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THE ENDEAVOR HERALD

FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH

Vol. XI]

Toronto, October, 1899

[No. 9

"Blameless."

By Amy Parkinson.

LORD, is it possible that I
Unblamed shall be?
Is there, indeed, a stainless robe
Prepared for me?

When Thou did'st leave Thy throne of light,
My sin to bear,
Did'st Thou of Thine own righteousness
Bring me a share?

Shall I who, of myself, have naught
Or wise or right,
Stand unproved and faultless in
Thy holy sight?

Yes, Lord, all things are possible
To Thy rich grace;
And I, e'en I, shall walk in white
Before Thy face!

Toronto, Ont.

Quo Vadis?

THAT question has been appealing to us from the cover of a popular book which has its place upon our shelves. The book deals with the days of fierce persecution under Nero, and the title is born of the following tradition. When Peter was fleeing from Rome to escape the bitter persecutions that were raging there, he met his Lord and addressed to Him this enquiry, "*Quo vadis, Domini?*"—"Lord, whither goest Thou?" "To Rome, to suffer again," was the sad reply, which led to Peter's willing return and heroic martyrdom.

This is a question which every youth needs to hear, and all happiness and success in life depends upon how it is answered.

Life is full of possibilities to young people. Thomas Carlyle tells, in one of his essays, of how people from the same materials erect very different structures. From brick and mortar one builds a palace, the other a hovel; one builds a warehouse, the other a villa. So is it in life. The material is much the same, but it depends on the controlling purpose what the structure shall be. Keeping to the question at the head of this article, life and destiny are determined by the goal which the individual keeps in view.

Success in life depends for the most part on the direction taken by those who stand nearest the sunrise. Life-courses are seldom changed when

the period of youth is passed. Luther had chosen the direction of his life, which led toward the Reformation, when he was but a youth. Wesley began the great history of Methodism when he was but twenty-six. In his bleak garret John Milton received the idea of writing a great Christian poem when he was but a boy; it was then that direction was given to his life. So with Calvin and Knox and Zwingli, and William of Orange, and Burke, and Garrison, and a multitude of others who have won fame in the present or the past.

The chief business of life is to make the most of life—intellectually, morally, and spiritually. Whether life will be noble and good will depend on the direction which it receives in youth. The goal which is kept before the mind will decide character and control destiny. "Whither goest thou?" is the question which every youth needs to ponder. All things wait upon the answer.

Unemployed Talents.

EVERY young people's society is a mine of possibilities. More than any other organization the Christian Endeavor Society has enabled the young people to recognize and utilize their powers for service within the church. But, though much has been accomplished, there are yet almost unlimited possibilities of development latent among the young people of our societies.

It is unlikely that there will be in our country any rapid numerical growth of our movement. There are indications that the Society has almost attained its full growth in this direction. But we have scarcely begun to develop the spiritual possibilities of our young people. The farmer who says, "My field now raises one hundred bushels of wheat, what can I do to make it yield two hundred?" has a grasp of the idea that leads to successful farming. And the society that, encouraged by what has already been accomplished, begins to consider how the talents still lying latent may be called forth and developed, is on a fair way to attain a much higher standard of Christian life and service.

In the parable of the pounds, uttered by the Master, the danger of the non-use of talents receives striking emphasis. The tragedy of the parable gathers around the man who dared not risk the money which was entrusted to him, and which, through all the years of the Master's

absence, lay hidden in a napkin. The great problem of Christian workers, to the present hour, is to get the talents out of the enclosing napkins of thoughtlessness, of worldliness, of timidity and distrust.

That versatile editor, Amos R. Wells, suggests a "Columbus Committee" for the discovery of latent talent among the young people. Such a committee would certainly have a noble sphere for the exercise of its powers. Equally important would be a "Vineyard Committee" to see that there was given a proper field to each one for the exercise of the discovered talent. It is not enough to find the talent, it requires to be employed in order that through use it may increase and win for the user the reward of the "Well done, good and faithful servant."



The Supreme Quest.

THE nobler the man, the higher his aims. He who made Himself known as the Son of Man had the highest aim of all. "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." To have the same aim is the privilege of every follower of Christ. And there is no work that brings man into closer fellowship with God or is so fruitful in blessing.

With the great apostle of the Gentiles, the work of winning souls was a perfect passion. He was willing to become all things to all men that he might win them for his Master. No pearl fisher seeking goodly pearls, no naturalist looking for rare specimens, was ever more eager in his quest. If he walks the street, he will cast the devil out of some young girl. If he lies in prison, he will baptize the jailer. If he sits beside Aquila and Priscilla at the bench, he will lead them to a saving knowledge of Christ. If he is bound to a soldier, he will so speak that there will be saints throughout the Praetorian camp. If he stands before the judgment bar, he almost persuades the judge to be a Christian. There was none beneath his notice. To gain one weak man for Christ he is prepared to forego his liberty, his rights, the indulgence of his natural appetite, yea, to lay down his life. No shepherd ever tended his flock, no vine-dresser his plants, no priest his holy ministry, as the Apostle did his cure of souls.

I am increasingly sure that those only can become soul-winners, says F. B. Meyer, who are possessed of one strong passion in this direction. If a man dissipates himself, spreading his interest over too large an area, if he gives himself too fully to the details of management and organization, if he makes soul-winning one among many aims, it is almost certain that he will not attain to any great proficiency in the sacred art. The man who succeeds in the race, in almost any course, is the one whose soul is possessed with an all-consuming passion, who can think of nothing else, who seeks nothing else, who is satisfied with nothing less. You must run, young athlete, if you would attain.

John Woolman, who insisted on crossing the Atlantic as a *steerage* passenger that he might gain trophies among the sailors; the Moravians, who sold themselves to the Moors, that they might speak to the galley-slaves about Christ; Father Damien, who was content to shut himself in a leper settlement that he might gain lepers for Christ, are striking illustrations of the absorbing passion which is prepared to surrender all else in order to gain men. It is comparatively useless to fire the cannon of your appeal at men, you must be content to be yourself the ammunition, and to be projected as from the mouth of a cannon into the heart of those you desire to win.

Words fail to express what we would on this matter. All around men complain that they are lacking in the art of soul-winning, but be sure it is not want of skill, but want of definiteness and concentration of soul. The art is learned from the heart. Success accrues much less from gift than from grace. Again we must repeat, it is the men of one idea who succeed in this as in any other pursuit under the sun.

Do you desire to be consumed with this passion for gaining men? It can be had only in proportion as you withdraw yourself from the dissipating influences of worldliness and self-indulgence, and live in sympathy with the unseen and eternal, and in fellowship with the heart of Christ. Paul had acquired this love for man by submitting to the constraints of the love of Christ. He had stood beside Him and beheld the perdition of a lost world, had seen what the grace of God could do for such sinners as he had been, and had gladly sacrificed everything that the world of his time could offer if only he might gain some few more to be the crowns of his life, for casting at the feet of Christ.



Social to Save.

ALL genuine sociability is the outgrowth of Christian love. It is possible to have the form of sociability without having the spirit, the outward characteristics without the inward life, the semblance without the reality. To have a sociable society one needs more than clever suggestions and ingenious plans for society meetings. What is needed is the Christian love that makes them effective. This high art can be learned best from Jesus Christ.

The early church was pre-eminent in its exhibition of the grace of Christian love. What warmth, what heartiness, what whole-souled interest in others characterize the people we meet in the Acts of the Apostles! Even the heathen bore this testimony to the genuineness of their regard: "Behold, how these Christians love one another."

This is a grace that requires cultivation among modern followers of Jesus Christ. Nowhere should there be such sweet and tender communion as among those who gather beneath the same standard, sing the same hymns, read the same Scriptures, partake of the same cup, and

share the same hopes. This is what makes the gatherings of believers attractive. In these days there are many schemes and devices that are calculated to "draw" the indifferent and the careless to our sermons. Many of them are wise and commendable. But every method must prove weak or worthless without the presence of that Christian sympathy which has been and always will be Christianity's chief attraction.

The fruits of the Spirit can only grow vigorously in the warm atmosphere of love. Modern scientific research has shown the modifying influence of environment upon every form of life. Change of environment means a corresponding change in the form of living things. The plant that leaps and laughs into life under tropic suns becomes impoverished and dwarfed under northern skies. The pine in the rich alluvial valley grows tall and straight and stately, but the pine on the "timber line" on the high mountain side is gnarled and twisted and misshapen in its struggle with the tempest and the storm. In animal life the influence of environment is still more manifest. The higher the form of life, the more numerous are the points at which it may be touched by circumstances.

And this is true in regard to the life of the soul. It requires the warm, genial atmosphere of love for its highest development. A chilly, icy air is not friendly to godliness. The difference between a society that is cold and impoverished and run-down, and one that is vigorous and strong and efficient, is largely a matter of atmosphere. To create this Christian atmosphere is the duty of every society.



A Rebuke to Croakers.

AT a recent meeting of the Reformed Church Synod in Chicago a paper was read by Rev. Dr. Keiffer in which he made the following statement, approved by the synod:

"The danger to be apprehended from certain agencies which are slowly but surely revolutionizing the entire social fabric; the absorption of the wealth of the country in the hands of the few, the steady enlargement of the poorer classes of the people, and the gradual diminution of a prospering and happy middle class, the hope of every thriving state; the rapid increase and intensification of all those social and industrial agencies which tend to make human life a burden of despair to the many and a material paradise to the few—all these things can not but exert a baleful influence upon, and prove a constant hindrance to, the progress of the kingdom of Christ upon earth."

The editor of the Chicago *Interior* in a late issue vigorously criticises this statement, and we think his criticism worthy of being read and pondered by every reader of the *HERALD*.

To say that the middle classes are diminishing in numbers and in prosperity is to say what every body who has eyes and intelligence knows to be untrue. Human life is not becoming "a burden of despair to the many and a paradise to the few"—not in this country. That is the raving of the anarchist.

Younger people may not know that the middle classes, mechanics, and other well-doing workmen, now live in greater convenience and luxury than those who were classed with the rich lived so late as fifty years ago. They occupy better rooms, have greater conveniences, eat better food and wear better clothing than the land-owning farmers then did. The hours of labor are one-third shorter, the wages two to four times as large, and a dollar now buys more of luxuries than two dollars then did.

The shoemaker, working in a factory, carries home to his family twice the earnings and four times the comforts that his predecessor working for himself in his own shop could earn. So also of the cabinet maker, wagon maker, millwright, machinist.

But by becoming wage-earners or salaried men, "independence is lost." Every competent and reliable salaried man will laugh in the face of this synod of dreaming theorists. The writer of this knows from experience the condition both of an employer and of an employe. The happier life was that of an employe. It was for the employer to walk the floor at night, while the employe slept. As to independence, no man is so completely his own master as a first-class workman either with hand or with brain—so to speak—hand and brain are counterparts and inseparable. As an employer this writer knows how difficult it is to hold a thoroughly competent man. He is in demand and wanted by from two to a dozen other employers.

"Material paradise to the few!" Built of brick and mortar! Call a big house stuffed full of wood and upholstery and bric-a-brac and painted pictures "paradise!" a cranberry-pie lawn "paradise!" Well, we spend a part of each summer in a paradise that God made, and He is the best landscape gardener in the universe. We do not have to wear any starched clothes—a flannel suit, a belt, a pair of soft moccasins—cost seventy-five cents—a wool hat and four hundred square miles of room. That is paradise. God is not particular about a man's clothes. He is not afraid of tramps. He does not have to put up "Keep off the grass" boards. He says, "My child, make yourself comfortable, wander where you please, do as you please. There is nobody here but Me," and then He goes on with His work in landscape and sky gardening.

We will tell the synod what is the matter with the people to whom "life is a burden of despair." It is that thousand millions spent every year in this country for whisky. It is dime-novelty, and such pernicious apostles of discontent with good things as the Rev Dr. Keiffer.

Here is the country booming with prosperity, everybody who is willing to work getting good wages. The schools and colleges are overflowing with the children of the "middle classes"—and up yonder on the top of that dead pine sits a raven in his suit of black. He croaks when the sun rises, croaks when it rains, croaks when he has a bellyful, and croaks when he is hungry.

The Power of Missions in India

An Address by Principal Fairbairn at the London Missionary Society Anniversary

IN the history and action of modern missions, two things profoundly impress me: Their ubiquity and their audacity. They are everywhere. There is no land on which the sun rises where the foot of the missionary has not trod. There is no tribe, however fierce, or however depraved, his hand has not handled. There is no tongue, however barbaric, he has not tried to speak. There are great primary human passions that are strong and invincible. There is the passion of greed. Tempted by it, a man will stay at home and assume a thousand disguises. He will clothe the meanest selfishness in the most magnificent patriotism. He will dress the hardest and least human spirit in generous philanthropy. He will try and speak large things about empire and about civilization, when he means only his own love of gold and contempt of men. Or he will go abroad—and there is no point where greed has not made men go. Amid the Arctic snows and tropic heats it has made him live. On poisonous coasts and up fever-haunted rivers, and in dismal jungles, he has dwelt, that he may indulge his love of gain, and come back with his gold multiplied a thousand-fold. But greater than passion or greed stands the enthusiasm for humanity. The missionary has gone before the trader and beyond the trader, and wherever he has gone he has been inspired with a new hopefulness for men. He has kept the sense of duty living at home, he has carried light into dark places, and he has made us feel that precious in the sight of God, and precious in the sight of men, is that great immortal soul Christ died to redeem.

