

The "City of Pause."

In the "City of Pause" the walls are thick,
No sound can break through the stone and brick;
But a deep hush lies on the outside earth,
And the solemn moorlands are brown and dark.
Within there is silence instead of mirth,
And without, no song of the spring-glad lark,
And far away is a sea that sighs
As if for the mournful thoughts that arise.

In the "City of Pause" there is nothing to do,
No noisy duty to cry "Pursue!"
But with folded hands the workers wait,
And look at each other in mute appeal,
And little they care that the hour is late,
So great are the loss and the pain they feel;
But they wonder a little, "How long will it last?
And what will follow when this is past?"

From the "City of Pause" some pass away
To the unknown land and the cloudless day,
And they leave the scenes of the waiting place,
The toil and sorrow, the care and pain.
And they are missed for a little space,
But none may summon them back again.
And those who love them can only know
That God takes care of them where they go.

From the "City of Pause" some pass away
To the common light of the working day,
And to the old hard tasks, and the care,
And the dear familiar toiling-place,
Have grown transfigured and strangely fair,
And even the unloved things have grace;
So they thank their God for the sweet new laws
That are learnt in the silent "City of Pause."



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

The Epworth League in Canada.

BY REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

We do not forget in this country the filial relations of Canadian to American Methodism. We do not forget that that mother in Israel, Barbara Heck, who had so much to do with the planting of Methodism in your country, was also one of its pioneers in this land. Her sepulchre is with us to this day, and her children's children live among us, honoured and revered, adorning with their walk and conversation the religion of their godly ancestry. We do not forget that your early bishops and preachers—Asbury, Dunham, Hedding, Bangs, and many others—sowed the seed from which has sprung the vigorous Methodism of this Dominion. We have ties, too, strong and tried and tender, with the parent land across the sea—the mother of us all—but our earliest official relations were with American Methodism.

We feel, therefore, at liberty, we feel bound—I may say—when we see anything particularly good in American Methodism to adopt it and naturalize it among us. Thus the "C. L. S. C.," which, while not exclusively, is largely Methodist, has many thousands of devoted adherents among us. We endeavoured, also, to adopt something like your Oxford League and Church Lyceum, but they did not seem to quite meet our needs and conditions; but when we heard of the Epworth League we felt that this was the very thing we wanted. We therefore, at the meeting of our Sunday-school Board last October, proceeded formally to adopt it with such minor modifications as were necessary to bring it into harmony with our church organization. We received hearty consent and co-operation from your League authorities at New York, to whose unwearied kindness and courtesy I desire to bear witness and give thanks.

Our first public meeting to inaugurate the League was held in November in Toronto. It was a remarkable success. The large Metropolitan church—one of the largest Methodist churches in the world—was crowded to the doors with an enthusiastic audience. Our strongest men, lay and clerical, heartily took hold and made the inauguration most auspicious and encouraging. Other mass meetings were held in London, Hamilton, Toronto, and elsewhere. Again, the press, religious and secular, lent its powerful aid, and soon, like the fiery cross on the heathery hills of Scotland, the signal flashed from one end of the land to the other, summoning the consecrated energies of young Methodism to organize for Christian culture and Christian service.

In the six months which have since elapsed, 120 Leagues have been formed. In every centre of population, and in many smaller towns and villages too, there are devoted bands of young Leaguers; from Nanaimo and Vancouver, on the Pacific coast, to Trinity Bay and St. Johns, in the Island of Newfoundland. And everywhere, as with you, the result has been the quickening of the spiritual life of the Church, the enlisting of the young life and young blood of Methodism in active service in the cause of Christ. The religious work is kept in the very forefront. Four large editions of the prayer-meeting topics have been called for. Our leading men—Dr. Carman (our General Superintendent), Dr. Potts, Dr. Sutherland, Dr. Dewart, but I cannot mention a tenth of them—give the movement their hearty endorsement and support. We are trying to organize every district and every conference. When we take into account our relative numbers and the time we have been at work, our numerical results will compare not unfavourably with your own. I congratulate the Leagues, American and Canadian, on having such a "live" and energetic organ as *The Epworth Herald*, and pray that in both lands the blessing of God may abundantly rest upon this great movement, which has come like an inspiration upon the Church.—*Epworth Herald*.

