

Temperance Department.

Good Templars Home for Orphans to be built in Oregon.

The Good Templars, at the Grand Lodge of the I. O. G. T., at its last session, which was held at The Dalles, Oregon, closing June 22, 1882, elected seven trustees, gentlemen of the order, and eight lady managers, members of the order, who shall have the general management and control of the work. Everybody is requested to lend a helping hand in this, a much needed institution. The location of the Home is left until the first of September next, at which time the trustees will meet for the purpose of locating the Home, provided \$1000, or more shall have been subscribed and paid. The Locality having subscribed the most will have the preference for the Home.

Who will get it? All subscriptions to be sent to J. E. Houston, Grand Sect., Eugene City, Oregon.

SAMUEL HOBSON,

Sect. of Board of Trustees of Orphan Home.

Cigar-Stubs and Opium

I ran across a cigarette factory the other day. Whew! I wouldn't write or, rather, you wouldn't dare print what I saw. Dirty butts of cigars fresh from the filth of the muddy streets are the cleanest and nicest of the material used in compiling these precious roads to ruin. I came down town on a Madison Avenue car recently, and on the tail end there were three little chaps, the oldest about 14. Each smoked a cigarette, and spat his little life away. I ventured to ask if they enjoyed the odor. They said they did. And the taste? Certainly. On inquiring, I found they had a well-known brand of cigarette, noted for its "opium soak" and its terrible smell when burning.

Day by day vice grows stronger. There was a time when cigarette smoking was confined almost entirely to Cubans, who knew what good tobacco was, and made their own cigarettes. Gradually the habit spread. Dealers followed suit. Makers became unscrupulous. Little dirty boys were sent out to pick up cigar stumps. Other equally disgusting material was also utilized. Opium was made to do duty. Cheap paper took the place of rice paper. I wish these boys could see the stuff their paper is made from.

The cheap paper, the old stumps,

the opium, and the chemicals used to make them "strong" deserve to be shown up. Parents have no influence with their sons. Why not? Because they smoke cigars or pipes themselves. The boys charge all the good advice they get, to their fathers' desire to keep them down. There is but one way to deal with American boys. Reason with them through their eyes. If every nicotine stomach was made public, if every time a fellow died of too much cigarette, the fact was made known, if the proud boys could be shown a rag factory and stump grindery, it seems to me the cigarette business would be wound up very soon.—*Sel.*

Temperance in Ohio.

The Rev. J. M. Driver, of Toledo, Ohio, writes as follows to the *Central Christian Advocate*:

"Our city election has just passed, and the result is such as to cause rejoicing among the temperance people. It was a square fight, the tickets being headed: 'For License' and 'Against License.' There was considerable uneasiness on the part of the temperance people, but it was all dissipated when the result of the election was made known. More than three to one had voted against license. There is not a saloon in this county. Every town in the county is almost unanimously opposed to the licensing of saloons. It is a rare thing to see a man under the influence of liquor. Our county jail is tenantless, and paupers are scarce. Peace, and order, and morality prevail. A magnificent brick school building is just completed."

Liquor-drinking is delusive. Men who drink always say, "It don't hurt me; I can quit when I want to; my wife don't care if I drink; I shall not let it get the better of me." And in nine cases out of ten, that man will be a disgraceful drunkard. We know this is true, for we "have no other way of judging of the future than by a view of the past."

Again, it is destructive, for it has never entered the home circle that it has not destroyed the happiness of that sacred spot. The vows of youth are broken, a saddened heart, children running in terror at the sight of a drunken father.

It never enters the human body but it begins a destructive work, and as to the ultimate results, a few days or years will tell the sad tale

of woe. It injures the coatings of the stomach. It overtaxes the valves of the heart. It hardens the brain. It destroys the nervous system, and it makes of a rational man an idiot, a madman and a fool.

In the third place, it destroys the soul, for, says the Word of life "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven." The word temperance, as used in the Bible, does not mean a temperate use of bad things, but a temperate use of good things. Bad things are not to be used at all.

"The psalm of life is ended, and the poet laureate of America has passed from among the singers of earth to the sweeter harmonies beyond. Naturally we question, 'What did Longfellow do for temperance?' Listen!

"Touch the goblet no more!
It will make thy heart sore
To its very core!
Its perfumes is the breath
Of the angel of Death!
And the light that within it lies
Is the flash of its evil eyes!
Beware! O, beware!
For sickness, sorrow and care
All are there!"

"Drink, drink!
And thy soul shall sink
Down into the dark abyss,
Into the infinite abyss,
From whence no plummet nor rope
Ever draw up the silver strand of hope.

Set this over against Tennyson's latest lyric, whose chorus rings out, "Hands all round! God the traitor's hope confound?
To the great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
And the great name of England round and round."
Was not our poet true to his kind?—*Signal.*

At a meeting, recently, a clergyman told how he became a total abstainer. He had previously been connected with a moderate society, and having one evening presided at one of its meetings, he was accosted while walking along the street the next morning, by one of his parishioners, who, endeavoring to put his arms around his neck, hiccuped out, "I do so love you, good Mr. Vicar; I goes with you for moderation." The good Vicar became a total abstainer the next day.

Harvard college has made a move in the direction of total abstinence. The Harvard Total Abstinence League is to be the name of the new society, and the classes of '82, '83 and '84 have delegated to their representatives the arrangements for organization.

Taking a Glass.

"Come in, Joe, and let's take a glass." "No, Thomas, can't afford it." "But, Joe, I'll pay for it." "Oh, I'm not speaking of loss of money, Thomas, but of loss of health and energy, moral principle, character, peace of mind, and self-respect."

Statistics have conclusively shown that the average of life in English jails is very much higher than outside of them. This may seem unaccountable, but we think it is explained by the fact that liquor is to a great extent kept from the prisoners. But for liquor the average of human life would be much greater than it is.—*Anchor.*

The entire productive industry in this country in the census year amounted to \$7,000,000,000. There went into the liquor traffic \$1,453,000,000. The laboring classes received that year \$1,100,000,000. It cost to clothe the American people \$398,000,000. The public schools cost \$100,000,000. The churches cost \$48,000,000. For each of our 80,000 churches there are four grog shops, and for every one of the 90,000 ministers there are six bartenders!

There are 80,000 churches.
There are 320,000 grog shops.
There are 175,000 public schools.
There are 275,000 public school teachers.
There are 90,000 ministers.
There are 540,000 bartenders.
Will you do anything for temperance? Will you teach the pupils the ruin this is bringing to the human race?—*New York School Journal.*

WANTED, to find some person, not dead 1000 years ago, but alive and well to-day, and reputable and trustworthy, who can tell the vineyard men of California of any European winemaking people of a village, county, province, State or country that are prosperous, comfortable, well-behaved and of respectable standing as a class. Or any such people where wine making has been in progress for a century where the people are not within a step of starvation, wretchedly poor, ignorant, superstitious, immoral and worthless to the world. Or to show that the wine and brandy business ever did any thing to France but deprave, degrade, discae and impoverish the people.—*Ex.*