

Eight senior mission study classes and three junior study classes have been organized on the district, with a prospect of, at least, sixteen classes after the Christmas season is over.

The value of the Missionary Bulletin letters is duly emphasized in the district work. They are the connecting link between our workers here and our missionaries on the "firing line." The missionary post-office plan is working successfully in a number of the leagues. A large number of the members have had the privilege of meeting, at least, two of their four representatives, and thus are particularly interested in their letters. The correspondence is not altogether onesided, for several of the leagues write letters of encouragement to the missionaries, and the district vice-president plans to send a quarterly message to each of the representatives of the district in the mission field.

The General Board this year appointed Mr. T. Edgar Plewman as missionary printer to West China, assigning him to Toronto West District for support, making the

fourth missionary to be supported by this district. Revs. W. J. Mortimore and N. E. Bowles, in West China, and Rev. Tong Chue Thom, in Nanaimo, B.C., are the other faithful representatives. Perhaps one of the best testimonies to the success of the district work is the fact that Mr. Plewman, missionary vice-president for 1907-8, offered, and was accepted, for work in China. From many of the leagues a large number of young men have gone out to train for the ministry of our church, evidence of the fact that the Forward Movement not only arouses interest in our foreign missionary work, but reinforces the Church at home.

Early in the year the vice-president and her associate made lists of the leagues on the district, arranging to visit each society during the year. A number have already been reached, and the remainder will be visited during the term. Thus we look forward to greater triumphs and renewed consecration and effort on behalf of all the district workers in the year about to open.

A Greeting From the General Superintendent

Leaguers! Happy New Year!

LEAGUE means joined, united for a purpose. "Solemn league and covenant" is a sturdy, purposeful phrase. The word comes from the Latin word *Ligo*, I bind, which word is the backbone of both "obligation" and "religion." It is a moral bond, the compact of people intelligent and free. It is a compact to ward off an evil or to secure and promote a good.

Think of our hundreds of Leagues fighting the wrong and the bad, striving for the pure, the true, the beautiful and the good.

Our Leagues are promoting intellectual culture, moral culture, spiritual culture; some of them physical culture and social well-being. All hail to such an army of our youth—eager, alert, intense, active, persistent in such pursuits! All hail to these builders of healthful communities and happy homes. All hail to the brave and glowing spirits that give of their best to the pillars of the church and the ramparts and strength of the nation.

Dr. Withrow, so recently gone out from among us into the brighter, broader realms, loved the League, loved the young people that find their joy and work, their association and reward in it. He was with it at the beginning in our church, and stayed with it through the years and labors of a blessed, glorious life. May the mind, the moral energy, the spiritual aim and power of that same Dr. Withrow fill and multiply the activities of all our Leaguers; stimulate their zeal and ennoble and enlarge their enterprises.

The League also fights the wrong, and this is its time. The wrong, the evil abounds; the League is joined and covenanted to resist it; to overthrow and destroy it. Clear convictions of right and wrong are characteristics of every intelligent, loyal Epworth Leaguer. Such convictions plant us on solid ground and marshal us in the ranks of battle. We all know that the liquor traffic as abroad in the land is a dreadful sin and wrong, and the mother of sin. Let us smite it! Gambling is wrong. Let us smite it! There are other evils. Let us smite them! Let us clean up our country for some Happy New Year in the days soon to come.

A. CARMAN.

Six Days For It

Numberless stories are told of the power Lord Kitchener has to fill men with his own spirit of determination. One of them is given in *Chambers's Journal*, and concerns a piece of work that Lord Roberts, before he left Capetown, in the course of the South African war, instructed a certain colonel to take in hand.

"I know you'll do your best; how soon can you get it through?" asked the Field-Marshal of the colonel.

"I'll try to finish it in a fortnight," was the answer, and Lord Roberts, murmuring another expression of his confidence in his subordinate, dismissed him.

But it happened that just outside the door he met Lord Kitchener, who was going in to see the chief, and he explained the mission with which he had been entrusted. "And how soon will you get it through?" asked Lord Kitchener.

"Well, I have promised to try to do it in a fortnight," he responded.

"Now, colonel," said Kitchener, "just understand that if this is not done within a week we shall have to see about sending you home. You understand?"

The colonel said that he did understand. Without a doubt he did, and it was because he did that the big job he had taken on was finished, and finished very well, in six days.

The Chinese Hoe

The Chinese farmer stands second to none in all the world. This is all the more remarkable since he has really so few implements with which to work the marvels he produces. His only implements are the hoe, the plough and the harrow. Beyond these the Chinese farmer never dreams of desiring any other. The first of these tools seems never to be out of his hands, for it is the one upon which he relies the most, and is his most effective implement. It really takes the place of the spade in England, though the latter is never put to such extensive and general uses as the hoe. The Chinaman can do anything with it but make it speak. A farmer well on in years can easily be recognized, amidst a number of workmen, by the curve his hands have taken from holding the hoe, in the many years of toil in his fields. With it, if he is a poor man, and has no oxen to plough the ground, he turns up the soil where he is going to plant his crops, and with it, he deftly, and with a turn of his wrist, levels out the surface so that it is made ready for the seed. With a broad-bladed hoe he dips to the bottom of a stream or of a pond, draws up the soft mud that has gathered there, and, with a dexterous swing, flings the dripping hoeful onto his field near by, to increase its richness by this new deposit.—*The King's Own*.