

Good at the Order.

Oh, Trust Him Not, Fair Maiden.

Dark clustering curls are shading
His forehead high and fair;
The noble seal of manhood
God has imprinted there.
His lustrous eyes are beaming
With intellect and truth;
Still lingers in his open glance
The sweet, clear smile of youth.

Yet trust him not fair maiden—
There's danger by his side;
The red wine oft pollutes the lips
That woo thee for a bride.
Dark clouds around are gathering,
Brave not the coming storm;
The serpent wears his loveliest guise—
The fiend his noblest form.

O happy, gentle maiden,
Fond hearts are bound to thine;
Bethink thee ere thou lightly leave
The homestead's hallowed shrine.
There dwells the gentle mother
Who watched thy dawning life—
The sister who will weep o'er thee
A broken hearted wife.

Turn not so oft, so fondly,
To gaze upon his face;
That fair, high brow already wears
The shadow of disgrace.
There's music in the manly voice,
His words of love and pride—
Shall these rich tones allure thee, love
To be a drunkard's bride!

His glorious might of intellect,
The gem-thoughts that illumine,
Are but so many beacon-lights
To warn thee of thy doom.
The flood of strong temptation
Is swelling high and wide,
And hopest thou, with human love,
To stay the whelming tide!

Vain is the strength of reason;
The spirit's light divine
Is powerless while his hand will clasp
The sparkling cup of wine.
Oh, trust him not, fair maiden!
There's danger by his side;
It is a sad, a fearful fate
To be a drunkard's bride.

My Boy Still.

Do you think I have forgotten the day
I carried him at my breast?
Many fair children I've loved since then,
But I think that I loved him best,
For he was our first born child, John,
And I have not the heart or will
To love him less, whatever may come
He's my boy still!

I remember when he was a little lad,
How he used to climb on my knee;
How proud we were of his beauty,
Of his wit and his mimicry,
And I know quite well he's a man now,
With a wild, stubborn will;
But whatever he is to you, John,
He's my boy still!

He was just like the sunshine about
The house.
In the days of his happy youth;
You knew that we said with all his faults
He had courage and love and truth.
And though he has wandered far away,
I'd rather you would say no ill;
He is sure to come back to his mother;
He's my boy still!

I know there was never a kinder heart,
And I can remember to day
How often he went with me apart
And knelt at my knee to pray,
And the man will do as the boy did,
Sooner or later he will,
The Bible is warrant for that; so
He's my boy still!

A mother can feel where she can't see,
She is wiser than any sage;
My boy was trained in the good old way,
I shall certainly get my wage.
And though he has wandered away,
And followed his wayward will,
I know whatever, when ever he is,
He's my boy still.

"Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Little feet may find the pathway
Leading upward unto God;
Little hands may learn to scatter
Seeds of precious truth abroad

Youthful hearts may be the temple
For the Spirit's dwelling place—
Childhood's lips declare the riches
Of God's all-abounding grace.

Little ones, though frail and earth-born,
Heirs of blessedness may be;
For the Saviour whispereth gently,
"Suffer such to come to me."

And in that eternal kingdom,
Mid the grand, triumphant throng,
Childish voices sweet may mingle
In the glorious choral song.

—Apples of Gold.

The London Temperance Hospital is in the fifteenth year of its existence. During these years, out of the 30,000 patients admitted, 12,000 of whom were in a greater or less degree addicted to drink, alcoholic stimulants were used only in five cases. The rate of mortality has been only 1/3 per cent. In fatal cases the rate of mortality has been fully one-fifth more among non-abstainers than among teetotalers.

Temperance Arithmetic.

1. A teetotaler and a whisky-drinker started together on a journey, each with his own horse and buggy. The distance was 700 miles. The horses each travelled at the rate of five miles an hour. The teetotaler made his journey in 20 days. The drinker stopped 3 times a day at the saloons on the way, for his dram, losing on an average 15 minutes every time. How many days did it take him to make the journey?

2. (a) The wine product of California for the present year (1885) is expected to be sufficient to fill a lake 700 feet long, 350 feet wide and 10 feet deep; how many gallons will be manufactured? (b) Allowing a yearly supply of 50 gallons for each wine-drinker, how many can be supplied from this lake?

