

The People's Prayers.

Up to the merciful Father
 The prayers rise day and night,
 Away through the mist and darkness
 Away on the wings of light,
 And none that was really earnest
 Ever has lost its way,
 And none that asked for a blessing
 Ever was answered nay.

But why will the Father hearken?
 If we cast away our sin
 And knock at the gate of mercy
 He graciously lets us in.
 Ah, why, but because he loves us
 With measureless, earthly love!
 For as dear are his earth-bound children
 As the safer ones above.

And so let none of the people
 Ever neglect to pray,
 For prayer can bring some sunshine
 Into the darkest day;
 And patience and strength and courage,
 And power to work or to bear,
 And peace and wonderful gladness,
 Are the answers unto prayer.

CHAUTAQUA NOTES.

ADDRESS OF DR. HURLBUT.

I AM going to tell you of four classes of people for whom the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is meant. First of all, it is meant for the men and women who have finished their education, and want to have some lines of literary thought, and study still open to them. There are a good many people who have completed their education, who do not like to lose entirely their hold upon literature, who would like to have something to do and read. It is sometimes wiser to take a course in literature selected by those who have made study a business, than to read in a haphazard fashion. There are thousands who would like to read if they knew just what was a good plan of reading to follow, and the C. L. S. C. is meant to give these thousands of inquirers a knowledge of what to do and how to read.

There is the second class. There are a great many people who have had a great hunger for education, but from the dire condition of their early days they have not been permitted to enjoy its privileges. There are men in the busy walks of life—men who are husbands, and fathers, and heads of families—men in business, commerce, toil and traffic—who look back to the days of their youth and say, "Oh, that I could have had an opportunity of education!" To such as these the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle extends its open hand, and says, "Come with us up the hill of knowledge. We cannot give you a college course, we cannot give you anything that will be a substitute for a college, but we can give you something of a college outlook, and some of the opportunities of intelligence." For such as these the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is meant.

Then there is a class closely allied to this one. There are fathers and mothers with all the burdens and cares of life upon them, days of toil, and nights too, sometimes. Circumstances seem to prevent them from study and from reading. They are glad their children have the privilege of an education, that has been denied them; but they want to think the thoughts their sons and daughters think; they want to read the books they read; and while they may not gain a discipline that study will give them, they will yet gain the acquaintance with literature which reading can give. Now, for such as these the Chautauqua Circle is meant.

ADDRESS OF J. J. MACLAREN, G.C., OF CANADA.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen,—This demonstration I cannot take as anything personal,

but as a compliment to the country from which I come. I have to confess that I am an unworthy representative of that country in many of the ways. I have to confess before you that I was one of those who, four years ago entered the class which to-day graduated as the Class of '88, and that I, like some others, stopped at the half-way house.

I think I can say something to encourage some of those who may have more perseverance than myself to take up this course of reading. When I think of what it has accomplished, when I know of what it has accomplished in many cases in my own country, the influence it has had upon the lives of individuals and communities where, to a considerable extent, they have availed themselves of its benefits, I have felt that the charge that is very often brought against this reading course and against the whole Chautauqua system, that it is superficial, is not true.

I have witnessed many college commencements, and yet I do not think I have ever witnessed one where there seemed greater interest or greater enthusiasm than there was in this audience to-day, and after witnessing that scene I was not surprised when one of our Canadians, a distinguished graduate of two universities, told me after it was over, that really he felt more interest in the ceremony of to-day than on either of the occasions in which he had received diplomas from the great universities.

This work is being done and it is accomplishing a great deal in these two countries; and it is doing something, I think, to bind them together by engaging them in common work and in common study, and the union of the two flags—the stars and stripes that represent your civilization, the wonders that have been accomplished during the past hundred years and more, telling there gracefully by the flag that for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze—this union is being accomplished by your system. And I was delighted to hear from the admirable report that was presented by the Principal of the Circle to-day that there were no less than fifty thousand engaged in its study throughout the world, not only beneath these flags, but under foreign flags—in far-off Japan and other parts of the world there are many who with you are carrying on this work, are engaged in this study.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. DURRILL.

