is broken up, and alcohol and carbonic acid gas is produced.

F.—Is it not objected that it would have been impossible to get unfermented wine so long after the vintage?

M.—It is; but the error is very gross. The means of preserving grape-juice for long periods were well-known. Grapes, too, were kept fresh all the year round, and wine, new from the cluster, could have been got at once. Raisin wine, made by steeping raisins (which are dried grapes) in water, could be procured, and this is now extensively used by those Jews who are careful to observe the Mosaic rule. Can we believe that He who came to fulfil the whole law broke it in this particular?

F.—If in this respect we are to follow the Lord's example literally, why not use unleavened bread?

M.—This inquiry is really an answer to those who argue that if the Lord used fermented wine at the Lord's Supper we ought to use it likewise,

though they certainly use a kind of bread which He did not use on that occasion. The questions are two—(1) What wine did the Saviour probably use? and (2) What kind is it best for us now to use? The first question has been answered; as to the second, there are moral reasons applicable to the wine which do not apply to the bread.

F.—I will listen to them with interest.

M.—First, intoxicating wine is clearly described in Scripture as a "mockery," because men under its influence are so deceived as to mock at goodness. How can such a liquor fitly represent the purity and innocence of the Saviour? Then intoxicating wine is the symbol of God's wrath; how can it properly express redeeming love? If we wish to preserve any likeness between the cup and its spiritual meaning, it should contain what is naturally harmless and pure.

F.—But fermented wine contains grape-juice.

M.—It ought to do, yet even this is not to be trusted. Alcoholic wines are so adulterated, and even so skilfully imitated by chemical science, that no one can be sure that at the sacrament he is using a single drop of the juice of the grape. But in any case there is a foreign element in the cup—alcohol—which is at war with the highest interests of mankind. Again, to taste any alcoholic liquor is dangerous to reclaimed drunkards; and why should such men be compelled to risk their souls or refrain from the communion? Thousands, too, have scruples of conscience which cannot be felt against the use of unfermented wine; and why must they either sin against conscience by taking alcoholic wine, or absent themselves from the Lord's Supper?

F.—Did you always entertain these views?

M.—No; I once thought them "fanatical" and "extreme," but I have changed my mind, as I believe all good people would if they considered the subject in the light of reason, analogy, and charity, and not under the influence of prejudice and mere custom. Let the change be made at once, and universally, and what would be lost worth keeping? Nothing. What would be ganted? Much every way; and to crown all, Christians would not then depend on the blighting liquor traffic for the means of celebrating the self-sacrifice of Him who "came to destroy the works of the devil."—*Prize Pictorial Temperance Readings*, p. 61.

The Good Templar Elocutionist.

THE DRINK AND THE TRAFFIC.

BY BRO. REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., AMERICA

WE will contend against the evils arising from drinking by trying to persuade the respectable classes of society to the banishment of alcoholic beverages. You who move in elegant and refined associations; you who drink the best liquors; you who never drink until you lose your balance, let us look each other in the face on this subject. You have, under God, in your power the redemption of this land from drunkenness. Empty your cellars and wine-closets of the beverage, and then come out and

give us your hand, your vote, your prayers, your sympathies. Do that, and I will promise three things: First, That you will find unspeakable happiness in having done your duty. Secondly, You will probably save somebody—perhaps your own child. Thirdly, You will not, in your last hour, have a regret that you made the sacrifice, if sacrifice it be. As long as you make drinking respectable, drinking customs will prevail, and the ploughshare of death, drawn by terrible disasters, will go on turning up this whole continent, from end to end, with the long, deep, awful furrow of drunkards' graves.

I call upon those who are guilty of these indul-

gences to quit the path of death. Oh! what a change it would make in your home! Do you see how everything there is desolated? Would you not like to bring back joy to your wife's heart, and have your children come out to meet you with as much confidence as once they showed? Would you not like to rekindle the home-lights that long ago were extinguished? It is not too late to change. It may not entirely obliterate from your soul the memory of wasted years and a ruined reputation, nor smooth out from your anxious brow the wrinkles which trouble has ploughed. It may not call back unkind words uttered or rough deeds done; for perhaps in those awful moments you struck her! It may not take from your memory the bitter thoughts connected with some little grave. But it is not too late to save yourself, and secure for God and your family the remainder of your fast going life.

But perhaps you have not utterly gone astray. I may address one who may not have quite made up his mind. Let your better nature speak out. You take one side or the other in the war against drunkenness. Have you the courage to put your foot downright, and say to your companions and friends, "I will never drink intoxicating liquor in all my life, nor will countenance the habit in others." Have nothing to do with strong drink. It has turned the earth into a place of skulls, and has stood opening the gate to a lost world to let in its victims, until now the door swings no more upon its hinges, but, day and night, stands wide open to let in the agonized procession of doomed men.

