

Temperance Journal.

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OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

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THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF THE RUMSELLER.

The rumseller sits behind his bar
And views with a pleasing grin,
The young and old the hungry and cold
And gladly welcomes them in.
A shake of the hand a health to them all,
With such he is happy to meet ;
But, unmindful of those without food or clothes
Hungry and cold in the street.

In front he has placed an elegant sign
Inlaid with whisky and beer ;
It swings with a sigh and whispers pass by
Its death and destruction sold here.
He opens the door and welcomes them in
He is licensed to sell, and repeat
The crime upon those without food or clothes
Hungry and cold in the street.

Again and again he fills up the glass,
With a health to the man that will drink
And a curse for the one who wisely has shun
The web, he has stretched o'er the brink.
From his murderous sale he has abundance of
wealth,
He's exchanged the bitter for sweet,
He has taken from those without food or
clothes
Hungry and cold in the street.

His home is made fine with a bountiful store,
He moves in the high standing class ;
His diamonds and gold he has bought with
his soul
By dealing out death by the glass.
He deals out this death and takes the last dime
And smiles on a fortune complete,
With no thought for those without food or
clothes
He has drove to beg bread in the street.

The sea will soon ruffle its not always calm,
Like all he will soon pass away,
And join with the poor and rich I am sure
In the song of our own debt to pay.
But the wealth he could count is all left behind,
And stripped of his mask of deceit
He will step below those with food or clothes
He drove to beg bread in the street.

As a curse to mankind he must soon pass away
From the strong ties of earth he must sever,
He will soon hear the roar of the wave on
the shore
That will bury him deep and forever.
Then before a tribunal whose immutable laws
From the fountains of justice are fed,
And hungry flames will claim their remains
When the earth gives up its dead.

His sun has gone down with its shadows to
meet
And darkness still breaks o'er the glen ;
They are taking their rest we are free from
the pest
God grant it forever, Amen !
—C. M. STUART.
Pine Tree Division.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

"Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,
Go while it is called to-day ;
For the years go out and the years come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win,
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before ;
You may hear the sound of their falling feet
Going down to the river where two worlds meet ;
They go, to meet no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my boy,
And duty, too, assigned,
Step into the front with a cheerful face,
Be quick, or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my boy,
That you never can tread again—
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—
Work for the plow, plane, spindle and pen—
Work for the hands and the brain.

The serpent will follow your steps, my boy,
To lay for your feet a snare ;
And pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers
In wreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,
Temptations without and within ;
And spirits of evil, with robes as fair
As those which the angels in heav'n might wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth ;
Put on the helmet and breastplate and shield,
And the sword the feeblest arm may yield
In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
With the peace of the gospel shod,
And before high heaven do the best you can
For the great reward and the good of man,
For the kingdom and crown of God."

—JENNIE F. WILLING, in the *Congregationalist*.

An evil so stupendous as the drink interest should not be allowed in the civilized world. It has no right to exist. The sentiment of the future concerning it will not be one even of toleration but extermination. The thought that will grow and is growing is the theory of prohibition.—*Western Christian Advocate, America.*

ARE NOT THESE ENOUGH ?

Are Not the Fruits of Liquor Bitter Enough ?

Here are some of the reasons why this evil, the worst that has ever afflicted mankind, should be swept off the face of the earth.

Friends and Fellow Citizens : Hear our appeal. We speak in behalf of every dear interest. The question that disturbs us and demands our immediate attention are home and heart questions, and pound themselves to all.

Shall drink rule and ruin ? What shall be done ? Shall anything be done to regulate and uproot an evil which all acknowledge, which is fearfully on the increase, and whose terrible havoc and contributions all dread ?

The drink traffic is an unmitigated evil. Not one honest word can be said in its favor. All other trades have just and honorable foundations ; but this is the trade of death.

It has no regard for honor. It knows no truce. It hears no cry of remonstrance—no appeal for quarter.

It is savage and relentless. It is insidious to the last degree—stealing upon its victims with the subtlety of a serpent ; finding its refuge in a licensed bar-room, and under that certificate sallies forth on its dreadful mission, prowling through our land with locks, and hands, and garments red and dripping with innocent blood.

It dogs the step of the husband and father until he falls into its hungry jaws.

It patiently tracks the unthinking youth until, by deceit and intrigue, he yields to its charms.

It hides in the gorgeous halls of the rich, and crouches in the low hovels of the poor, to blind and destroy.

It has devastated a larger area than war, or famine, or pestilence. It has blasted more homes and broken more hearts than all these combined.

It has claimed freedom from regulation, and entrenched itself behind decisions of the law.

It has increased its force, multiplied its attractions, and widened its avenues of infamy, until they are the unsightly gildings of every street and the blazing attractions of every corner.

We know the drink traffic. Fellow citizens, you also know the traffic.

Its history is a history of shame and corruption, of cruelty and crime of rage and ruin.

