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THE DWELLING-PLACE OF GOD.

Dr. Jonathan Edwards brought the following beautiful verses to our office one day last week. The evening before he had repeated them from memory to some friends, who expressed the desire to have a printed copy of them. He met with them and memorized them years ago; and later while living in Danville, Ky., printed them in a local paper on a similar request. He does not know who wrote them. Can any of our readers tell?—*Presbyterian Review.*

There is a world we have not seen,
Which time shall never dare destroy;
Where mortal footsteps hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

There is a region lovelier far,
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than summer beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

There is a world—and, oh, how blest!
Fairer than prophet ever told,
And never did an angel guest
One-half its blessedness unfold.

It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
And there to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.

It is not fanned by summer's gale;
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moonbeams pale;
For there are known no evening hours.

No, for this world is ever bright
With a pure radiance all its own;
The streams of increased light
Flow round it from the eternal throne.

There forms that mortals may not see,
Too glorious for the eye to trace,
And clad in peerless majesty,
Move with unutterable grace.

In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to scan this fair abode,
Or find it in the curtained sky;
It is the dwelling-place of God.

ONLY A HUSK.

Tom Darcy, yet a young man, had grown to be a very hard one. At heart he might have been all right, if his head and his will had been all right; but these things being wrong, the whole machine was going to the bad very fast though there were times when the heart felt something of its own truthful yearnings. Tom had lost his place as foreman of the great machine shop, and what money he now carried came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do here and there at private houses, for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his head was steady enough he could mend a clock or clean a watch as well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine and this latter he could do better than any other man employed by the Scott Falls Manufacturing Company.

One day Tom had a job to mend a broken mowing machine and reaper, for which he had received five dollars, and on the following morning he started out for his old haunt, the village tavern. He knew that his wife sadly needed the money, and that his two little children were in absolute suffering for want of clothing; and that morning he held a debate with the better part of himself, but the better part had become weak and shaky, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went, where for two or three hours he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draught, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but, as usual, stupefaction followed, and the man died out. He drank while he could stand, and then lay down in a corner, where his companions left him.

It was late at night, almost midnight when the landlord's wife came to the bar-room to see what kept her husband up, and she quickly saw Tom.

'Peter,' said she not in a pleasant mood, 'why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcy home? He's been hanging around here long enough.'

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep. The dead coma had left his mind, and the calling of his name stung his senses to keen attention. He had no more love of rum, but did not love his landlord. In other years Peter and himself had loved and wooed the maiden—Ellen Goss and he won her, leaving Peter to take up with the vinegary spinster who had brought him the tavern, and he knew that lately the tapster had gloated over the misery of the woman who had once discarded him.

'Why don't you send him home?' demanded Mrs. Tindar, with an impatient stamp of her foot.
'Hush, Betsy! He's got money. Let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of that nut, and his wife may have the husk!'

With a snip and a snap Betsy turned away, and shortly afterwards Tom Darcy lifted himself up on his elbow.

'Ah, Tom, are you awake?'
'Yes.'
'Then rouse up and have a warm glass.'

Tom got upon his feet and steadied himself.

'No; I won't drink any more to-night.'

'It won't hurt you, Tom—just one glass.'

'I know it won't,' said Tom, buttoning up his coat by the solitary button left.

'I know it won't.'

And with this he went out into the chill air of midnight. When he got away from the shadow of the tavern he stopped and looked up at the stars, and then he looked down upon the earth.

'Ay,' he muttered, grinding his heel in the gravel, 'Peter Tindar is taking the kernel, and leaving poor Ellen the worthless husk—a husk more than worthless! and I am helping him to do it. I am robbing my wife of joy, robbing my dear children of honor and comfort, and robbing myself of love and life—just that Peter Tindar may have the kernel and Ellen the husk. We'll see.'

'We'll see!' he said, setting his foot firmly upon the ground; and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife:

'Ellen, have you any coffee in the house?'

'Yes, Tom.' She did not tell him that her sister had given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee instead of the old, old cider.

'I wish you would make me a cup, good and strong.'

There was really music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about her work with a strange flutter at her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee, and then went out—went but with a resolute step, and walked straight to the great manufactory where he found Mr. Scott in his office.

'Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again.'

'Eh, Tom! What do you mean?'

'I mean that it's Tom Darcy come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past and hoping to do better in the future.'

