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The Master.

By Eliza Wills.

THE sky was blue above me,
The birds sang overhead;
The Master gave a lesson,
"Now learn it well," He said.
But sunshine and sweet music
Lured all my heart away,
And, when the Master called me,
My task I could not say.

The Master's voice was gentle,
His look was kind and sweet,
But, O, I felt so shamefaced,
His eye I could not meet;
I might have learned the lesson,
I might have won His smile,
Bright sunshine and sweet music
Should strengthen, not beguile.

From out the brilliant sunshine
He led me into gloom,
Then gave the lesson to me
And turned to leave the room;
My heart was filled with sorrow,
My tears fell like rain,
To disappoint the Master
That was the sorest pain.

But while I mourned, a whisper
Fell on my list'ning ear,
It filled my heart with courage,
It dried the falling tear:
"You could not learn this lesson
In sunshine's dazzling light,
You need the outward darkness
To clear the inward sight."

"O, Master," then I murmured,
"Show me just how to learn";
His presence, close beside me,
By faith I could discern;
He taught me all the lesson,
Made clear what had been dim,
And, now, my every lesson
I take it straight to Him.

Toronto, Ont.

Editorial Talk.

NOVEMBER is the month that brings to us the day of national thanksgiving. It is fitting that we should pause amid the pressure and hurry of our care-filled days to count our mercies and render thanks to God. Homes are bright and hearts are glad over all this favored land, because of the faithfulness and love of Him who has filled

O Give
Thanks!

life's cup to overflowing. Once more the liberal year has poured its treasures at our feet. While other lands have been swept by the desolating storm of war, our country has lain in a zone of peace. Step by step our people are moving on in the pathway of progress, and are striving more and more to realize their national ideal. The moral achievements of the past few months are especially worthy of our thanksgiving. Let us do our part to preserve the religious character of the day. There is danger that it may be turned away from its original intent and become a day of sport and general unthinking hilarity. It is our privilege to swell the note of praise in which we express our appreciation of the great things that have been done for us. O give thanks unto the Lord for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever!

MEN who cannot be made to see can often be made to feel. Books for the blind have raised letters so that the fingers may be able to read what the eyes cannot perceive.

Living Epistles.

There are multitudes blind to the truths of divine revelation as they are unfolded in the sacred Scriptures and in the expositions of good men, who would be impressed by them if they were lived out in the daily life. An illustration of this is related of the late Dr. John Hall. He was on the street cars one day going down Broadway, New York. On the car was a poor woman with a big basket. A third passenger was an atheist, perhaps one should rather say, a sceptic. The poor woman tried to alight, but the basket was too heavy for her. Dr. Hall went to her assistance and helped her across the street. The other passengers looked on, with not a little interest and astonishment to see the big, splendid-looking man and the poor woman carrying her basket between them. All who knew the man will know that if Dr. Hall stopped to think about the matter at all it did not seem to him anything out of the way—only the doing of a simple neighborly kindness. But the act touched the sceptic's heart and was the means of his conversion to God, though the great-hearted preacher never knew of the fruit of his kindly act. Books can be neglected or their arguments evaded. But the earnest fidelity of a living, loving Christian cannot be so easily disregarded. Our chief aim in life should be to be good, for only so shall we fulfil our life mission.