Do I address one whose regular work in life is to administer to this appetite? For God's sake get out of that business! If a woe be pronounced upon the man who gives his neighbor drink, how many woes must be hanging over the man who does this every day and every hour of the day! God knows better than you do yourself the number of drinks you have poured out. You keep a list; but a more accurate list has been kept than yours. You may call it Burgundy, Bourbon, Cognac, Heidsiek, Hock; God calls it strong drink. Whether you sell it in low oyster cellar or behind the polished counter of first-class hotel, the Divine curse is upon you. I tell you plainly that you will meet your customers one day when there will be no counter between you. When your work is done on earth, and you enter the reward of your business, all the souls of the men whom you have destroyed will crowd around you and pour their bitterness into your cup. They will show you their wounds, and say, "You made them;" and point to their unquenchable thirst, and say, "You kindled it;" and rattle their chains, and say, "You forged them." Then their united groans will smite your ear; and, with the hands out of which you once picked the sixpences and the dimes, they will push you off the verge of great precipices; while rolling up from beneath and breaking among the crags of death will thunder—"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink!"

If I work for temperance, preach for temperance, pray for temperance, and then vote for intemperance, I am responsible to God and man for the gross inconsistency.—*Judge Black.*

A SIGN-BOARD.

I will paint you a sign, Drink-seller,
And hang it above your door;
A truer and better sign-board
Than ever you had before.
I will paint with the skill of a master,
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting,
So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, Drink-seller,
As you wait for that fair young boy,
Just in the morn of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.
He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly,
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, Drink-seller,
I will paint you as you stand,
With a foaming glass of liquor
Holding in either hand.
He wavers, but you urge him:
"Drink! pledge me just this one!"
And he lifts the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done.

And I next will paint a Drunkard;
Only a year has flown,
But into this loathsome creature,
The fair young boy has grown.
The work was quick and rapid;
I will paint him as he lies
In a torpid, drunken slumber,
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of the mother,
As she kneels at her darling's side—
Her beautiful boy that was dearer
Than all the world beside.
I will paint the shape of a coffin,
Labelled with one word—"Lost!"
I will paint all this, Drink-seller,
I will paint it free of cost.

The sin, and the shame, and sorrow,
The crime, and want, and woe,
That are born there in your rum-shop,
No hand can paint, you know;
But I'll paint you a sign, Drink-seller,
And many shall pause to view
This wonderful, swinging sign-board,
So terribly, fearfully true.

INAUGURAL LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE MOUNTJOY LODGE, NO. 238.

BY MISS ALESSIE BOND.

RISE! to thy mission rise, true Christian heart!
Speed on thy course! to sin nor sloth give room.
Fail the first onset, fill an humbler part—
And spend thyself to break man's living tomb.
Go through the breach thou breakest not. Though gloom
Shroud oft-times, prayer's great thunder setteth free.
Send from thy heart the ships, Faith, Hope, and Charity.

I say not hearts, but heart! the boom was one,
Though closely wrought of many a link and strand.
The powers of sin their awful race have run
In awful unity! Then, hand to hand,
Hold by the Cross to work for Christ! One band,
One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism! one employ—
God's Spirit fill thy sails! speed on Mountjoy!

Progress of the Order.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

BELFAST.—28th October, a meeting was held in the Magdalene School-room, under the auspices of the Victoria Lodge. There was a good attendance. The chair was occupied by Bro. Bullock, W.C.T., and a programme consisting of addresses, readings, and music was gone through, in which several of the members took part. 6th November, a meeting was held under the auspices of the Ark of Safety Lodge, in the Lodge-room, Falls Road. There was a crowded audience. Bro. J. Keatley occupied the chair, and an eloquent address was delivered by Bro. G. H. Pearce. Bro. D. Fortune also addressed the meeting. The devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. W. Mulloy. On the motion of Rev. J. Robertson, the thanks of the meeting were accorded to Bro. Pearce. The proceedings were enlivened by select pieces of music, rendered by an efficient choir. Bro. J. A. Carleton presided at the piano. 9th November, the members of the Star of Bethlehem Lodge held their third annual soiree in Clifton Street Lecture-room. There was a large attendance of the members and their friends. After tea the chair was taken by Bro. C. McCrea. Addresses were delivered by the G.W.C.T. and by Bros. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T., and Rev. J. Mecredy. Readings were given by Bro. Neill, and music, vocal and instrumental, by Bros. Malcolm and Craig, and Sisters McNaughtan and Aicken. 17th November, the members of the Minerva Lodge held a successful soiree in the Lodge-room, Lonsdale Street. There was a very large attendance of the members and their friends. After tea, Bro. W. J. Woodside took the chair. Addresses were delivered by Bro. A. Ledlie, G.W.S., and Mr. Sloan. A programme consisting of readings and singings was gone through in excellent style. 25th November, a musical and elocutionary entertainment was given in the Mercantile Academy, under the auspices of the Prosperity Lodge. There was a good attendance. The chair was occupied by Bro. A. Ledlie, G.W.S., who delivered an appropriate address, after which a long and varied programme was gone through. The proceedings terminated by the singing of the National Anthem.

