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LITERATURE.

WHY?

I cannot feli why God should send into my life
The bitter sweet,
Nor do I know why toil and strife
My hopes defeat.

I know not why this weary aching
My heart should feel;
I only know, in dreams or waking
Life seems too real.

I cannot tell why fond affection
Should soon grow cold,
Or why the friends we love and cherish
Are quickly told.

I only know some hearts are trusting
And fail to find
The love which knows no change or trusting—
Pure gold, refined.

Ah, weary heart, wherever hidden,
In age or youth,
Sad March comes to each unbidden;
But God is truth.

We know not why His wisdom sendeth
Each sorrow down;
But patience, prayerful, calm endurance
Will win a crown.

Trusting henceforth His love and mercy,
Our hearts will e, y,
Dear Father, send us hope and strength—
Thou knowest why.

Kate Tennant Woods.

BERNARD WALTON'S RIVAL.

Put your hat on, Maggie, and come
with me for a walk, there's a darling. It
is such a fine morning.

Oh, Bernard, you know I cannot!
I must finish this embroidery for baby's
dress, and then I shall take her into the
garden.

Why, she has more dresses than she
can wear, and surely Sarah can take
charge of her for once, while you take
me to a little of your company?

I tell you I can't! I won't leave the
child for anybody, so there!

Not even for your husband, Maggie?
No! declared Maggie, all the more
sharply because the sadness of Bernard's
voice pricked her conscience in spite of
herself. I wish you would not bother
me so.

Well, well, dear, I'll do the best I can
without you.

Glancing up from her work presently,
at the sound of the closing door, Maggie
Walton saw her husband going down
the garden walk to the road. He was
walking slowly, and with a visible air
of depression. For the first time Maggie
noticed that he stooped slightly, and
that he looked pale and thin.

It's that stupid writing, murmured
the young wife to herself, as her eyes
returned to her work again. However,
I suppose he likes it; and besides, he's
well enough, really. This is going to be
the very prettiest dress I have made for
baby yet.

Mr. and Mrs. Walton were what the
world would call a prosperous and happy
couple. The former was an author of
some repute, earning by dint of hard

work, or, as Maggie expressed it, 'by a
few strokes of his pen,' and much burn-
ing of the mid-night oil, enough to
surround his wife with the comforts he
deemed necessary for her, and which to
her were a matter of course.

They had a charming villa in one of
the loveliest parts of Devon, embowered
among beech trees, and commanding an
extensive view of the country round.
Here Bernard had brought his pretty
bride three years ago, and here she had
been happy as the days were long,
devoted to her husband and adored by
him. Even the study was never closed
against her, and she would come steal-
ing in on various excuses, take the pen
from her husband's fingers, and induce
him by winning wiles to leave his work
and help her gather flowers in the
garden, or try a duet with her, or sail
forth for one of the long walks in which
he delighted.

Bernard had begun life a friendless
orphan, and, well nigh friendless, had
struggled with all but insurmountable
difficulties to earn a livelihood by his
pen, until little more than a year before
his marriage, when he had been more
unfortunate, and his wave-worn bark at
last floated into smooth water. He had
had no experience of womanly love,
either motherly or sisterly; he had never
known any other home than the hired
lodgings by courtesy so called; there-
fore the words wife and home were
doubly precious to him, and meant more
than they do to more fortunate men.

Of these happy days the evenings were
perhaps the happiest portion, for these
the husband and wife invariably spent
together. Thus passed the halcyon days
of the long, sweet honeymoon; and then
—the baby came. Theodora, they called
her, 'the gift of God,' with never a
thought that this, like other of His gifts,
might be misused.

At first Bernard, though he felt very
lonely in the pretty drawing-room often
cheered himself by the thought that his
solitude was but for a time, and his happi-
ness was to be increased by the possess-
ion of a child; but when Maggie had fully
recovered her strength, and even when
the baby could crawl about, things were
still on much the same level. He might
come and go as he would now, but no
wife would run into the porch to put on
his coat with pretty, clinging fingers, or
cover his face with loving kisses. She
was generally up stairs with baby, too
absorbed in it to heed Bernard. She had
no time to hear him read aloud, nor to
walk with him in the lanes. He was
often condemned to solitary meals, for
baby cried, or nurse was busy, and
Maggie had dinner or tea in the nursery,
where Bernard seldom ventured to
appear, for Maggie's idolatry of her child
had in it an element of jealousy, and she
could not endure to have her husband
caress it, lest he should win its love from
herself.

At first he tried to think things would
right themselves; then, giving up his
hope, he deemed his wife's love lost to
him. On the morning with which this
chapter opens, Bernard had made a last
effort to win back his lost happiness,
but in vain; Maggie was more cold and
peevish than ever, and as he walked
along the blossoming lanes he felt that
the stone was rolled upon the grave of
hope—a stone which no hand could roll
away.

