

W. C. T. U. DEPARTMENT

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MEETINGS—Every second and fourth Tuesday in the month, in Somerset Hall, 240 Dundas street.

All contributions to this department should be sent addressed to HOME GUARD, 10, London, Ont. Postcard items are desired from every Union throughout the Union.

Ocean Grove Notes.

Last night—July 20th—closed the day school and Chautauqua assembly held here annually. For five days auditorium, tabernacle, temple and chapel have been thronged. The studios and the curious have continued to swell the audiences till, some of the buildings, the crowding the temperature produced a truly amazing time.

The auditorium, with its 10,000 seats, was a great consolation. There was always room there, as on no occasion did the hearers number more than 6,000 or 7,000 people. Aside from the classes and conferences the evening entertainments were provided.

Rev. J. Boyd Brady, of Newark, N. J., gave a series of three lectures, brilliantly illustrated by stereoscopic pictures. The first was on "Japan, China and India." The second was on "The Future of the World." The third was on "The Future of the World." The speaker had traveled extensively in all three lands, and his opinions and descriptions were very interesting. His brogue gave him a not very ancient importance, but from the Green Isle, yet he interested his hearers all too freely in comparisons between everything in the world and something American. Just as it may be remarked that the tendency to decry England is neither so common nor so popular as ten years ago.

The reverend gentleman made a number of most eulogistic references to his mother country, though of course good second best in everything to his great American nation.

Peter Von Finkelstein Mamreod, a brother of Mrs. Mountford, who so brightly lit London people this spring, in costume, with a number of assistants, three lectures on Oriental subjects. These called together the students and were very helpful. The assembly concert, under the direction of Prof. Sweney, was probably the most attractive evening to the general public; but Bishop Vincent, who gave two lectures and the commencement address, ran it closely.

A lecture for public speakers on "The Gift of Power," by Rev. Geo. F. Morris, lecturer on sacred oratory, was very favorably received.

The whole affair closed last night with a blaze of fireworks, after the regatta procession and reception. Some of the American can never feel sure that any public project has been properly wound up unless a procession of brass band and attachments has preceded it somewhere.

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 Bishop Vincent's first lecture was on "The Second was a rare treat for those interested in the training of children."

The subject as announced on the programme was "Tom and His Children." A condensed sketch may be helpful to those mothers who are sometimes themselves bewildered by the multiplicity of truths it is necessary to impress upon the minds of their children.

The bishop disclaimed at the outset any intention of criticising the professional teacher, claiming that while he exercised a wide influence, the professional were in the lead, both in point of numbers and power for evil or good. The way father growled at breakfast table over the underdone or over-done beefsteak; and the mother who said that "as the water," did more to educate than all the school room could teach that day. Mother's irritability with the servant made a deep impression on the excellent teacher, and to the thousands of listening non-professionals the speaker addressed himself.

As the pegs upon which he hung his discourse the following points are worthy of notice:
 1. Teach children to form their own conclusions quickly—to think for themselves. As an approved means of doing this the lecturer suggested a bombardment of questions. Every conceivable dilemma or difficulty was to be presented with the question—"what, under such circumstances, would you do?" Thus the only readiness of thought, but the aptitude of action would be inculcated; and the result would be a boy's resources for life's emergencies.

2. Teach the habit of observing fully. Any boy of 10 ought to know the names of all the trees, and common wild flowers within a reasonable distance of his home; and should be able to estimate fairly the colors and size of objects and things brought to his notice. This latter habit best be learned by seizing every opportunity to catechize the boy as to the names of sheep or cows in a pasture, trees in a row, etc., being careful to have him verify his statement by actual count. Under such tutelage

almost any boy would before long become wide awake.

3. Teach assiduously the habit of making accurate reports of things observed. This was given as one of the fundamentals in good character. Children often appear untruthful, because they confuse what they have thought with what they have seen. Any thoughtful mother could have furnished the bishop with a note book full of illustrations on this point if her memory would only half serve her.

4. The parents were urged to use good English and pronounce correctly themselves; and to impress their children with the value of such habits.

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 The above, the bishop called his preliminaries. What will follow may therefore be considered the bones, if not the body, of the address proper.

1. Tom should be taught to be considerate of others. The door mat, the speaker said, would afford an excellent primary school for such education. Mother's clean floor and Tom's soiled boots might bear a relation, not at the time understood, to Tom's whole after life. The boy who remembered to step softly when that social disturber, the headache, had invaded the family precincts; who did not forget to inquire after the sick; or be respectful to the aged, was not as common as he should be.

