

Temperance Journal.

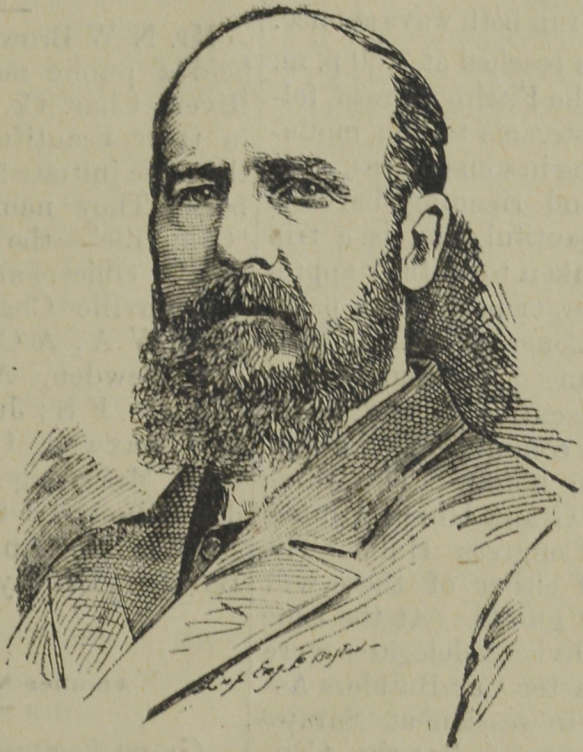
ORCAN OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF AMERICA

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

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Herman H. Pitts
Editor and Proprietor.]



MOST WORTHY CHAPLAIN,

REV. E. R. YOUNG.

MOST WORTHY CHAPLAIN, REV.
EGERTON R. YOUNG.

Rev. E. R. Young, Toronto, was born April 7th, 1840, near the Rideau Canal, in the Province of Ontario. He is a son of the Rev. William Young, a venerable minister of the Methodist church, now residing in Trenton, in the 80th year of his age. His mother was Amanda Waldron, a sister of the late Rev. Solomon Waldron. Our subject comes of United Empire Loyalist stock. The family is one of the first that, out of devotion to the old flag, penetrated into the wilds of Canada. They settled in what is now the township of Murray, near the flourishing town of Trenton. In common with other members of that heroic band, Mr. Young's ancestors endured many privations, and suffered many hardships. As the son of a Methodist minister, he enjoyed the varied school advantages of the different places in which his father was stationed. At sixteen years of age he commenced teaching school in the township of Emily, County of Victoria. Belonging to a church which has incorporated into it the itinerancy, Mr. Young, like other Methodist ministers, has frequently to move; but he has put in since his return his full term of three years at Port Perry, Colborne, and Bowmanville, and is now, 1888 living in Toronto. At the great international gathering of returned missionaries, held at Wesley Park, Niagara Falls, August, 1885, where scores of representative missionaries, from various parts of the world, met, for a ten days' convention, Mr. Young took a prominent part, and his addresses and Mrs. Young's Indian songs will not soon be forgotten. He was one of eight selected to hold a three days' missionary convention at Thousand Isle Park, and spoke several times on his favourite theme, pleading for help and sympathy for the fast expiring aborigines of this great continent. With the Temperance movement Mr. Young has most actively identified himself, and he is a prominent member of the Sons of Temperance.

Mr. Young has been for many years an active worker in the Order. When stationed on different charges he soon found his place in the Division room, and by example and precept ever endeavoured to advance its interests. His sermons on Temperance are many and give out no uncertain sound.

Mr. Young is spending this year in the Lecture Field. His thrilling experience in the Wild North Land, have delighted and moved large audiences in New York, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington, and many other places, both in the United States and in Canada. He has lecture engagements in this Country for several weeks yet, and then expects to cross the ocean and lecture in England until after the May meetings, when he expects to

return to ministerial, or missionary work in Canada. Mr. Young had attended the meetings of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance, held at Ocean Grove, Halifax and Toronto. At the latter place he was elected Most Worthy Chaplain.

