

CHILDREN'S CENTENNIAL.

WHAT hath God wrought, the century
past!
Our Church from nothing bringing;
O'er distant lauds her bands are cast,
E'en heathen now are singing.

CHORUS.

O day of days, glad Children's Day!
To truth and worship given,
A hundred years may thy bright ray,
Shine from a favouring heaven!

"A feeble folk" to thousands grown,
What tribute can we render?
We've much received; the debt we own,
And offerings large would tender.
Choro.—O day of days, etc.

We all would cheerful givers be,
And bringing now our treasure,
We hope to see fair learning's tree
Bear fruit in grander measure.
Choro.—O day of days, etc.

God bless our Church while time shall last,
Save her from fear or doubting,
And when another century's past,
May children still be shouting.
Choro.—O day of days, etc.

"DO IT NOW."

AMONG the mountains of Switzerland
is a small hostelry, where tourists are
accustomed to stop and refresh them-
selves before making the grand ascent.
In the waiting-room of this inn is a
placard suspended in plain sight,
containing, in large type, these three
words—*Do It Now*.

When the inn-keeper was asked the
meaning of this, he explained that he
was continually bothered by tourists
asking him when they should go here,
or when they should go there, or when
they should do this, that, or the other
thing, and so he had the placard put
up that it might save him the trouble
of answering so many questions.

Wise man! No doubt many a tourist
has had occasion to thank him for
opening his eyes to the danger of
procrastination; for often the printed
protest, the silent admonition, will
have more effect than the spoken
word.

We are travelling up the mountain
heights, and are more or less disturbed
by anxious doubts and fears; and it
would be well if we kept before our
eyes this simple admonition: "Do it
now." And what a world of trouble it
would save us to-morrow, if we were
careful to do all that we ought to do
to-day!

You have a difference with some
member of the family, and sometime
intend to say you are sorry, and ask
forgiveness! Do it now! A friend has
been bereaved, and it is in your heart
to write a few comforting words. Do
it now!

A poor family are in need of assist-
ance; their case appeals strongly
to your sympathy, and you suppose
you ought to look after them. Do it
now!

You have endeavoured to lead the
life of a Christian, but have not yet
entered into membership with any
church. Do it now!

There was one sermon of the pastor's
which seemed to lot in the light, and
some day you mean to thank him for
it. Do it now!

You were rather hasty in your
temper yesterday, and must correct
the tendency to answer back. Do it
now!

You have a fashion of frowning
when asked to do a favour; but some
of these days you may be able to
render more cheerful obedience. Do
it now!

You know that your manners need
polishing, and that you ought really to
give up using slang words and phrases.
Do it now!

Don't delay doing whatever is neces-
sary to the improvement of your
character, or the benefit of your follow-
creatures. The habit of putting off
grows upon us; and if we accustom
ourselves to act upon each good impulse,
we shall be surprised to find how much
we can accomplish, and how our own
activity serves as a spur to those who
are willing to do when they see others
doing.

"The slight purpose never is o'erlooked,
Unless the deed go with it."

—S. S. *Classmate*.

A YEAR OF GRACE.

DR. SUTHERLAND remarked at the
Toronto Conference that he doubted
if ever, in the annals of Methodism
in any land or at any time, a more
remarkable ingathering of souls was
recorded than during the Conference
year just closed. An increase of over
20,000 after making up for all the
losses by deaths, removals, suspen-
sions and the like, is something for
which to be devoutly thankful. It
represents an increase of considerably
over ten per cent of the entire
membership. At this rate the Church
would more than double in member-
ship within a single decade. And
why not? The same infinite resources
of divine grace are available in the
future as during the past—the sus-
ceptibilities and needs of the human
heart are still the same. "Let Zion
arise and shine, the glory of the Lord
being risen upon her." The fields
wave white unto the harvest on every
side. Ever new generations are
coming on the field of being to be
discipled for Christ, and wide doors of
opportunity are being opened in many
lands.

It is, we think, no fanaticism to
regard this unprecedented year of grace
as a seal of the Divine approval on
the union of Canadian Methodism.
The removal of causes of estrangement
and strife and petty jealousy, the
substitution of brotherly love and
Christian co-operation, finds its natural
result in this remarkable ingathering
of souls. It is noteworthy that the
year following the previous union
with the New Connexion Church was
signalized by an addition of over 8,000
members to the united Church. Such
gracious results, with the increased
resources which shall flow therefrom,
will go far to remove any temporary
difficulty felt from the overcrowding
of the ranks of the ministry. Indeed
that difficulty has already largely
disappeared, and in our magnificent
territory in the North-West there is
already an earnest demand for more
labourers for the harvest.—*Methodist
Magazine for August*.

A PERSON who suspected that a min-
ister of his acquaintance was not truly
orthodox, went to him and said, "Sir,
I am told that you are against the
perseverance of the saints." "Not I,
indeed," was the answer; "it is the
perseverance of sinners that I oppose."
The other replied, "But that is not a
satisfactory answer. Do you think
that a child of God cannot fall very
low and yet be restored?" The min-
ister answered, "I think it will be
very dangerous to make the experi-
ment."

