

# SONS OF TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

## Tracts and Leaflets

Prepared especially for the Temperance Literature Committees of the various Grand Divisions and Subordinate Divisions.

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HERMAN H. PITTS, P. G. W. A.

Proprietor Temperance Journal. - - - Fredericton, N. B.

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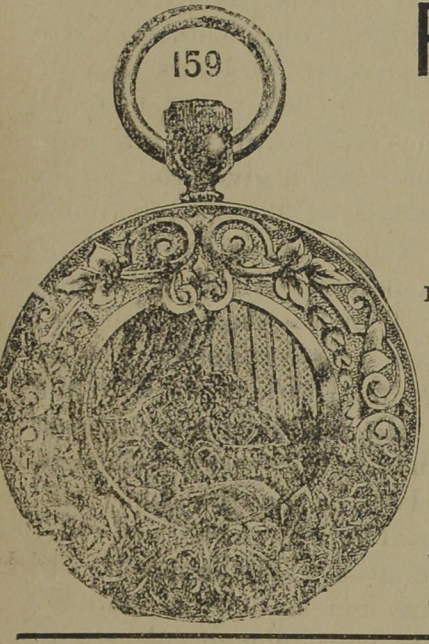
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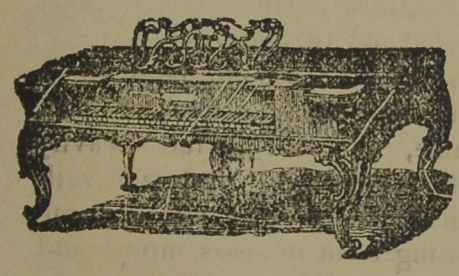
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they had been living. It is right-about-face with them. The drunkard gives up his drinking, and learns to be a sober man. The man of impure habits and obscene and filthy words, grows to be pure. The giddy fool becomes serious and earnest. The man you could not believe and trust, who would lie and cheat and steal every chance he had, can now be depended on, and wants to do only the right. The irreligious man, the man who feared not God, who never went to church, whose mouth was full of blasphemies and profanity, and who scoffed at religion and slandered the people of God, now fears the name of the Lord, and is found in his place in the House of God, and loves and companions with those who bear the christian name.

It must be admitted that the christian life as we have it lived among us falls far short of the mark. What is, and what should be, are widely different attainments. None realizes it more than the christian himself. Now it is what should be rather than what is the Apostle sets before us here: "Teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world."

The world as it is around you, my hearer, with its companionships and friendships allied to evil, with its pleasures and follies obtruding themselves upon you, with its influences and temptations and snares in waiting to entrap you, is a hard place to be a christian in. You have the idea perhaps if you were in different circumstances you could be a christian; you could live soberly, righteously, godly. But you do not see how you can be a christian as it is with you and where you are;—behind the counter where you have to do business, at work with men whose every other word is an oath and whose special delight is in scoffing at religion, and in a state of society such as that you have to live and move in. And indeed it may be hard. But it can be done. It could be done yonder in Crete in the first century, and it ought to be easier to do it here in christian New Branswick in the nineteenth century.

And it is not so hard to be a christian, and one too of the right stamp, as you think. I say, of the right stamp. It is easier to be a christian of the right stamp than to be a so-so one such as we have among us. You do not need to go out of business to be a christian. You can buy and sell, and be a christian. You cannot indeed lie and cheat and be one; but lying and cheating are not essential, never essential, to legitimate and successful business. You do not need to go out of society, to keep away from men who swear and scoff, to be a christian. No; you can live a life that is a silent earnest protest against all evil, and such a life will not be without its influence for good. It will tell, and the scoffer will be rebuked, and, it may be, won. Instead therefore of our not being able to be christians where we are, it is just where we are we can be christians, and it is just where we are we are wanted as christians. We have this that others had to help them through: "My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in weakness."

I do not say, we will not make mistakes. I do not say, we will come up to the ideal christian life at once. We will not be like other christians, if we will be all we should be. Peter was a noble specimen of a christian, but he was very far from being all he should be as a christian. And so with others. There are careful cautious-living sort of men, who never seem to make any mistakes, never say a wrong word, never make a blunder in grammar nor in morals nor in anything else, but then they are utterly useless men, they do no good. And then there are others whose enthusiasm and zeal and impulsiveness sweep them right off their feet every now and again; but they are up and at it again, and blundering fools though they are, they are the christians who are doing so much for the world's present good. Let us be christians, and let us be such christians as we can be. We may be a long way short of the straight-laced Pharisaic type of christian, but we may be the man for the place, the christian for the day. The day needs us. The present state of society needs our influence, our work, our best efforts. It would be a grand thing perhaps to have better christians than we have, but it is better surely to have such as we have than none at all.

And then, a word or two further, on the hope set before the christian in the gospel. "Looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ."

