

TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, AUGUST 12 1886.

Vol. II., No. 32.
\$1.00 per Annum.

Herman H. Pitts,
Editor and Proprietor.

TEMPERANCE DIRECTORY.

NATIONAL DIVISION.

M. W. P.—B. F. Dennison, Philadelphia, Pa.
M. W. A.—Charles A. Everett, St. John,
N. B.
M. W. S.—Rev. R. Alder Temple, Halifax,
N. S.
M. W. T.—Wm. A. Duff, Philadelphia, Pa.
M. W. Chap.—Rev. C. Mead, Hornellsville,
N. Y.
M. W. Con.—Mrs. G. L. Sandford, New
Haven, Conn.
M. W. S.—George P. Bliss, Brandon, Man.

RIGHT WORTHY GRAND LODGE I. O. G. T.

J. B. Finch, Lincoln, Neb. R. W. G. T.
W. H. Lambly, Quebec, R. W. G. C.
Mrs. S. A. Leonard, Boston, Mass., R. W. G. V. T.
B. L. Parker, Wisconsin, R. W. G. S.
Uriah Copp, Jr., Illinois, R. W. G. T.
Miss Mary Peck, Conn., R. W. G. S. of G. T.
Geo. B. Katzenstein, Cal., P. R. W. G. T.

GRAND DIVISION S. OF T.

C. N. Vroom St. Stephen, Grand Worthy
Patriarch.
H. T. Colpitts, St. Martin's, Grand Worthy
Associate.
David Thomson, St. John, Grand Scribe.
W. C. Whittaker, St. John, Grand Treasurer.
Rev. G. M. Campbell, St. Stephen, Grand
Chaplain.
Dr. Thorne, Buttertut Ridge, Grand Con-
ductor.
W. H. Price, Mocton, Grand Sentinel.

GRAND LODGE I. O. G. T. OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Wm. Vaughan, St. Martins, G. W. C. T.
Calvin Powers, St. John, G. W. C.
Mrs. E. A. Bradshaw, St. Martins, G. W. V. T.
S. Tufts, St. John, G. W. S.
A. D. M. Boyne, St. John, G. T.
Mrs. F. O. Todd, Fredericton, G. S. J. T.
Rev. Thos. Marshall, Fairville, G. W. C.
W. R. Gould, Shediac, G. W. M.

A MESSAGE FROM GOD.

SERMON

PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT,

At St. Paul's Church, Fredericton, on
Sabbath Evening, August 1st 1886

TEXT.—"I have a message from God unto
thee." Judges III, 20.

The text carries us away back to the days of the Judges, the iron age, as it has been called, of Jewish history. It was a rude barbarous age, tyrannous and cruel, the age when might was considered right, and the sword settled all disputes. At the time Israel was groaning under the tyranny of Eglon, the King of Moab, who, some eighteen years before, with his allies, had come up and conquered the country. It was because the people had turned away from the Lord that they were thus humbled. But in their trouble they cry to Him for mercy, and He hears, and sends deliverance after the stern manner of the times.

And this is the way. He raises up one Ehud, a man of Benjamin, one trained to the use of arms, ambidextrous indeed in the handling of weapons. This man was sent by the people with the usual present to the tyrant. It was called a present, but it was felt by the people to be a cruel exaction. Ehud does what he was sent to do he delivers the present with all due ceremony, and afterward leaves with his attendants. But he feels that his work is not done; so he returns alone to the King. He is re-admitted into the royal presence. He requests a private interview, which is at once granted. When alone with the bloated tyrant, he stands before him, and with great solemnity and terrible earnestness he says to him: "I have a message from God unto thee." The tyrant is awed at Ehud's word. The way he says it, his look, the tones of his voice, all impress him, and involuntarily he struggles to his feet to receive the message, and is instantly struck to the heart by the left handed patriot. So die tyrants. Ehud escapes, and the nation is saved.

Now, assassination ever has been a clumsy way to rid the world of tyrants. It was so then; it is so still. But it is one way, and I think it not at all unlikely that there are rare cases when it is the Lord's way. I feel as if Ehud meant every word, and was terribly in earnest, when he said to the King of Moab: "I have a message from God to thee," and then plunged his dagger deep into his heart. It was a terrible message, and terribly brought home to him, poor wretch; but I have no doubt it was his message from God, the only message there was for him, the best perhaps, looking at all the circumstances.

O my hearers, you look at me tonight as I stand here before you, and you say to yourself: "what does the preacher mean by coming to us with Ehud's

message? Has he a dagger under his cloak wherewith to pierce us to the heart?"

