

Temperance Journal.

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Herman H. Pitts
Editor and Proprietor.]

Only a Boy.

I am only a boy, with a heart light and
and free;
I am brimming with mischief and frolic
and glee;
I dance with delight, and I whistle and
sing,
And you think such a boy never cares for a
thing.

But boys have their troubles, though jolly
they seem;
Their thoughts can go further than most
people deem.
Their hearts are as open to sorrow as joy,
And each has his feelings, though only a
boy.

Now oft when I've worked hard at piling
the wood,
Have done all my errands, and tried to be
good,
I think I might then have a rest or a play;
But how shall I manage? Can any one say?

If I start for a stroll, it is "Keep off the
street!"
If I go to the house, it is "Mercy! what
feet!"
If I take a seat, 'tis "Here! give me the
chair!"
If I lounge by a window, 'tis "Don't loiter
there!"

If I ask a few questions, 'tis "Don't
bother me!"
Or else, "Such a torment I never did see!
I am scolded or cuffed if I make the least
noise,
Till I think in this wide world there's no
place for boys.

At school they are shocked if I want a good
play;
At home or at church, I am so in the way;
And it's hard, for I don't see that boys are
to blame,
And 'most any boy, too, will say just the
same.

Of course a boy can't know as much as
man,
But we try to do right, just as hard as we
can.
Have patience, dear people, though oft we
annoy,
For the best man on earth once was "Only
a Boy."

—School Journal.

A Trust-Song.

Just as God leads me I would go;
I would not ask to choose my way,
Content with what He will bestow,
Assured he will not let me stray.
So as He leads my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in Him confiding.

Just as God leads I am content;
I rest me calmly in His hands;
That which He has decreed and sent,
That which His will for me commands,
I would that He should all fulfill,
That I should do His gracious will
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads I will resign;
I trust me to my Father's will;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfill—
That which His love ordained as right
Before He brought me to the light—
My all to Him resigning.

Just as God leads me I abide;
In faith, in hope, in suffering true,
His strength is ever by my side;
Can aught my hold on Him undo?
I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing,
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads I onward go;
Oft amid thorns and briars seen,
God does not yet His guidance show,
But in the end it shall be seen
How, by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true, He leads me still.
—Lampertus, 1625.

At Night.

EMMA S. ARBEART.

Sometimes when the burdens of the day
Have seemed more than I could bear,
And I sink to my welcome couch at night,
Almost too tired for prayer,
There comes to my soul the restful thrill,
And rapture of God's felt care.

I hear a whisper in my heart
Bidding my striving cease,
And the touch of his hand on my forehead
brings
From all worldly cares, release;
And my spirit is wrapped and baptized in
Gods' own infinite peace.]

What am I, Lord, that thou bidd'st me rest
When others must wake and weep?
And O! will our toiling end like this
When death's shadows 'round us creep?
Yea; Lord! for thou lov'st us, and thou
givest
To thy beloved—sleep.
—Chris. Standard.

Bonny Jean's Escape.

BY MRS. J. M'NAIR WRIGHT.

"My poor Jean was never head-
strong or wilful before," said Widow
Kent, with tears in her eyes, "and
now it seems she has taken the very
worst time to go wrong! If she
marries badly she'll ruin her life, and
Jim Barr is a bad fellow. But Jean
won't hear reason about him."

"Bonny Jean Kent must be be-
witched," said the neighbors.
"Whatever can she see in James
Barr, a coarse, rude fellow, that
drinks, and she so modest and sweet!
She'll repent to the last day she lives
if she marries him."

But nothing that they said could
move Jean Kent. The bold flatter-
ing tongue of the handsome James
Barr had completely beguiled her,
and now the wedding was but a
week away.

Jean was one at a merry country
party at the house of Mrs. Wade, the
aunt with whom James lived. The
young people were all noisy and gay.

"We'll have some egg-nog, first of
all," said James. "Jean, how do
you like yours, sweet and strong?"
"I never tried any," said Jean.

"Never tasted egg-nog?" shouted
James, and the Wade boys:

"Mother don't believe in such
things," said Jean.

"Well, you're not to be tied to
her apron any more. You never
tasted wine, never went to a theatre,
don't know how to play cards, or use
slang. I've got lots to teach you,
Jean," and James winked at his
cousins.

Jean's eyes filled with tears, but
she took the glass of egg-nog in
silence. It did not taste very good,
she thought.

"Jean, come tell us how much
butter to put in the candy," cried her
chief friend, Nancy Lee, from the
kitchen.

When Jean hurried off, leaving
her half-empty glass, "Now for a
trick," said James, and he filled the
glass with clear whiskey, and put
some egg froth and cream on top.
Presently Jean came back.

"I've bet my new cutter against
Tom's hat," cried James, "that you'd
drink all your egg-nog, to please me,
Jean. Take it quick, there's a dear.
You'll not lose me our new cutter,
will you, Jean?"

Flattered by that "our," Jean
caught up the treacherous glass, and
drank it off quickly. Then the red
rose over her face, tears flew to her
eyes, she put her hand to her throat.
Oh, how the stuff burnt! "I did
not think it was so strong," she faltered.
James and his friends laughed
loudly.

