

formation I will consider the matter carefully.'

But Uncle Silas only muttered something about there being 'no Christian Endeavor in the Auld Kirk.' Then Elder Gray, the father of the revolutionary lassie, arose to speak. 'I think our minister is right,' he began, 'we cannot condemn something of which we are entirely ignorant. But I have a suggestion to make. My lassie tells me that next month there will be a convention of this society in Washington, the capital of the United States, where all its work will be fully explained. Now let us send someone to investigate at that convention and report to us on his return. Perhaps Elder Silas Brown would be willing to go himself.'

It was a bold idea, and the sound of importance it bore had a wonderful fascination, so that when the brethren regained their breath, they found themselves nodding their approval. All eyes were then centred on Elder Brown, who, summoning up his dignity, rose to the occasion. 'Brethren,' he said, 'I recognize the justice of our minister's remarks, and the wisdom of Elder Gray's suggestion, and I am willing if it is your wish to assume the responsibility of investigating this thing for the sake of our church; and you may depend upon me to sift it to the bottom.' Thus it came about that Uncle Silas Brown was appointed a commission of investigation from the Rallytown Presbyterian Church, to the Washington convention.

Uncle Silas little thought of what he was undertaking, or he might have hesitated before offering his services so freely; but with his hand once upon the plough his Scotch pride would not let him turn back. Only once, since when a lad he had made his home amid the forests of northern Ontario, had he been 'Outside,' and then it was but to the fall fair in the country town. So when he found himself a stranger in Toronto, amid trolleys, and bicycles, and other newfangled things, he began to feel lonely and bewildered, and to wonder if he would ever get home again alive. He managed to find the ticket agent's office, and was halting between buying a yard of ticket to Washington, or a little buff card back to Rallytown, when help arrived on the scene in the form of a man of average height, with a short red beard, and clad in a dark-colored bicycle suit. This individual overheard Uncle Silas enquiring about Washington, and said to him, 'Well, sir, are you going with us to the convention?' Uncle Silas surveyed him from head to foot and began, 'Well, mister, I don't know who you be; but if you're one of those bunco men, we read about, why—', but here the ticket agent interrupted, 'Oh! that gentleman's all right, Mr. Brown; he is the Ontario excursion manager, and if you put yourself under his care you are sure to enjoy the trip.' Thus reassured Uncle Silas bought his ticket to Washington, and submitted himself to the guardianship of 'the man in boy's pants,' as he afterwards described him.

There is not space to tell you about the journey, and all the old man's strange experiences; but before he reached Washington Uncle Silas had to admit to himself that he had never met a more respectful, kindly lot of young people than his fellow-travellers. 'If all Christian Endeavorers are like these, they are not so bad as I thought,' was the first entry he made in his note book, as a result of his investigations.

The welcome he received at Washington from the warm-hearted friends at Canadian Headquarters, very nearly won him over from the position of an impartial investigator; but when on Wednesday evening he wandered into one of the prayer-meetings,

and saw a woman stand on the platform, and heard her speak, his conservative soul was inexpressibly shocked, and he was driven from the hall in his old role of a doubting critic. When he reached his billet this note was entered in his book, 'They allow the women to speak in public, contrary to Paul's teaching.'

He was too late for the sunrise prayer-meeting on Thursday morning, but 9.30 found him seated in Tent Endeavor ready to criticize everything. He was feeling severe after his experience of the night before, and when the great choir began to sing 'Let a little sunshine in,' he shook his old gray head in emphatic disapproval. This was not one of the Psalms of David. But as the audience took up the chorus of the sweet new song, and sent it pealing through the tent, the spirit of it seized him, and he found himself beating time to the music with his programme. Then followed the devotional exercises, and the heart of Uncle Silas felt a tingle of sympathy as he joined with the gathered thousands in reverent worship, More singing, and then Secretary Baer, with his bright, happy face, stepped to the front to read his annual report. With ever growing wonder Uncle Silas listened to the facts and figures telling of the great growth of the movement, that fell in rapid succession from the speaker's lips. So intense was his interest that he forgot to be horrified at the applause which burst out so frequently round about him, and when he heard of England winning the banner for greatest actual increase of societies, his hands involuntarily met with a clap, and he only saved himself by the thought of what Rallytown session would say. But when the news followed that Scotland also had taken a banner, poor Uncle Silas could restrain himself no longer, session or no session, and bringing his two horny palms together gave vent to his feelings in thunderous applause, that quite startled the little lady seated beside him. From then on Uncle Silas ceased to be the impartial investigator, and became the sympathetic student; and this entry went down in his notebook, 'If Scotland thinks so well of it there must be something good in Christian Endeavor.'

