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LITERATURE.

GOD BLESS OUR CAUSE.

God bless our sacred cause!
We plead for righteous laws,
Our homes to shield,
Our land has suffered long
From an accursed wrong,
Whose roots are deep and strong;
Nor do they yield.

We plead! but all in vain;
The people's deep-felt pain,
Finds no redress,
This deadly Uvas tree,
Spreads out despite our plea,
And plants its rootlets free;
To our distress.

Ten thousand women moan;
A million children groan,
In woeful wail!
The curse that blights their years,
Is watered by their tears,
And gives them naught but jeers,
And hellish taunt.

The men we've placed in trust—
Who should be true and just—
Our laws to make,
Do at their parties word,
Deny our plea, unheard;
Nor by our prayers are stirred,
Its powers to break.

Now let the people come,
And vote for God and home,
And temperance laws!
We'll be no more deceived;
Our land must be retrieved,
And from this curse relieved!
God bless our cause.

OUT IN THE COLD.

Out of a rum-shop on a dreary night,
Reeled a husband and father in a pitiful plight;
His face was haggard, his garments were thin,
And his soul was scorched with the fires of sin;

Weary and hungry his children sat down
To wait his return from the distant town;
In helpless silence, in grief untold,
They wait for father out in the cold,
Out in the cold.

Out of the bar-room into the cold,
Money all gone and manhood sold,
The poor man, wasted and worn with sin,
Breasted the storm with quivering chin,
Only the storm with its sceptres, was out,
And the eddying snow that went whirling
about;
Thousands were happy in the home-fold,
Nor thought of the drunkard out in the cold,
Out in the cold.

The rum-seller sat by his fire that night,
Smoking his pipe by his warm firelight,
And he clapped his hands in rollicking glee;
"The wind and the storm are nothing to me;
I've plenty of coal in my cellar," he said;
"My children are hearty, and warm, and well
fed."

But his children were warmed by the poor
man's gold—
Only the wind heard those moans in the cold,
Out in the cold.

And when the morn broke in the twilight
gray,
In a white sheet of snow the poor man lay,
And this was the verdict the coroner gave;
"Frozen to death and no one to save."
The wife and the children wept alone,
But the traffic is king and sits on the throne,
And who are the young and who are the old,
That next may go forth to die in the cold?
Out in the cold.

MEN OF TEMPERANCE, AWAKE!

Ye men of temperance, durst ye sleep
While fellow beings fall and die?
Awake! your faithful vigil keep,
The foe to peace and good defy.

Awake! Awake! and gird ye on
The armor ready for the fight,
Awake! your God will look upon
Your work, and help you in the right.

Awake! before the night sets in
And you must leave the work undone;
Awake and fight the accursed sin,
Till through the clouds appears the sun.

Awake! for soon 'twill be too late
To rescue many a fellow-man;
Awake and save them from their fate,
Arise! for by God's help you can.

Awake! rum's battle field is strewn
With many a loved one—young and fair;
Stand firm, as from the flint-rock hewn,
For temperance both to do and dare.

Awake! and sleep not at your guns,
No faithful soldier this will do;
Advance! he gains the race who runs,
Fight, trusting God, He'll bring you through

Be brave! ne'er let your courage fail,
Let "Forward, March," your motto be,
Till saved ones gladly tell the tale,
"Rum's Army's vanquished, we are free."

Awake! and fight the foe till death
Relieves you of the noble fight,
Awake! stop not to gain your breath,
Die nobly fighting for the right.
Sydney, C. B.

IS TEMPERATE DRINKING SAFE?

At a certain town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question came up whether any persons should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, the physician, strange as it may now appear, favored it. One man only spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when there arose from one corner of the room a miserable woman. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment's silence and all eyes being fixed upon her she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called all to look upon her.

"Yes," she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, is true. All practice, all experience, declares its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison as a beverage, in health, is excess. Look upon me! You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the town; you all know, I too, I had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder churchyard; all—every one of them filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—that excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you, (pointing with a shred of a finger to the minister, deacon and doctor), as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and its prospects, with dismay and horror. I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell, in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged. I prayed, but the odds were against me. The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the demon who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his rum bills, sold them the poison; the doctor said a little was good, and the excess ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape; and, one after another, were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time. My sands have almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poorhouse—to warn you all; to warn you, deacon! to warn you, false teacher of God's word! And with her arms flung high, and her tall form

stretched to its utmost, and with her voice raised to an unearthly pitch she exclaimed, 'I will soon stand before the judgment seat of God. I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all!'

