

Temperance Journal.

ORGAN OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF AMERICA

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1889

\$1.00 per Annum
Vol. V., No. 13.

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A Barrel of Whiskey.

A drayman rolled forth from his cart to the street
A red-headed barrel, well bound and complete;
And on it red letters, like forked tongues of flame,
Emblazoned the grade, number, quality, fame.
Of this world-renowned whisky from somebody's still,
Who arrested the grain on the way to the mill.

So there stood the barrel delivered, but I
Could see that a shadow was hovering nigh—
A sulphurous shadow, that grew as I gazed
To the form of Mephisto. Though sorely amazed,
I ventured to question this imp of the realm
Where Vice is the pilot, with Crime at the helm,
And asked him politely his mission to name,
And if he was licensed to retail the same
Identical barrel of whiskey which he
Was fondly surveying with demoniac glee?

"Oh, I never handle the stuff," he replied,
"My partners mortal are trusty and tried;
Mayhap, peradventure, you might wish to look
At the invoice complete—I will read from this book.

You will find that this barrel contains
Somethin' more
Than forty-two gallons of whiskey
And ere I could slip but another word in,
He checked it off gaily, this cargo of sin:—

"A barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of woes,
A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows;
A barrel of tears from a world-weary wife;
A barrel of sorrow, a barrel of strife;
A barrel of all-unavailing regret;
A barrel of cares and a barrel of debt;
A barrel of crime and a barrel of pain;
A barrel of hopes ever blasted and vain;
A barrel of falsehoods, a barrel of cries
That fall from the maniac's lips as he dies

A barrel of poison—of this nearly full;
A barrel of poverty, ruin and blight;
A barrel of terrors that grow with the night;
A barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans;
A barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans;
A barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass
From the bead on the liquor that glows in the glass.
My barrel! my treasure! I bid thee farewell,
Sow ye the foul seed, I will reap it in hell!"

TRUE HEROISM.

Let others write of battles fought
On bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins,
And death the man who yields;
But I will not write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins—
Who struggles on through weary years
Against himself and wins.

He is a hero, true and brave,
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
His passions base and low;
And stands erect in manhood's might,
Undaunted, undismayed—
The bravest man who drew a sword
In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brain
Or muscle, to overcome
An enemy who marcheth not
With banner, plume or drum—
A foe forever lurking nigh,
With silent, stealthy tread,
Forever near your board by day,
At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart,
Though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his baser part,
Who conquers and is free.
He may not wear a hero's crown
Or fill a hero's grave,
But truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

I saw a mother give wine to her boy
The rain drops fall and fall;
The pride of his parents, a household joy,
A mother's blessing, her all.

I saw the cheek of the youth grow red—
The rain falls over the sea,
The light of his eye shone like jewels, they said,
It spoke of ruin to me.

I saw the youth drink again and again—
The rain falls heavily and fast,
I saw the mother's brow furrowed with pain,
She was reaping her harvest at last.

I saw the youth go staggering by—
The rain drops beat and beat,
Dull was the light of his beautiful eye,
I saw him fall in the street.

I heard the rabble cry shame! oh, shame!
The rain drops sob and sob,
I heard the drunkard's once honored name
Shouted aloud by the mob.

I saw the youth carried home to his door—
The rain drops sob and sob,
Saw the friends shun him who sought him before,
Saw him sink lower and die.

I saw the stone that bore only his name—
The rain drops chatter and rave,
I saw the mother with sorrow and shame,
Bowed to the brink of the grave.

—ETNA WHEELER.

THE CRIME AND INFAMY OF RUM SELLING.

THE BALLOT THE ONLY REMEDY.

(By W. Jennings DeMorest.)

In opposition to the oft repeated assumption and taunt that Prohibition does not prohibit, it is amusing to see how the brewers and distillers are exercised over the probable success of the amendment for Constitutional Prohibition in the various States. They say these amendments will ruin our business and this is just what Prohibition is after and their apprehension is the best proof that Prohibition will and does prohibit.

The Liquor dealers in their demands for protection of law would be justified in their claims if their business was a fair one and gave honorable and helpful employment, but instead of being a useful business, it is not only positively injurious, but it is a monster evil which destroys many of the lives of the best men and women of the country and so detrimental to society that not less than nine-tenths of all the crime and wretchedness and pauperism of our country is directly traceable to its diabolical work, so that we are not only justified in a condemnation of the business as the greatest outrage on our homes and civilization, but we are called upon to oppose the business with an honest and earnest indignation prompted by humanity and a just claim of self protection, nor can we withhold our influence or our political opportunities to banish this monster of vice and corruption from the land, without being responsible for the suffering, woe and misery that the traffic produces.

We are not only justified in waging a war on their business, but we are compelled to conclude that nothing but entire Prohibition of the Liquor traffic from the nation and a brand of infamy put on the manufacture, sale and importation of this Liquid poison will accomplish the purpose.

