

Sustain the Subordinate Division.

BY WALKER, HALIFAX.

The Subordinate Divisions are the life of the noble Order. They are not only the foundation but the entire building. Each member is a brick or stone in the grand structure. As in the church so with us, there are diversities of gifts; and while we should covet earnestly the best gifts and eschew those which are injurious (for there are such in our humanity) it is our duty and privilege to use and improve those we possess. First comes Article 2 Cap 1—the pledge; second—we are not to do or say anything unbecoming a Son of Temperance; third—we must do all in our power for the benefit of our fellow men; fourth—improve the talents that have been loaned us for a time.

The Division is a home, a social circle, a school, an arena (at times), a council chamber, a law maker, a law enforcer, a moral teacher, a handmaid to the church. Sometimes it is said to be a matchmaker! Well, that is a worthy position. It is much better for young people to be acquainted and learn each others good qualities in the pure sober atmosphere of the Division room, than at the drinking frolics and dances that were in vogue before the Divisions came to introduce the better way. In the ordinary or extraordinary walks of life, where would a father or mother rather for their daughter or son to make a choice of a life partner, in the temperance society, or in the ball-room?

Aside from the real educative power in business, in debate, in courtesy, in the ritual, in music and social culture, the Division is a safeguard, a wall of defence and sometimes a "high tower."

For several years past it has been part of the writer's work to make careful enquiries into the drinking habits of various communities. Not only to learn of the number of places in a county where intoxicating liquors are sold but to take the voter's list and with some one or two who know the district mark every man for or against temperance, according to the knowledge. And it is really surprising to learn how many people there are who—mostly very quietly—drink more or less intoxicating liquors.

There is so much said, and written and preached for temperance and against drinking, that in most places in Eastern States and Canada, it is more disgraceful to be a rumseller than to be a thief. It is considered disreputable also to drink; therefore much of the drinking is very slyly done. In some instances it is only when the hero gets away from home, to the county town or the city that he can go in for a good time. Sometimes such persons belong to the church; sometimes to the Temperance Society. "Well! well!" some may exclaim: "do temperance members actually break their pledge? then what is the good of Temperance Societies? better not join." Well friend the same argument would keep everybody out of the church. Please apply the same reasoning and see; your own community and all denominations will furnish material for your logic.

The Division, S. of T., is a fine auxiliary to the church and a good corrector of morals in regard to drinking. Compare two communities one without and one with a Temperance Society; and we are surprised at the contrast. It is difficult to find a place that has not been leavened by the Temperance Society; but there are some such places in any state and province, so the reader can readily make a comparison. Even after a society ceases to exist some of the good remains; but almost invariably the moral tone is lowered and drinking becomes more flagrant and open. Good people are shocked; the church and clergy try to stem the current of inebriety with rather indifferent success, mainly because the drinkers don't lean much to the church. It is generally conceded that drinking church members are not quoted or looked up to as sample christians now a days in any denomination; and a drinking Minister! Eugh! Blessed is the church that does not possess such! When the drinking gets bad again, the people combine, form a Division or Lodge—or revive the old one—and by this fraternal combination and

weekly meetings they drive the traffic back, and if they have good laws and enough courage drive it out.

When a Division goes down some of the members who kept their pledge and were worthy of confidence, are sure to return to drink. The writer has been frequently told by drinkers and confirmed drunkards, that they kept the pledge while the society lived and would have kept it till now had the Division been sustained. In such a case are not the sober christian people who let the Division go down, responsible for the blood of such persons? The smallest Division in the land has done more good than you and I can measure; its death will allow more evil than we can predict. So to the Grand Divisions, to the ministers and churches, to the women, to all those who love their fellowmen, we appeal with our opening words: "Keep up the Divisions."

PREMIUMS.

JUST THE THING FOR YOU.

If you will get up a club of 12 subscribers for the JOURNAL, we will give the paper to each subscriber for 70 cents for the year, and for your trouble in soliciting the subscriptions will send you one of the Solid Gold Badge Pins of the order. The paper is 8 pages, is published weekly, and is the recognized organ of the Sons of Temperance of America. Will you not be the first to get one of these fine Pins?

A Grand and Noble Paper.

W. H. Pointdexter, P. G. S., Virginia, Jr., writes "I have been much pleased with your grand and noble paper, and I think it is one of the auxiliaries to our Order which should be encouraged. I shall do all I can to build it up."