2. Teach Tom to account himself a person, and not a thing. Here the lecturer admonished strongly on the too great prominence given, in some quarters, to the influence of heredity and environment. "That is," said he, "the idea that, given your inheritance and surroundings, I would have been you; and vice versa." People were continually excusing their failures and moral lapses on the ground of the misdeeds of some miserable progenitor or a combination of irresistible circumstances.

Tom should be encouraged to trample this folly under foot, and become master of the situation, no matter what his pre-natal history, or subsequent advantages or disadvantages.

Traveling down the Mississippi the bishop, who was evidently taking a dose of his own mixture, as given under No. 2, noticed upon the water a long, black object. It was at some distance and appeared to wander around in an erratic and aimless manner—now making for the shore and then heading in an opposite direction. A few minutes later and another black object, slightly larger to his vision, came in sight. This latter kept close to shore and skirted along its uneven edges with a method that aroused the spectator's curiosity. Inquiry of the captain and a glimpse through his field glass revealed the fact that the first was a large log, and the second a very small black tug, used to run between shore settlements.

Teach Tom to be a tug, and not a log; was the evident moral of this incident. Let him start out on life's sea determined to make it subserve his purposes, not to be upon its surface as only a bit of helpless drift-wood.

7. Teach Tom independence. Bring him up with the full expectation of making his own living, even though the family exchequer were fairly bursting with ducats.

8. Begin early and continue late impressing Tom with the need and value of interdependence.

The public school was lauded as the great medium for this lesson. Broadcloth and Homespun here rubbed together and grew to realize each other's worth. An amusingly pathetic incident was related where a certain Broadcloth fell in love with a certain Homespun at an examination, in which Homespun shone and Broadcloth did not. By appointment the boys met out under the trees one dark night, and after various incantations, known only to hopefuls of school age, swore eternal friendship, Broadcloth offering to stand by his chum through every vicissitude of life.

Twenty-five years after, Broadcloth was a trusted clerk, at \$25 a week, in Homespun's employ.

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 Among the most impressive of a boy's teachers might usually be reckoned his employer.

The true picture of a mother's trust in a professedly Christian merchant, to whom she had committed the business training of her fatherless boy, was both sad and amusing. The merchant's claim to the name of the lowly and pitiful Nazarene consisted in a yearly grant of \$1,300 to the missionary society, \$2,000 to the support of his particular church and pastor, and in the report that ten little Hindoos had been named after him.

He told the strange boy, on their first meeting, that his business was run on common sense principles; and had no room for sentiment anywhere; that

if he did what he was told, and minded his own business, he would get along, and if not, he would soon get his walking papers, adding "and don't" come whining to me about your mother—women are fools anyway.

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 As a brace of final admonitions the eloquent lecturer gave the following:
 1. Never give Tom up mentally. The old idea that if a boy was not a genius at 16, he would be a dunce at 60, was emphatically controverted by argument and incident.
 2. Never give Tom up morally. Follow him to the ends of the earth, and into his grave, with tears, letters, abounding love and ceaseless prayers.

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 The above, with the magnetic manner of the speaker, the wealth of illustration, and beauty of diction, omitted, is a nutshell account of a lecture that held the listening thousands captive throughout. MAY R. THORNLEY.

*The angels from their throne on high
 Look down on us with wondering eye;
 That where we are but passing guests
 We build our strong and solid nests;
 But where we seek to dwell for aye
 We scarce take heed a stone to lay.*
 —From the German.

W. C. T. U. Items.

Drunkenness is said to be very rare in Rio Janeiro, coffee taking the place of alcoholic beverages.

In Virginia women have now the right to practice law, after passing the usual examinations required of men.

Providence (R. I.) W. C. T. U. has established a reading table for the boys in the waiting room of the Postal Telegraph District Messenger service.

At the recent Kansas State Populist Convention there was a three-hour debate on a resolution in favor of a woman suffrage plank in the party platform. It was adopted by a vote of 337 to 269. The Populist is the dominant party in Kansas.

Dr. Wilkinson, surgeon to the Tyne-mouth Volunteer Life Brigade, has cautioned the volunteers against the danger of administering alcohol to half-drowned persons. He regards it as a fatal mistake to give brandy to such a person, at any rate until the wet clothing has been removed and the temperature raised in a warm bed.

An old New York club man says that the tendency of the modern club is to make drunkards. It is encouraging to read of one club which will not have this influence. The new Commercial Club, of Brocton, Mass., allows no intoxicating liquors in its elegant building, and although many distinguished guests were present at its opening, no wine was served.

