

Temperance Journal.

ORGAN OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF AMERICA

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

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THE ONE FAULT.

Above the new-filled grave the earth was getting spread.
The sexton stooped to plant a number at the head;
A stranger standing near, said: "Tell me, if you can,
Who it is now lies here, and say what kind of man?"
A crowd stood round his grave, but yet among them all,
I neither heard a sob, nor saw a teardrop fall;
A duty, it appeared, which they had come to pay,
And ere the grave was filled they vanished all away.
The sexton leaned his chin upon his digging spade;
"A kindly heart he had; I knew him well," he said;
"He often used to sit where politicians meet,
The young and old were glad to hail him in the street.
As good a man to all as any one could be,
A generous heart was his, and but one fault had he;
Intemperance was that fault; you ask me did it harm?"
I rather think it did, through it he lost his farm!
"His broken-hearted wife died just a year ago.
His children went astray, where, no one seems to know;
He got so low at last the church folks shut the door,
And would not let him sit among them any more.
One night, when drunk, he fell; to rise he vainly tried,
For he was paralyzed, and in the poor-house died;
Now he this day is laid down in that narrow vault,
I'm sorry, for I know he only had One Fault."
One Fault! my worthy friend, One Fault! He only drank!
The ship had but one leak, and yet you see it sank.
He only had One Fault, and yet it wrecked his life,
And in an early grave laid low an ill-used wife.
One Fault, and through its curse his home a wreck to-day,
Wealth, life and honor lost, his children all astray,
The guiding compass gone before the voyage done—
What haven will he reach beyond the setting sun?
He only had One Fault, to it he was a slave,
These clouds now spread a veil for time around his grave;
But now, the serious thought, this close of earthly strife,
This dark and narrow tomb is not the end of life.
Then let me plead with you, and from that One Fault abstain,
Let not the curse of drink come in your lips again;
When tempted to partake, I kindly bid you halt,
For heaven and earth are lost to those with that One Fault.

—Aberdeen Paper.

TEMPERANCE.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." How weak indeed is man when he hastens to drown in the oblivion of the wine cup all the cares of his life? How sad the sight of a strong man reeling along public thoroughfares, his countenance wearing an idiotic instead of the manly, noble, fearless expression with which he might meet unflinchingly the gaze of the world. When the fatal glass has been drained, a wife's fond looks are forgotten, thoughts of his little ones vanish from his mind; he remembers home no longer. Can we call it home? Where eyes grow weary and hearts sad, watching for one whom every day must be esteemed less and less, who should have guarded with undying affection the precious treasures his maker placed in his care, and bravely battled with the world for their dear sakes? No it is not home; the money that would make it such is squandered by have the poor, weak wretch who still bears the sacred name of father. Verily a serpent is coiled in that glass which each time it is raised to the lips leaves a deadly sting; his good angel flees, and the wicked one takes possession of his soul. Who that admits that many a paradise may be found in earthy homes, can deny that there also exists many a hell. Come with me to that building whose lights glitter across the street and I will verify my statement. Afraid to enter? Why there are

many others going in, and with happy expectant countenances, come we may enter also.

A large room and a counter covered with glasses and bottles, before which stand a crowd of hard working men; it is Saturday night and the result of the week's labors are being offered on the altar of—shall I say the word? Satan. No man of wealth and position stands there, but look beyond through the half-closed door of that ante-room, there sits the so-called gentleman. He would not condescend to drink with those degraded creatures in the shop, but in company with his friends, is he doing less to waste his fortune, or what is more precious still his intellectual faculties? Has he escaped the adder's sting because he drinks not with the crowd? Ah no! his soul in company with those creatures whom he calls degraded is being sent to perdition. They are no more fallen than he. The line of distinction disappears, and he is on the same downward path; yet he has friends, or men who call themselves such, who hasten his ruin, and that of the dear helpless beings who depend upon him for support, while in their hearts they sneer at his weakness. No after-thought enters their minds of the day they will have to render the dreadful account, for having hurried on to destruction a brother, whom by timely words of advice and encouragement, they might have saved. Come we have tarried too long already, let us go from this polluted atmosphere and breathe the pure air without. Wait a moment. Do you see that little child coming up the street, threading her way almost miraculously through the throng? See! she is sobbing bitterly. Into the gin palace she goes. Why does that innocent enter there? She passes the crowd around the counter and goes over to a man, who with a sullen countenance, sits in a corner by himself. The little one pulls his sleeve to attract his attention. "Papa please come home." How sad that childish plea. A movement of impatience, accompanied by a threatening gesture were her only answer. The child unmindful, sobs out half audibly, "Oh papa, baby is very sick, do come home." A man who is still quite sober, and who is moved to pity by the child's pleading words, approaches the pair. "Don't be so heartless man, go home with the little one." The drunken father, does not like being so taken to task, besides he sees that he is attracting attention, perhaps to, he feels a little ashamed of himself. He rises takes her outstretched hand and with a reeling step goes home. "Verily a little child will lead them." Do you know that man? Once he possessed great wealth, but that was some years ago, he was not then as he is now, a slave to liquor. Let me tell his story, we will go back ten years:

