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Herman H. Pitts
Editor and Proprietor.

A VISION.

MARY L. BISBEE.

Once I saw in the Master's vineyard,
In a vision fair and bright,
Stretching over hill and valley,
Far away and out of sight.
And among the many workers
Toiling there, a noble band
Sought to slay a dreadful serpent,
Which was lurking in the land.

First, there strode the sons and fathers,
Clad in righteousness and might,
Pressing sternly, bravely forward,
Very eager for the fight.
After them there came the mothers,
Caring kindly for the slain—
For the victims of the serpent,
For the heart aches and the pain.

And behind these came the daughters,
Dancing on with laugh and song;
Holding by the hand the children,
Lest they lose them in the throng;
Bringing flowers to the victims,
Charming in their pretty way,
All the youths, so that they held them
Far beyond the Serpent's sway.

Till at last the serpent weakened
By the loss of food so sweet,
Trampled fiercely by the fallen,
Placed once more upon their feet;
Fought with all his might, but perished,
Lying lifeless by the way;
And the strong hands of the fathers
Covered him with sod and clay.

When the Master of the vineyard
Saw the serpent was no more,
Then He blessed His faithful servants,
As they ne'er were blessed before.
Gave the fathers great abundance;
Gave the mothers peace and rest;
And did not forget the maidens
Who had minded His behest.

THE MOTHER'S WARNING.

Touch it not—ye do not know,
Unless you've borne a fate like mine,
How deep a curse, how wild a woe,
Is lurking in that ruby wine.
Look on my cheek—'tis withered now;
It once was round and smooth as thine;
Look on my deeply furrowed brow—
'Tis all the work of treacherous wine.

I had two sons, two princely boys,
As noble men as God e'er gave;
I saw them fall from honor's joys
To fill a common drunkard's grave.
I had a daughter, young and fair,
As proud as ever woman bore—
Where is she? did you ask me where?
Bend low, I'll tell the tale once more.

I saw that fairy child of mine
Linked to a kingly bridegroom's side;
Her heart was proud and light as thine—
Oh, would to God she then had died!
Not many months had come and gone
While she upon his bosom slept;
'Twas on a dark November morn,
She o'er a murdered husband wept.

Her drunken father dealt the blow—
Her brain grew wild, her heart grew weak;
Was ever tale of deeper woe
A mother's lips had lived to speak?
She dwells in yonder darkened halls,
No ray of reason there does shine;
She on her murdered husband calls—
'Twas done by wine, by cursed wine!

A THRILLING SCENE.

Pledge with wine—pledge with wine!
cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood.

Pledge with wine! rang through the bridal party.

The beautiful bride turned pale—the decisive hour had come.

She pressed her white hands together and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her brow—her breath came quicker and her heart beat wilder.

Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for once, said the Judge in a low tone, going towards his daughter. The company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe on the rules of etiquette. In your own home do as you please; but in mine for this once, please me.

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were known. Harvey had been a convivialist, but of late his friends had noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits, and tonight they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinions so soon.

Pouring a brimming cup, they held it with tempting smiles, toward Marion; she was very pale though more composed, and her hand shook not, as she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it as if to her lips. But scarcely had she so done,

when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of:

Oh! How terrible!
What is it? cried one and all, thronging together, for she had very slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it was some hideous object.

Wait, she said (while a light which seemed inspired shone from her dark eyes), Wait and I will tell you. I see, she added, slowly pointing one jewelled finger at the sparkling ruby liquor—a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen and I will paint it for you if I can.

It is a lovely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, in awful sublimity around it; a river runs through; and bright flowers grow around to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of birds; but there are a group of Indians gathered; they fit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form—but his cheek how deathly! His eyes are wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him—nay, I should say kneels—for he is pillowing the poor head upon his breast. Genius in ruins! Oh! the high holy-looking brow—why should death mark it and he so young? Look how he throws back the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! he clutches at his companion, imploring him to be saved! Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name—see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land. See, she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back the untasted wine trembling in their faltering gasp, and the Judge fell overpowered upon his seat. See; his arms are lifted to Heaven—he prays, how wild for mercy? hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken the dark men move silently away, leaving the living and dying together.

