

2000 MORE SUBSCRIBERS WANTED IN '88.

Subscribe for the Temperance Journal, weekly, 1.00 per year.

"Try Ayer's Pills"

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout. Stephen Lansing, of Yonkers, N. Y., says: "Recommended as a cure for chronic Costiveness, Ayer's Pills have relieved me from that trouble and also from Gout. If every victim of this disease would heed only three words of mine, I could banish Gout from the land. These words would be—'Try Ayer's Pills.'"

"By the use of Ayer's Pills alone, I cured myself permanently of rheumatism which had troubled me several months. These Pills are at once harmless and effectual, and, I believe, would prove a specific in all cases of incipient

Rheumatism.

No medicine could have served me in better stead."—C. C. Rock, Corner, Avoyelles Parish, La.

C. F. Hopkins, Nevada City, writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for sixteen years, and I think they are the best Pills in the world. We keep a box of them in the house all the time. They have cured me of sick headache and neuralgia. Since taking Ayer's Pills, I have been free from these complaints."

"I have derived great benefit from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

Professional Cards.

F. J. SEERY, M. D., C. M.

LICENTATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF EDINBURGH.

LICENTATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF EDINBURGH.

LICENTATE OF THE FACULTY OF PHYSICIAN AND SURGEONS OF GLASGOW.

SPECIAL CERTIFICATE IN MIDWIFERY.

—OFFICE FISHER'S BUILDING

I. C. SHARP, M. D., C. M.

(Late Resident Surgeon Montreal General Hospital)

Marysville, N. B.

Quebec Fire Association Company

ESTABLISHED IN 1818.

A Non-Tariff Company.

Insurance effected at reasonable rates.
FISHER & FISHER, Agents.

B. H. TORRENS, D.M.D. DENTIST

—OFFICE:—

FISHER'S BUILDING,
QUEEN STREET
RESIDENCE. - - ST. JOHN ST.

FALL and WINTER

GLOVES

AND

HOSIERY.

Ladies' and Misses Cashmere Gloves.
Ladies' and Misses Plain and Fancy Knitt Gloves.

Gents' and Boys Knitt Gloves.
Gents' Buck and Driving Gloves.
Ladies' and Children's Cashmere Hose.
Ladies' and Children's Wool Hose.
Boy's Strong Knitt Wool Hose.
Men's Merino and Wool Half Hose.

Ternant, Davies & Co.,

202 Queen St., F'ton.

September 28, '88.

Our Pulpit.

The Prodigal's Resolve

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church, Sabbath evening, Frederickton, Sept. 23rd, 1888.

"I will arise and go to my father."—LUKE XV. 18.

These are the words of a young man as he stood on the very edge of ruin, and they reveal to us how he was saved, the happy turning-point of his life. Let us study them this solemn evening hour as we are here at the feet of God's mercy. They may be the means of helping some to their feet who are low down in sin, and they may awaken concern and alarm in the hearts of some who have not hitherto thought much on the great vanities of duty and destiny, and start their feet in the way of hope and help and Heaven.

The prodigal had not always been a prodigal. No man is. He had had a good bringing up. All that a christian home could do for him had been done. He had had the best of fathers. But he could not content himself to stay at home. He must get away to do for himself in the great wicked world, and he wrung a reluctant consent from his good wise father, and with a well-filled purse he set out. He was glad to get away from the restraints of home, his father's watchful eye and sharp rebukes, family worship and sober-sided Sabbath-keeping and church-going, and as soon as he had got well away, he said to himself: "Now for a gay time! I shall have my fill of pleasure, my swing of life." And he opened his purse, and spent his money freely, and drank and danced, and away he went to ruin, and there were plenty fools like himself to go with him.

