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Herman H. Pitts,
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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; Thursday; John P. Bell.
Orange Hall Portland; Portland, 7; Monday; A. Y. Paterson.
Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wednesday; E. A. Everett.
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J. DeVeber.
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G. Stothart.
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Tuesday; 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; Wednesday; A. Haines.
Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; Jas. Falconer.
Point de Bute, West. Co. Westmorland, 50; Thursday; Jas. W. Colpitts.
Hopewell Hill, Albert Co.; Jordan Rule, 51 Tuesday; L. R. Moore.
enfield, Charlotte Co.; Safeguard, 58; Saturday; H. C. Frynor.
Cambridge, Queen's Co.; Johnston, 62; Saturday; 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
Doughstown, North Co.; Caledonia, 120; Tuesday; J. Henderson.
Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thursday; 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.; Bunphy'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.
McTou; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Miss Vena Fawcett.
Victoria Mills, West. Co.; Victoria, 245; Thursday; A. J. Main.
Mountville, Albert Co.; Home Circle, 244 Friday; E. E. Peck.
Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wednesday; 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.
Petticoe, West. Co.; Petticoe, 252; Tuesday; D. A. Jonah.
Lewis Mountain, West. Co.; Sunnyside, 253 Saturday; Isaac N. Alward.
Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose 254; Saturday; A. T. Lloyd.
Millstream, Kings Co. Britannia, 255; Saturday; C. W. Weyman.
Little Ridge, Char. Co.; Spreading Oak, 26; 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.
Pine Grove Division, No. 345, Ludlow, Northumberland County, Thursday, Geo. Neagles.
Wooler Division, No. 346, St. John, Thursday

Good of the Order.

OUR DEADLY FOE.

Coiled in the heart of the nation, to-day,
Lifting its head in defiant way
At threats the temperance people make,
Is a terrible snake.

Sapping the life of young and old,
Hid, methinks, 'neath some fold
Of the stars and stripes now trailing low,
Lies this wily, insidious foe.

What! nursing a viper?
Giving it food,
While it is taking
The nation's blood?

Can we see our mother
Thus made a slave,
In this "land of the free,"
The "home of the brave"?

No longer protection
Be given this foe,
Tears of widows and orphans
No longer must flow.

Down with the traffic!
Away with the sin!
With laws to prohibit,
The day will begin.

A day—full of brightness
To dawn o'er the race,
When God's chosen people
Shall see, face to face.

With love to the neighbor
Their hearts will overflow,
And find sweetest labor
The "Redeemer to know."

Then temperance will spread
Like the waves of the sea,
Then lift up your heads
For a Country that's free.

AS IT IS.

Mrs. Partington's house stands close by the sea,
The tide is now out and so is she,
But when she comes home her distress is sore,
For the water is standing upon the floor.
She takes her mop and she takes her pail
And commences the great Atlantic to bail.
She sops and she wrings, and she wrings and she sops,
And her feet are wet with the terrible slops
Till she stops short off in sore chagrin
For the great Atlantic still rolls in.
It covers the threshold, it covers the floor;
It stands knee-deep by the kitchen door;
It covers the stove, the table, the bed,
The flour, the sugar, the box of bread,
And poor Mrs. Partington, all undone,
Wades out through the back yard on the run.
She had built her house while the tide was out,
And thought she was safe beyond a doubt:
But the tide came in by sure decree,
And the foolish old lady was forced to flee.

The tide of drunkenness rises high
Where our laws and institutions lie.
The threshold of home is being wet
With the oncoming tide of crime and debt.
With moral suasion we mop and wring,
And long petitions to rulers bring,
And various methods to stem the tide!
For a hundred years or more we've tried,
And still the destroyng tide rolls on;
A tide of death and woe and sin;
A tide of poverty and disgrace,
A tide that defies and laughs at truth,
A tide that destroys the rising youth,
A tide that anarchy loves to see,
So full of lust and iniquity.

Its waters have reached our Capital fair
And in "insurance vile" holds our law-makers
there;
Its waters have reached the State's domain
And the Legislature concede its claim.
Its waters have reached the counties and towns,
And the business of hell in the streets resounds.
Its waters have reached the homes of joy
To deaden the heart and love destroy.
It covers the crib where the infant sleeps,
O'er the new-made grave the mother weeps.
It covers the soul of the drunkard's child,
His talents are buried by waters wild.
It strangles the wife who struggles to save
Her husband dear from a drunkard's grave.
That flame through which these waters come
Is guarded well by the powers of rum.
If the politician attempts to close
This high flood-gate of the people's woes,
His feet are caught in the terrible snare,
His requiem floats on the midnight air,
And the preacher who raises his voice for right
Is murdered upon the street at night ore
And the Judge and jurors for yellow ore
Dismiss the culprits and say no more.
And the people, who make the laws for peace,
Vote once again for the tide's increase.

THE STEPS OF THE THRONE.

"Edward, God Knows I Forgive You."

The Judge is easy with drunkards,
Whispered an attorney to a police sergeant.

Yes, always. I have seen him shed tears when compelled to fine one. He is a leader in the temperance cause now, but they say that he was once a most degraded sot. That was years ago, but he has not forgotten it.

What is this woman charged with? the Judge asked.
She is a very bad character, your Honor, said an officer. She has been in the city but a few months, but she has given us a great deal of trouble. She has been in nearly

every police station, and has been picked up drunk night after night.

The woman wore a ragged black dress, and over her face she had drawn a tattered veil.

This is very bad, said the Judge. What is your name, madam?

