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LITERATURE.

NOT AS I WILL.

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted, or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good, the ill
By changeless laws are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will!"—the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will!"—the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfil—
"Not as I will."

A CONFLICT ENDED.

In Acton there were two churches, an Orthodox and a Baptist. They stood on opposite sides of the road, and the Baptist edifice was a little farther down than the other. On Sunday morning both bells were ringing. The Baptist bell was much larger, and followed quickly on the soft peal of the Orthodox with a heavy brazen clang which vibrated a good while. The people went flocking through the street to the irregular jangle of the bells. It was a very hot day and the sun beat down heavily; parasols were bobbing over all the ladies' heads.

More people went into the Baptist church, whose society was much the larger of the two. It had been for the last 10 years—ever since the Orthodox had settled a new minister. His advent had divided the church, and a good third of the congregation had gone over to the Baptist brethren, with whom they still remained.

It is probable that many of them passed their old sanctuary today with the original stubborn animosity as active as ever in their hearts, and led their families up the Baptist steps with the same strong spiritual pull of indignation.

One old lady, who had made herself prominent on the opposition, trotted by this morning with the identical wiry vehemence which she had manifested 10 years ago. She wore a full black silk skirt, which she held up in front, and allowed to trail in the dust in the rear.

Some of the staunch Orthodox people glanced at her amusedly. One fleshy, fair-faced girl in blue muslin said to

her companion with a laugh: 'See that old lady trailing her best black silk by to the Baptist. Ain't it ridiculous how she holds on showing out? I heard some one talking about it yesterday.'

Yes.
The girl colored up confusedly. Oh dear! she thought to herself. The lady with her had an unpleasant history connected with this old church quarrel. She was a small, bony woman in a shiny purple silk, which was strained very tightly across her sharp shoulder-blades. Her bonnet was quite elaborate with flowers and plumes, as was also her companion's. In fact, she was the village milliner, and the girl was her apprentice.

When the two went up the church steps, they passed a man of about 50, who was sitting thereon well to one side. He had a singular face—a mild forehead, a gently curving mouth, and a terrible chin, with a look of strength in it that might have abashed mountains. He held his straw hat in his hand, and the sun was shining full on his bald head.

The milliner half stopped, and gave an anxious glance at him; then passed on. In the vestibule she stopped again.

You go right in, Margy, she said to the girl. I'll be along in a minute.

Where are you going, Miss Barney?
You go right in. I'll be there in a minute.

Margy entered the audience room then, as if fairly brushed in by the imperious wave of a little knotty hand, and Esther Barney stood waiting until the rush of entering people was over. Then she stepped swiftly back to the side of the man seated on the steps. She spread her large black parasol deliberately, and extended the handle toward him.

No, no, Esther; I don't want it—I don't want it.

If you're determined on setting out in this broiling sun, Marcus Woodman, you jest take this parasol of mine and use it.

I don't want your parasol, Esther. I don't you say it over again. Take it.

I won't—not if I don't want to. You'll get a sun-stroke. That's my own lookout. Marcus Woodman, you take it.

She threw all the force there was in her intense nervous nature in her tone and look; but she failed in her attempt because of the utter difference in quality between her own will and that with which she had to deal. They were on so different planes that her's slid by his with its own momentum; there could be no contact even of antagonism between them. He sat there rigid, every line of his face stiffened into an icy obstinacy. She held out the parasol toward him like a weapon.

Finally she let it drop at her side, her whole expression changed.

Marcus, said she, how's your mother?

He started. Pretty well, thank you, Esther.

She's out to meeting, then?

Yes.
I've been a-thinking—I ain't drove jest now—that maybe I'd come over and see her some day this week.

He rose politely then. Wish you would, Esther. Mother'd be real pleased, I know.

Well, I'll see—Wednesday, p'rhaps, if I ain't too busy. I must go in now; they're most through singing.

Esther—
I don't believe I can stop any longer, Marcus.

About the parasol—thank you jest the same if I don't take it. Of course you know I can't set out here boding a parasol; folks would laugh. But I'm obliged to you all the same. Hope I didn't say anything to hurt your feelings?

Oh no; why, no, Marcus. Of course I don't want to make you take it if you don't want it. I don't know but it would look kinder queer, come to think of it. Oh dear! they are through singing.

Say, Esther, I don't know but I might as well take that parasol, if you'd jest as soon. The sun is pretty hot, and I might get a headache. I forgot my umbrella, to tell the truth.