I cannot follow him in his downward career. It would not be such as we would care to follow, dark scenes of midnight revelry, weeks of drunken debauch, abandonment to lust and every evil. But there comes an end to his wild prodigal life, and it comes in this way; his money runs out. As soon as his money runs out his gay companions turn their backs on him, and he finds himself no longer welcome in the parlors of the public houses where he spent his money. He is rudely kicked out and left to shift for himself as best he can. But it is a good thing for him. It opens his eyes to see how little the gay frivolous companionship of the world really cares for him, and how little it will put itself out to help him when he is hard up. He is therefore driven to find something to do to keep himself from starving. And he is not in a position to be overly nice as to what he will do. Nobody wants him. But at last a citizen takes pity on him and gives him a job, and as he can do nothing better he sends him to his fields to herd his hogs. To such straits is he reduced in his service, however, that he is sometimes glad to eat what the hogs eat, the husks, the pods of the carob-tree. Poor fool! such are the wages of sin.

And yet, here in our city young men are following out the same mad course, and no counselling of others will convince them of the error of their ways. They drink on, and make night hideous with their profanity and drunken hilarity. But for them as for the prodigal there will be a fetch-up that may bring them to their knees, and if it only do that for them, what a mercy! Fools that they are, why can they not see how it is going to end with them, what a future of woe they are storing up for themselves, what a viper they are feeding that will sting all the comfort out of the years to come?

But we are to study to-night how the prodigal was saved, and one thing that led on to his noble resolve was his need. It was his need that brought him to himself. It was his hunger that gave him to see his folly. So long as his purse was full, and indeed so long as there was anything in it, there was no hope of reform for him, no help that could help him, nothing that could be done for him. He was too independent to be advised, too proud to pray and to be preached to.

And our Lord shows us the importance of emptiness as a means to the salvation of some people. A young rich man came to Him once to ask how he was to be saved. He was not a prodigal. He was in every respect a model young man. But for all that he was without salvation; he was not a christian. And you remember what

the Lord told him;—to go and sell all he had, to empty himself of everything. It was a strange piece of advice to give a rich man, a ruler in the land, one who was the possessor of a large estate. But I have no doubt it was sound advice, and there was no hope for him till he was utterly emptied. I do not say it is necessary in every case, perhaps it is only necessary in rare cases, but at all events it seems to be necessary sometimes, for men to be stripped to the very skin in order to their being saved in the Bible sense of being saved. The prodigal had to go through the hard process of being reduced to the veriest need. The reckless Manasseh had to go through that process. The patient Job had to go through a similar process. The young ruler was counselled to go through it, but he refused, and so lost the good he was seeking after. And many another has had to go through the dire need-process in order to be saved.

There was in my last congregation a man I was no little interested in. He was in many respects a worthy man. He would do all he could for you. He had noble generous impulses. He had an interesting family, and was the son of praying christian parents. But he had learned to drink, and there was danger of its being his ruin. He would not drink all the time, but he would break out, and then he would be reckless. After these spells of drunkenness he would be so humble. He would come to me and tell me how weak he felt himself to be, and how helpless he was in the hands of the drink tyrant when it arose in its power against him. I advised and prayed with him, and did what I could, but it seemed to be of no use to him. He had a fine farm, but it was getting to be encumbered, and I feared that he would have to come to want, and his family, if he was to be saved from the cruel appetite. I could not see any other way, hard as it was. But the Lord found out another way. He laid him aside with a lingering illness, and taught him sobriety in that way, and then took him away from temptation; He took him to Himself.

Thus the Lord has ways of his own by which He saves poor weak erring prodigal men, and the hard way of want is one of those ways. He lets the prodigal spend all his money, dispossess himself of his property, lose his position, impair his health, shorten his days; and then, when he is in need, when he is hungry, when he is helpless and hopeless, when he is in prison for his crimes perhaps, when he is sick and dying, He comes to him with His grace and mercy, and saves his soul. He inspires him with a new resolve, and starts him out to live a new life. The way of want is a hard way, and the Lord of love and mercy would rather a kinder way, but sometimes it is the only way, if the prodigal is to be won.

Again, the memory of home helped him. As he sat eating the hard husks, the impalatable carob-beans—impalatable even to a man on the verge of starvation, he thought of home and how well it had been with him there. He thought of his kind father, and the way he treated his dependents, and of the abundance there had always been around his father's table. And he contrasted his own need with the plenty at home. "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish here with hunger!"

