



MOST WORTHY SCRIBE,
BENJ. R. JEWELL.

BIND WORDS

FOR THE

"JOURNAL."

"Likes the Journal."

M. D. DeVeber, Gagetown, N. B., writes: "I like the TEMPERANCE JOURNAL very much and hope that it will be largely patronized by the Order."

Would be a Great Help to us.

C. P. Smith, G. W. P., Ohio, writes: "I will be glad to do all I can to assist you in this State, for I think it would be a great help to us."

From the Most Worthy Scribe.

M. W. S. Benj. R. Jewell, writes: "I like your paper very much and I am glad to know that it is being introduced into many of our jurisdictions."

Read With Interest.

Chas. W. Dambacher, P. G. S., of Conn., writes: "Have received several copies of the JOURNAL which I have read with interest. Will recommend the paper at the next session of the Grand Division."

A Practical Letter.

P. M. W. P., Eugene H. Clapp, Boston, writes: "I enclose you check for \$5 towards my subscription and to help on the work of the JOURNAL. This check is in lieu of personal work."

Perused with Satisfaction.

H. F. Smart, G. S., New Hampshire, writes: "Your very excellent paper has been received and perused with satisfaction * * I shall urge members of our G. D. to interest themselves in your publication. Any reports you desire I shall be pleased to supply."

Deeply Interested in its Success.

Letter from THOS. WEBSTER, G. W. P., ONTARIO: "I have watched with great interest your efforts to furnish the Order with an organ, but have feared that it would soon have to go the way of its predecessors. Your idea to establish a paper which will cover our National Division jurisdiction is a good one and the project should be encouraged and receive the hearty support of the members * * * I am much pleased with the JOURNAL and it should succeed. Personally I feel deeply interested in its success and hope that some scheme may be adopted to ensure its publication as the organ of our National Division."

THOS. WEBSTER, G. W. P., Brantford, Ont.

Appreciated our Efforts.

Extract from letter from W. H. Stevens, P. W. P., New Brunswick: "Though I am neither a Grand Officer or influential member of the Order, I write to express my appreciation of your efforts to improve

the JOURNAL and to make it not only more interesting but also more fully an organ of the Order. I trust the course of the JOURNAL, as of the Order, may be upward and onward, till our country shall be freed from the curse of strong drink.

Very Truly Yours,
W. H. STEVENS.
St. Stephen, N. B.

"Sent Five Names for the Journal."

M. D. Forest, G. S., Illinois, writes: "I send you five names for the JOURNAL. It is not much but it is an entering wedge, a small beginning, and by hammering away we will soon succeed in swelling the list. I think your paper a very good one and take pleasure and profit in reading it."

"Much Pleased with the Journal."

Extract from letter of A. G. VanAken, G. W. P., New Jersey: "I have been much pleased with your paper and will very gladly send some notes if of any interest to your readers, but can only do so irregularly."

Fraternally Yours,
A. G. VANAKEN.
New Brunswick, N. J.

"Liked by all the Members."

Extract from W. H. Fletcher Maine: "The JOURNAL is very much liked by all the members of the Division. There is a grand rush for it every Wednesday evening. Quite a number of our members have subscribed for it, so they have it in their homes."

Fraternally Yours,
W. H. FLETCHER.
Bar Harbour, Me.

Would Remove the Feeling of Isolation

From report of Grand Scribe Bewell, Ontario: "I have been for some time in receipt of a copy of the TEMPERANCE JOURNAL. The editor is Bro H. H. Pitts, P. G. W. A. of the G. D. of N. B. It is a live, bright, well edited, eight-page paper, thoroughly devoted to the interests of our Order and to National Prohibition * * It publishes Ontario news with promptness. I doubt not that its general circulation amongst our members would prove an advantage to our Order and largely help to remove the feeling of isolation and indifference that seems to be prevalent in some Divisions and among some of our members. (Ontario, Annual Report, '88, Pg. 32.)"

