

People frequently take offence at pulpit utterances. The words of this text are particularly applicable here. One can do a Christian pastor no greater injustice than to make a personal matter out of utterances delivered from the desk. The true minister mourns over the sins and evils of the society in which he lives. None more than he regrets that they must be spoken against. To take his words as if directed towards anyone in particular is the greatest unkindness. And if the words of our text are true, whoever does so reveals the weakness of his own spiritual life. "No one ever did his duty by his church or pastor, and was dissatisfied with either." Remember it is the hit bird always, that flutters.

OUR LEAGUE READING COURSE

BY MISS ROSE WAKEFIELD.

METHODISM, no less than every other 'ism, needs, in order that she may grapple with life, two good strong muscular hands. Her left hand is brain culture (broaden this into social culture if you will)—her right hand spiritual power, and may God have mercy upon the church which you and I call "ours," if this strong right hand shall ever lose its cunning—if worldly amusements, mammonism, or any other nineteenth century blight shall paralyze its activities.

I have wanted to speak thus clearly lest in my plea for our League Reading Course I should in any fashion be misunderstood as wishing to emphasize brain culture to the exclusion, or even shadowing of soul culture. While it is a bad thing to be left-handed, there is such a thing as being right-handed—such a thing as exalting the spiritual to well nigh the exclusion of the mental. I would rather be right-handed than left-handed; I would choose to be neither, but to be so well balanced that I could truthfully be called ambidextrous.

Our Reading Course proves to the world that Methodism is not all heart.

Only a few weeks ago, in a certain town, a well-known minister was heard to remark that Methodists went to heart, and Presbyterians to head. Later on a messenger was sent to that daring divine to tell him that a deputation of young Methodists was waiting to fall upon him, if he did not retract. He voiced the sentiment of a whole host of folk who believe in our hearts, but have their doubts about our heads. Am I wrong when I say that we sometimes act as though we had doubts ourselves? And yet Methodism was not born in ignorance. We are fond of saying, and well we may be, that Methodism was born in a revival, but we sometimes forget that that revival was in a university. The man, whom we are but just beginning to appreciate, wrote books, as well as preached sermons, studied as well as prayed—turned up to the sunlight his brain, as well as his heart—and those of us who have learned to even faintly echo the cry, "Ignorance

is the mother of devotion," must remember that we never learned it from John Wesley. His career was broader, his consecration deeper, and his insight keener, than much of the Methodism of to-day; and we nineteenth century fellows may well cry "back t., Wesley!" Shall not the memory of his cultured consecration stir us up to wipe from our escutcheon the stain of careless brain culture? Shall not our League Reading Course stimulate us to a consecration of the whole man, spiritual, physical and mental? Surely there can be no other consecration! Too long the church of God, of every name, has received into

made from good Manitoba flour, and when the physical becomes cerebral, demanding only a diet of pure air, it's common to suppose that health is at a low ebb. I wonder why it is that we do not so view lack of mental appetite? Our Leagues are freely sprinkled with young people who read practically nothing; they have scarce appetite for anything between the lids of a book. Life is busy and often full of very prosaic toil, and into its few leisure hours relaxation comes in the form of religious service, social gatherings, etc., but rarely in the form of strength-giving mental food. Others there are, who have an appetite, but it is about as healthy as yours and mine, when we refuse the substantial, and declare that we hanker only after cake and pie and preserves. These young people read, but what they read has no power to build up. It satisfies without nourishing, fills without feeding. It may be religious, or irreligious fiction—both terms are so sadly in need of being remelted and poured into new moulds, that we may not fully trust either—but much of what comes under both headings can scarcely be called wholesome.

That a mental appetite ought to be created, no one who has seen hosts of young Christians standing in the harvest field with one arm partially paralyzed, wanting to gather many sheaves for the Master, and yet missing here and there a great golden cluster, that no one-armed gleaner could carry—surely, no one who has seen this sight, will fail to admit that a mental appetite ought to be created. That it can be created, and a healthy one at that, we, who believe in physical miracles, ought not to deny. Our Reading Course aims to create and stimulate appetite. I believe it aims aright, and in no uncertain fashion is going to hit the mark.

The old Pauline command still rings forth, "covet earnestly the best gifts," and verily a liberal education is one of these best gifts. God is still calling for consecrated brains, and the inspired bard is still singing, "Let knowle ge grow from more to more." Can it be that the Church of God has hung out her sign-board, "Souls saved here," instead of "men and women saved here?" Has she failed to declare that "so great salvation" cover the entire being, that consecration includes a yielding up of every mental fibre, to the God who gave? Has she in any sense withheld her sympathy from the growing thought of the day, creating a division between religion and mental culture, and that in the very face of the stern mandate "what God has joined together, let no man put a sunder?" Whether these things be so or no, it is certainly true that the church has too often allowed the world to cultivate her young intellect, promising that later on she would consecrate; and in a good many instances she has had no chance to redeem her pledge, simply because what the world cultivates, she greatly prefers to consecrate.

Methodism is well able to provide a



Specimen Illustration from "Among the Fosses."

OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER.

its ranks, young men and women of undoubted piety, and of as undoubted brains, only to nurture the soul life, and starve the brain power. Someone with a true appreciation of this weakness, has aptly written of a certain well-rounded Christian: "Without culture his brains and piety would have produced another of the world's thousands of Ephraims—a cake not turned." Such are the burnt-on-one-side (the extremists) the doughy-on-the-other-side (the undeveloped) kind of Christians from which "the people called Methodists" have need to pray "Good Lord deliver us." We have not had too much heart power, but I venture to think that we have made use of too small a portion of the brain material that God has given to us. We have sung with too much vigor and intensity. "Be good, sweet child, and let who will, be clever."

Our Reading Course helps to create and stimulate an appetite for good literature.

When we have no appetite for bread