

# Temperance Journal.

ORGAN OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF AMERICA

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

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## SAY NO.

Dare to say "No" when you're tempted to drink  
Pause for a moment, my brave boy, and think;  
Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed,  
For answering "yes" without counting the cost.  
Think of the mother who bors you in pain,  
Think of the tears that will fall like rain;  
Think of the heart, and how cruel the blow,  
Think of her love and at once answer "No."  
Think of the hopes that are drowned in the  
bowl,  
Think of the danger to body and soul.  
Think of sad lives, once as pure as the snow;  
Look at them now, and at once answer "No."  
Think of a manhood with rum-tainted breath,  
Think of its end, and the terrible death.  
Think of the homes that now shadowed with  
woe,  
Might have been heaven, had the answer been  
"No."  
Think of lone graves both unwept and unknown,  
Hiding fond hopes that were fair as your own.  
Think of proud forms now forever laid low,  
That might still be here had they learned to say  
"No."  
Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,  
Driving to ruin both body and soul.  
Think of all this as life's journey you go,  
And when you're assailed by the tempter, say  
"No."

Goodall's Son.

## The Life Beyond.

The star is not extinguished when it sets  
Upon the dull horizon; it but goes  
To shine in other skies, then reappear  
In ours as fresh as when it first arose.  
The river is not lost when o'er the rock  
It pours its flood into the abyss below;  
Its scattered force regathering from the  
shock,  
It hastens onward with yet fuller flow.  
The bright sun dies not when the shadow-  
ing orb  
Of the eclipsing moon obscures its ray;  
t still is shining on, and soon to us  
Will burst undimmed into the joy of day  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Thus nothing dies, or only dies to live;  
Star, stream, sun, flower, the dew-drop,  
and the gold,  
Each goodly thing, instinct with buoyant  
hope,  
Hastes to put in its purer, finer mold.  
Thus in the quiet joy of kindly trust,  
We bid each parting saint a brief fare-  
well;  
Weeping, yet smiling, we commit their  
dust  
To the safe keeping of the silent cell.  
—Horatius Bonar.

## How My Boy Went Down.

It was not on the field of battle,  
It was not with a ship at sea;  
But a fate far worse than either,  
That stole him away from me  
'Twas the death in the ruby wine-cup,  
That the reason and senses drown;  
He drank the alluring poison,  
And thus my boy went down—  
Down from the heights of manhood  
To the depths of disgrace and sin;  
Down to a worthless being,  
From the hope of what might have been.  
For the brand of a beast besotted  
He bartered his manhood's crown;  
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure  
My poor, weak boy went down.  
'Tis only the same old story  
That mothers so often tell  
With accents of infinite sadness,  
Like the tones of a funeral bell;  
But I never once thought, when I heard it,  
I should learn all its meaning myself;  
I thought he'd be true to his mother;  
I thought he'd be true to himself.  
But alas for my hopes, all delusion!  
Alas for his youthful pride!  
Alas, who are safe when danger  
Is open on every side?  
Oh, can nothing destroy this great evil?  
No bar in their pathway be thrown,  
To save, from the terrible maelstrom,  
The thousands of boys going down?  
—Snuday School Messenger.

## How Have We Spent Our Vacation?

BY JULIA H. THAYER.

Do you mean to say, cousin Mark,  
that the highly respectable fishing  
and shooting club to which you belong  
can't go into camp without its barrel  
of beer?

Well, I mean to say that they don't,  
was the half-vexed reply, but there  
isn't a drinking man in the club.  
Half of them are church members,  
and I don't suppose they ever look  
at a glass of beer when they're at  
home—probably can't tell good from  
bad—but when they're off on a vaca-  
tion they feel a little different, and I,  
for one, can't see any harm in it.  
There's such a thing as being too

particular about these little things  
and getting sort of cranky, you know.  
Why, there were fifty of us in camp  
and half of that number were ladies  
—the wives, daughters and friends of  
our members.

The last remark was evidently  
thrown in as a voucher for the high  
character of the club.

And did none of these ladies object  
to the beer? I inquired. I'm not  
finding fault; I merely wish to know.

They couldn't very easily object,  
for they didn't even know it was  
there. Do you suppose we kept it  
on parade right in the middle of our  
grounds?

