

Temperance Journal.

ORGAN OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF AMERICA

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

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Herman H. Pitts
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ANNUAL SESSION OF GRAND DIVISIONS.

WHERE AND WHEN THEY ARE APPOINTED TO BE HELD FOR 1888-'89.

BAHAMA ISLANDS.—Not reported.
CALIFORNIA.—Petaluma, April 23, 1889. (Sessions Annual.)
CONNECTICUT.—Bridgeport, October 25, 1888.
DELEWARE.—Wilmington, time not fixed.
EASTERN NEW YORK.—New York, January 23, 1889. (Sessions Semi-Annual.)
FLORIDA.—South Jacksonville, April 9, 1889.
ILLINOIS.—October 30, 1888, place not fixed. (Sessions Semi-Annual.)
KENTUCKY.—Blue Lick Springs, October 11, 1888. (Sessions Annual.)
MAINE.—Cumberland Mills, October 24, 1888. (Sessions Semi-Annual.)
MANTORA AND N. W. T.—At call of Executive.
MARYLAND AND D. C.—Baltimore, October 25. (Sessions Semi-Annual.)
MARYLAND, JR.—Baltimore October 25, 1888.
MASSACHUSETTS.—Boston, April 17, 1888.
MICHIGAN.—Ypsilanti, October 10, 1888. (Sessions Semi-Annual.)
MINNESOTA.—Minneapolis, at call of Executive.
MISSOURI.—Place and time not fixed.
NEW BRUNSWICK.—Woodstock, October 17, 1888. (Sessions Semi-Annual.)
NEWFOUNDLAND.—St. John's, March, 1889.
NEW JERSEY.—Trenton, January 23, 1889.
NOVA SCOTIA.—Halifax, November 6, 1888.
ONTARIO.—Toronto, December 4, 1888. (Sessions Semi-Annual.)
SOUTH CAROLINA.—Williamston, July 25, 1888. (Sessions Annual.)

Good of the Order.

THE CONFESSION OF KING ALCOHOL.

BY DR. EDWARD H. CARTER.

Come, Alcohol, now answer me
The questions I shall put to thee.—
What is thine age? What is thine aim?
What is thy trade? What is thy name?

ANSWER.

My age is more than a thousand years,
My aim, to fill the earth with tears,
My trade, to kill and make expense,
My name it is *Intemperance*.

Long have I ruled upon the earth—
To every crime I've given birth.
I'm father of all grief and woe,
I spread distress where'er I go.

My dwelling-place is at the bar,
My customers are near and far;
I fill their heads, I drain their purse,
And turn their blessings to a curse!

I daily breathe a poisonous breath!
My drink is liquid fire and death!
My lodging-place is Satan's seat!
My food is filth and serpents' meat!

My face is covered with a mask,
My hiding-place is in a cask;
My business is to gender strife,
And put asunder man and wife.

I visit grog-shops all around,
Where Satan is, I'm always found,
I am his waiter day and night,
His service is my chief delight.

He is my captain and my guide,
I always stand close by his side;
I've killed more men, upon my word,
Than famine, pestilence, or sword.

With my deceitful flattering tongue,
I draw to me both old and young,
And when I get them in my snare,
I chain them fast and keep them there.

But Temperance men I mostly dread,
For they are ruining my trade,
And if their cause should further go,
I'll prove my final overthrow.

Thus Alcohol disclosed to me
His character and destiny,
Altho' a liar from his youth,
He now has blundered into truth.

Then, Temperance men be wide awake,
The foe begins to fear and quake.
Stand to your posts! Go hand in hand!
And drive this monster from the land!

* Written January 2, 1842, and found among the papers of the deceased author by a surviving daughter.

THE NEED OF THE HOUR.

Why is Prohibition needful?
Blasted homes will tell you why,
Lives now wrecked and prisons crowded
Stilled moans and widow's cry;
Children crouching in their garrets,
Shivering on each bitter sigh,
Tell you, as no words could utter,
Prohibition's reason why.

