

the young and old, or they are given to us, people, for time and in the efficiency of I have a convention his effective in doing

Convention? Well, Schools. In these lines of Scripture in old some doctrines denominations. If schools of which it is influenced by what when we are to main- must have a con- ad doctrines can be

estion, "Will not a nes do as well? Why fence get a wider objections to others afford to compromise inter-denominational Non-denominational can be promulgated. then why not inter- al churches? If we om us in Sabbath church and religious

o support and foster we are more deeply we are in those of erefore we desire to at our schools may elligence of the best

de of doing our own ill draw out the le better and more hose who so widely e. If we expect our ept its teaching we at it makes no dif- ust be loyal to our s we firmly believe d.

tion should be to ills. Some arrange- ie weak schools in me assistance from umnities. This, I at profit both to the

ation for the purpose a where there are parish superintend- of this convention, is and organize new sincerely hope that S. S. workers will hile we throw no y, we desire to press ve to be right.

ils. ER, D. D.

ts to be "fishers of eople are now com- motto for them is shore of Galilee—'s reply to his Mas- all light and had " he says, "at thy as despondent, but s Lord is enough to h many things are edingly dark. Faith towards the deep the shoal water near y pull; down goes fishes are enclosed the abundant haul

ay School teachers, alvation of souls. uccess. Failure in it often breaks the Failure ought to r, and new attempts rritual failures com- for God does not ty crop of spiritual ing, stinky sewing, all may mean inded. Failure has a ery honest heart to it? God does not is—be not weary in

your good work, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.

At the beginning of a new year's work the first duty of faith is to make a new venture. Christ's command is to "launch out," and make the effort. I would not make too much of a word which originally had only a local and temporary intention; but that word "deep" has a great spiritual significance. There must be a deep down faith in our hearts, and a deep insatiate desire for the salvation of the souls with whom we labor. God grants to a fervent desire what he denies to a faint and feeble desire. "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me"; that is the temper of a Christian who is in dead earnest for a revival in his church, or for the conversion of the friend he or she is laboring with. Shallow interest, shallow feeling, shallow praying, catch no fish for the Master.

The minister who longs to convert souls must lay hold of the deep truths of God, and strive to penetrate the depths of the hearts before him. Down in the bottom of the unconverted heart is the lurking depravity, the besetting sin, or the unbelief that keeps the sinner from Christ; and the truth must go deep to reach the roots. It must uproot the sin to make conversion thorough. My brother, you will need strong doctrine to do this. Phillips Brooks well said that "no exhortation to a good life that does not put behind it some truth as deep as eternity can seize and hold the conscience." Preach all the doctrine your Bible gives you, and in love to the sinner's soul.

Fishing for souls is a personal work. It is not confined to the pulpit; every man or woman who possesses faith and an ardent love of Jesus should engage in it. It is not a "professional" business, restricted to a few, and to be done in a set fashion. Nor is it to be accomplished only by a whole church employing a huge net to bring in a multitude of converts at a single draught. Sometimes a powerful and general revival does this. But commonly conversions follow individual effort with individual hearts. A pastor often accomplishes as much by an hour of close friendly conversation as by an hour of public preaching. The Sunday-School teacher can reach his or her scholars most effectually by a private visit, and a faithful talk with each member of the class. Personal work does the business; each fisher must drop his own hook, baited with love. No one is scolded to Christ, yet an unconverted person will bear a tremendously searching talk if it is conducted in a frank, tender spirit and unmistakably prompted by affection. The real aim must be persuasion, that is, to persuade the sinner to let go his sin and to lay hold of Jesus. He is wise that winneth souls.

Pastors, teachers, and church members are too often reluctant to take hold of the "hard cases." Sometimes these are dismissed as past saving. The fish that bite readily are easily caught, but that inveterate Sabbath-breaker, or that hard drinker, or that open scoffer are too often passed by as hopeless. That was not the fashion of Peter and his fellow-fishermen, nor should it be ours. The Almighty Spirit which subdued Saul of Tarsus will attend us, if, with strong faith, we grapple with the most chronic cases of open impenitence. Sometimes these "hopeless cases" yield the soonest, far sooner than some decorous church-goers who have become hardened under a thousand sermons, and through many seasons of revival, and when a conspicuously irreligious person is converted, the effect upon the community is all the more powerful. One thing is certain, and that is that those Christians who, in their daily conduct, live nearest to Christ, will win the most converts to him. Let us launch out into the deep, good friends, this year, and let us remember that the secret of success on Galilee was that Jesus was on board of the vessel.—Selected.

