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OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

Herman H. Pitts,
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MISCELLANEOUS

IN THE TWILIGHT.

When the twilight shadows lengthen,
When the evening draweth nigh,
And the purple tints of sunset
Faded from out the darkened sky,
When the long, hot day is ended,
And the dusk begins to fall,
When we hear the plaintive murmur
Of the whip-poor-will's low call,

Then my thoughts go straying backward
To the happy childhood days,
When life seemed all flowers and sunshine,
Brightened by hope's cheering rays.
Then I planned with childish fervor,
Noble deeds that I would do,
When the coming years should bring me
Strength to act, and wisdom too;

Planned how I would nobly battle
For whatever I knew was right,
Doubting not that I should conquer,
Should be victor in the strife.
But alas! the years in passing,
Showed no great deeds I had done;
No dread evils met and vanquished,
And no crown of victory won.

Only patient, tireless efforts,
Each day's duties to perform,
So when life at last is ended,
I shall hear the words "well done."
Is it ever thus, I wonder?
Are our childish hopes and fears
Doomed to utter disappointment
In the light of future years?

Or is there some strange, sweet influence
From the childish longing grown,
That makes all our life the richer,
Even though to us unknown?
Helping us to bear our burdens,
Heavy though they often seem?
Surely, then, the hope was blessed,
Though it faded like a dream.

And though I have ne'er accomplished
Half the good deeds that I should,
Still I count my life not wasted,
If I've done all that I could,
And I watch the twilight shadows
Gathering o'er the distant hills,
Till my heart is filled with gladness,
And all doubts and fears are still.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

I saw a mother give wine to her boy—
The rain-drops fall and fall;
The pride of his parents, a household joy,
A mother's blessing, her all.

I saw the cheek of the youth grow red—
The rain falls over the sea;
The light of his eye shone like jewels, they
said;
It spoke of ruin to me.

I saw the youth drink again and again—
The rain falls heavy and fast;
I saw the mother's brow furrowed with
pain,
She was reaping her harvest at last.

I saw the youth go staggering by—
The rain-drops beat and beat;
Dulled was the light of his beautiful eye;
I saw him fall in the street.

I heard the rabble cry, "Shame! oh shame!"
The rain-drops sob and sob;
I heard the drunkard's once-honored
name
Shouted aloud by the mob.

I saw the youth carried home to his door—
The rain-drops sob and sigh;
Saw the friends shun him, who sought him
before,
Saw him sink lower and die.

I saw the stone that bore only his name—
The rain-drops mutter and rave;
I saw the mother with sorrow and shame,
Bowed to the brink of the grave.

HE ONLY HAD ANOTHER.

A South Hill school-ma'am, the other
day, while working an example on the
board, detected an urchin directly behind
her in the unlawful act of devouring an
apple. She said to him:

'Tim, what are you doing?'
'No'um,' said Tim, with his mouth so
full that his cheeks stuck out on either
side like aldermen's stomachs.

'Yes, you are,' paradoxically insisted
the teacher. 'What have you in your
hand?'

'Napple,' said Tim, with some sur-
prise, as he looked at the fragment of the
apple in his hand and wondered who had
bit it while he was studying.

'What has become of the rest of it?'
'Dunno,' said Tim, looking around in
an amazed effort to discover who had
the rest of it. 'Somebody's been eating
it.'

'Have you any more?' demanded the
teacher.

'Yes'm,' said Tim, dolefully, 'got
'nother.'

'Where is it?' relentlessly pursued
the teacher.

'N my desk,' sighed Tim, as he began
to suspect that the teacher was going to
demand it of him.

'Well, take it out and go stand on
the platform and eat it.'

'Eat 'em both?' queried Tim.

'Yes, eat them both.'

'Eat all I got?' demanded Tim, in a
subdued tone of countenance.

'Yes, eat all you have,' impatiently
responded the teacher, and, turning to
the blackboard, continued, 'and don't
you leave that platform while you have
an apple uneaten.'

Silence reigned in the school room;
the paper pellet pursued its tranquil
transit unobserved; the busy hum of the
studious made more noise than the muti-
nous smile of the indolent.

