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In the grasp of Master Minds in the present age is making rapid progress. Notably among others is the
Art of Photography,
which in the hands of
MASTER ARTIST.
Mr. C. E. Northrup, is not one of the lost arts but is rapidly attaining a
Foremost Place
attained by few. Mr. N., at considerable expense, has introduced a variety of
New Designs in Scrolls,
both chaste and unique, which almost revolutionizes Photography. His samples are the admiration of all.
The public can always rely upon getting
THE LATEST
at
NORTHRUP'S STUDIO,
Main Street, Moncton, N. B.

C. P. Curtis & Co.
Produce Commission Merchants.
AND DEALERS IN
Solicit consignments of all kinds of produce such as Hay, Potatoes, Apples, Eggs, Poultry (alive or dressed,) or anything else parties wish to ship to this market for sale. Fish of all kinds in their season. Quick sales. Prompt returns.
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The Weekly Observer

Devoted to Literature, Education, Temperance and General Intelligence.

VOL. 5. HILLSBORO, A. CO., N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1889. NO. 12.

Liver Disorders

Soon cause the blood to become contaminated and require prompt treatment. The most marked symptoms are loss of appetite, headache, pains in the back or side, nausea, and relaxation of the bowels. Ayer's Pills assist nature to expel the superabundant bile and thus restore the purity of the blood. Being purely vegetable and sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take, mild in operation, and without ill effects.

"After many years' experience with Ayer's Pills as a remedy for the large number of ailments caused by derangements of the liver, peculiar to malarial localities, simple justice prompts me to express to you my high appreciation of the merits of this medicine for the class of disorders I have named."—S. L. Loughridge, Bryan, Texas.

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Ayer's Pills,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

The Weekly Observer.

HILLSBORO, N. B., May 23, 1889.

The Good Wife.

"I am looking for a wife,
True, and kind, and pretty;
I don't ask that she should be
Stylish, wise and witty.
I want a good housekeeper;
Pray, how shall I tell her?
Read the secret, mother dear."
"Try and see her cellar:

"If you find it clean and sweet,
And in tiptop order,
You may venture a kind word,
Just to cross the border.
Parlors are no trusty key,
So, if you would guess her,
Never mind the bric-a-brac,
Watch the kitchen dresser.

"'Tis the girl that's orderly
Makes the household pleasure;
And not many understand
How to take her measure.
She may play a fine nocturne,
Paint a pretty cluster;
But be sure that she can use
Both the broom and duster.

"For the pleasant evening hours
She has used adorning;
See her in the kitchen sun,
At the early morning.
If she can, with cheerful heart,
Every duty carry;
She's the wife for daily life—
She's the girl to marry.

"If—and, oh, be sure of this—
She's good to her mother,
To her father dutiful—
If not, choose another.
For the daughter that will sneer,
At her parent's life,
Is not worth a wedding ring,
Nor the name of wife."

I Wouldna Gie.

I wouldna gie a copper pack
For any man that turns his back
On duty clear;
I wouldna take his word or note,
I wouldna trust him for a groat,
Nor lift an oar in any boat
That he might steer.

When things are just as things should be,
And fortune gies a man a plea,
Wherever he be,
It isna hard to understand
How he may walk through house and land
Wi' cheerin' face and open hand
Continually.

But when i' spite o' work and care,
A man must loss and failure bear,
He merits praise
Who will not to misfortune bow,
Wha cocks his bonnet on his brow,
And fights and fights, he kens na how,
Through long, hard days.

I wouldna gie an auld baubee
For any man that I could see
What dinna hold
The sweetness o'er his mother's name,
The kindness o'er his brother's claim,
The honor o' a woman's fame,
For mair than gold.

But gie him praise whose love is pain,
Wha wronged forgives and loves again,
And though he grieves,
Lets not the dear one from his care,
But loves her mair, and, mair and mair,
And bides his time wi' hope and prayer,
And still believes.

—*Mary A. Barr in Harper's.*

What Tim and Jess Did.

(By Eben E. Rexford.)

Tim was on his way toward home one night when a "grand idea" came to him. He was thinking about his mother. Tim was different from a good many boys in one way. He thought a good deal more about his mother than he did about himself. He was wishing that she didn't have to work so hard. She took in sewing for a living. It was stitch, stitch, stitch, all day, and more than once he had waked up at midnight and found her still at work.