An Incident of the Jubilee Celebration.

Some time ago reference was made in The Sun to Joseph Allen Baker, who went over to London, Eng., to push his fortune. Mr. Baker not only succeeded so well in business that he became the head of a large manufacturing establishment, employing several hundred men, but he is now a member of the famous London County Council.

Last spring it was arranged that one of the features of the great jubilee celebration at London should be the presentation of an address from the county council, and it was further arranged that all the members of the council should attend and be presented to Her Majesty. The members were informed by the Court officials that they would be required to appear in Court dress, and that each member would have to wear a sword dangling by his side. A Court dress is not easily described, but it is something that few Canadians, except those who attend carnivals and fancy dress balls, have ever seen, and it does not become a plain citizen. Now, Joseph Allen Baker is not only a Canadian, and as such, a believer in democratic simplicity, but he is a member of the Society of Friends, and the plain living, plain dress, and plain speech of his ancestors have not been forgotten by him. When, therefore, Mr. Baker was informed that he would have to wear a Court dress and a sword, he respectfully but firmly declined to do so. His objection was made

known at Court; messages flashed backward and forward between London and Windsor, and Mr. Baker was at length informed that John Bright had been permitted to appear at Court without a sword, and he also might appear without wearing that weapon. The Court officials, however, further informed Mr. Baker that John Bright had worn a Court dress, and that he also would be required to. But times have changed, even since John Bright's time—perhaps Mr. Baker's Canadian blood made him more resolute—however that may have been, he did not abate one jot in the stand he had taken, but informed the officials that his conscience would not permit him to dress in the style prescribed, and that if he were not permitted to appear in plain civilian's dress, he must remain away. The time before the day fixed for the presentation was now growing short, and messages passed between London and Windsor more rapidly than ever. It seemed as if the existence of the British constitution was at stake. At last a message came stating that the date for the presentation was so near that there would not be time for Mr. Baker to have a Court dress made, and, therefore, he would not be required to wear one. It is needless to say that this did not satisfy Mr. Baker. He did not wish to go to Court and be admitted, on the false pretence, as it were, that he had not the necessary time to procure a Court dress, when the officials and every one else knew that he had received ample notice. So the deadlock still continued. It is not known whether a Cabinet Council was called to discuss the situation and decide whether the British constitution could bear the wrench it would receive if Mr. Baker were allowed to attend in plain clothes. The London papers, however, took up the subject and debated it with great earnestness, and The Chronicle, a leading Liberal paper, strongly supported Mr. Baker in the stand he had taken. The labor members of the county council were with him to a man. As the day for the presentation drew near the interest increased. At length, just before the great day arrived, came a message from Windsor that the Queen had granted permission that not only Mr. Baker, but all the members of the county council who so desired, might appear in civilians' clothes. When the day came it was seen that nearly half the members had availed themselves of the Queen's permission. In their plain clothes they were more manly; were none the less loyal to the Queen, who had shown once more the great tact she possesses, and they were, no doubt, much more at their ease. Some may think that Joseph Allen Baker made much of a small matter. But it is not a small matter to maintain plainness and simplicity of life, especially when to do so is to establish a precedent which many others will gladly follow. To enable many to dispense with a foolish and foppish practice is something gained. It is never wrong to maintain a right principle. It is of especial interest to Canadians that the man, who thus stood out against what he believed to be a wrong practice, is a farmer's son, born and bred on an Ontario farm.—The Farmer's Sun.

Planning for the Future.

Small things and weak systems soon have their day and cease to be. It is they who plan great things, and steadily pursue them with an eye single to their achievement, who endure and triumph. There is in spiritual things, as in natural, survival of the fittest. Peter the Great left behind him a plan for the future of his Russian empire, and the nation is restless, never satisfied, pushing out a line here and another there, planting a standard on that mountain, unfurling a flag on this sea, pushing forward her frontier line here and there wherever a foothold can be gained, her half barbarian heart ever beating with ceaseless yearning for the gilded domes and minarets of Constantinople on the one side, and the measureless wealth of India on the other. And it keeps all Europe armed to the teeth to hold her back from her destiny.

When the church shall come into fuller communion with God it shall be newly clothed with his great power; she shall think his great thoughts, and work with the steady and stately persistence of his unwearied way. Nothing shall be able to stand in her way as she sweeps irresistibly in her all-conquering course. The church will not be afraid to ask large things at the hand of God; for she asks not for herself but for God; not for her own aggrandizement, not for the heathen merely, but for God. The claim is a high one; none so high in all this world.

