

# Temperance Journal.

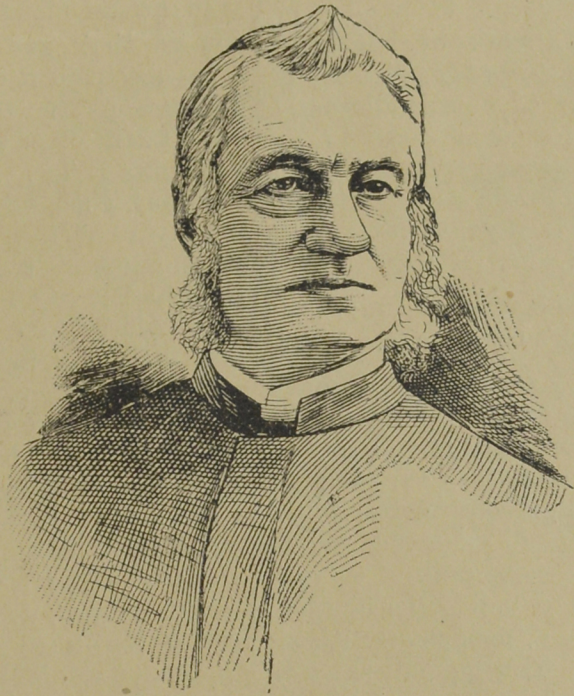
ORGAN OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF AMERICA

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

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Herman H. Pitts  
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MOST WORTHY PATRIARCH,

REV. R. ALDER TEMPLE.

## REV. ROBERT ALDER TEMPLE.

MOST WORTHY PATRIARCH OF THE  
NATIONAL DIVISION, SONS OF  
TEMPERANCE, OF NORTH  
AMERICA.

The subject of this sketch is the son of the late Rev. Wm. Temple, a Methodist Minister, who, in the year 1820, arrived in this country from England—sent hither by the Wesleyan Missionary Society—and, who, during more than half a century, was widely known for remarkable energy and usefulness.

Robert Alder was born in Sackville, N. B. in 1826. His education was the best that the country at that period afforded. In his twenty-second year he was accepted as a Probationer for the Methodist Ministry, and in due time was ordained to the full privileges and responsibilities of that office. From the first it was seen that the young Itinerant possessed special gifts as a speaker; and during his early ministry he began to give indications of that remarkable business capacity which in recent years has gained for him so much respect and admiration. His methods are peculiarly his own, and, accompanied as they are by singular care, perseverance and tact, they have resulted, without exception, in bringing the books and documents of the various offices to which he has been appointed, into harmony and clearness of detail. His success in this respect is almost phenomenal. In the Church of his choice he is beloved and honoured. From time to time every position of value and importance in the gift of his brethren has been entrusted to him. He was connected with the secretariate of his conference for twenty one years, was District Chairman for seven years and was elected President of the Nova Scotia conference in 1879, which position he retained for one term. He was elected as one of the delegates to the General Conference of the Methodist Church which was held in Toronto in 1874. In 1880 he was obliged by ill health to retire from the active work of the Ministry. He has not, however, ceased to take services in public, but preaches when necessities arise. His brethren in the Ministry have given repeated expression, in their assemblies, to the regard they cherish for his character and labors.

The Temperance reform has done much to develop the powers of Mr. Temple, and he has returned the compliment by years of untiring devotion to its interests. There are sections of the Maritime Provinces in which while yet a young man, he made such an impression by his flaming eloquence against legalizing the liquor traffic, that no licenses have been granted in them from that day to this. He became a Son of Temperance in New Brunswick in 1850, and was initiated into the Grand Division the following year. In 1857 he first became connected with the Grand Division of Nova Scotia. Here he

was soon elected to the highest office, that of Grand Worthy Patriarch, to which he has since been re-elected on two occasions, in '76 and '77. In May 1859 he was initiated into the National Division which was held that year in Philadelphia.

