

Contributions.

In the Night.

BY PETER ANDERSON.

We sometimes waken in the silent night,
When all the earth is lying cold and still,
With flashes of a clearer mental sight
Than any waking hour shall ever fill.
The toils and trials of the busy day,
The little cares by which we were
Oppressed,
All seem as trivial and as far away
As if they were forever laid to rest.

And life looks such a transient thing at best,
And death that ends it all, so very near;
And that eternity beyond, so vast
Compared with all that so absorbs us here;
The things that lure us on from hour to hour,
While the brief years in quick succession pass;
The ceaseless striving after wealth and power
Of all the selfish, scheming, toiling mass;

That Time's swift river, bearing all away
Out to the unexplored and misty main,
Seems sporting with the maniacs of a day,
Sweeping along a world of the insane.
Into what ocean flows that endless stream,
No reflux wave returns again to tell.
O death! if more—or less—than thou dost seem,
Thy secret has been kept most wondrous well.

How deep the darkness that surrounds the grave,
In which so many shiver, grope and reel,
Claiming a hope beyond they scarcely have,
Feigning a confidence they seldom feel;

How far and faint it seems, yet by our side,
Perhaps, the unseen world of spirit lies.

How thin a veil may be enough to hide
A realm, how vast, from our weak mortal eyes!

And yet again, we waken in the night
With spirits bursting through their prison bars,
To catch faint flushes of a better light
Than ever shone from sun, or moon, or stars;

Waken to hear the lingering last refrain
Of such sweet music falling on our ears,
As we may never hope to hear again
Until we hear the chiming of the spheres.

Waken to feel that even our feeble eyes
In God's good time will be allowed to see;
Have caught even now a glimpse of Paradise,
The glory of the life that is to be.

O Father! grant that some such clearer sight
Will come to all, to fade no more away,
Before the ending of our earthly night,
Upon the confines of eternal day.
HEPWORTH, ONT.

Trotfoot and Lightfoot.

THANKSGIVING.

No doubt when you read this heading,
Little ones who are following Trotfoot
and Lightfoot, you will say, "Agnes" is a whole month late with Thanksgiving. It couldn't be helped very well, nevertheless, I am sorry.

At the end of September Mrs. Roland and the children went home taking pleasant memories with them, subjects for many talks that winter.

Trotfoot and Lightfoot went to school again. How precious Saturdays were, all too short to crowd in the happy play, and healthful work.

On Thanksgiving day a festival was held in the church. In the afternoon a service specially for the children, and then tea, and after that readings and music, quite a concert. It is about

the children's service I wish to tell you. The little frame church was generally rather bare looking, but that day it blossomed out wonderfully. At the back of the minister's platform were piled several sheaves of grain; graceful sprays of evergreen were twined about the lamps; on a table in front of the platform were potatoes, carrots, pumpkins, squashes, apples, pears, grapes and so on. On two smaller tables were lovely house plants. It was a beautiful sight.

The service began with prayer, and that dear old hymn "Scatter seeds of kindness." Then there was responsive reading, and after that the minister spoke to the people, big children and little. This is part of his speech:—

"Some children," he said, "and they are not all little, think Thanksgiving day is a day in the middle of the week when they have roast turkey and pumpkin pie and other nice things for dinner. Something like Christmas, only not quite so good, because there are no presents.

"I hope no one here is of that kind of people. This should be the day on which the whole nation should hold up hands of thanksgiving for a bounteous harvest, for national health, peace and prosperity.

"Now children, look at this grain, your fathers know it is round and plump, the crop good. We might live on bread with nothing else to eat, but see all the other things God has provided for us, vegetables, good and wholesome fruits, delicious to the taste.

"God is not content with that; He has given us herbs which heal us when we are sick, great trees we can use to build our houses, clay we can make bricks of, coal to burn, and too many things of that kind to mention.

"But God is not content with giving us merely useful things. He has given us beautiful things to look at, and refined tastes to love and appreciate them. See these flowers how graceful and beautiful they are.

"Now, I'll go back to the grain again. When I was a little boy I went out sowing wheat with my father, I had a handful or two in my cap, and what I threw on the ground grew just as well as what my father sowed.

