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Editor and Proprietor.

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LITERATURE.

THE OLD FARM.

Out in the meadows the farm-house lies,
Old and gray, and fronting the west;
Many a swallow thither flies
Twittering under the evening skies,
In the old chimneys builds her nest.

Ah! how the sounds make our old hearts swell!
Send them again on the eager quest:
Bid the sweet winds of heaven tell
Those we have loved so long and well,
Come again home to the dear old nest.

When the gray evening, cool and still,
Hushes the brain and heart to rest,
Memory comes with a joyous thrill,
Brings the young children back at will,
Calls them all home to the gray old nest.

Patient we'll wait till the golden morn
Rise on our weariness half-confessed;
Till with the chill and darkness gone,
Hope shall arise with another dawn
And a new day to the sad old nest.

Soon shall we see all the eager east,
Bright with the Dav-star, at Heaven's behest
Soon from the bondage of clay released,
Rise to the Palace, the King's own guest,
Birds of flight from the last year's nest.

'ELIZA.'

'She makes a perfect picture, out there in that tropical sunshine,' said Mr. Villars. 'Look at her, with that scarlet ribbon at her neck and those coils of hair, waving blueblack in the intense light! It is like a dream of Italy!'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Leeds; 'she is very pretty, but that don't signify so much. She's a good, smart girl, and don't lose any time looking at herself in the glass, like some I've had.'

'Where did you pick her up?' asked the young clergyman, carelessly drawing the newspaper from his pocket as he sat down on the carpet of pine needles under the big evergreen tree.

'Didn't pick her up anywhere,' said Mrs. Leeds, tartly (for this was part of the transaction that had never been quite satisfactory to her business like soul) 'She came along.'

'Come along?' (with a slight accent of surprise).

'Yes—looking for work.'

Mr. Villars lifted his eyebrows.

'Then how do you know who she is?' he asked.

'I don't know,' retorted Mrs. Leeds, unconsciously betraying her weak point by this irritability of manner; 'but I know what she is, and that's more to the purpose. She's the best washer that ever crossed my threshold; as docile as a kitten, and as smart as a cricket; does twice the work of anyone else that I ever had; and if she's ever tired, she doesn't say so.'

Mrs. Leeds bustled off to interview Farmer Parks for more Alderney cream for the summer boarders, now that the house was beginning to fill up.

Mr. Villars improvised a pillow out of his coat, folding it cylinderwise and placed it under his head, and closed his eyes in a sort of summer dream among the pine boughs and butterflies.

And Eliza, spreading out blackberries to dry on the broad platform that had been erected along the garden fence, began to sing softly to herself. She was very silent ordinarily, but somehow it seemed as if the sunshine had thawed out her very heart to-day.

Mr. Villars had been right. There was something of the atmosphere of Italy about Eliza—her eyes were so deep and dark, her hair so glossily black, her cheeks stained with such a rich olive.

Moreover, she did not move like the girls of rock-bound New England. There was a subtle, gliding motion—a languor of gracefulness in her gait—which was foreign to all her surroundings.

The girls of the vicinity did not fraternize with Eliza when, at rare intervals, she accompanied Mrs. Leeds to church, sewing circle or village gathering; for in Stapleville employer and employee occupied one all comprehensive social platform.

They said she was 'odd,' they looked at her with askance, and Eliza, always very quiet in her way, made no effort to insinuate herself into their good graces.

Why should she? What did it signify, one way or the other? whether Deborah Smart, and Keziah Hayes, and Abby Jane Clark liked her or not, as long as Mrs. Leeds was pleased with her?

But the village girls made one error in their calculations. They had not intended, as the time crept on, to emphasize their antipathy to Mrs. Leeds' Eliza so strongly as to awake a partisan feeling in Mr. Villars' breast; but they did so unconsciously to themselves.

'Why do they neglect that girl so?' the young clergyman asked himself 'Can they not see how infinitely superior she is to them? It's a shame!'

And so Abby Jane Clark and Deborah Smart and Keziah Hayes sealed their own doom, so far as Mr. Villars was concerned.

