SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys: Do you remember the boy to whom you sent the litte Telugu church history? He is all blisters! He got burned! He was making powder for fire-crackers! It went off! It burned him awfully! He told us to tell you!' Thus two boys related to me the other morning—both talking together.

They came as soon as they heard that I was home from Scoutam tour.

I felt very bad. He was one of the best Hindu boys in Bimli. Indeed, I have prayed for him more—no, truly than for any other boy here. I cannot help believing that, some day, he will be a true follower of Jesus. Therefore, I told them I would come and see him at once. "Oh! you will have great sorrow when you see him!" they replied. But I put on my sun-helmet and told them to lead the way.

We walked down the hill, past the chapel. Soon, on our left, a winding street came out between a high old wall and a high old building to meet us. We turned off upon this road and after pacing a few rods, wheeled again to the right and strolle along an alley, so narrow, that the low eaves of the thatched roofs scraped my helmet as we passed.

We came to a place, where, on our right, was a high weather-beaten stone-and-mortar wall, and, on our left was a white house, better than its neighbors. It, too, is built of stone and mortar and its roof is shingled with tiles. On the verandah were several men and boys, laughing and looking sleepy, doing something, but doing nothing.

We asked for Sanzasi, and they led us into a hall that opened into an inner court, with the sky for its roof. I do not remember much about the appearance of the place, for I was so engrossed in looking at the boy, who came out to see us. Probably they did not care to have me come into the house any further. Hence they brought him out. He came with his bare arms spread out and his hands hanging down, like a boy who has fallen into the mire and does not want it to drip on his clothes. I had to peer and peer into that poor blackened, blistered, swollen face before I could recognize the features of the bright boy who had borrowed the little Telugu book a few days previous. He lifted his half-opened hand to his forehead and made the best salaam he could under the circumstances.

I told him not to try to talk, for it was painful for him to open his mouth. His eyes were nearly buried. The inside of each arm was one long burn. It was painful for him to sit up out there, and I did not stay long. He mumbled something that I could not make out. His brother said it was, "Murl-ly vusthahrah?" *i. e.*, "Will you come again?" (I do not try to spell Telugu words in English letters according to the rules of transliteration, but so that, as nearly as possible, they may be pronounced correctly.) I told him I was planning to go away on tour the next day, but would come again as soon as I could.

That night the town sounded like the fourth of July in Massachusetts. Fire-crackers like young cannon were booming in all the streets and lanes of the town. Rockets were hissing through the air and exploding in the sky. Poor San Zasi had been getting ready for this sport too, but how different his condition to-night from what he anticipated. I shall have to put off explaining this celebration until I understand it better myself. Meanwhile let us pray that Sanyasi may live to honor Jesus of Nazareth.

Before we came home from Scoutam (the place of which I wrote in my last), one night when we were coming home from a village, we met a man crying so boisterously that we halted in alarm to see what was the matter. He was in such convulsions that he could not tell us, but caught us by the feet and filled the night with lamentations like billows. As soon as he could get his breath, we managed to make out from the mixture of sobs and articulations which escaped his lips that he was a goldsmith, that he had met some travellers that afternoon who offered him two hundred and sixty rupees' worth of gold nuggets for two hundred rupees; that they had given him a few nuggets to take home and test; that he took them home, tested them and found them genuine; that he went around amongst his friends and borrowed—here thirty, there twenty rupees until he had made up the two hundred; that he then came and bought the two hundred and sixty rupees' worth of gold for two hundred; that he went home rejoicing over the sixty rupees of clear profit; that he tested the nuggets and found they were nothing but pebbles; that he hastened back wildly to the tree where the purchase was made; that to his unspeakable dismay the vendors were gone, and that now, crazed with grief, he was wandering up and down the road hunting for his two hundred rupees. But night had fallen. He opened a cloth and showed us the pebbles. Then he and his younger brother, seized with redoubled despair, sat down together in the dust and broke out into such audible anguish as compelled us to imagine that we were in the neighborhood of those doleful regions, where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

