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LITERATURE.

BE PATIENT.

The words came 'mid my weeping,
Like angel's soothing numbers—
He holds you in His keeping,
Who sleepeth not nor slumbers;
Oh, deeply doth He cherish
Thy life, thou soul oppressed;
Fear not to faint or perish,
Thou whom the Christ hath blessed!

He sits beside thee waiting,
He watcheth all thy sorrow!
The fires are not abating,
They may endure to-morrow.
Yet never from thy grieving
The Saviour's looks are moved,
Lest thou shouldst be receiving
Too strong a flame, beloved.

And while His care enfoldeth
Each hour of his designing,
His face the Lord beholdeth
Within his silver shining;
Then hath he sweet assuring—
Thy God down-bending o'er thee—
That thou, through such enduring,
Hath entered to his glory.

The trial fires shall soften
Beneath that daylight splendor,
The pain that racked thee often
Shall die to hushing tender;
And He who all in yearning
Chose once thy long, long testing,
Shall stay the heat and burning,
And give the weary resting.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Do you know Mr. Peterson, Miss Smythe, the new lawyer? He seems to be a pleasant young man. I met him at the Redby's last evening; rather shy and nervous, but a gentlemanly manner; he comes from Mercerville, and as I know you have friends in that place, I supposed you might know something about his antecedents.

Oh, no! said Miss Smythe. My friends are of a different stamp. And the lady curled her lip in a manner intended to be haughty and aristocratic, but which only had the effect of making her look, as some one remarked of her once, homelier than nature intended.

Why, what is his stamp?
Oh, I believe his father is a market gardener, or something of that kind. I don't know much about that kind of people. And the speaker again curled her lips, showing some uneven teeth.

The first speaker, Miss Lysle by name, a good natured, jolly girl of unmistakable good blood and good manners, gave a quick, amused glance at Miss Smythe and then said solemnly,—
How very dreadful! You will not invite him to your house, of course.

I shall not, but papa may. I never can tell what he will do, and it is so trying.

Again Miss Lysle's eyes twinkled; and after a few remarks about the weather, the girls separated, Gertrude Lysle saying to herself,—

Nevertheless, Miss Annie Smythe, you will throw your thirty years at the market gardeners' son's head, if you get the chance.

Chance soon proved Miss Lysle's thoughts to be true, and Mr. Peterson

was invited by Mr Smythe to make himself quite at home in his house, while Miss Annie and he might be seen at croquet, lawn tennis, or on horseback, so frequently that the gossips began to wonder if the young man had a fortune, and men who were disposed to put their business into his hands shrugged their shoulders, and said there was too much play and too little work.

Miss Lysle frequently met the young man and felt interested in him; he seemed so young and to be so easily snared that she felt sorry; not that she had any designs on him herself, for she had been engaged for years to a man who at last died, and though she was always cheerful and lively, she held his memory in her heart too faithfully to think of—as she said to herself—marrying again.

Inquiries had made her aware that the elder Mr. Peterson was a farmer in easy circumstances, while the young man was his only son, sandwiched between two daughters, one six years older and the other six years younger than himself, so that the hope of his parents was that he should distinguish himself; she also found that there had been, previous to his coming to their village, an intimacy between him and a very pretty, nice young lady, to whom he was, it was said, engaged, with the consent and approbation of his own and her family.

Having made these discoveries from friends who resided in Mercerville, Gertrude decided that she would let Annie Smythe into the secret and give her a hint that her labors were useless; beside, the young man was becoming the talk of the whole village.

Miss Smythe, however, appeared quite uninterested in the news, and declared herself a perfect martyr in having to entertain him so often, but that her father invited him.

Soon it began to be rumored that Mr Smythe and Mr Peterson were until the small hours engaged in card playing and wine drinking. Mr Peterson's landlady began to complain of his noisy entrance into the house when all decent people ought to be at home; then his few clients found mistakes in the papers he drew; now there was no consideration money named in a deed, again, a mortgage was drawn and no date.

These mistakes being discovered by the registrar of deeds, also a young man, and who felt friendly toward the young lawyer, the papers were returned, and the missing sentences inserted; but when, after the decease of an old man, a widower and childless—but with several brothers and sisters—who had adopted a son, and on his deathbed left in a will drawn by Mr. Peterson the whole of his property, real and personal, valued at fifteen thousand dollars to this boy, the will was found to be dated a whole month after his decease, and therefore null and void, public opinion was strongly expressed, and the misguided young man found himself without a friend.