Gratifying to the Older Members

Letter from Sir Leonard Tilley, Governor of New Brunswick and P. M. W. P.: "Dear Bro. Pitts, I notice you have of late secured a widely extensive correspondence for the TEMPERANCE JOURNAL embracing a very considerable portion of this continent. It is of course satisfactory to hear from the numerous Divisions of the S. of T. in our own province but it is most interesting to learn from week to week what is doing in the states of the Union as well as in the other provinces of the Dominion. Especially to the older members, who like myself have made the personal acquaintance of many of the officers and members of the various Grand Divisions, under the jurisdiction of our own National Division.

I trust the energy you have thus displayed may be suitably rewarded
Yours Sincerely and Fraternaly,
S. L. TILLEY.

Government House,
Fredericton.

Will Build up the Order.

Extract from letter of P. G. W. A. McNaughton, Quebec: "I would like to say that the TEMPERANCE JOURNAL is an excellent paper and calculated to do a great amount of good to the temperance cause generally, and specially to build up the Order of the Sons of Temperance. It is very interesting to hear what other Divisions are doing and to know how the cause we love is progressing in other places. I have taken a great many temperance papers in my time, but I must say that the JOURNAL is far ahead of them all. Our members of Bethel Division, No. 5, who take it, speak well of it, and our membership have gradually increased since we commenced to take it. I generally give a reading from it at our meetings. It always gives me great pleasure to say a word for the JOURNAL, published as it is specially in the interests of the Order of the Sons of Temperance and for the total prohibition of the liquor traffic.

Fraternaly,
WM. McNAUGHTON,
Ormslow, Quebec.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Many Reasons Why We Should Take Life Easy and Not Worry.

If you want a good appetite, don't worry. If you want a healthy body, don't worry. If you want things to go right in your homes or your business, don't worry. Women find a sea of trouble in their house-keeping. Some one says they often put as much worry and anxiety into a loaf of bread, a pie or a cake, into the weekly washing and ironing, as should suffice for much weightier matters. This accounts largely for the angularity of American women. Nervousness, according to the American Artisan, is the bane of the American race. It is not confined to the women, but extends to the men as well. Even business men are sometimes afflicted, so we have heard, and so our advice not to yield to this habit will be most kindly received by all classes of readers. What good does fretting do?

It only increases with indulgence, like anger, or appetite, or love, or any other human impulse. It deranges one's temper, excites unpleasant feelings towards every body, and confuses the mind. It affects the whole person, unfits one for the proper completion of the work whose trifling interruption or disturbance started the fretful fit. Suppose these things go wrong to-day, the to-morrows are coming in which to try again, and the thing is not worth clouding your own spirit and those around you, injuring yourself and them physically—for the mind affects the body—and for such a trifle. Strive to cultivate a spirit of patience, both for your own good and the good of those about you. You will never regret the step, for it will not only add to your own happiness, but the example of your conduct will affect those with whom you associate, and in whom you are interested. Suppose somebody makes a mistake, suppose you are crossed, or a trifling accident occurs: to fly into a fretful mood will not mend, but help to hinder the attainment of what you wish. Then, when a thing is beyond repair, waste no useless regrets over it, and do no idle fretting. Strive for that serenity of spirit that will enable you to make the best of all things. That means contentment in its best sense; and contentment is the only true happiness of life. A pleasant disposition and good work will make the whole surroundings ring with cheerfulness.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

His Irreverence as Well as His Generosity Illustrated by Two Anecdotes.

J. T. Trowbridge, in an article in the North American Review, both criticises and praises the American boy—criticises his irreverence and disobedience, praises his conscientiousness and generosity when these qualities are appealed to in a way to bring them out. To illustrate he tells two clever stories which he says are true. The first illustrates disobedience and disrespect, and shows how American parents are apt to encourage them. "It is Sunday evening," and a western farmer "is smoking his pipe on the back porch, while young Josh, his namesake and heir, is playing with the dog in the yard. Old Josh takes his pipe out of his mouth and remarks that it is time for young Josh to go for the cows. The junior makes no reply, but keeps on teaching Congo to give his paw. Then the senior repeats his observation, to which he manages to give a little more of the tone of a command.

"I tell ye, Josh, ye must go for the cows."
"I do' wanter," grumbles young Josh.
"Quit yer foolin' an' go along!" says old Josh.

