

## DEVELOPING JUVENILE CHRISTIANS.

(Extract from a paper delivered at the Summer Institute recently held at St. Mary's, Mass., by Louise E. Kilbourne, Delaware.)

In developing the child's spiritual power, some plan is needed. This each worker might form for himself if necessary, but it is not. Our Junior League, with its perfect organization, its officers and committees, each having a definite work, exactly meets the need of the case. Resulting as it does from the combined experience of our best workers it affords opportunities for work amongst the young equalled by few other societies; and the very fact that the child in becoming a member of such an institution is joining hand in hand with others in a concerted effort for the accomplishing of good, leads him to feel the great importance of his work and draws from him his very best effort.

Let us think for a few minutes of some of the special advantages offered by our society for development. In the first place it takes hold of the individual at the right time of life. Before his inclinations become crystallized into habits, he is taken in hand and so cared for that the better tendencies grow, the evil ones as far as possible being killed out. The society meetings which he attends and in which he takes part, fit him for like work in manhood. How often we find in our churches to-day, intelligent, earnest men and women who are utterly unable to take part in our devotional services; who cannot tell of their love for Christ without great difficulty, and whose prayers are often unintelligible to mortals. They did not start before any effort was made to break it in. With the member of our Junior society the case is different. His love for Christ is to him a natural thing, it is a part of his life, and he early learns to tell of this love to others. Being still a child he easily feels the relationship which should exist between himself, the child, and God, the Father, and so learns to ask for the fulfilling of his needs. During the year he is occasionally asked to lead meetings, a thing which many of us who were older when first asked considered a very difficult task; but our young friend, surrounded by his associates, all beginning, undertakes and generally carries to a successful issue that which he is asked to do. Think of what this means to any church, a body of young people growing up who will be fully competent to take their full share in the church work, and which would not make it necessary, as sometimes occurs, to abandon the midweek prayer service owing to the pastor's absence.

There is no need of adding to the already numerous organizations for Christian work. Our Junior League seems to afford us all we require. Is we only had in every town such a society having its definite work to do, an inestimable amount of good might be accomplished.

## THE LEAGUER'S RESPONSIBILITY AS A CITIZEN.

(Extract from a paper read by Miss Irvine, Pilot Mount, Mass., at the Killarney Summer Institute.)

Everyone who bears the name of Christ should bear the burdens of citizenship, for it has been prophesied that "in spite of wars and rumors of wars, the destiny of nations is to be settled by the ballot not the bullet." One cannot very well define the Leaguers' responsibility as a citizen, for the faithful performance of known duties brings knowledge of others—"That hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

All the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdom of our Lord and Christ. That means not only the social and business, but also the political kingdoms. Right, justice, and goodness are to be measured by one standard—Jesus Christ. That can never be politically right which is morally wrong.

"As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." "Ye are the light of the world." "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." That monastic idea of cutting one's self off from the world in order to perfect one's own life, we condemn. Such a narrow, selfish scheme, does not fulfil our Lord's command, "Go work in my vineyard." We are not to stand idle on one side with folded arms, caring only for ourselves, and allow the affairs of this world to take any course they please. Because we have heaven to look forward to as a future possession, is no reason why we should remain indifferent, careless, and ignorant about this busy toiling, wonderful, and infinite earth. Creatures of this earth we are and aspiring to heaven. In so far as we succeed, we lift a portion of this earth up with us. Hence through this intimate and close relationship the affairs of this world must ever concern us, and, in fact, do justly demand recognition. As Christians, we grant that it is particularly essential that we maintain throughout life the closest of connection with the upper sphere, the throne of God, but not to the entire exclusion of the affairs of this world. Heaven is God's throne, but this earth is his footstool.

To the Epworth Leaguers who have taken the pledge and who would like to redeem that pledge, the duties of citizenship at the present time offer a battle field of sufficient scope, intricacy and difficulty to enable them to display their prowess and their latent energies. Take that important branch of citizenship, the political arena, that has to do with our laws and government. Thinking the fact that we are approaching a political crisis in our country that means practically life or death to freedom, liberty, and government by the will of the people. Tammany principles and Tammany rule are fast finding a home in Canada—a home which bids fair to equal the parent nest. Our American friends have apparently reached a stage where it is impossible to frame a law that will give force to the expressed wish of the people, as witness their attempt to abolish the army canteen. Notwithstanding that a strict prohibitory law forbids the use of liquor in any American camp or fort, by a piece of political quibbling the sale of intoxicating drink goes on in direct opposition to the expressed will of the American people, Canadian voters, and our nominal rulers, can compare American affairs roundly. But what can be said of our own country, this Canada of ours, this "Lady of the Snows"? Alas! we cannot longer condemn American ways without condemning ourselves. We have just as shameful quibbling in our own country with many of our laws, as is carried on between the 49th parallel and the gulf, and fully as shameful examples of political dodging as that country can produce.

