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LITERATURE.

LICENSED.

The following verses are taken from an old poem on the liquor question:

Licensed to make a strong man weak,
Licensed to lay a strong man low,
Licensed a fond wife's heart to break,
And make her children's tears to flow,
Licensed to do his neighbor harm,
Licensed to cause both hate and strife,
Licensed to nerve the robber's arm,
Licensed to whet the murderer's knife.

Licensed where peace and quiet dwell,
To bring disease and want and woe,
Licensed to make this world a hell,
And fit a man for a hell below.

THE DRUNKARD'S ONLY HOPE.

From the host of Israel camping
On the desert plain
Once there came a wail of anguish
And a shriek of pain
For the fiery serpent darting
Here and there for prey,
And the countless, countless victims
Falling by the way.

Prophet, priest and judge beholding,
Quake for very fear;
Helpless, hopeless, cry despairing,
Whence shall help appear;
Hark! the voice of God to Moses,
"Quick command I give;
Raise on high a brazen serpent,
All shall look and live."

From our homes, or hall, or hovel
Comes a bitter cry;
Lo! the victims of the serpent,
Countless fall and die.
Where are men of might and wisdom
Who relief may bring?
Is there never balm or medicine
For the poison sting?

Hear ye not how God the Father
Christ the Son did give?
On the cross raised high, proclaiming;
"Whoso looks shall live!"
Lift your eyes, O anguished victim
Of the accursed drink!
Look to Jesus! You can never
Down to ruin sink.

WE CAN MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Though we may not change the cottage
For a mansion tall and grand,
Or exchange a little grass plot
For a boundless stretch of land,
Yet there's something brighter, nearer
Than the wealth we'd thus command.

Though we have no means to purchase
Costly pictures, rich and rare;
Though we have no silken hangings
For the walls so cold and bare,
We can hang them o'er with garlands,
For flowers bloom wherever

We can always make home cheerful
If the right course we begin;
We can make its inmates happy
And their trust blessings win;
It will make the small room brighter
If we let the sunshine in.

When we gather round the fireside
When the evening hours are long,
We can blend our hearts and voices
In a happy, social song;
We can guide some erring brother,
Lead him from the path of wrong.

We may fill our home with music
And with sunshine brimming o'er,
If against all dark intruders
We will firmly shut the door;
Yet should evil's shadow enter,
We must love each other more.

There are treasures for the lowly
Which the grandest fail to find;
There's a chain of sweet affection
Binding friends of kindred mind;
We may reap the choicest blessings
From the poorest lot assigned.

A WOMAN'S TALK ON TEMPERANCE.

FRAGMENTS FROM MISS FRANCES E. WIL-
LARD'S ADDRESS IN TREMONT TEMPLE,
SUNDAY EVE., NOV. 8, 1885.

Correspondence of the Journal.

After a few introductory remarks, Miss Willard continued somewhat as follows: There was a time when I could not have sung:

"I was not ever thus; nor prayed that
Thou shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the gairish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years."

There is no one present who has been blind to the great light of heaven than was I. Only through eyes filled with tears did I learn to see the Lamb. It is one thing to read of illness, when fever rushes through the system, when the lips are parched and the pulses throbbing; when the physician says: 'It is the crisis time.' It is quite another thing to hear it said of yourself. But I have. With all the blessings God had given me, brought up in a careful Christian home, surrounded by the love of parents and friends, at last one night came the crisis of my destiny. After a severe illness, I had heard the doctor say, 'It is the crisis time.' Then came a battle within my soul. The power of evil seemed present, saying, 'Don't give up just because you're sick, because your forces are not well in hand.' Then the voice of the Father would seem to say, 'I have called you long, through years of joy, but now, at last, by sorrow.' Thus, finally, to a sceptical mind came the love of God. Not always did I rest in that love. But 'I have fought the good fight,' sometimes easily, while again, clouds came between yet always God came when most needed.

