"The Good Time Coming."

For the Advance.

It was a comical sight, which all the intervening years with its wear and tear of life have not obliterated from my memmory. In all the vivid freshness of the present, the past, becomes again a living reality. It was a temperance meeting to which I refer; it was held in our Town Hall—a large and somewhat gloomy building—in which justice was presumed to be dispensed to the lawless, though from the magistrate on the bench, to the legal fraternity in their pomp of wig and gown immediately before him, I fear there were times when very little mercy mingled with it.

John Damper Parks was the leading Temperance light in our town, he was a retired florist at the time I write. He stood nearly six feet high, with a slight stoop. He had an expansive forehead, long flowing white hair, a Roman nose, large shaggy eyebrows, beneath which his keen bright eyes shone like diamonds. Brother John Collins, was a slim dapper little man—a silk printer by trade—officiating on Sabbath as minister to a Baptist congregation at "Antioch Chapel." He had a bright pleasing face, which his gold-rimmed spectacles set off to advantage. He was so exceedingly neat, as to impress you with the idea that he had just stepped out of a hat box.

Joseph Blackburne was a short thick-set individual of alderman ic proportions. His hair stubbornly resisted cultivation, and in its general uprightness, bristled with suggestions of strong determination. William Wheatly was a peculiar specimen—slim, tall and awkward—a pale face with sharply defined cheek bones. When his long arms were at rest, the tips of his attenuated fingers reached his knee joints. With his frock coat closely buttoned, he was a model which any undertaker might well have envied.

On this occasion Bros. Park and Collins occupied the centre of the platform, with *short* Bro. Blackburn and *long* Bro. Wheatly on their right and left. Bro. Parks gave out a Temperance hymn, in which the audience—not having books—were unable to join. Bro. Blackburn casting an upward glance at a distant fly spot on the ceiling proceeded, in measured tones to "raise" the tune. Bro. Collins gave a few feeble notes interspersed with sundry side-glances at Bro. B., as the varied grace notes of the latter issued from his stentorian voice. Bro. Parks was *not* musically gifted, but the continuous hum of his *one* note, was heard at the farthest end of the hall. Bro. Wheatly clasped his hands behind him, and with a half-frightened look, added his quota of supulchural bass.

From a critical standpoint the singing was *not* a success, as an unsypmpathetic audience left it chiefly to the quartette on the platform. Bro. Collins followed in prayer which had a mollifying effect in quieting the audience for the speeches which followed.

I shall not pursue these friends further, my purpose is to give you an idea of my first introduction to the movement, and to show you the kind of men, who, under tremendous difficulties, in years gone by, began to stem the tide of the drink traffic.

While we gaze in wonder and amazement at the majesty and beauty of the gilded spire, we are apt to overlook the fact, *that it owes all its stability to the rugged foundations hidden beneath the surface.* Even so let us overlook the *moral heriosm* of the men, the fruit of whose labours we now enjoy—men who bravely stood in the breach—men who *dared*, when the stream of popular derision was *against* them, to stand true to their colors, who fought inch by inch for their vantage ground—men who only laid down their labors with their lives, of whom it may be truly said "these all died in Faith not having received the promise, but having *seen* them afar off, and were persuaded of them."

They fell, but the work continued, being dead they yet speak, for their works do follow them. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and *die* it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." As in the natural so in the moral. The frail bodies of these noble men have long since mingled with the mother earth "but their souls are marching on" to the glorious position of the good time coming.

Yes, thank God, the good time *is* coming, darkness has covered the earth and *gross* darkness the people, yet the dawn is breaking. Long indeed, has the demon bound in fetters the victims of the bowl, long indeed has their "imprisoned spirits laid *fast bound* in sin and errors night," yet a clarion blast has sounded from sea to sea, swelling louder and stronger, wafting upon every breeze to every clime the question, Watchman what of the night? While from the lofty mountain top, reverberating across the valleys, no longer in prophetic vision but in glorious fruition comes the glad reply "The Morning Cometh."

