

Our Young People

Topic for January 29: "God's Army." Ps. 20: 1-9.

Christian Endeavor Day, 1899.

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How full of good cheer for all Christian Endeavorers is the glorious little Psalm to which our thoughts are directed to-day! Few subjects and few passages in all the Bible could be so appropriate to our anniversary as this. And let this be our watchword to-day: "In the name of our God we will set up our banners." Eighteen years ago the first recruits for our Christian Endeavor Army were mustered into service.

Unlike the recruits for most armies they were not subjected to a rigid examination as to height and health and eyesight and physical endurance; in fact, some of them were far below the age of military service; some of them belonged to the so-called weaker sex (which, by the way, often proves in Christian work, to be the stronger sex); but this one question was asked of these new recruits: "Are you on the Lord's side, and is it your purpose always to fly your colors?" or to put it in different words, "Are you willing to acknowledge each week that Jesus Christ is your Saviour, and is it your purpose to serve the church with all your heart?"

Those that said "Yes" enlisted that night, for signing the Christian Endeavor pledge meant an affirmative answer to these questions. This was the recruiting officer's standard; this was the test by which the new soldiers should measure themselves.

But, simple as this standard was, it was a very high one, and was meant to be a high one, for the whole purpose of the Society then and ever since has been to raise the standard of the young recruits in the army of the Lord.

How did the army grow? Quietly, slowly at first, and always without ostentation; but it did grow. The tens multiplied into hundreds, the hundreds into thousands; the thousands became millions; and this growth can be accounted for in no other way except by the standard set up and adhered to, the standard of devotion, of loyalty, of service; the standard that demanded large things of the new recruits and had faith to believe that the young soldiers would measure up to them.

Comrades of the Christian Endeavor Army, the world around, never lower

standard. Raise your banner ever higher and higher. Keep the pledge as a sacred thing, a covenant between yourself and God, if you would succeed in fighting the good fight of Christian Endeavor.

But the victories of the army during these eighteen years cannot be accounted for by its lofty and stalwart principles alone. The psalm to which we referred tells the rest of the story. The Lord has sent us "help from the sanctuary" and strengthened us "out of Zion." Then let us learn the lesson of the past, and with the psalmist continue, as we look forward to the future, to rejoice not in our strength but "in his salvation." Now let us re-echo the psalmist's splendid burst of confidence, "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God." "The name of the Lord our God," that is our only confidence. In that name we will set up our banners. In that name Christian Endeavor will go forward to new and greater victories.—Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D. in C.E. World.

For Daily Reading.

Monday, January 23.—The Lord of Hosts. Ps. 24: 1-10.
 Tuesday, January 24.—The battle is the Lord's. 1 Sam. 17: 45-51.
 Wednesday, January 25.—With us is the Lord. 2 Chron. 32: 1-8.
 Thursday, January 26.—The soldier on service. 2 Tim. 2: 1-13.
 Friday, January 27.—Turned back in battle. Ps. 78: 1-11.
 Saturday, January 28.—This is the victory. 1 John 5: 1-5.
 Sunday, January 29.—Topic, God's army. Ps. 20: 1-9. (Christian Endeavor Day.)

It is said that during the Franco-Prussian war, whenever the dead body of a Prussian officer was found, a map of France was usually found in his pocket. Gen. Francis A. Walker once remarked to a friend that he never looked over a stretch of country without considering its facilities as a place of battle. Even so should God's army know the enemies' country, and be planning its battles.

"And there came men of war who could keep rank, to Hebron, to make David king over all Israel." That is what we need to-day, to make King David's greater Son king over all the earth—hosts that shall be able to "keep rank," men who shall come trained to use the sword of the Spirit, men who shall know how to obey orders and to stand steadfast in their places, true to their pledged word.—H. J. Nicolls, D.D.

"Why do so many missionaries come home from Turkey now that the massacres are over?" was the question recently asked of a F. M. Secretary in Britain. The answer was: because they have passed through such terrible strain from the shock of the massacres and the suffering among the people that followed it, the wonder is that they do not all need to come home. A missionary who had come from the scene of awful experiences said recently: "The gentlemen at our station do not attempt to write much with a pen since the massacre, because of trembling hands. They are all compelled to use the typewriter."

To be a Christian is stout performance as well as holy exercise; it is belonging to the front rank of society, but marching with the rear rank, and helping to carry the knapsack of those that are tired. Loyalty to Christ means carrying forward in our century the work he began in his; not only keeping up with the rush of the times and the push of necessity ourselves, but helping to keep in trim and in step some poor stragglers that have fallen out, and have no heart and sound legs to keep up with.—Chas. H. Parkhurst, D.D.

The Disobedient Squirrel.

(The special Christmas number of *La Patrie*, of Montreal, was a specimen of journalistic enterprise that does credit to the Dominion; its literary budget was of varied character and high quality. One feature was the stories sent in by young people who took part in the prize competition. Six hundred and forty-nine juveniles took a share in this contest, and, of this large number of competitors sent in, twenty-two were handed to the judge, Mr. Louis Frechette, the well-known French-Canadian poet. His comments on the literary efforts of little people are interesting, and show that his task was not discharged in any perfunctory manner. The young people who read the *Dominion Presbyterian* are, no doubt, interested in the life of children who dwell in the same land, though speaking a different language, and we take the liberty of translating for them the story which, under the signature of "Marguerite," received the first prize of ten dollars. Other prizes of five dollars each were awarded.)

It was Saturday. We had gone with all our household to the wood. It was nutting time, and we took a basket which we wanted to fill. The sky was clear, and the sun seemed as if it would protest against the approach of winter. It is impossible for me to describe the beauty of the woods when the leaves have taken on their autumn tints. The slender maple, the beech tree with smooth trunk, the knotted oak, have donned again their purple mantles, and, with the green fir-trees, form a picture of unique beauty.

We took our position under a beech-tree, and, like a brood of partridges, we were scratching the leaves and seeking for beechnuts. Suddenly our attention was arrested by the cries of a squirrel stuck to the trunk of a neighboring tree. Its cries expressed the most horrible anguish. We were puzzled, and turned in that direction. It came slowly down the trunk as if drawn by an irresistible force. At first we were under the impression that our presence had annoyed