But more remarkable even than the ubiquity is the audacity. We hear without ceasing that our race loves courage. I have no great affection for a bravery that knows itself too well, and admires itself the more that it seems to know, but one can not help feeling how great is the power of English courage. But great as has been the power of the courage that made India England's, there is a far sublimer and grander audacity. Many a time the men of arms or the men of law, or still more, the men of wealth, may turn haughtily upon the missionary, and ask why he is there? He is there in obedience to a grander courage, in fulfilment of a higher function than their own. Think what he faces. There is a people far older than we, civilized when we were savage; there is a people with a classic literature older than our own, full of tales and full of heroism dear to the heart of the Hindu. There is a religion embedded in custom, revered and worshipped, embalmed in memory, consecrated by victory and defeat, dear to all hearts, holding many minds. There is a great social system wherein the individual counts for nothing, and the caste and the family and the

guild are all in all. To change that is almost like trying to lift by persuasion the earth from its very axis. Yet this is what the missionary faces in India, a land and people less open to conquest, more deeply embedded in the past, more profoundly guarded by sacred associations than those the soldier or the civilian can face; and the missionary faces them without arms in his hand, without an imperial power behind him, faces them in the power of a great faith, in whose strength he hopes to overcome and prevail. There he lives, there he works, and the wonder is that he does not in dismay die, that he does not in shame retreat, that he still lives, still works, and still carries on his great attempt, the grandest example of heroism and of audacity in the whole history of our English race. But you can not think what it means unless you go and face it. I many a time am sorry for the missionaries, hard-worked, sent round on deputations, equally hard-worked at home. Why, the way to create interest in missions is to send men of influence out to India and elsewhere. Convert the churches through the churchman at home. Get him to face the field, the men who work it, and to see what they have done.

When I landed in Bombay what did I find? A picturesque, beautiful, Oriental city, very strange and very radiant to Western eyes. There was life everywhere. Teeming myriads of men and women struggling to live, struggling to think, doing their best to accumulate the little needed to keep soul and body together; and, facing them, stood a small handful of missionaries. Why, as I looked at that great teeming multitude, what did I feel? This first and foremost: The church has begun the conquest of India? No. Rather it does not yet conceive what the conquest means. We have put our hand to the plow. We know nothing about the field through which we would drive the furrow. We neither see its extent nor know its limit, nor understand the force needed to drive the great iron wedge through the soil. Yet what are the men doing? I visited the colleges, mission and civilian, visited schools, visited the churches, visited the various agencies meant to help the orphan, to educate the girl, to bring the widow, left desolate, into larger life. Yet with it all, what was that to the great teeming thousands?

I crossed to Calcutta. There, too, visited colleges, schools, churches, missions of all kinds, what again to feel? To see again multitudes streaming through the land, to see a few cultivated, educated, pious, devoted men and women straight from home, living under conditions of self-denial that they might reach the multitude, and save the many.

I passed from Calcutta up to Darjeeling, and what there? Ay, it was beautiful to see the sun

break on the mountain peak, run east, run west, come down the snowy breast of the mighty range, purple in the morning glory; it was beautiful to see the great amphitheatre of hills rise out of the bosom of darkness, and become wonderful in their radiance through the sunlight. Far more wonderful was it to see the devoted men, devoted women I have known go out from homes that were homes of culture and homes of beauty, go out and there give themselves to the comforting of the people, to the helping of the European, to the saving of men. For this became evident: Much as the missionary does for the native, he does even more for the Englishman. It is true they frequently fail to understand each other. I am not prepared to say that the cause of the misunderstanding, where it exists, is all on the side of the civilian, or all on the side of the soldier, or the merchant. I am not prepared to say that the missionary is absolutely innocent. But this I will say, that he lives there as the embodiment of conscience, as a standard of duty, as a great example of what a man who loves empire ought to be in the empire he controls.

I cannot tell you all I saw, and shall not attempt to do it. I visited missions in Agra, saw what medical men could do to educate the native; visited missions in Delhi, saw the school and the women who visited the zenanas, and all the work proceeding there; visited missions in Amritsar, and saw medical missions again accomplishing wonderful things, and the teacher going hand-in-hand with the physician; visited Lahore, saw there education slowly changing the temper and texture of Hindu society; went down through Rajputana, a beautiful old district, where the State is still native; visited a friend coming from my old granite city of the North, who had been at a station where the souls of the people were conservative, and in the highest degree Hindu, and he, five-and-twenty years ago, went there unattended and alone, made his mission, got his home, founded a hospital, founded a church, created a school for Bhils, created a hospital for lepers, and by his own single hand did more to create reverence for England than any civil or military power England could send. We went on to Indore, and saw what Canadian Presbyterians have done—watching and waiting long for an entry, finding an entry at last, planting college, planting school, planting hospital; down to Poona, across to Madras; saw how in Madras our own mission prospers, gathers from the street and from the home the child and the convert, and makes the native church; saw a man with a genius for education, inspired by a great faith, building up the most splendid educational institution in India. And then I came away feeling, oh! if our churches, still more if our collective English people could know what our missions mean to India, what our churches were accomplishing there, they would feel that greater than the army and the men who command it; greater than the civilians we at the universities pride ourselves on educating, out of the flower of our youth, to send there; greater than all, dearer

than all, more patient than all, live in the heart of the people—Christian missions. For, mind you, we shall never hold India if we hold it only by the force of arms, or the power of law. We can only hold India if we make India live in unity of thought, of faith, with our own higher England. Say not that the Hindu is jealous of the missionary. He stands to the Hindu as a great reconciling force. One of the most eminent men in a great presidency town said to me:

“But the other day I had had a discussion with an Englishman over missions, and he said—you know the kind of language which, in its hatred of cant, loves frankly to clothe itself in brutality—‘What have we to do with your thought, your religion, your customs? We are here for our own sakes, we are here to make rupees, and once I have made my pile India will see me no more.’ ‘Hush,’ said I, ‘hush; that is what the people say about you; do not let them hear you say it of yourself. I am,’ I said, ‘a loyal subject of the Queen; for what you love to call your empire I care nothing. There have been greater empires according to the day than yours. Babylon was greater in military power; Phenicia was greater in commerce; Rome was greater in order and in law. They passed, and you will pass, too, unless that remains which gives to the Englishman all his value in my sight—that is his moral prestige; and if ever he loses his moral prestige he will lose my loyalty.’”

That is only one case of what is a most familiar fact. The mission tends to reconcile the Hindu to English rule. And just as the great ethical qualities the religion contains become articulate in authority as well as in service, with the conquest be achieved. There is behind the military and civil power a great England. There is the England that can command the sea, can build the ship, that can found the cannon, that can scatter destruction and death, and that power is great. But behind the missionary there is a still greater and still grander England. There is the England of faith, of idea, of spirit, of conscience, of God's life in man, and God giving the power, that England will stay in India till India becomes Christian. Look at her; she has had many a ruler. The Buddhist has reigned from the mountain to the sea; the Mohammedan has come and created a great empire, and from Delhi has reigned north, south, east, and west. But Buddhist and Mohammedan have gone. There have come against him the ancient laws, the old nature, the invincible belief, the customs, the religion of the people, and against them no arm of flesh can prevail. We may guard our frontier and make it scientific a thousand times. We may hold the sea, and with our ships challenge the world. There is in India a power England can not wrestle with by army or by navy, by civil or by military servant—there is the power of custom, of belief, of immemorial faith and law; and unless a higher faith and a nobler belief wrestle through the Christian Church with that, England will vanish out of India past recall. See then, that there we are, hardly having made a

beginning there, not knowing the greatness of the work before us. There we are to remain, in the might of God, till the people of India become the people of Christ.

"It is I; Be Not Afraid."

By J. M. Williams.

WHEN times are ill, and seeing me so weary,
The powers of sin are in their strength arrayed,

I hear those reassuring words repeated—
"Be not afraid!" "Be not afraid!"

When health and wealth and loved ones pass
beyond me,

And sorrow tempts me to my Lord deny,
I hear again Him speaking o'er the waters—
He says "Tis I"; He says "Tis I."

When winged years lead to the dim forever,
And at the ocean dark I am dismayed,
When life's swift current ends at dead sea level,
He says "Tis I; be not afraid."

Montreal, Que.

Seeking Success.

A Talk on Opportunity by William Mathews, LL.D.

AMONG the qualities that conduce to worldly success, not the least important is acuteness in discerning and promptness in seizing opportunities for self-advancement. If biography teaches any lesson, it is that there is a golden moment in the life of almost every man which he can seize and turn to his lasting advantage—that "there is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." "I have heard Cardinal Imperiali say," observes Mont-esquieu, "there is no man whom Fortune does not visit once in his life, but when she does not find him ready to receive her, she walks in at the door and flies out at the window." Whose experience does not confirm this saying? All life shows that opportunity is coy. The careless, the unobservant, the procrastinators, the indolent, fail to see it, or clutch at it when it is gone. The sharp fellows detect it instantly, and catch it while on the wing.

Dean Alford rightly observes that there are moments in life which are worth more than years. "We cannot help it. There is no proportion between spaces of time in importance or in value. A stray, unthought-of five minutes may contain the event of a life, and this all-important moment—who can tell when it will be upon us?" There is hardly any view of life more important than that which contemplates it as a preparation for important, unforeseen emergencies. A political crisis, a legislative debate, a battle, a sudden rise or fall of prices, or a hundred other occasions of less moment, may in a single hour tax to the uttermost and crown with resplendent success the preparation of a lifetime.

When that shrewd man of the world, Sir Walter Raleigh, saw Queen Elizabeth pause at

a puddle in the street, he flung down his laced jacket into it and won the proud woman's favor. There was a time in the life of the Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, when Fortune scowled upon him, and his choice of a profession seemed a blunder. Nobody would buy his statues, or encourage that genius which he had fondly hoped was his. One day in despair he picked up his small stock of worldly goods, and was about to leave Rome, the scene of his toils, for his native land, Denmark. But, most opportunely, on that very day a rich Englishman dropped into his studio, recognized his genius, and bought the "Jason," his great statue. The hour and the man had come, and Thorwaldsen's fortune was made. So was it with Thackeray, struggling on after his "Vanity Fair" had been refused by a dozen publishers; with Balzac, toiling bravely on in a lonely garret with an ardor which neither poverty nor debt, nor even hunger, could dampen; with Havelock, working and waiting thirty-four weary years for his opportunity, and "seeing drunkards and fools put above his head"; with Oliver Ellsworth—the foremost pillar in the United States Senate during Washington's whole administration, and also Chief Justice of the Supreme Court—who, after his call to the bar, walked from his farm to Hartford and back, twenty miles, daily, and for three years earned but fifteen dollars a year; with Lyman J. Gage, slaving and drudging for years as errand boy, postal clerk, day-laborer in a lumber yard, night watchman, bookkeeper, and paying teller. To all these brave men an opportunity came at last of doing with success and credit their proper life work, and with it a reward for all their self-denial and persistent toil.

Such a golden opportunity, if we are faithful to our duty, will come to each of us. Only let us see to it that we are ready for it when it comes. We would do well to remember that a great occasion will be worth to us just what our antecedents have enabled us to make of it, and no more. What a signal piece of good fortune in the life of Daniel Webster was the onslaught on New England made by the fiery Carolinian, John Y. Hayne, the reply to which won for the Northern orator undying fame. But of what advantage would this splendid opportunity have been to him, if his whole previous life had not been a training and a preparation for it—if he had not, with the instinct of genius, made a profound study of the constitutional questions involved in the debate, and thus fully equipped himself for the assault which he repelled with such crushing energy.

To what did that heroic soldier, Sir Charles James Napier, owe his marvellous success after years of weary waiting for advancement in his profession? In his youth he fought under Wellington in Portugal and Spain, and then came the long peace succeeding Waterloo, which deprived him for nearly forty years of all opportunity of distinguishing himself in the tented field. What did he do? Fold his arms in disgust, and abandon as useless all study of the military art?

NO; he read all the treatises on it, and all the biographies of great captains, which he could command; studied their campaigns thoroughly and critically, with maps and plans, and never ceased his efforts to perfect himself in all the branches and details of military science, till at last the hour came when his services were needed, and he was sent by the British government to Scinde, of which, thanks to his long and patient self-training, he became the world-famed conqueror against fearful odds—winning his last decisive victory with eighteen hundred men over thirty thousand Sikhs, India's bravest fighters.

