

# "First Church Endeavorer."

"FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH."

VOL. 1.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, SEPTEMBER, 1890.

No. 2

## First\* Church\* Endeavorer.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

A JOURNAL devoted to all Departments of  
Church Work.

PUBLISHED BY THE

Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION 25 CENTS PER ANNUM.

Address all communications for publication to 66  
Emerald Street South.

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## Editorial Notes.

ONE fine morning, having laid aside our multitudinous domestic affairs for a day, and bidding the children be good, we found ourselves steaming happily away on the Modjeska to Toronto. We have taken many exceedingly pleasant lake trips, among others, one on Lake Sebago, passing through locks, we steamed miles up the river among most picturesque scenery; past the home in which Hawthorne spent part of his youthful days, and where he, no doubt, gathered many of his weird fancies. We remember vividly two days on Lake Winnepisiogee, in the wild White Mountain region, and in view of the blue capped Mount Chocorua, of which Whittier sings; but we always find in our little portion of Lake Ontario something equally as grand in another phase of nature. The varied bits of landscape at the Beach and Oakville, the breadth of view seaward, so like the sea without its power, the entrance to Toronto, we find in all these a beauty which is hardly surpassed.

Arriving in Toronto, although we have so

lately left the Ambitious city, how surprised we are to see so many people on the streets; how fine many of the shop windows are? We forget our dignified position and gaze admiringly on the various articles displayed. It is not our intention to give in detail the experiences and observations of that day, but will briefly mention a visit to the Educational Department. As we had not been there before, we were agreeably surprised at the extent of beautiful lawn, dotted here and there with full length statues and brilliant with flowers. We find a much older building than we expected—nearly 50 years old. The bronze statue of Ryerson, directly in front of the main entrance, so suggestive in its grandeur, should fill every citizen's heart with pride.

Once within, we are indeed in the presence of our ancestors. Busts of Kings, Queens, Princes and Princesses and an uncrowned king, George Washington, adorn the upper tier of the lecture room. Here are the faces of Poets, Statesmen and Philosophers, some of which are familiar to us, others are strangers. Many are from association, fascinating, others repulsive. Some express our preconceived ideas, others disappoint us. So we go on, we visit the Library of eight or nine thousand volumes on educational subjects. We linger long in the department of foreign curiosities; we renew our Shakespearean readings as we look upon the faces of Julius Caesar, Junius Brutus, Cato and Pompey, and passing on we find ourselves among Gods and Goddesses innumerable, even naughty Cupid is here, as everywhere, hurling his little dart among mortals. With great pleasure we examine Roger's groups of statuary: and missed one of our favorites—"Why dont you speak for yourself John," (John Alden and Priscilla in "The Courtship of Miles Standish"), all of which we cannot dwell upon. We return to the lecture room and as we again study some of the faces, we seem to feel their living presence. How important that we paint upon the retina of our minds that which is good and true.

We do not expect to perform deeds that will give us a seat in the temple of fame; but in viewing the characters which these