

# 2000 MORE SUBSCRIBERS WANTED IN '88.

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

## Every Household

Should have Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It saves thousands of lives annually, and is peculiarly efficacious in Croup, Whooping Cough, and Sore Throat.

"After an extensive practice of nearly one-third of a century, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is my cure for recent colds and coughs. I prescribe it, and believe it to be the very best expectorant now offered to the people."—Dr. John C. Lewis, Druggist, West Bridgewater, Pa.

"Some years ago Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of asthma after the best medical skill had failed to give me relief. A few weeks since, being again a little troubled with the disease, I was promptly

### Relieved By

the same remedy. I gladly offer this testimony for the benefit of all similarly afflicted."—F. H. Hassler, Editor *Argus*, Table Rock, Neb.

"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of whooping cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1251 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved remarkably effective in croup and is invaluable as a family medicine."—D. M. Bryant, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

### Professional Cards.

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

LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF EDINBURGH.

LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF EDINBURGH.

LICENTIATE 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.

# JULY 6, 1888

# Remnants, Remnants.

We have just received another lot of

# MILL REMNANTS

—IN—

Grey Cotton, Gingham and Shirtings from the Gibson Mill, also a lot of other Remnants which we are selling regardless of cost.

## Ternant, Davies & Co.,

202 Queen St., F<sup>o</sup>nt.

### Our Pulpit.

## LOT'S WIFE.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church, Sabbath evening, Fredricton, Sept. 16th, 1888.  
"Remember Lot's wife."—LUKE XVII. 32.

We build monuments to commemorate departed greatness and goodness, and we inscribe them with words of affection, admiration, adulation. It was with no little interest I traversed, some sixteen years ago, the aisles of Westminster Abbey, gazed with wonder at the monuments sacred to the memories of England's great dead, and spelled out the inscriptions often so fulsome that pride and pomp had written on them. Ah, how different many of those inscriptions would have been had the finger of God inscribed those stony tablets! It is held respectful to say only good about the dead; and moreover, with many it would seem as if death had some mighty transforming power—power to transform brute men into angels, tyrants into heroes, fools into sages, and bad men into good men. Now, nowhere can empty praise be more out of place than on a tombstone, and yet nowhere is it oftener to be met with than there.

The text may be called, and not inappropriately, a monumental inscription, and to the memory of one whom the world has not honored with a monument anywhere, and yet I do not suppose she is less deserving of some memorial than many another. There stood, long ages ago, at the entering in of Zoar, a pillar of salt-stone, a God erected monument, and on that monument, Jesus, so to speak, wrote this significant and ever memorable inscription: "REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE!"

It is not one of those landatory wordy inscriptions the world writes on tombstones, but it serves the purpose quite as well, and better. When wandering through the cemeteries of the old land I was struck at finding so many tombstones without any inscriptions. No doubt they were once there, and very flattering ones too, but time had worn them out, and left nothing to show whose dust was underneath. But here is an inscription that will outlast the ages and defy the tooth of time. And how full of meaning and warning for all who will learn. Let us go to yonder pillar of salt, and ponder well and wisely the inscription the Great Divine Teacher, who would have us learn lessons of wisdom and truth from everything, has inscribed it with. And here it is: "Remember Lot's wife!"

And first, remember how graciously and mercifully the Lord dealt with her.

In judgment times, when the Lord's hand is stretched forth to destroy, we are apt to be so occupied with contemplating the judgments that we do not see the mercies. We stand off and look with horror at yonder deluge of fire inundating all the rich and beautiful plain of Jordan, and overwhelming with an awful ruin the densely populous cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboiim. As we stand and gaze at the appalling scene, watching the black columns of smoke, wreathed and fluted with flames, rising up and shadowing all the land with a pall of woe, we see four persons, only four out of all the ten-thousands that are perishing in the conflagration, fleeing for their lives across the plain, with the roaring hissing devouring fire fiend after them. Our interest and sympathy of course are intensely excited in the fate of those four wretched fugitives. We watch them as they get nearer and nearer the place of safety. But just as we are ready to shout: "Saved! Saved!" lo, with blood curdling horror, we see one of the four suddenly overtaken and destroyed on the very doorstep of safety, and it seems to us as if the Lord had forgotten to be gracious, and as if there was no mercy at all in His judgments. But when we come nearer and look a little more closely into the horror and darkness of that scene, we find it everywhere radiant with love and rainbowed with mercy.

Now, we do not know much about Lot's wife. We do not know whether he brought her with him from Ur of the Chaldees, or found her in Canaan. It may be she had followed him with a wife's devotion all the way from beyond the Euphrates to Canaan, and shared with him the ups and downs of his checkered career. But whether or not, this at least is certain, she could not have been the wife of righteous Lot

without knowing something of the love and mercy and faithfulness of the God of Abraham. It must be admitted of course that Lot himself was but a poor specimen of a good man, and could not and did not commend religion very highly by his example before his family. Admitting that, it is still evident that he maintained the worship of Jehovah in his family, and it would seem that he had been more particular about his character and conduct in Sodom than he had ever been before. Though living in a community full to running over with unbridled licentiousness and the worst of crimes, he made out to bring up his family respectably, maintained purity and piety in his own home, and preserved his own character pure and intact from the bad influences and wicked practices around him. Thus, Lot's wife could not have been what she was and where she was, without enjoying a fair measure of religious advantages.