I might have known better than to have gone at him the way I did, thought Esther to herself, when she was seated at last in the cool church beside Margy. Seems as if I might have got used to Marcus Woodman by this time.
She did not see him when she came

out of church, but a little boy in the vestibule handed her the parasol, with the remark, Mr. Woodman said for me to give this to you.

She and Margy passed down the street toward home. Going by the Baptist church, they noticed a young man standing by the entrance. He stared hard at Margy.

She began to laugh after they had passed him. Did you see that fellow stare? said she. Hope he'll know me next time.

That's George Elliot; he's that old lady's son you was speaking about this morning.

Well, that's enough for me. He's a real good, steady young man. Margy sniffed.

Perhaps you'll change your mind some day.

She did, and speedily, too. That glimpse of Margy Wilson's pretty new face—for she was a stranger in the town—had been too much for George Elliot. He obtained an introduction, and was soon a steady visitor at Esther Barney's house. Margy fell in love with him easily. She had never had much attention from the young men, and he was an engaging young fellow, small and bright-eyed, though with a nervous persistency like his mother's in his manner.

I'm going to have it an understood thing, Margy told Esther, after her lover had become constant in his attentions, that I'm going with George, and I ain't going with his mother. I can't bear that old woman.

But poor Margy found it was not so easy to thrust determined old age off the stage, even when young Love was flying about so fast on his butterfly wings that he seemed to multiply himself, and there was no room for anything else, because the air was so full of doves. That old mother, with her trailing black skirt and her wiry obstinacy, trotted as unwaveringly through the sweet stir as a ghost through the door.

One Monday morning Margy could not eat any breakfast, and there were stains around her blue eyes.

Why, what's the matter, Margy? asked Esther, eyeing her across the little kitchen table.

Nothing's the matter. I ain't hungry any to speak of, that's all, I guess I'll go right to work on Miss Fuller's bonnet.

I'd try and eat something if I was you. Be sure you cut that velvet straight, if you go to work on it.

When the two were sitting together at their work in the little room back of the shop, Margy suddenly threw her scissors down. There! said she, I've done it; I knew I should. I've cut this velvet bias. I knew I should cut everything bias I touched today.

There was a droll pucker on her mouth; then it began to quiver. She hid her face in her hands and sobbed. Oh, dear, dear, dear!

Margy Wilson, what is the matter? George and I had a talk last night. We've broke the engagement, and it's killing me. And now I've cut this velvet bias. Oh, dear, dear, dear!

For the land's sake, don't mind anything about the velvet. What's come betwixt you and George?

His mother—horrid old thing! He said she'd got to live with us, and I said she shouldn't. Then he said he wouldn't marry any girl that wasn't willing to live with his mother, and I said he wouldn't ever marry me then. If George Elliot thinks more of his mother than he does of me, he can have her. I don't care. I'll show him I can get along without him.

Well, I don't know, Margy. I'm real sorry about it. George Elliot's a good, likely young man; but if you didn't want to live with his mother, it was better to say so right in the beginning. And I don't know as I blame you much; she's pretty set in her ways.

I guess she is. I never could bear her. I guess he'll find out—

Margy dried her eyes defiantly, and took up the velvet again. I've spoilt this velvet. I don't see why being disappointed in love should affect a girl's to make her cut bias.

There was a whimsical element in Margy which seemed to roll uppermost along with her grief.

Esther looked a little puzzled. Never mind the velvet, child; it ain't much, anyway. She began tossing over some ribbons to cover her departure from her usual reticence. I'm real sorry about it Margy. Such things are hard to bear, but they can be lived through. I know something about it myself. You knew I had some of this kind of trouble, didn't you?

About Mr. Woodman, you mean?

Yes, about Marcus Woodman. I'll tell you what 'tis, Margy Wilson, you've got one thing to be thankful for, and that is that there ain't anything ridiculous about this affair of yours. That makes it the hardest of anything according to my mind—when you know that everybody's laughing, and you can hardly help laughing yourself, though you feel almost ready to die.

Ain't that Mr. Woodman crazy?

No, he ain't crazy; he's got too much will for common sense, that's all, and he will teeter the sense a little too far into the air. I see all through it from the beginning. I could read Marcus Woodman just like a book.

I don't see how in the world you ever came to like such a man.

Well, I s'pose love's the strongest when there ain't any good reason for it. They say it is. I can't say as I ever really admired Marcus Woodman much. I always see right through him; but that didn't hinder my thinking so much of him that I never felt as if I could marry any other man. And I've had chances, though I shouldn't want you to say so.

You turned him off because he went to sitting on the church steps?

Course I did. Do you s'pose I was going to marry a man who made a laughing stock of himself that way?

I don't see how he ever come to do it. It's the funniest thing I ever heard of.

