

seems damp, make the warm bright ones that follow all the more enjoyable. With that small creature, which is such an inveterate companion of the camper, and is so dreaded by him, the mosquito, we are very little troubled.

On Sunday there is always church at Burlington and at Church crossing, of which some of the campers avail themselves; but we cannot help missing our own church and Sunday school. The only day we are at all inclined to be homesick is Sunday.

There is not much time for reading or sewing; although we brought the machine and a good deal of work, we have not accomplished much. Some one has said that a man to keep on anything like good terms with himself, must do a certain amount of work. I believe it is true, for the days on which we accomplish nothing are less satisfactory than others.

To all of us the Christian Endeavor lesson for this week is very appropriate. The verse tells us that Christ with his disciples went into the desert to rest. But the real story of how He rested is told in the remaining verses of the chapter. The multitude followed Him and He taught them and then fed them, finding no rest till evening. Our work, though we may seem to leave it behind, will follow us wherever we may go.

Hoping you are enjoying your holidays as well as we are, I am,

Yours in Christian Endeavor,

LIZZIE MURRAY.

Hamilton Beach, Aug. 4th, '91.

The Laborers are Few.

DEAR ENDEAVORERS AND READERS.

I write you from the Carberry Plains, Manitoba. I am working for the Master as a Probationer for the Ministry in the Manitoba and North West Conference. There are a lot of young men in this conference, yes; but we need more young men. God wants men. Our beloved church wants men. This country is fast filling up; people are coming into this land from every land all the time. Our church must keep up with the people. These people must have food for their souls. They must have a church home. In this great land that is crowded with medicine agents, insurance agents, book agents, and other agents who canvass the country, shall the Master's agents be found wanting? Shall the ambassadors of Heaven not put in God's claim?

Oh! Endeavorers, is there not one among

you who will say, "Here am I, send me." Do not fear the hardships you will have to meet; as I drive over the prairie from day to day, in this beautiful season of the year, the thought comes, "who would not endure the winter to enjoy such a summer. This is a glorious land, and especially glorious when working for Jesus. My best efforts and days in Manitoba, and her people. Millions of people shall yet live in this land, and they will find a home and a preached gospel. O! come and fight the Devil at his out posts! The hands of the people are stretched. The hearts of the people are crying out to the God of the Harvest. The eyes of the people are strained to catch in the distance a sight of the Gospel Preacher, and let me say the most welcome visitor in the homes of the great majority of Manitobans is the minister of the Gospel. Think of being the joy and light of homes. Think of being the Master's messenger to some soul in the wilderness. Think of "seeking the lost and pointing to Jesus, souls that are weary, hearts that are sore," and then where are the thoughts of hardship, of difficulties, or of little money and few comforts. Think of Niagara Conference refusing men, and Manitoba and North West Conference trying to spread fourteen men over twenty circuits. Truly the Harvest is great; but the laborers are few. Come when you are most needed, if you feel called to preach the Gospel in this land. Where are the young men of our beloved church? Why stay in Ontario and tramp on one another's toes, when this great land is growing and yearning for men? Men who are filled with the love of Jesus, sanctified by His spirit, and yearning for the salvation of precious blood-bought souls. That these few words may influence some one who reads them to volunteer for the work of the Master in Manitoba, where earnest workers are so much needed is the fervent prayer of the writer.—A. E. Smith.

Rev. A. E. Smith who is the author of some correspondence in this month's paper, at one time attended our church and Sunday school. He evidently enjoys reading our paper, as the following would indicate: "through the kindness of some friend (unknown to me) I am the glad reader of your 'FIRST CHURCH ENDEAVORER, may God bless your little paper.' A few words such as these help us in our work considerably. In concluding his private letter, he says: 'any one desiring information with regard to coming to this Conference, should write Rev. J. W. Woodsworth, Superintendent of Missions, Brandon, Manitoba.'