

## FELLOWSHIP.

"I believe in the communion of Saints."

"Blest be the tie that binds

Our hearts in Christian love,

The fellowship of kindred minds

Is like to that above."

Now for a million young hearts in thirty evangelical denominations, in every realm on the globe; the day has come when Christian fellowship is a reality. And this fellowship, this sense of comradeship, among the youthful hosts of God, you need, O brother or sister mine, to take back with you, to enable you to do courageously the work of these coming days. The watch word of the day is combination. Let us take our last years motto for this year also, "One is our Master;" in that sentence is embodied our fidelity. We cannot be faithful to Him without being faithful to His church, our church "and all ye are brethren"—there is in our "fellowship." "One is our Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

—M. L.

There is a book, who runs may read,

Which heavenly truth imparts;

And all the lore its scholars need,

Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

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The works of God, above, below,

Within us and around,

Are pages in that book to show

How God himself is found.

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Thou Who hast given us eyes to see,

And love this sight so fair;

O give us hearts to find out thee,

And read thee everywhere.

—Keble.

### Convention Jottings.

By Thos. Morris, Jr.

I HAVE been asked many times since coming back from Minneapolis to give pointers on the working of the various committees. I have almost invariably told my questioners that for real practical hints and useful information the great international convention was not so suggestive as our own Provincial, and that I had come back without a very big stock of new ideas. What we got at Minneapolis was enthusiasm, inspiration, one huge immense conception of fellowship rather than a variety of working pointers. We stood upon the Mountain top of Christian Endeavor and gazed with unspeakable delight upon the territories which lay stretched before our eyes and which we

are bound to win "for Christ and the Church." We obtained a liberal education in brotherly love, a charitable feeling towards every evangelical church in existence. Our estimate of Christianity, as exemplified by fifteen thousand earnest enthusiastic endeavorers, has been wonderfully strengthened and purified. Our minds have been broadened, our souls have been mellowed. Every trace of bigotry seems to have disappeared. In a word, the great lesson we have learned is to place greater value on the generic name, "Christian," and lesser value upon the specific name or particular sect. We can now appreciate and understand our motto, "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren."

I do not want to give you the idea that we did not get some practical ideas. We have quite a number jotted down in our note books, and I intend from time to time to make good use of them; but in this number I want to tell you about some incidents along the way.

Wednesday, July 8th, the day long anticipated by Hamilton Christian Endeavor Union's representatives was ushered in with sunshine and cool breezes, just the right kind of a day for travel. Quite a number of our Endeavor friends were at the station to welcome the special car filled with Canadian delegates and to wish their own delegates God speed on their journey. At a few minutes after nine o'clock the Toronto train pulled in and we soon had the pleasure of greeting W. S. Leslie, editor of the *Endeavor Herald*, G. S. Forster, the indefatigable and agreeable manager of the party, T. G. Anderson, president of the Toronto Christian Endeavor Union, Rev. Wm. Patterson, pastor of Cooke's church, and others, all of whom received the Hamilton delegates cordially. Some of our friends came on board the special car and when they saw the pleasant company and luxurious surroundings were loth to leave. Our Mr. Harris was one of those who could hardly tear himself away. He did not jump until the train was under a good head of steam and it was almost a miracle that he did not break a limb. You may be sure that we felt relieved when we saw him rise and dust his jacket, apparently none the worse for his daring leap. The fast train soon left our beautiful bay and the familiar landmarks behind, and now we settled down and commenced to make ourselves at home. We had a lovely Wagner Vestibule sleeper all to ourselves; we were not in the least crowded. Everybody of course wore a badge, some two or three and