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LITERATURE.

GOD SAVE THE BOYS.

Like Dives in the depths of hell,
I cannot break this fearful spell,
Nor quench the fires I've madly nursed
Nor cool this dreadful raging thirst,
Take back your pledge, ye come too late;
Ye cannot save me from my fate,
Nor bring me back departed joys,
But ye can try and save the boys.

Ye bid me break my fiery chain,
Arise, and be a man again,
When every street with snares is paved,
And nets of sin brings crops of woe;
But with my latest breath I'll crave
That ye will try the boys to save.

These blood-shot eyes were once so bright,
This sin-crushed heart was glad and light,
But by the wine-cup's ruddy glow,
I traced a path to shame and woe.
A captive to my galling chain,
I've tried to rise, but tried in vain;
The cup allures and then destroys,
Oh, from its thraldoms, save the boys!

Take from the streets those traps of hell
Into those gilded snares I fell.
Oh! freeman, from those foul decoys,
Arise and vote to save the boys.
And ye who license men to trade
In draughts that charm and then degrade,
Before you hear the cry, "Too late!"
Oh! save the boys from my sad fate!

THE LICENSE LAW.

A DREAM.

I had a dream, I say a dream,
Yet scarce a dream was mine,
Methought I saw Intemperance
Before the Judgment shrine;
His form was giant in its size,
Was giant in its strength;
His boldness filled me with surprise,
He stood in self defence.

What canst thou say Intemperance,
Ere sentence dire be given;
Since thou hast peopled Hell below,
And robbed the seats of Heaven.
Thou know'st full well 'twas written plain
And marked in the "Decree,"
"No soul that dies the Drunkard's death,
Shall my salvation see."

And thou hast made thy Brother drunk,
Hast Damned thy Brother's soul;
Because of the, he downward sunk,
Beyond his own control.
What mischief hath not thy hand wrought,
What tears, what groans, what pain,
What homes annoyed, what souls destroyed
To fill thy cup of gain.

Methought, I did not see him wince,
Nor show the least appal;
But with a look which haunts me still,
He viewed the Judgment Hall;

Then answering said, "I've thought of this—
But here my papers are,
They're from thy children while on earth,
I bring them to thy Bar."

The papers then were handed in,
I trembled while I saw,
In lines of Black, this "Right to Sin,"
Was headed "License Law."
This license was a honeyed plan,
By which the right was sold—
Of robbing, killing, cursing man,
By paying so much gold.

"For so much gold we license thee,
To ruin, kill, destroy;
To fill each parent's heart with fear,
And drown each cup of joy.
To exile man to deeds of strife,
To angry words and blows,
To decrease all the joys of life
And increase all the woes.

"For so much gold we license thee
To blast thy brother's name,
And bring him and his family,
To infamy and shame.
To rob home of its brightest gems—
Waylay the paths of youth—
Bring full disgrace—bring grief and pain
Defying Love and Truth.

"For so much gold we license thee
To fill the accursed bowl,
And thrust upon society,
Those desecrated holes,
Those dens of drinking, gambling, wrong,
Those dens of dark repute,
Where Vice with Bacchanalian Song,
Sinks man below the brute.

"For so much gold we license thee,
To plunge our land in crime;
And on the people lay a tax,
Oppression scarce could find,
To make Court Sessions long and dear—
Our Jails and Prisons fill
And thus with honor multiply
The curses of the Still,

"For so much gold we license thee
Our Poor House rooms to fill;
And many a hopeless orphan curse,
And many a mother kill,
And many a brother stain with crime,
Make many a sister moan;
Make many a father sit and pine
In dungeon cell alone.

"For so much gold we stand between
Thee and all justice due;
All wives' entreaties mother's tears,
Pay us and we'll shield you."
I paid them for this "License Bill,"
The gold they did receive,
If wrong is done, they guilty are,
As justice will perceive.

I woke, O! terrible that dream,
And yet it all was true;
And all this ruin, all this curse,
Is caused by me and you!
Is caused by God's own children here!
Our numbers might control—
Might save our Country from this curse—
Might save our brother's soul.

O, Brothers! where have we the right,
To license what is wrong?
How will we answering that day,
Before the Judgment throne?
"Ye are my stewards, occupy
Earth's vineyard till I come,"
Oh aid us, that from yonder sky,
Thy voice may say—"well done."
NORTH ESX ANON.

WHY THE DRAM DRINKER'S NOSE IS RED.

It is not presumed that many readers of this
paper are afflicted in the manner described in
the following article from the pen of Dr. J. B.
Johnson, in the Medical and Surgical Reporter,
for the latter are not of the kind likely to be
interested in the subjects treated in this paper;
but some subscriber may have an acquaintance
who is puzzled to know why his nose has be-
come red and lumpy, and to him the informa-
tion here given may be useful if not gratifying.