To the Telugu the rupee is everything. If you overhear a crowd talking on the street, it always has something in it about the rupee. The greatest man is the man who has the most rupees. If you preach Jesus to them, they want to know if by believing in Him they can sit down the rest of their days and eat rice from heaven. I have seen many a man listen, for awhile to the gospel, with sparkling eyes; but when he found out there was no money in it, he would turn away with disappointment and disgust. It is easier, here, to understand Judas, and how, when he discovered that Jesus was not going to be the kind of a king that he wanted him to be; that He was not going to conquer the world and let him carry the money bag, he left him, betrayed him, and sold all for thirty pieces of silver. When this goldsmith hit upon a chance to make sixty rupees by getting two hundred and sixty rupees' worth of gold for two hundred rupees, he was so overjoyed that he had not sense enough left to be careful. Then when he found out that instead of gaining sixty rupees he had lost two hundred rupees, he sat down in the shades of death and wailed as if all were lost. Indeed with the Hindu money is good not only for this world but also for the world to come. By giving money to keep up the services or the repairs of temples; by making offerings to the idols; by giving money to Brahmans; by feeding the poor, or even by scattering rice to the ants, men gain merit, and if their merits weigh more than their sins it is well with their souls. After a man dies his son may make off rings for his soul and redeem him. Therefore a son is called "Puthra." The first syllable of this word means hell; the last means Saviour. Therefore a son is one who saves from hell, and he saves with offerings which cannot be made without money. To make these offerings he frequently runs inextricably into debt. The dollar is indeed the mighty dollar here. The rupee is almost almighty. With plenty of rupees lavished on the Brahmans and the idols you can outweigh all you sins, and tilt the balance to heaven. But, no money no hope. There are indeed other ways of salvation prated about by Hindu philosophers, but the popular way is to buy salvation with money and with price.

There is one village near Soontam that was especially interesting. We walked along the muddy little dikes of a rice swamp. When we entered the village we stopped at a house, where, under the low verandah, were sitting a man and his two sons—young men. Several women were sitting around upon the ground spinning cotton on their rustic wheels. A crowd gathered about us. But the picture that is imprinted on my memory is that of the father and his two sons, their dilated eyes, their open countenances, their breathless attention.

Yours truly,

L. D. MORSE.

Bimlipatam, India, Nov. 11, '93.

How Hugh Stevens Preached Jesus.

BY MRS. B. V CHISHOLM.

Sue Stevens was one of the new converts of Scottsville Seminary, at least, she had risen for prayers when the minister, who was conducting the service, requested those who had decided for Christ to do so.

"We will see now what is religion," said Grace Lenox, spitefully. "If she lives up to her profession, I'll have more respect for Christianity than I ever had before. Any power on earth that can make a saint out of Sue Stevens is certainly to be commended."

"The power to make saints is not of the earth, earthly; it is of the Lord from heaven, Grace," said her friend Rose Campbell, gently.

"I am aware that is what you all preach, and I presume the preaching is all well enough. It is the practicing to which I take exception, Rose. She has treated me in a very heathenish way of late, but if she means what she professes, she will come to me now, and apologise for her conduct," returned Grace. "We will just see how much reality there is in all this crying and praying."

"Unhappily, Sue's temper is not the most amiable," replied Rose, the peace-maker, with a faint sigh.

"Don't you think her religion ought to sweeten it?" asked Grace bitterly.

"I hope it will, dear, but you must not expect too much. Remember Sue is like the rest of us, intensely human," urged Rose.

"I expect nothing, not a thing from Sue, Rose, and of course shall not be disappointed," retorted Grace, going out and closing the door behind her with a bang.

"Poor Grace! How I wish she could feel something of the sweet influence of Jesus in her own heart," sighed Rose. "She is growing hard and uncharitable. If Sue only knew what an opportunity for doing something for Jesus she would find there."

