



SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

A MAN AND HIS ENEMIES.

The International Sunday school lesson for December 3rd is, "Nehemiah Rebuilds the Walls of Jerusalem," Nehemiah, chaps. 1-7. The Golden Text is, "Watch and Pray," Matt. xxvi, 41.

By William T. Ellis.

This is the story of the outer struggles of a man whose inner history was studied two weeks ago. He is one of action-war, intrigue, adventure, sagacity, brilliancy, dash and conquest. Young Nehemiah, who was seen weeping in his chamber, is now shown fighting on the walls. The King had beheld him with the dullness of a heavy sorrow in his eye; now that same eye flashes the fire of battle, the resolution of victory. Every man is like Nehemiah, two men; and usually the knowledge of one is essential to an understanding of the other. Only as we get a glimpse of the high purpose in a hero's heart can we understand the glory of his deeds.

As Jews—and Christians, too—all over the world are sorrowing for the woes of the Jews in Russia today, so Nehemiah has mourned over the news that had come to him at the palace, where he stood close to

THE MASTER OF THE JUNGLE.

In Kipling's subtle parables it is written that not the tiger, not the lion and the leopard, but the cunning and the crafty fox is the master of the jungle.

There are certain inevitable facts in life with which every student should reckon. Trouble is one of these; and enemies are a form of trouble not to be escaped. How to meet them is the problem. Some people, at the outset of busy work, and the onset of fighting, which is perhaps the very thing the enemy desires. Others turn on and confess themselves beaten and fallow. Others fight spasmodically and winnowingly, and are defeated in their own spirits, which is really the only defeat that matters. But others go right on working, and fight only when fighting is necessary to make a way for work. That was Nehemiah's good plan.

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As the Pilgrim fathers used to go to church carrying guns to guard against Indian attacks, Nehemiah set his people to praying, watching and working. They made their prayers to God, but at the same time they offered Him stout hearts and hearts with which to answer their prayers. Nehemiah was not a man who trusted in God and kept their powder dry, these Jews prayed, and then set a watch

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for enemies, day and night. Prayer and precaution are good watch dogs for any endangered life.

The recent political victory in Philadelphia has been heralded over the continent as a Christian triumph; and so it was. The part that prayer played in it has been a wonderful amount of practical politics.

"Practical" man is an engine without steam, but the merely idealist is an engine without wheels.

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late grave moral laws than the life of "Society," where conformity is the custom, and Dams Grundy the supreme Judge.

Only by finding out the highest law of life and by rendering obedience thereto, can the simple life of the heart be achieved. Whoever would live at his best must live according to the best.

There is one law, and only one law, "Whose service is perfect freedom." That law is nobler than the famous one laid down by Ptolemy when he said, "To thy own self be true. The inner judgment is less worthy and less reliable than the divine standard. For the supreme law of life, the law that brings peace and power in its fulfillment is the will of God."

This is the core of the genius of Christ.

This is the core of the genius of Christ's Endower and other young people's movements which have won such a hold up on millions of lives. Christ is made master. His life, His word, are the touchstone of conduct. The entire vast army of the young people's societies of the world are united into one common desire, "to do whatever He would like to have me do."

In the spirit of loyalty to the great and wise man, Person these modern crusaders have taken a high, hard pledge, which encircles their lives and touches conduct at every point. It is a daring pledge, and it is a pledge that will not be broken.

Provision has to be made for excuses in any rule of life. Everybody is adept at this art of excusing himself, at least in his own mind. Even very young children show phenomenal ability in justifying their misdeeds. Weak people do little else but make excuses in life, while, as Beecher says, "The real man is the one who always finds excuses for others, but never excuses himself." The great necessity, then, in the matter of excuses is to find some standard by which they may be tested. And can there be a better than the known life and will of the perfect Example?

Old Paul, who seemed to live at the storm centre of criticism, found wonderful peace in the consciousness that he was answerable only to Jesus. "He that judgeth me is the Lord." So he cared little for the carping, fault-finding opinions of others. His ambition was to "be well pleasing unto Him." A sufficient ambition for any life.

He who lives by the highest law is freed from the claims of the lower.

The way to attain the best life is to measure up by the best ideals—which is to say, by the one Ideal.

SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many of them as possible.—Bovet.

The threads our hands in blindness spin No self-determined plan weave in; The shuttle of the unseen powers Work out a pattern not as ours.—J. G. Whittier.

All things are symbolic; and what call results are beginnings.—Plato.

All joy would win, Must share it; Happiness was born a twin.—Lord Byron.

It is worth while to be a singing bird in this world in which are so many harsh and discordant sounds and so many cries of pain.—J. B. Miller.

This world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as Kings.—R. L. Stevenson.

No man has learned anything rightly, until he knows that every day is doom-day.—Emerson.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The latest addition to the educational work of the Y. M. C. A. is the training of men to become expert chauffeurs.

The Tibetans, whose religion is a corrupt type of Buddhism, possess the largest Bible in the world, filling three hundred volumes.

The national convention of the American Anti-Saloon League, which is the churches federated for temperance work, was held in Indianapolis, November 21st-23rd.

It is said that in several widely separated districts of India an evangelistic awakening is being witnessed, somewhat similar to those in England and Wales last winter.

The leader of the famous "Holy Ghost and Us" Society, at Shiloh, Me., Rev. S. W. Sanford, has just been fined one hundred dollars on the charge of cruelty to his son. He has been three times tried for manslaughter, but escaped conviction each time; twice by the disagreement of the jury.

Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and his evangelists, after a campaign which deeply stirred the city of St. Paul, went to Minneapolis for a similar work. One of the most significant events of the latter campaign was the invitation to Dr. Chapman by the bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church to preach in St. Paul's pro-cathedral. Inasmuch as ministers of other denominations are not invited to officiate from Protestant Episcopal pulpits, this action was doubly significant. Dr. Chapman is now conducting a campaign in New Jersey, during which the entire state will be systematically covered by himself and assistants.

A sort of pastoral work out of the ordinary is that recently done by Rev. C. Z. Jefferson, pastor of the Congregational Broadway Tabernacle, New York city, who has been making a fraternal tour of the churches of upper New York state. He conferred with the workers, preached to congregations and addressed ministers, the purpose being—to bring the strong city pastors into touch with the rural preachers and churches.

John Kenist, the Englishman who was killed while waging his crusade against ritualism in the Church of England, had left behind him a persisting work. On the

third anniversary of his death, which occurred a few weeks ago, a memorial college was formally opened at Finchley, England, where Wesleyan preachers and others will be trained to carry on his work.

Many bishops of the Roman Catholic church are said to be supporters of the movement to expel from all organizations of Catholics any members who re-marry after having been divorced by the civil courts from their husbands or wives. There is an organization of Catholic women called "Daughters of the Faith," which has for its principal object the discouragement of divorce and the taboing of divorce among members of the Roman Catholic church.

THE CITY MARKET.

That the Christmas and New Year holiday season is rapidly approaching may be realized, if in no other manner, by a glance at the windows of the principal grocery establishments of the city. During the past week the consignments of raisins, peels and other cake and pudding ingredients have been arriving, and already are finding a ready sale. The displays have been made more attractive by the addition of Japanese oranges in large quantities and of the best possible quality. Since the Times reporter's last weekly round several more shipments of this popular fruit have been received from the Orient, and these are a marked improvement over the first to arrive, being ripe, sweet and as delicately nice as the finest navel-grown in California. Speaking of the raisins, it might be said that they are coming in freely from the south and with the product of Japan in the popular demand. Staples continue to find a steady market, but business generally may be said to be improving to a considerable extent with the advent of the holiday season.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

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What is the difference between Noah's Ark and an Archbishop knight and grand? Why, Noah's, you know, was a high ark, and the other a hierarch in the land.

What is it that which is bought by the yard, and yet is worn by the foot? Why, a carpet, of course (wherever upon it your feet, that is, you put).

What is the difference between a cow and a richly clothed cow? Oh, I can tell you, the one gives milk, but the other, of course, gives away (why).

A LAST YEAR'S NEST.

Only a last year's nest, No one to mind it; Left all forlorn it stands, Where did you find it?

There, in the old oak tree, Rained on, and blown it; Has no bird-holders Who now will own it.

