

Temperance Journal.

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OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

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Herman H. Pitts
Editor and Proprietor.

NINETEEN CHARTER MEMBERS.

A band of nineteen volunteers
From different parts in town,
Pledged their words, if in their power
To put intemperance down.
Their sacred word and pledged oath
To stay this tide of woe,
And dig a grave wide and deep
And lay the demon low.

With doors ajar for new recruits,
To rescue him who fell,
And smiles to snatch a brother from
The brink and gloom of hell;
And anxious yet no stopping place,
The work has just begun.
And leaning far with outstretched arms,
To rescue fallen man.

He's lifted from the pit below
Where bitter tempest's roll:
Its fallen man that's found its depths
Who found the drunkard's bowl.
But when he's lifted from the pit,
He sees with the eye of truth,
That the future has a charm for him
That smiled upon his youth,

His foot is firm upon the rock
And storms may beat and blow,
Swelling seas may rise and fall
And tides may ebb and flow.
And firmly yet upon the rock
That shelters them from harm,
Once they faced the beating storm
But now they have found a calm.

He finds himself once more a man
His lamp is trimmed to burn,
He sees no virtue in the past
Or wishes to return.
But proud to find himself among
The nineteen volunteers;
He's joined their ranks to stop for life
And not a term of years.

The shepherd searched the mountain's wild
And troubled in his mind,
For one alone that went astray
And not the ninety-nine.
Then when we find a fallen man
We help him with a will
And take him from the pit below
To the summit of the hill.

Written by C. M. Stuart, of Pine Tree Di-
vision, No. 1, S. of T., Windham, Maine.

WE ARE COMING TO THE BATTLE.

We are coming to the battle of the weak
against the strong,
We are coming to the conflict of the right
against the wrong;
We are coming to the rescue of our country
and our home,
We are coming to the help and hope of years
that are to come.

Cho.—Then raise the flag of Prohibition,
wave it as of yore;
We are coming to the rescue with a
hundred thousand more;
We are coming, yes we're coming
We are coming with a hundred
thousand more.

We are coming in our early days to aid the
good and true,
We are coming in our youthful strength
with faith to dare and do;
We are coming in our love for friends in
country and in town,
We are coming in the might of God to put
the tyrant down.
We are coming ere the tempter has had
time to forge his chain
To bind us fast and make us slaves in evil's
dark domain;
We are coming with our little help to do
what we can do
For other's good, for God's own cause, in
all the wide world through.

COMING BY AND BY.

A better day is coming
A morning promised long,
When girded Right, with holy Might,
Will overthrow the Wrong.
When God the Lord will listen
To every plaintive sigh,
And stretch his hand o'er every land,
With justice by and by.
Cho.—Coming by and by, coming by and by!
The better day is coming, The morn-
ing draweth nigh;
Coming by and by, coming by and by!
The welcome dawn will hasten on,
This coming by and by.

The boast of haughty Error
No more will fill the air,
But Age and youth will love the Truth
And spread it everywhere;
No more from Want and Sorrow
Will come the hopeless cry;
And strife will cease and perfect Peace
Will flourish by and by.

Oh! for that holy dawning
We watch, and wait and pray,
Till o'er the height the morning light
Shall drive the gloom away;
And when the heavenly glory
Shall flood the earth and sky,
We'll bless the Lord for all his word,
And praise Him by and by.

WHAT WILL WE DO ABOUT IT.

BY MRS. C. N. PICKOP.

A poor little girl sat shivering one
bitter cold night in midwinter, upon
the steps of a bakery, where her
mother used to send her for bread.
The snow was falling fast, and her
thin, tattered garments barely cover-
ed her emaciated form.

She was weeping as if her little
heart would break, and as she drew
her old shawl tighter around her, she
took one end of it and wiped away
the tears which were streaming down
her face.

"Oh! dear," she murmured, "I'm
so cold and so hungry. What shall
I do? I shall have to die, like
mamma did, I guess."

"What are you doing here, little
one?" asked a policeman, who was
just then passing that way. "Why
are you not at home at this time of
night?"