Tim stood at his post. The fragment
in his hand soon disappeared, and he fell
upon the other apple silently but deter-
minedly; quickly it followed the first.
Then he put his right hand into his pants
pocket and took out an apple, and, after
a cautious reconnoitre—during which he
wiped it on his trousers he began the
attack. He carried the fort. Down
went the hand again, and another apple
was brought to light. It was quickly
dispatched. A third followed.

Then he changed his position, and,
resting the weight of his body on his
left leg, sighed as he drew from his left
breaches pocket another apple. When
it was gone he drew on the commissary
for another, and by the time he produced
the eighth apple he was silently being
observed by two-thirds of the boys in the
room. The teacher turned and saw the
boy still standing in the attitude of one
who was reaching for something in his
coat pocket.

'Aren't you thro' yet?' she queried in
some astonishment.

'Got 'nother,' stoically responded Tim
producing another, and falling to work
on it.

In surprise the teacher saw him reach
for still another, and when that was gone
surprise grew to amazement as his un-
wavering hand again sought the gaping
mouth of that pocket. As the boy ate
he grew in dimensions, and the teacher
became alarmed. There seemed to be
no end to the apples that he had in his
his clothes.

'Tim, for mercy's sake, have you any
more apples?'

'Got 'nother,' said Tim, indifferently.
'How many more apples have you?'

'Dunno,' said Tim, 'guess got two or
three more.'

The teacher did not dare to let him
proceed, and appointed herself an investigat-
ing committee to look after the back
counties. The boy never changed a
muscle of his countenance, nor moved an
inch, while that teacher pulled apples
from his coat, and stacked them up upon
the desk until there was something less
than a peck piled up, with Bright to
hear from.

The matter hasn't been laid before the
school board yet, but the exhausted
school-ma'am declares that the next
time she will learn how much of a crop
of apples a boy has about him before he
issues any orders.

HIS HONOR AND BIJAH.

THE SWEET LITTLE BUTTERCUP WHO GOT
FOUR MONTHS.

As His Honor was signing the
warrants and making ready to open
Court, a voice from the corridor was
heard singing—

'I'm called Little Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup! I—ah.'

'That's a remarkable sweet voice,' he
observed to Bijah.

'Too sweet for anything,' replied the
old man.

'Must be some light-hearted but un-
fortunate female.'

'Yes, she is.'

'Poor girl! Perhaps it is not her
fault. You may bring her out and I'll
speak kindly to her. Who can tell how
much one kind word may encourage
her?'

Bijah had a grin on his face as he
disappeared, and the reason for it was
plain as he returned with Mrs. Danforth.
She was a woman of fifty. She weighed
nearly two hundred pounds. Her hair
was down, and her dress badly torn,
and the smell of strong drink was there
in several fall and winter styles.

His Honor looked at her in amaze-
ment, and he flushed like a rose as
Bijah remarked:

'Here is the poor girl who was
singing, sir!'

'You bet it is!' added the prisoner.

'Say, Judge, you've got me again.'

'I see.'

'I was drunk last night, and you
needn't waste any time trying to prove
it.'

'You were here a few weeks ago!'

'I was that, and you said if I came
again I'd get sixty days. Here I am!'

'Well, I'll make it four months.
Perhaps you'll have less talk in you
when you come out.'

'All right, Judge; a-l right! Good-
bye, everybody.'

'And I'm called Little Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup—'

'Say, Squar, gimme a show,' ex-
claimed Henry Livingstone Johnston
as he looked over the desk with an
anxious expression.

'I'll do it, Henry. What do you
want?'

'I made a fool of myself yesterday,
Squar. I got in with a lot of chaps
and got full. It's the first time I was
ever drunk in my born days, and it'll be
the very, very last. Gimme a show.'

'Well.'

'Wall, I want to go home. I live
out here about fifteen miles. I rode in
with a nabor, and he's probably gone
and left me. Squar, I want to go
home. Let me off this one time, and
no human bein' will ever see me in
such a fix again!'

'Henry, are you in earnest?'

'Squar, if I ain't I hope to be
shot.'

'You'll let beer alone?'

'I won't go within a mile of it!'

'And whiskey!'

'I won't even smell of it?'

'Well, you may go. It will be bad
walking after the rain.'

