

ST. STEPHEN LETTER.

Not much to report in the line of temperance work this week. Everybody has been so busy with Christmas work that little consideration has been given to other matters.

Home influences are, unfortunately, too often sacrificed for those of the street, and there is where many a boy and girl begins the downward road to ruin.

Very little drinking prevailed this year on Christmas day as compared with some years, and those who were indulging were mostly from Calais.

Almost a continuous stream of thirsty mortals from the seedy, bleer-eyed, red-nosed bummer, who has to beg the ten cents to get his drink, to the well dressed, prosperous editor, lawyer, merchant or mechanic, can be seen moving across the bridge and back, slipping in and out the back and front doors of the rum-shops that cluster around the St. Stephen end of the bridge.

A building at the end of the bridge which has been a notorious den for some years has lately changed hands and the present owner has greatly improved it, and I understand it is to be leased by the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union and converted into a reading room for men and boys; a place where they can meet and read the latest papers and magazines.

Such a venture should receive encouragement from all who are interested in offsetting the evil attractions of the saloons and the young ladies deserve credit for their courage in undertaking this reform.

We have a noble band of temperance women in this town and if they had the ballot at their command there would be a different condition of affairs in existence as regards the rum business.

The meetings of the Divisions for this week and the first two days of the following week will be very important. We shall then elect the officers for one of the most important quarters in the year.

What is a common drunkard, Gilbert? Well, I suppose, one who so far forgets himself as to drink to intoxication. Then if no one ever took a social glass, or ever touched the vile poison, there would not be found in all our land, one whom you now designate as a common drunkard, would there?

How humiliating it is, sometimes, when you have succeeded, after a long struggle in inducing some friend, of average intelligence and ability, to join the Division and have brought him to the Division for initiation, to see the beautiful and impressive ritual ceremony rendered in such a bungling manner as to entirely destroy its impressiveness, and the business of the evening gone through with in a loose, unsatisfactory manner.

The impression gained from that evening perhaps, will account for the fact that we don't see that brother back again for some time, if ever.

If it was more generally understood that the qualifications for the office of Worthy Patriarch consisted of more than the fact that the candidate was twenty-one years of age, in fact that it was desirable also to have a thorough knowledge of the Constitution and Bye Laws and Rules of the Order, an acquaintance with the ceremonies, the more thorough the better, and the "dignified and courteous demeanour" which is absolutely necessary, I think those who aspire to that position might endeavour to educate themselves in those things before they are elected to the position.

I am glad to hear of Bro. Hetherington's appointment as Lecturer and feel sure he will do some good work. During his stay among us he was ever earnest in the promotion of the cause and not afraid of work.

HOWARD. St. Stephen, N. B., Dec. 26, 1889.

MR. HILTON'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BY S. R. WRIGHT.

A cozy sitting-room, cheery with an open grate fire and crimson curtains at the windows, well drawn back to let in the bright sunshine of a clear December day.

In this pleasant room sat Mrs. Hilton, in a large easy chair which her husband had just wheeled in front of the grate, nowise interrupting a conversation from which he, at least, is extracting a good deal of merriment, for every now and then a bright smile lights up his dark handsome face, and his eyes dance with suppressed mirth.

So my Queen Esther will not allow me to lay the half of my kingdom at her feet Christmas morning, but will have none of these things; I am afraid I should not have asked her what was her petition, what was her request for that day, but simply give her all that my heart prompts.

Gilbert will you please stop jesting, I am too much in earnest for that. If you really want to give me a present I would value more than any other, only do what I ask.

Essie, my dear, it is most absurd the way you go on about that pledge or whatever you call it,—and now there is a touch of impatience in the tones of his otherwise melodious voice—one would actually think I was a common drunkard the way you talk.

What is a common drunkard, Gilbert?

Well, I suppose, one who so far forgets himself as to drink to intoxication.

Then if no one ever took a social glass, or ever touched the vile poison, there would not be found in all our land, one whom you now designate as a common drunkard, would there?

Essie I think we have talked long enough on this subject,—said Mr. Hilton, quite ignoring his wife's question. As a special favor do not mention this matter to me again, and when I find I have not sufficient manliness to control my taste for drink, then I will take your pledge. But good-morning dear, I ought to be in the office now, he said, as he hurriedly glanced at his watch, and in another moment he was gone, not giving Mrs Hilton time to reply, unless the tear-drops which slowly rolled down her cheeks could be taken as such; one splashed down on a little knot of white ribbon nestling in the folds of her dress,—her badge of service in the broad field of temperance reform.