"I have no home to go to, Mr.
Policeman," replied the child, some-
what affrighted. "My mamma was
buried to-day, and the people where
we lived said they could not keep me,
I must take care of myself."

"Have you no father to take care
of you?"

"Yes, sir, I have a father, but I
don't know where he lives," sobbed
the poor distressed child.

"Have you no friends, little one,
to whom you can go?" asked the man
kindly.

"I do not know where my friends
are," answered the child innocently.

"How old are you my child?"

"Eight years, I think, sir."

"Well, come with me. I will find
you a home. Give me your hand and
I will help you over the snow."

In a short time poor little Bessie
was snugly sleeping in a good warm
bed in one of the "Homes" provided
for such little, helpless, neglected
children.

Tears ran down the good, kind-
hearted matron's face, when she saw
the poor, almost famished child,
greedily eating a large bowl of hot
bread and milk before going to bed.

This poor child and her mother
had a comfortable home at one time,
but it was ruined by rum! And the
rum was sold by a man who paid
for the right to sell it; and the man
who bought it and drank it, knew
that he was robbing his family, and
ruining his own prospects in this
life, as well as in the life to come.

Not only does the drunkard know
what harm the poisonous stuff will
do him, and what sorrow and misery
it will bring upon his family, but the
saloon-keeper knows it also, and those
who sell him the license know it as
well, but they do not care.

If the drunkard can only satisfy
his appetite, day after day, with the
drink which costs the price of his
children's bread, he cares for nothing
else. His children may starve, his
wife sicken and die, his home totter
and fall, but—he cares not.

If the saloon-keeper can make his
fortune easily by standing behind
his counter dealing out liquid dis-
truction, when he ought to be earn-
ing his living like an honest man, he
cares not what are the consequences.

And if the country can gather the
gold into its coffers by the hundreds
and thousands, which are annually
paid for these licenses, the saloon-
keepers may still continue in their
respectable (?) business of making
drunkards, and peopling the orphan-
ages and almshouses to their heart's
content.

This crying evil of the nineteenth
century is the most formidable with
which we, as a Christian people, have
to contend.

Shall we crush the rum traffic out
of existence, and that right early, or
shall we let it go on, year after year,
spreading ruin and misery all
over our fair and otherwise happy
land?

The most astonishing fact which
stares the workers in the temperance
cause in the face at this time, is the
lethargy of the Christian Church in
this great matter. Many good men
pray for the success of the temper-

ance cause, but when the time for
action comes they do very little to
help "push the battle to the gate"
and storm the stronghold of the
enemy.

If this curse is ever to be driven
from our land, every Christian man
and woman must be "up and doing."
Each one has a work of some kind to
perform. What our country needs
to-day, and what our country wants
to-day, is willing hearts. Let us
give them to our country in this
great battle for the right, and the
work will soon be accomplished.—
National Temperance Advocate,

THE EVIL TRAFFIC.

THE TRAFFIC IN NEW YORK.

"There are 8,700 licensed liquor
dealers in the city of New York 30,-
000 in the State and 200,000 in the
United States. What are the prod-
ucts of this 'American industry'?"
According to the figures given us by
the Prison Congress, among whom
there are the best statisticians in the
world, 82 per cent. of the criminals
come directly from this licensed liquor
traffic. Statisticians tell us that 33
per cent. of the lunacy cases from
the liquor traffic. Poorhouses are
crowded with the product of this
'industry.' 'It is the legal sanction
that is thrown about this ungodly and
destructive business that permits it to
go unhindered.

MURDERS IN HIGH LICENSE CHICAGO.

The criminal statistics of Chicago
for the last year make an even worse
showing for the \$500 High License
law than was made by the police
returns of 1887. Taking the crime
of murder, the highest form of crime
known to the law, it is seen that the
High License saloons are hotbeds for
its development. Fifty murders
were committed during the year,
of which 14 were done in saloons, 9
were perpetrated when one or all of
the principles were intoxicated, and
others were due more or less to
liquor. During the last year of low
license (1882, when the license fee
was but \$52), there were only 29
murders in Chicago.