The miserable woman vanished. A dead silence pervaded the assembly; the minister, the deacon and the physician hung their heads; and when the president of the meeting put the question, 'Shall any licenses be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors?' the unanimous response was, 'No!'—Memoir of Geo. N. Briggs, late Ex-Gov. of Mass.

AS QUICK AS THE TELEPHONE.

One night, a well-known citizen of a Western city, who had been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his house and started down town for a night carousal with some of his old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes, to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty wilful way for "papa" to tell her some bedtime stories; but habit was stronger than love for child and wife, and he eluded their tender questioning by the deceits and excuses which are the convenient refuge of the intemperate, and so went on his way.

When he was some blocks distant from his home he found that in changing his coat, he had forgot to remove his wallet; and he could not go out on a drinking bout without money, even though he knew his family needed it and his wife was economizing every day more and more, in order to make up his deficits. So he hurried back, and he crept softly past the window of his little home in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses.

But, as he looked through the window, something stayed his feet. There was a fire in the grate within—for the night was chill—and it lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effect the pictures on the wall. But these were nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There, in the soft glow of the fire-light, knelt his child at her mother's feet, its small hands clasped in prayer, its fair head bowed; and, as its rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened, spell-bound to the words which he himself had so often uttered at his own mother's knee:

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

His thoughts ran back to his boyhood hours; and as he compressed his bearded lips he could see in memory the face of the mother, long since gone to her rest, who taught his own infant lips prayers which he had long ago forgotten to utter.

The child went on and completed her little verse, and then, as prompted by the mother continued:

God bless mamma, papa, and my own self—then there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled, blue eyes to her mother's face.

"God bless papa," prompted the mother softly.

God bless papa, lisped the little one.

And—please send him home sober. He could not hear the mother as she said this; but the child followed in a clear, inspired tone:

God—bless papa—and please—send him—home sober.—Amen.

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm, when the door opened so suddenly; but they were not afraid when they saw who it was, returned so soon. But that night when little Mary was being tucked up in bed after such a romp with papa she said, in the sleepest and most contented voices:

Mamma, God answers *more* as quick as the telephone.

REES PRITCHARD AND THE WELSH GOAT.

In Llandovery, in Wales, the memory of the Rev. Rees Pritchard, vicar of the parish in the seventeenth century, is still held in honor and reverence. This remarkable man was educated at Oxford, and destined for the Church. He was admitted into holy orders at the usual age, and after a while appointed to the vicarage of his native town; but his character and conduct were for a considerable time utterly unbecoming his sacred office. Drunkenness prevailed in the town at that time, and to this vice he was especially addicted.

The story of his conversion is very singular and interesting. At the tavern

which he frequented a large tame goat was kept, and it went in and out among the guests. On one occasion Rees Pritchard offered some ale to the animal, which, strange to say, swallowed it greedily, and soon fell down on the floor intoxicated. All present were horrified at this conduct, but Rees Pritchard himself made the affair a subject of jest, and, continuing to drink, was as usual conveyed helpless to the vicarage. The next day he was very ill, but, on the following one, went to the tavern again, and called for some ale and his pipe.

The goat, now quite recovered, stood by. When the tankard was brought, he again offered it to the creature, which, however, turned away its head in disgust, and hurried from the room. This incident struck Rees Pritchard forcibly. "Alas! Alas!" said he to himself, "is this poor animal wiser than I? Yes, surely, having once experienced the misery of drunkenness, it refuses to incur it again, while I, who have suffered from it a hundred times still persist in debasing myself. If I continue my present course what can I expect but wretchedness in this world and perdition in the next? But, thank God, it is not too late to mend."

Leaving his ale untasted he went home to pray, and from that hour was an altered man. For more than thirty years he preached the Gospel in his native language and composed many devotional poems, which were collected after his death into a volume, entitled the "Candle of the Welshman," a work which has gone through numerous editions, and is to this day the companion of the Bible in most of the cottages of the Principality.

WHERE IS THE RIGHT OF IT!

BY HON. NEAL DOW.

Some time ago, I saw it proclaimed in the press, by authority of a prominent and influential clergyman, that he did not favor abstinence from alcoholic drinks, but, on the contrary, that he approved their habitual use. It seems to me there must be a right and a wrong as to this matter, and it ought not to be difficult to find.