"I shant," snarls back the junior.
"I tell you to go!," exclaims the elder.
"I tell you I won't," mutters the boy.
"Wal, never mind," says the father; "mebbe they'll come home."
The other story gives a more agreeable picture. It must be said, however, that this boy was only six years old. What he would develop into can only be surmised. "He had a cake," says Mr. Trowbridge, "a portion of which his cousin Minnie coveted. She accordingly reminded him, as she was fond of doing when she had a point to gain, of what 'the Bible says' about doing to others as we would be done by. 'Now you know, Willie, if I had the cake you would want half of it.' Willie hesitated a moment between inclination and a conviction of duty, and then said honestly: 'I should want all of it.' With tears in his eyes, he resolutely choking down his grief, he handed over to her the entire cake, which she walked off complacently nibbling."

DAYS OF WITCHCRAFT.

Two Executions on Gallows Hill, Hartford—The Ducking Test.

It has been supposed that Salem and the neighboring Massachusetts settlements thereabout monopolized pretty much all the witchcraft of those dark years (1691-92, etc.), in which this shocking mania of Old World superstition burst out on this side of the Atlantic. It has even been denied that the delusion ever gained a foothold in Connecticut; and the reports of executions in Connecticut have not only been denied, but have remained to all but close students a very doubtful matter at most. But we suspect, says the Hartford Times, that this is an erroneous view of the subject, and that Connecticut was really not so very much freer from the horrible superstition than her sister colony of Massachusetts bay. A good many old women were popularly accused of a criminal "familiarity with Satan," and some of them certainly were tried for that sin—and, if the truth must be told, there was more than one execution for witchcraft in Connecticut. But the Connecticut delusion, though it seems to have been earlier than the similar misfortune in Massachusetts, never did reach such shocking proportions, nor go to such extremes as that. There were two executions here in Hartford in or about 1693 of two women, Greensmith and Barnes, convicted of witchcraft. The former, we think, made an extraordinary confession after she had been convicted of the truth of her "familiarity with the devil," as the customary charge in such cases was worded. Her confession—which is not fit for print—showed at least a robust and most fertile and peculiar imagination. It is one of the strange features of that witchcraft mania, here and in Massachusetts, that so many of the persons who were convicted were ready to confess the truth of the charge made against them. It must have been an illustration of unconscious psychologizing, by a great wave or surrounding atmosphere of fanatical superstitious delusion which reigned for awhile in those places, and which made the accused wretches really feel that they had done the evil charged upon them, and which their excited imaginations added to and broadened out into the wildest grotesquerie of monstrous fantasies and absurdities. The scene of the Hartford hangings was on the commanding

summit near the head of Vernon street, not far from Trinity College (on that remarkable ridge or dike of trap-rock, naturally placed for a geographical marvel), on top of an infinitely newer free-stone formation—a dike which here sweeps down through a considerable portion of Connecticut. The location was for more than a century thereafter known as "Gallows Hill." We do not know that any other witches were hanged there; the delusion seems to have been worse, and to have been followed by more executions, in Fairfield County—where it was raging later, simultaneously with this mania at Salem—in 1692.