It may be reasonably supposed that when
the dram drinker looks upon his face in the
mirror, and sees that his nose is red, he would
be anxious to know the exact cause of such a
condition, and why, the more alcohol he drinks
the greater becomes the redness; and also why
angry-looking bumps after a while make their
appearance on the end and sides of the nose?
It may not be out of place to tell him, in a
commonplace way, the cause; for he is but
little aware, as he looks at his nose that, as it
is reddened and congested by an unnatural
supply of blood, so all the respective organs of
his body are kept in a state of unnatural redness
and congestion by the habitual use of alcohol.
If he could see his brain, stomach, liver, lungs,
heart, and kidneys in his mirror, as he sees his
nose, he would find each of those organs in
precisely the same condition as that presented
by his nose; and this congestion of the vital
organs explains to him the uncomfortable
manner in which their functions are performed.

When in perfect health, the functions of the
organs of the body are so quietly performed
that a man forgets that he has lungs and heart.
In fact, his general condition is so good that
he never thinks about his internal organs; but
this is not so with the habitual drinker of
alcoholic compounds. The alcohol which he
drinks keeps his organs in the same reddened
and congested condition, that his head aches,
or feels hot, foolish, and confused, that he
does not sleep well, and has startings and jerk-
ings of his limbs in his sleep; his appetite is
capricious, his kidneys do not act well, and he
has pains in his limbs and back, or his heart
feels uneasy and has spells of palpitation, and
his lungs do not perform their duty in a manner
to make him feel at ease. He is nervous,
tremulous, and easily startled; his liver is
disordered, he has a bad taste in his mouth, and
his tongue is coated with a thick, white fur,
accompanied by feverish and thirsty sensations
about his throat. When the dram drinker
presents or complains of these symptoms, he
may, without the slightest mistake, conclude
that the alcohol has irritated his whole system,
and that every organ of his body is in the same
reddened and unnatural condition as that pre-
sented by his nose.

The heart is a double organ, constituting with
in the body a force pump, the duty of which is
to receive two streams of blood, and to act upon
them in a manner which necessitates the duty

of sending two streams of blood in different
directions. It has, likewise, two sets of vessels.
The duty of one set of vessels is to carry the
blood from the heart throughout the entire body
while the duty of the other set of vessels is to
carry the blood back from the entire body to
the heart, to be sent to the lungs to meet with
the air, by which it is purified. This explains
how it is that the dram drinkers breath always
smells of alcohol. The alcohol when taken
into the stomach passes in a pure state into the
blood, and when the blood, thus mixed with
alcohol, is sent by the action of the heart to the
lungs, the alcohol is there taken up by the air
in the lungs, and breathed out on the air by the
act of breathing. Sometimes the breath is so
loaded with alcohol that the breath, as it
escapes, will appear luminous, when the long
practised dram drinker breathes in the dark.

The vessels which carry the blood from the
heart throughout the body are called arteries;
those that bring it back to the heart are called
veins. The veins collect the blood from the
organs and remote parts of the body as rapidly
as the arteries send the blood to such organs
and remote parts of the body. If the heart,
therefore, sends the blood to the different
organs and parts of the body more rapidly than
the veins can collect it, then more work is put
upon the veins than they can perform, and the
result is a stagnation or congestion of the
amount of blood sent in excess by the arteries
for the veins to gather. Hence, as the dram-
drinker's heart beats about thirteen times often-
er in the minute than the heart of one who
does not drink alcohol, the arteries in conse-
quence of the increased action of the heart
carry the blood to the dram drinker's nose
more rapidly than the veins carry it back, and
the blood remains congested in the overfilled
vessels, and gives the nose, face, and neck
of the dram drinker an habitual redness. So
stagnant is the blood thus congested in the
overfilled vessels, that if the face and
neck of the dram drinker suddenly meet a
current of cold air, they immediately turn
purple, and retain the hue until the warm air again
restores them to their unhealthy redness. The
blood thus stagnant in the dram drinker's nose
not only causes its redness, but produces
disease of the skin causing red pimples to sprout
out. In medicine, these pimples are known as
acne, but in common language they are called
grog blossoms, and these grog blossoms, never
get well so long as the continuous use of
alcoholic compounds is kept up.