THE RUMSELLER'S SCREEN.

BY C. A. INGRAHAM.

In a walk about town there is frequently seen
Through doorways an article known as a screen.
The proprietors think that it helps to sell drink,
To sell drink, drink, drink,
The proprietors think.

Full many a man would 'gainst liquor exclaim
Were it not to encounter embarrassing blame.
To me it is clear they're a screen for vile beer.
For vile beer, beer, beer,
To me it is clear.

'Tis strange to relate, but 'tis verily true,
Some preachers in pulpit and members in pew,
Like baize that is green, wicked rum-sellers
screen,
Yes, screen, screen, screen,
Like baize that is green.

The doctors and newspapers facts do disguise
When drunken humanity sickens and dies,
They screen it from shame, but the seller from
blame,
From blame, blame, blame,
While they screen it from shame.

That temperance man in whose honor you
trust,
Who votes that rum-selling is proper and just,
Is an elegant curtain, of that I am certain,
I am certain, certain, certain,
He's an elegant curtain!

Now look the ground over and see where you
stand;
If you're not there already get on dry land,
And despise to be seen as a rum-seller's screen,
His screen, screen, screen,
Despise to be seen.

MCHANICSVILLE, N. Y.

THE RIGHT KIND OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

FIRST SPEAKER.

I'm a temperance boy through and through,
From the crown of my hat to the sole of my
shoe;
From these restless feet to these noisy lips,
From my toes to my busy finger tips,
And from heart, from brain, from healthiest
lung,
Shall this sentiment flow, while my willing tongue
Shall proclaim its joys as loud as I can,
Until I'm a full-grown temperance man.
At home, or at school, or wherever I go,
I want all to decidedly know
That I'm pledged to the temperance cause for
life:

And whenever its friends engage in a strife
Against that foe whose tarnishing hand
Would blight and blacken our beautiful land,
You may look for me in the midst of the fray;
And since "boys must fight," as people oft say,
I shall give old "King Achey" no playful taps.
But deal him my hardest and heaviest raps;
These blows I shall try to aim so well
That every stroke shall for temperance tell.
I'll fight when I'm young, I'll fight when I'm old.
Through springtime, or summer, or winter's
fierce cold;
I'll fight him early, and I'll fight him late,
With a tireless hand and a cordial hate,
Perhaps I shall live till the battle is won,
And this monster's cruel race is run;
'Till our nation, freed from his bitter reign,
Shall a perfect, glorious freedom gain.

SECOND SPEAKER.

I'm a temperance girl, but so small and weak,
Would any one listen if I should speak;
Would the little words that I could say
Turn a single soul to the better way?
Would my kindest acts to the erring prove
My heart's desire, its zeal, its love?
And would it not seem a useless task
For a little girl like me to ask
A lover of rum to take the pledge,
Or a sot to forsake his beverage?
Would it not be far better for me to pray
To Christ, the children's friend, each day;
And ask that His great, strong loving arms
May shield the poor drunkard from Satan's
charms,
And to grant that "His kingdom" may so pre-
vail
That no more shall be heard the bitter wail
Of a drunkard's wife, while his children, clad,
And fed, and housed, shall be always glad,
While through all this land, from shore to
shore,
The drunkard's curse shall exist no more.

Our National Curse.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

Drunkenness is the greatest evil of this nation, and it takes no logical process to prove that a drunken nation cannot long be a free nation. Either drunkenness will be destroyed in this country or the American government will be destroyed. Drunkenness and free institutions are coming into a death-grapple.

