

THE TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

THE ORGAN OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF AMERICA.

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1888.

The Temperance Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

A limited number of advertisements taken at 10 cents per line, minimum measure, 5 cents for each subsequent insertion. Special rates given for yearly advertisements. All communications to be addressed to HERMAN H. PITTS, Editor & Proprietor, Fredericton, N. B.

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Our Poetry.

"Papa's Boy."

BY BURT ARNOLD.

Around the house from morn till night,
A merry child doth roam;
His voice is sweet, his spirits light,
The blessing of my home.
His mother's passed to realms above,
Where all is peace and joy,
The child alone is left to love:
He now is "Papa's Boy."

His bright blue eyes and golden hair
Are never out of sight;
He's mounted now upon my chair,
And asking, "Papa, wait!"
He's placed his little cheek 'gainst mine,
Is showing me a toy;
Alas! how can I wear a line?
He says: "Waite, Papa's Boy."

At eve he nestles in my lap,
While shadows gather round;
And there enjoys his little nap,
Till tea-bell makes its sound;
Then—half awake and half asleep,
With glance so sweetly coy,
He rubs his eyes—scarcely a peep—
And murmurs: "Papa's Boy."

Off on the morn, I lie and doze,
Build castles in the air,
Think what I'd do, were I to lose
The cherub sleeping there.
The least faint stir that I can make,
He hails with infant joy;
Puts out his arms for me to take,
And, "Kishlay Papa's Boy."

To Tell the Age of a Horse.

To tell the age of any horse,
Inspect the lower jaw, of course,
The six front teeth the tale will tell,
And every doubt and fear dispel.

Two middle "nippers" you behold,
Before the colt is two years old,
Before eight weeks two more will come;
Eight months, the "corners" cut the gum.

The outside grooves will disappear
From middle two in just one year.
In two years, from the second pair;
In three, the corners too, are bare.

At two the middle "nippers" drop.
At three the second pair can't stop.
When four years old, the third pair goes,
At five a full new set he shows.

The deep black spots will pass from view
At six years from the middle two;
The second pair at seven years;
At eight the spot each "corner" clears.

From middle "nippers" upper jaw,
At nine, the black spots will withdraw,
The second pair at ten are white;
Eleven finds the "corners" light.

As time goes on, the horsemen know
The oval teeth three-sided grow,
They longer get, project before,
Till twenty when we know no more.

—Rural Stockman.

A nice accessory to a closet without drawers, suitable for laying in a nice dress, is to make one or more bags to cover a nice dress, and thus protect it from dust. These bags are made longer than the dress skirt and button up and are hung up by loops.

Our Pulpit.

LITTLE THINGS.

"Too Much Ado About Small Things" was the subject of Rev. T De Witt Talmage's last sermon at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. His text was "Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel," Matthew xxiii, 24. The eloquent preacher said:

A proverb is compact wisdom, knowledge in chunks, a library in a sentence, the electricity of many clouds discharged in one bolt, a river put through a mill race. When Christ quotes the proverb of the text, He means to set forth the ludicrous behavior of those who make a great bluster about small sins and have no appreciation of great ones.

In my text a small insect and a large quadruped are brought into comparison—a gnat and camel. You have in museum or on the desert seen the latter, a great, awkward, sprawling creature, with back two stories high, and stomach having a collection of reservoirs for desert travel, an animal forbidden to the Jews as food, and in many literatures entitled 'the ship of the desert.' The gnat spoken of in the text is in the grub form. It is born in pool or pond, after a few weeks becomes a chrysalis, and then after a few days becomes a gnat as we recognize it. But the insect spoken of in the text is in its very smallest shape, and it yet inhabits the water—for my text is a misprint and ought to read, strain out a gnat.

My text shows you the prince of inconsistencies. A man, after long observation, has formed the suspicion that in a cup of water he is about to drink there is a grub, or the grandparent of a gnat. He goes and gets a sieve or strainer. He takes the water and pours it through the sieve in the light. He says, 'I would rather do anything almost than drink this water until this larva be extirpated. This water is brought under inspection. The experiment is successful. The water rushes through the sieve and leaves against the side of the sieve the grub or gnat. Then the man carefully removes the insect and drinks the water in placidity. But going out one day, and hungry, he devours a 'ship of the desert,' the camel, which the Jews were forbidden to eat. The gastronomer has no compunctions of conscience. He suffers from no indigestion. He puts the lower jaw under the camel's forefoot, and his upper jaw over the hump of the camel's back, and gives one swallow and the dromedary disappears forever. He strained out a gnat, he swallowed a camel.

