

THE TEMPERANCE

— TO THE —

RESUE

Lots of Work to do but
no money to carry
it out.

An Urgent Call to the
members to sustain
the S. of T. press
and assist
in
Distributing Temperance Literature.

A little money better
than a good deal of
sympathy.

We want more money and personal help on the part of the members to carry on this work we have undertaken in the interest of the Sons of Temperance.

We have been afraid the members would imagine we were publishing the JOURNAL for mercenary purposes and working for the order for the profits we could make out of the paper, and have not pressed for help as we should, and as a result we have been sinking hundreds of dollars yearly, and giving many hours of valuable time, which in our business has been equivalent to dollars and cents, to the work on the paper and writing letters to, and visiting branches of the order.

We are not in the least sorry for the time given or the money spent in the interests of the order, but we find we are hampered in carrying on the work for the lack of means—More money we must have for the work, and we cannot take it from our other business.

The field is too large, and the work too vast for our limited resources. We are giving weekly, hundreds of copies of the Sons of Temperance paper free to Grand W. P. & Grand Scribes and others, and are circulating thousands of circulars and dodgers, all over the continent having special reference to the order.

We must advertise our order more with news-paper, circular and leaflet, and to do this those who have the good old order to heart must help us out with their means.

Oh! for a big-hearted, loyal and philanthropic member of the order who would come forward and say, "show me that you are in earnest in this work and I will help you to the extent of"—well! we will be modest—" \$100".

"One hundred dollars" you say, "how far would that go." Brother! one hundred dollars will print ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND LEAFLETS, about the order! and how far will they go?

Two Hundred Dollars will put them among two hundred workers who will scatter them judiciously, where they will do the most good.

One Hundred Dollars would deliver into the hands of the members in any locality, TEN THOUSAND free copies of the TEMPERANCE JOURNAL, 8 pages brim full of the work the order is doing all over America.

Many members have not the time, or they may think they have not the opportunity to work in this temperance cause, or for the order, and they would prefer giving a little money to doing personal work, were they sure the money would go towards the right object. Any who decide to expend their offering in the way suggested above will be convinced that the money is going directly to inculcate the principles of Total Abstinence for the individual, and Total Prohibition for the state.

To carry out the work we have projected for the year will require \$5000. Shall the work stand still for lack of means to carry it on, brothers?

Every dollar will help us in the work to send out our temperance literature. If your heart is with us and you have a dollar or so in your pocket that seems to burn to do some good for those around you enthralled by the evils of drink, just write us and we will tell you some of our plans for building up the cause this year.

HEAMAN H. PITTS, P. G. W. A.,
Editor Journal

Recommends the Journal to the N. D.

Extract from letter of N. B. Bowers, G. S., Rhode Island: "I heartily approve of the National Division having an international organ and being very well satisfied with the manner in which the JOURNAL is conducted I most heartily recommend that paper for the purpose named." * * *
Fraternally Yours,
N. B. BOWERS, G. S.
Providence, R. I.

READS IT WITH INTEREST.

The Grand Scribe of G. D. of Delaware writes:—"I have read your paper with much interest, and have given it to others to read. I consider it a valuable acquisition to the temperance literature of the times, and it should find its way into every Subordinate Division of the Sons of Temperance of America. I hope it will receive encouragement from every Grand Division." * * *

S. N. FOGG,
G. S.
Wilmington, Del.

A Vigorous, Aggressive, Ably-edited Journal.

Frank J. Brown, Laconia, New Hampshire, writes: I am one of those who believe that the Order of Sons of Temperance, for a long time felt the need of a vigorous, aggressive, ably-edited journal as a medium through which to proclaim its principles, unfold its plans, demand its claims and to give to the world a record of its work. Such a journal would not only be an educator but would encourage, inspire and stimulate the Order, the jurisdiction throughout, and thus advance the cause. The TEMPERANCE JOURNAL came to fill this want. It is a live, interesting, newsy paper, replete with good things, and with the financial help and the loyal support of the Order it would be better able to cope with the powers of hell, and it should receive the assistance it justly merits. May the hearts of the friends of the Order and the cause be led in the right direction and may God prosper the TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

In L. P. and F.,
FRANK J. BROWN.
Laconia, N. H.

"Sent Five Names for the Journal."