'Tom,' cried the manufacturer, starting forward and grasping his hand, 'are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?'

'It's what's left of him, sir, and we'll have him whole and strong very soon, if you set him at work.'

'Work! Ay, Tom, and bless you, too. There is an engine to be set up, and tested to-day. Come with me.'

Tom's hands were weak and unsteady but his brain was clear, and under his skilful supervision the engine was set up and tested; but it was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was complete.

'How is it now, Tom?' asked Mr. Scott as he came into the testing-house and found the workmen ready to depart.

'She's all right, sir, you may give your warrant without fear.'

'God bless you, Tom! You don't know how like sweet music the old

voice sounds. Will you take your place again?'

'Wait till Monday morning, sir. If you will offer it to me then, I will take it.'

At the little cottage Helen Darcy's fluttering heart was sinking. That morning, after Tom had gone, she had found a dollar bill in the coffee cup. She knew that he left it for her. She had been out and brought tea and sugar, and flour and butter, and a bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dancing and shimmering before her—a ray from the blessed light of other days. With prayer and hope she had set out the tea-table, and waited; but the sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock and almost nine.

'Hark! The old step! quick, strong, eager for home. Yes, it was Tom, with the old grime upon his hands, and the odour of oil about his garments.'

'I have kept you waiting, Nellie.'

'Tom!'

'I didn't mean to, but the work hung on.'

'Tom! Tom! You have been in the old shop.'

'Yes, and I'm bound to have the old place, and—'

'Oh, Tom!'

And she threw her arms around his neck, and covered his face with kisses.

'Nellie, darling, wait a little, and you shall have the old Tom back again.'

And then Tom Darcy realized the full power and blessing of a woman's love.

It was a banquet of the gods, was that supper—of the household gods all restored—with the bright angel of peace and love and joy spreading their wings over the board.

On the following Monday morning Tom Darcy assumed his place at the head of the great machine shop, and those who thoroughly knew him had no fear of his going back into the slough of joylessness.

A few days later Tom met Peter Tindar on the street.

'Eh, Tom, old boy, what's up?'

'I am up, right side up.'

'Yes, I see; but hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom?'

'I have forsaken only the evil you have in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded that my wife and little ones had fed on husks long enough, and if there was a good kernel left in my heart, or in my manhood, they should have it.'

'Ah, you heard what I said to my wife that night?'

'Yes, Peter; and I shall be grateful to you for it as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness.'

SHORT SUMMER SERMONS.

A lawyer will work harder to break de law dan to enforce it.

It am easier to govern a state dan to boss a Sunday skule picnic.

De man who gives you thirteen cents 'ur a shillin' will borry yer tea an' coffee an' pay nuffin back!

A photograph doan show de deviltry in a man's eye, nor de pimples on a woman's face.

De mo' good clothes you kin heap on yer back de less bad grammar will be commented on.

De public never stop to qeeshun de troof of a scandall, and de man who climbs above us am nebber quite for, given.

De aim of de philanthropist am not to preserve de good eggs, but to work de bad ones over an' palm 'em off agin.

De room which a man takes upon de sidewalk am no criterion to judge de amount of brains in his head.

You can't hear de jingle of gold pieces half as fur as you kin de rattle of tin pians.

De man who announces his own honesty sometimes gets into Canada with the boodle, and sometimes he am caught in Detroit or Buffalo.

Sift down de talk of de world's greatest men, an' when you cum to extract the bigotry, egotism, prejudice and self-interest, you will have to look for the quotient wid a spyglass.

When a man sets out to be purty he musn't blame his hatter for any shrinkage of his head. As the boss-sense coases out de cranium has got to contract.

Doan' worry ober de theory of transmigration. When you am turned into an old white hoss an' sot to work grindin' bark in a tannery it will be time to complain because you wasn't turned into a tanner instead.

Luv am a beautiful sentiment, an' the game of three keered monte am a swindle, but fifty people are drowned by luv furebery one swindled by the keers.

balloon you are surprised and disgusted at the shrinkage.

One half de great men expect deir speeches to be read by posterity and deir debts to be paid by deir chill'en.