MARALIN.—3rd November, a meeting was held in the Parochial School-room, Maralin, under the auspices of the Guardian Lodge. There was a good attendance. The chair was occupied by R. Waddell, Esq., J.P., and an able lecture was delivered by Bro. G. H. Pearce. The meeting was brought to a close by Bro. Rev. S. Graham pronouncing the benediction. 19th November, another meeting was held in the same place, under the auspices of the same Lodge and with the same chairman, when a lecture was delivered by Bro. Rev. A. McKinley. 20th November, another meeting was held under the auspices of the same Lodge, in Lisnasure New School-room, near Maralin, when a lecture was delivered also by Bro. Rev. A. McKinley, Bro. H. Mathers, D.D.G.W.C.T., presiding.

BALLYMENA.—9th November, a social tea-meeting was held in the Good Templar Hall,

under the auspices of the Sunlight Lodge. There was a very large attendance of the members and their friends. After tea the chair was taken by Bro. A. Hunter, P.W.C.T., and an address was delivered by Rev. J. Rutherford. Mr. Erwin gave a reading. The proceedings were enlivened by recitations and singing by an excellent choir. Mrs. Cary presided at the piano.

OMAGH.—12th November, a meeting was held in the Primitive Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, under the auspices of Tyrone's First and the Alliance Lodges. There was a crowded attendance. Bro. Rev. J. Johnston presided, and an eloquent lecture was delivered by Bro. Rev. S. Harding, D.D.G.W.C.T. On the motion of Rev. J. Hazelton, seconded by Bro. T. McKelvey, D.D.G.W.C.T., the thanks of the audience were accorded to the lecturer. On the same evening, at an earlier hour, Bro. Harding addressed a meeting of juveniles, of whom there was a large attendance.

NEW LODGES.

ST. CATHERINE'S Lodge, No. 237, was instituted in Dublin, 6th October, by Bro. W. F. Lawlor, G.W.C.; principal officers—Bros. Wm. Davis, W.L.D.; R. H. Hamilton, W.C.T.; A. Hamilton, W.V.T.; and C. L. Smith, W.S.

MOUNTJOY Lodge, No. 238, was instituted in Londonderry, 19th October, by Bro. D. Crawford, D.D.G.W.C.T.; principal officers—T. Campbell, W.L.D.; W. Barker, W.C.T.; S. Christy, W.V.T.; and T. McCleery, W.S.

STEADFAST Lodge, No. 239, was instituted in Gorey, Co. Wexford, 24th November, by the G.W.C.T.; principal officers—Rev. G. Clarke, W.L.D.; J. Reynolds, W.C.T.; T. Duncan, W.V.T.; and J. Duncan, W.S.

CHARTERS FOR NEW LODGES.—Upon the petition of ten or more members of the Order, or of ten or more respectable persons (not less than 16 years of age), praying for a Charter to open a Subordinate Lodge in any part of Ireland, the Grand Lodge may grant the same. Forms of petition, with instructions, may be had on application to the G.W.S.

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

WEEK OF PRAYER.—We trust all members of the Order in Ireland will remember the recommendation of the Grand Lodge, to set apart the week commencing Sabbath, 6th inst., for special prayer on behalf of our work. All Lodge meetings should be prayer meetings during that week, as nearly all are likely to be in England, Scotland, and Wales.—See *Journal of Proceedings*, page 10.

PUBLIC DISCUSSION.—The Rev. Michael Shea has challenged the G.W.C.T. to a Public Discussion on the Bible Wine Question, the Challenge has been accepted, and the Discussion is to take place in Arklow, on 4th January, 1875.

Contributions for the *Irish Good Templar* and Books for Review in its columns should be addressed to the Editor, JOHN PYPER, G.W.C.T., 4, Old Park Terrace, Belfast.

Communications connected with the Business of the Order should be addressed to Bro. A. Ledlie, G.W.S., 26, Ann Street, Belfast.