The little one *has* become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation. The time was—and not many years since—when an abstainer was pointed out as a veritible crank, but the crank has kept turning, until the moral verdict of public opinion regards him as a *benefactor* of the race. Keep the crank turning, brethren, until the poor *mulbry-nosed muddled brained cranks* of the whiskey bottle are rescued from their thraldom and are again "*clothed and in their right mind.*"

We speak of the dangers to which those noble men are exposed, who "go down to the sea in ship," and "who do business upon the great waters" we carefully inspect their craft, we see that they are duly provided with belts and life boat—we survey the ocean and on our charts, mark plain the dangerous and hidden reefs—we carefully locate the quicksands and the shallows—along our coast we erect the lighthouse, whose friendly beacon, shines out its welcomed light, alike in calmest night or blinding storm, so that in "the perils off" to which they are exposed, all help is given, that in safety they may reach "the desired haven."

What Philanthropy has done for the sailor, Temperance aided by Christian patriotism is doing for humanity in order to save the millions of moral wrecks, whose broken and shattered barks, are dashing on the shores of time, and whose priceless souls are nearing the dreaded rocks of eternal darkness.

True, the beach *is* strewn with the whitened bones of the fallen, true it is that God's great Phonegraph is full of the widow's groans, and His vial full of the orphan's tears; the blood of the slain crieth from the earth for vengeance, while the smoke of their torment, and the wail of the lost—"where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched,"—ascended before him forever.

But the good time is coming, to the perishing, a noble army has arisen, no longer a scattered few, but "clothed" in a panoply of strength, backed by the power of omnipetence, led by the word and will of God, they go forward conquering unto conquer, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against them. The world may deride, and the people scorn the movement as fanaticism.

"But the might and the right and the truth shall be,
Let there come what there may to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see."

In that day it shall no longer be asked "who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?" for the curse shall be removed, old things shall have passed away, behold all things shall have become new. These are not dreams of an enthusist, but the outgrowth of the sober facts of our own present surroundings. Drink is doomed, already the passing bell is tolling its downfall. In the towns where the Scott Act is in operation, where are the crowds of lazy loafers and helpless sots, who daily frequented the place?—ABSENT. No longer the sound of drunken revelry and licentious blasphemy rings through the place, a change has come "o'er the spirit of the scene." True there are yet those who in darkened rooms, in cellars, holes and corners get their liquor, yet since it has been relegated to the darkness—its own appropriate type—the remnant of self respect even in a drunkard, revolt at the sneaking proceeding. What will not stand the light of day is not worth supporting. The well worn statement "that there is more drinking done under the Scott Act than prior to its introduction," is as false as the system it endeavors to uphold, as personal experience and reliable statistics clearly prove. It is the dying wail of a dying cause, kept up by the sattelites of the landlord, whose dying profits from the dying souls, are daily growing "small by degrees and beautifully less," notwithstanding the fierce opposition of the liquor interest "the good time is coming." Strong drink leads to uncleanliness, adultery, to covetness, to idolitry, to all manner of evil, to death physical and to death eternal. "Let no man deceive you with vain words; for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience." Therefore be not partakers with them, touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing." The good time is coming when the raggedness, the squallors, the wretchedness and misery of the outcast shall cease. While we view the abodes of the drunkard in all its dismal depravity and lack of comfort, when we look on the pinched faces of the helpless, when we gaze on the woe-begone dishevelled form they call Mother, do we not feel our hearts burn within us? do we not feel our heart of hearts silently breathe out the prayer, "How long, oh Lord, how long?" Let the wreck of what was once a handsome man, with his bleared eyes and tattered garments drivilling in his semi-idoicy the name he once reverently worshiped and adored, is it possible? What has transformed he that was made in the moral image of God, to a condition below the level of the brute creation? What is it that so deadened all the finer sensibilities of his nature, that with oaths and curses, and ofttimes with blows, he spurns from him the form of her he once swore to love and cherish. Oh the unutterable woe, oh the cloud of sorrow and anguish which alone Almighty God can fully know, which at this moment is surging throughout the land.

But the good time is coming when "instead of the thorn shall come up the fig tree and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree" -the day of rejoicing the world's grand jubilee.