Oh! how many are waiting to see if something cannot be done. Thousands of drunkards waiting who cannot go ten minutes in any direction without having the temptation glaring before their eyes or appealing to their nostrils, they fighting against it with enfeebled will and diseased appetite, conquering and then surrendering, conquering again and surrendering again, and crying: "How long, O Lord! how long before these infamous solicitations shall be gone? And how many mothers there are waiting to see if this national curse cannot lift! Oh! is that the boy that had the honest breath who comes home with a breath vitiated or disguised? What a change! How quickly those habits of early coming home have been exchanged for the rattling of the night-key in the door long after the last watchman has gone by and tried to see that everything was closed up for the night! Oh what a change for that young man who we had hoped would do something in merchandise, or in artisanship or in a profession that would do honor to the family name long after mother's wrinkled hands are folded from their last toil! All that exchanged for a startled look when the door-bell rings, lest something has happened; and the wish that the scarlet fever twenty years ago had been fatal, for then he would have gone directly to the bosom of his Saviour. But alas! poor old soul, she has lived to experience what Solomon said: A foolish son is a heaviness to his mother!"

Oh! what a funeral it will be when that boy is brought home dead. And how mother will sit there and say: "Is this my boy that I used to fondle, and that I walked the floor with in the night when he was sick? Is this the boy that I held to the baptismal font for baptism? Is this the boy for whom I toiled until the blood burst from the tips of my fingers, that he might have a good start and a good home? Lord, why hast thou let me live to see this? Can it be that these swollen hands are the ones that used to wander over my face when rocking him to sleep? Can it be that this is the swollen brow that I once so rapturously kissed? Poor boy! how tired he does look. I wonder who struck him that blow across the temples? I wonder if he uttered a dying prayer? Wake up, my son; don't you hear me? wake up! Oh! he can't hear me. Dead, dead, dead! Oh Absalom, my son, my son, would God that I died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

I am not much of a mathematician, and I cannot estimate it; but is there any one here quick enough at figures to estimate how many mothers there are waiting for something to be done? Ay, there are many wives waiting for domestic rescue. He promised

something different from that when, after the long acquaintance and the careful scrutiny of character, the hand and heart were offered and accepted. What a hell on earth a woman lives in who has a drunken husband! O Death, how lovely thou art to her, and how soft and warm thy skeleton hand! The sepulcher at midnight in winter is a king's drawing-room compared with that woman's home. It is not so much the blow on the head that hurts but the blow on the heart. The rum fiend came to the door of that beautiful home, and opened the door and stood there, and said: "I curse this dwelling with an unrelenting curse. I curse that father into a mania; I curse that mother into a pauper. I curse those sons into vagabonds. I curse these daughters into profligacy. Cursed be bread, tray and cradle. Cursed be couch and chair, and family Bible with record of marriages and births and deaths. Curse upon curse." Oh! how many wives are there waiting to see if something cannot be done to shake these frosts of the second death off the orange-blossoms! Yes, God is waiting, the God who works through human instrumentalities, waiting to see whether this nation is going to overthrow this evil; and if it refuse to do so, God will wipe out the nation as He did Phœnicia, as He did Rome, as He did Thebes, as He did Babylon.

Non-Alcoholic Medication.

A correspondent asks, What have temperance hospitals taught concerning the cure of diseases without alcohol? and the editor of the *Advance* desires me to answer.

The London Temperance Hospital began this teaching fourteen years ago. It is in charge of Dr. James Edmunds, a careful conservative physician. It opened with no flourish of trumpets nor any assertions as to what it would do. It simply proposed not to use alcohol as a remedy, unless deemed necessary because all other remedies failed. It is situated in the heart of London, and takes all cases that naturally come to a great city hospital, including the accident and emergency cases for which the use of alcohol is usually deemed necessary. During these fourteen years it has received and treated over 20,000 cases. In only five of them have alcoholics been used, and in these instances results proved no more successful than where the remedies ordinarily employed in the hospital were used. The rate of mortality was only five and eight-tenths per cent., which is four and five-tenths per cent. lower than in any other London hospital taking the same class of patients. Especial attention has been paid to typhoid fever cases, as the conviction is very deep-seated that these must have brandy, whiskey or other alcoholics. The typhoid wards quite unexpectedly showed results strongly supporting the theory of non-alcoholic medication, the ratio of recoveries as compared with these in hospitals where alcoholics are used being even greater than was shown in the general average.

