

# TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

Herman H. Pitts,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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## MISCELLANEOUS

### IN THE TWILIGHT.

When the twilight shadows lengthen,  
When the evening draweth nigh,  
And the purple tints of sunset  
Faded from out the darkened sky,  
When the long, hot day is ended,  
And the dusk begins to fall,  
When we hear the plaintive murmur  
Of the whip-poor-will's low call,

Then my thoughts go straying backward  
To the happy childhood days,  
When life seemed all flowers and sunshine,  
Brightened by hope's cheering rays.  
Then I planned with childish fervor,  
Noble deeds that I would do,  
When the coming years should bring me  
Strength to act, and wisdom too;

Planned how I would nobly battle  
For whatever I knew was right,  
Doubting not that I should conquer,  
Should be victor in the strife.  
But alas! the years in passing,  
Showed no great deeds I had done;  
No dread evils met and vanquished,  
And no crown of victory won.

Only patient, tireless efforts,  
Each day's duties to perform,  
So when life at last is ended,  
I shall hear the words "well done."  
Is it ever thus, I wonder?  
Are our childish hopes and fears  
Doomed to utter disappointment  
In the light of future years?

Or is there some strange, sweet influence  
From the childish longing grown,  
That makes all our life the richer,  
Even though to us unknown?  
Helping us to bear our burdens,  
Heavy though they often seem?  
Surely, then, the hope was blessed,  
Though it faded like a dream.

And though I have ne'er accomplished  
Half the good deeds that I should,  
Still I count my life not wasted,  
If I've done all that I could,  
And I watch the twilight shadows  
Gathering o'er the distant hills,  
Till my heart is filled with gladness,  
And all doubts and fears are still.

### WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

I saw a mother give wine to her boy—  
The rain-drops fall and fall;  
The pride of his parents, a household joy,  
A mother's blessing, her all.

I saw the cheek of the youth grow red—  
The rain falls over the sea;  
The light of his eye shone like jewels, they  
said;  
It spoke of ruin to me.

I saw the youth drink again and again—  
The rain falls heavy and fast;  
I saw the mother's brow furrowed with  
pain,  
She was reaping her harvest at last.

I saw the youth go staggering by—  
The rain-drops beat and beat;  
Dulled was the light of his beautiful eye;  
I saw him fall in the street.

I heard the rabble cry, "Shame! oh shame!"  
The rain-drops sob and sob;  
I heard the drunkard's once-honored  
name  
Shouted aloud by the mob.

I saw the youth carried home to his door—  
The rain-drops sob and sigh;  
Saw the friends shun him, who sought him  
before,  
Saw him sink lower and die.

I saw the stone that bore only his name—  
The rain-drops mutter and rave;  
I saw the mother with sorrow and shame,  
Bowed to the brink of the grave.

### HE ONLY HAD ANOTHER.

A South Hill school-ma'am, the other  
day, while working an example on the  
board, detected an urchin directly behind  
her in the unlawful act of devouring an  
apple. She said to him:

'Tim, what are you doing?'

'No'um,' said Tim, with his mouth so  
full that his cheeks stuck out on either  
side like aldermen's stomachs.

'Yes, you are,' paradoxically insisted  
the teacher. 'What have you in your  
hand?'

'Napple,' said Tim, with some sur-  
prise, as he looked at the fragment of the  
apple in his hand and wondered who had  
bit it while he was studying.

'What has become of the rest of it?'

'Dunno,' said Tim, looking around in  
an amazed effort to discover who had  
the rest of it. 'Somebody's been eating  
it.'

'Have you any more?' demanded the  
teacher.

'Yes'm,' said Tim, dolefully, 'got  
'nother.'

'Where is it?' relentlessly pursued  
the teacher.

'N my desk,' sighed Tim, as he began  
to suspect that the teacher was going to  
demand it of him.

'Well, take it out and go stand on  
the platform and eat it.'

'Eat 'em both?' queried Tim.

'Yes, eat them both.'

'Eat all I got?' demanded Tim, in a  
subdued tone of countenance.

'Yes, eat all you have,' impatiently  
responded the teacher, and, turning to  
the blackboard, continued, 'and don't  
you leave that platform while you have  
an apple uneaten.'

Silence reigned in the school room;  
the paper pellet pursued its tranquil  
transit unobserved; the busy hum of the  
studious made more noise than the muti-  
nous smile of the indolent.

