

shedding of His own blood, who "for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross despising shame." Follow His interesting course from the manger to the cross, or more particularly from the baptism of water to the baptism of suffering and death, and how untiring his labors, how constant his devotion to the work of seeking and saving the lost! So great is his desire for the accomplishment of his mission that he represents himself as being in pain till the design of His love has been fulfilled. "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished." Even when the sad scene of his sufferings was before him, when the agonies of the garden and of the cross were full in view, He exclaimed, "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour. But for this cause came I unto this hour." And then bursts forth the prayer, "Father, glorify Thy name, even though it be at the expense of My hanging on the cross." Then came there a voice from heaven, saying, "I have both glorified it and will glorify it again."

"Oh, for this love let rocks and hills, etc." I ask you all to put on this element of moral and spiritual power, viz.:—true, hearty filial love to the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This is the real secret of strength, of enthusiasm and of success. Get your hearts interested and your hands will be strong, your purposes bold, your courage invincible. Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, etc., and the powers of evil will fall down before you like Dagar before the Ark of the Covenant, and you will tread your enemies in the dust. Under the inspiration of love nothing that God has enjoined upon you will be irksome; the whole routine of religious duties from the closet to the Sacramental altar will be a feast of fat things; of wines on the less well refined. With David you will say, "One thing have I desired of the Lord; that will I seek after that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to enquire in His temple." The measure of your love will be the measure of your pleasure, your interest, and your success. Try to work for God without the impulse of this feeling and how weak and sickly will be your efforts! The minister will be a poor preacher, the leaders will be old-fashioned, the prayer-meeting will be dull, and everything in your opinion will be disagreeable. Hasty to find fault with others, slow to do any work yourself, you will be a dead weight to the progress and prosperity of the Church. Even if you are an intelligent man and attempt to speak for God, your words will have no power in them, and no good results will flow from them, and you may wonder what is the matter, when the real secret of your weakness is want of genuine love to God and love to perishing souls. Paul said, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains and have not charity I am nothing."

We sometimes hear young Christians, and even old Christians, say that they are so constituted that they cannot speak for God, or take any public part in Christian service. I would like to relate for the benefit of such, a story that is told of the dumb son of Croesus. Seeing one about to kill his father his desire to speak became so great that it loosened his tongue, and he cried, "Will you kill Croesus?" To the speechless Christians, and all who shirk their duty from some professed constitutional weakness, I would say: gather around the cross, get your hearts interested in the great work that Christ came to accomplish, go to the upper chamber and there tarry till you are endued with power from on high, then look out upon the field, white unto the harvest, and see the laborers few; then see some young person, in whom you are interested, going to destruction because no one seems to care for his soul; no one is ready to speak the word in season, and though you may have been dumb all your days, there will come upon you such a desire to speak that it will loosen your tongue, and you will speak forth the words of truth and righteousness.

Love has been compared to the bow impelling arrows of obedience, the main-spring moving the wheels of duty, the heart propelling the blood through the system. It has been claimed that two of the greatest impulses ever given to the energy and ambition of the human mind were given, first, when Galilea discovered the Satellites of Jupiter, and got some conception of the infinity above; and secondly, when the naturalist Buffon, on examining some fossil bones, grasped the idea of a pre-Adamite age of existence. These unfoldings of human knowledge gave an impulse to the human mind, and yet what was this tiny ripple compared with the mighty wave of influence upon human intellect, heart and life, when Christ opened up to man's telescopic vision the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man; when He told them: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another; when He illustrated His love to them by that wonderful sentence, "As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you"; and proved His love to them by the ignominious death on the cross. Who can calculate the moral face of such a revelation of love? Who can stand beneath the cross and look upon the Son of God, suffering not for Himself, but for the world that He came to save without feeling that there is in that act of devotion to others a power to lift men out of meanness and selfishness that is indescribable and infinite.