The Pacific Wine and Spirit Review says: "The liquor trade may as well come to the conclusion, sooner or later, that a great danger is found in woman's suffrage. On general principles, nine out of ten of the American women are opposed to the saloon as an institution. The liquor trade need expect no quarter from unreasoning women. They must be beaten by votes."

Miss Willard says: "The economic view of prohibition is one that appeals to the largest number of our people, and none will deny that more and more they are separating into two camps, the industrious and thrifty favoring prohibition, the idle and spend-thrift class opposing it. This is no doubt the most helpful report that can be made upon the present situation. As a great statesman in England has said, 'The flowing tide' with us."

Lord Wolseley has recently written a letter in which he says: "There are yet some great battles to be fought, some great enemies to be encountered by the United Kingdom, but the most pressing enemy is drink. It kills more than all our newest weapons of warfare, and not only destroys the body, but the mind and soul also. I am glad, however, to say we have now but little drunkenness in the army, less, indeed, of it in our ranks than in any other class of her majesty's subjects. To this fact I consider we owe much of the improvement in every respect that has been steadily going on amongst us for the past twenty years."

The beautiful Chautauqua fountain is at last completed and in place in the corridors of Willard Hall. It is even more beautiful than anticipated, of richly veined alabaster—but we must refrain from describing it until after the unveiling. It is now covered from the inquisitive eye of the public until the hand of our great but gentle leader, Miss Willard, shall sweep aside the veil. We hope by next week to state just when the unveiling will take place. Willard corridors will also contain the beautiful Japanese bell presented to the National W. C. T. U. by the temperance people of Japan. It was greatly admired at the World's Fair, and stood in the woman's building in the National W. C. T. U. booth. It was cast from the pipes of over 1,000 men who renounced smoking.

Wants It in the House.

HARRINGTON WEST, July 20.
 Dear Sirs,—Through the kindness of the publishers, the CITIZEN and HOME GUARD has been sent to me for half a year or more. I have not leisure to glance over its pages every week, nevertheless it is helpful, and I want it in the house. Inclosed find 50 cents. I am truly yours,
 A. G. McCLACHLIN.

Personal Work for Christ.

(Written for the HOME GUARD.)

What can we say in the brief space of a newspaper article on a subject so vast and absorbing as this? We can only glance at it, but let us, if possible, take that glance to some practical purpose.

That you and I are called to personal work is a certainty. We have not read God's Word as we should if we have not yet found our commission in it. Just take one passage—the seventeenth verse of the 22nd of Revelations—"The Spirit and the Bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely." Here we are told of three agencies empowered to issue the Gospel invitation—"The Holy Ghost," "the Bride" and "him that heareth." Now, the theologians are not agreed as to how much ground this word "Bride" may cover. Some say it means all believers. Others contend that it refers only to the inner circle—those who live peculiarly near the Savior. We will let the doctor of divinity settle that point, for the third commission at least, includes us all. Jesus—for these words are Christ's own—rings out this parting command to the multitude that had heard, or would hear the glad news of a Savior from sin—"let him that heareth say come." Have you heard? Then you are commanded to spread the news.

When I wear out a Bible—and thank God I do wear one out now and then (there was a time, even since I belonged to Christ, when my Bible did not grow perceptibly older in a year's time)—when I wear one out and get another, there are many life texts—finger-posts of warning, assurances of blessing, scraps of comfort of one sort and another—that must be immediately found and marked, to be ready for any emergency. One of these you will find in Mark chap. xiii., verse 34.

Do you know what it is to sit down and read a chapter out of the Book and say to yourself: "Those are wonderful words, and yet somehow they don't seem to take hold of me?" But some day you read the spirit of God flashes out of those texts into your heart and it is yours forever. This one came so to me. Jesus was trying to prepare his disciples for the parting that was so near at hand, and to point out to them that his going away was not the end, but the beginning of all things. So he says: "The Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch."

How very simple it is to us in the light of after events. Jesus was going back to his Father, leaving his house, the new-born church, behind. We know that all down the ages his servants have possessed and exercised marvelous power and authority. And the porter—the great army of ministers that man the watch tower to cry an alarm when the robber steals down upon the flock. But the six words that burned their way into my soul and came to me as a very benediction were these: "And to every man his work."

Do you belong to the household of faith? Then thank God! Though you may not be the porter with his large responsibilities, and you may not be chosen to bear much authority, yet as sure as God reigns you have a work of your very own to do—set apart for you by the King himself.

