

A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE

Rev. Dr. Talmage Holds Out Hope and Encouragement— Good Capital Is Optimism

It is Especially Necessary to Those Who are Striving for the World's Betterment—Contrasts Drawn Between the Modern and the Old Fashioned Methods of New Year's Time—Work For the Year.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by William Baily, of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 1.—In this sermon the preacher, brings to all, and especially to those who are striving for the world's betterment, a New Year's message of hope and encouragement. The text is Ecclesiastes xi, 4, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow."

What a change there is in our way of keeping the holidays from that of olden times! The old fashioned New Year's and the old fashioned Christmas, the old fashioned Thanksgiving Day were as different from their successors as the poke bonnets and hoop-skirts and powdered curls of colonial days were different from the masterpieces of the milliners and dressmakers and hairdressers of modern times. We talk of the triumph of the locomotive and the telegraph in annihilating distance, but I am not sure that they have not done more to separate the members of families. The greeting that now comes by wire from a son on the other side of the world in former times was brought by the son himself, who seldom went more than a day's coach ride from the old homestead. Then fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, cousins and grandchildren could all gather under the same roof. Then presents did not have to be done up in packages and sent days ahead across the continents or seas in order to arrive at their destination in time for the annual holidays. But each brother and sister, each child and parent, could deliver their Christmas gifts with a smile and seal their holiday good wishes with a loving kiss.

Some of us can remember the good old times when New Year's day was a day of hospitality, dedicated to the renewal of old acquaintanceships by a custom now almost fallen into desuetude. The good spirit of the new year seemed to say to all fathers and husbands and brothers and sons: "Go forth and find out how many friends you have in the world. Go forth and renew your old acquaintances. Go forth and encourage each home for the coming struggle of the new year." Then wives and mothers and daughters in the early eighties kept open house. Every dining-room was filled with tempting viands. Everwhere on every street went the men folks calling, "Happy New Year!" Thus in many a troubled home came courage and love and faith in God and man on account of those friendly New Year salutations. A New Year's greeting is the sermon of this morning. With the same kindly spirit in which friends used to come to my mother's home and wish her a "Happy New Year" and with tender reminiscences of the past and cheerful wishes for the future make the day a joyous and hopeful one. I come to you this New Year Sabbath day. But instead of wishing you a "Happy New Year" in the brusque, happy-go-lucky way in which friend used to salute friend upon the street I am going, as your pastor, to have a hearty talk with you. I am going to have you first tell all your troubles and fears, and then I shall say: "Friend, for the past twelve months you have been looking on the dark side of life. You have been indulging too much in gloomy anticipations and anxieties. You do not seem to be willing to enter the battle of 1905 with a brave heart and a cheerful countenance. What is the matter?" Then you will point out to me all the dark clouds which hang upon the edge of your horizon, and you will tell me why this New Year's day is to you a "blue Sunday." Then I shall try, by the help of God, to scatter those dark clouds and change your new year timidities of doubt into new year certainties of gospel hope.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?" "First," you answer, "because I have been defeated so often in the struggle of life that my backbone is gone. I have been like a sea captain who has been wrecked again and again until at last he feels that every threatening storm means a foundered ship. I am like a merchant who has been caught in three or four great panics and again and again, through no fault of his own, has had his fortune swept away. He is timid about making a new venture. I am like a mother who has buried four or five of her babies and has only one left. Each time the baby coughs or catches cold or has a fever the mother is almost beside herself with fear lest she might lose her only remaining child. It is well enough for some people with bright eyes to anticipate the joys of a coming year. But as for me, I have only half a heart for my struggle which is ahead during the next twelve months."

When the great philosopher wrote the words of my text he was expressing a negative truth. "He that observeth the winds shall not sow," and the converse of that fact is that if a man will only go forth with a brave heart, if he will only plant and sow his seed faithfully and conscientiously, God will give him a large harvest. "To him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward." Will you not believe this? Oh, man, will you not go forth to your coming year's work with a brave and a hopeful spirit for a coming conquest?

But there are some whose apprehensions of coming trial are based on facts of a different kind. "My

trouble," says one, "is not due to a lack of faith in God or in my own ability, but in the loyalty of others. The apostolic advice not to be unequally yoked with unbelievers extends further than the marriage relation. I am finding that out in the broader sense of business. It also means that those who are unequally yoked together can never pull well as a team. My business associates and I are fretting and worrying and irritating and retarding one another's labors."

Yes, brother, I at once catch the meaning of your Bible simile. Although born in the city, I have spent a great deal of my spare time in the country, and I have witnessed again and again feats of horse team pulling. The farmers have a great deal of pride in their horses. If one farmer can have a perfectly matched team of heavy farm horses he always thinks they can outdraw and outpull all other teams in the country. It is not uncommon at the county fairs to have these trials of strength tested. A great load will be piled upon a sled at the bottom of a hill. Then the team will be hitched up. The farmer will take the reins firmly in his hands and cry, "Get up!" If the horses pull together evenly and steadily in all probability the sled will move over the hard, bare ground as if the runner were slipping over the winter's snow. But if one horse jerks at his traces one moment and then balks when his mate is pulling it is impossible to move the heavy load. The great difficulty with your business and professional life may be that you are not "equally yoked" with your associates. You may have pulled while they are balking, and they may be pulling while you are balking. But did you ever stop to think that perhaps your lack of faith in yourself may be the chief reason why they have no faith in you and why they do not work in harmony with you?

