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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;
Miltown, 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; Mon-
day; E. A. Everitt.
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J.
DeVeber.
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G.
Stothart.
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Tues-
day; John Kinney.
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
Douglastown, 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.
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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, 238; Tuesday
Geo. H. Waring.
McLinton; Intercolonial 243; Friday; Miss
Vena Fawcett.
Victoria Mills, West Co.; Victoria, 245; Thurs-
day; A. J. Main.
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nesday; John A. Robinson.
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H. Waffan.
Portland; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler.
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Friday; E. Keith.
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day D. A. Jonah.
Lewis Mountain, West Co.; Sunnyside, 253
Saturday; Ausley Lewis.
Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose 254; Satur-
day; A. T. Lloyd.
Millstream, Kings Co. Britannia, 255; Saturday
C. W. Weyman.
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.
Fam'zon, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday
G. James.
Pomroy Ridge, Char. Co.; Mayflower 263
Thursday; W. Moulton.
Scotch Ridge, Char. Co.; Iona, 264; Wednes-
day; D. M. Sinclair.
Oak Hill, Char. Co.; Oak, 265; Thursday; Harry
E. Grimmer.
Tower Hill, Char. Co.; Wills, 266; Saturday;
S. S. Smith.
Graves Settlement, West Co.; Rockland, 267
Friday; G. Johnston.
2d Falls, St. George Char. Co.; Stewart, 269
Saturday; A. Sherwood.
St. George, Char. Co.; Red Granite, 270; Satur-
day; Chas. Johnson.

Case of the Order.

Found Dead.

"Found dead by the roadside, Augustus Hall
With a bottle clasped to his frozen breast;
He died from drink, where he chanced to
fall"—
Ran the coroner's verdict—and this was all;
God only knows the rest.
Where was the soul, once brave and strong,
As he staggered along the broad highway?
Where was the Mentor of right and wrong,
As he babbled a stave of the drinking song
Heard in a den that day?
"Vive la vie!" as the maudlin swell
Went trembling out on the startled air,
An echo marked, from the frozen dell,
"La vie—la vie!" he reeled and fell,
Where to, he did not care.

The wind, in the leafless treetops, beat
The onward march of a wintry storm,
But the snow came down with silent feet
And tenderly spread a winding-sheet
Over the human form.

They found him there, when the morning light,
Shone over the woodland far and free,
Still and stark, in the shimmering light
With his lips apart, as, yesternight,
He sung, "Vive la vie!"

This human wreck in his rags and grime,
The lowest and least of his fellow-men,
Had never committed a penal crime—
Was followed and flattered, in manhood's
prime.
For eloquence tongue and pen.

He had led the van for truth and right,
But, alas! he fell, where thousands yield;
Fell, with the goal of his hope in sight,
Fell, in the strength of his mind and might—
And sleeps in Potter's Field.

The terrible sin, may God forefend,
Of the man who never stops to think
He may dig a pit, and shape the end
Of a ruin life, when he asks a friend
To take a social drink.

We'll Help.

BY EDWARD CASWELL.

While fathers plead and mothers pray,
We girls and boys will sing
To help the coming of the day
When all the world shall ring
With shouts that say, "That better day
Has come along at last;
The license sin we've put away,
The reign of rum is past!"

While brave men vote and women plead,
We'll help with cheerful song,
Until the man who runs may read,
And hear the mighty throng
Shout "Clear the way! that better day
Has come along at last;
The cloud of sin has rolled away,
The reign of rum is past!"

"My Mother!"

(A TALK IN A DANCE-HOUSE.)

"You don't know what has become
of my poor Watson? I'll tell you.
I found him at the hospital the other
day, and now he's dead. I watch-
ed him pass over the river; but he
didn't talk any more as he used to.
You know how he often attended
our meetings down in the room, and
wouldn't give up his sins; he didn't
want to give you up, and he kept on
sticking to you, and got drunk with
you nearly every night, until you
saw him walk about like a shadow,
dirty and sick, and you deserted him,
and tried to forget him.
"Watson told me his story before
he died. He raised himself up in
his bed, and told me to come closer.
He said: 'Mr. K., I am going to die,
and I am only twenty-two years old.'
He hid his face in his hands, and
wept bitterly. His lost young life
rose up before him.
"He then leaned over and whis-
pered, 'My mother! and the tears
choked his voice. My boys, do you
remember a mother to-night?"

"I wonder whether Watson's
mother ever prayed with him. That
was just what was the matter. He
went on, and said, 'My mother used
to pray for me. I could not stand it
and I ran away. But I wrote her I
would send her money, for I knew
she depended on me for a living. I
never sent her any. I spent it all
in drink, and now I'm here dying.
I have killed myself.' He hid his
face again and cried.
"I told Watson about Jesus, and
I saw how he stretched out his
feeble hands and cried: 'O Jesus,

save me, a poor sinner; don't let me
die and be lost! I believe God
answered his prayer before he passed
away. He said, when he could
scarcely whisper, 'Jesus saves me
now!' But the bitter thought rose
up once more. He said: 'Twenty-
two years—all lost!' Then he passed
over. Poor Watson neglected his
mother and his God.
"Is this the way you are doing?
The time is going fast; what have
you to show for it? Nothing good.
Nothing but harm to yourself and
others. It will be no comfort to you
when you come to die, and leave
your mother destitute and face an
offended God. Don't you think you
had better STOP now?"

Bildad and the Bear.

The *Patrol* says: We are indebted
to the kind thoughtfulness of Mrs.
Ira R. Curtiss, of Marengo, for the
following delicious bit of sarcastic
wisdom, clipped from the *Life Boat*,
Utica, N. Y.

A PARABLE.

