

The Century Fund.

The following poem appeared recently in both the English Methodist Recorder and the Methodist Times, and will be read with much interest by our people in view of our own Twentieth Century Fund. There seems to be some uncertainty as to the authorship, the Methodist Times ascribing it to Rev. Geo. Lester, Chairman of the Cornwall (England) District, whom the editor had the pleasure of meeting during his recent visit to the old land:

DEDICATED TO THE "SUPERS." OF METHODISM

With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling.

When you've shouted "Cheers for Wesley" when you've sung "Herrah for Perks" -
When you've finished talking largely with your mouth -
Will you kindly give a guinea, slap-dash down or else in jerks,
For the masses yet unreach'd in North and South
You're an absent-minded Super., and each colleague's but a man,
But we, like "John," must take him as we find him -
He's out on varied service, whipling something off a plan -
And his score of little duties almost blind him!

Century Fund circuit Fund-Fund of a hundred things,

A thousand thousand Methodists, and each of them has his say!

Each of 'em's doing his Master's work, and each of 'em something brings -

Sign the Roll for your credit's sake, and pay pay pay!

There are schemes within his circuit that are sure to have to wait,

For he cannot get them through-not he just yet;

There are bills to pay for lighting and the horse hire's far from straight,

And it's more than rather likely there's a debt,

There are Gilds and Bands and hobbies they will all feel very lone,

For an absent-minded Super. they will find him,

But it ain't the time for grumbling with the Century coming on

We must help the scheme that "Robert's" put before him!

President's Son Super's Son son of a brave M. P.

Son of a Yorkshire factory hand it's all the same to-day!

Each of 'em's doing his Church's work, and the call's to you and me

Sign the Roll for your credit's sake, and pay pay pay!

There are families by thousands, far too proud to beg or speak -

But they'll put their schemes and hobbies on the shelf,

And they'll save their twopenny ha'penny, paying punctual once a week,

'Cos each Methodist's been taught to help himself,

He's an absent-minded Super., but he heards his Church's call,

And the Conference didn't need to send to find him!

He's chuck'd all minor matters so the Job before us all

Is to help the Fund the Church has set before him.

Your Job-my Job minister, laymen, maid -

Manse or palace or house-in-a-row it matters not to-day!

Each of 'em's doing his Church's work and they're making no parade!

Sign the Roll for your credit's sake, and pay pay pay!

Let us manage so as, later, when we loo's "John" in the face,

We can tell him that our banner's been unfurled -

That we tried to tell the people they might all be saved by grace,

And that every man's a brother in the parish of the world -

We're an absent-minded Super., but you need not be afraid

That the next man in the circuit will remind him

That our promises were greater than the guineas that we paid;

For we warrant, to a man you'll stand behind him.

Steward's home teacher's home-home of a millionaire -

Hosts of loyal Methodists are signing the Roll to-day!

Each of 'em's doing his level best and what have you got to spare?

Sign the Roll for your credit's sake, and pay-pay-pay!

SCIENTIFIC ASPECT OF TEMPERANCE.

The object of the few remarks appended, is to point out the great influence exerted by suggestion, not only upon conduct generally, but more especially upon the intemperate use of alcoholic stimulants. The human brain may well be compared to an electrical battery, which besides being in intimate connection with the component parts of the body, through the medium of the nervous system, also gives off rays of nervous energy, which being disseminated through the surrounding ether impinge upon other delicate organizations of a similar nature, affecting their equilibrium and being reciprocally affected.

In certain states of consciousness, notably in the condition which, for want of a better word has been called hypnotic, where the personal identity of the subject becomes merged in that of the operator, the influence of these suggestions, or thought rays become irresistible, indeed so much is this the case, that Dr. Charcot has related an instance where a young lady discharged a revolver at the mother she idolized (and being under the impression that it was loaded) merely because she was told to while in this condition. Now, although suggestion does exert so powerful an influence on the normal mind, its effect is very marked, as is shown by the fact that if a number of individuals suggest to a healthy man that he is not looking well, he will begin to feel ill, as has been shown by experiment frequently. Since, then, suggestion has such an influence in the ordinary affairs of life, how great must this influence be in the case of alcoholic beverages. At every street corner we see the hotel suggesting that a drink would be agreeable, for man naturally associates a pleasant exterior with something nice; every one that the ordinary man of business meets suggests the same thing. Much might be said on this subject, but space forbids. In conclusion let me just remark that, if the above is correct, it behooves us to weigh well the following questions: (a) Is alcohol a good thing for the user? (b) Does it tend to increase the happiness of his life and of those associated with him? Now it cannot be denied that alcoholic stimulents produce a certain amount of pleasure, and it therefore remains for us to decide whether this pleasure is commensurate with the resultant harm, both as regards the individual directly affected and those indirectly affected by association. These questions lie within the domains of the medical and social sciences, and it is my purpose on future occasions to give some idea of the conclusion arrived at by their leading exponents, regarding this most important question.

MEDICUS.

A thorough-going friend that understands a hint is worth a million.—Sir Walter Scott.

It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives.—Samuel Johnson.

There are in business three things necessary: knowledge, temper, and time.—Owen Feltham.