

Our Contributors.

WORK AND PLAY

BY KNOXONIAN.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All play and no work makes Jack an idiot and something worse. Too much play has precisely the same effect on Jack's sister. If too much work causes dullness, too much play produces imbecility, inanity, insipidity, frivolity and general vacuity in the upper story. If a person plays all the time, he has always rooms to rent in that region which is supposed to contain brains.

Many of our readers are returning from their summer trips. We presume the great majority of them are glad to get home. Holidays are all very well in their way, but earnest persons who have any purpose in life soon get tired of them. A holiday all the year round would be intolerable to anybody who knows the first question in the shorter Catechism. Just fancy a sane man spending the whole year as he spends his holidays. Muskoka is a good place for recreation, but who would want to camp out on one of those islands for a year, even though the weather kept fine? The sail down the St. Lawrence or on the Northern Lakes is very fine, but if you had to go every week, the poetry would soon go out of it. Running the St. Lawrence Rapids is about the only kind of sailing that never becomes stale. The jump over the rock at Lachine is always interesting; perhaps because it is always more or less dangerous. Taking holidays all the year round would be the most irksome kind of work to anybody not entirely destitute of any purpose in life.

People are liable to forget that it is work that makes rest sweet. Doing something in dead earnest makes doing nothing at times pleasant. A month of a holiday is pleasant only when it has eleven months of hard work behind it. Doing nothing all the year round is the hardest kind of work. The man who makes a business of pleasure is in a very tedious and unsatisfactory kind of business—a business that does not pay either in this world or the next.

The happiest of all conditions is that in which a man enjoys his work. You are gloriously independent when your day's work brings a day's enjoyment. Holiday or no holiday; tour or no tour; money or no money, you are always sure of pleasure if you take pleasure in doing your work. Somebody has said that a contented spirit is worth ten thousand a year. A spirit that takes enjoyment out of work is worth more than twenty thousand a year. The thousands may go faster than Mowat went two and a half years ago, but so long as work lasts and you enjoy work, the enjoyment can never go. Of course it takes a good deal of training to enable a man to enjoy work. Laziness is one of the fruits of original sin. Men are all naturally more or less lazy. In the clerical profession laziness is called *inertia*. To overcome laziness or *inertia* requires a long and determined effort, but the thing can be done. Happy is the man who can take his enjoyment out of his work.

The most successful men in every line are the men who enjoy their work. Anybody who ever watched the late Chief Justice Cameron at the Bar could easily see that he enjoyed his profession. He never appeared to better advantage than at the close of a long day's work when winding up a stiff legal fight. Neither weariness, nor the bodily pain which he constantly endured, nor even the rankest court house stench could prevent him from enjoying the fray. Nobody who hears Dr. Ormiston preach, need be told that he enjoys preaching. Every word, every movement of the man shows that he enjoys his work immensely. Principal Willis once told a friend half-confidentially that he enjoyed preaching himself quite as much as listening to anybody else preach.

People often wonder why public men, who might enjoy ease and comfort at home, stick to politics to the very last. One reason doubtless is because they enjoy it. If you sit in the Ontario Legislature for an hour and watch the Ontario Premier lead the house, receive the deputations, reply to opponents and run the Legislative machine generally, you come to the conclusion that he rather enjoys that kind of business. That serene smile would soon disappear from under the spectacles if the Premier did not enjoy being at the helm of affairs. Nobody need be told that Sir

John likes politics. That is one reason why he holds out so long. Home Rule and Homer are Gladstone's sources of enjoyment. He likes politics, Greek and Theology, but especially politics. Spurgeon would rather preach than do anything else in this world. He fears nothing so much as decay in his preaching power. We have seen Doctors who delighted in battling with disease when they knew they would not get a dollar for their work whether the patient lived or died. Some business men like business so much that they enjoy buying and selling even when they don't make any money.

It is a great thing to enjoy one's work. The man who thoroughly enjoys his calling always has a source of pleasure within himself.

Did you enjoy your holiday? is one of the questions we hear almost every hour. It is a very natural question at this season of the year. Do you enjoy your work? is a far more important question.

Did your boy pass? is another question one hears in this country quite frequently. We have so many examinations of one kind and another that some of the boys are getting ground all the time. Whether a boy passes any given examination or not is not half so important a question as—Does your boy enjoy honest work? If he does he'll soon pass up to the highest rung. To be able to work is good; to be able to work well is better; to thoroughly enjoy work is best of all.

Somebody who has had more experience than this contributor may want to say a few things to the girls on this question of work and play. We cheerfully give him the floor.

A VISIT TO NORTHFIELD.

BY REV. W. M. ROGERS, M.A., LONDON, ONT.

Northfield, Mass., is the home and headquarters of D. L. Moody. It was for a long time a little-known village nestled among hills which border the valley of the Connecticut in the northwest corner of Massachusetts. A century and a half ago it was a frontier outpost, and close to the village a wayside monument marks the spot where two of the hardy pioneers lost life and scalp by the tomahawk of the blood-thirsty savage. A few miles off a

MEMORABLE MASSACRE

occurred at Deerfield. Since those days generation after generation has tilled the soil and thrived upon corn and calves and cheese.