The memory of home is the means of recovery to many an erring life. How good it is for a young man or woman, no matter how far away they wander, and how deep into sin they plunge, to have following them, and holding to them, and helping them, a christian father's good advice, a christian mother's love, a christian Home's sweetness! They may seem not to care for such a home when they have it. They may go off from it so easily, and be only too glad to get away from it. But the day will come to them when they will think of home, and wish they were back to it, and the thought of home may do no little to keep them in the hour of temptation, and save them when they have fallen. In the hospital wards of foreign cities where hardened men have been laid to die, christian nurses have found out the hymns their christian mothers used to sing to them at home in the years gone by, and they have sung them to those prodigal sons, and they have been melted to tears and won back to hope and Heaven.

We may not be able to do much for our children in the way of giving them a start in life, but we can at least do this much for them, and it is something, better indeed than gold or lands,—we may give them to carry with them where they wander the memory of a

sweet home, and if anything will bring them back to us, that will.

And then there is a better home than our earthly home, and a kinder father than an earthly parent—our Heavenly Father. We have in us and about us, sin-wrecked as we are,—what shall I call it?—a memory of home, something of Eden's original blessedness in our souls, and sometimes it speaks in us like a faded memory, and does us good.

You go along the seashore, and sometimes you come across a wreck so battered with the waves and rocks. But even in that wreck so wrecked you can find here and there a memory of a past glory. Here is a bit of cornice-work, all that is left of a splendid cabin! Here is a piece of carved mahogany that once belonged to a piano! But the music is gone. And there is so much else to tell us of the good that was.

And so with our manhood. An evil life has wrecked us. We have been cast away on the rocks of temptation. But in us still is something of the good and glory our Creator gave us when he made us. In us and about us still is something of our bright original, the memory of Eden. We are not what we were made for lying stranded on the rocks of temptation. We are not what we should be feeding the hogs of appetite and lust, and trying to satisfy the hunger of our immortality on the husks of the world. O sinner, look at yourself, and you cannot but see that you have not been made for what you are. Let the memory of home come to you, let the thought of a Heavenly Father's love stir your soul, let the music of angels be wafted down to you, and be again a man, and be what you have never been, a christian man, a saved man.

Again, that which more than all else helped him was the gracious spiritual influence. We know not how God reaches the soul with His grace and spiritual power, quickening it into life and love, but He does reach it, and there will be nothing of good for any soul till He does reach it with His gracious spirit.

Regeneration is God's gracious work in the soul. It is the implantation of the new life. It is a secret work, and no one knows when it takes place. I have no doubt at all it is in many a soul as a latent force, long before it manifests itself in conversion. Just as the life is in a seed, a grain of wheat, long before it is sown and grows; so the regenerative principle may be in a soul, a life, buried up there, hidden, lost to view, latent, long before it shows its existence and power in the tears of penitence, and the resolves of a new life.

You tell me sometimes that you must wait till God regenerates you by His spirit. You can be no good till then. You cannot repent till then. You cannot believe till then. But let me remind you that even now, as you live your life, and do your work; even now as you sit there, the life of regeneration may be in your soul, waiting for a chance to grow. The life-principle is in your wheat as it lies on your barn floor. It is in it as it lies useless in your bin. All the long cold winter through the life-principle sleeps. And for years it may sleep in your wheat. But when the spring comes put your wheat where it will grow, and how soon the seed-principle will make its presence and power felt. And so with the regenerative principle. Put yourself where the good in you will grow. Do not stay out in the cold winter of the world, on the barren floor of unused opportunities; but come where the sunshine of God's favor will beam upon you, and the showers of His grace will fall upon you, and then the tears of penitence will begin to flow, and you will know what pardon is, and what it is to be washed from your sins in the blood of Christ, and what it is to be a child of God and saved.

