SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys: A letter to-day from Mr. Higgins speaks of the lovely vale in which he is on a preaching tour and where, he says,

"Every prospect pleases
And only man is vile."

I was sitting in the dusk of last evening on this hill, in this little travellers' bungalow, musing on the same lines. We are four miles north of Bimla. The hill on which we are lodging slopes down to the green banks of a full river swollen by the recent rains. The feeble music of its lazily falling waters floats up through the unwonted stillness of the moment. Through the boughs of the custard apple trees, that hedge the hill's brow, you may catch glimpses of the dimly gleaming bosom of the river, which, under the screen of the rapidly falling night, looks as pure as if it were not almost as muddy as the mouth of the Avon or the Peticodiac. On every side giant hills loom on the hazy horizon. The broad fields are clothed with trees, whose foliage looks softer and richer in the approaching darkness. In the hollow of yonder hill is a Mohammedan tomb, with its aged, weather-beaten masonry. On the crown of another hill is a little Hindu temple, swept by the boughs of an over-arching tree. It looks as if God had opened His hand and poured out the luxuriance of heaven. But, Oh! oh! beneath these trees and these giant hills, and these soft clouds, what hard, what black, what blind, what stony hearts! Beneath the leafy roofs of this village at our feet is there a man or child who loves his Creator or who loves the truth? In the north the sky suddenly fills with clouds black, like the wrath of heaven descending upon an ingrate earth. Bolts of lightning shoot in zigzag streams of flame from west to east, while nearer and nearer rumbles the mutter of the storm.

Next morning the air is clear again, and rising at break of day, we cross the long bridge, turn to the left and follow the river up stream. After walking about a quarter of a mile we come upon a village, enter it and sit upon a flat stone in the shade of a tree. A group of men and a number of boys gather about us, sit on the ruins of an old wall and listen to the gospel. The name of this village is New Nagarapupalyem.

A little beyond, across a brook, is another village. Two men, who are always bare-footed, carry me over on their backs. We enter the hamlet and stop in front of a shed where a young carpenter is sitting on the ground like an Indian, making a plough—a big, crooked sharp stick. Here a crowd of men, women and children gather around us. We preach to them, and to those who can read we give tracts or booklets which tell the story of Jesus.

Another morning we follow the river up still further—two miles. Here is a brook that men have stolen from the river. Away up the river they commenced and dug a ditch and led off a brook for miles across their fields to water them. On the banks of this stolen brook we wend our way. Here and there are little breaks in the bank where men have stolen more little brooks out of this one to lead the water out upon their crops.

At length we come to the village, pass through it until we reach the other side, and lo, behold a white school-house! The side toward the rising sun has no wall—only a few strong pillars. The schoolroom is like a deep verandah. We go in. It is just seven o'clock, and one boy is sitting on the platform. He says it is Sunday and there is no school to-day. This school is partly supported by government grants, and so Sunday is a holiday.

A few more boys come and we commence to talk with them, for we have gone in, taken seats upon the benches, and made ourselves at home. Presently a hardy looking Braham comes up in a great flurry. He does not see me, as I am behind a post out of the sun. Fire belches forth from his majesty upon Appalaswamy and he wants to know what he is doing here. I called out to him to come in and take a seat. He came, sat down, and was calm for a moment. But when I began to talk with him and he found there was no danger of his getting hurt, he arose and poured forth a torrent of abuse, leaving no chance for anybody else to put in a word. Then he started to go. We told him to go along, we would talk with the boys.

Soon all the school boys were on hand and we had school. Appalaswamy read them some Telugu poetry about idolatry and about Jesus, rolling it out in the Hindu singing way, which they like so much. He also explained in simple words as he went along. Then I gave them each a booklet and talked with them, and we had an enthusiastic session. At recess we went home, and many of the boys followed us out of the village. Its name is Thardythoorn.

We lodged in this bungalow three and a half days and visited ten villages. In one of them, all the while we were preaching, a young lady of three or four summers was puffing away at a cigar. In another a man who could read and write thought that the reason I was white was that I believed in Christ; whoever believed in Christ after a while would turn white.