Yes, my hearers, I have a dagger here, a real Damascus blade, a sharp two-edged sword, and with the Lord's help I am going to use it. If I am God's servant, then I have a message from God to you. Woe to me if I am here with a lie in my mouth! My work here is not to be word play, a sort of sword-exercise that is to amuse, not to hurt. There is a tyranny in the land, and the Eglons of to-day are before us, and with all the terrible might of the God-sent Ehud I am to pierce them to the heart.

And first, I have a message from God unto thee, O worldling.

This Eglon is not so uncommon in these days. But perhaps he is not so fat and over-grown in New Brunswick as he is elsewhere. Still, even here, he is sometimes big enough. His proportions monstrous, hideous. He oppresses the poor, crushes the weak, devours widows and orphans, makes havoc of the rights of the people, reaches out his great hand and tries to get all for himself. It is money, money, with him, and more and more of it, lands, houses, rights, liberties, everything that he can get hold of. Such perhaps is the big overgrown worldling, the fat Eglon, and there is hardly a community of any considerable size without one or two of them.

But, my hearer, you may not be as fat as Eglon was, and you may not have much power, nor much money, nor much of anything, and still be a worldling. The worldling, as I understand about him is one who lives for the world; gives himself up to its desires and hopes; builds his prospects, all the prospects he has or cares to have, on such uncertain things as crops, rents, dividends, the interest of his money, if he has any, the success of his enterprises, the prosperity of his business, and so on. He has only, and cares to have only, what he can grasp with his two hands, what he can put into his pocket or his mouth, what is likely to turn a penny for him or advance his interests in any way. He is usually mean and selfish, hard and hoarding, grasping and greedy. If he ever helps a man in need, it is at the rate of about twelve per cent. If a beggar comes to his door too weak to get away without relief at his hands, he will never get away. Like Lazarus he will lie there till he dies till the angels come and carry him away.

"Ah! you say," the coat does not fit yet; it is too big for me. I am not that bad, no beggar ever starved at my door. I never charge a poor man more than I ought to charge him. I am not mean, selfish, grasping, cruel. I fling the charge from me as a base insinuation, a vicious calumny."

And yet, you are a worldling, and you know it. Across everything you have, the life you live, the deeds you do and delight to do, the thoughts you think, the dreams you dream, the hopes you cherish with regard to your future, your very worship here at the feet of God, your all, is written in great letters that men can read: A Worldling! Eglon!

Now, O Worldling, I have a message from God unto thee. Thou canst not serve God and Mammon. Thou canst not be both a worldling and a christian. There is rust on thy gold. The moth is at thy garments. The burglar is after thy treasures, and no safe can keep him from them. The worm of decay is at the roots of thy prosperity. Thy hopes shall disappoint thee. It is written in the decree of Heaven that thou shalt perish, and there is no reversing it. O Eglon of the world, there is no hope for thee as thou art. God's message to thee is Ehud's dagger, the two-edged word-sword piercing to the heart, flashing swift destruction to thee and thine.

Again! I have a message from God unto thee, O formalist.

The old prophet tells us in his way of it of people who came to God's house and sat before Him as His people sat and worshipped as his people but there was no sincerity in it. It was put on. It was all a piece of form and we have that sort of thing to-day, O so much of it! And God hates it as much as ever. It is as smoke in His nose—that is the way He puts it Himself; something that nauseates.

When Ehud, the spare athlete from the mountains of Benjamin, came into your parlor where Eglon lay rolling in his fat, he was disgusted with the sight of him. He felt that such a great useless hulk of a man was no man, and that he was better out of the world than in it. He was no good anywhere; he was only in his own way and every one else's.

And this splendid ease before God, this heaping up of finery and forms, this show and sham, God hates with all the hate of His mighty earnestness. Eglon stood up when a message from God was being delivered to him; but there are

among us those who love their ease too much to stand up to do anything. They are too indifferent, or too ease-loving, to bow their head in prayer, or open their mouths to sing, or to do anything else that disturbs their composure. And so there they sit, taking it easy, while angels weep to see their utter indifference, and the Christ is dying on the cross to save them. O why this heartlessness, this want of earnestness, this hateful formalism! It must not be here. It cannot be tolerated.

I come to you tonight, whose religion is only the name of the thing, whose worship is only the form of the thing, whose heart is not in it, who have the lamp but no oil, who make yourselves believe that because you have a pew in God's House you have God, and I dash my dagger, in the name of Him who is the Truth, through all this miserable formalism, and make it a cerecloth, for a cerecloth it is, swathing rigid spiritual energies and dead hearts.

Again; I have a message from God unto thee, O hypocrite.