While Christ's audience were yet smiling at the appositeness and wit of His illustration—for smile they did in church, unless they were too stupid to understand the hyperbole—Christ practically said to them, That is you. Punctilious about small things; reckless about affairs of great magnitude. No subject ever withered under a surgeon's knife more bitterly than did the Pharisee's under Christ's scalpel of truth. As an anatomist will take a human body to pieces and put them under a microscope for examination, so Christ finds His way to the heart of the dead Pharisee and cuts it out and puts it under the glass of inspection for all generations to examine. Those Pharisees thought that Christ would flatter them and compliment them, and how they must have withered under the red-hot words as he said, "Ye fools, ye whitened sepulchres, ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

There are in our day a great many gnats strained out and a great many camels swallowed, and it is the object of this sermon to sketch a few persons who are extensively engaged in that business. First, I remark, that all those ministers of the gospel are photographed in the text who are very scrupulous about the conventionalities of religion, but put no particular stress upon matters of vast importance. Church services ought to be grave and solemn. There is no room for frivolity in religious convocations. But there are illustrations and there are hyperboles like that of Christ in the text that will irradiate with smiles any intelligent auditory. There are men like those blind guides of the text who advocate only those things in religious service which draw the corners of the mouth down, and denounce all those things which have a tendency to draw the corners of the mouth up, and these men will go to installations and to presbyteries, and to conferences, and to associations, their pockets full of fine sieves to strain out the gnats, while in their own churches at home every Sunday there are fifty people sound asleep. They make their churches a great dormitory, and their somniferous sermons are a cradle, and the drawled-out hymns a lullaby, while some wretched soul in a pew with her fan keeps the flies off unconscious persons approximate. Now, I say it is worse

to sleep in church than to smile in church, for the latter implies at least attention, while the former implies the indifference of the hearers and the stupidity of the speaker. In old age, or from physical infirmity, or from long watching with the sick, drowsiness will sometimes overpower one, but when a minister of the gospel, looks upon an audience during the service and finds healthy and intelligent people struggling with drowsiness it is time for him to give out the doxology or pronounce the benediction. The great fault of church services to-day is not too much vivacity but too much somnolence. The one is an irritating gnat that may be easily strained out; the other is a great, sprawling and sleepy-eyed camel of the dry desert. In all our Sabbath-schools, in all our Bible classes, in all pulpits, we need to brighten up our religious message with such Christ-like vivacity as we find in the text.

Again: My subject photographs all those who are abhorrent of small sins while they are reckless in regard to magnificent thefts. You will find many a merchant, who, while he is so careful that he would not take a yard of cloth or a spool of cotton from the counter without paying for it, and who if a bank cashier should make a mistake and send in a roll of bills five dollars too much would dispatch a messenger in hot haste to return the surplus, yet who will go into a stock company in which after a while he gets control of the stock, and then waters the stock and makes one hundred thousand dollars appear like two hundred thousand dollars. He only stole one hundred thousand dollars by the operation. Many of the men of fortune made their wealth in that way. One of those men, engaged in such unrighteous acts, that evening of the very day when he watered the stock, will find a wharf rat stealing a newspaper from the basement doorway, and will go out and catch the urchin by the collar, and twist the collar so tightly the poor fellow can not say that it was thrust for knowledge that led him to the dishonest act, but grip the collar tighter and tighter saying, 'I have been looking for you a long while; you stole my paper four or five times, haven't you? You miserable wretch.' And then the old stock gambler, with a voice they can hear three blocks, will cry out, 'Police, police!' That same man, the evening of the day in which he watered the stock, will kneel with his family in prayer and thank God for his prosperity of the day, then kiss his children good night with an air which seems to say 'I hope you will all grow up to be as good as your father.' Prisons for sins insensible in size, but palaces for crimes dromedarian. No mercy for sins amaleuc in proportion, but great leniency for mastodon iniquity. A poor, silly boy takes from the basket of a market woman a choke pear, saving some one else from the cholera, and you smother him in the horrible atmosphere of Raymond street jail or New York Tombs, while his cousin, who has been skilful enough to steal \$50,000 from the city you will make him a candidate for the New York Legislature.

