

# Temperance Journal.

ORGAN OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF AMERICA

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

Herman H. Pitts  
Editor and Proprietor.]

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-AUGUST 5TH-

REASONABLE

DRY GOODS

— AT —

LOWEST PRICES.

John J. Weddall.

COME AND SEE

OUR STOCK OF

Spring and Summer

SCARFS,

ALL NEW AND CHEAP.

We are selling them from

20 to 50 Cents.

Gents' Furnishings a Specialty.

C. H. THOMAS & Co

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New Goods.

New Goods,

THOS. W. SMITH

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CONSISTING OF

English, German and French

Suitings and Trousers.

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DIAN TWEEDS,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

of all the latest novelties and fashionable styles, selling at very small profits.

FUR and FELT HATS at very low prices—the best value in the city.

THOS. W. SMITH,

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## DID YOU EVER THINK?

Did you ever think, when you meet and drink,  
Men of the country, men of the town,  
That women's tears and children's fears  
From your crystal glasses are draining down?

That hopes so high are doomed to die,  
Drowned in the liquor you long to taste?  
That grand ambitions, and lofty missions  
And admonitions are gong to waste?

That a demon dire, with fangs of fire  
Lurks in the wine-cup's sparkling foam,  
While serpents of death, with fetid breath,  
Are poisoning Youth and Hope and Home?

Pleasure you sought—what has it brought?  
Has it not lost you friend or friend?  
Do not delay; dash it away,  
Ere it shall compass its awful end!

E. E. KIDDER.

## OH! SAW YE THAT HOUSEHOLD?

A TRUE STORY.

Oh! saw ye that household, so gladsome and free,  
Their cheeks dyed in bloom and their eyes full of glee;

Exulting in all the rich earth can afford,  
And conscience they live in the smile of the Lord?

With song of the lark on the wings of the morn,  
To throne of Jehovah their praises were borne;

When night bids the weary repair to repose,  
Their voice of devotion like music arose.

Oh, happy, thrice happy, this household remained,  
Till vice had its bloom and its purity stained;

A foe was admitted, Strong Drink was his name,  
Who offered its peace on the altar of shame.

Now peace and devotion and purity fled,  
Now cursings and wailings are heard in their stead;

There discord and hunger and wretchedness dwell,  
And the symbol of heaven is changed to a hell.

Great God of all grace, in Thy name we go forth,  
To chase fell fiend from the homes of the earth;

To rescue the millions enthralled 'y his yoke,  
And brighten the scenes in which joy never broke.

1835.

## I Meant To.

I did not rise at the breakfast-bell,  
But was so sleepy—I can't tell—  
I meant to.

The wood's not carried in, I know;  
But there's the school-bell, I must go.  
I meant to.

My lesson I forgot to write,  
But nuts and apples were so nice.  
I meant to.

I forgot to walk on tipto;  
O, how the baby cries! O! O!  
I meant to.

There, I forgot to shut the gate,  
And put away my book and slate.  
I meant to.

The cattle trampled down the corn,  
My slate is broken, my book is torn.  
I meant to.

Thus draws poor idle Jimmy Hite,  
From morn till noon, from noon till night  
"I meant to."

And when he grows to be a man,  
He heedlessly mars every plan  
With that poor plea, "I meant to."

EMMA C. STOUT, in Home and School Visitor.

## Waiting For Day.

BY THE REV. A. P. VIETS.

When dark the night and rough the sea,  
And billowy waves oppose my way,  
I'll cast my anchor where I be,  
And waiting, watch for wished for day.

When thickening gloom and darkness dense  
Brood o'er my path—my footsteps stay,  
I'll patient wait in meek suspense  
Till hoped-for dawn betokens day.

When sinks the sun, nor stars arise,  
I'll in the night time watch and pray;  
And lift to heaven my cloud-veiled eyes,  
And calmly wait for coming day.

When night-like shades bid threatening ill,  
My God's my refuge and my stay;  
Obediently I'll stand me still,  
And wait in faith the promised day.

When God his countenance does lift,  
His face outshines the sun's bright ray;  
His healing beams on wings most swift  
Bring cheering glimpse of nearing day.