A man is strong in the direction of well established habits, and what he conceives to be his best interests, but I shall not further enlarge. Suffice it to say that all lasting strength is based on truth and righteousness. A man of expediency is invariably a weak man. A man that has no abiding convictions, that has nothing about him or in him that he is not prepared to cast off under pressure, is not to be depended upon. A man of shady moral life is also a weak man. The flitting of a shadow across his pathway will frighten him. On the other hand a man who is conscious of being right and doing right is not afraid of public opinion.

Our text is a loud call to activity. "Awake, awake, put on thy strength." God wants workers in His vineyard. He wants strong-handed, stout-hearted men and women, who are prepared to go

forward in the discharge of duty, though the Red Sea of difficulty is before them. He who has given the command "Put on thy strength," "Quit yourselves like men," "Go work to day in my vineyard," can give the grace to enable us to obey the Command. To the feeble and palsied He can say, "stretch forth thy withered hand," or "rise, take up thy bed and walk." Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you. Who amongst us wants this power, not to gratify selfish ambition, not to write our names on the shifting sands of earthly popularity, but to be a great and increasing influence for good in the community, to write our names on the hearts and lives of men and women, of boys and girls that we have helped to a better life. Laborers in the great harvest field, lift your hearts to God for a renewal of your commission, for a fresh anointing for service, for inspiration and power to do the work He has designed you to do.

#### Rev. J. J. Hare.

The subject of this sketch showed in early life a phenomenal interest in study. Commencing school life at three and a-half years of age, he entered the second school reader at four years; the fifth reader at seven years, and won the prize for general proficiency at nine years in a course of study embracing twenty propositions of the first book of Euclid, Algebra through simple equations, and similar work in other subjects. Health failing he was obliged to give up all study, except for a few months in winter, and yet, at the age of twelve years, he passed the second-class teacher's examination and obtained his certificate. He matriculated into Victoria University at fifteen years, passed the first-class teacher's examination and commenced teaching at seventeen years, and taught for two years.

He entered the Methodist ministry at nineteen years, and though a mere boy was sent as assistant minister to Chatham, thence to Smith's Falls. Returning to Victoria University he completed the B.A. course, winning four first prizes, about all that came in his course. He was ordained and sent as assistant minister to the largest church in London, Ont., where he remained till he was called to the Principalship of the Ontario Ladies' College in 1874. In 1879 he was appointed both Principal and Governor of this institution, which position he still holds. The success of this popular and efficient institution of learning is largely due to his able and judicious management. ED.

#### In this series have already appeared:

- Dec. 26th, 1891: Rev. Benjamin Thomas, D.D., Toronto.  
 Jan. 2nd, 1892: Rev. Chas. Mockridge, D.D., Toronto.  
 " 9th, " : Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., Toronto.  
 " 16th, " : Rev. W. Rainsford, D.D., New York.  
 " 23rd, " : Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., Toronto.  
 " 30th, " : Rev. S. M. Milligan, B.A., Toronto.  
 Feb. 6th, " : Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, Toronto.  
 " 13th, " : Rev. Prof. Clarke, F.R.S.C., Toronto.  
 " 20th, " : Rev. S. P. Rose, Montreal.  
 " 27th, " : Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Toronto.  
 March 5th, " : Rev. Wm. Cochrane, D.D., Brantford, Ont.  
 " 12th, " : Rev. H. F. Bland, Quebec.  
 " 19th, " : Rev. James Watson, Huntingdon.  
 " 26th, " : Rev. Manly Benson, Toronto.  
 April 2nd, " : Rev. John Burton, M.A., B.D., Toronto.  
 " 9th, " : Rev. W. T. McMullen, D.D. Woodstock.  
 " 16th, " : Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A. Toronto.  
 " 23rd, " : Rev. James Henderson, M.A., Toronto.  
 " 30th, " : Rev. R. Tiefsy, B. A., Toronto.  
 May 7th, " : Rev. William Henry Warriner, M.A., B.D., Montreal.  
 " 14th, " : Rev. Thomas Cumming, Truro, N. S.

### Society Doings.

"What the world of fashion is doing."

MR. Walter Stewart has gone on a trip to Banff, N. W. T.

MR. Samuel May and his son have gone for a short visit to New York.