But putting all that aside, there is still, enough left to show that God dealt very graciously and mercifully with her. Two angels spent the night before Sodom's destruction in her home, and I am sure, she could not have listened to their earnest heavenly words, known about the judgment of blindness inflicted upon the licentious Sodomites, and heard them foretell the city's doom on the morrow, without being more or less deeply impressed. That night must have been a wakeful anxious night to her.

And then again, when the morning began to dawn, the angel, in his urgency to get her away from Sodom's destruction, took her by the hand and led her out of the city, and started her on the way to Zoar, warning her repeatedly not to look back, and not to stop, but to make good her escap with her husband and daughters to the city of safety.

Now, I am persuaded, she could not feel the pressure of that angelic hand around her own; she could not see his earnest look and hear his solemn words; she could not run so far, and see her husband and daughters running with her, and hear their pressing hurrying words, without feeling and knowing, that Sodom's doom was a reality, and that God wanted her to be saved from it. It seems to me that she was very graciously and mercifully dealt with; and, although she was lost, awfully lost, lost after mercy had done so much for her, yet she will not be able to say on the great day of account, that it was the want of means and mercy that lost her.

And moreover, there is not a soul in Hell that can charge the Lord with unmercifulness towards it. There are many, I know, who do not scruple to tell you, at least insinuate, that the reason why they are not Christians and saved, is because the Lord has not been as merciful to them as some others. But when these blasphemers of the Lord's goodness come to be judged at the judgment of the great day of account, and when they will be asked why sentence of everlasting banishment from the presence of God, and from the bliss and joy and hope and light and life and love of Heaven, and from the blessed and rapturous communion of saints and seraphs, should not be passed against them, they will not have one word to say on their behalf. All their wrong plausible reasons and excuses which they used to plead when on earth with so much success, why they were not on Christ's side and saved, will fail them there, and with shame and confusion of face they will have to acknowledge that God was good to them, and gave them means and mercies, and called them to repentance again and again, and would have saved them, but they would not.

Are there not before me now numbers who are not saved? And why not? Do not say, it is the want of means and mercies. "Remember Lot's wife," and let us talk no more about the want of means and mercies. Let us make a good use of those we have, and we will find them amply sufficient. Why, my hearers, our way is strewn with goodness and mercy. Angel voices are calling you; do you not hear them? Angel hands are leading you; do you not feel them gently sweetly pulling you heavenwards? Do you not see others running—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, friends and neighbors, and as they run they plead with you to run with them? What, then, is all this running about? Ah! Sodom's destruction is at men's heels. Let us not linger, for lingering and looking back are alike fatal. O men with souls to be saved, run! run for your life!

Again: Remember it was the looking back of Lot's wife that destroyed her. It was not that she never left Sodom,

nor was it that she did not run towards Zoar, that she was lost, but it was because she looked back. Just as she was about to enter Zoar, and while she was running perhaps, she took a hasty glance of the city behind her, and that instant a bolt from Heaven fixed her to the spot. She became a pillar of salt; she was encrusted all over with a saline substance, and so became a monument of God's displeasure.

"Looking back," you will say, "was not much to merit such a swift and terrible retribution. And the apple-taking of Mother Eve also was so little. And so was the penny-stealing of Judas."

Ah yes! but little as they appear to us, they were not little to Him who knows all things, and who is able to form a just estimate of every act. With Him these little things are not peccadilloes, but sin and rebellion, and sin and rebellion are not little things. Eve's apple-taking resulted in the world's fall, Judas' pilfering led to the Lord's crucifixion, and the looking back of Lot's wife was her ruin.

We estimate things from their outward appearance, and so estimating things we wonder that the Lord attaches so much importance to so little. We are amazed that the Lord would make the world's destiny turn upon the taking or not taking of the fruit of a certain tree. We are surprised that He would doom and damn a soul for such a little thing as looking back. You will tell me it was the most natural thing in the world for her to look back. And yet, for her looking back Lot's wife was destroyed. It is hard for us who think so little of the littles of life, the little duties, the little neglects, the little mistakes, and so on, to understand that. But let us remember that looking back was the very thing the Lord told her not to do, and warned her about, and made clear to her what the consequences would be. The last thing the angel said to her as he parted with her on the plain was to be sure and not look back. And yet that was the very thing she did.

Sometimes a word, a look, a wink, an act, a trifle, indicates what a man is. A glance of the eye is a little thing, and yet, in a single glance may be revealed the deepest depths of a man's soul. Have you never learned the history of a life, and known the worth or worthlessness of a character from something no greater and no more important than a look? Has not a single act performed in certain circumstances been the concentration, so to speak, of a whole life? And that being the case, that single act would be a criterion whereby to judge of the whole. Thus, it seems to me, the looking back of Lot's wife, little as it was, from the very threshold of deliverance, was but the last one of a life of looking-backs.