M. D. Forest, G. S., Illinois, writes: "I send you five names for the JOURNAL. It is not much but it is an entering wedge, a small beginning, and by hammering away we will soon succeed in swelling the list. I think your paper a very good one and take pleasure and profit in reading it."

"Much Pleased with the Journal."

Extract from letter of A. G. VanAken, G. W. P., New Jersey: "I have been much pleased with your paper and will very gladly send some notes if of any interest to your readers, but can only do so irregularly."

Fraternally Yours,
A. G. VANAKEN
New Brunswick, N. J.

"Liked by all the Members."

Extract from W. H. Fletcher, Maine: The JOURNAL is very much liked by all the members of the Division. There is a grand rush for it every Wednesday evening. Quite a number of our members have subscribed for it, so they have it in their homes."

Fraternally Yours,
W. H. FLETCHER
Bar Harbour, Me.

Wants the Light Shed Abroad.

Extract from letter of Geo. P. Bliss, G. W. P., Manitoba and N. W. T. "Why can't we have a paper to go to all our members, as other Orders have? We are the old and reliable Order of this great army and some channel should be open for us to talk to each other on the advancement, and general management of our forces. The Order will find a great improvement wherever they have an official newspaper circulated. Very nearly every Order has its own paper and well sustained, surely we are not going to remain in darkness much longer."

Fraternally,
GEO. P. BLISS, G. W. P.
Winnipeg, Man.

Our Pulpit.

Women's Work or Waste: or, How to Build Up or Pull Down a House.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

"Every wise woman buildeth her house; but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands."—PROV. XIV. 1.

Home! There is music in the word. Next to Heaven, Jesus, mother, no sweeter word perhaps is to be found in our language. A homeless one, John Howard Payne, starving in an attic in a foreign city, sang with a truth and pathos that have thrilled every heart since:

'Mid pleasures and palaces,
Though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home!

You are happy in your boarding-houses. You may not want any better home than you find in them. You pay your way, and you go your way. You have no care, no worry, no rude children to tumble up your room and temper, no one to love and sacrifice for, and you are happy. Ah! not so happy. Do you not know that the sweetness of home is more than half made up of what you call worry, care, trouble, the noise and fretfulness of children, the self-sacrifice and love you are ever making for them? It may seem to some of you a paradoxical statement to make, but it is true, that it is not the man that lives to make himself happy, but the man that lives to make others happy, that is happy. And at home, we must be unselfish if we are to do at all, and it is there more than anywhere perhaps where unselfishness is best learned. There we must bear and forbear all round and all the time, and by and by we get used to it, and come to find out how good it is.

The grandeur of the nation we belong to are its homes. That as much as anything has made the British Empire what it is, for extent, might, wealth, influence; and, woe worth the day, if ever there should rise up a generation so despicable as to do anything to hurt the homes of the people! Home is a Briton's castle. There he is strong; there he reigns. He may have to grind and groan in field or factory from six to six, but the hours at home so fill with sweetness and joy his burdened busy life that he forgets his toil.

Now, I am to speak tonight on what woman can do to make or unmake a home, to pull down or build up a house. And there she is all but omnipotent in influence for good or evil. The home-side of life, the home-side of society, the home-side of religion, the home-side of the nation, is in her hands; and, as the home-side of anything is, or ought to be, the best of it, we can understand what a mighty influence woman wields. And this we must say for her, her side is not the farthest behind. She is doing her work, upon the whole, as well as man is doing his, and better.

But to come to particulars, we have first here what a good woman can do to build up a house. "Every wise woman buildeth her house."

And her Piety—that is the cornerstone of her house-building. Piety becomes a woman. Her womanhood is incomplete without it. You expect it, you look for it, and you are not generally disappointed.

Even a gruff rough man of the world, one who seems to have been little more than blocked out in the making, one whose soul, if he has any, is of the beast-kind, wants his wife, the mother of his children, to be an angel, a saintly one, and he scowls and growls hard, if she is not all she ought to be. Men have said to me something like this: "I own I am not much myself, and with all your preaching and praying you need never expect to make much of me. I am a rough one—rough-tongued, rough-doing; but my wife at home—she has religion enough for both of us. She is a woman among ten-thousand, a christian if there is one on the earth, one of the sweet angel-kind who never gets tired of loving me with all my rough ways. Go and talk to her and the children; you will get along better with her than with me."

