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LIFE'S SEASONS.

The Seasons of the year—

They come and go with varying tread;
Their joys so quickly from us fled,
We drop for each a tear.

A child with careless glee,
Singing her songs with sunny, happy face,
Trying in vain her shadow to outrace,
And failing laughingly.

Rich in her beauty fair,
A maiden with dark-fringed eyes,
Hearing in shy and sweet surprise
Love's old, old story rare.

As seeing now once more,
The old time, happy, blissful days,
A mother in her children's joys and plays,
Her youth again lives o'er.

Toward her setting sun
An aged woman's footsteps tend,
Her journey almost at an end,
Life's sands are almost run.

The Seasons of the year
Are likened to each stage of life,
With all its cares and sorrows rife,
Its happiness and fear.—J. H.

LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE.

THOMAS MORRIS, JR.

Extracts from my Diary.

May 20th, 1881: eleven o'clock p. m.
Camp on the bank of Scratching River.

After leaving our kind hearted French acquaintances, we travelled about twenty-five miles, taking eight hours to cover the distance. We feel thankful that we are as far on our way as we are. Our old horse is completely fagged out. I think I never travelled behind such a mean nag. It was only by constantly urging him forward with whip and voice that we could make any headway. The scenery along the trail is magnificent—now winding in and out among the oak trees and hazel scrub, now skirting the muddy swift current of the Red River, which reveals itself at every bend, ever and anon traversing a poplar bush, while occasionally one reaches a clear open space and gets a glimpse of the flat, limitless prairie beyond stretching away to the horizon. We forded successfully many streams and coulees along the way, and now we are settled for the night. We have our tent snugly fastened up, our horse staked near by, our revolvers loaded and placed under our pillows, and we are about to read a chapter in the Bible and commend ourselves to the care of our Heavenly Father—

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Sunday, May 22nd: Camp twenty miles south-west of the town of Morris.

Saturday morning we arose at four o'clock, and as we stuck our heads out of the tent were greatly surprised to find that the supposed Scratching River was nothing more than a wide coulee. An immense number of ducks were within gun shot, but, as we were in a hurry, we did not try a crack at them. We had a simple porridge breakfast, and were ready to start, when we heard a church bell ringing violently in the town of Morris, just ahead of us, and we could plainly see