When heaven's fair gates shall stand ajar,  
Cloud, storm, and night shall flee away;  
I'll hail with joy the morning star,  
That ushers in the perfect day.

The Christian Secretary.

## THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICTS.

By W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

The heroic deeds of our brave ancestors are a constant theme for song and story, and become incentives to our nobler aspirations and moral intrepidity.

The remembrance of the formidable trials, sufferings, sacrifices, and dangers experienced by the earlier settlers of our country, together with their sublime heroism and grand successes over the mountains of difficulty they had to encounter, makes the blood tingle in our veins. We glory in their patriotic aspirations and the grand achievements they secured by their devotion to the sacred cause for which they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. After conquering a peace which was bought with so much personal sacrifice, the hearts and the best interest of the people were brought together in council and developed a constitution and set of laws that challenged the world for wisdom and justice.

But in a spirit of weakness and anxiety to secure the blessings of peace they made a concession to the selfishness of a few and perhaps all were a little involved in the old demand of our selfish nature, and found a plausible justification for the enslavement of a few ignorant human beings on the plea of christianizing them.

We all know what it cost to rid ourselves of this terrible curse; how much blood and treasure were expended before the nation was willing to relax its grasp on the black man's rights. Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since this deluge of war swept over our country on account of human slavery, and we find ourselves again confronted with another and more awful incubus that overspreads our country, North and South, with a dark pall of crime, wretchedness, and pauperism, that for its devastation of human happiness has no parallel in history. Almost every home in our land is invaded with this hideous scourge. The cries and tears of mothers, widows and orphans plead for relief, and every moral and religious sentiment of the people is paralyzed with its blighting influence; Government and people are subject to its awful despotism. This monster of iniquity is the Rum Power.

A second irrepressible conflict is now upon us and the time is auspicious for a combination of moral, religious, and educational forces of the people to combat this great evil of the 19th century. Our country has so long suffered from this devastating curse that we need combination of the conscientious voters of our country to protect ourselves from the outrages on our homes that have been so long and so obsequiously fostered on the demand of the selfish interests of the liquor-sellers and the degraded appetite of their victims.

This great battle for the annihilation of the rum power will be no holiday affair, and we shall need all of our reserved force and constant new recruits to meet this formidable enemy even on the threshold. Skirmishers, sharpshooters, and arch-traitors will meet us on the whole line of our march. The liquor interest, with their artillery and infantry, and all the munitions of war, will be arrayed for a grand campaign. For long years they have been drilling and concentrating their forces, and they undoubtedly have their plans all laid to meet our army, and frustrate any attempts that we may make to take them by storm or lay siege to their fortifications. They have studied the ground, and know our weak points, and we must not expect to take them by surprise or reduce their strength by any strategical movements. All the modern appliances must be called into requisition.

National, State and County organizations will be our iron-clads to sweep the seas of apathy and selfishness, our Gatling guns of Prohibition politics to mow down the rum-sellers.

The artillery of our printed pages will pour hot shot and shell into our enemy's ranks whenever they mass themselves in opposition to our arguments; our sharpshooters will choose the platforms where they can be most effective, and the weary stragglers and wounded will be tenderly cared for by the W. C. T. U., whose kindly attentions will be a joyful promise of entire convalescence.

We expect to demolish all their earth-works and fortifications by the voice and efforts of earnest Christian ministers, who will bring their battering rams of electric power and trumpets of no uncertain sound to encourage and inspire an active Christian faith in our final triumph.

With the marshalling of our volunteers under true and tried leaders, inspired with a well-drilled intelligent conscience, and a heroic enthusiasm for the right, we shall show to the world what can be accomplished by a determined and persistent effort to save our homes and country from a bitter, unrelenting and unscrupulous enemy. Already we hear bombs of the coming war, and the air is thick with the dust of tramping heroes. The horizon shows unmistakable evidences of a fierce and formidable conflict in the near future.

Our enemies are not to be despised; they are both numerous and well provided with the sinews of war. Their personal interests are all involved in the struggle, so that we need not expect any quarter. They will raise the black flag, which means that they will fight for what they call their rights and privileges until the last vestiges of their hopes are destroyed. The battle array is soon to spread out for the conflict, and there will be no quaker guns used on either sides. The war will be one of hard, severe fighting; every inch of ground will be contested, and we shall conquer—as conquer we must—not only by the inspiration of the righteousness of our cause, but by all the force that numbers will give us; and, with the requisite preparations, continue the fight with a will and determination that knows no defeat; and as sure as God lives, the final victory will be ours. Now is the time for enlistment.