There was not one of them but would have been delighted to win a smile, a glance, a pleasant word from the young man who was summering at the Leeds farmhouse.

But, alas! like the priest and the Levite, he passed by on the other side; and when the village girls, in their afternoon muslins and ribbons, sat at their windows and wondered why he came not, he was in nine cases out of ten, helping Eliza to gather peaches for tea; standing beside the brook, while she spread out towels and pocket handkerchiefs to bleach, or even explaining to her the difference between the notes of the thrush and the woodlark, the speckled eggs of the robin and the pearl gray treasure of the whippoorwill.

'He seems to be taking a notion to her,' said Mrs. Leeds to herself, as she eyed the pair shrewdly from her milk-room window. 'Well, why shouldn't he? It's true he's a minister, and my own nephew; but in my mind Eliza is good enough for any man. My sakes! won't Abby Jane Clark be mad? If ever a girl wanted to be a parson's wife, Abby Jane does!'

Thus things were progressing, when one day a smart young tradesman from an adjoining town came to board out his fortnight's vacation at Deacon Clark's.

The Clarks were a well-to-do family; but the deacon was a little close in his financial administration, and Mrs. Clark and Abby Jane were not averse to earning a new dress now and then out of the rent of their big spare room. And Mr. Trudkins brought a letter of recommendation from a friend in Packerton, and he dressed in the latest fashion, and had a big black moustache that overshadowed his upper lip like a penthouse.

'Oh, ma, how very genteel he is!' said Abby Jane, all in a flutter of admiration.

'A very nice young man, indeed, responded the deacon's wife.

And the very next week Abby Jane came down to the Leeds farmhouse.

'Have you heard the news about your Eliza?' she asked of the farmer's wife in a mysterious whisper.

'Eh?' said Mrs. Leeds.

'She's nothing but a play actress!' said Abby Jane, nodding her head until the stuffed blue bird on her hat quivered as if it were alive. 'Mr. Alpho Trudkins saw her in the Great New York Combination Troupe. She was acting a woman who was married to a Cuban, and lost her pocket handkerchief, and was afterward choked with the pillows off the best bed. Desdemonia her name was, I think.'

'Well, and suppose she was?' said Mrs. Leeds, who was too good a general to let the enemy see what havoc had been carried into her camp. 'What then?'

'What then!' echoed Abby Jane.

'Well, I do declare, Mrs. Leeds, I am surprised!'

'I don't believe a word of it, said Mrs. Leeds defiantly.

'But Mr. Trudkins saw her with his own eyes!' cried Abby Jane, flushing scarlet with indignation. 'He knew her the minute he looked at her yesterday in church. Elizabeth Millesmere her name was, he says in the advertisements and she danced a dance with a yellow scarf and a lot of roses, between the pieces, making herself out to be a spanish mandolin player. It's enough to make one's hair stand on end to hear Mr. Trudkins tell about it.'

'It doesn't do to believe all one hears said Mrs. Leeds, losing all count of the eggs she was breaking into a china bowl in her consternation. 'And Stapleville does beat all for gossip.'

'Well, you can ask her yourself, and see if she dares deny it!' said Abby Jane, exultantly. Here she comes now. Ask her. Only ask her!'

And Eliza came into the kitchen, with the spice box in her hand. Mr. Villars followed close behind, fanning himself with a straw hat.

'I have come from the men in the hay-field,' said he. 'They want another jug of cool ginger and water, with plenty of molasses stirred in, Aunt Leeds. Good morning, Miss Clark! I hope the deacon is quite well this morning!'

Abby Jane turned pink, and smiled her most seductive smile.

'Oh, quite so,' she simpered, 'I—I only came on—'

'Is it true, Eliza?' Mrs. Leeds asked, sharply. 'Have you been deceiving me? Are you a play actress all this time?'

Eliza's large eyes turned slowly first to one then to another of the little group. She did not blush—it was not her way—but the color ebbed slowly back from her cream-pale cheek. 'I did not like the life, so I left it. If any one had asked me, I should have told them about it long ago.'

Mr. Villars came forward and stood at the girl's side, as he saw his aunt shrink away.

'Well,' he said, 'even taking it all for granted, where's the harm?'

