

Temperance Department.

Temperance Lectures.

Will C. King, of Wisconsin, Grand Lecturer for the Good Templars, will speak at

- Buena Vista, Sept. 27th, 28th. Corvallis, 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st. Philomath, 2nd, 3rd. Kings Valley, 4th, 5th. Independent School House, 6th. Simpson's Chapel, 7th. Monroe, 8th, 9th. Junction, 10th, 11th. Clear Lake School House, 12th. Eugene City, 13 h, 15th. Springfield, 16th. Goshen, 17th. Pleasant Hill, 18th, 19th. Cloverdale, 20th. Cottage Grove, 21st, 22nd. Spencer Creek School House, 23rd. Sinslaw, 24th, 25th. Coburg, 26th. Crawfordsville, 27th. Brownsville, 28th, 29th. Seaside, 30th, 31st.

It is expected that the friends of temperance in each locality will make all arrangements for Public Meetings. Please furnish some good music. Bro. King is an eloquent and earnest speaker; give him a cordial welcome. All are invited to attend the meetings. Please announce at Churches, Sunday Schools, Day Schools, etc.

J. E. HOUSTON,

Grand Secretary.

Resolutions of Respect and Condolence.

At a regular meeting of McMinnville Lodge, No. 289, I. O. G. T., held Aug. 4, 1882, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the Great Architect of the universe to remove from our midst, our honored Bro. Geo. W. Bartley: and

Whereas, it is but just that a fitting recognition of his many virtues should be had; therefore be it

Resolved, by McMinnville Lodge No. 289 that while we bow with humble submission to the will of the Most High, we do not the less mourn for our brother who has been taken from us.

Resolved, that in the death of Geo. W. Bartley, this Lodge laments the loss of a brother, who was ever ready to proffer the hand of aid, and the voice of sympathy to the needy and distressed of the fraternity; an active member of this society, whose endeavors were extended for its welfare and prosperity; a friend and companion who was dear to us all; a citizen whose upright and noble life was a standard of emulation to his fellows.

Resolved, that the heartfelt sympathy of this Lodge be extended to

his parents and relatives in their affliction.

Resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Lodge, and a copy furnished the Yamhill County Reporter; also a copy to the Temperance Herald; and a copy be transmitted to the parents of our deceased brother.

GEO. W. HARRIS, } Com. H. C. MANN, } J. SOPHER. }

Trifling With Danger.

I was sitting at the table of an Irish merchant in Sligo a few years ago. He had eight beautiful children. He had his wines and brandy on the table, and of course asked me to drink, and I had to give my reasons for declining. This gave me an opportunity to put in a little temperance, and while I was making my little speech by the way of apology, I made this remark: "I would like to see the man who could truthfully say, 'No relative or friend of mine ever fell through intemperance.'" I saw that this struck him; his knife and fork fell from his grasp, and he remained silent for some seconds.

"Well," said he at length, "I AM NOT THAT MAN. My first Sabbath-school superintendent was a man of genial spirit and noble mien. He went into the wine trade, and died a drunkard before he was forty. My first class leader, I believe, was a good, intelligent, useful man; but he, too, yielded to the habit of intemperance and died a drunkard. My own father suffered through intemperance."

"Yes," I exclaimed, "and you yourself are parading before your friends and your children the instruments of death which slew your first class leader, and your father. The very rope with which they were hung you are adjusting to catch your children. I cannot afford to put my head in such a halter as that."—W. TAYLOR, in Methodist Advocate.

A "Bacca" Fed Baby.

A visitor among some of the English poor during one of the lockouts, when mills were stopped and labor suspended, gave the following account of how one baby lived and grew fat through the hard times.

The wife of a laborer, while looking on at a game of "hop-scotch" in which her husband was engaged with other idlers, was describing their way of living. While she was speaking there came toddling

in at the door a splendid specimen of Suffolk infantine humanity, aged about four years and with limbs like a baby giantess.

"There, sir," remarked the old lady, "she don't look much the worse for the lockout, do she?"

I replied that she did not, but rather as though a large amount of fat of the land fell to her share.

"What do you feed her on?" I asked.

"'Bacca, sir," replied the old lady, with a grin.

"Tobacco!"

"Well, that's what they say about here. You see, it's this way. She's my gran' young un, and her poor mother has seven of 'em, and the father is locked out like the rest; and so a month ago my old man—him as you see making such a donkey of himself a minute ago—he says, says he, 'Old wamon, dashed if I can enjoy my pipe,—which costs ten and a half pence a week, half an ounce of threepenny a day; a cruel hard smoker he's allers been—I can't enjoy my pipe,' says the old man, 'and see our Joe's young uns wanting a meal; so I'll make over my 'bacca-money to help 'em, and put my pipe out till things mend a bit.' And this is the young un that gets the benefit of it in milk night and morning.

A good many other babies, and their mothers too, might be well fed and well clad if they had the "bacca-money" and the whisky-money which husbands and fathers squander.—Review.

Temperance.

The full moral significance of the temperance conflict is gradually revealing itself. The connection between drunkenness and falsehood is thus set forth by Dr. B. W. Richardson, of London—confessedly at the head of the medical profession in the Old World: "I am President of a society called 'The Medical Temperance Association.' There are three hundred of us banded together as Total Abstinencers—by physicians and surgeons in large practice—not to make a propaganda of Total Abstinence, but to meet among ourselves and discuss the points which are most interesting to us in the treatment of disease.

A little while ago the question came up as to the treatment of dipsomania. We had a very remarkable discussion on this subject, and what struck me as I was presiding was, that everybody who

spoke dealt with the moral aspect of the question. We were all of this mind, that one of the most diagnostic marks of drink-craving, that which distinguishes it as a mental characteristic from all other things, is that the drink-craver is always a falsehood-teller; that there is no actual case where a person affected with the drink-craving has been known to speak the truth; that we never can believe a word they say, and many of us are of the opinion that the tendency of untruthfulness descends to the children of these people.

See how solemnly strange it is that a physical agent should be taken into the body which should, after a time, so destroy all moral sense of right, and thought of responsibility, that the very foundation of morality is actually so changed that the person becomes, as it were, naturally and habitually the child and representative of falsehood. These are facts which were not known twenty years ago, and which must in the end tell largely as they are made known in the promotion of our cause.—E.e.

The Sailor's Story.

I've been fourteen years a sailor, and I've found in all parts of the world I could get along just as well without alcoholic liquors, as with them, and better too.

Some years ago, when we lay in Jamaica, several of us were sick with the fever, and among the rest, the second mate. The doctor had given him brandy to keep him up, but I thought it was a queer kind of "keeping up." Why, you see, it stands to reason, that if you heap fuel on the fire, it will burn the faster, and putting the brandy to a fever is just the same kind of a thing. Brandy is more than half alcohol, you know.

Well, the doctor gave him up, and I was set to watch with him. No medicine was left, for it was of no use. Nothing would help him, and I had my directions what to do with the body when he was dead. Towards midnight he asked for water. I got him the coolest I could find, and gave him all he wanted, and if you'll believe me, in less than three hours he drank three gallons.

The sweat rolled off from him like rain. Then he sank off and I thought sure he was gone; but he was sleeping, and as quietly as a child. In the morning, when the doctor came, he asked what time