'Oh, mother, do stop sewing and go to bed,' he would say at such times. 'You must be all tired out.'

'Yes, Tim, I'm going to bed very soon, now,' she would answer. 'I just want to finish this seam, first.'

As I have said, Tim was thinking about his mother as he went homeward, and just as he was wishing that he could do a great deal more than he was doing to make her work lighter and life less wearisome, he came to a place where some men were unloading a lot of sewing-machines.

'Must be going to start a shop here,' he thought, and stopped to watch them at work.

'My! don't I wish I could buy one of them machines for Mother!' thought Tim. 'If she had a machine she could do more work in four or five hours than she can do now in all day, an' do it easier; an' Jess an' I could help her lots o' times after we'd leamed to run the thing. I wonder how much one of 'em costs. 'Most a fortune, I s'pose,' with a little sigh.

'Here, you boy, if you haint anything else to do, lend a hand an' help us get those machines inside before it begins to rain,' said the man who seemed to be owner of the stock. 'You can earn ten cents in next to no time.'

'All right, sir,' said Tim, with alacrity. Ten cents would help a good deal in a poor family, and he was just the lad to not let such chances slip

In a little while they had the machines inside and the drayman drove off and left Tim with the machine man.

'I s'pose, sir, one o' these machines costs a good deal, don't it?' asked Tim.

'Not such a great sight,' answered the man. 'New ones come higher'n poor folks like to pay, but second hand ones, like this, now'—indicating a machine that looked about as well as any of the others so far as Tim was able to judge—'this one I could sell for fifteen dollars an warrant it to be jest as good as a new one that you'd have to pay double that for. I take old ones in trade, you see, an' fix 'em up so they're as good as ever, bein' a tinker, an' sell 'em cheap. Want to buy?'

'I'd *like* to,' said Tim, with longing in voice and eyes. 'But I don't happen to have fifteen dollars.'

'Work, an' earn it,' said the man.

'I work an' earn all I can, now,' said Tim. 'I sell papers, you see, an' we're poor folks, an' it takes all mother'n I can rake an' scrape to live on, so I couldn't save anything to buy a machine with. But I'd *like* to, all the same. Mother, she sews, but she never'd run in debt for a machine. I *just wish* I could buy her one.'

'Do extra jobs an' save up what you get for 'em, an' you could pay for a machine,' said the man.

'I—I don't s'pose you could give me jobs, could you?' asked Tim eagerly.

'Well, I might, now an' then,' was the reply. 'I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm one o' them folks that's always willin' to help folks that'll try to help themselves. I'll give you all the chorin' round I have to have done, at ten cents a job. I'll give you a credit-slip for each one, an' if you pay in ten cents in cash, any time, I'll give you a slip for that, too, an' you can keep the slips till they come to the price of a machine, an' when you've got fifteen dollars' worth of 'em, you can have your pick of any second-handed machine in the store. What d'ye say?'

'I—I do it,' said Tim with a kind of gasp. The magnitude of the transaction almost took his breath away.

'All right, then,' said the machine man.' 'Do you want a slip for the job you've done to-night, or the cash?'

'I'll take a slip,' said Tim. 'If I am going to buy a machine I might as well begin to pay for it on the start.'

'That's business,' said the man. He wrote on a card, 'Due the bearer ten cents on account,' and Tim pocketed it with a feeling of importance. It was almost like putting money in the bank.

'You can drop in when you come along, nights or mornin's, an' see if there's anything to do,' said the man.

'I will,' said Tim, and started off home on a run.

'Oh my, but ain't I in for it now, tho!' thought he. 'I wonder what mother'd say, if she knew? But I won't tell her a thing, for something might happen an' the machine not come, after all. But I'll tell Jess, an' let her keep the slips for me.'

Tim had such a bright, excited look that his mother asked him what had happened to him, as they sat down to supper.

'Oh, nothin',' answered Tim, with a chuckle that made Jessie look at him with suspicion.

After supper he watched his chance and whispered to Jess to 'come out, he wanted to tell her something,' in a low and mysterious tone that aroused all that young damsel's curiosity at once.

'What is it, Tim?' she asked, as soon as they were in the hall, out of anybody's hearing. 'Have you got something for me?'