3 (a) California consumes about 10,000,000 gallons of wine annually. Allowing fifty gallons to each wine-drinker, how many can be supplied? (b) At 75 cents per gallon, what is the money value of the wine consumed in the State? (c) Allowing \$600 to each family, how many families of drunkards could be made comfortable with the money expended for wine?

4. How many cylindrical tanks 8 feet in diameter and 15 feet deep would it take to contain the 572,000,000 gallons of liquor consumed in the United States last year?

5 A man takes 2 drinks of beer and 1 of whisky per day. If beer costs 5 cents and whisky 10 cents per drink, how many days will it take him to drink up a dress, hat and shoes for his little girl, if each article cost \$2.00.

6. \$750,000 was paid for liquor in one county in our state in one year. If paid at the same rate for five years, how many farms of 100 acres each, at \$50 per acre, would it have bought? 7 New Orleans one year received \$144,000 revenue from its dram shops; and the expense to the city the same year, from the use of liquor, was \$365,000; how much did the city lose?

Temperance Notes.

The Ohio State Convention meets May 30 and 31.

A Band of Hope has been organized in Haarlem, Holland.

Geo. W. Bain has been sick at his home in Lexington, Kentucky.

Sam Small is a special correspondent and lecturer for the Voice.

Mrs. Leavitt has organized a W. C. T. U. of 30 members at Agra, India.

The National W. C. T. U. has issued a special address to the colored people.

There is an effort to introduce temperance teaching in the schools of Austria.

Twenty out of thirty-six of Toronto, Canada's, aldermen are strong temperance men.

Out of 520 arrests in Los Angeles in December, 430 were resultants of the dramshop.

The Delaware State Temperance Alliance has voted to affiliate with the Prohibition party.

The Swedes of Manchester, Massachusetts, have formed a total abstinence and blue ribbon society.

Out of a population of three and a half million in Australia, 60,000 are arrested as drunkards each year.

\$491.00 were collected in funds, for violation of the Scott Act at Almonte, Ontario, at one sitting of the court.

So long as rich men who drink run through fortunes there is no use wondering why poor men who drink make no headway.

The two cities in the State that are having most prosperity, doing the most building, and investing the most money in solid improvements this year are Des Moines and Sioux City, two places from which the saloons have been banished forever.

A Brockville, Ontario, hotel keeper, who was charged a second time for violating the Scott Act, set forth in defence that he sold out everything to his brother, whereupon the judge fined him \$100 for the illegal sale of liquor.

Mr. Doughty, a reformed liquor seller and Mrs. Doughty have been holding a temperance revival in Kingston and Portsmouth. More than 700 signatures to the pledge were taken in Kingston and 100 in Portsmouth. Temperance societies have been roused to greater activity and Scott Act work is talked of for this year.

Senator Blair, in addition to the presentation of petitions to Congress asking for entire prohibition for the United States asks also for a National commission to investigate and report upon the alcoholic liquor traffic.

The friends of prohibition in Danville, Que., are raising a fund for the prosecution of illicit liquor sellers in that county.

The land devoted to wine grapes would supply France with corn and wheat, for which she now sends to other countries from 120 to 150 millions of dollars in coin each year.

The Government has abolished all Internal Revenue offices in Maine, and made the State tributary to that of New Hampshire, as the revenue of the former State is so small it is not profitable to support a separate office.

It is said the sale of liquors in the House restaurant, Washington, D. C., is carried on in the most open manner, and in direct violation of a joint rule which strictly forbids such sale under penalty of forfeiture of privilege.

The Supreme Court of the State of Missouri has decided the local option law of that State as legal. This establishes prohibition in thirty four of the fifty-one counties, and 11 of the 16 towns and cities that have voted on the question.

The aggregate of votes cast for the Scott Act is 162,408, and against 112,443; giving a net majority for Prohibition of 49,975. Temperance has triumphed in seventy-two out of ninety-two contests.

"Down with sumptuary laws!" cried the serpent in the garden of Eden. "Down with sumptuary laws," will cry the next National Democratic Convention. And will Grady, and Colquitt, and Reagan, and the thousands of Democratic preachers in the South, say by their ballots next November, "Amen?" Let us see.

