

A limited number of advertisements taken at 10 cents per line...

THE TEMPERANCE JOURNAL

THE ORGAN OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF AMERICA.

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1883

Herman H. Pitts, Editor and Proprietor.

1.00 per Annum Vol. IV., No. 7

EVERY Son of Temperance Should take the JOURNAL and solicit for it. EVERY DOLLAR Put into the JOURNAL by the Temperance People is expended in extending the circulation, and increasing its usefulness.

TEMPERANCE DIRECTORY.

NATIONAL DIVISION. M. W. P., Eugene H. Clapp, Boston, Mass. M. W. A., J. S. Rawlings, Baltimore, Md.

GRAND DIVISION S. O. F. G. W. P.—Rev. G. M. Campbell, St. Stephen G. S.—David Thomson, St. John.

NOVA SCOTIA. G. W. P.—P. Monaghan, P. O. Box 317, Halifax, N. S. G. W. A.—Wellesley J. Gates, Truro, Colchester Co.

P. E. ISLAND. G. W. P.—Wm. Ramsay, Park Corner. G. S.—Jesse S. Burns, Lower Freetown.

ONTARIO. G. W. P.—Thomas Webster, Paris. G. W. A.—Wm. McRossie, Kingston. G. S.—W. H. Bewell, Whitby.

QUEBEC. G. W. P.—J. M. M. Duff, Montreal. G. S.—William Dagg, Montreal.

NEWFOUNDLAND. W. P.—John McDougall, St. Johns. G. S.—J. W. Nichols, Box 827, St. Johns.

If you use powder of any kind on the face, never go to bed without washing it. Sanitary reasons as well as cleanliness require this.

Frequent changes of soap are bad for the complexion. Beware of those which are highly scented; as a general thing, they are of poor quality.

When you boil a cabbage, tie a bit of dry bread in a bag and put it in the kettle. French cooks say that all the unpleasant odor which makes the house smell like an old drain will be absorbed by the bread.

Often after cooking a meal a person will feel tired and have no appetite; for this, beat a raw egg until light, stir in a little milk and sugar, and season with nutmeg. Drink half an hour before eating.

To have a clear skin, remember that you must have good health, and to have good health and a rosy complexion you must wear thick soled shoes and spend a part of every day out of doors.

To save both time and temper, never leave a bottle or box on your closet shelf without being plainly labelled. All packages which do not clearly indicate their contents should be marked.

It is an excellent plan to have a penny bank, to be opened once a year, when a book may be purchased or the contents may be used in any way desired.

A teaspoonful of borax put in the last water in which clothes are rinsed, will whiten them surprisingly. Pound the borax so it will dissolve easily.

Children's feet should be bathed in warm water every night in the year, rubbed dry, and the stockings hung up so that they will be well aired.

Warts may be destroyed by being rubbed with alum. Carry a lump in your pocket and rub on the wart frequently, wetting it as you do so.

The duty of teaching children to be useful and handy in everything, cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of parents.

Do not put irons on the stove to heat, long before they are wanted, as exposure to heat will roughen and injure them.

If you are troubled with cramps in the feet, wear a piece of cotton wick around the ankle constantly.

If you are troubled with cramps in the feet, wear piece of cotton wick around the ankle constantly.

Our Pulpit.

Abraham the Friend of God.

GOD-CALLED

SERMON PREACHED BY REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church, Fredericton, Sabbath Evening Feb. 19th.

"By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whether he went."—Heb. xi:8.

A week ago, you will remember, we accompanied the Terah households in their removal from Ur of the Chaldees up the Euphrates valley, almost due north, some four hundred miles, to their new home. They had set out, it would seem, to go to the land of Canaan, but for some reason or other they had got about half way on their journey, and finding a suitable place on the banks of the Belik, they had pitched their tents and settled there.