There has been enough of scheming,
Mild reproaches and reproof;
Too much parleying with evil,
While our valor keeps aloof,
Every man must wake to conflict,
Crush the evil—that's the plan;
Fight—for truth will always conquer,
Prohibition's in the van!

Selected.

MAMIE.

Mamma, I'm so hungry!
And little Mamie's pale, pinched face was lifted pitifully to her mother's. And the mother knew by her own gnawing hunger how the little one was suffering, for she herself had not tasted food for forty-eight hours. She rose, went to the wooden cupboard in the corner of the room, took a single cold potato from the shelf, and, paring it, put it into Mamie's hand. That is every morsel there is in the house, child; take it, and run over to the tavern, and see if you can-not get your father home. He will come for you, sometimes, you know.

Mamie hurried away, for she had often been to the old-fashioned English country tavern and seen the landlord's wife frying the eggs and bacon, in the spider, over the fire, in the wide fireplace, and she thought how she would dip her potato into the fat after the woman had taken out the bacon.

As she went in, she caught sight of her father in a drunken slumber; but her earnest appeal that he should come home only half roused him from his stupor. So the little one waited for the meal to be served, and then went slyly to the spider and dipped her potato in the hot gravy.

Get out, you young wench! the proprietor's wife said, coming to the fire, and pushing the child rudely aside. Go and dip yer tater in yer own gravy.

The father roused then. What's all this? he said. He had been a gentleman. Little seven-year-old Mamie could remember when they lived in a home where there were brussels carpets and lace curtains. But step by step the drink had brought them down to the one room which had neither carpet nor curtains.

What's all this? he repeated angrily, as he saw his little one's lips quiver. I told the youngster to go home and dip her tater in her own gravy.

The drunkard straightened himself up. A look came into his eyes that they had never worn since the day, three years before, when the house and furniture had been sold to pay the rumseller.

Come, Mamie, he said, catching the tiny young thing in his arms, and holding her close. We will dip our taters in our own gravy.

He was almost sober now. Going out of the door, he met a comrade face to face.

Hi, Michael! ye're jist the one I'm a-wantin' to see. Here's the dollar I got from ye the day I was dead broke.

Thank you kindly, Pat, he said, as he would have said it years before, had he met his companion in a London drawing room. We'll surprise the mother, he added, gleefully, to the child.

The mother—poor woman!—was kneeling by her bedside, with the tears raining down her face. It was the first time she had prayed since, long ago, she had lisp'd her baby prayer beside her mother's knee. But she wailed out, O God! give my husband back to me!—Give him back to me, and I will love you and serve you forever. And even while she knelt the door opened, and Mamie flew to her arms.

O, mamma! here is papa, and we've got some bread and butter and bacon and potatoes, and he's never, going to drink any more.

And the husband of her youth, the man to whom she had clung though all other friends had been lost to her, knelt beside her, and whispered, It is true, Mary; so help me God! And the almighty help was given, and friends gathered about him, and business prospered with him; and one day he led his wife and daughter back to their old home, and installed them there.

As Mamie went gaily skipping from room to room, her father said: My little daughter is very happy.

Clasping her arms around his neck, and laying her rosy face close to his, she whispered: Yes, papa; I dip my taters in my own gravy now.—*Sunday School Times.*

Alone in the Face of the Enemy.

The enemy was a jug of rum, which the reaper, wet with sweat and nearly dying of thirst, saw before him. It was standing in the corner of the field. No cool, clear spring was near. The reaper was a temperance man. He had signed a pledge to drink neither wine, beer, nor strong drink. Since he had signed this pledge he had been well in health, busy in work, and well-off in pocket. He wore a little blue ribbon tied in a button-hole on his Sunday coat.

But to-day! He thought he had never felt so tired, so hot, so thirsty. It was such a long, burning, summer day. There was not one drop of water in his can; no well, no brook in all the field. And then, he was alone. The other men were far in the other part of the field, hidden by a little rise of the ground. No one would see if he broke his pledge, and took just one little taste from that stone jug. He stole slowly near the jug. Temptation had never been stronger.