In the Times of August 8, 1830, are several columns of an account of Connecticut witchcraft, written by William L. Stone in the New York Commercial Advertiser, of which he was then the editor, and from which paper the Times quoted it. It seems to be only a part of Stone's long account, and it was obtained when he was editor of the Connecticut Mirror, here in Hartford, from a time-stained bundle of old manuscripts upon which he chanced to come in looking over a large lot of ancient papers that had been brought to light from the old garret of the Wyllis mansion. Wyllis was the old Colonial Secretary, and naturally would be in the way of having charge of such old papers as these, which were in a separate packet, labeled "Witchcraft Trials," and that was what attracted Colonel Stone's attention and led him to a careful study of the papers. What afterward became of them we know not; but the extracts so fully made by Stone are important as throwing light on the part taken by Connecticut in the history of the witchcraft delusion. The indictments of one Mercy Disborough from the Times of 1830, Colonel Stone judged, was of the customary sort in witchcraft cases; testimony to the mysterious and supernatural character of the persecutions and confusions wrought upon sundry very innocent persons living in that neighborhood. Mercy Disborough was one of a number of witches thereabout—two of whom at least were indicted at the same time—in the only court of oyer and terminer ever organized in Connecticut, to wit: Mercy Disborough and Elizabeth Clawson, Goody Clawson escaped conviction, but Mercy Disborough, of Compo (in the present township of Westport), was not so lucky. Both were bound, hand and foot, according to the good old English custom, and pitched head first into the water. The test was that if the accused sank and drowned, it was prima facie case of innocence. If she floated, she was clearly a witch and must be executed. Mercy Disborough and Goody Clawson both floated—"like cork"—nor did one pious servant of the Lord succeed in pressing the former under, albeit he did dutifully and stoutly try. The Clawson woman, however, and we believe one or two other witches, were acquitted; but Mercy Disborough was not so easily let off. She had sorely afflicted divers persons by supernatural pinchings, prickings and still worse punishments. But there was some hitch in the proceedings; there was another trial, and though she was again convicted, it is pretty well ascertained that for some occult reason she never was executed. The Times says, editorially (1830), that one whole family, named Godfrey, in Fairfield County, were hanged for witchcraft and that one witch was burned in Hartford—but this latter statement was an error. Witchcraft, a mixture of superstition, paganism and distorted Christianity got its definite character from the old doctrine of Satan. In the vain ponderings on the origin of evil, the constitution of the will, and such problems, the superstition of the Middle Ages rose like a foul exhalation and swept over England and Germany. The world was subject not to one God, but two—and "the Devil" had a power only second to that of God, and this power, which had enabled him to seduce Eve, qualified him to lead astray her descendants. There was one wizard to every hundred witches; so the men oftener escaped accusation. But what a frightful time it was—when any malicious or half-psychologized woman could accuse any other of her sex, and have her tried (and very likely convicted) of such monstrous things! It seems astonishing that convictions of witchcraft were reached in England as late as 1736—and executions in Germany almost as late as the beginning of this century.

A Bright Policeman.

A policeman in a neighboring city was lately taken before the mayor on a charge of having slept on his post, and failing to extinguish the city lamps at daylight. The policeman admitted the charge, but said that he would make amends to the city for the cost of the extra gas by thereafter extinguishing the lamps enough earlier to more than make up for it.

Grandmother's Laws.

A fond grandmother tells the following story of a grandchild: "An aunt was talking to her of God's laws and of obeying them, when the child surprised her by saying: 'Well, it is a good deal easier to obey God's laws than it is grandma's—she has so many.'"

PROFESSIONAL READERS.

A New and Pleasant Occupation for Gentle, Cultured Young Women.

As the elegancies and luxuries of life grow more common, the increase of wealth produces new needs which are constantly creating new employments, writes Garry Owen Gaines in the Country Gentleman. One of the latest of these, and to which women are admirably and specially adapted, is the vocation of reader to invalids or elderly people. In a number of cities ladies follow this as a business and make a good living by it, and it seems destined to be one of the increasing occupations of the future as education, intelligence and wealth become more general. There will always be invalids and always a crop of well-to-do old people for patrons, and the woman who can make herself useful in this way will not lack for employment. There is no school-room drudgery connected with it to wear her out, body and soul, before her time, as is the usual lot of teachers in our graded schools, but rather it is a delightful ministering to her intellectual peers, and one can readily imagine the work to be in entire consonance with the tastes of the most cultivated, refined lady who is forced to be self-supporting.

In many families among the wealthy classes there are aged parents, whose dim eyes can no longer see the printed page. Children are too busy and full of cares in this rushing American life, and grandchildren often too heedless, to stop their work or their pleasures to read to these forlorn old folks, who, though surrounded by luxuries on every side, actually suffer from starvation of the mind! Think, then, what a beam of light is this visiting reader, who forms the link that connects them with the bustling circles of humanity, of which they have been hitherto only a silent part—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot"—because they could no longer see!

Perhaps it is a blind or partially blind scholar, or one of literary tastes, who, but for the kindness of others—a kindness too often given grudgingly, to the shame of humanity be it said—must ever sit in that darkness which is greater anguish than physical night. Perhaps it is a sick man or woman slowly convalescing, whose keen interest in the outside world has become intensified by long weeks of deprivation of the accustomed daily journal. To all such the visiting reader is a prize for which they are willing to pay a good sum.

Reading seems such an easy thing that doubtless many young women will catch at this prospect of a new and less laborious field than many of the paths trodden by impetuous womanhood, but the fact is that good reading is one of the rarest of accomplishments. Hundreds of girls are good piano players, and creditable artists and painters, who will mangle an essay or poem beyond all recognition by its author, were he so unfortunate as to be present to listen to it.