Wants the Light Shed Abroad.

Extract from letter of Geo. P. Bliss, G. W. P., Manitoba and N. W. T. "Why can't we have a paper to go to all our members, as other Orders have? We are the old and reliable Order of this great army and some channel should be open for us to talk to each other on the advancement, and general management of our forces. The Order will find a great improvement wherever they have an official newspaper circulated. Very nearly every Order has its own paper and well sustained, surely we are not going to remain in darkness much longer."

Fraternally,
GEO. P. BLISS, G. W. P.
Winnipeg, Man.

Our Pulpit.

Practical Religion.

SERMON PREACHED BY
REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church, Fredericton, Sunday morning June 9th. 1889.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."—JAMES 1. 27.

There is some considerable difference of opinion among authorities as to the author of the epistle of James. He was probably the James who is sometimes called the Lord's brother, and who for some twenty years was pastor of the christian church at Jerusalem. He seems to have been a man of eminence among the early christians, one who was looked up to and revered for his singular piety. His knees were said to have been hard and horny, like a camel's, with his much kneeling in prayer. In appearance he is said to have been tall and dignified, with a long flowing beard falling down over his breast. He dressed in white linen, lived on a purely vegetable diet, and never tasted wine. In old age he was cruelly put to death for the precious truth he preached, having been thrown down from a pinnacle of the temple, and afterwards clubbed.

He begins his epistle by calling himself the slave of the Lord, not His brother. Brought up in the house where Jesus was brought up, he was still a stranger to Him, and joined with others in denouncing Him; but afterwards he came to know Him, and devoted himself to His holy service, and wielded an immense influence for good as pastor of the christian church at Jerusalem.

His teaching is intensely practical. He wants to know the utility of a thing, the practical good it is, before he endorses it. Theories, words, pretensions, professions, assumptions, do not go far with the practical James. He is soon asking what it means, of what use it is.

Men have much to say often about their faith, and especially men who have very little faith. They believe this and that and the other thing. And so strong is their faith, they think. Well, some one who has a great deal to say about his faith goes to the practical James, and he is blowing away about what he believes, and how much he believes, and what his faith is doing for him. But the apostle can see through and through him, and has no faith in either him or his faith, and tells him so in words that sting: "Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well; the devils also believe, and tremble. But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?"

And then another pretends to be so very religious in his way of it. He is loud in his professions, bold in his pretensions. He makes long prayers, and puts on the long face. But his religion is a sham. It is wanting of sincerity, heart, and himself is a glib-tongued hypocrite. Of such a man James says: "If any man among you seem to be religious, and brideth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain."

And he goes on to tell us what religion is. It is a thing not of words, but of deeds, practical benevolence. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

I. THE NAME OF RELIGION

All is not religion that goes by the name of religion. Religion of a sort is by no means a rare thing in the world. It is one of the commonest things there is. Almost every one has more or less of it. The savage has his god he worships. He has what he calls his religion, and he is often savagely earnest in doing what he believes to be his duty. Go to a man, almost any man, civilized or savage, and a strange character he will be indeed who has not a religion he holds to. You will find people in this city and round about, I doubt not, who have not been inside of a church for perhaps twenty years, and keep up no worship of any kind, and yet they will tell you they are Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, and if you venture to say anything disrespectful of the congregation they claim connection with and the religion they believe in, their zeal will fire up at once, and they will be ready to argue with you points of doctrine, and fight it out to the bitter end.

A great many are peculiarly sensitive on the subject of religion, and it would seem sometimes as if the less religion a man had about him the more sensitive he was. At all events, I have noticed, that when there was any fighting to be done for religion, any denominational war to be waged, a doctrinal controversy or some trouble in the church brewing, how quickly some of those people you cannot tell what they are religiously turn up, and show a wondrous

zeal for this or that side.

