

In developing young lives, forming characters, and in large measure determining eternal destinies.

To have good mothers is one of the greatest assets of a nation. To have sons and daughters carefully such mothers' happiness, and ever loyal to their instruction is to gain such strength of national character as would otherwise be impossible. Let "Mothers' Day" be to us all a reminder, a stimulus and a joy. Remember mother!

The Supremacy of Mother

A noted writer has rightly said that "Motherhood is woman's highest, fullest royalty, her season of most splendid prerogative, of her widest rights; when her influence, her broad dominion, her sovereign power, stretches far on into rising generations, sways the men and women who are to be, moulds and colors the minds and manners and deeds of the distant future." Would that we could rouse up mothers in all ranks and classes, and motherly in Canada to recognize and exercise, in its whole extent and fullness, the mighty power that thus lies latent in their hands. Then the future chapters of our country's history would be claimed, even before they are written, for goodness, for purity, for truth, for God.

Many things are said about education, many books have been written upon it; but after all, the most important part of the education of boys and girls lies in the hands of their mothers. No one has so much influence over man as woman, and no other woman should exert so sovereign an influence over boys as their own mothers. Not a superficial concern, therefore, but one to be considered most earnestly, is the education and training of our girls, the future mothers of Canada. They should be encouraged in thoughtful studies; they should be given favorable opportunities to form clear, reasonable and sane views about life in all its phases; their religious faith should be built up very firm and lofty, for what they are, most largely, the men of the next generation will become. Our girls hold in their hands, under the Almighty will, the coming destiny of the nation. Nothing will so much tend towards saving Canada from infidelity, from wild hurrying into extremes, and from every other evil tendency or practice, as the development of brave, earnest, working, Christian women, with cultivated intellects, warm hearts, clear heads, tender feelings, modest ways, firm resolution, and strong faith and courage for the maintenance of the right in fighting on the side of God. Such women let our girls strive to be, such women let us strive to make them, and grander than ever shall be the story of our country's future as it is written in the progress of the generations. Woman's position in any sphere of domestic, moral, or spiritual influence is important; but in her maternal sphere she reigns as queen. She holds the reins of social, moral and national welfare.

To many of us, "mother" was the most musical and tender of words we can teach our children. As we write it we hear again the music of her silver voice, singing sweetly some familiar melody, and we forget earth's present strife, tumult and sorrows, and look above. With grateful hearts let the children of such a mother rejoice that the influence of her early training forever abides, and to her whose sacrifice and self-effacement none can fully measure, let the best be given, and with loving gratitude let every dutiful son and daughter endeavor to make the daily pathway of her life as bright, as earth's shadows lengthen and evening tints gild the sunset sky, for God never gave a more precious treasure to any of His children than a Christian mother.

ALL TRUE WORK IS SACRED

"In all true work, were it but true hand work, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, can be exhilarating to no creature, how eloquent soever be the flood of utterance that is descending."—Carlyle.

THE Scottish philosopher did not mean those words to apply to modern Methodists, but there are many in our congregations who might take them to heart and profit by their study. And if Carlyle had known twentieth-century Epworth Leaguers, he might, without caricature, have dubbed many of them "passive buckets," that sit to "be pumped into." The figure is not new, but it is very striking. Dickens uses it with inimitable satire in the opening chapter of "Little Times," and other writers have employed it. It has ever had some measure of application; but, despite the multiplied activities of present-day church work, we think it was never more appropriate than now, as relates to the average young Methodist. And we are not pessimistic either.

If you doubt this thought of ours, just look within an average Epworth League or Young People's Society of whatever name you please. Or enlarge your inspection if you will, and include the whole congregation with its manifold organizations. How many people are really doing something to make the work succeed? How does the proportion of workers compare with the number of "passive buckets" who come, when they do come, for getting rather than for giving? You will find that the major part of church work is performed by a few, and that the great mass of nominal members is at best passive rather than active in relation to the great end of church organization.

Why is this? Certainly not for lack of ability to do. Nor is it for want of machinery. Of both the church to-day has more than she ever had. What then? Is not the real reason in the failure of the average Christian to appreciate the sacredness of work? It appears so to us. Say what people may to the contrary, too many among us want to have things done for them rather than to do things for somebody else. Or, if not just that, they prefer to do things by proxy. They hire the preacher to preach for their benefit, they hire the choir to minister to their taste, they hire the missionary to extend the kingdom, they hire the deaconess to visit the sick and poor, and incidentally some of them subscribe for the Epworth Era to provide them easily, cheaply, and quickly, the topic treatment for the League.

Work, personal work, work that means sweat of brow or brain, work that is begotten of a mighty purpose, work that generates spiritual power, . . . well, how little the average church member knows about and how less than little does he desire or seek it!

Do you say this is too severe? Look up your League, for with that we have most to do just now. What has been your supreme purpose during the year just closing? For what have your young people met together? To what has your Executive most applied itself? In what have your committees most delighted? By what do you measure your success? If anything less than the training of workers for the extension of the kingdom of God has been your impelling motive, you have failed to aim at true Epworth League success or to attain the real goal

of Epworth League organization. The Epworth League lives in the Methodist Church to increase the proportionate number of workers in our ranks, and it has no other reason for existence, no other right to live. Just so long as the majority of its members are content to "sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into" will it be wanting in the essential qualities that combine to make up a real aggressive working force for God.

What shall be done in the matter? What can be done but to seek to generate a higher ideal of life than now exists, to enkindle a deeper purpose, to use latent powers as God the giver intended them to be applied, to enthuse the young with such aspirations for both character and destiny as shall ensure their present and sustained consecration to God and His service? Not till these immediate ends are accomplished can we hope or pray for the coming of the universal reign of our Lord.

God wants the young, not only for their own present or eternal worth as immortal souls; but for their influence as workers in His kingdom. He has impressed work with the dignity and nobility of heaven. His promises are to the faithful laborers in His vineyard, and only those who do His will may look for heavenly reward.

The church wants the young, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of others whom they may win for Christ. Never was the need of intelligent, consecrated, trained workers more keenly felt than now. Her agencies everywhere are calling for recruits, to the very ends of the earth innumerable openings await the willing toilers, and the Master may well repeat "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."

In the face of all this, why be content to "sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into?" Shame on the thousands of our people who are so minded! Let them awake to noble purpose, apply themselves to practical work, and they shall prove the "divineness" of labor and the "sacred" character of work, as Carlyle has hinted at it all in the quotation we most give above. And in so doing they shall find a present heaven.

What Tune Are You Playing?

He was a proud boy with his magical whistle. It was one of these new style affairs, which are either a source of wonder and delight or an instrument of torture to the listeners, according to the player's skill or lack of ability in the use of it. The boy had listened in open-eyed wonder to the intricate trills and entrancing runs made by the player-man who was demonstrating and selling the wonderful whistle, and determining to own one for himself and emulate the performance of the professional whistler.

I watched him as he mouthed and lipped and tongued his treasure, and admired his manifest ability to blow occasional melodious notes out of it. But after repeated trials the little fellow stopped and abruptly exclaimed, "There, it goes right off on a tune I don't want." It was not only amusing to watch his expression, but it was most suggestive, and set me thinking. Hence the question asked above, "What tune are you playing?"

How easily we get into a tune we don't want, and yet I am persuaded that the next time I have the pleasure of hearing that bright seven-year-old play, he will be so far master of his whistle that it will play itself together. To what tune will he play? Because he will have learned how to compel it to comply with his will. And how so? Simply by practice. And therein is the secret of your success and mine in realizing the possibilities that lie within the instrument we possess.

When you get off on a tune you "don't