

# THE TEMPERANCE JOURNAL

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Editor and Proprietor.

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Stephen; Howard, 1; Friday; S. Webber; town, St. Stephen; Wilberforce, 3; Monday; McAllister.  
ket Building, St. John; Gurney, 5; Thursday; John P. Bell.  
ge Hall Portland; Portland, 7; Monday; Y. Paterson.  
ket Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wednesday; E. A. Everett.  
town; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J. Veber.  
ham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G. thart.  
h; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Tuesday; Walter Munford.  
boro, Albert Co.; Albert, 39; Wednesday; I. Steeves.  
ille, West Co.; Sackville, 40; Tuesday C. Harper.  
bucto, Kent Co.; Richibucto, 42; Wednesday; A. Haines.  
castle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; Jas. coner.  
de Bute, West Co. Westmorland, 50; ursday; Jas. W. Colpitts.  
well Hill, Albert Co.; Golden Rule, 51 sday; L. R. Moore.  
ld, Charlotte Co.; Safeguard, 58; Saturday; H. C. Trynor.  
ridge, Queen's Co.; Johnston, 62; Saturday; George S. Wilson.  
usie; Dalhousie, 64; Monday; G. Haddow erte; Baie Verte, 65; Wednesday; R. dwinn.  
West Co.; Dover, 70; Saturday; ed E. Steeves.  
on, St. John; Granite Rock, 77; Tuesday; N. C. Thomas.  
North Co.; Nelson, Monday; J. Betts 99 astown, North Co.; Caladonia, 126; Tuesday; J. Henderson.  
a Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thursday; Jac. I. Keirstead.  
; J. W. Wm, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134 rday; James E. Coy.  
b, Carleton Co.; Garibaldi, 151; A. T. upbell.  
artins, St. John Co.; St. Martins, 164, sday; Samuel Osborn  
on; Moncton, 183; Monday; F. W. Steeves as, York Co.; Dunphy's W. O. Farmers Saturday; Arthur W. Ross.  
rty, West Co.; Crystal Stream, 191 rday; C. A. Beck.  
ay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207 rday; Wm. Roxborough.  
d, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Tuesday H. Waring.  
on; Intercolonial 243; Friday; Miss a Fawcett.  
ia Mills, West Co.; Victoria, 245; Thursday; A. J. Main.  
ville, Albert Co.; Home Circle, 244 ay; E. E. Peck.  
; St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wednesday; John A. Robinson.  
ord, Kent Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday; Wathen.  
nd; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler.  
rut Ridge, King's Co.; Havelock, 251 ay; E. Keith.  
odiac, West Co.; Petitediac, 252; Tuesday; D. A. Jonah.  
Mountain, West Co.; Sunnyside, 253 rday; Hinesley Lewis.  
island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose 254; Saturday; A. T. Lloyd.  
ream, King's Co. Britannia, 255; Saturday V. Weyman.  
Ridge, Char. Co.; Spreading Oak, 256; sday; A. P. Matheson.  
cton; Lansdowne, 257; Thursday; H. H. Charlo, Rest. Co.; Charlo, 259; Thursday, Galbraith.  
s Mountain, West Co.; Mountain Rose Saturday; R. Lutz, Sr.  
ton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday arnes.

## Good of the Order.

### What Are We Going To Do?

What are we going to do, my brother,  
In the year that is to come,  
To battle that frightful fiend of death  
Whose messenger is rum?  
Shall we fold our hands and bid him pass  
As he has passed before,  
Leaving his deadly poisoned draught  
At every unbarred door?

What are we going to do, my brother,  
Still martyr the brave young soul,  
Then bind the bruises, and heal the wound,  
And soothe the wound again?  
Let the fiend still torture the weary wife,  
Still poison the coming child,  
Still break the mother's suffering heart,  
Still drive the sister wild?

Still bring to the grave the gray-haired sire,  
Till the waters of death, like a burning stream,  
O'er the whole great nation toll;  
And poverty take the place of wealth,  
And sin and crime and shame  
Drag down to the very depths of hell  
The highest and proudest name?

Is this our mission on earth, dear brother,  
In the years that are to come?  
If not, let us rouse and do the work  
Against this spirit of rum.  
There is not a soul so poor and weak,  
In all this godly land,  
But against this evil a word may speak,  
And lift a warning hand.

And lift a warning hand, my brother,  
With a cry for home and hearth,  
Adding voice to voice, till the sound shall sweep,  
Like rum's death-knell, o'er the earth.  
And the weak and wavering shall hear,  
And the faint grow brave and strong,  
And the true and good and great and wise  
Join hands to right this wrong.

—[Good Times.