Appalaswamy happened to speak of the earth turning around by way of illustration. But the man said he would never believe it. We would all tumble off. I told him we should not try to make him believe it, as we came to talk about something that was true whether the earth turned around or not. It came to me so vividly how that neither Moses nor David, neither John nor Paul, knew that the earth turned around once a day and whirled around the sun once a year. Indeed David thought the sun went around the earth, "which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race." God did not teach His prophets geography or astronomy by inspiration. He taught them His love and His wrath and the way of salvation. It is not what a man knows that makes him a Christian. It would be better to have the heart out of which was born the nineteenth Psalm or the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians, than to have the head that discovered the law of gravitation or the eye that can measure the courses of the stars. Whether the earth goes around the sun or the sun goes around the earth, you and I are sinners; Jesus died and rose again to save us, and except we be "converted and become as little children we shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven." Dr. Sawyer said something like this in his baccalaureate sermon in 1887, which I have never forgotten. Thus we are encouraged to labor amongst these villagers in their ignorance and to say, "We determine not to know anything amongst you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Yours sincerely,

L. D. MORSE.

Chittavalasa Travellers' Bungalow, India, Oct. 2.

SERVING CHRIST FROM PRINCIPLE.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

A bright but modest boy in my Sunday-school twenty-five years ago spent his pocket money in buying pigments and brushes. He contributed four or five pictures which were among the gems of the American department in the Chicago Exposition. Love of art, and not love of money has been his inspiration: he painted conscientiously. "I had hoped," said a young man to D'Alembert, "that my paper would have given me a seat in the Royal Academy." "Sir," replied the great philosopher, "if you have no higher motive than that you will never get a seat there; science must be her own exceeding great reward."

The sinner who comes to Christ with no other motive than to be saved from hell is not likely to be saved at all; his prayer is founded on sheer selfishness. The man who keeps Christ's commandments simply for selfish objects does not really keep them; for the essence and flavor of all Christian conduct lies in loyalty to Jesus Christ, and in doing right because He commands it. "Not with eye-service as man-pleasers, but as the servants of Christ doing the will of God *from the heart*;" that is the rule and the test of genuine Christian character. Spiritual adoption does not put servants into the kitchen, but children into the household who work willingly. Whatever they do, they do as unto the Lord *heartily*; *i. e.*, because they love to do it. Dr. McLaren says in his characteristic way: "The thought of Christ's command and of my poor toil as done for His sake will change constraint into cheerfulness, and make unwelcome tasks pleasant, and monotonous ones fresh, and trivial ones great. In that atmosphere the dim flame of obedience will burn more brightly, as a lamp plunged into a jar of pure oxygen. Unselfish love of Christ is the only true consecration.

When our Master was on earth He encountered and He had to rebuke the spirit which followed Him only for the sake of the loaves and fishes. Among His own band of disciples this wretched spirit broke out in requests for a "seat on His right hand" in His new empire which He was expected to establish. There were pitiful wrangles among them as to who should be greatest. Christ rebuked this miserable selfishness by giving them to understand that whosoever served in the humblest way should stand the highest. It was from this lamentable lack of *principle* in their religion that the disciples turned cowards in the hour of danger, and all forsook Him and fled. Nor would these men have ever "stood fire" under the tremendous assaults of persecution afterwards if they had not received the wonderful baptism of Christ's Spirit on the day of Pentecost. Peter's gravel then turned into granite.

Ministers and Sunday-school teachers make a great mistake when they urge their hearers or scholars to become Christians for either the rewards of heaven or the escape from hell. We have no right to appeal to a purely selfish motive. Christ must be followed for His own sake, and righteousness must be chosen for its own sake. There is no virtue in avoiding sin merely because it brings a sting in this world and hell in the next world. Iniquity must be abhorred because God abhors it. Some people avoid certain sins as a house-cat avoids the cupboard for fear of the cudgel of the cook. Christianity is the dread of sin, not the dread of sin's punishment. No Christian can be trused under strong temptation unless his inmost soul abhors fraud or falsehood, or wanton uncleanness, or crooked practices of every sort. If David had been looking at God, he would not have stopped to look at Bathsheba; if he had abhorred the sin of lechery, he would not have had to abhor himself so bitterly afterwards.