And indeed it is not so uncommon to find a dear good patient pious woman in the home of a man as rough and gruff as he can well be. Nor are they so ill-matched and unhappy. Extremes sometimes meet and harmonize in a kind of way. The great granite boulder seems to glory in the tender lily that blossoms so sweetly under his rugged shade, and the weak flower confidently blossoms there, and lets all its beauty and fragrance come forth. And you will find roughness and gentleness, beauty and the beast, dwelling together under the same roof, and happy.

Now, even in such circumstances, what a woman's piety can do to make a home, build up a house. The gentleness of piety prevails over the ruggedness of power, and subdues it, tames it, regenerates it. Without saying much or doing

much her piety like the holy fire on the altar burns on and on in the home, and all around where its silent solemn influence comes, there are warmth, comfort, gladness, goodness;—in a word, everything that goes to build up a house, and make a happy christian home.

Thus, I lay down woman's piety as a cornerstone in all true home-building. Let the house be a log cabin in our backwoods, or let it be a down-town mansion, without woman's piety as a foundation cornerstone, and a sort of altar-fire, it is not well built, it is not built to stand the storms, it cannot be a true christian home.

Again, woman's work at home, her untiring diligence—what shall I say of that in the matter of house building? I can hardly say too much—can I? Indeed, I feel this way about it—I feel I will not be able to say nearly enough. You know the old rhyme which runs after some such fashion as this:

Man's work ends with the sun;
Woman's work's never done.

I do not think I am putting it much too strong when I say, that with her needle and scissors, the humble broom and scrubbing-brush, the array of pots, pans, kettles, cups, crocks, plates, pitchers, and dishes of all sorts and shapes and sizes that she musters into service, she does as much to build up a house in the best sense, as a man does with his axe and plough. You go out. O man, to forest or field; you sail away over the tumbling waves, and with a might that does and dares, you toil and gather, and you think you are doing all, or nearly all, that is being done. But at home, weary women, from early morning till far on into the night, with aching hands and hearts, unravel the tangled thread of life's maze, and in some mysterious way unknown to you, weave them into beauty and bliss for you.

You do not always see much of woman's work. You see the clean hearth, the cheerful blaze, the well scrubbed floor, the bright candle-stick, the immaculate table-cloth, and the general air of comfort and tidiness around; or rather, you might see and ought to see all this. But unhappily, rough men do not always see nor care for neatness, nor anything of that sort, and they come in from their work, stamping with their clumsy feet, and growling in their rude way, and thus undo in five seconds the toil and trouble of weary hours. And yet all there is to be seen in a house of woman's work, is not all, nor half, that is done. There are dusty cob-webbed corners she has been into that you do not see. There are a thousand little things done that none but a woman can see any sense in doing, and yet they all contribute something to home-comfort, house-building. There are tears dried out of little eyes twenty times a day that you can see no trace of in the evening when you come in from your work, and a whole course of instruction given and worked out, in patience, benevolence, rectitude, self-sacrifice, religion, that only the Jesus to come will reveal. Oh the ten-thousand ways the untiring industry of woman at home is house-building that she gets no credit for!

A home is not so much brick and mortar, so many feet of lumber and so many yards of plaster, so many pieces of furniture and so many webs of carpet. All this, and so much else, has a place. A home is love and life, work and rest, tears and joys, woven up into that checkered thing we call home-life, home-happiness. And woman, under God, sits at the loom, and with her gentle skillful hands weaves the gray and gold of life and love into that we call home, for home is very much what she makes it.

Then again, a Woman's Thrift does as much for house-building as her industry, perhaps even more. Somebody says, and says truly, that it is not out of what is earned, but out of what is saved, that riches are made. And it is in the department of domestic economy, the sphere of woman's work, where most of the saving is done.

A wise woman knows how to make the best of everything. She lets nothing go to waste. Out of scraps and broken meats she spreads a table fit for a king. She understands the force of the homely proverb, "A stitch in time saves nine," and she takes advantage of all there is in it for her. Old-fashioned dresses are made over again, and are quite as serviceable, if not quite as fine, as when first made. As the Poet Burns puts it, in his own rugged vernacular, speaking of the thrifty wife, who,

Wi her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new.