The effects of stimulants and narcotics is to lessen physical strength; and whatever affects the body will affect the mind. Intoxicating liquors and tobacco have proved a terrible curse to our race. Not only weakening the body and confusing the mind, but debasing the morals. The more freely these poisons are used, the more brutish will become the nature and disposition of men.

The Maine Prohibitory Law forbids the sale of liquor of any kind. The United States law, however, allows the sale of liquor in original packages containing a dozen pint bottles. By this latter law the liquor dealer seeks to justify himself, and it is in order to end this conflict that Senator Fry has introduced a bill designed to withdraw the federal sanction from the importation of liquor in States and localities under prohibition.

Under the Scott Act, with its provisions for local Prohibition, we have reduced the consumption of liquor in the Dominion to 3 1/2 gallons per capita. In British Columbia, under license, the consumption is 7.75 gallons. In Ontario, it is 4.75 gallons; in Quebec with local Prohibition in a number of parishes, 3.25 gallons; in Manitoba under license, and the Northwest Territory, under Prohibition; it is between 2 and 3 gallons; in New Brunswick, with 10 counties under local Prohibition, about 2 1/2 gallons; in Nova Scotia, with two more counties under Prohibition, about 1 1/2 gallons; in Prince Edward Island, with still more Prohibition territory there is still less consumption of liquor.

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

No human being, however exalted his position however enlarged and cultivated his understanding, can long be happy without a pursuit. Life is a ladder on which we rise from hope to hope, and by expectation strive to ascend to enjoyments, but he who has fancied that he has reached his highest hope or who enjoys the utmost of his wishes is miserable indeed; for many who have been most successful in their respective undertakings have given the gloomiest description of the emptiness of human pleasures. The pursuit alone can yield true happiness, and the most trifling object that has power to fascinate the hopes of man is worthy his attention.

Life needs for its happiness, and character for its stability, a definite aim, energetically and regularly pursued. Whatever monotony there is in that, is itself an element of happiness which men cannot afford to do without. It gives security, confidence, and trust in themselves and in each other. It gives rest to life and makes relaxation possible and pleasurable.

Four things come net back—the spoken word the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

MIGHT I give counsel to any young hearer. I would say to him, try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life is that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men admired: they admired great things; narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly.

Have a time and place for everything, and do everything in its time and place, and you will not only accomplish more, but have far more leisure than those who are always hurrying, as if in vain attempting to overtake time that had been lost.

KNOWLEDGE without accuracy is a diamond unpolished and without setting; it is therefore of the greatest importance that the young should early acquire the habit of accuracy.

Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings.

ALL human discoveries seem to be made only for the purpose of confirming more strongly the truths that come from on high and are contained in the sacred writings.

It is hard to act a part long, for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or another.

The golden beams of truth and silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or not.

A REALLY great character without imagination is inconceivable, but no man who suffers himself to be ruled by it can be truly great.

EVERY part of the body and every faculty of the mind are developed by exercise; the same is true of the moral character.

TRUTH is the seed whereof welfare is the fruit; for every grain of truth we plant; some one will reap a harvest of welfare.

The fruit derived from labor is the sweetest of all pleasures.

True friends appear less moved than counterfeit ones.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.

Tact is the oil that lubricates society. —Waverly Magazine.

THE BIG MAN AND HIS BAGGAGE.

A LESSON FOR RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

It was a day when everybody was tired and wanted to sit down that a large man, carrying a gripsack, boarded an Eastern railway train, and after walking through several crowded cars finally found the one vacant seat, and seating himself, placed the bag on the cushion at his side. Just as the train was about to start, another man entered and made the same journey in search of a seat. As he stopped inquiringly before the large man, the latter said:

This seat is engaged, sir; a man just stepped out, but will return in a moment he left his baggage here as a claim to the seat.

Well, said the second traveller, frankly, I'm pretty tired, and if you don't object I'll just sit down here and hold his bag for him till he returns, and without further ceremony this he proceeded to do.

Then the large man, who was bound for Lynn, earnestly hoped that his companion might get off at Somerville, or Everett, or Chelsea—anywhere but Lynn, or a station beyond. And the tired man thanked his stars for even a moment's seat, expecting every second to be ousted by the owner of the gripsack.