Another and another, followed until the little ribbon was baptised in a flood of tears; perchance by no means the first that

has received such, for alas! too many of the sisters bear underneath the white ribbon, hearts, sorely stricken and anguished by the drink curse!

It was with a thrill akin to hope Mrs. Hilton remembered this was the day of their monthly prayer-meeting; she brushed the tears away as she arose from her chair and half aloud said, Well! God can save Gilbert if I cannot.

Three o'clock found her at the meeting, no trace of the morning's trouble clouded her face save a little quiver about the mouth which it seemed hard to entirely repress. Mrs. Hilton thought that prayer-meeting was just meant for her. The few opening words of Mrs. Lamont, the president, paved the way for her to put into execution that which she had determined upon before leaving home.

The day before Christmas, Mr. Hilton remarked at the dinner table, Essie, did you know my old college chum, Carleton, Gus Carleton is in town? No Gilbert, but I am pleased to hear it, knowing how much you always thought of each other. Would you like to ask him up to tea this evening, or perhaps you would like him to spend to-morrow with us.

Thank you Essie, but the boys thought it would be nice to banquet Carleton to-night at the club. I am sorry it is going to be a bachelor's dinner, for I would like to have shown him my Queen Esther, besides I do not care to leave you alone, but do not see how I can well do otherwise; the boys would think it strange if I were not there, especially, as Carleton is more particularly my friend; I will be home as early as I possibly can.

Mrs. Hilton knew it would be of no use to try to dissuade her husband from going, and so she merely said: Gilbert, will you promise me then, that for this evening at least, you will not taste anything stronger than tea or coffee?

Are you at that same subject again, Essie? I tell you plainly, I will not bind myself to any such promise even for one night. No one ever saw me the worse of liquor. No one can point the finger of scorn at me and say: there is a man who has not control of himself, and until then no one, not even my wife, has a right to fetter me with pledge or promise.

Poor Mrs Hilton; she knew further words were useless, prayer now seemed her only resource.

At eight o'clock, Mr Hilton, in full evening dress, with a spray of smilax and a white rose-bud in his button-hole, bade his wife an affectionate good-night before leaving for the banquet, telling her not to wait up for him. But she felt that sleep was out of the question, so through that long night she waited and listened for the coming of him who was to have been home early.

One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock had rung out on the still night air, and just as the hour-hand of the little gold clock

on her mantel pointed to four, she heard the sharp click of horse's hoofs on the frosty street; they stopped; fearing she knew not what, she ran down the stairway and just in time to open the door for the unconscious master of the house. Two of the boys carried him in and another followed behind, who seemed to be the spokesman of the party. Mrs Hilton I presume. A gr—great time at the club. Hil—Hilton a trifle upset. Will be all right—by morning.

Mrs Hilton heeded not this stammering outflow of words, her attention being completely engrossed by that quiet form now lying on the library couch. Has God forgotten to be gracious, Mrs Hilton cried in deep anguish of spirit, when she was left alone with her husband. Truly—

"In paths that are not known, God leads his own."

She would not have chosen this bitter cup of humiliation and suffering, yet out of it all could not God cause good to flow? About eleven o'clock Christmas morning, Mr. Hilton awoke from the sleep that drunkards sleep, and asked his wife what was the matter. She told him the story, not softening any of the details of that, to her, long night of anguish. He heard her quietly through, while the proud, handsome face was covered with a look of keenest shame.

I want to think for awhile, Essie, will you please leave me alone for a few hours, was all he said. All that long afternoon which Mrs Hilton spent in prayer for her husband, he was reviewing his life. The last night had shown him the dangerous precipice on the verge of which he was treading, and a few steps more in the downward way and he would be hurled into the dark, seething chasm of a drunkard's life, and the still darker, blacker chasm of a drunkard's hell when this life ended!

The sun was just setting in all the regal splendor that so well befitted the sunset of a Christmas day, when Mr Hilton asked for his wife; when she came he said, Essie, do you remember what I said a few weeks ago about taking a pledge when I found I had not sufficient manliness to control myself, that time came last night; bring me a pledge and I will sign it. With a heart filled to overflowing Mrs Hilton said as she

brought it, I will read it first, Gilbert so you may know just what you are signing.