The occasional shocking fall of a conspicuous church-member undoes the good effects of a score of good sermons, because it looks to the careless eyes of the world as if Christianity had proved to be a worthless delusion. Whereas the real delusion was with the man himself; he cheated himself before he ever cheated the bank or the railway company or the widow who entrusted her property to his keeping. All such defaulters imagine themselves to be temptation-proof until the pressure is put on them; then it turns out that they love gold more than they love godliness. In the West Indies there is an insect that will eat out the heart of an apparently sound piece of timber; when a heavy strain is put on the timber it snaps, and fills the eyes with a cloud of white dust. Under how many a pious exterior may a worm-eaten conscience lurk? Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.

To resist the pressure of sinful temptation and to practice righteousness requires inward *principle*, and that to a Christian means the indwelling strength of the Lord Jesus Christ. "Renew a right spirit within me!" is a prayer for every day. The original word signifies a firm, constant spirit that never wavers under wind or storm. Faith is likened to an anchor because it has a *holding* power; and that comes from the hold which Jesus Christ has on the person who exercises it. "I can do all things in HIM that strengthened me."

The surest preventive of sin is the pratice of godliness. When we are busy in serving Christ we have no time to serve the devil. The young Christian who enjoys his prayer meeting or his Society of Christian Endeavor has no drawing towards the lewd play, or the drinking-club, or the ball-room, or the gambling-table. He or she who walks in the Spirit is not likely to fulfill the lusts of the flesh. Jesus Christ offers Himself to everyone who repents of sin and accepts Him. "Lo, I am with you always!" That is what we mean by Christian principle: it means the abiding presence of the Lord Jesus in the core of the heart, and that presence is an *abiding power*. Good impulses are abundant, and are often worthless. They will never hold you or me against a strong temptation unless we have the staying power of the indwelling Christ. —*Evangelist.*

LET IT SIMMER.

BY ENOKONIAN.

This contribution may perhaps be a little helpful to speakers and writers of ordinary ability and common sense.

Men of genius need not read it. Genius needs no help.

Men who think they can write like Macaulay and speak like Demosthenes, without any preparation, should pass by this corner. In fact, men of that kind can afford to pass by anything. They are happy men. Most of them are a good deal happier than the people who try to read what they write and listen to what they say.

Pallosophers will not find anything in this contribution for them. It is their business to deal with the infinite and absolute, and draw a hard and fast line between the Ego and the Non-Ego. Some of them dwell in delightful contemplation on the Ego.

One of the best ways for an ordinary man to prepare a good sermon or speech, or write a good article, is to get a good topic and let it simmer in the mind until it fructifies, takes form, and is fit for public use.

Two things are here assumed. The one is that the man has a topic, and the other, that he has a mind for his topic to simmer in. If he has neither a topic nor a mental vessel in which his topic can simmer, he cannot reasonably be expected to do much preparation in the simmering method. In such cases, the unfortunate must extemporize and the human family know to their sorrow that he does just that very thing.

It is worse than a waste of time for a man to speak on nothing and say nothing about it. A few men have the dangerous gift of saying nothing about nothing in an interesting way. That kind of oratory does well enough for a few times, but sensible people soon tire of it, and the orator who relies on his ability in the nothing line, is sure to come to grief sooner or later. Sound is a good enough thing in its own way, and for its own purposes, but the human mind cannot feed on mere sound. Of course if you have to speak in a locality in which the people have scarcely any mind, sound is the right thing for them. There are localities of that kind.

As a rule, however, a man must have a topic if he expects to do sensible people any good by an address of fifteen or twenty minutes. How can topics be found? In a hundred ways. One good way is by reading good speeches, good newspapers and good magazine articles. Some speeches and articles suggest topics. An experienced hunter for topics soon learns where to look for them. Some writers scatter seed-thoughts over their pages. A seed-thought is the thing you are after, and you know one by a kind of instinct if you are a good hunter. One good rule then, is to stop reading rubbish and read literature with seed-thoughts in it.