The hypocrite is one who wants to be thought good, who likes to have the name of it, and he is not good. Religion with him is a mask, and under cover of this mask he plays a christian's part, sometimes prays at the prayer-meeting, sometimes preaches at the street-conners, sometimes acts his part so well that everybody believes in him, but he caps the climax perhaps by robbing the church and betraying the Lord.

This Eglon is very nice to meet him in the parlor, in the church aisle; very nice when you have a large present to give him; very nice in appearance and all that. His words are smoother than oil; his smiles are bewitching; his ways most taking. But when he is off duty, he is a monster, a cruel oppressor, the bane of churches, the destroyer of the peace of homes.

Here thou art, O wolf in sheep's clothing, thy outward appearance so fair and thy heart so foul! Thou art a whited sepulcher full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. Ah! the keen dagger that Ehud used will find thee out, and make havoc of all thy pretended virtues. In those pews there thou art not known; thou art loved and respected, and all the more so because thou art there. But there shall yet come to thee a searching that will search thee out, tear off thy mask, and let all the world see what a wicked and worthless thing thou art.

We see how it is with the titled great ones of the world sometimes. For years they go on growing in their hollow greatness, towering higher and higher in the year state and the church, known and loved and honored for their wisdom and power, but all the time they are harboring lust and living an unholily life. They feel as if they are so great they cannot be touched, so high they cannot be reached. They shut themselves up in their own parlors, and they dream the dream of a false security, a dangerous peace. But the searching truths, the slow but mighty right, comes at last, and stabs to the heart their false greatness, and the world wonders at their crashing fall. O Eglon, beware! one left-handed stands before thee, armed with a dagger, and thy doom is come, terrible, wide-sweeping, remorseless, utter.

The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small.

Again! I have a message from God unto thee, O scoffer.

The scoffer is one who sneers at religion, makes a mock of those who hold the faith of christians, calls them fools and fanatics, thinks them weak, simple, silly. He himself perhaps was brought up in that faith, and owes all he is and ever shall be to what it has done for him. But he got turned against it for some reason or other, because he hated the light, found the darkness more to his taste, and so now he is never done having a fling at the grand old faith of his fathers. He is usually a man who makes some pretensions at learning, who has read a good deal of the magazine literature, and has a smattering of scientific love, knows something of the Tyndall school of philosophy, prates of Darwinism, and Agnosticism, and so on. He is bold. He is not afraid to speak evil of dignities, to meddle with things beyond his reach, to say what he thinks, even though what we think is of no account to any one but himself. He calls the church narrow, prejudiced, afraid of the whole truth, and so he swings outside of everything to see how things look from the airy view-point of no-faith, the untrammelled freedom of nothingarianism. And he likes it.

And so he sneers. He tells us what we are, and we are not much. If there are holes in our coats, he is not slow in telling us about it. If he can find a

flaw anywhere in a Christian, anything wrong about a minister or a church-member, any weakness of character, any want of principle, what a time he makes about it. All the scoffers have had such side-splitting jokes, such a feast of soul—for them, over Noah's drunkenness, Abraham's lying, David's adultery, Peter's denial, and all the other scandals and wickednesses they can find in the good, or those who are called good, or profess to be good.

But, stop! scoffer; what has your scoffing ever done for the world, or what is it ever likely to do? You sneer at religion; you scoff at christianity. But what the world is to-day, it owes to religion such as it is. If you can scoff with impunity, it is because religion has taught men tolerance. Bob Ingersoll could neither get his lectures printed nor readers to read them, were it not for the religion he scoffs at, and the Christ he dishonors. But a day is coming when scoffing will be found to be a hard pillow for a racked brain to sleep on. When the grim reality stands before you, when the naked sword of the destroyer flashes at your heart, ah! then, it will be, a drop from the old well where your sainted mother drank and was refreshed—just a drop to cool your burning tongue. But there will be none for you. You sneered all the good away from you, and so when you want it you cannot have it.

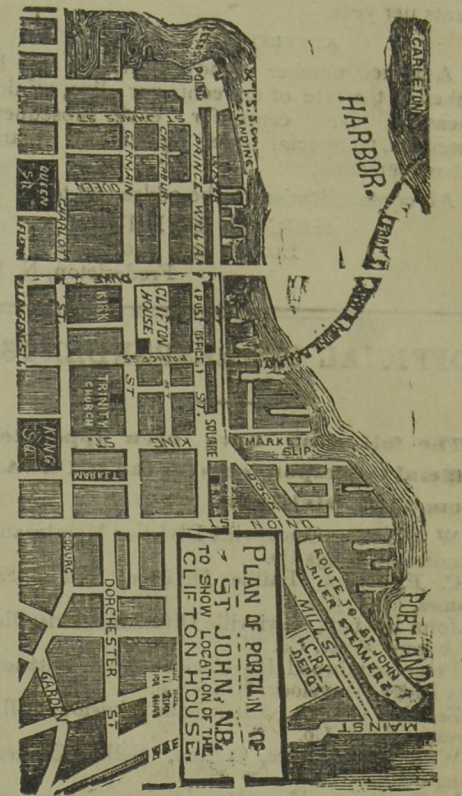
Again, I have a message from God unto thee, O sinner.