There is no little confusion with regard to dates, but the probability is, that Terah, at this time, was a very feeble old man, being about 200 years old. It may have been on his account that the long hard journey across the desert to Canaan was not undertaken. They found perhaps that it was going to be too much for their aged father, and so they halted for his sake, halted for years, halted never to start again as a people. And he may have been against the movement, and in all likelihood was, for the old man himself lived and died an idolater. We cannot be sure, of course, and there is no little difference of opinion here, but so far as I am able to make out, Terah's death took place about five years after his settlement in Haran, and just before Abraham's call. Terah died when he was 205 years of age, and Abraham was 75 when he was called.

First, Abraham's call. It is still a question whether he was called while in Ur, or after he had removed to Haran. Perhaps there was a twofold call, a more general one in Ur, and a special one in Haran. It seems clear that there was a call of some kind in Chaldea, and in obedience to that call the whole Terah clan set out to go to Canaan. But they came short, doubtless from want of faith. They were afraid to cross the flood and the desert that stretched beyond. Old Terah perhaps, who had left his idols behind in Ur, but carried his idolatry with him in his heart, put down his foot, and refused to go any farther in the good way, and so the first call, or the general call, after it had gone so far, and promised so much, stopped short and fell through.

And so often is that the case. Sometimes an individual or a people hear a loud call. It rings in their ears like a death-knell, and they flee from the wrath to come. But after they have fled some distance they lose heart. The good way is not as good as they thought it would be. There are more trials and difficulties in it than they expected to meet with, and the way is long, and the good a far-off good, and so they grow discouraged, and settle back into their old way of thinking and doing, their old world-life. And even the Abrahams are, for a time, held back, their faith dimmed, their zeal chilled, their holy fire quenched.

It was probably a bitter disappointment to Abraham when they stopped on the Claldean side of the Euphrates, and he would do what he could to get them to go on, but he was one and they were many, and they carried it against him. And so they stopped, just where so many stop, at the crossing over place, but without crossing over. And Abraham stopped too. He began to think perhaps there was hope here for them in that half-way place. They were a long way from Ur and its moon-god temple, and he hoped to be able to win over his father to the true religion. But he did not. In later ages Haran became almost as rank in the moon-god worship as Ur itself.

Indeed there was as much likelihood of the father of the faithful losing his faith and forgetting his mission in Haran, as there was of his winning over his people to think and believe as he did. The five years or more he lived there, I have little doubt, were the most useless and wretched five years of his life, for they were years of hesitancy and halting. I suppose he would try to do good. I suppose he would make some efforts to withstand the idolatrous tendencies of the day, and promote as he could the true religion. But I am not sure that he did. His yielding to the settlement of Haran, may have shut his mouth, and he may have given up trying to do anything more. I can imagine him making himself believe that he had done all he could, and settling down to the wretched ease of the world, conforming to the ways of the people around him.

But about this time an event happened that disturbed his ease, and led him to ask the old questions as to his duty and destiny over again, and in a new light. His aged father Terah died, and declining to his idols. The funeral would be attended with the wild heathen orgies they were familiar with in Chaldea, and Abraham would be made feel, that instead of his father's death being the death blow to idolatry, it was rather a revival of it, and he would know, as he could not before, the danger he himself was in, and his own household. But as he anxiously pondered over this turn of affairs, God called him, and in a way that left him in no doubt as to his duty.

And is it not so often, my hearers, in the furnace of affliction God comes to His people with fresh displays of His love and mercy? An open grave at our feet opens for us a way into the kingdom of grace, and up to a higher life sometimes. A grain of wheat is not quickened except it die. Somehow life and death in this world are strangely linked together. At all events, Terah's death and his son Abraham's call to go to Canaan came close upon one another, almost as close as cause and effect. It was the loosening of home ties, as it has often been since—his father's death.

We are not told how the call of God came to Abraham, perhaps in a night-visit. As he lay troubled and perplexed with many thoughts trying to sleep, suddenly he fancied he heard a voice calling him by name. He listened, and the voice came again. It was not the sigh of the wind he heard, nor the muttering of distant thunder, nor the crash of calamity, but it was the still small voice of words, the voice of his God speaking to him. This is what the voice said: "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into the land that I will show thee; and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing; and I will bless them that bless thee, and him that curseth thee will I curse, and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed."

