# TEMPERANCE JOURNAL. 





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RIGHT WORTHY GRAND LODGE

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GRAND LODGE I. o. G. T. OF NEW BRUNSWICK.


## LITERATURE.

## A LAND OF GLADNESS.

##  

There are wild clifis on Mendocin's, shore,
And well $I$ know the sea-wedion on the floor
 Go thon and wait in onaiees manandol od;
When storms are loose, to hear the story tol




 By cool Navarro, where seat reeerese blow
And white azaleas touch the rivers flow.

## BYER'S FOLLY

What did yer sey yer name was $P$ George and I , and looked at the old man who leaned on his plow, surveying us,
whild the two shaggy horses attached to it languidly hungs thoirses aeatached to if in tending a turtive nap.
'Im Charliue eopd; this is Georgie,
my little brocher. We've come all the way from Kansas Cety. Werre your
own grandchildren. Mother's dead Father sent us here, h he's gone to
Arizona to work in a mine.' Arizona to work in a m
He looked dazed.
Wal, itrissy do dead, an you her children gal and him her living pictur, an I no
knowing the gate's beyond, but ye kin craw
under
 me was a pleasant-faceed, blue-e.eged ol His with long, curling white hair
seemed wire gone, but otherwise h straight and strong. His clothing arms wrawny neat, bu with little tears, widening into large
rents. I was only fourten work; beside, Georgie was 5 , and wuch

Where's grandma $\uparrow$ I asked.
mound away at the end of the the planted, where a rude wooden cross was
'She's I've lived alone sence, an an itd azo the
blessin of providence you children is
come come. Oftentimes I 've feared I might
grow desprat outer sheor lonesomen

FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRURAY 4, 1886.

and sorrer. Maybe you dian't know
but Clarissy and mother quarreled it but Clariss and mother quarreled in
years gone and never got frenly, which
was beacaus yer ma married yer pa,
which seemed to me a good man nuff; which seemed to me a good man nuff,
but wimmen is quer, and mother
looked 'T'm so hungry! cried poor little
Georgie his lips quivering and his
round eyes filling with tears. round eyes filling with tears.
'Bless his little heart? said grand-
father, recovering himseif and patting my cheeck softly. Here you be, jest of
a long journey and me a keeping yor in the cold and meandoring on as if thav
want no today, butall yester did yer come
his horses.
By rail to
man gave us a ride here in his fine
carriage. We came in the train with carriage. We came in the train with
his daughter Miss Bessie Little. He A fine young lady broke in grand-
lather. She was like a darter to yer father. She was like a darter to yer
gramma and though she lived miles
away she was over night and day, a away she was over night and day, a
galloping cross the plains on a black
horse as is a thoroughbred, and a fine specimen of horseflesh as is seen i
these yere parts. She kin ride too these yere parts. She kin ride, too, a
aint a fraid of nothin. Mother set sight by her.
We were now at the house a neat
little one story cottage, containing little one story cottage, containing
four rooms. A comfortable barn and yard for the cattle were near, and
well close by the well close by the door. There was
cozy kitchen a sitting room and two
hedrooms bedrooms; one the spare room grand
father said proudly. It looked neat and precise but as cold and damp as the
tomb. The lonely old man had faithfully swept and dusted and kept everything Where his wife had placed, even her
work basket, with a needle sticking work basket, with a needle sticking
in the balf-finished gingham sleeve, George and I took the spare room
and I built a fire and aired the bedding. In a few days I grew competent to
It
take charge of the house take charge of the house, put thing
where she had placed them, and cook the simple meals
simple for grandfather was weore tery old horses two cows and a calf comprised the stock.
I dont.
I dont hev no luck with poultry,
Charley he said. He called me Charle Caarley he said. He called me Charle,
for Charline was too new frangled, and
and Charley was the name of his dead son
Mother ured to raise a sight but ste she went they began dyin an what didnt die was eat by cavotes
The last day of my first week on the ranch Miss Bessie Little rode up to the
cabin on her coal black horse She cabin on her coal black horse. She was herself at home, petted Georgie, and shy as $I$ was, found myself confiding $t$ t
her all her all my troubles and hopes. She
sympathized with me and helped me cutting a frock for Georgie and a basque for me, and when she rode off, she prom
ised to come often. The next dey
home and in it was a fine rooster and six hens, and a big bundle of clothing that
she had outgrown and that fitted me. she had outgrown and that fitted me.
How dreary the howls of the cayote
were at night, especially when one their number was killed! They would seem to unite in a chorus of maledic
tions.
Miss Bessie rode up one day, and at
her heels was an overgrown shepherd puppy, with big paws and jolly little
black eyes.
'Here's a cayote exterminator, grand-
father Byers, 'she said, as she jumped father Byers, she said, as she jumped
from the saddle and the black horse fell eagerly to eating the short, crisp buffallo
grass just as though he was not stoffod at home.
She intimated the cayote's sry ; the dog alisllein, his eyes shot tire, he looked in
a fointe of he comp hass, and then, with
we tore maly around the house.
Through Miss Bessie's kindness found a ready market for my eggs and
chickens, and for the butter I learned to make; and she showed me how to 'lay butter down' for winter use.
Though she nover had to work, she
knew every task of a farmer's wife's exKnew every task of a farmer's wife's ex-
istence, ; and perhaps it was best, for father's ranch who took tea every near he ening with her.
About two miles from our ranch wer a sort of valley, hedged in by the hills nd facing the plains, was a well ninety colly. Poor grandfather had had the rigate his land. He could water see
nead to the time
land could be benefited by paying a small
annual water tax.
Grandfathers. money, gave out before
the well was finisheded, and the wide, deep,
Grandather's. money, gave out before
the well was cinished and the wide, deep,
biack hole, corelesssly crossed by rotten
boords, and a big pile of earth, was all
that was left of his lie Not only was his mooney hyisk fortune. the and and
hole, but also large sums borrowed from in
in Mr. Davieson, of D-, and to this man and