I do hereby solemnly promise that I will hereafter abstain from every description of intoxicating liquor as a beverage, and in all suitable ways discountenance its manufacture, sale, and use. With a trembling hand Gilbert H Hilton was signed, and directly underneath he wrote I H S, which means, Essie, In His strength along can I keep that pledge, Mr Hilton added.

A few hours later Mrs Hilton whispered softly in her husband's ear, Gilbert, God has sent me my longed for Christmas present.

Safe Refuge Division, N. B.

MR. EDITOR,—Our Division is getting on nicely. All our sessions are quite interesting as the members take an active interest in the work. We have the outside on the new hall. Messrs. Lombard, Nickerson and Harper deserve credit for the way they have pushed the work along.

We had a bazaar, the 18th inst., and had a very enjoyable time. The amount realized was \$46. Speeches were made by the Revds. Mr. Comben and Mr. Thompson and others. D. G. W. P. Anagance Ridge, K. Co., Dec. 23, '89.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.—As has been their custom for several years past, the members of the W. C. T. U. have decided to give a big dinner to the poor children in the Temperance Hall, on New Year's day. Such a ponderous undertaking must merit the sympathy of the entire community and hundreds of our citizens should esteem it a great privilege to aid the ladies in this noble work. It is reported that Hon. A. F. Randolph claims the privilege of supplying all the turkeys on that occasion; don't let him do it. Merchants and other citizens who would like to contribute fruit, confectionery or nick-nacks, will send them in early to the coffee room; it is open every day and evening. While the children of happy homes are lovingly cared for at this season, those who are able will find this a golden opportunity to bring joy to the hearts of many a poor boy and girl.

ANOTHER BATCH.—It is reported that several Scott Act violators are on the road to the police court. No Sympathy can now be expected for the man daring enough to violate this law.

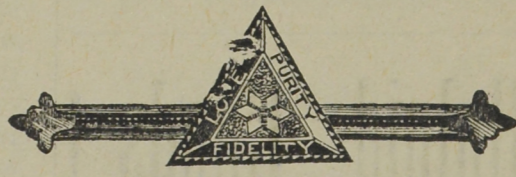
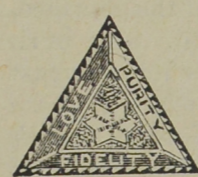
RESOLUTION

(To be moved by some Brother in active Divisions, where they do not already subscribe for the JOURNAL.)

Believing that our officers and members should be kept informed as to the doings of the order, and the duties of their several officers, therefore

RESOLVED, that this Division subscribe for six copies of the TEMPERANCE JOURNAL, a weekly, 8 page paper, the Organ of the Sons of Temperance of America, published at Fredericton, N. B., Canada, and that the paper be sent to the address of the Worthy Patriarch of this Division for distribution each Division night, and that a cheque be issued on the Treasurer for the sum of \$4.20 in payment of the same, and the money forwarded to the Editor.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE



BADGE PIN.

EVERY MEMBER SHOULD HAVE ONE.

It has been found that one drawback to the more rapid extension of the order of the S. of T. is the inability of the members to know each others in public as Sons. It is generally conceded that a way to overcome this is the more general adoption by the members of the order of the authorized badge pin, to be worn on the lapel of the vest or as a tie pin.

This Badge Pin stands for a principal and it is expected and hoped that the members will all stand by the emblematic triangle of the orders, and wear it in public. It is for us to stand by our colors, that we may be living epistles known and read of all men.

The lady members of the order are expected to wear them as well as the male members.

THE PRICES LOW ENOUGH FOR ALL.

The prices of the pins is within the reach of all the membership. Plated Pin, - - - - - 30 cents. Heavy Rolled Plate (fine) - - - - - 75 " Solid Gold, - - - - - \$1.50 Ladie's Heavy Rolled Gold Plate Lace Pin, \$1.00. Pins sent all over the world at these prices.

A handsome badge pin is given away to every new subscriber to the Sons of Temperance paper, the TEMPERANCE JOURNAL, published at Fredericton, N. B. The subscription price, for this 8 page weekly is \$1.00 per year this includes the badges as well: Or for \$1.50 a copy for a year of the JOURNAL and a Lady's Gold Plated Lace Pin

S. of T. Bureau Box 325 Fredericton, N. B.