

## TEMPERANCE.

## THE PROHIBITION QUESTION.

A Sermon Delivered by the Rev. James Simpson, M. A., at St. Peter's Cathedral, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

I suppose it will be admitted that the mere passing of a law, at the request of a majority, and perhaps (as in the case of the Scott Act) a very small majority of the electors is not going to change the opinions of the minority on this subject. Of course it ought to do so. As loyal citizens we ought to submit at once to any law that is passed, so long as it does not conflict with the law of God—we may do our best to repeal it, but so long as it is law it is our duty to abide by it. But even the most sanguine of us could hardly hope for such submission in the present instance—our own experience under the partial prohibition of the Canada Temperance Act; the experience of New Brunswick, the North West Territories and some of the States under total prohibition, warn us all too plainly that this will never be. The minority, rightly or wrongly, look upon such a law as an infringement on their rights as free men, and proceed to resist it to the utmost. And so I am confident, that not ten per cent. of those who now use stimulants, would ever think of willingly discontinuing them because a Prohibitory Act was passed, and it is easy to test the truth of this statement by making a few enquiries from your friends as to what course they would pursue under the circumstances. We must remember that very many people, including numbers of those who would vote for prohibition, will not admit that the drinking of intoxicants is sinful in itself, and so it is contended that the State has no more right to prohibit their use, than it has the use of any other necessary, or, (if we prefer to call it so) luxury. And certainly, once admit the right to prohibit things not sinful, and it is difficult to know where the matter will end. Tobacco may shortly be put on the list, and what, if men realizing, at length, (and none too soon, seemingly) that the health of their mothers and wives and daughters is being ruined by the excessive use of tea, also have this prohibited? Or, to put it another way: In the Province of Quebec, a very large majority of the electors are Roman Catholics. Good Catholics consider the eating of flesh meat on a fast day to be quite as sinful as some temperance advocates consider the use of intoxicants. Whether either or both of these are right or wrong, is not to the point, the fact remains. It would be quite possible for the Quebec Legislature, therefore, to prohibit the use of flesh meat on fast days, but we could hardly expect the Protestants of the Province quietly to submit to such a law. On the contrary, we should look to them to resist it as a matter of principle. Can we then be surprised if those who use wine or beer in moderation, or those who like to have some in the house in case of sickness—resist prohibition as a matter of principle?

I think then that we must all acknowledge that there will be resistance to the law. People of all classes will not scruple to break it—even those who think prohibition very good for others, will not all feel bound to observe it themselves, and so we shall have an immense amount of lawlessness and hypocrisy. Surely the state of our morals is bad enough now without opening the door for further deceit and shame, and double-dealing.

(To be Continued.)

## A MIRACLE OF TO-DAY.

## THE STARTLING EXPERIENCE OF A YOUNG LADY IN ST. THOMAS.

A Constant Sufferer for More Than Five Years—Her Blood Had Turned to Water—Physicians Held Out no Hope of Her Recovery—How Her Life Was Saved—A Wonderful Story.

From the St. Thomas Journal.

"The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Such is a verse of holy writ made familiar to very many residents of St. Thomas by the well-known evangelist, Rev. J. E. Hunter. In letters of gold on the stained glass fanlight over the door of his residence, No. 113 Wellington street, is the text "Psalm xxxiv, 7." Though we live in an age noted for its energetic, zealous Christian endeavor, this idea of Mr. Hunter's to impress the truths of the Scriptures upon those who read though they run, is altogether so original and so novel that it at once excites the curiosity. Those not familiar with the text make a mental note of it, and at the first opportunity look it up. This is just what was done by a representative of the *Journal*, who had occasion to visit Mr. Hunter's residence the other day. But with the object of the visit and the information obtained the reader will be more concerned. The reporter was assigned to investigate a marvellous cure said to have been effected in the case of a young lady employed in Mr. Hunter's family, by that well-known and popular remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. And it was a wonderful story that the young lady had to tell, and is undoubtedly as true as it is wonderful. Last June the same reporter interviewed Mrs. John Cope, wife of the tollgate-keeper on the London and Port Stanley road, who had been cured by Pink Pills of running ulcers on the limbs after years of suffering, and after having been given up by a number of physicians. The old lady had entirely recovered and could not say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which had given her a new lease of life. As it was with Mrs. Cope, so was it with Miss Edna Harris, the young lady in the employ of Mr. Hunter's family, who has been restored to health and strength by Pink Pills. Miss Harris has just passed her twentieth year, and is a daughter of George Harris, who lives at Yarmouth Heights, and is employed by Mr. Geo. Boucher, florist and plantsman.

"I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I am quite willing

that everyone should know it," was the reply of Miss Harris when asked if she had been benefitted by Pink Pills, and if so would she make public her story. Continuing, she said, "When I was twelve or thirteen years of age I was first taken sick. The doctors said my blood had all turned to water. For five years I suffered terribly, and was so weak that I could barely keep alive. It was only my grit and strong will, the doctors said, that kept me alive at all. If I tried to stand for a short time, or if I got the least bit warm, I would fall over in a faint. My eyes were white and glassy, and I was so thin and pallid that every one believed I was dying of consumption. During the five years I was ill I was attended by five physicians in St. Thomas, two in Detroit, one in London and one in Aylmer, and none of them could do anything for them. I was so far gone that they had no hopes of my recovery. Towards the last my feet and limbs swelled so they had to be bandaged to keep them from bursting. They were bandaged for three months, and my whole body was swollen and bloated, and the doctors said there was not a pint of blood in my body, and they held out no hopes whatever. Two years ago I saw in the *Journal* about a man in Hamilton being cured by taking Pink Pills. I thought if they could cure him they would help me, and I decided to try them. Before I had finished three boxes I felt relieved; the swelling went down and the bandages were removed. I continued taking Pink Pills until I had taken seven boxes, then irregularly I took three more, one of which Mr. Hunter brought back from Brockville. I am perfectly cured. I have not been ill a single day since I finished the seventh box of pills. I came to Mrs. Hunter's a year ago, and she will tell you I have never been ill a day since coming here, and I always feel strong and able to do the work. I can and do strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said Miss Harris in conclusion. Her appearance is certainly that of a strong, healthy young woman.

Mrs. J. E. Hunter, wife of the evangelist, told the reporter that Miss Harris was a good, reliable and truthful girl, and that perfect reliance could be placed in her statements. "She looks like a different girl from what she was when she came here a year ago," said Mrs. Hunter.

The facts above related are important to parents, as there are many young girls just budding into womanhood whose condition is, to say the least, more critical than their parents imagine. Their complexion is pale and waxy in appearance, troubled with heart palpitation, headaches, shortness of breath on the slightest exercise, faintness and other distressing symptoms which invariably lead to a premature grave unless prompt steps are taken to bring about a natural condition of health. In this emergency no remedy yet discovered can supply the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which build anew the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They are

a certain cure for all troubles peculiar to the female system, young or old. Pink Pills also cure such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, the after effects of la grippe, and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark. They are never sold in bulk, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are cautioned against other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes. Can be had from all dealers or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

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