I know it. It seems so silly nobody'd believe it. Well, all there is about it, Marcus Woodman's got so much mulishness in him it makes him almost miraculous. You see, he got up and spoke in that church meeting when they had such a row about Mr. Morton being settled there—Marcus was awful set against him. I never could see any reason why, and I don't think he could. He said Mr. Morton wasn't doctrinal; that was what they all said; but I don't believe half of 'em knew what doctrinal was. I never could see why Mr. Morton wasn't as good as most ministers—enough sight better than them that treated him so anyway. I always felt that they was really setting him in a pulpit high over their heads by using him the way they did, though they didn't know it.

Well, Marcus spoke in that church meeting, an' he kept getting more and more set every word he said. He always had a way of saying things over and over, as if he was making steps out of 'em and raising of himself up on 'em till there was no moving him at all. And he did that night. Finally, when he was up real high, he said, as for him, if Mr. Morton was settled over that church, he'd never go inside the door himself as long as he lived. Somebody spoke out then—I never quite knew who 'twas though I suspected—an, says, 'You'll have to set on the steps, then, Bro. Woodman.'

Everybody laughed at that but Marcus. He didn't see nothing to laugh at. He spoke out awful set, kinder gripping his teeth, I will set on the steps 50 years before I'll go into this house if that man's settled here.

I couldn't believe he'd really do it. We were going to be married that spring, an' it did seem as if he might listen to me; but he wouldn't. The Sunday Mr. Morton begun to preach, he begun to set in them steps, an' he's set there ever since, in 'all kinds of weather. It's a wonder it ain't killed him; I guess it made him tough.

Why, didn't he feel bad when you wouldn't marry him?

Feel bad? Of course he did. He took on terribly. But it didn't make any difference; he wouldn't give in a hair's breadth. I declare it did seem as if I should die. His mother felt awfully too—she's a real good woman. I don't know what Marcus would have done without her. He wants a sight of tending on, waiting on; he's dreadfully babish in some ways, though you wouldn't think it.

Well, it's all over now, as far as I'm concerned. I've got over it a good deal, though sometimes it makes me jest as mad as ever to see him sitting there. But I try to be reconciled, and I get along jest as well, mebbe, as if I'd had him—I don't know. I fretted more at first than there was any sense in, and I hope you wont.

I don't going to fret at all, Miss Barney. I may cut bias for a while, but I shan't do anything worse.

How you do talk, child.

A good deal of it was talk with Margy; she had not so much courage as her words proclaimed. She was capable of a strong temporary resolution, but of no enduring one. She gradually weakened as the days without her lover went on.

(Concluded on fourth page.)