The voice was for himself, and not a creature but himself heard it. It narrowed the world's hope down to one man, and that man as yet a childless man, and it tore him widely from Kith and Kin, and sent him adrift upon the world he knew not whither. How dry a root from which to sprout and grow the great good to be, the nation of the saved? As the mighty Amazons rise so often from an insignificant source, a little spring bubbling from a mountain side or trickling from a glacier; so the gospel-river that today is spreading out from land to land with its blessed healing waters, when we trace it up to its source, had its beginning in the call of Abraham from the idolatry of Chaldea. You and I come and look at the humble beginning tonight, and we find so little to marvel at. A shepherd hears, or thinks he hears, a voice, a voice Divine. How does he know that he is not mistaken? He may have dreamed. Others have heard voices, or thought they heard them, and the voice they heard turned out to be foolish fancies of their own imagining;—no truth in them, and no world-good. For four centuries or more no voice had come from the most excellent glory, and men had come to feel that there was no God, and so there were those who had cast away their faith and abandoned themselves to the gloomy blankness and blackness of Atheism; and then there were others, who, recoiling from that, save themselves to a god-making on their own account, and bound themselves down to the work of their own hands, to stocks and stones. When therefore a shepherd yonder in Ur of the Chaldeas, and again on the banks of the Belik, looking up wonderingly to the silent slaves, and letting his thoughts ponder the solemn questions of life and destiny that came to him in spite of himself, hears a voice, or thinks he hears a voice, that is the voice of God

speaking to him or in him, men laugh at him, and tell him he is a dreaming fool. Why should he hear what they do not hear? He the shepherd of a few sheep in the wilderness—why should he be thus honored? Are not others ears as sharp to hear as his, and as wakeful in the night, and other souls as sensitive to Divine influences and inspirations? And they hear nothing, and so Abraham's mouth is shut. He cannot answer back their arguments and cruel instructions. But he knows he has heard a voice; he has been called, and he believes.

Secondly, His obedience. Abraham's obedience was prompt, decisive, complete. As soon as the call of God came to him especially, he set about making arrangements to carry it out, and in the shortest possible time in less than a week perhaps; he was ready to go. Was Sarah willing? She heard no voice. Perhaps not very willing at first. It would be strange if she should be. But she was too good a wife, and had too much respect for her husband's opinions and faith to stand in his way. What was his duty was hers. Where it was his to go, to Canaan, to Egypt, to the ends of the earth, anywhere, everywhere, it was hers to go. And with a true wife's devotion she was willing to follow him, and share with him the trials and triumphs of his enterprise.

We live in an age of travel. Men run to and fro in our day, and knowledge is increased. Everybody travels. We jump aboard the lightning express and in a few hours we are farther than Abraham's great journey took him. And we think nothing of it today. We congratulate ourselves, and our friends congratulate us, when we set out on a journey. But in Abraham's day it was altogether different. To travel in his day meant hardship, exposure, danger, suffering, sacrifice. It had to be done on foot, or on the backs of camels. And there were no roads, no bridges, no boats. When they came to a great river like the Euphrates, they had to follow it up till they got to where they could ford it, and thus a journey of a few hundreds miles as the crow would fly, meant to those primitive travellers twice as far, and sometimes three or four times as far.

And it was a new thing in those days to travel. Not pleasure, but necessity, started men out on a journey. We can understand therefore what it must have been for Abraham to set out from Haran. He was doing well in a worldly point of view. His flocks and herds were increasing, and there was room in the land for him and his. And he was among his own people. Why, then, should he undertake so great a journey? Was it not a mad undertaking, an arrant folly? His friends thought so. In vain he tried to explain he had a call, and he must go. Duty, religion, faithfulness to principle, conscience, compelled him to the step, and go he must.

And what was his call? You and I would say perhaps, a little bit of sentiment, a conviction. He heard a voice that no one else heard, and although it tore him from all that was dear to him, and uprooted all his prospects and attachments, and made him an alien to his father's house, he must obey that voice. I can see his friends coming around him, and expostulating with him, and feeling sure he must be out of his head. Worldly men cannot understand men of faith. The only voice they ever hear are their own conscience, their self-interest, their success. Duty, truth, faith, conscience, God, are nothing to them. But Abraham cannot be held back from his call. All Haran cannot dissuade him from doing what he believes it to be his duty to do.