Another good result is noted: Of the 20,000 patients treated in the London Temperance Hospital, more than 12,000 were more or less addicted to the use of strong drink. While in the hospital they were free from it entirely; the taste for it was not kept alive and pampered as an alcoholic medication, by daily or hourly doses of liquor; thus the system was purged of the poison. This, added to their appreciation of the good effects of non-alcoholic medication, led many to become total abstainers.

The records of this hospital also testify to the fact that the use of liquor subtracts from the life force and renders the patient more liable to succumb to disease. In fatal cases, there were fully twenty per cent. more deaths among the non-abstainers than among the teetotalers. Every visitation of the cholera and yellow fever or of any other plague, demonstrates the same fact.

The National Temperance Hospital in Chicago has not yet been established long enough to teach with the same authority, but its teachings are in the same direction. Especially has it proved that in cases of collapse preparations of ammonia can be used with much better effect than alcoholics, results being secured more quickly and certainly, and the after effects being much better, there being no dangerous reaction, as is often the case when resort has been had to alcohol, the paralyzer. For the world is coming to understand that alcohol is always and everywhere a depressant, and never a stimulant, as it has so long claimed to be.

"What substitutes can be used in its place?" is asked. For fainting and shock, ten drops of aqua ammonia well diluted in water; this may be repeated in ten minutes, if necessary. For exhaustion, hot milk, tea, coffee or soup will give better results than alcohol. For collapse, ten drops of aqua ammonia in hot milk, given in small quantities every few minutes will prove efficacious. Florence Nightingale, in her "Notes on Nursing," recommends hot tea very strongly. She says that in the Crimean hospitals she directed the nurses to give a cup of hot tea to the weakest patients about three o'clock in the morning, the time when vital forces run lowest and more patients die than at any other hour of the twenty-four. This, she feels assured, tided many a patient over the turning-point, who without it would have died.

Dr. Nathan S. Davis the Nester of American physicians, says: "In typhoid fever with iodine as a general alterant and antiseptic to counteract the molecular degeneration in the tissues and the blood, and the choice of cardiac and vasomotor tonics from the class of remedies represented by coffee, tea, strychnia, carbonate of ammonia, etc., according to the special symptoms of each case, and vigilant attention to the local complications that are, in many cases, more dangerous to the patient than the general disease, with an equally vigilant attention to the proper administration of simple nourishment and pure air, we have no place or need for the use of alcohol as a remedy in these cases."—MARY A. WEST, in *Chicago Advance*.

Drunkenness a Crime.

The legislature of Minnesota has just enacted a law making drunkenness a crime. Strange, is it not, that a legislature which would vote down county option, and refuse the people an opportunity to vote whether or not they would prohibit criminal-making should go to the extent of declaring that the drunkard is a criminal? That is it, gentlemen, you have done it now, authorized the traffic, and fine and imprison the victim! According to Victor Hugo when nature made a mouse, she said, hold on, there! I have made a mistake. Then she made a cat to catch the mouse. So that a mouse, plus a cat, is nature perfected. So we authorize saloons and then fine the drunkards. That is to say, licensed traffic plus fines for the victims is ideal temperance legislation! Could men have more plainly declared the iniquity of the traffic, or the need of prohibition? Of course this law can be executed. It is easy to fine and lock up the poor moneyless victim of strong drink; but the bloated saloonist, never. And so we go on adding insult to injury. We take the poor man's money for drink (and the price of license is in it) and then when he is drunk we take the rest of his money, and his time from his wife and children, and call it reform.

Do we doubt that drunkenness is a crime? Not at all. But can we doubt that, if it be a crime, it must also be a greater crime to make drunk? To enact that drunkenness is a crime would be admirable as a supplement to prohibition, for we should be in a condition to consistently enforce such a law. But never while we authorize the traffic.—*Methodist Herald*.