"Now remember, a child can sow good seed or bad, and it will grow.

"Another thing. Look at this great ear of corn. If I were to shell all this off, there would be a large dish full. You wouldn't miss half a dozen kernels of it. Suppose I plant and care for these half dozen kernels. I could raise several ears of corn as large and fine as this.

"Now remember this, from a small quantity of seed you can raise a great deal.

"If I plant corn, what do I reap?"

"Corn" shouted a dozen little voices.

"Yes, corn, of course. The Bible told us all about that long ago; it says, 'now listen, listen hard—' Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever, *whatsoever*, a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap.' Now, if a person sow naughty words, bad, unkind actions, he will reap a great crop of bad things. One bad word, one lie, makes it just so much easier to say another bad word and tell another lie. Don't listen to those who use bad language, run away, don't associate with them.

"Pleasant words, and kind actions act in just the same way. Try hard to be cheery, and bright, and good tempered, you don't know how much it helps your parents. Each time you keep your temper when you are tempted to be cross makes it easier to shake the black man off your back when he tempts you again. Now let us sing, 'Bringing in the sheaves.'"

I wish there were more room to tell you of the drive Trotfoot and Lightfoot had with their father the day before Thanksgiving. There were several bags of potatoes and apples, and some mysterious looking baskets in the wagon. They made several calls at some small houses in the outskirts of the market town, and when they went home there wasn't a bag or basket in that wagon.

AGNES.

Selections.

Around the World Papers.

BY REV. F. E. CLARK.

HOW THEY SING IN AUSTRALIA.

If there is one thing that has particularly impressed me since coming to the colonies, it is the magnificent congregational singing that I have heard. I may have been particularly fortunate; but I think my impression is not far wrong, that the average singing in churches, prayer meetings, and Sunday schools, is far better than it is in America. And the reason is not far to seek. These people have never been debauched in their musical taste by the operatic trills and frills of a worldly, high-priced choir. Singing is a part of worship with them, and not merely a luxury for which they have paid a good round price, and in which they intend to get their "money's worth." Every one sings,—bass and tenor, soprano and alto, man and woman, boys and girls, ministers and congregations, the deacons and the strangers within the doors. They have taken for their motto, apparently, "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live;" and they are not afraid of singing "a new song," for their range of gospel hymns and other sacred melodies seems to me far wider than it is with us.

I remember being in one of our Southern States, when a gentleman who did not believe in the Christian Endeavor cause, but who had attended the Christian Endeavor rally the evening before, said to me with a peculiar, nasal drawl, "David said he was going to sing a new song, but he never sung it; but I thought the young people in the fol-de-rol singing last night sung that new song, sure 'nough." Well, I did not sympathize with our Southern critic, as can be well imagined; and I have been glad to hear some songs that have long lain idle in our hymn-books, and that I have never dared to give out at home, sung with a right good will here in Australia.

The name of Ira D. Sankey is one to conjure by in this land. What a royal welcome he would have if he should come here! His hymns are used very largely in connection with the old hymns of the church, both in the Christian Endeavor meetings and in many church services as well. In fact, he gets the credit for all the modern hymns that are written, I believe, here in Australia. Anything in the nature of a gospel hymn is labelled "Sankey's" upon the programmes, as distinguished from the old standard pieces that are taken from the church hymnals.

Another thing that I like is that they sing without interludes. They do not have the wretched custom of playing "Rock of Ages" or "Sweet Hour of Prayer" all through in a formal and dismal way on the organ before anybody begins to sing. They strike into the tune promptly and heartily after the chord has been given, and then they take no rest until they get through. They do not give the audience a long chance to forget the connection of thought, and the organist a chance to show off his skill between the verses.

The consequence is that they sing more verses of a hymn than we are apt to sing in the same length of time, five or six stanzas taking little more time than two or three would take with our preliminaries and our interludes.

Another thing that I like about the Australian church singing is the chanting. It offers an entirely new form of service, is a pleasing variety, and is most devotional in its influence when all the congregation join heartily in the chant. I have heard it said that chanting is too difficult for the congregation, and on that account it had not been introduced into our churches; but surely, if English-speaking people can chant in Australia, they can chant just as sweetly in America, as I am sure they would, had they not been demoralized by operatic choirs.