The old veterans in our cause are brightening up their armor and will surely be found in the thickest of the fight. Some of the grand army are already on the line of march and their well-known cheers are heard in the distance. In the van of this triumphant host we shall soon see the gay banners of our youthful heroes flung to the breeze, and their cheerful, glad voices will echo the sentiments of our glorious crusade all along the line, to be reverberated and repeated with shouts of triumph that will arouse and stimulate the whole nation to do valiant service in the glorious war we have begun for the annihilation of the greatest curse on the people that the world has yet known.

On our banners are inscribed "Up with the home, down with the saloon! Prohibition the dawn of the millennium!" With hearts uplifted we will pray—with voices united we will sing—with wills determined will we work and fight for the utter, immediate, unconditional and permanent annihilation of the liquor traffic by Prohibition. Prohibition first and last—now, always, and forever.

## A Lesson on "Treating."

It is a well-known fact that much of the dissipation and nearly all of the intemperance of the present day is due to the American habit of treating. The young man who smokes or drinks is seemingly not satisfied unless he can induce his companion to do likewise; and so it follows that not only does a man drink and smoke two or three times more than he would if alone, but many persons who lack the moral courage to say no, are led into vices where they would not go if left to themselves. It is a repre-

hensible habit, as well as a foolish one, as you may show by telling the following true story:

Mr. Perry was a Southern gentleman, exceedingly polite, and also a very temperate man. One day he met an acquaintance, who called out:

Hello, Perry! I was just going in to get a drink. Come in and take something.

Thank you, said Perry; I don't care for anything.

But, persisted the other, come in and take something just for sociability's sake.

I want to be sociable, answered Perry; I am anxious to be sociable, but I can't drink with you.

All right, growled the friend; If you won't be sociable, I'll go without drinking.

The two men walked silently along for a minute or two, the sociable man in a state of great irritation until Perry suddenly halted in front of a drug store.

I'm not feeling very well to-day, said he, with a pleasant smile, and I think I'll go in here and get a dose of castor oil. Will you join me?

What? exclaimed the other, In a dose of castor-oil?

Yes; I'll pay for it.

E-hem! cried the sociable man with a very wry face. I hate the stuff!

But I want you to take a glass of oil with me just to be sociable; you know.

I won't do it!  
Indeed! My friend, said Perry, gravely, your sociable whiskey is just as distasteful to me as my sociable oil is to you. Don't you think I have as much reason to be offended with you as you have with me?

The sociable man saw the point, and it would be money, health, and morals if the lesson could be firmly implanted in the mind of every young man in the land.—Sel.

## Woman's Unreasonableness.

The appointment of women on schools-boards does not meet with approval in all quarters. A janitor in one of the public schools thus relates his grievances. "Here I have been a janitor of this school for 15 years, and not a soul has ever been in the basement but myself, and now this woman comes to inspect the school, and the first thing she does is to ask to see the basement. And that basement," he added, plaintively, "wasn't in a fit condition for any one to see."—New York Evangelist.

"The talking temperance man has had his day. Now for action." As if talking were not work, and work of the best kind! Show us where at this moment there is anything being done but talk and we shall go in for it. It is useless to blind people to the fact that one class of talk is doing just as much as another, providing the talk is to purpose. One would imagine that some people have a Corliss engine lifting immense burdens for temperance while the outside world is simply prating about what may be done. If that class would only stop running a very big imaginary business with a very small capital, they would appear more honest before the world. No, brother—do not be dissuaded from talking. It has been the approved, successful way of working in all true reforms in all the ages. Clarissa.

## Temperance Items.

Another State has wheeled into line for the good of its children. Florida has passed a Scientific Temperance Instruction bill, which is to take effect this fall.

A prominent physician states that out of 623 moderate and immoderate drinkers with whom he has conversed 161 acquired the desire for wine and other alcoholic poisons by their use in articles of diet.