Have you found that work? Perhaps most of you have and these words are to you, as they were to me, just a precious assurance that the call you heard and followed was from the Master. And when the tempter gets jealous for God's glory, and creeping into the vineyard whispers into the ear of some tired or discouraged worker, "Have you any right here anyway? Are you fit to help another?" he can answer, "I have a right to labor; the householder didn't engage me that I might sit down in a fence corner and wait for sun-down, but he has given me my work."

What will this personal work do for us as Christians?

Theoretically, at least, everybody knows that it is impossible to have a vigorous mental or physical life without exercise. The brain of the man who lets others do his thinking soon becomes incapable of serious and consecutive thought.

The muscles of the man who was born tired refuse to serve him in an emergency. Yet the people who know all this expect a happy, vigorous, Christian experience without a vestige of spiritual exercise to promote such spiritual health.

A few years ago a lady, much interested in a mission chapel in connection with the church I attended, sent me this message: "Cannot you send me a couple of girls out of your Bible class? We need some teachers for our Sunday school. The call is urgent. One or two classes are being disbanded for want of help." Here was a bit of personal work for me that you may be sure was carried to the heavenly Commander without delay. His eyes saw clearly each servant that ought to be detailed for duty to that particular part of the field.

A day or two later, hurrying along the street I passed a young lady, a teacher in our public school. She was not one of my girls; indeed we were scarcely on bowing acquaintance. We had barely passed each other till a

strong impulse to tell her of the needs of that mission school arrested my feet and turned me back. The case was stated, and concluded with an appeal for her help. She looked positively alarmed; declared such a piece of work quite out of her line; she never had taught, and would not dare attempt to fill so responsible a position, because of her unfitness to discharge its duties, etc. And with the tears in her eyes added, "Indeed, I sometimes wonder if I am a Christian at all; my heart is so cold and my prayers receive few answers."

"What are you doing for Jesus?" I asked.

"Nothing; I cannot see anything to do," she answered.

How strange such an excuse sounded! And yet it was sadly familiar. Right in sight of the great harvest fields, white for the reaping; with their poor little handful of reapers, trying often to do double and treble duty to make up for the idlers who stand at the gate and sigh for "something to do." Let us cry with Elijah, "Lord, I pray thee, open their eyes that they may see."

"Dear friend," I said, "you admit that you are an unsatisfied, unhappy Christian. Did you suppose the Lord would pay wages to an unemployed servant?" The thought evidently startled her, and with a promise to think about it we parted.

A few days later the work was thankfully accepted. Before six months that girl's experience was transformed. Lines of work for Christ were radiating out from her life on every side.

Coming out of the Christian Endeavor meeting one night a stranger asked, "Who was that girl in charge? How well she conducted the service—there was power about her." It was the young school teacher; less than a year previous she had not dared to give even the simplest testimony for Christ.

A little over a year later I was in a great consecration meeting. To the altar came this same girl to dedicate anew time, talents, life itself to the Master, saying as she did so: "I do not know of anything I have the least desire to withhold from him." Speaking of her work she said: "Oh! how I wish there could be two of me. I see so much to do and time is so short!"

Personal work for Christ had brought personal devotion to him.

But there is another side to this personal work. Its influence is not alone on the worker. What is it doing for the world? It is bringing in the kingdom of Christ. What is the matter with this old sin-cursed earth? Are there not enough Christians in it to say "come" to the multitudes now walking in darkness? Yes, plenty of them; but they are not saying it. Are there not enough workers to surround the great boulders of temptation that the devil has rolled down upon the king's highway, and beat them to powder? Yes, more than enough to do it. Then why should they lie there to trip the 10,000 unwary souls that run afoul of them? The world looks on and laughs derisively, as it sees only Gideon's 300, prying away at these mountains of iniquity with their levers of faith and prayer, and encouraging each other with the proved truth, "there is no restraint with the Lord to save by any or by few."

Friend—are you one of the few who work, or one of the many who idle?

So Far Satisfactory.

The Boston Transcript says:

The results of woman suffrage seem to be curiously alike, all the world over. The last number of Lady Henry Somerset's paper, the Woman's Signal of London, contains a letter from a New Zealand correspondent, giving some interesting facts in regard to the newly-enfranchised women of the antipodes, who cast their first preliminary vote at the recent elections. Though the time allowed for registration was short, 109,461 women registered, of whom 90,290 voted. There were 193,536 men registered, of whom 129,792 voted. "It was found that the presence of large numbers of women was a far more effectual restraint on ruffianism than the police force could have been. Every male voter had a sister, wife, mother, daughter, or some one equally dear to him, for whose sake all riotousness must be restrained." The daily papers were unanimous in their reports as to the good order that prevailed. The elections resulted in a defeat for the Conservatives, but many causes combined to bring this about. A result more distinctly attributable to the women's vote is that the present Parliament is a cleansed and purified one. A number of M. H. R.'s, whose reputation had been unsavory, have been rejected, though professing the popular creed in politics. "In all this it will be seen," says the New Zealand correspondent, "that the moral and social condition of the nation is, from a woman's standpoint, the first consideration."