Are any of us briefless barristers, physicians with few patients, or neglected artists, weary of waiting for a test and acknowledgment of our powers? Instead of impatiently chafing and fretting at the public neglect, let us utilize, like Napier, every moment of our enforced leisure in fitting ourselves for the position to which we aspire. It is only as we discharge the duties and abide the tests of our present obscure everyday life that we shall be prepared for the great requirements, the signal opportunities, the supreme test days, that may be in store for us. "The stone that is fit for the wall does not long lie in the ditch."

The Kissing Bug.

THE Chicago *Advance* is right up to date with an editorial on the kissing bug. Here is a bit of it:

The kissing bug is in the land. What brought him has not yet been determined. Some think that he was caused by the trusts, others by the war against the Filipinos, and others charge him up to the financial policy of the country—gold bug, kissing bug, all in the bug family, you know. Some of the new women think that the adoption of female suffrage would have kept him out. A few sceptics have declared that he is only a humbug.

His scientific name has also caused trouble. One young man dislocated his jaw trying to pronounce it. Young ladies generally prefer the plain English name, and smack their lips over the first part of it. The bug is the objectionable feature, and is considered entirely unnecessary.

The experience of the bug has been varied. He has not always had as delightful a time as his name would imply. Down in the southern part of this state one of the bugs approached a hired man who was plowing in a newly cleared field with a pair of young mules. The plow had just struck a root, and the man was expressing himself to the mules. When the bug heard him he slowed up, veered his course, and went and sat down on the fence and rested awhile. Then he visited a man who had chewed plug tobacco all his life. The man's wife had not kissed him for ten years, her last attempt being followed by a long sickness. The woman dared the bug to try it. But after nosing around the man's breath a bit, he shot out of the house, and left the woman to cultivate her own preserves.

Then he was seized with a common ambition, and came to Chicago. Of course the first place he saw was a saloon. A man was coming out of it, and the bug made a dash for the luscious-looking victim. But the man blew gently at him, and the bug collapsed and dropped to the ground. When he came to, he went down to the Chicago River to bathe his dizzy head. But just then a fussy, snorting little tug was passing and stirred up the water. The bug fainted again, and when he got his rattled consciousness together it was three o'clock in the afternoon. By that time the wind was blowing straight from the stock yards, and it was a strong day at the yards. The bug got one whiff, and lit out for Lake Superior.

Enforced by an Echo.

NO orator ever less needed the aids of art than the great London preacher, Charles H. Spurgeon, and none ever used them less; but when nature helped him, not only in himself, but outside of himself, he welcomed the effect, as he had a right to do. One striking instance of a sermon reinforced in this way is related by a clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. D. A. Doudney.

Mr. Spurgeon was holding outdoor meetings in the county of Hants (opposite the Isle of Wight), and one afternoon he preached to a great throng of people in a beautiful valley near the market town of Havant.

His text was from the 51st Psalm, "Then will I teach transgressors thy ways," and the sermon was a gospel invitation. The air was still, and a cloudless sun was sinking as he approached the end of his discourse, while the attentive hearers caught every word.

Apparently they had not noticed, carried along as they were by the sweep of his powerful voice, that the valley was the home of echoes. Mr. Spurgeon had discovered the fact. At the close of his last appeal, raising his voice, he called to the congregation, "All things are ready! Come! The Spirit and the bride say Come!" and nature herself accents the heavenly invitation again and again, Come! Come! COME!"

He paused, and the echoes took up the word, and from side to side the breathless assembly heard the repeated call, "Come! Come! COME!" till it sank to a whisper in the distance.

The narrator describes the effect as "like an electric shock." It was as if the preacher's eloquent peroration had awakened supernal voices.

We have no written record of the fruits of the meeting, but there was a solemnity in the aptness of its close that lifted it above mere dramatic artifice or any of the devices employed to trick human hearts into transient feeling. We only know that in the memories of living listeners to that sermon of Mr. Spurgeon forty-one years ago the thrilling impression of its last syllables survives with the fidelity of a vital experience.

Billy Piet's Martyrdom

I S'POSE you've heard, Mis' Post, about Selina Piet takin' to her bed?"

"Law me, no! What with Jennie havin' the measles, an' the baby turnin' croupy, I've been kept that close. Yes, half a pound of tea, Mr. White, an' a cake of 'east. What's that, Sally, about Selina bein' sick?"

"Why, Mis' Miller was tellin' ma an' me last night, comin' home from prayer meetin', that Selina took to her bed a week ago, an' says there is somethin' the matter of her legs; but I think it has a lot more to do with her temper. Three pounds of lard, Mr. White; that last was middlin' strong; an' a spool o' thread, 36 'll do. Poor Billy, he has a dreadful time with Selina, she's that grumpy!"

"Does seem hard on Billy, that old ma of his was that cantankerous an' short-spoke; but the idee of his marryin' Selina, an' her a sickly widder without a cent, as soon as his ma was dead, that's what gets me!"

"Well, Selina was a master hand at workin', even if she was complainy an' stubborn, an' Billy was fore-handed, ownin' his tailor-shop an' house; an' then, I always thought pity had a lot to do with it. Billy Piet's that softhearted——"

"Sh——h! Why, how d'e do, Mr. Piet? I didn't know you was there! Sally's been tellin' me how bad off Selina is; I am dreadful sorry! It's her limbs, Sally says. Have you tried skunk oil? They ain't nothin' like that for rheumatiz. Tell her I'll run in as soon as I can leave Jennie. How this snow does hang on! Good-bye, Mr. Piet; hope Selina will soon be better. Law me, Sally, I never seen him behind that big pile o' calicoes! Do you think he heard us? My land! how bad the poor man does look!"

Yes, Billy had heard enough to make him more heart sick, if that were possible. He trudged wearily down the street, holding the little paper high in the air lest its contents should dribble over his neat overcoat. He wondered drearily whether Selina would like the celery that waved its bleached leaves from his pocket, and feared she would find the crackers stale. Things rarely suited Selina.

He wiped his feet carefully before entering the clean kitchen; the fire crackled cheerily in the shining stove, but the lamp stood unlighted upon the table, although the early winter twilight was fast falling. Through the open door of the chamber just beyond one could see dimly the white bed that almost filled it.

"William, is that you?" called a fretful voice from the bed. "What a time you have been! I thought you was never comin'! Did you get them oysters?"

"Why, yes," answered Billy gently; "White was busy, so I had to wait. But I'll get your supper in a jiffy, Selina. Jest wait till I light the lamp and put the kettle on."

"I should think White might 'a' waited on

you, knowin' I was sick; but then, men ain't got no consideration," Selina went on complainingly. "You'll find some green gages on the top shelf of the swing-board in the cellar; seems to me I might relish them. Take the lantern, for I'm afraid you'll set somethin' a-fire; men are so careless. Oh, hum! Does seem dreadful, me layin' flat on my back, an' you rattlin' the dishes. Don't you dare to touch that chiny bowl of my mother's, ner them good plates; an' don't cook them oysters to death, nuther!"

"I got some celery," ventured Billy timidly.

"I'll bet it ain't fit to eat if you got it at White's! 'Sides, it don't agree with me. Why didn't you get cranberries?"

Billy tramped softly back and forth, while the steady, petulant stream flowed on and on.

"William, don't you forget to wash the celery through four waters; an' for goodness' sake don't let the coffee boil over! 'Pears to me it smells mighty near the top. Do you hear, William?"

"I aint deaf," he answered despairingly, as he tripped over the apron he had bound about his waist, and dropped a cup with a crash just as the coffee boiled over.

"Here! I jest knowed it!" groaned Selina. "Is it the blue dish? I'll bet it is; hurry an' get a cloth in the cellar-way, to wipe up the coffee. My land, to lay here an' know things is goin' to rack an' ruin!"

Billy set his teeth hard, and answered never a word. Five years of life with Selina would have hardened the hearts of most men; but Billy's heart was not of the sort that harden. The conversation of the women at the store had hurt him like a blow. They had said, he was thinking as he arranged the tray for Selina, that he had married her from pity; the very truth of this made it cut deeply. He felt that in not denying those words he had been unfaithful to his wife. He knew that Sally's opinion of Selina's illness would be shared by many. Ugly doubts had obtruded in his own mind, but he had struggled against them manfully.

Selina was nervous and sickly; and with all this she had a sullen obstinacy of disposition that was very trying. Her first husband had abused her, and she had grown very bitter in those hard years; but away down in her heart she loved Billy tenderly.

Had he had more force of character, they would have got on very well, but poor Billy was as weak as he was gentle. The only time in their married life when he had opposed her was when she had determined he should sell both shop and house, and go out west to take up a farm. Faithful Billy, loving both trade and native town, had refused. Selina in a fit of temper vowed she would make him sorry, and Selina always kept her word.

Two days afterward she had declared she could not walk; the doctor who was called in, a young

sprig fresh from college, looked wise, gave the disease a Latin name, pocketed his fee, and departed, leaving Selina triumphant and Billy in despair.

"I'll get the things washed up," said Billy when supper was over, "an' then I'll bring my work out here. Seth Smith is wantin' his overcoat, an' I've got that vest to make for Dillon this week yet."

"The kitchen floor's got to be scoured this night," replied Selina, "an' I want the clothes picked up for the wash. I aint a-goin' to have Belindy any more; that last washin' looks like it had been washed in a mud puddle, an' ironed with a gridiron."

"Pears to me, Selina, we'il have to be gettin' a girl if you don't get better. I'll lose my trade if I don't get my work done."

"William Piet, what did I tell you a week ago? If you won't take your poor, sufferin' wife, that's got somethin' the matter of her legs, for a change of air to her own folks, you'll have to get on the best you can; but they aint no hired girl comin' into this house, an' that's the word, with the bark on."

"But Selina——"

"I won't listen to a word. Aunt Malissy said you'd do jest as well farmin' in Dakota as tailorin' here in Ohio, an' it's jest plain contrariness in you. I'll lay here till doomsday, an' you can take care of me; you married me for better or for worse."

Billy's shop had been his pride; the townspeople declared they had found his goods "all wool and a yard wide," and his word as good as his bond. He had prided himself upon keeping no man waiting; but now, as the weeks went by, everything in the little shop was at "sixes and sevens."

Billy's hands grew rough and stiff from the washing and scrubbing he was now required to do, and his own work suffered in consequence. At first, the neighbors laughed to see Billy scrubbing the kitchen floor, or scouring the pots and pans, then waxed indignant, and at last became indifferent; while poor Billy toiled on unpitied and unnoticed.

Selina had been in bed almost a year when the "Gents' Clothing Emporium" was opened. Billy never forgot that day. He was sitting cross-legged upon his bench, steadily stitching, when Seth Smith came in.

"Hello, Billy," said Seth, pulling off his w. len gloves, and sauntering over to the stove; "how's business?"

"First-rate," replied Billy, glad that the pants he had just pressed for the schoolmaster were hanging in a prominent place. "Want a new suit, Seth? Got a new piece of worsted on that lower left-hand shelf."

"Well," said Seth grandly, "I've been tryin' on some at the Gents' Emporium, ready-made; didn't know but what I'd buy there."

"Where?" asked Billy sharply, dropping his shears with a clatter.

"Gents' Emporium, round the corner from the blacksmith's shop. Aint you seen it?"

No, Billy had not; he rarely went beyond the post-office or White's, and then Selina scolded because he stayed so long.

"How long have they been here?" asked Billy, trying to appear unconcerned.

"Only opened yesterday; but say, Billy, it don't look muc. like this," with a contemptuous glance at the almost empty shelves.

"What's the matter of this?" asked Billy, firing up. "I guess, Seth Smith, this has done for this town for twenty years."

"Don't get on your ear, Billy; I guess you've never seen a bang up tailor shop."

"I've been to Trenton——"

"Trenton! Say, Billy, you're way behind. I'm tellin' you kindly; you've got to get a hump to yourself. Folks want tnings stylish nowadays."

"An' shoddy! Nobody can say Billy Piet ever cheated no man," replied Billy with dignity.

"I aint said nothin' about cheatin', Billy; but I do tell you this, that you've got to get a move on you, or get left."

Billy sighed deeply.

Seth moved uneasily from one ponderous foot to the other, watching Billy pitifully from his half-closed eyes.

"Say, Billy," he burst out at last, "Granny Merriman is back."

"Is she?" replied Billy indifferently. "Goin' to stay now?"

"Yes, an' she's took up business jest where she left off, tendin' to other folks."

"She's a mighty good old woman," responded Billy, still thinking of the Emporium.

"Well, she's blowed up the preacher already; been to see Harmon for neglectin' his wife; give Mis' Bell a talkin' to for whippin' Emmy; an' now she's comin' to see Selina."

