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DASH DOWN THAT BOWL.

Dash down that bowl!
Though the sparkling wine,
Like a jewel fair,
May brightly shine;
Though the brow it illumine,
The sad heart cheer,
'Tis followed by grief,
And the sigh and tear.

Touch not one drop!
Be no more a slave
Of the cup that is friend
Of the worm and the grave;
Break off the yoke
That enslaves thee now;
Bear no more the brand
That's stamped on thy brow.

Gaze on thy hearth!
See want and despair!
The starving, the ragged,
The wretched are there;
What hath despoiled thee,
And made all so drear?
Look on the wine cup,
The answer is there.

Break not her fond heart
That bitterness feels,
As alone with God
In sadness she kneels;
While the heart-broken prayer
Rises up to the throne
From the groaning, the wretched,
For thee, erring one.

Dash down that bowl!
No longer drain
That cup of hell,
Of death and pain;
Drink the crystal stream,
'Twill life impart,
And true joy give
To thee, sad of heart.

—JOHN FONDEY, M. D., in the *Pioneer*.

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS.

"So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God."—Rom. 14: 12.

Your vote is a trust that God has given,
Its record is taken up in heaven,
As well as on earth below;
We sing of angels hovering round,
Unseen at our side they are ever found,
Their deep eyes watch us now.

on their white wings fair,
They watch as they sweep through our
taunted air—
Shall they carry the news to heaven,
That one Christian man has his trust be-
trayed?
His guardian angel would shrink dismayed
As the traitor vote was given.

Will you vote to open the bar-room door?
Will you vote to increase its master's store?
Will you vote for crime and woe?
Will you vote that the liquor may freely
flow?
Till, instead of God's kingdom here below,
Hell's kingdom on earth may grow.

Will you vote that your child on the vil-
lage street,
The drunkard's staggering form shall meet,
And his filthy ravings hear?
Till an oath shall seem a familiar thing,
And the lips that should glad hosannas
sing,
Speak words that defile the ear.

Will you vote that the tempters shall be-
tray,
And entice you boys to the evil way,
That leads where the lost abide?
Nay! God forbid! In His name we pray,
Destroy them not with your vote to-day
For whom the Saviour died.
—S. R. G.

SHUN THE CUP.

Oh, bright is the wine, the ruby wine
That sparkles in the cup;
But dim are the eyes, the blood-shot eyes
Of him who quaffs it up.

Сно.—Then shun the cup, the death-
fraught cup
That dooms the soul to hell,
And drink the draught, the cooling
draught
That comes from the crystal well.

Oh, bright is the glow, the rosy glow,
As on the eye it gleams;
But pure is the light, the diamond light,
Of nature's crystal streams.

Oh, sad is the end, the dreadful end
Of him who heedeth not,
To shun the cup, the treacherous cup,
So full of danger fraught.

"DOWN BRAKES."

A Word to Railroad Men and Others.

REV. J. C. QUINN, M. A., MINOT,
DAKOTA.

A few weeks ago I went on a mission to a destitute point on the St. Paul M. & M. R. road, west of Minot, and while watching the brakeman at his duty from time to time, the following was suggested to me, which may prove of use to my readers, railroadmen and others:

THE BRAKE ON THE CARS, AND THE
BRAKE IN DAILY LIFE.

When the engine driver sees the shadow of danger, he whistles down brakes, and the brakeman obeys promptly.

In like manner as we journey on through the very intricate mazes of life, as soon as conscience notes the shadow of danger, the appearance of evil, she whistles down brakes, and we be unto the unwary traveller who does not obey promptly. Take a few examples from the word of God: The conscience of Joseph the steward of Potiphar's household in Egypt, signalled down brakes pretty lively when he was tempted to lust, and he exclaimed: "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God? Moses put down brakes hard when he resolved to give up the pleasures of sin in an Eastern court, and cast in his lot with the people of God.

Daniel put down brakes when he deliberately chose to live on pulse, and drink water, rather than take food from the king's table.

My friends, in our journey through life, full as it is of so many dangers and pitfalls, let us keep our ears ever open for the signal of down brakes, which is sure to be given to us from time to time by the word of God, and our own consciences. Blessed is he that heareth Me. The Bible is full of such signals, which we may call warnings to down brakes. For example we have in (Rom. xii, 9.)

Abhor that which is evil; and xiii, 13, Let us walk honestly as in the day; in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness; with Amos v, 15, Hate evil, &c. See also Proverbs ii, 10-19. Read prayerfully. Abstain from all appearance of evil, has a wide and comprehensive application. You look at a glass of wine or other liquor, and say to yourself or companion:

I SEE NO HARM IN IT;

but God has looked upon it before you, and warns you to down brakes, and not drink it, in the word Look not upon the wine when it is red; at last it stingeth like a serpent and biteth like an adder. You see no harm in looking at a beautiful face. God tells you that looking with desire after, is a sin. You see no harm in the dance. The Bible and numerous human wrecks in our large cities, &c., signal down brakes, and urge you to abstain from all appearance of evil.