The ghastly results of this horrid business show its true colors in the bloated faces and a long train of criminal deeds, misery, pauperism and anarchy. And all this to find but a slight recognition from the people generally, is despicable enough, but the criminal and most heartless spectacle is to be seen in the attitude of respectable, intelligent voters in their silence, or wicked apathetic indifference to this crying curse, and if possible, the more traitorous connivance with a legal sanction to encourage liquor selling by withholding their votes, for it is only the votes of the people that will be the millstone to drown this monster evil, and it is only votes that the Liquor dealers dread.

Moral suasion, regulation taxation, restriction, or any temporizing concessions to this terrible evil is too feeble and sentimental a method of dealing with this hideous monster and a just reflection on our common sense not to say common honesty.

If I know the sneak thief is after my watch, or the burglar will enter my house at mid-night, or my family are threatened with some terrible calamity that can be averted by some effort of mine, who is to say that I must stop and parley with the criminal, or wait until the act is committed.

If some fiendish outlaw threatens the life of my children, or puts a torch to my house must I talk about restriction, or moral suasion only?

Or if I am throttled on the street with a threat of "your money or your life," must I justify the robber and allow him to say "this is a free country and I have no right to interfere with his business," and hand over my watch and money without protest and do it again and again until it becomes so common a practice that any objection to the robber's business would be called a sumptuary law that interferes with his personal liberty.

Or shall we take the criminal practices of very bad men, especially those crimes that are most injurious to society such cruel crimes that bring lamentation, misery and wretch-

edness in nearly every household, and justify these crimes with a legal sanction by telling these criminals that for a certain sum of money we will give them a monopoly of special districts to carry on their terrible depredations on the lives and property of the people without molestation and all because this is said to be a free country; or why is it that these Liquor dealers are allowed to taunt us with a desire a restrict personal liberties without rebuke!

Out with such monstrous fallacies! such nonsensical twaddle! The personal liberty they want is to justify their wicked and pernicious business. Could we suppose it possible that in any civilized community that such criminal practices could find any justification without entire destruction of the peoples rights with disintegration and annihilation of all there is in life worth living.

Is it not inevitable therefore that demoralization, anarchy, riot and destruction will surely follow such concessions as we give to these Liquor dealers who are known to be the most formidable and treacherous enemies of our homes and the destroyers of all good influences and the best interests of the people?

What are the elements of anarchy and the destruction of Society if it is not virtue dethroned?

Lawless selfishness let loose on the people through sanctioned crime.

Law so framed as to be a pretext and justification for violence.

Crime enthroned into law and a fee demanded for its perpetration.

Or the people silent when crime is rampant in the Community.

And who are the most responsible for these infamous practices, these outrages concessions to bad and unscrupulous men, or to the worst forms of vice and crime, if not those who are supposed to be representatives of the people's rights, more especially christian ministers and church members who are supposed to be teachers of moral duties, or the sovereign people who make law through their votes at the ballot box?

Why is it that intelligent, moral people are so apathetic or so oblivious to the most imperative duties they owe to society, but especially to those of their own household?

Shall our country be deluged with crime and the people pamper, laud and fete the criminals? Our homes devastated and our property menaced by a horde of pirates and the people bribe the pirates to continue and perpetuate their piracy?

Is it possible to find in all history such blind and stupid folly as is illustrated in the people's, but more especially in the legal sanction of this monster evil, the Liquor traffic through the votes of a christian people?

But the desperate conflict with the Liquor traffic which has been aroused by the moral sentiment that the saloons cruel war has provoked, promises to be the most important movement ever inaugurated for the benefit of humanity.

The Liquor Dealers are getting desperate in their clamor for protection to their nefarious business, and while nursing their forces and collecting large funds of money to save the saloon are defiantly aggressive in their movements in all sections of the country.

The demands of the people for protection of their blighted and blasted homes and a degraded humanity are equally determined that the saloon must go under. That this monster of vice and desolation must and will be annihilated by the votes of the people, is becoming more and more apparent every day.

Ballots for Prohibition are to be the new reapers and mowers that are to be used to gather in this rich and abundant harvest for God, Home and Humanity. The conscience of the Church and people is being vitalized with enthusiasm and loudly calling on the intelligent, conscientious and heroic voters of our country to concentrate their efforts at the ballot box and we will find that

faith, energy and devotion will soon sweep all barriers into the sea of oblivion and a new enlightenment will greet the world with a moral revolution. But we must combine to use these weapons of Prohibition that have been so skillfully and effectively arranged to batter down our enemies defenses. Political Prohibition enforced by the votes of the people at the ballot box, must be our battle cry for demolishing the citadel of the rum Power.

The ballot with a party to enforce prohibition are the modern appliances, the long range Gatling guns, which if brought into requisition, with all the conscience and energy that God has endowed us, will settle the whole question and the piratical rum-seller, with his horde of sycophant sympathizers, will be hauled into such a deep abyss that no drinker will be able to see the smallest remnant of this destructive and hateful business.

And this culmination of enforced Prohibition through the ballot-box, will inaugurate the dawn of a new moral and christian civilization, to bless our country with a glorious future. A grand resurrection of advanced intelligence, moral development and national prosperity.

