

# THE TEMPERANCE JOURNAL

AND NEW BRUNSWICK REPORTER.

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Herman H. Pitts,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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### Place of Meeting, Divisions, Numbers Night of Meeting, and name of Deputies.

St. Stephen; Howard, 1; Friday; S. Webber;  
Milltown, St. Stephen; Wilberforce, 3; Monday;  
H. McAllister.  
Market Building, St. John; Gurney, 5; Thurs-  
day; John P. Bell.  
Orange Hall Portland; Portland, 7; Monday;  
A. Y. Paterson.  
Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wed-  
nesday; E. A. Everett.  
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J.  
DeVeer.  
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G.  
Stohart.  
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Tues-  
day; Walter Munford.  
Hillsboro, Albert Co.; Albert, 39; Wednesday;  
John I. Steeves.  
Sackville, West. Co.; Sackville, 40; Tuesday  
J. C. Harper.  
Richibucto, Kent Co.; Richibucto, 42; Wednes-  
day; A. Haines.  
Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; Jas.  
Falconer.  
Point de Bute, West. Co. Westmorland, 50;  
Thursday; Jas. W. Colpitts.  
Hopewell Hill, Albert Co. Golden Rule, 51  
Tuesday; L. R. Moore.  
enfield, Charlotte Co.; Safeguard, 58; Satur-  
day; H. C. Trynor.  
Cambridge, Queen's Co.; Johnston, 62; Satur-  
day; George S. Wilson.  
Dalhousie; Dalhousie, 64; Monday; G. Haddow  
Baie Verte; Baie Verte, 65; Wednesday; R.  
Goodwin.  
Dover, West. Co.; Dover, 70; Saturday;  
Alfred E. Steeves.  
Carleton, St. John; Granite Rock, 77; Tuesday;  
John C. Thomas.  
Derby, North Co.; Nelson, Monday; J. Betts 99  
Douglstown, North Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tues-  
day; J. Henderson.  
Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thurs-  
day; Jacob I. Keirstead.  
Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134  
Saturday; James E. Coy.  
Benton, Carleton Co.; Garibaldi, 151; A. T.  
Campbell.  
St. Martins, St. John Co.; St. Martins, 164,  
Tuesday; Samuel Osborn.  
Moncton; Moncton, 183; Monday; F. W. Steeves  
Douglas, York Co.; Dunphy's W. O. Farmers  
190; Saturday; Arthur W. Ross.  
Salisbury, West. Co.; Crystal Stream, 191  
Monday; C. A. Beck.  
South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207  
Monday; Wm. Roxborough.  
Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 235; Tuesday  
Geo. H. Waring.  
McTou; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Miss  
Vena Fawcett.  
Victoria Mills, West. Co.; Victoria, 245; Thurs-  
day; A. J. Main.  
Mountville, Albert Co.; Home Circle, 244  
Friday; E. E. Peck.  
Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wed-  
nesday; John A. Robinson.  
Weldford, Kent Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday;  
H. Wathen.  
Portland; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler.  
Butternut Ridge, King's Co.; Havelock, 251  
Friday; E. Keith.  
Petitcodiac, West. Co.; Petitcodiac, 252; Tues-  
day D. A. Jonah.  
Lewis Mountain, West. Co.; Sunnyside, 253  
Saturday; Huesley Lewis.  
Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose 254; Satur-  
day; A. T. Lloyd.  
Millstream, Kings Co.; Britannia, 255; Saturday  
C. W. Wayman.  
Little Ridge, Char. Co.; Spreading Oak, 256;  
Tuesday; A. F. Matheson.  
Fredericton; Lansdowne, 257; Thursday; H. H.  
Pitts.  
River Charlo, Rest. Co.; Charlo, 259; Thursday;  
J. H. Galbraith.  
Teeves' Mountain, West. Co.; Mountain Rose  
260; Saturday; R. Lutz, Sr.  
Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday  
G. Barnes

## Good of the Order.

### ARM FOR THE BATTLE.

Arm for the battle of glory;  
Strike for the cause of Truth;  
Fathers with locks so hoary,  
Sons in the vigor of youth.  
Mothers and sisters and daughters,  
With prayers and blessings come!  
Death! death! wherever he lurketh  
To the serpent whose name is RUM!

Death! death! to the crested serpent  
War! war! on the curse of Rum!  
From mountain to valley the watchword  
Repeat, while our heroes come.  
Follow the trail of the monster—  
Trail him through forest and glen,  
Hunt him wherever he hideth—  
Stab him to death in his den!

Hath he not murdered our mothers—  
Brought their gray locks to the tomb?  
Hath he not murdered our brothers,  
Yet in their manhood's bloom?  
Hath he not coil'd up on our hearths' flames,  
Lissing with Udas breath?  
Then on to the warfare, brothers!  
Nor cease till he writhes in death!

