NELLIE'S VICTORY.

MARGARET J. BIDWELL.

Somebody's darlings came down the street, A bonny boy and a laughing girl, The glow of health on each dimpled cheek While happiness lurked in each clustering

A girl of seven, a boy of nine-Not very wise, or great, or grand, But each wore a tiny, glittering shield, The badge of the Loyal Legion Band.

Into the drug store with dancing feet, So dainty and fair in their childish grace, Glad to exchange all the money they had For the tempting goods in the handsome

The candy was purchased, the bill was paid. And the white teeth were busy all in a trice, When the boy exclaimed, "O Nellie! taste this I'm sure you will say it is very nice."

But the little maid with the laughing eyes Hor chin scarce reaching the counter's edge, Cried out, "O Charlie, don't eat that; If you do, I am sure you will break your pledge."

She turned around with indignant face To the smiling druggist who stood quite near And declared, "If you sell such stuff as that, I won't ever buy any candy here."

And the man replied, with a merry air, "I am sorry for that, my little maid, But there are people who will, you know So I shall not fail if I lose your trade."

Into the street the children passed The little girl's thoughts in angry whiri, Thinking how wicked a man must be To sell brandy drops to a boy or girl.

For the child had learned, in a bitter hour. The name of the fiend who wrecks the hom And had felt the weight of a father's hand Made heavy and strong by the demon, Rum.

She pondered the matter over and over. Tired, and almost ready to cry,
Till she thought, "If the people only know, I am sure they would not go there to buy."

The very next day the work began The crusader was only a household pet, But she worked with a will in the little town, Telling the story to all whom she met.

And some were amused by the carnest child, As they watched her face, while she gravely stood

Waiting to have them sign their name And promise to help her all they could.

Modestly, brayely, on she trudged, Forgetting herself and her childish games, Till on Saturday, lo! on the "honor roll" Were registered fully one hundred names.

And the druggist confessed as he watched the face Whose carnestness glowed in its every line,

That though he could live without her trade, He needed the other ninety-nine.

And he said, with a flush of conscious shame To the tired but happy little clf, If temperance turns out girls like you, I'll join a Loyal Band myself." Union Signal.

WHAT HINDERED.

BY REV. T. D. WITHERSPOON, D. D.

"Here is an interesting case for you," said Mr. Moody, as he beckoned me to him in the inquiry-room; "here is a young woman who says she is willing to take Christ, and yet she gets no peace. There is something wrong; suppose you see if you can find out what it is." He led the way to where a young lady sat alone, evidently under deep emotion. A single glance at her face, turned anxiously up to mine, showed that she was a woman of intelligence and character. of intelligence and character. A mo-ment's conversation also discovered that ment's conversation also discovered that she was highly educated and of more than ordinary cultivation and refinement. The general outlines of her religious experience were soon disclosed. She had received early and careful religious training, and understood very clearly the plan of salvation. She accepted all the teachings of the word of God as to the singulness of her heart, and indeed was only too ness of her heart, and indeed was only too ready to write bitter things against herself. ready to write bitter things against netsent.

She had not, in so far as she know, any feeling of pride which made her unwilling to cast herself at the Saviour's feet in humble and penitent confession. She was willing to do all and give up all for Him. She had no heart-idol that she was to cast herself at the Saviour's feet in humble and penitent confession. She was willing to do all and give up all for Him. She had no heart-idol that she was conscious of. She was not given to any form of social dissipation. A teacher by profession, and fond of literary pursuits,

she did not go into fashionable society, cared nothing for the theatre or the ballroom, and led what would be called a very quiet, unworldly life. And yet she had tried again and again to give her heart to the Saviour, had attended various protracted meetings, had gone forward for prayer, had sought counsel of various ministers, had at times had a faint and fugitive ray of hope, but only to fall back again into the same state of spiritual darkness and doubt. Concluding that this was a case simply of morbid introspection, in which the spiritual eye is so specified with one's own exercises as to occupied with one's own exercises as to lose sight of Christ, the great source of spiritual comfort and joy, I turned her thoughts entirely away from herself, and for half an hour engaged her in looking over with me the richest passages of the Word of God which told of the power and love and grace of thrist.

As we parted for the evening I marked ut for her a course of reading in the Gospel of John, and confidently expected that when we met next evening all be right; but next night she was just where she had been the night before, and so it continued through night after night in the inquiry-room and visit after visit in her home, until I felt that I had exhausted all my resources of pastoral experiences, and had called in the counsel of other brethhad called in the counsel of other bren-ren, but with no different result. At length I resolved to ask her to tell me everything she had done since we last con-versed. All went well until I asked her what books she had read, and then the secret spot was touched, as she informed me that for years it had been her custom the line for years a had been novel in her hand and a lamp at the head of her bed, and read until overcome with sleep. And when I asked her for the es of the novels she had last read I saw in an instant what hindered her from coming to Christ. The sparks that had been kindled in the sanctuary and that only needed to be fanned into flame with the breath of prayer, had been subjected every night to the choke-damp of a highly sensational novel in which religion was travestied, vice clothed in attractive garb and the imagination filled with pictures whose whole tendency was to deaden religious sensibility and dissipate serious impression. It cannot be doubted that thousands of our most gifted and cultivated young people are making ship-wrock of their religious hopes on this same rock. The mania for the trashy, sentimental, semi-infidel literature that teeming from the presses is enough to fill every Christian and philanthropist with nlarm.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

ECHOES Y. P. S. C. E.

