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THE SEA OF ALCOHOL.

BY MARTIN BUTLER.

There is a sea whose gloomy shores
Are strewn with human bones,
And o'er its waves we still can hear
The dying shrieks and groans
Of the poor wretches day by day
Who in its waters fall,
And sink beneath in endless death
In the sea of Alcohol.

No port of safety lies beyond,
It only leads to death;
The winds that waft its barks along
Are the destroyer's breath.
Low thunders roll along its shores,
And lightnings fierce appal
The traveller, who wanders by
The sea of Alcohol.

'Tis shunned you'll say a plague-cursed spot
Like Hades' burning lake,
That scarce a traveller on its shores
His journey dares to take.
No wild adventurer will dare
Upon its beach to call,
Much less embark and sail upon
The sea of Alcohol.

Ah, no! your wrong, a motley throng
The young, the old, the gay,
With shout and laughter, jest and song
Still launch their boats away.
And many a vessel stout and strong,
Bark, schooner, brig, and yawl,
Are daily seen sailing on
The sea of Alcohol.

The agents of the steamboat lines
That sail to endless woe,
With dark brandy, gin and wines,
Upon this ocean go.
They will never leave a stone unturned,
To get you in their thrall;
They'll rob you and then sink you in
The sea of Alcohol.

Their ticket offices are fins,
Built by the poor man's pence;
Their signs are "Whiskey, rum and wine."
You'll not be driven hence
Until your last remaining coin
Into their coffers fall;
You're taken then and thrown upon
The sea of Alcohol.

Perhaps you may be picked up by
The noble rescue boat,
The temperance people late have built
If you can keep afloat
Until they reach you, and if then
You're not beyond recall
You safely may escape at last
The sea of Alcohol.

So to the rescue now my lads
And dare this stormy sea,
With hope to cheer and God to guard
We'll strike out manfully.
Although our ship's in poor repair,
Our number is but small,
We hope to rescue thousands from
The sea of Alcohol.

We'll meet with many an enemy
With which we'll have to fight,
And bleed and die, but victory
Will surely crown the right.
And then, full many a noble prize
Into our hands will fall.
Oh is not this worth fighting on
The sea of Alcohol?

Then heart and hand, let every man
In hope and strength unite,
To help the cause and keep the laws
And cheer along the fight.
Soon we will see the bondage free
And Satan's kingdom fall,
In hell be swallowed up at last
The sea of Alcohol.

Marysville, Feb 20th, 1889.

FOUND DEAD.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

"Found dead by the roadside, Augustus Hall,
With a bottle clasped to his frozen breast:
He died from drink, where he chanced to fall—
Ran the Coroner's verdict—and this was all;
God only knows the rest.

Where was the soul, once brave and strong,
As he staggered along the broad highway?
Where was the Mentor of right and wrong,
As he babbled a stave of the drinking song
Heard in a den that day?

"Vive la vie!" as the maudlin swell
Went trembling out on the starboard air,
And echo mocked from the frozen dell,
"La vie—la vie!" he reeled and fell,
Where to, he did not care.

The wind in the leafless treetops beat
The onward march of a wintry storm,
The snow came down with silent feet,
And tenderly spread a winding sheet
Over the human form.

They found him there, when the morning light
Shone over the woodland far and free,
Still and stark, in the shimmering white,
With his lips apart as yesternight,
He sung "Vive la vie!"

This human wreck in his rags and grime,
The lowest and least of his fellow-men
Had never committed a penal crime—
Was followed and flattered in manhood's prime,
For eloquent tongue and pen.

He had led the van for truth and right,
But, alas! he fell where thousands yield;
Fell with the goal of his hopes in sight,
Fell, in the strength of his mind and might,
And sleeps in Potter's field.

The terrible sin, may God forefend,
Of the man who never stops to think
He may dig a pit, and shape the end,
Of a ruined life, when he asks a friend
To take a social drink.

—Youth's Companion.

STERLING FAXON'S EXPERIENCE.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

It was on the eve of an important election. For weeks balls had been packed with enthusiastic crowds listening to popular speakers, while long processions paraded the streets with flaming torches and flaunting banners. Favorite candidates had been extolled and opposing candidates decried, until men forgot to be either generous or just.

Sterling Faxon, candidate for an office he had long coveted, was in his library alone, counting over and over again his chances of success. That he would owe his election, if this was achieved, to widely different classes of society, no one knew better than himself, yet every vote cast for him would be cast for the liquor interest.

The wealthy citizen whose wine-cellar was stocked with the choicest vintage and the veriest sot who slaked his thirst in the vilest dens were alike sure to give him their votes. Brewers and distillers, wholesale and retail liquor-dealers of every grade—all are pledged to sustain him, while he in turn was pledged to defend their interests against all opposition.

This was to be the price of his election, and he would be held in strict account. He would be closely watched. There could be no wavering on his part. Scruples must be given to the winds, and he must follow the path marked out for him. Perhaps in his eager haste he had not before stopped to count the whole cost; but now that he was alone, with ample time for reflection, he questioned if he had done wisely.

