

Young People's Work.

FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

The Committee on Young People's Societies of the Co-operation of Disciples of Christ in Ontario: W. W. Coulter, Chairman; Reuben Butchart, A. Johnston.

Everything intended for insertion in this column should be sent to W. W. Coulter, St. Thomas, Ont.

C. E. Notes.

GEO. FOWLER, GUELPH.

Nov. 19—*Gentleness, a fruit of the Spirit.* Eph. iv., 30-32; Col. iii., 12-15.

Gentleness has no family connection with effeminacy, cowardice or imbecility. Never mistake gentleness, a fruit of the Spirit, for weakness, or a moral irresoluteness.

We may the more easily grasp and comprehend the scope and meaning of the abstract term, gentleness, by studying it in the lives of illustrious persons.

Christ is our example in all things. He had all power. He was the *Lion* of the tribe of Judah. He was "the *Lamb* of God that taketh away the sins of the world." In Jesus Christ was combined the strength, valor and courage of the lion and the gentleness and meekness of the lamb.

In the life of Paul the Apostle to the Gentiles we ever see the fruit of God's Spirit—gentleness. He was a true hero. Never did he shrink from duty. Often did he face death, yet to his persecutors did he ever in the spirit of his Master offer with love the gospel of the Son of God. The world may scoff and make light of Christianity, saying it may be adapted to women and children, but not for men, that it is not manly. And they are right if they judge it by some of our lives. But where will you find a braver, truer, manlier man than Paul. If you would find true nobility of character, you must seek for it where Christ is enthroned in the heart as Lord and Master. Christ inaugurated the reign of love. Up to His time no such commandment ever existed as, "That ye love one another even as I have loved you."—John xiii., 34. To manifest the fruit of the Spirit we must be "in Christ Jesus"; we "must be born again," "new creatures in Christ Jesus." "Abide in me and I in you, as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine; so neither can ye except ye abide in Me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit, for apart from me ye can do nothing."—John xv., 4, 5.

Gentleness is made up of "a heart of compassion, kindness, humility, meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving each other; if any man have a complaint against any, even as the Lord forgave you, so also do ye; and above all things put on love, which is the bond of perfectness."

The opposite of this is true of other religions. What are the fruits of Buddhism, Confucianism, Shintoism, Mohammedanism and all other heathen religions? "Nations and men down-trodden, people weak in body and mind, women degraded, children uncared for, no asylums for the insane and the blind, no hospitals for the sick, paupers left to starve, criminals left at large, license enthroned, superstition rampant, cruelty, vice and uncleanness everywhere rampant."—Golden Rule. Ref.—John xiv., 1-5; Gal. v., 22, 23; Eph. v., 9; Phil. ii., 1-5; Rom. xii., 10; Col. i., 11; Eph. iv., 30-32; 2 Tim. ii., 22-26; 1 Thess. ii., 22-26.

Nov. 26.—*Thanksgiving Service.*—Psa. lxxviii., 19; Psa. xcii., 1-5.

How meet it is that one day of all the year should be set apart for national

thanksgiving. We want to keep in mind that this is a national day. We should thank God every day for His goodness to us; but on this day as citizens of a country, we render unto Him our national thanksgiving.

This day keeps us as a nation in touch with God. We are citizens of this Dominion, but to-day we realize that we are subject to a higher power, and so as a nation we owe our allegiance to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. We bow in submission to His authority; we recognize His guiding hand and we ever would acknowledge our dependence on Him. "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance."—Isa. xl., 12.

There are many things for which we are thankful. 1. For the religion of Christ. Christian Endeavorers, what would we do without our Saviour? What would life be without the glorious hope of the gospel? There is not a nation under the sun that does not render homage to the Son of God, in which we would desire to live, unless it would be to proclaim Him.

We speak of our freedom, civil and religious, of our most excellent system of education, of our public institutions for the poor, for the insane, our hospitals, in fact all the blessings of civilization. Let us now give God the praise. Through Him the blessings have come. From Him we have received and enjoyed. "In Him we live and move and have our being."

