NOW.

Rise! for the day is passing And you lie dreaming on ; The others have buckled their comor, And forth to the fight are gone: A place in the ranks awaits you, Each man has some part to play-The past and the future are nothing In the face of the stern to-day.

Rise! from your dreams of the future. Of gaining some hard fought field, Of storming some airy fortress, Or bidding some giant yield; Your future has deeds of glory, Of honor, God grant it may; But your arm will never be stronger, Or the need so great as to-day.

Rise! if the past detain you, Her sunshine and storms forget; No claims so unworthy to hold you As those of vain regret; Sad or bright, she is lifeless forever, Cast her phantom arms away, Nor look back save to learn the lesson Of a nobler strife to-day.

Rise! for the day is passing! The low sound that you scarcely hear Is the enemy marching to battle-Arise! for the foe is here! Stay not to sharpen your weapons. Or the hour will strike at last, When from dreams of a coming battle, You may wake to find it past. -Adelaide Ann Proctor.

A STUMBLING-BLOCK.

BY HELEN JAY.

Sadie Bush was the prettiest girl in Camden. Every one said so. Even old Mr. Brown, who was supposed never to think of anything earthly, had been known to relax under the influence of her bonny face. She was stylish, too, and always wore the daintiest gowns and the most bewitching hats.

Her embroidery was the admiratian and despair of her friends. Quaint bits of china decorated with artistic conceits gave evidence of more than usual ability in design and execution; and, to crown all, she sang divinely.

Mrs. Browning, the sexton's wife, confided to her particular friend and crony, Mrs. Stevens, that to hear that girl sing in church made her heart shiver 'till she hadn't a dry eye in her head. And Mrs. Stevens had been heard to reply that it made her think of "The Cherubim and Seraphim continually."

Judge Bush was the richest, most influential man in his native town. For generations his ancestors had been the lawyers of that section of the country. It was the universal verdict that the Bushes were a brave, clean race. There were no blotted their fellows, and yet, they were not Christians. Father and son lived and died serenely righteous, doing good, yet never confessing faith in the Lord and Saviour of

Clergyman after clergyman had argued entreated and agonized in vain. polished courtesy of the gentleman never failed. The lovable traits of character with the ministry; yet they would have nothing to do with "Jesus of Nazareth." "They did not need him."

The present pastor of the church, Dr. Ruston, felt completely discouraged. He said to his wife, "If I could only break through that dead wall of voiceless opposition to Christ, I might hope for this church."

His wife looked surprised. "What dead wall?" she asked.

"The Bush family," he replied, gravely. "They have done more to injure the cause of Christ here in Camden than all the she was a tiny child. liquor stores and infidels the place has ever

Mrs. Ruston's sweet face wore a troubled

John, about such nice people." Her husband made an impatient gesture. "Stop, Clara. That's just it; they are such nice people. It is because they are so good, so lovable, that they are doing such immeasurable harm. Their lives and records give such value to their words that if they would only speak for Christ they thinking of going with Clara, the youger siscould lead many. But I am baffled,—that ter, and herself to the preparatory service is just the word to use. There are no sins that evening, and had manifested more to take hold of, no irregularities of thought

fore such polished perfect indifference I am helpless and hopeless. Look at Sadie. The very sweetest girl, always doing something kind and thoughtful. I asked her this morning to come into our Christian Endeavor Society, telling her what is really the fact, that many girls were waiting for her to take that step. She looked at me with those heavenly eyes, and said, 'I would like to do everything in my power to please you, Mr. Ruston, but, as I un-derstand it, joining the Christian Endeavor Society means uniting with the church; and that I cannot do. 'Why not?' I not unnaturally asked. With the most lovely childlike expression on her pretty face, she said, deliberately, 'I do not feel any need of such a step. I am perfectly contented just as I am.'"

"Didn't you reason with her, John?" asked the little wife, anxiously.

"No, dear; I was simply appalled. I have talked with her for the last time. God knows I have tried."