At one time Grace and Sue had been the best of friends, but a year ago they had quarrelled over some trifling thing, and since that unhappy day, though reciting in the same class, eating at the same table, and sleeping beneath the same roof, they had not spoken to each other.

The very evening after Grace had discussed Sue's feelings so freely in Rose Campbell's presence, there was a committee meeting in Ruth Daniel's room, to arrange for the annual party, which was to be celebrated two nights later, and both Rose and Sue belonged to that committee.

In speaking of the jollification that morning, Dr. Reed, the principal, had said that the girls were at liberty to have any kind of sports which were not unladylike, injurious to property, nor calculated to wound the feelings of others. Last year they had enjoyed a "taffy-pulling" in the dining hall, and then after trying their fortunes in every conceivable way, they had finished up by eating apples before mirrors, and walking backward to bed. This year the girls had arranged to have a spread in the school hall, and then after everything was in order to present a series of tableaux suitable for the occasion. This committee had been appointed for the purpose of choosing the Mistress of Ceremonies and her assistant, who for the time being, were considered the Ladies of honor.

According to a time-honored custom slips containing the names of all the girls in the Seminary were placed in a box. This box was then closed and vigorously shaken, after which a little boy, chosen for the occasion, proceeded to draw out slip after slip until the box was empty. The last two slips decided the contest, and named the successful candidates. This time the honored ladies, strange as it may seem, were Grace Lenox and Sue Stevens. Rose looked up quickly, wondering if Sue knew how Grace felt towards her. But Sue did not know, and her face flushed and paled in turns, for according to the regulations, it was her place to inform Grace of the honor which had been conferred upon her. She was on the point of asking to be excused, when she remembered she had prayed for a blessing on this committee meeting, just as she now did upon everything in which she engaged. Had God answered her prayer in this way? She could not decide the question then and there, but half an hour spent in her own room thinking and praying over the matter, convinced her that she owed her old friend an apology for the way she had treated her during the last year.

With Sue to decide was to perform; and five minutes later she was knocking timidly at Grace's door. She had a pretty little speech prepared by which her errand was to be made known, but the moment her eyes rested upon Grace's face, she forgot it every word, and all she could stammer out was: "I hope you will forgive me, Grace, for the way I talked to you—the time we quarreled; I was the one to blame, though until quite recently I would not permit myself to think anything about it."

"Has Rose Campbell been talking to you?" asked Grace, in a hesitating voice.

"No," answered Sue, wonderingly, "That is, not particularly. I met her at the committee meeting, but we had no special conversation. Why do you ask?"

"Never mind now. I am ashamed of my hasty tongue. It is always getting me into trouble, just as it did that night a year ago, when we parted in anger," returned Grace. "Still, Sue, I cannot help thinking yet that you were most to blame."

"I am certain that I was," Sue answered, meekly; I see that very plainly now, but I am afraid I would not have had the courage of my convictions had not fate, nay, I am sure it was providence, sent me to you tonight."

"I believe in you now, Sue; and—well, I was talking pretty plainly to Rose about your profession this afternoon, and I said, if you meant your religion, you would come to me and apologise for the past. You have done it now, and I know you mean just exactly what you say. Sit down here by my side, and let us talk the whole trouble over in a cool, calm way, and then let it rest forever."

Sue complied with the request, and at the end of an hour, when they separated, they were better friends than ever. The places of honor to which they had been elevated, was the last subject discussed, but as the choice had been the means of bringing about a reconciliation between them, they slipped gracefully and gratefully, into their respective positions, and did all in their power to make the prospective party a success.

"I have proved her, and she is as good as gold," Grace whispered in Rose's ear as she passed her on her way to the school-room next morning. "She means her religion and is trying to live up to what she professes."

