

"First Church Endeavorer."

"FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH."

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Editorial Notes.

WE wish all our readers a very HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR. We presume there are not many who look back through the days and months of old '90 without regretting that they have so poorly improved its opportunities. It is well that while our real life does not grow old with the lapse of years, the natural divisions of time as they occur afford us occasions to take frequent soundings and ascertain where we are. We have either grown in the past twelve months or we have gone backward. We do not remain in one place morally, spiritually or intellectually.

The past year has witnessed the growth of a home missionary spirit in our church and we look forward with interest to the carrying on of this work to the development of a very grand home mission cause by the close of the present year. Our Mission Band is also expecting to do equally well in the line of foreign mission work, and looking at all our church interests we close the old year with thankful hearts to the "Giver of

all good and perfect gifts," looking with hopeful anticipations for still greater things than we have yet seen in 1891.

New Year Thoughts.

Farewell, Old Year! the rustle of whose garments,
Fragrant with memory, I still can hear,
For all thy tender kindness and thy bounty
I drop my thankful tribute on thy bier.

What is in store for me, brave New Year, hidden
Beneath thy glistening robe of ice and snows?
Are there sweet songs of birds and breathe of lilacs,
And blushing blooms of June's scent-laden rose?

Are there cold winds and dropping leaves of Autumn,
Heart searching frosts, storm clouds dark and drear,
Is there a rainbow spanning the dark heaven,
Wilt thou not speak and tell me, glad New Year?

As silent, art thou, of the unknown future,
As if thy days were numbered with the dead;
Yet as I enter thy wide open portal,
I cross thy threshold with glad hope, not dread.

If joy thou bringest straight to God the giver,
My gratitude shall rise: for 'tis his gift.
If sorrow still mid waves of griefs deep river,
My trembling heart I'll to my Father lift.

So hope-lit New Year, with thy joys uncertain,
Whose unsolved mystery none may fortell,
I calmly trust my God to lift thy curtain,
Safe in his love for me, 'twill all be well.

J. B. C.

"Sculptors of life are we with our
souls uncarved before us."

(Continued from last month.)

TWO letters came to Miss Willard in one day soon after this, one offering her a position as principal of a leading Ladies' College in New York City at a salary of \$2500 a year. This was a position that would have been accepted, for among the dreams of her life had been that of living in New York, but the crusade had hold of her heart. The other was from a lady in Chicago telling her that the thought had been impressed on her