The train moved out from the station. In vain did the large man try to read the stranger's ticket to see what his destination was. Somerville was reached, but the stranger sat quietly in his place, and the large man grew nervous. The train stopped at Everett, and still the stranger gazed peacefully ahead, never budging, and the large man began to perspire. Then came Chelsea, but the stranger held fast to the bag and never offered to stir. The agony of the large man was simply frightful, but he saw he could do nothing but grin and bear it and get out of the fix as best he could. But the stranger had by this time fully grasped the situation, and though thankful for his seat, determined to punish the unaccommodating pig for his selfish deception. So when Lynn was reached, the large man put forth his hand for his bag, but the stranger drew back the same with an expression of surprise, saying:

I beg your pardon, sir, but this is not your baggage.

But it isn't yours, stammered the owner, blushing.

To be sure; but I propose to see it restored to the proper person. Here, conductor, here's a man who wants to run off with this baggage that doesn't belong to him. Somebody put it in the seat to secure a place, and evidently got left in Boston, for he hasn't claimed it, and now this man wants to run away with it, and he gave the conductor a wink, and as that official knew the stranger personally, he understood the wink and promptly replied:

The only thing to do is to return the bag to Boston and store it among the unclaimed baggage.

But—expostulated the large man.

Hold on there, said the conductor showing a police badge, none of this. What kind of a man was it who left the bag?

WOMEN OF THE ORIENT.

A good deal of twaddle has been written on the subject of the sale of Circassian women, and the terrible condition of women in Mohammedan countries, writes ex-Minister Benjamin. This twaddle has often been uttered by American women who shrink from the honor of motherhood, and who are greater slaves to fashion than are the women of Persia to their so-called lords and masters. The fact is that, so far as I can learn, Persian women are as happy as American women; like them they share the troubles which fall alike to all of women born. As to whether they are as virtuous as our women, that is a question; as to whether their happiness is as elevated or their sorrows are of the same exalted and refined poignancy as of their American sisters, we doubt if any discussion can settle so great and vague a question; while in any case the maxim is as good now as in Grevy's time: "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." As to whether these same oriental women will be as happy in the next world as our women, because of different conditions or religions here, we do not feel competent to decide, so long as the pundits of Andover disagree upon a subject that is permanently settled anew every 200 or 300 years.

It should be considered, in regard to the servitude of Persian or Turkish woman who enter the harem by purchase, that they would have but little choice if they married by free will, not knowing their husbands previously, and if their dowry is small, they must marry poor men and work hard all their lives; whereas, if they are purchased, it would naturally be by men of means, and they would have an excellent chance of reaching a higher position and greater luxury under his roof than as the wives of peasants. I am afraid these observations will meet with only limited approval by some of the fair apostles of woman's rights, and all that the term in their minds implies. But here are two sides to every question and millions of oriental women would heartily agree with the sentiments expressed here, while, naturally, there is some discontent as there is everywhere.

HE WAS COMPETENT.—Does anybody go bail for this man? asked the clerk of court.

I will, sir, replied a rather insignificant looking man who was standing near the rail.

You! said the district attorney, contemptuously, glancing at the stranger's

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clothing. You! Are you aware, sir, that the prisoner is held in \$15,000 for trial?

I am, sir, said the stranger. I will furnish security.

Oh, you will, will you! said the district attorney, sneeringly. Your name and address may I ask?

John Jones, cool dealer, said the other, quietly, and the district attorney blushed and said:

I beg your pardon!—Somerville Journal.

THE PIANO WAS LOCKED.—A parent had a son who took piano lessons at Professor Zwellber's house, but was supposed to do his practising on the piano at home. The parent had a suspicion that the youth did not practice much. One day he said—Tommy, do you practice regularly on the piano when I am down town? Yes, pa. Every day? Yes, pa. How long did you practice yesterday? Two hours. And to-day? Three hours. I am glad to hear that you practice so regularly. Yes, pa. And next time you practice be sure you unlock the piano. Here is the key. I locked the piano and put the key in my pocket a week ago.—Daily Witness.

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