Fortunately for the heir, the witnesses to the will were three persons who could give proofs of the real date of their signature, and Mr. Peterson himself publicly at the Probate Court confessed that when he drew the will he was not himself, as he had sat up late playing cards and drinking, and being sent for in haste early next morning, had taken more liquor to steady his nerves; forgetting the day of the month he had sought for a calander, and in his muddled state had not noticed he had an old one and turned to July instead of June. The heirs at law were just people, and willing to accept the will as it was, and though the will was legally so much waste paper, the heirs signed away their rights in favor of the adopted son.

It was during the long and painful process of the law, in setting matters to rights, that Mr. Peterson found a true friend and lost the false ones who had led him astray. When every one else turned the cold shoulder to the disgraced young man, Gertrude Lysle, meeting him as he walked with bowed head in the public thoroughfare, in sight of all the gossips put out her hand and greeted him with a grave kindness which made the poor boy's lip tremble as he eagerly took the outstretched hand. She had a house of her own, and a maiden aunt as chaperone, so she invited him to call, and he, though covered with shame, accepted her invitation, and from that day found in her a firm friend.

Her kindness and sympathy made him take her for a confidante, and she gently chided and advised and helped him to overcome the strong temptation to drink which at times seemed to assail him overpoweringly.

She by a few questions heard all about the attachment to the young lady, and that now her parents would never hear of a union between them; of the grief and

anger of his father and family, and his own despair of ever being able to achieve anything in his profession after the disgrace he had incurred; then she found out he was good a accountant, and encouraged him to study book-keeping and become thoroughly acquainted with it.

Meanwhile, she wrote to a cousin, a merchant doing a large business out West, an upright, temperate man, as she well knew; and gave him the outlines of the young man's history, asking if he could give or find him employment; and while awaiting the answer, she was still giving her counsel and aid to the young lawyer, who found her ever a true friend and comforter.

But what were the gossips about? Talking, talking, lifting up hands which were not clean, rolling up eyes, curling scornful lips in horror at such doings. Miss Lysle was avoided almost as if she had the plague. Miss Smythe passed her by on the other side of the street, Mr. Smythe gave her a frigid stare; but she heeded them not. It began to be rumored that she and Mr. Peterson would make a match, and a few, more impertinent than their neighbors, spoke to her on the subject. Finally Mr. Peterson himself told her that he feared he might be doing her an injury by his visits.

Are you tired of my friendship? she asked.

Do I give you too much unasked advice?

The young man's answer was to grasp her hand as he said brokenly:—

You are my best friend.

Then let us be friends.

When the answer came from the West, offering the situation of book-keeper in her cousin's own business, Miss Lysle was in high spirits. She sent at once for Mr. Peterson, and he gratefully accepted the offer, which would take him away from the scene of so much sorrow. In three weeks he was to go, and he almost haunted the house of his friend during that time; telling her again the history of his young love, and wondering at his infatuation in being beguiled by a woman so unworthy as he had found Miss Smythe to be.

Gertrude sympathized with him, and then told him of her own youth and love, and the lifelong sorrow she had experienced. She asked him to take her to his own home in Mercerville, where he introduced her to his parents as his dearest friend. They parted, at last, with promises of a correspondence, and Gertrude spent many an anxious hour during the next six months in thought of the temptations with her young friend would have to combat. She not only corresponded regularly with him, but also with his employer, from whom she had good accounts of his temperance, industry and ability.

Then she proceeded to carry out a plan long thought of. Procuring a good boarding place in Mercerville, she announced her intention of going to that place for a few months residence. Once there, she renewed the slight acquaintance she had with the Peterson family, and in time was introduced to the family of Miss Nelly Wright, the young lady to whom Mr Peterson had been engaged. Finding her still disengaged, and said to be disinclined to gentlemen's society, though very pretty and engaging, Gertrude assiduously cultivated her acquaintance, and in time artfully introduced the name of Mr. Peterson as a particular young friend of her own, who was doing so well and honorably out West.