Tim stood at his post. The fragment  
in his hand soon disappeared, and he fell  
upon the other apple silently but deter-  
minedly; quickly it followed the first.  
Then he put his right hand into his pants  
pocket and took out an apple, and, after  
a cautious reconnoitre—during which he  
wiped it on his trousers he began the  
attack. He carried the fort. Down  
went the hand again, and another apple  
was brought to light. It was quickly  
dispatched. A third followed.

Then he changed his position, and,  
resting the weight of his body on his  
left leg, sighed as he drew from his left  
breaches pocket another apple. When  
it was gone he drew on the commissary  
for another, and by the time he produced  
the eighth apple he was silently being  
observed by two-thirds of the boys in the  
room. The teacher turned and saw the  
boy still standing in the attitude of one  
who was reaching for something in his  
coat pocket.

'Aren't you thro' yet?' she queried in  
some astonishment.

'Got 'nother,' stoically responded Tim  
producing another, and falling to work  
on it.

In surprise the teacher saw him reach  
for still another, and when that was gone  
surprise grew to amazement as his un-  
wavering hand again sought the gaping  
mouth of that pocket. As the boy ate  
he grew in dimensions, and the teacher  
became alarmed. There seemed to be  
no end to the apples that he had in his  
his clothes.

'Tim, for mercy's sake, have you any  
more apples?'

'Got 'nother,' said Tim, indifferently.

'How many more apples have you?'

'Dunno,' said Tim, 'guess got two or  
three more.'

The teacher did not dare to let him  
proceed, and appointed herself an investigat-  
ing committee to look after the back  
counties. The boy never changed a  
muscle of his countenance, nor moved an  
inch, while that teacher pulled apples  
from his coat, and stacked them up upon  
the desk until there was something less  
than a peck piled up, with Bright to  
hear from.

The matter hasn't been laid before the  
school board yet, but the exhausted  
school-ma'am declares that the next  
time she will learn how much of a crop  
of apples a boy has about him before he  
issues any orders.

### HIS HONOR AND BIJAH.

THE SWEET LITTLE BUTTERCUP WHO GOT  
FOUR MONTHS.

As His Honor was signing the  
warrants and making ready to open  
Court, a voice from the corridor was  
heard singing—

'I'm called Little Buttercup,  
Sweet Little Buttercup,  
Sweet Little Buttercup! I—ah.'

'That's a remarkable sweet voice,' he  
observed to Bijah.

'Too sweet for anything,' replied the  
old man.

'Must be some light-hearted but un-  
fortunate female.'

'Yes, she is.'

'Poor girl! Perhaps it is not her  
fault. You may bring her out and I'll  
speak kindly to her. Who can tell how  
much one kind word may encourage  
her?'

Bijah had a grin on his face as he  
disappeared, and the reason for it was  
plain as he returned with Mrs. Danforth.  
She was a woman of fifty. She weighed  
nearly two hundred pounds. Her hair  
was down, and her dress badly torn,  
and the smell of strong drink was there  
in several fall and winter styles.

His Honor looked at her in amaze-  
ment, and he flushed like a rose as  
Bijah remarked:

'Here is the poor girl who was  
singing, sir!'

'You bet it is!' added the prisoner.

'Say, Judge, you've got me again.'

'I see.'

'I was drunk last night, and you  
needn't waste any time trying to prove  
it.'

'You were here a few weeks ago!'

'I was that, and you said if I came  
again I'd get sixty days. Here I am!'

'Well, I'll make it four months.  
Perhaps you'll have less talk in you  
when you come out.'

'All right, Judge; a-l right! Good-  
bye, everybody.'

'And I'm called Little Buttercup,  
Sweet Little Buttercup—'

'Say, Squar, gimme a show,' ex-  
claimed Henry Livingstone Johnston  
as he looked over the desk with an  
anxious expression.

'I'll do it, Henry. What do you  
want?'

'I made a fool of myself yesterday,  
Squar. I got in with a lot of chaps  
and got full. It's the first time I was  
ever drunk in my born days, and it'll be  
the very, very last. Gimme a show.'

'Well.'

'Wall, I want to go home. I live  
out here about fifteen miles. I rode in  
with a nabur, and he's probably gone  
and left me. Squar, I want to go  
home. Let me off this one time, and  
no human bein' will ever see me in  
such a fix again!'

'Henry, are you in earnest?'

'Squar, if I ain't I hope to be  
shot.'

'You'll let beer alone?'

'I won't go within a mile of it!'

'And whiskey!'

'I won't even smell of it?'

'Well, you may go. It will be bad  
walking after the rain.'

