

### "WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER"

At a "good-bye" social in the Queen Street Methodist Church, to the Rev. I. W. Jeffrey, pastor of the church, the Young People's Association, Mrs. J. B. Porter sang—to an encore—Miss Annie Herbert's beautiful song: "When the Mists Have Rolled Away." The singer, too, occasion, the relation of the retiring pastor to the Queen Street Church and people, the very deep sympathy of all present with him, on account of the great affliction that had come to him during his pastorate here, all tended to make the song a very appropriate one.

"We shall know each other better;"  
What revelations in the song!  
What deep throbs of fervid feeling  
As our being's pulses throng;  
Memory brings us, as we listen,  
Thoughts of loved ones passed away,  
And we wonder if they know us,  
Better, with each passing day.

How she sang! so true and tender:  
"We shall know as we are known."  
How the song's sweet promise thrill'd us!  
"Never more to walk alone."  
And we thought, how all life's journey,  
We had been misunderstood;  
And how oft we had walked, lonely,  
'Mids the busy multitude.

And the bowed head in the altar—  
Bowing low and lower still—  
Thinking how the flesh did falter  
To receive the Master's will,  
And the lesson strangely taught him,  
Seeing dimly through his tears,  
All the Triune God had brought him  
In this trinity of years;

Grasped the truth, the song adorning;  
"How Hope's coming glorious day  
In the dawning of the morning,  
When the mists have cleared away;"  
Saw, with us, the Golden City  
And the end of pain and loss;  
All God's wondrous love and pity;  
Jesus dying on the cross.

Sweet as breath of Orient meadows,  
Borne by summer breezes along,  
Over earthy mists and shadows,  
Came the fragrance of the song;  
"Snowy wings of peace shall cover  
All the anguish of to-day,  
When the weary watch is over,  
And the mists have cleared away."  
—L. A. Morrison.

### THE LOOK-OUT.

HERE you see him on the look-out with his telescope in his hand. You will always find him about midship or abaft the captain's bridge. His duty is to be continually on the look-out. He sights vessels, receives the orders of the captain and first mate and transmits them to the boatswain, assists the captain in making observations and in reckoning latitude and longitude.

The face of this midshipman is kindly, earnest and speaks of purpose within. If he is faithful in his duties he will be promoted to the office of first mate. An earnestness of purpose is necessary for any one who wishes to succeed in life, no matter what they undertake. A person who thinks to get through life successfully must make up his mind to succeed in what he undertakes to do. A half formed purpose is little better than no purpose at all. If this midshipman succeeds in his work and is promoted to a higher office it will be because he has performed every little duty in the best way he could; for you know, it is the waxy little that make the whole. Every tiny duty slighted cannot help to build up such a career as you will be glad to look back upon when it is finished.

Though I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry.

### THE TORONTO REVIVAL.

PERHAPS nothing in the religious history of Toronto has proven so momentous as the revival conducted here by Sam Jones and Sam Small. Day after day, for three weeks they have spoken to audiences that, in some cases, proved too large for the capacity of the Mutual Street Rink and the Metropolitan Church combined. The same meetings in the church, were simply phenomenal both as to numbers and character and the amount of money reported in these columns, were contributed, \$643 having been collected.

The financial aspect is very flattering also. At the latest meeting of the Executive Board of Management \$2,000 had been raised, and the expenses to that time were \$1,500. In order to ascertain what the probable expense of the meetings would be the committee asked Sam Jones how much he should be paid; his answer was that they made no condition, but left that matter with the people; they only stipulated that they might not be obliged to walk home. There will be enough money raised, should the collections be continued as generously as they have been given, to present the two Sams with a handsome amount.

### THE GOOD THAT HAS BEEN DONE.

Aside from these external features it is estimated that up to the time of this writing about 800 converts have been made. And the estimate is based upon the cards sent to the secretary. Each penitent is waited upon with a card on which is written his name, business address, residence address, spiritual condition, church preferred and minister's name. This card is then sent to the minister whose name is mentioned. From 20 to 25 of these cards are sent every day to churches other than Methodist; two-thirds of the converts naturally fall into Methodist churches, but one-third get into other churches.

Then much good is being done in a way not made public. Every day letters are sent the evangelist, giving evidence of the wide-spread and earnest interest aroused, and it is known that some drunkards have been reformed and dishonest men made honest. And the newspaper reports, which are always complimented by the two Sams and the ministers, have done much in disseminating the good seed. Whatever may be said of the whole movement, it has taken Toronto by storm. Men on the street, in the crowded business marts, behind the counter, in the saloons, in the workshop, on the cars, all over the city and far out into the country are discussing and commenting and criticizing it.

### BOOK NOTICES.

*Studies of Animated Nature.* J. Fitzgerald, Pastor, 108 Chambers St., N. Y. Price, post-free, 15 cents.

