

Temperance Journal.

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Editor and Proprietor.

DO THO GOD KNOW.

The springs of life are broken
With this constant pressing care,
And the eye can see no token
Of his love anywhere;
But from the depths of want and woe
We are asking the question—"Doth God know?"

The wheels of time drag wearily?
Leaving deep ruts behind
On hearts now sighing drearily
For the comfort we cannot find,
As with pallid lips and voices low
We are asking the question—"Doth God know?"

We fight 'gainst hunger and death,
And are worsted in the strife,
While ye whisper, with bated breath,
"Lost in the battle of life!"
But little ye know, as little ye think
Of the cursed cause—the drink, the drink.

All ye who oppress the poor,
Think ye God doth not know?
His judgments are perfect and sure,
Though now we may count them slow—
"One day is with Him as a thousand years,
Yet shall He avenge His children's tears.

Ye narrow the pathway of right
As ye broaden the gateways of sin;
All her palaces flash in the light;
Need ye wonder our loved ones go in?
They see not the trail of the serpent there
Till their feet are caught in the horrible snare.

Ye shun the staggering sot
As ye would some reptile vile;
Ye call him creation's blot
With a cool self-satisfied smile;
But little ye think, as little ye know,
How bravely he struggled ere falling so low.

Once he was pure and fair—
A mother's pride and joy,
And daily arose from her heart the prayer:
"Oh, God! protect my boy."
But now, as she kneels by her wretched bed,
Her prayers fall back on her hapless head.

Shut out from God's house below—
Shut out from his home above,
The drunkard, degraded and low,
Cannot enter that city of love,
Nor naught that defileth or maketh a lie,
May dwell with the glorified hosts on high.

Oh, bitter the thoughts, and fierce,
That surge through my heart to-night,
For sharp are the arrows that pierce
My soul with this terrible blight.
One question I ask; can ye answer me—
"If the tempted are cursed can the tempter go free?"

Will the gates of glory unfold
To him with a welcome then,
Who hath filled the church coffers with gold
Coined out of the souls of men—
Precious souls for whom the Saviour died,
Lost through the drink his hand supplied.

Will he heed his Lord's "Well done,
Good and faithful, enter in
To the joy and kingdom won,
To the rest from care and sin;
Bask ye in the throne's effulgent light."
While his victims dwell in eternal night?
Dundee, 1888. M.N.A.

A Costly Habit.

BY WM M. THAYER.

The laborer who pays the saloonist twenty cents per day, for four glasses of beer, or two glasses of whiskey, spends seventy-three dollars annually for the beverage. With this money, as prices now are, he could purchase six barrels of flour, two hundred pounds of sugar, twenty-five bushels of potatoes, ten pounds of tea, and twenty-five pounds of coffee. So far as these several articles are concerned, the above amount would be an ample annual supply for a family of six persons, perhaps a family of eight, parents and six children. Now, which had he better use, the beer and whiskey, or the groceries? Which would be economical and proof of real paternal affection? Suppose he belongs to the Knights of Labour, can he plead for a strike consistently so long as he worse than wasts seventy-three dollars? Must he not strike against the saloon before he can strike for higher wages, if he would challenge the sympathies of thoughtful men? It was this thought that completely changed the life and purpose of a boot-maker in Norfolk County, Mass., a few years ago. He was a very moderate drinker—stepped from his shop into a saloon near by only twice a day, and paid five cents each for two glasses of beer. "Over thirty dollars a year!" he said within himself. "I could buy three barrels of flour, five pounds of tea, ten pounds of coffee, and fifteen bushels of potatoes with that money." He took his pencil and cast the figures on a piece of leather. "My

family need it too," he thought; and the outcome of his thinking was, "I will never spend another cent for beer as long as I live"; and he never has.

Was he not wise? Is there any discount to be made on his judgment? None at all, especially when the reader learns that his decision became an era to his family. From that day, a laudable ambition, desire for better education, love of books and journals, and aspiration for higher social life, grew in that family; and at the end of ten years, the members of it moved in the most intelligent and influential circles. There is nothing like a good, commanding idea to lift a father and his family into a nobler life. And this is what is needed, in thousands of families in our land to-day. The total-abstinence idea is but one idea, and it may seem a small one to many men; but it is big enough and strong enough to save a multitude of laborers whom nothing else can save.

JUVENILE TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

HOW TO CONDUCT THEM.

The three principal methods of conducting societies for the young may, perhaps, be described as the "public meeting," the "school" and the "self-managing" methods.

Our earliest recollections of children's temperance meetings recall illustrations of the first method. We were simply arranged on hard seats to be talked to. All kinds of orators addressed us. The solemn man, who told us that on his way to the meeting he had seen a brewer's loaded wagon run over "a little dawg," and who quoted that incident as a terrible evidence of the ravages of the liquor traffic! We respected the speaker's earnestness, but desisted his logic. Then there was the funny man with his burlesque of the thick utterance and reeling gait of the drunkard. He amused us a little; but, somehow, even children have too much perception and sensibility to relish ridicule of the unfortunate victim of strong drink.