'Yes; I've got something for you to keep,' answered Tim, producing his slip. 'You see, Jess, I've made a bargain for a sewing machine,' looking at her keenly to see how she was impressed by the stupendous announcement. 'Yes, sir,' with an air of greater importance than Vanderbilt ever wore when he had completed the purchase of a railroad, 'I've agreed to take a machine. I'm to pay for it as fast as I can, an' the man's to give me a slip every time I pay in ten cents, or do a job for him, an' I want you to keep 'em for me. Here's the first one. Be awful careful of it, and don't you let mother know the first thing of what's going on. You won't, now, will you?'

'No, I won't,' answered Jess, wondering, tho', as she promised, if it would be possible for her to keep such a great secret to herself. 'Say, maybe I can do something to help, Tim! Next time mother sends me to carry work home I'm going to ask if there ain't some job I can do for the folks. Won't it be nice if we can get a machine for mother? She was wishing yesterday that she had one.'

'She *shall* have one,' said Tom. 'I'll stick to it till I pay for one.'

'How long do you s'pose it'll take?' asked Jess.

'Oh, I don't know. A good while, sure,' answered Tim. 'But we'll have it some time. I mean business.'

'Two more slips,' said Tim to Jessie, next night, as they 'went into consultation' in the hall. 'That makes three. Only a hundred and forty-seven more to get,' with a chuckle. 'I tell you what, Jess, I keep an eye out for extra jobs nowadays.'

'Only a hundred an' forty-*six* more to get,' said Jessie, proudly producing a slip from her pocket. 'I have earned something to-day as well as you. Got ten cents for taking care of the machine man's baby. They live upstairs over the shop, an' he says I may come twice a week an' help his wife. The baby's awful cross, but I don't mind that's long's I'm helping pay for the machine.'

'Hooray!' cried Tim, flinging up his old cap in delight. 'We're in luck, ain't we? But mother'll mistrust somethin' if you keep a goin' to take care of the baby; won't she?'

'I told her I was going to have something for it sometime,' said Jessie. 'She thinks I like to go.'

'I do wonder what those children are doing?' thought Mrs. Wylie, more than once, as the weeks went by. 'They're trying to keep something from me, I know! they look so knowing and mysterious, and hold so many secret meetings in the hall. But it isn't any mischief, I'm sure, and I won't ask them to tell me if they don't want to. I'll find out some time.'

As the days passed into weeks the precious slips increased in number. Some times they came in slowly, then there would be a "streak of luck," and a dozen would come in in a week. They were counted over and over, till some of them began to show signs of wearing out. Jess kept them in an old cigar box hidden away under the stairs. Often in the night she woke up to wonder if they were safe from burglars. She went to see if they were there the first thing every morning.

'What if we should lose them?' she often said to herself, with a catch in her breath, at the bare idea. 'Wouldn't Tim feel just *awful* if we were to fail now?'

How the girl and boy worked to make a success of their undertaking! They went about on the alert for 'jobs;' and because their hearts were in their work they succeeded beyond what they dared hope for. They did whatever was given them to do faithfully and well, and won the respect of those who employed them in consequence. Some of the men and women who gave them jobs found out what they were working for and gave them *extra* jobs to encourage them and help them along. 'I like to do it,' said one of their employers, 'because they're willing to work and earn their money. They don't *beg* for it, and when they have anything to do they don't *half* do it, as some children would. What they do they do as it ought to be done.'

From this you see that while Jess and Tim were making a success of their undertaking, financially, they were working up a good reputation for themselves. Perhaps the proudest day their lives will ever hold came when the last slip was added to the number in the old cigar-box, four months after they had begun to collect them.

'Oh, Tim, it's paid for, isn't it?' cried Jess, in a kind of solemn way.

'Yes, it's paid for,' answered Tim, drawing a great breath of relief.

'Can we bring it home to-morrow?' asked Jess.

'You just bet it'll be brought home to-morrow,' said Tim. 'Say, Jess, what *do* you s'pose mother'll say?'

'I don't know,' answered Jess; 'but I wouldn't wonder if she cried.'

'I've brought the slips, sir,' said Tim to the machine man, bright and early next morning. 'Count 'em an' you'll find there there's a hundred an' fifty of 'em.'

'That's business,' said the man. 'You've done well. I like your style, young feller. You've got the sand. You'll get along, you will. Yes, there's a hundred an' fifty. Now what machine'll you have, young man.

