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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; Thurs-  
day; John P. Bell.  
Orange Hall, Portland; Portland, 7; Monday;  
A. Y. Paterson.  
Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wed-  
nesday; E. A. Everett.  
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J.  
DeVeber.  
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G.  
Stohart.  
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 33; Tues-  
day; 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; 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, 53; Satur-  
day; H. C. Trynor.  
Cambridge, Queen's Co.; Johnston, 62; Satur-  
day; George S. Wilson.  
Dalhousie; Dalhousie, 64; Monday; G. Hadow  
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  
Doughlastown, 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.  
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.; 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.  
Mer ton; Intercolonial 243; Friday; Miss  
Vena Fawcett.  
Victoria Mills, West. Co.; Victoria, 245; Thurs-  
day; A. J. Main.  
Friday; E. E. Peck.  
Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wed-  
nesday; John A. Robinson.  
Weldford, Kent. Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday;  
H. Wathen.  
Portland; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler.  
Butternut Ridge, Kings Co.; Havelock, 251  
Friday; E. Keith.  
Petitcodiac, West. Co.; Petitcodiac, 252; Tues-  
day; D. A. Jonah.  
Lewis Mountain, West. Co.; Sunnyside, 253  
Saturday; Huesley Lewis.  
Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose 254; Satur-  
day; A. T. Lloyd.  
Millstream, Kings Co. Britannia, 256; 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. Gallbraith.  
Teeves' Mountain, West. Co.; Mountain Rose  
260; Saturday; R. Lutz, Sr.  
Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday  
G. Barnes.

## Good of the Order.

### Drink and Danger.

Write it on the liquor store;  
Write it on the prison door;  
Write it on the gin-shop line;  
Write, Oh, write this truthful line;  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on the workhouse gate;  
Write it on the school-boy's slate;  
Write it on the copy-book,  
That the young may in it look;  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on the churchyard mound,  
Where the drink-slain dead are found;  
Write it on the gallows high;  
Write it for all passers by;  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it underneath your feet;  
Write it on the busy street;  
Write it for the great and small,  
In the mansion, cot or hall;  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on our ships which sail,  
Borne along by steam and gale;  
Write it in large letters plain,  
O'er our land and 'cross the main;  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it in the Christian home;  
Write it where our drunkards roam  
Year by year from good and right;  
Proving with resistless might,  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on our history's page;  
Write it patriot, scholar, sage;  
Write it in the Sabbath school;  
Write, Oh! write this truthful rule,  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it in the house of God;  
Write it on the teeming sod;  
Write it on hill-top and glen;  
Write, Oh! Write with blood-dipped pen,  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it for the rising youth;  
Write it for the cause of truth;  
Write it for our fatherland;  
Write 'tis duty's stern command  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it for bright heaven above;  
Write it for the God of love;  
Write it near the dear fireside,  
To teach the country's hope and pride,  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Liverpool Catholic Times.

### Could I Have Borne It?

Could I have borne it? I often think  
If one of my idols had bowed to drink,  
If one of my kings had laid his crown  
At the feet of the mighty monster down;  
If one of my darlings had sold his soul  
For the pottage mess in a drunkard's bowl—  
I thank thee, dear Father, I do not know;  
I thank thee thou hast not tried me so.

Could I have borne it? To see the light  
Of the demon flash from the blue eyes so bright,  
Telling that reason and will had flown  
And wine and wildness sat on their throne—  
While the sweet pure look had gone from the  
face,  
And base brutality sat in its place.—  
I thank Thee, dear Father, I do not know,  
I thank thee Thou hast not tried me so.

Could I have borne it? and lived long years,  
With sorrow for meat, and drink of tears,  
While the heart was dying of hunger and pain  
As it loved and longed and hoped in vain.  
O! the dead that live on this bright, glad day  
While the sunshine sweet o'er graves doth play—  
I thank thee dear Father, I do not know,  
I thank Thee Thou hast not tried me so.