CHAPTER II.
You're very kind to me, Bernard, said
Mrs. Walton, as her husband, coming
into the nursery, put a cheque into her
hands, with the remark that she and
baby needed a change. and were to have
a month's holiday at Sandtown-on-Sea.
Shall you come? she asked, as she
danced the baby in her arms and laughed
into the small, smiling face.
Do you want me, Maggie? was the
wistful reply.
I? Of course, indifferently. There,
baby, my precious! And she began to
sing to it, quite forgetful of her husband.
He turned away with a sigh.
No, she does not want me; I should
be only in the way, he muttered to him-
self; then aloud, I think I shall be better
at home, earning more money for you,
Maggie! You would prefer that, would
you not?
If he cherished a hope that she would
express a wish for him to go with her, it
was slain when she answered absently—
What? Oh, yes; as you like. Now,
my darling! Ride a cock horse to Ban-
bury Cross!

The long, bright August days passed
swiftly by a Sandtown-on-Sea, where
Mrs. Walton, and her baby and nurse
was established in nice lodgings near
the wide, sunshiny parade, and the blue,
lustrous ocean, with its pleasure freight

of white sails and gayly painted boats.

Sandtown was full of visitors, for it
was now the height of the brief season.
It was a pretty sight to see the gleam-
ing, weed-strewn sand in the morning,
dotted all over with happy family
groups; barelegged, fair haired children,
splashing about in the shallow tide,
smiling mothers, lounging youths, with
much enduring donkeys and horses, and
the thousand and one picturesque
incidents of seaside life. At first Mrs.
Walton was very much amused with it
all, and entirely happy in the undisputed
possession of Theodora, who every day
developed some new beauty of expression
or baby speech. Yet, after the very
first there was a want—a something
missing in the free, glad life. Actually
Maggie felt lonely at times in spite of
baby! Was it that Dora in her prattle
often asked for papa, or was it that
other women had their husbands with
them? From her window Maggie used
to watch the couples moving about on
the parade, where the band played sweet
melodies—all alike sad, or so Maggie
fancied.

In the long silence—in the utter
solitude of those beautiful nights when
she only seemed alone—when the music
came floating through the open windows
and knocked at Maggie's heart with
viewless fingers—that long estranged
heart began to turn to her absent
husband.

At first she told herself that she was
not very well, or that it was too still in
the house; yet that could hardly be the
case, since there were other lodgers in
it—a married pair, with a trio of healthy,
romping children.

Maggie used to watch the husband
and wife going out together when the
children were in bed, she hanging on
his arm—lovers still, though his hair
was gray—and a dull pain smote her
heart: she at last realized that she
missed the atmosphere of patient love
in which she had lived; ungrateful for
it, as we all are for the daily bread
which yet we cannot do without.

A week before the time fixed for her
return, Maggie had a letter that was
very short and badly written. It ran:

DEAR MAGGIE:—I am glad to hear
you and the baby are well; that is the
best news I can have. I am not very
first rate, but I shall be better soon, no
doubt. Enjoy yourself all you can this
last week. I have a bad headache, so
must end.

Your BERNARD.

Maggie's first impulse was to pack up
and go home at once, but she checked
it as silly. She must have a little more
of the bracing sea air and bathing, and
then she would be glad to get home
again.

At length the day for leaving came
and Maggie packed up cheerfully and
bade farewell to the sea without a pang.

Bernard will be delighted to see the
improvement in Dora, she said, with a
strange yearning for the quiet, patient
husband, who had given her all and
demanded nothing.

She was disappointed because Bern-
ard did not meet them at the station,
only recovering her spirits as the cab
approached Rose Villa, and the pretty
home greeted her eyes once more. The
spirit of peace seemed brooding in the
cloudless sky and on the silent earth, in
whose embrace all things were at rest.

The perfume of the flowers reminded
Maggie of the days when Bernard
brought her home, a happy bride, and
heliotropes and verbenas were in bloom.
How patient he had been! Never once
had she heard other than tender words
from his lips, yet how sharp had been
her own sometimes!

The cab stopped, the driver rang the
bell, and Mrs. Walton actually forgot
the baby as she sprang up the steps and
into the hall. The housemaid came to
the door—still no Bernard was to be
seen.

Where is Mr. Walton? demanded
Maggie, before a word had been spoken.

Oh, ma'am! replied the woman, begin-
ning to cry, which he've been that ill,
and wouldn't 'ave you telegraphed for,
as he said you were enjoying yourself,
and he'd be all right, and 'im working
like a slave never eating nothing; and
last night the doctor said he was dying,
ma'am! This with a loud sob.

Even in her grief the maid felt
pleasure in hurling this stone at her
mistress, for she had often loudly de-
nounced her in the kitchen as being 'as
ard-arsed as iron.'

