

# TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

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## LITERATURE.

### LIFE.

Look, the hill is wrapt in glory,  
And the crest, at sunrise hoary,  
Now is bathed in golden light,  
See the little mountain river,  
How its torrents gleaming quiver  
As they round the grey rocks fight.

Like a golden buckler glancing,  
Like a fiery war-horse prancing,  
Down it rushes through the grain;  
See its struggling waters flashing,  
See them through the birches crashing,  
Till they reach the grassy plain.

A stately river now 'tis flowing,  
Its broadened bosom richly glowing,  
In the red light of the sun;  
On its rolls with stately motion,  
Till it flows into the ocean,  
And its work is done.

So with man who fights life's battle,  
In his youth there's stir and rattle,  
Many foes to overcome;  
But, when peaceful as the river,  
Through his heart there goes a shiver,  
Rings the knell of doom.

In his youth his blood flows fast  
And his morn is overcast,  
But he leaps in liberty;  
When he finds his rest at last,  
'Tis to mingle with the past,  
'Tis to join eternity.

### THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE.

When all the mighty of to-day  
Like midnight dreams have passed away,  
Who shall the noblest influence wield  
Upon the world's wide battle-field.

Where is the earnest preacher now  
Who then the seeds of life shall sow,  
Whose deeds of love and words of fire  
Shall hearts with heavenly faith inspire?

Where in the future still untried,  
Will Nations seek the hand to guide  
The helm of state through strife and storm,  
The champion of all wise reform?

Where find the pure, the brave, the strong,  
To fearless stem the tide of wrong,  
The foremost in the ranks their place,  
The acknowledged leaders of their race?

Where? but for those who ceaseless stand,  
Amid the young 'cold-water band,'  
Whose lips from sunny childhood up  
Have never touched the maddening cup?

They who all evil paths have spurned,  
And life's best lessons early learned,  
Alike from vice and folly free  
The great and good that are to be.

AMEE CROWTHER.

## CLAYTONVILLE'S 'FOURTH.'

'The Inclamation of Dependence,' eh? Well, I guess the poor fellow had it about right, if he was drunk. Precious little independence there is about it! For may part, I'd as lieves be under British rule as the rule of rum, and that's what Claytonville's under today. Hump! much patriotism there is in our celebration! A good time to get drunk—that's what they mean.

'Oh, don't, Aunt Esther, don't! You make my heart ache!' and a pair of deep, wistful blue eyes were turned imploringly toward Miss Esther's bright, black orbs. The black eyes softened; they always did when they met Estelle's supplicating gaze; but the voice was as brisk and snappy as ever as she continued:

Well, ain't I tellin' the truth, child. You know how it was last Fourth—you know how it will be this. There ain't a half dozen out-and-out temperance men in the town. No, there ain't one. There's some that talk temperance, I'll grant, but how do they act? Afraid to do one thing towards shutting up rum-shops, for they'll injure their business! It makes me sick! The last time old Deacon Downing got up in meeting and talked about the temperance people 'concentrating the forces' and waiting till the time was 'ripe for action' after last Fourth of July, I'd like to know when it will be. Poor Jamie Cushing? And there'll be another this year, you see—

Oh, auntie, auntie! and the girl's bright head was buried in the sofa pillow, as she burst into deep, heart-rendering sobs. The old lady said nothing for a time, only stroked the fair hair softly, and wiped furtively, the tears from her own eyes; then, as the sobs grew less violent: Hush darling, hush! We can't help it! I'd stop the business quick enough if I could; but what's the use of breaking our hearts over a thing we can't help?

That's just it, auntie, and the girl sprang to her feet with a resolute bound. Can't we help it? Have we the women of Claytonville done our part? I believe we can stop it, through God's help. Auntie, will you help me?

Yes, child, was the solemn answer; if God has given you this work I'll help, and they stood for a moment with clasped hands and bowed heads, as if the chime of a holy mission were already being poured upon them.

Claytonville was a town not wholly unworthy to be called representative of a large class, even in our enlightened east. Nestled in among green hills, eight miles from a railway, with no manufacturing and no interest to invite a new population, it seemed, in some way, left behind by the great advancing wave of our nineteenth century life. Many of its young men had gone west; it seemed strange that all should not go; but many had chosen to remain and were plodding on, as their fathers had done before them.

One interest alone was flourishing in Claytonville, and that was the liquor interest. With a population of about five hundred the town boasted seven licensed liquor saloons, with perhaps an equal number unlicensed. No temperance interest had ever been awakened there. The families who boasted wealth, boasted, likewise, an aristocratic descent which effectually precluded them from any interest in so plebeian a thing as a temperance society. They used liquor, too, those staunch old farmers, 'in moderation,' of course, and it was a well-known fact that even the parson considered Paul's injunction to Timothy as being especially binding upon himself.

