Hall and Lady Somerset in the Metropolitan Methodist c urch ; an ! w! e e shall we go, to Massey Hall or the Metropo itan church? Which shall it be, the General of the Salvation Army or the noble lady, the President of the world wide W.C.T.U.? were the questions which had to be faced, and the answer to which, made it a hardship that one could not be in two different places at one and the same moment. The Metropolitan church, holding from two thousand five hundred to three thousand people, was utterly inadequate to hold all who crowded to hear Lady Somerset, and shew their sympathy with the work of the W.C.T.U. Her address, both to the delegates who welcomed her, and to the crowded audience at the Metropolitan church, spoken with the grace, refinement and simplicity in tone and manner of a cultured, English, Christian lady, was most encouraging and inspiring to Canadian women working in all the departments of W. C. T. U's beneficent effort, and pathetic in the strong contrast of the prevalence of intemperance with its accompanying vices and the difficulty of this work in England as compared with Canada. The whole work of the W.C.T.U. in this country, as it passed under review in the meeting of the Ontario branch of the Dominion organization, is in a most encouraging and flourishing condition; and it will not be for any want of effort on the part of the women of this organization if Dec. 4th does not

shew a good majority for prohibition. The meeting in Massey Hall was large, though not packed, as it would have been but for Lady Somerset's being held at the same hour on the same evening. It was presided over by the Hon. Geo. W. Ross, LL D., and on the platform was a large array of clergymen of all denominations and representative men in all the public walks of life. The Salvation Army uniform was, naturally, much in evidence, and a great body of the general public was present. As the whole scene met the eye, one could not but contrast the present with the past, when the Salvation Army was an object of contempt, the butt of ridicule, and its members hunted and persecuted. The General's address was on "The Past, Present and Future of the Salvation Army." The main features of the Army's work are now well known to all and do not need to be dwelt upon. The address was largely autobiographical, and rightly so, for seldom, never certainly since the days of John Wesley, has the spirit and the work of a great organization been so comprised within the life and represented by the work of one man. We have all read of it, and know it more or less, but when the story is told with such graphic power, such skill, and marvellous energy as the General, now in his seventy-fourth year, displayed, it takes on new interest, and calls forth yet more admiration and wonder. God bless and prosper the Salvation Army!

HEAR ACHE

Ache all over. Throat sore, Eyes and Nose running, slight cough with chills; this is La Grippe.

Painkiller

taken in hot water, sweetened, before going to bed, will break it up if taken in time.

There is only one Painkiller, "PERRY DAVIS"

Our Young People

"For Me."

Topics for Nov. 16th.

Isa. 53:6; Luke 22:19 20; Rom. 5:6.8;

Hints on Topic.

A father, who had just returned from a long journey, was showing the various gitts he had brought for the different members of the family. There were many handsome presents for the older ones, but the little girl took no interest in them. At last came a small gift which the father put in her own hand. It had only a fraction of the value of the other presents, but it was far more precious in her sight because she could say, "This is for me."

Some time ago a wise man suggested that those who would make Christ's love more real to themselves should take the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of John and write it out in this way: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that I, John Smith, should be saved"—insetting his own name.

At any rate, in some way or other, this is what we must do—we must write after the story of the Christ, "For me" Only after we have done this can we come to write after it the words," For the world."

It is a good thing to read the f. ur Gospels in this way. First, the Bethlehem story: "He came to the manger birth for me—John Smith." Then the temptation: "He withstood the evil one for me—John Smith." Then the rejection at Nazareth: "He became an outcast for me—John Smith." Then the Sermon on the Mount: "He spoke these words for me—John Smith." And so through all the wonderful, sad, happy record.

It is all for me. It is all for you. If you were the only person in the world, it would still be for you, just as full, just as glorious. Ah, shall we not accept such a Redeemer? Shall we not confess Him before men? Shall we not love Him and serve Him for-

Suggestive Thoughs on Topic.

Christ's work for us did not end with His ascension; every moment He is ordering our lives, giving us needed help. The personal relation between us may grow closer every day.

"The life of Christianity," said Luther, "consists in possessive pronouns." It is one thing to say, "Christ is a Saviour"; it is quite another to say, "He is my Saviour and my Lord."

It is not receiving the atonement to understand it. If that were so, we never could receive it, because we never can understand it. Receiving the atonement is receiving Christ—His love, His mercy, His joy, His commandments—into our lives. When we have done that we shall understand the atonement.

The cross of Christ is still in the world, as Christ's love shows itself in the lives of His followers. As Whittier sung:—

Wherever through the ages rise. The altars of self-sacrifice, Where love its arms has opened wide. Or man for man has calmly died, I see the same white wings outspread. That hovered o'er the Master's head.

Bunyan, in his "Pilgrim's Progress," saw in his dream that just as Christisn came up with the cross his burden got loose on his shoulders, and fell off his back, and began to tumble, and kept on till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and he saw it no more. That is what my happen to all our sorrows,—swallowed up in Christ's tomb.

For Daily Reading.

Mon., Nov. 10.—Healed by His stripes, 1 Pet. 2: 11-25 Tues., Nov. 11.—" Broken for you." 1 Cor. 12: 23-28

Wed., Nov. 12.—" Our justification "

Rom. 4:16-25

Thurs. Nov. 13.—" Propitiation for our sins."

Fri. Nov. 14.—Cleansed by Christ.

Sat. Nov. 15.—" As I have loved you."

Sun., Nov. 16.— Topic. "For me." Isa. 53: 6; Luke 22: 19. 20; Rom. 5: 6-8; 1 John 3: 16.

Poor Sermons.

There are poor preachers and there are poor sermons, but the poor hearers outnumb-er them far. The reverent hearer may find in most sermons something to help and encourage him. There was an old deacon who was a good hearer, and there came to him a friend who was not. The friend was loud in his complaint against their common pastor. The sermons were poor and full of mittakes and blunders; he could get no spiritual food from them, and there must be at once a change of pastor. The deacon took his irate visitor out to the stable where stood old Topsy, the deacon's cow. The deacon quietly placed some hay before her, and Topsy proceeded at once to munch her food with every sign of contentment possible to bovine existence. For full five minutes the deacon stood and watched the cow, and his guest stood waiting impatiently to know whether or not the deacon would join him in his efforts to secure a new pastor. last the old man broke the silence: "Don't you know as much as my cow?" he said. "She does not like thistles or burdock, and there are plenty in the hay, but she simply noses them aside and goes on eating her hay. If you find thistles in the sermon, don't eat them; but I find lots of good hay." The visitor understood, and never forgot; and if in after years he telt tempted to find fault with his minister he checked himself with a smile and the question; 'Don't you know as much as my cow?" -Zion's Herald.

