

First Church Endeavorer.

"FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH."

VOL. II.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, JUNE, 1892.

No. 11

First Church Endeavorer.

A JOURNAL devoted to all Departments of
Church Work.

PUBLISHED BY THE

Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION 25 CENTS PER ANNUM.

Address all communications to 45 Wellington Street
North, not later than the first of each month.

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Beauties of Nature.

"Nature never did betray the heart that loved her;
'Tis her privilege, through all the years of this our life,
To lead from joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress with
Quietness and beauty, and so feed with lofty thought,
That neither evil tongues, rash judgments, nor
The sneers of evil men, nor greetings where
No kindness is, nor all the dreary intercourse
Of daily life, shall e'er prevail against us,
Or disturb our cheerful faith, that all
Which we behold is full of blessing." - Wordsworth.

What can surpass the pleasure of a ramble in the woods in early spring? Nature invites us to enjoy her loveliness. When we reach the entrance of the wood, we feel that here we must lay aside care, and abandon ourselves to her influence. The sunlight comes shimmering through the leaves, making delicate tracery beneath our feet. The violets "gleam through mossy tufts, their dark eyes filled with sleep;" the pure white lilies, the anemone, the mosses and ferns, all charm us; and our minds become restful and happy. Everywhere the song of birds, the humming of insects, the murmur of the brook, the sound of the wind through the trees make music that has no discord. When Nature has with such profusion scattered

beauty everywhere, why not open our eyes to look upon it, and have our ears attuned to its music?

She is so grand and majestic, at times so calm, that when in company with her we feel the littleness of all our worries and find ourselves partaking of her calmness.

It is true that we live in a magnificent university, and every object in nature is a teacher, if we reverently listen to its instruction. If we observe the starry heavens, welcome the flowers as they come, know the appearance of the different birds, and their songs, climb the mountain and find out the secrets from its rocks, thus holding communion with the outward forms of Nature, we are laying the foundation for a lifetime of pure enjoyment. "He who knows the most, who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments, is the rich and royal man." Having tasted of these enjoyments, the toys and baubles that once attracted lose their charm, and we find that Nature is loved by what is best in us, and that the appreciation of the beautiful in her is the secret of happiness.

-C.K.

Life on the Prairies.

THOMAS MORRIS, JR.

A SAIL UP THE ASSINIBOINE.

My next move, after getting back to Winnipeg, was to endeavor to make a good speculation, that I might have sufficient money to go farming. I left my situation, and prepared to take a cargo of flour, bacon and cheese up to the new town of Brandon. I had little money to invest, but my credit was good, so, after signing a note for thirty days, my cargo was shipped on a wide flat-bottomed river boat, and I started on my speculative trip.

The first night I did not sleep much, the berths were so hot and stuffy. I went out on the upper deck, and I must have dropped into a contemplative mood, for I find the following in my diary, written at the time, by the pale light of the moon.