

SONS OF TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

Tracts and Leaflets

Prepared especially for the Temperance Literature Committees of the various Grand Divisions and Subordinate Divisions.

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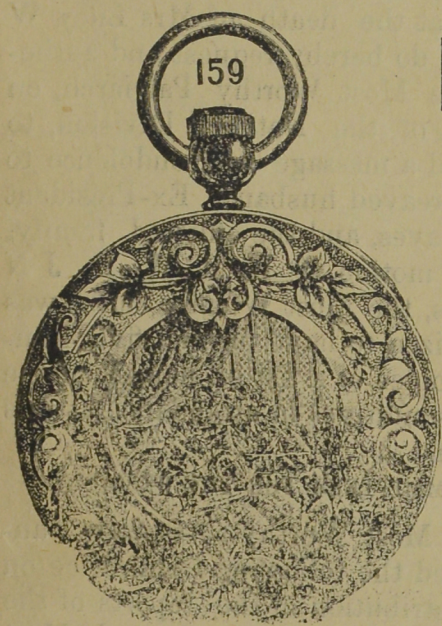
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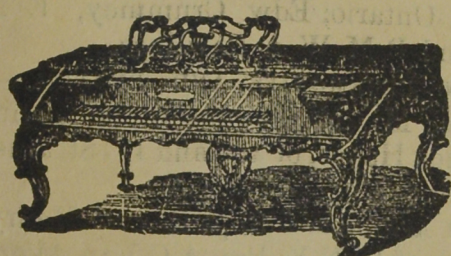
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would never have seen, his sightless eyes would never have been opened.

O blind souls, despise not the means within your reach. Do just as Jesus directs. Let not the jibes and jeers of men who have no faith, and the counsels of wicked companions, lose you the opportunity, turn you from your purpose. You are blind, but you may see, and know the rapture of seeing. He who opened the blind man's eyes is here to open your eyes, and this blessed Sabbath-day you may see—see as you have never yet seen. But if you would see, it will not do to sit here. You must rise and do as Jesus directs. You must faithfully and diligently use such means as are within your reach. The way of salvation is set before you. Jesus says, "Come to me!" If then, on your knees, you will come, even though it is poor weak coming, blind groping, coming with doubts and misgivings marring and hindering it; still, there will be salvation for you, and you will close the day with songs of joy and praise.

Thirdly, the blind man's spiritual experience ending with his acceptance of Christ.

From Siloam he made his way back to the temple, with a view perhaps to give God thanks for his recovery from blindness, and to find his deliverer. Here he was met by those who knew him, and they were full of wonder to find him no longer the blind man he was. They wanted to know how he now saw, and he could not tell them much. All he knew was, that a man named Jesus made clay and anointed his eyes, and then sent him to Siloam to wash, and he saw.

They then took him before the Pharisees to be examined, and they questioned him closely. He told them the simple facts, and the facts were such that there was no getting over them; he had been miraculously healed on the Sabbath. There were two parties among the Pharisees. One party held very strict views with regard to the Sabbath, views so strict that even healing the sick was forbidden. The other party did not hold such strict views. The man's case, then, brought these two parties into collision. The majority were strict Sabbatharians, and held that the healing was a breach of the fourth commandment. The making of the clay into an ointment, and the anointing of the eyes, was work, and he who did so must be a breaker of the Sabbath, and therefore a sinner. We more liberal again argued, and with a force of reasoning that was hard to set aside, that a sinner could not work a miracle. This caused the strict Sabbatharians to raise the question whether it was a case of real blindness. Accordingly the blind man was re-examined, and witnesses called. His parents testified that he was their son and had been born blind, but they could not say how it was he now saw. Nor did they want to say much, fearing the consequences. The man himself was again questioned, and it was asked what he had to say of his healer. "We know," they said, "that this man is a sinner." And then came his unanswerable answer: "Whether he be a sinner, I know not; one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

As he utters these telling words I can see him looking those wretched cavillers full in the face with his newly opened eyes so searching and fire-charged, and his argument ought to have convinced the most stupid prejudices. But they will not be convinced. They have eyes to see with, but they will not see. One born blind teach them! One born in sin undertakes to tell them their duty! No! it must not come to this! And after further questioning, with a violent rudeness, they excommunicate him.