The girl's eyes brightened, and from that time she and Gertrude were always together, so that by-and-by it seemed natural that Miss Lysle should read aloud parts of Mr. Peterson's letters, and also parts of those of her cousin, when he spoke so favorably of her friend. And then Nelly told her dear Gertrude of their engagement, and how it had nearly broken her heart when he had forgotten her, and subsequent trials had caused an entire estrangement.

Gertrude gave her ever ready sympathy telling her how much 'Charlie' had regretted his conduct in every respect; and then she sought out Mrs. Wright, and told her the whole history of Charlie's temptation, his fall, and his struggle to retrieve his lost position and character, and that for the last ten months he had been living a true and honorable life, and asked—if the young people were still fond of each other—whether Nelly's parents would consent to their union.

After some hesitation, and inquiries by friends of Mr. Wright who were living near to the place where young Peterson was employed, they consented to allow the young people to meet, if ever Charlie came home on a visit. It had taken some time to achieve

this desirable end, and therefore it was now over a year since Gertrude, with silent tears and prayers for his safety, had bidden her young friend good-by. Now she joyfully wrote, telling him that his Nelly was still true, and that if he loved her as he did when he talked before he went away, he had better offer to come home on a visit, if his employer would grant him leave of absence. This last she took good care there should be no difficulty about.

At Christmas, therefore, the elder Petersons were in high delight that Charlie had come to spend that joyful season with them, and still greater was their pleasure when the announcement of the re-engagement of Charlie and Nelly was made; and before he left Mercerville, Nelly had promised that at Easter she would be ready to go with him to his Western home.

All winter Gertrude worked and planned for the happiness of the two who had become so dear to her, and when Easter arrived, and she stood near the altar while the two were made one, and heard the solemn words 'What God has joined together let no man put asunder,' it seemed as if her cup of happiness was full, and though there were tears in her eyes as she bade them farewell, there was gladness in her heart and thankfulness that she had been able to help to make happy her 'children.'

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

There is no evil that we cannot either face or flee from, but consciousness of duty disregarded. A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say that darkness shall cover us, in the darkness, as in the light, our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close, and, in that sense of inconceivable solemnity which lies still further onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty to pain us, wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God has given us grace to perform it.

Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, and he loves us better too. He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.

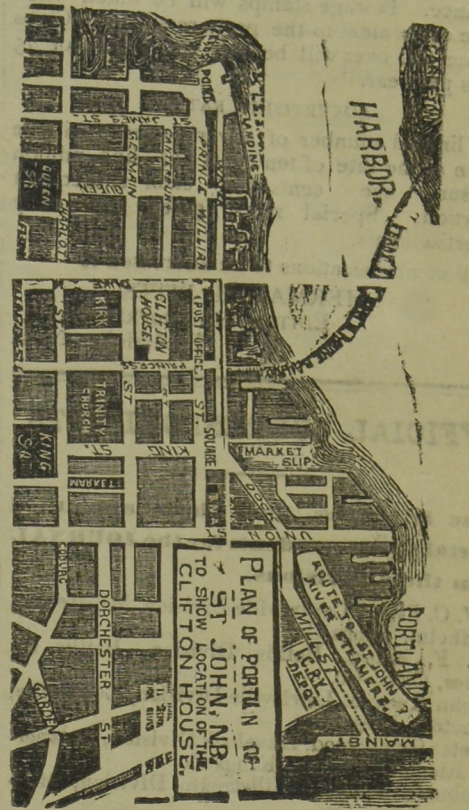
If thou wishest to know what thou art, look at the monuments of the dead as thou passest along the road; there thou wilt find the bones and light dust of kings, and tyrants, wise men, and of those who prided themselves on their blood and riches, on their glorious deeds, and the beauty of their person; but none of these things could resist the power of time. All men have a common grave. Looking at these things, thou mayst understand what thou art.

Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us towards what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so; but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.

There may be more paths in the falls of a collar, or the curl of a lock, than the shallow think for. Should we be so apt as we are now to compassionate the misfortunes, and to forgive the insincerity of Charles I. if his pictures had portrayed him in a bob-wig and a pigtail? Vandyke was a greater sophist than Hume.

Wisdom is a fox who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to get out. Wisdom is a hen, whose cackling we must value and consider because it is attended with an egg; but then, lastly it is a nut, which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth and pay with nothing but a worm.

There is but one thing without honor; smitten with eternal barrenness, inability to do or to be, who believes only the show of things, is not in relation with nature or fact at all.



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