'I don't keer fur the mud, Squar. All  
I ask is to get my nose pointed  
homeward, and when I strike this town  
again I'll have some one lead me around  
with a string.'

### PROHIBITION IN GEORGIA.

The prohibition movement is gradu-  
ally extending over the entire State.  
The last county that has declared for  
prohibition is Hancock. Elections are  
soon to be held in several other coun-  
ties, and the chances are that all of  
them, with perhaps one or two excep-  
tions, will result favorably for prohibi-  
tion. More than three-fourths of the  
counties of the State have voted out  
whiskey, and there is not one of them  
that is not richer and more prosperous  
for its action. In every one of them the  
people are happier and more industrious,  
and there is less crime and pauperism  
than there ever was before. The prohibi-  
tion movement in the State has grown  
rapidly, because wherever it has been  
adopted its benefits have at once become  
apparent.—Savannah News.

Since the above article was printed an  
election has been held in Fulton county,  
in which Atlanta is situated, and prohibi-  
tion was carried by a majority of 240.  
There was a great excitement over the  
election and the result was celebrated  
with torch-light processions and bon-  
fires. The prohibitionists do not intend  
to stop here, but will continue to push  
the movement.

### A STILL TONGUE.

An old, experienced Wall Street  
banker remarked in course of conversa-  
tion with a reporter on one of our ex-  
changes, a few days ago, that 'a still  
tongue was often a fortune.' The idea  
he wished to convey was that men who  
talk too much expose the secrets of their  
business. A silent man is generally the  
safest adviser; he thinks before he  
speaks, and weighs well his words. Some  
men are as ready with their opinions as  
a hungry man for dinner; all that is re-  
quired is the opportunity to air them.  
Others are so voluble that they tell all  
they know about their own business and  
their neighbors' as well. Generally, you  
can take the measure of an inveterate  
talker, as it's wind and froth. On the  
other hand, the man who holds his  
tongue is not easily fathomed. 'Still  
water runs deep,' with but little noise  
and friction, while the shallows foam and  
fret with constant tumult.

As a rule, the silent man is methodi-  
cal, painstaking, careful. He weighs his  
words and pounds accurately. In busi-  
ness he makes no fuss or parade; he  
transacts it, however, with diligence and  
prudence. Brag and vanity are twins;  
together they were born and together  
they will die.

Conceit and boasting are poor elements  
in trade; airs put on as soon as a little  
money is made usually have a chill.  
Boasting of big profits and a speedy  
fortune to every listener shows a lack of  
good sense and sound judgment. Men  
have been hung on their own testimony,  
and merchants have failed from too  
much tongue.

Why should the secrets of the store or  
counting-room be proclaimed on the  
street corner? A merchant's knowledge  
of his business is the safest in his own  
breast. If he is making money, the fact  
will disclose itself soon enough, in a  
solid, substantial way. If you must  
have a confidant, let it be your wife. She  
is entitled to it, and is your helpmate.—  
Scientific American.

(FOR THE JOURNAL.)  
WILBERFORCE NO. 3.

Grand Worthy Patriarch Vroom  
accompanied by the Grand Chaplain,  
Bro. G. M. Campbell, paid an official  
visit to Wilberforce Division on the  
7th inst. They were introduced to  
the members, and later in the even-  
ing made some stirring speeches on  
the state of the Order in New Brun-  
swick at present, and complimenting  
Wilberforce Division upon the good  
attendance of its members; the  
G. W. P. stating that of all the  
Divisions he had had the pleasure of  
visiting in his official capacity, that  
there was not any which had such a  
large attendance as Old Wilberforce.

On the 25th ult. our Division  
gave a

### SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENT,

at which Howard Division No. 1,  
and St. Croix Lodge, I. O. G. T. were  
present, numbering in all about 150  
members. The meeting was opened  
by singing the National Anthem,  
during the singing of which a young  
lady entered with the Union Jack  
Flag. After completing a verse of  
this hymn, the choir sang a verse of  
America, and another young lady  
entered with the Stars and Stripes.  
The two flags were then draped  
together, and the choir sang a tem-  
perance song, while a third young  
lady entered with a

### PROHIBITION BANNER,

which was entwined with the two.  
The proceeding was most beautiful,  
and was thoroughly enjoyed by all  
present. The entertainment through-  
out was one which, we think, tended  
to cement the feelings of brotherly  
love between the temperance people  
on both sides of the line, and this  
was what our members desired it  
should. We hope the visiting  
members were well pleased with our  
entertainment, and we are always  
glad to see good temperance men  
visit Old Wilberforce.

