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# THE TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

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Son of Temperance  
Should take the JOURNAL and give it for it  
EVERY DOLLAR  
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## Our Poetry.

### Four Little Fair Ho

BY MADAME HYACINTHE LOYSON.

One—two—three—four—  
With plenty of love and room for more—  
Though the cottage was small,  
And labor was all;  
A boy and a girl, then a girl and a boy;  
The latest one born the sweetest the joy.  
There was Tommy and Bessie and Arthur  
and Sue,  
With two pairs of brown eyes and two  
pairs of blue,  
And four little fair heads from nut-brown  
to gold.  
Ah! good farmer Brown, you have riches  
untold.  
Though you work for their bread from the  
morning till dark,  
And are weary at evening, you're up with  
the lark;  
In plowing and sowing,  
In gathering and mowing,  
In the winter and spring, in the summer  
and fall,  
You're the busiest, happiest farmer of all.  
On Sunday alone have you time to think  
over  
Your babies, your harvests, your kine and  
your clover;  
To mark down the "hiring," the "gain"  
and the "share";  
With small time for reading and less time  
for prayer.

"Make haste, little fingers, the berries to gather,  
For a change in the moon will bring change  
in the weather."

Ah! that summer was rainy—cold night  
and hot day—  
There was mist in the meadow, there was  
mould in the hay;  
And the doctor came down from the village  
that way;  
And a small hand lay limp in the father's  
all night,  
While the mother's turned pillow, gave  
draught, shaded light,  
Quick pulse and parched lips,—brave Tom-  
my went first,  
And Farmer Brown's wife cried, "Our  
labors accurst."  
There were four—then three—then two—  
then one;  
Then another wee coffin for Susie—then  
none!

One—two—three—four little hillocks of  
clay—  
Empty house—broken hearts—and much  
time to pray.

Years are gone, and late wisdom has come  
to their door,  
Though the prattle of children is heard  
there no more.  
But the old couple tottering to church, as  
they pass,  
Bow their heads to the four little graves in  
the grass.

—Vigile de La Toussaint.

## Our Pulpit.

### Abraham the Friend of God.

#### The Faith-Emigrant's Wanderings and Trials.

No. IV.

SERMON PREACHED BY

REV. A. J. MOWATT.

In St. Paul's Church, Fredericton, Sab-  
bath Evening, March 4th.

"And there was a famine in the land;  
and Abram went down into Egypt to  
sojourn there, for the famine was sore in  
the land."—GEN. XII. 10

In this audience to-night may not be a few who are thinking of emigrating to the North-West in the spring, or over to the States, and they are picturing out to themselves in rosyate hues the splendid advantages that are to accrue to them in doing so, and what an easy prosperous time they are going to have. And it is not for me to say whether you should emigrate or stay at home. That is a question every man must decide for himself according to his light. It is sometimes the salvation of young men today, their salvation in the fullest and grandest sense, even as it was Abraham's for them to emigrate. It does this for them:—it breaks up their idle companionships, tears them away from their careless ease and indulgence, teaches them self-reliance, wakes up in them an ambition to succeed, puts them in circumstances where they must do or die, gives them a chance to redeem the past and begin anew, and thus they are made, more than made—saved.

There are people staying at home who are doing nothing for themselves nor for anyone else, young men going about our streets with their hands in their pockets living on their father's money or credit, and learning bad habits. There are people on farms in the country or in business in town, and they are getting more and more behind every year, sinking deeper and deeper into hopeless debt. They are shiftless and thriftless, putting forth no efforts to better their circumstances, bringing neither intelligence nor energy to bear upon the work they are at, and so they are not succeeding. They do not half work, or try to succeed, and how can they succeed? And they run down the country, making out that it is through no fault of theirs, but wholly the country's fault, why they are not succeeding; whereas such people will never succeed anywhere, unless they turn over a new leaf. And sometimes emigration does that for them, and it is a help to them, the true making of them. They go out West, and they are hustled and tumbled about with a rudeness they never knew here, and they put up with inconveniences and discomforts they would not put up with here. They crowd into a one-roomed hut an Indian with us would not think good enough to live in perhaps. They fare on the coarsest food, and dress in the homeliest fashion. They work hard and save all they can, and after a while they find out they can do something, and that encourages them to go on doing, and they succeed. But if they had done that at home, worked as hard and been as saving and self-denying, they would probably have succeeded about as well.