Thus, so soon does he find that it is not easy to be faithful to his convictions, and brave and true and good. I see him going down the streets from the temple, not knowing what to do or where to go. He cannot go home, for his father and mother dare not receive him, nor shelter him. He is perplexed and troubled, and seems to be the victim of some cruel fate that follows him. When he was blind it was ill with him, and now since he can see it is almost worse with him, and he knows not what to make of it, or how to regard it. But in his perplexity Jesus comes to him. He comes to him because He learns that he has been cast out. He comes to him again in his need. Oh how Christ likes to find men in any need—anxious, troubled, unbefriended, hated, despised, for then He can help them! Deep in the man's soul is a hunger after the truth, and Jesus now begins to lead him to the truth. So He puts to him this question, a question that in some shape must be put to every one of us if we would be saved: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" The man wants to know who He is so that he may believe in Him. "And who is He, Lord, that I may believe on Him?" Jesus tells him: "Thou hast both seen Him, and He it is that speaketh with thee." Is he surprised, amazed? I think he is almost prepared for it. Prostrating himself before Jesus he earnestly and reverently says: "Lord, I believe." He is a Christian, saved.

Now, we have step by step followed out the process by which the blind man was led to Jesus, to faith in Jesus, to

the glad light of the truth. Are you, then, my hearer, prepared for this solemn question: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" That question was put to the blind man, and on his knees he was able to answer it: "Lord, I believe." But his answer will not do for us. We must answer it for ourselves, answer it with our own lips, answer it with our own heart's trust, answer it at the feet of Christ, answer it where others are looking on and sneering at us perhaps. We are face to face with Christ this solemn Sabbath-morning, face to face with Heaven and Hell, face to face with our duty and destiny, face to face with life and all it has been to us and all it is to be, and the question comes to us, and we must not evade it: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

Let us not cavil about faith, and raise doubts and questions, and resort to side-issues, so that in the dust we make we may escape for the time being from the stern personal question that faces us. We cannot thus evade it. We know who the Christ is. We know He is the Son of God. We know our duty towards Him. But are we doing it? "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

Your answer to that question is waited for and wanted. Do not say, "I will think about it; I will weigh it well and make up my mind." That is nothing more nor less than an attempt on your part at evasion. You ought to be able to answer that question today. And it is not safe to delay it. Time does not wait. You may never have another opportunity. On your knees confess your sins, and bewail your hardness of heart, and ask for grace and mercy, and say to Jesus: "Lord, I believe."

You will have your trials. The blind man has his. A tangle of questions may come in some shape to you, and there may be a wrangle among the Pharisees of the church about your salvation, your orthodoxy, and so much else. But here is your duty, and with God's help, do it. It is yours to believe in the Son of God. As the blind man said, so say you: "Lord, I believe."

I said it was one Sabbath-day's experience. I may have been too fast in saying that. Perhaps it stretched over a week; I do not know. But many a soul has found the light of life in one day, one Sabbath-day. They have begun it in darkness and ended it in the glad light of salvation. Make this Sabbath, by the blessing of God, the turning-point in your career, your spiritual birth-day. It may be so, and if you will be as willing to be saved as the blind man, it will be so. What a proof he had for himself and others, a proof that could not be set aside nor shaken: "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." "Look at me," he could say to men, "and believe in Jesus, and He will do for you what He has done for me."

AMEN.

CANNING FRUIT.

In a paper read before the Methuen grange by Mrs. A——, the essayist said: "Notwithstanding the labor it involves, canning surpasses all other methods of preserving fruit, for the labor is less and less sugar is required than in making preserves, and one need not fear that after it is done and put away that it will "work," a thing not unusual in preserves with the best of material and workmanship. Canning has great advantages over drying, and I can remember when the person who canned a little fruit did well and the one who was successful did better; for then neither jars nor covers were perfected as they now are. The first covers to jars that I remember were plain tin caps; there were no grooves in either jar or cover, so that the covers could be screwed on, neither were porcelain lined, which made it necessary for some one to line them with paper carefully cut to fit the top. Now, after many improvements in the Mason jar, we have the "Lightning," which makes it still easier, so much so that one of my neighbors, after using the latter, declares that she intends to give away all her old Mason jars, so that she will not feel obliged to use them again. Then I know another, who is always successful in all else, who claims that the Lightning jar does not work as well the second season, and her fruit will not keep in them.

I have read the different recipes for canning and preserving fruits that I have found, and I have not yet seen my method. It has been my object to

RETAIN AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE THE TASTE OF THE FRESH FRUIT,

and to use only the amount of sugar that we would take were we to use it fresh; use only the best fruit in its best condition.

The sooner strawberries, raspberries and blueberries are canned, after picking, the better. I would can them within an hour if I could, but that is not always practicable.