'Charles! Charles!' cried Mrs. Leeds, putting up her hands with a gesture of warning. Remember poor Avicé!'

'It is because I remember her that I speak thus,' said Mr. Villars, calmly. 'I had an elder sister once,' he added, turning to Abby Jane Clark, 'who ran away from home and became an actress. She had talents far above the average but my parents were old fashioned people and their ideas ran in narrow grooves. They disapproved of the stage so Avicé left use. Whether she is dead or living we know not, but wherever she is, I am sure that she cannot but be good and true and pure.'

Abby Jane's eyes fell under his calm glance. She was a little sorry that she had chosen to come hither and bear the news herself.

Somehow, Mr. Villars had taken it in a different spirit from what she had anticipated. And Eliza's soft, languidly modulated voice broke on the constrained silence like drops of silver dew.

'I have been an actress, and perhaps I should still have been on the stage,' she said, 'had it not been for circumstances. My father dealt in stage properties, and I was brought up to the business, but still I never liked it. But one cannot step out of the path where one's feet have been placed, especially if one is a woman.'

'However, the turning point came at last. Our leading lady fell sick of a contagious fever in a lonely village where we had stopped to play one night. The manager packed up everything in a panic, and bade us all be ready to go. I told him I could not leave Mrs. Montague alone. He said that if I left the company thus I should never return to it.'

'Well, what could I do? The stage was my living it is true, but our leading lady had no friends. It would have been inhuman to desert her. She died, poor thing, and it swallowed up all my earnings to bury her decently.'

'And then I tried here and there to earn my living as best I could. I was not always successful. More than once I have been hungry and homeless; but, heaven be praised, I have always found friends before the worst came to worst. Now you know all,' she concluded, quietly, leaning up against the door, where the swinging scarlet beams made a fantastic background for her face.

Mr. Villars had advanced a step or two toward Eliza as she spoke; his gaze had grown intent.

'This—this leading lady of whom you mention,' said he, with an effort. 'Do you remember her name? Her real name, I mean?'

'They called her Katharine Montague

on the bills,' said Eliza. 'If she ever had any other name, she never told me what it was. I say if; because—because—oh, Mr. Villars, I never quite understand it before, but there is a look in your eyes that reminds me of her! I have been startled by the familiar expression many a time, but I never could convince myself where the link of association belonged. And—I still keep a little photograph of her that I found in her Bible after she was dead. I kept them both. Wait, and I will bring them to you.'

Mr. Villars gazed at the picture in silence. Mrs. Leeds uttered a little cry of recognition.

'Heaven be good to us!' she wailed; it is our Avicé, sure enough!'

For the leading lady in Mr. Roderick Applegate's Great Combination Troupe, the poor soul who had died and been buried away from all her friends, had been Avicé Villars.

The sequel of this little life idyl is simple enough. Any one may guess it. Charles Village married Eliza. And even the most fastidious 'sisters' of her husband's flock can utter no word of reproach against the minister's wife, although she makes no secret of the fact that she was once an actress.

And poor Abby Jane Clark is chewing the bitter husks of disappointment. For even Mr. Trudkins had gone back to Packerton without declaring himself.

'There's no dependence to be put upon men,' says Abby Jane, disconsolately.

REV. SAM JONES.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIVAL SERMONS IN CHICAGO.

I have preached in many cities and seen thousands of people converted, but I never have yet, as God is my judge, known of any member of a city club ever being converted to God, and that is the saddest commentary that God or man could pronounce on those institutions. A man is almost certainly doomed when he goes into those institutions I don't care if I was as pious as Job, and I joined one of those clubs, I would swap chances with Judas Iscariot for a hope of Heaven.