There are some persons who read an anecdote or humorous sketch about as spiritedly as they would the Lamentations of Jeremiah, while scarcely one person in twenty knows enough to give the proper inflections, and therefore utterly fails to read conversational passages intelligibly. It is simply because the writer's meaning is not understood. We might almost say that readers, like poets, are born and not made. Lacking that subtle insight, that sympathy with the author, the possession or absence of which constitutes the difference between good and poor readers, they lack every thing, and all the schools of elocution and labor of voice drill in the world will not supply what nature has failed to give.

An hour or two spent in the cheerful morning room of a brown-stone mansion, reading the news of the day to a bright, companionable old gentleman, then a brisk walk in the pleasant air to the house of some refined old lady or sweet invalid girl, who is longing to hear the latest sermon of a noted divine or the choice things in the last magazine, certainly seems the very acme of the agreeable in the way of earning one's bread; but please to bear in mind, dear miss or madam who aspire to this profession, that to secure such places you must know your business thoroughly.

Know that if there is one thing more irritating than another to a sensitive auditor, it is to have a reader stumble over and repeat words, or spoil the pleasure of the entire article by ear-torturing mispronunciation. It is like sitting on needles and pins for nervous persons to be compelled to listen to botchy reading, to anticipate two or three seconds in advance of the dronny voice and measured sing-song sentences just what will come next, and get themselves into a fever speculating how many times more you will come to a dead stop at an innocent comma, and thus mar the whole meaning.

A really fine reader has it in his power to confer so much pleasure on others that the wonder is why it has been allowed to almost become one of the "lost arts." The hostess of a country party blesses her lucky stars when she discovers among her guests one who knows how to read, feeling that she has secured an attraction as rare as it is pleasurable, and instances are not uncommon where a popular minister's hold on a congregation is his beautiful rendering of the Scriptures and the hymns.

In a greater measure, because reaching those who are cut off by age or sickness from the usual channels of information, does the visiting reader give enjoyment to others, and earn her daily bread as well, by means of a clear articulation, a sympathetic voice that carries the listener with her through moods, merry or tender, as depicted on the page, and, lastly, a quick appreciation and comprehension of the author's meaning.

A Lover's Strange Dream.

The Pall Mall Gazette records a lover's extraordinary dream. A girl at Hackney, aged nineteen, with her two brothers and a younger sister, were left in charge of the house while their parents attended a funeral in the country. In the evening the girl's sweetheart called. As she was alarmed at noises which she fancied she heard, he stayed at the house all night to reassure her. During the night he dreamed that he saw the girl walk past him beckoning him to follow. He awoke, and, becoming alarmed, went into the passage. Having dressed, he went to the door of deceased's room and knocked. Receiving no answer, he then woke up the others. On the bedroom door being opened the deceased was found lying on the floor, with blood issuing from her mouth. From a doctor's examination it would seem that the girl died at about the time that her sweetheart dreamed she beckoned him.

The Thing a Man Is.

Man is an ungainly creature at the best. His head is an irregular spheroid at best; his eyes are not alike or of equal efficiency; his whiskers won't grow uniformly. One shoulder is higher than the other, one hand or foot larger than the other—and this on opposite sides—his hips (if he has any) are unequal in shape. The calves of his legs are not twins in any thing but age, and without his tailor, hater and bootmaker he is a sorry-looking animal. As for women—well, this article is not written to discuss their physical crookedness. If it was it would not be half the length that it is.

DRINKING LEATHER.

A Physician Explains Why He Does Not Take Milk with His Tea.

The Boston correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat is responsible for the following story:

"Thank you, madam, but do not put any milk in my tea," said a well-known Boston physician the other night at a supper party, and then added: "I was never partial to leather as an article of diet. From the Arctic explorer's point of view, it is sometimes available for food. As for myself, I hope that I shall not soon be reduced to the necessity of eating or drinking it."

"My dear doctor," responded the hostess of the occasion, smilingly, "you need not have milk nor cream either in your tea if you do not wish it. Nor, I hope, are you likely to be compelled to undertake a diet of leather. Pray pardon me, however, if I ask what possible connection there can be between the two?"

"A very intimate connection, let me assure you, dear madam," he replied. "Milk, as you are aware, is an animal secretion. Tea contains a chemical principle called tannin, which has a specific action upon milk. The result is a substance which, to the analysis of the chemist, resembles leather. Like leather, it is difficult of digestion. You will observe that the Chinese, who first discovered the use of tea, take no milk in theirs. Perhaps it may be supposed that they know a thing or two on the subject."