THE LARGEST DELEGATED CONVENTION EVER HELD-CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR AND TEM-PERANCE.

A crowd of five thousand people is any where an inspiring sight. Such an audience coming together to discuss the best methods of advancing the Christian work is an incident of which to make special note. A gathering of six or seven thousand called together from the four quarters of the continent in the hottest month of the year and in one of the hottest cities of the Union, coming at great expense of time and money to confer with one another for three days together on the best means of advancing the cause of Christ throughout the

ing the cause of Christ throughout the world is a sight to fill the most downcast Christian with a new and abiding hope, and to make the most confirmed sceptic reconsider his decision.

The growth of the Christian Endeavor movement is one of the wonders of the present century. From one society in a little town in Maine, organized in 1881, the work has spread all over the continent, taken root in Europe, Asia, Japan, and the islands of the sea, and this present month numbers some 4.000 societies, with a memnumbers some 4,000 societies, with a mem-

from one to four in number, was the only introduction you required. Up and down Broad street and between the new public buildings and the First Regiment Armory Hall, where the meetings were held, there was almost a continuous procession. At the close of each meeting it took fully half an hour to clear the hall, and in a very few minutes after it began to fill again for the next meeting. Even early rising had no terrors for these enthusiasts, and at the 6.30 a.m. prayer-meeting almost every chair in the vast building was occupied. It was hard to realize that this was only the eighth anniversary of the movement. It was much more like the centennial. The Rev. J. T. Beckley, D.D., President of the Pennsylvania Union, in his opening address voiced the sentiment of the con vention when he said they had met at this time to show the metal of Christian Endeavor enthusiasm which could be neither burned, melted nor evaporated, and if it could stand Philadelphia in July it had no-

thing to fear.

The genius of the Christian Endeavor movement was well shown in this address It represents three elements, the power of co-operation, the force of disciplined disship, the influence of a special type While men were mourning over the "scandal of a divided Christendom" and While were waiting for some power to heal schism, this presented practical co-operation. Some things were worse than division. Stagnation was worse. The age of church unity was not an age of aggression. It was not an age of missionary enterprise, it was not an age with an open Bible. This was the age of association. We might lament the age of association. We might lament that the sphere of single-handed endeavor had been usurped by the power of organization. There was a romance about the lonely missionary who went forth to sub-due an empire for Christ. In the days of chivalry battle was a duel, but we do not win our battles that way. Now the victory turns on organization, and if we have fewer heroes we have far more soldiers of the cross. The strength of Christian Endeavorers was that they had learned to keep deavorers was that they had learned to keep rank. Their aim was not to build up an organization but character. In the pledge was their chief strength. It was feared by many that the pledge was too severe, but the mistake hitherto made by the churches of America was asking not too much of her young people, but too little. A Christian Endeavor Society without a pledge was like a man without a back one. Hitherto like a man without a backbone. the church in America had demanded far too little of her young people. It was not the business of the church to amuse them but to plan how best to set them to work and this movement was solving the problem as nothing else had done.

One of the most practical parts of the whole convention was the questions and answers. One asked "Are church members permitted to join the society as associate members?" "No," most emphatically the members as a helf-way house cally, the society was a half-way house either into the church or out of it. The two kinds of membership had been well defined by a little girl who said, "the active members are those who are members of the church and the associate members of the church and the associate members are those that are going to be." Was it allowable to change from an active to an associate member? It was not only not allowable, it was unthinkable. Through the efforts of the Christian Endeavor Societies through the country forty-five thousand young records have united with the sand young people have united with the church. That the Christian Endeavor movement stands everywhere for loyalty to Christ, was one of the most loudly aption. This the Rev. L. T. Chamberlain, D. D., proclaimed as the corner and top stone of the whole movement plauded sentiments of the whole convenobject of their allegiance was the personal, divine Christ. What would be our position to-day if Christ had never risen

Other religions have exalted faulty men and thus having sown the wind of folly have reaped the whirlwind of degradation. "What should be the attitude of the Christian Endeavor Society towards the liquor traffic?" was one of the practical cuestions asked and the emphatic answer. stions asked, and the emphatic answer Fight it always and everywhere," heered to the echo.

So much at present by way of a bird's-eye view of the meetings. Practical me-thods discussed must be left for another article. C. R.

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