Stopping lying for ten years and you'll starve all the lawyers. I don't say that this profession lives by defending roguery, for I have the highest respect for the lawyer who defends the good man against the onslaught of the wicked. But for the miserable five dollar lawyer I have nothing but contempt—for the fellow who does mean and petty tricks, and says he didn't do them as a man but as a lawyer. Perhaps when he goes to hell he'll say he's there as a lawyer. (Laughter)

Somebody says an honest man is the noblest work of God, but a man can be dishonest without stealing anything in the usual way. Way down in Georgia there is a man who the people say is honest—dead honest—and I often felt like going out and taking him by the hand, saying: 'Well, old man, ain't you kinder lonesome to be all alone in the world, and you dead honest? They say every honest man has a tuft of hair growing on the back of his hand. I have no hair on the back of my hand. (Laughter)

I partake of the nature of a thing I look at. Bring me a beautiful bouquet of flowers, and put my mind and eye on it, and the first thing I know I will be saturated with the aroma of flowers. I partake of the nature of things I look at; hence God tells me that He will keep me in perfect peace of mind, and therefore we have something to do with the creation of the world around us, when we partake of the mind of the world in which we live. Some preachers are always discoursing about heavenly recognition and are singing the 'Sweet By and By,' but I have quit singing the 'Sweet By and By,' and sing only the sweet now and now. I want recognition, I want it here. I am poor, lowly and weak, and I want your recognition, but when I die and go to heaven and am twanging the harp under the tree of life, I don't care whether you recognize me or not. (Laughter.) But we all want recognition here. If Chicago had the recognition the Christian people could give her, instead of being a suburb of St. Louis, she would be an adjunct of the new Jerusalem.

God pity the man that has got enough of the real, genuine hog in him to sit down and eat his breakfast or dinner without having the blessing on his table. You are eleven-tenths hog. All the animal in you has turned to hog, and all the human, too, and that makes the other tenth. There you are. (Laughter)

There is a whole host of you Christian people, if you go home, and live right one day your children would be hunching one another and saying, 'The old folks are going to die.' (Laughter) I just tell you the are going to die soon.

Place of Meeting, Divisions, Numbers

Night of Meeting, and name of Deputies.

