

ONTARIO GOES DRY.

"O-sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things; His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten us the victory."

And such a victory! So complete and decisive that one might well conclude the liquor traffic would hide its vanquished face in Ontario for ever! But it will not be found napping—always and ever it has been on the alert to gain any vantage point possible, and we will need to still continue our warfare against this insidious and deadly foe.

As if straight from the Courts of Heaven—so perfect was it, God sent us a perfect day—October 20th, full of mellow sunshine and glad radiance—a day in which it was a joy to be alive—a day that beckoned to the aged and "shut ins" to come out and enjoy its richness and its beauty; and how they all came! But not this time for the lure of a sun-crowned October day, but because each longed for free old Ontario from drink's last thrall. And how decisively the vote spoke! No hesitation, no "halting between two opinions." The thunder "No" of the greatest vote and the biggest majority ever recorded in Ontario speaks in fitting fashion of where our Province stands when the reintroduction of the liquor traffic is the issue.

All over Canada prayers were ascending on our behalf on that eventful day. We greatly appreciate the response to this prayer suggestion of ours from the White Ribboners of other provinces. In Quebec provinces our own Miss Walker, Dominion Corresponding Secretary, assembled the women in the City of Montreal, and while we worked they prayed. While in Ontario our members held all day prayer-meetings and a covenant-keeping God heard and answered. Truly "the Lord hath done great things whereof we are glad."

S. R. WRIGHT.

Congratulations to Mrs. Gordon Wright.

Mr. McDougall, of the Montreal Witness, Montreal, wired.

"Congratulations on the magnificent victory won in Ontario, and congratulations upon the splendid part the women played.

From the Moncton, N. B., W. C. T. U.:

"Heartiest congratulations on your magnificent victory. Ontario's guide and inspiration to the east and trust that we shall all follow her."

From British Columbia:

"We, the British Columbia W. C. T. U. rejoice with you over the splendid victory you have won. It was glorious news that flashed over the wires to us. We thanked God and took fresh courage. "Well done, good and faithful servants."—Lillian Wright, President, Provincial W. C. T. U.

Rev. Dr. Andrew S. Grant, vice-president and secretary of the Referendum Committee, in a brief address in a Toronto Sunday School Convention, said they ought to be very thankful for the deliverance of the province from the curse of liquor. Speaking of the results of the vote in Toronto, he said that no city of its size has ever pronounced such a definite verdict for prohibition. Canadians ought to

be congratulated as a people upon having reached such a stage of intelligence as to recognize that the liquor traffic was an evil that could be dispensed with.

HOW TO KILL A MINISTER.

1. Tell others that you don't like him, but never tell him why. If you told him why you don't like him he might show you where you were mistaken; then you would need to apologize to him for talking behind his back.

2. Criticize his sermons. Say he's too old-fashioned in his theology, or he's too liberal; his sermons are too long; he is too closely confined to his notes; he's tiresome, stupid and monotonous. Never tell him his sermon helped you; that might make him puffed up.

3. Complain because he doesn't call as often as you think he ought to. Forget that he has several hundred other people to call upon, that he must prepare two sermons each week, must marry the living and bury the dead, and be all things to all men on all occasions that he may win some.

4. Criticize his family, especially his wife. Say, "She takes up too much of his time, she tries to run the church, she is not in sympathy with his work, she has too many hats, she dresses to well, or not well enough."

5. Go to some other church because you don't like your own minister, and because the other minister is more sensational, more dramatic, more educated, more orthodox, more heterodox, more social, and more anything else that suits your fancy.

6. Always look for your minister's weakest points; never look for his strongest qualities. To look for his strongest qualities might mean to be convinced that with all his failings he has consecrated himself to the high calling of God for your salvation, that he has sacrificed a larger income for a mere living wage, and that he has cast his life with the people of God, to the end that men may come to a saving knowledge of the truth.

There is nothing else.—Newell Carroll Maynard, in "The Congregationalist."

CHRISTIANITY IN THE HOME.

There is no such school of Bible religion in the land as a happy, God-fearing home; no church so effective for restraint from evil, and for growth in all Christian graces, as "the church in the house." There stands the domestic altar. There is felt the influence that moulds character from the cradle to the judgment seat; such a home on earth is the surest preparation for the home eternal. Of this "church in the house," the parents are the God-ordained pastors. The conversation of the fireside, the books selected for their reading, the amusements chosen for their recreation, the society that is invited and the aims set before them, all bear in one and the right way. It is in the power of every parent to help or to sadly hinder the salvation of the offspring. May God help all parents to fulfill their high and holy trusteeship.—Cuyler.

DOES JESUS ABIDE AT YOUR HOUSE?

Some one tells a story of a somewhat eccentric preacher who was driving along a country road when he was attracted by the appearance of a farmhouse. Its whole air was so peaceful that it looked like an ideal abode. It occurred to him that, fair as it seemed, it might still be lacking in that which is most essential, so leaving his carriage he went to the door. A middle-aged woman answered the summons, and he asked:

"Madam, does Christ live here?"

The woman stared, but though he repeated his inquiry he received no answer; and when he had gone she ran out to where her husband was chopping wood and told of her caller.

"Didn't you tell him we belonged to the church?" demanded the old man. The wife shook her head.

"Didn't you tell him we gave money every Sunday?" Again the gray head made its negative reply.

"'Twasn't anything like that he wanted to know, John. He wanted to know if Jesus Christ lives here—that's different.

Ah! is it not different? Truly it is one thing to have our names on the church book, and to give money every Sunday, but quite another thing to be God-filled, and have Christ in our hearts the hope of glory.—Selected.

A SWARM OF BEES.

B hopeful, B cheerful, B happy, B kind,
B busy of body, B modest of mind,
B earnest, B truthful, B firm and B fair,
Of all Miss B haviour B sure to B ware.
B think, ere you stumble, of what may
B fall;

B true to yourself, and B faithful to all.
B brave to B ware of the sins that B set,
B sure that one sin will another B get.
B just and B generous, B honest, B wise,
B mindful of time, and B certain it flies.
B prudent, B liberal, of order B fond,
B uy less than you need B fore Buying B
yond.

B careful, but yet B the first to B stow;
B temperate, B steadfast, to anger B slow;
B thoughtful, B thankful, whate'er may B
tide;

B just and B joyful, B cleanly B side.
B pleasant, B patient, B gentle to all.
B best if you can, but B humble withal;
B prompt, and B dutiful, still B polite,
B reverent, B quiet, B sure and B right;
B calm, B retiring, B ne'er led astray,
B grateful, B cautious of those who B tray;
B tender, B loving, B good and B nign;
B loved shalt thou B, and all else shall B
thine. —Sel.

WHEN CONSCIENCE GOES.

"Good-bye." I said to my Conscience,
'Good-bye, for aye and aye.'
And I put her hands off harshly
And turned my face away;
And Conscience, smitten sorely,
Returned not from that day.
But a time came when my spirit
Grew weary of its pace,
And I cried, 'Come back, my Conscience,
I long to see thy face.'
But Conscience cried, 'I cannot,
Remorse sits in my place.' —Ex.