But he knew if he drank then, he would thirst forever! He would waken a thirst that would never sleep. Instead of his calm, cool, peaceful life, he would have always in his bosom a parching desert, crying more! more! and never satisfied. And he was alone before his enemy!

Yes. But the God whom he had asked for help when he signed the pledge was not far off. Like a flash it came into his mind that God saw him and could save him; that He is near to all who call upon Him. The thought that was strong to save him came.

God is here! I am not alone!
Turning his back to the enticing jug, he asked God to make him strong to be true.

Then his desire for the forbidden drink died away. He turned his face to the cool breeze, and wiped his brow. The victory over his enemy had been harder than his work. But now he was strong. Back he went down the harvest-field, farther and farther from the enemy that had lain in wait for body and soul.

He had gained a victory. What were the fruits of his victory? He had learned to trust God and distrust himself. He had learned to pity and aid those who are tempted. He had learned that God is not far from those who call upon Him, and that those who were with him in the fight against temptation were more than those who were against him.—*Temperance Banner.*

Workingmen and the Saloon.

It is an encouraging sign of the times that workingmen in Cincinnati have organized a Temperance Club. In their statement of principles they say:

1. We believe the saloon is the greatest economic, social, political and moral enemy of the working classes.

2. The need of organized labor is equitable legislation, and its failure to secure such is due more to the saloon than to any other cause.

3. The saloon robs the workingman of his earnings, tempts him to betray his family, pauperizes and debases him, and turns him from education to self-destruction. It destroys the ability of young men in the ranks of labor to become useful members of their craft, and defeats the ends of organization.

4. We regard the saloon as having no part in honorable production or distribution, and hence a parasite upon business and labor alike, and we declare the convict-labor problem to be its direct result.

5. We believe it has debauched politics by violations of the ballot-box, by subsidizing the press, by corrupting political organizations, by creating a class of venal politicians, who are hired to do its bidding, by organizing to defy the laws and to protect law-breakers, by practicing bribery by system, and thus producing a condition wherein money controls legislation.

If workingmen everywhere accepted and acted upon these principles the saloon would soon go.

Do You?

Do you avoid strife in your our Division?

Do you turn a cold shoulder on tattlers?

Fraternity teaches that every man is a brother.

Do you try to help a fallen brother to rise again?

Is your Division looked upon, even in a measure, as your family?

Do you speak a good word for the order at the proper time and place?

Do you avoid doing those things which bring a reproach upon your order?

Do you watch vigilantly to prevent immoral persons from becoming members?

Do you avoid talking over Division affairs in the presence of those who are aliens to our order?

Do you sustain your officers by being on hand and doing all in your power to make the Division meeting interesting?

Are you kindly disposed toward your own membership? Are you ready to assist them in every practical way?

Do you reflect that it is your duty to aid your brethren in the time of sorrow by saying a sympathizing word to them?

Have you tried to promote the prosperity of your Division? Have you been the means of adding one or more members to its roll?

The Kicker.

Man's a Kicker. If Bobby Burns had lived to the present day, instead of writing Man is Born to Mourn, He would have written, Man is Born to Kick. At least there are as many kickers as there are mourners.

Kickers are not all of the same grade. There are high kickers, low kickers, perpetual kickers, reasonable kickers, unreasonable kickers. The perpetual and unreasonable kicker is one and the same, and he is an unmitigated nuisance. But as the Almighty never made anything in vain, it follows that the perpetual kicker has a mission.

His mission seems to be, to be present—I might say omnipresent, for he seldom or never fails—at all public meetings. He is the first one on hand and secures a sitting where the presiding officer cannot overlook him.

The first resolution that is offered he is on his feet in an instant, and his kick is heard all over the room. He probably gets sat down upon. But he is used to that and never gets discouraged. He gathers new strength and courage—no, not courage, but gall—and comes to scratch a moment later, perhaps, in perfect condition.