"What?" again cried Billy, pushing the goose from the bench with a bang.

"I heard her say so this mornin', and I thought I'd give you warnin', so 's you could get out of the way."

"But she mustn't," gasped Billy. "What's she got to do with Selina an' me?"

"I don't believe Granny ever asked herself that question," replied Seth dryly. "She jest wades in, an' blamed if she don't do a mighty lot of good sometimes."

Billy sat thinking a long time after Seth had left him; and, when twilight came, he took up his hat and went out, closing the shop door softly that Selina might not hear. The streets were almost deserted at this hour; a fine sleet was falling; through the window lights were gleaming brightly; supper-tables were being set, and children were gathered safely indoors.

Billy trudged on against the sharp wind, his head bent, his mind aw whirl. Emporium, Seth's new suit, Granny's visit, Selina's anger, it was hard to tell which worried him most. He had started out to find Granny and beg her not to come to visit Selina; but someway, without realizing it, he turned down Main Street, on by the

little church, past White's, past the blacksmith's, and behold!

Billy caught his breath sharply, and then stood entranced before that brightly lighted window; even in his dreams he had seen nothing to equal this. Overcoats, suits of clothes, suspenders, collars, cuffs, ties, handkerchiefs, and jewelry, in a most artistic confusion; and in the centre a wax figure dressed as a Highland laddie. To Billy this was beauty beyond expression. He thought of his empty shop and shuddered. No wonder Seth had said he was behind the times.

"Whew!" whispered Billy softly, "if I could have a shop like that! If that boy aint as natural as life! But Selina aint got no use for images; she's awful sot agin' 'em; but I'll bet, if she seen that 'un, she'd ask him if he'd wiped his feet, an' if he wa'n't afraid of takin' cold in his knees; he's that natural! An' them ties! Gosh! The Lord knows I don't want to swear, an' me a church member! But when I think of them rolls of cloth I felt so big over!" And Billy turned away too full for utterance.

Late the next day, when Billy had gone on an errand, there came a quick knock at the kitchen door. Selina dropped her knitting in surprise, and called out a sharp "Come in!" A little old woman, with keen blue eyes, and kindly, wrinkled face, opened the door and walked in without further ceremony.

"How d' 'e do, Selina?" she said, seating herself by the bed. "I s'pose you're surprised to see me."

"Why, yes, I be, Granny; but I don't know but I'm some glad. Folks soon get tired of sick folks, and I can't say I have many visitors."

"An' Billy, I s'pose he gets some tired, too," said Granny sagely. "Men never have no feelin's for sick wives!"

"I aint got no complaint to make of William; he's been a good man to me."

"You must have a mighty good girl, Selina," said Granny, peering about the neat room. "I aint seen a house as shinin' clean since I come home."

"There aint no girl here. William does everything," replied Selina proudly.

"You don't say! Well, you can't tell nothin' about a man unless you live with him. Now, Mis' Arms was a-sayin' last night as she had always considered Billy kind of shiftless."

"Humph! Mis' Arms better look to home!"

"Well, folks will gossip, you know. They was sayin' that they wouldn't be surprised if Billy would marry Mary Marshall if you was took. She's a-clerkin' in White's, an' she's a dreadful cheery kind of a person."

"I aint dead yet, I'd have 'em know; and as for Mary, she made a dead set enough at William 'fore he married me, goodness knows!"

"Well, she's very soft-spoken; an' after a man's gone through what Billy has, first with his ma, an' then with you, a-layin' here these months, there's no tellin'. Now I was tellin' Marthy 'bout a woman I see out West; she hadn't walked a step for nigh two years. But *she* had grit, an' I

went an' rubbed her, an' now she's a-walkin' chipper as anybody. I s'pose you know there's a new tailor-shop in town. A dreadful nice one, too, with things in the winder as would make your mouth water, an' a image of a boy, jest as natural as life. They say Billy's awful down-hearted."

"What ailed that woman out West, Granny?" asked Selina, a red spot burning in each cheek. "An' how did she learn to walk?"

"They said as how she was mad at her man in the first place; howsomever, she had grit about gettin' up. It was mighty hard, but she jest kept on tryin'. I'm awful sorry for you, Selina, for a-course with that new tailor-shop in town, an' you layin' here, Billy can't get on."

"An' so you think it would be a good thing if I'd die, Granny; that's what you're tryin' to say; out with it."

"Well, it does seem some like that, Selina," continued Granny calmly. "I s'pose the Lord will take you in His own good time. But Billy's been a martyr to you, Selina. If you was gone, an' he had a good wife with grit, like Mary, say, he could soon run out this cheap John; for everybody says Billy's a mighty good tailor. Yes, it would be a good thing for Billy if you was took, Selina."

"William," said Selina that night, when the supper was over, and the little kitchen was cheery in light of fire and lamp, "you draw up the big rocker close to the stove, an' put the comforter over it, an' then come here an' help me. I am goin' to get up."

"Selina!"

"Don't say another word. I'll teach 'em Selina Piet's got grit, too; they aint a-goin' to marry my man to Mary Marshall yet for a while."

Pale but triumphant she reached the big rocking-chair; then, looking up into Billy's worn face, she suddenly burst into tears.

"I'm dreadful sorry," she sobbed. "I never seen how mean and hateful I was till Granny was talkin', and then it jest rolled down on me. You are a martyr, William; that's what Granny called you, an' that's jest what you are!"

"Hush, honey, hush!" said Billy, bending over her tenderly. "You'll make yourself worse, an' Granny better be mindin' her own business."

"She was jest right! It'll be mighty hard, but I'm goin' to get well. I've got grit, too, Billy; an', please the Lord, we'll have a glass front, an' a image in the winder 'fore another year, or my name aint Selina Piet!"—*By Agnes Warner McClelland in C. E. World.*

THE world wants men—large-hearted, manly men,
Men who shall join its chorus, and prolong
The psalm of labor and the psalm of love.
The age wants heroes—heroes who shall dare
To struggle in the solid ranks of truth:
To clutch the monster error by the throat;
To bear opinion to a loftier seat:
To blot the error of oppression out,
And lead a universal freedom in."

Carefully Chosen

Grains of Gold Sifted from Many Exchanges

Sharing All.

DEAR, it is twilight time, the time of rest;
Ah! cease that weary pacing to and fro;
Sit down beside me in this cushioned nest,
Warm with the brightness of our ingle glow.
Dear, thou art troubled. Let me share thy lot
Of shadow, as I shared thy sunshine hours.
I am no child, though childhood, half forgot,
Lies close behind me with its toys and flowers.
I am a woman, waked by happy love
To keep home's sacred altar fire alight!
Thou hast elected me to stand above
All others in thine heart. I claim my right,
Not wife alone, but mate and comrade true.
I shared thy roses, let me share thy rue!

Bitter? I know it. God hath made it so;
But from His hand shall we take good alone,
And evil never? Let the world's wealth go.
Life hath no loss which love cannot atone.
Show me the new hard path that we must tread—
I shall not faint nor falter by the way,—
And be there cloud or sunshine overhead,
I shall not fail thee to my dying day.
But love me, love me; let our hearts and lips
Cling closer in our sorrow than in joy;
Let faith outshine our fortunes in eclipse,
And love deem wealth a lost and broken toy.
Joy made us glad, let sorrow find us true;
God blessed our roses, He will bless our rue.
—*All the Year Round.*

Finding the Gate.

FOLKS is allers talkin'," said Uncle Eben meditatively, "about the 'walls of circumstance,' or bein' 'hedged in' and kep' away from opportunities t. at might make 'em good or great. I don't say but thet I used to argue thet way myself, when I was younger—and foolisher—but I don't take thet line any more; no, sir, not any more, since I've had a little sense knocked into me by life.

"You see, 'tisin't likely you'll find a wall anywhere, nor a hedge, nor a fence 'thout a gate to it somewhere. You may hev to begin' at one end of the wall, 'nd go all round, searchin' for the gate, but it's bound to be there—that's the point. And when folks take to searchin' for the gate, they'll find it, sooner or later, every time—yes, sir, they will, man or woman or child, they'll find some kind of a gate.

"There was Tom Winter—little chap, youngest of six, father dead, mother not able to work much (and not too willin' to do it, either, to tell the truth), and the only other boy in the family a cripple. You'd hev said that Tom couldn't even get schoolin' inside 'net wall, let alone a rise in the world. But Tom, he jest went along, workin' days and studyin' nights, cheerin' up his mother and the rest (first-rate hand to cheer any-

body up, Tom is), toilin' ahead, and watchin' out sharp for his opportunity—and sho! there never was any trouble about Tom findin' a gate! Look at him now—partner in the store where he used to be errand boy, and his mothers and sisters as comfortable as anybody. Even his crippled brother hes a good place at bookkeepin'. Tom found thet gate for him, though; Harry never would hev found it for himself; he s the kind thet sets down and says he's 'hedged in.'

"Of course, Henry's crippled; yes, sir. But there's Maria Thompson, crippled, too, and a woman into the bargain. For all thet, the town is proud of Maria. She used to take in sewin', first of all, and she hed hard times to live, I can tell you. But she was thet fond of books, and hed sech a way with children, that they gave her the school one term, when they were hard put to it to find somebody. Well, she jest made thet school a different place. After a while they heard of her in Millville, and the next thing she went down there to the school, and now she's called the best teacher in the county. She was one to find a gate, every time.

"I don't say but thet if I was deaf and dumb and blind, I might hev an excuse for myself (though there's Laura Bridgman, and Helen Keelar, and thet little chap, Tommy Stringer, thet kind of shame the rest of us), but as it is, you'll not hear me talkin' about walls nor hedges. I believe in gates—yes, sir; and if people was to stop bemoanin' the tencin' thet hems 'em in, and set to work lookin' for the gates, instead, it seems to me 'twould be a better world all round."
—*Forward.*

Power of the Fifty-first Psalm.

IT is impossible to comprehend the power of the fifty-first Psalm upon the race. Kings, scholars, and cottagers have read it with the same spiritual profit. It was the death song of the French Protestants in the times that for cruelty have had few equals. It was sung by George Wishart when taken prisoner before his martyrdom at St. Andrews. Its opening verse was the dying cry of the Scottish martyr, Thomas Forret, whose grave was green a quarter of a century before Scotland became free from ecclesiastical tyranny. Its cry for mercy was repeated by Lady Jane Grey upon the fateful day of her own and her husband's death. Its burning words broke from the lips of John Huss at the place of his execution, near Constance. John Rogers repeated its confessions and triumphant pæans on the way to the fires of Smithfield. The words of the Hebrew psalmist were spoken by Sir Thomas More—"who was famous throughout Europæ for eloquence and wisdom"—as he laid

his head upon the block. Its seventeenth verse, written by St. Augustine upon the wall of his sick-chamber, did not make the text any the less real to the great German reformer, Luther. The seventh verse of this same Psalm was found on a tablet of copper amid the eternal snows on the highest point of the earth's surface, near Cape Beechy, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

Looking Toward Heaven.

HEAVEN seems like a strange land, and death like a strange voyage, only to those who live far away in thought and desire from both. It is only because we adopt earth as our home and renounce and forget our birth-place, heaven, that the thought of going back to our Father's house seems unwelcome. There ought to be in every human breast a life-long home-sickness for heaven; just as if we were children sent away to school (for that is what life is, a school), and longing for the day when our education shall be completed, and we shall return by the familiar road, and gaze once more upon the welcoming lights of home.

Let this be one of our constant thoughts and resolves, to live nearer in spirit and desire to heaven, to seek out something that shall be a window for us into that loving, brooding sky of our Father's. Some of us do not need to ask for windows into heaven. There are so many associations that draw our hearts and our thoughts thither. Dear ones, perhaps, have gone before us, and are looking backward toward us as we look forward toward them. The window of heaven is full of wistful faces and beckoning hands for some of us. Will it seem a strange journey or a far country when we go to our dear ones in heaven? Ah, the longer we live the more there is to draw us heavenward. The nearer we approach to life's port of departure, the more beautiful grows "that immortal sea which brought us hither." The way to rob death of ever possible sting, is to live so near in spirit and in truth to God and God's home that the summons to come back to Him and to our loved ones will seem like a king's recall of the last pardoned exile from a far country.—*Buckham.*

Storm-Made Friends.

CAPTAIN RANKIN of the "Galatea," storm-tossed on Long Island Sound, hated Captain Frazier of the "Norwalk," a rival boat, and Captain Frazier hated him. However, they became friends in the following way. The storm had broken the "Galatea's" shaft.

The ships came within hailing distance.

"Shall we speak the 'Norwalk,' sir?" asked the second officer.

"Not if we can help it, sir," responded the skipper.

But the indecision on the "Galatea" was dis-

missed by a zigzag signal coming from the mast of the "Norwalk." "What's the trouble?" it read.

