

Young People's Work. FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

The Young People's Societies are invited to use this department of the EVANGELIST in any way that will assist them in their work.

The President of the C. E. Union of Ontario is Thos. Morris, Jr., of Hamilton. Mr. Morris is a young man actively engaged in business; he is one of the city aldermen, and superintendent of the S. S. of the First Methodist Church.

Christian Endeavor meetings are usually held on Sunday evenings just before the regular preaching service. But an exchange tells of a very successful one in the East that is held just after it. The idea to us was entirely new, and deserves consideration. This is the way the plan is said to work: "Nearly all the young people come to the earlier service, and many of the older people tarry through the latter. Thoughtful young Christians have opportunity to indorse and urge home those utterances of the preacher which have specially impressed their minds, and thereby multiply the efficiency of the day's more public services. The preacher is thus enabled to discover definitely what parts of his service have proved profitable to his hearers. The arrangement secures the advantages of that 'after meeting,' which many a pastor has greatly prized and many another has tried in vain to bring into being.—Apostolic Guide.

The Young People's Society in Hamilton has recently adopted the plan suggested above, and it promises to be well suited to the varied circumstances of the different members of the Society.

Letter from Kilsyth.

KILSYTH, Nov. 15, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER:— It may be of interest in your "Young People's Work" column to hear from us; ours is a union society (Presbyterian and Disciple), and is about a year and a half old. I feel safe in saying that every member has been benefited by it. And I believe that many who were careless and indifferent have been led by its influence to think seriously of the one important question in life, and we hope by God's grace that they may soon be not almost but altogether as we are children of one Father. As in every society where there are two or more denominations united, we have had our little points of difference; but we rejoice now in the fact that instead of separating us we have come out of the fire purer and better for the cleansing, and we joyfully sing:

Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds, Is like to that above.

I would say if there is a church who, for lack of numbers, has no Christian Endeavor Society, join in with the young people of some other church and have one right away; it will help you so much. We wish you God speed. Yours sincerely, MINERVA C. FLEMING.

Owen Sound.

A Young People's Society of some twenty-five members was formed here about a month ago, and we are already finding the results of organized effort. The Young People's meetings are full of interest and well attended, we commence a short series of Gospel services this week, in which they will prove a great help. A local union of the Young People's Societies of the town has been formed, one result of which is the publication of a semi-monthly paper, called the "Young People's Union," of which I send you a copy. The young people are also undertaking benevolent work during the winter, and

are specially active in temperance work, and will make an attempt to lessen the number of saloons here. Our audiences are slightly on the increase, our Sunday-School growing satisfactorily, our prayer meetings well attended. JAS. LEDIARD.

Children's Work.

Mrs. Jas. Lediard, Supt., Owen Sound, Ont. to whom communications for this department should be addressed.

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."—John iii. 16.

Your Own.

FROM SONGS OF THE HEART.

What if your own were starving, Fainting with famine pain, And yet you knew where golden grew Rich fruit and ripened grain? Would you hear their wail, As a thrice told tale, And turn to your feast again?

What if your own were thirsting, And never a drop could gain, And yet you could tell where a sparkling well Poured forth melodious rain? Would you turn aside, While they gasped and died, And leave them to their pain?

What if your own were darkened, Without one cheering ray, And you alone could show where shone The pure, sweet light of day? Would you leave them there In their dark despair, And sing on your sunlit way?

What if your own were wandering Far in a trackless maze, And you could show them where to go Along your pleasant ways? Would your heart be light Till the pathway right Was plain before their gaze?

What if your own were prisoned Far in a hostile land, And the only key to set them free Held in your safe command? Would you breathe free air While they stifled there, And wait and hold your hand?

Yet what else are you doing, O ye by Christ made free, If you'll not tell what you know so well To those across the sea, Who have never heard One tender word Of the Lamb of Calvary?

"They are not your own," you answer, "They're neither kith nor kin." They are God's own, His love alone Can save them from their sin. They are Christ's own; He left His throne, And died their souls to win.

The above verses will make a fine recitation for one of the more advanced members in each band, and will help to make an interesting feature of the next programme. Try it.

The financial statement in last EVANGELIST should be cut out and pasted in your missionary scrap book or secretary's book. It is, perhaps, not quite correct, but will give an accurate account of what we have done. The balance may not be so much as given in the statement.

I had the pleasure of entertaining the Owen Sound mission band at my house last week. They came in from school (which, by the way, is now quite close to us) for their regular meeting, which lasted until five o'clock, and was made more interesting than usual by the presence of ten new members. This made it necessary for a talk on the object of our work, what we have done and are trying to do. After the meeting closed, refreshments were served round (some jelly sandwiches were highly appreciated; this may prove a valuable suggestion to some one else who is catering for children) and when these were disposed of, a general good

time was enjoyed by all concerned. There were thirty children present, and I believe they are all more interested in their work than ever before. I should be glad to hear from all our bands before the year closes. Help me to make our column more interesting by sending in your reports speedily. J. E. L.

Trotfoot and Lightfoot.

WHAT TROTFOOT DID WITH IT.

Aunt Maggie often visited the hospital for sick children; so one day she and Mrs. Roland and the four children started out with a basket of grapes and a lot of flowers from the garden. When they rang the bell at the hospital a pretty young woman, with a white apron and cap, opened the door and ushered them up a flight of stairs. They could hear a busy hum, something like a school-room. They entered, a lofty room; everything about it was brilliantly white and clean; around the walls were cots, all but three were occupied. The owners of those three were in the room—one in a movable chair, one going about on crutches, and one sitting on a couch.