I don't think I have any, she sobbed.

There, don't take on that way. Is it possible that you can not keep from drinking?

I am so far gone, sir—so near the end of a miserable life that there is not even a straw to which I can cling.

You talk like an intelligent and educated woman. You must have something of a history. What drove you to such a life?

Perhaps the time has come for me to tell, she replied. I once worshipped a man. She drew the veil closer about her face. I had no thought but of him, she went on. We were married. He lifted me to heaven, and kneeling on the steps of his throne my arms were ever outstretched toward him. A little boy came to us, and seated on the steps of the throne, I held him to my bosom. My love was so intense that it was tremulous. I was afraid that it could not last! But, oh! this is no place to speak of it.

Go ahead, I pray you, said the Judge.

One night, the woman continued, my husband was brought home drunk, but from the steps of my throne I wound my arms about his neck. The next night he was drunk again. The steps of the throne was a hard seat now. For months he went on in this way. One night when I held up my arms to put them about his neck, he spurned me with his foot. I took up my little boy and he uttered a faint cry, close against my heart. The little fellow was ill. He bade me put him down. I did so. The little angel lifted his eyes and looked at me. I held out my hands.

Let him lie there, said my husband.

Oh, do let me take him. See! O God he is dying!

Don't touch him! Don't you see that he is an ape? Throw this ape out of the house and bring my boy. Are you such a wretch that you have exchanged a child for an ape?

The little eyes looked appealingly at me. The flickering light went out of them. I dropped on my knees. I seized the precious form and fled from the house. The steps of the throne were covered with blood. I don't know where I went—I don't know.

Catch him! some one cried. The Judge had fallen from his chair. The woman tore aside her veil, fell upon her knees beside the Judge, pressed a kiss upon his brow and said.

Edward, God knows I forgive you. —Arkansaw Traveller.

"Tell Mother It's Brother Will."

At a Moody and Murphy meeting at Farwell hall in Chicago, Major Hilton of New York being present was called out by Mr. Moody and made a particularly impressive address. Among other things he gave the following incident, which occurred not long since on the Scottish coast while he was there.

Just at break of day of a chilly morning the people of a little hamlet on the coast were awakened by the booming of a cannon over the stormy waves. They knew what it meant, for frequently they had heard before the same signal of distress. Some poor souls were out beyond the breakers, perishing on a wrecked vessel and in their last extremity calling wildly for human help. The people hastened from their houses to the shore. Yes, out there in the distance was a dismantled vessel pounding itself to pieces, with perishing fellow-beings clinging to the rigging, every now and then some one of them swept off by the furious waves into the sea. The life-saving crew were soon gathered.

Man the life-boat! cried the men.

Where is Hardy?

But the foreman of the crew was not there, and the danger was imminent. Aid must be immediate or all was lost. The next in command sprang into the frail boat, followed by the rest, all taking their lives in their hands in the hope of saving others. O how those on the shore watched their brave, loved ones as they dashed on, now over, now almost under the waves! They reached the wreck. Like angels of deliverance they filled their craft with almost dying men,—men lost but for them. Back again they toiled, pulling for the shore, bearing their precious freight. The first man to help them land was Hardy, whose words rang above the roar of the breakers.

Are all here? Did you save them all?

With saddened faces the reply came:

All but one. He couldn't help himself. We had all we could carry. We couldn't save the last one.

Man the life boat again! shouted Hardy. I will go. What, leave one there to die alone! A fellow-creature there, and we on shore! Man the life-boat now! We'll save him yet.

But who is this aged woman with worn garments and disheveled hair who with agonized entreaty fell upon her knees beside this brave, strong man? It was his mother.

O my son! Your father was drowned in a storm like this. Your brother Will left me eight years ago, and I've never seen his face since the day he sailed. You will be lost, and I am old and poor. O stay with me!

Mother, exclaimed the man, where one is in peril there's my place. If I am lost, God will surely care for you.

The plea of earnest faith prevailed. With a God bless you, my boy! she released him and speeded him on his way.

Once more they watched and prayed and wailed,—those on the shore,—while every muscle was strained toward the fast-sinking ship by those in the life-saving boat. It reached the vessel. The clinging figure was lifted and helped to its place, where strong hands took it in charge. Back came the boat. How eagerly they looked and called in encouragement, then cheered as it came nearer.

Did you get him? was the cry from the shore.

Lifting his hand to his mouth to trumpet the words on in advance of landing, Hardy called back, Tell mother it is Brother Will.—The Advance.

Fifty Cents.

Papa, can you please give me fifty cents for my Spring hat? Most all the Academy girls have theirs.

No, May; I can't spare the money.

The above request was persuasively made by a sixteen-year-old maiden as she was preparing for school one fine Spring morning. The refusal came from the parent in a curt indiffernt tone. The disappointed girl went to school. The father started for his place of business. On his way thither he met a friend, and being half-fellow-well met, invited him into Mac's for a drink. As usual, there were others there, and the man who could not spare his daughter fifty cents for a hat, treated the crowd. When about to leave he laid a half-dollar on the counter, which just paid for the drinks.

Just then the saloon-keeper's daughter entered, and going behind the bar, said:

Papa, I want fifty cents for my Spring hat.

All right, says the dealer, and taking up that half-dollar from the counter hands it over to the girl who departs smiling.

May's father seemed amazed, walked out alone, and said to himself, I had to bring my fifty cents here for the rum-seller's daughter to buy a hat with, after refusing my own daughter. I'll never drink another drop.

And he kept his pledge.]

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