Ladies and gentlemen,—“The prize is set before us.” In ancient Elis, on the north bank of one of the most beautiful rivers of Greece, there was a place where aspirants for worldly honours contended in the chariot race, in boxing, in wrestling and in flinging the javelin. It is supposed that the old Olympians are all dead, and that wrestling had ceased, and that the rumble of the chariot wheels would be no more heard. But under the powerful hand of Chautauqua the Olympians have come to life, and exist in the Class of '91.

The prize is set before us, friends. The chariots we drive are ourselves; the steeds that we hold in subjugation are our passions, our impulses, high of mettle, but needing a trained arm to hold them. We wrestle not with flesh and blood; we have learned a better way than the old Greek. Our wrestling is with principalities and with powers, and with spiritual wickedness in high places; our crown is not that of a mean leaf, it is not that which this world can give, but that crown that the Great Father in heaven hath reserved for them that love Him. And Chautauquans have learned that God is in the midst of us. We have learned to study both the word and works of God, and our running is not as the running of the old Greeks; we pass through another door.

ADDRESS OF BISHOP VINCENT.

There are three classes of people who are con-

cerned with the C. L. S. C.—those who join and do not know enough to stop, and go through the four years and get their diplomas. Secondly, those who drop out and never drop in again. They drop out at the end of the first year or at the end of the first six months with a yawn. And thirdly, those who join again every year.

I believe in the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, of course. I believe in it chiefly because of the glory which it gives to life by making life the principal thing, and making education a matter of comparatively little importance. Look at that brakeman. See that brakeman who has been touched by the wand of the C. L. S. C., and has an idea of being a man, and who says to himself, "I happen to be a brakeman just now. The thing for me to do is to make a good brakeman, a true brakeman, a faithful brakeman, an intelligent brakeman. And he goes about his business in a manly way, and said to a friend one day, "You little think of the privilege which I have as a brakeman. Why, I have the finest opportunities for travel of any man in this part of the country. I meet some of the nicest people in this land. I have an autograph album now my wife gave me a hint about that and so I am collecting the autographs of the distinguished people with whom I travel. I have found out that the most highly cultivated men in the country are glad to talk with a man who is seeking information."

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle comes to a man and says, "Never mind where you are; never mind what you do—be a man!" It comes to a woman and says, "Never mind the limitations of your life, never mind your antecedents; never mind the restraints that are put upon you—be a woman—true, noble, pure and unselfish." Cultivate your intellect. Live as long as you can, and make the world better and nobler because you live in it.

The Christian idea of the Chautauqua movement sees that the Christian element enters into it as one of its essential features. It is the duty of every man to help every other man to be all that he can be, know all that he can know, and do all that he pleases to do under the limitations already indicated. And position in life has nothing to do with it. Well then, poverty, birth nor colour has nothing to do with it; race has nothing to do with it. A man is a man who has a man's motive, a man's purpose, a man's will, and who bows reverently before God that he may worship him and gain strength to help his neighbour. That is Chautauqua.

OPIMUM WRAPPED IN ARSENIC.

THERE are many who maintain that the injurious results of drinking are due not so much to the excessive quantity consumed as to the horrible adulteration of liquors commonly sold in saloons. It appears also to be the case that the deadly cigarette owes its destructive powers largely to the vile compound illegitimately introduced into its manufacture.

The tobacco which is in ordinary cigarettes, of a very low grade, is treated with valerian or opium, drugs that make the smoker a slave to the weed. Even the expensive brands are adulterated; the thrifty manufacturers save expense by making the "Havana flavouring" from the tonga bean.

Worse still is the composition of the wrapper of the cigarette. Very little genuine rice-straw paper issued, it is too expensive. It is imitated with linen paper made from filthy rags, and bleached with lime and arsenical preparations, whose combustion is actively injurious to the throat and lungs.

Altogether the cigarette is a deadly little weapon. It is less swift in operation than a dynamite cartridge, but more vicious and insidious. It ought to go.