Of late years there had been a marked deterioration among the young men of Claytonville; their father's had awakened to the fact that their sons were no longer drinking 'in moderation'; but then 'boys will be boys, you know,' seemed always logic sufficient to quell all fatherly fears. The mother's—God pity them—grew daily sadder.

The Cushings and St. Clairs—or Sinclairs as they were called—were Claytonville's 'oldest families.' Their broad lands lay adjoining each other, and the families had always maintained the closest intimacy. Aunt Esther Sinclair was the town oracle, freely privileged, throughout the length and breadth of Claytonville, to say what she pleased and to scold *ad libitum*. With her in the queer old mansion house lived her niece, Estelle. Between Estelle and Jamie Cushing there had been a boy and girl friendship, which as the years went by, had bidden fair to ripen into something more.

On the 3rd of last July Estelle, a sweet girl graduate, had returned from Boston, where she had been attending school for the past five years. Jamie had called on her that evening, and she had wondered a little at his flushed face and the strange voice with which he had told her of the 'fun we fellows 'll have to morrow.' She had awakened next morning to find the town a pandemonium; and at ten o'clock had seen her boy lover racing madly by, so intoxicated that he could hardly keep his seat in the saddle. He had yelled out some maudlin sentiment to her in passing, and within another hour, she had seen him borne in at his mother's door cold and stiff and dead.

Is it any wonder that, with the memory of that day still fresh before her, Estelle Sinclair dreaded another Fourth of July in Claytonville? Is it any wonder that she should dedicate her fresh young life to the work of saving other boys from Jamie's fate, even though 'woman's rights,' or woman's public work, were things counted in Claytonville as from the evil one?

She held a long council of war with Aunt Esthel that very evening, and as its immediate result, they started out early the next morning—Estelle to call on the saloonkeepers, Aunt Esther on the minister.

Really auntie, the girl said, earnestly, I am giving you the harder work. I would rather face a hundred saloonkeepers than Dr. Parsons.

I don't wonder you said so, said her aunt, with flashing eyes, as, at the dinner-table they talked the matter over. I listened to a very interesting discussion on Paul and the miracle at Cusa, but not one word could I get from him as to the present state of Claytonville, morals; and, Estelle, that man's boy was drunk last Fourth for I saw him with my own eyes.

Well, my saloonkeepers were pretty good; they were too astonished to be anything else. Only one was at all impudent, and two promised me not to sell any liquor on the Fourth. Now we must see the women.

A busy week followed—a week of earnest work and earnest prayer; a week of sacrifice, too; for, when that band of earnest women were first assembled in Miss Sinclair's parlors, listening to Estelle's eagerly unfolded plans, one practically minded sister had inquired where the funds were to come from. There had been a little hush for a moment, and looks of consternation had been visible on many faces; then

Estelle's clear voice had answered bravely:

I will go without a single new article of clothing for the coming year, and spend my money for this work.

And I, and I, and I, cried a score of voices, and the way of enthusiasm swept so high that there was a little storm of applause from women's hands—even in a Claytonville parlor.

But I see no need of quite such a sacrifice, said Esther; let those who can afford to pay, pay for your dainties; they would pay for their liquors. Give only to the poor.

I hadn't thought of that, said Estelle, slowly. Still, if the girls are willing, I would rather we paid for this—so far as we may, then whatever surplus funds there may be, can go to the establishment of a permanent reading-room.

And so the matter was settled. Great astonishment was awakened in the many breasts of Claytonville, as on the 3rd of July, a large booth was seen in process of erection on the village Green, the grand centre of their patriotic demonstrations. The mystery was not explained until, as the central feature in its tasteful decoration, from beneath a festooning of flags stood forth the mystic letters, W. C. T. U. In God we trust,

Hump! said Deacon Downing and Michael Flaherty, the saloonkeeper, in the same breath. Some woman's tomfoolery!

It seemed a very attractive piece of tomfoolery the next day. The girls were in their places at early dawn, each in her prettiest dress and with her prettiest smile; and, when it was found that Aunt Esther's famous coffee was likewise on hand, there was such a raid from the youthful cannoners as bade fair to exhaust the supply. It was not very hard, after they had eaten of the smoking beans and brown bread and drank the luscious coffee, to persuade those boys not to go near a saloon that day. The girls were surprised to find how easily it was done; hardly one left the table without a white ribbon in his button-hole.

By ten o'clock it became evident that provisions would not hold out, so a foraging expedition was organized, with orders to call at every house. How they roared over the fires in their hot kitchen that day—those mothers of Claytonville!

Then there came a flank movement. The saloonkeepers had been waiting patiently for their custom. At first they had only felt vaguely uneasy, but now they were genuinely alarmed; so placards were posted about telling of free drinks, and all the old veterans were sent down to the Green to decoy the boys.

