

# Temperance Journal.

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## STOP AND THINK.

My boy, when they ask you to take a drink,  
Stop and think.  
Just think of the danger ahead;  
Of the hearts that in sorrow have bled  
O'er hopes that were drowned in the bowl;  
Filled with death for the body and soul.

When you hear a man asking for drink,  
Stop and think.  
The draught that he drinks will destroy  
High hopes and ambitions, my boy;  
And the man who a leader might be  
Is a slave that no man's hand can free.

O this terrible demon of drink!  
Stop and think.  
Of the graves where its victims are laid,  
Of the ruin and woe it has made,  
Of the wives and the mothers who pray  
For the curse to be taken away.

Yes, when you are tempted to drink,  
Stop and think,  
Of the danger that lurks in the bowl,  
The death that it brings to the soul,  
"The harvest of sin and of woe,  
And spurn back the tempter with "No!"

## THE LIQUOR DEALER'S PRAYER.

"When ye spread forth your hands, I will  
hide Mine eyes from you; yea, when ye  
make many prayers, I will not hear;  
your hands are full of blood. Wash you,  
make you clean; put away the evil of  
your doings from before Mine eyes."—  
ISAIAH i. 15-16.

At evening he retired to pray,  
And, kneeling low, began to say,—  
"Our Father, still in Heaven the same,  
Hallowed be Thy glorious name,"—  
When Conscience, rising in his breast,  
The prostrate suppliant thus addressed:—

"Daily you sell that drink for gain,  
Which makes your neighbor so profane;  
With boisterous hand and poisoned breath,  
He scatters firebrands, arrows, death;  
Can then your heart one wish afford,  
That God's great name should be adored?"  
Although convicted, almost dumb,  
He still proceeds—"Thy kingdom come!"  
Again does the reprover rise,  
The monitor within replies:—

"You still pursue that deadly craft,—  
Still vend the soul-destroying draught,  
Which so obstructs that Kingdom's course,  
And adds to sin and Satan's force;  
How dare you now pretend to plead  
That Heavenly kingdom to succeed?"  
Still venturing on, once more he said,  
"Give us each day our daily bread."

"What! While your bins and bags contain,  
Exchanged for drink the poor man's grain;  
Or in your till the price is laid  
Which should have bought his children bread."  
His soul with keen conviction strung,  
With struggling heart and faltering tongue,  
He cries, "Forgive! grant me salvation,  
And henceforth keep me from temptation;  
Nor any longer will I lay  
Temptation in my neighbor's way.  
What thus is gain, when understood,  
I see to be the price of blood.  
I'd rather dig, or beg, or serve—  
Yea, henceforth sooner will I starve,  
Rather than once again I'll stain  
My hand with such unrighteous gain!"  
Drummond Tract.

## ABUSING THE BRAIN

Peculiar Afflictions Caused by Over-  
working the Mental Faculties

A recent medical journal gives the  
report of a case of singular loss of  
memory in a young girl residing in  
New York. Sitting in her own room  
one day she took up a package of let-  
ters which she intended to answer,  
and was amazed to find that that she  
could not remember the names or ap-  
pearance of any of the writers, all of  
whom were her own personal friends.  
She was calm and sane, except upon  
this one point: her memory of persons  
seemed to be suddenly and wholly  
obliterated. She hastily descended  
to the room where the family was  
gathered for dinner, and found that  
she could not remember a single name  
or face, except that of her mother.  
Her father, sisters and brothers ap-  
peared to her as strangers, nor was it  
possible to recall them to her. The  
faculty of memory of persons appear-  
ed to be paralyzed. It was found by  
the physicians that this singular effect  
was produced by the lodgement of a  
clot of blood upon a certain part of the  
brain.

Another well-known mental disor-  
der, which produces forgetfulness of  
words, results from abnormal pressure,  
or softening, in another part of the

brain. The patient frequently takes  
one word, such as "Yes," or "Water,"  
and repeats it a thousand times, im-  
agining that he is conversing with  
fluency and ease.

Our object in citing these painful  
cases is to remind our young readers  
of a fact which they are apt to forget;  
that the brain is a physical organ as  
much as the eye or hand, and, like  
them, can be, if they choose, overwork-  
ed, damaged and wounded to the  
death. The lad at school would be  
regarded as a fool or madman if he  
should, every day, cut a tendon of his  
arm or inject a poisonous fluid into  
his eye, until the strength of one and  
the sight of the other should be de-  
stroyed. Yet his daily cigarette and  
tipple of wine and whisky are acting  
slowly and surely upon the tissues of  
the brain, paralyzing and crippling his  
mental strength.

This warning may seem a needless  
platitude to adult readers, but there  
are many young people who forget,  
or who do not know, that the vigor of  
intellectual life depends upon physical  
as well as spiritual conditions.