What you are as a christian, my hearer, and what others are as christians, may not be very encouraging and satisfactory, and the good that the gospel has done hitherto may be rather disappointing than otherwise; still, there is this about it, that a future is opening up before your own life, and the world you live and labor for, that will not disappoint, that will satisfy and crown your utmost wish. The mighty Christ is to come again, to come not as the Child of Bethlehem, as the weak son of man; but as the great God and Saviour, the hosts of Heaven at His back, and then the world will own Him, and the gospel will

be triumphant. Blessed hope! let us cherish it; let us realize it.

Now, the way to all this is to accept the gospel. The gospel is nothing to us if we do not accept it. It is fitted to do so much for us, to do so much for the life we are living, to do so much for our present and to do still more for our future, to do so much for society, to do so much for the world. But if it is going to do anything at all, we must accept it. You find fault perhaps that the gospel has accomplished so little of good, that its influence today in the world is so little felt. And yet the reason for it is, that you and I have not accepted it. We are thus standing in the way of our own good, and we are standing in the way of the gospel's power and progress, and the world's good. Let us no longer do this, but let us accept it for ourselves, and take hold with others to work out its world-saving results, and it will be found to be a grand success.

AMEN.

### Rally to the Fight.

The hosts of God are moving on,  
Preparing for the fight,  
And angels join the gathering throng  
That battle for the right.  
The battle is the Lord's not man's,  
The devil is the foe,  
He keen the situation scans  
And summons hell below;  
Swift the powers of evil rush  
With curse, and malice deep,  
To strive Almighty power to crush,  
Their wicked hold to keep.  
Oh! Christians rally to the fight,  
Gird all your armour on,  
Be steadfast, true, nor turn to flight,  
You're sure to overcome.  
With hand, and heart, with soul and mind,  
To battle for the Lord,  
And help and courage you shall find  
In serving well your God.  
You cannot lag nor stay behind  
Inactive in this fray,  
You must unite with earnest mind  
For strength and guidance pray.  
"Down with the foe," let the watchword be,  
For this we aim, and strive,  
And Father, up we look to Thee,  
And from Thee power derive.  
Let "Salvation" be our triumph song,  
The world to save from sin,  
That many turned from guilt and wrong,  
May safe be garnered in.  
"Oh! glorious thought, Oh! blessed aim,  
To help from death a soul reclaim!  
And now through heaven thy joyful sing  
A soul is saved, from death and sin.

### A BRAVE LITTLE WIFE.

A mild-eyed little Austrian and his gypsy-faced wife, who was attired somewhat prismatically, were called before the emigration commissioners of New York, recently, to give an account of themselves. They arrived from Hamburg the other day without a cent to start life with in the new world. But the little man had a trade (glazing), and what was more important, a very energetic partner.

What are you going to do if we let you in? asked President Ridgway.

Work at my trade, said the glazier through Interpreter Silverstein.

Suppose you can't find work, what then?

The glazier's mild eyes assumed a puzzled expression, and he turned appealingly to his bright-eyed wife. She became voluble right away.

Oh, she said, he will get work. I will help him to find it. And if he doesn't get it, I will. I am a seamstress. Never fear, we will find work.

But suppose neither of you should find work, how are you going to get along?

God will help us, then.

But, said Commissioner Wylie laughingly, He has no office here.

Ah, said the woman, with a triumphant smile, He is everywhere.

You couldn't prevent that woman from getting along, President Ridgway remarked, admiringly.

The commissioners decided to postpone decision on the case of the glazier and his confident helpmeet until the Austrian consul sees them.

Few people know that the government issues a stamp of the denomination of \$60. Such stamps are used on second-class mail matter, and are rarely seen by the general public.

Melon sandwiches are made with a slice of well-frozen ice cream, cut from a brick mold and placed between thin slices of watermelon. On a yellow or white porcelain plate the effect is pleasing.

The price of rubies and emeralds is yearly increasing. Diamonds and white pearls are not getting dearer. Black pearls have been increasing steadily in price for the last four years—in fact, it is almost impossible to supply the demand for them.

The water from a new artesian well at Indianapolis produces new crops of hair and turns gray beards black.

### "I'M LIKE MY FATHER."

The Foolishness of Persons Who Live Under an Ancestral Shadow.

"I'm just like my father; I shall die young."

The speaker was playing the arrant fool, and I told him so, writes Harkley Harker in the New York Weekly. He was a bit ailing, had been for some months off color. I called on him in his sick-room and found him much depressed. He had the notion that he had inherited "a short-lived constitution," whatever that may be. The life insurance people had asked him, in their curious catechism, whether he resembled his father or his mother the more strongly, and if either, which. This was a revelation to him; he had never thought of it before. He concluded that he resembled his father, who had died at thirty years of age. My friend is already forty-six. His physician assured both his wife and me that nothing gravely threatening was the matter with him. We found—his devoted wife and I—that his father had died of fever contracted on the Isthmus. But it is no use; the poor dunce has the notion that he is to fade away "like his father." Of course this is nervous fatigue, nothing more nor less; it is incipient nervous prostration. But the item of heredity in the case presents a common delusion.