See that the jars are perfectly clean then put in the fresh berries, shaking the jars a little so that the berries may lie as closely together as possible without bruising. When the jars are filled put on the covers, without the rubbers, and not screwing them down. Now set the jars into a kettle or boiler which must be

deep enough to include both jars and covers; put something under the jars so that they will not rest directly on the bottom of the kettle. Fill the kettle with cold water to within two or three inches of the tops of the jars, cover closely and set it over the fire to boil. While this is heating make ready a syrup to pour into and fill the jars as soon as the contents of the kettle boils, then let it boil five minutes longer, take out the jars, put on the rubbers, screw on the covers as tightly as possible and your work is done. I have found this much easier than heating the fruit and jars separately and then filling the hot jars with hot fruit, and it also saves handling and bruising the fruit and pears and some other fruits can be put up much ripier than I would dare attempt by separate heating. The old rule was that pears must be harder for canning than for eating.

In canning pears and peaches I cut them directly into the jars and when I have filled as many as the kettle will hold, place them in cold water and set on the stove; when boiling add the syrup and let them boil 10 to 20 minutes. The quantity of sugar to be used in making the syrup must be determined by one's taste. Fruit may be successfully canned without sugar.

It has been said to be a sure indication of friendliness and good-will when women will compare and give their rules and methods for cooking, for to each housewife her own method is dear, particularly if it has been successful.

A stone has been discovered in Japan which has remarkable qualities as a cement material, and can be worked up for a much less price than the imported article costs. The cement will bear a weight of 400 to 500 pounds per square inch.

While tearing down an old chimney in Nyack, N. Y., last week the workmen were astonished to find imbedded in the mortar a toad in a somewhat inactive condition but still alive. It had been confined in that spot, hidden from light and air, for fully forty years. Half an hour after he had been brought out he hopped around in as lively a manner as if he had been born the present year.

HOW TO RAISE BOYS.

Bishop Vincent Gives Some Sensible Advice to Parents.

Bishop J. H. Vincent, in a recent lecture at Philadelphia, made some very truthful and interesting statements. The boy he described was the one who failed to recognize the proprieties of life, who always spoke when it were better for him to keep quiet, the noisy, generous, mischief-loving, whistling, every-day boy. Not the bad boy who was always hanged at twenty years of age, nor the good boy who always died at the age of ten.

Making the boy baby as the starting point, the Bishop drew a picture of him as a pet, admired and caressed more than at any other portion of his life. After babyhood came the second stage, the period when, if any trait in his character was noticeable, it was the fact that he was not a girl; when he blossomed out in trousers, into the pockets of which he thrust his chubby fists, and wore boots, and always wanted to be out-doors. At this period the boy is extremely honest. He always tells what he thinks, and worse than all, what his mother and sister think. The boy forgets nothing, and his memory at this date is simply wonderful.

Then there was a hiatus of some four years, and the boy was introduced at the age of twelve years. Life to him was one long April fool day. This boy could run farther, eat more and sleep longer than any thing created. At this period he had fewer friends and sympathizers than at any time of his life. In fact the only friend he now had was his mother, and no boy should ever forget this. The Bishop contrasted the life of a girl of eleven years with that of a boy, and thought the girl had much the better of him. She was dressed neatly and was the pride of the family, while the boy was always dirty and incorrigible. At this period of the boy's life he formed a far better estimate of his father than his father did of him.

The last period of a boy's life was when he was sixteen. This glimpse of the boy is very brief, for he believes himself to be a man. Now he washes in perfumed soap, oils his hair, takes great pride in his dress, especially his cravats, shaves and shaves with a fixed purpose—to raise a beard.

At this time he has opinions, and the questions of theology which have bothered theologians for centuries are decided by him off-handed. He knows every thing worth knowing; calls his father the "old man," and makes great pretenses of authority. But confidence in himself is unlimited. But at this period his love for his mother is shown in its first manly light, and it is the most pleasing trait of his character.

In closing the Bishop urges three things in the boy's behalf. He would have the boy attend public service in church on every Sunday; he believed that all boys should be sent to public schools, and urged that the best teachers be selected for his tutors; and last, the boy should feel the influences of home life. Then the home should be made pleasant, and he severely condemned the parlor from which the boy was excluded.

A Scriptural Exposition.

Says a Scotch clergyman: An elder was reading and commenting upon the thirty-fourth Psalm, and the book being printed in the old style, when he came to verse thirteen he read: "Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile." He read it "speaking girls," and then remarked by way of exposition: "It is evident from this passage that Scripture does not absolutely forbid kissing, but, as in Christianity every thing is to be done decently and in order, we are here encouraged by the passage to choose rather those girls that take it quietly and not those that squeak under the operation."