

From Nashville, words of greeting and welcome continue to arrive. Rev. W. T. Rodgers, pastor of Grace Church, writes: "Grace Church is to be headquarters for Canada during the International C. E. Convention here, July 6-11. We extend a royal welcome to Canada, and assure you that we will meet you with extended hands and open and warm hearts when you come to Nashville, down in Dixie, July 6th." A similar letter comes from the C. E. society of Grace Church, of which Mr. B. G. Alexander, the secretary of the committee of '98, is president, and whose picture we present to our readers this month.

What more can we add?—except to again urge all to write for the folder, which will give the minutest details as to arrangements and cost, and write now, —a post card will do the business.

C. J. ATKINSON,
C. E. Excursion Manager for Ontario and Quebec,
26 Langley Ave., Toronto.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight,
Once in a century.

But better far it is to speak
One single word which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men.—Anon.

THE *Christian Endeavor World* publishes the following message from Ira D. Sankey, who is travelling in Egypt: "I have been in this strange and wonderful city four days. I have seen the face of Rameses the Third and Rameses the Great and many other dead things, but one of the livest things I have yet discovered is the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of Cairo, where I had the privilege of speaking yesterday at their regular 4 p.m. meeting. The Christian Endeavor society will be a great blessing to this needy nation as the years go by."

Music Hath Charms.

IN every age the refining and ennobling influence of music has been recognized and praised.

A story which contains a powerful tribute to the divine art is thus told in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*.

He came into the hotel parlor without being asked. A number of gentlemen and ladies were engaged in conversation. He was evidently a guest, and had perfect right to the apartment; but the fact that he was *de trop* did not affect him in the least. He had a disagreeable and forbidding face and manner. His countenance bore the marks of dissipation and degradation; his eyes were bleared. He was ugly, both in person and movement, and when he took a chair the conversation ceased and there was an unpleasant constraint, as if an evil spirit were present. The ugly man remained seated, with his head bowed down, frowning at space. Little by little the conversation began to revive, but attention never thoroughly left the ugly man. When he arose from his chair every eye glanced furtively in his direc-

tion. Without noticing any one he walked nonchalantly to the piano and opened it. There was a death-like silence. Who asked for music? was the involuntary thought, but no one had the courage to speak to the intruder. He ran his fingers carelessly over the keys, and his ugliness disappeared. From demon he was become angel. He seemed to be playing to please his own fancy, wandering without effort from one theme to another. The listeners were charmed; tears came to the eyes of the ladies. The music was telling of life; of its joys and sorrows; of deep woods with the sun in lacework on the ground and birds singing in the trees; of moonlight in the faraway, dreamy places; of recollections of departed friends, and the sadness of disappointment. How could such a delicate, soaring spirit, moved to the mystical expression of harmony, be lodged in that coarse, degraded body? The ugly man, charming his listeners so that they were enraptured with him, was like Caliban, the vicious, destructive demon, who dreamed of the music of his island: "The isle is full of noises, sounds, and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not." The pianist was a Paul Verlaine, a dual being, one who leads one life of the body and another of the spirit. Suddenly the playing ceased abruptly, the player turned in his stool and gave a harsh, guttural laugh. He was the ugly man again.

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