A man reasonably wide-awake can get many good topics from current events. There is a good deal going on in this little world every day that will stand discussion. Current topics have this decided advantage that people are thinking about them. They also have this advantage, that the newspapers may have threshed them out until they are stale. There is, too, some danger of rasping people by handling current questions if they are live questions, because people are sure to take sides on present issues. Still, one must take these risks if anything in the living present is to be discussed. A speech on Egyptian mummies would not be likely to offend anybody, but it would not interest anybody who was not a good deal of mummy himself.

Listening to good speeches is not a bad way to get seed-thoughts. As a first-class man warms up on almost any subject, he is pretty sure to throw out something that starts other minds to think. One of the undoubted evidences of first-class ability in a public speaker, is his power, often unconsciously exercised, to plant seed-thoughts in other people's mind, and to make them stick and fructify there.

Capital seed thoughts may often be obtained from the conversation of hard-headed, shrewd, wide-awake, successful men, who owe little to the schools, but who are highly educated men in the best sense of that much misused word. Get hold of an elderly man of sense who has fought a fairly good battle in life, who does a little good reading, and attends personally to his own thinking, who says his say without any superstitious regard for the rules of syntax, who spends most of his evenings in a quiet home, and does not make himself a mental imbecile by running to every kind of meeting, who hammers out questions on his own anvil, and comes to conclusions without asking anybody's leave, get well acquainted with a man of that kind, and an hour's conversation with him may start more seed-thoughts in your mind than a day's attendance at a convention.

Every minister worthy of the name knows where his sermon topics are to be found. The source is inexhaustible and the variety infinite. There is one kind of ministerial poverty that does not deserve much sympathy, and that is, poverty in texts. Still, though the Bible is a never-failing fountain in which each minister should find his own topics, one may often have a good text or topic suggested by a neighbor. Some of the best preachers we ever knew often began a conversation in this way: "Good day. How are you? What did you preach on last Sunday?" We may think that question behind the times, but most of the men who laid the foundation of the Presbyterian church in Canada, used to talk that way. Should the day ever come when Presbyterian ministers think preaching a secondary matter, it will be somebody's duty to dig a grave for the church. The corpse will soon be ready.

Having found a text or topic, let it simmer. The best sermons ordinary men ever preach, are, as a rule, those that simmered long and were written quickly.

The best speeches are generally those that simmered for months, and were dashed off in a condensed form in a few minutes. A speech of that kind hardly ever fails to do something.

Should we 'read up' on a topic before we let it simmer, or afterwards? Generally, we should say, before. Get all the ideas and illustrations you can, and let them simmer when you lie down at night, when you awake during the night, if you are unfortunate enough to be troubled in that way; when you awake in the morning, when you go out for your walk—everywhere, and just see if you don't soon have a speech or sermon that will do its business.—*Presbyterian.*

Fervent in Spirit.

There is no condition of my body or mind more certain to result in ruin than inactivity. The stagnant pool is sure to breed pestilence. Physical inaction results in physical imbecility. Intellectual inactivity is intellectual worthlessness. From inattention to business comes financial ruin. In like manner, a want of "fervency of spirit" in the religious life is sure to result in spiritual death. If a person expects to accomplish anything for this life or the next, he must put his whole soul into it.

To be "fervent in spirit" is to be fervent in mind, heart. The term "fervent" is generally applied to water or metals, when so heated as to bubble up or boil. It has the sense of glow. When used by the apostle, it means intense zeal. It implies that a Christian should be like a boiling caldron, or a furnace in full blast, a pot bubbling up, boiling over.

In business and politics men are ready to turn the world upside down to accomplish their ends, but in religion they counsel the greatest moderation. Grave deacons and elders will stamp and clap, and shout themselves hoarse in a political gathering, while they would expel a man from the church for uttering an "amen" above a whisper. In business and politics they are up to a white heat, but in religion they are as cold as an iceberg, and as dead as a graveyard. Visit Wall Street, or a political convention, where these grave, cultivated churchmen congregate, and an outsider, who did not know the object of the gathering, might well imagine that a lunatic asylum had been let loose. Enter a church where these men pretend to worship, and the theme with which they seem most pleased is, "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber."