In those days there were no cheap books of music and songs, no temperance stories; no temperance magazines and papers with their beautiful pictures and interesting pages. There were no badges, no banners, no lesson-leaves, no books of dialogues or catechism. Blackboard lessons would have been as strange in the temperance meeting as in the Sunday School at that day. And I am not sure that the first blackboard in the Sunday School was not regarded by venerable seniors as a secular innovation.

The "public-meeting method" has, probably, passed away. It is good only where nothing better can be done. We would not forget that our own earliest interest in the cause was kindled in just such meetings. The prayers, the songs, the simple and always earnest addresses were good for us and the boys of our day. For we did sing, although suitable songs were few and not easily obtained. But songs began to be written to popular airs, and so it came to pass that many of the earlier temperance songs were mere parodies—sometimes painful parodies of better things. By-and-by, the temperance poet was born and then the temperance musical composer was inspired and now the temperance reform has good music and good poetry in abundance.

The "school method" of conducting a society is just what the name suggests. The children are arranged in classes, with teachers, lesson-leaves, text-books and all the appliances and programme of a temperance school. There are addresses, lectures, blackboard lessons, recitations, reviews and examinations.

The ideal is excellent, but it can only be realized in exceptional circumstances. An able leader or principal and a qualified staff of assistants are necessary. The great difficulty in temperance work among the

young, under every system, is to find competent and devoted workers. But this difficulty is felt most where the temperance school is adopted, and will very generally operate to prevent that method being employed.

The cost of books and school material and the objection of boys and girls to more school than they get already, also weigh against the popularity of this, in itself, excellent method.

Under the "self-managing method," the children (and we hope the older "children of Israel" will allow us to use the term as covering members of all ages) take a large part in the conduct of the meeting. They act as officers; they read and recite and sing; they furnish musical exercises; they collect moneys and distribute magazines and books. In fact, they are kept interested by being kept at work.

Under proper conditions, we regard this as the best method, and it is becoming the most general as it is the most popular plan.

It combines the best elements of all other systems. It furnishes opportunity for systematic instruction by text-books, catechism, lecture and blackboard. It provides intelligent listeners for pithy, pointed, bright speakers. It drills the members in the conduct of business. It graduates secretaries, orators, musicians, and workers for the cause. With the details of this, the best system, we shall hereafter deal.

A WORD TO MOTHERS ABOUT BOYS.

BY S. E. BROCKWAY, M. D.

The world wonders why, with all our civilization, there is so much drunkenness, debauchery, evil passion and crime. We have churches and schools, Christian teachers, mothers and fathers, and the very boys that were raised under this influence, go out into the world and commit all the wickedness that is known—in fact in a great many cases they make our worst men. Now why is this? After years of practice of medicine, in homes of the rich and poor, Christian and sinner, and being a close student of human nature, I think I have found the true solution, and am sorry to say it is the mother's fault. Startling as it is, it is nevertheless true that nine tenths of the crime of to-day can be traced to the mothers, and yet the mothers are gentle, refined, loving, and kind, and the most of them Christians; and this is the trouble; they are too good, too lenient, and try to raise their boys by love instead of obedience and firmness. If mothers would be as strict with boys as girls, the boys would be as good as girls. Children of both sexes are born vicious, and it is only by constant watching and training that they become good. Now we will look at the difference between the training of boys and girls.

A girl is taught from earliest babyhood to be quiet, lady-like, not allowed to scream, quarrel or fight; to be polite, gentle, pure, humane, affectionate, and unselfish; taught to always think of others, to try to please, to wait upon brothers and father; not allowed to smoke or chew tobacco, drink whisky intoxicants; she is taught to guard her virtue above all things; to reverence her parents, and in most cases she is a model of obedience. This is continuously taught at home and at school, and the coming in contact with other girls only strengthens these lessons. Finally, when she emerges into womanhood, these lessons are so thoroughly instilled that they become second nature, and it is no trouble for her to retain them, no matter what her surroundings are. That is why our girls go out into the world and become ministers, lawyers, doctors, clerks and merchants, and fill all professions, and accomplish all sorts of work, and retain all their womanly qualities and womanly virtues. That is the reason women to-day are quietly pushing to the front, because their virtue and in-

tegrity are proof. They, as a majority, are trustworthy.

Now, let us see how different the boys are raised. As a majority they have little or no training, unless it is to train and bring out all the evil propensities in their nature. Women have the idea that boys must not be curbed in the least. They can scream, run, romp, quarrel and break things, be selfish, cruel, use slang, be impudent, bold and saucy, order and even knock around the youngest ones. They are despotic, tyrannical, cruel and malicious from birth, and these very qualities are very necessary for men to have if trained in the right direction. Mothers, instead of laughing at your boys and imagining they are cunning because they say and do smart things—restrain them. Train them just as you do your girls; teach perfect obedience from the cradle; curb every evil passion, teach gentleness and unselfishness. When the boy does an evil thing, never rest until you have shown him what it would lead to. Guard him as you would your girl; teach him the importance of virtue; teach him truthfulness, and above all, reverence for yourself and his father and sisters.