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;
H. M. Allister.
Market Building, St. John; Gurney, 5; Thurs-
day; John P. Bell.
Orange Hall, Portland; Portland, 7; Monday
A. Y. Paterson.
Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wed-
nesday; J. S. B. DeVeber.
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J.
DeVeber.
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; A.
Stohart.
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Thurs-
day; Robt. Wills.
Hillsboro, Albert Co.; Albert, 39; Wednesday;
J. J. Steeves.
Sackville, West. Co.; Sackville, 40; Tuesday
J. C. Harper.
Richibucto, Kent Co.; Richibucto, 42; Wednes-
day; A. Haines.
Kingston, Kent Co.; Kingston, 44; Tuesday;
B. S. Bailey.
Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; D. Mc-
Gruar.
Point de Bute, West. Co.; Westmorland, 50;
Thursday; J. Amos Trueman.
Hopewell Hill, Albert Co.; Golden Rule, 51;
Tuesday; L. E. Moore.
Pennyfield, Charlotte C.; Safeguard, 58; Satur-
day; W. N. Backman.
Cambridge, Queen's Co.; Johnston, 62; Satur-
day; George S. Wilson.
Dalhousie; Dalhousie, 64; Monday; G. Haddow.
Baie Verte; Baie Verte, 65; Wednesday; E.
Goodwin.
Dover, West. Co.; Dover, 70; Saturday; W.
Steeves.
Carleton, St. John; Granite Rock, 77; Tuesdays
Henry Finch.
Derby, North. Co.; Nelson, 99; Monday; J. B. Bette.
Doughlastown, North. Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tues-
day; J. Henderson.
Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thurs-
day; Jacob I. Keirstead.
Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134
Saturday; James E. Coy.
Benton, Carleton Co.; Garibaldi, 151; A. Teed.
St. Martins, St. John Co.; St. Martins, 164
Tuesday; Cudlip Miller.
Moncton; Moncton, 183; Monday; E. McCarthy.
Salisbury, West. Co.; Crystal Stream, 191
Saturday; C. A. Beck.
South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 307;
Monday; Wm. Roxborough.
Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Wednesday
John Waring.
Moncton; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Wallace
Armour.
Victoria Mills, West. Co.; Victoria, 245; Thurs-
day; A. J. Main.
Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wed-
nesday; J. W. Mann.
Weldford, Kent. Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday;
H. Wather.
Portland; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler.
Butternut Ridge, King's Co.; Havelock, 251
Friday; E. Keith.
Petitcodiac, West. Co.; Petitcodiac, 252; Tues-
day; D. Jonah.
Lewis Mountain, West. Co.; Sunnyside, 253;
Saturday; E. Lewis.
Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose, 254; Satur-
day; A. T. Lloyd.
Millstream, Kings Co.; Britannia, 256; Friday;
C. W. Weyman.
Little Ridge, Char. Co.; Spreading Oak, 256
Tuesday; A. F. Matheson.
Fredericton; Lansdowne, 257; Thursday; H. H.
Pitts.
Kouchibouguac, Kent Co.; Union, 258; D. W.
Grierson.
River Charlo, Rest. Co.; Charlo, 259; Thursday;
J. H. Galbraith.
Steeves' Mountain, West. Co.; Mountain Rose,
260; Saturday; R. Lutz, Sr.
Lawrence Station, Char. Co.; Lawrenceville,
261; Saturday; F. S. Richardson.
Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday;
G. Barnes.
Pomroy Ridge, Char. Co.; Mayflower, 263;
Thursday; W. Moulton.
Scotch Ridge, Char. Co.; Iona, 264; Wednes-
day; Alex. M. McKenzie.
Oak Hill, Char. Co.; Oak, 265; Friday; Dr. J.
G. Atkinson.
Tower Hill, Char. Co.; Wills, 266; Saturday;
S. S. Smith.
Graves' Settlement, West. Co.; Rockland, 267
Friday; G. Johnston.
McAdam Junction, York Co.; Star Branch, 266;
E. W. Brownell.
2d Falls, St. George Char. Co.; Stewart, 269;
Saturday; A. Sherwood.
St. George, Char. Co.; Red Granite, 270; Satur-
day; T. McGowan.
Penobscus, King's Co.; Cardwell, 271; Thurs-
day; J. W. Floyd.
St. Nicholas River, Kent Co.; Milltown, 272;
Friday; J. Murray.
Hampton Village, King's Co.; Hampton, 273;
Thursday; G. Flewelling.
Bloomfield, King's Co.; Leading Star, 274;
Thursday; O. A. Weimore.
Good Templar Hall, St. John; Gordon, 275;
Friday; H. P. Sandall.
Eagle Settlement West'd Co.; Twilight, 276;
Wednesday; G. A. Taylor.
Salisbury, Westmoreland Co.; Middleton, 277;
Friday; J. B. Henry.
Healthland, Charlotte Co.; Rising Sun, 278;
Tuesday; L. Hall.
Goshen Corner, Albert Co.; Star of Hope, 279;
Thursday; D. W. Goodall.
St. Mary's Kent Co.; Rosefield, 280; Saturday
W. Vincent.
Elgin, Albert Co.; Elgin, 281; Saturday; G.
Smith, A. B.
Springfield, King's Co.; Springfield, 282; Fri-
day; G. M. Wetmore.
Whites Cove, Grand Lake; Grand Lake, 283;
H. E. White.
Clifton, Gloucester Co.; Gloucester Division
284; Wednesday; N. R. Ritchie.
Lewisville, Moncton; Lewisville, 285; Tuesday;
Chas. J. Harris.
Fort Elgin, West. Co.; Fort Moncton, 286; Fri-
day; W. M. Spence.
Centreville, Kings Co.; Centreville, 287; Satur-
day; H. W. Falkins.
Waterford, K. C.; Essex Division 288; Mon-
day; John W. DeForest.
Dubec, Carleton Co.; Centenary, 289; Wm. V.
Benn.
Forest Glen, West. Co.; Forest Glen 290; Thurs-
day; Miss A. Hubley.
Bristol, Carleton Co.; Bristol Union, 291
Tuesday; Rev. John Gravinor.
East Florenceville, Carleton Co.; East Florence
ville, 292; Saturday; Wm. Tompkins.
Waterville, Carleton Co.; Waterville, 293
Saturday; J. T. Fletcher.
Bath Carleton Co.; Ray of Hope, 294; Friday;
Herbert Gray.
Lower Coverdale, Albert Co.; Coverdale
Tuesday; F. A. Steeves.