

MONCTON DIVISION

Though silent so able to state... The following is a list of officers for the present quarter:

- John F. Scribner, W. P. Harry Orchard, W. A. Mrs. H. E. White, R. S. Zella O. Gunter, A. R. S. Clark Taylor, F. S. Annie L. Gunter, Treas. Chas. W. White, Chap. D. M. White, Con. White, A. C. G. J. Young, F. S. Davy Mullin, O. S. H. E. White, P. W. P.

MONCTON DIVISION

DEAR EDITOR.—At the last regular meeting of Moncton Division held Monday Dec 17th 1887 the following officers were elected for the ensuing term.

- Miss Jennie Stiles, W. P.; H. J. McGowan, W. A.; M. M. McLean, R. S.; S. T. Wilkinson, A. R. S.; H. C. Davison, F. S.; E. Hicks, Treas.; Rev. W. B. Hinson, Chap.; A. McNeil, Jr. Con.; W. Hamoright, A. Con.; J. T. Coodere, I. S.; J. Foran, O. S.; Dr. E. O. Steeves, P. W. P.; Miss Ella Tuttle, Organist.

RICHIBUCTO NOTES.

WORTHY BROTHER.—In answer to your call in the JOURNAL of the 24th instant it gives me great pleasure to report that Richibucto Division is now mapping out the winter programme in peace and harmony.

Answer to a circular from the Grand Scribe on the matter in connection with the Cadets has been placed in the hands of D. G. W. P. Haines, Rev. Bro. James (chaplain) P. G. V. R. Bliss W. P. Robertson and sister Young, and in the complexion of this case we doubt not that the assigned to their duties.

- The officers of the coming year are: W. P.; W. A.; Fred Ferguson, F. S.; Robert Phoney, T.; Rev. S. James, chap.; William J. Smith, C.; Harry Brine, A. C.; William S. Caie, I. S.; Robert Bell, O. S.; Robert Bell, P. W. P.; Haines, D. G. W. P.; extending to you the kind greetings and happy returns of the season, believe me worthy brother.

The officers of Holden Rule Division No 51 S. of T. for quarter commencing January 3rd 1888 are as follows.

Prince Edward Island.

CHARLOTTETOWN NOTES.

MR EDITOR.—The third Scott Act election in Charlottetown is over, and the victory is won. And though the majority is small, yet under the circumstances, it was a grand triumph. At a previous election, three years ago, we had the active co-operation of the R. C. Bishop of P. E. I., and also of all our city papers. At the last election our good Bishop was neutral, if such a thing could be, and one of the leading papers was in open arms against the act, and in favor of repeal.

As might be expected, while we were jubilant, the illicit rum-sellers and their friends were in a frenzy of disappointment. They never dreamed of defeat; but were confidently looking forward to the untroubled reign of rum, until the meeting of the Legislature, and then a legalized and honorable traffic in their soul and body destroying wares. Their hopes and prospects of gain then swept away at one stroke, it is not to be wondered at that they were disappointed and annoyed.

But in order to make it a victory worth possessing, the temperance people of Charlottetown must buckle on their armor for another three years warfare with the old enemy rum and the rum-seller. And you will be pleased to learn that there never has been since the introduction of the present act, a stronger determination on the parts of its friends and supporters to make this law, more than ever, a living, active, power for the suppression of the illicit traffic in intoxicating liquors.

Efficiently as the C. T. A. has been enforced during the past three years, and much as it has been abused by its enemies, it has, nevertheless, done much good. The quantity of liquor sold in Charlottetown during the year immediately preceding the introduction of the Scott Act was 90,000 gallons; during last year, under the Scott Act, only 60,000 were sold. These figures, which are correct, furnish an explanation of the opposition to the Act, by those engaged in the traffic. No sane person supposes that they would oppose the act on any other ground than that it curtails their sales and their profits, makes the traffic illegal and disreputable, keeps them in continual dread of fine and imprisonment and has consigned not a few of these to duress vile.

We, as well as temperance people everywhere, are engaged in a hard fight, but it is in a good cause: the cause of broken-hearted wives—of grey-headed fathers and mothers who are going down in sorrow to the grave, of starved, and beggared, and murdered children—the cause of God and of right, and with the blessing of heaven upon combined, persevering and prayerful effort, we are confident that our labour shall not be in vain.