So meeting by meeting, and bit by bit, his prejudices were overcome, as the spirit of the convention captured him and taught him that Christian Endeavor was no newer nor more unscriptural than the life of Christ himself. One objection, however, remained in his notebook which had yet to be overcome. That was concerning women speakers. On Sunday afternoon he sought the Presbyterian Missionary rally in Tent Endeavor, and to his horror the first speaker introduced was a woman. He would have gotten up and out if he could, but he was in the middle of a seat with a score on either side, and one of those cards staring him in the face that read:—

'Be unselfish, and do not speak or move about during the session, as you disturb the whole convention.'

So he kept his seat reluctantly, and was compelled to listen. The speaker was Miss M. Catherine Jones, of New York, one of the missionaries of the Presbyterian Church. She had a clear, sympathetic voice that reached the farthest corner of the tent, and Uncle Silas found himself unwillingly interested as he listened to her touching description of the hardships and difficulties of the western mission fields. Presently two tears stole from his eyes and rolled slowly down his cheeks, while his heart warmed with sympathy for the thousands of hungry ones who do not know the Bread of Life. And

then, as Miss Jones finished her earnest pleading he wiped his eyes and wrote this in his book, 'If Paul could have heard Miss Jones, I believe he would have changed his mind. I have, anyway.' Thus the last barrier was swept away.

And Monday evening came; and Uncle Silas went with part of the Canadian delegation to one of the three tents. No longer the critic, he felt now as though he were in very deed an Endeavorer. New aspirations stirred his old heart; he longed to take back to Rallytown some of the life and earnestness, and power that characterized this convention. The consecration service was a new experience to him, but it was a sweet one, and when he stood up with the rest in response to the roll call he inwardly pledged himself to serve his Master with renewed zeal and faithfulness when he returned to his village home.

So the convention closed, and the commission of investigation returned to Rallytown. But it went back a different man, with a new message. The little church was crowded when Elias rose to deliver his report. The news of his journey and mission had spread throughout the countryside, and folk who had not entered the church for years were there, curious to hear the result of his investigation. I cannot tell you all he said, for he said much, but this was the conclusion of the whole matter; 'Brethren, I have investigated this organization from top to bottom. And at the top of it I find that Jesus Christ reigns supreme; and at the bottom of it I find the bible as a strong foundation; and in between I find earnest, godly men and women ready and fitted for the service. So the recommendation of this committee of investigation is that a Christian Endeavor society be at once organized in Rallytown.' And I have no doubt if you visit that little village to-day, you will find that the recommendation has been carried out.—'Endeavor Herald.'

Otis Kent's Courage.

(Annie Hamilton Donnell, in 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

'If I only was little!'

The voice was full of plaintive distress. But Otis Kent did not believe what it said. He was proud of the big, sinewy, iron-clad frame he was looking at so dubiously in the mirror. He was proud of the splendid display of muscle that appeared as he doubled his arm, and of the whole thickset figure of Otis Kent. And he knew he was proud of it. But he shook his fist at the boy in the glass, and scolded him for being so big and strong.

'If I were a little, namby-pamby kid, there wouldn't be any trouble!' he cried, viciously. 'They wouldn't want you on their old football team. They'd never dream of asking you! And then you could go to the games and look on and toss your hat up and yell and be happy. You wouldn't feel like a great booby—pouf!'

He turned away and tried to translate his 'Omnis Gallia in tres partes divisa est,' but it only inflamed his temper still more, for wasn't Caesar a regular fighter? Wouldn't he have made a splendid football man? Huh, you couldn't imagine him standing round on the edges of the gridiron with his hands in his pockets and his regular clothes on! Caesar'd have been with padded trousers, and with nose-protector, plumb in the middle of the scrimmage, that's where he'd have been!

Otis kicked the 'commentaries' across the room, and followed its ignominious course with angry eyes.

This brought the mantel-piece within his