The mind of each human being is  
a captive in his body; he can, if he  
will, by drinking, by overeating, or by  
debauchery blind and cripple it, as  
did the Philistines their prisoner  
Samson. Or he can train and use  
the functions of his body as its slaves  
and tools, and so make of it a royal  
guest, fit for immortal rule.—*Youth's  
Companion.*

## What the Finger Post Said.

WALTER S. ROBBINS.

What's the matter with you, Alf?  
You look as pale as a ghost.

Well, to tell you the truth, Tom,  
I'm not a fellow to dream much, but  
I had one last night that fairly knock-  
ed me out of time; I thought all the  
blood would freeze in my veins.

Well, you look as though your  
blood was frozen, old chap; come and  
have a drop of something warm.

Not me, Tom, thanks; I had such a  
lesson last night as I shall not forget  
in a hurry.

You astonish me, Alf! Not ready  
for a drink? Why the world is turning  
up side down surely; suppose you've  
got hold of some new-fangled notion.

Don't be hard on me, Tom; if you  
had had the experience I had last  
night you would never, never touch  
another drop.

Let's hear this bogey tale; it must  
be a heavy thing to turn a man like  
you right off his liquor.

Well, began Alf, shuddering as he  
thought of the terrible event, you  
know I was drinking deeply last night  
before I went home. I got home  
somehow, and went off to sleep. I  
dreamt I was walking a road which  
had great fissures in it, from which  
came up smoke and flame. I was fright-  
ened out of my wits, and didn't know  
whatever to do. I heard groanings  
that fairly unnerved me, and, when  
I listened, I heard in horrible tones,  
Drink leads the way to destruction  
ha! ha! I hurried on as well as I  
could to try and get away from such  
a place, when, to my dismay, I heard  
heavy footsteps behind me—nearer  
and nearer they came, and I could  
feel hot breath upon my neck. My  
blood seemed to freeze within me, my  
knees trembled violently, and my  
heart seemed to stop beating at the  
moment when an icy cold hand en-  
circled my throat. My eyes seemed  
starting from their sockets; my tongue  
was parched. With an unearthly  
laugh, my captor brought me down.  
His appearance I cannot describe; so  
frightful, that although I am not  
afraid of fancies, and I suppose no  
sensible man is, yet this set my teeth  
chattering in my head from very fear.  
He bound about me an iron chain, and  
dragged me, for I could not walk,  
nearer to those sounds. I could hear  
bitter laughings as my captor was  
hailed with the words, Drink leads  
the way, aha! aha! As I was dragged  
past, I noticed a large finger post put  
up, and I wondered whatever that  
could be for in so wretched a place.  
I strained my eyes, and saw in flash-  
ing letters upon it, The way of trans-

gressors is hard. There was another  
arm to it which I could not see to read.  
Just then we arrived at a gate, where  
snarling curs and venomous snakes  
contested the right of entrance. My  
cruel captor entered, leaving me with  
the undesired companions just spoken  
of. Some how or other the air seem-  
ed full of voices, saying, Arise, flee  
for thy life; and and at last I did rise,  
and thought I would make tracks  
for the finger post. I got there in an  
awful state of mind and body, and  
read on the other arm, Ready and  
willing to forgive us our sins. I  
made up my mind I would travel this  
road—any was better than the one I  
had left. I soon came to a little gate,  
and a dear old man came out and ask-  
ed me my name and what I wanted.  
I related the scene I had witnessed  
and he said, Ah, friend, you must take  
off that old habit and let me burn it,  
and I will give you a fresh one, and  
then you can go along the pathway  
that leadeth to the city of light. Your  
little boys have just passed along with  
a good daughter of mine, Temperance  
by name. You will catch them up.  
I had changed my things and  
was just getting my dear little  
bairns in sight when—I awoke.  
I was steaming all over. Wife want-  
ed to know what was wrong with me,  
and I told her all about it at break-  
fast time, and that I had made up my  
mind to keep on the new habit and  
let the old man burn the other suit.  
Oh! how her eyes filled with tears of  
joy, and she looked up to me just as  
she used to do, and said, Alf, I am  
so glad you looked at that fingerpost;  
we shall be happy now.

Umph! said Tom; well you did  
have a turn of it and no mistake.  
And with that he bade his companion  
farewell; but not so the dream.

Dear friend, how is it with you?  
Are you hurrying over a road fissured  
with snares and temptations, through  
which the direst breath of the bottom-  
less pit is issuing? Are you allow-  
ing drink to scorch your lives and  
blast your hopes, blight your homes  
and make your dear little children de-  
test the sight of you? Ought this to  
be? Won't you look at the finger-  
post? All the black past will be for-  
gotten, and strength given to battle  
against the sin which is so easily be-  
setting so many. Spend your hard  
earnings to make your own home  
brighter, instead of putting diamond  
rings and silks on the persons at the  
Good Old Toper.