St. Stephen; Howard, 1; Friday; S. Webber.
Milltown St. Stephen; Wilberforce, 3; Monday; H. McAllister.
Market Building, St. John; Gurney, 5; Thursday; John P. Bell.
Orange Hall, Portland; Portland, 7; Monday; A. Y. Paterson.
Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wednesday; J. S. B. DeVeber.
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J. DeVeber.
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G. Stothart.
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Thursday; Robt. Wills.
Hillsboro, Albert Co.; Albert, 39; Wednesday; J. J. Steeves.
Sackville, West. Co.; Sackville, 40; Tuesday; J. C. Harper.
Richibucto, Kent Co.; Richibucto, 42; Wednesday; A. Haines.
Kingston, Kent Co.; Kingston, 44; Tuesday; B. S. Bailey.
Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; D. McGraw.
Point de Bute, West. Co.; Westmorland, 50; Thursday; J. A. Amos Trueman.
Hopewell Hill, Albert Co.; Golden Rule, 51; Tuesday; L. R. Moore.
Pennfield, Charlotte C.; Safeguard, 58; Saturday; W. N. Bucknam.
Cambridge, Queen's Co.; Johnston, 62; Saturday; George S. Wilson.
Dalhousie; Dalhousie, 64; Monday; G. Haddow.
Baie Verte; Baie Verte, 65; Wednesday; R. Goodwin.
Dover, West. Co.; Dover, 70; Saturday; W. Steeves.
Carleton, St. John; Granite Rock, 77; Tuesday; Henry Finch.
Derby, North. Co.; Nelson, 99; Monday; J. Betts.
Douglastown, North. Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tuesday; J. Henderson.
Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thursday; Jacob I. Keirstead.
Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134; Saturday; James E. Coy.
Benton, Carleton Co.; Garibaldi, 151; A. Teed.
St. Martins, St. John Co.; St. Martins, 164; Tuesday; Cudlip Miller.
Moncton; Moncton, 183; Monday; E. McCarthy.
Salisbury, West. Co.; Crystal Stream, 191; Saturday; C. A. Beck.
South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207; Monday; Wm. Roxborough.
Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Wednesday; John Waring.
Moncton; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Alex. Ford.
Victoria Mills, West. Co.; Victoria, 245; Thursday; A. J. Main.
Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wednesday; J. W. Mann.
Weldford, Kent. Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday; H. Wather.
Portland; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler.
Butternut Ridge, King's Co.; Havelock, 251; Friday; E. Keith.
Petitcodiac, West. Co.; Petitcodiac, 252; Tuesday; D. Jonah.
Lewis Mountain, West. Co.; Sunnyside, 253; Saturday; R. Lewis.
Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose 254; Saturday; A. T. Lloyd.
Millstream, Kings Co.; Britannia, 255; Friday; C. W. Weyman.
Little Ridge, Char. Co.; Spreading Oak, 256; Tuesday; A. F. Matheson.
Fredericton; Lansdowne, 257; Thursday; H. H. Pitts.
Kouchibouguac, Kent Co.; Union, 258; D. W. Grierson.
River Charlo, Rest. Co.; Charlo, 259; Thursday; J. H. Galbraith.
Steeves' Mountain, West. Co.; Mountain Rose, 260; Saturday; R. Lutz, Sr.
Lawrence Station, Char. Co.; Lawrenceville, 261; Saturday; F. S. Richardson.
Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday; G. Barnes.
Pomroy Ridge, Char. Co.; Mayflower, 263; Thursday; W. Moulton.
Scotch Ridge, Char. Co.; Iona, 264; Wednesday; Alex. M. McKenzie.
Oak Hill, Char. Co.; Oak, 265; Friday; Dr. J. G. Atkinson.
Tower Hill, Char. Co.; Wills, 266; Saturday; S. S. Smith.
Graves' Settlement, West. Co.; Rockland, 267; Friday; G. Johnston.
McAdam Junction, York Co.; Star Branch, 268; E. W. Brownell.
2d Falls, St. George Char. Co.; Stewart, 269; Saturday; A. Sherwood.
St. George, Char. Co.; Red Granite, 270; Saturday; T. McGowan.
Penobscus, King's Co.; Cardwell, 271; Thursday; J. W. Floyd.
St. Nicholas River, Kent Co.; Milltown, 272; Friday; J. Murray.
Hampton Village, King's Co.; Hampton, 273; Tuesday; G. Flewelling.
Bloomfield, King's Co.; Leading Star, 274; Thursday; O. A. Wetmore.
Good Templar Hall, St. John; Gordon, 275; Friday; H. P. Sandall.
Eagle Settlement West'd Co.; Twilight, 276; Wednesday; G. A. Taylor.
Salisbury, Westmorland Co.; Middleton, 277; Friday; J. B. Henry.
Healthland, Charlotte Co.; Rising Sun, 278; Tuesday; L. Hall.
Goshen Corner, Albert Co.; Star of Hope, 279; Thursday; D. W. Goodall.
St. Mary's Kent Co.; Rosefield, 280; Saturday; W. Vincent.
Elgin, Albert Co.; Elgin, 281; Saturday; G. Smith, A. B.
Springfield, King's Co.; Springfield, 282; Friday; G. M. Wetmore.
Whites Cove, Grand Lake; Grand Lake; 283; H. E. White.
Clifton, Gloucester Co.; Gloucester Division 284; Wednesday; N. R. Ritchie.
Lewisville, Moncton; Lewisville, 285; Tuesday; Chas. J. Harris.
Port Elgin, West Co.; Fort Moncton, 286; Friday; W. M. Spence.
Centreville, Kings Co.; Centreville, 287; Saturday; H. W. Falkins.
Waterford, K. C.; Essex Division 288; Monday; John W. DeForest.
Dube, Carleton Co.; Centenary, 289; Wm. V. Benn.
Forest Glen, West. Co.; Forest Glen 290; Thursday; Miss A. Hubley.
Bristol, Carleton Co.; Bristol Union, 291; Tuesday; Rev. John Bravinor.
East Florenceville, Carleton Co.; East Florenceville, 292; Saturday; Wm. Tompkins.
Waterville, Carleton Co.; Waterville, 293; Saturday; J. T. Fletcher.
Bath Carleton Co.; Ray of Hope, 294; Friday; Herbert Gray.
Lower Coverdale, Albert Co.; Coverdale Tuesday; F. A. Steeves.