There is a great deal of uneasiness and nervousness now among some people in our time who have gotten unrighteous fortunes, a great deal of nervousness about dynamite. I tell them that God will put under their unrighteous fortunes something more explosive than dynamite, the earthquake of His omnipotent indignation. It is time that we learn in America that sin is not excusable in proportion as it declares large dividends and has outriders in equipage. Many a man is riding to perdition, postilion ahead and lackey behind. To steal one copy of a newspaper is a gnat; to steal many thousands of dollars is a camel. There is many a fruit dealer who would not consent to steal a basket of peaches from a neighbor's stall, but would not scruple to depress the fruit market; and as long as I can remember we have heard every summer the peach crop of Maryland is a failure, and by the time the crop comes in the misrepresentation makes a difference of millions of dollars. A man who would not steal one peach basket, steals fifty thousand peach baskets. Go down in the summer time into the Mercantile Library, in the reading-rooms, and see the newspaper reports of the crops from all parts of the country, and their phraseology is very much the same, and the same men wrote them, methodically and infamously carrying out the huge lying about the grain crop from year to year and for a score of years. After a while there will be a 'corner' in the wheat market, and men who had a contempt for a petty theft will burglarize the wheat bin of the nation and commit larceny upon the American corn crib. And some of the men will sit in churches and in reformatory institutions, trying to strain out the small gnats of scoundrelism, while in their grain elevators and their storehouses they are fattening huge camels which they expect after awhile

to swallow. Society has to be entirely reconstructed on this subject. We are to find that a sin is inexcusable in proportion as it is great.

I know in our time the tendency is to charge religious frauds upon good men. They say: 'O, what a class of frauds you have in the church of God in this day; and when an elder of a church, or a deacon, or a minister of the gospel, or a superintendent of a Sabbath-school turns out a defaulter, what display heads there are in many of the newspapers. Great printer type. Five line pica. 'Another Saint Absconded,' 'Clerical Scoundrelism,' 'Religion at a Discount,' 'Shame on the Churches,' while there are a thousand and scoundrels outside the church to where there is one inside the church, and the misbehavior of those who never see the inside of a church is so great it is enough to tempt a man to become a Christian to get out of their company. But in all circles, religious and irreligious, the tendency is to excuse sin in proportion as it is mammoth. Even John Milton, in his 'Paradise Lost,' while he condemns Satan, gives such a grand description of him you have hard work to suppress your admiration. O, this straining out of small sins like gnats, and this gulping down great sins like camels.

This subject does not give the picture of one or two persons, but is a gallery of which thousands of persons may see their likeness. For instance, all those people who, while they would not rob their neighbor of a farthing, appropriate the money and the treasure of the public. A man has a house to sell, and he tells his customer it is worth twenty thousand dollars. Next day the assessor comes around, the owner says it is worth fifteen thousand dollars. The government of the United States took off the tax from personal income, among other reasons because so few people would tell the truth, and many a man with an income of hundreds of dollars a day made statements which seemed to imply he was about to be handed over to the overseer of the poor. Careful to pay their passages from Liverpool to New York, yet smuggling in their Saratoga trunks ten silk dresses from Paris, and a half a dozen watches from Geneva, Switzerland, telling the custom-house officer on the wharf: 'There is nothing in that trunk but wearing apparel,' and putting a five dollar gold piece in his hand to punctuate the statement.

Described in the text are those who are particular never to break the law of grammar, and who want all their language an elegant specimen of syntax, straining out all the inaccuracies of speech with a fine sieve of literary criticism, while through their conversation go slander and inuendo, and profanity and falsehood larger than a whole caravan of camels, when they might better fracture every law of the language and shock intellectual taste, and better let every verb seek in vain for its nominative, and every noun for its government, and every preposition lose its way in the sentence, and adjectives and participles and pronouns get into a grand riot worthy of the Fourth ward on election day, than to commit a moral inaccuracy. Better swallow a thousand gnats than one camel.