"Wrong the right is hard assailing,
All advances to defy;
Never mind! God's help availing,
Right will conquer wrongs entailing,
Forward! banners never trailing
Forward! let us do or die!"

Wells.

It is the beautiful Southland, where the pearly shells of the orange flowers were falling, there played together a little sister and brother. She was five summers old, and he scarce three, but she was his little guardian through all the bright, glad, play hours. Near the house was a well, left by some chance with a low curbing, so low that the chubby darling, by leaning over, could see his eyes in the water and the blue sky. The temptation was so great that it was a constant care to keep Willie away from the well, for though covered with boards at last, and a stone on top of these, some one might leave them out of place, and Gracie never forgot to look at the well when they went out to play.

Oh, that happy home, so full of sunshine, so sweet with the music of child voices! So soon to be shadowed! Baby Willie's hands one day catching the snow flowers as they fell, and the next folded so white and cold with a cluster of half-opened buds. How still and comfortless the days were without him! And he would never come back any more.

One day, through the silent air there came the sound of a child's pitiful prayer; Gracie, kneeling by the empty crib, not knowing her mother heard, spoke to the listening ear of the Heavenly Father: "Dear God, please take good care of my little brother in Heaven until I get there. And, dear God, if there are any wells in Heaven, don't let him fall in."

Not all at once could the child trust the baby brother even to angel hands, and her love went before to shield from harm. She could not understand that on earth alone is danger and death.

A kindred prayer goes up from thousands of homes; "Dear God, the way of life is full of wells of danger; don't let my loved ones fall in!" Has it not been the prayer of motherhood since the blood of Abel cried from the ground? Does not the warning voice reach through the ages to come, and echo back to us with the heart breaks of generations unborn? Must it be so? Is not love mightier than death? Need there be about our homes wells at once a comfort and a terror? The fear stamped on Gracie's heart was a costlier thing than a safe well would have been. Can we measure the gold of the heart by the gold of the mart? If it was your child, sister, brother, mine, would you not make

all the yard about home a safe place for the little feet to wander, at whatever expense or labor, rather than have that prayer coming back to you every hour, "If there are any wells—"

It was the kindly hands of the father that had dug this well in the pretty yard among the orange trees. He had put the low curbing so that the water could be drawn easily; then the stout boards, too strong for little hands to move. But somebody left the well uncovered.

Close by the home an enemy hath dugged a well. Close by all homes, until the danger covers the face of the earth. Not a well of pure water, but of poison. And Satan brews and distills the poison, and holds it out in tempting goblets. Some of the mothers know the danger, and their prayers are going up in strong pleadings that God will speedily send relief. They implore the fathers to fill up the wells and drive the brewers and distillers of the poison out of the land. They gather the children to teach them about the temptation in their way, the low curbing, glass-wreathed, that hides the treacherous well. Mayhap the fathers have dug the well for themselves, and have thought to restrict the use with a few boards and a stone, but somebody left the well uncovered. The golden-haired pet of the household looked in the cup where the few drops sparkled on the sugar that sweetened the bitter draught, and, looking, tasted. He saw the father draw up his bucket of beer day after day, and once he ventured to look in, and then when father and mother were away he let down his own tin play bucket. And often after that he pushed the boards aside and cared not for the stones, until his young manhood was gone, and he was a poor slave to sin. Then the father cursed his own folly, and speedily helped dig wells for other boys because he did not conquer the desire within himself, and did not bring the strong arm of "Thou shalt not" against the army of evil, constantly making more wells in the path of the children.

It is a truth. Danger and death lurk in the cider barrel, in the wine bottle, in the beer cask, in the whisky decanter, and in whatever form alcohol—the arch enemy of souls—lifts his hydra head. In the old Jewish law, if a man digged a pit, and did not cover it, he was held responsible for damage or loss of life.

O father, brother, you love your home, your children! Down in your deepest, truest self, you know your hand shall never dig a well of danger for human feet to fall in, and as a law maker you should do all in your power to prevent the "pits of destruction" from being made at all.

Do you not hear Gracie praying: "Dear Father, please take care of my little brother, and if there are any wells, won't you fill them up?"—From Vermont Home Guards.

China imported 8,127 barrels of English beer during 1888, and France 9,631, Roumania only had three barrels, but, on the other hand, the small community at Aden 4,274. In Egypt the consumption of so large a quantity as 9,217 barrels was doubtless due to the thirsty British soldiers there. Thirty-seven barrels went to Persia. Five barrels were actually forwarded all the way to Madagascar.

The Popular Science Monthly gives the following: "M. Marambel reports that of 3000 convicts in France examined with respect to their habits of drunkness or temperance, seventy-nine per cent. of vagabonds, from fifty to fifty-seven per cent. of assassins and incendiaries, fifty-three per cent. of offenders against morals, seventy-one per cent. of thieves and sharpers and seventy-seven per cent. of offenders against property were drunkards. Drunkards are nearly as numerous among youths as among adults."