Sadie Bush looked a trifle annoyed as she entered her pretty blue room. "I wish Mr. Ruston was not so peculiar," she thought, as she laid aside her hat and gloves. "He was really angry because I would not promise to join the church. My father never loses his temper like that. am sure there is not a better man in this place, and he does not believe in professing and praying in publicand making such a fuss. You can be just as good without advertising yourself as a saint." The ruffled plumage was smooth again. The slight mental uncertainty caused by Mr. Ruston's earnest words rippled into peace. Her father was the rock upon which she built. He must be right.

The dimpled hands of Fanny Grant were beating a lively tattoo on Sadie's door. Entering, she kissed the little hostess in her usual rapturous fashion, and sank in a luxurious heap on the sofa. "I can't stay but a minute," she panted. "I just want to know if you are going to join the Christian Endeavor Society."

"No, of course not. I am not a member of the church."

Fanny's pink cheeks grew pinker and a wave of embarrassment swept over her animated face." "I know, but I thought maybe you would join both, with the rest of the girls."

Sadie drew herself up proudly. "I never would take such a step because others did,

she said, a little sharply.
"I know that; but, Sadie, I wish you would. Why don't you? Is it because you do not believe in God?"

Sadie looked shocked. "How can you imagine such a thing, Fanny Grant?" she said, indignantly. "Of course I believe in said, indignantly. "Of course I believe in God, and have the highest respect for pages in their family record. Sauls, in churches. I always attend the prayer-honor, they were head and shoulders above meeting and other services, and am a memmeeting and other services, and am a member of the missionary society. I simply do not see any necessity for making what people call a confession of faith. I am sure there are just as good men outside the church as there are in it; look at my father and grandfather, too."

Fanny was troubled. This argument was unanswerable. "I know," she said. "Every one says your father is one of the were never so manifest as in their dealing best men that ever lived. Brother Rob says he is so kind to his clerks that they would do anything for him. Still, Sadie, I wish you would."

For a long time that afternoon the girls talked; Sadio repeating the arguments she had often heard her parents make use of
—"The danger of injuring others by an
unworthy life labelled Christian, and the sin of lightly assuming awful vows.'

Fanny forgot that she was in a hurry, and listened in uneasy fascination to the dear friend who had been her oracle since

she was a tiny child.

Slowly she walked home through the fragrance of the June twilight. "Sadie is so lovely," she thought, "she ought to know. If she is not good enough to take such a step, I am not. And she does so much for the church, too—more than old." Mrs. Leonard and those who have been members all their lives."

"What did sho say, sis?" Fanny started. She had forgotten until that moment that her brother Rob was thinking of going with Clara, the youger sis-

nor peculiarities of mental make-up; bo- ing with Sadie. Had he actually waited for her to learn Sadie's decision? A dim perception dawned on Fanny's mental horizon. She remembered that from the time they were children Rob had always admired Sadie. He looked very indifferent; but then, boys were so queer! Any-

way, it was none of her affair.

"She will not do it, Rob, and do you know, I have half a mind to wait till the

next Communion myself."

Rob said nothing. For a long time he had felt his need of a Saviour. Affectionate and easily influenced, he longed to cast his weakness upon unfailing strength. He had talked with Mr. Ruston, and, borne on by enthusiasm, had resolved to take what, in his heart, he called the final step. Still, he leaned upon the earthly friends. How perfect it would be to have Sadie and his sisters with him! They never had had separate interests before. Like a film of frost Fanny's words fell upon his hopes. Sadie, sweet little Sadie, the best among girls, would not take the step; even Fanny, so much better than himself, drew back at the last moment. What a presumptuous fool he had been !

Mr. Ruston missed three faces from among those who, on Sunday morning, gathered to receive for the first time the bread broken in remembrance of the Master. Rob Grant and his sisters were not there. "They had changed their not there.

Sadie Bush was, as usual, in her father's pew. Through the volume of congregational singing her sweet voice vibrated in the words.

"Oh, believe and receive and confess Him, That all his salvation may know."

Reverently she gazed at the mystical feast. In her heart she thought, "I am better here than there. No one can point at me and say, 'You are my stumblingblock.

Two years later the town of Camden was shocked by the arrest of Rob Grant for forgery. "It is the old story," said Judge Bush, sadly; "a weak boy and evil companions. I am so sorry for his parents." Sadie flew to Fanny with a heart filled

with grief and sympathy.
"You poor darling," she said, "how dreadful it is!'