Why not?  
Don't be absurd, cousin. It was  
kept way off behind a lot of rubbish  
back of the camp where it didn't  
offend any one's fastidious eyes or  
nose. It was never put on the table,  
but whenever a fellow wanted a drink  
he went out there and helped himself.

How exactly like a beer-barrel, to  
be found sneaking way off behind  
something or other, I couldn't help  
saying. Now I should have a great  
deal more respect for you all if you  
had placed the objectionable thing  
right in the most conspicuous place  
you could find, and then walked up  
to it boldly, like men, before the face  
and eyes of every young lady and  
old lady present. It would certainly  
have looked as if you thought it was  
right, at any rate, for things that are  
unquestionable can bear observation.

This last was too much for Mark,  
and he left the room in no amiable  
fame of mind. He had just return-  
ed from his trip, and hadn't slept any  
the night before. Of course he was  
tired, poor fellow. Why hadn't I  
thought of that, instead of putting such  
a sudden damper to his enthusiasm?  
But somehow I didn't stop to think  
what I ought or ought not to say—I  
only felt a sudden sense of something  
wrong, and I spoke out just as I felt.  
It was all right, too, for he told me  
so himself an hour later, when his  
anger had cooled and he was in his  
right mind again.

And now, let me ask a question, or  
two: Why is it that so many so-  
called Christians feel at liberty to  
throw off a large share of their reli-  
gious customs at this time of the  
year?

The devil never takes any vaca-  
tion, I once heard a poor, discou-  
raged pastor say, as he looked  
down over the empty pews, yet how  
few of us seem to realize that fact.  
It is a common thing for persons in  
good standing to absent themselves  
from church while away at our sum-  
mer resorts. The Sabbath day is  
not kept holy. The Bible is neglect-  
ed and the spiritual lamp is turned  
low, as if it were not needed amid  
the garish daylight of the world. Is  
religion a garment suitable only for  
certain seasons of the year? Has it  
an unsteady value, like the money  
market, now up and now down?  
What is rest? The poet tells us:

'Tis loving and serving  
The highest and best;  
'Tis onward, unswerving,  
And that is true rest."

And Robertson says: Never  
throughout eternity will there be  
rest found in a life of freedom from  
duty. The closer we follow God,  
the higher will be our happiness.  
The paths of duty are the paths that  
lead to bliss, and in his presence is  
fullness of joy. Opportunities are  
never lacking in which to do his  
blessed will. On the train or  
steamer, at the seaside and the  
fashionable watering place, anywhere  
that persons congregate, are ways in-  
numerable to make others glad that  
you were born. Preaching is the  
smallest part of life's mission.

The inner life ought to be strength-  
ened, not enervated, by these sea-  
sons of relaxation and freedom from  
worldly care and responsibility.  
Upon these months of rest the soul  
ought to rise into a state of true ex-  
altation. Far removed from the be-  
littling trifles of the everyday exist-  
ence, we should make our rare situa-  
tion a prospect height from which to

gain clearer views of earth and  
heaven, and our faces should fairly  
shine with the glory we have seen,  
as we descend once more to take  
up the common duties of life.  
Morgan Park, Ill.

## The Placard and the Jug.

A wealthy gentleman once issued  
a large number of temperance placards,  
which he desires should be posted up  
on fences and put in conspicuous  
places in public thoroughfares, and  
when practicable put in the windows  
of the various stores.

A worthy tailor who was interested  
in the good cause said to himself: "I  
cannot help the cause by public speak-  
ing—I have no talent for that; but as  
hundreds of people pass my store  
every day, I will put one of these  
placards in my window. I will de-  
vote this large pane to placards, tracts  
or papers which, by the blessing of  
God, some may be induced to stop  
and read."

Near him lived a man noted for his  
hard drinking. Every day he might  
be seen with a brown jug in his hand  
on his way to the whisky saloon. He  
had passed the tailor's store. His eye  
had rested on the placard. He stop-  
ped and read it, and passed on to the  
saloon. This occurred several morn-  
ings, and the tailor from within could  
scan the man's face without himself  
being observed. He noticed that the  
man's interest in the placard increas-  
ed, and by the twitchings of his face  
it was evident that the words were  
making a deep impression on his mind.