Trotfoot looked around. A very little boy in a cot in a corner called out to him: "Boy, boy, come here and shake hands." Trotfoot walked over and took a weak white hand in his strong brown one.

"What's your name, boy?" "William Roland," answered Trotfoot, mindful of his school name. "Mine's Wallie; Wallie Scott, Walter Scott, Sir Walter Scott, Great Scott—that's my name."

With a strange feeling Trotfoot turned to the next cot. A larger boy was in it—a boy with an old face, whose waxen pallor made his eyes look brighter and blacker by contrast. A kind of frame work was under the bed clothes and a weight hung over the foot of the cot.

"Wallie ain't much," he said, in reply to Trotfoot's look. "He didn't learn to talk till he came here, and he's most as old as me."

"What's the matter with you?" inquired Trotfoot.

"Hip disease; lots here have that. My sister, she's here with it."

"What is it like?"

"Um," answered the boy, with an expressive twist of his old face.

"What made you sick?" pursued Trotfoot.

"My father—he gets drunk—threw me down stairs; that's how I got it. Maimie, he punched her; she fell over a chair. She's near dead."

"Your father did it."

"Yes, it's mostly fathers; sometimes it's mothers. One kid was brung here its head most bust open—mother drunk."

This was Trotfoot's first idea of cruelty from parents to children. He looked at the sick boy with horrified eyes. He had thought all fathers like his own, strong and gentle; and all mothers, tender and loving.

"I used to sell noospapers once, before I got too bad. Telegram, 'n' Free Press, 'n' News. Lots o' fun in nice weather," the sick boy went on, delighted to have a new boy to talk to.

"What did you do on wet days?" asked Trotfoot.

"Got wet. But cold days—phew! Its never cold here, and there's always lots to eat—if you can eat it."

"What's that for?" asked Trotfoot, pointing to the weight.

"That's a weight to help stretch my leg. Bet yer life it hurts to have your leg stretched. Say, did you know there was a baby somewheres round? Left on the steps last night."

Trotfoot stared.

Just then a nurse came along with a little glass thing in her hand.

"Time to take temperatures?" asked the boy.

"Quite time, dear," answered the nurse, popping the thermometer in his mouth.

"Good-bye," said Trotfoot.

"Um, um," answered the boy, with his lips closed.

The girls' wards were much the same. All were full. Sad enough it was to look around, in spite of the cheery patience of all the little faces.

Quite a large girl, who used crutches, was nursing the baby that had been left on the steps.

In a corner of one room a pretty, intelligent-looking little girl was playing quietly. The nurse explained that she was deaf and dumb. She had been brought in very ill, and was now quite well, but her parents could not be found. A gentle touch on her arm won a sweet smile and bright look.

As they were going out, Mrs. Roland put some money in a closed box, fastened to the wall near the stairs. Aunt Maggie was saying: "There is no endowment. The institution is carried on by faith." Trotfoot didn't understand that, but he did the dropping of the money in the box. He waited about till they all were nearly down stairs, then he put his precious quarter in softly and ran after them.

That is what he did with his quarter and what he thought of the hospital.

As for Mrs. Roland, she thought thankfully that she could call her little ones, "Trotfoot and Lightfoot."

AGNES.

It beats Jack Frost.

DEAR SIRS—We have used Hagar's Yellow Oil in our family and know it is a sure cure for lumbago and frost bites. My wife was so bad with lumbago that she could not straighten herself, and Yellow Oil completely cured her. It has been a fortune to us. OLIVER ALLEN, Owen Sound, Ont.

Nashville Convention.

The "Post Convention Notes" from the Christian Evangelist are sensible and suggestive. We are particularly pleased with the one numbered 3.

2. Is there any remedy for the evil of social intercourse in front of the church while the convention is in session? If so, the man who invents it or suggests it, will be a benefactor of the missionary cause. It might be a partial remedy for this nuisance, if we had more time between sessions for social chats and acquaintance-making. But how to do this without lengthening the time of the convention is the unsolved problem. One would like to look around over the city in which the convention is held, but the convention holds him in bondage while it lasts, and there is no time for rest save a few hours in the latter part of the night. Perhaps after awhile we will learn to take things more leisurely and come together to remain two weeks in the transaction of our business.

3. As soon as we can get the special work of our various boards before the people so that the nature and purpose of each is thoroughly understood, the special addresses on these special lines, might well give place, it seems to us, to broader discussions of living themes involved in the progress of our work. The educational feature of these conventions in the things which most vitally concern us, is also an inspiring feature, and ought not to be lost sight of. Many young disciples and preachers come to these conventions who need the moulding influence of the ablest presentation of fundamental Christian truths, and as these must underlie all intelligent missionary zeal, they are pertinent to such conventions.

4. The last session of one of these conventions, in our judgment, should have no set address, much less three. It should be the people's meeting—a thanksgiving and praise meeting—crowded with short talks, prayer, and

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songs, in which all might have a chance to tell what good they had gotten out of the convention, and which they would take home with them. Such a close would tend to deepen the impressions of the convention, and leave the feeling of Christian fellowship as the last and most abiding memory.

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