

well to go out after other men; but men do no less well to preserve the boys from going out at all. There will always be lost sheep to find, there are always lambs to keep from being lost.

It is not for me to say which is the greater achievement, the reclaiming of the prodigal or the retention of the child; but while the former calls for our very best effort, let us apply the words, "This ye ought to have done and not to have left the other undone." So I appeal to the men of this gathering on behalf of the boys. Prevent their growth into manhood apart from the Church by providing for them within it. How can this be done? I would not dogmatize, but my own judgment is that the best work the men can do for the development of other men from among the boys is *not* by multiplying organizations for boys, but by using to best advantage those we already have. Do not plan to take the boys out of the Sunday school, but plan to put the men into it. What boys need is not more societies, but a bigger and better society than the average Sunday school now affords. This is within your reach as Methodist men. Get into the Sunday school. If it be

dormant, vitalize it. If it be inactive, awaken and energize it. The boys need you men, that they in turn may become better men than you. Only the right type of male leadership to-day can ensure for Methodism of a coming generation the kind of men that will be most needed for the work of God. If you are not familiar with the *Canadian Standard Efficiency Tests in Boys' Work*, study the booklet. It is worthy your earnest attention, and through its plans you may perhaps proceed to the mentorship of a group of boys who will do you honor long years hence.

We need men! Never more pressing than to-day was the call for working men. Men who, singly and alone, if needs be, will live and labor for the overthrow of all evil and the enthronement of righteousness; men who are combined and trained for collective and well-organized efforts; men in the country, men in the city—everywhere Methodism needs good men, devoted men, useful men, to carry on her work. Men! Let us all respond ourselves and vow to win others to join in service for our Lord and King.—THE EDITOR, at Brantford Brotherhood Conference.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL IN WAR TIME

NOTE.—The following is part of a descriptive talk given by Rev. H. Hull, B.A., to his congregation in the Parkdale Methodist Church, after his return from a trip to Europe last summer. Mr. Hull and party were fortunate to get away from the Continent as they did, though from his account of their experiences it was by no means easy or pleasant to do so. Our readers will appreciate the difficulties as they read the description, but would enjoy it more fully if they heard Mr. Hull tell it.

IN all we were away nearly eleven weeks, and every day when we were not on the water was packed full of incident.

We returned home with a keener interest in the struggle of nations than we could have gained by remaining at home. It was a case of soldiers everywhere, from the day we landed in Holland until we left England for home. Not one day was free from anxiety. Although Italy, where I spent two happy weeks, was not at war, yet there were plenty of soldiers, and no one knew how soon Italy would be called upon to defend herself. We were never sure that we would again be able to pass through Switzerland, or reach England through France, on account of the very stringent customs regulations for tourists which obtained after war was declared.

When we passed down from Brussels to Liege we had little thought that we were running into trouble, but were told by a wild-eyed woman at Liege that Germany had declared war, that all foreign trains had been stopped and that it would be impossible for us to get into Germany under the circumstances. We got in that night, but under difficulties, and in the midst of uncertainties which we will not soon forget. We found ourselves, with four valises on our hands, in the middle of the night in a strange border town, trying with the rest of our party to get through the customs regulations into Germany.

There were no street lights, the streets were un paved, and none of the Germans standing around seemed inclined to give us a hand, not even with the offer of a liberal tip. I succeeded at length in getting a boy to carry two of the valises, which left me free to tackle the other two, and from my own experiences I have not the slightest doubt that that boy earned the tip I gave him before his trip ended. There we were amidst two long lines of greasy Germans and sniffing dogs, travelling to we did not know where, but hoping all the while that the end would come soon. Sometimes those in the lead would become so tired that they would stop and drop their valises on the ground, which action was a signal for the rest of us to do likewise. At one stopping-place we had valises piled about six feet high in the middle of the road. It was a night of anxiety, and the end was not yet.

After getting through the customs, we waited an hour for a train, which came along about 11.30. Instead of there being one trainload of people there was twice as many people as the train could hold, which meant that some would have to wait. We travelled then to the well-known town of Aix-la-Chapelle, where we dangled our feet from station chairs and counters until nearly daylight. That was the first day of August, when, as you will remember, Germany declared war against Russia. By the time we got on to Cologne we found that city full of soldiers, who were being mobilized from all parts of the adjacent country. Apparently Germany had been putting soldiers in the vicinity of Luxemburg for a couple of weeks.

I have a photograph I took against the orders of the soldiers, who forbade us to show our camera, but it was so characteristic of the Rhine, that I was willing to take the



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risk; so turned my back, unbuttoned my coat, slipped my camera out of the valise and snapped it. Many a man has been shot for doing a similar thing since that time, for that entire country from Cologne to Mayence is strongly fortified. We found the German soldier quite insolent, for he was the only man who had any rights after war was declared. Everybody must stand aside for him, and we were glad at the cost of any inconvenience to escape from Germany to the south through the Black Forest country into Switzerland.

Then came Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, the buried city of Pompeii, back again to Rome for some days; Pisa, Genoa and Stresa to Switzerland. My visit to Rome was the climax of the trip. Of all that I saw, Rome possessed the most fascinating interest, and if I had my choice