One morning the tailor was sur-  
prised at seeing the man with the jug  
again reading the placard, and then  
heard him say: "I'll do it; I will! I  
will!" at the same time, raising the  
jug high over his head, he dashed it  
down on the pavement into a thous-  
and pieces. This drew the tailor to  
the door, when he kindly spoke to the  
man and invited him into his store,  
where he encouraged him, and, as he  
was a Christian man, prayed with him,  
and ere long the noted drinker be-  
came a converted man. A very  
silent worker was this placard, but it  
was the means, by God's blessing, of  
stopping the man from further drink-  
ing. Surely we can use to as good  
purpose the printed page.—*Pleasant  
Hours.*

## The Home vs. the Saloon.

Protect the home from the saloon,  
or the saloon will destroy the home.  
The ballots of freemen must defend  
the homes of freemen.

I consider the temperance cause the  
foundation of all social and political  
reform.—*Cobden.*

Use your ballot as a weapon to de-  
fend your home, just as the liquor men  
use their ballots to defend the saloon.

Had the bullet in battle shot your  
noble boy, you would have honored  
his name, and decked his grave; but  
let the liquor traffic ruin him and sink  
his manhood, and earth has no com-  
pensation for the shame that would  
shadow his name.

The liquor traffic must be suppres-  
sed, or it will suppress the home.

To cast a saloon vote is to say to  
your son that he may legally become  
a drunkard.

Your ballot is the constitutional de-  
fence of wife, and children, and home.  
Dare you use it to offend them, and  
defend the saloon?

The saloon is in politics. Why not  
put home there? It has a better  
right to be there.

The liquor traffic is in the crisis of  
a death-struggle for supremacy over  
the home.

God is silently but surely sifting  
the people into two classes—home-  
defenders and saloon-defenders; these  
two forces now confront each other.

The victory will be won when  
every freeman votes for the home as  
against the saloon.

Every wretched home is made out  
of a possible happy one; therefore,  
VOTE AGAINST REPEAL.

## A Word With a Voter.

The state has appointed you a law-  
maker for your town on the liquor  
question. The responsibility is so  
grave that you may well, before vot-  
ing, take time to consider the facts in  
the case.

Those who wish to sell intoxicating  
drinks, and those who wish to use  
them, favour license. The reason is  
plain. The air of "respectability"  
about a licensed saloon draws in men  
with money, so drunkard-making is  
an easy and a paying business. At  
the same time the tippler can indulge  
his appetite in good "society."

The town that accepts a license fee  
is a partner in the business licensed,  
and each tax-payer is a sharer in the  
profits of the rum-seller, and in his  
guilt for the crime, and misery, and  
ruin wrought by his traffic. The  
dealer in strong drink can afford to  
pay a license fee, and to reward his  
friends for carrying the town for  
license. But can you afford to take  
a share in his blood money?

Where there is no license, and  
dram-selling is punished as a crime,  
dram-drinking is disreputable. Re-  
spectable men will not follow the  
rum-seller to the den where he must  
hide from the officers of justice. The  
power of drink to lure young men to  
ruin is broken. Even the victims of  
appetite drink with a sense of shame.  
The experience of scores of towns in  
this State shows that under "no  
license" crime is decreased, public  
drunkenness almost abolished, and  
temperance promoted.

For these reasons the men who are  
honestly trying to conquer their own  
appetite for drink, and the mothers,  
wives, and children of drunkards op-  
pose license. So do all who seek to  
crush the demon Intemperance.  
Would you be on the side of temper-  
ance, humanity and God? Then  
vote NO LICENSE!

## The Temperance Enterprise.

BY REV. NEWMAN HALL.