## The Topsy Corporal.

A lad, a corporal in the French  
Army, when drunk struck his superior  
officer. This was a very serious of-  
fence. He was tried by court mar-  
tial and sentenced to be shot, and cast  
into prison to await the execution of  
the sentence. There was an effort made  
to secure his pardon, but without suc-  
cess. The Colonel, however, was much  
attached to him, and was unremitting  
in his efforts to procure a pardon  
which he at length succeeded in doing,  
on condition that if ever known to be  
drunk again he should be shot.

The Colonel went to prison to in-  
form the condemned young corporal  
of his pardon.

Ah! Colonel, said the unhappy  
young man, as the officer entered,  
you see what my folly has brought  
me to!

Suppose, said the Colonel, that I  
should tell you that, on condition that  
you never drink again, a pardon is ex-  
tended to you.

A gleam of hope brightened the  
young face.

Your life being the forfeit if ever  
you taste liquor again, added the  
Colonel.

Impossible! said the poor lad, I can-  
not live and not drink. Must I never  
drink?

Never.  
The poor young fellow relapsed into  
hopelessness.

Nothing could keep me from it.  
It would be impossible to keep the  
condition.

I want your word and pledge of  
honour as a soldier, said the Colonel,  
appealing to the military spirit and

high sense of honour he so well knew  
the youth to possess.

The lad's soul kindled within him.  
The appeal wrought the effect in-  
tended.

See, Colonel! cried the young  
soldier; see here, and now, and he  
lifted his arm towards heaven, that  
never to my dying day will I put li-  
quor to my lips again!

That lad became Commander of  
the Imperial Guards, whose very  
name became such a power, and he  
kept the pledge in the same spirit  
that characterized his memorable ut-  
terance. The Old Guard dies,  
but never surrenders.—*Temperance  
Chronicle.*

## Stubbornness of the Saloonists.

It is remarkable that some of the  
advocates of the retail liquor traffic  
are so extreme that they are not wil-  
ling that even a moderate anti should  
be elected mayor of Atlanta. With  
the aid of these moderate saloonists  
and the negroes they restored bar-  
rooms to Atlanta, and immediately  
thereafter the number of drunks, and  
police cases of like character, were  
increased many fold. All these things  
are open facts, and none, it would seem  
are so blind as not to observe that  
this is true. They know that a brutal  
murder was committed upon an in-  
nocent boy on the evening of the  
fatal day of the vote that restored the  
bar-rooms to Atlanta, which was done  
by intoxicated negroes, who were pre-  
pared for such deeds through the man-  
agement and control of the extreme  
antis. After that came the murder  
of Gresham, who, it is generally be-  
lieved, was entirely innocent in the  
affair. Now we have the murder of  
Representative Hunt, of Catoosa.  
But these extreme antis never let up.  
We must have bar-rooms, and if the  
reckless shedding of blood comes as  
a result, they say, at least by their  
actions, let it shed. No amount of  
crime, with them seems to be suffi-  
cient reason for a halt on the bar-room  
question.

It seems strange that no amount of  
crime and evil and woe can shake the  
extreme anti. He is as fixed as a  
mountain of adamant in his attach-  
ment to bar-rooms. Blood shed and  
death may come as a tempest with  
their afflictions and woe, but he is un-  
moved. With him the man who op-  
poses bar-rooms is to be fought at  
every step as a public enemy, to whom  
no quarter is to be given, but the  
fight is one of extermination. This  
strange and unaccountable attachment  
to bar-rooms is a wonder and an as-  
tonishment to a large proportion of  
the reasoning class of the human fam-  
ily. What strange infatuation can  
have possessed the hearts and minds  
of this class of people?

They have ruled and crime and dis-  
sipation have marched forward with  
a high hand, and an outstretched arm.  
To them it seems that there is no evil  
that can befall the human family  
which will be equal to the absence of  
bar-rooms, and trust in the colored  
race for the continuance of them.  
Oh! what can be done with a class of  
men who are sufficiently intelligent  
and educated to comprehend the mag-  
nitude of the evil they are endeavor-  
ing to perpetuate, but who are utterly  
without a conscience as to the guilt  
and wickedness of their unholy deeds  
in upholding sin and wickedness,  
bloodshed and crime?

According to the Rev. Dr. Mutch-  
more of Philadelphia, "the moral ef-  
fect of English occupation in Egypt  
seems to be an increase of drinking  
in the towns and the cities. But the  
British influence is favorable and  
helpful to the mission work, especi-  
ally in facilitating the building of  
churches." It is eminently proper  
that British influence should be fav-  
orable to mission work, but what a  
sad comment on Christian England  
is the statement concerning the in-  
crease of drinking.

The Biddeford and Saco, Me. au-  
thorities one day recently turned over  
\$1500 worth of liquor into the sewer  
from the jail yard.