It has taken the glow of health from the cheek, and placed there the reddish hue of the wine cup.

It has taken the luster from the eye and made it dim and blood shot.

It has taken beauty and comeliness from the face and left it ill shaped and bloated.

It has taken strength from the limbs and made them weak and tottering.

It has taken firmness and elasticity from the step and made it faltering and treacherous.

It has taken vigor from the arm and left it flabbiness and weakness.

It has taken vitality from the blood and filled it with poison and the seeds of disease and death.

It has transformed the body, fearfully and wonderfully made, God's master-piece of mechanism, into a vile, loathsome, stinking mass of humanity.

It has entered the brain, the temple of thought, dethroned reason and made it reel with folly.

It has taken the beam of intelligence from out of the eye, and left in exchange the stupid stare of idiocy and dullness.

It has taken the impress of ennobled manhood from the face, and left the mark of sensuality and brutishness.

It has taken cunning from the hands, and turned them from deeds of usefulness to become instruments of brutality and murder.

It has broken the ties of friendship, and planted the seeds of enmity.

It has made the kind, indulgent

father a brute, a tyrant, a murderer. It has transformed the kind affectionate mother into a very fiend of brutish incarnation.

It has made obedient sons and daughters the breakers of hearts and the destroyers of homes.

It has taken the luxuries from off the table, and compelled men to cry on account of famine and to beg for bread.

It has stolen men's palaces and given them hovels in exchange.

It has robbed men of valuable acres, and given them not even a decent burial place in death.

It has filled our streets and highways with violence and lawlessness.

It has complicated our laws and filled our courts.

It has filled to overflowing houses of correction and penitentiaries.

It has peopled with multitudes our poor houses.

It has straitened us for room in our insane asylums.

It has taken away faith, hope and charity—yea, all that is lovely and of good report—and given despair, infidelity, enmity and all the emotions and deeds of wickedness.

It has banished Christ from the heart, and created hell within it.

It has wrecked and enfeebled the bodies, shattered and destroyed the minds, imperiled and damned the souls of our fellow men.

It stands ready to-day to buy its place in any party for the sake of a new lease of life.

Thrilling Incident.

Mrs. Helen M Gougar gave one of the best lectures ever delivered in Lincoln, at Temple Hall, on the evening of the 19th, under the auspices of the Young Ladies' Prohibition Club. The hall was well filled with a very intelligent and appreciative audience. She commenced in a business like way with the question, What shall be done with the saloon ? She argued that it must be legally handled soon or it would be too late. She cited the fact that the liquor interest never organized until the women organized against. Extend the ballot to women and the work would be speedily done. She cited some instances that went to prove that the liquor fiend cursed everything that it touched. She narrated an instance in the experience of Alexander Hoagland with thrilling effect :

I was sitting, Mr. Hoagland, at my home at Louisville, Ky., when the door bell rang. My son opened the door and came to the dining room and said : There is a lame boy on crutches at the door who wants to see you ; he has been crying, I think. I stepped to the door, and in a flood of tears he asked me to go and see his father who was in jail. Said the boy : My father is to be hung to-morrow. The Governor will not pardon him. He cut my mother's throat when he was drunk ; he was a good man and we were always happy only when father got drunk. Won't you go and talk and pray with my father and then come to our house when his body is brought to us ? I went as requested and I found the demon drink was the sole cause of that family's ruin and desolation. The father was hung, and when the body was taken to that home I was there. Six worse than orphaned children were curled up on a bundle of rags and straw, crying with a grief that would make the stoutest heart quail. The crippled boy, but fourteen years old, was the sole support of this little family. The father's body was brought in by two officers ; the plain board coffin was rested upon two old chairs and the officers hurried out of the room and away from the scene.

Come, said the crippled boy, Come and kiss papa's face before it gets cold ; and all the six children kissed the face of that father and smoothed the brow, sobbing in broken accents, Whiskey did it ; papa was good, but whiskey did it. Since that day I vote as well as pray for the de-

struction of this arch enemy of the little children of the land.

Whiskey did it said the speaker and then went on to give other instances. The audience was held spell-bound for nearly two hours. She speaks again Sunday evening at St. Paul M. E. Church, this city, probably.

A Touching Incident.

The following, which appeared in a Detroit paper, is one of the most touching incidents to be met with. If true, it was a very remarkable case, and if merely imaginative, it is very suggestive :

There is a family in this city who are dependent at this moment upon a little child for all the present sunshine of their lives. A few weeks ago the young wife and mother was stricken down to die. It was so sudden, so dreadful, when the grave family physician called them together in the parlor, and in his solemn, professional way intimated to them the truth—there was no help.

Then the question arose among them who would tell her. Not the doctor ! It would be cruel to let the man of science go to their dear one on such an errand. Not the aged mother, who was to be left childless and alone. Not the young husband who was walking the floor with clenched hands and a rebellious heart. Not—there was only one other, and at this moment he looked up from the book he had been playing with unnoticed by them all, and asked gravely :

Is mamma doin' to die ?

