

Temperance Journal.

ORGAN OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF AMERICA

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

Herman H. Pitts
Editor and Proprietor.]

FREDERICTON, N B, SATURDAY AUGUST 17, 1889

[\$1.00 per Annum
Vol. V., No. 34.

-AUGUST 5TH.-

SEASONABLE

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

224 QUEEN STREET.

New Goods.

New Goods.

THOS. W. SMITH

is now receiving his

New Spring Cloths

CONSISTING OF

English, German and French
Suits and Trouserings.
ENGLISH, SCOTCH and CANA-
DIAN TWEEDS,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS
of all the latest novelties and fash-
ionable styles, selling at very small
profits.

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

THOS. W. SMITH,
192 Queen St., F'ton.

PROHIBITION.

We send these presents to all and to each,
And judging rightly they honestly teach,
To all in this nation whose heart they will
reach,
Come, abstain

In view of the curse that is leaving its brand,
Of the example given by those in command,
To the youth, the strength, the hope of the land,
Oh, abstain.

Think of the thousands spending their living,
In the face of reproof so tenderly given;
In spite of the warnings and curses of heaven,
Then abstain.

Then come, get a Life-boat, better now than at
last,
But stay; should the temperance sky overcast,
With clouds from the foe, yet sing out on the
blast,
I abstain.

The forces of sin have been holding their meet-
ings,
The lovers of crime have been sending their
greetings,
And warning their victims not to heed the en-
treatings
To abstain.

For shame! Oh, my brother, shall the land of
the free,
The home of the rum slave continue to be?
While so many are anxiously hoping to see
You abstain?

No; the forces of faith have arrayed in the
light
Of a "broader humanity" they know to be right;
And with "Full Prohibition" their aim in the
fight
They abstain.

Then why can not all, with the help that is
round us,
And our conscience untainted and prompting
within us,
And in all superintending power above us,
Forever abstain.

—JOSEPH BARRON.

The Gain of Giving.

"He that findeth his life shall lose it," was
the minister's text that day,
And Eleanor seemed to listen, though her
thoughts were far away;
In a week it would be vacation, and she
longed for the time to come
That would take her away from the city to
her beautiful seaside home.

"He that loseth his life shall find it,"
Though the words bore a meaning
plain,
They had none for the child who heard
them, with restless eyes and brain;
But the sermon at last was ended, and the
preacher slowly said,
"Our contribution this morning will be for
the children's aid."

Eleanor's heart beat faster, her face wore a
troubled look
As her hand closed softly over her little
pocket-book,
Where she carried a birthday present, a
bright, new piece of gold,
And the look of trouble deepened while her
hand took a firmer hold.

"I can't give this," she was thinking,
"though it's all I have to give,
And I wish that the children all could go
to a pleasant place to live,"
But she saw, with a little trembling sob,
than the basket was on its way,
And when it passed her the gold piece in
the midst of the silver lay.

'Twas an August day at the seashore, and
Eleanor raced along
Where the heavy waves were rolling, and
the tide was running strong;
She stooped for a sea shell, lying on the
wet hard and shining sand,
When a mighty breaker caught her, and
swept her away from land.

But, before she could cry or struggle, she
was seized by a little lad,
Who dragged her out of the water with all
strength he had;
And he said, to her look of wonder, as
soon as he'd breath to speak,
"I'm one of the Fresh Air children, a-stayin'
here a week."

Eleanor thought of the gold piece she had
sadly given away;
"Why, perhaps if I'd kept that money he
wouldn't be here to-day!
Weren't you afraid of drowning?" He
slowly shook his head,
"I didn't think of myself at all, but of
seeing you," he said.

And she suddenly thought of the sermon;
its meaning grew clear and plain,
About the finding and losing, the giving
that's greatest gain;
That the life which is lived for others is
the only life to lead,
And, instead of our vain self-seeking, we
should care for another's need.

—CAROLINE B. LEROW,
in *Congregationalist*.

"THE SPARROW MUST GO."—WHAT ABOUT THE LIQUOR VULTURE?

BY JOHN P. ST. JOHN, OF KANSAS.

The burning, blistering, blood-
curdling question of the hour has
just been sprung by the New Haven
Palladium, right in the midst, too,
of the appointment of cross-roads
postmasters, which work has been
shaking this country from centre to
circumference for the past six
months. But to the question. Under
the important head of

"ENGLISH SPARROWS,"

the *Palladium* says: "The time to
prepare for work against this feath-
ered hump is now. The city and
state authorities ought to take the
matter in hand at once, and formu-
late some scheme looking to its ex-
termination. The sooner the task is
begun, the greater will be the hope
of its success. The English sparrow
must go."