The girls felt, that the life or death struggle had come, and with a pathetic bravery they prepared to meet it. The ice cream, which had been held in reserve, was now brought forward, and Marian Cushing stood for half an hour with a plate in her hand trying to persuade Tom Bryant to come with her to eat it, while Michael Flaherty was at his button-hole urging him saloon-ward.

She always felt that she should have lost him if, just at the right moment, help had not come. From such an unexpected quarter, too! Dr. Parson's son, who last year had been intoxicated on that very Green, had returned from college, the night before, and with him a young friend. They had no thoughts of attending the celebration that day, but rumors of the women's work reached them, and they hurried down to help. For Jamie Cushing's death had burned deep into Frank Parson's soul, and Harvard held no more earnest temperance advocate than he, unless it was his friend Harry Emerson, the young theologian.

How they worked! It seemed as if they were every where in the same instant and everywhere with just the right word. Tom Bryant found himself eating his ice cream with a very solemn face for Frank had wrung his hand and whispered, Oh, Tom! remember Jamie! and then Jamie's sister had placed the dish in his hand and turned away with a sob.

For two hours the battle raged, but when, at one o'clock precisely, Aunt Esther brought forth her first chicken-pie the saloonkeepers gave up with a groan. Some of them were even wise enough to close their saloons and join in the festivity. All that afternoon there was merry croquet-playing and an impromptu dance on the green, while the display of fireworks in the evening was said never before to have been so fine. The reasons may have been that they were never before touched off by a sober hand.

As the last rocket shot skyward Frank Parson sprang upon the platform and said, 'Friends, such a Fourth of July as this has never been known in Claytonville. Not one drunken man or boy!

Some one originated this movement. I want to know who? Who? who? came in a loud chorus; we want to thank her, and then to everyone's surprise—her own not less—Estelle Sinclair came forward. Her face was very pale, but her eyes shone like white stars as she stood quietly by Frank's side and said, Dear friends, you remember Jamie. I remember him. I have tried to do to day what, if he could speak, I am sure he would ask me to do. I do not want thanks; you have given me higher than thanks to-day. I want to save the boys of Claytonville! And then there was a deep hush, broken only by sobs, until Harry Emerson, in a husky voice, said: Let us sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

And to this day they sing that at the close of every Fourth of July celebration in Claytonville, and while they are singing the eyes of Rev. Harry Emerson look very lovingly into those of his young wife, for, as he often says, though I never before believed in woman's rights, I yet fell in love with my wife while she was delivering the most effective Fourth of July oration I ever heard.

Aye, there she goes, God bless her! cry the women and the children as she passes by. It's her we have to thank that there's not a drop of liquor sold in Claytonville.

### A TERRIBLE RETORT.

At a certain church meeting the subject of wine drinking was introduced, which found advocates and opposers. An influential member at last arose and in a most vehement manner denounced opposers of wine drinking as fanatics. As he took his seat a layman asked permission to speak, who addressed the Moderator as follows:

'It is not my purpose to reply to all that has been said by the last speaker. My object is humble and practical. I know a father who was at pains and sacrifice to educate a son at college. There he became dissipated, but after he returned to his home, its genial influences, acting upon a generous nature, reformed him. I need not tell you, that father rejoiced greatly.

'Well, years passed. The young man completed his professional studies, and was about to leave home to enter upon his life work, when, in an evil hour, he was invited to dine with a neighboring clergyman noted for his hospitality. At dinner wine was introduced—was offered to that young man and refused; was offered again and refused. He was then laughed at for his singularity. He could withstand appetite—ridicule he could not. He drank—he fell! From that time he became a drunkard, and long since he has gone to a drunkard's grave.'

'Moderator,' continued the old man, with streaming eyes, 'I am that father; and he who just addressed you—it was he that ruined that son!'

Temperance work in Great Britain was described in the course of a speech in New York by Mr. Thomas Barker, a noted English temperance advocate. He said: 'We have been busy in England during the last thirty years extending temperance work. Our plans have been modelled largely after those in the States and we have had valuable aid from the leading temperance men in this country, such as Mr. Gough and the late Mr. Dodge. I do not suppose we have made the same progress you have here, but we have done a good deal. Our counties have not the privilege of self-government as in the States, or we should to-day have local option in Scotland, Wales, and the northern counties of England. So much we have done. Sir Wilfred Lawson, president of the Alliance, obtained for local option a majority in the House of Commons, and Mr. Gladstone has pledged himself that a bill shall be brought into the House dealing with the whole question. Formerly the members paid no attention to us, but now many are with us. Sir Wilfred Lawson contributes \$5,000 a year to temperance work and many others contribute sums from \$500 to \$2,500. The expenditure in Great Britain for intoxicating liquors has averaged during the last twelve years six hundred and eighty million dollars a year; this is a decrease from the period preceding, a reduction partly due to the work of the United Kingdom Alliance.

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