A marriage is about to take place, one that is equal in every point of wealth and position. The friends of the intended bridegroom wishing to congratulate him on his farewell to single life give him a champagne supper. A manly, handsome fellow he is with bright hope for the future, yet there is one little weakness, so slight it can hardly be called by that name; he is fond of a glass now and then, but his friends think nothing of that. At the supper the wines flow in great abundance. Songs are sung, and toasts are drunk; the night is far advanced, and aurora beginning to dart her brilliant rays above the horizon, when the bacchanalian party breaks up. Some are assisted to the coaches in waiting, the future bridegroom among them. His taste for inebriating drink is already showing signs of developing too rapidly, sad omen for the future. Vainly do friends warn his intended wife of the dark shadow likely to be cast upon her existence, but her simple, confiding trust cannot be shaken. The wedding day arrives, the happy bride, a fair young girl scarcely out of her teens, sees before her a rosy future with the chosen of her heart, she kneels at God's holy

altar, and takes her vow to love, honor and obey the being to whom she unites herself. After a few years of wedded life she realizes full too well her husband is becoming a drunkard; each day she sees him sinking lower and lower, becoming poorer and poorer. At length his handsome dwelling must be sold, and by degrees one comfort after the other must be sacrificed. His poor half-famished wife and children are forced to make their home in a wretched garret in the poorest quarters of the city. He, meanwhile, the unworthy father, endeavors to deaden by continual intoxication, the reproaches of his conscience. Good resolutions he sometimes makes, but as he neglects to beg of God the strength necessary to help him in his struggles he is not able to withstand the temptation. Ah! if some true friend had been there to lift him out of the "Slough of Despondency," what blessings would not that good Samaritan have called down on his head. "Sad" you say, "the story is exaggerated." No, not in the least, look well around and you will see similar cases every day. Who would suppose that the lucious grapes, which hang so harmless upon the vine, could by a certain preparation make a man forget his duty to God and society in general. Yet this is the serpent whose sting is death.

Young men, if there be in your hearts any desire for strong drink, even though it be only a taste for it, root it out without mercy. Think of him, who not only wrecked his own life, but the rosy future of a happy, trusting bride. It is true he loved her, but he loved liquor more. Beware lest you become such as he. Turn a deaf ear to the tempter who strives to lure your unwary feet within those soul destroying snares, which are commonly known as bar-rooms. When the brimming glass is held before your lips, think of a mother's love, and what you owe her, then answer a firm No. It may cost you some pangs to be conscious of the mocking sneers of your companions, but this victory over the temptation will win you eternal life, and a mother's prayers will not have been in vain.

Temperance in all things, besides being our duty to God, is the only way of being truly happy, and making so all those whose welfare depends upon us. Verily the reward will be great, for the son who by his temperate habits, strews the way of his parents with many roses, for the husband, who by avoiding strong drink keeps afar from the home circle, one of the most fruitful sources of misery, temporal and eternal but, "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink, that continue, till night inflame them."

GRAD.

Nov. 17, 1888.

"Our John; Or, was he Worth Saving."

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

Jonas, come here!
In response to this invitation from Jerry Monks, lumber-dealer, Jonas Sheppard, whole-sale fish-dealer, came to Jerry's office-window and looked out upon the wharf adjacent.
There, Jonas, that is a sad sight. That man reeling drunk, Jerry? Yes.
Disgusting! Some rough-and-umble sailor.
Yes, and there he goes to the ground! Now he is trying to pick himself up.
There! He is up! He knows more than I thought he did.
Brutes! Such folks don't seem worth saving.
Oh, yes, they are worth saving, Jonas. Look farther up the wharf. There is one of Uncle Sam's boys from that man-of-war off in the stream.
Well, now, he has something aboard and is rather hilarious, but he looks much more hopeful than the brute down here. That man-of-war's-man look worth saving.
Why, he looks like Our John, said the lumber-dealer.

Who is Our John I should like to know?

Well, he once went off in a man-of-war; a smart young fellow, and the son of my wife's washerwoman Nancy. He took to drink, they say, and I suppose is reeling somewhere. Nancy has lost track of him. I really should like to see some of these mistaken fellows reformed.

Why, Jerry, you have the tone of a philanthropist. I expect to see you rush out most any time and tackle one of these brutes and try to make them decent.

Well, if one try, he has got to believe the case is worth saving. It is that conviction which makes a man in earnest. Take that fellow who tumbled just now, but got up. The man is in him, a fine fellow, I dare say, when the rum-devil is cast out, energetic, bright. Yes, you have got to believe they are worth saving, if you start to do anything, Jonas.

