

our young people should be taught to be genuine. Out of this upper room these youthful disciples should go, endowed with power to live genuine Christian lives—a new generation rising up to the resistless power of God through the Spirit.

This is a most critical age. The enemies of our Lord would strip Him of everything but His humanity. Arguments alone fail to satisfy. The testimony of a Christlike life is unanswerable. Multiply this by the two million Epworth Leaguers anem, and we have justified our existence by an argument which would rout the harshest critics of Christianity.

## The Epworth League and the Enthronement of Christ

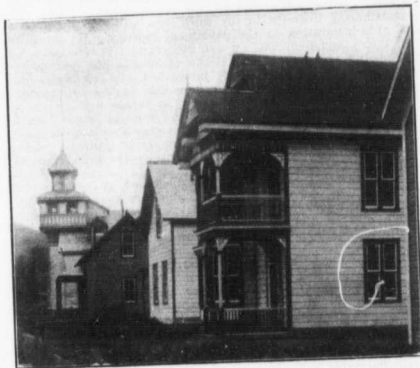
By REV. DR. J. MCHENRY JONES, PRESIDENT W. VA. COLORED INSTITUTE.

### "THE SERVICE."

**I**N what way can the Epworth League, by its service, contribute to the enthronement of the Christ? It is not enough that we be called and equipped, but that we give ourselves to the work of making the teachings of the Master the supreme force in the direction of the world's affairs.

The enthronement of Christ, fellow Leaguers, depends upon our wisdom to win souls for His cause. Men must humbly but cheerfully acknowledge His way and lovingly bend under His yoke.

A man's world consists of the number of persons and objects in which he is interested. While we all live on the same globe, we do not necessarily live in the same world.



MODERN INDIAN ARCHITECTURE

We must each labor to overcome our own little world, to bring the life and light of an enthroned Saviour to act imperatively in our sphere of influence. "We must work in our own appointed sphere and wish it none other than it is."

The service is to produce, through Christ, men and women of perfect character. "Character is a unity and all of the virtues must grow in harmony." This harmonious development of the completely fashioned will must be aided by the Spirit of God. All that there is in the Bible, all that there is in the world, is simply the character of the God who made and created them. To teach men to keep the soul in adjustment with the Eternal, to supply the conditions necessary to produce character, is the heart of the service.

Methods must change with the demands of the age. What would reach men in the sixteenth century may not reach them to-day. Religion does not change, but the manner of appeal to men must vary with the nature of the people and the character of the age. We are appealing to our young people to be something, "to be, rather than to seem." Not simply copies of their neighbors, but conforming to their neighbors' higher ideals so long as these ideals conform to the law and spirit of right.

The service with us is to urge not only the necessity to be something but also to do something useful. The Master has no use in heaven or on earth for a lazy, doleful people. A man's religion is often more evident in the way he weeds the garden than in the way he sings a psalm. Religion is a life, and what we do measures our devotion to God.

The service is not only to be something and to do something but to have something. The old notion that we are especially loved of Heaven because we are poor, has given place to the better notion that God loves us because we are pure. We are not teaching a religion devoid of proper emo-

tion, a soulless materialism, but to properly care for the blessings God puts into our hands. We are saying that as long as there is an unfed human being in the world, to waste life is sin. We are coming to see that a farmer is often of as much use to the world as a reformer and that conscientiously ploughing a straight furrow forwards the enthronement of Christ.

The service is the regeneration of the masses. The route is from the college to the crowd. The man with the hoe must be reached and enlightened. The body of death that hangs around the neck of respectability in my race must be called back to life, must be quickened and saved by introducing Caliban to Cadmus.

Jesus Christ saved men by coming in touch with them. He did not sweep like an angel of light away from the crowded streets where men struggled and sinned, away from the hovels where men suffered for bread, away from the seamy side of life, and bid us behold Him in all His glory, but down in the midst of the groans of the oppressed and dying, he made his way, too busy doing good to think of the grime that might cling to his garments. We are often so proud that we are really worse, so constantly on guard at our own door that we are of no possible use to the rest of the army.

The cloister has its uses, but true warfare is upon the firing line. Our powers must be daily renewed in the closet, but the practice is gained in the market place, in the business centre, in contact with men.

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## The Land of Little Children

By EMMA A. LENTE.

O, we have travelled far and wide and we have wandered long  
From that dear garden-place athrill with laughter and with  
song;  
And, since, no bird has sung for us so merry and so sweet,  
No flowers have bloomed like those that grew about our dancing feet;  
And we have felt the weight of care, and known the salt of  
tears;  
And many thorns have strewn the way, and many haunting  
fears.

And, since, no skies have been so blue, so star-sown in the  
night;  
Nor any sun brought forth a day so full of tense delight.  
There, heaven itself brimmed on the hills, and angels were our  
kin,  
And fairies hid in flowery nooks, and joys were ours to win;  
And purest love and trust and faith our glad young spirits  
thrilled,  
And watchful care and kindly hands our cup of blessing filled.

But every gate swung outward, and the meadow-ways seemed  
fair,  
And so we gayly wandered on with little thought or care;  
We made new friends, and learned strange things that made  
us old and wise;  
We found that heaven is hidden far within the trackless skies;  
And we have found the way of tears, and known the pain of  
loss,  
And felt hot suns and chilling winds, and lifted many a cross.

Now, but in dreams we find that land—no chart have we by  
day,  
No guide to point the backward path, or tell us of the way:  
Why did we wander far and long—why have we strayed so  
wide  
From that glad place of innocence,—that golden summertime?  
Only in dreams we find the way to that lost land, and sweet  
The Land of Little Children, where the purest pleasures meet!

It is a very curious and interesting fact that the word "character," which comes into our English speech directly and without change of sound from the Greek, signifies first the sharp tool with which a seal or die is engraved, and then the inscription or object which is cut in the seal or die. Our character, then, is the image and superscription which we cut upon our life; I say which WE cut, for, however much happens to us and bears upon us from outside causes beyond our control, it is true, in the last analysis, that we determine our own character. We hold the tool which cuts the legends on our life, we grave the die, we incise the seal. What are the tools with which we cut character upon ourselves? The tools are thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."—Charles Cuthbert Hall.