KEEP OUT OF DEBT.—The best advice that we can offer is contained in the four short words, 'Keep out of debt,' says a popular writer. This should be taken especially by the young men. One of the most fatal steps a young man can make is to contract a debt. It mortgages his future. It means in nearly every case that he is living beyond his means. Debt is what ruins so many of our business men. They begin with small accounts and as their business increases they increase their accounts and finally their habits of living have become so expensive that the debts begin to far exceed the returns of business. The result is failure, disappointment and disgrace. A young man starts out in life. He is quick, apt and successful. He gains the confidence of employers and acquaintances. He is honest and upright, and merchants had rather have a bill against him than not. He is flattered by the confidence that is reposed in him. He buys fine things, goes in good society, and from a frugal style of living he branches out into an expensive style. At first his debts were small and he found no trouble in meeting them. But they have now become a burden, and in order to straighten things out necessitates a vigorous struggle. Self-denial comes harder than it once did, and the debt becomes a matter of worry that will not be quieted. If sickness comes, instead of having a fund to draw on, there is a deficiency that each day's illness makes larger and more difficult to wipe out. Times have changed since long ago. Then it was customary for the young man to practice self-denial in his youth, to work hard, gain a competency and enjoy leisure beyond the line which divides youth from old age. Now it seems that the young man works on a different principle—his aim is to enjoy the sweets of life at once and save the labor and self-denial for a future day. There is enough of pleasure—healthy, joyous pleasure—that comes with legitimate and successful work so that young people can afford to live slower for a few years that they may be better able to enjoy the years that follow. Thrift is a stranger to these times. The tendency is in an opposite direction. Debt contracting is the rule, not the exception. Nothing should be more carefully avoided by young people. Debt is a great curse. It brings no comfort. On the other hand it is accompanied by worry and anxiety. The young man who keeps out of debt and secures a balance on the side of the ledger, not only forms correct habits but he gains a satisfied peace of mind that cannot be secured in any other way, and he stands armed and ready for an emergency when it comes.

OUR COUNTRY COUSINS.—It is not to be wondered at that farmers and their families utter protests against self-invited guests. City friends or acquaintances who demand hospitality, do not seem to appreciate the fact that their presence keeps the farmer's wife and daughters in the hot kitchen and deprives them of summer rest. The most appalling instance of this sort of visiting is told of Chautauqua, N. Y. A minister's wife, a frail little woman, was found 'just tired out and sick.' She said she had been entertaining for the past two days a woman, who, a perfect stranger, had come to visit her, because she had heard her husband preach once, some years ago. The country cousins should present board bills in emergencies.

AN EXPERIENCED EDITOR.

'Ah,' said the summer tourist, leaning over the fence and addressing the farmer, 'may I make bold to inquire what that great quantity of green vegetation growing over there is?'

'Certainly, mister; that's corn.'

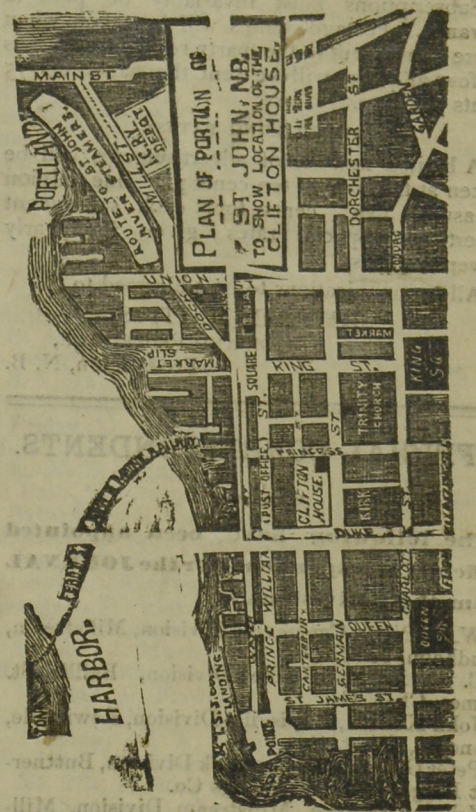
'Ah, thanks. And those large animals over beyond the fence, they are, er—'

'Cows, my friend; every one of 'em cows. Say, you don't seem to be very well posted on these 'ere things.'

'Perhaps not. The fact is, my business has kept me so closely confined that this is the first chance I've had to get out in the country.'

'Running a bank or something like that?'

'No sir, I am editor of an agricultural paper. I have held that position for thirty years.'



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