One more feature that has impressed me has been the expression that is often introduced into the ordinary singing, a variety and delicacy of expression that is not attempted with us. For instance, in a great Christian Endeavor meeting I have heard the familiar hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross," sung in such a way as to put a new and fresh meaning into each of its glorious verses. When the audience came to the third verse, and sung,—

"See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down,"
the voices die away almost to a whisper, and it is sung in reverent, gentle tones which alone are appropriate to the words. So, too, with the next verse,—

"His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree,"
is sung so sweetly and quietly that we can almost see the affecting sight on Calvary. But when we come to the lay verse, and sing,—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Live so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all,"
then every voice rung out strong and triumphant, and the whole room is filled with the pulsating joyousness of song.

So, too, in singing Mr. Dickinson's beautiful Christian Endeavor hymn, which has been printed upon the Melbourne programme (and which, by the way, is a great and deserved favorite in these meetings), the same delicacy of expression is used. When the audience comes to the third verse, they sing in strong and grand chorus,—

"Sing on, ye chorus of the morn,
Your grand Endeavor strain,
Till Christian hearts, estranged and torn,
Blend in the glad refrain;"

and the choir, at the same time, with uplifted hands and waving handkerchiefs beats time, and emphasizes every triumphant word in a way that I am sure would do the author's heart good to hear, as it did mine.

How better can I end this article on the singing of the Australian brethren than by expressing the hope that such music may become characteristic of every continent, as it is of this new land, and that the prophecy of Mr. Dickinson's hymn may be fulfilled throughout all the world?

"The noises of the night shall cease,
The storms no longer roar;
The factious foes of God's own peace
Shall vex His church no more.
A thousand thousand voices sing
The surging harmony,—
One Master, Christ; one Saviour, King;
And brethren all are we."
Melbourne, Australia.

—The Golden Rule.

Have You Asthma?

After trying every other remedy in vain, thousands have been cured by using Schiffmann's Asthma Cure. Trial package free of druggist or by mail. Address, Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn. Mention this paper.

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls.

The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$6; 3rd, \$3; 4th, \$1; 5th to 14th, a Handsome Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 43 Scott St., Toronto, not later than 29th of each month, and mark "Competition"; also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners' names will be published in *The Toronto Mail* on 1st Saturday in each month.

Doubly Commended.

SIRS.—I had a very bad cold and was cured by two bottles of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. I cannot do without it. MRS. W. C. H. PERRY, Sea Gull, Ont.

DEAR SIRS.—I can highly recommend Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam as the best remedy for coughs and colds I have ever used.

MISS F. STEPHENSON,
Oakland, Ont.

Young People's Work.

FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

J. Z. Tyler has been appointed National Superintendent of the Christian Endeavor work among the Disciples. He has also been chosen chairman of the committee of arrangements for the Cleveland Convention of 1894.

"What is noble? 'Tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart,
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart.
Ever prompting—ever seeking
Some improvement yet to plan
To uplift our fellow beings,
And like man to feel for man."

The Rosedene Endeavor Society meets every Sunday evening.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
J. G. WHITTIER.

We are really prepared to take a pledge only when we are prepared to keep it.—*The Westminster Endeavor.*

The Golden Rule, organ of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, is a splendid sixteen page weekly; its regular price is \$2.00 per year. For special rates, premiums, etc., write, *The Golden Rule Company*, 47 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Dr. Clark is writing a series of "Around the World papers" in *The Golden Rule*. We transfer one of these to our columns. We thought of making an extract or two, but it is such good reading that we give it entire. We hope not only the young people, but the older ones will read it.

Mr. E. A. Hardy, the secretary of the Ontario Provincial Union, has more than once suggested new and helpful plans for the interchange of practical methods of work. In a letter not long ago received he makes a suggestion that I gladly pass along to the earnest presidents and secretaries of the State, Provincial, and Territorial unions. Then, again, it could be used among the district secretaries or local union presidents of any one State, Territory or Province. It is that a circulating letter be started from time to time and be passed along from one to another, each in turn adding some practical hint