

Good of the Order.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

How dare we be silent, unmoved and cold, When the fire of drink, that for centuries has rolled Through the field of humanity, still rolls on With its fury increased, with its flames uncontrolled!

THE MILLIONS SHALL BE FREE. A. P. WRIGHT. Around the world the echoes ring The millions shall be free!

OUR MOTTO. I saw three Sisters hand in hand; Yet one did seem to lead the way, As with a steady hand she anned The path that bleak before them lay;

The Pint of Ale. A Manchester (England) calico printer was, on his wedding-day, asked by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale a day as her share of extra comforts.

They had been married a year, and the morning of their wedding anniversary John looked with real pride upon the neat and comely person of his wife; and, with a touch of remorse in his look and tone, he said: Mary, we've had no holiday since we were wed, and only that I haven't a penny in the world, we'd take a jaunt to the village and see the mother Would thee like to go, John? she asked.

A Real Boy. A real, true, hearty, happy boy is about the best thing that we know of, unless it is a real girl, and there is not much to choose between them.

No Cider. In a broad, low dining-room of a Rhode Island farm-house there sat a family whose circle was enlarged by the presence of visitors. Pie was served—real, genuine country mince-pie; just such as mother used to make, said one of the company, while another asked, Do you put cider into your pies, Mrs. A—?

Wine or Water. A lady once asked a minister to take wine with her, When he declined on the ground that he was a total abstainer, she said: Does not the Bible tell us, "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused if it be received with thanksgiving?"

Well, then I can't eat any more; oh dear! that's too bad. A laugh greeted these words, also a sharp query from his mother. What's the matter now? Didn't I sign the pledge the other day, and wasn't cider in it?

Well, I don't care if you all laugh I've taken the pledge to touch not taste not, and handle not; and it said cider, too, and I shan't break it if I never eat another piece of pie as long as I live.

And the circle broke up. Our hero had come out ahead.—MRS. J. K. BARNEY.

The saloon-keeper's curse the preachers, make sport of them, call them hypocrites whether justly or not, abuse the members of churches, and keep every one in their power away from church and the preacher goes up and votes with him for men and measures.

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- Place of Meeting, Divisions, Numbers Night of Meeting, and name of Deputies. St. Stephen; Howard, 1; Friday; S. Webber; Milltown, St. Stephen; Wilberforce, 3; Monday.

- Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thursday; Jacob I. Keirstead. Upper Getageton, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134 Saturday; James E. Coy.