In 1881 Mr. Temple was elected Grand Scribe of the G. D. of Nova Scotia, which position he still holds. From somewhat similar duties performed gratuitously in previous years, he brought to the office a degree of experience which laid the foundation for his subsequent great success. It is generally acknowledged that his masterful correspondence, his energy, his business capacity and promptitude, and his powers of public address, have been largely the means of placing the Order in Nova Scotia in its present efficient and vigorous state of organization.

In 1884, at Halifax, Mr. Temple was elected Most Worthy Scribe of the National Division. The same assiduous application to duty and happy methods of conducting routine and business arrangements, which won for him this distinction, have continued to merit the approval of the entire Order. From which position, in July 1888 he was elected to the high distinction of Most Worthy Patriarch of the Order in North America and West Indies.

It is confidently believed by those who know him best that there is but one limit to his success—the ultimate failure of strength to discharge his duties. Members of the National Division, with visitors, who were present at the session of 1884 at Halifax, and those who have heard him elsewhere, in the several States and provinces, when he was at his best, will not soon forget Mr. Temple's wonderful rhetorical power. They have seen and heard how far the Divine Creator has conferred upon him those elements of oratorical strength which always rise with the occasion, producing at times extraordinary effects of excitement and admiration.

## A PICTURE.

BY LAURA OAKWOOD.

A wife sits weeping beside the grate,  
As the hours drag on so heavy and slow;  
All lonely and sad does she wait and wait,  
For her husband's footsteps over the snow.

The wind sweeps by in a pitiless blast,  
Through the unclad trees it cries and cries;  
O'er the shrouded fields where the snow is cast,  
Into ghostly drifts it flies and flies.

The old watch dog in his kennel growls,  
At the snow, the wind, the cold, so cold;  
And the blast around him howls and howls,  
Telling a tale that has oft been told.

The young wife weeping beside the grate,  
To all this listens and cries and cries,  
For the absent husband does wait and wait,  
And anxiously watching the lowering skies.

O wife! far away in the drifted snow,  
Your husband lies so cold, so cold;  
You'll never hear his footsteps come and go,  
For a shroud of snow does his form enfold.

Scarce an hour ago at the village inn,  
He drank and drank of the ruby wine;  
Then turned toward his home, but never again  
Will its cheerful light on his vision shine.

## TEMPERANCE NIGHT.

Amidst the busy scenes of life,  
Domestic cares, parental strife,  
There comes a calm in the evening hour,  
When my soul feels filled as with nobler power,  
And I rest for a while mid scenes so bright—  
Eagerly longing for "temperance" night.

I love to meet with friends who come,  
From varied scenes, in many a home,  
To join in the hymn to the master's praise,  
While our earnest prayer to his name we raise  
That hearts may be lightened, and homes made  
bright  
Through the efforts made on our "temperance"  
night.

Sad are the homes where drunkards dwell,  
Sad are the hearts—Ah! who can tell!  
Of the anguished breast, and aching brow,  
Of the wife who sits watching the drunkard  
now,  
And hopes with a feverish gleam of light,  
To bring him to sign on the "temperance"  
night.

To hear the tale so often told  
By temperance friends, as true as gold,  
Where singing and music are sweeter far,  
Than ever was heard at the publican's bar,  
Where friend meets friend and in love unite,  
To make happy and glad our "temperance"  
night.

I love to see each speaker's face,  
Beam forth with love and winning grace,  
As he tells of his work and labour of love,  
To rescue the fallen, assist them to move  
Upwards and onwards, and show them how  
bright  
Their hearts may become on "temperance" night.

As years roll on and pass away,  
Whether my thoughts be sad or gay,  
I shall ever remember the happy time,  
When singing, and music, and reading, and  
rhyme,  
And sacred words from the book of light,  
All helped to bless our "temperance" night."  
E. WAINWRIGHT.

