

Hints for Workers.

Your Call.

The world is dark, but you are called to brighten
Some little corner, some secluded glen;
Somewhere a burden rests that you may lighten,
And thus reflect the Master's love for men.

Is there a brother drifting on life's ocean,
Who might be saved if you but speak a word?

Speak it to-day. The testing of devotion
Is our response when duty's call is heard. —George G. Gelwick.

Shining Christians.—"I cannot be of any use," says one. "I cannot talk in meetings. I cannot pray in public. I have no gift for visiting the sick. There is nothing I can do for Christ." Well, if Christian service were all talking, and praying in meetings, and visiting the sick, it would be discouraging to such talentless people. But are our tongues the only faculties we can use for Christ? There are ways in which silent people can belong to God and be a blessing to the world. A star does not talk, but its calm, steady beam shines continually out of the sky, and is a benediction to many.

Be like a star in your peaceful shining, and many will thank God for your life.—J. R. Miller.

Make Others Happy.—Unhappiness is the hunger to get; happiness is the hunger to give. True happiness must ever have the tinge of sorrow outlived, the sense of pain softened by the mellowing years, the chastening of loss that in the wondrous mystery of time transmutes our suffering into love and sympathy with others. If the individual should set out for a single day to give happiness, to make life happier, brighter and sweeter, not for himself, but for others, he would find a wondrous revelation of what happiness really is. The greatest of the world's heroes could not by any series of acts of heroism do as much real good as any individual living his whole life in seeking, from day to day, to make others happy.—Wm. Geo. Jordan.

Won Without a Word.—A man who had long been an attendant at a Glasgow church without making any profession of religion, presented himself one Sunday for membership. He was asked by the examining committee if any special sermon by the pastor had influenced him to take the step, and he replied, "No." He was asked if any member of the church had been talking with him on the subject, and he said "No." On being urged to give the reason, he said: "There is a man who has worked beside me in the shop for several years, who I knew bore the name of Christian. I have watched this man, and his patient faithful daily work and consistent walk,

though he has said no word to me in regard to religion, have made me a believer in its reality and have led me to the Saviour whom he owns as his Master, and have also led me to desire to be numbered with the people of God."

A Young Man Saved.—At the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Congregationalist Church at North Adams, Mass., the following story was told of how an old deacon of the church fifty years before saved a young man. He had been a member of the choir, but going out nights he fell in with a rough crowd, who led him into a violation of the law which brought him to the State's prison. The old deacon felt that as it was his first offence it seemed too bad to have his whole life blighted for one transgression. A petition for his pardon was passed around, and it received so many excellent signatures from the business men of the place that the Governor granted the request. On the convict's return to North Adams, the deacon said to him: "Now, we'll take you back into your old place in the choir and the Sunday-school and welcome you to our homes as long as you behave yourself." Sure enough the very next Sunday, who should be seen in the choir but this ex-convict with his hair cropped close to his head. A job in the mill was found for him. In time he worked his way up to the position of superintendent of a factory in New York State. When a new church was built in North Adams, the deacon received a contribution of \$1,000 from the ex-convict, and when the house was finished he received another letter containing an order for the best bell that could be cast in the country. Whenever

a fire breaks out in North Adams the alarm is rung out on the bell this man gave as a thank-offering to the church and city that stood by him and saved him in the days of his youthful folly.—W. W. Everts, in *Zion's Herald*.

The Gift of Helpfulness.—One of the most surprising facts of which most of us at one time or another become aware is that you cannot help others in any real and vital way by simply setting about doing so, but that the power of helping others is either a superlative gift or the fine product of a taxing novitiate of discipline and suffering. Of course, anyone can give another money. A fool can fling it away upon the poor in handfuls. But even to give money wisely and helpfully demands a certain insight and sympathy and capacity of taking another's point of view that do not come by any exercise of volition. Does it not look easy to fill the place of such a woman as Rebecca Salome Foster, the "Tomb's angel," who lost her life in the Park-avenue hotel fire? But it may be twenty years before her place is filled and perhaps it will never be. You cannot command her womanly power of touching just the right chord and her sovereign capacity for helping the miserable, the dissolute and the disgraced. If God has given you the power to make another's eye brighter at the coming of your feet; if truth seems more potent at the accents of your voice; if your sympathy and imagination make celestial ministries more credible, then you have a gift that is choicer than that of music or art or eloquence; the gift to be coveted and prayed for above all others—the gift of helpfulness.—*The Watchman*.

Prominent League Workers.

REV. HIRAM HULL, B.A.



ONE of the most energetic workers in the Manitoba Conference is a young giant, named Hull. He is six feet four inches in height, and possessed of unusual muscular strength. In rowing, fishing, hunting, and almost every kind of manly sport, he excels, although he indulges in these things very sparingly. In his pastoral work he gives special attention to the young

people, and is regarded by them as a personal friend. During the past two or three years he has been a strong advocate of the Forward Movement for Missions, having campaigned the Neepawa and Portage la Prairie districts with great success. The beginning of Mr. Hull's interest in young people's work dates back to his early youth. When only seven years old, he became very much attracted by the preaching of Rev. T. R. Reid on the Mono Road Circuit, and frequently had the desire to be a good man, so that he might be able to talk to young folks as Mr. Reid did. For a long time he cherished the hope that he might be a minister, but the way did not seem to open. One day when loading hay on the farm at Souris, Manitoba, his father remarked, "Hiram, I would be willing to give a farm to see you a preacher." That settled it, for the way was now open for the young man to go to college and secure an education. One year was spent at Lansdowne College, Portage la Prairie, then three years at Wesley, Winnipeg, where he took his B.A. with honors in philosophy. He is now in his fourth year at Arden.

The recent League Convention of the Manitoba and Northwest Conference recognized Mr. Hull's worth by electing him as their President for the next two years. He is looked upon as one of the rising men of the Manitoba Conference.