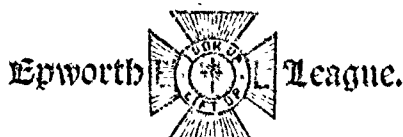


Barbara Hack's German Bible.

BY M. H. WATKINS.

I held within my hand the dim worn book
 When in the brave-souled woman oft had read
 The oracles divine, and raptely led
 Her soul with thoughts of God, and took
 Deep draughts of heavenly wisdom, and forsook
 All lesser learning for what God hath said,
 And by his guiding hand was gently led
 Into the land of rest for which we look.
 Within her hand she held this book, when came
 The sudden call to join the white-robed throng.
 Her name shall live on earth in endless song,
 Her high-souled faith be theme of endless song.
 O Book Divine, that fed that lofty faith,
 Engrave, like hers, our souls in hour of death.

Toronto, October 30, 1894.



"I desire to form a League, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus."—John Wesley.

TOPICS FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PRAYER MEETING OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

SECOND QUARTER, 1890.

June 29. *Temperance prayer-meeting.* Dan. 1. 8; Prov. 23. 20, 21; 23. 29, 30; 23. 31, 32; Isa. 5. 11; 5. 22; 28. 3; 28. 7; Prov. 20. 1; Hab. 2. 15; 1 Cor. 5. 11; 1 Cor. 6. 10; Gal. 5. 21; Eph. 5. 18.

Methodist Bishops and the League.

(Abridged from the Epworth Herald.)

The Epworth League will meet, I think, a great want in our Church. It will furnish moral and intellectual entertainment and instruction for our young people, and thereby add greatly to their happiness and usefulness in after life.

THOS. BOWMAN.

The League is a living movement. It is fitting that the Methodist Church, within whose pale this great movement has its welcome place and promising field, ever prompt to meet every demand for Methodist literature, should now hasten to furnish the host of her young people a paper that will efficiently serve their most hopeful work.

J. M. WALDEN.

Our young people stay with us when they really understand us and have given them the happy tasks necessary for the growth and satisfaction of their young hearts. The League seems to me to be a great fact, present and prophetic.

D. A. GOODSELL.

To stimulate, inspire, and rightly direct the opening life, the youth, of our great Church is a task which may well employ your best powers. If wisely administered, the Epworth League ought to bring into the service of the Master and of the age an army of great and growing power. As the present youth of the Church is the product of the labours of the fathers who are rapidly passing away, with the great vantage ground which they occupy they ought to be instrumental in creating a still more powerful array of equipped and trained men, ready for valiant service in the generation to come.

R. S. FOSTER.

I suppose we have three or four millions of young people and children in some way identified with our Church. It is a glorious army. It is the advance guard of the mighty host that in the next century is to bring this world into subjection to the Lord Jesus Christ. Everything in the future depends upon the right training of the youth of this generation.

W. F. MALLALIEU.

Epworth League Notes.

(From the Epworth Herald.)

- Bally all the young people.
- Organization gives system. System gives power.
- Plan League work carefully. Then work your plan.
- The elements of Epworth success—Snap, tact, pluck.
- Organize around the prayer service. Make that the core.
- A little hard sense goes well with a good deal of genuine religion.
- Love of the theatre and love of the prayer-meeting—well, the two loves don't get along well together.
- Focus the speech, prayer, and song of your social meeting. Take aim.
- Push the work of organization. Push hard. The iron is hot now. Strike.
- Which side of the theatre question do you take? The outside, we hope.
- Give us a little more of the "rejoice evermore" sort of religion. It's a tonic.
- The Epworth League is not a young people's church. Put a peg in there.
- What social centre are you offering the young men of your town in lieu of the saloon? Think that over.
- If our movement did no more than teach the young people to cultivate the reading habit it would not be in vain.
- That is right. Every district convention programme we have seen provides for one or more consecration services.
- The Christian who has read this year's revival news without becoming happy should be prayed for right away.
- The young people of the churches are getting their strong shoulders under Church burdens. They lift splendidly. Wonder we didn't think of it long ago.
- A hint to the leader: Instead of having the young people tell how they feel each week, suppose you vary it a little, and get them to tell what they are doing.
- In this blessed young folk's campaign give the confirmed pessimist a back seat. He is no good. The disciple who does something is he who believes something is going to be done.