Just think of it! The Mayor and
Council with all the policemen of
New Haven headed by the State
Authorities, moving in one grand
procession, carrying banners in-
scribed "The English Sparrow Must
Go!" And then, when all others ef-
forts have failed, imagine the editor
of the *Palladium* at the head of the
Connecticut State Militia, leading a
bloody charge, at double quick,
against a flock of English sparrows,
and at each bound crying out in
thunder tones, "The English sparrow
must go!" Why this bitterness
against the sparrows? They didn't
"beat Blaine." They never destroy-
ed even one of our homes. They
didn't "set the cause of Prohibition
back twenty years." Nor have
they interfered with the colored
man's right to vote, stuffed a ballot-
box or bulldozed any human being.
They have not corrupted our poli-
tics, robbed the Nation of its man-
hood or a mother of her boy. Then
what is the trouble? Why the Eng-
lish sparrow don't vote, consequent-
ly he is like the Chinaman—got but
few friends. If they only had "in-
floence," every sparrow family
would be furnished a brass-wire
cage. But what evil hath this little
sparrow brought upon our country?
We turn to the columns of the *Pal-
ladium* for this terse reply:

"Only a few years ago, the trees
on the green were full of merry
singing birds, that filled the air
with their sweet songs and present-
ed a picture of joyous happiness, as
they flitted from branch to branch,
or swooped down in the green grass
in search of a worm. To-day not
one of those birds can be found (nor
worms either). They have been
driven out by the sparrows." Just
think of it—a naughty, naughty
sparrow robbing an honest, upright
jay-bird of his morning worm! No
wonder that there should be a de-
mand made that the combined
powers of both city and State au-
thority should be promptly used for
the overthrow and immediate sup-
pression of the authors of such an
infamous outrage. "The English
sparrow must go!"

"Only a few years ago," there was
a home in New Haven. In that
home was a happy, bright-eyed, in-
telligent, rosy-cheeked Christian
wife and mother, in the prime of
her womanhood, full of hope for the
future. Her husband was a manly
man; affectionate, generous, noble
and true. In our country's darkest
hour, when it needed men, he bravely
marched forth under the old flag,
offering himself as a sacrifice, in de-
fence of the life of this nation. In
that home were innocent children,
who "filled the air with their sweet
songs, and presented a picture of
joyous happiness," which can never
be forgotten.

That husband and father to-day
is a drunken, bloated, miserable,
mental, moral, and physical wreck,
down in the gutter, penniless and
friendless.

The rose has left the cheek
of that poor wife and mother, her
eyes are sunken and blinded with
tears, no longer does she occupy
that once happy home; the joyous
songs of her once happy darlings
are heard no more. To-day, in a

remote tenement, she is found with
her little ones thinly clad, hungry
and penniless; and as the winter
storms drifted through the open
walls they hover over the embers of
a fire that is almost gone. No longer
do they greet papa at the gate with
a smile and a kiss. With every ray
of earthly hope gone, the dark
clouds of despair settle thick around
them. Oh, with what submissive
faith that broken-hearted mother
turns unto God and says, "Thy
kingdom come, Thy will be done."

It was not the English sparrow
that destroyed this home. But it
was our Government's legalized
law-protected, fattened, petted and
perpetuated hell-born liquor vulture.
When we come to the judgment bar
of God, the man who stood at the
saloon counter and dealt out the
liquor that destroyed that home
will be no more guilty than the
man who stood at the ballot-box
and gave sanction thereto by his
vote.

Then let the fiat go forth; that by
the grace of God, and the will of
American freeman, this nationalized,
home-destroying liquor vulture must
go.

Canon Wilberforce.

HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW ANY
CHRISTIAN CAN SUPPORT A HIGH
LICENSE BILL—ENGLAND'S
MILLSTONE.

[From an address by Canon Wilberforce,
of the Church of England, June 10, Chick-
ering Hall, New York.]

"I do not understand your politics,
and I may be treading on dangerous
ground when I say it, but I am utter-
ly unable to understand the value of
the compromise which you call high
license. I do not understand how
taking high license money from a
wrong can make it morally or finan-
cially right.

