

For Dull Days.

It is the time of weeping,
Of darkness and of grief,
Of the reign of dreary fog-mists,
The falling of the leaf;
Yet let the heart be cheery,
Nor lips forget to sing,
The flowers again will blossom
In the spring.

On all the hours of heart-ache,
The skies of life are gray,
And the thoughts look on in prospect,
As dreary as are they;
Yet let no soul be hopeless,
For hours of pain are brief,
And God will send His sunshine
For relief.

Somewhere behind the rain-clouds
The sun is strong and bright,
No darkness rules forever,
There is a world of light;
And to the sad and aching,
To serve and cheer, is given,
And whisper there is joy for earth
— And heaven.

Therefore let all be patient,
And wait God's little while,
The tears will spend themselves at last,
Sad faces learn to smile,
God's gift to all His children
Is happiness and rest,
The time is in His choosing,
He knows best.
— MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

The Temperance Question.

[A SERMON PREACHED AT PORT MEDWAY,
N. S.; BY REV. T. H. SIDDALL.]

TEXT: "Thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in."—Isaiah 58:12.

The Kingdom of God is one of righteousness.

That Kingdom, Christ came to establish, to be the law and rule of earth. For it we pray when we say,—"Thy Kingdom Come."

By righteousness we understand that which is right, that which is excellent, that which is good, that which creates "joy and peace."

We have in this Dominion an organization called the liquor traffic. We are told: "Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit." That "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit;" and, "ye shall know them by their fruits"—both persons and institutions.

The liquor traffic is not one of "joy and peace." It is a source of sorrow, discord, loss, ruin, and death; it is a despoiler of home, a debaser of human life; it thwarts progress, and hinders the work of "the Kingdom." Let us see if these are not the "breaches" made by this corrupt tree in society, and in the national life.

I. THE BREACHES MADE BY THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

There is a leakage of waste. \$40,000,000 is the estimated amount spent for intoxicating liquors in this Dominion. \$40,000,000 for that which 900 physicians reported to the Royal Commission to be not beneficial, but hurtful.

One who gave evidence before the commission, the late Mr. Howland, of Toronto, declared that it would be a gain to the nation if the money thus spent was buried in the sea. Why? Because that expenditure involves a loss to the nation of not less than \$94,000,000.

Think of the grain wasted, the crime and its cost, the pauperism and its cost, the disease, mortality, loss of labor, and misdirected labor etc. Think of 75 per cent of the crime, and three-fourths of the pauperism of the land caused by the liquor traffic; and not less than 4000 deaths each year. Is it not a great "breach"? Poverty, crime, disease, loss, ruin and death.

A money waste and loss, according to the statement of Rev. Dr. McLeod, of \$134,000,000.

But this is not all. There is capital to the amount of \$20,000,000 invested in distilleries and breweries, used for the purpose of converting good materials into that which is baneful; and \$91,000,000 locked up in distributing that which is hurtful. \$111,000,000 in a traffic of sin, shame, and death. That is the fruit of the traffic, now and always; the bad fruit of a bad tree; badness inherent in the tree.

But something more has to be said. There is the loss to home and family. The discord caused by drink the robbery of the rights of wife and children.

Who can estimate the loss in comforts, and enjoyments? Children suffer life long loss by neglect caused through drink. That loss cannot be computed in dollars. The wreckage of home and life cannot be computed in gold. It is a life loss, and an eternal loss.

Then there is the waste and loss in men of gifts and ability, slaves to the sad and woful liquor drinking habit. Loss to the world. Men who have large endowments, but are bound by the tyrants chain. Their service to the world lost by reason of this curse of curses. A woful "breach."