Now, to-night, it will come out in the story of Abraham, that emigration, even when it is of God, has its drawbacks and difficulties, its trials and perplexities, as well as staying at home. Abraham had them, as we shall see; every emigrant has them to a greater or less degree.

First, Abraham's removal from the Plain of Moreh to the mountain district east of Bethel.

I suppose Abraham would arrive in the land of promise about mid-summer or early autumn, and, as we saw, he encamped in a lovely plain at the foot of Mount Ebal and Gerizim. But for some reason or other he did not remain long there. The pasturage for his flocks and herds may have given out. Or the Canaanites may have been in the near neighborhood, and he may have deemed it prudent to withdraw his people from their society. Possibly too there was some danger of collision and trouble. His cattle might get into their wheat-fields, and barley and rye, and that would not do. And then one Moreh, whoever he was, claimed the plain by a right of possession prior to Abraham's. Hence, although the Lord gave him a right and title to the land by His word of promise, and afterwards by a solemn oath, Abraham felt that it was his to infringe on no recognized rights and claims of the people of the land, and so he quietly withdrew to a part of the country not yet settled at all.

His new home was some twenty miles southward from where he had first pitched his tent, and on higher ground. It was up among the hills. An eastern traveller describes the place as a high and beautiful plain, and one of the finest districts in the whole land for pasturage purposes. And then it was shut in by a rugged and difficult country around it. Here also he built an altar to the Lord.

But if he was secure from marauders and troublesome neighbors in his mountain retreat, he was not secure from famine. The rainy season came, but, as sometimes happens, no rain, none to be of any real service, and the want of rain means famine. This was Abraham's first winter in the land of promise, and the emigrant would no doubt feel bad enough when this new calamity came home to him. Before he could get rooted in the land he was tossed hither and thither by one thing and another, and he would feel it. Famine perhaps was a new experience to one from the banks of the Euphrates, and if so, he would wonder that the Lord had brought him to a land of drought and hunger. But not a word of murmuring or questioning, so far as we know, escaped his lips.

Let us note this here, my hearer, that the way of duty is not always easy, nor is the call of God always to what the world calls good, prosperity, happy circumstances, success. Abraham's call was to a harder life than the one he had been living in Chaldea and Haran. Perhaps he never knew what disappointment was, and hard work, and want, till he set out to do right, and live the life of faith. And as with Abraham, so with you, young believer. You are hearing too God's call, and you are heeding it and perhaps you are expecting to have a sweet easy time of it in the land of promise. But the truth is you will probably have it harder than you have yet had it—harder duties, heavier trials, increased burdens and responsibilities. It is only thus you can be built up in true faith. Thus were the Abrahams made, and only thus can we be made.

Secondly, Abraham in Egypt. Driven from his mountain home near Bethel by the famine, he removed to the south country or Negeb. You see him leading his flocks and herds from valley to valley seeking pasturage for them, but the sore famine pursues him, and there is no seat for him, in the land. By and by he finds himself at the southmost border, perhaps beyond it before he knows, and the question comes to him what he is to do. He is very reluctant to go out of the land where the Lord has sent him. He does not want to go down into Egypt. He has heard, it may be, how ill they treat foreigners, and he fears to go there. Still there seems to be no help for it. The cruel famine lashes him forward, and so down into Egypt he goes. It is not far from where he is—some sixty miles. But he goes with reluctant hesitating step. He goes as one goes who is not sure that he is doing right. A cloud is over his faith. Perhaps worldly prudence and policy are leading him, rather than duty, faith, God. At all events the man of great faith is found to be a weak man in Egypt. We are not sure that he asked the Lord for counsel in this step. And he may have been left to go it blindly. No voice from Heaven to tell him what to do! And without that voice Abraham is as weak as other men, perhaps weaker.