Then the "Galatea" signalled the reply, "Shaft broken—unmanageable."

"Shall I take off your passengers and crew?" asked the "Norwalk."

"Can't tell yet," was the reply.

The next sentence that glimmered from the "Norwalk's" signal lights furnished the inspiration for a hymn that has been sung all over Christendom.

It was, "I'll stand by until the morning—subject to your command."

The next night the two rivals rode into port together, the disabled "Galatea" being towed by the belated "Norwalk."

After their passengers and cargoes had been discharged, Captain Rankin walked over to the "Norwalk's" pier where Captain Frazier was giving orders.

"Goin' up town, Fraz?" he asked.

"B'lieve I am, Rankin," answered Frazier.

And the two grizzled sea-dogs who had not spoken in years strolled up town arm in arm, firmly re-establishing a friendship so long endangered by business rivalry.

How Far it is to Hell.

A PERSON who by birth, wealth, and education should have been a gentleman, but was not, went to see a coal-mine. The miner who took him down was a Christian, and was much pained by the profane language used by the visitor.

As they descended the shaft, they felt it getting hotter and hotter; at last the heat became so great that the visitor said:

"Dear me, it's terribly hot; I wonder how far it is to hell?"

"I don't know the exact distance, sir," replied the Christian miner gravely; "but if one link of the chain gives way, you'll be there in less than a minute!"

This plain answer was the means of rousing the profane man to a sense of his perilous position, resulting in his conversion.

Could Not Work on Sundays.

JOHN NELSON, the Yorkshire mason who was co-worker with John Wesley, possessed convictions and earnestness that should characterize every Christian of to-day.

When threatened with dismissal because of his refusal to work on Sundays, he said: "I would rather have my wife and children beg their way barefooted to heaven than ride in a coach to hell! I will run the risk of wanting bread here rather than the hazard of wanting water hereafter!"

It is interesting to relate that Nelson's master admired his earnest steadfastness so much that he increased his wages and stopped all work on Sunday.

Hour by Hour.

ONE single day
Is not so much to look upon. There is some
way
Of passing hours of such a limit. We can face
A single day; but place
Too many days before sad eyes—
Too many days for smothered sighs—
And we lose heart
Just at the start.
Years really are not long, nor lives—
The longest which survives—
And yet, to look across
A future we must tread bowed by a sense of loss,
Bearing some burden weighing down so low
That we can scarcely go
One step ahead, this is so hard,
So stern a view to face, unstarred,
Untouched by light, so masked with dread.
If we would take a step ahead,
Be brave and keep
The feet quite steady; feel the breath of life sweep
Ever on our face again,
We must not look across—looking in vain—
But downward to the next close step,
And up. Eyes which have swept
Must look a little way, not far.
God broke our years to hours and days that hour by
hour,
And day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able, all along,
To keep quite strong.
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulders, and the future, rise
With woe and struggle, meet us face to face
At just one place,
We could not go;
Our feet would stop and so
God lays a little on us every day,
And never, I believe, on all the way
Will burdens bear so deep,
Or pathways lie so steep,
But we can go, if, by God's power,
We only bear the burdens of the hour.
—George Klinge.

Baron Rothschild's Maxims.

THE elder Baron Rothschild had the walls
of his bank placarded with the following
suggestive maxims:
Carefully examine every detail of your business.
Be prompt in everything.
Take time to consider, and then decide quickly.
Bear troubles patiently.
Be brave in the struggle of life.
Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.
Never tell business lies.
Never try to appear something more than you
are.
Pay your debts promptly.
Shun strong liquor.
Employ your time well.
Do not reckon upon chance.
Be polite to everybody.
Never be discouraged.
Then work hard, and you will be certain to
succeed.

A Dream of Christ.

LET me tell you a beautiful story I heard the
other day:

A good Christian lady living in Sweden
opened a home for crippled and diseased children
—children whom scarcely anybody really cared
about but herself—and received nearly twenty of
them into it. Among them was a little boy three
years old, who was a more frightful and disagree-
able object than you ever saw, or are ever likely,
perhaps, to see in your life. He resembled a
skeleton. His poor skin was so covered with
blotches and sores that he could not be properly
dressed. He was always crying and whining,
always peevish. And the poor little fellow gave
more trouble almost than all the others.

The good lady did her best for him; she was
as kind as possible—washed him, fed him, and
nursed him—but the child was so repulsive in
his ways that she could not bring herself to like
him, and her disgust, I suppose, occasionally
appeared in her face.

One day she was sitting on the veranda steps
with the child in her arms. The sun was shin-
ing warm; the scent of the autumn honeysuckles,
the chirping of the birds, the buzzing of the
insects, lulled her into a sort of sleep; and in a
half-waking, half-dreaming state, she thought
of herself as having changed places with the
child, and lying there, only more foul, more dis-
agreeable than he was. Over her she saw the
Lord Jesus bending, looking intently and lovingly
into her face, and yet with a sort of expression
of gentle rebuke in it, as if He meant to say:
“If I can love and bear with you, who are so full
of sin, surely you ought, for My sake, to love
that suffering child.”

She woke up with a start, and looked in the
boy's face. He had waked up, too, and she ex-
pected to hear him begin to cry; but he looked
at her—poor little mite—very quietly and earn-
estly for a long time, and then she—sorry for the
past disgust, and feeling a new compassion for
him, and a new interest in him—bent her face to
his and kissed his forehead as tenderly as she
had kissed any of her own babes.

With a startled look in his eyes, and a flush
on his cheeks, the boy, instead of crying, gave
her back a smile so sweet that she had never
seen one like it before, nor will, she thinks, till
it will light up his angel features some day on
their meeting in Heaven.

From that day forth a perfect change came
over the child. Young as he was, he had hith-
erto read the feeling of dislike and disgust in the
faces of all who approached him, and that had
embittered his little heart; but the touch of
human love swept all the peevishness and ill-
nature away, and woke him up to a new and
happier existence.

“IN spite of many broken dreams,
This have I truly learnt to say:
The prayers I thought unanswered once
Were answered in God's own best way

The School of Methods

Practical Christian Endeavor Work Outlined and Illustrated

A Missionary Picnic.

The essence of a picnic is that everybody brings something. Get up a missionary meeting on that plan, having it understood that each person in the society is to bring some item of missionary interest. The leader will place before the society a map of the world, and will point to each mission field as he calls for the items from that field that may have been brought. After each field, call for brief prayers for the work there, especially remembering the needs of the persons that may have been mentioned in the items contributed. The Missionary Committee should have a few items ready to give out to the careless, but if the plan is thoroughly announced for several weeks beforehand, these items will hardly be drawn on.

How We Improved Our Meetings.

We had a large society of Christian Endeavor—one of the largest in the city. Our meetings were well attended, and there was a quite general participation in the services. There were few of those pauses that make the leader turn red and look at the floor.

But a great many of our members had fallen into the habit of bringing extracts from some paper or book, or some poem bearing upon the subject, and reading these instead of expressing their own thought or speaking out of their own experience. It partook of the nature of what my friend facetiously called a "culture symposium." Well, these are good, but there is something a great deal better.

Now most of these young men and women were bright and capable, and I knew they could think if they would only try. So I determined to bring about a change and have the remarks at our meetings the expression of the participants, and not of others.

So I settled on Harry Trumbull, Mary Smith, George Gamble, Dorothy Booth, and Elizabeth Wolcott as the subjects of my first experiment. They were faithful readers, and generally lengthy. It is easy to be lengthy with other people's thoughts, just as it is easy to be charitable with other people's money.

I asked these five to meet me Friday evening after prayer meetings. We went into my study, and there I told them my contention. I said:

"Nothing pleases me more than the fact that you all take so active a part in our Christian Endeavor meetings. You always bring wise and helpful quotations. But I have often wondered why none of you express any thoughts of your own upon the subjects. Now, one good thought of your own is worth a whole page of Browning in a prayer meeting. These meetings are intended for each one to bring some truth out of his own experience to enrich and encourage the

others present. But when you read some one else's comment upon the topic, it may not be true to you in the least, so it means little to the others. Now, I wanted to ask you to start off on a new tack, and set the example for the others. Can't you all come next Sunday night with a thought of your own upon the subject? I know you can. You can think, I know."

Then came a chorus of protestations. Dorothy Booth couldn't think of anything worth saying; Harry Trumbull couldn't say a word in public; George Gamble said he had good thoughts, but couldn't get them out in good English; and so it went on.

Then I broke in upon them. "Look here, now, this is all nonsense. You can't make me believe that any one of you has not the capacity to produce four or five good thoughts on any topic we can consider. Suppose, now, that next Sunday afternoon you all take an hour by yourselves. Take a pen and paper and write down four thoughts of your own. Don't look at any comments; put down just your own—and then read them Sunday night in place of the usual selection."

"I don't know but what we might do that," said Harry Trumbull, "but I should have to read mine."

"Well, read them," I said, "but let them be your own. By and by you can express them without paper. You see if I am not right."

So they went away, agreeing to follow my suggestion. Sunday night they came with their papers. The first to rise was Dorothy Booth. She was given to reading rather melancholy poems in meeting, but when she started out, "I think——" everybody straightened up, turned toward her, and began to listen. They heard something good.

Then George Gamble got up, and they all turned toward him as he began, saying "My idea upon this subject is this." And when he had finished, a young fellow who rarely spoke in the meetings jumped right up and said, "I know what Mr. Gamble has said is true, because I've been through it," and he made an earnest talk.

Harry Trumbull got up, and as he began, "It seems to me," people looked at each other, wondering what had come over the spirit of their dreams. Mary Smith and Elizabeth Wolcott followed later on with fresh, interesting thoughts. And how everybody listened! And how they responded to the thoughts that came straight from the heart! Why, we hadn't had such a meeting in the history of the society.

When the others were done, I stood up and said: "You are all thinking what a helpful, interesting meeting we have had to-night. Do you want to know the reason? It is because we have been telling one another what we ourselves

think, not what some one else thinks. It is because we have been speaking out of our own experiences, not bringing some one else's. We have been speaking heart to heart, and soul has flashed fire against soul. Now there isn't one member of this society who isn't capable of sitting down and writing at least two good thoughts on the topic for any evening. And it will be worth more than all the papers you can read in the hour, for it will be yours; better still, it will be *you*. And then, we all need to think more ourselves. We're not thoughtful enough. We read too much. We let others do our thinking for us, until we feel that we can't think. Let us train ourselves to think our own thoughts. Let us look more into our own lives for our experiences, and not so much into papers and helps. Now, next Sunday evening, let more try this plan of bringing their own thoughts and their own experiences, and we shall have the best meeting this old city ever knew."

And we did have it, and many more like it.—
Rev. F. Lynch in C. E. World.

Calling on Strangers.

They are using in the First Union Presbyterian society of New York a very useful device. It is a printed letter, asking the Endeavorer that receives it to call upon the stranger whose name and address are written in a space left blank for that purpose, and to report to the president the information gained by the call. These forms may be worked off on a manifold, if you cannot pay for having them printed, and they are excellent to set the members at work for strangers.

The Quiet Hour.

Every Endeavorer promises to pray and read the Bible every day. Recently it has been sought to give new force and definiteness to that promise by getting all that will to join a company known as the Comrades of the Quiet Hour.

These Comrades agree to spend at least fifteen minutes every day, preferably in the morning, in quiet communion with God. Prayer, of course, will occupy a part of the morning watch, and Bible-reading another part, but much time will be spent in reverent meditation, in child-like talk with the Father who is everywhere.

Thoughtful books such as "The Secret of a Happy Day," by Chapman, "Holy Living," by Jeremy Taylor, the writings of Meyer, Miller, Spurgeon, Murray, Gordon, and Phillips Brooks, will add to the value of the Quiet Hour.

Sometimes for the week the same chapter of the Bible will be read each day, the Endeavorer seeking to draw from it ever new light.

Sometimes a noble poem, sometimes a beautiful hymn, will furnish food for meditation; but chiefly it will be the Bible.

Any one may become a Comrade of the Quiet Hour that will send to Dr. Clark a stamp for the covenant card.

Some societies have appointed Quiet Hour committees, whose duty it is quietly to explain

the plan to everybody, to obtain as many new Comrades as possible, and to make frequent suggestions, in the society meetings, regarding wise ways of observing the Quiet Hour.

Advice for Vice-Presidents.

Magnify your office. As most vice-presidents look at it, their office is a very small thing. On the contrary, vice-president, you may, if you choose, become the most useful if not the most honored member of your society.

It being your duty to take the president's place when necessity arises, you should learn to do whatever the president has to do. Study the rules of parliamentary action, so that you can preside gracefully over the business meetings. Study the committee work, so that you can preside over the meetings of the Executive Committee.

Offer your aid to the president. If you see that any part of his work weighs too heavily on him, offer to relieve him. You are, or should be, his junior partner.