## Make Childhood Sweet.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest  
Ere you fill them full of flowers;  
Wait not for the crowning tuberoses  
To make sweet the last sad hours;  
But while in the busy household band  
Your darlings still need your guiding hand,  
Oh, fill their lives with sweetness!

Wait not till the little hearts are still  
For the loving look or praise;  
But while you gently chide a fault,  
The good deed kindly praise.  
The word you would speak beside the bier  
Falls sweeter far on the living ear;  
Oh, fill young lives with sweetness!

Ah, what are kisses on clod-clay lips  
To the rosy mouth we press,  
When our wee one flies to her mother's arms  
For love's tenderest caress!  
Let never a worldly babble keep  
Your heart from the joy each day should  
reap,  
Circling young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks, each morn, for the sturdy  
boys,  
Give thanks for the fairy girls;  
With a dower of wealth like this at home  
Would you rifle the earth for pearls?  
Wait not for Death to gem Love's crown,  
But daily shower life's blessings down,  
And fill young hearts with sweetness.

Remember the homes where the light has  
fled,  
Where the rose has faded away;  
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,  
Oh, cherish it while you may!  
And make your home a garden of flowers,  
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's  
hours,  
And fill young hearts with sweetness. ]  
—Selected.

## The Up-Grade Journey.

"They go from strength to strength,  
every one of them in Zion appeareth before  
God."—Psalm lxxiv. 7.

Heavenward going, heaven still nearing  
Journeying on the pilgrim's line,  
Not by gradients steep and tortuous.  
But by beautiful incline.

Still progressing; golden sunshine  
Smiles upon me as I go,  
Pleasant landscapes are around me,  
Bright in all their summer glow.

Blessed journey! upward, heavenward,  
To the palace of a King,  
Marked by all that's fair and joyous,  
As upon eagle's wing.

Onward still, the goal approaching.  
There! it in the distance gleams!  
More than filling up the picture  
Of the brightest, fondest dreams!

Who would cling to earthly pleasures,  
Moving downward, downward still,  
While the loftier joys are calling  
Every yielding heart to fill!

Albert Midlane in *Sword and Trowel*.

## The Third Party in New Jersey.

In the fall of 1886 the Republican State Convention of New Jersey adopted a strong temperance plank and nominated a thorough and consistent temperance man for Governor. The Third Party had already put General Fisk in the field. It likewise nominated a full legislative ticket. The vote for Fisk was upward of 19,000. The result was the election of a rum governor and a rum legislature. In the fall of 1887 the Republicans, with the help of many of those who had voted with the Third Party, secured a majority in the Legislature and proceeded immediately to redeem the pledge of the previous year, enacting a county Local Option and High License Bill. All this was done in the face of the covert opposition of most of the Third Party leaders, who denied the law, and sought in not a few cases to cripple the efforts of the friends of temperance to enforce it.

Five counties, however, were carried under it, and several other counties were to hold elections when the Democratic Legislature, which the Third Party helped elect in 1889 by insisting upon bringing forward candidates of their own, repealed the Local Option feature and emasculated the High License sections. The repeal of the measure was such a wicked surrender to the rum interests that honest men of all parties roundly denounced it. General Fisk was particularly outspoken in condemnation of it, and in an interview reported in *The Voice* only last week he expressed the belief that the Third Party State Convention, which met in Asbury Park last Thursday, would "pronounce emphatically against the action of the last Legislature in repealing the Local Option enactment of 1888." It deserved, he said, the "condemnation of every honest Democrat, Republican and Prohibitionist."

But General Fisk was unable to attend the Convention and use his personal influence to guide it into the path of wisdom, and it went far astray. It adopted a platform of thirteen planks, with not one word of condemnation for the repeal of Local Option; or of congratulation for the carrying of five counties for Prohibition; or of commendation for the principle of Local Option. It did adopt the following:

"That we do not discriminate between the old parties as temperance legislators, as neither has promised to support the grand issue of our party, which is the total prohibition of the liquor traffic, and that all palliatives and compromises, such as Local Option and License, either high or low, but tend to defer the great end for which we are striving."

