

vention hymns. He had heard my last sentence. He was an awful tease, and when he saw that I had his chair he started to sing, "If you cannot sing like angels; if you cannot speak like Paul, you can very successfully take the vacant look off a chair, and appear very happy and interested at the same time."

And the laughter that followed I arose to give him his chair, but he said, "Oh, no, thank you; I don't want my chair now. I am not going to stay over here. I want to be alone for a little while."

"Thank you for the suggestion, Walter," said Dr. Jehu, as he rose from his laughter. "You are quite welcome, although I don't know what you mean. Good-night, all," and he was gone again. "I didn't hear any suggestion. What is it, John?" asked Bessie, wonderingly. "It's fine, Mabel. I wonder that you didn't see it, Bessie," said Dr. Jehu. "When you go home, Mabel, just get some of your friends to help you take the vacant look off the front seats in your League room, and if you are happy and interested at the same time, you will inspire and help your leader very much. Then, if your 'Inspiration Row,' as you might call it, takes part promptly in the meeting, it will be a great success..."

"And that very night, after Mabel told her story, they organized their 'Inspiration Row,' and it was a great success," said Mr. Brown.

"Why not try one in your League, Miss Hudson?"

"I will try it," said Ruth, "and I thank you for telling me the story. I should like to meet Miss Burton. Is she still working in that League, Mr. Brown?"

"No, Miss Hudson; she went away last fall with Walter Curtis to some unknown mission station in our Western Provinces. He decided to take the night of the Convention to give his life for service in the ministry. Last fall he suggested that Mabel Burton go with him to take the vacant appearance off his future home, and look happy and inspire him at the same time. As I had her good-bye she laughingly said that Walter's first suggestion had worked so well that she was willing to accept number two."

### Enthusiasm Personified

"Five years ago I went to Edinburgh, and stopped a week to hear one man speak," Dr. Duff, the returned missionary. A friend told me a few things about him, and I went to light my torch with his burning words. My friend told me that the year before he had spoken some time, and fainted in the midst of his speech. When he recovered, he said, 'I was speaking for India, was I not?' And they said he was. 'Take me back, that I may finish my speech.' And, notwithstanding the entreaties of those around, he insisted on returning, and they brought him back. He then said, 'Is it true that we have been sending appeal after appeal for young men to go to India, and none of our sons have gone? Is it true, Mr. Moderator, that Scotland has no more sons to give to the Lord Jesus? If it is true, although I have spent twenty-five years there, and lost my constitution,—if it is true that Scotland has no more sons to give, I will be off to-morrow, and go to the shores of the Ganges, and there be a witness for Christ.' That is what we want. A little more, a good deal more, of that enthusiasm, and Christianity will begin to move, and go through the world, and will reach men by thousands."—D. L. Moody.

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FRIEND.

## For God and Country

By Rev. W. Quance,  
Lambeth, Ont.

IT may seem trite and commonplace to say that we are living in eventful times. But things are commonplace only because of our failure to see their place and value in the social or cosmic order. The commonplace is the real, the actual, and must have meaning and worth if we would but see it. But one may say, are not all times eventful to those who live in them? Yes, that is true. Yet there are epochs in history, periods when thoughts, emotions, and dim, undefined desires, like some smouldering volcano, leap into the light, and history records that something has happened. But all such times, and movements, are fraught with peril. And as we look out upon the world to-day there is enough of this to make one tremble.

There are perils to ourselves, in the very atmosphere we breathe, the environment in which our life is lived, and our work must be done. Think of the greed of gain, the sordid avarice manifest in so many. And there is no vice so degrading to every noble and tender feeling as avarice. It is capable of extinguishing all mercy, all pity, all na-

What is life without high and pure and noble ideals? We must if our lives are to be heroic and uplifting, live as seeing the Invisible.

"We pride ourselves," says one, "on our magnificent growth as a country, our increasing wealth, our pride of life, and our material prosperity; but all history shows that these are always the precursors of decay and ruin, if a deep foundation of morality and religion has not been planted."

As young people, we ought to dwell upon the thought until its vast importance has penetrated into the dull and most unimaginative mind, that we to-day are nation builders, that we are laying the foundation of empire. But what shall be its character? That is for you, the young people of our Leagues and country, to say. But remember, that for nations, as for individuals, the materials of the building will be tested by fire—"Gold, silver, and precious stones" will abide, but the "hay, wood and stubble" will be consumed.

But all this means that we are living in a time of great, of unparalleled opportunity. The Psalmist prayed, "Open

### The Larger Patriotism

My country is the world!

My countrymen, mankind!

My brothers, all men, high and low,

Sage, emperor, and hind.

I share their dreams and doubts,

Their joys and griefs unknown—

Alliance and allegiance

With all, for all, I own.

My flag, all flags that fly—

Of symbols manifold

To freedom holy, and to hope,

By toils and tears untold.

My faith, the common trust

That over all is God,

And that the measure of His love

Is infinitely broad.

One origin and end—

One blood and birth and breath—

One struggle we call life, is ours,

One sweet release in death.

Ah! why should strife divide

The heirs of royal line?

And War's mad, monstrous glory mock

Their destiny divine?

Inseparably joined,

In judgment sure and strict,

The haughtiest are doomed to feel

The woes which they inflict.

Poor triumph! dearly won

With suicidal rage—

For victor and for vanquished, both,

A ghastly heritage.

When will the world unite

To serve the common good—

By ties of generous friendship bound

In one great brotherhood?

"Our Father"—let the word

On wings of morning fly

Till wrong and want and woe no more

Are known beneath the sky.

O blessed Prince of Peace!

For our salvation given,

Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done

On earth, 't'is as in heaven.

—Rev. B. Copeland, in *Christian Advocate*.

tural affection. It can make the claims of the sufferer and the sorrowful, even when they are combined with those of an old friend, or a wife, or a child, fall on deaf ears. It can banish from the heart not only all love, but all shame and self-respect.

Then there is the craze for excitement, for amusement, for pleasure, that becomes intensely selfish, and produces a morbid, and an unwholesome view of life. Think of the indulgent self-ease in so many, the effeminacy, the levity, the frivolity, the indifference to all high and noble things, that is so characteristic of multitudes at the present time.

Now, whether we are aware of it or not, these are matters of very grave and serious concern. And especially are they so to the young; for they are inimical to true greatness, and to all healthy and inspiring influence.

Then, there are perils to our country. This is said to be Canada's growing time. Wealth is increasing by leaps and bounds, all creature comforts are multiplying at a marvellous pace. But without constant vigilance how this saps and withers all the higher things of life!

How mine eyes that I may behold wonderful things out of thy law"; but we ought to pray that we may see, and, seeing, that we may have the courage to seize our opportunities. What opportunities to-day for self-culture! And remember, our power for good is always proportional to the culture, the volume and purity of our own character and life. Not so much in the intellect, as in a will steadily, fixedly, steadfastly held to, and pursuing the good, is the secret of power. In self-culture, avoid narrowness, cultivate wholeness and breadth. For, while narrowness may give intensity, it is calculated to rouse opposition, and therefore to defeat its own desires. Take large, and in non-essentials, tolerant views of men and things, remembering that no one person sees every side of a question, or possesses all the truth.

Let there be definite and complete consecration to God, so that you may come into conscious partnership with Him and your life become one of service for the accomplishment of the great and eternal purposes He has in view for the land you love.

"We may all get to heaven if we like, but we cannot get there how we like."