A servant interrupted him to say that a boy wished to see him upon important business.

Show him in, was responded, and presently a coarsely-dressed Irish lad stood before him, hat in hand.

I was to bring this to you, said the visitor, extending a piece of brown paper closely folded.

I was told not to wait for an answer, but it must be ye'll send some money to the poor feller that's lyin' on the straw, and niver a bite to eat but what we poor ones give him. It's a garret he's in, and no fire. I'm thinking it's the drink that's brought him there, but there's many a one in fine houses as bad as he.

Mr. Faxon did not unfold the scrap of paper he had taken. One glance at the superscription sufficed. It had been written with a trembling hand, but there was no mistaking the writer.

I have nothing to give. You can go, said the gentleman, huskily.

And nothing to send the poor feller that's lyin' on the straw? He said ye was up for a big office, but I hope ye'll not get a vote, ye're that stingy.

What is it? asked a young girl who had entered the room in time to hear this last remark. Who calls my father stingy?—you? she cried, looking at the boy, who regarded her with wondering admiration.

Faith, and I did, he answered. I brought the gentleman a letter from a poor feller that's nigh dyin' and he won't send him what would kape the breath of life in him.

Does he ask for money, father?
I don't know. I have not read the letter.

Would there be an angel-sister to the poor feller on the straw? now exclaimed the lad. Sure as my eye can see, there's the very same looks.

Do you mean that I look like the poor fellow lying on the straw?
Sure Miss, I do.

There was a sudden paling of a fair, sweet face, and then the bearer of the strange letter was shown to the hall, where he was told to wait.

Only one person in the world would have presumed to address Sterling Faxon in the peremptory manner which seemed to leave him no choice of action. His only daughter was privileged, and when she read the message he had yielded to her demand, she turned to him—half

in anger, half in scorn—exclaiming:

Listen. From my pallet of straw in a fireless room, I congratulate you upon your political prospects. Your son, Harry. Think of that, father. My brother Harry wrote that and I am going to him. I will stay with him, too. You drove him from home because he couldn't drink wine as you do and keep sober. If mother had lived, he wouldn't have been turned into the street. I read in a paper to-day that you are the candidate all the liquor-men will vote for. It said: Sterling Faxon believes in liquor, and, after his experience, he ought to be able to judge intelligently of its effects. Those were the very words I read, father, and I shall never forget them. I came to tell you about them, and ask you to withdraw your name as a candidate. I am going to Harry now, father. Will you go with me?

Yes. I will order the carriage and take the boy with us to show us the way.

No more was said between the father and daughter. Not a word was spoken during the hurried drive, except as directions were given until they stopped before a wretched tenement house, when the young girl asked, doubtfully:

Is this the place.

Sure it is, Miss, was replied. Ye have only to follow me and I'll take ye to the garret where the poor feller is on the straw.

Up rickety stairs, through dark, narrow halls he led the way, stopping only to snatch a candle from his mother's room, which, when he reached the attic, he left in a niche of the chimney, saying as he did so: I'll not be far off. If ye want me, call for Pat, and I'll come.

It was a bitter hour for the proud man as he sank upon his knees by the side of his son, who turned from him with an impatient gesture.

Forgive me and come home with me, he murmured, while the daughter and sister stood by weeping.

Come home with us, she pleaded as soon as she could speak. Come home and we will begin all over again just as mother would have us. I shall not go until you go with me, Harry. I told Nurse Margery to have your room ready for you, and she will expect you. Let us leave this terrible place. I cannot breathe here.

It seemed long to the lad who waited in darkness, yet only a few minutes had passed before he was sent to bring a warm robe from the carriage. This was wrapped about the poor fellow, who was raised from his pallet of straw and assisted down the stairs, followed by the richly dressed girl, who rejoiced that she had found her brother.

The next day there was an item in the city papers announcing the fact that Sterling Faxon was no longer a candidate for office. No reason was given for this, but later, when it was known that his son was at home, and that he had banished wine from his table, the mystery was solved.

His experience had at last taught him to judge intelligently of the effects of alcoholic drinks.

WHAT THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IS.

THE LATE PETROLEUM V. NASHBY'S TRENCHANT CATALOGUE OF ITS EVILS.

It is the one business which has demoralization as its basis, which lives and thrives only upon vice. It kills out of a man every good impulse before that man is valuable to it, and the customer becomes valuable exactly in proportion as he becomes bad.

It is a business which is opposed by every true clergyman in the country.

It is a business which the merchant and business man hates and detests.

It is a business which is the standing dread of every mother.

It is a business which is the constant fear of any father.

It is a business which is the horror of every wife.

It is a business which makes 90 per cent. of the business of the criminal courts.

It is a business which makes 90 per cent. of the pauperism for which the tax payer has to pay.

It is a business which puts out the fire on the hearth and condemns wives and children to hunger, cold and rags.

It is a business which fosters vice for profit, and educates in wickedness for gain.

Drunkenness comprises all other vices. It is the dictionary of vice, for it includes every vice. Drunkenness means speculation, theft, robbery, arson, forgery, murder—for it leads to all these crimes.