God always gives to us of the best; and he demands of us in return the best that we can do and give. When this world had wandered away from God, lost, utterly lost in the darkness of sin, God knew that it would cost sorrow, pain, hunger, buffeting and death to bring it back to its rightful allegiance, and save it. And to accomplish this, he sent forth from the heavenly home the best he had. He kept the angels back, and sent his own well beloved Son out into the darkness of sin to suffer and die. It needs the best to save the worst. It needs the power of the highest to come down under the weakness of the lowest and lift them up. God spared not his own Son, and shall we spare ought that we have? When our hearts are charged with mighty motives, we

shall move on, irresistibly, to victorious achievement. That is what we want.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy we must die to make men free,

While God is marching on."

Our blessed Master, the incarnation and fountain head of all wisdom, has left us a plan for the future of his church. It is this: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Ever since the promulgation of that plan her great heart has been beating with an irrepressible desire for the accomplishment of her mission. It throbs in the glowing language of the evangelist Isaiah, it beats in the Psalms of praise that David sung to his inspired harp, it breathes in every prayer that goes up from Christian hearts. Upon this rock, universal dominion, the Lord Jesus has built his church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

A Russian ambassador once said to a distinguished American divine, "My imperial master will not allow what you preach to be established in Turkey." Rising to his feet, the missionary replied, "May it please your excellency, my Master will not ask leave to establish his kingdom at the hands of any man."

And the missionary was right—so absolutely right, that his answer seems almost inspiration and prophecy. The whole round world is God's, and his the right of way through all its borders. With his own hands he made it, with his precious blood he redeemed it, and he is coming back one day to stop forever the swinging pendulum in the clock of time. "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout!" and the thrones of the earth shall shake that day like aspen leaves in the wind, and kings will fall on their faces, and the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ.—Christian Work.

The Answer of Prayer.

The answer of prayer stands knocking at the door of the prayer-meeting in Acts 12:13. That was too unexpected an occurrence for the assembly of believers. They avowed that the maid bearing the information was either crazy or had seen a ghost. How surprised faithful Christians often are if a prayer is really heard. Answers to prayer are recounted with unending exclamation marks, whereas answer of true prayer ought to be considered the most natural experience in God's universe. Much praying is a mere performance. A farmer coming to town read at a physician's door, "Please pull the bell." He pulled until a head was poked out of the window inquiring, "Well?" "Oh, I've read the sign and thought it no more than polite to pull," was his response. The only response that could perhaps be given by many who feel themselves called upon in the Bible to pray. They do not read that the young Pharisee transacted many a prayer before heaven said of him, "Behold, he prayeth." Their arrows shot heavenward have plenty of feather, but no point. They do not spread the fleece, like Gideon, for the dew to descend upon.—F.-W. C. Meyer.

The Queen Behind the Finger.

Miss Lillian Bell, who is narrating her impressions of the Old World and its people for The Ladies' Home Journal, writes from London in that Magazine: "I have seen the Houses of Parliament and the Tower and Westminster Abbey, and the World's Fair, but the most impressive sight I ever beheld is the upraised hand of a London policeman. I never heard one of them speak except when spoken to. But let one little blue-coated man raise his fore-finger, and every vehicle on wheels stops, and stops instantly; stops in obedience to law and order; stops without swearing or gestulating or abuse; stops with no underhand trying to drive out of line and get by on the other side; just stops, that is the end of it. And why? Because the Queen of England is behind that raised finger. Why, a London policeman has more power than our President. Even the Queen's coachmen obey that forefinger. Understanding how to obey, that is what makes liberty.

"I am the most flamboyant of Americans, the most hopelessly addicted to my own country, but I must admit that I had my first real taste of liberty in England. I will tell you why. In America nobody obeys anybody. We make our laws and then most industriously set about studying out a plan by which we may evade them. America is suffering, as all Republics must of necessity suffer, from liberty in the hands of the multitude. The multitude is ignorant, and liberty in the hands of the ignorant is always license."

Why do we not always smile whenever we meet the eye of a fellow being? That is the true recognition which ought to pass from soul to soul constantly. Little children in simple communities do this involuntarily, unconsciously. The honest-hearted German peasant does it. It is like magical sunlight all through that simple land, the perpetual greeting on the right hand and the left between strangers as they pass by each other, never without a smile.—Helen Hunt.