### A SUBSCRIBER.

Cough no more, but get a bottle of  
Minard's Honey Balsam. It is the best  
remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness,  
influenza, croup, etc., that has ever been  
offered to the public.

I have used Minard's Liniment for  
rheumatism with great success. Please  
send by express 1 dozen bottles, as I  
cannot purchase it here.—W. H. SHER-  
WOOD, Boston, Mass.

EXTRACT FROM MRS. S. F. CHAPIN'S  
REPORT OF THE ALABAMA STATE  
CONVENTION, W. C. T. U.

The Alabama Convention adjourned  
to night, and a precious season it has  
been.

In making my appeal I urged every  
lady in the State to join us. A distin-  
guished gentleman came to me and said,  
'Mrs. Chapin, if you have not every  
lady in Alabama with you, you have the  
very best ladies.' And so we have.  
The President, Mrs. Bryce, we South  
Carolians are proud always to say, is a  
native South Carolinian. She presided  
with queenly dignity. One of the gentle-  
men who addressed the Convention, was  
compelled to acknowledge he came to  
see us "play convention," and hear a  
half dozen women talking at one time.  
He asked how, and when on earth, we  
had learned to be such parliamentarians.  
By the time this question was reached  
his time had expired, and the president's  
avel showed how strictly and without  
gavor, the rules of the convention were  
enforced. I whispered as he passed me,  
'Only a latent power come into the  
light, and still there is more to  
follow.'

Mrs. Judge Brooks, the gifted young  
wife of the distinguished Judge, who  
honors the W. C. T. U. by wearing the  
white ribbon of our Order in the Court  
House, is general Vice President, or as  
Mrs. Bryce calls her, "Assistant Presi-  
dent." The unity between these kindred  
spirits is beautiful, "each preferring the  
other." In the midst of one of our ses-  
sions a gentleman walked in and handed  
the following note to the President, say-  
ing, "It is from one of the most promi-  
nent editors in Alabama." It read thus:  
"Tell the admirable lady, Mrs. Bryce,  
that I would devote everything to the  
cause she espouses, but there's no use.  
Let women demand the ballot, and with  
it they can destroy whiskey, and by no  
other agency. There is no perfect family  
or State in which woman is not an active  
governing force. They should have the  
courage to assert themselves, and then  
they can serve the country and race."

If a thunderbolt had fallen it would  
not have created a greater sensation. The  
ladies at first grew indignant and uttered  
protestations. When they grew calmer,  
the following was adopted and the cor-  
responding secretary ordered to furnish  
the editor with the following:

"The ladies of the W. C. T. U. return  
thanks to the editor for his kindly and  
progressive suggestions, but in their  
opinion, they are not ready to ask any  
political favors. Whenever suffrage is  
granted to the women of the United  
States, those of Alabama will be found  
on the side of right."

Of the speeches, reports, etc., some  
one else will tell. Of our consecration  
meeting I must tell. The newspapers  
say, "The most wonderful meeting ever  
held in this city." I am more than ever  
convinced that the gospel line is the one  
in which we will reap our greatest vic-  
tories. When I opened our meeting at  
the noontide hour, I looked at several of  
our prominent delegates, asking by the  
look, a testimony from them which they  
were too timid to give. As the services  
proceeded the Spirit's power came down  
—every tongue was loosened. Ladies  
who had never spoken a word in public  
testified of the blessing that had come to  
them through temperance work. Many  
in the audience arose and asked for  
prayer, among them one of the editors.  
Two of our ladies profess to have found  
the Saviour, and to sum it all up,

"Jesus came down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowned the mercy seat."

UNION SIGNAL.

### THAT SETTLES IT.

The vexed question whether prohibi-  
tion prohibits in Portland, would seem  
to be definitely settled at last. Dr.  
Warren, editor of the "Christian  
Mirror," having been questioned about  
the success of the liquor law, replies in  
his paper this week categorically, as  
follows:

1. Of saloons where intoxicating  
drinks are kept for sale and sold openly  
and in public view without molestation  
from the authorities in the city of Port-  
land, there is not one.
2. Of hotels, which have a public or  
private bar where liquors are dispensed,  
there is not one.
3. Of secret places where liquors are  
kept and sold with the knowledge and  
permission, tacit or otherwise, of the  
police authorities, there is not one.
4. Of such secret places, where viola-  
tions of the law are practiced, and where  
legal evidence thereof exists, but prose-  
cutions are not instituted through  
political or personal favor, there is not  
one.