People presume on longevity as well, because they "come of a long-lived family." Singularly, a gentleman boasted this other extreme to me the week before last. He was quite sure of advanced age, "because his father, grandfather, and away back all his ancestry were long-livers." And yet as I write, that very gentleman is dead.

I am certain that both hope and fear are inspired, without reason and against reason, by the popular notion. It may be true that longevity or short life is inherited; but the trace is so feeble that in the battle of life it is not worth either expecting or dreading. If you get such a notion into your head it is a fatuous demon. Your father, for instance, died at sixty years of age. You will dread the epoch. You will erect a stone wall of fatalism for yourself right there. Unconsciously to yourself you will continually be calculating upon it with apprehension. You will not talk about it, even to your wife, till you have approached your fifty-eighth year; then, as you get a trifle worn, and perhaps sick, some day, you will let out your fear. It will torture your loved ones; it will baffle your physicians as they wonder what can ail you, and you are ashamed to tell them. It will actually cripple your nervous force, subtract from your stock of vitality; and there is little doubt that the pure, unmixed foolishness may hasten your death. Your father will have had nothing to do with your death; but you may hasten your own death by psychic depletion. There is far more evidence that men do actually cause their own premature death by apprehension than that a hereditary limit causes it.

To presume that you inherit the longevity of a grandfather who lived to four-score is even more absurd. It may not have been vitality with the old gentleman at all. He may have had a more powerful organism than ordinary men. But a quiet, uneventful life, exceptionally free from any heavy strain, may have kept his heart throbbing so long. If you are hard pushed and over-doing; if you solace your alarm by referring your guilty mind back to the shadowy grandfire rather than taking wholesome rest, the probabilities are that you will snap your mainspring before you know it. The theory will make one more victim, and you are the man. Theory is one thing, but facts are better. Quite likely your grandmother will tell you that you look and act older at forty-five than her husband did at sixty. You live in a more exciting and exacting age. You are a city man; he was a country man. You like fancy dishes; he homely food. You sleep mornings; he nights. You are fretted by money, as by politics; he was fretted by nothing worse than an unruly ox or a shower on his new-mown hay. You are housed in a shop, or factory, or office, with the revitalized air of modern furnace heat; he, this noble octogenarian, lived among mountains, or breathed the breath of the wide, wide sea. Do not presume on the venerable fellows that went before you; there is a temptation and a snare in it every time.

Every man must sail his own ship. In the name of the kind Creator, do not think you are going to cough your life away because "consumption is hereditary in our family." Facts show that the decided majority of victims of this terrible malady are the original cases; no taint can be discovered in ancestry. Think of it! The majority of consumptives, I reassert, are the first cases in the family. I have it on good authority in pulmonary maladies that decidedly the vast majority of the offspring of consumptives finally die of other diseases. It is not to be denied that there is a law of heredity in disease. But the children predisposed to consumption, for instance, being forewarned, are forearmed to caution; taking excellent care of themselves they outlast their more thoughtless neighbors. Probably over eighty per cent. of the insane are original cases; that is, in neither branch of the family, within three generations, can be found an insane ancestor. I will not attempt figures, but medical authority tells us that disease of the heart, the liver, the kidney is almost always original.

Reader, live under no ancestral shadow. Live in your own sunshine. A merciful Creator has given us each our day. The dead can neither hinder nor help us much. We have our chance. Each life is unique in its own individual beauty or deformity. It is my father's good example, which, admiring, I purposely copy, which benefits me. It is the heritage of his worthy name that helps me, more than blood or gold. It is the subtle copying of his virtues or vices that no doubt is a powerful impulse. To be like my father in character is quite possible; but even this I must seek after with resolute purpose. The bugbear of hereditary brief life is too shocking; is a cruel fetish of quasi-science that I would be glad to drive out of the home of many a sufferer. There is, however, this curious discovery that I have made: Many people seem to actually regard such respect for their hereditary bent in the nature of filial piety. They think it sacrilegious to die of any but an inherited malady. They insist on it.

### Fine Collection of Pearls.

The finest private collection of pearls in France belong to Mlle. Dosne, sister-in-law of Thiers. It is valued at 1,500,000 francs. Mme. Thiers, her sister, shortly before her death, gave to the State a pearl necklace worth 100,000 francs. This necklace is now in the Thiers Museum in the Louvre. The Duchess d'Uzes, who, after Mlle. Dosne, has the finest jewels of all French women, possesses a diamond necklace valued at 1,200,000 francs. Mme. Henry Say has a necklace of white and black pearls worth 400,000 francs.