In a few minutes the liquor began
to affect Jean; she laughed noisily,
talked in a high key, told what she
had paid for her wedding dress, what
her mother had said about James,
how many pairs of shoes she had, and
answered whatever questions James
asked. The usually shy, sensitive
girl, had become bold and rude.
James plied her with questions, and
laughed and joked at her folly. His
aunt tried to interfere, but he paid no
heed. Then Nancy Lee, hearing the
noise, came in, and in a moment
learned the shameful trick. She was
furiously angry, led Jean into the
bedroom, locked the door, wrapped
her in a shawl, and lay down on the
bed by her, till Jean fell asleep.

"You're not going home with us,
James," said Nancy coldly to Barr.
"Jean is going to stay with me all
night, and my brother will see us
home."

"You missed your mark by that
trick, James," said his aunt.

Pooh! Jean won't care, she's too
good-natured, said James, as the
door closed behind the guests.

You'll see if she cares, said his
aunt, angrily.

By the time they reached Nancy's
Jean was quite herself. Then
Nancy told her the wicked trick,
and described the shameful scene,
not sparing Jean the full story of
James disgraceful and cruel conduct.

A man, says Nancy, who will
hold up to ridicule the woman he
loves, who will join his friends in
mocking and disgracing the girl
whom he means to promise to love,
honor, and cherish, is a man incap-
able of love or respect. James is
not only bad himself, but he shows
that he is willing to degrade you to
his own level. Instead of being
your protector and friend, he will be
your enemy.

Jean heard in horror and shame
this miserable story. Between grief,
anger, and remorse, she cried all
night, and in the morning was too
ill to rise. But she sent for her
mother and told her the whole affair,
and asked her to go to James and
tell him that she should never even
speak to him again.

It's a hard lesson, said Widow
Kent, but I'm glad it's learned in
good time.

The rest of that Winter Jean look-
ed so mortified and miserable that
all the neighbors pitied her when
she would go out for a stroll in the
bare lanes, with little Effie, her sis-
ter.

But it's well to learn such truths
before it is too late, they said. Jean
is good and she is young; she'll be
happy again.

And so it was. When spring
came the brightness of life came
back to Jean, and she felt thankful
for her escape. Every word of this
is true.

Years after, when she had a pret-
ty home and an excellent husband,
she used to wonder how she could,
even for a moment, have thought of
marrying James Barr.—*Youth's
Temperance Banner.*

Save the Boys.

BY GEORGE R. SCOTT.

Save the boys of America from the
curse of the saloons, if for no other
reason than that they are to be the
future citizens of a country that is
governed by the verdict of the ballot-
box.

No other nation can give as many
good reasons why its boys should be
properly brought up as this country
can.

They are the oldest young boys on
the face of the globe. They take to
using canes and wearing high hats
before other boys even think of set-
ting up to be anybody.

America boys are worth the trouble
of saving. There is a remarkable
force of character about them. They
think, plan and execute so vigorously
that it is well for every sober, thinking
man to do his utmost to see that they
start right.

What's the value of an American
boy? The price of an immortal soul.
Figure that up, if you can, and you
have an idea of what a boy is worth.

If not a single boy in this country
ever got drunk the saloons ought to be
abolished just the same, for the reason
that they teach all kinds of devilry
apart from drunkenness.

Gambling is not conducive to good
morals. Yet in the saloon can be
always seen the dice-box and cards.
"Let's throw for drinks" is a common
invitation nightly extended to the
customers present. Pool-playing is
an attractive feature of the
saloons, and has started more young
men on the road to the State prisons
than perhaps any other folly.

Swearing is another devilish art
taught in saloons. If all oaths that
fell from the lips of the patrons of
gin-mills dropped on the floor, it
would not take many weeks to fill
the bar-rooms up to the extent of
making it impossible to gain an en-
trance.

Lewd conversation is the best way
to win the hearty approval of the
average saloon bums. The more
filthy the better. A clean story, even
if well told, would fall as flat as a pan-
cake on the ears of the patrons of a
purely country saloon. If smut could
be sold for twenty-five cents a ton
there could be a good living picked
up in the average saloon without much
difficulty.

Disrespect for the Word of God
and its teachings is another character-
istic of habitual frequenters of saloons.
You can always hear within their
walls a good word for Bob Ingersoll,
but never one for the teachings of the
Saviour or of St. Paul.

The walls of a saloon are generally
lined with pictures of Yankee Sulli-
van, Tom Hyer, John Morrissey,
John L. Sullivan, Jake Kilrain, and
other pugilistic notables; and as often
decorated with pictures that no boy
would be willing to point out to his
sister.

Almost all the riots that this coun-
try has been cursed with have been
bred and nursed in the saloons.

A bar-room is no place for boys.
It is the most frequented gate-way to
the lane that leads to hell.

The good people of America ought
to arise, as one man, and try to save
the boys from this blighting curse.

The worst boy that treads this soil
is too good to be allowed to fall into
any of these trap-doors to the pit.