Gone the bird family That once quitted it; Yet well the father bird Last year did build it.

Could you now fancy a Household tortoise? Nobody wants it more, Not even the "corner."

THE LITTLE BROWN LEAF.

Said the little brown leaf, as it hung in the air, To the little brown leaf below: "What a summer we've had To rejoice and be glad, But to-day there's a feeling of now."

"I am lonely up here on the tree so high, With the leaves all off the bough, So I'll flutter down, To my comrades brown, For we're resting so softly now."

Said the little brown leaf: "When work is done, And it's time to go to sleep, One bids good-bye to the frolic and fun, And shuts his eyes on the merry sun, And so 'till the rest is deep!"

"For God is up in heaven above, And God in the world below, In the summer light, In the wintry night, In the tempest and the snow."

With a sigh as brief as the fall of a leaf, The little brown leaf dropped through The amber gold Of the beseech-swept world, And the sky—'twas blue and blue.—Margaret E. Sangster.

A RAINY DAY.

A wind that shrieks to the window pane, A wind in the chimney moaning, A wind that tramples the ripened grain, And sets the trees a-groaning;

A wind that is busy with waiting play, A downy wind that has hot their way In spite of the other's calling, A thump of apples on the ground, A flutter and flurry and whirling round Of leaves too soon a-flying,

A tossing and streaming like hair unbound Of the willow boughs a-flying; A lonely road and a gloomy lane, And empty lanes that are wet with rain, And a seamy sky that is falling.

AUTUMN.

In the other gardens And all up the vale, From the autumn bonfires See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over, And all the summer flowers, The red fire blazes, The gray smoke towers.

BABES IN THE WOOD.

"Oh, what are those creatures?" cried Little Mar, As she lunged to Kate in fear: "Are they bears, do you suppose or lions or wolves?"

"Oh, I do wish father was here!" Poor Kate was afraid—do you wonder?—see How the fawns come crowding near!

They are tame as Mary's white pussy-cat; These kind little baby deer are tame; They want to play with the nice little girls.

Who look so pretty and good, What welcome they give with their gentle eyes!" Now, which are the "Babes in the Wood"?

MOTHER'S ROOM.

I'm awfully sorry for poor Jack Rob, He's the boy that lives with his aunt, you know, And he says his house is filled with gloom Because it has got no "mother's room."

I tell you what, it is fine enough To talk of "bondole" and such fancy stuff, But the room of rooms that seems best to me,

Is mother's room, where I'd always rather be, In mother's room, where a fellow can rest, And talk of things his heart loves best. What if I do get dirt about, And sometimes startle my aunt with a shout?

It is mother's room, and if she don't mind To the hints of others I'm always blind, Maybe I lose my things—what then! In mother's room I find them again; And I never dream that I'll litter the floor With marbles and tops and many things more.

But I tell you for boys with a tired head How brightly in mother's room I know, Now poor Jack Rob, when he visits me, I take him to mother's room, you see, Because it's the nicest place to go When a fellow's spirits are getting low; And mother, she's always kind and sweet, And there's always a smile poor Jack to greet.

And somehow the sunbeams seem to glow More brightly in mother's room, I know, Than anywhere else, and you'd never find any old shadow in mother's room.



VICTORIA LETTER.

London, Nov. 17.—There is no party, of whatever shade of opinion, in Great Britain that has not joined heartily in saying of King Edward VII. "Live the King." It is the spontaneous and fervent wish of the whole Empire that so wise and peace-loving a monarch should continue to be beneficent ruler for as many years as possible. Each birthday brings with it an increase of popularity for His Majesty, and in this year of 1905 the great work he has accomplished, even in the last twelve months, in the way of increasing the stability and prestige of the Empire is recognized as being as much the outcome of his own genius and personality as of his wonderful abilities as a diplomatist. The birthday honors list cannot fail to add to his popularity, exhibiting as it does a spirit of democracy and broad-mindedness in dispensing honors to so many men having the commercial interests of the country at heart. But the most interesting feature of the honors list was the announcement that His Majesty's eldest daughter, the Duchess of Fife, should henceforth bear the title and style of Princess Royal, and her daughters the title of Highness and the style of Princess. They shall also, of course, have precedence and rank immediately after all members of the royal family enjoying the style of royal highness.