An enterprise that has fed the hun-  
gry, and clothed the naked, and healed  
the sick, and taught the ignorant, and  
elevated the degraded, and gladdened  
the sorrowful, and led to the Cross mul-  
titudes that had been wandering far  
away; an enterprise that has gathered  
again the fortune that had been scat-  
tered, and built again the home that  
had been ruined, and raised again the  
character that had been blasted, and  
bound up the heart that had been  
broken; an enterprise that has given  
peace where there was discord, and  
gladness where there had been woe,  
that has broken open many a prison  
door, and restored to his right mind  
many a maniac; an enterprise that  
has prevented many a suicide, and  
that has robbed the gallows of many a  
victim that would otherwise have  
been there; an enterprise that has  
thinned the workhouse, and the  
hospital, and the jail, and that has  
helped to fill the school and the lec-  
ture room, and the industrial exhibi-  
tion; an enterprise that has turned  
into useful citizens those that were  
the pests of society, one of the best  
educators of the masses, one of the  
chief pioneers of the Gospel; an enter-  
prise which is not Christ, but which  
is one of the holy angels that go upon  
His mission. Like some spirit from  
another world, our great enterprise  
has trodden the wilderness, and flow-  
ers of beauty have sprung up upon  
her track. She has looked around,  
gladdening all on whom her smiles  
have fallen; she has touched the cap-  
tive, and his fetters have fallen off;  
she has spoken, and the countenance  
of despair has been lighted up with  
hope, she has waved her magic wand,  
and the wilderness rejoiced and blos-  
somed as the rose. Like the fabled  
Orpheus, she has warbled her song  
of mercy, and wild beasts losing their  
ferocity, have followed gladly and  
gratefully in her train. She has  
raised up those that have been worse  
than dead, sepulchred in sin, and she  
has led multitudes to the living waters  
of salvation.

## Lend a Helping Hand.

Do not feel that you are too good  
to put your arm through that of a  
drunkard if thereby you may be the  
means of speaking a word to him, that  
would help him to draw his feet from  
the drunkards grave, and start out  
upon a higher, purer and better path.  
We can not tell how deep a few kind  
words wisely spoken may sink into  
the heart of those who are going the  
road that will eventually ruin all their  
peace and happiness in this life, and  
thought more sad than all, close the  
gate of heaven against them forever.  
How terrible to see a man tearing  
down that sacred place home—break-  
ing the heart of an affectionate wife,  
abusing the simple trusting love of  
their little children, driving and crush-  
ing out all the noble qualities of his  
nature, forsaking and abusing those  
whom God has given them to protect  
and love. O man, whosoever you be,  
do not destroy all that is best and  
noblest in your heart. Do not cause  
the gentle loving heart of your wife  
to break because of rum, do not go  
home to your family looking and act-  
ing so beastly that the little forms  
that would meet you at the door with  
a smile and sweet prattle shall flee in  
terror from your presence. Let every  
true christian and temperance man  
and woman lose no opportunity to  
help crush down the red handed fiend  
called rum, that is destroying the  
happiness of thousands and hurling  
so many souls into eternal misery.

## Whisky's Work.

Whisky enters the mouth, the  
stomach, the life of the parent and  
poisons the blood of the unborn.

Whisky drives its victims into  
dens of dissipation and prostitution.

Whisky debauches manhood and  
womanhood and degrades and drags  
childhood from its throne of purity  
and innocence.

Whisky has at its command mil-  
lions of dollars and armies of slaves.

Whisky enslaves our mayors, alder-  
men and officials and makes them  
cowardly and base.

Whisky makes men sluggish,  
stupid and indolent.

Whisky has twenty times more  
groceries than religion has places of  
worship.

Whisky makes criminals, paupers  
and invalids.

Mr. Spurgeon, in his new book  
entitled: "Salt Cellars," tersely re-  
marks that "grape-juice kills more  
than grape-shot." He also advises  
each married man to keep his wife's  
husband out of the public house.

Sir Henry De Villiers, chief  
justice of the English colony in  
Africa, declares thus after his resi-  
dence of sixteen years in that rum-  
cursed colony: One-half of the  
crimes which are committed are  
directly due to drunkenness, and of  
the remainder another half is in-  
directly due to the same cause. Out  
of all the days of the week, Sunday  
and the evening of Saturday are  
those upon which the greater portion  
of the crimes of violence are commit-  
ted. In cases of theft, too, the crime  
is frequently prompted by the fact  
that the means of the prisoner had  
previously been all expended upon  
drink.

The New York Tribune recently  
represented the Man in the Moon as  
paying a visit to our planet and  
commenting as follows upon the  
drink system: These fluids, you say,  
intoxicate, make people crazy, furi-  
ous, silly and wretched; lead them  
into crime and reduce them to misery.  
Up in the moon we should consider  
that sort of fluid a poison. Here  
you legalize its sale and you license  
men of good moral character to traffic  
in it. How can you find a man of  
good moral character willing to poison  
his fellowmen? Do you license good  
moral persons to commit murder, or  
to rob or to swindle? Pertinent  
questions for real men to consider.