Everyone has his besetting sin, his weakest side. You have—I have. And so in our common sorrow for sin, and comradeship of love, I have come to tell of God's love, the Infinite Love. When my ear is so heavy that mother's voice sounds like anybody's else, when my senses are so dull that the touch of her hand is unheeded, then I want God's hand. You want His hand to lead you across the river. * * * *
Could I ask you: Do you believe in Jesus? most of you would acknowledge an intellectual belief, down to the eyebrows, if not to the heart. You then, I would point to the divine principles of nature, those by which she does her wondrous works; I would point to evidences of Christianity in human form. Some of you would remember 'mother,' bearing patiently with all your faults and foibles. Some would think of a sister, so sweet and helpful, or a brother so gentle and thoughtful, always a guide. Or it might be the face of a wife, whose life, like a star of heaven had led onward and upward. Or a father, who in adversity sustained by the Everlasting Arm, had cheerfully borne his burden. We have recognized God's aid in the affairs of our daily life, and many who had, alas, been cursed by the awful appetite, have strong in the power of God, overcome their enemy. Fastening the driving wheel of man's power, to the almighty power of God gives a force not to be resisted. For when 'the Son shall make you free, you shall be free indeed.' So much of sorrow and hardship have I seen caused by drink! and often usefulness and happiness restored by a simple, earnest love of God and His commandments.

In one of the meetings in Chicago, held without break for eight years, a man interrupted the meeting. A policeman would have put him out but the ladies protested, and he remained quietly. At the close he came up and said, 'I have something in my pocket to show you.' He took out something wrapped in a paper far from clean; within that, another dingy paper, and at last a white tissue paper, covering a photograph of a nice young man. We looked at that, and at this man's face, with the marks of drink and a rough life upon it, and asked, 'Is this some friend of yours?' 'Not much of a friend to me, ma'am,' said he. 'He's led me one bad step another, till you would not know we were the same, but I thought I'd show it to you for my mother's sake.' We thought of his infancy and youth, sheltered in a loving home; of his young manhood when, starting out for himself, he had to run the gauntlet of ruin and the end had come in shame and sorrow. And the cry that always comes to helpless humanity in the presence of great evil, arose in our hearts—How long, oh God, how long! Oh! this gospel temperance is sweet to me. Where would we be without it? Another day, in 1874, after a large

meeting, among the signers of the pledge at the close was a sailor. His once good face was sadly blurred by drink; he could not write, but made his mark and was given a duplicate pledge. As he turned away the lady said, 'Brother, I shall not forget you. I shall pray for you every day.' The next year, in that same meeting a barely figure rose, and looking around for a minute, suddenly smiled and exclaimed, 'Oh there she is! I see that good woman that gave me the pledge! I've come to tell you,' and he drew out a card very unlike the clean pledge given him a year ago, 'I've kept it and tried it ever since. It stayed in my mind how she promised to pray for me.' His father had been a drunkard, his mother a Christian woman. And when, on a sick bed he had thought of these women praying for him, he had thought he had better do his part. He never had prayed, but now he said, 'Oh God! if you really want to help me, I've just got around to where I want you.' He had tried to get a religion that gave twelve inches to the foot and four quarts to the gallon. He had 'tried to be what he pretended to be.' And before long, all had learned to respect Temperance Jack. His was an adventurous life. On one of his voyages they landed upon an island where the condition of the natives stirred him to benefit them. He aroused one or two shipmates, and they interested the islanders, got some to sign the pledge and started them on a different and better plan of living. Did not the lady's kind words bear fruit? Temperance Jack is now in Colorado, a true soldier of the Cross. * * * *
But you say, 'We do not accept your views of God.' I believe in One so vast, so mighty, so wonderful, that I cannot lift up my eyes to Him. Withal, so tender and loving that He yearns to take every soul He has made to His breast and comfort and strengthen it. Have you ever noticed how God suits Himself to everything He has created? How He paints the chalice of the lily and colors the rose; how even to the insect of a day He gives a burnished coat of mail? Will He not also care for man, oh ye of little faith! Through all time the nations have sought after God, have recognized in one way or another, an Invisible Power. It is an instinctive irrepresible yearning of the human heart. Our fathers found the path of light that leads to God, and the 'good old way' is good enough for me. I can tell of one so much to me, so noble, so manly and chivalric. Of the temptations which crowded the city street, daily conquered by the power of Jesus. He would sometimes say, on leaving the church, 'People are kind; they clap you on the shoulder and say, 'I am glad to see you here.' These leave us, but there is One who never goes away, who never is weary, who loves us best. I walk the city in safety but it is not the kiss I gave to mother and wife in the morning that keeps me.' It is Christ walking with me, that preserves me.' And when dead his last words were, 'I have a precious, perfect Saviour. All your prayers for me are answered.'