If the plants I have loved, my own dear boys,  
My care and my pride, my dearest joys,  
If on them had fallen this dew of dew,  
And they never had waked at morning's  
breath,  
Would the Spring for me have brought its  
flowers,  
Or the roses have bloomed in the summer  
bowers—  
I thank Thee, dear Father, I do not know;  
I thank Thee Thou hast not tried me so.

How many must bear it? the very air  
Is full of smoke of dwellings fair,  
And the sound of sighing on every breeze,  
While thousands are planting their willow trees.  
If the fire that lives in the fruit of the vine  
Had scorched and blackened this home of mine,  
How could I have borne I do not know—  
I thank thee Thou hast not tried me so.

How many must bear it? the mighty woe  
This is making graves o'er the hillside grove,  
That is tying crape folds on cottage door,  
And stilling the music on palace floor,  
That is toppling the tallest towers down  
Where the hands the hopes of men doth crown—  
If it had come and called for my dead  
And laid them to sleep in a hopeless bed!

O! it is better to praise than pray,  
To be thankful than weep on this bright glad  
day.  
Help me to remember those who bear

An aching heart under garments fair;  
Help me to remember the tempted and tried;  
Ever, good angels, be by their side—  
Help me to remember those who know,  
And think Thee Thou hast not tried me so.  
—MARY E. DUSTIN, in Evangelist.

### He Pawned His Baby's Clothes.

No, I won't drink with you to-day,  
Boys, said a well-dressed young man  
to several companions, as they set-  
tled down in an uptown cafe the  
other evening, when the decanter  
was passed. The fact is, boys, I  
have quit drinking; in fact, I have  
sworn off. He was greeted with  
shouts of laughter by the jolly fel-  
lows around him; they put the de-  
cancer under his nose and indulged  
in many jokes at his expense, but he  
refused to drink, and was rather seri-  
ous about it.

What's the matter with you, old  
boy? sang out one. If you've quit  
drinking something's up. Tell us  
what it is.

Well, boys, I will, though I know  
you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell  
you just the same. I have been a  
hard drinker all my life; ever since  
I was married, as you fellows know.  
I love whisky; its as sweet to me as  
sugar, and God only knows how I'll  
quit it. For five years not a day  
has passed over my head that I didn't  
have a cocktail before breakfast and  
many drinks through the day. But  
I'm done.

Yesterday I was over on the East  
Side. Down in the Bowery a custo-  
mer of mine keeps a pawnshop. I  
called on him, and while I was there  
a young man of not more than  
twenty-five, wearing seedy looking  
clothes, and with the appearance of  
not having seen a sober day for a  
month, came in with a little parcel  
in his hand.

Trembling he unwrapped it, and  
handed the article to the pawnbroker.  
Give me ten cents. And, boys,  
what do you suppose it was? A pair  
of baby shoes—little bits of things,  
with the bottoms only a trifle soiled,  
as if they had been worn once or  
twice.

Where did you get these? asked  
the pawnbroker.

Got them at home, replied the  
man, who had an intelligent face,  
despite his sad condition. My wife  
bought them for my baby; give me  
ten cents for them; I want a drink.

You had better take these shoes  
back to your wife. The baby will  
need them, said the pawnbroker.

No, she won't need them, because  
she's dead. She's lying in the house  
now; she died last night.

As he said this the poor fellow  
broke down, bowed his head on the  
counter and wept like a child.  
Boys, you can laugh if you like, but  
I have a little baby of my own up  
home, and I swear I'll never drink  
another drop. As he got up and  
went out his companions ceased  
laughing, and in a moment each was  
busily engaged in reading a news-  
paper. Even a *Mail* and *Express*  
reporter, who chanced to be in ear-  
shot, felt a moisture about his eyes.  
*New York Mail and Express.*