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Charlottetown, Dec 26th 1887.

Union Division, P. E. I.

A friend visiting from P. E. I. says of Union Division that it is one of the best on the Island. The entertainment each evening is of the best and the members take an active interest in temperance work. He says we have the demon in our midst at a little business station on the railway called County line there is one of the devils tradesmen and is continually turning out specimens of his craft, there is also a vender who is very little better but they are so cunning that it is impossible to catch them.

Lines written for the members of Union Division. Remember each your pledge my friends Its worth your time and care When tempted by the demon drink As some folk often are.

Then at him cast a look of scorn And raise your voices high Avast thou coward demon drink We boldly pass you by.

Oh that the world would boldly speak Nor tell such tales of woe As people may often tell By alcohol laid low.

The safest and the surest plan For each and all to do Is beard the monster in his den And thrust him through and through.

March boldly on to County line With banner and with drum Make Barry and his forces all And vender Hughs succumb

Then rally round the standard boys And shout for victory The time the glorious time has come To set the captive free

Once more he cries I'll be a man Thanks to the good and free Come on my little children all A temperance man to see.

LATER.

We had quite a lively time last Wednesday evening at Union Division. The time was taken up by readings, recitations and speakers. After the programme was through with we discussed the propriety of fining the vendor at County line and Crooker a vagabond that is trying to evade the law by all means at hand but I think that he will be caught at last Union has her eye on him. Some of her members have, it is reported the matrimonial fever in our division and I believe it is too true; before you hear from us again I think that one of our members will have fallen a victim to the dreadful plague and if it can be stayed at that we will be well off. Christmas eve was the scene of a very nice time at Long River. A new Division has been started there some time ago. It now boasts of 70 members. They held a social on the aforesaid night; a few friends were invited. At about 6 o'clock Mr James Barnard was asked to the chair. He called on Mr and Miss Johnston who sang Annie Laurie. The time passed pleasantly for an hour or so when the chairman announced that there be an intermission for a quarter of an hour. The ladies and gents brought on the refreshments which all enjoyed very much, after this was through the meeting was again opened and continued with readings, recitations, and speeches and some music. The organ was presided at by Miss Johnston and the masterly style with which she played her part was appreciated by all. The programme was again cut short by the chairman announcing that we have 15 minutes intermission. Then the apples and confectionery were shown ample justice to by about eighty persons. The meeting was again called to order and the past Grand Worthy Patriarch was called on for a speech which he rendered in his best style. After a few more songs readings and recitations the meeting came to a close all having enjoyed themselves immensely.

Good at the Order.

NEW YEAR'S HOSPITALITY. LINES ADDRESSED TO A LADY OF QUALITY.

BY GEORGE W BUNGAY. Well arrayed in his best He will bow at thy shrine. Will you give to your gallant guest A cup of sparkling wine? And will that be the test Of friendship or love, lady mine?

There's a serpent within The red poisonous bowl. Do you not know it is a sin To sting the immortal soul? Not with wine can you win A heart only love can control!

If he's tipsy to day, If he's stone drunk by night, What will his waiting mother say, With lips trembling and white, Of the custom that may Break her heart, put her reason to flight?

What will his sister think Of hospitality That offers the accursed drink To her brother, and he The bride, the golden link, And the pride of the family?

Will you begin the year Pressing wine to the lips Of the guest who brings you good cheer, Whose heart to the finger-tips Beat with hope? Do you fear Not the fate of the wine-cup's eclipse?

Take from thy table the wine; Thy presence is sweeter far Than the tempting viands that shine, Shine like a baleful star. For the light is divine That beams where home and its angels are.

A New Year's Promise.

