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## Worship.

By Amy Parkinson.

"Yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come."—*Ezek. 11: 6.*

**A** LITTLE sanctuary;—gracious Lord,  
Make true for me the treasures of this word;  
Thyself hast brought me whither I am come,  
And may no more go out until Thou call me home.

Not unto temple built by hands of men  
Seems it Thy will that I shall pass again;  
I cannot mingle with Thy people there  
Who hym Thy praise, and lift to Thee their hands  
in prayer.

But wheresoe'er Thou art is holy place—  
And solitary souls may claim Thy grace;  
Then, though I go not forth to worship Thee,  
Oh, let me ceaseless feel Thy presence circling me!

Accept the faltering prayers I feebly raise,  
And listen to my few, faint words of praise:  
Thee doth this trembling heart truly adore;  
Thine is its deepest love; would it could render more!

Thyself, my sanctuary,—blessed Lord;  
If Thou, indeed, fulfil to me this word,  
Well may I stay content where I am come,  
Till Thou shalt bid me rise to Thy Eternal Home.

*Toronto, Ont.*

## Editorial Talk.

ONCE more the enthusiasm of the temperance workers in the Dominion has received a check. The plebiscite seems to have been but a taking form of bait thrown out to catch the temperance vote. The Government has decided that the substantial majority secured for prohibition is not sufficiently decisive to warrant legislation in any form. It was the hope of many that even if a prohibitory law for the whole Dominion were not secured, some provision would be made for the restriction of the liquor traffic in those provinces which by an overwhelming vote have so emphatically asked for it. We have had illustrated to us once more the futility of trying to secure legislation of an advanced nature from a government unwilling to assume the responsibility of making it an issue at the polls.

But the plebiscite returns afford much room for encouragement. The supporters of prohibition now know how strong they are. And the

question is now before the country more prominently than it has ever been hitherto. An anti-prohibitionist said recently, "The question of prohibition is now settled for twenty years." No, it is not settled for twenty minutes. As the late John B. Finch frequently said, "A question is never settled until it is settled right." It will refuse to be kept under. It will assert itself with the utmost persistency until the right triumphs.

In the very nature of things, legislation is the last point at which we may expect to see advancement. Law is the crystalization of the thoughts, sentiments, and convictions of the people. The plebiscite has revealed the progress that has been made and how near at hand is the victory. Only a few more years of earnest effort and the traffic in intoxicants will be outlawed throughout all our borders.

THERE is need to emphasize in these times the possibilities of usefulness that lie within the bounds of our common days and our ordinary avocations. Many young people long to do Christian work, but they look for some more advantageous sphere in which to begin than is afforded by

the home or the shop. The young man says, "I am nothing but a clerk, or a blacksmith, or a farmer. I can do nothing for God. If I were only a minister or a missionary, I would do some worthy thing." The young woman says, "I have it in my heart to do great things. If I were but rich and had influence I would scatter blessings everywhere, but here I am at the sewing machine, or behind the counter, or at household work all day. I can do nothing."

It is all a sad mistake. Christ spent the greater part of His life upon earth in common toil that He might illustrate its possibilities. "What is that in thine hand?" said God to Moses in the wilderness. "It is only a stick, a shepherd's crook with which I guide the sheep." God said, "I will use that." And because God was with that symbol of his craft, he overturned with it the Egyptian dynasty, held back the waves of the sea, and made the streams refreshing water to gush from the shattered granite. God works through the ordinary instruments of one's calling. What is that in thine hand? Only a pen, a spade, a trowel, a needle. Take that, and God will use it in your willing hands for the accomplishment of His work.