In the good time coming we may all have a share, and this is a mighty incentive for individual action. Tis the many strokes that fell the oak, and the accumulated labors and prayers of the glorious army who have died in the field, can be utilized for the advancement of present success. Let us remember that they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmanent, and they that turn many to righteous as the stars for ever and ever.

While we are surrounded by such glorious possibilities of selfishness, let us lay under contribution ever power of our being for so grand an object. While our heart's deepest sympathy is drawn out for the heathen millions who dwell on the dark places of the earth, let us not lose sight of the worse than heathen of our own surroundings "eyes have they but they see not, ears have they but they hear not," upon whom the full blaze of the light shineth, giving freedom to the captive, who yet, as willing slaves, hug their chains and abide in darkness—Christianized in name yet in works they deny him. Let us arise in the majesty of our Heaven-born strength—let us buckle on the armour—let us push the battle to the gate, until the demon be overthrown, until from the hearts and homes of our fair Dominion shall arise, no longer the wail of misery and woe, but songs of thanksgiving and praise—that He may reign, whose we are and whom we serve "From the river unto the ends of the earth."—D.S.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

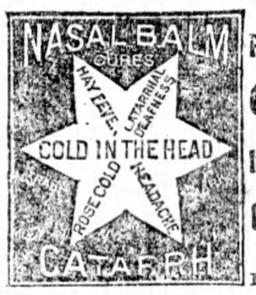
On Friday evening, 23rd ult., an Xmas tree entertainment was held in the stone school house which was a most decided success, and was most heartily enjoyed by all present. The school room was beautifully decorated with evergreens and appropriate mottos. The tree was well laden with all manner of presents. Mr. Kells acted as chairman and under his direction a most attractive program consisting of readings, recitations, dialogues, music, &c., was carried out. The teacher, Miss Ford, deserves great credit for the pains taken by her to make the entertainment a success.

At the annual school meeting held last Wednesday, Mr. Thos. Kells was re-elected school Trustee.

There has been another new arrival at Mr. Geo. Pitchard's, it is a daughter.

Mr. James Hanson has sold his farm to Mr. James Brodie and is going to Toronto to learn the veterinary business.

If you want a first-class Gold or Silver Watch in Ladies' or Gents' sizes, Russell's, Flesherton, is the place to go. Warrants from three to five years covering all breakages at lower prices than elsewhere.



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Feversham.

To the Editor of The Advance.

I suppose some of the readers of the ADVANCE will be thinking that Feversham has gone out of existence. It is a long time since there has been any news from here. Well, I can assure them such is not the case as they would have been led to see had they been here on Friday evening, 23rd inst., it being the occasion of a Farewell Entertainment and Presentation to Mr. Geo. Mitchell, who is leaving this section after completing a very successful term of three years teaching. The Parents, Children and Friends of Mr. Mitchell turned out *en masse.* At 7:30 p. m. Mr. Chas. Neil, the popular merchant here, was voted to the Chair when an excellent programme consisting of Recitations, Dialogues, Vocal and Instrumental Music &c. was rendered by the pupils and young people of the section after which the pupils presented Mr. Mitchell with a beautiful Gold Headed Cane and the accompanying address.

To Mr. Geo. Mitchell:—

Respected Teacher,—We, the Pupils of S.S. No. 7, Osprey, who have been so much benefitted by your tuition during the past three years and learning with deep regret that you are about to leave us, desire to present you with this cane as a token of our esteem for you, not on account of its intrinsic value but as a souvenir of respect and as you look on it in days to come you may think of those you leave behind, and rest assured that whatever our lot may be in this life we shall not forget the happy hours we spent with you and if we should not be permitted to meet again in this world we hope and trust that it will be our happy lot to meet in that better land where parting is unknown.

LIZZIE HALE,
MARY A. NEIL,

In behalf of Pupils of S.S. No. 7, Osprey.

Mr. Geo. Mitchell made a suitable and feeling reply.

After the presentation, Rev. W. F. Ferrier, of Maxwell, was called on and gave a very pleasing and able address on the occasion, after which, the entertainment was brought to a close by the children singing, "Farewell to a Teacher."

NOTE.—The cane was furnished by the celebrated jeweller, Mr. J. G. Russell, of Flesherton.

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