AT the entertainment given by the ebony minstrels at Dawes' Hall, last week, I noticed the following pretty gowns, and smart beaux: Miss Laura McGillivray wore geranium red tulle; Mrs. Webster, silver gray cashmere; Miss Richardson, green velvet and lace; Miss Dixon, pearl gray with silver trimming; Miss V. Mason, pale blue and embroidered *lisse*; Miss Robinson, heliotrope silk; Miss M. Minty, black lace; Miss Hutchins, *creme* cashmere and *lisse*; Miss McLean, Ben Hur costume; Miss C. Wedd, pink and green with roses; Miss G. Snowdon, black and *creme*; Miss T. Mason, white silk net with gold trimming; Miss S. Byrne, black lace. Some of the gentlemen present were: Messrs. J. Craig, Strathy, Smythe, F. Maclean, H. Cherry, Beakbane, Ball, G. Brown, H. Minty, C. A. Love, V. Knight, C. Godden, Smith Jones, J. Wedd, B. McMurrich, Thompson, Boddy, and Dr. Dawson.

THE birthday party given last week, in honor of Mr. Harry Fletcher's twenty-first birthday, was in every way a success. A large number of pretty ladies were there, and the gentlemen had a pleasant task in offering them attention. The supper was *recherche* and delicious, and Glionna's musicians played. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Cox, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Mr. and Mrs. H. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Mr. and Mrs. Bilkie, Mr. and Mrs. George Baird, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Denison. Miss Eckhardt looked pretty in salmon pink; Miss Campbell, grey and mauve; Miss Gale, gold-colored silk and *chiffon*; Miss Logan, pink; Miss L. Logan, pink and green; Miss Louise Brown, white and gold; Miss G. Helliwell, white and yellow; Miss C. Helliwell, blue; Miss Somers, pink and white; Miss Hatch, pink; Miss Roland, white silk; Miss McDiarmid, blue cashmere; Miss Virtue and Miss Warren, pretty white gowns;

Miss Flo Brown, navy blue; Miss King, white silk, black frills; Miss Susie Ellis wore a lovely little frock of canary yellow silk and *chiffon*; Miss Woodbridge, pink satin and lace; Miss Sadd, Miss Phillips, Miss Chaplain, a lovely light and dark green gown; the Misses Hatton, Miss Bilkie, and Messrs. Bert Warren, Bert Cox, J. Doane, A. McKay, W. Donaldson, F. King, J. Pearson, F. Worden, H. Irish, F. Bendelari, J. Swift, J. Garvin, A. Bailey, W. Darby, W. Hunter, C. Smallpiece, Bastedo, Gale, J. Walker, R. Walker, Meharg, Lamont, Matthews and Burns.

ON Friday evening last, an unusual number of cyclists were observed taking their way along Elm street, and stopping at the north east corner of Elm and Teraulay streets. There, as everyone knows, is the cosy home of the W. C. T. U. The occasion of the assemblage was the presentation of colors to the new Ladies' Bicycle Club, the "Y's" as they are called. After music, a poem written for the occasion was read by the club's poetess, and some delicious refreshments served. After which the colors were presented by Miss Tilley, a sister of Sir Leonard Tilley, and an ardent temperance worker. Miss Tilley gave a graphic account of the Temperance Convention at Boston, and while presenting the colors urged the duties of helpfulness of every member. The captain gracefully responded and the club wheeled home, with ribbons flying from every handle bar.

#### To the "Y's" Bicycle Club

In the olden time of chivalry's prime,  
 Each knight a favor wore  
 From her of whose cause the champion he was,  
 And fealty to whom he swore,  
 Your bicycle band will pass through the land  
 Wearing the ribbon of white;  
 The favor you wear, for Canada fair,  
 For God, for Home and Right,  
 On your burnished steed, as you fly with speed,  
 In the breeze the blue ribbon will wave;  
 The token grand of the temperance band,  
 Who endeavor the lost to save.  
 In the thick of the fight, where wrong strives 'gainst right,  
 Champion temperance in word and deed;  
 May each knight of the wheel prove as true as the steel  
 Of his trusty bicycle steed.  
 At the end of life's race, when Death you must face,  
 May he prove a friend in disguise,  
 And bear you in love to the home above,  
 Beyond earth's cloudy skies.  
 When you lay at rest, may you bear on your breast,  
 Pure, unspotted from dust of strife,  
 The token fair that the noble wear,  
 "The white flower of a blameless life."