When men love the Lord Jesus Christ just a little bit more than they do Laurier and Tupper, it will be otherwise; when men love the Kingdom of God just a little bit more than the kingdom of Gritism and the kingdom of Toryism, there will be a marked change in the government of our country. It is to the junior members of our leagues and churches we must look for our country's salvation. There is little or no more hope for an old "party voter" reforming, than there is for an old drunkard forsaking the saloon. They are part and parcel of a huge machine, and record their votes with machine-like precision, without independence, without freedom of thought, without conscience and liberty; their manhood sunken and merged in the party web.

The hope of our country, of our nation, lies in the young men. We want young men imbued with the principle that the state exists only for the people, and ceases to be a state when the individual's wrongs go unredressed. We want young men who are prepared to fight, and, if need be, to die for a

cause which, perhaps, does not enlist their sympathies, but which, nevertheless, is right and just; men who can put their personal prejudices to one side; men possessed with a sufficient amount of manhood and integrity of character to espouse a cause simply because that cause is right in itself, and necessary for the prevalence of right in the world; young men who, despite old prejudices, passions, associations and party ties, servitude and feudalism, can kindle their zeal at the altar of justice and purity, raise the standard of righteousness, shake out the beautiful folds of that unsoiled banner that has for so long lain forgotten and disused in our land; and, with our "Epworth League motto," "Look up, Lift up" emblazoned on its front, march beneath its inspiring folds with a clear head and a steady pulse whithersoever justice points the way on to the end, doing what they do simply because it ought to be done, and because its antithesis ought not to be done. This and nothing short of this, in all the walks of life, is what our country must have if we want to meet and combat successfully the social problems that are looming up in the near future.

## LOVE FOR MOTHER.

When gruff old Dr. Johnson was fifty years old he wrote to his aged mother as if he was still her wayward but loving boy: "You have been the best mother, and, I believe, the best woman of my age, that I thank you for all your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness for all I have done ill and for all that I omitted to do well." John Quincy Adams did not part with his mother until he was nearly as old, or quite as old as this; yet his cry even then was: "O God, could she have been spared yet a little longer!" Without her the world seems to me like a solitude. When President Nott, of Union College, was more than ninety years old, and had been for over half a century a college president, as strength and sense failed him in his dying hours, the memory of his mother's tenderness was fresh and potent, and he could be hushed to needed sleep by a gentle patting on the shoulder and the singing to him of old-time lullabies, as if his mother were still sitting by his bedside in loving ministry, as she had by well-nigh a century before. This true son never grows old to a true mother.—*Christian Work.*

## PEDDLERS OF CANADA THISTLES.

I think among the worst of the whisperers are those who gather up all the harsh things that have been said about you and bring them to you—all the things said against you, or against your family, or against your style of living. They gather them all up and they bring them to you; they bring them to you in the very worst shape; they bring them to you without any of the extenuating circumstances, and after they have made your feelings all raw, very raw. They take this brine, this turpentine, this *opio fortis*, and rub it in until it sinks to the bone, and rub it in until it aches in the joints. They make you the pin-cushion in which they thrust all the sharp things they have ever heard about you. "Now, don't bring me into a scrape. Now, don't tell anybody I told you. Let it be between you and me. Don't involve me in it at all."

Peddlers of nightshade! Peddlers of Canada thistles! Peddlers of *moronica!* Sometimes they get you in a corner where you cannot very well escape without being rude, and then they tell you all about this one, and all about that one, and all about the other one, and they talk, talk, talk, talk, talk. After a while they go away, leaving the place looking like a barnyard after the foxes and the weasels have been around—here a wing, and there a claw, and yonder an eye, and there a crop. How they do make the feathers fly!—*Success.*