# THE TEMPERANCE JOURNAL AND NEW BRUNSWICK REPORTER.

# OUR MOTTO-NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

Good of the Order.

Herman H. Pitts, Editor and Proprietor.

## FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1888

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Isit right to preach justice and char-

which robs the widows and orphans of

Is it right for you to go to the polls

and vote without having studied this

question seriously and carefully?---

From the Plane of Political Economy

Considered merely from the plane

of political economy, there is no one

subject now before the American peo-

ple at all comparable in gravity and importance with this one. The

liquor men claim to have one billion

dollars invested in the business of

making and selling liquor in this country, and they have at least

500,000 direct employees. It is es-

that 500,000 victims, rendered worse

500,000 more. Estimating that this

tims, if engaged in some legitimate

business, could have earned \$1.50 per

secutions, penitentiaries, alms-houses,

pauperism and all the unnumbered

burdens imposed upon the country

by this tyrant, and you have \$1,350,-

Saved by Kindness.

ship builder, believed in the law of

kindness in dealing with erring men.

Outof twenty-five thousand men em-

The late John Roach, the famous

At last the folding doors were honest, and then vote to license a

thrown open, the minister took his place where he may be taught to gam-

promises to love and honor, Ella Gray | Is it right to teach a boy to re-

and Frank Baker stood before the com- strain his passion, and then vote to

pany as husband and wife. After the license a place where his worst pas-

the dining-room, where supper was list right to take care of your own

served. As the wine was passed boy, and vote to license a place which

Won't you drink your wine, Frank? ity, and then vote to license a thing

Why, won't you drink it, Frank? timated upon the best attainable

One glass can't hurt you; so please authority that this tyrant's revels

take this one; and she handed the glass costs anually more than \$700,000,000;

Without a word he took the glass than useless, are staggering along in

and would have drunk, but just as he his triumphal procession to dishonor-

was putting the wine to his lips, old ed graves, and that his army of im-

Uncle Henry arose from his seat and mediate retainers-the makers and

cried, Stop! all eyes were turned venders of "liquid fire"--number

Please, Frank, let me tell you my million of makers, venders and vic-

I was once a clerk in an extensive drug- day, we have a loss in productive store with a large salary, bright pros- power of \$450,000,000 per annum,

pects, and a heart light and free as the which, added to the \$750,000,000 wind that blows; I thought I was and wasted for strong drinks, makes a

ever would be the happiest man alive. total of \$1,250,000,000. Add to this

But what crushed my spirits, blighted taxation, estimated at \$100,000,000,

my fairest hopes and dragged ma for the support of jails, criminal pro-

was a glass of wine handed at a bridal 000,000 as the annual cost of his

the girl I married was made miserable ployed by him, first and last there

by that one glass of wine. Drink, were seventy found guilty of crimin-

Henry, to please me, is what brought al conduct. He saved sixty of them.

reign.-Ex.

their bread?

Casselton Blizzard.

congratulations, they all repaired to sions will be inflamed?

around, Frank pushed his glass to one ruin your neighbor's boy?

place, and, with a few brief words and ble?

Please do, just this one glass; the

No, Ella, that was mother's dying

Yes; just as she was dying, I made

But just one glass can certainly do

The pleading looks of his young

bride touched him, and he took the

glass, raised it to his lips. then set it

down without tasting it, and turned

life's story before you take your wine;

thensee if Ella will urge you to drink.

down to what I now am-a poor,

party, handed to me by the girlIloved,

and she was once my wife. Drink,

Henry, to please me, was her smiling

request, and, I drank; I could not resist

the pleading look and words, but

drank the wine to its dregs, and from

that moment I have been a ruined man.

And not my life alone, but the life of

What was it? shall I tell you? It

miserable, broken-down old man?

her this promise, and 1 do not wish to

request that I should never taste any

side without tasting it.

rest all drink theirs.

intoxicating drinks.

break it now.

to him again.

toward him.

away

And you promised?

no harm; take it to please me.

No I would rather not.

# TEMPERANCE DIRECTORY.

# NATIONAL DIVISION.

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Pomroy Ridge, Char. Co.; Mayflower, 263 Thursday; W. Moulton. Scotch Ridg Char. Co.; Iona, 264; Wednew day; D. M. Sinclair. Oak Hill, Char Co.; Oak, 265; Thursday; Harry GLASSES ON THE BAR.

### After Rain on the Boof.

When the wail of human sorrow Over loved ones that are slain By the curse of home and nation Fills each human heart with pain. How our souls are stirred within us As we pass by doors ajar

And listen to the jingle Of the glasses on the bar.

Every jungle of the glasses Has an echo of despair, And a thousand dreadful phantoms

Seem to people all the air.

And a thousand pleading faces Seem to come from near and far,

As we listen to the jingle Of the glasses on the bar.