II. HOW TO REPAIR THE BREACH.

How can we repair so great a breach? How can we restore paths to dwell in? Great questions, surely. No public question is viewed aright until viewed from a christian standpoint. The fundamental principle of christianity is the Ownership of Christ. And the fundamental law of Christ is obedience to His law. That law is, "If thy right eye offend thee pluck it out." No temporizing, but radical action. That the liquor traffic is evil is beyond question; that the liquor habit is dangerous and a cause of offence are most manifest. Now, what is to heal the "breach," as to persona' conduct? Is it not total abstinence? Is not this the one only effective principle? It has never failed, and cannot fail. Is it righteous, wise, safe and sure. The path of real sobriety is that in which alone is found safety; it is the path of peace, joy, prosperity and blessedness.

But our responsibility does not end there. We are citizens of the State. In England, since 1452, when the first general licensing act was passed, the liquor traffic has been regulated and sought to be restricted by law. In this Province since 1758 this traffic has been dealt with in an exceptional manner, treated as dangerous. Liquor, as an article of commerce, has by regulation and restriction been stamped as dangerous. That the tree is not good our restrictive laws are the witness. But, regulation means sanction. That the liquor traffic is a source of social and moral evil cannot be honestly questioned. To regulate moral evil is to sanction. The law of Christ is "pluck out," uproot, seek to destroy. Then we are bound by the law of Christ to suppress, to outlaw, to prohibit. All experience proves that in some way the traffic must be dealt with. And experience testifies that the tree is corrupt. Being so, as christians we are morally under obligation to free ourselves from responsibility.

By all lawful means we are called upon to uproot and destroy that which is a manifest source of evil.

The plea of personal liberty as against prohibition is not well founded. Liberty, internal and external is freedom in the truth. It is freedom to do that which is right. For each to do what is deemed right in his own eyes, would mean anarchy, which would end liberty.

To conserve liberty we have law. All government is restraint, and restraint means yielding up something for our own and others good. Government is to conserve, not abrogate, true liberty. The liquor traffic is an enemy of the public good. Demoralizing in its influence, and enslaving in its outcome. That which degrades and enslaves, is and must be in deadly opposition to righteousness, which is true freedom, and true well being.

As well being is the end of righteousness, that which tends to well being must be righteous. The liquor traffic, in no form or feature, is in the direction of righteousness. Its outcome is against well being. Tried by the one law of moral action, the law of Christ, it is utterly opposed to that "righteousness which exalteth a nation."

Being so the claims of the "Law of the Lord," the interests of "the Kingdom," the good of man and the weal of the State demand, as to public action, Prohibition. It is a sound, a sure, a good path for the nation to dwell in. That path needs no defence it is its own evidence, being on the side of God and righteousness. That is the safe side, and the side of conquest and victory. Compromise with known, admitted evil means weakness; but resolution and uncompromising opposition is the one sure path of victory. The strength of moral conviction is in righteousness, and righteousness alone has the right of way.

The Temperance movement has been and is "a repairer of the breach," and a restorer of paths to dwell in." That is its glory. It creates fruitful paths of blessedness; it heals the woful and destructive blight caused by a bad and evil traffic; it frees man, brings sunshine to home, blessedness to society and weal to the State. Be it ours, each in his own place, to be known, by unwearied effort, as worthy of the great honor here bestowed: "Thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in."

Consecration.

Of the way in which I was brought into close personal contact with Mr. Meyer, of how he urged me then and there to take the step of consecration, and how I said, "I can't for to-morrow I shall go and say or do something which will smash it all up,"—of all this I need not write. For more than a year I lived the life of one who sees the light, and longs and strives to reach it, but whose feet are so fast in the mud that he can't take a step toward it.

Then two things befell me. One was the discovery of my personal need

of keeping that part of our Christian Endeavor pledge which speaks of daily prayer and study of God's word. And let me warn Endeavorers against keeping the outside of the pledge and neglecting the inside. That is what I had practically been doing; though at that time I had not heard of Christian Endeavor; I wish I had.

This is how it came about. I had been feeling very much that I was preaching high things and living low things, and said to myself, "There must either be a change in you, or else you must give up the ministry."

With this I left, I was preparing to speak to my people on the first Sunday of 1890, on the text, "Break up your fallow ground, for it is time to serve the Lord."