In Abraham's day Egypt was quite a country, rapidly striding forward to the greatness of other days. She had a king, and was abreast, if not in advance, of the most favored portion of the earth, in civilization and prosperity. Her wonderful river makes and keeps her fertile when other lands are waste with famine. Like all countries even the Nile-watered Egypt, had her bad years of famine, but when it was famine in Egypt, what a state of destitution the rest of world was in! It is clear Egypt was far from being grown, developed, when Abraham went down there seeking pasture for his flocks and herds. A very primitive state of society obtained at the time. Some have tried to make out that it was the Hyksos or shepherd-Kings who were then in power, and thus account for Abraham's being so well received and kindly treated. But Egyptologists are far from being agreed as to the date of his visit.

When they reach the borders of Egypt, Abraham makes a proposition to his wife which is utterly unworthy of him as a man. There have been found apologists who have stood up for him, and have done what they could to make out a case in his favor, but his course can neither be excused nor defended. He showed himself to be a weak man, a man who could stoop to lying, and worse than that. We admire him in many things, but here we despise him. His wife is not now young; she is all of sixty-five, but four centuries after the flood that was still youth, and she is fair and queenlike, and her husband trembles lest he may lose both his wife and his

down in Egypt. Hence, being nearly related to one another before their marriage, Sarah being his half-sister he suggests that they assume for his sake the relationship of brother and sister, not that of husband and wife. And she agrees to it.

Abraham's fears prove real. Sarah is admired by the Egyptians, and her beauty praised, and very soon overtures of marriage are made by no less a personage than the king himself. He has a score of wives now, more or less, but there is always room in his harem for beauty. You can understand how troubled both Abraham and his wife are over the new aspect of affairs, but they have themselves to blame for it. Abraham receives large presents in the shape of cattle, and the fair Sarah is taken from his side to the harem to be prepared for the coming nuptials. I see the man of faith, now thoroughly humbled, prostrate before the lord, pleading forgiveness, and crying for help. And the Lord interposes. He causes a mysterious disease to break out in the palace, a grievous plague. This leads to enquiry and investigation by the court physicians, and it is discovered that the foreign lady is somehow the occasion. The king then summons Abraham into his presence, and rebukes him for his deception, but treats him more considerably than he deserves. He does not make him part with the generous present he had given him as brother of the prospective bride. Thus Abraham's visit to Egypt, necessary though it may have been, and advantageous to his worldly success, was not at all to his honor, not at all to his credit.

Thirdly, His return to the Land of Promise and New Trials. How long he remained in Egypt is not known, but he returns a rich man—rich in gold and silver as well as in cattle. He made his way to his mountain camping ground near Bethel. Here he rebuilt an altar to the Lord, and called upon His name. He may not have been able to do this down in Egypt, or rather he may not have felt like it. His faith has suffered somehow an eclipse. Possibly his going to Egypt at all may have been a mistake. But he is back to his home and altar, and all is serene again in his soul, the Lord with him, and he is himself.

New trials come to him, however. Trials arising from his increasing prosperity, trials from an unlooked for quarter, trials not from the heathen around, but in his own home and among his own people. This time it is between himself and Lot. [Lot was his nephew. When his brother Haran died far away in Ur of the Chaldees, he left a son, whom Abraham is thought by some to have adopted. At all events Lot followed him from Haran, to Canaan, and down into Egypt and back home again, and had been with him hitherto in all his works and wanderings. Identified with him, and one with him. But their increasing wealth is endangering their friendship and brotherliness, and rendering their separation a necessity. Their herdsmen out on the hills quarrelled, and these quarrels found their way to the tents of the masters, and there was to be trouble, bitter alienations. Abraham seeing this, resolved upon a step that would stop forever their quarrelling. He proposed to Lot, that, for the sake of peace, they should separate the one from the other, and most generously and unselfishly he gave Lot the choice of the whole field. And Lot made his choice, made it without the least regard, it would seem, to the interest of his generous-hearted foster-father, and a thoroughly worldly and selfish choice, made just such a choice as men make who look simply to their own interest and care only for themselves and this poor worldly life. He stood by Abraham's altar, on a mountain-terrace, whence he had an extended view of the land, and especially of the Jordan Valley, and the plain where now stretches the Dead Sea, then so rich and prosperous, and pointing with his hand in the direction of the plain dotted with cities, he said to his uncle, "That is my choice!" And Abraham was agreed. Poor Lot! that choice of his was his first false step, and led to his ruin as a prosperous businessman. He thought he was doing well for himself in pitching his tent towards Sodom but he found out to his sorrow when his life was half lived out, that he had made a fatal mistake for himself. And so Lot and all he had withdrew to possess and enjoy his choice.

