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Nature's Rebuke of Intemperance.

Each tree, shrub and flower—each bird and beast

With what they have and are, in perfect love,
Breathe out a heartfelt song of gratitude
To Him whom angels worship all day long.

But only man amidst such happiness,
Destroys his reason, creeps behind the bars,
Submits to prison fare; and stranger still,
Sickens and dies a craven abject fool.

How comes it man, and not the bird or beast,
Can sink so low, delight in loathsomeness,
That e'en the dog—a vile, a homeless dog
Snarls in disgust, (I would not be a man!

Sabbath Morn.

BY N. K. GRIGGS.

Like sight of home to the wand'ring one,
Like joy of youth when the task is done,
Like glow of fire on the dear, old hearth,
Like drops of rain to the parching earth,
Is Sabbath morn.

Like white of sail on the lonely deep,
Like wand of hope when troubles sweep,
Like gleam of gold when clouds are rent,
Like hush of peace when the storm is spent,
Is Sabbath morn.

Like kiss of sleep when the day is o'er,
Like face of friend on a distant shore,
Like wings of night to the fainting bloom,
Like voice of faith at the closing tomb,
Is Sabbath morn.

Like notes of glee in a dirge of sighs,
Like songs of old when the daylight dies,
Like glimpse of stream in a waste of sand,
Like touch of love from a dear one's hand,
Is Sabbath morn.

Constantly.

BY REV. JOHN LOVE, JR.

Life is full of pain and sorrow.
Who can promise what the morrow
May disclose of woe or weal?
O'er our vision shadows steal
Constantly.

Trials mingle with the blessing,
To our lips we're ever pressing
Drafts of bitter with the sweet;
Thorns along our path we meet
Constantly.

To each questioner resistant
Stands the sphinx in Afric distant;
Lo from heaven we woo no sound,
Mysteries unexplained are found
Constantly.

Shall we yield to sad repining,
Since our Lord is thus refining;
Gently seeking us to show
How like him we all may grow
Constantly?

While life's discipline we're bearing
Grace and cheer divine we're sharing;
Promises their wealth unfold,
Richer far than glittering gold
Constantly.

And that sweetest benediction
To each child of sad affliction,
From the wound remove the smart,
I am with thee, troubled heart,
Constantly.

And when dawns the life eternal,
In the spring-time ever vernal,
Raptured we this face shall see,
Who shall our companion be
Constantly?

—The Standard.

When the Children are at Rest.

When the household cares are over,
And the quiet zephyrs pass
Through the crimson heads of clover
And the daisies in the grass;
Then the mother's busy fingers
Do their silent labor best,
Toiling fast while daylight lingers
And the children are at rest.

In the sunny hours of morning
She had other work to do,
Softly chiding, gently warning,
Watching all the noontide through;
Love and strife, and pain and pleasure,
Crowd within one little nest,
Mother hearts can find no leisure
Till the little ones are at rest.

While we sleep, the Father waketh,
Working, watching for us all,
In his mighty hands he taketh
All the tasks that we let fall;
We have wrangled, toiled and striven
Through a long and weary day,
Lo! we rest, and help is given,
And the pain is soothed away.

He who loves us will not slumber
While our feeble hands are still,
Blessings that we cannot number
All the hours of darkness fill,
Till the broken links are mended,
And the worst becomes the best,
And the tedious task is ended
While his children are at rest.

—SARAH DOUDNEY, in the *Sunday Magazine*.

Biddy's Cure.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

It was Biddy Flynn's plan. Only the brilliant brain under Biddy's thatch of red hair would have thought of a project so novel, and few besides her sturdy young self would have dared to have carried it into execution. But Biddy had not lived all her short life in Mugg Alley without learning self-reliance—and several other things not so valuable. Granny Flynn, whose authority she set at defiance, declared admiringly that "the ould Scratch hisself couldn't skeer that girl." But Biddy's fearless heart had its tender corner, and into that she had taken the little Martens—timid Maggie and baby Ted. They were new-comers to the alley, and it was that, with an indefinable air of scarcely belonging there, which had first attracted Biddy's favorable attention. After she had fought two boys who were teasing Maggie, the friendship was firmly established.