"There is just one comfort," mourned Fanny. "Rob never was a hypocrite; he never pretended to be good."
"I wish he had," said Clara, hoarsely.

Rob was her favorite brother, and love had opened her eyes. "I wish he had. I never shall forgive myself for not insisting on joining the church two years ago and taking him with me.'

Sadie looked shocked. Grief must have unsettled Clara's mind, she thought.

"What do you mean, dear?" she asked

"I mean just this. Rob needed every help he could have. He was weak and could not walk alone, but he always kept his word, and, if he had once committed himself, he would have been safe."

Sadie Bush never knew what she had done. She would have been unutterably astonished could she have realized that she was a stumbling-block, one of those of whom Jesus said: "Woe unto you...for ye shut up the Kingdom of Heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in."-Golden Rule.

NEW CLUB RATES.

The following are the New Club Rates for the Messenger, which are considerably

	•				
1 c	юру.				\$ 0 30
1 copy\$ 0 30 10 copies to one address\$ 2 25					
20		"			4 40
50	"	"	66		10 50
100	"	6.6	"		20 00

Sample packers supplied free on applica-DOUGALL & SON, tion _ublishers, Montreal.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, \$3.00 a year, ost-paid. Montreal Weekly Witness, \$1.00 a year, post-paid. John Dougali & Son, Publishers, Montreal, Que.

YOUR on 25 SILK TASSEL, Chenillo Bow, Sake NAME on 25 Fringe, Lace Embossed, Hidden Name Cards (all now) and Mammoth Package of Agent's Samples, all for 10 cents. CARD WORKS, Northford, Conn.

PANSY STORIES.

HOW EVERY SUBSCRIBER TO THE "MES-SENGER" CAN GET ONE NICELY ILLUS-

Any subscriber to the Messenger who sends in with his renewal subscription one new one at thirty cents each will receive one of the Pansy stories, and the new subscriber will receive one also. Each story is in an illuminated paper cover and well illustrated. The names of the stories that may be selected are as follows :-

THE KING'S DAUGHTER. WISE AND OTHERWISE. FOUR GIRLS AT CHAUTAUQUA. THE CHAUTAUQUA GIRLS AT HOME. THREE PEOPLE. AN ENDLESS CHAIN. ESTER RIED.

ESTER RIED YET SPEAKING.

RUTH ERSKINE'S CROSSES.

One of these books will be sent to each subscriber whose name is sent by an old one with thirty cents, so that if an old subscriber sends eight subscriptions with his own and \$2.70, each subscriber in addition to having the Messenger for a year will have one of these very good and interesting stories, and they can be exchanged among the circle until each one has read all.

This offer is open to the close of the year. Now is the best time to take advantage of it.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are itoating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may seen many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—" Clutt Service Gazette."

Made simply with hoiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

THE WITNESS.

A DAILY PAPER mailed to any address in Canada and the United States for \$3.00 a year, that contains the latest news and most interesting reading, valuable market reports and everything that any person who wants to be kept fully informed of the events happening all over the world, cares to know.

A WEEKLY PAPER mailed to any address for \$1.00 a year, with the world's news summarized much interesting reading for the home circle, valuable hints worth many dollars a year to the thoughtful, Question and Answer columns by eminent specialists which are much thought or by subscribers, and a circulation of 34,000 copies, showing its great popularity.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

A perfect copy of a picture which was sold by the artist for \$120,000 cash, a single copy being sent to any subscriber to the Daily or Weekly Witness or Messenger for 25 cents in addition to the subscription prices.

Send for sample copies of the papers and subscribe for them.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers. Montreal, Que.

TEMPERANCE LITERATURE. UNION HAND-BILLS,

Published by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Price \$1.30 per thousand, including postage.

FOUR-PAGE TRACTS,

Published by the National Temperance Society, \$3 per thousand.

CHILDREN'S ILLUSTRATED TRACTS.

Published by the National Temperance Society \$2.00 per thousand. UNION LEAFLETS,

Published for the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, 2,000 pages for \$1.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and pubpublished every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal. All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the Witness."