It may be that Abraham felt bad enough, when he saw how eagerly his nephew, after all he had been to him and done for him, withdrew himself from his society, and how utterly regardless he was for his good uncle's interest and how bent upon securing his own. Can it be wondered when left quite alone at last with his stony hill tops around him, his heart misgave him, and he murmured to himself, "Is it for this mean portion I left the plains of Chaldea and land of Padan-Aram?" But it was only for a moment he felt so. He bowed before his altar for comfort and strength for himself and

a blessing upon his departing nephew. And the Lord came to him the second time, since his arrival in the land of Canaan, and renewed the promise he had made him. The voice of the Lord said this: "Lift up thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art, northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward, for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it and to thy seed forever. And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth! so that if a man can number the dust of the earth then shall thy seed also be numbered. Arise, walk through the land, in the length of it, and in the breadth of it; for I will give it thee."

This led him to break up his encampment at Bethel. In obedience to the Divine injunction he looked around in every direction for a good place to make himself a more permanent abiding-place, and finally pitched upon Hebron in the south.

Hebron was then a town of some considerable importance, and was occupied by the sons of Heth, a Hittite tribe. In the neighborhood a more warlike clan of Amorites, under the chieftainship of three brothers, Aner, Mamre, and Eshcol, was settled. In an oak-grove, not far from the town, called the grove of Mamre, Abraham pitched his tent. It was just the place for him to settle. It stands, travellers tell us, at the head of a long green dale, stretching away south some thirty-six miles, even as far indeed as Beersheba in the extreme south of the country. Here at Hebron he made himself a home, a kind of a home, for it was only a kind of a home Abraham ever had in the land. Here he enjoyed the honors and experienced the trials of the coming years. And here too, when all his wanderings and trials were over, he found a grave. Thus Hebron ever after became closely identified with Abraham.

We have thus to night followed Abraham in his wanderings from place to place, and even from land to land, and we have had glimpses of his trials and weaknesses, during the first year or two he was in the country, and they have shown us how hard he was put to it sometimes, and how weak he was. We see too how commonplace his life was, a life very much like our own, a life made up of struggles of different kinds, want sometimes, vexations disappointments, unfaithful friendships. And then he was not always what he ought to be himself. He was indeed a weak man. But the altar of the Lord was ever such a help to him. Its holy fire sometimes burned low in his spiritual experience, but it never went out altogether. And so he was enabled to keep on hoping, trusting, trying, and his faith was at last crowned.

Now, this is clear, that we should not expect too much from a new country. To emigrate is not always to improve one's circumstances. On the contrary, it may be to walk right in where the difficulties, and disappointments, and trials are. Famine, hard times, met the faith emigrant of the ancient past in the land of promise, and they meet the emigrant of to-day out on the rich plains of our land of promise. If we hope to run away from difficulties by clearing out of New Brunswick, we will probably find out how mistaken we are. The secret of success anywhere is a determination to overcome difficulties, and that can be done here as well as in the west.

Learn here again how little reliance can be placed in men, the best of men—their friendship, their relationship, their christian profession even, in the hour of trial. Lot pulls up his stakes and turns his back on all Abraham has been to him and done for him, and he tries to get ahead of him in the choice of a good place to dwell in. And Abraham, when tempted, gives way to mean lying, and exposes his wife's virtue to save his own neck. And though we live later down the stream of time, we are not any better. Put us in the trying circumstances of men who do wrong and we do wrong. Let us know this, that the only hope for any man is in the might of Jesus. If Jesus will keep us, then we will be kept, and no evil can prevail against us, but if we lean upon an arm of flesh we shall faint and fall.