Do not tell me, O my hearer, that you are waiting on God to come and do His part, and that you have a long wait, a wait stretching through the years. That is not God's way. He is waiting on you, waiting to bless you, waiting to be gracious to you. Cry to Him, and see if He will not hear. Come to Him, and see if He is not ready to save you. You have to wait till another spring comes round to sow your wheat. Only once a year can you sow and grow wheat. But not so with salvation, not so with the seed of truth. Already it is sown in your hearts, and it is yours to give it a chance to grow. "Behold, now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

O sinner, weep the tears of penitence to-night. Set out for Heaven this solemn hour. Jesus says, Come! The Spirit says, Come! The Church says,

Come! The angels of Heaven say, Come. The Father standing in the open door of your Heaven-home says, Come! and He is expecting you to come. Delay not, for so much is at stake. Oh do I hear you saying in these words of the prodigal son: "I will arise and go to my father?"

Again, the Prodigal's resolve did so much for him. You see him out on the bleak hills with the hogs. You see him wasted with hunger, and trying in vain to satisfy himself with the husks the hogs ate. You see him moody, meditative. Thoughts of home come to him. The memory of the past rushes before him. He sees afar off his father's mansion, and he is homesick. Oh how he yearns to be back to it again! It was not with him there as it is with him here. No hunger there. No servitude at home like this. And then the thought comes to him why he cannot go back, but he feels as if the idea must not be entertained. How can he go back? How can he meet his father as he is and after all he has been? Oh no, he cannot go back! Better starve where he is than go back! Never let it be known in his father's house what straits he was in, to what a wretchedness he was reduced! Let him die, and let him be buried, buried in a nameless grave, in the far country! Let him be as though he had never been! The tears come into his eyes. He brushes them away, but still they come. And let them come, for there is no one near to see him weep, and moreover there is no one who cares for him. He bows himself with his face to the earth, and he sobs aloud as if his heart would break. He is in an agony of grief and remorse. For hours perhaps he lies there, until at last he sleeps, and in his sleep he dreams, dreams of home. He sees his home just as it was when he left it, and it looks grander than ever. He sees his father standing in the doorway, and he is not angry. He wakes up with a start. It is early morning, and it takes him some time to collect his thoughts, and realize how it is with him. Presently the clamorous hogs come around him wanting to be fed, and he climbs the carob-trees, and breaks off for them branches and bunches of the pods. And all the time he is doing so thoughts of home and of his father come to him. His morning duties are over, and gathering a few of the tenderer and sweeter of the cobs for his own breakfast, he does what he can to appease his hunger. But oh! it is hard fare.

And then the manhood rises up in him against the hardness and wretchedness of the hog-life he is living and has been living, and he says to himself: "Has it indeed come to this with me? And is it going to go on forever? No, it shall not go on; with God's blessing it shall not go on. I am done with it. Better a servant at home full fed, than a starved slave here! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him: Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight; I am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants."

Thus his resolve shapes itself in his mind. It may have taken days to assume shape, slowly maturing, or it may have taken only hours, moments. It may have been a long fierce struggle with himself before he would yield to go back home. It looked like weakness. But at last his mind was made up. He was both driven and drawn to it. His need drove him to it, and thoughts of home drew him to it, and so his mind is made up to go home. And when his mind is made up to go home, it is not of course done. Very far from it, for he is still in the far country. But much is done, very much.

I am speaking to not a few perhaps who have in one way or another got farther away from God and their duty than they realize, and they know it and feel it sometimes. They are not in want like the prodigal perhaps, but they are often unspeakably wretched, as unhappy as they can well be. And the thought comes to them again and again to break with this way of living that they have been and are living, and do differently. But so many things seem to be in their way, and they are held where they are and as they are. Business keeps them. Pleasure keeps them. Companionship keeps them. Time enough! keeps them. A multitude of influences keeps them. It looks like a back down to yield, a weakness that is not worthy of them. And so they are kept and held through the years, and every year they are no nearer to their duty, no nearer to God, no nearer the church, no nearer Heaven, but farther and farther away.

Now, my friends, what you want, is simply to come to a decision, to make:

[Continued on fourth page.]