### A PICTURE FROM LIFE.

BY CHATTYBELL.

A man found dead in the broad highway,  
A frozen corpse, that cold, cold day.  
Only a glance in the morning light,  
Told the face was still and white.  
Over the lips so cold and blue,  
Lay the shadow of death's dark hue,  
In the scant, white, frozen hair,  
Icicles were formed and lying there.

Only the rain, the snow, and sleet,  
Covered the frozen, tired feet.  
Dead, out in the merciless storm,  
No covering for his aged form.  
Only the bottle, the story told—  
Oh! the ushering out of that soul.  
No wife, no child to gather round,  
Only the wind with its wailing sound.

Decently, quietly, they laid him away;  
Against the drunkard no hard words say,  
For the sake of the gray hairs fallen so low,  
How much he was tempted we none of us  
know.

### TWO WOMEN.

A woman stood by the storm-tossed oar,  
Watching the foam-capped billows play,  
Like miniature mountains they seemed to  
wrestle  
Each sunning the Right of Way.  
Long hours she stood though the rain beat  
around her,  
The winds in maddest fury blew,  
For somewhere out mid the angry breakers  
There tossed a fisher-boat and crew.

"God in heaven," her white lips murmured,  
"That you stilled of old the sea,  
Bring my loved one safe to harbor,  
Bring him safe again to me."  
Still raged the storm—still rose the prayer—  
All the dreary night-watch through;  
But morning found the Storm King spent,  
And peace o'er the waters blue.

A weary, sad-eyed watcher,  
Knelt on the glittering strand,  
Beside the form of her loved one  
That the waves had brought to land.  
Again the white lips murmured—  
"And these were the words they spoke:  
"The Lord doth give, the Lord doth take,  
I bow beneath the stroke."

A woman stood by a dram-shop window,  
Watching the human stream flow in—  
Crowding and jostling as if in a hurry  
To plunge headlong in the tide of sin.  
Long hours she stood though the rain beat  
round her,  
The wind in maddest fury whirled;  
For somewhere back of those stained glass por-  
tals  
A soul to ruin was being hurled.  
"God in heaven," her white lips murmured,  
"That you died his soul to free,  
Bring my loved one safe to harbor,  
Bring him safe again to me."  
Still raged the storm—still rose the prayer—  
All the dreary night-watch through,  
But morning found the Storm King spent,  
And peace 'neath the heavens blue.

A weary, sad-eyed watcher  
Knelt on the pavement bare  
Beside the form of her loved one,  
But her soul rose not in prayer;  
But still the white lips murmured,  
And these were the words they spoke:  
"No drunkard can enter heaven,  
My weary heart is broke."  
—Velma Caldwell Melville.

### A PRISON INCIDENT.

Mrs. Emma Molloy relates the fol-  
lowing incident in one of her  
speeches, referring to the relation of  
temperance to crime:—

In a recent visit to the Leaven-  
worth, Kan., prison, during my ad-  
dress on Sabbath morning, I observ-  
ed a boy, not more than seventeen  
or eighteen years of age, on the  
front seat, intently eyeing me. The  
look he gave me was so full of ear-  
nest longing it spoke volumes to me.  
At the close of the service I asked  
the warden for an interview with  
him, which was readily granted.  
As he approached me his face grew  
deathly pale, and as he grasped my  
hand he could not restrain the fast-  
falling tears. Choking with emotion  
he said:

I have been in this prison two  
years, and you are the first person  
that has called for me, the first  
woman who has spoken to me.

How is this, my child? I asked.  
Have you no friends that love you?  
Where is your mother?

The great brown eyes, swimming  
with tears, were slowly uplifted to  
mine, and he replied:

My friends are all in Texas. My  
mother is an invalid, and fearing  
that the knowledge of my terrible  
fall would kill her, I have kept my  
whereabouts a profound secret. For  
two years I have borne my awful  
homesickness in silence for her sake.

As he buried his face in his hands,  
and heartsick sobs burst from his  
trembling frame, it seemed to me I  
could see a panorama of the days  
and nights, the long weeks of home-  
sick longing, that had dragged their  
weary length out over two years.

So I ventured to ask how much  
longer have you stay?

Three years! was the reply, as  
the fair young head dropped lower,  
and the frail little hand trembled  
with suppressed emotion.

Five years at your age! I ex-  
claimed. How did it happen?

Well, he replied, it's a long story,  
but I'll make it short. I started out  
from home to try to do something  
for myself. Coming to Leaven-  
worth, I found a cheap boarding-  
house, and one night accepted an in-  
vitation from some of the young  
men to go into a drinking saloon.  
For the first time in my life I drank  
a glass of liquor. It fired my brain.  
There is a confused remembrance  
of a quarrel. Somebody was stabbed.  
The bloody knife was found in my  
hand. I was indicted for assault  
with intent to kill. Five years for  
the thoughtless acceptance of a glass  
of liquor is surely illustrating the  
scripture truth that the 'way of the  
transgressor is hard!'