I wish we had a Seaman's Home in our port; not just a boarding-house, but with a lot of lively additions like music, games, and some good, wide-awake lectures now and then, some on temperance, say. I tell you, talk about that chap, talk about saving him! Take him when he comes ashore. He has had a hard time on board ship. He has got his freedom, got some money, and I can see that he wants a good time. He goes where he thinks he can get it, and finds the devil in waiting for him. He doesn't see the horns and hoof under the welcome he gets.

"Well, I appreciate all that, and it is a capital idea. I don't see but that you and I will have to give when we get rich—"

That's well put in.
Ten thousand dollars apiece to start a first class boarding-house, or a home, and all kinds of attractions for sailors. But that won't help the present case. I think we ought to follow up that fellow—"

Follow him! If he hasn't tumbled over into the dock!

You don't say!
The two men rushed out of the office, ran to the edge of the wharf and looked down.

What a sight, Jerry.
Lucky the tide is out!

But, oh, the mud is in! What a sight!

The sailor was a sight indeed. It was low tide in the dock, and into its ooze and mud the sailor had pitched. He was gathering himself up, and did not seem hurt, but such muddied hands and bedaubed clothes! The shock of the fall was somewhat sobering him. He looked up confusedly, pitifully, as if wanting somebody to tell him what to do.

Here, friend, up this way! Let me have your hand, cried the lumber-dealer, stepping promptly down a rough stairway leading into the dock.

Jerry, Jerry, you are not going to filthy yourself! Let him wallow to the head of the dock and get out himself.

No, Jonas, here is the place, and he said in a low tone, you got to help too.

Friend, cried Jerry, this way! Here, step on these stairs! Now take hold of the railing, and there—I'll get behind and shove you up. Jonas, just come and take hold of this man's hands and pull while I shove.

Nonsense! groaned Jonas' who was rather fastidious in his tastes. Jerry, though, was inexorable and would not let Jonas off.

Grab his hands, Jonas! Pull good! Heave—now! There he rises! Now again! All together, heave—now! Good! Once more.

All this time Jonas was tugging, hanging out a broad look of disgust on his face.

There! Let him go, Jerry. He is up.

Not yet, Jonas. I don't take hold of a job of this kind without finishing it up. Come, friend, this way!

The lumber-dealer now guided the humanity rescued from the dock into his lumber-yard, and then led him to

a shed where on a nail hung a suit of clothes.

Now strip, friend!
You going, Jerry, to put that suit on him? asked Jonas, his features still twisted into an expression of disgust.

I reckon, as they say, Jonas. Some that I have when I want to work. I am going to finish up this job thorough, you know, is or should be the motto in temperance work. I am going to take this man to his vessel, and have him back soon as he is full sober to sign the pledge. These muddied clothes I'll have Nancy, my wife's washerwoman, put through the suds.

What a man! exclaimed the whole-sale fish-dealer, as, a little later, he watched the lumber-dealer guide vesselward that dock-waif.

His surprise was greater the next day when Jerry Monks said to him, There, Jonas, I thought I had got hold of somebody worth saving, and I meant to follow him up and put him through. He has been at my office and signed the pledge, and says he'll ask God to help him keep it. That is hopeful. I like to have people call on God when they sign the pledge. And now I have got something to make your eyes open. When Nancy was washing those clothes she came across a mark, and told my wife it sent a shock as if from a big electric light through her. Why, it was the mark of Our John, yes, the very same fellow. He had been kicking round and kicked too; didn't know where his folks were, for they had moved about twice, and now have come back here, you see! Well, Our John has been down to see the old folks, is sorry, like the good kind of a prodigal son, you know and—and—well there! Worth saving, wasn't he? Doesn't that make your eyes open?

It certainly did make the eyes of Jonas open.

Third Party.

There was a large attendance at Inter-colonial Division recently to discuss the subject "Would the temperance cause be best advanced by the temperance people joining either of the present political parties, or falling in line with the third party now being organized in Nova Scotia and Ontario?" Several of the oldest temperance workers in the province were present, and took part in the discussion, which was one of the most spirited ever before the division.

The opinion of the speakers generally appeared to be in favor of the temperance organizations, church conventions, etc., issuing a prohibitive manifesto to both present political parties and whichever party subscribed to that manifesto, to give them an unflinching support at the general election. To run a third party candidate would be to show the great weakness of the temperance party, and in all probability there would not be one elected at a general Dominion election.

The supporters of a third party argued that it is the only practical way of bringing the prohibition question before the country. They alleged that the influence of the party was shown in Cumberland N. S., last election, when the conservative candidate promised his support to temperance legislation.

The following resolution was moved:

"Resolved that it would not, in the opinion of this Division, be expedient, in the interests of the temperance people, to form a third party, and that it is deemed best, in our opinion, to join ourselves to either of the present political parties willing to pledge themselves to prohibition."

Owing to the lateness of the hour, the debate was adjourned until next Friday evening. The question is expected to be discussed before the prohibitory alliance at their meeting next week, and as several of the speakers are prominent members of the alliance, the opinion of the Division will likely have much influence.

—Moncton Times.