BY MARIE POE. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Softly through the midnight stealing, Music is the listening ear, Merry bells in concert pealing Welcome to the opening year. Sweeter still—the voice now telling Of thy Father's changeless love; All thy New Year clouds dispelling By his message from above. Child of God—it speaks to thee—"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

Though his love still veils thy sorrow, All its steps to him are known, Through each joy and care and sorrow, Light for thee, by him is sown. Fear not! Jesus stands beside thee, Now he lays his hand on thine. Safely he shall lead and guide thee, On thy path his light shall shine; Written there, his promise see, "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

Troubles, dangers, may assail thee, Rough and thorny be thy way; But that promise cannot fail thee, God himself shall be thy stay. By his spirit he shall teach thee, How thy need is all supplied, That an evil e'er can reach thee, While the Lord is on thy side. This his lesson—"Learn of me." "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

"Strength in weakness," now while pressing Onward to the promised land; To the endless years of blessing Evermore at God's right hand. Till within the home of glory, Purchased by thy Saviour's love, Thou shalt tell the wondrous story How he led thy steps above. Then, adoring, shall be seen, "As thy days, thy strength hath been."

Hope Beyond.

BY MRS. A. N. STOW. Sometimes when heart and flesh are weary Lord, We fain would fly away and be at rest; How long the journey for these tired feet! Yet Love and Wisdom surely knoweth best.

Sometimes when friends deceive and hopes depart, And gathering darkness hides the rising sun; We long to reach the land that hath no night— The fearful conflict past, the victory won!

O blessed, blessed hope, that cheers our way Through desert, darkness, danger and defeat! How can we drain the cup our lips do press How bear the burden in the noon-day heat.

Did not the precious promise cheer us on, "As in thy day, e'en so thy strength shall be?" Not e'en a sparrow is by Me forgot!— Then how forgot whom "Christ, the Son, make free?"

So will we trust Thee, Lord of earth and heaven, Nor murmur, though we grope in starless night; For just ahead, we know the day shall dawn In radiant splendor, God Himself the Light!

The Power of Habit.

The passers-by on a country road used to pause sometimes and wonder to see an old white horse in the pasture travelling round and round in a circle. Hour after hour he kept up his tramp, tho' entirely

free to go and come as he pleased. This shows the force of habit. For twenty years he had been daily harnessed to the end of a long sweep, and traveled in just such a circuit until too stiff and blind for further service; then a kind master gave him his time and a good pasture. Twenty years of study industry had made work a necessity. How when life was all holiday; here was no holiday; so he kept on, from choice on his old round.

Habits, good or bad cling to us. I remember what a blustering winter morning it was when Allen resolutely buttoned his overcoat up to his chin and drew on his fleecy gloves. "You are not going to church such a morning as this, Allen?" said a brother medical student.

"To be sure I am," said the other decidedly. "I was brought up to attend church, and I should as soon think of going without my breakfast as of staying at home." It is one of the best habits a youth can form, and a great safeguard amidst the temptations of a city, to attend the house of God.

The habit of patient industry is a grand one to form very early, for all of one's success in life must hinge upon it. "The idle soul shall suffer hunger."

There are bad habits, too, which seem to blend into one another as naturally as the waters of the brook mingle with those of the river. Idlers love the saloons and the shady porches of old tavern stands, and the company they meet there. They fall an easy prey to the rumseller, and when the habit of tasting his samples is once formed, it is not often broken. All manhood goes down with it as into an awful whirlpool.

How happy a boy should be who finds a good habit of any kind growing stronger every day! It is easy for one to see himself just how he stands, if he will only look sharply at his goings and coming, and see with what feelings he goes about his daily duties. "He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." One cannot have his hands clean from sin unless the thoughts flow in right channels. They do make channels for themselves, in which they habitually flow, just as surely as the water courses. — Youth's World.

The Question of Compensation.

The New York Observer, in an editorial with the above heading, commenting upon the liquor-dealers' claim for compensation says: "Of course the State has no right to pass a law which shall work injury to any honorable business without providing for compensation to the injured parties. It is right here, however, that the issue is made with the liquor-traffic. It is admitted everywhere to be a business that demands restriction or regulation, and for this purpose our license laws are framed. If a State can rightly enforce local option, high license, or any form of license, it seems clear enough that it may go farther if it chooses and abolish the liquor-business altogether. It might be justly claimed, we suppose, that all laws that tend to restrict the sale of liquor are damaging to the liquor-seller. Local option and high license certainly have more or less that affect. One admitting that a State has a right to circumscribe the business at all, it is difficult to see where it can stop short of total prohibition. The liquor-traffic now stands before the law in the same light as does the sale of poisonous drugs, subject to the same kind of limitations. And if limited at all, who shall say where the limit may be drawn? No reasonable person will dispute the fact that the liquor-traffic is not only highly injurious to public morals but detrimental in many ways to the commercial interests of a community. It entails vast burdens upon the State in the way of criminal expenditures and the maintenance of work-houses and asylums filled with the victims of the liquor habit. A demand for compensation comes with very poor grace from a business that is costing the country every year its millions upon millions of dollars, to say nothing of the loss it causes in the ruin and degradation of men. When the liquor power has footed some of the bills chargeable to its account it will be time for it to talk of compensation. It would be far more just and reasonable to demand that it shall return to the States of Kansas, Iowa, and Georgia some of the proceeds of its blundering, some of the riches which it has been coming from the shame and misery of the people. Let a decision be rendered to that effect and we would support it with all the power we have at command."