If he can succeed in getting a few adherents he is supremely happy. After the meeting adjourns he gathers his little coterie about him they proceed to dissect the subject matter that has been under discussion and the dissection only serves to more thoroughly convince the kicker that it is his duty as a citizen, as a Christian, as one who has the best interests of the dear benighted public at heart to kick, and to kick hard and vigorously.

Not alone in the public meeting do we find him. He gets into the church, pays the smallest pew rent, and gets the best pew and kicks about the sermon; kicks about the preacher's wife; kicks about those who attend and those who don't, and sometimes is heard to kick about the Holy Communion, if sacramental offerings are not quite up to his idea of perfection.

He joins some lodge, or secret society and is not long in finding something to kick about. In the lodge-room he is in his glory. He has rights here that must be respected. He is never without a point of order ready to fire at the presiding officer. He sits with a copy of the constitution and by-laws constantly in his hand. He interprets the law in a manner peculiar to himself. He has been a member but a short time, but he knows more about what the law is intended to mean than do those who made it.

Pennsylvania Notes

Kinzua Division, No. 345, made a net gain of seven last term, making their total membership twenty-three. They were instituted on May 2nd, 1888.

Merion Square Division No. 128, visited Bryn Mawr Division No. 10, on 6th inst.

Break of Day Division No. 170, now numbers thirty-one.

Penfield Division No. 243 added three members last term.

Four persons were initiated into Crescent Division No. 264, last term. They now number forty-five members, a gain of twelve for the year.

John Bunyan Division No. 281, organized Jan. 3, 1888, now numbers seventy-five members in good standing.

Excelsior Division No. 205, report a gain of two during the year.

Five persons were initiated into Oakdale Division No. 120 last term. They now number two hundred and thirty members.

Wayne Division No. 143, reports a gain of one during last term, and now has thirty members.

Rouseville Division No. 314, instituted March 27, now numbers forty-three members, a net gain of twelve since July 1st.

There are at present one hundred and eighty-six members in Rebecca Division No. 115.

Verona Division No. 64, visited Century Division No. 363, on 28th ult. Four candidates were initiated.

John Allen Division No. 80, reorganized Sept 1st, now numbers twenty-three members.

Hierophant Division No. 21, now numbers forty-nine members. Brother H. K. Green, one of their oldest members, died last week.

One of the Charter members of Quaker City Division, No. 39, was reinstated on Sept 28th.

Fidelity Division No. 211, now has a membership of sixty-one.

Star of the East Division No. 175, initiated seven members last term.

Twelve persons were initiated into Jenkintown Division No. 127 during last term, and they now have fifty-two members, a net gain of four during the quarter.

Industrial Division No. 62, now numbers forty-eight members, all in good standing.

Welcome Division No. 29, reports a net gain of sixty members during the past year. They now have six hundred and fifty-four members (654) and they have given out that before July 1, 1889, they will number one thousand members. They have a large number of determined workers, and no doubt will accomplish their aim in the time specified. They have purchased what was formally known as Kay's Hall at No. 2208 Susquehanna Avenue, Phila., for \$10,000. They have refurnished the halls in the best of style, and now Welcome Hall is one of the finest in the city for the purpose. The Division itself will not be able to meet in the new hall until January 1, 1889.

Eureka Division No. 27, made a net gain of four members during the past quarter. They now meet on Wednesday evenings at 3532 Lancaster Avenue, Phila., and would be pleased to welcome any members of the Order at any time.

There are at present eighty-one members in Verona Division No. 6 and a net gain of seventeen during the year.

Two of the former members have been reinstated and two persons installed into Morris City Division No. 11, during last term. They now have one hundred and fourteen members, a net gain of two during the term.

One of the oldest Divisions in Pennsylvania is Great Western No. 337. They now have sixty-one members. G. W. P. McCoach is a member.