

HOW MUCH?

I stood in a garden of flowers,
On a beautiful summer day;
And the sweetest of all the blossoms
Was a little girl at play;
She stood by a bower of roses,
And grasping the trellis there,
She shook it, till petals falling,
Touched her lips, and her cheeks and her hair.
As the flowers fell softly about her,
A beautiful picture was she;
As she laughed in her glee I called her,
And bade her to come to me.

She stopped in her play for a moment,
And then to answer my call,
She left the bower of roses,
The sweetest flower of all;
She came and stood beside me,
Her face upturned to mine,
And I read anew the story,
Created in image divine;
And thus we stood together,
On that beautiful summer day,
A child and a man who loved her,
And this to her did he say:

"I have called thee away from the flowers,
Away from the bird songs and play;
I have called thee to ask thee this question:
How much dost thou love me to-day?"
She stretched up her little arms towards me,
She reached up the innocent face,
I stooped, 'twas a power that drew me,
And took her in loving embrace;
She laid her head on my shoulder,
A burden from which who would part?
And whispered in accents the sweetest:
"I loves 'oo wif all my heart!"

Dear Lord, when Thou shalt speak to me,
When looking up Thy face I see,
When from Thy love come words divine,
Which say to me, "O child of mine,
'Midst all of earth that comes to thee,
How much, my child, dost thou love Me?"
And then may I all else forget,
Earth's pleasures, joys, without regret;
If need be, even friends and home;
All that I see, or call my own;
And turn to Thee, earth left apart,
And answer true, "With all my heart!"

DJ. RAY.

Selected.

A READING ROOM IN SAN JUAN,
PORTO RICO.

Brother J. A. Erwin has rented a house which is used both as residence and meeting place. He writes: There is no place in San Juan for young men to go to spend their leisure time except the vile saloons in the city," and that it is his purpose to open a reading room in his house, where there will be kept the church papers, the various magazines, and other choice literature, with which to win young men from the saloons. The Eleventh Regiment United States Infantry is located in San Juan, and there are a great many soldier boys who can be won by an attractive place of this kind.

It is our desire to assist Bro. Erwin in the establishment of this reading room. We

will be very glad indeed to receive subscriptions to our church papers, and to the leading magazines, to be sent to this reading room. Any of our church papers can be sent for one dollar a year, some of the magazines can be sent for one dollar a year, others at two dollars a year. We shall be very glad indeed to receive subscriptions, and we will select the magazines or papers and have them sent at once to Bro. Erwin.

Don't postpone sending, but write at once saying that you will send to that reading room one or more magazines. To avoid duplication, please send the money to us, and we will select the magazines.

If any of our friends have books that they would care to donate to such a reading room and will send them to us, we will make up a box and send them to Bro. Erwin.

BENJ. L. SMITH, Cor. Sec.

Y. M. C. A. Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SECRETARY BAER MAKES SOME
SUGGESTION TO CHRISTIAN
ENDEAVORERS.

First, let our personal example be a help and not a hindrance. Young men, cease tipping. Young ladies, stop offering the social glass.

Second, let us encourage our members to enlist in the total abstinence brigade. Have a revival of the old-fashioned pledge signing.

Third, let us co-operate with all organizations in protecting the home. Be willing to work with others, whether they have reached your ideal or not. The Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union especially invites your co-operation.

Fourth, let us make the quarterly temperance meetings in our societies count for something. Do not trim; take high ground.

Fifth, let us enter heartily into local ballot-box fights against the saloon. Wherever our present laws permit, make the saloon an outlaw. Death to license.

Sixth, let us not be in doubt where we ought individually to stand, politically. Sacrifice party before principle. Give God the benefit of any doubt.

Seventh, let us try again to encourage our authorities to abolish the canteen in the army and the navy. Go at it just as if one man high in authority had not snatched victory away from us by his judicial ruling.

Eighth, let us make a crusade against hard cider. It is the bane of life in some communities.

Ninth, let us see to it that druggists keep within bounds, and that they are required to fulfil the letter of the law. Do not allow their stores to become little less than bar-rooms.

Tenth, let us discourage the use of fermented wine at the communion-table of our Lord and Master. I tremble when I think of the temptation put to the lips of those who once were slaves of the drink habit.

And finally, let us attempt to win the saloon-keepers and their victims, the habitual drunkards, for Christ. Be merciful.—*C. N. World.*

Dr. Wayland Hoyt, in a recent number of the *Homiletic Review*, relates the following incidents, as transporting to the Christian souls as it must be pleasing to the great Mediator of the world:

"There where, in London, the Holburn is flung over another street in the neighborhood of St. Paul's Cathedral, the viaduct is supported on lofty arches; and at night are gathered there, in those roomy, dry recesses, the riffraff of that part of the great metropolis—thieves, those flying from justice, and even homeless little boys.

When the great clock of St. Paul's has boomed the stroke of midnight, and the arches are filled with these poor people, there approaches a tall, thin gentleman, with a lantern and one or two assistants, who go from arch to arch and group to group; and while many flee, they gather by morning, thirty or forty hungry, ragged children into a room pleasantly lighted, and there the gentlemen feeds and clothes them; and having fed and clothed them, tells them of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And so he spends his nights, robbing his sleep of its allotted time. His friends remonstrate, but he answers:

"My heart is breaking with agony for my poor boys."

"Who is this man? He has in his veins the bluest blood of the British aristocracy; he is the Earl of Shaftesbury, who leaves his palace at the West End to dig amid the filth and squalor of these recesses of Holburn Viaduct to find the boys whom he can save for Jesus Christ's sake.

"Then there were the costermongers. They would not receive help from Lord Shaftesbury; they said he was too proud and his blood was too blue. So the Earl of Shaftesbury brought himself down to them. He became a costermonger with cart and donkey and with his crest emblazoned on the harness. When they saw that they said:

"Lord Shaftesbury stands with us; he shall help us." And he did. And he came and touched the bier."

AGENTS FOR THE CHRISTIAN

MRS. PETER CHING, Little Harbour, P. E. I. of Lots 46 and 47.

MRS. O. M. PACKARD, 353 West 57th Street, N. Y.

JAS. W. KENNEDY, Southport, P. E. I.

MAJOR LINKLETTER, Summerside, P. E. I.

JAMES GORDON, New Perth, P. E. I.

J. F. BAKER, North Lake, P. E. I.

PETER A. DEWAR, Montague, P. E. I.

GEORGE HOWERS, Westport, N. S.

D. F. LAMBERT, Lord's Cove, Deer Island, N. B.

JOHN W. WALLACE, Shubenacadie,

ISRAEL C. CUSHING, Kempt, N. S.

W. J. MESSERVEY, Halifax, N. S.

STEPHEN WAGNOR, Riverdale, Digby Co.

GRACE WILSON, Burt's Corner, York Co., N. B.

W. R. WENTWORTH, LeTote, N. B.

MRS. A. MURRAY, Leonardville, N. B.

W. T. JELLEY, St. Thomas, Ont.

A. HANDSPIKER, Tiverton, N. S.

More names will be added as they are appointed

St. James Street Christian Church,
18 St. James St., Roxbury, Mass.

J. H. Mohrter, Pastor.—Residence, 28 Akron Street Roxbury. Study Hours, 8 to 12 A. M.

Church Services—10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday-school 12.15 P. M. Y. P. S. C. E., 8.30 P. M. Friday Evening Prayer-meeting, 7.45. All are invited to attend these services.