Lack of faith in our own work will kill absolutely any faith others may have in our ultimate success. The old proverb says: "Rats will leave a sinking ship." All our friends and associates will leave us as quickly as they can if they once get into their minds that we ourselves feel that we are certainly doomed to failure. A man who is always anticipating failure and taking a gloomy view of the future not only works half-heartedly himself, but depresses his associates. What church would listen to a minister who had no hope of the ultimate triumph of the gospel? If he were to preach week after week sermons of which it was said that man is a failure, the church would have such a mighty influence for good in the present and will have such a mighty influence for good in the future? No, of course you would not. You would say to yourself: "Why the church is going to smash and the people are going to smash. I guess I will get off the train and let the Limited Express of Destruction go over the open draw-bridge as it may."

What you need, O man, at the beginning of this new year is to take a big inventory, not of your misfortunes, but of your blessings. Find out all the bright things you know about your life. Repeat them over and over and over to yourself. Get your associates will get faith in you by their increased labor you will get faith in them. Then, together with faith in each other and faith in God, you will go forth with renewed zeal for the seed planting and the multitudinous harvest will surely come. Never let your associates know that you have lost faith in yourself. "Well," says some one else afflicted with New Year's timidities, "I not only have lost faith in myself and in my associates, but I have also lost faith in the good deeds which I try to do for the lost and the needy. I am not an angel. I make no pretense of being a perfect man, but I do try to do some good in the world. Almost all my good intentions have gone for naught. I can understand the disappointment of men who have made honest but futile attempts to help people, for the more you do for some people the less those people seem to be willing to do for themselves. I do not want to lead a purely selfish life, but I do not intend to be bled for nothing." The desire not to throw away our good works is certainly when we plant seed we certainly want to reap the harvest.

What would you think of a farmer

A Siege
The matrons of the Edison Orphanage at Lowell, Mass., U.S.A., wrote they had a siege of whooping-cough in their institution. They said that every case was promptly relieved by Vapo-Cresolene. Its value in coughs and colds was so great they always kept it ready for use. You know how it's used, don't you? 'Tis heated by a vaporizer and you inhale it. Write us for a book that tells all about it.

who should say to you, "I will not plant a kernel of corn unless I am positively sure that from this kernel will grow a stubble of corn, or a grain of wheat, barley or buckwheat unless from this very seed I shall get my thirty or sixty or a hundredfold return." Why, you would laugh such a farmer to scorn. You would say to him: "You do not know the fact A B C of agriculture. A planter can afford to lose a thousand seeds if he can get a harvest from the remaining seeds he plants." Yet all through life you can find men who estimate their successes and failures not by the glorious returns they receive from a few good seeds they planted in good ground, but by the failure of the good seed which has inadvertently fallen in bad soil.

Why don't you help that young man who has just landed in town and is stranded? I grant that he has been a wayward boy; that his life is not that it ought to be, but in spite of that, why don't you help him? You know you can give him a position if you will. "Oh," you answer, "what is the use? I have tried to be a friend to young men in the past, but I am done now with turning my business house into a Christian mission. I draw the line sharply. I do my Christian work in church, but not in the store. I run the latter on business principles. When a young man comes to me for work he has to have good recommendations or I will not employ him. Why, sir, I have befriended a young man in the past! I went so far as to

try to send one of those young men through college because he was the son of an old chum of mine who is now dead. All four turned out badly. They were ungrateful dogs at that! You cannot make something out of nothing."

Yes, I grant that your good seed in the case of these four young men may have been thrown away. But would it not be worth while to have four, five or even ten such good seed plantings amount to naught if only the eleventh "seed" took root in some young man's heart and saved just one young man? Would not the satisfaction you get from having led one young man to save for Christ compensate you for all your wasted labor upon nineteen young men who were not saved? God will not reward you according to the success of your labors, but according to the efforts you have honestly made, whether they have succeeded or failed. Do your duty and leave the result to God.

Oh, missionary worker in the New York slums, what is the good of your rescue missions and your testimony meetings night after night? You know just as well as I know the mission of all your professional converts will become backsliders. That young woman who now arises with tears in her eyes and says, "Thank God, I have been saved from sin," may to-morrow be trading again the old path of wickedness. That man who signs the pledge to give up drink and gambling, that penitent gambler is only penitent until you give him a start in life again, and then he will gamble away his substance just the same as he has done in the past. Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth lately wrote a letter to me in which she said: "After prison for most ex-convicts is prison again. Two-thirds of the inmates of the penitentiary serve more than one term each. Once a thief for many of them is always a thief."