I have been singling out hitherto special sinners that we might not inappropriately call the Eglons in our churches because of certain prominent features of character about them, such as the worldling, the formalist, the hypocrite, the scoffer. And there are certain advantages in this. You sometimes hit the nail on the head. You sometimes get at the very man you want, get at his heart with the naked sword of the truth. But then, there are certain disadvantages as well, for you may miss everybody. You hit hard at the worldling, but perhaps he is not here. You make a tremendous swipe at the formalist, but unhappily for you or for him he has gone visiting—gone to some other church. You think you see the hypocrite before you, and you make a lunge at him with your dagger, but like Jehoshaphat in the battle where Ahab was to fall, he cries out: "I am not the man! I am not the man you want!" And so lest I may miss everybody after all, I make at the sinner. I can hardly miss him, for he is in almost every occupied pew in the church. Yes, the sinner is here.

The sinner is one who sins, and where is the man who sinneth not? "Sin is any want of conformity unto, or transgression of, the law of God." Here is the perpendicular of truth, the straight line of rectitude, and sin is anything that is not in line with that. You go down to the store to make a purchase, and you had better not be too particular, for right before your eyes you may find, if you want to find, more or less of crookedness. You go to the door tomorrow morning, and there are people in from the country so early with berries, and you know they were picked on the Sabbath. A beggar comes to beg, and tells you a story that you know not to be true. You are here to worship God, the God of truth, the God who hates all lying and deception and wrong, and all last week you were doing wrong. Sin, sin, the world is full of it, and the church is full of it. Sinners in our fields, sinners in our stores; sinners in the kitchen sinners in the parlor; sinners in the pews there, and the greatest sinner of all in the pulpit.

Now, O sinner, I have a message from God unto thee. Here it is. It is what God says, and it is true. Let me read it to you. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Prepare, then, O sinner, for thou shalt die. Here are thy lies, the crooked things thou hast done, the wrongs thou hast committed, thy deceptions, thy drunkenness, thy lust, evil thoughts, impure desires, neglected duties, want of faith, profanity, insincerity, hypocrisy. But why go on? Thy iniquities are innumerable; they are legion. How then art thou to stand before thy God? Thou hast not a word to say why justice should not be executed against thee, why the sword of righteous retribution should not be sheathed, and left more in thy wicked heart. If Eglon had to die because he was a sinner, a cruel oppressor, the enemy of God and his people, the invader of their homes, is there not the same reason why you should die? And so the sword may be lingering in your case, but it is coming in some hand or other, some shape or form, and when it comes, it will sweep you from your place, your church pew, your privileges, your honors, and there

(Concluded on fourth page.)



CLIFTON HOUSE.

74 PRINCESS & 143 GERMAIN STS.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS - Prop.

GEO. A. BARKER,

APOTHECARY

DEALER IN

Pure Drugs and Chemicals, Perfumery, Soaps, Brushes, etc.,

35 KING STREET,

ST. JOHN, - N. B.

IRON, WHITE LEAF

—AND—

IRON PIPE.

To arrive Per Steam Ship direct from Liverpool and London to St. John.

40 TONS

Bar and Bundle Iron Crown Best Refined, well assorted to arrive in May.

4 TONS

Brandram Bros. White Lead and colored paints, strictly pure and guaranteed genuine to arrive in May.

6100 FEET

Wrought Iron water pipe usual sizes for city purposes, same time.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

SILK HATS.

SPRING STYLES, 1886.

C. & E. EVERETT, HATTERS

11 KING STREET, ST. JOHN,
have already on hand the largest supply of
Silk, Hard and Soft Hats, Straw Hat
Caps and Glangarries,
to be found in the Maritime Provinces.]

C. & E. EVERETT,

4-2 11 KING STREET ST. JOHN.

OUR JOSHUA AS A REPORTER.

BY BROTHER JONATHAN.

—PRICE 25 CENTS.—

One of the interesting and instructive books of the times. Received the highest commendation from the Press of Canada and the United States. A humorous work showing the trials inherent to a newspaper office.

ADDRESS. HERMAN H. PITTS.

Fredericton, N. B.