"That is what we all should aim to do Grace," answered Rose. "If there is any failure in the living part, remember that is the human side, and never again doubt the Divine part. Jesus says, 'Follow Me,' not 'Follow Sue or Grace, or Rose, or any human pattern.'"

"I think I understand what you mean," said Grace humbly. But she understood much more fully a few weeks later, when she gave her own heart to Jesus. She has found out what there is in religion, and she is very well satisfied with the new knowledge. After that, Grace and Sue took up their old relations, and often recall the little incident that was the means of bringing them together again. — *Christian Observer.*

Bible Mysteries.

BY SENEX SMITH.

"Friend Smith, if I was going to make a Bible, I wouldn't have any mysteries in it. I would have everything so plain that every body could understand it. But the Bible that you claim is from God is so full of mysteries that men have been writing commentaries on it for hundreds of years. Yes, there are thousands of books in which biblical scholars try to tell us what 'the Book' means, and the authors of these expositions don't agree among themselves. For my part, I prefer nature to what you call revelation. I see in it clear and convincing proofs of the wisdom and power of God. It is Bible enough for me."

"And in your Bible I suppose all is plain. There are no mysteries to trouble you. The sciences are as simple as a child's primer. There is light, for instance, you know all about it, of course."

"I can't say that I do. Our ablest scientists differ in regard to its nature. Some believe that it is a material substance, and others that it is the undulation of a luminiferous ether. A great many books have been written on the subject. But little as we know about light, we know that men could not have made it."

"Of course not. But why did not God, who created the sun to warm and illumine earth, tell us more about it? It almost seems to say, as it shines upon us, Believe in me, rejoice in me, but do not try to understand me. Now, Solomon thought that the Bible is like the sun, for he said, 'The entrance of Thy words giveth light.' Those words shine upon our souls, as the sun's rays shine upon our bodies. We rejoice in them, we walk in their light safely and gladly, and yet we do not and we can not know all about them. If they were human words, we might comprehend them fully. But, being Divine, there must be much in them, as there is in sunshine, that baffles our finite faculties. The mysteries in the Bible, united as they are with so much that is clear and comforting, assure me that it comes from God. Man could no more have made such a book than they could have made the sun. And now let us turn from light for a moment, for I want to ask you, as a scientist, about life. What is it? We all can see that there is a difference between a living man and a dead man. The bodily organs are just the same, and yet there is no vision, no speech, no movement, no thought, feeling or volition. Something is gone that we call life. Of course, you can define it."

"No, I can not, nor can anybody. Life is a great mystery."

"But you know what the Lord Jesus said to His disciples, 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.' We can study those words and learn a great deal from them, and yet there is a depth of meaning in them that we shall never be able to fathom. The Book that God made for man is like man himself. It is a living soul in a material form. When we study ourselves and our fellow men, we find much to interest us, and yet there is always something in humanity that eludes while it attracts. And so it is with the Bible. Its most precious, plain and practical truths are connected with glimpses of the incomprehensible. And this again, convinces me that it is from God. When I can fully understand myself, when I know all about 'spirit and life' in the sphere of nature, it will be time enough to complain of the mysteries in the Bible."

"I have another objection to receiving the Bible as from God: there is so much that is human in it. We have page after page of history and biography, of prophecy and even of genealogy. Why didn't the Divine Father give His children a brief manual of duty and devotion? I like the ten commandments and the Lord's prayer, but I am not interested in the Book of Numbers and the lamentations of Jeremiah. The best things in the Bible—those that seem to me might be inspired—have to be hunted for in the great mass as they hunt for diamonds in the sands of Brazil."

"I am glad that you mention that objection. You believe in the God of nature, and yet He has done in the world just what you complain of in the Bible. Why didn't He put a pile of gold and another of diamonds at every man's door? Why compel us to hunt and dig for the most precious things? The same voice which says to the gold hunter, 'Go search in the mountain gulches, or in the sands of the desert,' said, 'Search the Scriptures.' In them, as in the earth, there are hidden treasures. Now, I do not say that any thing in the Bible is merely human. I believe that it is all divine and all profitable, but the objection to its inspiration on account of its size and the variety of matter in it comes with a very bad grace from a scientist. It is, in that respect, like the earth, which men have been exploring for thousands of years, and have only begun to understand how rich it is."