Such persons are described in the text who are very much alarmed about the small faults of others, have no alarm about their own great transgressions. There are in every community and in every church watch-dogs who feel called upon to keep their eyes on others and growl. They are full of suspicions. They wonder if that man is not dishonest, if there is not unclean, if there is not something wrong about the other man. They are always the first to hear of any thing wrong. Vultures are always the first to smell carrion. They are self-appointed detectives. I lay down this as a rule, without any exception, that those people who have the most faults themselves are most merciless in their watching of others. From scalp of head to sole of foot they are full of jealousies and hypercriticisms. They spend their life in hunting for musk rats and mud-turtles instead of hunting for Rocky Mountain eagles, always for something mean instead of something grand. They look at their neighbors' imperfections through a microscope, and look at their own imperfections through a telescope upside down. Twenty faults of their own do not hurt them so much as one fault of somebody else. Their neighbors' imperfections are like gnats and they strain them out; their own imperfections are like camel and they swallow them.

But lest some might think they escape the scrutiny of the text, I have to tell you that we all come under the divine satire when we make the questions of time more prominent than the questions of eternity. Come now, let us all go into the confessional. Are not all tempted to make the question, Where shall I live now? greater than the question, Where shall I live forever? How shall I get more dollars here? greater than the question, How shall I lay up treasure in

Heaven? the question, How shall I pay my debts to man? greater than the question, How shall I pay my obligations to God? the question, How shall I gain the world? greater than the question, What if I lose my soul? the question, Why did God let a sin come into the world? greater than the question, How shall I get it extirpated from my nature? the question, What shall I do with twenty, or forty, or seventy years of my sublunar existence? greater than the question, What shall I do with the millions of cycles of my post-terrestrial existence? Time, how small it is! Eternity, how vast it is! The former more insignificant in comparison with the latter than a gnat is insignificant when compared with a camel. We dodged the text. We said 'That doesn't mean me, and that doesn't mean me,' and with a ruinous benevolence we are giving the whole sermon away.

But let us all surrender to the charge. What an ado about things here. What poor preparation for a great eternity. As though a minnow were larger than a behemoth, as though a swallow took wider circuit than an albatross, as though a nettle were taller than a Lebanon cedar, as though a gnat were larger than a camel, as though a minute were longer than a century, as though time were higher, deeper, broader than eternity. So the text which flashed with lightning of wit as Christ uttered it, is followed by the crashing thunders of awful catastrophe to those who make the questions of time greater than the questions of the future, the oncoming, overshadowing future. O, eternity! eternity! eternity!

I take down from my library the biographies of ministers and writers of past ages, inspired and uninspired, who have done the most to bring souls to Jesus Christ, and I find that without a single exception they consecrated their wit and their humor to Christ. Elijah used it when he advised the Baalites, as they could not make their god respond; telling them to call louder, as their god might be sound asleep or gone a hunting. Job used it when he said to his self-complacent comforters: Wisdom will die with you. Christ not only used it in the text, but when He ironically complimented the putrefied Pharisees, saying: 'The whole need not a physician,' and when by one word He described the cunning of Herod, saying: 'Go ye, and tell that fox.' Matthew Henry's commentaries from the first page to the last coruscated with humor as summer clouds with heat lightning. John Bunyan's writings are as full of humor as they are of saving truth, and there is not an aged man here who has ever read 'Pilgrim's Progress' who does not remember that while reading it he smiled as often as he wept. Chrysostom, George Herbert Robert South, John Wesley, George Whitefield, Jeremy Taylor, Rowland Hill, Nettleton, Charles G. Finney and all the men of the past, who greatly advanced the Kingdom of God consecrated their wit and their humor to the cause of Christ. So it has been in all the ages, and I say to these young theological students, who cluster in these services Sabbath by Sabbath, sharpen your wits as keen as scimitars, and then take them into this holy war. It is a very short bridge between a smile and a tear, a suspension bridge from eye to lip, and it is soon crossed over, and a smile is sometimes just as sacred as a tear. There is as much religion, and I think a little more, in a spring morning than in a starless midnight. Religious work, without any humor or wit in it, is a banquet with a side of beef, and that raw, and no condiments, and no dessert succeeding. People will not sit down at such a banquet. By all means, remove all frivolity, and all vulgarity—strain them out though the sieve of holy discrimination, but, on the other hand, beware of that monster which overshadows the Christian Church to-day, conventionalism, coming up from the Great Sahara Desert of ecclesiasticism, having on its back a hump of sanctimonious gloom, and vehemently refuse to swallow that camel.