Some time ago a stranger (to me) and I were the only occupants of a carriage on an English railway. The gentleman knew me; he was a rector of the English Church. He commenced a conversation brusquely by asking:

"Mr. Dow, do you (temperance people) hold that to drink a glass of wine is a sin for us?"

"We say nothing of that; but this is our view. An intelligent man must know something of the sin, shame, crime and horror which in this country come from intemperance. He must know that intemperance comes from the drinking habits of society. He must know, also, that these are upheld and perpetuated by the example and influence of the better classes of the people. For a man who knows all this to lend the influence of his example to uphold the customs whence all this mischief comes is a mortal sin. We hold it to be a primary Christian duty, so to live that if all the world should follow our example no harm could come from it. If our example of total abstinence should be adopted by all the world the sin, shame, crime, and infinite misery coming from intemperance would cease in a day, and the world would be relieved of nine-tenths of the wretchedness by which it is now cursed."

The rector made no reply.

PORTLAND, ME.

TEMPERANCE FACTS.

The following startling statements relate to eight different families in a single town—. The parents were moderate drinkers. Can heads of families read these facts without concern?

"The first had one child, a daughter. A great sum was expended on her education. She died from the effects of strong drink.

"The second had an only son. He was educated with great care and at great expense, but was killed by wine.

"The third had four sons and one daughter. The daughter is a drunkard, and one son has gone to a drunkard's grave.

"The fourth had three sons. One died of intemperance, one was killed in a duel, and the other is a drunkard.

"The fifth had one son who killed himself by drinking, and two stepsons are drunkards on wine.

"The sixth had five sons. Two

are dead through intemperance, and another is a drunkard.

"The seventh had five sons. Four are drunkards, and one through the influence of liquor, is an idiot.

"The eighth had five sons and three nephews. Four of the sons had been killed by Alcohol, and the fifth is a drunkard; and the three nephews are in a drunkard's grave."

We know these to be facts. It occurred in the good old State of steady habits (Ct.) Although this took place some years since, yet it is none the less startling.

Horace Greeley said "Drunkenness is one of God's infinite mercies."

He comes to the conclusion in this way:—There is not a single human stomach, or that of any animal ever created on this earth, that ever did or can digest a drop of alcohol. The moment it drops into the stomach, every vital organ recognizes a vital enemy. It is as precisely as if a lion were thrown into a cage of tigers, and every tiger were to recognize the lion as his deadly enemy. The stomach cannot digest it and it cannot remain. All the organs assist in throwing it off, and that great struggle of every vital organ to rid the stomach of this poison is the very thing which the perverted senses recognize as exhilaration (or intoxication.) In a little while, when Nature has, by all her efforts, disposed of the poison, the man sinks down to his former condition and much below it. The next time he makes the same struggle, but has not the same strength. The more a man drinks, the more he has to drink to attain a certain condition. Nature by and bye becomes tired out and gives it up.

There are men who are not perceptibly affected by liquor. It does not make them drunk. It does not hurt them, they say. But it does hurt them. I never knew a man who drank a great deal of liquor without becoming intoxicated whom liquor did not kill fast. If a man will take poison, it is better to get rid of it than to keep it in the system. (i. e. to get rid of it by means of the active effort or struggle called intoxication). Drunkenness is one of God's infinite mercies, sent to help poor, mistaken human beings to get rid of the consequences of their iniquity."

CENTENNIAL TEMPERANCE EXHIBITION.

The various Temperance organizations and several religious denominations of the country decided to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the Temperance Reform, during the week commencing Sept. 20th, 1885. Every minister in the land was requested to preach a sermon on Temperance on the 20th, and Sabbath-schools hold suitable exercises on that day; also that every Temperance organization was to hold public meetings or celebrations on Monday, 21st, or on any other day of that week if more convenient. The National Temperance Society has issued a call for a "Centennial Temperance Conference" to be held in the City of Philadelphia, on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 23rd and 24th, and requests every Temperance organization and Church in the land to send delegates. Already a large number of delegates have been elected. Over forty historical sketches and papers will be presented, giving the history of the cause—in all its departments—for the century. The Conference will be held in St. George's Hall, corner 13th and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, during each day, and public meetings in several churches of that city in the evening of the 23rd, and a grand mass meeting in the Academy of Music this evening of the 24th.

Addresses are expected at these meetings from John B. Gough, Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler, George W. Bain, Miss F. E. Willard, John B. Finch, Mrs. J. E. Foster, Gen. C. B. Fisk, Rev. Dr. A. G. Lawson, and many other popular speakers.