TRUSTWORTHY.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

"HERE, Ellis," said Deacon Cary
to a lad of fifteen, as he stepped from
the morning train. "Here is a good
round-trip ticket that will carry you to
Springfield and back without costing
you a cent. Take it, and run up and
spend Sunday with your mother. It
will save you a round two dollars, and
that will buy you a new jacket, which,
I dare say, you need."

The boy took the ticket from the
outstretched hand, and looked it over
with a glad smile lighting up his
face.

"It is all right," continued the
deacon, "and good until it is used, you
see. I made my trip upon it, and the
careless conductor failed to call for it
either way. Keep it, and use it," he
said, as the boy offered him the bit of
pasteboard. "You are welcome to it,
and your mother will be glad to see
you, I am sure."

"But you have used this ticket
already, Mr. Cary," urged Ellis.

"It's not my lookout if the conductor
fails to attend to his duty. The ticket
is my property yet, and I make a
present of it to you," the deacon replied,
a little impatiently.

Ellis Conway looked at the card in
his hand, and thought of his poor, sick
mother, and of all the delicacies the
extra two dollars would buy for her
comfort, and he was sorely tempted to
take the next train to Springfield;
but the next moment his better self
had triumphed, and tearing the ticket
into small bits, he deliberately cast
them into the fire, saying as he did so:
"The temptation is removed now. If
I had used it, the railroad company
would not have been much poorer, but
I would, for I would have lost my
self respect, and I cannot afford to be
on bad terms with myself."

Deacon Cary muttered something
about over-righteousness, but a few
months later, when in need of a trust-
worthy clerk, Ellis was the first one
he invited to fill the vacancy. He
explained to his partner: "A boy
who scorns to cheat a railroad company
will be perfectly trustworthy among
piles of money."

BOATS THAT GNATS BUILD.

DID you ever hear of the wonderful
boats that gnats build? They lay eggs
in the water, and the eggs float until
it is time for them to hatch. You can
see these little egg rafts on almost any
pool in the summer.

The eggs are so heavy that one
alone would sink. The cunning mother
fastens them together, until they form
a hollow boat. It will not upset, even
if it is filled with water! The upper
end of these eggs is pointed, and looks
very much like a powder flask.

One egg is glued to another, pointed
end up, until the boat is finished. And
how many eggs do you think it takes?
From two hundred and fifty to three
hundred. When the young are
hatched, they always come the under
side leaving the empty boat afloat.

These eggs are very, very small.
First they are white, then green, then
a dark gray. They swim like little
fishes, and hatch in two days. Then
they change again to a kind of sheath.
In another week, this sheath bursts
open and lets out a winged mosquito.
It is all ready for work. There are
so many of them born in a summer,

that were it not for the birds and
larger insects, we should be "eaten up
alive."—*Our Little Folks*.

THE SCHOLAR AND THE ECHO.

WHAT is this I hear them saying,
In the Band of Hope displaying
Bright new cards, a promise making
Always to abstain from drinking,
Must I also sign the pledge?
Sign the pledge.

But when Christmas comes so jolly,
With its mince pies and its holly,
Mince pies flavoured with rich wine,
Wine which comes from our own vine,
Must I always answer no?
Answer no.

But, my Echo, this is trying,
And for cider I'll be sighing,
Cider which comes sweet and clear
In the autumn of the year.
Must I also t'his refuse?
This refuse.

Echo thou shalt be my teacher.
Never known was such a preacher.
Will my singing help another?
Is each one my sister, brother?
Will I gain a sure reward?
A sure reward.

NOTHING BUT WATER ON
THE TABLE.

THERE is a certain large boarding-
school for boys in England, where we
have seen sixty or seventy of them at
their desks; and fine, merry, strong,
clover lads they were. No intoxi-
cating drinks whatever are placed on
the table, and yet several brewers and
wine merchants send their sons there
for education. This proves that even
dealers in strong drink do not regard
it as essential to their intellectual
activity and physical health. Well,
one of the young gentlemen had a
white swelling in his knee, and was
sent home for medical treatment.
When the family doctor arrived and
examined the limb he evidently
thought it a serious case, and said:

"What sort of a school are you at?"
"Oh! a jolly school."
"What kind of a master have you?"
"Oh! a jolly master."
"But what sort of a table does he
keep?"
"Oh! a jolly table."
"Yes, yes; but what does he give
you to drink?"
"Oh! the governor's a teetotaler;
he puts nothing but water on the
table."

"Then," said the doctor to the
patient's anxious mother, "we can
save his limb. Do not fear; he will
soon get better." And he did so, and
went back to his desk, his games, and
his "jolly table"—not less jolly to
him now that he knew water-drinking
had been so good for him.

SUFFERING PATIENTLY.

THERE was a little boy who was so
crippled that he could not open his
Bible, which he had always before him,
A gentleman asked him why he was so
fond of reading it.

"I like to read the Bible," said he,
"because it tells me of Jesus Christ."

"Do you think you have believed
on Jesus Christ?"

"Yes, I do."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he enables me to bear my
afflictions patiently."

"Is there any fixed rule for writing
poetry?" wrote a correspondent to a
country editor. His reply was—
"There is. Don't!"