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"The Morning Stars Sang Together."

By Amy Parkinson,

HOW did the morning stars together sing,
And every son of God His voice praise
In one ecstatic shout of rapturous praise
When first creation owned her mighty King.

How on from world to world the music swelled
In waves of faultless harmony, unheard
Until He gave the keynote, by whose word
The myriad spheres are in their courses held.

Unceasing beats that mighty heart of song—
Touched into being in creation's morn—
Finds a new pulse in every worl'd since born,
And through the ages throbs its waves along.

Too high for finite minds those wondrous strains ;
Too pure for mortal ears each perfect note ;
Yet on and ever on through space they float,
Bearing their endless praise to Him who reigns.

Oh, were we to those sweet-voiced worlds more near,
Were earth-dulled senses fitted to perceive
The entrancing harmonies their circlings weave,
Our inmost souls would hush themselves to hear !

And when the "Ephphatha" at last is said—
When, by the hand which plays the orbs of light,
And draws their deepest music into sight —
To dwell with God forever we are led,

We may in silence rapt a moment stand—
But then, with perfect ear and heaven-tuned voice,
Glad we shall join the thousands who rejoice,
And ring our clear notes in the chorus grand.

For the bright stars that hymned creation's birth
Sounded the prelude to the triumph song,
Which soon shall rise from all the ransomed throng
In the new heavens and the sin-cleansed earth.
Toronto, Ont.

Editorial Talk.

WHEREVER we look these matchless Spring days we see beauty in wonderfully varied forms and colors. The element of beauty is so constantly presented to us in the universe that we naturally infer that the Creator who has "made everything beautiful in its time" is Himself a lover of beauty. He might have made the sky of a dun color, dismal as the ceiling of some subterranean vault; He might have made the earth dreary

and uninviting as the moon. But wherever we allow the eye to fall, we see objects of beauty and sublimity. There is a perennial charm in the verdure of the fields, the brilliance of the sapphire sky, the opaline hues of lakes and seas, the bewildering wealth of flowers, the majesty of mountains with their feet in forests and their heads crowned with snow. In every beautiful object in nature we discern in visible form a thought of God and catch a glimpse of the loveliness of His nature.

Every grass blade, every lily of the field, every wave that tumbles on the shore, every bird that carols in the woods, every star that burns in the night, proclaims the beauty of the Lord. It is only when we see in nature a reflection of God that we are able to appreciate as we ought its wondrous beauty. In this spirit William C. Gannett has sung :

"The Lord is in His holy place
In all things near and far;
Shekinah of the snowflake He,
And glory of the star;
And secret of the April-land
That stirs the field to flowers,
Whose little tabernacles rise
To hold Him through the hours."

We place in the hands of our readers this month our annual Junior number. As usual, it is one of the very best issues of the year. The

The Coming Generation.

HERALD staff are all enthusiastic Junior workers, and they send forth these pages with the desire and expectation that many of our readers who are not now engaged in the work may be stimulated and encouraged to enter this most promising portion of the great harvest field. There is no work so fascinating, so hopeful, so fruitful in results as that bestowed upon the girls and boys. The most enthusiastic members in all our societies are those who are enlisted in this blessed department of service for the Master.

Take a look at the field. Within our own Dominion there are no less than one million of our fellow citizens under ten years of age. There are half a million under five years of age. In this coming generation there are no infidels, no sceptics, no scoffers, no profane persons, no enemies of religion, no seared consciences, no Gospel-hardened sinners. If these children could