## our ranch was mortgaged. Grannfather grew gloomy and sad as spring caine on. He brightened up a a little when F showed him my account keep it, - and I proved to him how munch money I had made with the hens and the butter , hut he sien  He seemed to take little interest the farm work. He would harness the

 horse, plow a few furrows, and then stanin a helpless attitude, looking town $\mathrm{D}-$. He would wander down to the for him, and then would sit outside the
俍 kitchen door, his tace on his hands Ceorgie, playing near by, would try to
comfort him in his loving baby One day, however, a man came up 've hated yellow onssed me a letter-- for grandpa, who was down in the
field wilh his toam; Harch day, it gave him new life for his work.
I could not bear to take it, so I put
Georgie's sunbonnet on him and pinned Georgie's sunbonnet on him and pinned
the letter to to his fruck, and with a big cookie
danpa.
They
They came back later hand in the same old hor ses following. Grand ather hurried past me into his chamber
and shut the door. His face was olored, his eyes bloodshot. I waited a long time; I feared he might be dead so
rapped on the door. He openedit he was rapped on the door. He opened it; he was
dressed in his worn black broadeloth dressed in his worn black broadcloth
suit, with his old-fashbioned high collar I remembered then it was the first tim
I had ever seen him war a He had an old beaverer hat in his hand, hand and was absently brushing the nap wit 'It's come, dear. That! I $m$ goin Dork hard.' Maybe the wait till fall. 1 ork hard. Maybe the crops wili do
sumuat, .'Il sell the stock - those horses were so dear to him! $\mathrm{N} o$, don kiss me, dear; it ud break me down, I jnst found out I ma weak old man. He staggered to

I maynit be back for Will you be: afeered?
No, I said, but I was. I helped him into the wagon. He seemed dazed an
alf-blinded by his misfortune I could help him! I did the work faitl fully when he was gone driving the coo
and milking them, and taking care the house and Georgie and the poultry. The next day a band of Indian
or $12-$ rode up to the cabin. frightened, but met them as cooly as it I
had plenty to protect had plenty to protect me. Georgie, i dians seemed kind, and only wanted among them, with kind, bright eyes; on gave me
rode off:
Shortly after wards Mr. Little, and
Tom Gray orde up in haste, Tom Gray rode up in haste, their horses
white with foam.
"Besyl" "Bessy!! shouted Mr. Little, as h
came over the hill." "Is she here? Hav "ou seen her?" hing happened! She went to ride yesterday afternoon nd hasnt. returned yet, nor has she
been seen. We hoped she was here."
'She hasn't been." They looked white and scured. M
Litule seemed to have grown aged in night. There sid Gray" "thand of Indians, here, I told them of the Indians has visit, and hought it improtuble, as they seemed
o kindly disposed; but they rode Tllowing the trail.
That night
That night was more dreadful than ver the cayotes who yelled till moorning righ ened poor little into hysterics and up in bed and screamed the 'kiyo eating up his dirl."
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