Chinese Ancestor Worship.

BY TOM CHUE.*

THIS story was written in the Chinese Calendar Book. It tells of the practice of ancestor worship in China. Wong Quong Chock was a very bad man. He was unkind to his parents, and ill-treated his mother without cause. One day Wong Quong Chock went out into a field to plough. He saw a little calf, about two months old. The poor calf was hungry, and crying for its mother. The mother-cow saw its calf was crying. She ran to it; she gave the little calf a drink of milk. Wong Quong Chock saw the tenderness of the animals. It touched his feelings. He saw the wickedness of his heart. He cried out: "Oh, what a loving mother it is!" He said: "No doubt my mother loves me as much as a cow loves its little calf."

Wong Quong Chock's mother carried out his lunch into the field. Chock saw the mother had a heavy load coming in the distance. He thought he

* The writer of this is a converted Chinaman, with an imperfect knowledge of English. He is attending school in Toronto, with the intention of becoming a missionary to his countrymen.

could run there to help her. The poor woman got frightened. She saw the son from a distance running toward her. She thought the son might come to kill her. Then she put down that heavy load. She ran backward. The son came closer to her, and asked her what was the matter. So he got excited, and she ran down to the lake and got drowned. Poor woman! She always bore a heavy burden for her son.

Now, this poor miserable sinner lost his mother. He wept very bitterly, because he lost all opportunity to tell his mother that he had got converted. Then Wong Quong Chock began to worship her dead body, and make all kind of sacrifice to his parent. Whenever he eat his meals, he filled a bowl full of rice for his mother before he ate, and wept a short time. He did this in memory of his mother.

This worship of ancestors continued from generation to generation for twenty-nine hundred years ago. After the death of Chock's mother, he went out to preach to his neighbours to love their parents and worship their ancestors.

Collect for Dominion Day.

FATHER of nations! Help of the feeble hand!
 Strength of the strong! to whom the nations kneel!
 Stay and destroyer, at whose just command
 Earth's kingdoms tremble and her empires reel!
 Who dost the low uplift, the small make great,
 And dost abase the ignorantly proud,
 Of our scant people mold a mighty state,
 To the strong, stern,—to thee in meekness bowed!
 Father of unity, make this people one!
 Weld, interfuse them in the patriot's flame,—
 Whose forging on Taine anvil was begun
 In blood late shed to purge the common shame;
 That so our hearts, the lever of faction done,
 Banish old feud in our young nation's name.

They Found the Darning-Needle.

It is difficult for us of the present generation to realize the privations of the pioneers who first came into the country where we now comfortably reside, the straits to which they were at times reduced from lack of articles now as common as water and air with us, and the preposterous value they often set upon them.

An aged resident of Fitzroy, Ontario, recently told me, says a correspondent, that he well remembered the time when there was but one darning-needle in that country, and the only grist mill was a day's journey distant.

One day a Mrs. Dickson, who chanced to have temporary possession of the darning-needle, and had it carefully stuck in a holder attached to her apron, set off to go to mill with a bag of grain laid on the back of a horse. The good lady encountered certain rough vicissitudes by the way, and, unfortunately, lost the darning-needle.

This was really a public calamity in Fitzroy. Nearly twenty housewives depended upon that darning-needle for repairing socks, and for other course mending. It passed from one log house to another, by special messenger, and every woman had the use of it one day in three weeks. Another darning-needle could not then be procured nearer than Perth, fifty miles distant.

Tidings of the disaster which had befallen Mrs. Dickson soon spread, and on the following morning a dozen women, some of them accompanied by their children, and some by their husbands, turned out to search three miles of forest path.

It seemed to be a well-nigh hopeless task, but keen eyes were bent upon every portion of the highway, and at length one little girl espied it.

A great shout was raised, and the good news was carried along the line of searchers. The party re-collected, and the rejoicings in newly settled Fitzroy that day were great.