My skeptical friend did not know what to reply to this, so he tacked again, and said: "If God made the Bible, as you say, he was a long time about it, and had to employ a great many writers to help him. Why didn't he give the whole of it at once, as he is said to have given the law to Moses on Mt. Sinai? Why, human authors have written from fifty to a hundred books in a life time, and the Author of authors spent over fifteen hundred years in making what you call his book."

"And how many years did this Author of authors spend in making the world? You ought to doubt its divine origin if you believe in what geology teaches. An Omnipotent God did not need to build stratum upon stratum and work for millenniums in fitting up a dwelling place for man. But since he chose to do so, and we both believe that this earth, our home, is his handiwork, may we not also believe that the fact of the Bible shows that he is its maker?'

How unreasonable is the so-called scientific skepticism of to-day. The analogies between nature and revelation are so many and so marked, it would seem as the students of nature ought to be pre-eminently believers in the word. The fact that so many of them are not shows how wilfully blind is the carnal heart.—*Journal & Messenger.*

Why Uzzah Touched the Ark, or Trifling and its Excuses.

BY REV. C. W. WILLIAMS.

Excuse No. 1.

Through the story of Uzzah (2 Sam. 6: 6, 7) I think God would teach us the danger of trifling with sacred things, and I believe we may see, in the alleged excuses for Uzzah's conduct, those put forward for much of the trifling of today. Some will ascribe Uzzah's sin to ignorance, saying, "*He did not know any better.*" If so, it was unpardonable that he did not. A Levite ought to have known how the ark was to be carried, and whether it could be touched. The law had not departed from Israel, and since the ark had been in his father's house all his life-time, it would have become Uzzah to inform himself concerning it. Ignorance is a crime when it is possible to know. A mother tells her little boy to come in from the playground at five o'clock. He accordingly carefully avoids finding out the time of day, and, when he comes in, an hour and a half late, boldly declares that he didn't know what time it was. The mother easily sees through the child's subterfuge, yet she herself may be living outside the church of Christ, and comforting herself with the thought that she has never realized it to be her duty to join a church, while we know that she has been indolent in regard to finding out her duty. She who judges her child's willful ignorance will be judged by God for her own. The question is not, "Do you know?" but "Can you know?" Alas for those whose ignorance satisfies them. It is their sin.

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THE BEST CURE—K. D. C.
THE WORST DISEASE—DYSPEPSIA.

Acadia Museum.

ACADIA COLLEGE Dec. 23rd, 1893.

I wish to acknowledge with thanks the following recent donations to the Museum of Acadia College:

June 20th.—Coloaman's queue; 1 pair Chinese scales; Chinese book, "History of Great Men," 2000 B. C.; argillaceous concretions; Buffalo nuts; bone implement from an Oregon kitchen midden; large hook, "Oregon Illustrated," by Reid Bros., architects—donor, E. L. Coldwell, Portland, Oregon.

June 20th.—Valuable collection of 85 stone arrow-heads—J. E. Coldwell, Portland, Oregon.

June 20th.—Three specimens of Niagara shale and limestone—Robert Stair, Wolfville.

July 18th.—Hermit crab in shell of Lunatia Heros, A. E. C.

Oct. 4th.—Tonemaline in quartz; 2 specimens of feldspar, from Annapolis Co., Fred. Young, Acadia College.

Aug.—Brick and four nails from the old French fort at Fort Point, La Have River—B. F. Porter, Truro, N. S.

Cannon ball found on the site of the old French fort, Beaubassin about three miles from Sackville—Dr. J. W. Sangster, Sackville.