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sped from the room and upstairs as fast as his little feet would carry him. Friends and neighbors were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed and laid his small hand on his mother's pillow.

Mamma, he asked, in sweet, caressing tones, is you fraid to die ?

The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she was thinking of this.

Who—told—you—Charlie ? she asked faintly.

Doctor, an' papa, and gramma—everybody, he whisperad. Mamma, dear, 'ittle mamma, doan' be 'traid to die, 'ill you ?

No, Charlie said the young mother, after one supreme pang of grief ; no, mamma won't be afraid !

Jus' shut your eyes in 'e dark, mamma, teep hold my hand—an' an when you open em' mamma, it'll be all light there.

When the family gathered awe-stricken at the bedside, Charlie held up his little hand.

Hu-s-h ! My mamma doan' to sleep. Her won't wake up here any more !

And so it proved. There was no heart-rending farewell, no agony of parting ; for when the young mother woke she had passed beyond, and as baby Charley said : It was all light there.

The Way Burdette Puts It.

"Just now all the enemies of Prohibition are crying out that 'Prohibition is a failure.' But you never heard a Prohibitionist say that. It's the fellows who want it to fail who raise that cry. Go slow about joining that cry, my boy. Not one of the states that adopted Prohibition has repealed the Prohibition Amendment ; not one. Don't be in a hurry to declare any cause, any movement that aims to make bad times good, and good times better, that aims to help men, a failure, even though you see the cause flat on its back, both legs broken, and its sword arm twisted. It isn't dead yet. Don't believe too much in failures, my boy, lest you grow to be one yourself. Believe in success ; it is a better watchword, has a clearer ring to it, and a man looks, and feels, and is prouder and nobler, fighting for success, than when he is struggling in the name of failure. Don't defend ; attack. Don't

stop to explain and apologize for the faults of your cause ; maintain and enforce its virtues. 'You haven't taught me any of the barries,' said a young soldier to an old Prussian fencing master. 'Don't need 'em,' growled the old mustache ; 'you cut ; let the other fellow barry.' That man didn't believe in failure.—ROBERT J. BURDETTE, in the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

The Way to Fight the Saloon.

Having been harshly criticised for employing a detective to procure evidence against a law-breaking saloon-keeper, the mayor of Keokuk, Iowa, made the following reply :

'I am not trying to reform anybody. I am simply trying to enforce the law. But this thing I have learned : The saloon cannot be fought by prayer-meetings. All the trousers in Keokuk can be worn thread-bare at the knees, and the saloon will still exist. The saloon must be fought at a short range, and that is what we are now doing. A saloon-keeper loves the temperance unions and the prayer-meeting. He believes in them. He says it is the proper way to deal with the liquor question ; and meanwhile, while the prayer meeting goes on in the church, he holds his symposium in his saloon and takes in the dollar across his bar. But the other methods of fighting the saloon hurts, hence the cry. It gets the evidence, and it fines him and closes up his saloon. I believe in it—that of course does not justify it ; neither does the saying that it is not right by others condemn it. I have used it and to good effect. Whether I shall use it again or not depends on the necessity.'

The Devil's Tea-Kettle.

There was once a good Presbyterian, the descendant of a long line of old covenanters (you can get his name by inquiring of old citizens in the east end of Monroe Co., W. Va.), who believed it was perfectly lawful and scriptural for him, a communicant in the church, to make and sell whisky. Near this good Presbyterian was a neighbor who had an odd and eccentric way of jerking out his thoughts in a shrill, cracked voice. Whilst the good Presbyterian was preparing his still (which had been idle for some time) for a "run," the neighbor sought him on business. The distiller happening to turn toward the door, saw the hatchet-face of his neighbor taking rather a humorous view of things, and was saluted with, "You are starting up the devil's tea-kettle, are you ?"

That was all that passed on that subject, but it was enough to make that "run" a short one, and in the end put out the fire forever under that kettle. The sharp voice of his neighbor had cut its way to the conscience, and left a truth there which did its legitimate work.—*Christian Observer*.

The New York *Voice* would have settled the Louisville controversy by passing a resolution to set the entire Prohibition party to work getting 500,000 new subscribers for the *Voice*. "For, of course," says the *Voice*, "500,000 new subscribers for the *Voice* would mean 500,000 new recruits for the party, and thus converted and thoroughly indoctrinated by reading the *Voice*, these recruits would have been all right ; no one in the party would have feared them."

Our Eastern neighbor is getting sarcastic. Of course it is referring to the wonderful manner in which its 750,000 subscribers were "thoroughly indoctrinated" last fall.—*The Lever*.

A native newspaper of India makes this pertinent remark : "Our liquor traffic begins by hanging a sign over a door, and ends by hanging a man on a gibbet."