'I want the best one you've got for the price,' said Tim. 'I want somethin' that runs easy, an' does good work. I'll let you pick it out for me.'

'All right,' said the machine man. 'Here's one, now, that's a leetle extra—got more drawers an' such things, you see, than most of 'em. I'll warrant it as good as the day it come from the factory. You can't get one for any money that'll do better work.'

'I'll take it,' said Tim. 'Will you lend me your wheelbarrow to take it home with?'

'The idea,' laughed the man, 'o' takin' that machine home on a wheelbarrer. I'll send my man 'round with it right away. He's got the horse hitched up by this time. You can ride along an' show him where you live.'

Wasn't that a happy ride for Tim, tho.' He felt as if he were riding out in state. He couldn't keep his eyes off the machine. He thought it the prettiest thing he ever saw, and once or twice he patted it when the man was't looking.

'Dear me, I wonder if he'll *never* come!' said Jessie over and over again, as she waited in feverish impatience. 'I don't see what keeps him. Maybe something's happened to the box,' with a shiver at the thought. 'Hark! I do believe I hear somebody on the stairs. Yes, I *do*, an' they're bringing up something. Oh, it's the machine! Mother, mother—come here, quick!'

'What is it?' asked Mrs. Wylie coming to the door.

'It's a sewing-machine, an' it's yours,' cried Tim, with a face so full of excitement that it was really pale; 'an' it's paid for, every cent.

'Mine—paid for—who—how?' Mrs. Wylie looked at the children in amazement.

'Yes, yours, paid for, Jess an' me,' shouted Tim, concisely if not very clearly while he waltzed Jess all around the hall in his delight at his mother's surprise. 'Say, howd' you like the looks of it? A regular beauty, ain't it?'

'Oh, Tim! oh, Jessie!' and then Mrs. Wylie did just as Jessie had predicted she would. She sat down and cried.

'But she don't cry as if she felt bad whispered Tim to his sister; 'does she Jess?'—*N. Y. Independent.*

A Temperance Sermon

Preached in the 1st Hillsboro Baptist Church, April 28th, 1889, by Rev. W. Camp.

"For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?"—1 Cor. 14: 8.

The Apostle is showing the superiority of prophecy over tongues. He argues that while speaking in an unknown tongue may excite wonder, yet it fails to instruct the largest number of the hearers. On the other hand he who prophesieth, edifieth the church. He draws an illustration from certain musical instruments showing the uselessness of a discourse that is unintelligible. "And even things without life giving sound, whether pipe or harp, except they give a distinction in the sounds, how shall it be known what is piped or harped?"

Unless a distinction is given to the sounds one cannot recognize a definite piece of music. Paul passes to another still stronger illustration to set forth the necessity of being clearly understood.

Suppose the trumpet whose notes summon the soldiers to attack, or retreat, or to some other action, should fail to give the definite successions of sound who should prepare himself to battle? The soldiers might hear the sound of the trumpet but unless the sounds were clear and definite they would not know whether to march to battle or prepare for some other military operation.

This principle has many illustrations. The engineer listens to the sound of the gong. He knows by the number of the sounds what is required of him. But suppose the commander fails to give any definite number of sounds how shall the engineer know whither the vessel is to be propelled forward or backward? So again a certain whistle from the locomotive summons the brakesman to his post. The train may whistle many times but only a certain one bids the brakesman put on the brakes. But how shall he know when his services are required unless definite directions are given?

Paul's principle has an application to the pulpit of to-day. Blackstone, who lived in the 18th century, declares that he visited different places of worship in England and from the sermons to which he listened no one could tell whether the people were followers of Confucius, Mahomet or Jesus Christ. Surely the pulpits of that day needed to be taught the principle in our text.

Now I understand it to be the duty of the pulpit to hold up Christ as Saviour and Lord. This is its main duty. This is the chief work of the preacher. The pulpit is not the place to discuss political questions. And many a man has wasted his life and committed untold sin by preaching everything else besides the great commission given by our Redeemer. I believe more good will be accomplished by preaching Christ as Saviour and Lord than by preaching any thing else. In fact those who tell the old story from Sabbath to Sabbath are more successful in winning souls to Christ and in building up the cause of God than those who discuss, philosophical, scientific, and political questions and otherwise dabble with current infidel speculations. But at the same time be it understood that upon all moral questions the pulpit ought to be outspoken and definite in its teachings. Religion touches every part of a man's life. Hence wherever moral questions are involved the pulpit should point out clearly and definitely a christian's duty. We are in a world of sin. Man is a depraved being. Hence we find men giving themselves to the work of ruining their fellows. Thousands are thus being destroyed year by year. The gospel is the power of God unto salvation to all who believe. It opposes all vice, sin and iniquity and ultimately must prevail for it is of God. It summons God's people to meet every foe of righteousness; to battle against every vice; and to cease not until evil is destroyed. I wish to apply this truth to the great question of temperance. And first I wish to show you what a gigantic evil intemperance is; and second to state what I believe should be the attitude of the Christian Church towards this monster evil.