Go back to the old Roman ages; we see the vast amphitheatre, holding thousands of spectators. It is a feast day and the theatre is filled; on the lower seats the plebeians, above the palicans; here the vestal virgins, there the royal family. All the brightest and most cultivated, the readers of Homer and Virgil, the audience of Demosthenes and Cicero. All here, but what are they? why are they here? Outside is heard the roaring of the wild beasts, eager for their prey. Presently two slaves bring in St. Ignatius, the disciple of Polycarp, sacrificed for a holiday amusement of the Romans. Standing there in the arena, he utters these words: 'Ye believe in God, but ye burn men for God in his name.' You see the scholar; the matron with loving eyes, the poet, you hear the command—'Bring on your lions,' and the savage animals rush out upon the man there alone. And the spectators shut their eyes upon the sight. Where was their humanity? Had they hearts of stone? But the old civilization has passed away, not ecclesiastically, but really. The miracle of our civilization is the coming of our Lord. Contract with the old Roman amphitheatre, the tabernacles of to-day where men like Moody and Sankey tell the story of the cross to the unwashed multitude. Where those manacled by drink can obtain strength to assert their manhood. Listen to the text given in Moody's persuasive voice, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have ever-

lasting life.' Hear them sing, 'The mistakes of my life have been many,' hear the sermon beseeching men to come to the Father, and the prayer invoking the aid that never faileth. Is there aroused in your heart a purpose to right about face to God? a wish to live purely and truly? But this change of life cannot come without change of will. There are deeds to be done, trials to be endured with patience; doubts will disturb the attitude of your living toward God. But by all these we come nearer to God. In Portland, Oregon, one Sunday, after telling of Jesus and his love, I asked for signers to the pledge. One after another they signed; many so that others might be helped, as if to say it will be very hard alone, so I will stand by and aid you. At last, to the surprise of the audience, a man arose and said: 'I came here in '59, I got ahead of the schools, of the churches, of everything, but I could not get ahead of the saloons. I had never heard a woman speak, so came to-night to hear one. I'm not worth your praying for me, but pray for me for my mother's sake.' Now there is a strong force of Christian temperance workers there and Billy Young sends his kind regards and says he 'has not missed a prayer meeting once and God is behind the pledge.' The most sacred events of life touch our hearts the soonest and most deeply. On that June morning when my sister Mary was called to the beyond, my father had asked her, 'Mary if I should tell you that God wanted you to go to Him very soon, what would you say?' After a moment she said, 'I did not think I should die. I am so young. But if God should want me I don't think I should be much afraid, but I would say, Take me God.' Young girl as I was, the emotion of the moment overcame my diffidence, and for the first time in my life I prayed aloud before my father. While we were yet praying, she exclaimed, 'you needn't pray any more for me. He's come. He holds me by the hand.' I am here to tell you of God's love to man to carry Mary's last message, 'Tell everybody to be good.' In early youth I had a very quick temper and would sometimes answer mother sharply and then be so sorry. By and by I would come and kneel by her side and say, 'Will you forgive me! I'm sorry! I'll be good.' Then her hand would be laid on my brow and I would be happy again. Don't hide your sin, but go to God, tell Him you are sorry. He will forgive. He can impart His strength, can lift us out of bondage. He never goes away. The shadows lengthen and it may not be long ere some of you will be called by God. Will you not come to Him? Will you not make His blessings yours? His care is over all men, over many lives hedged in by temptations, as mine has been by safeguards. To some the thought of mother may come and restrain from sin and lead her to her God. It is not long before we must go to that bourne whence no traveller returneth. God grant that Christ may plead for you and say, 'I gave my life for you.' For God is not willing that any should perish, but that all might have life, and have it more abundantly.

I hope this 'report' is not so different from what Miss Willard really said, as to create wrong impressions. But I have no fear of her white ribbons.

