

wheat field? Can God be content with less than likeness to Himself in thought and action in His own children? Man alone cannot produce the most abounding harvests. Neither can God. But when man and God work together the earth yields her best and increase is sure. As in soil culture so with the soul. "Without Me ye can do nothing." "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." It is all true. God has great designs for us, but we must do them for ourselves. We may have great ambitions but we cannot fulfil them to our profit without God. So with the Kingdom. "The seed of the Kingdom is the Word of God." "The field is the world." But God needs sowers and reapers for the cultivation of the world in righteousness and truth. Is the church realizing the utmost of spiritual harvests for Him? Is she living up to her capacity? None will answer "yes." The springtime calls us to labor, it invites the toiler to go forth and conquer nature by obeying her. In like manner the Holy Spirit invites us to go forth scattering His seed, and harkens us with the promise that "He that goeth forth with weeping, bearing precious seed, shall surely come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him." Let us all respond to the summons and seek to realize the utmost for the glory of Him who has said by His ancient prophet, "For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the grain causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations."

ONE of the most beautiful tributes ever given to Christ was once spoken by a young woman concerning a friend recently deceased. The words were simple, "It was easy to be good when she was with us." Yet that force of holy influence those short monosyllabic express. What serious questionings they suggest. "Is it so easy to be good as our associates to be good as we mingle with them day by day. And yet how thoughtless too many of our young people are; forgetting that "no man liveth to himself," we are apt to live day by day with no serious consideration of how our influence affects those near us. A look, a word, a suggestion, an example, the smallest and most trivial event may produce irrevocable results for weal or woe to some other life. The recollection of this will make us careful and help to give a wholesome and uplifting tendency to all we say and do. Let us resolve to be good, and such worthy commendation as is quoted above, and our lives will surely add to the sum total of goodness in the world about us.

IT is reported that on one occasion a certain man, hearing of the death of an acquaintance, asked the question, "Of what did he die?" and received the answer, "He died of nothing to do." "That is enough to kill anybody," was his sole comment. "Aye, isn't it? You have known the deadly effect of idleness in more cases than one, I am sure. And it is as true of a church as of a person. Many a Christian has become practically dead because he ceased to work, and many organized church societies have died from the same cause. Activity is a law of growing life. Indolence means loss, stagnation, decline, death. There are places all over Canada where once were promising young people's societies but none now exist there. They died, not of nothing to do, but of doing nothing, which is a different matter. There has always been plenty to be done, there never was more than now but doers are needed. The problems of the young people are not so much concerned with

finding work as with arousing a spirit of enterprise within them that will prompt them to the doing of the work already to hand. The Master's day it was workers not work that constituted the burden of his prayer. Are not the needs to-day similar? A working League means a living, growing, happy band of young people. An inactive League invites decay, and the invitation is always accepted. And as spiritual activities of the Evil One gets busy for, as Spurgeon once suggestively said, "If the devil catch a man idle, he will set him to work, find him tools and before long pay him wages." The application lies with you. Keep yourself and your League, club, class, circle, band, or whatever your society may be called, actively engaged for God and you need fear neither death nor the devil.

MY note-book contains this pencilled sentence; by whom it was spoken, or when, or where, I do not know; but it is worthy of general study. Said the speaker, "No one can make us do it if we will not, and no one can keep us from it if we will." I commend these words to the careful consideration of my readers. We are all more or less given to excuses for wrongs done, or for duties unperformed. "The woman gave me of the tree and I did eat," said Adam. "The serpent beguiled me and I did eat," added Eve. So it has ever been. "They all with one consent began to make excuse." And through it all, deep-seated within the soul's innermost consciousness, is the knowledge that all such subterfuges are unavailing. To say "No!" to sin, to say "Yes!" to truth, even though the teeth must be set and the flesh clenched in uncompromising determination to do or die—these are some of the marks of a man, and are the sure prophets of victory. To such brave hearts God delights to send inspiring messages of encouragement, and through the price of such conquests of the flesh, the world and the devil may demand the sacrifice of all that the natural man covets most, they are worth it many times over. "If we will." How big with meaning are those little words. All duty, all honor, all victory, all rest for each and every heaven are in them when they refer to God. All of loss, all of disgrace, all of disaster are in them when they refer to sin. Ponder them well and make intelligent and wise decision.

