

Pastor and People.

WORSHIP.

O Light, O Dayspring from on high,
O Sun, who knoweth no decline,
O "Morning Star," who radiantly
O'er this dark world didst rise and shine,
I sink before Thy glories bright,
And worship Thee, Eternal Light.

O Shepherd good, whose watchful care
Doth all Thy flock in safety keep;
O Shepherd good, who freely gav'st
Thy life-blood for the wandering sheep;
O Friend, all other friends above,
I worship Thee with fervent love.

O Living Water, springing up,
Thou canst the fainting heart restore;
To Thee each longing soul may come,
And freely drink, and thirst no more.
I bless the fulness of Thy power,
And worship Thee from hour to hour.

O Bread of Life, who doth Thyself
To all Thy faithful members give,
In sweet and awful mystery,
That they of Thee may eat and live.
All language fails, all words are weak,
Oh, see the praise I cannot speak.

O Way, O Only Way to God,
Thou art indeed the heavenly Door,
By whom if any enter in,
They safely dwell forevermore;
My grateful spirit night and day
Doth worship Thee, O Living Way.

O Word, who camest to this earth
In matchless truth and matchless grace,
O Faithful Witness, tried and true,
O Brightness of the Father's face,
O Truth, O Source of Purity,
I hide my face and worship Thee.

O Life of earth, O Life of Heaven,
O blessed Life of Paradise,
O Life, who vanquished sin and death,
O Life, who caused the dead to rise,
I bow Thy Majesty before
And worship Thee in silent awe.

O Love, I have no words, no voice,
Thy sacred sweetness to disclose;
Thy power and beauty still expand,
Till this poor throbbing heart o'erflows,
My bursting soul would soar above
To fitly praise Thee, perfect Love.

—Caroline Tickner.

THE SALOON.

The saloon is in peril, and is making unremitted and mighty efforts to save itself. A large body of intelligent, upright and humane men who wield great and increasing influence, because they are worthy of it, are determined that the ruinous traffic in liquor shall be put under restraint and be reduced. These are men to be feared, for they are held in high esteem, and the longer they live the more they have the confidence of the community. Christian women, thoroughly aroused by the inexpressible injuries inflicted upon the home by the rumshops, are organized and active and earnest in an endeavour to close the doors of the saloon as far as possible. To meet these adversaries, equipped with intelligence, wisdom and virtue, moved with a holy indignation and Christ-like pity of the perishing, there has been, especially during the past two years, a concurrent if not concerted endeavour of the liquor dealers to obtain possession of town, village, city and State offices. Saloon keepers have plenty of time to attend to politics. They instal a man behind the bar to sell their wares, and are free to roam about and talk politics and attend to public affairs. They are as a class a body of political loafers. When facts do not serve their ends they manufacture such as will. They are diligently looking after their political interests. At such a time good men who apprehend the enormous evils attending the traffic in intoxicants ought not to be silent. They ought to say, and to mean it when they say, that they will not vote for the candidates of the saloon, and have determined no longer to even seem to acquiesce in the political rule of the liquor trade. The concerted effort of the saloon ought to be met by a concerted opposition on the part of all who value that which true men hold dear.

The warfare is largely with the Church of Christ. It is plainly declared to be a battle between the saloons and the Churches. The Churches have been the mainstay and the mainspring of the temperance movements of the century. The drinking customs of society have been largely modified by the instructions and efforts of Christian bodies. Destroy the Church, take it out of the conflict, and the body of opponents of the drink-evil would be so small as to give no anxiety to the liquor dealers. It is for every Christian to decide what side shall have his vote. It is for him to decide whether he will vote for or against the saloon. He must do one or the other. He will not have the opportunity to vote for candidates who do not represent one or the other side of this contest. The saloon will be potentially present in every nominating convention, and the candidates will be either for or against its desires and purposes.

What, then, is the saloon? To take low ground, the first item of an answer is that it is one of the most potent factors in depreciating the value of a man's home, his house and lot, and one of the most potent in degrading the character of a

neighbourhood and reducing the value of real estate in its vicinity. The indisposition to live near a saloon increases and will continue to increase. Men who take wine, or brandy, or beer, or some intoxicant every day, will purchase adjoining property to keep out the saloon, or will avoid a neighbourhood where there are saloons. Even manufacturers of liquors and men who deal in them, in seeking for a home turn away from a locality because it is near a saloon. Facts can be readily supplied to prove these points.

From a political point of view it is to be said that the saloon has never anywhere furnished an intelligent, progressive, righteous, economical and efficient government. From its inherent nature it never will. The average saloon is ignorant, indolent, vicious, and dishonest. There are few exceptions. There has never been a reformation in the liquor traffic, and never can be. The only reformation a liquor dealer experiences is abandoning the trade as essentially and incurably evil. There is a comparatively innocent sale of wines and distilled spirits, but it is not to be found in the saloon. As a political factor, this element always has been, is now, and of necessity always will be, a degrading, dishonest and polluting one. The saloon is to-day the mainstay of that which is most corrupt in American politics, and as well of that which is most thoughtless, negligent, and inefficient. The saloon in power always has been, always will be there for the sake of the money it can get through office-holding, and to wield corrupt and corrupting political forces.

Unspeakably serious are the facts that the saloons of the United States send 80,000 youths annually down into drunkards' graves; that wherever they exist they afflict more families and slay more bodies than war and pestilence; that they are the chief causes of pauperism, crime and insanity; that they are the chief law-breakers in every community and the resorts where crime centres and the places where men are stimulated to crimes of the worst character; that they are dens of profanity, lewdness, and ungodliness; that they are the open enemies of the Church of Christ and of almost every endeavour to improve the moral condition of men; that they are one of the chief foes of the home and fill thousands of homes with discomfort, poverty, brawling, violence, torturing anxiety and long continued suffering and anguish.

