

From Trowel to Pulpit.

THE name of Dr. Robert McIntyre has wonderful magnetism in it, if the thousands who came to hear him during his stay at Grimsby Park is any proof. As we looked over the magnificent audience assembled in the Temple we could not but think, what a tribute to any man. The Doctor is about forty years old, and has risen from trowel to pulpit, (for he was a bricklayer and worked in rebuilding Chicago). He is one of the greatest, if not the greatest orator in America, and is pastor of Grace M. E. Church in Chicago. This is the third summer he has stood before a Canadian audience at Grimsby Park, and each time the crowds that flock to hear him have increased. He does not expect to return for some time, as he leaves Chicago for Denver, Col., to become pastor of one of the largest Methodist Churches in that city. We heard him deliver his lecture on "Buttoned-up People", and wish that every one could have listened to his words, as they fell with such magic power from his lips. The thought running through the lecture was that love is the greatest power in the world. The man who loves most is king of men; not the man of muscle, nor the man who possesses wealth, nor even the man dowered with a magnificent intellect; but the man who has the largest heart. He touched the subject from four points: The home where the Buttoned-up People are selfish; Society, where they are exclusive; Politics, where they are prejudiced, and Religion, where they are bigoted. We must not keep ourselves buttoned-up, but demonstrate our love. The secret of successful living is to unbutton your heart and let your love loose on the world. And with a master's touch he showed how our Heavenly Father unbuttoned, laid aside the wrappings of His glory, and showed on Calvary His heart of love to humanity.

The Doctor spoke in glowing terms of the Park, its natural advantages, its splendid and varied programme; and said that any man or woman living within a hundred miles of the park who did not avail themselves its advantages must have a terrible grudge against themselves.—C. K.

"Sweet flower, that in the lonely wood,
And tangled forest, clothest the rude twisted roots
Of lofty pine and feathery hemlock.
With thy flower-decked garland ever green;
Thy modest, drooping, rosy bells of fairy lightness
Wave gently to the passing breeze,
Diffusing fragrance."

Convention Jottings.

By Thomas Morris Jr.

II—INCIDENTS BY THE WAY.

JUDGE of my surprise, therefore, when I looked out through the curtains, to see every single bed folded up, except my own; and every person washed, dressed, and some even chewing their morning toothpicks, shewing very plainly that they had just returned from breakfast. I was almost ashamed to appear before them, but there was no help for it, so amid cheers and laughter I slid out and ran the gauntlet to the dressing room at the rear of the car. I went into the dining car at 9 o'clock that morning and did not get out again until 10.30. Not that I was eating all that time—oh, no! but the early birds had caught the worms; in other words, had emptied the larder and there was little chance of getting supplies until Grand Forks was reached. I took a vacant seat at a table where three gentlemen sat eating; two of them were American Endeavorers who had boarded our train during the night. One was Elmer R. Waters, a Methodist, from Kansas City; the other, Rev. Leonard Smith, a Baptist, from Springhill, Conn. As we each wore badges, there was no hesitation in commencing a conversation. Mr. Waters told me that there were about forty societies in Kansas City, and that the cause of Christian Endeavor was prospering. The only matter for regret was that some of the Methodist societies were withdrawing and forming Epworth Leagues, which in some cases had caused strained relations between the two organizations. Rev Mr. Smith was quite talkative. I was very glad of his company during the hour and a half passed in the breakfast car.

For some time the stout, black, fussy, pompous waiter, arrayed in spotless white linen, took no notice of me, but after I had had sufficient time to judge of his importance, he condescended to bring me a glass of ice water. I had been sipping this on and off for ten minutes, when he brought me a knife and fork. I was very thankful for this attention, but I wanted something to eat. Next he brought me a napkin, large, clean, wholesome, indicative, I hoped, of the kind of breakfast that was on the way, but which I could see no signs of yet. The waiter's bowels of compassion must have been moved when I heaved a long, deep, heartfelt sigh, for he immediately brought me a plate and some side-dishes. Wondering what would