

such society as this. And then he pictured what the world would be like without Christ and the blessedness that may come to it when all men "follow the Star" until it leads them to how before the Saviour. It was a very nice speech and not too long. The choir next sang a lovely anthem about the shepherds abiding in the fields and the song of the angels. Then the Junior League, who generally meet in another room, and who were sitting together on one side, gave two very nice recitations and a chorus.

By this time it was after eight and the president called on Miss Shirley to lead in the discussion of the topic. It seems that most of the active members take turns in leading the discussions. Miss Shirley was not more than twenty-one or two, I should think, and she seemed pretty nervous at first, but soon got over it. The topic was: "Christ, Our Royal Brother," and Miss Shirley read a lesson in Heb. 1, 1-9, and then Heb. 3, 6. She then turned back to the question in Heb. 1, 5, and asked: "What right have we to call ourselves children of God, and claim Christ as our Elder Brother?" I could not see to find the references, but I got Jane to write them down for me as they were read out. There were Bibles in all the seats and most of the people seemed to be using them. In answer to Miss Shirley's question different ones read Gal. 4, 5-7; Heb. 2, 11, 17, 18; Matt. 6, 9; and 1. John 3, 1. I understood afterwards that slips of paper had been handed to the members with the references on, so that they might be read promptly and not all by the same few.

She then asked: "What do we gain by being adopted into the family, and having Christ for our brother?"

The minister read Eph. 2: 12, 13 and 22, and spoke of the contrast between being "without God in the world," and being "a habitation of God in the Spirit." Then one of the choir sang "My heart shall be a temple." It came in beautifully just there. Then someone read Col. 1, 21, 22. A young man near the back asked: "On what conditions can we become brothers and sisters of Christ?" and the leader read II. Cor. 6, 17, 18. The president next asked: "What difference will it make to us in the next world to be God's children?" and 1. John 3, 2, and Rev. 21, 3, 4, were read. Then one of the League asked: "How can I know if I belong to the family or not?" The leader read 1. John 4, 13, and the president read Rom. 8, 14-17. The minister then asked for a few testimonies from those who claimed Christ as their brother, and a good many spoke, old and young. No long speeches, but just a few sentences, sometimes only a few words. Even the children among the juniors spoke. Then he asked all who belonged to God's family to stand up and more than half the audience rose. Then he asked if there were any in the house who could not claim Christ as a brother, but would like to do so. For a moment the stillness was so deep it seemed as though one ought scarcely to breathe, and then I heard a movement down towards the back and someone said "Thank God!" and someone else called out "Praise the Lord," and I felt like shouting too in spite of that verse about "keeping silence in the church," for I knew there were wanderers coming home. The minister stood with tears in his eyes and asked those who had stood up and any others who

wanted to find Christ to come into the Bible class room for a few minutes and he said he would like as many of the League as could do so to stay too. Then they sang the old Doxology with a will and dismissed the meeting. I was too tired to stay, so Rob put Jane and me into the cab and we went home. They told us afterwards that six stood up, one an old, old man, and that four of them found peace that night. They say that they often have people ask to be prayed for in their regular meetings, and I don't wonder, for so far as I could see they were all praying and working for that one thing, and it would be a hardened soul indeed that could hold out against them. There now, I know I've talked till I've made you tired, but really I was so taken up with the young people and their work that I just wanted to tell everyone all about it.

S. L. STREET.

LEADING LAYMEN.

VI. ISAIAH MERRIMAN SPARROW.



On this page we present a fine cut of one of the most beloved of the fathers of Methodism in the city of Victoria.

Father Sparrow, as we now call him, was born in the village of Warkworth, in the township of Percy, Ontario, in the year 1823.

His father was of old English stock, having come to the country in the dawn of the century. His mother was of the extensive Waldron family of the States—a family which had given not a few men of talent and consecration to the ministry of the Methodist church, both in Canada and across the "lines."

In the village where young Sparrow was born his father carried on a successful mercantile enterprise, and, in this way, the son received the training in business which has made his services in demand through all these years.

It was at the age of seventeen, and in the village of his birth, under the ministry of the Rev. David Clappison, that he had received the salvation which has made him a true Christian, and has kept him in the "way" ever since. At the age of twenty-four he found him-

self in the then town of London, Ontario. There he entered the employ of the late Hon. Elijah Leonard, who was, at that time, proprietor of an extensive iron business.

In London he was found in the church of his choice, and it was there that he was placed in the responsible position of Sunday school superintendent, later he was appointed class leader, and still later he received license as a local preacher, all of which offices he filled to the profit of those with whom he had church fellowship.

It was in the days of the "gold fever" in this country that young Sparrow, with many others set his face to the Far West and brought up in the then village of Victoria. For some five years he was in the employ of the government in the postoffice, a position which he should have held till the time for superannuation, had he been fairly treated.

Among those who went to Cariboo, in the time of the "rush" to that part of the province, was the subject of this sketch, though not like the great majority to dig for gold, but as the trusted representative of one of the largest companies in the gold fields.

For many years Mr. Sparrow has been in the employ of Mr. W. J. Pendray and that prosperous firm would not seem complete were he not a part of it.

In 1856, Mr. Sparrow was married to his present wife, who was then Miss Helen Ford, daughter of Mr. Gilbert Ford, of the town of Campbellford. Together they have sweetly lived through all these changeable years, and we can but wish that long years of continued happiness may be theirs to enjoy.

When Father Sparrow arrived in Victoria he was welcomed as a worthy member of the Methodist church, and he at once identified himself with it and so remains to the present day. He was soon put to work as class leader, and, among others, (some of whom remain to this day), he formed the foundation of the old, and later of the new Pandora Methodist church, acting in the capacity of trustee through troubles not a few.

While in Cariboo he was at times pressed into the position of the missionary in ministering to the wants of the sick and sinful, and even laying the dead in their lonely graves beneath the wings of the waving pines. Though somewhat burdened with his seventy-six years, Father Sparrow is still a hearty and genial old man, and we trust that, for many years, he may be seen about the city to warm with his smile and Hal-le-lujah, those "who are of like precious faith."

Father Sparrow has even been the firm friend of the ministry, and while some might be disposed to pour into their wounds "the gall of criticism," it was ever his to utter the word of encouragement.

Genial, thoughtful, gentle and kind, but withal a man who has principles from which he cannot be moved, he has ever been one upon whom a friend could rely to do the right under all circumstances.

One cannot know such as "Father Sparrow" without thinking that old age has not been able to rob him of the joys of the Christian religion. J.C.S.

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For truth it is ever the fitting time; who waits till circumstances completely favor his undertaking will never accomplish anything.—Luther.