Doubtless it was hard for her to run away from Sodom, and leave all the world-results of a busy life behind to be burned. Like so many others, Lot and his wife were too fond of getting on in the world, and I suppose they would not have gone to Sodom at all, and would not have remained in it as long as they did, if it had not been, as they thought, a first-rate place to get on in. Perhaps they did not intend to stay there very long, but before they could move out of it with advantage, they had to run or burn, leaving everything behind them—their property, home, friends, everything but their bare selves. Now, as Lot's wife was running, instead of thinking of God's goodness and mercy in sending His angels to warn her of Sodom's destruction, and looking forward eagerly and hopefully to safety in Zoar, she would be thinking of the many things she was leaving behind, and she would be hoping and half expecting perhaps that there would be no destruction after all. Zoar was nothing to her: Sodom was all. Her feet were running to Zoar, but her heart was away back in Sodom, and that looking back of hers shewed where it was.

Ah! my hearer, this staying away from the Lord's House is not much perhaps; neglecting family worship and many another duty, is not much; doing what is not just the right thing to do now and again is not much; taking too much from the cup of inebriation occasionally to please a friend or help along a holiday, is not much; and all the little ten-thousand other omissions and commissions that make up an evil life, is not much; and yet, they shew where the heart is and what we are, and come at last to be a very real Hell. Many think because they are not so very bad, not scandalously wicked, not such as the Sodomites were, they are comparatively safe. But Christ says here: "Remember Lot's wife!" She was not one of your great sinners. I suppose she was

in many respects a worthy woman, a faithful wife, a kind mother, a good neighbor. She kept her house in order, lived a quiet unassuming life, minded her own business, filled her little place. But Sodom's doom overtook her, Heaven's judgments struck her down. What better off was she in the end than the neighbor women she left behind? And doom will overtake us in the church as fast as on the streets of Sodom if we are not in Christ. Yes, my hearer, the world's doom will come in at those doors over there, and strike men's souls dead within these walls, and on the very threshold of eternal life, if they repent not and believe in Jesus, and it seems to me to be more awful to perish here than out in the world. You do not expect anything else out there, but you do expect something else here, and it is hard to be dragged away from the very altar and to be destroyed. Oh let us not make ourselves too secure here! Looking back from the gates of Zoar is ruin as well as staying in Sodom. Being so near Christ, and yet not being Christ's, is the most unsafe state for a soul to be in. O soul, come into spiritual union with Christ; come in! stay not out there!

Again: Remember that Lot's wife was almost saved. She made out to get away from Sodom, and across the plain, and she had reached the entrance into Zoar, when she perished. If she had held on a few steps farther, all would have been well with her. The hardest part of her race for life was over. To get out of Sodom, to get away from her home and all that was there holding her back, to get away from the influences of neighbors, and street influences, and family influences—all that was a good and grand beginning. The angel helped her, and she got away, and well away; and when the angel left her, fear gave wings to her feet, and she sped across the plain. But she gave out before the end was reached. She stopped short. She made a good beginning, but a bad ending. Her pace slackened when it should have quickened, and her race for life ended in failure.

And, my hearer, Lot's wife, in this respect, is the representative of a large class in our churches. Our churches are half full of people who are almost saved. Some of them lived in Sodom once, revelled in its streets, gloried in its wickedness. But they heard the knell of the city's doom rung, and they fled. God's messengers came to them and told them to flee from the wrath to come. And, with the tears of remorse running down their cheeks, and with the fear of the wrath to come lashing their consciences, they ran away from their drunkenness and abominable wickedness. They fled out of the haunts of revelry and broke companionship with evil-doers, and they made their way to the church. And they were received with joy. It was said: "What a change has come over them!"

And indeed the beginning was all that could be desired. Their drunkenness was hard to give up, but they gave it up. Their evil companionships were hard to break with. How they sneered and jeered. But they broke with them. And some of them have got well across the plain, almost to Zoar. But when they have got that far; when they have got far enough to be respectable and moral and christian-like; when they have got far enough to be in a comfortable church-position; then have we not seen some of them slack their speed, dry up their tears, dismiss their fears, and look back?

Then others have been living on the plain all their lives—neither in Zoar nor in Sodom, but in a sort of half-way state. They are not alarmed about Sodom's doom, because they are not there, and they are so near Zoar they can run there any time. They live just outside of the gates of Zoar, and have always lived there, and like to live there. They have been in Sodom; they trade there, go to their balls and entertainments sometimes, but they would not like to live there.

Ah! poor souls, do you see that pillar of salt at the gates of Zoar, that monument with the inscription on it: "To the memory of Lot's wife?" That is where she fell, and where she was struck you are living your life. Almost saved will not do. In those pews every Sabbath will not do. Morality will not do. Respectability will not do. Religion even will not do. Only in Christ is salvation. Come to Christ, and then you are safe. There no judgment will strike. But anywhere else is danger, woe eternal.

Again: Remember that though Lot's wife was almost saved, she was wholly lost. There are those who talk as

[Continued on fourth page.]