That is to say, a convention of several hundred professed temperance men condemn the Republican Party, which adopted a temperance platform, nominated a temperance ticket, passed a county prohibitory law, and suffered two defeats in consequence, equally with the Democratic Party, which allied itself with the Saloon, gained thereby, and with the help of the Third Party, control of the Legislature in 1886 and again in 1888, and openly and shamefully undid all that had been accomplished for temperance. But this is not all. The Convention goes further and condemns equally Local Option and High License as "palliatives and compromises" which "tend to defer the great end" for which the Third Party is working. Another resolution declares that the Convention is "unalterably opposed to every form of license or compromise."

How can such a convention be truthfully called a temperance convention? What claim can men who subscribe to such utterances have to be considered the friends of temperance? Nothing is plainer, in the light of the recent elections in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, than that Constitutional Prohibition is a present impossibility in New Jersey; yet a convention of professed temperance

men condemns Local Option and all restrictive measures, and then invites all "temperance voters" to unite with the party it represents.

What can General Fisk think of such utterances? What can any intelligent temperance man think of them? Who that wants with General Fisk "to aid in every movement that will restrict the liquor traffic or enforce all restrictive laws," knowing that Prohibition is not attainable in the "immediate future," would think of joining a party and working for candidates who are pledged against such movements and such laws?

The Third Party has now put a nominee for Governor in the field. It will, we suppose, nominate a full legislative ticket. The remnant, under the leadership of their candidate, a former Democrat, will do what they can to defeat the Republican Party. The Republican Party alone has the power and the purpose to give the people temperance legislation. The duty of the party is plain.

It is to stand by its guns; to nominate a temperance man on a temperance platform, and a legislative ticket pledged to restore the repealed legislation.

If it will do this, it will reduce the Third party to the dimension of a corporal's guard, and it will surely win; if there is virtue in the State of New Jersey.—N. Y. *Independent*.

## Temperance in the South.

There has been a wonderful change in the sentiments of the Southern people on the temperance question during the last decade. If anybody had predicted fifteen years ago that within fifteen years of that time liquor selling would be prohibited by law in near all of Georgia, in most of Tennessee and large parts of Alabama, he would have been laughed at and the idea would have been scouted as absurd. I tried to find out what the reasons have been for this change. Some of these are patent on the surface. In the first place the Georgians and the East Tennesseans are for the most part a very religious people, and the influence of the churches has been thrown in favor of temperance. In the second place, there has been a great deal of temperance agitation, under the lead of such men as Sam Jones and Sam Small, in this part of the South, and they have no doubt done a great deal towards developing public sentiment to its present condition in regard to the sale of intoxicating beverages. Another reason was given me by a gentleman who lives in Memphis which is exceedingly interesting. He says that in parts of the South where there are many Negroes it is dangerous to allow them to get liquor, and they commit so many crimes when under the influence of it, that the white people, even those who are not conscientiously opposed to its use, are willing to deny themselves so as to keep it away from the Negroes. He said that public order has been much better kept and life and property have been much safer because of these strict temperance laws, and thinks this is largely owing to the fact that, under the stringent laws now in operation, the Negroes cannot get liquor. I do not know whether he is right or not. I simply give his statement for what it is worth.

It is a curious fact that there seems to be no agitation in any of these States in favor of constitutional prohibition. They appear to be satisfied with legislation, and seem to think that it is entirely possible, by passing stringent laws to restrict, and even to prohibit liquor selling wherever that is desirable. There is no Prohibition party in the South. The present laws have been enacted, of course by legislatures which were overwhelmingly democratic. The democratic party of the South, whatever may be said of its sins in other directions, is not ruled by the rum power like the democratic party of the North.—W. A. Platt in *Mail and Express*.