## TEMPERANCE BATTLE SONG.

I have heard Truth's silver clarion  
In the watches of the night;  
I can see her purple summits  
Flush with morning's golden light.  
I have seen the bow of promise  
Over human doubts and fears,  
And I hear the tramp of Progress  
Sound the battle march of years.

Of a nation's wakened conscience  
I have caught the accents sweet,  
Thrilling through the din of traffic  
And the clamor of the street.  
I have heard the clang of armor  
Beingurnished for the fight,  
And have read the startling challenge  
Of the champions of right.

I have heard the ringing anvils  
Where the Master's will is wrought,  
And the harvest-song of reapers  
In the higher fields of thought,  
I can see dark storm-clouds gather  
Over Error's devious path,  
And have caught the low, deep warning,  
Of the thunder of God's wrath.

Let no man henceforth hold poison  
To his brother's lips for gold,  
Or a nation's shameless sanction  
Of iniquity be sold.  
Never more let want and famine  
All the land with mourning fill,  
While the blessings of the harvest  
Turn to curses in the still.

Never woman's wail of anguish,  
And childhood's cry of pain  
Hush to silence in the tumult  
Of the strife of greed for gain.  
For the olden voice is crying  
In the wilderness of wrong,  
"Make ye straight Jehovah's pathway,  
Vengeance waits not over long.

W. H. Mellen, in the Voice.

## Battle Hymn of Temperance.

In the battle of the ages,  
Dawns at length the victor-day,  
Long desired emancipation  
Hastens on its blessed way,  
The fulfilment of the Scriptures,  
When Messiah shall have sway,  
The Truth goes marching on.

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!

The truth goes marching on.

Loud and glad be our Te Deum;  
Wrong is bowing to the right,  
Superstitions are receding,  
Overmastered by the light.  
Cruel customs are expiring,  
Hoary errors take their flight,  
The truth goes marching on.

We have sundered chains of bondage  
With the loyal battle sword,  
Yet there lives the liquor bondage,  
Deep detested by the Lord,  
And against it He has uttered  
Maledictions of His word,  
The truth goes marching on.

Let us strike against the demon  
That is drinking up our blood;  
Let us meet him with the weapons  
That are furnished us of God;  
Let us conquer 'neath the banner  
Of our common brotherhood,  
The truth goes marching on.

Let the work of Reformation  
Rise like ocean billows strong;  
The decree of the Almighty  
Is to overthrow the wrong.  
And we swell with holy angels  
The glad triumphant song.  
The truth goes marching on.  
[Rev. F. Denison, in 'Providence Outlook.'

## Diary of a Rum-Seller.

Monday: Took Ragged Bill's last  
dime for whiskey.  
Tuesday: Had a visit from Charlie  
Piper, who swore off three months  
ago and signed the pledge; gave him  
three drinks on tick.  
Wednesday: That poor fool, Dick  
Plaster, who gets wild and nervous  
after one drink, came in to-day; sold  
him a quart. P. S.—Hear he killed  
his wife in a drunken rage.  
Thursday: Johnny Slogan's wife  
begged me never to sell another drop  
to him. She cried till I promised.  
P. S.—Sold him enough this very  
day to make him smash furniture and  
beat his children. Ha! ha! ha!  
Business is business.  
Friday: Phil Carter had no  
money; took his wife's wedding ring  
and silk dress for an old bill; sent  
him home gloriously drunk.  
Saturday: Young Sam Chap took  
his third drink to-day. I know he  
likes it and will speedily make a  
drunkard, but I give him the value  
of his money. His father implored  
me to help break up the practice be-  
fore it became a habit, but I told him  
if I didn't sell to him some one else  
would.  
Sunday: Pretended to keep the  
Sunday law to-day, but kept open  
my back door. Sold beer and wine  
to some boys, but they'll be ashamed  
to tell of it. Bet my till is fuller to-  
night than the church baskets are.  
N. B.—My business must be re-  
spectable, for real gentleman patronize  
my bar. And yet I guess I won't  
keep a diary, for these facts look  
very queer on paper.—United States  
Monthly.

## MY OPINION OF SOTS.

It is my candid opinion that people  
waste a great deal of pity on drunk-  
ards.

To speak of one as a man who  
yields against his will, to a habit too  
strong to be overcome, is to romance  
unnecessarily. Drunkards for the  
most part intoxicate themselves wittingly,  
and I refuse to believe that,  
as a general thing, they make any  
effort to do otherwise.

Of course, the time comes when  
the sot has softened his brain and has  
but little will power left. But at  
first, while he is young and in posses-  
sion of his faculties, he is always able  
to live a sober life if he chooses.

