

## Address by Miss L. V. Rioch.

The following is a model Christian Endeavor address given by Miss L. V. Rioch, president of the Church of the Disciples Y. P. S. C. E., before an audience in the A. M. E. Church, Thursday evening, September 17th. As the result of the meeting held there, a Christian Endeavor society has been organized, and at our next Union meeting we expect to greet our colored brethren. Miss Rioch said:

"The work of the Society of Christian Endeavor is preparation for service. The demand, everywhere, is for skilled workmen. The person who can do nothing well must be content with odd jobs and scant remuneration. The one who is master of any one branch of industry is almost sure of constant employment if he be willing to use his skill faithfully and honestly.

The demand in the Church to-day is not unlike that in the industrial world. The important and delicate pieces of work cannot be left to novices. If there is need of skill in the common industries of life there is surely need of skill in the work of God—work that will last forever, and which has to do with the needs of human souls.

The Society of Christian Endeavor seeks to give this preparation—skill in the use of God's word, and in dealing with men, and above this that personal preparation of heart and life which is necessary to effectual Christian activity. Here we may take, as it were, a coal from God's altar, and go forth with the divine message on our lips, here may our hands be trained to beautiful and helpful ministries, and our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace and made swift to bring good tidings. Here we may begin to say "Here am I, O Lord, send me!"

Shall we grudge the time, the thought, the labor, necessary for this preparation, when we remember that Christ gave thirty years in preparing for His three years' service, and that the apostles were three years His constant companions in order that they might be fitted for their work? Let us not think that when we have held our weekly prayer-meeting that our work is done. It is only begun. "The secret of loyalty to the pledge is in the hour of secret devotion," says a watchful observer. Our public duties are like the hands of a watch which all may see, while behind them is the delicate workmanship, which must daily be wound up, and kept free from rust and friction; so we must keep our souls pure, or our public duties will cease."

## The Passing Year.

The Year's soft Spring, whose bounty gave  
Its meed of blooming flowers,  
Like them, hath faded in the grave  
Of Summer's glowing hours.

And Summer now to swift decay  
Doth see her glories fade,  
Her fervent brightness pass away  
In Autumn's golden shade.

Yet not before with fostering care  
She decked the verdant land,  
Did Spring her tender offspring spare  
To Summer's harsh command.

Nor yet before with richest store  
The fruitful year was crowned,  
Did Summer hear at Autumn's door  
Her dying requiem sound;

That Autumn now, with smiling face,  
Might bless with wine and corn  
Frail man dependent on her grace  
Against old Winter's storm.

And thus may we, in youth's soft Spring,  
Pure seed of goodness sow;  
In manhood's Summer fruit forth bring  
True goodness to show.

That in the Winter of old age,  
As death storms gather round,  
With golden deeds in fullest gauge  
Our garners may be found.—

Hamilton, Sept. 26th, 1891.

S. A. Morgan, B. A.

## Reading.

"The habit of reading, I make bold to tell you, is your pass to the greatest, the purest and the most perfect pleasures that God has prepared for His creatures. Other pleasures may be more ecstatic; but the habit of reading is the only enjoyment I know in which there is no alloy. It lasts when all other pleasures fade."—Anthony Trollope.

"Life being short and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of it in reading valueless books."

—John Ruskin.

"Books!—the chosen depositories of the thoughts, the opinions and the aspirations of mighty intellects:—like wondrous mirrors that have caught and fixed bright images of souls that have passed away; like magic lyres, whose masters have bequeathed them to the world, and which yet of themselves ring with un-forgotten music, while the hands that touched their chords have crumbled in the dust."

While we are boys and girls we have (at least the majority of us) the most time for reading, and the hours spent in this way are