The place bore a fair average New England religious reputation. Two Churches supplied its wants, the Congregationalist and Unitarian, the latter the stronger, with most of the Moodys among its adherents, though, through the influence of D. L. Moody, they are now nearly all among the former, including his aged mother, given to him among recent fruits of his ministry, in answer to intensely earnest prayer and effort.

The Congregationalists are now building a large new church. This is one of the

SIGNS OF NEW RELIGIOUS LIFE

and power in the place, through the influence of the great evangelist. Others are still more conspicuous, especially in the group of noble buildings which now occupy the broad slope behind and beyond his house at the far end of the village as we drive up from the station. At first the little group of half a dozen young women of promise was quartered and tutored in his own house. Gradually the number grew, and the horizon widened. Through the generosity and enterprise of noble Christian men in this country and England, Mr. Moody and his trustees have become possessed of two splendid properties, valued at about \$500,000, one here and the other at Mount Hermon, nine miles distant, each with five or six large buildings of stone or brick, of the most substantial, convenient and comfortable style, already filled to their capacity with young men and young women: 275 of the latter at Northfield, 290 of the former at Mount Hermon. Most of these intend to give their lives to

CHRISTIAN WORK,

chiefly as foreign missionaries or home evangelists. Indeed many from among them are already in the field; others follow rapidly. This work has recently been

supplemented by a students' summer school for Bible study in July, and by a great convocation of Christian workers for Bible study and mutual edification. The latter it has been our privilege to attend this year, and as we write it is just drawing to a close. It has been a

REMARKABLE GATHERING

of varied elements, but pervaded by great unity, life and power. About seven hundred outsiders, hailing largely from surrounding states, but including representatives of nearly all the States, the provinces of Canada and the principal nationalities of Europe and Asia. These, with daily crowds from the country round about have filled the spacious "Stone Hall" every day three times. The music has been led by Messrs. Sankey, Stebbins and Towner, and has formed a rich addition to the enjoyment and profit of the occasion. In recognition of the presence of many foreign missionaries, the afternoon meeting has generally been given to their interests, with much satisfaction to all concerned. The evening has been mainly occupied with lectures on the lighter class of apologetics, aided with limeball and photographic views of recent Palestine and Egyptian discoveries. But the forenoon has been reserved for study of the Word itself, under the leadership of gifted teachers. Among these we have had divines of eminence, some of whom may have surpassed Mr. Moody in intellectual culture, but none in power to interest and impress.

Admirably introductory disquisitions were given by Mr. Peloubet on the unity and variety of the Bible, and Rev. Dr. Clarke, of the Reformed Collegiate Church in New York, on the Six Layers of Truth in the Bible. Through these he proceeded to sink a shaft and direct attention to the characteristics of each in succession, and give suggestive illustrations of the precious results awaiting those who would take time and trouble for careful research. The layers of truth successively reached and passed were the (1) historical, (2) moral, (3) spiritual, (4) typical, (5) dispensational, (6) eternal. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" Dr. Vail, of New York, Hamblin, of Washington, and Mr. Harbaler, of New Haven, spoke repeatedly. Mr. Moody took up in successive sessions three of the great chapters of the Bible, Romans viii, 1 Cor. xiii, and xv., the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. His rapid sketches of the contents and characteristics of these, with racy running comments, supplemented by nuggets and gleanings of thought and research from the audience, interspersed with sacred song and prayer, combined to form a meeting brimful of instruction and profit. The session lately extended from half-past nine to half-past twelve, but there was no weariness even when the heat was excessive. At times the audience would be melted with irresistible pathos and power. Even oftener, perhaps, there were

EBULLITIONS OF RICHEST HUMOUR,

especially from Moody himself and Yetman, of Ocean Grove, and Hastings, of Boston, the latter recently imprisoned for preaching on Boston Common. These helped to relieve tedium and give vent to the good humour and animal spirits which true religion does not eliminate, but chasten and consecrate. Who that heard it will ever forget the description by the last mentioned, as he enforced the apostle's injunction as new-born babes to "desire the sincere milk of the word that they might grow thereby," of the sickly infant carried by its mother from the crowded city, where it was daily failing under the supply of sky blue from the waggon labelled "Pure country milk," away to the far New Hampshire hills, where she had passed her own childhood, and where they arrived in the evening just as the old man, her father, was bringing in the brimming pail from the pasture, which he lifted to the lips of the little one, and left a streak of froth from ear to ear, while grandma quieted the fears of the anxious mother with "Don't you be afear'd. It never hurt a child of mine, and won't hurt yours." And the little thing, with daily increasing capacity, drank rich draughts morning, noon and night, with numberless drinks between, and crowd and cried for more, till its mother could no longer keep the stirring boy in sight or stop his scrambling to the stair top ere she knew it!

Mr. Moody made points as fast as he could talk. As they scintillated so freely, they often struck home within arm's length, as when, speaking of the fruits of