SOMETHING CROOKED IN DETROIT.

Under the much-praised high-tax
system of Michigan, it costs \$500 a
year to run a saloon privileged to
sell all kinds of liquors; for \$300 a
year a man may sell malt beverages,
but is forbidden to sell the stronger
stuff. The nearly unanimous testi-
mony of liquor-dealers is that it is
impossible to successfully run a sa-
loon without whiskey. Yet the
annual statement of the saloon re-
venue shows that in Wayne County,
during 1888, there were only 92 of
the 682 saloons that paid the full fee
of \$500. One saloon paid \$458.34,
two paid \$416.57, two paid \$375,
one paid \$350, and 740 paid \$300.
The other 144 paid sums less than
\$300. Evidently something is crook-
ed with the liquor revenue system
of Detroit.

Two Ends to it.

A keen observer of our politics
says that the temperance movement
has become a fight against the
saloon, instead of a fight against
the drunkenness. The root of the
evil lies in the man who drinks, not
in the cup out of which he drinks
nor in the warehouse where the
whisky is stored.—*Portland Argus.*

The liquor evil is a double ender.
One end is formed of the passion for
drink—millions of men craving stim-
ulation, forgetfulness of care, momen-
tary, reckless, brainless, animal hap-
piness, drunken insensibility; the
other end is composed of the lust for
gold—hundreds of thousands of men
struggling after money, hesitating at
nothing that can bring them money.
In the center, where the two elements
meet, forming the heart of the beast,
is a perpetual give and take, money
for drink, drink for money, each ele-
ment satisfying the other's passion.
Now it is apparent that to annihilate
either element in this combination
will be to annihilate both. If the

schools, the temperance societies, the
churches should succeed in persuading
all men not to drink, that would be
the end of the liquor traffic, for there
would be none to buy. On the other
hand, if the law, backed up by such
political methods as are necessary to
enforce it, should succeed in prevent-
ing all men from selling liquor, that
also would be the end of the liquor
traffic. But to expect either of these
results to come about is visionary.
Neither result is possible. Even
with both operations in progress—
with the churches and temperance
societies hacking away at one end of
the monster, and the Prohibitionists
hacking away at the other—all that
can be hoped is to restrict the evil.

If it were necessary to choose be-
tween these two methods at work—
if there were anything to prevent any
man from working at both—then it
would be important to ascertain
which method is productive of the best
results; but with no friction whatever
between the two methods—indeed
with the most perfect harmony be-
tween those who are working hard-
est at each—any such inquiry is idle.

There are two roots of the liquor
evil; the man who fixes his gaze on
either so intently as to overlook the
other is not a "keen observer."

MISSOURI.

Governor Morehouse, in his mes-
sage to the Legislature, refers to the
fact that fifty counties in the State
are under the Wood local-option law,
and says:

"If the present policy of permit-
ting local control of the liquor traffic
is continued, little or no legislation is
needed on the subject, unless it is to
perfect the means for enforcing the
provisions of the law. It is highly
probable that the present system is
satisfactory to a majority of the
voters of the State. If a change is
made in the license system and the
minimum, which is \$550 per annum,
fixed higher than at present, the lo-
calities where licenses are granted
should receive this benefit. If pro-
hibition by the State is urged, it may
also be well to enquire how it has
succeeded in the fifty counties where
prohibition has been adopted. In
either case it may also be well to in-
quire if law can be successfully en-
forced if a majority of the people of
the community are opposed to it. If
we cannot enforce prohibition or high
license in some communities, can it
be successfully done by a general
law?"

A correspondent, John T. Jackson,
writing from Chillicothe, the 1st ult.,
says:

"Because the Prohibition candi-
dates received but few votes in this
State, we must not conclude that true
temperance reform is on the wane.
Statistics show that six years ago
there were 5,000 saloons in operation
under license in this State; now there
are less than 3,000, and two-thirds
of this number are located in St
Louis. And in North Missouri, or
in all that region lying north and
east of the Missouri and west of the
Mississippi and south of the Iowa
line, there are twenty-nine counties
in which there are no saloons what-
ever, and in the remaining ten coun-
ties of this, the oldest and wealthiest
part in the State, the saloons are
only found in the county-seats and
large towns.