Some societies give the vice-president something definite to do, by making him always the chairman of the Lookout Committee. Other societies have a rule that the vice-president of one year shall be the president of the next year.

A good rule for a president to follow is never to do anything he can get done by some one else, and his vice-president is the one he should most frequently call upon for assistance.

If the vice-president follows these suggestions, much that is accomplished in the society will be due to him, and he will not get the credit for it. If he is egotistical, he will spoil all by seeking the credit which will prove that he is working to be seen of men rather than to be seen of God.

Pastors Using Their Endeavorers.

The young folks are ready to be used, and all you need do, pastors, is to command their services. Try it.

They will be glad to distribute notices of the church services, taking them to the hotels, railroad stations, anywhere.

They will keep the newspapers informed about all church doings.

They will visit the sick and the poor, if you lead the way.

They will testify at your after-meetings.

They will run a church paper.

They will speak in the church prayer meeting, if a little place is regularly made for them.

They will make extracts from your sermons for those who could not hear them.

They will visit strangers and invite them to the church.

They will take around subscription papers.

They will increase your club for your church periodicals.

They will increase your Sunday-school with a zealous canvass.

They will do all this and much more, if you will only lead them in it.

Tidings from the Mission Field

The Conversion of Joseph Rabinowitz

THE name of Rabinowitz was perhaps especially widely known among Jews in Russia, for his position and testimony were unique. His home was in Kischinew, where he adopted the profession of law, and where he became a man of eminence and commanding influence among his own community as a scholar, a philanthropist, and a lover of his nation. He also became a remarkable Hebraist and a painstaking student of the Scriptures, and of Jewish literature. He seemed to live in the soul of the Hebrew language. He interested himself in all matters affecting the well-being of his own community, was instrumental in founding Jewish schools in his city, and was beyond reproach among his Hebrew brethren as a noble and respected member of the Synagogue.

During the time of the persecution of the Jews in South Russia in 1882, Rabinowitz became the zealous advocate with his compatriots of the repopulation of the Holy Land. In order to find ways and means for this he set out himself for Palestine, and from the time of his return there commenced a complete revolution of his religious convictions. Before starting on this journey he equipped himself with a number of books, among which was a copy of the New Testament. While walking about Zion and gazing upon its historic sites, he carried this treasure in his pocket unopened. Going one day to the brow of the Mt. of Olives, he sat down on that sacred hill and began to contemplate the city as it lay at his feet. Then came this train of reflection and questioning: "Why this long desolation of the city of David? Why this scattering of my people to the ends of the earth? Why these fresh persecutions breaking forth against my people in almost every country of Europe?" While he pondered over these sad questions he gazed toward the reputed Calvary, where that Holy Prophet of his nation had been crucified. As he did so his eyes were opened. He looked upon Him whom his nation had pierced. In a flash the truth entered his heart. "We have rejected our Messiah! hence our long casting off and dispersion by Jehovah!" He believed; he cried out to Jesus, "My Lord and my God!" and, almost as suddenly as Saul of Tarsus, Joseph Rabinowitz, from being a Hebrew of the Hebrews, had become an Israelite of the New Covenant, a disciple to Jesus of Nazareth. He took out his New Testament, a guide-book in a sense undreamt of, and read the first passage that fell under his eye: "I am the vine, ye are the branches . . . without Me ye can do nothing." "I saw in the twinkling of an eye," said he, "that our Jewish bankers, with their millions of gold, can do nothing for us; our scholars and statesmen, with all their wisdom, can do nothing

for us; our colonization societies, with all their influence and capital, can do nothing for us; our only hope is in our brother Jesus, whom we crucified, and whom God raised up and set at His own right hand. Without Him we can do nothing." Thus he became converted to Christ. And his conversion was remarkable, first of all, that it was not produced by the influence of any Christian missionaries, but by force of circumstances and of the Holy Spirit on the written Word. Second, that it was that of a man of note and influence, and of undoubted honesty, who transferred all that influence at once to the cause of his newly found Lord, making his watchword, "Our Brother Jesus." His testimony of faith was made openly, and, as one would expect, became the signal for persecution from every quarter. The Jewish press generally anathematized him; they of his own household became his foes. But he joyfully and boldly maintained his testimony, preaching with great power and eloquence, till little by little the enmity was softened, one after another of his own family joined him in confession of Christ, and his influence was felt throughout all Russia.

A Living Witness.

WHEN Bishop Weeks, of Africa, was travelling in England, a gentleman who was in the same railway carriage with him began to attack him as a friend of missions.

"What," said he, "are the missionaries doing abroad? We do not hear much about their movements. We pay them pretty well, but hear nothing from them. I suppose they are sitting down quietly and making themselves easy."

Beside Mr. Weeks sat another traveller, as black as any of the natives of the Dark Continent, and himself an unmistakable negro. He quietly waited until the stranger had exhausted his tirade against missions, and then, making a sign of silence to Mr. Weeks, begged to be permitted to reply to the critic.

"Sir," he said, "allow me to present myself to you as a result of the labor of the missionaries whose work you have been depreciating." And pointing to Mr. Weeks he continued: "I am an African, and this man is the means of my having become a Christian, and of my coming to this country in the capacity of a Christian minister."

The man who had assailed Christian missions looked upon the black man beside him with a look of mingled embarrassment and amazement. He could not be mistaken; there was a genuine, typical African, flat-nosed, thick-lipped, with retreating forehead, and short, curly hair; yet that negro addressed him in the elegant language of an educated and accomplished Englishman. He had felt all the refining power of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and there were in the

very tones of his voice and his whole manner the unmistakable signs of a Christian gentleman.

The accuser of missions sank into a reverie. He had no more to say as an objector. That one man was both a compensation for, and a vindication of, Christian missions. And soon he resumed the conversation, but in a different tone: he began to talk with Mr. Weeks upon missionary topics as an interested and engrossed listener.

That black man was none other than Samuel Adjai Crowther, afterwards consecrated as the first native bishop of the Niger!

The World Over.

IN one field in China nearly 7000 natives have "enrolled themselves as learners," but they are dependent on the native preachers for instruction.

It is said that the first missionary contribution ever made in England was Sir Walter Raleigh's gift of £100, for the spread of the Christian religion in the colony of Virginia.

ONE of the representatives of the American Board in the Madura Mission, India, has 4000 Christians under his sole care, and they are scattered in 100 towns and villages.

IN the city of Prague, Austria, where seventeen years ago there was only one Protestant church, which had to worship in a hired room, there are to-day three prosperous congregations with homes of their own, each doing admirable practical Christian work.

IT is estimated that during the present century nearly 73,000 Jews have become Protestant Christians, over 57,000 have joined the Roman Catholic Church, and 74,000 the Greek Church. These with those who have left Judaism through mixed marriages make a total of 224,000 in this century. The annual conversions to Protestant churches average over 1400.

IN consequence of the Morton bequest the Moravians are about to extend their mission work by establishing new stations in Nicaragua, South Africa, and Labrador. It is expected that \$80,000 will be applied to this new work. The bequest stipulates that the money must be used for new enterprises, and cannot be used for the paying of debts or the support of work already established.

THE British Friends sustain five missions, and in these several countries: India, Ceylon, China, Madagascar, and Syria. They report 78 missionaries (of whom 24 are wives), 23 single women, 174 native preachers, a total of 1035 native helpers, 15 hospitals with 30,063 treated last year, 20,869 pupils in the 258 schools, 200 organized churches, with 14,297 adherents in addition. All this is the fruit of 33 years, the first mission dating from 1866. Madagascar is the principal field for visible results, although India has nearly twice as many missionaries.

A MISSIONARY in Manchuria, China, reached a town of whose existence he had never heard, and there found 36 inquirers. At the next village, where no foreigner had ever been, he found a chapel fitted up for Christian worship, the fruit of a single convert who had migrated thither. These are samples of incidents that are ever cheering the heart of the missionary and witnessing to the fact that God is in his work.

ONE of the most successful forms of city evangelization is the "tent work," which has been carried on during the past summer in New York and Philadelphia. This season, when the saints take their vacation, but sinners do not, when churches are closed and pastors are away, but theatres, saloons, and brothels are even more wide open than ever, is an especially opportune time for such evangelistic work. Large tents have been placed in vacant lots, and the most successful evangelists have preached to multitudes every night, except Sunday. Rich blessing has attended them.

MANY native Christians could teach us splendid lessons in giving. For instance, at a communion service held last year in Ngoniland, on the shores of Lake Nyassa, in Central Africa, the free-will offerings of the people were as follows: Money, £1 8s. 0½d.; 11 knives, 14 earthenware pots, 16 baskets, 1 mat, 67 fowls, 2 sheep, 2 goats, 105 pounds of beans, 97 pounds of flour, 233 pounds of maize, 34 pounds of potatoes, 62 pounds of pumpkins, 3½ pounds of beads. The congregation, as may be imagined, was a large one, numbering about 4000, and on that same day 284 were added to the church by baptism.

I WAS much surprised to find, not long since, in one of the leading bookstores of our town, a new life of Christ, by a non-Christian Japanese. It is the third number of a historical series, the first being a life of Buddha, and the second, of Confucius. The author is a graduate of the literary department of the Imperial University, and appears to be a fairminded man of some ability. In the introduction to this Life of Christ he announces that he is not a Christian and has no other purpose in the publication of this volume than a plain statement of historical facts. All the important events in connection with the wonderful life of our Lord are set down in a straightforward manner, often in the words of the Gospels themselves, with no embellishments and no comments. The miraculous elements are stated plainly and unequivocally, with no apology and no criticism. In fact, there is little in this book that the most orthodox Christian would object to. After giving the Biblical account of the resurrection and ascension, the author closes as follows: "These are the facts that are believed and accepted by the vast majority of the people of the West concerning Jesus Christ. I have put them down here with no desire to propagate Christianity, but simply to make them familiar to my countrymen."—*R. B. Peary.*

Christian Endeavor--Going and Growing

From Headquarters.

JOHN WILLIS BAER, General Secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, on Sept. 5th issued the following quarterly statistical report:

UNITED STATES.	
Young People's Societies	28,313
Junior	12,877
Intermediate	977
Mothers	72
Senior	29
Parents	1
CANADA.	
Young People's Societies	2,940
Junior	524
Intermediate	21
Parents	4
Mothers	1
FOREIGN LANDS.	
Young People's Societies	8,767
Junior	1,563
Senior	21
Mothers	12
Intermediate	7
Floating Societies	124
	56,662
Total membership	57,563,720

THE Christian Endeavor Tenth Legion now numbers over 15,000.

SKAGWAY, ALASKA, has a union Junior Endeavor society, besides a splendid Young People's society.

PRESIDENT CLARK announces that over 16,000 have joined the Christian Endeavor Comrades of the Quiet Hour.

"THE self-propagating, go-everywhere society" is the new and characteristic title which India bestows upon Christian Endeavor.

PORTLAND, ME., the birthplace of Christian Endeavor, has twenty-seven societies in its city union; four are in Methodist Episcopal churches.

THE Christian Endeavor conferences at Northfield were a success in every way, and Mr. Moody has announced that they will be a regular feature of the closing weeks of future Northfield conferences.

"I WOULD rather have that than a gold-mine," said a missionary from the Black Hills, when two Milwaukee Endeavorers gave him the wall-pledge that hung in their room at home, to carry back to his struggling Endeavorers at Dead-wood.

MR. W. H. PENNELL, the first signer of the Christian Endeavor pledge, in Dr. Clark's original Christian Endeavor society, was

buried at Portland, Me., September 15. President Francis E. Clark conducted the funeral exercises.

THE United Society of Christian Endeavor is making splendid preparation for the World's Christian Endeavor Convention, which is to be held in London next July. Treasurer William Shaw, Tremont Temple, Boston, is in charge of the official excursion.

PRESIDENT EBERMAN, of the Pennsylvania Christian Endeavor Union, has been making an extended tour throughout the State, and upon his return writes, "I found no indication of heart failure. There is earnestness and consecration among our members and a deeper spiritual life. Where there has been any sign of indifference or decay, the reason has usually been, *the application of the critic's lance instead of the shepherd's staff.*"

THE Christian Endeavorers of the Reformed Church of America have been, for eleven years past, building home-mission churches. Last year their record stood in all twelve churches, which the Board proudly designates "Christian Endeavor" churches. The latest report shows fifteen churches to their credit, besides a Christian Endeavor station at Chittoor, India, with fifteen out-stations, wholly sustained by Endeavor offerings, and work aided in Oklahoma, China, Japan, and Arabia.

"THE Christian Endeavor house at Fort Wrangel," is the one illustrated feature of *The Northern Light* for April. Beside it are native huts and a dugout canoe. It cost five hundred dollars, furnished chiefly by friends in Chicago, and is a better investment than the richest claim ever staked in Alaska. On another page *The Northern Light* tells of the joy a Christmas box from Endeavorers in Benicia and Sacramento, Cal., carried to the Sunday-school at Hoonah, where eleven have recently come out for Christ.