"Bildad and Betsey were sitting
in their cabin on a quiet summer
evening when suddenly an enormous
bear walked into the open door.
Taking in the situation at a glance,
Bildad, with one bound, caught a
pole stretched across overhead, and
drawing himself up out of danger,
proceeded to hold a convention, adopt-
ing the following resolutions:

"*First*: I pause on the threshold
of this proceeding to honor the
memory of our first great example
and immortal champion of freedom
from attacks of bears King David,
the son of Jesse."

"*Second*: I reaffirm my un-
swerving devotion to the matrimonial
state, and to the indissoluble union
of Bildad and Betsey."

"*Third*: I am uncompromising-
ly in favor of the Betsonian system
of home protection."

"*Fourth*: I condemn the custom
of the frontier to place bears on our
visiting list, and insist that the cabin
lofts shall be adjusted and maintained
so as to furnish full and adequate pro-
tection to all future Bildads."

"*Fifth*: I declare my hostility to
the introduction into this cabin of
foreign and unknown bears, alien to
our civilization and our domestic
constitution; and I demand the rigid
enforcement of existing opposition to
it; and favor such immediate efforts
as will exclude this bear from our
cabin."

"While Bildad was resolving from
his perch above, Betsy, with poker
skillet, tongs and hot water was vigor-
ously belaboring the bear. After
watching the symptoms of the terrific
struggle going on below for some min-
utes, Bildad added one more resolution
to his platform, to wit:

"The first concern of all well regu-
lated households is the safety of its in-
mates from the attacks of bears, and
Bildad cordially sympathizes with all
wise and well-directed efforts to pro-
mote the destruction of bears that find
their way into defenseless cabins."

"Just at this point Betsey, by a
well-directed blow, killed the bear.
Bildad adjourned his convention, slid
down from his perch, and reported the
cabin as enthusiastic in support of his
platform; and that the only issue be-
fore the people was the protection of
frontier homes. Who will dare to
deny that Bildad was the 'only man
that ever did anything toward the
destruction of that bear.—*Rev. H.
B. Hudson.*

Boys Going to the City.

"No, none of my boys are in
Chicago," said an old farmer from
Western Illinois, just returning from
the Union Stock Yards, where he had
sold three cars of stock of his own
raising. "No, sir, my boys are all
at home. I've had all of my boys in
the city, though, and they know what
it is. I showed them all round my-
self. I ain't one of these kind that
lets boys go on thinkin' a city is the
nicest place in the world, when it is
just as easy as nothin' to show 'em

different. I had my boys in some of
the saloons along on State street, and
on the West Side, to show 'em the
poor loafers, some of 'em evidently
farmers' boys, come to town to get
rich. We all went up to the public
library, as I wanted the boys to see
the poor fellows there finding a good
warm place to sleep until ten o'clock,
anyhow. We were also in some of
them dives along the levee, and I tell
you the boys were disgusted with the
dirt and vulgarity. My oldest boy
went into the wine-room to see the
girls, and come out mad saying they
were nothing but paint, powder and
stuffing, and charged him three dollars
for a little bottle of wine worth about
twenty-five cents.

"I had the boys look in the morn-
ing papers to see how many situations
there were vacant, and how many
more there were wantin' places.
When he started for the train next
mornin' airly, we see a sign out,
'Clerk Wanted,' and thirty or forty
fellows standin' around waitin' for
the doors to open. Oh, I tell you,
the boys haven't any love for Chicago'
and they are stayin' home and tendin'
to business. James has a small farm
of his own, and I'm going to give
him half the money from this stock
to furnish his house with, 'cause he's
goin' to marry soon. Robert, the
next, has the best team in our country,
and the handsomest gal. My boys
have seen Chicago with their eyes
open, and are satisfied to stay at
home, behave themselves, and take
the old farm when I get through
with it. I believe this keeping of
boys in ignorance of what a great city
really is, is wrong so I do."

Saved by Kindness.

We will call him Jim, for I do not
remember his name. He had lost
all respectability and was a common
gutter drunkard. His family had
disowned him and would not recog-
nize him when they met him. Occa-
sionally, he would get a job at the
stables where Dr. Davis kept his
horse. One morning he laid his
hand on his shoulder and said:—
"Jim, I wish you would give up
the drink."

There was something very like a
quiver of the man's lips as he answered:—

"If I thought you cared I would;
but there is a great gulf between you
and me."

"Have I made any gulf, Jim?
Think a moment before you answer."

"No—you haven't."

"If you had been a millionaire,
could I have treated you more like a
gentleman?"

"No you couldn't."

"I do care, Jim."

"Say it again won't you?"

"I do care, Jim," with a tender
little emphasis on the Jim.

"Mr. Davis, I'll never touch an-
other drop of liquor as long as I live.
Here's hand on it."

This was fifteen years ago; and
"Jim" is to-day the respectable and
respected Mr.— Saved by a kind
word! Will you make an effort this
week to win some one by kindness?
—*Christian Advocate.*

Prohibition Prohibits in Iowa.

The traffic is narrowed now, so far
as its open efforts are concerned, to a
very short and shallow last ditch.
The manufactories are all closed
so far as we are informed. The
saloons are closed in every river town
but one we believe. Council Bluffs
was one of the strongest, and most in-
veterate liquor traffic depots in the
State. Yet here the liquor traffic
is in its last expiring gasp under the
firm hand of a Trojan Judge of the
courts who does not falter in his pur-
pose to execute the law. The public
sentiment strengthens, and not a con-
test of this great battle but has given
firm conviction and deeper purpose to
carry forward the battle to victory at
any cost. The Eastern border of the
State is nearly cleared of the traffic
and the period of victory draws nigh
Let the friends of temperance thank
God and take courage.—*Inland Ad-
vocate.*

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