### SHE HAD UNCONSCIOUSLY PROVIDED.

Yes, said the newly made wife, that is a very nice house, George, but I hardly think it will suit.  
Why not?  
Because it hasn't all the modern conveniences.  
It has nearly all.  
But there is no hot water apparatus.  
We'll never miss it.  
Why not?  
Because you've provided for the hot water.  
If  
Yes, you have invited your mother to come and live with us, haven't you?—Merchant Traveler.

### RIGHT AGAIN!

They were waiting for the car on the corner of Clay and Kearny streets. He was doing the extremely polite to the lady to and showing off his very best form. There came along two men. One of them evidently miscalculated the height of the sidewalk above the street, for he nearly came to grief. That's the blankety, blankety, blank, blank corner in this town blankety blank it. The lady gave a little shocked start, and in stepping off she, too, nearly came to grief. She paused for a moment and then said to the gentleman, who was wondering if he ought not to lift the blanked-mouthed man; I don't know but what he is right.—San Francisco Post.

### A HELPLESS JANITOR.

When Col. Sumpter was in New York, strolling about and seeing what was to be seen, he noticed by the side of the door of a large mansion of Fourth Avenue, right under the bell, the words:  
Please ring the bell for janitor.  
After reflecting a few minutes, Col. Sumpter walked up and gave the bell such a pull that one might have supposed he was trying to extricate it by the roots. In a few minutes an angry-faced man tore the door open.  
Are you the janitor? asked Col. Sumpter.  
Yes, what do you want?  
I saw that notice, Please ring the bell for the janitor, so I rang the bell for you, and now I want to know why can't you ring the bell yourself!—Texas Shiftings.

Are you a chemist, asked a large portly man, as he walked into a small dingy office.  
Yes, sir.  
Know all about acids and salts?  
Yes, sir.  
Fix up combinations that will eat through sheet-iron in five minutes!  
Yes, sir.  
Then I'll take you into my business at once. What salary do you want?  
But, sir; what is your business?  
I'm a manufacturer of five-cent whis-kies.

In the large plains called Llanedes, in south western France, the people use stilts as a matter of course. These plains are generally flooded, though not to a sufficient depth to enable the people to get about in boats. The stilts are not held in the hands, like those we are accustomed to see, but are firmly strapped to the side of the leg. The person wearing them carries a long pole to balance himself and aid him in walking. This pole has usually a cross piece at one end, so that, by putting it at a slant on the ground behind him, the person on stilts can sit down on it and rest. It is a common occurrence in that country to see men and women sitting and knitting in this exalted position, while the sheets they are tending wander about the place. They wear their stilts all day long, putting them on when they go out in the morning and taking them off only when they return home at night.

### WATERING HORSES.

The water given a horse should be pure. Do not have the well in the barn-yard, for the wash will soak into it and pollute the water. If a running brook of clean water be convenient, lead the horse to drink from it. A good cistern can be made of a large hoghead sunk half way into the ground, and the water from the barn roofs led into it will be preferable for the horse than very cold well-water. A horse needs at least two pails of water a day, and if given half a pailful before meals, or four times a day, it will be sufficient, unless when hard at work in sultry weather. Do not give warm water at any time of the year, but the chill may be taken off in winter so that it will not be icy. Do not water or feed directly after coming in very warm, and do not work hard immediately after eating heartily.

### SHE COULDN'T WALK THAT WAY.

There is a floor walker in one of the large dry goods stores in this city whose large toes point towards each other in the most friendly manner.  
What will you have, madam, said he to an Irish woman, who was looking hopelessly around.  
Calico.  
Walk this way. Sure I'd have ye know, sur, that my legs is not built that way, sur, and I couldn't walk that way if you'd give me the whole store, sur.—The Earth.