The day for setting out has come, and Haran is there to see him off. The bleating flocks and lowing herds with loud clamor are led and driven by servants and slaves westward. Strings of camels loaded with tents and household stuff follow. And last of all with many tears and tender farewells Abraham and Sarah and Lot tear themselves away from their friends. How sore a parting it is, for it is not for years, but for ever and ever! Not a few accompany them perhaps to the fording-place of the great river, and see them safely across, and wave their adieus to them on the farther shore. And they continue watching as they strike away across the desert beyond to the south west, and they watch and watch till they are only a dust cloud, a stain on the pure horizon. Then they turn away with dim eyes wondering at the infatuation of the man, his wild folly, and pity those who have to go with him, because they are his.

But was he a fool? Is it folly to obey the call of God? Is faith a species of madness? No. Perhaps it was hard to say then what was wisdom or folly, to go with Abraham to Canaan, or stay with Nahor in Haran. But looking back to it from our day, and seeing all

the good to the world that has come out of that faith-journey, we see so clearly how Abraham was the wise man, and the people who remained in Haran were the fools. But we are anticipating.

Thirdly, By the way. We cannot tell you the incidents of the journey, the dangers encountered, the terrible-ness of the deserts they had to cross, the sufferings of hunger and thirst for both man and beast, and the loud complaints of the people that they had ever set out on the perilous journey. But one man murmured not, one great soul stood firm and believed and hoped, and although the way seemed to grow longer and harder as they went forward, yet Abraham never once questioned the wisdom of the journey he was on. He felt sure he was in the way of his duty, and he feared not for the consequences.

Only at one point on the route was it possible for him to halt for any length of time, and that was at Damascus, and we are not surprised to find that he has left traces of his presence there. Even at that early date, it would appear, the lovely oasis where the waters of the Barada, flowing down from Anti-Lebanon, "create a paradise at its foot, had attracted settlers. History and legend have preserved to this day the memory of the great emigrant's sojourn by the way in this oldest of cities. Josephus in his book of antiquities relates on the authority of a Damascus historian, Nicolaus, that the name of Abraham is still famous in Damascus, and there is shown a village named from him, "the habitation of Abram." And a recent writer, Mrs. Burton, tells us that Arah tradition still locates the habitation of Abram where it was in the days of Nicolaus. That he came to it as a conqueror, and reigned over it as a King, however, are fabulous and unhistorical legends, that are in a piece with the stories about him in the Talmud and Koran.

Later on we read of Eliezer of Damascus, and many hold he was brought by Abraham from that ancient city on his way. There is doubt about it, but there is no doubt Abraham stopped at Damascus to rest, and he may have made quite a long stay there, and endeared himself to the people by some acts of kindness which he was ever so ready to do, and so the fragrance of his memory still lingers in that happy vale. Others as they journey leave desolations behind them, memories that are otherwise than pleasant. But not thus where Abraham came and went. Flowers seemed to bloom wherever he set up for a night his tent, and men stoop to-day to kiss with a strange reverence the very sand of the desert his feet pressed as he journeyed, for God was with him as He has been with few.

But the time has come for closing what I have to say to-night, and let me voice a practical thought or two for you to carry away. Old Haran is not the only half-way, halting place. Men find such places everywhere. How many are satisfied when they are as near salvation as the church—pew, and that is not necessarily very near. It is respectable to be here perhaps, and full of promise and hope; but to stop short here is to fail at last, fail utterly. O with Abraham cross the flood and the desert, and come to where God wants you to be, for only there is Salvation.

Abraham heard God's call. And for you, O young people, there is a call of God. He calls you to-night, calls you by His gospel, calls you to a life of faith, calls you to leave home and friends, calls you to break with your degrading companionship and the world's wicked ways, and be His. Abraham tore himself away from all that would hold him back from his duty and holy destiny. And, if you would be for God, you must sunder yourself from the associations and companionships of the evil around you. As you value your future, the eternity that stretches before your soul, the Heaven or Hell that awaits you, arise with Abraham, and follow where the voice of duty, conscience, truth, God, calls. It is not without a sacrifice you can be true to yourself and true to God. The world will call you a fool and sneer at your fears and conscientious scruples, but the world is the fool, not those like Abraham who do what they feel and know and believe to be right.