Then there was a hush in that princely parlour, broken only by what seemed a sob from some manly breast. The bride stood still upright, with quivering lip and tears stealing in her eye. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass with its little troubled waves, came slowly toward the range of vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup and said: It is evening now! the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not. His eyes are set. Dim are their glance. In vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death! and no, soft hand—no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! He is dead!

A groan ran through the assembly so vivid was the description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

Dead! she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and her voice more broken; and there they scoop a grave, and there they lay him down in the damp reeking earth—the only son of a proud father—the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother—a victim to this deadly poison.

Father, she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks: Father shall I drink it now?

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered: No my child! No!

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the

floor it was dashed in a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement and instantaneously every wine glass was transferred to a marble on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying:

Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. No firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste the wine-cup. And he, to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my dying brother's form that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?

His glittering eyes and sad sweet smile was her answer. The Judge left the room, and when, an hour after, he returned, and with a more subdued manner he took part in the entertainment of the bride's guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and forever. Those who were present never forgot the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour renounced forever the social glass.—Selected.

The Brave Sailor-Boy.

An English sailor shipped from Liverpool when he was 12 years old. The men get together on board ship and drink their grog, and on one of the occasions, when the boy was sent to them on an errand, they insisted on his taking some, too. He said: Excuse me, but I'd rather not, and they laughed at him. They never could get him to drink liquor, and they pressed him hard, and finally told the Captain. He was a drinking man, and he told the lad, You must learn to drink grog if you are going to be a sailor. That's one of the first things a sailor has to learn.

Excuse me, sir, said the little fellow, but I'd rather not.

Take that rope's end there, commanded the captain to a sailor, and lay it well on him. That'll teach him to do as he is told.

The sailor took the rope's end and gave the lad a tremendous drubbing. Now, drink that grog, said the captain.

Excuse me, sir, but I'd rather not, said the boy.

Then go into the foretop, and stay there all night, said the captain.

The little fellow looked up the dizzy height. He was brave. But it was very cold, and it was a great ways up, and a hard place to be in the dark night. The first mate was a kind-hearted man, and took one or two crackers to him.

When the morning came the captain passed the way and called up to the boy:

Hello there!
No answer.
Come down.
No answer.

They went up and got the little fellow, stiff and cold and nearly perished. They brought him down in their arms and took him into the cabin where it was warm, and worked over him till animation returned to him.

The captain poured out some liquor in a glass and said: Now, drink that grog.

Please, sir, I'd rather not. Oh, do not be angry. I was an only child. We were so happy in our home in the cottage; but father took to drink and did not stay at home any more, and they sold our furniture and took everything from us, and it broke my mother's heart. She fell sick, and when she was dying she called me to the bed and said: Jamie, my boy, you know what drink has made of your father. Now I want you to give your promise to your dying mother that you will never taste liquor. I want my boy to grow up free of the curse that ruined his father. Oh, sir, said the little fellow, would you have me break the promise I made to my dying mother?

No, my little hero, no, said the

captain, and then folded the lad tenderly in his arms, and if ever again anyone tries to force you to do it, come to me and I will protect you, and the captain remained ever after his faithful friend.

That's the kind of members we want for our temperance societies. We want members that will carry their principles with them wherever they go; that will tell those about the evil of this deadly thing, and get all they can to join in doing it.—RICHARD NEWTON.

Little Workers.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

Say, said cousin Willie as he handed down another apple to Mamie, let's give the tree a shake and get 'em all down at once, and then we can go and have our play in the woods, 'cause this is the last tree.

Oh! no, no, you must not do that; it would be breaking our pledge, said Mamie.

There ain't no pledge in the Band of Hope agin shaking trees, said Fred, who stood with a big apple in one hand and his other hand in his pocket.

Fred always thinks a little more of his stomach than his brains, so no wonder he makes use of 'bad grammar, put in Willie.

I know that, said Mamie; but you see Will, Aunt Mary did not want Uncle John to make any cider and he said he had not time to pick, all the apples by hand, and that bruised and worthless apples could be turned into cider. So I promised that I would pick by hand every apple if he would promise not to make any into cider. And he said that was real practical temperance, and, as we were willing to practice what we preached, he would not only not make cider, but if I did what I promised, and did it well, maybe he would take our pledge. And I saw that Aunt Mary was real glad when he said that. So now you know why I want to keep my pledge.

Fred don't seem to be helping much, said Mamie's brother Tom, who was carefully sorting over the apples on the ground.