A Chinese Convention.

THE second Provincial convention of Kwong Tung Province was held in the chapel of the Second Presbyterian church, Canton, on the eighteenth of July.

The societies in the city contributed to the expense of decoration, giving to the chapel tropical flowers

and plants, which may be had here in large quantities, and are especially pleasing to the eye in these days of intense heat. Dr. Noyes presided, and your correspondent gave some facts in reference to the great progress of Christian Endeavor throughout the world. Reports were made by different societies, showing, in many instances, the advantages of the persistent application of Christian Endeavor principles to the great work of evangelization in heathen lands.

While the most flourishing societies are found in the largest churches, it is nevertheless true that in certain remote localities where churches have not been founded, the meeting of a few Christians for study and prayer once a month has been very helpful. Where such societies are founded, the people learn to engage in prayer, and give some testimony as to their own experience, and as to the progress of the gospel.

Some excellent remarks were made by Li Chi Peng, a native preacher, urging all workers to a close observance of fundamentals of Christian Endeavor. Some enjoyable singing was furnished by ladies of True Light Seminary. At present fourteen societies are enrolled as belonging to the Provincial Union. The first church, Canton, reported eighteen men and nine women as having been brought into the church through the Christian Endeavor society.

The amount of money contributed by the societies for all purposes exceeds five hundred dollars, Mexican. There is not at present any building that will seat all those who wish to attend these services. Strong efforts are being made by the First Presbyterian church to secure a commodious site, and put up a building that will seat a thousand persons.

With every succeeding year we hope to make these meetings more attractive, and the outlook for deeper interest in Christian Endeavor methods of work was never more encouraging.—*Rev. A. A. Fulton, in C. E. World.*

Summer Endeavors in Ireland.

WITH the summer have come many bright opportunities for out-door Endeavor, and our societies in Ireland have not been slack in using these "for Christ and the church."

Fifty warships anchored in Bangor Bay pending the naval manoeuvres. A great influx of visitors to that favorite watering-place was the result, and amongst them many Christian Endeavorers. Most appropriate was the action of the local societies in planning an out-door praise service on one evening. The Band Promenade was secured. Every detail was arranged with the utmost care. Fifty Endeavorers travelled from Belfast to help. A great crowd was attracted, and held for over an hour. I hear that the national Endeavor song, "Ireland for Christ," was sung with such spirit that its sweet strains were wafted all around the warships, and several miles out to sea.

Another out-door event in C. E. circles was the annual summer rally of Northern Endeavorers at Kilwarlin. This is a picturesque spot in the country, three miles from a town or a railway station, and yet containing two of the most vigorous societies in Ireland, connected with a little Moravian church. Here Endeavorers, on a recent Saturday afternoon, rallied in large numbers, by brake and "bike." The weather was all that could be desired, and the meeting itself was bright and breezy. A special message was read from Mr. Baer, of Boston—a message which was not merely a greeting, but, as is characteristic of our general secretary, also a call to full consecration.

Last month I mentioned the open-air meetings for the military which the Methodist and Presbyterian C. E. societies in Holywood have been holding during the summer. A lady Endeavorer, visiting at Holywood, spoke one evening. Last week she received a letter from a soldier thanking her for the message, and telling the good news that he was led, as a result, to give his heart to God.—*W. L. Gowdy, in Scottish Endeavorer.*

Endeavor Down by the Sea.

FROM a most excellent report in the *C. E. World* by Miss Lena Woodill of the recent Nova Scotia convention we clip the following interesting paragraphs:

Sackville is an ideal convention spot, and its people truly "convention experts." It was feared that the burning of the magnificent university residence would seriously handicap the entertaining committee, but the hospitable citizens threw

open their doors, and the Ladies' College and Academy were placed at their disposal.

This convention is characterized as our "first self-supporting" convention. Each delegate was asked to come prepared to pay \$2.50 to cover board, lodging, and other incidental convention expenses. This is indeed a step in advance of the old-time arrangement of free entertainment.

Next best to being an "eye-witness" of the Detroit Convention was the pleasure of receiving a passing glimpse of its proceedings through the keen eyes of Rev. A. Logan-Geggie. (We give him his coveted hyphen.) His enthusiasm, "brimful and running over," "whet our appetites" for London "noughtynought," and many misers will be found among the Maritime host during the ensuing months.

Treasurer Shaw, a host in himself, was given an enthusiastic welcome, both as a representative of the United Society and as a citizen of a nation one in sympathy and spirit with this fair Canada of ours. His assurance that Christian Endeavor is "going and growing" was exemplified in the reports presented by the general superintendents of senior and junior work, the grand total being 780 senior societies, with a membership of 30,000, and \$7,900 devoted to foreign work.

Reports under the head of "Our best work this year," showed the outlook to be bright and promising. Queen Square E. L. C. E., St. John, twenty of whose forty new members are boys from fourteen to eighteen years of age, interests them effectually by means of athletic pursuits and a social evening once a month.

We have 2,508 Juniors banded together in 100 societies. They are wide-awake and active, raising a sum total of \$653.50, of which amount \$359.74 was devoted to foreign mission work. The new century will be marked by two advance steps; viz., "A Nineteen Hundred Bible Contest" for our Maritime Juniors, and the Juniors undertaking the entire support of their own work.

The motto, "Better than ever," was exemplified in the enthusiastic Junior rally in which the boys and girls of Sackville took the leading part. The "Junior Calendar," prepared for this occasion by the Maritime Junior superintendent, was admirably rendered. The months, appropriately costumed, came forward at the call of Father Time, and presented novel methods of work to Christian Endeavor, who was "resting beneath the juniper-tree." Their earnest words gave her renewed zeal, and with clasped

hands all joined in singing the fellowship song, "All for Jesus." While May had the floor, the Queen's portrait was unveiled amid great applause, and all joined in singing the national anthem.

We can never forget the stirring words of Rev. H. Waring, as in terse and logical terms he brought to our notice "The Intellectual Element in Christian Endeavor."

Christian citizenship was brought prominently before us under such heads as "The Duties of Christian Citizenship," "The Evils of Bribery and Political Corruption," "The Duties of the Christian Citizen to the World, to His Own Country, Neighborhood, and Town," "A Citizen's Duty to Missions," followed by a question-box on "Good Citizenship."

The fact that Christian Endeavor creates and fosters true denominational loyalty, as well as strengthens interdenominational fellowship, was well emphasized in the reports presented from the various denominational rallies. "The best yet" applies to one and all. The Presbyterians and Methodists advocated their Twentieth Century Thanksgiving Fund, while the Baptists and others discussed their various church schemes. Rev. A. C. Crews, of Toronto, was a "tower of strength" to the followers of John Wesley, while the adherents of John Knox were enthused by the presence of four returned missionaries in their midst.

The convention thermometer rose higher and higher, until the closing service, when the spiritual temperature registered "boiling-point." Mr. Crews's earnest words on "The Elements of Success in Christian Endeavor Work" prepared for Mr. Shaw's earnest leadership of a consecration service that had the true flavor.

Brantford Brieflets.

The Junior E. L. of C. E. of the Wellington Street Methodist church enjoyed a drive to Paris on Thursday evening, Sept. 11th. The drive was held in place of the annual picnic.

Rev. Mr. Smith, of Cainsville, addressed the E. L. of C. E., of the Wellington Street Methodist church on Wednesday evening, Sept. 18th. It was missionary evening and Mr. Smith gave a very interesting talk on the Young People's Forward Movement.

A new branch of Christian Endeavor work has been organized in connection with the Young People's

Society of Zion Presbyterian church. The new branch will be literary study and a committee has been appointed to look after it. A pledge will be drawn up for members.

The Executive Committee of the Brantford and Brant County Local Union met on the evening of Sept. 18th in Zion church. Reports were received from the different officers showing the work is proceeding very favorably. It was decided to hold a rally in the county some time in October. The Visiting and Organizing Committee reported that organizations had been effected in Mount Pleasant, Hatchley, and a number of other places, and that Onondaga had been connected with the Local Union. It was thought advisable to hold the county convention after the first of the year instead of in November, as is usual. The old officers will retain their positions for the extra three months. Reports were received from Thomas Hendry, chairman of the Excursion Committee, showing that the Toronto outing had left a balance to the union's credit of \$52.50. The question of sending a representative to the Dominion convention which will be held in Montreal on October 5th was discussed and Mr. Hendry was appointed delegate. Miss Davidson made an interesting and instructive report of the Detroit convention.

Toronto Christian Endeavor Union.

THE regular monthly meetings of the Toronto Christian Endeavor Union were resumed for the winter session on Saturday evening, Sept. 19th, in a room connected with the Western Y. M. C. A. About forty delegates were present; four of the officers were absent. Mr. R. J. Colville, president, occupied the chair; and in opening the meeting, read and commented upon the 91st Psalm, emphasizing three points in it—the necessity of abiding under the shadow of the Almighty, the need of Christians fully realizing their privileges in Christ, and the importance of looking for the endowment of power.

The Christian Endeavor Society connected with Parkdale Congregational church was admitted into the Union.

A lengthy communication from President Clark of Boston, regarding the suggested uniform topics for local unions, after discussion, was referred to the Business Committee for prompt action. The adoption of this plan would materially affect

the Toronto Union. Presently, ten monthly meetings are held in the year; the plan suggested calls for only four meetings annually of the Local Union and two district meetings. It was thought that it might be a good thing to hold a meeting of all the societies in the Union some time next month.

Since July, three societies in the northern district have been holding prayer meetings in the Old Folks' Home, and these services have been greatly enjoyed by the inmates.

Cooke's church society is doing grand work for the Master—carrying on religious work in the Central Fire Hall on Lombard Street, in the Haven on Seaton Street, in the King Street Mission on Friday nights, supplying teachers for the Sackville Street Mission, and conducting a Chinese class on Sunday evenings of 55 members.

The treasurer reported that \$7 had been received since last meeting (\$5 of which had been given by the western district), and that the deficit now stood at \$38.

The Junior superintendent stated that an echo meeting of the Montreal Dominion Christian Endeavor Convention was being arranged to take place in October, to which all the Junior societies in the city would be invited.

Mr. C. J. Atkinson, Secretary-Treasurer of the Canadian Council of Christian Endeavor, spoke of the arrangements that are being made for the Montreal Dominion Christian Endeavor Convention, which will be held from Thursday, October 5, to Monday, October 9.

It was agreed that at that convention an invitation be given for the next Dominion Christian Endeavor Convention to meet in Toronto in 1903. The Rev. Wm. Patterson, the Rev. Mr. Rowe, and Mr. S. J. Duncan-Clark, who will be present as speakers, were appointed a committee to present this invitation on behalf of the Toronto Christian Endeavor Union.

The next meeting of the Union will be held in Yonge Street Methodist church.

Heard in Hamilton.

Mr. J. W. Stevenson, an active worker in our Union and for many years the foremost worker in Knox church, has left us and removed to Medicine Hat, Assa. We miss him.

Miss E. Kelk, convener of Correspondence Committee, has been very ill for the past month.

Mr. Jas. Stewart has returned from Muskoka feeling greatly refreshed after a couple of months' holidays.

Knox church society have plans on foot for a young men's banquet. The young men will receive many nice things, and some pretty plain talk on their duty in regard to church work.

Mr. Sidney Grant, who, some years ago, was an active worker in St. Paul's church and who has lived lately in New Hampshire, stopped off on his way home from the convention and now intends to stay till spring. He will conduct the singing at the senior and also at the Junior rally.

The fall rally will be held on October 9th and the committee have decided to have "The Forward March" meeting as suggested by Dr. Clark. We feel assured that this will be the means of reviving many of our societies to new life and active consecration to the cause of Christ.

The Junior rally we expect will be a great success. Mrs. (Dr.) F. E. Clark will address the Juniors, and many live topics will be discussed by active workers. A large chorus of Juniors will conduct the singing.—H.M.G.

Dominion Flashes.

A Successful Junior Rally.

Sheffield Junior society of Christian Endeavor held a very successful rally on Junior Endeavor Day, Sept. 10. Miss Whitworth, Provincial Junior Superintendent, gave an address full of inspiration and encouragement, and the boys and girls took up their individual parts of the service in a well-trained and reverent manner. President Master Wm. Showers was chairman.—MRS. AVERY HILBERT, Supt.

Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta.

An interdenominational meeting of church workers was held at Agricola on the evening of Sept. 13th, to organize a Y. P. S. C. E. Though the audience numbered but six, a very profitable meeting was held. It may be interesting to note that our society is twenty miles north-east of Edmonton and will thus probably be one of the most northerly in the Dominion. What would our city Endeavorers say of a five mile ride in a springless lumber wagon over roads not the smoothest? We expect grand results from our beginning in this fertile valley of the Saskatchewan.—C. S. L.