During my preparation I tried to learn all that I could about ancient and modern fallow ground. Among the rest I took from my shelves a large work on Oriental customs. On opening it my eyes fell on some words printed in capitals in the middle of the page: "prayer is better than sleep."

These were the words, and on examination I found them to be part of the muezzin's cry from the minaret morning and night. "Prayer is better than sleep."

The words almost shone on the page as I looked at them. Like many a young minister, it was my habit to sit late over my books; and in the morning, after a late breakfast and with much to do, five hasty minutes were the most that I could spare for so unpractical an occupation as prayer. "Prayer is better than sleep," flashed from that page into my soul. "Well," I said, "if these old Mohammedans believe and practice that, surely I can and ought; I, a Christian, and a Christian minister."

From that day, I took to getting up at seven o'clock and spending at the very least an hour in quiet prayer and fellowship with God. That broke up my fallow ground, and made it ready for the seed God was waiting to sow in my heart. The tide of peace and power began to flow from that day; and, thank God, it is flowing still.

It was February 26, 1890. On that day Mr. Meyer came to Berwick to take part in a few quiet meetings for Christian people which were being held. That first afternoon he turned aside from the subject on which he was announced to speak and took instead "The Federal Headship of Christ" or, to put it in a simpler phrase, "Our Standing in Him."

I remember only one sentence in his address. It I shall never forget: "You are something to God."

I had often said that to other people; but I had never taken it right home to myself. As I saw the struggles and their sorrows, I felt God cared for them, and I said, "You are something to God."

But as I looked at my own life, and saw how sin lingered in me and still often triumphed, and how far short I fell of my own poor ideals, I felt that, if I was anything to God, I must be a sorrow and a shame.

But that afternoon I took those words right home to my heart. I was something to God. And I said, "If I am anything to You, then You must be everything to me." And then and there I yielded my whole being, spirit, soul, and body, to the Spirit.

That was my consecration day. For me, it has been step from the outside in, from effort to power from defeat to victory, from the longing which never led one to possession which opens a new spring of inspiration in the heart, and new visions of possibility to the eye of faith.

I have learned many fresh lessons. Consecration is not an end, but a beginning. Its area is constantly enlarging. It strikes ever deeper and climbs ever higher. I have learned that the will may be right while the desires are still wrong; but that God can create a clean heart as well as renew a right spirit, so that the strong passion of the soul is after him and holiness. I have learned that the Holy Spirit will fill to overflowing lives that are opened to his entrance, and that then impossibilities grow possible, because Christ is made so real that we say with Paul, "I can do all things through Him."

Much more could be said—but I forbear. If this short narrative of how God's help came to me through his servant helps any young lives, sorely beset with sinful habits, to the secret of victory and to the altar-steps of consecration, it will not have been written in vain.—REV. JAMES MORRELL, in Golden Rule.

The fact that every man with an impossible theory goes to the Bible to prove it is no evidence that the Bible is visionary. It only goes to prove that whatever men may think of the Book they always want it on their side.

Leaving Questions with God.

In one of his letters touching a very important event in his life, George Fox wrote, "Wherefore I let the thing rest and went on in the work and service of the Lord." There is a deep and vital truth of practical living suggested by this fragment of a sentence—a truth which, received and acted upon, goes far to make the mind calm, the heart peaceful, and the hands effective. There are a great many conscientious but anxious people who find themselves continually tempted to postpone work until all questions can be settled; who attempt, in a word, to anticipate the education of life by grasping at the beginning those results which come only at the end. For there are a great many perplexing problems which can never be thought out; they must be worked out. The man or woman who wants to settle them in advance will fail alike of the settlement of the question and the doing of the task. It is through the active putting forth of one's power that light continually streams in on the questions which concern what one ought to do. In any education the understanding of the ultimate uses of things must be postponed; those uses are revealed only when the educational process nears its close. This is preeminently so of the supreme educational process which we call life. There thousands of questions weighing upon every sincere and conscientious mind which cannot be settled by any amount of thinking, but which, in a way, settle themselves as one slowly but faithfully does the duty which lies next. This comes very near being the whole philosophy of life, which is in no sense a settlement of ultimate questions, but which is always primarily the doing of the thing that presses to be done. He who is able to do faithfully and heartily that which lies in his hand is on the road to the settlement of all the final questions. He is working his way through the experience which is to be, from the spiritual side, one of the great sources of personal illumination. To learn to leave things with God, and to do one's work as if God could be trusted, is to gain the repose and full-heartedness which permit one to pour out his whole strength without anxiety, worry, or distraction.—The Outlook.