LIVER OR PORTERHOUSE.—Two colored barbers, one an old man and the other a young one; the young one took off his apron and started out of the door.

'Yo's gwan to get a drink, Jim?' asked the elder.

'Dat's what I's gwan to do.'

'Go and git yo' drink. I yoost ter do de same ting when I wuz young. When I wuz fust married dah was a gin-mill next to de shop wha' I wucked, and I spent in it fifty and sebenty cents a day outen de dollah a' h' if I earned. Well, one mawning, I went into de butcher shop, and who shoed cum in but de man wat kep' de likker shop.

'Gib me ten or twelve pounds po'ter house steak,' he said.

'He got it and went out. I sneaked up to de butcher and looked to see what money I had left.'

'What do you wan?' said de butcher.

'Gib me ten cents wuf of libber, wus my remark.'

'It wuz all I could pay fur. Now you go and git yo' drink. You'll eat libber, but de man wat sells yo' de stuff will have his po'terhouse. De man behin' de bar eats po'terhouse—de man in front eats libber. I ain't touched de stuff fo' thirty yeahs, and I am eatin' po'terhouse myself.'

PROHIBITION.

I find that the public sentiment in favor of the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits in the Dominion is very strong and general, but in to many cases it is only sentiment. The test of the real interest any one takes in this work is put when he is asked to join the Prohibitory Alliance, to take a Temperance paper, or to give a donation to help on with the cause. I would give such persons time to consider the matter, and the privilege of asking for information as to how the money they give, is to be appropriated etc., But when sufficient time is given for reflection, and their question satisfactorily answered, they still say "I have nothing to give," unless they are objects of charity, I mark them off the roll of Prohibitionists, for money speaks louder than talk every time.

I calculate that at least \$20,000 is paid to those who sell liquor in Victoria County, N. B., I told one of these men who had flaunted in my face by authority of the law of the county the words "Licenced to sell Spirits and Malt Liquors," that I was to speak on Temperance in the evening. All right, said he, have your Temperance meeting. The more of these you have the better it is for us, and it helps them to get rid of their money.' By which he meant they would come to the meeting and stop at his shop on their way, and drink his liquor, and pay him their money.

I count any one who would patronize such a man as that, a traitor to his country, an enemy to his family, a disgrace to society. The rum-seller is a moral pest. He is selfish and mean to the last degree; for he takes people's money, and not only gives them no value for it, but a large return of what produces crime, poverty and death.

I say shame on the man who will keep company with such, much less give him money which enables him to do his deadly work.

My soul has been so stirred of late on this subject, that I feel confident that anyone whose conscience is not seared as with a hot iron must be influenced by what I say; for I speak in the interest of humanity, in the interest of my country, in the name of everything that is sacred in human relationship, and affirm that a married man has no right to take any part of his earnings from his own wife and children, and give it to a man who will say the more Temperance meeting you have the better it is for us, and we will help you to get rid of your money, not to supply the wants of your own family, but to enrich us. And they count that men will continue to do such mean things just to have a little passing pleasure in a rum-shop regardless of the heart aches and utter despair of her, whom they are pledged to defend, to love and support. A. ESTABROOKS.

BAND OF HOPE SONGSTER.—This is an entirely new collection of words and music from the pens of the best authors, for use in Bands of Hope, Sunday-Schools, Juvenile Temperance Organizations etc. It contains first-class words and music especially written for this work by the best authors and musical composers, together with a few well-known songs which have become favorites, and will never grow old. The following are some of the pieces:

Conqueror's Band; Truth is Marching On; The Glorious Reformation; A Song for Our Boys; Our Watchword; Hurrah for the Band of Hope; We are Coming; Work and Win; The Great Jubilee; Keep in de Middle of de Road. The words are sprightly, and the music ringing and simple enough to be easily learned by the little folks. It should be in every juvenile organization. In the land. Price in quantity \$1.50 per dozen, \$12 per hundred. Address J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent, 58 Reade street, New York City.

I have used Minard's Liniment freely on my head and now have a good head of hair after being quite bald for several years. It is the only hair restorer I have ever found.—MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON, Stanley Bridge, P. E. I.