

than simply to keep young people out of mischief!

"Coming to the League departments I do not know what to say. With organized adult Bible classes, etc., we are getting all sorts of duplication of machinery, and not getting anywhere. The steam is used in blowing the whistle. We place stress on banners, and competitions, etc. As has been said, with the multiplication of secretaries for this, that and the other, ad infinitum, we are in danger of being 'expedited' to death.

"I don't see how you can change the departments. They are serving a valuable end in the way of keeping young people out of mischief and working towards self-improvement; but they don't hitch on to live issues, and unless that is done you won't get any very live interest. The new department of civics might help; but it seems to me in rather more need of expert handling than to hand it over to young people all untrained. Here again I think is where new emphasis comes again on the primacy of the pastor."

A WEAK POINT.

Here is a critic of our League who sees a weakness in our leadership. There is something in what he says, but business concerns, we must remember, have a wide sweep, and are run on a business basis solely. A president of a small society may lose his vision, and a change would be preferable. We do not want

changes for the sake of change. Originally the king was the best and strongest man. We want to be careful and choose strong leaders who will work. Office means opportunity, not honor; responsibility, not retirement.

"A weak point is the too frequent change in presidency. Too much is made of election; and the whole thing is made like child's play. Nobody gets developed. No business concern changes its executive or officials that frequently. We have it too highly organized until the whole life is taken out of it. If we had one department it would be stronger. I really cannot see many strong features in it to-day. The Sunday-School is leading it at every point."

AN AGE OF UNREST.

The reply given below is not a direct answer to any particular question, but is rather a reflection growing out of a question. The writer sees the world full of unrest. That is not something, let us remind ourselves, to be alarmed about. It means opportunity; it means that the harvest is now ready. "The time is at hand." There was never such opportunities for the investment of the gospel and our manhood as now. "New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth." The age needs "new life."

"You see, you can't discuss one question separately from another. And then you land right into the conditions of labor, the inequitable distribution of opportunities, the flaunting of gilded ease, and the lure of the red light. On the one hand we have some of the noblest demonstrations of self-training and noble achievement; on the other we have a fearsome loosening of moral self-restraint—a sort of relaxing of moral fibre. Of course all this can be contested; and has been; but what's the good to keep on playing blind man's bluff, and make believe, while the deluge is coming? The whole world is in a state of ferment; and the great contortures of the people are giving the church a wide berth. The halting and hesitating attitude sometimes taken by ecclesiastical gatherings is hardly calculated to inspire general confidence. Of course it is easy to understand that attitude—just as it is easy to understand that of the old regime in China, Turkey, or anywhere else. Now, you see, I am standing for the new life as against the old, for without adjustment a break is inevitable. All of which goes to show the need of everyone having such personal assurance of his own mental and moral standing ground that he, too, might very fittingly sign his name.

Credo

SEASONABLE CANADIAN SCENES



SUMMER GLORIES IN RURAL CANADA

The Summer! The Summer! the exquisite time
Of the red rose's blush, and the nightingale's chime;
The chant of the lark, and the boom of the bee,—
The season of brightness, and beauty, and glee!
It is here—it is here! It is lighting again,
With sun-braided smiles, and deep heart of the glen;
It is touching the mountain and tinging the hill,

And dimpling the face of the low-laughing rill;
It is flooding the forest-trees richly with bloom,
And flinging gold showers in the lap of the broom!
I have heard the lark warble his hymn in the sky,
I have seen the dew-tear in the meek daisy's eye;
I have sensed the breath of the fresh opened flowers,
I have plucked a rich garland from bright hawthorn bowers;

My footsteps have been where the violet sleeps,
And where arches of eglantine hang from the steep;
I have started the linnet from thickets of shade,
And roused the fleet stag as he bask'd in the glade,
And my spirit is blithe—as a rivulet clear,
For the Summer, the golden crowned Summer, is here!

—Houseman.