Cowards out of the Way.

Cowards may cry; "You are going too fast," but every interest of home, humanity, civilization and country demands immediate action. The last time I was at home my little boy stood by me to say with a laugh, "Papa I's almost a man." For a moment I was as happy as he in the thought, and then the cloud came; every inch he grows taller, every day he grows older, brings nearer the time when he will go out on the streets of a city that opens more schools to make him a devil than it does to make him a man. I bowed my head and asked God to give me courage and muscle and nerve to stand in the front of the fight with my fellow-workers, and assist in freeing this nation from this curse before my boy should be in danger "In a hurry?"

How many more hearts must be broken? how many more babies be starved? how many more women must have the light of love and hope taken out of their lives? how many more fathers, and husbands, and sons must be offered up on the altar of this devilish license system, and other compromises, before this Christian people will stand shoulder to shoulder and for wife and babies and friends and home and country cry; "Cowards, out of the way! This is a battle to the death, and may God defend the right!"

SAM SMALL'S BROTHER.

WHY DID GOD MAKE SO MUCH OUT DOORS? TWO WOMEN'S EXPERIENCES.

"Sam Small, Evangelist!" The proverbial philosophy of "Old Si," the venerable plantation darkey, who gave to the world through the medium of Small's pen maxims of worldly wisdom, clothed in a verbiage of irresistible humor, has found a permanent place in humorous literature.

Great surprise was shown when it was announced that he, having been converted under the ministrations of "Sam Jones," would become an evangelist.

At first thought, a humorist in the pulpit seems incongruous. It is really so.

No doubt the mere buffoon attempting to turn men's hearts to solemn truths would meet with only contempt. But truth is not hidden in gloom. Genuine humor frequently illustrates and fastens in the mind bits of wisdom that would otherwise pass unheeded.

In his eulogy of Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Dr. Barker says: "Whenever he came among men, he brought June sunshine and music, and made even desponding and surly men feel that a fuller and warmer summer, 'the Kingdom of Heaven,' itself was 'at hand.'" That is genial christianity.

Mr. Small belongs to a witty family. He has a brother connected with Army Knox's and "Fat Contributor's" Texas Sitings, a paper which has had phenomenal success in the field of humorous literature. Mr. Frank A. Small is the present representative of that popular paper in England, and like his distinguished brother, he takes a deep interest in the welfare of other people.

Under the date of 48 Porten Road, Kensington W. London, Eng., Sept. 27th, 1887, he writes "While at Yalding in Kent yesterday, I met Prof. S. Williams, Head Master of the Cleaves Endowed school. In the course of conversation about America, Professor Williams remarked that Warner's safe cure had been of great benefit to his wife, who had been troubled with a disordered liver. Warner's safe cure (an American preparation) was all she had taken, and she had experienced none of her old trouble for some months past.

Mrs Annie Jenness Miller, editor of New York Dress, and a very popular woman in the fashionable world, says in her own magazine for October: "Warner's safe cure is the only medicine I ever take or recommend. In every instance it gives me new energy and vitality to all my distinguished powers." This woman also says that for ladies this good remedy is "peculiarly effective."

Sam Small is likely to succeed as a moral teacher. When we remember how near together in human nature lie the fountains of laughter and of tears, the deep effect his discourses must have on the masses can easily be imagined. "Why did God make so much outdoors?" exclaimed a little girl. "We know not. He has made it and we should grow in it, broad, charitable and genial, judging everything by merit, not by prejudice."