

coming within the influence of the League. And yet the weak and insipid programme that has been hurriedly arranged, superficially prepared, and that calls for no serious thought on the part of the members, will continue to be set before many a League, and the wail will follow. "We do not have interesting meetings, and our young people will not come." Of course they will not. Why should they? Many a League meeting is not worth going to, and not the young people, but the President and his executive are to blame. We know the youth of Methodism well enough to feel perfectly justified in saying that they will attend meetings that are worth while, that mean something, that lead somewhere, that call out the best that is in them and tend to the highest development of those qualities that ennoble Christian character and make effective the resolves that prompt to self-denying service.

The Call of the Morning

The early morning hours, especially in the springtime, are full of wondrous beauty. The charm of the country, where in the calm stillness of "Nature newly born" one may muse in uninterrupted quiet on the unfolding lessons of the season, is magnetic beyond compare to the thoughtful soul. To dwell "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" and oft-times contemplate in silent meditation the wonderful works of God, is a privilege all who live in the country ought to value highly. The open eye, the listening ear, the meditative mind, the reverent heart—all find abundant cause for holy exercise in the early morning hours. Yet the city, with its deafening din of business and constant whirl of traffic, is not without its beauties. Early morning strolls along quiet residential streets or through restful parks, before the awakened business of the day presses close on every side, are worth more than the current value placed upon them by the average citizen. From five to seven o'clock, out of doors, during May, June and July are precious hours to some of us. Would that more knew their worth. The contrasts of these early hours with the later day, as one walks along the city streets, are suggested by four of our pictures in this issue. A quiet charm is about the corner shown on page 124. A parable of tenderness is suggested as one studies the tulip beds in the park (pages 134, 135), and watches the multi-colored petals unfold to the morning kiss of the sun. All Nature is vocal with praise to those who are awake and astir at sunrise. How sordid, artificial, discordant, unreal, life appears later in such a section as is represented on page 137. Yet with the multitude such associations, sights and sounds are much more popular than the others. God pity us if we lose our sense of the beautiful, our appreciation of the real, our affinity for the divine, in the self-indulgent trend of present-day life in some of its most apparent aspects. If we but keep "near to Nature's heart," listen to her voice, cultivate association and fellowship with her as with our dearest friend, she will not disappoint or deceive us. Through her we come to know God more fully and esteem His benefits more highly. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!"

Sons of the Parsonage

Not a few sons of Methodist ministers are already seasoned soldiers at the front. More still are on their way. Others will very likely go. Many of the first helpers of the Wesleys were soldiers. Methodism has been and always must be militant. There is nothing abnormal or anomalous in this. Times come in the experience of both men and nations when to refuse to fight is rank cowardice. Such a time is the present. When the war burst with all its dread portent upon the nation, and the prospect of awful strife with its attendant suffering came clearly into view, more ministers by far offered to go forward than could be accepted. Those who have been sent count it an honor, those who remain behind would esteem it a privilege if they might yet be chosen for service. Men who could not

themselves go, have not withheld their sons. Boys, dear to their parents' hearts as ever children were, have been freely given to the cause. We honor the sons of the parsonage who have already shed their blood in defence of the Empire, and pray God to abundantly bless them as well as to guide those who, though as yet at home, feel the "pull" of the flag and long to maintain it unstained and unstained. Ministers have not been recreant to duty in these trying times, nor will they be in the perhaps more trying times yet to come. Both they and their sons, throughout all branches of the Church, will continue to demonstrate the possibility of combining the lowliest reverence for the King of kings with the truest loyalty to their earthly sovereign.

In this connection our readers will be pleased to see the accompanying portrait of the General Superintendent and his son Eric. Dr. Chown is a veteran of the Fenian Raid, and wears the medal commemorating his services



REV. DR. CHOWN AND HIS SON ERIC.

during the troublous days of 1866. His son, who has gone to Europe as a "dresser" with the University of Toronto Base Hospital, is an undergraduate of McGill, and expects to study law in Manitoba on his return. To all our ministers who have given of their children (for daughters are on service as well as sons) we extend best wishes for the preservation of the lives and health of their loved ones, and to those who have gone we give assurance that at the Throne of Grace they shall be remembered, that Divine love may ever surround them and fill their minds with a peace that even deadly war cannot destroy, and that when these cruel days are over they may all return in safety to those at home, who anxiously follow them day by day as they do their duty in the perilous service to which they have given their pledge of fidelity. Let the Sunday Schools and Leagues from which these brave boys have gone be much in prayer on their behalf.