MANY a sermon has been preached on heaven, and the prospect of heavenly blessedness in some bright and beautiful hereafter has brought much prospective joy to many souls. And yet Heaven may not after all be so very far away, nor celestial delights so indefinitely postponed or infinitely removed. A certain minister once preached on "Heaven" to the delight of his congregation. During the week following, while on his rounds, he met one of his leading officials who remarked, "That was a beautiful sermon you gave us on Sunday morning, but you didn't tell us where Heaven is. Does anybody know?" "I can tell you, brother," replied the minister. "I have just come from yonder house where poor Mr. — is ill, while his motherless children are sadly needy. If you will go to the store and order a goodly supply for them, and then go to the house and say, 'My brother, I've brought you these in the name of our Saviour and Lord,' and if then you will repeat the 23rd Psalm and pray with the sick man, I am pretty sure you will find where Heaven is. The same evening the man said, 'Pastor, I surely saw Heaven to-day, and spent twenty minutes there without a doubt.' Heaven is not confined to some far remote and future sphere, but

we may find it here and now if we but search for it as did He "who went about doing good," and present enjoyment of its blessedness in such manner will not detract one iota from its ecstasy by-and-by, but will the better prepare us to appreciate the fulness of joy awaiting those who have capacity to receive it.

BIBLICAL reading ought to be a pleasant daily exercise; but there seems good ground for saying that to the average Christian it is simply a religious duty that for conscience's sake must be performed, or condemnation will come and penalty be imposed. "Do you enjoy the Bible?" was asked of a young woman, and her answer was one too many of us, perhaps, might truthfully give. "I am afraid," said she, "I do not know it well enough to enjoy it." If we only were better acquainted with it, how much more pleasure and profit we should get from it, and how much less like religious drudgery would its perusal become. I heard not long since of a good woman who set herself to read the Bible through, and at the end of the task was heard to say, as she laid the book aside, "Where! thank goodness that job is done." Haven't you felt somewhat like that? I am afraid we all have. But it ought to be otherwise, and it would be if we came to the Word in the right spirit and handled it in the right way. Read a book through. Take time to go from end to end of it as you enjoy the letter of the dead, and you will gain such inspiration and help as will surprise you, and your store of Scriptural knowledge will be increased much better than it will be by any hop-skip-and-jump method of so-called topical reading. If it is not as easy or agreeable to you at what as you want it to be, keep it at; give the Bible a chance, and it will show what it can do for you. But be sure you give it a fair chance, which is more than a great many of us have done. Try it, and it will grow on you.

FIFTEEN years ago the late Rev. Dr. Potts gave in the compass of three words some very sage advice to the assembled Leaguers of the Bay of Quinte Conference in convention at Belleville. The counsel was, "Be intelligent Methodists." In his judgment there was need for the admonition then, and I doubt if the need has in any wise decreased since he made his stirring appeal. I well remember how passionately he appealed to us to be true to the heritage handed down by the heroism of the fathers and to prosecute with undiminished fervor and fidelity the work they so gloriously began. The present generation must be made acquainted with the record of the past. The devotion of the pioneers who wrought amidst difficulties varied and dangers not a few, to lay the foundations of truth and righteousness in the older provinces of Canada is well worthy of prelation and emulation, and similar holy aggressiveness is being shown in the newer sections of our land and especially in the young and growing west. If our young people do not know how the fathers labored they cannot appreciate the sacrifices made nor estimate the cost of the work they now enjoy. To be an intelligent Methodist one must know in some measure at least the history of the church, its origin, its rise and progress, its doctrine and polity, lest his attachment be sentimental only. Every Epworth League, young men's club, or other of the people's society should afford some such training as will make intelligent Methodists, and the study of Rev. J. E. Sanderson's books on the first century of Canadian Methodism would be a great help in this important particular.