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Wherever it can be done, the inebriate should be treated as the insane are in institutions. Medical treatment will heal these cases where many would go down without it. While prayer should not be intermitted, we are not to think prayer is the only help, though it is a great comfort and help. Persons say, if any one is sick with dropsy, has broken his leg, has a stroke of paralysis, or is taken down with a fever, would you send for a skillful physician to prescribe for him or pray for his recovery? I'd do both. I'd do the best I could; I'd bring to bear the best skill I could; and then what is to hinder me from asking God to step in and heal the sick? We are not to pray to put a premium on laziness, but while we do the best we can, we are to ask the higher wisdom of God to inspire ours, and He can and does so help us as to make it worth while to pray. I believe firmly that this is so, and I do not desire to see this belief knocked out from under me. Prayer is the weak man's sword, the support in death, the help of the despairing and hopeless, and without it the heart would break or be crushed with the burdens and cares of life. Now, I suppose this man—a middle-aged man, I presume, from the letter—began these habits in plenary courage; when advised to let the cup alone, I presume he resented his friend's advice, and thought, while others perished, it was safe for him. Conceit is one of the worst of all traits in those who indulge in the wine-cup. I don't mention it by the way of justification, but to show their utter presumption. If one could see what suffering he would endure and entail on those dear to him, it could be no pleasure to put all he is and has in peril for the sake of that flash of intoxication that for a moment goes up, and then is lost in ashes.

O Thou who didst stop the bier and bring the young man to life, and didst permit the woman to weep at Thy feet, and didst send her away, speaking peace to her soul—Thou who didst everywhere look for the lost, and didst go and inspire them with hope that there was a place of repentance for them; didst open Thy heart to those who were shut out from the society of respectable men—O Lord Jesus Christ have compassion on those in sorrow, on this captive who is bound hand and foot. Had he not a praying mother and father? Remember the innocence of his youth and the hope of his manhood. May his wife's heart never give up in despair. May she be strengthened to gentleness and patience—to hope that will not give up, and, without chiding God, still supplicate. In the name of God, we ask it. Amen. H. W. Beecher.

Victory At Last

Less than two years ago there died in his early prime a minister of the Gospel who was first the victim and at last the

conqueror of drink. Some years ago, after a severe illness, he stimulated by medical advice. When he had fairly recovered from his sickness, he found himself in the coils of a serpent. It was the old story, alas, more than twice told. He fell, struggled to rise, stumbled, and fell again. He resolved and resisted, prayed, and then, in exhaustion, yielded. At length he was induced to enter an inebriate institution, where for a year he remained beloved and respected by all the officers. When his cure was supposed to be complete, he left, to accept a call to a vacant pulpit, his heart still yearning to be engaged in his Lord's work. On entering that church he frankly told the people his weakness, and the terrible temptation to which he was subject, and threw himself upon their sympathies and prayers. The people rallied round him, and nobly worked with him. Immensely popular in the community, he laboured with untiring zeal for the salvation of souls. His labours God richly blessed, but at the close of one year his strength gave way. Again was he tempted to stimulate, and—resisted. By the help of divine grace and human sympathy he stood. But he died—died a hero for he conquered the foe which conquered Alexander the Great, and by which many strong men have been slain. At his funeral his wife seemed unusually composed. Wondering at this, the officiating clergyman enquired of her about her apparently happy feelings. "Oh," said she, "he's safe. You don't know anything about what we have passed through. For years he and I have been standing on the brink of a precipice trembling with apprehension that at any time he might go over. But now he's safe."

A Resolute Boy

A little boy, nine years old, a member of the "Band of Hope", was at a dinner party a short time ago, and those present wanted to test the strength of his principles. A half sovereign was put in the bottom of a tumbler, which was then half filled with ale.

"Now," said they, "if you'll drink that you shall have what is at the bottom." "No," replied the noble little fellow, "nor a dozen half sovereigns shall not make me break my pledge."

Surely the "root of the matter" was in him. That noble child will make a noble man.

Fitting Names

"Many a true word is spoken in jest." Standing, the other day, near the entrance of the saloon at a large hotel at the seaside, we saw several young men pass in. As they stood at the bar, one said to an-

other, with a smile: "Nominate your poison." He had said a terribly true thing in joke. Yes, name your poison—just the word. And they swallowed the poison and went their way. Soon another party went in. Said the leader to his companion, as they leaned against the slab, "What is your family trouble?" meaning "What will you drink?" "Family trouble?"—rightly named; for what has made such domestic misery as liquor? And we walked away, feeling that we had learned two new and strikingly appropriate names for liquor: "poison" and "family trouble."

Christian Temperance

A few years ago, two men were caught in the rapids, above Niagara Falls. They were being irresistibly hurried on to destruction. The end of a rope was thrown out. One of them seized upon it, but the other caught hold of a floating log. The first was drawn to the shore; the other, in a few moments, passed with the log over the falls.

So we look at two men endeavouring to save themselves from the rapids of a terrible appetite. One of them seizes upon the rope of a Christian faith, that is fastened in heaven, and is saved. The other depends merely upon his own uncertain purposes and resolutions, and appetite sweeps him on to his ruin.

He who would successfully struggle with temptation and appetite, and he who would work successfully as the saviour of the degraded, must not only add patience to his temperance, but also godliness to his patience.

The madness of appetite is like the demoniac of the Gadarenes. You may bind it with the fetters of laws, and pledges, and resolutions, and they may all be broken. You cannot bind intemperance, "no not with chains." You cannot tame it with constant watching. Christ must come near, and bid the fiend "Come out of him," changing his heart, with divine love, ere he can be seen clothed, and in his right mind."

Andrew Carnegie: A philanthropist is often a man with more money than sense.

Joseph Martin: Politicians are not usually famed for keeping their promises.

Through indiscretion in eating green fruit in summer many children become subject to cholera morbus caused by irritating acids that act violently on the lining of the intestines. Pains and dangerous purgings ensue and the delicate system of the child suffers under the strain. In such cases the safest and surest medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It will check the inflammation and save the child's life.

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I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—with out any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

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I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

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Receive by mail postpaid this very attractive tailor made dress, comes in the latest style as shown, two pleats extend down the front from the yoke to the foot trimmed with 2 dozen buttons, lace yoke, side gores of skirt ending in fine pleats, skirt is in 7 gores. The whole suit is finely made and bound to please in every way. Material consists of fine French luster in black, navy, dark red, and dark green, can also be had in a smooth faced warm soft cloth suitable for cold weather in black, navy, dark red and dark green. Order one of these dresses to-day you will be well pleased with your bargain. Simply give the number of inches around the largest part of bust and hips. Also around the smallest part of waist and length of skirt from belt to desired length. Order dress No. 11. STANDARD GARMENT CO., 10 Standard Building, London, Canada.

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