If the lack of fervency of spirit was manifest in business circles, and in political campaigns, who would expect success in either?

If Christians would put the same spiritual energy into their church life that they do into business and politics, our churches would soon be changed from moral graveyards into banqueting houses, and a profession of religion would not be considered as a sort of an open policy against risks, but it would mean a radical revolution of heart and life.

Shall we not manifest as much zeal in serving God as in getting gain? Is fervency necessary in the one case, and improper in the other?

We are aware those who do their whole duty in this regard will be complained of. They have ever been lampooned and cursed while they lived, but the next generation has almost invariably canonized them. They followed Wesley with every form of insult and abuse up to the day of his death. Bishops, priests and the rabble said he was mad, crazy, a hypocrite, a deceiver, a fanatic, a destroyer of churches, and a traducer of the clergy; but he had not been in his grave a hundred years, ere they gave him a most conspicuous place in England's most sacred abbey, among queens, commanders of armies, reformers, and the most honored of the ages.

Holiness should not be a fitful blaze, but a steady flame, like its Author, "yesterday, to-day and forever" the same. Let the world and a cold church see that our motto is, "This one thing I do." We will be blamed while we live, and blessed when we are dead. Earth may withhold honors, but heaven will be lavish of its gifts. The conflict is for a day, the victory is forever. Let us remember the language of Jesus, "The zeal of thine house has eaten me up."—*Christian Witness.*

"Believe Also in Me."

There is no journey of life but has its clouded days, and there are some days that our eyes are so blinded with tears that we find it hard to see our way or even read God's promises. Those days that have a bright sunrise, followed by sudden thunder claps and bursts of unlooked-for sorrows, are the ones that test certain of our graces the most severely. Yet the law of spiritual eyesight very closely resembles the law of physical optics. When we come suddenly out of the daylight into a room even moderately darkened, we can discern nothing; but the pupil of our eye gradually enlarges until unseen objects become visible. Even so the pupil of the eye of faith has the blessed faculty of enlarging in dark hours of bereavement, so that we discover our loving Father's hand is holding the cup of trial, and by-and-bye the gloom becomes luminous with glory. The fourteenth chapter of John never falls with such music upon our ears as when we catch its sweet strains amid the pauses of some terrific storm. "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. I will not leave you comfortless."—*Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.*

— The smallest "cat-boil" is large enough to show that the blood needs purifying—a warning which, if unheeded, may result, not in more boils, but in something very much worse. Avert the danger in time by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Cured others, will cure you.

K. D. C. RELIEVES
DISTRESS AFTER EATING.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

The child of God is assured that all things work together for good; in this is plainly included the pledge that chastisements and afflictions shall eventually prove a blessing.—*J. W. Alexander.*

* * *

You may sometimes see in a garden two flowers side by side, one of which opens its petals as the sun goes down, and the other at the same time closes them, to open again after sunrise. The one has sympathy with the shade of evening, the other with the brightness of noonday. So there are some friends to whom we more naturally turn for sympathy in joy, and others to whom we feel we can go in sorrow. But we must not say that the former are unfeeling and the others morbid. The flowers referred to were so created by God, and the different dispositions of men were also His gift. "There are diversities of operations, but the same Lord."—*N. Y. Observer.*

* * *

However much we would put from us thought of a bleeding, dying Christ nailed to a wooden cross, His dear flesh torn and bleeding, His human nature ebbing slowly away, His heart crying out to the Father in His unutterable anguish, Christ commands against that oblivion; He would be seated in our hearts with a presence full of suffering uncomely in its anguish, a personality of sorrows, acquainted with grief; and the face at first hidden from Him must be turned toward Him, and the averted eyes must be raised in faith. Is this not repulsive, this Jew raised upon the cross of a malefactor? Yes, says the skeptic, you have a bloody, uncomely, hateful religion. Indeed, there is no form, no comeliness, in the Crucified, that men should desire Him. He was a man of sorrows, acquainted with grief. . . . Only because God loved, Christ suffered. But that love He would have us remember in all the repulsive agony of its circumstance to burn into the fibre of human hearts as with caustic the words, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Is it repulsive? It was for these!—*Rev James E. Ollis, in New Concepts of Old Dogmas.*