'I don't keer fur the mud, Squar.
All I ask is to get my nose pointed
homeward, and when I strike this town
again I'll have some one lead me around
with a string.'

PROHIBITION IN GEORGIA.

The prohibition movement is gradu-
ally extending over the entire State.
The last county that has declared for
prohibition is Hancock. Elections are
soon to be held in several other coun-
ties, and the chances are that all of
them, with perhaps one or two excep-
tions, will result favorably for prohibi-
tion. More than three-fourths of the
counties of the State have voted out
whiskey, and there is not one of them
that is not richer and more prosperous
for its action. In every one of them the
people are happier and more industrious,
and there is less crime and pauperism
than there ever was before. The prohibi-
tion movement in the State has grown
rapidly, because wherever it has been
adopted its benefits have at once become
apparent.—Savannah News.

Since the above article was printed an
election has been held in Fulton county,
in which Atlanta is situated, and prohibi-
tion was carried by a majority of 240.
There was a great excitement over the
election and the result was celebrated
with torch-light processions and bon-
fires. The prohibitionists do not intend
to stop here, but will continue to push
the movement.

A STILL TONGUE.

An old, experienced Wall Street
banker remarked in course of conversa-
tion with a reporter on one of our ex-
changes, a few days ago, that 'a still
tongue was often a fortune.' The idea
he wished to convey was that men who
talk too much expose the secrets of their
business. A silent man is generally the
safest adviser; he thinks before he
speaks, and weighs well his words. Some
men are as ready with their opinions as
a hungry man for dinner; all that is re-
quired is the opportunity to air them.
Others are so voluble that they tell all
they know about their own business and
their neighbors' as well. Generally, you
can take the measure of an inveterate
talker, as it's wind and froth. On the
other hand, the man who holds his
tongue is not easily fathomed. 'Still
water runs deep,' with but little noise
and friction, while the shallows foam and
fret with constant tumult.

As a rule, the silent man is methodi-
cal, painstaking, careful. He weighs his
words and pounds accurately. In busi-
ness he makes no fuss or parade; he
transacts it, however, with diligence and
prudence. Brag and vanity are twins;
together they were born and together
they will die.

Conceit and boasting are poor elements
in trade; airs put on as soon as a little
money is made usually have a chill.
Boasting of big profits and a speedy
fortune to every listener shows a lack of
good sense and sound judgment. Men
have been hung on their own testimony,
and merchants have failed from too
much tongue.

Why should the secrets of the store or
counting-room be proclaimed on the
street corner? A merchant's knowledge
of his business is the safest in his own
breast. If he is making money, the fact
will disclose itself soon enough, in a
solid, substantial way. If you must
have a confidant, let it be your wife. She
is entitled to it, and is your helpmate.—
Scientific American.

(FOR THE JOURNAL.)
WILBERFORCE NO. 3.

Grand Worthy Patriarch Vroom
accompanied by the Grand Chaplain,
Bro. G. M. Campbell, paid an official
visit to Wilberforce Division on the
7th inst. They were introduced to
the members, and later in the even-
ing made some stirring speeches on
the state of the Order in New Brun-
swick at present, and complimenting
Wilberforce Division upon the good
attendance of its members; the
G. W. P. stating that of all the
Divisions he had had the pleasure of
visiting in his official capacity, that
there was not any which had such a
large attendance as Old Wilberforce.

On the 25th ult. our Division
gave a

SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENT,

at which Howard Division No. 1,
and St. Croix Lodge, I. O. G. T. were
present, numbering in all about 150
members. The meeting was opened
by singing the National Anthem,
during the singing of which a young
lady entered with the Union Jack
Flag. After completing a verse of
this hymn, the choir sang a verse of
America, and another young lady
entered with the Stars and Stripes.
The two flags were then draped
together, and the choir sang a tem-
perance song, while a third young
lady entered with a

PROHIBITION BANNER,

which was entwined with the two.
The proceeding was most beautiful,
and was thoroughly enjoyed by all
present. The entertainment through-
out was one which, we think, tended
to cement the feelings of brotherly
love between the temperance people
on both sides of the line, and this
was what our members desired it
should. We hope the visiting
members were well pleased with our
entertainment, and we are always
glad to see good temperance men
visit Old Wilberforce.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Cough no more, but get a bottle of
Minard's Honey Balsam. It is the best
remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness,
influenza, croup, etc., that has ever been
offered to the public.