A drunkard is simply a selfish  
brute, who utterly disregards the  
feelings and interests of others, and  
has no sense of duty or responsibility.  
He likes the condition into which he  
is thrown by drink—its gaiety, stupor  
or whatever it may be, and indulges  
himself in it. His mother's heart  
may break, what does he care? His  
wife may starve; it does not appear  
to him to be a matter in which he  
need interfere.

I once heard an old woman, who  
stood with arms akimbo, looking at  
an intoxicated man, who lay upon the  
ground, give utterance to an expetive  
that described him perfectly; it was  
"pig!"

Oh, what a pig he is, to be sure!  
Greedy and despicable creature! I  
really think the comparison is unjust  
to some decent porkers I have seen  
in some places.

I have heard people speak of  
drunkards as 'kind-hearted men, if  
they would but keep sober.' But  
men who are truly kind-hearted do  
not make people who love them blush  
with shame, nor put it out of their  
own power to be useful to others.

It is doubtful if you ever knew a  
man who began by being upright and  
trustworthy, and a credit to his family  
turn out a sot at last.

Every man who has once or twice  
in his life taken too much to drink is  
not in danger of becoming a drunkard.  
If he wishes to do well, to be hon-

orable, to hold his place in the world,  
and he is conscientious and kind-  
hearted, he will stop drinking when  
he finds how it effects him.

The good man, persecuted by a  
demon that made him go mad and  
beat his wife, would resist the fiend  
and refuse to enter a bar-room door.  
That is not a loving father who  
drinks when he knows that his so-  
doing means starvation to his chil-  
dren.

The drunkard deliberately be-  
comes a sot. At any time he chose  
he could have stopped drinking to ex-  
cess, and become a decent citizen.  
And the sooner everybody takes this  
view of the case, the sooner drunk-  
ards will cease to be.

The 'can't help it, poor fellow,' of  
kind-hearted people; is an excuse one  
might make for any sin which God  
leaves it possible for man to resist and  
flee from.—M. K. D., in New York  
Ledger.

## Moderate Drinking and Health.

The disastrous effects of habitual in-  
toxication on the health are univers-  
ally admitted—not only the immedi-  
ate injury to the drunkard, but the  
remoter effects on his prosperity.  
Alcohol has thus been proved a river  
of death, deeper, broader, and more  
irresistible than flows from any other  
source.

But all good men, in a not very re-  
mote past, and not a few in our day,  
have accepted, and do accept moder-  
ate drinking as in itself safe and help-  
ful. The argument used is that we  
are born into conditions which every-  
where impose the necessity of moder-  
ated indulgence in all our gratifica-  
tions and all our aspirations; that  
God is training us to self-control as  
one of the ends of our probational life.

But in the first place, moderate  
drinking tends so strongly and, in  
most cases, so irresistibly to excess  
that it never could have entered into  
the providential arrangement of a  
wise and benevolent being.

In the second place, and this is  
what we wish mainly to insist on  
now,—moderate drinking, in itself  
and wholly apart from its dangerous  
tendencies, injures the health, short-  
ens life, and transmits to children  
physical and moral degeneration.

This is not mere theory. It is as-  
serted as a fact by the highest medical  
experts. Said William B. Carpen-  
ter, M. D., F. R. S., of the Univer-  
sity of London, in his celebrated  
essay, 'The habitual use of smaller  
quantities of these liquors,'—that is  
the moderate use,—'if sufficiently  
prolonged, will ultimately be attend-  
ed, in a large proportion of cases,  
with consequences prejudicial to the  
system.' His position was supported  
by over two thousand of his profes-  
sional brethren.

But hardly any testimony could be  
more conclusive than the facts de-  
veloped by a London Life Assurance  
Company. This association, having  
originally insured only total abstin-  
ers, who never drank to intoxication,  
but kept the accounts of each class  
distinct in separate books.

During the period 1866-1881, of  
every one hundred in the section of  
total abstinens, thirty survived be-  
yond the line of calculated expecta-  
tion, while only one survived in the  
other section.

Colonel J. L. Greene, President of  
the Connecticut Mutual Life Insur-  
ance Company, whose duty it is to  
make inquiry into the last illness and  
death of many thousands of all classes,  
says:

'The degree to which many dis-  
eases, commonly referred to as malaria,  
overwork and other vague causes, are  
actually grounded in what would  
almost invariably be called a temperate  
use of drink by persons of reputed  
temperate habits, would be incredible  
to the mass of people.' The diseases  
specially mentioned by him are con-  
gested brains, insanity, paralysis, dis-  
ease of the kidneys, liver and stomach,  
pneumonia and rheumatism.—Youth's  
Companion.

## SUBSCRIBE

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