

Concerning Ourselves

On page 198, this issue, you will find a list of EPWORTH ERA agents. These have been duly appointed to act as representatives for our paper in the places named. We want an agent in every Young People's Society. A letter was sent some weeks ago to all our local league and other presidents, explaining the situation and making the request. The list printed on page 198 is the result. The number is not large but it is good for a commencement. If your League is not represented, kindly call

"Try," he implored. "I dinna want to affront ye on Friday, Marget. I dinna want to affront masel—nor yet the meenister. Try, wummin, try! Though I was angry last night, I seen that ye kent mair about it than me. Try!"

She shook her head.

"But try," he persisted. "Ye've a' the day, when I'm at ma wark, to be tryin' an' at night we'll try again, together."

She shook her head again, but this time, without looking at him, she murmured:

"Weel, I'll try, Peter."

When tea was over that night and the dishes washed, Mrs. McBean brought out several sheets of foolscap. Mr. McBean read them over with a critical air while she regarded him uneasily.

"It's no' bad," he observed at last.

"I dinna think ye was that clever, wife. I think I'll maybe be able to pit this into shape. The chief fau't is that ye dinna say enough about the meenister. I'll need to butter him up a bit."

"Oh, but, Peter," she said, nervously, "ye think he wud like that? He's an awfu' modest man, ye ken. Ye wudna like to be buttered up yersel' afore a' the congregation."

That's true; but it's the correct thing to butter up meenisters at social gatherin's. Still, the speech ye've made, Marget, is no' sae bad, an' I'll mak' the best I can o' it."

Once more Mr. McBean fell to with his pencil. He soon found, however, that he could make little improvement on the original manuscript, and finally contented himself with copying it out and spelling a few of the words differently.

That night he slept soundly, but his wife was restless, and the following day she complained of her old enemy, rheumatism. Mr. McBean had to go to the presentation gathering alone.

He returned swelling with importance, glowing with satisfaction.

"Well, Peter, hoo did ye get on?" Marget asked, unsteadily.

"Splendid, jist splendid! I was receivin' compliments for the rest o' the evenin'. Maister Drummond—him that gie'd the five pound—said it was the neatest speech ever he heard."

"Did the meenister seem pleased?"

"Deed, ay! An' nae wonder! The applause was tremendous, as they say in the papers."

Mrs. McBean gave a sigh of relief. "An'," continued her husband, jauntily, "I've been requested to deliver a speech at the Odd Fellows' gatherin' next month—"

"Oh!—Oh!"

"What's ado?"

"Oh, Peter, promise ye'll never, never mak' another speech."

"Hoots, wife. It's the first plunge that's the worst. I've confidence in masel' noo. I could face any audience in the world," he said, airily.

Then he saw that she was very serious. But even then he would not give the promise desired. If folk enjoyed his speech-making, why should he refuse to pleasure them?

In the morning, however, his enthusiasm, happily for the old woman's sake, had cooled considerably.

"Efter a'," he remarked casually, at breakfast, "I think I'll gie up the speechifyin', Marget. I—I'll rest on ma laurels, as the sayin' is."

She could scarce speak for thankfulness, but she managed to say:

"Is that a promise, Peter? Ye see, I—I'm gettin' older wud for the—the excitement."

"Havers!" he said, laughing. "But it's a promise a' the same."

After he had gone to his work she sat awhile by the hearth—an unusual proceeding for her in the daytime. But the reaction had been a severe one.

Rousing herself at last she rose, and from a drawer, which she unlocked, took a folded paper. She opened it and glanced over the lines of small, clear writing. Then she placed it on the fire and watched it being consumed.

"Oh," she sighed, "he's a kind man, the meenister; but though it was to save ma life, I could never ask him to write another speech for Peter."—J. J. Bell, in *Success Magazine*.



THE OLD, OLD STORY

From Porter's Hill, Ont., we have received an account of an "Orange Social Evening," which may be suggestive. After an excellent programme of music, etc., had been provided, lunch was served, not in the customary way. Ordinary berry boxes were secured, each mounted with a wire handle and decorated with orange colored tissue paper. Two boxes were tied together to serve each couple present, the Social Committee having spent an evening together previously preparing the baskets. The friends attending the Social had the pleasure of enjoying the evening, and of contributing to the treasury nearly nine dollars, of which amount six dollars were given to the trustees of the church as the last payment on the new parsonage stable. Who says the young people of our churches are not practical in their outlook?

the attention of your President to the matter at once. If our young people will co-operate with us, The ERA will become increasingly useful and its circulation will grow; but if no agent is appointed in the various Leagues, and the interests of the paper are thereby neglected, there cannot be any marked expansion of either influence or subscription list. See to it that your Society does as the Editor's letter to every President, dated June 15th, requested, and so help both your work and the paper to become more and more influential.

The Hyatt Ave. Epworth League, London, has done well. With a membership of 80 the average attendance from October to May was 50.

"Happiness is a roadside flower growing on the highway of usefulness"