1. THE EVIL OF INTEMPERANCE.

I am not making war this morning upon individuals; but rather upon one of the greatest evils that ever cursed our race. As for individuals engaged in the liquor traffic, I can only say, that I am at a loss to know how any man can so violate his moral instincts and his conscience and every noble impulse within him as to engage in a business that carries death and eternal ruin in its track. Not long ago Dr. John Hall, speaking before the New York Society for the suppression of vice, said: "I have always believed in human depravity and never hesitated to explain it to my hearers, but I can say to you to-night that I have never in all my life in Europe or in America, I have never had such demonstrations of the length that depravity will carry men as I have had in the acquaintance with facts that I have obtained in connection with this society for the suppression of vice. I declare to you here with all the solemnity with which I am capable of speaking that I have seen things which if they had been described to me before hand I should have hesitated to believe, and I can only explain those awful facts by another truth—just as when men are trying to serve God, they become godly and like unto Him, so when they give themselves to the services of the devil they become diabolical and like unto him." (Quoted from "*Our Day*," April, 1889.) So I suppose the conduct of the rum seller can be explained by this principle set forth by Dr. Hall, viz: as men who seek to serve God become God like, so those who give themselves to the service of the devil become devil like. But I deal just now with the great evil of intemperance. The homes the liquor traffic has destroyed; the lives it has blighted; the souls it has ruined; the thousands and tens of thousands it has sent to hell, are facts, enough to stir the heart of the most indifferent, and arouse them to activity in making war against this evil. Is it a small thing that bright homes shall be made wretched, that promising young men shall be ruined, and that souls stamped in God's image shall be sent to endless woe through this accursed traffic? Why this gigantic evil is cruel as the grave. It is in the hands of men, some of whom have so far lost every trait of manly nobleness as to become more like devils than like men. The tears of broken hearted wives and mothers; the crying of hungry children; the wail of the eternally lost, bring but a grin to the faces of these morally paralyzed souls who are making a living out of the life-blood of their fellow-creatures. On, on moves this tide of iniquity leaving blighted hopes, diseased bodies, and ruined souls in its track.

This evil with its sword cuts down the promising young men of our country. With its sword it cuts into the heart of the prosperity of every country where it is found. And with this same bloody sword it cuts or seeks to cut the nerve of every missionary enterprise. The Rev. Dr. Ellinwood in the Missionary Review of the Word for Dec. 1888 thus describes the liquor traffic among the African tribes. It is enough that this accursed evil blights all hope of the present generation, that even those who had begun to gather about them the comforts of civilization have gone back to barbarism—that women who had learned something of modesty have again discarded clothing that all their resources may be expended for drink. But the evil is not confined to the present, it incapacitates the people for future commerce and thrift; it casts a blight upon those whose hopes have been turned towards Central Africa as a great field of true commerce." Further on he states. "I am informed that at Washington an agent is employed by the liquor interests" whose whole time and energy are employed to baffle all attempts supposed to conflict with their business."

The Emir of Nupe sent this stirring message to Bishop Crowther of the Niger Mission. "*It is not a long matter, it is about rum. It has ruined our country, it has ruined our people very much, it has made our people mad.*" And then in the name of God and the Prophet he beseeches Bishop Crowther to ask the committee of the Church Missionary Society to petition the government to prevent bringing rum into his land.

Not long ago the World's W. C. T. U. asked Congress through a memorial praying that immediate and decisive steps be taken to suppress the liquor traffic in the Congo, Free State and basin of the Niger. The memorial shows that during 1885 more than 10,000,000 gallons of the cheapest and vilest spirits ever manufactured were sent from the United States, Germany, Holland, England, France and Portugal to the natives of Africa.