A bad man is like a dirty liquid, which, if allowed to settle, becomes clear on top, but is foul at the bottom. A christian is like a medicine that must be shaken before using. Stir up a bad man, and you get sediment; stir up a good man, and you get sentiment. We need not fear to speak the truth, for thus we only expose the vile on the one hand and arouse true Christian sentiment on the other.

More Curative Power.

Is contained in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other similar preparation. It costs the proprietor and manufacturer more. It costs the jobber more and it is worth more to the consumer. It has a record of cures unknown to any other preparation. It is the best to buy because it is the One True Blood Purifier.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Gentle, reliable, sure.

Messrs. Northrop & Lyman Co. are the proprietors of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering invalid everywhere with emotions of delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost every ill that flesh is heir to, is valued by the sufferer as more precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wasted frame. To the farmer it is indispensable, and it should be in every house.

Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Parmelee's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

THE SECRET OF A BEAUTIFUL SKIN IS FOUND IN CUTICURA SOAP

Sold throughout the world. British agents: F. H. New, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

What Worldly Church Members are Like.

A sleeping watchman in a burning building.
A cracked car wheel under a train laden with human beings.
A defective flue on a windy winter night.
A dry well in a desert land.
A false light upon a dangerous shore.
A rotten bridge carefully painted without.
A vineyard which rewards its master's toil with leaves.
A broken wall around the sheepfold, through which wolves come in.
A meal of husks on a sumptuous table.
A nut with a worm in the kernel.
A life insurance policy issued by a broken down company.
A pewter coin gilded to look like gold.
A painted flower, from which the bees seek honey in vain.
A clear, crystal, inviting pool of water brackish and poisonous.
A splendid machine with no power to turn a wheel.
A note on a wild cat bank.
A pasteboard pillar painted to look like iron.
A denial of Christ twisted into the shape of acceptance.
A rebel in the uniform of the king's body guard.
A house built upon the sand.
A whitened sepulcher.
A cup washed without but foul within.
A tower begun but never finished.
A vineyarder abusing his master's servant.
A robber of God.
A wedding guest rejected and cast into outer darkness.—Telescope.

How the Dipper Saved the Farm.

Father was sick and the mortgage on the farm was coming due. I saw in the "Christian Advocate" where Miss A. M. Fritz of Station A. St. Louis, Mo., would send a simple combination dipper for 18 two cent stamps, and I ordered one. I saw the dipper could be used as a fruit jar filler; a plain dipper; a fine strainer; a funnel; a strainer funnel; a sick room warming pan and a pint measure. These eight different uses makes the dipper such a necessary article that I went to work with it and it sells at very near every house. And in four months I paid off the mortgage, I think I can clear as much as \$200 a month. If you need work you can do well by giving this a trial. Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A. St. Louis, Mo., will send you a sample for 18 two cent stamps—write at once. JOHN G. N.

Some men never change their minds they are always right. They never learn anything; they can't, for they have always known it all—in their own estimation.

Make Your Own Lantern.

Your home is incomplete without it, and the price is within reach of all. I ordered one for my own use—and it was so handy and convenient I went to taking orders for them and sold 51 in one day making over \$5 clear. It gives a beautiful white light, chimneys never break from heat, it is always clean and ready. Francis Casey, St. Louis, Mo., will send sample for 13 two cent stamps, write for one. I got my start from him.