"O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace."

2. We should thank God for the closer fellowship of Christian people. The signs of the times point to a union of God's people at no distant date.

3. We should thank God for the advance in all lines of church work. The reports coming from the conventions that have assembled in our land speak encouragingly of Sunday school work and Christian Endeavor and home and foreign missions.

One thing for which we should be especially thankful is the great interest taken in the young by the church of Christ.

4. We should return thanks to God for our national prosperity. We have had bountiful crops and great freedom from contagious diseases. While other lands have suffered from these sources we have been greatly blessed.

5. We thank God that the two great English-speaking nations are determined to settle all differences by arbitration.

Dec. 3rd.—*Keeping unspotted from the world.*—Jas. i. 27; Rom. xii. 1, 2.

Dr. Josiah Strong, in "The New Era," very aptly says, "Human nature has a Godward and a manward side. As a person, man sustains relations to his fellow-man." In Jas. i. 27, the apostle unites the two fundamental laws—love to God and love to men. Both laws are imperative. Charity is in itself commendable; but it will not condone for a life of sin. Pure and undefiled religion consists of charity or benevolence and a pure life.

If we would be spotless in heart and life we must not be conformed to the world. This word "world" is used in God's word in different ways. It does not mean here the globe on which we live, nor the inhabitants; but, as Barnes says, "The maxims which govern it, principles which reign there, the ends that are sought, the amusements and gratifications which characterize it as distinguished from the church of God. It consists in setting our hearts on

those things, in conforming to them, in making them the object of our pursuit with the same spirit with which they are sought by those who make no pretensions to religion."

"Be not fashioned according to the world," was the command given to the Christians at Rome by Paul many centuries ago. There never was a time when the church of Christ should give more earnest heed to that command than now. In our centers of population many congregations have opened their doors to the world. It is difficult in many places to draw the lines of demarcation. Loyalty to our Saviour should be our motto. Our lives must not be contaminated with evil desires of the world. Keep yourself unspotted from the world. Christ's Christianity is what the world needs. We must reproduce in our life Christ's life. The friendship of the world is enmity with God. Jas. iv. 4.

We cannot worship God and at the same time serve mammon.

How to keep unspotted from the world.

"Present your bodies a living sacrifice unto Christ. 'Have this mind in you which was also in Christ Jesus'—Phil. ii. 5. We must study the New Testament. We must work as well as pray. 'Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good.' 'Bless them that persecute you; bless and curse not.' We have the highest of motives for living Christ-like lives. 'The love of God constraineth us.'"

Why should we keep unspotted from the world?

As disciples of the Lord we have each a work to do. Souls are to be won. Our life must be pure in order that our light may shine. We should live unspotted lives for self and for others. We should live for Christ.

Why did Christ die? Paul, in his letter to the churches of Galatia, says: "Grace be to you and peace from God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave himself for our sins that he might deliver us out of this present evil world."

Children's Work.

Mrs. Jas. Ledgard, Supt., Owen Sound, Ont. to whom communications for this department should be addressed.

Jimmie State, and the Little Bird's Prophecy.

BY AGNES.

CHAPTER III.

A BROKEN LEG.

The gentleman, whose name was Mitchell, was a lawyer of good standing and repute among his professional brethren.

Four or five years before this time Mr. Mitchell's wife had died, and the man's heart was hardened by his loss. He had a housekeeper who kept his house in excellent order; she was indeed, too careful, and Mr. Mitchell's only child James—a lad of fourteen—had to go abroad to see his companions and have his fun.

Mr. Mitchell's loneliness led him deeper into business cares. He forgot the needs of his growing son, and was harsh and hard in his rebukes when his careless mischief was brought to his notice. Lately it seemed as if the boy were adding to mere mischief and growing wild and reckless. He had been dismissed from school as incorrigible, and lost his examination just before the summer vacation.