And the liquor traffic is becoming an organized giant of terrible power. Says Joseph Cook in a recent address: "The fiercest and deadliest rival of prohibition is the organized and unscrupulous greed of the dram-shop oligarchy. This is now a national power. From sea to sea the whiskey syndicate is a unit.....You go, therefore, into a contest with terrific odds against you.....There are two hundred thousand distillers, wholesale dealers, and retail salesmen in the whiskey syndicate, and they have behind them 1,200 millions of capital.....There is more money behind the dram-shop oligarchy than ever was behind slavery."

Is it any wonder, I ask, that Gladstone has said that "intemperance is a greater curse than war, famine and pestilence combined?" That Hon. L. M. Morrill should declare it the "giant crime of crimes against humanity?" And that Chief-Justice Coleridge of England should say, "I can keep no terms with this vice that fills our jails, that destroys the comfort of home and the peace of families, and debauches and brutalizes the people?"

And where is this evil not to be found? Among what people is it not working out its awful results? In christian lands, in pagan countries—everywhere this monster is found carrying ruin in its accursed mission. Do you have any pity in your hearts? Then pity those thousands of victims upon whom the paw of this evil beast rests; and those wives, and mothers, and sisters whose hearts have been pierced by the spears which this Goliath of Goth carries.

And now take a closer look at this monster. Need I tell you that it is in your own neighbourhood—yea in your own fair village? Need I tell you that your own sons and daughters are exposed to this awful, this terrible evil? It is a fact. Is it a matter of indifference to you? Do you say, "I have no young men to fall under its whithering curse and no daughter to marry one who drinks?" God pity you if your love to your neighbour goes no farther. If you saw a son of your neighbour drowning in yonder river would you not seek to save his life? Yet young men in our midst are exposed to ruin and eternal death through the temptations thrown about them by the liquor traffic. What effects your neighbour in the long run effects you. Your home and your neighbor's home are too sacred to be destroyed by a monster that takes respectability, manhood, character and money and places in the trembling hand the poisoned glass. Intemperance is in our midst. Already this beast has his paw upon some of our young men. Will you see them go down to ruin and not lift your hand to save them?

I tell you today that the greatest foe of our church, of our common christianity, of our young men and women is the *liquor traffic.* It threatens the progress of christian missions; it threatens the growth of our churches at home; and it threatens the prosperity of our country. The liquor traffic is an organized evil of gigantic power and of gigantic dimensions. It is a greater evil than slavery ever was. It holds thousands in its power to-day. It will die hard. The battle against it is a Waterloo. Blood may yet flow before this accursed traffic shall be throttled and destroyed.

2. Now let us ask what attitude shall the Christian Church take toward this evil? Shall it be that of indifference? Alas! that has been charged against the church too long. "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" If the Church of Jesus Christ is slow to move in matters of reform what shall God say to His people on the great day of accounts?

The church is the purest body I believe in existence. Some people go so far as to hold up other organizations as superior. I deny the charge. The church of Christ, is the purest the most Christ like of any organization in the world. She is the "pillar and ground of the truth." For this reason she should be outspoken on all matters of moral reform. If indifference has been charged against her in the past with reference to temperance reforms, let it be charged no longer. From every pulpit let the trumpet sound that shall bid the soldiers of Christ arise and meet in battle array this foe of our church and of christianity. Let the trumpet be clear, distinct and uncompromising in its sound.

The temperance party has been defeated over and over again. The evil they fight is a mighty foe. On the 22nd. of April 1889 the people of Mass. voted on the constitutional prohibition amendment. The amendment was: "The manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage are prohibited." There were deposited against the question 132,944 votes. And in favor of it 88,392 votes making a majority vote against the proposed amendment of 44,552 votes. It may be a long time before the temperance party shall gain the victory. But the temperance sentiment is growing and that is encouraging God is on the side of temperance and that is still more encouraging. But whether the battle be long or short the Church of God must not fail to sound out the note of warning from the gospel trumpet.

Now let me show you that the church in certain denominations has already given clear and distinct instruction on the question.