Oct.—Hindu "sacred thread" worn by T. Thurkaram, a Vishaya caste man when he came to join the Christians at Vizianagram, India, April 2, 1883—Rev. M. B. Shaw, India.

Nov. 22nd.—Two Bulgarian newspaper—Yovtcheff.

Dec. 13th.—Horse-Shoe crab, (Limulus Polyphemus)—Miss Hannah Smith.

Dec. 15th.—The following from Yellowstone Park: Bottle of colored sands; Obsidian from Obsidian Cliff; specimens of sulphur—horse shoe with calcite incrustation; calcareous deposits from Mammoth Hot Springs; specimens of the rock near the Selkirk Glacier, B. C.—Rev. G. J. C. White, Wolfville.

Dec. 23rd.—Chinese book—E. L. Coldwell, Oregon.

A. E. COLDWELL, Curator.

A Few Thoughts.

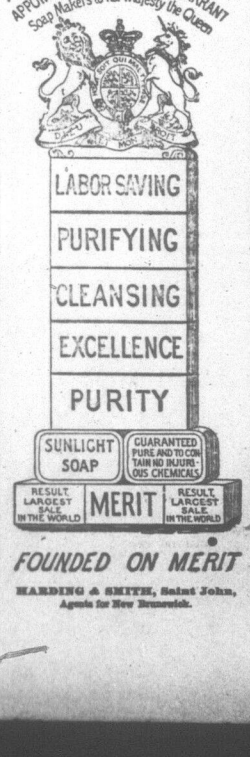
—"Thee is restless," said Rachel Froke. "And to make us so is oftentimes the first thing the Lord does for us. It was the first thing He did for the world. Then He said, 'Let there be light!' In the meantime thee is right; just darn thy stockings."—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

—All true work is for God, wherever or whenever it is done. Somebody has suggested that if the lad's mother, who had baked those five barley-loaves that morning, had known to what grand service they were to be put in the evening, it would have filled her heart with praise as she worked. But did she do more than does every woman who kneads the dough and shapes the loaves for the oven? Are they not all ministering servants, co-working with God, whose will it is that His children shall not lack bread? Do not the loaves, when baked, lie in that great, opened hand where the Psalmist saw food for the hunger of every living thing? The commonest of duty, whose performance lies on the great lines of use, is a duty done for God. And as soon as we recognize this fact, our act becomes a duty done to Him.—*S. S. Times.*

—Here is one who dies in youth. There was great promise in the beautiful life. Affection had reared for it a noble fabric of hope. Perhaps the beauty had begun to shine out in the face, and the hands had begun to show their skill. Then death came, and all the fair hopes were faded away. The visions of loveliness and the dreams of noble attainments and achievements lay like withered flowers upon the grave. "An unfinished life!" friends cry in their disappointment and sorrow. So it seems, surely, to love's eyes, from the earth-side. But so it is not, as God's eye looks upon it. There is nothing unfinished that fulfills the Divine plan. God cuts off no young life till its earthly work is done. Then the soul-building which began here and seemed to be interrupted by death, was only hidden from our eyes by a thin veil, behind which it still goes up with unbroken continuity, rising into fairest beauty in the presence of God.—*J. R. Miller, D. D., in Making the Most of Life.*

—The great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people whom it has cured.

A "SUNLIGHT" PILLAR



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Mother Urged Me

to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

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A Common Error.

Chocolate & Cocoa are by many supposed to be one and the same, only that one is a powder, (hence more easily cooked,) and the other is not.

This is wrong—
TAKE the Yolk from the Egg,
TAKE the Oil from the Olive,
What is left?

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January 10

B. Y. P. U.

OUR OBJECT.

The unification of Baptist young people's societies, increased spirituality; their stimulation to Christian service; their edification in scriptural knowledge; their instruction in Baptist history and principles; their enlistment in missionary activity, and their training in missionary, benevolent and kindred denominational institutions.

OUR FELLOWSHIP.