Maggie gasped and swayed heavily
against the wall. For a moment she
was stunned, then, recovering, she ran
swiftly to her husband's room. Not the
sternest reproach could have pierced

Maggie's heart and soul with half such
keen remorse as did the sight of that
changed face, those sunken eyes, where-
in was no reproach—only deep tender-
ness and loving welcome. She fell on
her knees at the bedside with a bitter
cry.—

Oh, Bernard, my love, don't leave me!
I can't live without you!

Then over the white face a faint flush
passed, like sunrise upon snow.

Maggie! do you care? I thought you
—did not—love me now.

Oh, terrible words from dying lips to
her whose love had risen from its frozen
sleep too late to save him!

Bernard! she cried, hiding her face on
his thin hands which lay clasped on the
silken coverlet. I do love you, more
than anything in the world! I have
been wicked—blind! Oh, say you for-
give me!

As I hope to be forgiven. Don't
blame yourself, dear; I knew you would
come to me if I had sent for you. I only
want your love. God is so good, Maggie!
If He were, surely He would let you
live to save my heart from breaking, or
He would take me with you.

And—baby? he said, trying to smile
in her anguished eyes.

I love baby, but I can't live without
you, my darling!

Dear one! Did they not tell you
down stairs that Dr. Grey says I shall
recover now? He fancied my dying last
night, and I was glad; but now I am
glad to live. Let us both thank God, and
I—I can sleep now, I think.

That was all. The stone was very
great, but an angel had rolled it away.

HIS FAVORITE BOOK.—Though Daniel
Webster's fame rests chiefly upon his
oratorical powers, he was remarkable,
too, for his familiarity with the Bible.
His colleagues once nicknamed him the
Biblical Concordance of the United
States Senate.

While a mere lad, he read the Bible
with such power and expression that
the passing teamsters, who stopped to
water their horses, used to get 'Webster's
boy' to come out beneath the shade of
the trees and read the Bible to them.

Those who heard Mr. Webster, in
later life, recite passages from the
Hebrew prophets and Psalms, say that he
held them spellbound, while each pas-
sage, even the most familiar, came home
to them in a new meaning. One gentle-
man says that he never received such
ideas of the majesty of God and the
dignity of man as he did one clear night
when Mr. Webster, standing in the open
air, recited the eighth psalm.

Webster's mother observed another
old fashion of New England in training
her son. She encouraged him to
memorize such Scriptural passages as
impressed him. The boy's retentive
memory, and his sensitiveness to Bible
metaphors and to the rhythm of the
English version, stored his mind with
Scripture.

On one occasion the teacher of the
district school offered a jack-knife to the
boy who should recite the greatest
number of verses from the Bible. When
Webster's turn came, he arose and reel-
ed off so many verses that the master
was forced to cry, 'enough!' It was
the mother's training and the boy's
delight in the idioms and music of the
King James version that made him the
Biblical Concordance of the Senate.

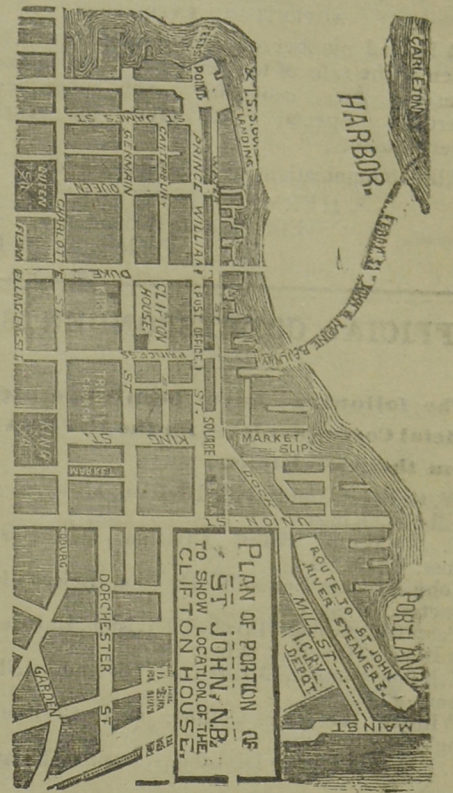
But these two factors made him more
than a 'concordance.' He listened to
them until their vocabulary and idioms,
as expressed in the King James trans-
lations, became his mother-tongue. Of
his lofty utterances it may be said, as
Wordsworth said of Milton's poetry,
they are 'Hebrew in soul.' Therefore
they project themselves into the future.

The young man who would be writer
that shall be read, or an orator whom
people will hear, should study the En-
glish Bible. Its singular beauty and
great power as literature, the thousand
sentiments and associations which use
has attached to it, have made it a might-
ier force than any other book.

A Christian ought to be honest first,
and then pious if he can. Business
before pleasure. Pay the milk bill, and
then go to the prayer-meeting. (Interior.

The condition of the world would be
improved if men were to think less of
the dishonor of submitting to wrong, and
more of the dishonor of doing it.

Every day we may see some new thing
in Christ; his love has neither brim nor
bottom. Oh that I had help to praise
him. (Samuel Rutherford.



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