Now in mem'ry come the many That are crushed beneath the heel Of this cruel, brazen monster,

Binding, as with bands of steel, Men created in God's own likeness; O! the deep and lasting scar That is left by every jingle

Of the glasses on the bar.

Men with hearts, why shrink and falter Fight against the evil, fight ! The day of truth is dawning And the harvest fields are white ; Men are waking from their slumber ; Hear the cry from near and far It must cease, this dreadful jingle Of the glasses on the bar.

We may talk of regulation,

Of license high or low,

Then vote for prohibition,

Let it be our guiding star

Of the glasses on the bar.

And we'll hear no more the jingle

A GLOBIOUS BATTLE WON.

He stood with a foot on the threshold,

And a cloud on his boyish face,

"There's nothing to fear, old fellow!

'Twas the old, old voice of the tempter,

"You'd think it was Blue Beard's closet,

To see how you stare and shrink !

I tell you, there's not to harm you-

It's only a game and a drink ! "

He heard the words with a shudder-

That sought in the old, old way,

While his city comrade urged him

To enter the gorgeous place.

It isn't a lion's den;

Here waits a royal welcome

From lips of bravest men."

To lure, with a lying promise,

The innocent feet astray.

-JESSE TOMPKINS.

But the reapers always gather In the harvest what they sow.

It's only a game and a drink ! And his lips made bold to answer "But what would my mother think?"

The name that his heart held dearest Had started a secret spring. And forth from the wily tempter He fled like a hunted thing.

Away ! till the glare of the city And its gilded halls of sin Are shut from his sense and vision, The shadows of night within.

Away! till his feet have bounded O'er fields where his childhood trod; Away! in the name of, virtue, And the strength of his mother's God.

What, though he was branded "coward?" In the blazoned halls of vice. And banned by his baffled tempter, Who sullenly tossed the dice.

On the page where the angel keepeth The record of deeds well done, That night was the story written Of a glorious battle won.

And he stood by his home in the starlight As guiltless of sword and shield; A braver and nobler victor Than the hero of bloodiest field!

-M. A. MAITLAND, in N. Y. Observer.

### "DRINK TO PLEASE ME."

### BY VARINA JACKSON.

The day had been most beautiful; now that the evening had closed in, it seemed more lovely than ever; the moon had risen and all nature was dressed in splendor. The Grays' cotfor a bridal party. In one parlor sat fends? Ella Gray and Frank Baker, who were soon to take the marriage vow, while guests and the generous display of wed- drink? ding presents.

me to this, is what blighted my life This is his story of the way he reformfor all time to come. Drink, Henry, to please me, is what blasted my wife's brightest hopes, is what broke her heart and dragged her down to an early grave; Drink, Henry, to please me, is what did all this. Now, Ella, will you urge Frank to take this wine? Think of your happiness and his in the him, took him back again and again. time that is to come, and never forget what harm a single glass of wine may do.

By the time Uncle Henry had finished speaking all eyes were wet with tears, and Ella was sobbing like a child; but when she could command her her voice so as to speak she promisdrink another glass of wine, and she trade and paid me good wages, and ed that she would never ask Frank to ever after kept her word. The wine was taken from the table, and she never set it before her guests again.-Union Signal.

### Is It Right?

Is it right to build churches to John Roach -Sir: You helped save men and license shops that destrov them ?

Is it right to license a man to sell that which will make a man drunk and then punish a man for being drunk ?

Is it right to license a man to make paupers and then tax sober men to take care of them ?

Is it right to license a drink shop withdraw from your employment.' to teach vice and then tax people for schools to teach virtue?

tage was brilliantly lighted and draped of a traffic which no decent man de- and that, when about to take a glass

to drink and then vote to license a drink. He promised solemnly that the other parlor was filled with invited place where he may be taught to he would. He stayed in my em-

Is it right to teach your boy to be again.

was a master workman.

"He had terrible sprees, and had them pretty often He would come raving into the shops, disgracing himself and disgusting everybody. When sober, he was penitent, and I forgave I appealed to him till there seemed to be nothing left to appeal to. One morning he came in, after one of his sprees, and said, 'Mr Roach, I want you to discharge me. You can't make anything of me. I have broken my promise and abused your trust over and over. You took me when I had nothing to do, and learned me your human to ask you to bear more. Now discharge me.

'Mike,' said I, 'I won't discharge you, but I'll let you resign. I'll write your resignation'-for an idea struck me. I went to my desk and wrote, as follows : --

me when I was penniless. You gave me work when I was idle. You always paid me well. You have borne with my infirmities over and over. But I have lost my self-respect, and have not enough regard for you or love for wife and children to behave like a man; and therefore, I hereby

I gave it to him and said : 'I want you to promise me one thing, that Is it right to derive a revenue out you will always carry this with you, of liquor, you will take this out, sign Is it right to teach your boy not it, and mail it to me before you

ploy for years and never was drunk