"It is into these towns and cities
of the State that the saloons have
been driven, and to drive them from
this, their 'last ditch,' will require
years of patient, continued, hard
work by our temperance workers.
The saloons in the towns and cities
are at work throwing up breastworks,
preparing and making a most desper-
ate fight for existence. In this
city (Chillicothe), two years ago, the
friends of temperance petitioned our
city council to permit its citizens to
vote under the local-option law.
The council, however, refused; the
majority of the council favored the
whiskey traffic. An appeal was
promptly taken to the Circuit Court,
and the request granted, when just
as promptly, the saloon interest ap-
pealed to the Kansas City Court of

Appeals, and there the issue is now
pending. And as the saloons threat-
en, if defeated here, to take their
case to the Supreme Court of the
State, and thus, in all probability,
delay the contest for years to come;
the temperance people therefore have
decided at the coming spring election
to make a determined stand for a
new council, who will grant their pe-
tition."

Rule in California.

A special to the New York Voice
from San Francisco has the following
interesting bit of news:—The League
of Freedom, a San Francisco organ-
ization of saloon-keepers, has issued
a circular to its friends throughout
the State urging them to unite more
effectively for resistance to the Pro-
hibitionists. It gives a history of the
operations of the League against the
Sunday law in 1881. It says that
under that law 2,000 arrests of sa-
loon-keepers were made "at the in-
vestigation of fanatical persons." But
the League came to the rescue of
the law-breakers and so manipu-
lated the machinery of law that the
liquor men were "saved the trouble
of being arrested at their places of
business and being marched through
the streets to prison." The League
had prepared bailbonds for each mem-
ber in advance, and the dealers were
bailed out as fast as they were arrest-
ed. Then the attorneys for the
League demanded a jury trial in each
case, and the result was that only
about 100 cases of the 2,000 were
tried, while only five convictions
were made. The League did not
stop there but so effectively used
its power at the next election that
the new Legislature promptly repeal-
ed the Sunday law.

In view of this bit of history, the
League of Freedom thinks that con-
tinued activity and watchfulness
will enable the saloons to manage the
Government of California without
dispute. Here is a paragraph from
the circular:

"The League in union with kindred
associations, as the Traders'
Association, the Retail Grocer, Pro-
tective Union, the Wholesale Liquor-
Dealers and the Protective Associa-
tion have always been on the alert
at general elections every other year
to see to it that nominees of the dif-
ferent political parties, who might be
suspected as being inimical to our
business interests, would not be elect-
ed to office."

Pointers.

"The liquor traffic never has been
and never will be suppressed in any
locality that permits manufacturers
and wholesalers to continue un-
molested. The best of laws may be
passed, but, sooner or later, they will
be evaded or defied, and the victory
to-day turned to defeat to-morrow.
It follows therefore, that temper-
ance men should everywhere strike
at distilleries, breweries, and whole-
sale establishments most constantly
and fiercely. Let the word go out
that capital is not safe in that busi-
ness, that it is foolish to put more in,
and wise to get out what can be
saved. Harass it and oppress it in
every possible way. It is a terrible
monster feeding on men, women, and
children, and must be destroyed."

The World at Large.

Governor Burleigh of Maine in
his inaugural address, endorses the
prohibitory liquor law. He said:
"The great evils of the liquor
traffic, the pernicious influence of the
saloon upon the public morals, and
the disorder and crime resulting
from intemperance, have rendered
restrictive and prohibitory legislation
imperatively necessary in the opinion
of a large majority of the people of
the State. Both by constitutional
provision and by statutory enact-
ments, Maine has permanently pro-
hibited the manufacture and sale of
alcoholic liquors, except for medici-
nal and mechanical purposes. Long
experience has demonstrated the
wisdom and advantages of this
policy."