

an age on ages telling to be living is sublime." He called this the young people's age, and that during the past ten years there had been more inventions, more discoveries, and more of the great secrets of nature revealed than in the previous one thousand.

When Methuselah lived he could sit on a stump for a hundred years and weigh a proposition, but we have to think like lightning and act in the same way or else lose magnificent opportunities. The race has always since the dispersion at Babel been moving westward, but now we have reached America and can get no further west. The race must either go up or down, consequently in America the great battle between good and evil, light and darkness, must be fought. There have been golden ages in the history of the world, in Egypt when the pyramids were built, in Greece when Pericles ruled and the Parthenon was built, in Rome under Julius Caesar, in England under Elizabeth, but the golden age of America is yet to be. What caused the ruin of these great nations? Was it not the moral evil of the times? What hope is there for us? Who cannot see dangers threatening us. The hope of America is her young people, almost a million young people banded together in Christian union, pledged followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. "I promise Him that I will pray to him and read the bible every day." Five minutes of communion with our Father every morning, five minutes spent in the looking into His word, what an undergirding for the day!

And as each one goes forth, what sunshine and gladness they must carry with them wherever they are! There are three agencies at work for making men and women and only three that I know of, Society, Schools and the Church. The Doctor spoke of the kind of men society made, and said it was to the Church that we must look for men. But the Church is making them too slowly, almost every boy and girl in America attends Sabbath school. God has given a special mission to it. The Sabbath school is the church teaching. Every teacher should consider himself called of God to teach, as much as the pastor is to preach. The Sabbath school is the place from which the Church can draw its supplies, and yet what is the case? Fifty out of every hundred drop out of the Sabbath school between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one, the majority lost to the Church forever. Something must be done, and the Doctor with great earnestness spoke to those engaged in Sabbath school work, trying to impress them with the responsibility

He believes in giving the boys a chance, and says there are not many boys but would rather go up than down, rather be good than bad. To this end, he says, pack the associate membership of your Christian Endeavor, get the boys in and the girls in and give them some definite work to do. Not as conveners of committees, but let them work on a committee, and you will find in a short time they will be interested, and soon become active members. The Doctor concluded by saying he had a secret to tell us. When a boy I read of a cave where a band of robbers hid their treasures. When they wanted to enter they stood before the door and said "Sesame!" and immediately it flew open, so I have found the "Sesame!" that unlocks all doors and lets us into the treasures of wondrous value. It is a magic word of four letters, w-o-r-k. Work and God's blessing will attend you.

## Life on the Prairies.

*By Thos. Morris, Jr., (Continued from last month.)*

ONE evening, I got back as usual, and after putting my horses in the stable went into the shanty. I could not find Thomas nor the oxen, and there was no fire in the stove; so I concluded Thomas had gone to the collee after water. I lit a fire then sat down, to look over my mail. I had not been reading long before I heard my name called in most heart rending tones, "Tom! Tom! I'm frozen! I'm frozen! help me! save me!" I jumped to the door and rushed outside. There I saw Thomas running towards the shanty looking like a wild man, his face was smeared with blood, his eyes were starting out of their sockets and he was flopping his arms up and down like pump handles. I saw at a glance that something serious was the matter; and, in a moment or two I discovered that his nose, cheeks, and hands were pretty badly frozen so I hurried him into the shanty, got a pail of ice cold water and put his hands in it, I then rubbed his face with snow until after a long time, color came back to his cheeks. His hands were frozen the worst, I was very much afraid when I saw them turn black and begin to swell; but after keeping them in cold water for about two hours they seemed to improve and I wrapped them in cloths, and made him as comfortable as I could.

When he got over his fright, he told me that he started out for water, and after getting