So it was Biddy—hair flying, dress tattered, and brown feet bare—who stood with little Maggie and baby Ted by the rickety gate of the barren bit of a yard one October afternoon. Ben Marten was coming down the street, and whatever might be thought of his delicate wife and little children, he, at least, appeared to belong to Mugg Alley. Moreover he seemed to have the impression that Mugg Alley belonged to him. Usually, one of its narrow and not-over-clean sidewalks was enough for his use, but now he was apparently trying to divide his unsteady steps over both walk and street, and seemed to find the whole thoroughfare rather too narrow.

O dear! said Maggie in distress, as she saw him. He's—he's that way again!

Biddy had been inclined to laugh. That way was to familiar to her to awaken any particular emotion in itself, but if it troubled Maggie that was another matter. She swiftly drew the younger children into a corner, and stood before them protectingly.

Never you mind; he shan't tech you! she said assuringly.

O it isn't that! He won't hurt us, answered Maggie, slowly comprehending the movement, and then, as her father knocked against both gate posts and finally staggered into the house, she met Biddy's look of utter bewilderment, and explained: He didn't ever hurt us; but it's his being queer, and—oh Biddy you don't know—growing suddenly confidential as the poor little heart found its burden too heavy to bear alone. Once we had a nice house, not a bit like this, and papa worked, and wasn't ever this way. He called me Sunshine, and carried Teddy on his shoulder when he come home, and we had good suppers. But now mamma cries, and cries, and she has to go out to work—she's gone to-day. She prays to God to make him well like he used to be. I've heard her nights when she thought I was asleep. But he don't get one bit better. I guess it's 'cause he ain't ever filled up with water.

What's that? asked Biddy, amazed and greatly interested. The story was a revelation to her. Drunkenness was common enough, but any such state of distress over it was new.

"That's what the doctor said would cure him; I heard him my own self," said Maggie positively. "It was when mamma was sick, and he came to see her. He brought another man with him one day—maybe he was a doctor, too,—and when they came out I sat on the steps, but they didn't pay no 'tention to me. They were talking about mamma, and the man said: 'Her husband could help her more than medicine,' and the doctor said: but nothing will ever help him 'less he learns to fill up his miserable stomach with water.' That's just what he said."

"Who iver heard the loike!" exclaimed Biddy wonderingly. Then her freckled nose took a meditative tilt, and her gray eyes studied her bare toes for a minute.

"Do you s'pose once would do any good?" she asked, suddenly.

"I—don't know," hesitated Maggie.

Biddy stole to the open door surveyed the situation, and returned triumphant.

"He's asleep on the floor, shnorin' away wid his mouth wide open. What's to hinder us thryin' it?" she demanded.

"Could we? Oh I'm afraid!" said Maggie, eager but shrinking from so daring a proposition.

"An' why couldn't we? Come on, if it's wantin' him cured ye are," and Biddy boldly led the way into the house, secured a brimming pail of water, and then paused and scanned the sleeper reflectively.

"Have yees a tunnel at all?"

"Tunnel?" repeated Maggie uncomprehendingly.

"Yes,—a tin horn, loike, what's big at the top an' little at the bottom, to pour things through."

"A funnel? There's one in the cellar, but oh Biddy, I wouldn't dare!"

Biddy dared. She waited for no argument, but spying a trap-door in one corner of the kitchen she lifted it and proceeded to search the cellar at once. She was back in a minute with the desired article, one of goodly size, which she handed to Maggie.

"Here, you hold it over his mouth just so," she said in a loud whisper. But Maggie drew back, trembling.

"Afraid said Biddy in high scorn; "afraid an' you wantin' to cure him! Well, Teddy'll do it thin; Teddy's me brave man."

Stimulated by the praise, Teddy's chubby hands grasped the funnel and held it where Biddy placed it, just as close as possible to the open mouth without touching it. Then Biddy raised her bucket, but as she did so, Teddy, alarmed, dropped his funnel into the tempting aperture beneath it. The next instant there was a splash, a choking, gurgling, smothered cry, and the sleeper started up, gasping, coughing, and half-drowned; for at his first movement, Biddy emptied her bucket.