O, how particular a great many people are about the infinitesimals while they are quite reckless about the magnitudes. What did Christ say? Did He not exhort the people in his time who were so careful to wash their hands before a meal, but did not wash their hearts? It is a bad thing to have unclean hands; it is a worse thing to have an unclean heart. How many people there are in our time who are very anxious that after their death they shall be buried with their feet toward the east, and not at all anxious that during their whole life they should face in the right direction so that they shall come up in the resurrection of the just whichever way they are buried. How many there are chiefly anxious that a minister of the gospel shall come in the line of apostolic succession, not caring so much whether he comes from Apostle Paul or Apostle Judas. They have a way of measuring a gnat until it is larger than a camel.

A MOTHER'S SONG.

A few years ago a company of Indians were captured on the Western frontier. Among them were a number of stolen children who had been with the savages for years. Word was sent throughout the region, inviting all who had lost children to come and see if among the little captives they could recognize their own. A long way off was a woman who had been robbed of her darlings—a boy and girl. With mingled hope and fear she came; with throbbing heart she approached the group. They were strange to her. She came nearer, and with eyes filled with mother's love peered into their faces, one after another, but there was nothing in any that she could claim; nor was there anything in her to light up their cold faces. With the dull pain of despair at her heart she was turning away, when she paused, choked back the tears and in soft, clear notes, began a simple song she used to sing her little ones of Jesus and heaven. Not a line was completed before a boy and girl sprang from the group, exclaiming Mamma mammal and she folded her lost ones to her bosom. So lives a mother's early influence in the hearts of her children.

AN UNPRONOUNCEABLE NAME.

An Englishman travelling on the continent had hired a smart servant, and on arriving at an inn in Austria one evening, knowing well the stringency of the police regulations, he called for the usual register of travellers that he might duly inscribe himself therein. His servant replied that he had anticipated his wishes and had registered him in full form as an Englishman of independent property.

But how have you put down my name? I have not told it to you. I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it from monsieur's portmanteau.

But it is not there. Bring me the book.

What was his amazement at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry of himself: Monsieur Warranted-Solid-leather.

FREDERICK THE GREAT was not only wise, but also very witty. On one occasion a Catholic priest refused to allow an officer, who had not complied with all his religious duties, to be buried in consecrated ground. Frederick sent for the priest and asked him—'You say that the graveyard is consecrated? Yes, your majesty. How far down does your consecration go? The priest, somewhat puzzled, replied, five feet. All right, then, the officer shall be buried six feet under ground. He will then be one foot outside your jurisdiction.'

A new card receiver is a silver plate resting on four golden legs, and etched in the center with a cupid. Two, figures, about four inches in height, representing a young couple in the fall dress of a century ago, form the handles.

One of the latest novelties in silver ink-wells is a toboggan, on which is seated a pretty little girl in full tobogganing costume. By touching a spring the girl slides to the back part of the toboggan and the ink-well is exposed to view.

RECIPES.

CORN BEEF.—A farmer who has tried it, and knows how to live well and cheaply, has this recipe for corned beef: For one hundred pounds of beef he weighs out eight pounds of common fine salt, four pounds of brown sugar, four ounces of saleratus, and two ounces of saltpetre, and mixes them. A layer of this is put at the bottom of the barrel and between each layer of meat the large bones having been removed. A weight is put on the top layer to press firmly down, and the juices of the meat furnish all the brine necessary. Meat cured in this way does not grow tough in summer and meat in such a pickle as this for six weeks is ready for drying.

MRS. GARY AMES'S RECIPE FOR MINCE PIES.—Order the choicest rump steak, say a piece weighing four and one-half pounds, which will boil down to about pounds. Two pounds of meat chopped fine, four and one-half pounds of apple chopped fine, three-quarters pound of suet, also chopped fine, four and one-half heaping tablespoons of powdered cinnamon, one heaping tablespoonful of powdered clove, three and one-half pounds of sugar, three nutmegs grated fine, three pounds of raisins boiled until fine, three pounds of raisins boiled until fine, three pounds of raisins boiled until fine, and more of the raisin liquor and peach pickle vinegar or any liquor and peach pickle until the meat choice sweet pickle juice until the meat is sufficiently moist. Reserve a few of the boiled raisins to lay over putting with small bits of butter before putting on the upper crust. More spice can be added to suit the taste if required.

Bathroom accessories may be simple or elegant, but plenty of water and soap are within the reach of all.

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1.00 per Annum. Vol. IV., No. 5.