Epworth League Notes.

(From the *Epworth Herald*.)

—Have you said a real soul-cheering thing to your pastor during the last three months? Think that over.

—It is one thing for the young Christian to be busy; it is another thing to be busy about something worth while.

—We know struggling churches to which the Epworth League has come as a special benediction. There has been an injection of buoyancy, and cheer, and religion. Things are livelier than they were.

—You need not say amen out loud during the sermon. Let your face speak it. Many a preacher has been helped over a barren patch of sermon by the response which beamed from the face of some saint.

—There is a wonderful connection between good boyhood and good manhood. It is the unalterable law of cause and effect. You have seen it in operation a thousand times. And how about the relation between bad boyhood and bad manhood? The same. Let these tremendous facts stir you to new consecration and endeavour.

—Young Mr. Croaker has been threatening to leave your League every little while for the past year. But he is with you yet. And will be. You could not drive him out. The youngster is early giving evidence that he is made of human nature. He takes great delight in telling what awful things he will do if he is not coaxed and petted and coddled.

A Story.

NELLIE and Mollie Brown were two little sisters. They loved each other; but, what was a pity, each loved herself the best. Now, you know this kind of people cannot agree very well.

One day when they came home from school at noon they found that their mother had left their lunch ready for them on the table, and had gone to town. For each was a heaping saucerful of strawberries, and beside them a little glass pitcher filled with cream.

"Nell, these strawberries are nice, aren't they?" said Mollie, as she lifted a spoonful to her lips. "I believe you have the most, though, and I don't think that is fair."

"I haven't, either, Mollie Brown," answered Nellie, sulkily.

She took up the pitcher and began to pour the cream over the berries.

"Now, Nellie, that cream is for our tea; you shan't take it for berries," cried her sister, snatching the handle.

"Let me alone! I will have it! I tell you, let go!" screamed Nellie.

By this time the two were standing, with angry faces, each pulling at the little pitcher. After a moment of struggling Mollie let go her hold, crying as she did so, "Take it, you cross-patch!"

As she let go, Nellie, who had grasped the pitcher in both hands, of course fell backward, and pitcher and all went crash to the floor. Such a tumble brought the naughty girls to their senses; but the pitcher was gone forever, and rivulets of cream ran here and there over mamma's carpet. When the glass was swept away, the cream wiped up (though not so well but that an ugly stain was left), and the red bruise on Nellie's forehead bathed, the two sat down to lunch. How much do you think they enjoyed their strawberries then?

How to Keep Sober.

In a rural district in the North of England, the following dialogue lately took place between a friend and a shoemaker, who had signed the temperance pledge:—

"Well, William, how are you?"

"Oh, pretty well. I had only eighteen pence and an old hen when I signed, and a few old scores; but now I have about ten pounds in the bank, and my wife and I have lived through the summer without getting into debt; but as I am only thirty weeks old, I cannot be very strong yet, friend."

"How is it that you never signed before?"

"I did sign, but I keep it differently from what I did before, friend."

"How is that?"

"Why, I gae down on my knees and pray."

Better-informed persons might learn a lesson in this respect, by applying to the Source of strength now possessed by William, the shoemaker.

He Would Not Take It.

THE following incident shows the true bravery and steadfastness of a boy who had resolved to never drink whiskey. He was a boy of only thirteen years, and by accident had his legs so badly hurt by a passing railroad train that amputation was necessary. Of course he was very weak, and the doctors said he must have a glass of brandy. But, to their surprise, he refused to take it when they held it to his lips.

"No brandy for me, doctor," he said.

"But you need it," they urged. "We'll have to give you chloroform."

"All right," said the boy, faintly; "give me anything but brandy."—*Temperance Banner*.