I was holding the cold, trembling  
hand that had crept into mine. He  
earnestly tightened his grasp as im-  
plorely he said, Oh, Mrs. Molloy,  
I want to ask a favor of you.

At once I expected he was going  
to ask me to help obtain a pardon,  
and in an instant I measured the  
weight of public reproach that rests  
upon the victims of its legalized  
drunk traffic. It is all right to lega-  
lize a man to craze the brains of our  
boys, but not by any means to ask  
that the state pardon its victims. In-  
terpreting my thought, he said, I  
am not going to ask you to get me  
a pardon, but I want you to write to  
my mother and get a letter from her  
and send it to me. Don't for the  
world tell her where I am. Better  
not tell her anything about me.  
Just get a line from her, so I can  
look upon it. Oh! I am so home-  
sick for my mother.

The head of the boy dropped down  
into my lap with a wailing sob, I  
laid my hand upon his head. I  
thought of my own boy, and for a  
few moments was silent, and let the  
outburst of sorrow have vent.

Presently I said, Murray, if I were  
your mother, and the odor of a  
thousand prisons was upon you, still  
you would be my boy. I should  
like to know where you were. Is it  
right to keep that mother in sus-  
pense? Do you suppose there ever  
has been a day or a night that she  
has not prayed for her wandering  
boy! No, Murray I will only con-  
sent to write to your mother on con-

sideration that you will permit me  
to write the whole truth, just as one  
mother can write to another.

After some argument his consent  
was finally obtained, and a letter  
was hastily penned and sent on its  
way. A week or so elapsed, when  
the following letter was received  
from Texas:

DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST,—Your  
letter was this day received, and I  
hasten to thank you for your words  
of tender sympathy and for tidings  
of my boy—the first word we have  
had in two years. When Murray  
left home we had thought it would  
not be for long. As the months have  
rolled on, the family have given him  
up for dead, but I felt sure God  
would give me back my boy. As I  
write from the couch of an invalid,  
my husband is in W——nursing  
another son, who is lying at the  
gates of death, with typhoid fever. I  
could not wait his return to write  
to Murray. I wrote and told him if I  
could, how quickly I would go and  
pillow his dear head upon my breast,  
just as I did when he was a little  
child. My poor, dear boy—so gen-  
erous, so kind and loving. What  
could he have done to deserve this  
punishment? You do not mention  
his crime, but you say it was com-  
mitted while under the influence of  
drink.

I did not know he ever tasted  
liquor. We have raised six boys,  
and I have never known one of  
them to be under the influence of  
drink. Oh! is there any place in  
this nation that is safe when our  
boys have left the home fold? O  
God! my sorrow is greater than I  
can bear. I cannot go to him, but  
sister, I pray you to talk to him,  
and comfort him as you would have  
some mother talk to your boy were  
he in his place. Tell him that when  
he is released, his place in the old  
home nest and his mother's heart is  
waiting for him.

Then followed loving mother  
words for Murray in addition to  
those written. As I wept bitter  
tears over the words so full of heart-  
break, I asked myself the question,  
'how long will this nation continue  
this covenant with death and league  
with hell to rob us of our boys?'—  
Chicago Inter-Ocean.

### Alcohol Is King.

Our rulers should be statesmen—  
not mere politicians. They should be  
selected on the ground of moral prin-  
ciples, and not skill in party tactics.  
The Almighty has said, "He that  
ruleth over men must be just, ruling  
in the fear of God." What attention  
has been paid to this by politicians?

"It is not for kings to drink wine  
or princes strong drink, lest they  
drink and forget the law and pervert  
the judgment of any of the afflicted."  
What respect has been paid to this  
injunction from the throne? Let  
the enormous liquor bills in all the  
great political conventions answer:

King Alcohol has ruled without a  
rival. Only one party as such has  
dared to assail him, and the cry is  
public sentiment is not ripe for pro-  
hibition.

The opposition first closed every  
avenue of knowledge on the question,  
as far as was in their power to do so.  
Persecuted, hung in effigy, murdered  
Prohibitionists, and then denounce  
the cause because the people are not  
up to the prohibition mark.

When pulpit, religious press and  
theological schools are united against  
this deadly evil, public sentiment will  
come right.

For nearly every man who lingers  
in a saloon, some one waits and  
prays at home. Every man who  
lingers in a saloon sacrifices some-  
thing—his intellect, his integrity, his  
reputation, his home, his love, his  
prospects, his hope. There is no  
compensation.

The principles of God applied to  
the country would shut up every  
liquor den in this country, and put  
every liquor seller in jail. When  
the God fearing men stand up and  
say, 'Prohibition shall prohibit' it  
will prohibit.—SAM JONES.

## SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE

## TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

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