* * *

He, the Christ, the present Christ, knows whether the rich man's riches have made him selfish, and base, and mean, covetous and poor and little-souled; or whether he has been glad to rise to the greatness of his privilege, and be the very utterance of the benevolence of God upon the earth. He knows the poor man and his struggles. He knows the poor man and his self-respect. He speaks to the poor man's soul, who has been kept poor because he will not enter into the baser methods and motives of our modern life, and is displised, and says to him, "Be of good courage, for I know what you are." He speaks to the poor in distress and poverty. He speaks to the wretched in their disappointment and their pain. He is their comforter. He knows every sin. He knows every sorrow of our life. He goes, unseen on earth, into the chambers where the dead lie dead, and where the sick lie dying, and he speaks His words of consolation, He opens up the glory of the perfect life. He lays His hand upon the mourner whose soul is bowed down to the earth and says, "Look up," and points into eternity and heaven. All these things Christ can do not merely, but Christ is doing. He is the inspiring power of this life, that keeps it from rating in its corruption and degradation.—*Phillips Brooks.*

* * *

One day I was climbing the mountain of the Alpine Range, near the boundary-line between France and Switzerland. By and by we came upon snow and icicles, and all the usual attendants in the train of winter; but when we got higher we found delightful flowers blooming in all the beauty of floral loveliness. I said to myself: "How is this? Down yonder are icicles and snow; up here are these exquisite flowers." The secret of the matter was, that this part of the mountain had a southern aspect, and faced the sun, while the other was turned. Even so it is with ourselves. When our hearts are turned towards Him who is the fountain of love and of marvelous spiritual beauty, we bring forth the fruit and flowers of Christian character, and show the world what a blessed and beautiful thing it is to be a disciple of Christ. It is when our affections and thoughts are turned from Him that the graces which would otherwise abound in us languish and die.—*Christian Commonwealth.*

* * *

A gentleman living in the State of New York said, not long since, that one day when he was a boy he became angered at a command of his father, and as an act of revenge took an axe and hacked a deep gash in a beautiful maple tree that stood in the yard. The bark soon grew over the wound, and nothing more was thought of it until many years later the tree fell before a windstorm. The gentleman went to the tree, and found the back he had made had gone to the heart of the tree, and the whole heart had become rotten. So likewise is he that harbors in his heart some secret sin. In the course of time he may rest assured "his sins will find him out." In the course of time, his heart will become polluted, and he will fall.—*C. W. Bibb.*

* * *

Is there any reason why our lives should be feeble and stagnant and worthless? Is there any reason why we should not overcome temptation, and endure trial, and work the works of God in the world, and come at last to the height of His abode in heaven? Only one—that we do not know Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us. Lay hold on Him by faith and all things are possible. Let us clasp the hand of Christ and climb; and as we climb He will lift us out of sin, out of selfishness, out of weakness, out of death, into holiness, into love, into strength, into life, and we shall know the power of His resurrection.—*Henry Van Dyke, D. D., in Straight Sermons.*

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Nearly in Despair,

and had about decided to sit up all night in my easy chair, and procure what sleep I could in that way. It then occurred to me that I had a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took a spoonful of this preparation in a little water, and was able to lie down without coughing. In a few moments, I fell asleep, and awoke in the morning **greatly refreshed** and feeling much better. I took a teaspoonful of the Pectoral every night for a week, then gradually decreased the dose, and in two weeks my cough was cured."

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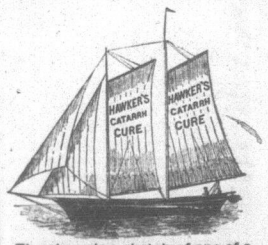

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November 22

B. Y. P. U

OUR OBJECT.

The unification of Baptist young ... crease spirituality; their stimulat ... service; their edification in scripto ... their instruction in Baptist histo ... through existing denominational in ...

