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Herman H. Pitts, Editor and Proprietor.

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Our Poetry.

Lift Me Up.

Out of myself, dear Lord, Oh, lift me up!

Out of my weary self, Oh, lift me up!

Out of my selfish self, Oh, lift me up!

Out of my lonely self, Oh, lift me up!

Help me to feel that Thou art always near, E'en though I am here, and all around seems drear.

Help me to know, that, though I cannot see, It is my father's hand that leads me.

Under His Wing.

The strong, wild winds are dashing Earth's oceans into spray.

The darkest clouds will vanish, The longest night will end.

'Tis not because we're worthy The Father's care is given,

Fear not the daily trials, For God will bear us through,

Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition,

Our Sermon.

Abraham the Friend of God.

UR OF THE CHALDEES.

SERMON PREACHED BY REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church, Fredericton, Sabbath Evening Jan. 22nd.

"In Ur of the Chaldees."—Gen. xi. 28.

We are to study for successive Sunday evenings the life of Abraham the friend of God, one of the most remarkable men who has ever lived...

Abraham is one of the few names in history that is more a power every successive age. Once it had only a local interest attached to it; now it has a world-wide celebrity.

And tonight we shall take up what is known of his earlier years, the home and land of his youth, his ancestry and surroundings, his family connections and religious associations.

First, Abraham's Ancestry and Birth. We read of the stock of Abraham. And it is something to be of good stock.

their own time, but who did nothing specially worthy of being handed down to later ages. At best they are but respectable nonodies.

Abraham belonged to the ninth generation after the flood, an age of emigration, an age when adventurous families and peoples pushed out from the common center, and sought out for themselves new homes and new fields of enterprise.

The Talmud makes out that even Noah was alive, and that Abraham lived with the patriarch of the flood and his son Shem till he was fifty.

Secondly, His Birthplace. He was born and brought up in Ur of the Chaldees. There is still uncertainty with regard to Ur Kasdim.

The delta was extraordinarily rich and productive. The wheat-plant was indigenous to the soil, and yielded a hundred and sometimes three hundred-fold.

Now, it was in or near this old moon worshipping city of ancient Chaldea where the man of faith first saw the light and grew up to manhood.

into contract with. There is probably, however, a ground of truth in these traditions regarding the father of the faithful, and they help to explain some things.

Terah was an idolater, and by his handicraft a maker of idols; heard traded in the same. Setting out on business-journey he left his son in charge of his shop.

"On Abraham's leaving the furnace, it is said, the flames were instantly extinguished, the faggots changed into blooming and fruitful trees; and a pleasant garden was to be seen, with angels sitting in it, and Abraham in the midst of them.

Thirdly, His Removal with his father and family to Haran. Before his removal from Ur he had married Sarai, his own half-sister, a woman of striking beauty, and in every way worthy of him.

How old Abraham was when he married we do not know, nor how old he was when he removed from Ur we do not know, but he must have been close upon seventy.

Abraham and his father and their families lived in tents, and kept flocks of sheep and goats, herds of cattle and droves of camels, in the pasturelands in the neighborhood of Ur.

turned their backs on Ur of the Chaldees and its degrading idolatries forever.

A picturesque scene it must have been in the olden time that moving northward to Mesopotamia of the Terah people! Some distance ahead are flocks of sheep and goats with the shepherds slowly leading them.

And here we pause to enforce a lesson or two: And this impresses me, how much stress is laid on godly family relationships in the long ago.

The farmers all over our country are waking up to the importance and value of good breeds of cattle and horses.

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ANOTHER BATH-ROOM EPISODE

Joe Nelson fixed up a bath-room in his new house and first of the week, on one of the coldest days of the year, he concluded to try it.

him. Whether it had lost its soapy qualities or the water was hard he could not tell, but striking a light to investigate, discovered that he had smeared himself all over with red paint.

ADVICE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Never let tea boil. To whiten the hands melt half an ounce of camphor gum, half an ounce of glycerine and one pound of mutton tallow, and apply every night.

To extract ink from wood, scour with sand wet with water and ammonia. Then rinse with strong saleratus water.

Blackheads may be removed by washing the face at night with hot water, then drying briskly with a crash towel and applying a mixture of one ounce of liquor of potassa and two ounces of euclye.

To restore gilding to picture frames, remove all dust with a soft brush, and wash the gilding in warm water in which an onion has been boiled; dry quickly with soft rags.

To give a good oak color to a pine floor wash in a solution of one pound of copper dissolved in one gallon of strong lye.

A hornet's nest which has been deserted by the hornets, bound on the throat with a piece of flannel, will cure the most malignant sore throat.

Miss Todidum (complaisantly)—Ah, Mrs. Goldbags, no one could mistake who the mother of these handsome children is. You ought to be proud of them, for they inherit all their beauty and grace.

Dr. Simmox used to tell with great solemnity the following story of his own patients:—What is that medicine you are giving me, doc? An emetic! I won't take it; sorry use in it.

MISTRESS, who has caught the odor of a strong pipe; Have you company in the kitchen, Bridget?—Bridget: No, ma'am.—Mistress peeps in and seeing two men, exclaims, Why, Bridget, how can you tell me such a story!—Bridget: Story, is it! Shure when your cousin was coming the other day, didn't yer tell me not to get up anything extra for dinner, as you didn't consider her company! And faith, it's only me cousins inside, ma'am. Story indade!

A good story is told on United States Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky.

A rawboned, determined woman, one of his constituents, went to Washington to get a Government position. She applied to Blackburn, who evaded her as long as possible.

A small boy was delighted one day when a slight fire in his father's house brought the firemen and the engine.