I see by the papers that a Mr. Watts, a secularist of some pretensions, is to visit St. John on a lecturing tour; and to boom things a little bit for him, it was proposed by certain over-zealous christian people to get up a public discussion. But the ministers of St. John very wisely said: "No; the best reception to accord him is to let him severely alone." Some people are just itching for a controversy, and they feel sore, disappointed, because ministers will not throw off their coats, and roll up their sleeves, and get up a regular pugilistic exhibition for their delectation at ten cents ahead, the gate receipts to be divided between the hardest hitters. True servants of God have something else to do than spar with every non-descript who happens along and attacks religion. But there will be those who will go and pay their dimes to hear him rail against the church, and hector the faithful, and tear up the good old Book, and demolish in his way of it the faith we strongly hold to. Poor fools! they will have their itching ears tickled for a little while, and that will please them, whether indeed it profits them.

Others again assume a devout appearance. They wear a long face, seldom smile, fast oft, are punctilious in the performance of certain duties, multiply services and ceremonies, and make a great ado about the when and where and how a thing should be done. Religion with such consists largely in church-services, rites and ceremonies, rounds of duty, forms of worship.

Then others, still, think that thoughts and feelings, views and opinions, orthodoxy, irrespective of the life one lives, are all we need to be religious. They will tell you what they believe, how they feel, and what their peculiar views and opinions on this and that are. They are all the time studying themselves, watching their own spiritual temperature, contemplating their own supposed excellences. Because they believe so, feel so, hold such and such ideas about God and the Bible and the church and their duty, they think they have religion.

It is indeed surprising how many peculiarities and oddities and eccentricities of character pass for religion with some people. A man gets a notion into his head as to his duty. It is nothing but a whim, but he is in earnest about it, and he calls it religion. An adventurist in a crazy spiritual mood sacrifices his child, and is sure he is doing what he ought to do. Another man goes to Utah, and marries a dozen wives, and thinks he is honoring God. The Swedenborgian has his fantastic dreams, and calls them spiritual revelations, and fools himself and others.

Now, not every notion that a man chooses to adopt is religion. Only that is religion that is so before God. Men may impose upon themselves and others. But God looks into the heart and life, and nothing is religion but what He calls religion. There is a real religion, a religion pure and undefiled, a religion unmingled with the vile adulterations of human notions and the defilements of the world, a religion that God calls religion. It has its seat in the heart, but it reveals itself in the life. It gushes forth in streams of christian benevolence, sympathy, love, helpfulness, and while being in the world, it is not of it.

II. RELIGION PRACTICAL BENEVOLENCE

True religion is practical. It goes out like an angel of mercy visiting the sick, comforting widows, helping the orphaned, relieving the wants of the poor. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction."

Practical benevolence is the best test of religion. The good James does not here say one word about going to church. He does elsewhere in his Epistle, and in another connection, but not here. He says nothing about prayer or profession, and so on, and we lay much stress on these things in our ideas of religion. Now, does he not believe in church-going, and prayer, and profession? Yes. But church-going is what every one does who makes any pretensions to religion, and not even profession is much of a test. People go to church to-day, as in James' time, being tingly, and bejewelled, and dressed so fine, but utterly destitute of love and pity towards their poor brethren.

James draws a picture of one of the big folks of his day at church. You can see him as he comes stepping so consequentially and pompously down the aisle, with a jewelled ring on his finger, and a splendid robe thrown over his shoulders. What a look of withering scorn he gives the working-man who has strayed into his pew! He kicks a dusty footstool to him and tells him to sit down on that. Or perhaps he turns him out into the aisle to stand or go home, just as he has a mind to. That is the way they used to do in the christian church of Jerusalem when James was pastor of it. Ah! they were not much better than we are.

And there may be precious little real religion in our church-going. Men go to church, but they are as proud, and over-bearing, and self-important, and selfish, as they can well be. They seem to say, and they sometimes say it:

"Stand aside, ye poor; ye widows and orphans. You do nothing to support the church. Were it not for what I give there would be no church. Out of the way, I say, and let me along!"