Talkers and Workers.

According to the Christian World, while the women have the reputation of being great talkers and the men great workers, it turns out, as a matter of fact, in nearly all church matters, that it is the men that do nearly all the talking and the women do nearly all the working. That is just about the way it generally goes in Canada, too.

The Recent Election.

(Toronto Globe.)

The bulk of the liquor vote was also cast for the Oppositionists. In East and South Toronto this vote was very nearly solid for Dr. Ryerson and Mr. Howland. In North Toronto Mr. Marter fared well; in West Toronto the vote was more evenly divided. The Templar, organ of the Progressive Prohibitionists, was distributed as a Marter campaign sheet, and the Templar and the saloon went to the polls together. The Templar seemed to think that Mr. Marter was a better Prohibitionist than Mr. Tait; the saloon knew better. As a rule, over the Province the liquor vote was cast for the candidates of the Opposition. Mr. Meredith's speech at London, repudiating the Marter policy of retail prohibition and declaring for a second plebiscite was very satisfactory to the liquor party, and secured many votes for the Oppositionists. In many constituencies there was no temperance vote. In Toronto men who served on the deputation to whom Sir Oliver Mowat made his pledge of prohibitory legislation, and who in the enthusiasm of the time declared they would support the Premier with vote and influence as soon as dissolution was announced, rushed to the party headquarters and renewed their old party alliances. The liquor men, naturally enough, voted for their business, the Prohibitionists for their party. This, however, was not universally true. In South Brant and elsewhere the Liberal candidates got some prohibition votes on the strength of the Government's attitude on the question of prohibitory legislation. But in the main there was no prohibition vote for the Government, and a strong liquor vote for the Opposition.

Enthusiastic Angler.

Gen. Maury, who writes the "Recollections of a Virginian," says that when he was in Texas he found Col. George Crittenden, who was then commanding Fort Inge, to be a man devoted to sport. He one day killed ten deer in nine shots, and he spent day after day in floating about the Leona catching black bass.

He was a wonderful fisherman, and used to find out very quickly whether his soldiers had any qualifications for the "gentle art." When the orderly reported to him at the daily guard-mounting, he would say:

"Do you know how to catch minnows?"

"Yes, colonel."

"Then take my bucket, go to the creek, and catch some." When the man had done the errand, the colonel would say:

"You may go to your quarters." For his day's bait was provided. He was one day telling a brother soldier about his imprisonment in Matamoros, and added:

"I examined the well of that prison, and found a fish in it."

"I'll bet you caught him!" was the answer.

"Indeed, I did," said he, laughing. "I got a pin, made a hook, found a piece of twine, and fished for that fellow till I caught him."

An enthusiastic angler, he was also a most patient one, for he confessed that when he fished two days in the Tennessee River without getting a bite, he enjoyed it as much as any sport he ever had.

Renan's Testimony.

The name of M. Renan has been a byword and a reproach to many well-meaning brethren who have classed him in their minds with Voltaire and Paine. But it was none other than Renan who in his last book, a posthumous work just published, says—of Jesus Christ—and it is his last word about the Master—"One fundamental thesis to which I cling more firmly than ever is that not only did Jesus exist, but that he was great and beautiful, a thousandfold more real than insipid earthly greatness, than insipid earthly beauty; but his charm was known really to but a dozen persons. These, however, had that love for him that it became contagious, and imposed itself upon the world. We believe, then, that there is a historical reality in the Gospels. That reality is the foundation of Christianity." That goes further than some go who claim the Christian name, though with them it is nomen et preterea nihil—a name and nothing more.

It's Dangerous Ground.

that you stand on—with a cough or a cold and your blood impure. Out of just these conditions comes consumption.

You must do something. In the earlier stages of consumption, and in all the conditions that lead to it, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a certain remedy. This scrofula, affection of the lungs, like every form of scrofula, can be cured.

In severe, lingering, bronchial, throat and every disease that through the blood, cine so effectually.

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 Unquestionably Canada's
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