A boy that loves the purity of mother and sisters will respect the purity of other women. Teach him to love home, and let that home be a place of rest and quiet. As soon as he enters the door let him find affectionate care, and teach him to give it. Let boys play, but see that their play is innocent. You say, perhaps, this would make our boys effeminate. No, it would make them good men. Are not girls to-day proving that they can compete with men in all things, and yet do they become masculine? These very girls became more and more lovable, and make the best of wives. Let boys be trained like them, and not one in a thousand will be vicious. Mothers, it lies with you whether your boy will be a good or bad man. You are entrusted with this care, and every mother should, with Spartan firmness, train her boy for a noble manhood. When I see a man go down lower and lower in evil, I think some mother, with mistaken kindness, injudicious leniency or inability, has let a grand soul perish. Mothers, the future of your boys is in your hands.—*Prohibition Advance Advocate, Dallas, Texas.*

Playing at Temperance.

Thomas Whittaker, the veteran temperance advocate, in his work "Life's Battles in Temperance Armor," significantly says:—"I never play at temperance; it is the business of my life, and I can neither afford to be laughed at nor trifled with; hence my desire that when I go to do a work, the conditions needful for the work, should be secured." There is a great deal of wisdom in this sentence. People far too often play at temperance. There seems to prevail an idea that the subject has no attractions of its own, and has to be sandwiched between a number of miscellaneous trifles very much as a nauseous dose is mixed with jam. The habit, fast becoming general, is most injurious to true temperance interests. If speaker be given a few minutes during an interval in a programme, he will either have insufficient time to say anything or he will be regarded as standing in the way of something more to the taste of his audience, and will at best only make a very weak impression on their hearts and minds, which probably will be driven away by the sundry items which follow after. The practice is at once unfair to the speaker and disastrous to the cause he advocates. A temperance speaker may entertain, but he is not primarily an entertainer. He is present on business—the business not only of his life, but the business of life and death to his hearers, and to the world at large. Temperance meetings, whether private or public, where temperance is only a side issue, are unworthy the name. There is a great deal in

surrounding a work with the right the "needful conditions." The primary, needful condition of a successful temperance meeting is that people should know it as such. We hear much about "catching men by guile." But was the cause of truth ever advanced by the publication of deceptions? We have seen more people brought together, and vastly more good accomplished, by one genuine temperance meeting than by dozens of indifferent "entertainments." We would utter no word against these gatherings as such but we wish to warn our temperance friends against mixing things that differ, and above all against seeking "figs from thorns." If we would conduct our temperance work on business principles, so as to reap great and good results, we must, as this old warrior, make a business of it, and take care that we bring together the rightful conditions.—*Canada Citizen.*

Failure of High License in Plainfield, N. J.

The *Central (N. J.) Times*, a Republican journal, published in Plainfield, N. J., commenting in a recent issue upon high license in that city, says:

"The high-license craze seems to have got a pretty firm hold upon some good Plainfield people. They forget that high license has been tried here for years; and has proved an absolute failure so far as reducing the traffic in intoxicants and preventing the spread of intemperance and its consequent misery are concerned. It has not even kept down the number of drinking-places here. The comparatively few bars that we have are due to the persistent agitation of the temperance reform for years, and not to high license. In fact, the number of bars has increased a trifle under high license. Plainfield has passed far beyond that incipient stage of temperance reform where a community thinks it is doing a great thing in closing up a third or more of its saloons by high license. What Plainfield should have, and what it could have, if the Christian people were a unit in the matter, is absolute prohibition. Any high-license movement that does not look to such a result as the final goal to be reached, is more or less of a sham temperance movement."

We commend this significant, well-authenticated testimony as to the practical workings of high license to the thoughtful consideration mistaken advocates of that illusory method of dealing with the liquor traffic.

Quickest on Record.

Occasionally we feel like giving a rum shop an advertisement, a free one at that. It was our privilege to be on Regent Street near the Waverly Hotel on Christmas day. Noticing a young man who we knew indulged occasionally, in the vicinity of the place, we asked if he was drinking, but was told that he had not been as he had no money, and would probably keep sober that day. Just at the time the young man referred to, started to walk past the Waverly Hotel, to catch up with a friend, when as he was passing the window of what was formerly the bar, some one tapped at it and beckoned him in. He hesitated a moment, then turned and went in the door. In less than 15 minutes from the time he went in the door he was kicked out on all fours, so drunk that he could not walk, and went sprawling over the side-walk. This is the kind of rum the many-times-fined Waverly Hotel bar has for sale. If anyone can tell us anything that will knock out a young man in the prime of life quicker than that, unless it is strychnine pure and simple, we would like to hear of it.

The Presbyterian Synod of Tennessee has passed a resolution favoring the suppression of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor by prohibitory laws.

Wendell Phillips: The unfledged politician may ignore the temperance movement. But all thinking men see that universal suffrage is a sham while rum rules the great cities.