Either for or against that sort of thing Christian men are to vote this fall. There ought not to be any doubt on which side they will be found. In one locality the saloon seeks alliance with Republicans, in another with Democrats. It ought to be defeated in both. Honest differences of opinion can be settled and more wisely settled when the saloon is excluded from political power and put under restraint.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

SAY WELL AND DO WELL.

A short time before Dean Stanley's death, he closed an eloquent sermon with a quaint verse, which greatly impressed his congregation. On being asked about it afterward, he said it was doubtful whether the lines were written by one of the earliest deans of Westminster or by one of the early Scotch reformers.

The Dean had come upon it by accident, and feeling that it expressed with singular felicity the true Christian proportion between doctrine and character, between good words and good works, he used it to point and adorn his sermon. It is as follows:—

Say well is good, but do well is better,
Do well seems spirit, say well the letter;
Say well is godly and helpeth to please,
But do well lives godly, and gives the world ease;
Say well to silence sometimes is bound,
But do well is free on every ground.
Say well has friends, some here, some there,
But do well is welcome everywhere.
By say well to many God's Word cleaves,
But for lack of do well it often leaves.
If say well and do well were bound in one frame,
Then all were done, all were won and gotten were gain.

THE ESSENCE OF CHRISTIAN FAITH.

When I see young men who can carry the Christian name and really illustrate so many of the features of Christian life, and yet make a positive denial of essential truth by their indifference to it, or by sacrificing the dearest interests of Christian truth, I am disheartened. I am not contending here for a sectarian theology. I am preaching to you on the broad lines of Catholic Christianity, and am trying to present to you the essence of Christian faith. I only wish that you will realize that Christianity, if it is anything, if it deserves any enduring place, if it has any exceptional claims, if it brings any word of comfort, if it has any voice of authority, rests upon the doctrine that Jesus Christ was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification. It is not true that Christianity is a life and not a doctrine. It is a life because it is a doctrine. A religion that sees only the human side of Christ always calls Him Jesus; the religion that looks only upon the ethical states and preaches only the morality of life, a religion which holds that love is the greatest thing in the world and is satisfied with the sweetness and tenderness of Christian feeling, is a religion of which the best that you can say is that it is trying to keep the fruits of Christianity living, while it lays the axe at the root of the tree which bears them.—*President F. L. Patton.*

DELICACY OF CHARACTER.

There is purity, beauty and sweetness about Christian character that should be regarded as delicate and sensitive, and that ought to be guarded with as wakeful and jealous an eye as the jewel of womanly modesty and virtue.

There is no estimating the potent influence wielded in a community by a pure and noble, a sweet and modest, a chaste and discreet woman.

But when the delicate aroma, the sweet modesty, the crown jewel of her character is tarnished or lost, how sad the truth that she is rarely if ever regarded as fit for anything but to be cast out, like worthless salt, and trodden under foot.

The angel of sweetness and goodness suddenly becomes transformed into a temptress fearfully stained and hideously deformed with sin. The depth of such a fall is sad to contemplate.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell,
Fell like a snow-flake from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled on as filth in the street,
Fell to be scoffed at, spit on and beat,
Pleading, cursing, begging to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.

How true the words of Christ, "but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is henceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men."

These words were not spoken in regard to the influence of woman for good or evil, but have a direct and primary application to the preserving and purifying influence of Christian character, and the possible loss of its saving virtue.

There is a purity and beauty in Christian character more delicate than the soft flush that overspreads the blushing cheek of the luscious peach; more exquisite than the beautiful and fantastic pictures sketched in frostwork upon the window panes on a cold and frosty morning; more gentle and beautiful than the glittering jewellery placed by the fingers of night upon the grass and flowers, so that they stand forth in the morning sunlight arrayed, as no queenly woman ever was, in pearls or diamonds.

But handle roughly the peach, and its flush is gone beyond the power of human hand to restore; for it never grows but once.

But touch with careless hand the window pane, and lo, the delicate tracery is spoiled beyond the power of pencil or brush to restore. Let but the fringe of your garments brush against the flowers so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water upon them as much as you please, but never will the flowers appear as they did when the silent dews distilled upon them.

So there is a delicacy, a beauty, a purity, an aroma of Christian character that can never be restored when once touched, defiled or lost. A Christian who has once soiled and spotted the garments of his profession may seek to make them white again, but he can never restore them to their virgin purity and whiteness, even were he to wash them in tears.

Any loss of purity, of wholesome influence, of the savour of Christian example, is a loss that can never be made good in this world.

Let the disciple of Christ have salt in himself, and keep himself unspotted from the world.

THE MIRACLE OF GRACE.

How often in the Christian Church we see the transforming power of a noble and inspiring purpose exemplified. A human being who has hitherto been a useless member of society and dragged out a miserable existence in idleness, lounging about the streets, suddenly finds something to do—something to live for. The Spirit of God touches his heart and thrills him with a holy desire to do something, however humbly, to make men happier and better; and how wonderful the change! It is almost a transfiguration. It is as though some instrument of music had lain idle and useless, covered with dust, suddenly breathed celestial melodies and harmonies at the touch of a master's hand.

Blessed is he who, though a dog in human eyes, is thus joined by faith and fellowship to a living God!—*Arthur T. Pierson.*

RELIGION'S PLACE.

When the weeds are thick and high, the corn has a sickly growth. So when the worldly pleasures fill the mind, the divine life in the soul has a sickly growth. When the thoughts are upon the party instead of upon a prayer-meeting, upon the rules of etiquette instead of upon the law of God, upon the vanities of life instead of upon its realities, there is little growth in grace and little comfort in religious experience. Religion has a place for polite social life, but it must not usurp the first place in the heart. That belongs to God.

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