I have used Minard's Liniment for
rheumatism with great success. Please
send by express 1 dozen bottles, as I
cannot purchase it here.—W. H. SHER-
WOOD, Boston, Mass.

EXTRACT FROM MRS. S. F. CHAPIN'S
REPORT OF THE ALABAMA STATE
CONVENTION, W. C. T. U.

The Alabama Convention adjourned
to night, and a precious season it has
been.

In making my appeal I urged every
lady in the State to join us. A distin-
guished gentleman came to me and said,
'Mrs. Chapin, if you have not every
lady in Alabama with you, you have the
very best ladies.' And so we have.
The President, Mrs. Bryce, we South
Carolians are proud always to say, is a
native South Carolinian. She presided
with queenly dignity. One of the gentle-
men who addressed the Convention, was
compelled to acknowledge he came to
see us "play convention," and hear a
half dozen women talking at one time.
He asked how, and when on earth, we
had learned to be such parliamentarians.
By the time this question was reached
his time had expired, and the president's
avel showed how strictly and without
gavor, the rules of the convention were
enforced. I whispered as he passed me,
'Only a latent power come into the
light, and still there is more to
follow.'

Mrs. Judge Brooks, the gifted young
wife of the distinguished Judge, who
honors the W. C. T. U. by wearing the
white ribbon of our Order in the Court
House, is general Vice President, or as
Mrs. Bryce calls her, "Assistant Presi-
dent." The unity between these kindred
spirits is beautiful, "each preferring the
other." In the midst of one of our ses-
sions a gentleman walked in and handed
the following note to the President, say-
ing, "It is from one of the most promi-
nent editors in Alabama." It read thus:
"Tell the admirable lady, Mrs. Bryce,
that I would devote everything to the
cause she espouses, but there's no use.
Let women demand the ballot, and with
it they can destroy whiskey, and by no
other agency. There is no perfect family
or State in which woman is not an active
governing force. They should have the
courage to assert themselves, and then
they can serve the country and race."

If a thunderbolt had fallen it would
not have created a greater sensation. The
ladies at first grew indignant and uttered
protestations. When they grew calmer,
the following was adopted and the cor-
responding secretary ordered to furnish
the editor with the following:

"The ladies of the W. C. T. U. return
thanks to the editor for his kindly and
progressive suggestions, but in their
opinion, they are not ready to ask any
political favors. Whenever suffrage is
granted to the women of the United
States, those of Alabama will be found
on the side of right."

Of the speeches, reports, etc., some
one else will tell. Of our consecration
meeting I must tell. The newspapers
say, "The most wonderful meeting ever
held in this city." I am more than ever
convinced that the gospel line is the one
in which we will reap our greatest vic-
tories. When I opened our meeting at
the noontide hour, I looked at several of
our prominent delegates, asking by the
look, a testimony from them which they
were too timid to give. As the services
proceeded the Spirit's power came down
—every tongue was loosened. Ladies
who had never spoken a word in public
testified of the blessing that had come to
them through temperance work. Many
in the audience arose and asked for
prayer, among them one of the editors.
Two of our ladies profess to have found
the Saviour, and to sum it all up,

"Jesus came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy seat."

UNION SIGNAL.

THAT SETTLES IT.

The vexed question whether prohibi-
tion prohibits in Portland, would seem
to be definitely settled at last. Dr.
Warren, editor of the "Christian
Mirror," having been questioned about
the success of the liquor law, replies in
his paper this week categorically, as
follows:

1. Of saloons where intoxicating
drinks are kept for sale and sold openly
and in public view without molestation
from the authorities in the city of Port-
land, there is not one.
2. Of hotels, which have a public or
private bar where liquors are dispensed,
there is not one.
3. Of secret places where liquors are
kept and sold with the knowledge and
permission, tacit or otherwise, of the
police authorities, there is not one.
4. Of such secret places, where viola-
tions of the law are practiced, and where
legal evidence thereof exists, but prose-
cutions are not instituted through
political or personal favor, there is not
one.