

Fifty Cents a Year, in advance.
 Club of Six Subscriptions, \$2.50.
 Paper is sent only for time paid.
 Address all communications for the
 paper to the Editor.
 Order all League Supplies from
 William Briggs, Toronto, Ont.
 C. W. Coates, Montreal, Que.
 F. W. Mosher, Halifax, N.S.

EDITORIAL

SAMUEL T. BARTLETT - - - Editor
 WILLIAM BRIGGS - - - Publisher

Issued Monthly from the Office of Publication, Wesley Buildings, Toronto, Ont.

SECRETARIAL STAFF GENERAL E.L. AND S.S. BOARD

General Secretary:
 Rev. S. T. Jurlist - Toronto, Ont.
 Associate Secretaries:
 Rev. J. A. Dwyer - Regina, Sask.
 Rev. F. L. Farewell, B.A. - Toronto, Ont.

The Child or the Dog?

"One child is worth more than all the dogs in Toronto," said the mayor of the city when the danger to children from the stray dogs on the streets was being discussed. And it is true. Save the child, even if all the dogs must be destroyed. The streets of the city must be as safe for the girls and boys as wise, statesmanlike precaution can make and keep them. But "beware of dogs" has more than one meaning. There are other enemies to the safety of our youth than the loose canines that roam abroad with no one in charge. Traps baited with poisoned pleasures abound. The two-legged hound that would covertly lead a growing youth into sin is the scurviest dog alive. Every phase of the business that taints the heart of a boy, suggests unholly associations to a girl, or tends to a course of moral wrong in any of our growing children, is an awful menace. Whatever its character, it should share the fate of the dog whose fangs threaten the child.

The Flower Committee

During these glorious months of summer your League should regularly adorn the pulpit platform with floral offerings. They not only add a charm and grace to the place, brightening the surroundings with their voiceless praises to the great Creator, but exercise a sweet and holy influence on the minds of the assembled worshippers. They unite in a gracious call to adoration and praise. The words of Alfred Tennyson to James T. Fields are suggestive. As they walked together they came upon a bed of violets, and the great poet's soul felt the inspiration and responded to the summons of the flowers. "On your knees, man!" he said. "Violets, violets! They are an altar at which we may worship God." Flowers, suitably chosen and tastefully arranged, are always in place in the house of God. Bring them, study them, listen to their message, and then distribute them, if you will, where they may carry a cheering note to some one who was unable to attend in person the service you enjoyed in the sanctuary.

A Sacred Token

"In remembrance of me." How these words appeal to us, backed up by all the tenderness of the purest human affection. To be forgotten by those whom we have loved—how the very thought pains us! Had the Master any such apprehension when he spoke these words of loving appeal? We think so. The human heart is both fickle and forgetful. The Lord's Supper will keep him in our memories. But that is not enough. He must be more to us than the sweet memory of one who has gone away from us. He is a departed Friend, but still He is a present Saviour. Not only in memory of what he did for us to assemble around the sacred board, but in acknowledgment of what He is. So the memorial of a departed Friend becomes a parable of a present One who will never be absent from the souls that seek His fellowship. "He died for our sins. He lives for our justification." What momentous truths! Mere admiration of His character is not enough. Mere applause for His teachings is not enough. Mere wonder at His mighty signs is not enough. Christ was more than the world's best man. He was more than the world's wisest Teacher. He was more than the world's greatest Philanthropist. He was more than the world's noblest Martyr. We may esteem Him as such, and stop far short of the sublime truth. He was the world's only and sufficient Saviour, and is so still. The sacrificial nature of His atoning death stands clearly before us as we eat and drink at His table.

And we have in it also a prophecy of a returning Friend. The Sovereignty of His kingship shall be declared when He shall again "come." King over sin and death, King over the visible Church, King over the eternal glory, we may well remember Him, fellowship with Him, and anticipate the glory that shall be revealed in the future.

Be Real

It was a striking testimony to unaffected and genuine worth when Dr. W. L. Watkinson, at the funeral service of a man who had died, said: "In any estimate of his character the note of reality must be accentuated. He affected nothing, and he did nothing for effect." This "note of reality" should be the dominant one in every life. To cultivate it as such should be the prayer and purpose of every young Christian. Not outward appearance but inward being, is of chief value in the sight of Him who "trieth the heart." A life in which this "note of reality" is struck throughout will give forth sweet and pleasant harmonies during its earthly existence and leave permanent effects behind after the visible person has passed into the unseen world. To be dissatisfied with the artificial, to seek only the real, to count nothing of value in the light of both character and destiny, save that which possesses elements that truly resemble and represent the heart of Christ, alone can give us abiding treasures that increase with the passage of the years.

Hope While You Work

To engage in any Christian enterprise with doubts as to the issue is to invite failure. To put heart into our efforts, to maintain a constant and steady purpose to succeed, to sustain an energy that will not admit of defeat, is the sure way to success. In his "Eighteen Years in Uganda," Bishop Tucker writes: "The pessimistic missionary is foredoomed to failure. Rarely, if ever, in my missionary experience have I known a missionary who doubted of success, achieve it. Nor have I seen a missionary disappointed who tackled his work in the spirit of one to whom the prospect was as bright as the promises of God could make it." How those promises hearten us when we calmly ponder them. In the hope they enkindle, by the confidence they cherish, through the strength they impart, the mightiest achievements in Christian work have been accomplished. "Why are thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God." With a cheerful optimism let us face the future and do our best to accomplish the most possible for God. A doubting Christian is half-hearted, and, lacking enthusiasm, is bound to fail. Hope, and be strong.

Bread for Life

"I am that bread of life." What did he mean? In the previous chapter he has announced that he is the source of life. Here he claims to be the support of life. "Bread!" How that speaks to us of essentials! We cannot substitute anything for it. The wheat crop is supreme. Flour is the staple and indispensable article everywhere. It meets a vital and universal need. In like manner we cannot do without Christ. "Bread!" How it stands for sufficiency! Having it we have what is both wholesome and sufficient. Is it not likewise true of Christ? What a stupendous claim He becomes then! "I am indispensable to the race; and, having me, they have all they require." When this majestic statement fully seizes us we see that man cannot be all they should be without