#### ST. CATHERINES.

Victoria Chambers, St. Catherines, was the scene of a very brilliant and successful affair recently. The beautiful hall was tastefully decorated with palms, smilax, etc. Dancing was kept up until three o'clock, and the music furnished by Kuhn's orchestra of Buffalo was all that could be desired. The lady patronesses were: Mesdames H. G. Hunt, T. L. Helliwell, Larkin, Mack, W. H. McClive, J. Murray, J. C. Rykert and E. J. Senkler. The success of the evening was due to the perfect management of the following committee: Messrs. W. G. Ramage, E. N. Bate, H. Y. Complin, E. H. Fuller, J. G. Moore, P. A. McCallum, G. S. McDonald, P. J. Price, and D. M. Sanson. Among those of the invited guests were: Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Bixby, Mrs. D. C. Haynes, Mr. and Mrs. W. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Woodruff, Miss Wallis, of Toronto, Mrs. G. M. Neelon, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Neelon, Mrs. and the Misses Mack, Mrs. T. L. Helliwell, Miss Spotton, of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. C. Norris, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Helliwell, Sheriff, Mrs. and the Misses Dawson, Mrs. and Miss St. John, Mr. and Mrs. G. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Groves, Mrs. Bosworth, of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Hessin, Mr. and Mrs. F. Macdonald, Dr., Mrs. and Miss King, Mr. and Mrs. Bligh, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ingersoll, Capt., Mrs. and the Misses Larkin, Capt. and Mrs. S. Neelon, the Misses Nelles, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Rykert, Miss Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. A. Woodruff, Miss Maggie Ross, of Toronto, Mr. and the Misses Bate, Miss Baxter, of Cayuga, Miss Hamilton, of Hamilton, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hunt, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Jukes, Miss Mabel Birchall, of Toronto, Judge and Mrs. Senkler, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Carlisle, Messrs. Crombie, Collier, Reynolds, Helliwell, Wemyss, Boyle, Chatterton, Woodruff, Burson, Read, Peterson, Coy, Parker, A. W. Moore, McLean, Steen, Hostetter, Macgregor, Burritt, of Toronto, King, Dawson, Shaw, Carlisle, Waite and Hood of Woodstock, and others. Some of the most striking costumes were: Mrs. Larkin, black and mauve; Mrs. Mack, black lace over striped silk; Mrs. Coy, black lace; Mrs. Clench, black velvet; Mrs. Hunt, white silk and violet velvet; Mrs. W. S. Benson, black and white moire; Mrs. J. T. Groves, black and pink; Mrs. Bosworth, of Toronto, black and gold; Mrs. Jukes, pale green and lace; Miss Birchall, white lace; Mrs. E. Neelon, old rose satin and embroidered *chiffon*; Miss Larkin pale green; Miss A. Larkin, heliotrope and yellow; Miss E. Bate, pale green and white lace; Miss Hunt, pale pink; Miss Mack, white lace over white silk, crystal girdle; Miss C. Mack, white and gold; Miss E. Spotton, of Toronto, Nile green silk and pearl ornaments; Miss Atkinson, white silk; Miss Baxter, yellow surah; Miss Keefer of Thorold, black lace over pink; Miss Lindsay, white lace; Miss Ross of Toronto, white china silk; Miss Eccles, pink silk; Miss Neelon, yellow silk; Miss May, blue brocade; Miss Fenton, white net and green trimming; Miss J. Fenton, white embroidered silk; Miss Gillard of Hamilton, black lace; Miss Coy, black with mauve ribbons; Miss Maguire black and yellow. Special mention must be made of the *debucante*, Miss Helen Merritt, who looked most charming in white satin and lace.