The Lord Mayor's Show.

Londoners have enjoyed once more the historic civic ceremony of the Lord Mayor's show. It is difficult to break away from the beaten track of former years, and the royal family entering into this time-honored procession, but as far as it was possible to vary it, that was done. An emblematic car representing the Colonies was especially conceived and represented the days when the earlier settlers went bartering with the Indian trappers, right away to the present time, when the Londoners have to depend in a large measure on our cousins across the sea, not only for the bread we eat but also for our beef and mutton and many other necessaries of life. There was the inevitable "entente cordiale" car, and one representing "Peace," which must have been particularly pleasing to such American tourists as may be cooling their heels in foggy London in November. No fewer than sixteen bands took part in the procession, and altogether it was a brave civic show and worthy of the Whittington traditions.

The Unemployed.

The deputation of the wives of unemployed men which came from Poplar and other East End districts and marched in procession via the Embankment to wait on Mr. Balfour at Whitehall was certainly not an agreeable sight. No one can deny, of course, that close investigation of the facts of the fact that hundreds of the thin and tattered wives who passed had only themselves or those on whom they depended to blame for their condition. However that may be, the organizers of the demonstration wanted to shock the delicate sensibilities of the West End by a parade of misery they must have succeeded in doing. From the windows of the large hotels in Northumberland avenue and along the Embankment well dressed people, including many Americans, took the picture with blank surprise at the world picture, and more of them commented on the number of babies carried in the processions. Nearly every woman under forty seemed to have an infant in her arms. The attitude of the crowds of spectators all along the route was entirely sympathetic and it was noticeable that the only people who seemed to regard the procession as a joke were the familiar unemployed loaf-

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Desert Charms.

Yet another "curse" is recommended to the patients of fashionable doctors, and an expedition of men and women is, we learn, shortly to leave London for a luxurious encampment in the African desert. The blazing equities of desert air and desert sun are the latest cure for brain fog or for the nervous prostration that must be expected to follow a full course of the London season. Consumptives, however, are not invited, although they are recommended the open-air cure, they are sent to colder climates. But perhaps they will not be inclined to envy the "social consumptives" who will run the risk of being buried in a sand storm. We hope the fashionable medicos are not in their professional zeal losing sight of the fact that the desert would be rather bad lines if an encampment of their best paying patients were buried in a sand storm and returned no more from the African desert.

Doggies Motor Needs.

One does not expect to be surprised at anything nowadays, but really one experiences a little shock beholding such evidences of "motomania" as a display of motor accessories for pet dogs, which are displayed in all smartness in the windows of a smart West End shop. They come, one by one, to find for the sake of our reputation as a practical people. From Paris, there are little motor goggles, made so that they fit on doggie's collar and a leather coat to save him from pneumonia and, tiny foot warmers. Perhaps it was want of observation, but the enterprising outfitters seem to have forgotten the motor veil, without which no fashionable dog could possibly think of taking his motor ride. It is most inconsiderate and such an oversight should be rectified at once.

"Canada After Twenty Years."

Sir Gilbert Parker gave an instructive lecture, at which Lord Strathcona presided, on "Canada After Twenty Years." It was quite of a non-party character and it was gratifying to hear of the wonderful strides that have been made in the last twenty years; in a few years; of the natural balance between agriculture and industry, which secures Canada against unemployment in the United States. Sir Gilbert's was a picture for general enthusiasm. Canada a nation, Canada a British nation, Canada an independent, but heavy partner in the British empire! He quoted expert American opinion to the effect that if only one-quarter of the suitable land in Manitoba and other provinces were put under wheat, Canada could produce an entire body for Great Britain, having still a surplus left for exportation to other countries. It was quite an imperishable picture.

Cotton Experiments.

Very great interest is aroused in the Lancashire districts in the experiments now being carried on by the Tokio government with a view to rendering the Japanese cotton more independent of American supplies of raw cotton. Up to the present, however, the still infant industry has been heavily handicapped by an insufficiency of raw material, for which nearly every sterling has had to be paid for imports.

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Could you now fancy a Household tortoise? Nobody wants it more, Not even the "corner."

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