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THOMAS MORRIS, JR. - - Editor-in-Chief.
CHARLOTTE KERRUISH, - - } Asst. Editors.
JENNIE HARVEY, - - - }
FRANCES NICHOLS, - - - Proof-Reader.
ALLAN DAVIS, - - - Business Manager.

Voices at the Throne.

A little child,
A little, meek faced, quiet, village child
Sat singing by her cottage door at eve
A low sweet song. No human ear
Caught the faint melody. No human eye
Beheld the upturned aspect of the smile
That wreathed her innocent lips the while they breath'd
The oft repeated burden of the hymn,
Praise God! Praise God!

A seraph by the Throne
In the full glory stood With eager hands
He smote the golden harp strings till a flood
Of harmony on the celestial air
Welled forth unceasing. Then with a great voice
He sang the Holy, Holy, evermore,
Lord God Almighty! And the eternal courts
Thrilled with the rapture, and the hierarchies,
Angel and rapt archangel, throbb'd and burned
With vehement adoration.

But even then
Was heard a voice float upward from afar,
A weak and childlike voice, faint, but how sweet,
That, blended with the seraph's rushing stream,
Even as a fountain's music with the roar
Of the reverberate thunder. Loving smiles
Lit up the beauty of each angel's face,
As ever and anon was heard again
The simple burden of the hymn,
Praise God! Praise God!

Pleasures.

A lady was asked by a friend how it was that, although more than the usual amount of care and anxiety had fallen to her lot, she had been able to retain her youthful looks and freshness of spirit. Her reply was, "I never let a pleasure pass me; I arrange and rearrange my work, if necessary, to secure the smallest pleasure that will not interfere with a duty, and I try to avoid making the mistake of putting the duty first, if it would answer just as well to put it second in importance. Indeed, I am not at all sure that pleasure itself is not a most imperative duty."

She had certainly found how to live successfully. Her pleasures meant a good deal to her. No doubt they meant books and pictures, music, lectures, out door recreation, communion with Nature—in fact everything that lifts us above the round of daily duties. And why should we not arrange for our pleasures and take them as they are sent to us? God is continually sending his best gifts to us, but how is it that so often we do not accept them. It has been truly said, "Our days come to us veiled, and we do not see how beautiful they are, and how laden with gifts, until we see them receding in the distance." Our great sin is in neglecting or misusing our opportunities and gifts. Let us not wait until we have larger opportunities, but just use what we have, and then we will be prepared to use the larger ones when they are ours.

Pleasure is as right as prayer; it has its place just as truly in life, and as it is a duty to command time for prayer, so it is for pleasure, if we would have an all-round life.

—C. K.

A LESSON LEARNED.

The world has many an uncrowned king,
Whose story is unsung,
Of whom no record has been kept,
Whose praises ne'er were rung,
But who has bravely conquered self,
And learned with patience slow—
To firmly give, when wrong assailed,
The simple answer, "No."—J. H.