

In the Land of Evangeline.

The Valley of the Gaspereau.

In the glory of the sunset,
One evening long ago,
We drove o'er the hills from Wolfville
To the Valley of Gaspereau.
June loveliness all around us,
June melody in the air,
Sunset glory on grand old Blomidon,
And on River and Basin fair,
Glory too on the calm North Mountains,
And on dykes stretching green and wide,
By the blue and radiant waters
Of that tranquil summer tide.
All the western sky was glorious,
All the east filled with tender light.
Not a cloud to warn us of coming storms,
Not a shadow to hint of the night.
That view in the Land of Evangeline,
Once seen you can never forget;
As we saw it that fair June evening
From "The Ridge," I can see it yet,
And the maiden who sat beside me—
So bright, and graceful, and fair,
With the light of life's June in her glowing cheeks,
In her eyes, on her soft brown hair,
Was joyously laughing and chatting—
No shadow the coming years cast.
And still bright, even when they brought darkness,
She passed through them—to glory—at last.

Down the hills we drove, faster and faster,
Up the hills, with the sunset aglow,
Till, beneath lay a beautiful valley—
The Valley of Gaspereau.
Grandly the South Mountain guards it,
Sheltering hills shut it peacefully in
Away from the hurry and bustle
Of this noisy world's tumults and din.
June, the queen of all the dressmakers,
Had been busy there, I ween,
And a charming robe the Valley wore,
Of all tints and shades of green.
By it's sparkling river it dreamily smiled,
With the sunset all agh—
Decked and crowned with apple blossoms,
Now pink, now snowy white.
In all seasons this Valley is lovely,
Many praise it in prose and in rhyme,
But I think it is fairest at sunset,
And in apple blossom time.

Now I'm thinking how many who loved it
Have passed up to the Mansions of Light—
And how many who studied at Wolfville
Were baptized in those waters bright.
When Father Harding's honored head
Was bowed for them in prayer,
Or when Dr. deBlois' earnest voice
Thrilled through the quiet air.
And the crowds that gathered upon the bridge,
And below it, again I see,
While the music of the hymns they sang
Still lingers in memory.
So sweetly floated up to heaven,
On those Sabbaths long ago,
The dear old hymns, the grand old hymns,
They sang by the Gaspereau.

And the river joined in those hymns of praise,
Then—the willows and grasses bright,
And the graceful elms and the blossoms fair,
And God's beautiful sunlight.
And the hills, and mountains, and listening heavens,
All seemed to chant with the river—
"Honor and glory, dominion and power
Shall be Thine forever and ever."
Wolfville, June, 1900.

—B. R. C.

An Appeal to the Temperance Electorate of Nova Scotia.

GENTLEMEN:—It is now more than seventy years since active work in this Province against the liquor traffic was commenced, since then the Sons of Temperance, The Good Templars, The W. C. T. U., and other kindred organizations have been educating the people regarding the great evils resulting from intemperance, with the result that there has grown up a new generation permeated with the resolve that

THE TRAFFIC IN LIQUORS MUST CRASH.

We in Nova Scotia have a most stringent License law, through which the traffic has been so hampered that we have earned the proud distinction of consuming less intoxicants than any Province of the Dominion. The time has now arrived when the temperance sentiment of Nova Scotia should assert itself and demand

THE ENTIRE PROHIBITION OF THE TRAFFIC

in the whole Dominion, for the religious and moral sentiments of the people are outraged in being compelled by law to share in the Dominion revenue derived from this iniquitous business. To the end that this hideous octopus, whose long-spreading tentacles are now fastened upon Canada, sapping and polluting her very life, should be destroyed. The people have besought Governments and Parliaments, and have been put off by Royal Commissions and Plebiscites, which have resulted in nothing.

Fellow electors it is an insult to us to say that we are not ready for the suppression of this great evil, and I call upon you to hurl back the insult by

IMMEDIATE ACTION.

Parliaments are the creation of the people, through which are obtained the laws we demand. Regarding Prohibitory laws we have hitherto been successfully

checkmated by those who traffic in drink. The promises of politicians have been profuse, results have been nil, and will so continue while the honest electorate allows a handful of liquor dealers and their friends to do their work, and until a Parliament of total abstainers, pledged to Prohibition, hold sway at Ottawa, who will make a Government to their mind, we can have no hopes, nor should we complain, Parliaments are just what we make them.

Party politics have prevailed hitherto in Canada, and this country will likely continue to be governed by either Conservative or Liberal administrations. Minor interests seldom develop much strength. The Prohibition party as a separate interest was never a success, either here or elsewhere. Temperance sentiment must therefore control both political parties.

AND THIS CAN BE DONE.

In all organized political campaigns the candidates are placed before the electorate by the county convention. The conventions are composed of delegates chosen by the electors in the polling section primary; and if the temperance voter of his political party will faithfully attend the primary and see to it that only total abstainers, pledged to vote in the county conventions for such men only for candidates as are total abstainers, and pledged to work and vote for Prohibition in Parliament if elected, then I do believe that in very few, if in any, of our counties will be found candidates, either Conservative or Liberal, who drink whiskey or who will help sustain a bar room in the basement of our Legislative halls, or refuse to support prohibitory legislation.

Let it be understood that those who make laws for us

MUST BE SOBER MEN.

It is not necessary to righteous laws that our legislators should drink whiskey. Many railway owners insist that their employes shall be total abstainers. Let it be understood that our employes in Parliament shall have their wits about them when they undertake to govern this country.

