

What are the Young People of the Methodist Church of Today
Doing for God and for Mankind?

How do we face the question? What is life? Who gave it and for what purpose? Life is not a useless gift, to trifle with, or use as we feel disposed. Life is a divine gift, from God, and as such we should use it, as far as we know how.

God, in His great wisdom, has placed no two of us here in the same position, or surrounded by the same circumstances. Therefore we cannot judge for another how this life should be used. But in our Guide Book we find the rule laid down for all classes of humanity. First, Consecration of our all, body, soul and spirit to the Great Giver; when this is done we no longer face the old question, but the new one—Am I, the representative of that consecrated being, just allowing God's will entirely to control mine, or should I have a will of my own? In consecration do we not place our little wills alongside of God's, and in so doing have no "cross" that today we hear so much about?

Should we not be ashamed to talk of it being a "cross," to give up as Paul says the "beggarly elements" of this world for the service of the King? Is there not a very special work for us to do this year! As missionary workers have we, in the past, tried to do all we could for the cause?

Let us try this year and see how much that 'all' can mean to each of us! God asks us to prove his promises. Let us take Him at His word.

E. W., Cor. Sec.

A STORY OF FOUR UMBRELLAS.

PATTER, patter! What a soft dripping of the rain there was everywhere! And, looking out into the gray mist tangled among the tree-tops, was a pair of blue eyes framed in pink cheeks and golden-brown hair. These eyes went on a journey to the umbrella rack in the hall.

"Oh, dear!" cried Abby Warner, their owner, as she came from the hall into the sitting-room, "my green umbrella don't want to go to church."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Oh, dear! it has got holes in the top of its head, and its leg is broken; so I doubt if it could walk to church."

"Never mind," said her mother, cheerfully; "I'm an umbrella doctor. I can just sew up those holes, and tie some stout black thread around that poor broken leg, so it will hold till you can get it to the umbrella mender. Besides, when umbrellas don't want to go to church, and yet can go, I think they had better be told plainly that they must go to church."

Abby took the hint. The green umbrella was soon looking like a gruel bowl turned upside down, and drifting off in the rain.

Down the street was another sick umbrella, a brown one.

"I think you had better go to church, Poppy," said Mrs. Smith.

"Oh, I don't want to," whined Poppy. "Sunday-school comes after church, you know, and nobody in my class will be at school."

Looking out of the window, though, she chanced to see the green umbrella, and she cried out: "Oh, there's Abby! She is going. Guess I'll go. She's in my class."

Off went the brown umbrella.

A third umbrella was attacked by the don't-want-to-go sickness—a strange disease that in some families is very likely to break out Sunday mornings. This umbrella was a handsome one, of black silk; and it belonged to a Sunday-school teacher, Miss Pippins. She thought the umbrellas in her class would not go, and that her own black one was too nice and delicate for rough weather.

"But what do I see?" she exclaimed, looking out of the window. "There are my girls, Abby and Poppy! I guess I will be going."

Soon there were three umbrellas—green, brown, and black—all bobbing along on their way to church. The clergyman officiating that day was the secretary of a missionary society.

"I think there must be something in my sermon," he said, "for the children, if—if—they come out."

He looked about the church, but oh, how empty it seemed! How the wind sounded! It must have fancied the church was a big organ, and all the doors and windows were keys on which it might play, for it pounced on them, and made such growls and groans, sighs and sobs! Soon the clergyman saw the umbrellas coming in, and with them were Abby and Poppy.

"Ah! I guess I will say something," he concluded; and he to'd about a juvenile missionary society, and wished the children in that congregation might form one.

In Sunday-school Abby said, "Miss Pippins, couldn't our class have a missionary society?"

"Why—why—yes, girls."

"Call it the Green, Brown, and Black Society," suggested Abby, looking at the umbrellas.

(To be continued).

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Extract from a letter from Miss Spence, Port Simpson, B. C.:

Dec'r 9th, '98.

We were glad to welcome the Doctor and his family back to the work. We are very busy with our hospital work. The Doctor has performed three surgical operations since he returned; all are doing well. The natives are all at home now, which means "work for all the workers."

MINNIE SPENCE.

Kindly accept Xmas greetings.