And it is not unworthy of any true woman, whose resources are not unlimited, to have recourse to such expedients to keep down expenses and at the same time keep herself and her household tidy. She is a wise and worthy woman for doing so, and, moreover, she is all the more likely to come, just because of her thrift, to circumstances where she will not need to economize so much. Infinitely better wear an old dress or last season's bonnet made over, than wear clothes that are not paid for.

You have heard of the jackdaw which appeared out in the society of birds, not in his own shining close-fit-

ting black jacket, but in the gay plumage of other birds. He got, not very honestly, some of the peacock's gaudy feathers, and he stuck them in his tail. Then there were some other highly-colored feathers belonging to other birds with which he ornamented his head and neck and wings. Thus dressed he strutted into the bird-meeting. But they almost tore him to pieces.

Well now, there are ladies, very finely dressed ladies they are, strutting through society with other people's clothes on. The milliner points with her finger to the bonnet on a lady's head as she passes along, and she says, "Do you see that gay bonnet? It is mine; it is not paid for yet." The mantua-maker somewhat quizzically asks how you like the dress the lady wears. And you think it fine. But you do not think it so fine when you are informed that not a yard of the material is paid for, nor a stitch of the work. Now, if we were birds, instead of men and women, we would set on her some day as she strutted along in her borrowed finery, and the milliner would snatch off her bonnet, the jeweller her jewelry, the dress-maker her dress, the shoe-maker her shoes, and when they all had their own, she would not look so fine.

Ah! young women before me tonight, for it is to you I am speaking specially in this subject, do you know what thrift is? Do you know what it is to make the most and the best of everything? You say, "Give me the money to do it with and I will spread as fine a table as a man wants to sit down to. Give me the wherewith, and I will be nice myself and have everything around me nice." But that is not the problem that you will have to solve, but this one: How to do much with little; how to be a lady with very limited means; how to dress well and live well on a small salary. And it can be done. Thousands of noble women, real ladies, are doing it, and succeeding. They are always well dressed; neatly, tidily, becomingly. Their tables are inviting to honest hunger. Their homes are patterns of neatness. You wonder how they can do it. Ah! it is not without thought, study, cutting, contriving. The whole secret of it is thrift, economy, a wise prudence and forethought that are ever planning how to make the best and the most of the little they have.

Such are some of the ways a wise and good woman builds up her house, and the history of the ages is full of what she has been able to do, where you would hardly expect that anything could be done. She has sometimes allied herself with men of broken fortunes, and by the wealth of her busy fingers and careful prudence she has built them up again to be more than they were before. She has taken hold with her Christ-like love upon bad men, and with a gentleness and patience that worked and waited wondrously, she has won them to the right, the cross, the Christ. She has been oftentimes the one star of hope in the darkness that has settled down upon men, and when all seemed to be lost she has found out by her trust in God and patient hope a way of deliverance. Oh what a christian mother, a true wife, a loving sister, have been, and are, in a home! What a healing in their tears, what a comfort in their sympathy, what a strength in their weakness!

I come to speak next of what the foolish woman can do to pull down a house. "But the foolish plucketh it down with her hands."

Solomon the wise has much to say that is good about women and wives, but he has also no little to say that is not good. He knew too much about them for his own good; for, his wives—he had a thousand or so altogether—when he was old, led him astray, and all but wrecked his splendid life. He gives us a little bit of his own home experience, and it is not very encouraging. "I find more bitter than death the woman, whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands; whose pleaseth God shall escape from her; but the sinner shall be taken by her. Behold, this have I found, saith the preacher, counting one by one, to find out the account; which yet my soul seeketh, but I find not: one man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found."

Our rough-tongued British ancestors, too, seemed to delight in harsh proverbial speeches about their wives, which are not much to the credit of either the husbands or the wives. One of their sayings is to this effect, that a man has two good days with his wife—the day he marries her, and the day he buries her. In clumsy doggerel we are told of a man who was to be hung; but a reprieve was granted to him on condition that he should marry, and he refused to avail himself of the reprieve. Such rude sayings, however, only go to show that if wives were bad, husbands were no better. Bad husbands, bad wives; good husbands, good wives; that is the rule the world over, with some rare exceptions.

Now, in speaking of what a foolish woman can do to pull down a house, wreck a home, I would first remark that waste is one of the ways. "Wifful waste, woeiful want." In homely phrase it is sometimes said, that a woman can

(Continued on third page)