Save him, if possible, for his own
sake; for his mother's sake; for the
sake of his country; and, if not for
these reasons, for his Redeemer's sake,
so that his blood-bought soul may
live hereafter with Him who re-
deemed it.

Save the boys! Let all the voting
population of America respond
"Amen"

A Rhode Island United States Senator On Temperance.

Senator Chace, while yet the
Quaker United States Senator from
Rhode Island, in a recent letter to a
citizen of that State, writes:

"I desire to say to thee again that
my views in regard to this temperance
question have not changed in the least.
If the Republican party do not keep
step with the music of the times—in
other words, if they do not follow
along pretty closely to the growth of
moral sentiment, which in my view is
rapidly going forward in regard to
this question—they will get left,
and they ought to. Perhaps it is too
much for us to expect that they will
go as fast or as far as some of us
would like to have them go, but there
must be no retrograding; there must
be no time service. If there is, many
of the best men in the party will
leave it. I am in favour of the
enactment of something like the
Kansas Law. I am utterly opposed
to a resubmission of the Prohibitory
Amendment. I am in favour of
supporting the Attorney-General in
the steps he has taken against this
false assumption of power by which
temperance legislation has been nulli-
fied in the past. I think, if we can
hold our little State a few years longer,
there will grow up a sentiment in
favour of temperance which will be
healthy, strong, and vigorous.

"These, very briefly stated, are my
sentiments, and I have no conceal-
ment to make; and thee or any of my
friends are at perfect liberty to
proclaim them in public or private,
at all times and under all circum-
stances. I write this, because this
morning I received a letter from a
friend, who says it is reported that
I am a party to some trading and
dickering. There is not a particle of
foundation for any such statement.
I did not know before I received the
letter that there was, or that there
was supposed to be, any such trading,
and I hope now that there has not
been any such."

Very sincerely,
J. Chace.

Wanamaker Speaks Out.

No Uncertain Sound from the
Postmaster General.

Just as the saloon keepers must
answer for every glass he sells, so
we must answer for voting for liquor.
It is simply a question of whether or
not we are in favor of the saloon. It
isn't a question of high license. The
quibble that prohibition does not

prohibit has nothing to do with it.
The law against stealing does not
prevent stealing. The same power
that puts the Amendment on our
Constitution will attend to the en-
forcement of the law. It is our duty
to make it as difficult to get liquor
as it is to get poison. License means
that the city, the State and the saloon-
keeper shall go in partnership to ruin
men, to build up jails, almshouses,
hospitals and houses of correction and
to keep up the taxes.

God is going to count the votes.
Vote for prohibition and you will be
voting for Him, for order, for religion
and for the highest civilization. He
will see every ballot. When you go
home to-night go down on your knees
every one of you, and pray God to
help you carry the amendment.
*Postmaster General Wanamaker
before his great school.*

Blessings of Prohibition in Kansas.

Galena is one of the meanest min-
ing towns in Kansas. It has a popu-
lation of over 4,000 people, and its
citizens, both men and women, are
of the toughest class, nearly all of
them working in the lead and zinc
mines. It lies right on the Missouri
line, and conditions for the violation
of the Prohibition law are especially
favorable. A reporter of the *New
York Sun* visited the town recently,
and in an extended description in a
recent issue of that paper he says:

"The citizens assert and the
stranger must believe that Prohibi-
tion has benefited Galena. Colonel
Stone, of the South Side Mining
Company, said:

"Before the change was made we
had regularly to advance money to
from ten to fifty of our men every
Monday morning. They had squan-
dered their week's earnings between
Saturday and Monday. Now we are
not called on to advance at all.
Formerly we had a charitable organi-
zation here, and by entertainments
and in other ways we raised hun-
dreds of dollars, and gave to the needy
and were still unable to relieve all
the distress. But for three years we
had no society of the kind, nor has
there been any occasion for one. The
homes of the city show the thrift that
has followed Prohibition. Those of
us who opposed the measure have
been pretty nearly all converted by
its workings. Men who kept saloons
are now most pronounced in praising
the results of the law. The place
was against the measure before, but
now any attempt to repeal the law
would be defeated by a two-thirds
majority."

Boys Beware of His Fate.

A striking spectacle was witnessed
in the Four Courts of St. Louis
recently. A young man was under
arrest for some crime. Before being
committed to prison, he was taken to
the photographer's rooms and his pic-
ture taken to be sent to the various
cities keeping "rogues' galleries," to
be hung up on the walls with the
faces of other criminals kept there.
The description of the feeling mani-
fested by the young man on this
occasion is both touching and sugges-
tive:

"Big tears formed in his eyes, and
fell down his cheeks. He dropped
his head on his breast and cried.
He was so overcome with emotion
that he could not speak until he was
again placed in his cell. After swal-
lowing great lumps in his throat, he
said he now felt he had dropped
from the role of a gentleman to that
of the lowest criminal; and the
thought of his picture being placed in
the rogues' gallery was more than he
could bear."

How dreadful to be classed with
the workers of iniquity, and to be-
come the spectacle before man and
angels of one who rejected light and
truth, and basely sinned against a
great and gracious God. That por-
trait will stand in that gallery for
ever. So, be sober and virtuous lest
you too sink low through crime.