I like to go with young—; he is good company, you say. Mother says Don't go with him, he swears sometimes. Oh, that will not hurt me, I need not swear, you reply. God signals down brakes, when He tells you in scripture: Evil communications corrupt good manners.

My young friend, swearing and obscenity are too common in society, especially out West. Let me ask you to set your face against profanity and obscenity—whenever you can. Do not use such language, nor tell dirty stories, nor listen to them; they will blacken your soul, and do you untold harm.

Never tell a story you would not like mother or sister to hear. Language indicates character. Let your language and conduct be always pure. It takes promptness and effort to put down brakes on the cars. In like manner my friends it will require

PROMPT OBEDIENCE

and great exertion to put down brakes in daily life.

Learn always to say no with

promptness and energy, when tempted to do evil.

As you value your life and character never permit yourself to be persuaded or laughed into that which is evil. Cultivate the habit of saying "no," and sticking to it, when tempted to disobey orders, or to do evil. To illustrate this let me give you a sketch of an engine-driver's life. A young lad determined to be an engine-driver, and would not be persuaded from his purpose by his parents. When he left home to learn the business, he received this advice, which he took as his motto; "Never move your engine on a supposition. Be sure you know before you go ahead." The lad never forgot this advice, and it saved him from several collisions. In the course of thirty-six years this engine driver travelled 1,137,000 miles, and to use his own words: Never has a passenger of mine been hurt, even so much as the breaking of a finger. The same motto will suit in all the varied walks of life: "Be sure you know before you go ahead."

Before you, my reader, take another step in life, pause, and ask the question;

AM I ON THE WAY TO HEAVEN, OR ON
THE WAY TO HELL?

If I am not bound for heaven, I must turn here and now, and trust Jesus, and thus step on the narrow way that leadeth unto life. Jesus says: I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh unto the Father, but by Me. Be sure, my soul, that you have started right, then keep on looking unto Jesus. Very little puts the cars off the track. One false step landed Christian and Faithful in Doubting Castle.

Just one glass! Yes, but that one glass may lead to ruin,—has often done so. You have no reason to believe that, THAT ONE GLASS will not ruin you.

I am only looking on at the game of cards. Yes, but remember there is a fascination about GAMBLING that may entice you on to your ruin.

When Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom, he had no intention of going there to live; yet he did, very soon, and was well nigh ruined eternally.

Avoid it, pass not by it. Keep away from the evil, no matter in what form it presents itself to you. Parley with temptation, and you are undone. When tempted, cry to God: Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe, and flee from the evil in thought, word, and conduct.

When the word of God and conscience whistle down brakes, put them down hard and fast,—promptly—and God will bless and keep you.

PARASITES!

The True Nature of the Liquor Business Exposed.

BY HON. JOHN B. FINCH.

The License System Illustrated.

Take a leech: press all the blood out of it. Now I will show you a trick of license economy. I take a lancet draw a scratch on my arm, and say to the leech, "Suck." It does. Just look at it. It is growing respectable; it is getting sleek, and smooth, and fat. When it is full it will let go! There is this difference between insect leeches and human leeches: An insect leech ceases sucking when he is full, while a human leech will continue to suck as long as there is any money in the pockets of the victims or until he is choked off.

I want to show you the statesman ship of license advocates.

I take the leech and squeeze it; two or three drops of blood comes from its mouth and I swallow them and say I have gained so much blood. Some boy in this house cries out, "Mr. Finch, you are foolish! Why, every drop of that blood was in you first—the leech sucked it out of you. You have only got part of it back, and that part in a way that will do you more harm than good."

Liquor men come into your county and the law drives a scratch on your business life and sticks them on and says: "Suck." See them change their clothes! See them grow fat as they live on the business life of the city and the country! When the year rolls around, the authorities invert them and squeeze out of them five hundred, one thousand, or fifteen hundred dollars, and say, "Ha! ha! we have saved so much money to the city." But where did the liquor-dealer get the money? He did not have it when he came here. He came into our country, and without giving a single thing of value, without building up society, without helping society, he has sucked from it thousands of dollars. He keeps the largest part, and gives you a pittance to be allowed to continue. You take it, and congratulate yourselves that you are dividing up with the spoiler of your homes, your prosperity, and your civilization.

FOLLY! FOLLY! FOLLY!

Build up a city, gentlemen? Just as well build up a man by putting lice on his head, as to hope to build up the material interests of a city by opening dram shops. In every business relation the liquor traffic of the country is an institution which receives value without returning it. It lives on society as parasites live on other bodies.

AN APOLOGY.