"Ugh!—wha—t—oh—h!" spluttering, strangling, and dripping he staggered into the kitchen. Alas! Biddy in her haste had forgotten the trap door, and in another minute the dazed and blinded man had plunged into the cellar, and lay there helpless and groaning. The children screamed, but it was Biddy who had sufficient presence of mind to rush into the street and secure the aid of passers by—wisely withholding all details beyond the fact of a fall. She hung about until she had seen the fallen man rescued, and learned that the doctor, hastily summoned, had found one leg to be broken; then she took her way homeward rather despondently, remarking to herself:

"That docther that tould about the wather was no good! he's worse broke up nor iver."

Naturally the patient, though suddenly sobered, had no very clear idea of what had happened to him, but the next day, when he was feeling more comfortable, and his wife had gone away to her work, he closely questioned little Maggie, and the whole story came out.

"Oh papa, we were only trying to cure you, and make you like you used to be!" and the little curly head dropped on his shoulder in a burst of tears. "I'm awful sorry 'bout your getting hurt. But mamma has prayed so, and—Papa, do you s'pose water would do any good?"

"Maybe," answered papa rather grimly. "We'll see how this dose works. Don't cry, Maggie; it may not be so bad a medicine after all, child."

There was leisure to think in the weeks of helplessness that followed; leisure to note how careworn and overworked his wife had grown—the pitiful attempt to provide some luxuries for him, now that he was an invalid, and how painfully bare of even common comforts the little home was. Yes he thought and suffered, prayed and promised, and the first day he was able to get down town on crutches he brought back to

his wife the pledge for which she had so long prayed in vain. Times changed after that, and the Martens did not stay in Mugg Alley long; they removed to a cosy little home elsewhere. But they gave Biddy Flynn a new dress as a parting gift, and that damsel is now a firm believer in the efficacy of cold water.

"Shure, I don't know about it's bein' good for rheumatiz, but I know it'll cure drinkin'," she says, with an emphatic nod of her head, for I did thry it meself wid just one bucket."

Joliet, Illinois, is the ideal High License city of the West. It has a population of 15,000, and its liquor license is \$1,000. It has fifty-four rum holes, and in 1888 there were 900 arrests, or one for every fourteen population. In Chicago, the Sodom of America, the rate is only one for every twenty. High License is such a success in Joliet that they have had fourteen cases of wife beating in the last two weeks. They have a Republican administration with Thomas J. Kelly mayor, who was elected by the saloon-keepers over Elder Barber (Dem.) of the Presbyterian church. The good people had such confidence in the liquor dealers that they elevate two to aldermanic honors, and two others were made highway commissioners. Such is the shocking state of affairs in the model High License city of the West. Another sample of this grand temperance measure.

The Scientific American says:

It is our observation that beer-drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of ruffians in our large cities are beer-drinkers. Intellectually, a stupor amounting almost to paralysis arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger, senseless and brutal.

Sir Henry de Villiers, chief justice of the English colony in Africa, declares thus after his residence of sixteen years in that rum cursed colony: "One-half of the crimes which are committed are directly due to drunkenness, and of the remainder another half is indirectly due to the same cause. Out of all the days of the week, Sunday and the evening of Saturday are those upon which the greater portion of the crimes of violence are committed. In cases of theft, too, the crime is frequently prompted by the fact that the means of the prisoner had previously been all expended upon drink."

Dr. Norman Kerr has said that "all the evils resulting from hereditary alcoholism may be transmitted by parents who have never been noted for their drunkenness. Long-continued habitual excessive indulgence in intoxicating drinks, to an extent far short of pronounced intoxication, is not only sufficient to originate and hand down the morbid tendency but it is much more likely to do so than even oft-repeated drunken out-breaks with intervals of sobriety between."

The constant use of beer every day gives the system no recuperation but steadily lowers the vital forces. Our observation is that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of ruffians in our large cities are beer drinkers.—*Scientific American*.

Mr. Norman S. Kerr, of London, says the whole drinking system is bound up with a certain amount of risk. We are therefore bound, he maintains, to abstain from all substances which impair the intelligence, dim the intellect, and paralyze the moral conscience.

-AUGUST 5TH.-

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October 2, 1889.