"All that you state is true," answers the missionary of the New York slums. "One-third, one-third, maybe, perhaps three-fourths of all our reformed cases may become backsliders. But if one out of every four—aye, if one out of every ten—be saved, is not the tenth man worth all the effort we have bestowed on the other nine? All the seed the farmer plants does not fall on good soil. Shall the farmer cease to plant? All our labors for Christ may not bring in a gospel harvest, but are not the rewards we receive a multipotent blessing for our labors, no matter how great they may be?" The New York missionary is right.

"Yes," some one says, "that is very pretty talk, but it does not bear well the test of logic. If while I sow one good seed nine other men are sowing tares, will not the nine tares increase just as rapidly as the one good seed? In time will not the tares instead of being covered with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea, be covered with the blood of a destroyed world? Instead of the world being better, as we would wish, is it not morally and spiritually becoming more and more depraved? Have I not a right, then, to my new year timidities?" No, my brother! No, no! A thousand times no! The reports of the gospel meteorologists do not bear out your theories.

Meteorology is as rational a science as chemistry, geology, biology, physics or any other science. Like a skillful general, the Government, guarding against surprise, has organized its weather bureau and planted outpost stations everywhere. Thus no sooner does a storm start out on its mission of destruction than the weather bureau lifts its signals of warning. The sailors run to cover, and fruit growers hold back their shipments, and railroad officials gets out their snow plows and anticipate the attacks of the storm.

What the superintendent of the weather bureau can do in reading the positions of the atmospheric storm clouds the gospel meteorologist can do in telling us about the storm clouds of sin. What is it we learn from these Christian meteorological reports? From one and another heathen land comes the story of people turning from their gods to the living God. Everywhere slavery and cruelty and inhumanity are being gradually suppressed. The world is coming more and more under the influence of the principles of Christ. It is a slow process, but the general trend is in the right direction. Evil for thousands of years has had its way. We must not expect it to be easily or quickly dislodged. But the good time is coming. Only do not let us who live in Christian lands lose heart or hope. We have the promise of victory, we see the sky growing rosy with the coming day. Let us work on in faith and patience, my brother, think not this New

Year's day opens a "dark day" for Christ. Think not that your labors for the coming year will be thrown away. Push on in faith and hope. Drive up. Look up, in the name of Jesus, Plant in God's name; plant for Jesus Christ!

No New Year's greeting from me could be voiced in more inspiring language than that of my text. These eight words have for me a loving remembrance. If any one should ask me what was my father's favorite passage of Scripture, without a moment's hesitation I would answer: Ecclesiastes xi, 4. "He that observeth the wind shall not sow." They were to him his meat and strength for everyday work. He quoted them to himself almost every day of his life. He quoted them to his wife and children hundreds, aye, thousands of times. If any of us were discouraged or blue or cast down, his advice always was the same. Take courage. All will yet come out right. "He that observeth the wind shall not sow." Shall not we on this New Year's Sabbath press on with glorious anticipation for the gospel seed planting at hand, which will ultimately mean our harvest ahead? I pray God that this coming year may be the best of years to all of us, as it will surely be the last of earthly years to some of us. A happy, happy New Year!

HAVE HAD THEIR DAY.

Old Fashioned Medicines for Catarrh No Longer in Vogue.

For many years past the usual treatment for catarrh diseases was with local douches, sprays, inhalers and liquid medicines composed principally of alcohol all of which never cured but simply gave the temporary relief and stimulation.

A thorough cure can be obtained by the treatment which removes the catarrhal poisons from the blood.

A new remedy which meets the requirements and which so far has been remarkably successful in curing catarrh is Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

These tablets act upon the blood and mucous membrane only. They can hardly be classed as a secret patent medicine as they are composed of such valuable remedies as blood root, Hydrastin, red gum of Eucalyptus tree and similar antiseptics combined in tablet form, which cure by eliminating from the blood and mucous membrane the poisons of catarrh.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are large, pleasant tasting lozenges to be taken internally, at owing them to dissolve in the mouth, thus reaching the throat, trachea and finally the stomach. If desired they may also be dissolved in water and used as a douche, in addition to the internal use, but it is not at all necessary to use a douche; a few of them dissolved in the mouth daily will be sufficient. However, when there is much stagnation of the nose a douche made from the tablets will give immediate relief, but the regular daily use internally will cure the whole catarrhal trouble without resorting to the inconvenience of a douche.

Dr. Bennett stated "that the internal treatment of catarrh by means of pleasant medicated tablets is rapidly taking the place of douches and local applications" and further says that "probably the best and certainly the safest remedy at present on the market is the Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, as no secret is made of their composition and all the really efficient catarrh remedies are concentrated in this tablet."

Druggists sell Stuart's Catarrh Tablets at 50 cents for full sized package, and he will tell you there is no safer, more palatable, efficient and convenient catarrh cure now to be had.

GOLD FOR JAPAN

New York, Jan. 3.—The Times says a shipment of \$3,000,000 in gold was recently made from this city to Japan, but the transaction was so secret that the news of it did not get out until the gold had reached Japan.

I. R. MACDONALD DEAD.

TORONTO, Jan. 3.—Dr. Davidson MacDonald who established the Canadian Methodist Mission in Japan in 1873, died suddenly this morning at the family residence on Manning Avenue. The deceased had been in failing health for some time.

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