It is a business which is at the bottom of all the political corruption of the country, the tool that has always been used by the unscrupulous politicians, from Boss Tweed to the very last bargainer in politics.

It is the business that is used for everything that is bad and demoralizing, and which has never been associated in any way with any good object or cause.

It is the business which is the drag upon progress, the enemy of civilization, and the bar to improvement.

It is the business that is the right hand of the gambler, the pugilist, the prostitute, the thief and the vagrant.

It is the business that originated that peripatetic nuisance, the tramp, and is the father and mother of everything in the way of vagrancy and crime.

It is the business that is answerable for a vast majority of the speculations and embezzlements and frauds by men in positions of trust.

It is the business that sweeps down every year thousands of young men, transforming them from the decent to the disreputable.

It is the one business in favor of which the only thing that can be said is that inasmuch as man owns himself he has the right to commit suicide, moral, mental and physical.

And this business, this Pandora's box insists that the law shall not touch it. This aggregation of crime insists that it shall go unchecked, unrestrained and unregulated. And, more than that, it assumes to make the laws, and insolently asserts to control the law making power.

Based upon vast capital and with an army of voters all in its interest, and controlling a still greater army of votes by the agency of appetite, it has taken possession of states as it long has of cities.

It is undermining our institutions and destroying the country. There is as but one way to meet it. There is no use in temporizing or compromising with it. The issue is made up. We have either to submit to its dictation or kill it. If the people are wise they will kill it. No matter what it costs, the rum power must be destroyed. It has grown to too great proportions now, and it is time that it be killed. Pulverize the rum power.

It is a business based upon the lowest instincts in human nature, and the only one of which no one has ever spoken except apologetically.

It is a business which no one dares assert that it does no harm, the only dispute about which is as to the amount of harm it accomplishes.

Said Senator James F. Wilson one of Iowa's noble sons, from the stump some years ago, and when men were being weighed in the balance, on the great liquor question: "If every political aspiration of my life goes down this moment, I will go down also with a clear conscience. So help me, God, no drunkard's palefaced wife should point to me, as I pass by, and say, 'There goes a man who contributed by word or act to my sorrow.' No half-clad and hungry child should shiver in the cold as the result of any act of mine. I am in favor of rational, consistent, persistent prohibition."—*Monroe Mirror*. There is the ring of a genuine reformer.

Old Deacon C's Pledge.

A FACT

Some forty or fifty years ago, a Temperance Society was organized in one of the thriving villages of New Jersey, and pledges were circulated.

Deacon C., a good old man, who always drank in moderation, was asked to sign the pledge.

No, no, said he, I cannot do it. I have always been used to the liquor, and I need it; I never am intoxicated, but must have my biters. Ask the young men to sign; it is just the thing for them, and they will do it.

Those who had been sent to the good deacon reported to the society the result of their interview, and much disappointment was felt.

Give me a pledge, and I will try and induce him to sign it, said the Worthy President, who felt the importance of having the deacon on the right side.

The pledge was given into his hard hand, and he went to the good deacon's house, and there he advanced the same arguments that the other brethren had advanced, and met with the same answer.

No, no, said Deacon C, I cannot sign the paper. I am accustomed to the liquor, and require it. Go to the young men. It is just what they need; ask them to sign it.

We have asked them, said the president, and they all refuse to do it.

How is that? asked Deacon C.; he always drinks, and never becomes intoxicated. We can do as he does; so it is useless to sign the pledge.

Do they really say that? inquired the astonished deacon.

Yes that is their argument.

And you are certain that the young men quote me as a reason for not signing the pledge?

Yes, sir, quite certain, said the president.

Then give me a paper; and soon the old deacon's name was attached to the pledge.

Be careful! Your example may be leading many into right or wrong in this same manner.

The Fight in Ontario.

A vigorous Scott Act repeal campaign is being carried on. The anti-

exultant over the victories which they won in April 1888, and chafing sorely under the restrictions that the Scott Act is imposing, in many counties, upon their ruining business, are putting forth their utmost efforts, wisely, determinedly, carefully, persistently, they are working, leaving no stone unturned, neglecting no voter whom they think they can influence, working on one line with Liberals, on another line with Conservatives, trying to convince temperance men that the Scott Act does not prohibit, and trying to convince liquor-favoring men that the Scott Act is a hard-and-fast law that imposes on them unjust restrictions.

Everywhere, all the time, with all diligence, they are canvassing, talking, writing, paying, misrepresenting, scheming, with energy and industry well worthy of a better cause.

It must be admitted that, on the other hand, the opponents of the liquor-traffic, are not equally vigilant and energetic. Their cause is right. They believe in it. But they are, in many cases, in many places, far too apathetic. Did they display the zeal of their opponents, they would sweep the field in every contest. If defeat attends the Scott Act cause in any county, it will not be because of the failure of the Act, nor because of any unsoundness in the principles which the law represents, nor because of want of public favor for those principles, but because of the indifference of men and women who ought to come up "to the help of the Lord against the mighty."—*Canada Citizen*.

In Texas, during the past year, 70 churches adopted the use of unfermented wine for communion.