It is a medical fact that as the influence of
alcohol reddens the dram-drinker's nose, and
changes its appearance, so the alcohol reddens
and changes the appearance of every organ of
the body; and as the nose thus affected is not
either in a natural or healthy condition, so
every organ of his body like his nose, is changed
from a natural and healthy condition to an un-
natural and diseased condition; and as the
skin of the nose takes on unhealthy action, so
the substance and covering of the internal
organs take on diseased action, which results
in a short time in the full development of in-
curable diseases, such as insanity of the brain,
diseases of the heart, Bright's disease of the
kidneys, homial liver, and slow inflammation
of the stomach. All these diseases exist at the
same time in the dram drinker; but the organ
most diseased is apt to take the lead in the
process of morbid action; and the other organs
being also in a state of advanced disease, the
law of destruction soon exerts its power, and
the dram drinker passes anon from untimely
disease into a premature grave.—Scientific
American.

JOHNNIE'S CALCULATIONS.

Johnnie was poring over his mental
arithmetic. It was a new study to him
and he found it interesting. When
Johnny undertook anything he went
about it with his head, heart and hand.

He sat on a high stool at the table,
while his father and mother sat just
opposite. He was such a tiny fellow,
scarcely large enough to hold the book
you would think, much less to study
and calculate. But he could do both as
you shall see.

Johnny's father had been speaking to
his mother, and Johnny had been so
intent on his book, that he had not
heard a word; but as he leaned back on
his high chair to rest a moment, he
heard his father say:

'Dean got beastly drunk at the club
last night; he drank ten glasses of
wine. I was disgusted with the fellow.'
Johnny looked up with bright eyes.
'How many did you drink, father?'

'I drank but one, my son,' said the
father, smiling down upon his little boy.
'Then you were one-tenth drunk,'
said Johnny reflectively.

'John,' cried his parent, sternly, in a
breath, but Johnny continued in a stud-
ious air—

'Why, yes; if ten glasses of wine
make a man beastly drunk, one glass
will make him one-tenth part drunk; and—'

'There, there!' interrupted the father
biting his lips to hide the smile that
would come, 'I guess it is bed-time for
you. We will have no more arithmetic
to-night.'

So Johnny was tucked away in bed,
and went sound asleep, turning the
problem over and over to see if he was
wrong. And just before he had lost
himself in slumber he had thought,
'One thing is sure, if Dean hadn't
taken the one glass, he would not have
been drunk, and if father had taken
nine more he would have been drunk.
So it is the safe way not to take any,
and I never will.'

And the next thing he was snoring,
while Johnny's father was thinking,
'There is something in Johnny's calcu-

lation, after all. It is not safe to take
one glass, and I will ask Dean to sign a
total abstinence pledge to-morrow.'
And he did so, and they both kept it.

THE RIGHTS OF THE LIQUOR- SELLER.

Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, of Pennsyl-
vania, was one of the most effective
workers and eloquent lecturers of early
times. In one of his addresses he de-
clared himself in favour of "guarding
the rights of the liquor-sellers," and
said:

'But what are the rights of the
liquor-seller? The same as the rights of
any other man—the right to carry on
his business without injury to others—
and none other. If he can carry on his
business without injury to others he may
do so. But can he? The liquor-seller
may say he has a right to carry it on
provided he makes the damage good
that his poison makes. I say to him,
'You cannot do it if you try. You
cannot bring the dead back from the
grave and the damned from hell, put
there by your business. You cannot
dry up the widow's tears, nor be the
father to her children as he was before
he fell in among you. The liquor-
seller's business cannot wipe away from
the country the disgrace of its business
nor remove its curse from the land.
Your business has filled hell with groans
utterable and despair never-dying;
while the earth has been heaving and
mourning and groaning, filled with the
widows' and the orphans' voices, from
the time your business has commenced
to the present moment, and you cannot
deny it.'

THOUGHTS AND FACTS FOR TEMPERANCE PEOPLE.

Our work must be carried on;
duty being ours, consequences be-
long to a higher power. There is
work for all in our individual and
associated capacity: let us all with
zeal and fidelity devote ourselves to
it until men become too wise to be
enslaved by intoxicating drinks. We
may regret our want of power to re-
form abuses, but this should not
deter us from making an effort to
correct them. May we not hope that
the day is not far distant when no
member of a Christian Church shall
stand connected in any way with
the demoralizing traffic, and when
those who make and administer the
laws of the land shall take a noble
stand in favor of this all important
question,—when, indeed, the people
with loud and general voice shall
demand freedom from the scourge
of rum? Men generally love money,
and some love it so much that they
will get it if they can, even though
human hopes wither and die, and
desolation and ruin ensue. And yet
such men seek to win a good name
by the ostentatious practice of bene-
volence, giving large sums to build
churches or to send the Gospel to
heathen lands, from the profits of a
business that makes men worse than
heathens, makes paupers, criminals,
maniacs etc., the care and mainten-
ance of whom, grievously taxes the
sober and industrious, but compar-
atively poorer part of the population.