OUR FELLOWSHIP

All Young People's Societies of w ... in Baptist churches, and Baptist ... no organizations are entitled to rep ... depend for our unity not upon ag ... name or method. Our common bo ... Testament, in the full affirmation of ...

WE ARE ONE PEOPLE WITH ON ...

(Correspondents to this departmen ... their communications to J. J. BAKER ...

Conquest Meeting for ...

CHINA FOR CHRIS ...

The following programm ... from the *Young People's* ... inserted here hoping that ... suggestive even to those ... readers of that excellent ... fully prepared material is ... these topics, besides mu ... side-light reading. The m ... had for $1 in clubs of five ... SENGER AND VISITOR and ... *ple's Union* to new subscrib ...

PROGRAMME:

I. OPENING EXERC ...

1. Praise Service.
2. Prayer.
3. Read Isaiah 11 resp ...
4. Topic verse, Isaiah 49 ...
5. Singing.

II. TOPIC QUESTIO ...

1. Describe China's ... Territory.
2. How, by comparison, ... lize the population ...
3. How old is the civ ... China?
4. Describe the religions ...
5. Why is China the grea ... field in the world? ...
6. What were the beginni ... that mission work for ...
7. Describe the southern ... sion of the Ameri ... Missionary Union.
8. The Eastern China Mi ...
9. Give the story of the W ... Mission.
10. Tell of the Northern Ch ... of the Southern Bap ... tion.

III. CLOSING EXERC ...

1. Summary of Topic.
2. Stories from Missionary ...
3. Missionary Collection.
4. Prayer for 'Land of Sin ...
5. Missionary Benediction.

—Germain street, St. John ... class in the C. C. Courses. ... young ladies have an afternoon ... class.

—Carleton young people ... twelve units. They are ... Conquest Meeting Course.

—The junior procession ... Apparently St. Stephens is ... We are glad to have the ... sponse to our inquiry of two ...

—"Junior Union? Yes! ... organized last Sunday, Nov. ... members. Weekly meeting ... at the close of the Sunday-s ... Why not train the little ch ... and speak *for* Jesus? Will ... more profitable and inte ... prayer meeting of the fu ... will be fewer dumb Christia ...

—Germain St. is not re ... ganized, but Pastor Gates is ... to meet the children every ... ports a good work among th ... Baker, of Leinster street, ... weekly meeting with the ch ... are anxious to hear that the ... ing done over if it is not ... under the "model constituti ...

— Now we want to learn ... the Juniors. Are we ne ... children? Have we, as ... parents and teachers, fo ... Jesus said, "Suffer little ... come unto me?" Why sh ... hear of great revivals amo ... ren? Why should they no ... the church when they pro ... Jesus? If you want to m ... world better, help to save t ... girls.

—"But I am afraid the ... may make a mistake." ... nervous my brother or sist ... fellow is not half so apt to ... take as you old sinner.

—"How young may yo ... little ones into the church ... soon as you can bring the ... Jesus speaks of "these litt ... believe in Me."

— This is Conquest Me ... If your church is very sm ... do not feel strong enough ... good club to the *Young Pe* ... and undertake all the Chris ... Courses, take a few copies ... you can. Instead of your o ... sionary meeting of three ... one lecture and a "corpo ... try the Conquest service.

N. S. EASTERN ASSOCI ...

Pastor Baker, of Truro, d ... first lecture in the course ... church at Brookfield the 18 ... presentation of the subject ... and convincing, and was m ... received by the audien ... Adams, S. W. Cummings, ... Dr. Walker were also pres ... fifteen minute talks on va ... of union work, the need of ... nurture and retain young ... the educational work of the ... ing especially emphasized. ... field church is anxious fo ... the series, which will be ... early date by Pastor Adam ... the various lecturers could ... churches without some ... audience, without any noti ... tion, added their quota to ... fund. This work will be carr ... the whole winter. Let th ... and unions make appointm ... these lectures. SMITH L. ...

Truro, N. S., Nov. 14.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR ...

Thanksgiving, Ps. 68: 19 ... (See B. Y. P. U. notes on T ... of last week).

— There is no excuse for ... appear in society with a ... since the introduction of B ... Dye, which colors a natu ... black.