Where now with pain thou treadest, trod The whitest of the saints of God! To show thee where their feet were set, The light which led them shineth yet.

The footprints of the life divine, Which marked their path, remain in thine; And that Great Life, transposed in theirs Awaits thy faith, thy love, thy prayers!

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more For olden time and holier shore; God's love and blessing, then and there, Are now, and here, and everywhere.

ABOUT VENTRILOQUISM.

Asked to explain some of the mysteries of ventriloquism, a professional said:

I have made my living by it for over a quarter of a century. After twenty years' experience of it I had a severe illness, and was examined by a specialist. His opinion was that the forced changirg of the voice did not affect the lungs at all, which so many people seem to think. He said, just what I told you, that it was a peculiar formation of the muscles of the throat. Now look well at my face and tell me if you notice any thing additional to what most folks have. No! Look again in the vicinity of my mouth.

Yes, there were two extra muscles distinctly visible at each corner of the mouth. They had become gradually formed simply through keeping the lips closed while speaking. Now I am coming to something interesting. Just try and say the letter m, p and b without moving the lips. In vain I tried, but could not succeed.

Ah! there's the rub. Words with those letters in them are the most difficult to pronounce, but by incessant practice I have found out a means of getting them quite naturally, and they are produced with the tips of the tongue and the teeth.

Some ventriloquists substitute slur words in difficult sentences. I wish mamma was here, would sound I wish nanna was here, and he illustrated his words as he spoke.

The ventriloquists of bygone days all wore big mustaches in order to hide the movement of the lips, and I don't mind admitting that the first time I opened in the business I was somewhat nervous and wore a false moustache myself. I will show you a thoroughly effective sample of ventriloquism which any one can test for themselves.

Remember, he said, this art is a natural gift; there is not the slightest trickery about it. We will suppose you are not naturally a ventriloquist. Very well, then. Here is a capital little method whereby a good effect can be produced. Are you ready?

He then took from the table an ordinary tumbler, saying: See, there is no deception, and placed it on the cloth again. Standing about a couple of feet from the table he commenced:

Hallo! how are you getting on down there? Eh! what say! Can't you hear me—speak a little louder! And coming nearer and nearer to the tumbler, he continued speaking until his mouth was close to the edge of the glass, when somebody seemed to answer down in the cellar and in quite a different voice: Oh I'm pretty well; how are you!

I tested the simple plan and found it remarkably easy to accomplish. The whole effect is produced by speaking into the glass; the voice is compressed into a small space, and it is perhaps the most practical illustration of what ventriloquism really is.

This idea can be easily developed by the making of a small table—such as conjurers use—with a hole in the center to receive the glass, a secret sliding lid to hide the opening, and with a fringe of cloth to prevent the tumbler being seen, the apparatus is complete.—London Tid-Bits.

MINISTERIAL WIT AND TACT

The following play upon words reported by Mr. Saunders reminds us of a story about one Ransom, whom a minister had induced to take a pew in his church. The whole Ransom family turned out, but arrived so late that they were marching down the aisle to their pew just as the choir were singing the fourth line of a certain well-known stanza, "Return, ye Ransom-ed) sinners, home." They returned.

Dr. Williamson once had a quarrel with a parishioner named Hardy. The next Sunday he preached from the text, "There is no fool like the fool-hardy."

There were several applicants for the position of chaplain of Frederick the Great, said Mr. Saunders. The king determined to take one who king determined to take one who should preach the best extempore sermon, the text to be handed to the preacher after he had ascended his pulpit. One of them on opening his sealed envelope found it blank.

He held up one side and said, "My brethren, here is nothing." Then holding up the other side he said: "And there is nothing, and out said: 'And there is nothing, and out of nothing God created all things,' and proceeded to deliver a magnificent discourse on the power and wonders of creation. He obtained the position.