Now he was roaming the countryside in company with a number of rough, wild lads, bird-nesting, boating, fishing. But they did not confine themselves to these employments; they quarreled and fought among them-

selves, smoked, drank, and played games for money.

Mr. Mitchell had just learned that the years he had let slip in his selfish sorrow had done his son incalculable harm, and he suffered from this new bitterness.

It so happened, that the day Mr. Mitchell saw Jimmie State in the grocery store, the company of boys which his son had joined, decided to go to Wolf Creek to fish. It was a long nine miles there, and they had played base-ball most of the morning. They provided themselves with dinner that day; two of them got in a back window of a secluded house, while the occupants were out, and helped themselves to the daintiest food they could find.

They left town before noon, scarcely hoping for a lift as it was so early; nevertheless, they often turned and looked back to see if a horse and wagon were coming towards them.

"Here comes a kid in a wagon," said one of the boys; "let's take wagon, kid and all to Wolf Creek."

"That's the idea," said another.

"Bob, you're the heaviest of us all; stand by to catch the nag."

The "kid" was Jimmie State, returning from business, and feeling grand and important with eleven dollars in his pocket. Old Charlie ambled peacefully along without a thought of harm, but Jimmie felt uncomfortable when he saw the boys separate and stand in line on either side of the road. He was glad he had the whip with him, but who would expect to be molested in broad daylight. The road was lonely; he had come that way because of the shady bush that grew close down to the edge of the road.

Now he was in the midst of the boys, the biggest one made a lunge at the reins, but Charlie had not forgotten the spirit of his youth. With a startled snort he swerved away from the grasping hand and galloped off. Bob had fallen heavily, and all his companions but one stopped to see if he were hurt; that one, James Mitchell, threw himself at the back of the wagon, clambered in and attempted to take the reins from Jimmie's hands, but Jimmie threw them down around the dashboard, and turning, he struck the boy with the whip, struck him hard over the head and face. Just at that moment one of the wagon wheels ran up on a large stone, and James Mitchell blind and furious with pain lost his balance and fell out. Jimmie collapsed in a heap on the floor of the wagon, but soon pulled himself up, cried "whoa" to Charlie, who stopped nothing loath; he was too stiff to keep up that pace long. Jimmie jumped hastily out and ran back to see how much damage he had done. A bent in the road had taken them out of sight of the other boys.

"Oh he's dead! he's dead!" wailed Jimmie, "and I killed him." He knelt down beside the prostrate boy, who lay very white, with closed eyes. One leg was horribly bent under him.

"What's up, young 'un?" inquired a voice. Jimmie looked up; a man was coming through the trees, driving a cow and calf before him.

"It's Lawyer Mitchell's boy. I hit him a clip with the whip, and he fell out and he's dead!"

"You did hit him a clip, that's certain sure," said the man, indicating a livid welt on the boy's face, "but I guess he wasn't born to die of that and a broke leg."

He gently lifted the fainting boy, who groaned and moved his hand, to Jimmie's infinite relief.

"Put him in the bottom of the wagon and I'll take him to Mrs. Anderson's. It's the nearest house, 'n what

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she says to do with him I'll do," said Jimmie.

"All right," said the man.

So Jimmie drove off with his burden, going as smoothly and gently as possible.

"Mrs. Anderson, I've bring ye another boy, 'n I hope it's only a broke leg," said Jimmie rather incoherently as Mrs. Anderson met him at the inner gate.

"Well—for pity's sake!" said Mrs. Anderson. "Bring him right in."

When James Mitchell opened his eyes he found himself in a white bed in a sweet, airy room. Mrs. Anderson's motherly face on one side, his father's anxious one on the other, while the doctor tucked away unused bandages and splints in his bag. Jimmie, pale and fearful, looked in at the open door.

"Come in, Jimmie, and speak to your namesake," said Mrs. Anderson. Jimmie walked in slowly.

"I didn't go fer to do it, I didn't, now truly," he said with a tempestuous sob, then turned and hurried out.

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