### How Long!

Mammon is a god whose devotees  
have extinguished humanity and ab-  
jured all feeling of the brotherhood  
of mankind, and among his worshipers  
there are none so cruel as those who  
make the rum traffic the highway to  
his shrine. Am I my brother's  
keeper? cries each of these modern  
fratricides. It isn't my fault if this  
man drinks. He is old enough to  
take care of himself. The blood of  
these poor, weak Abels cries from  
the grave against their murderer. How  
long will the people themselves go  
about with leaden and unheeding  
ears? How long will this traffic in  
rum, accursed of God and man, be  
allowed to burden the earth with  
woe? How long will the rum power,  
banded together by selfish greed, be  
allowed to ruin humanity at will, in  
order that their coffers may be filled  
with ill-gotten gains? When will  
men, recognizing the enormity of the  
evil, cease pruning the branches and

lay the ax of public condemnation  
at the root of the pestilential upas  
tree which fills the land with mourn-  
ing perpetually? How long will this  
blood-stained and crime-burdened  
earth groan under the perpetuation  
of the evils that come from the rum  
traffic.—*Toledo Blade.*

### A Standing Disgrace.

Commerce, no doubt, is a mighty  
civilizer, and there should be  
free communication among all peo-  
ples upon the globe, and a free in-  
terchange of beneficial products,  
but it does seem that there should be  
a restraint upon such traffic as car-  
ries destruction and death wherever  
it goes, and sufficient Christian influ-  
ence in nations that claim to be  
Christian to inspire legislation that  
would arrest evil. The liquor traffic  
with the heathen, to say nothing of  
the business at home, is a disgrace to  
the leading governments of the world  
and in the sight of heaven must ap-  
pear as a glaring mark of hypocrisy  
upon the brows of the peoples who  
send to the heathen Bibles and bar-  
rels of rum, preachers and liquor  
merchants, the forms of salvation and  
the agencies of damnation, together  
in singular companionship all under  
the regulation and protection of the  
great powers of Christendom. A day  
of reckoning will surely come and  
nations, like individuals, must reap  
the harvest of their own sowing—  
*Deseret (Utah) News.*

### Imprisonment for Life.

Imprisonment at hard labor for  
life, was the sentence. Yet how  
could it be—the prisoner was so  
young and pale, and there was still a  
kind, expressive look in that haggard  
face—and still he had committed a  
murder. In a drunken row he had  
killed a fellow man. Of course his  
brain was maddened with liquor;  
still, it made no difference, and he  
strode back and forth in his narrow  
cell, fully realizing that in the morn-  
ing he would be taken to the prison  
where, for the remainder of his  
life he would eke out a miserable  
existence, ever to repent of his folly.

### Imprisonment for Life.

Hark! he pauses as he hears the  
footsteps of his wife and child  
approaching—for the little baby  
girl and his wife have come to bid  
him a last farewell.

The outer door has been opened  
and the child admitted next to the  
prisoner's cage. His face was suffused  
with tears as with love he could  
place his hands upon the little girl's  
head and she could kiss papa through  
the bars. He then folded his  
blanket and made the child a pallet  
took off his coat for its pillow, laid it  
quietly to rest while he fanned its  
sweet face and mingled his looks of  
sorrow and love with words of fond-  
ness. As sure as God lives there is  
righteous judgment to come. This  
man and his innocent wife and child  
are separated. He to linger and  
labor in prison, they to sorrow and  
starve without his help. And all  
for what? A drunken row.

The man who made the whiskey  
is still free; the one who sold it is  
ready to sell more. Distilleries still  
stand to curse and crush hundreds  
of other victims among untrained  
men of strong appetites.—*Ex*

It is one of the anomalies of na-  
tions and mankind that they never  
realize their condition until they are  
awakened, organized and inspired to  
do, to dare, to die. It is the work  
of organizing that we are engaged in  
now America has been awakened,  
but we must organize; and to ac-  
complish it we must appeal from  
America drunk to America sober; not  
to a Caesar on a throne, not to an im-  
perial power, but to the conscience of  
the people themselves. They are  
the sovereigns of their own consciences,  
and when they speak it comes like  
the voice of God ordering it to be  
done, and it is done.—*SAM SMALL.*

## SUBSCRIBE

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