I suppose I ought to say, in justice to myself, that I never compare things unfavorably. I do not like to drag anything into a position where it ought not to be, and I feel like apologizing—to the bed-bug. You ask what I mean? I will tell you. I never knew one bed-bug to eat another bed-bug, or one louse to eat another louse. It remains for the last and highest order of which God created in his own image, to develop the type which will live on their own kind and off their own species; who will fasten the fangs of parasitic avarice in the pulsating flesh of their own kind, their own blood, their own sex, and their own race,—and grow rich, not by the destruction of other species, not by the destruction of other orders, but by the destruction of individuals who feel the same, who enjoy the same, that they do. It is unfair to an order of parasitic life that lives on other forms of life, to compare it with a class low enough, vile enough, to live on its own kind without a feeling of sympathy, without a pulsation of regret.

WHY THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IS LOATHSOME.

Recently a lady said to me: "I wish you would not use such horrid comparisons." I did not ask her how she knew they were horrid. I simply said "My dear Madam, if I should catch a bed-bug, an ant and a bee, and place them here with microscopes over them, you would come and look at them, would you not?" "Yes." "Well, I submit the bed-bug is prettier than the ant, prettier body, head, legs. If I had mentioned the ant you would not have objected?" "No." "Then why object to my mentioning the better looking insect, it is simply the way it makes its living that makes you loathe it." If it were not parasitic, humanity would not detest it. If the dram-vendor lived by building up and advancing the race we should not be compelled to classify him with parasites.

The New York *Tribune*, referring to the illegally licensed liquor shops of Alaska, says: "The result or the immunity to these grog-shops is a great spread of immorality among the natives, who will sell their off-spring or wives for whiskey."

Dr. Strong is authority for the statement that in the States between the Mississippi river and the Rocky Mountains there is on the average one saloon to every forty-three voters. East of the Mississippi the average is one saloon to 106 voters.

So Awfully Funny.

Look at that drunken man! Isn't it awfully funny to see him reeling along the street, now on one side, and now on the other? Now he goes ker-slam against that lamp-post! It's enough to make one die of laughter. Hello! He has fallen into the gutter. See him wallow in the mud! Isn't it excruciatingly parrotlike?

Heur him talk parrotlike, unmeaning nonsense. It's as good as a play. What exquisite humor in his thick, incoherent utterance! Did you ever hear anything half as funny?

Just watch his eyes! How wild they look? If one did not know he was only drunk, one might think him a madman. Great fun isn't it?

Wonder if he's going home? His wife is probably waiting for him. What fun to see her when he tumbles into the house. How laughable to see the tears fall from her streaming eyes, how diverting to scan her pinched face, with its look of anguish and long suffering. Perhaps she thinks, as she sees him to-night, of the bright, clean and handsome young man who won her heart not so many years ago. And now look at the contrast. That sodden face, those torn and soiled clothes, that meaningless jargon, this wreck of a man! Isn't it jolly?

Look at the scant supper that is spread upon the table. The woman and her little ones are evidently suffering from want of proper food. The money which should succor them has gone into the rum-dealer's till; the money which should buy them decent and comfortable clothing, is offered up to the demon drink! It's enough to split one's sides. It's too funny for anything.

And see his little children! How they hide away in the corners and behind anything that offers, to escape his observation. Ah, he sees little Tommy now. See him chasing the little fellow around the room! Will he hit him with that bottle? Yes—no, his wife has caught hold of his coat-tails. Ha, ha! He is dragging her along after him. See he has turned upon her. See how the blood flows from that gash on her forehead,—how still she lies! He has killed her.

See the children as they gather about their dead mother! Look at their scared faces! Hear their moans and sobs? And look at him, their father! See his dazed, idiotic stare! Hark, somebody's at the door. It is the police. They drag him off to jail. Think of the morrow when he comes to himself. Think of the orphaned children. Oh, yes, there is nothing in this world half so funny as a drunken man. No wonder we laugh at him as he pitches along the street.—*Boston Transcript*.

Barnum's Experience.

"I drank," says P. T. Barnum, "more or less intoxicating liquors from 1837 to 1847. The last four of these years I was in England, and the habit and my appetite for liquor grew so strong from month to month that I discovered that if continued it would certainly work my ruin. With a tremendous effort and a most determined resolution I broke that habit square off, and resolved never to practice it again. I have religiously kept that resolution for more than forty years. Had I not done so I should have been in my grave a quarter of a century ago, for my health had already begun to be affected by alcohol. I was so delighted with my own escape that I traveled thousands of miles at my own expense and gave hundreds of free lectures in every state between Maine and Wisconsin, besides Missouri, Kentucky, Louisiana and California. I have gladly spent thousands of dollars for temperance. I have built numerous houses for moderate-drinking workingmen on condition that they would become teetotalers, and they subsequently paid for the houses with the money and extra strength gained thereby."