Let it be understood that political preferment is conditioned on total abstinence, and there will be fewer bar room politicians, and Prohibition will be in sight, and Royal Commissions and Plebiscites will no longer humbug Canada.

Gentlemen it can be done by your attending to your business at the primary of your party, otherwise "Tammany Halls" will hold sway in all Canada and whiskey continue King.

The time is at hand when you can exert your power where it will be felt. Watch for the primaries of your party and do your duty.

A. B. FLETCHER,

Vice President for Nova Scotia of the Maritime Prohibition Association.

Truro, August 6th.

Sweet-minded Women.

So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those about her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sickness and sorrow for help and comfort. One soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child. A few words let fall from her lips in the ear of the sorrowful sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting-room, and sees the blaze of the fire and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences, which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirit. We are all wearied with combating the realities of life. The rough school-boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in a mother's smile. The little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast. And so one may go on with instances of the influence a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared to hers.—Christian Work.

What a Boy can Do.

In the year 1890, writes a missionary in India, I visited a village named Neelaganguram. As my custom was, I requested the people to permit me to preach to them the good tidings of salvation, but they refused to listen. I asked for a drink of water, but they denied me even this. About six months later I was touring in the same district, and while in camp a delegation of the elders of Neelaganguram came and invited me to their village. I said: "You would not even give me a drink of water." "That is a thing of the past," was their reply; "we are all Christians now." Upon inquiry I found that a little boy, who had learned about Christ in the village where he had formerly lived, had told the people what he had learned, and repeated to them Christian hymns. All that they knew about salvation they had learned from this boy. That day I had the pleasure of baptizing seventy-five of their number, including the boy who had led them to the Saviour.—The Evangelist.

"Be Done With It."

That was good advice which Emerson wrote to his daughter, who was away at school, when he told her to "finish each day and be done with it." Too many of us let the blunders and trials of one day cast a dark cloud over the sunshine of the next, says a writer in the Congregationalist. Yet it is possible to train ourselves to forget our failures and mortifications, and the habit, once formed, will add greatly both to our usefulness and happiness. It goes without saying that the earlier the habit is formed the better, and the wise mother will teach her children to "look not mournfully into the past," but to begin each day as if nothing hard or unpleasant had ever preceded it. When, at bed time, the little boy tells her of his misdeeds and failures, and says, in a discouraged tone, "There's no use going to school tomorrow, for I shall keep thinking how badly I did today, and then I shall surely do worse," the loving mother will teach him to ask God's forgiveness for his wrong-doing and remind him that God has promised not only to forgive our sins, but to "remember them no more." Then surely we ought to forget them, too, and when the day is done "be done with it." When the daughter at night complains that everything has gone wrong, the mother's comforting voice can assure her that however bad it has been, the day is now gone forever and another day is coming in when we hope things will go right again. Thus, unconsciously, our children will learn to "look forward and not backward," and life will become, as Emerson characterized it, "a putting off of dead circumstances day by day."—Presbyterian.

"Somebody Forgets."

A little boy, living in the most poverty stricken section of a great city, found his way into the mission Sabbath School and became a Christian. One day not long after some one tried to shake the child's faith by asking him some puzzling questions. "If God really loves you, why doesn't he take better care of you? Why doesn't he tell somebody to send you a pair of shoes, or else coal enough so that you can keep warm this winter?"

The boy thought a moment and then said, as the tears rushed to his eyes: "I guess he does tell somebody, and somebody forgets."

The saddest thing about the answer is its truth. God is not unmindful of his little ones. Whether they are in want of fire or food or advice or sympathy, he calls us to supply the things that are needed. He tells us that every act of kindness or helpfulness done to the least or lowest of his creatures, he will count as done to him. But not all of his purposes are carried out; often because we choose our own pleasure rather than his will, often because somebody forgets.

Somebody forgets! That is one of the reasons for the pinched faces we see sometimes, and which haunt us for days after, for half clad, shivering bodies and for cheerless homes. That is one of the reasons why there are children in this dear land of ours who have never heard Christ's name except in curses. It is the explanation for more than half the sin and sorrow of this world. Is it not high time for each of us to ask the question: "Am I among those who forget?"—Sel.

Assurance.

When his age was eighty years, John Quincy Adams was met on the streets of Boston by an old friend, who taking his trembling hand, said: "Good morning! And how is John Quincy Adams today?" "Thank you," the ex-President replied, "John Quincy Adams himself is well, sir; quite well. I thank you. But the house in which he lives at present is becoming delapidated. It is tottering upon its foundation. Time and the seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered, and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon, but he himself is quite well, sir, quite well."—Ex.

When the Birds Wake Up.

An enthusiastic ornithologist has amused himself by investigating the question at what hour in summer the commonest small birds wake up and sing. He says: "The greenfinch is the earliest riser, as it pipes as early as half-past one in the morning. At about half-past two the blackcap begins, and the quail apparently wake up half an hour later. It is nearly four o'clock and the sun is well above the horizon before the real songster appears, in the person of the blackbird. He is heard half an hour before the thrush, and the chirp of the robin begins about the same length of time before that of the wren. Finally the house sparrow and the tom-tit occupy the last place on the list. This investigation has altogether ruined the lark's reputation for early rising. That much-celebrated bird is quite a sluggard, as it does not rise till long after chaffinches, linnets and a number of hedgerow birds have been up and about for some time."—Ex.