Here are four delightful essays on natural history subjects. First there is an essay on "Bats," by W. S. Dallas, and then one on "Dragon-Flies," by the same author. The other two essays are "The Glow-Worm," by G. G. Carholm, B. Sc., and "Minute Organisms," by F. P. Balkwill. Natural history possesses an irresistible charm for all readers especially when, as is the case with the present book, its

beauties and wonders are unveiled by a keen-sighted observer, and are presented in the simple, limpid style that nearly always comes unsought to the student of nature. The book is published as one of the "Humboldt Library" series, a collection of popular scientific works embracing many of the most celebrated treatises of the day upon natural science. For sale by William Briggs, Toronto.

*Kathie's Experience.* By Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. Author of "Highways and Hedges," etc. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society. \$1.00.

Kathie tells her own experience, and, by Mrs. Miller's help, does it in a captivating way. It takes no prophetic gift to see that this will be a very popular book among the children. Any one could safely make such a prediction upon knowing that Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller was its author; but in this Mrs. Miller has surpassed herself. Few books are so calculated both to interest and to profit the children as this.

*Dear Gals.* By Josephine R. Baker. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society. \$1.25.

This is a story for the little folks, which will capture all who read it, whether old or young. Though concerned only with the common happenings of life, yet it obtains a strong hold upon the reader, and brings him into such sympathy with the young heroine that he shares her joys and her trials.

### SAM JONES ON GETTING RELIGION.

BEFORE I was converted I drank whiskey, danced, and done things that people ought not to do, but since the day I consecrated myself to Christ no man has ever sent me an invitation to a ball or asked me to take a drink or to play a game of cards. They knew who to fool with. If anybody invites you to a ball-room they have got you down as a slipshod Methodist and they've got you down about right too. (Laughter.)

Here he turned to Rev. Dr. Potts and said: "Doctor, does anybody invite you to balls?" "No, not much," was the reply.

Rev. Mr. Jones resumed—I am so glad that Toronto knows a Christian when he sees him. Did you ever come to a good understanding with the Lord and say, Now, Lord, I am thine till I die; I will never do a thing to dishonour Thee, and I will do the right thing till I die? Did you talk that way to God when you were out alone with him. We're playing religion in this country largely. You've seen children playing supper—one little biscuit, and a lot of little plates, and a piece on every plate. Every little one has his crumb. Well, sometimes I've seen enough religion for one man scattered among about three hundred. They were playing religion and every little fellow had his crumb. (Laughter.) I expect there are churches in this town where, if every man were to empty his religion into one heart there would not be enough to get one good shout. I recollect the day when I used to tie a little string to a stick and ride it all

round—lops it, and face it, and trot it, and water it, and feed it, and call it my horse—if anybody said it wasn't I'd get mad in a minute. When I grew up and got upon a sho'nuff, I felt named of myself that I had ever made out like a stick was a horse, and if you get your people upon the truer principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ you will be ashamed of the way you were living, and making out to be religious. (Amen.) Later on Mr. Jones came to the subject of playing ministers. I tell you, brethren of Toronto Methodism, you don't hurt yourselves in this paying business. I can show you churches much less pretentious in Chicago where they pay their minister six, eight, and ten thousand dollars a year. You may pay your ministers all they're worth, but you ought to throw them in something. The astonished ministers joined in the laughter which followed this hit, and Dr. Potts slipped forward and said sinners may well be willing to take a hit from Brother Sam when he hits the preachers so hard. Come on, said Sam Jones to the laughing audience, we want you to enjoy this part of the service, for it's going to be pretty warm for you later on. I believe you have got a good, consecrated ministry in the Church here. It takes a good deal of religion to put up with Sam Jones. You're doing it first-rate.

### SAM JONES' IMPRESSIONS OF TORONTO.

"TORONTO has the reputation all over the States of being a moral, cleanly city but, with my present knowledge of Toronto, I will say that the half of its good features has never been told. I speak collectively, of course, and I believe the moral force of this city can eliminate its evil. Your Orphanages, Home for the Incapables, and your other public buildings, and your public men, as far as I have met them, reflect credit upon the city. I have been charmed with your leading citizens. That there are sinners many in this city I suppose all will admit. The 250 places in the city where liquor is sold are so many infectious sores upon the body of the city, but then to-day Cincinnati, with only three times your population, has 3,400 bar rooms and beer shops, and Cincinnati is not far ahead of many other cities in that line. Your Sabbath is a wonder to any thinking man from the States."

Here Sam Small broke in and said:—"Unless he is from Atlanta. We have as good a Sunday in Atlanta, Georgia, as you have in Toronto."

Sam Jones (addressing Sam Small) —"Say now, Sam, I would like to stand by a man from down my way or die, but I would not compare Atlanta with Toronto, when Atlanta has street cars running and newspapers sold all over on Sunday."

Sam Small, quietly—"Well, it's all right."

Sam Jones—"Anyhow, you admit Toronto is an astonishment to the American!"

Sam Small—"Yes, I will that."  
Sam Jones, continuing, said:—"And, after all, I believe Toronto is as healthy a spot as can be found. Then I want to say this, your people are a singing people. I believe we have had the best music since we have been in Toronto that we ever had at any of our services."