All Young People's Societies of whatever name in Baptist churches, and Baptist churches or other organizations are entitled to representation. We depend for our unity not upon any particular name or method. Our common bond is the New Testament, in the full affirmation of whose

WE ARE ONE PEOPLE WITH ONE MIND

(Correspondents to this department should address their communications to REV. J. J. BAXTER, St. J. B.

For the Week beginning J

TOPIC: Duty of Confession. 10: 32, 33.

We owe it to the world to Christ. We have it in our bring great good to others by al every where standing for Christ one knows in how many ways make confession. "No man liv himself." Quietly it may be, ly our influence is going out. not owe it to every man to do for him? For the sake of th out them we ought to live t life every day.

We owe it to *ourselves* to Christ. "With the mouth confe made unto salvation." It wou seem that there is no comple salvation without it. Confess joy; it gives strength.

"Each victory will help yo
Some other to win."

It will act as a defence. shows his colors, declares him and-out, has a much easier way who tries to be on both sid fence at the same time and do ground on either side.

We owe it to *Christ* to mak sion. It may seem a small thi poor sinner should declare hi Christ, but somehow the Mast nizes that honor is done to H puts very great value upon the what a promise there is for confesses. On the other han clares that He will deny b Father the one who denies Hi men. See Jno. 4: 28, 29; Rom. 10: 9, 10.

— A number of the Junior ville have confessed Christ d Union meetings. Hereafter t Rev. Mr. Martell, will hold for the boys and girls every afternoon.

— Carleton Baptist churc Junior Union of 32 members, 20 are active.

— B. B. B. no longer mean tist newspapers a patent nost works "miracles," but Bapti Brigade. You may as well ge the thing.

— We tender our th many corresponding secretaries co-operation during the past We also thank our friends who to send us short contributions "let hitherto." Their assistan welcomed now. This departm be continued in its present Improved if the young Bapti provinces think it worth while

— The quarterly meeting o John Christian Endeavor U held on New Year's evenin Carleton Baptist church. The was one of more than ordinary Rev. Mr. Shenton gave an "Enlarged Curistian Citizensh Mr. Gates on "Enlarged M Effort;" and Rev. Mr. Fotheri "Enlarged Interdenominationa ship." The addresses met wi responses from the large audien Baptist churches are represen union, with a total membersh three hundred. The Carleto Young People provided refr and served their guests at th the meeting.

— In the issue of Decemb the *Young People's Union* begs psalm on the Boy's Brigad question first in order, and pr importance, is, "Do you appro military ideas in training the b church auspices?" Thus fa five pastors have responded say, without hesitation, *Ye* answer *Yes*, with qualification give an emphatic *No*. Rev. Wallace, Toronto; Rev. Don Montreal, and Rev. C. W. Sherbrook, answer *No*. Re Dayfoot, Strathroy; and Re Williams, Saint Martins, *Yes*. These are the only pastors heard from to date. we have not had much expe the Boys' Brigade business left our form in the old count house some years ago. The occasionally "knock the chi boy's shoulder. We do not the exercise ever proved a ver means of grace, although we "made up." We note that our brethren who are enthu the new movement point o takes hold of a boy's instinct. a good many boys seems to pugilistic instinct, and it is sible that we ought to train th from some of their instinc boys have a strong fishing ins ing school days. The wide-a tor might take advantage of th when the springtime comes a ise along this line. We ha boys in our home and find distinctive nature" of a boy itself in a great many directi we are very much afraid th them cannot be easily used to ends. We wish Bro. Wilkins the brethren to "sympose" question also. Have you an your own home? Perhaps th be fair, but it may have so do with the question. A few have been struck with Paul's military idea. We have be with Paul's use of a good m but we have yet to learn that it advisable to engage a Chri turian to organize and train a of boys in order to lead them and "hold" there. Doubtless tary instinct was pretty st But we wait for light.

Minard's Liniment cures d