"The great Methodist denomination officially affirm that the liquor traffic can never be licensed without sin; and that license high or low, is vicious in principle and powerless as a remedy. The Presbyterian body will not admit a rumseller to Church-membership," (*Our Day* April, 1889, p. 357.) The Reformed Presbyterian Church refuse to walk in fellowship with the man who makes, buys, sells or uses intoxicating drinks as a beverage. In our Baptist Convention for the Maritime Provinces there have been resolutions moved and carried from time to time showing most clearly the opinion of the representatives of the Baptist Churches in which we are directly interested. In the Baptist Year Book for 1887 and on page 39 is found the preamble and resolution unanimously adopted by the Convention assembled at Charlottetown, P. E. I. in that year.

"Whereas, The use of intoxicating "liquor as a beverage is productive of "only evil; and

"Whereas, Drunkenness is a sin "fraught with terrible consequences; and

"Whereas, The Church is the divinely "constituted body to lead men from sin "to God; therefore

"Resolved, That it is the duty of our "Churches to make temperance reform "and the suppression of the liquor traffic "a prominent part of their work; farther

"Resolved, That no effort should be "spared in the first instance to promote "such reform and suppress such traffic "by persuasion and entreaty of those ad-"dicted to the use of strong drink and "those engaged in its traffic; and that "where such entreaty fails to accomplish "its purpose the strong arm of the law "should be put forth with all its power; "further, that while existing legislation "is excellent so far as it goes, yet entire "prohibition from the making, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors, "except for medicinal, mechanical and "scientific purposes, is the goal to be "aimed at; further in order to secure this "consummation we recognize the necessity of promoting public opinion in "favor of total abstinence by every "means in our power, and we urge upon "our churches the duty of being foremost "in this good work. Let each member "be pledged to total abstinence, and let "each one use his and her utmost endeavor for the suppression of the liquor "traffic and the reclaiming of those ad-"dicted to the use of strong drink."

Last year at Wolfville our Convention confirmed the position taken on this question in 1887 and further urged upon the Baptist people "the free use of the ballot in placing in power those only who will vote and work for Prohibition, and so stamp out legally the standing disgrace of our common Christianity, looking constantly for the Divine blessing on this important work." (See Year Book, 1888, page 36.) This is the voice of ministers and lay-delegates representing over 44,000 Baptists. Were those men of God right in moving and carrying unanimously such resolutions. As an individual church and as individual members belonging to such a brotherhood shall we abide by these resolutions? Shall we carry them out? See what is involved. It means that every church member shall be pledged to total abstinence, and further pledged to help on this moral reform. It also means that when Baptists cast their ballot they do so for those candidates who will if elected vote and work for Prohibition. Whatever may be thought of those resolutions, all must acknowledge that the Baptist Convention has given no uncertain sound upon this great question of prohibition. As one of the 44,000 Baptists of the maritime provinces and as one of the pastors of one of the large churches in this Convention, I give my heartiest accord to these resolutions. I believe that every member of our church should be pledged to total abstinence. I would go so far as to have a temperance pledge in our Covenant.

Just how prohibition is to be brought about; and just what means should be used to suppress the liquor traffic good men perhaps will differ in opinion. But one course seems reasonable: By personally abstaining from all intoxicating drinks; by voting for temperance men; by casting our influence on the side of temperance reform; and by enforcing what temperance laws we have when persuasion and entreaty fail—by all these ways we may work for the temperance cause. I do not see how one who really wants the liquor traffic driven from our land can do less than this.

I would like to exhort every young man here this morning to shun intemperance. Shun the company of those who would entice you into the saloon. If you have ever tasted intoxicating drinks ask God to help you never to do so again. If you have never taken the first glass ask God to help you firmly to resolve you never will. Give your heart to Christ to-day and promise Him that by His help you will fight against this giant evil that brings ruin and death upon so many of the human family. Our time here is short. Our life's work will soon be over. What we do for God and for the uplifting of the race must be done now. From this world we shall go to the bar of God to give an account of our words and deeds. It will be no small thing then on what side we cast our influence. Let your life be no uncertain sound. Live for the glory of God and for the benefit of your fellow-creatures. On this great moral question of temperance be a total abstainer and a thorough prohibitionist.

Let me close with a stanza from Whittier.

"O for God and duty stand,
Heart to heart and hand to hand
Round the homes of this great land."

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness Hay Fever.

A New Home Treatment.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. N. B.—For catarrhal discharges peculiar to females (whites) this remedy is a specific. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of ten cents by A. H. DIXON & SON, 303 W King St., Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American.*

Sufferers from catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.
Nov. 1, 1888.