Our churches, I regret, are too full of that kind of religion. But it is not the religion James commends here as pure and undefiled. The churches are not just where to go to look for the true religion. In the pew you cannot tell a christian from a worldly, a saint from a sinner, a wise man from a fool, they all look so much alike and so good. So the practical James takes us away from the church to a dark back alley where the widows and fatherless live, and he invites attention to an angel of mercy with a basket on her arm visiting the wretched poor. See her going down into the dark damp cellars, and up rickety stairs to dingy garrets, and with words of kindness, and hands of mercy, and deeds of charity, comforting, and befriending, and cheering, and sympathizing with, and relieving, and helping the needy and desolate and sinful and sad! There is a real christian lady for you! She is not afraid of catching some terrible disease at the bedsides of the poor, nor being ill-treated and insulted by the roughs at the street-corners. The love of Jesus, like a halo of glory, enshrouds her, and she walks the darkest and wickedest streets safely.

Perhaps some of you may have heard of Miss Chalmers and her work among the drunkards and wicked poor of the city of Glasgow. I saw some notice of her recently, I am not sure but that it was of her death, for she is now up in years if not dead. She is the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers. Glasgow has about as many roughs as most cities, and yet, it is said, that good quiet christian lady can go about anywhere on her missions of mercy, and she is perfectly safe. Woe to the hand that would be lifted to harm her, or the tongue that would speak ill of her! Glasgow's roughs and drunkards believe in her, and some of them would give every drop of blood in their veins to defend her. She is no lecturer or lady preacher travelling over the world, and noising abroad the work she is doing. She does a christian woman's work at her own door for the love of Christ, and it is only now and again we see little notices in the corners of the religious press of her good work.

And every city and town and country place have their christian women who quietly go about and do the good they can find to do and say nothing about it. They comfort the broken-hearted, befriend the widow and orphan, help the needy, counsel the thoughtless and erring, and lift up the fallen ones. The world needs workers more than talkers. The back streets and dark closes, the cellars and garrets, need visiting and working among. They need the mission of the needle and the scrubbing-brush. It is practical benevolence that is everywhere so much needed, the benevolence that makes the objects of it better, lifts the poor and wicked out of their sin and dirt and starts them out to live the higher life, and be something more than they ever can be where they are.

Now, that is the kind of work true religion is doing in the world. It is trying to make the world better and happier by helping men to help themselves, to put them in a position to work out their own salvation. And that is the only true way to help men. Men must do for themselves, if there is to be any good for them here or hereafter. Ordinary charity only pauperizes, degrades, unnerves, destroys; real religion saves, elevates, blesses, crowns.

The most of us profess to have more or less religion. But what good for the world is our religion doing? The Christian religion is a useful thing. It makes those who have it friends of the poor, helpers of the helpless, visitors of the fatherless and widows. You expect to be visited perhaps, not to visit; to be helped, not to help. A great many church-members need special looking after, else they will not do much good.

Now, the sooner we come to feel and see, that wherever there is the religion of Jesus, there will be a trying to do good to others, not simply the receiving of the good that others do, the better for us, and the better for the church we are members of. I ask who the blessed ones are yonder on the Great Judge's right! Oh it is grand to be where they are! How they shine! How blessed! But we want to know who they are, and whence they came? Are they useless church-members?—people who have everything done for them, and do nothing for themselves nor any one else? No; I see not one of that class there, not a drone, not a cumberer of the ground, not a fruitless branch, not a good-for-nothing; no, not one. They fed the hungry, gave drink to the thirsty, befriended the stranger, clothed the naked, visited the sick, relieved the distressed, did all the good they could.

Ah! I fear, my brethren, a good many of us have no right idea what the religion of Jesus is. So little good have we ever done, or tried to do. Where is the poor soul we have been instrumental in saving? Where is the widow, whom, in her sore bereavement, we tried to comfort? And what have we done at any time for the fatherless and mother-

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