GEORGIA B.

Speak the truth if you speak at all; but be not so plain as to speak a truth that unnecessarily injures the character or wounds the feelings of someone.

The New Hook Spoon Free to All.

I read in the "Christian Standard" that Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A. St. Louis, Mo., would give an elegant plated hook spoon to anyone sending her ten 2-cent stamps. I sent for one and found it is useful that I showed it to my friends, and made \$15.00 in two hours, taking orders for the spoon. The hook spoon is a household necessity. It cannot slip into the dish or cooking vessel, being held in the place by a hook on the back. The spoon is something that housekeepers have needed ever since spoons were first invented. Anyone can get a sample spoon by sending ten 2-cent stamps to Miss Fritz. This is a splendid way to make money around home.

Very truly, JEANNETTE S.

When a man sits down to make a list of the hypocrites he knows, he ought to put down his own name first.

Marry This Girl Quick.

I saw in your paper that a 13 year old boy made \$1.25 the first hour he worked selling the Perfection Metal Tip Lampwick. I ordered a sample and went to work and the first week I cleared \$10, the second week, I cleared \$15. I expect to run up to \$25 a week in the near future as the Perfection Metal Tip Lampwick makes such a beautiful white light and does away with smoky chimneys and bad odor and saves oil, it is easy to sell. If you wish to try it send 13 two cent stamps to Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A. St. Louis, Mo., and she will send you sample outfit, this is a good way to make money around home.

MISS TINA W.



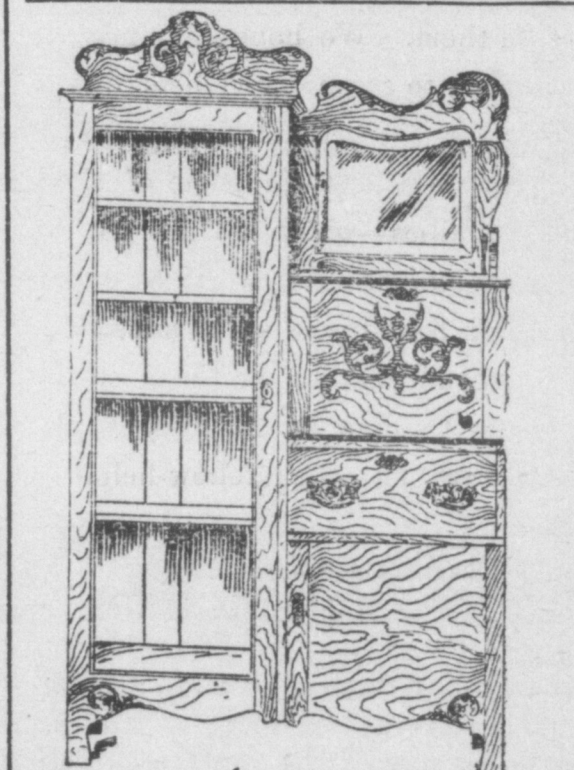
Fifty Years Ago.

President Polk in the White House chair, while in Lowell was Doctor Ayer; Both were busy for human weal. One to govern and one to heal. And, as a president's power of will sometimes depends on a liver-pill, Mr. Polk took Ayer's Pills I trow For his liver, 50 years ago.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

were designed to supply a model purgative to people who had so long injured themselves with gripping medicines. Being carefully prepared and their ingredients adjusted to the exact necessities of the bowels and liver, their popularity was instantaneous. That this popularity has been maintained is well marked in the medal awarded these pills at the World's Fair 1893.

50 Years of Cures.



Handsome Solid Oak Secretary Book Case, suitable for any part of your house makes a fine Christmas present. Will add comfort and elegance to any home for a life time. We carry a fine line of Furniture of all kinds, Carpets, Bedding, Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, Table Cutlery, Silverware and fancy Goods. All goods marked in plain figures. One price only. Prices always the lowest.

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