Yes, I am, answered Fred, I am helping myself.

But that's not helping the Band of Hope.

Yes, it is, he answered, 'Cause I'm eating all the bruised ones, so they can't be made into cider.

And I'm keeping Carlo from picking 'em up wiv his mouf, said Baby May.

Now that's what I call a practical temperance meeting, said Uncle John, who unknown to the children, had been near enough to hear their talk. He loaded up his waggon with the choice fruit, and, as he drove off, he said: Now I'm going to keep my promise to Mamie, although I only made it in fun at the time. And if grown people would only work more and not preach any the less, there would be more real temperance in the country than there is now.—The Youth's Temperance Banner.

She Never Had A Pair.

Among many interesting incidents connected with the closing of saloons in Kittanning, Pa., a leading merchant tells the following: A woman came into his store very timidly. She was evidently unaccustomed to trading.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the merchant.

"I want a pair of shoes for a little girl," she answered.

"What number?"

"She is twelve years old."

"But what number does she wear?"

"I do not know."

"But what number did you buy when you bought the last pair for her?"

"She never had a pair in her life. You see, sir, her father used to drink when we had saloons; but now that they are closed he doesn't drink any more, and this morning he said to

me: "Mother, I want you to go up town today and get Sissy a pair of shoes, for she never had a pair in her life." I thought, sir, if I told you how old she was you would know just what size to give me."

O, it is pitiful that the children of this Republic must be robbed of shoes and bread that a few idlers may be supported! The man who gives his influence in favour of the saloons gives his sanction to this cruel robbery.—Methodist Recorder.

A Vivid Picture.

An arch fiend arrived in our world and he built an invisible caldron of temptation. He built that caldron strong and stout for all ages and all nations. First he squeezed into the caldron the juice of the forbidden fruit of Paradise. Then he gathered for distillation from the harvest fields and the orchards of the hemispheres. Then he poured into this caldron, capsicum and coppers, and logwood, and deadly nightshade, and assault, and battery, and vitrol, and opium, and rum, and murder, and sulphuric acid, and theft; and potash, and cochineal, and red carrots, and death, and hops. But it was a dry compound and must be moistened, and it must be liquified, so the arch fiend poured into the caldron the tears of centuries of orphanage and widowhood, and he poured in the blood of twenty thousand assassinations. And then the arch fiend took a shovel that he had brought up from the furnace beneath and put that shovel into his great caldron, and the caldron began to heave, and rock, and boil, and sputter, and hiss, and smoke, and the nations gathered around it with cups, and tankards, and demijohns and kegs, and there was enough for all, and the arch fiend said: "Aha! champion fiend am I."—Talmage.

Recipe: "Uncle Clement's" Cake.

1 cup of Faith, 1 cup of Hope, 2 cups of Love of God and man, 1 cup of Zeal, 3 Good Resolutions, or as many more as are necessary to give firmness to the mixture; beaten into daily practice.

(It does not matter how long the Resolutions have been kept, provided they are sweet and unbroken.)

Add a tumblerful of Temperance, 1 tablespoonful of Forbearance, half a cup of the Milk of Human Kindness, three or four sprigs of Patience (well-seasoned in the chamber of Experience) and a few grains of Fortitude.

Mix thoroughly with prayer *ad libitum*: then flavour with essence of Humility, season with the spice of Wisdom (concentrated extract of Scripture is the best), and add the Fruit of Good Works. Bake in a mould of Self-Control, in the oven of Righteousness, garnish with Culture; and cover with the white frosting of Purity. The result will be an exquisite delight to yourself and all who share the cake.

Greatly Mistaken.

The men who argue that it is necessary to encourage liquor-selling to make business prosper are, at least, mistaken. It is probable that in some besotted community, where business is mainly such as is connected with the saloons, this may be true; but it is as far as possible from the truth as respects business in general. A prosperous trade depends on good citizens, who, going well in life, are also people whose characters afford a guarantee of honesty, capacity, good faith and devotion to their industries, and these are increased in places where the saloon does not exist. The liquor traffic impoverishes, but also debases, and every material interest, except those kept by itself, is injured by it. The habits of thrift, which all men so much need who work for stipulated wages, are especially dependent on sobriety and the virtues that accompany it. The saloon destroys those habits in every community.—United Presbyterian.