When will men repudiate the folly of
spending money in the purchase of
an unnecessary and highly injurious
commodity; and when will our rulers
cease to foster the traffic? Till that
time arrives our work must be carried
on. Having raised the Standard, we
must defend it at all hazards.

The Order of the S. of T. has not
had, nor can we expect, a continual
succession of triumph, or an unin-
terrupted advancement. Such a
course has never yet attended any
moral reform. As well might we ex-
pect in the natural world, a perpet-
ual harvest. Every movement that
has for its object the elevation and
renovation of man is made up of
revivals and declensions, days of
light and rejoicing, nights of dark-
ness and sorrow. With the means in
our power; by wise, united, persever-
ing, benevolent action, we may
secure glorious success. We know
that we are engaged in a good cause:
let us all strive to know our duty
and be determined to do it properly.
The members of the Subordinate
Divisions are the veritable life of the
Order; without them all is naught,
and therefore upon them and their
efforts rests essentially the pros-
perity and triumph of the Order.

Sons of Temperance should be as
regular and punctual as possible in
their attendance in the Division
Room; neglect soon destroys the
interest, zeal and energy of your-
selves and others, while punctuality
gives life and vigor. As iron sharpen-
eth iron so does the help of a friend
encourage his companions and
fellow laborers. A Son of Temperance
should always maintain that
total abstinence is the only safe-
guard, and moderate drinking a
most pernicious evil and snare, and
that our Order is not only a preventive
but a curative body. For whom do we
labor? For innocent children, for
rising youth, for the middle aged,
for the hoary head, for the father
and mother, for the worse than
widow-the drunkard's wife, for
the worse than orphans-the drunk-
ard's offspring; may for the drunkard
himself, and for the drunkard maker
too.

The Sons of Temperance are
not a secret society. Our object is
well known, and our proceedings are
published, and all our laws and rules
are open for examination. We have
no secret signs and are not therefore a
secret society, but may be said to be
a society with a secret—a pass word
to keep out intruders. We trans-
act our business when only mem-
bers are present, and in this respect
do not differ from Bank, Insurance,
and other similar companies, or
church organizations.

Our order necessarily embraces in-
dividuals very different in circum-
stances, tastes and feelings, and at the
same time subject to a great variety
of local influences, political and
religious views. Consequently the
most perfect system that could be
adopted could hardly be expected
to be adapted to all classes. And if
the members of the Order would bear
these things in mind, there would,
we think, be less dissatisfaction about
trifling and non-essential matters,
which are often magnified into
causes of discontent and indifference
and finally lead to withdrawals—In-
deed, we believe that defalcation
from our ranks generally arises from
insufficient reasons and not un-
frequently from motives that in-
dividuals would not like to acknow-
ledge to any one whose good opinion
they would like to retain.

In the Division Room, let our aged
brothers be grave if they will, with-
out being gloomy, wise without stiff
formality, considerate without cen-
soriousness. Let the young bro-
thers be active and apt to learn,
without being too intrusive or im-
pertinent, intelligent without being
dictatorial, impressible (if they must)
without being inconsistent. And let
our dear female friends help us all
they can, and throw over all the
mantle of kindness and charity. So
mote it be.

ALCOHOL AS A DRUG.

Dr. Alfred Carpenter, who regards
alcohol as a poison, but, like other
poisonous drugs, is having a useful
place as a medicine, claims that it can
be chiefly useful medicinally to those
who abstain from its beverage use. He
writes:

'I am of the opinion that alcohol is a
most virulent poison, and, under certain
circumstances, is a most valuable medi-
cine. The abstainer has the full benefit
of its effects when it becomes necessary
to use it in cases of illness; but the
moderate drinker throws away the bene-
fit which it might be as a medicine.
No physician is able to use the instru-
ment of precision in one who is accus-
tomed to take it as a diet. The
moderate drinker submits to the tonic
effect of the dose every day, and his
nervous system is already somewhat
deadened to its direct influence, so that
the dose which produces a decided result
on the abstainer has scarcely any effect
upon the moderate drinker. A larger
and more poisonous dose has to be given
with the certainty of some evil result-
ing from its use, which will have to be re-
moved before the system returns to its
normal and healthy standard.'

'It is an instrument of precision in
the hands of a physician when he is
treating of an abstainer. It is no
longer so to the moderate drinker; and,
as a consequence, the latter suffers by
having one precise remedy the less
which may be used in his treatment
when he requires it.'