If you must have the liquor traffic
in New York, I'd rather it would be
down in the lowest grogshop than in
the gilded saloon with its semblance
of respectability. Your son and mine
will be in less danger of being tempted
by the low, groggeries, than by the
gilded saloon. If a thing is wrong
can taking money from it make it
right? If the price of Judas' crime
had been \$1,000 instead of 30 pieces
of silver, would it not have been less
detestable? [Applause.] I want to
see the day when from Florida to the
great lakes your country shall be un-
der Prohibition. [Applause.]

"England is blighted by the liquor
curse. It is an octopus which is
trampling the life out of us. Thirty-
nine million pounds of excise money
goes annually into the treasury; and
the £10,000,000 for charity, £5,000,-
000 on her police—a sum greater than
the cost of maintaining her army
and navy. Just so far as a nation
renders herself wealthy by the de-
gradation of her people, so far is she
on the downward course to ruin.
God keep America from ever getting
into that condition. All the world
is looking at you. We are all
watching this experiment of the
government of the people for the
people, and by the people. If you
fail in this experiment you will
block the wheels of the advancing
civilization. You will fail if you
don't get your heels down on the
neck of the liquor traffic. [Applause.]

How is this to be done? Only
by dealing with this thing on the
principle of total abstinence for the
individual and Prohibition for the
State." [Applause.]

As Educators.

Temperance reformers are nothing
if they are not educators. They aim
at dispelling the ignorance that still
abounds regarding the baneful nature
of intoxicants. They seek to remove
the prejudice that prevails against
the adoption of the simple, agreeable,
and salutary practice of total abstin-
ence from all intoxicants as a rule
of life. They endeavor to expose
the dreadful results of our drinking
system on all classes of society. And
they labour, in season and out of

season, to create a strong, intelligent
and active public opinion against
the traffic in intoxicating liquor,
with a view to its entire suppression
at the earliest possible moment. A
more important proposition for
the moral and social welfare of the
people never was formulated or en-
tered upon. It has commanded the
active sympathy of large numbers
of men and women in every station
of life, and it is backed by a moral
power that is rapidly gathering ir-
resistible force that will culminate
sooner or later in the emancipation
of our country from the most galling
and degrading tyranny that ever
crushed a free people.—J. L. S. in
Glasgow Reformer.

The Importance of the Press.

In the great work of agitation, the
fullest advantage must be taken of
every available and legitimate means
of furthering the cause. While the
wide circulation of temperance litera-
ture is of essential importance, it must
never be forgotten that there are num-
erous opportunities, through the pub-
lic press of stating our case and plead-
ing our cause. In this respect, mat-
ters are very much changed for the
better during the last twenty years.
The growing importance of the tem-
perance question has been freely ac-
knowledged on all hands, and little
difficulty is now experienced in secur-
ing excellent opportunities for stating
facts, correcting fallacies, and submit-
ting arguments. Indeed, there are
few stronger evidences of the solid
growth of our movement than the
marked respect with which the dis-
cussion of its principles is treated by
the newspaper press of the country.
—*Glasgow Reformer*

Their Reward.

Whenever an editor takes a stand
for justice according to the laws of
the land he is sure to rouse a spirited
opposition from those who are ignor-
ant of the law or, knowing the law,
prefer to wink at its violation. A
case in point comes from Coon Rapids,
Editor Henry of the *Enterprise* has
fought bravely for the enforcement of
the prohibitory law. With what re-
sult? He succeeded in a number of
cases in a number of instances in prov-
ing that the law can be enforced even
in Carrol county. But he made ene-
mies. Anyone does, who upholds
the law. His enemies laid in wait
for him and tried to murder him.
He has recovered from his injuries.
The last move has been to start an
opposition paper in hopes that his
support may be withdrawn and he be
thereby compelled to leave.—*Empire
Vidette*.

Chaplain McCabe says: "The
Johnston tragedy has this compen-
sation; it gives us a measure of the
ruin of the rum traffic for a single
month. I would rather see my boy
swept down the dark waters of the
Conemaugh than to see him bore
away from home and hope and
Heaven on the flood-tide of intem-
perance."

One-fifth of the population of the
Congo Free State are already vic-
tims to drink, and things are rapidly
getting worse. And why? Because
the lust for gold so possessed some
men—claiming all the while to be
highly reputable—that they will seek
at all hazards. Surely the vengeance
of heaven will sooner or later over-
take all such!

The *Times* correspondent in Brus-
sels, telegraphing recently says:
The number of public-houses in
Belgium amounts to 150,000, one
for every forty of the population,
and the usual consumption of spirits
is 54,000,000 litres, or about nine
litres per head. It is with a view
to remedy this crying evil that the
government wishes to impose a
heavy duty on all additional public-
houses in which spirits are to be
sold.