

movement, the speaker said: "We stand the greatest missionary reading circle in the world, two millions strong, in front of our Boards of Missions and great denominational publishing houses, and cry with tremendous emphasis, Give us the literature adapted to youth, with its cravings for that which absorbs the imagination, stirs the emotions and stimulates to deeds of devotion and courage." In another column we give a number of extracts from Mr. Mershon's paper, and commend them to the attention of all concerned. We hope also to give, from time to time, as space permits, extracts from other papers, and thus help to extend the influence of the missionary enthusiasm kindled at the convention.

Missionary Readings.

Mission Literature.

From Address of Mr. S. L. Mershon, at C. E. Convention, Montreal.

THE MISSIONARY LIBRARY.—Every Society of Christian Endeavor should have a missionary library. Let your motto be Quality, not quantity. Better a big shelf with one thrilling missionary book in great demand, than a great accumulation of volumes that will not be readable literature. The day is past when the church is to be satisfied with a heavy, lifeless publication. A dull missionary book is a libel upon the Church Militant. Already the printing presses commence to teem with wonderful books along this line.

MISSIONARY ROMANCE.—Consecration to missions freezes not the fountain of love in human hearts. I know something about the bridal vow that took the light of that refined and beautiful home to share the privations and hardships of that missionary hovel in darkest Africa. Many an English and American girl has soothed the fever-stricken brow of a noble Christian husband in the wilds of heathendom, when cruel and naked savages taunted her devotion and wild beasts watched with blazing eyes for the chance to seize her as their prey—all for the Christ's sake and the love of a Godly husband. No such romances anywhere else.

MISSIONARY POETRY.—A department almost untouched, a continent yet unexplored. A well from which might burst the gushing streams that would make the heart to sing. When will the Christian missionary muses wake? Why sleep they so long? Oh! Endeavorers, endowed with mystic powers from on high, wave the wands of thought before this enchanting door and see the sweet messengers come forth.

In undertaking to guide our youth up to the mountain heights of missionary knowledge, be patient while they climb first along the foothills. Don't expect to call down from thy height and see them instantly fly to the summit where thou art. The higher the mountain the greater the necessity for a wise guide. It is as natural for a youth to love stories as it was for Christ to use them for illustrations. It's as characteristic for a young man and a young woman to make their appeal to the heroic element in human life, as it was for Paul to talk of the arena and the gladiator.

A TROOP of young folks are at my door; they come into my library; they have been at school all the week and are tired mentally and nervously. They want something interesting to read. For one, "The Chinese Slave Girl" comes down—a brother by his side with base-ball and bat in his hands also wants a book, and I give him the "Life of Paton," in one volume, by his brother. Now you give him "Robinson Crusoe" and he will read my book first and love the

work in the South Seas. Do I want to interest another in missions, I hand her the "Cruise of Mystery," and the "McAll Mission in France" flashes before the mind. Africa is illumined in the story of "Rivers of Water," and "Moffat Lives Again." To another I lend the "Martyr Church of Madagascar," which stirs the heart to its fountain depths. The "Child of the Ganges" is a good story on India. Has the boy seen an American Indian or is he thinking of the red man of the plains? He then gets "Onoqua," and he companions with the hunter and lives with the Sioux, while he listens to the red man as he learns of the Great Spirit and the Messiah already come. Do I want to catch his thought for Japan? Then I take down "Kosa" and "Sajiaro" and all the exquisite beauty of the polite people comes to mind with an indelible stamp. I may at the same time tuck under his arm "The Life of Jerry McCauley" and he will read every word of it, and so I interest him in city missions. I am waiting to let him have "The Bar Sinister," that he may be stirred with righteous wrath over the Mormon monster. Then I look to the loved sunny land of the South where that colored problem looms up in such tremendous proportions, and I read "Iola Le Roy," which tells of a Christ love that dwelleth in true hearts and giveth peace. Do I want to fire a musket that will scatter shot in all directions? Then I give out "Our Heroes and Heroines of the Mission Field."

GET these young folks to read these stories and they will read everything worth reading that comes to their hands. These story books are but the foot-hills; but standing thereon they will see the mountain peaks beckoning them on, on, up, up—into the philosophy of missions. Philosophy of missions not interesting? Let the world stand up while I simply ask it to believe in the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the pledge of the Divine sympathy in Jesus Christ. Then I challenge all the sciences to produce or the arts to bring forth, a line of books more fascinating in interest, more readable to intelligent youth than the procession of works that we are now to suggest: "Modern Cities," "In Darkest England," "Life of Jerry McCauley," "Rotting at the Top," "How the Other Half Lives," "The Children of the Poor."

Dost thou want to be pressed hard as to thy fidelity to thy trust, then read: "Gesta Christi," "Heroes of the Mission Field," "The First Three Centuries of Christian Missions."

Dost thou want thy heart to leap with joy over the sublime opportunity before thee, then read: "The Miracle of Missions," "The Greatest Thing in the World," "The Holy Spirit and Missions," "The Greatest Value and Success of Foreign Missions," "The Divine Enterprise of Missions," "Medical Missions," "The Women of the Orient," "Our Eastern Sisters."

Brother, dost thou believe in mother, wife, sister, daughter? Then thy soul will stand back aghast if thou wilt read these last three books. Womanhood, believest thou in God? Then read these three books and in the place of standing in the Divine presence, robed in silks, bedecked with flashing jewels, thou wilt wrap thy soul with sackcloth and cry out in agony of spirit to thy God for thy lost sisters.

Do not misunderstand me. While we never pray as denominations, I thank God that we fight in denominational columns, but under one banner, against common foes. In this respect the war bulletins are from denominational fields, sent to denominational headquarters. Is it possible that anyone here permits our Christian brothers and sisters to go to the front of battle while that one at home does not watch with eagle eye the reports that come back from the field. How can you get these reports? At your denominational headquarters? Is there anything under the sun that you want to know about missions? Write to your missionary secretary; but be interested enough in the subject to pay a dollar or so for your denominational missionary magazine, and as half of the Endeavor Society is composed of ladies, remember also the splendid magazine issued by our Woman's Board of Missions. You owe those subscriptions to your conscience; you owe them to your church; you owe them to your denomination; you owe them to a lost world; you owe them to your God.