Central Presbyterian, Toronto.

After communion service in church on Sunday evening, October 1st, the members of the Central Presbyterian church Y. P. S. C. E. and friends held a meeting in the lecture room, which was well attended, to listen to parting messages and bid good-bye to two of their number, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, who were on the eve of going to India as missionaries. Mrs. Taylor's message was taken from Psa. 71: 16 (first clause): "I will go in the strength of the Lord." Mr. Taylor spoke of the attractiveness of foreign mission work to any person who had the ambition to be useful in the highest sense—how, in living amongst those so much different from ourselves, the intellect and sympathies would be broadened and deepened. He mentioned some of the important social and political reforms already accomplished in India by missionaries of the gospel; and dwelt upon the attractiveness of preaching that Gospel in places where the name of Jesus was as yet unknown, and of winning those darkened souls for our blessed Master.

Parliament Street Baptist, Toronto.

This society held its semi-annual business meeting on Monday, October 2nd, when a very pleasant and profitable evening was spent. After the usual routine business was gone through, including the election of officers, the Music and Social Committee invited all to go into one of the large class rooms for refreshments; after partaking of the good things prepared, the newly elected president, Miss Fuller, called up each of the officers and conveners for short speeches. Each spoke upon the possibilities before us during the session that we have now entered upon, and believed that the next six months would be notable ones in the history of the society, and asked the prayers and support of every member. The meeting throughout was very enthusiastic and encouraging, and we hope to do much work for the Master during the winter months.—M. GOOD, *Cor.-Sec.*

From British Columbia.

The Sapperton (union) society of New Westminster, B.C., had a social evening on Sept. 11th, with the object of interesting in the society the young people of the locality who are not in the habit of attending the meetings. The meeting was held in the Methodist church and was presided over by the Presbyterian pastor. A short programme was carried out, including an address by the chairman, after

which light refreshments were served. The church was suitably decorated and the members all wore the C. E. emblem, the pansy. There was a good attendance of those whose presence was desired and the evening was voted a decided success.—WM. SCOTT, JR., *Cor.-Sec.*

A Good Time Expected.

The annual convention of the Leeds, Grenville, and Dundas Union, will be held in Brockville on the 7th and 8th of November next. No pains are being spared by the Executive in planning for a most helpful gathering.

A Meeting and a Parting.

One of the most enjoyable and profitable meetings ever held in Cooke's church, Toronto, was that of the Tenth Anniversary services of its Christian Endeavor society, combined with a farewell to Miss B. Goodfellow, who was one of the first members of the society, also one of the past presidents, on her departure as a missionary to India. Those who know the seating capacity of Cooke's church will understand how gratifying it was to see both the body of the church and the galleries well filled in time to join in the song service at 7:45. And one of the good features of this meeting was, that it began sharp on time and closed just as promptly. The retiring president for the past term of one year, Mr. C. Miller, acted as chairman. Fine solos were rendered by Miss Miller, and Miss Boehmer. Rev. Mr. Patterson gave a brief sketch of the history of the society. It may have seemed a small act for a young woman in Buffalo, a former member of the church, to send over some literature relating to Christian Endeavor, but as Mr. Patterson spoke of the work that the society has done and is doing, we see that the seed has yielded an abundant harvest. Our society has been the training school for many a Christian worker and also the birthplace of many a soul.

Rev. Dr. Potts, who is always so good, did not fail to give us what we expected from him—something to think about, and something to put into practical use. His subject was "Joyful Religion." We would like to pass on one thought: to do work for God upon our own souls by the study of the Word of God; better to study three verses than to read thirty. Endeavorers! surely none can say "There is nothing I can do." Cultivate your own souls for God.

Miss A. Hooley read the farewell address to Miss Goodfellow, who replied saying that it was the hap-

piest moment of her life in that the desire of her heart was being fulfilled; and we were able to rejoice with her in her high honor of being chosen of God to carry the Gospel message to those in heathen darkness. A very handsome "baby" organ accompanied the address, coming from all the different organizations and societies of the church. Mr. Davies, our organist for the evening, then played on the little organ while we all joined in singing our favorite farewell hymn, "God be with you till we meet again."

We think it would not be right to pass without mention that a very liberal offering was received, all of which, after the expenses of the evening were deducted, went to foreign missions.

Galt Society Debates.

Marked earnestness and careful thought characterized all the papers and speeches which were made in discussing the question of church amusements at the meeting of the Galt Epworth League of C. E. on Monday evening, Sept. 18th. The meeting took the form of a debate, in which Miss Bawinheimer and Mr. John Taylor, Jr., supported the affirmative, while Miss Hawk and Mr. Charlton championed the negative side. The arguments brought out, *pro and con*, were strong and forceful, and showed sound judgment and common sense. No decision on the matter was given. After the conclusion of the programme, the Social Committee served refreshments, completing an altogether enjoyable evening. The attendance was very large.

Union, Ont.

The Epworth League of C. E. of Union church, Port Stanley Circuit, held its seventh anniversary on September 3rd and 4th. Rev. Dr. Gifford, of Essex, preached excellent sermons Sunday morning and evening, and on Monday evening gave his celebrated lecture on "The Mammoth Cave." It was a rare treat, eloquent, witty, and instructive. This League of forty active and thirteen associate members is doing splendid work, and is planning for still larger usefulness, the coming year, in all four departments.

Riverview, Man.

An Epworth League of Christian Endeavor was instituted at this place by the Rev. A. F. August, pastor of the Souris circuit of which Riverview is an appointment, on May the 18th, with thirteen active members, and since then three more have been added to the list, not

having anything but active members. All the departments are being worked. Very little trouble is being experienced in getting members to take part, when it is taken into consideration the work is new to most of us. We look for great blessings and success in the near future.

Christian Endeavor Fire.

The Y. P. S. C. E. in Elmsdale, N.S., has presented its church with a fine furnace, the money for which was raised from ice cream socials during the summer.

Odds and Ends.

"A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman. "is like a pin—his head prevents him from going too far."

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

"Will some one in the class," asked the teacher of rhetoric, "give me a better form to the sentence, 'John can ride the mule if he wants to'?" "John can ride the mule if the mule wants him to," said the boy with the bad eye.

Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

When James Russell Lowell was American Minister at Madrid, he wrote in one of his official dispatches to Washington that Spain was "a nation which has had too much glory and too little good house-keeping."

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure, and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

"Be careful, sir!" called a patrolman to a man who was speeding his horse on Cass Avenue. "What for?" asked the driver, as he pulled up. "I'll have you up for fast driving." "What is fast driving?" "Why, over six miles an hour." "Say, old fellow, take me into court, won't you? If you will only get it into the papers that this

hoss was going over four miles an hour, I can sell him for \$40. If you will, I will try and help you some time."

SORE FEET.—Mr. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P.Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL and resolved to try it and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

A judge in this State deserves to go to the head of the class. He charged a jury the other day as follows: "If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, you will give your verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them said, I don't know what you will do." It is needless to say that, having full confidence in the court, the jury disagreed.

THEY ARE CAREFULLY PREPARED.—Pills which dissipate themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and to overcome costiveness the medicine administered must influence the action of these canals. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts, that the substance in them intended to operate on the intestines are retarded in action until they pass through the stomach to the bowels.

"Miss Smith teaches you to be polite, doesn't she?" said the mother of a six-year-old boy one day, who had improved wonderfully since he began to go to the kindergarten. "No," said the boy, "she never says anything about it." The mother was puzzled, and all the more when a further questioning brought only more emphatic denials that the teacher had even mentioned manners. "Well, then, if she doesn't say anything, what does she do?" "She don't do anything. She just walks around and we feel polite. We feel just as polite as anything."

A SMALL PILL, BUT POWERFUL.—They that judge of the powers of a pill by its size, would consider Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in potency. The remedies which

it carries are put up in these small doses, because they are so powerful that only small doses are required. The full strength of the extracts is secured in this form and do their work thoroughly.

Some time ago, says *Argonaut*, a young poet brought the manuscript of a volume of his verses to a well-known London publisher, and agreed to pay for its publication, he being allowed to deduct such copies as chanced to be sold. Time passed and the book was published, but the poet could not find a copy of it anywhere except for a few book-stores. In despair he wrote to the publisher to know how much he owed, and to close up the deal. To his astonishment he received a cheque of £50, with the intimation that the book had "gone up." The bewildered poet wrote back a note to know where the book had sold, to which he received the following curt reply: "Dear Sir,—We did not say your book had sold. We said that it had 'gone up.' We had a fire, and the cheque represents the insurance on your edition, which was destroyed."

The Central Business College, Toronto.

The report comes to us from this school that the attendance of young men and women at the commencement of the fall term this month is larger than at any previous autumn session. This is accounted for by the improved commercial conditions which now seem to prevail throughout our country, the excellent reputation this school enjoys for thorough work, and by the success of its students and graduates in securing and holding good situations.

By reference to card in another column we find the equipment is improved by the addition of another teacher and a large number of new typewriting machines, so that we may naturally expect good results from this College in future.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

The Prayer Meeting

Our Probation.

By Rev. C. S. Laidman.

ONE by one Life's moments swiftly
Fade away beyond recall;
One by one we'll soon encounter
Death, the common lot of all.

Why, O brother, why, O sister,
With unceasing, changeless strife,
Do we toil and do we suffer
For the riches of this life?

Let us rather, self-denying,
Listen to the Master's voice;
His "well done" will lighten labor,
And our aching hearts rejoice.

Then when Life's frail thread is broken,
And our spirits upward fly,
All our pain will be forgotten
In that land beyond the sky.

Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta.

Notes and Suggestions on the Uniform Topics.

By S. John Duncan-Clark.

A New Name.

Nov. 5.—A new name. Gen. 32:24-29; Rev. 2:17.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday Abram's new name, Gen. 17:1-8. Tuesday: Sarah's new name, Gen. 17:15, 16. Wednesday: Judah's new name, Isa. 62:1-12. Thursday: Simon's new name, John 1:40-42. Friday: The disciples' new name, Acts 1:19-26. Saturday: Mine own new name, Rev. 2:17.

Brevities.

A new name is only significant in so far as it stands for a renewed nature.

Men give names for fancy, but God gives them for character. If you have a good name in heaven, you need not worry about your reputation on earth.

Most men are eager for a name that will be known to all their fellows. The new name God gives, "no man knoweth save he that receiveth it." (Rev. 2:17.)

The conferring of a name is usually indication of a proprietary right in that upon which it is conferred. God only gives His name to those whom He owns out and out.

The Heart of the Topic.

The Old Testament story upon which the thought of our topic is based has too often been misinterpreted by those seeking to expound its truths. Rich in its spiritual significance and bearing on the believer's life, much of its beauty and power is lost by that view which sees in it simply a man struggling with God in prayer and entreaty for a blessing. Without in anyway disputing the need of importunity in prayer, I do not believe that God requires to be thus wrestled with before He will bestow His mercies on the seeking soul. Nay, it has always been my thought that God is more ready

to give than we are to receive. Let us then look a little more closely at the story, with unprejudiced minds open to receive its teaching by the Holy Spirit's illumination. Jacob, the politician, the man of many devices, was nearing the old home. Across Jacob, the brother he had cheated was awaiting his arrival. He could not reasonably anticipate the most cordial kind of welcome. His own selfish nature suggested that his brother would probably call him to account for the old wrong that had been done. The need of more schemes, renewed diplomacy, further practice of deceit loomed up on the horizon of his future, and the man's better nature revolted at the prospect. Jacob was getting tired of himself. With a reassertion of his manliness he determined to settle this matter of his future method of life, alone. So his immense company of people and cattle was sent on ahead, and he remained behind at Jabok. I believe the early hours of that night were hours of introspection, hours in which Jacob held up his old life for examination and criticism, and the more he looked at it, the more dissatisfied he became. Then suddenly a stranger seized upon him in the darkness. Was this Esau come to take revenge? He could not tell; but he fought to free himself. It seemed a hard thing that on the very eve of reformation, and the making of new resolutions, he should thus be threatened with the cutting short of his life. But the stranger could not be shaken off, and Jacob grew desperate in his efforts to overcome. Then the stranger realizing that only extreme measures could end the struggle, touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh so that he fell helpless but still clinging to his opponent's form. Up from the east came a sudden burst of light, and with the swiftness of those latitudes the day was born. In the sudden glow of dawn the stranger stood revealed. It was the Angel of the Covenant. Jacob knew that he had been fighting against God. With the moment's inspiration he exclaimed, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me!" Everything was changed. Helpless now, he could only cling to him, whom but a space ago he had sought to fling off, and plead for blessing. And it came. In the weakness of surrender he triumphed. Henceforth he was "Israel, the prevailer with God." Need I dwell upon the lesson? Is it darkness in the spiritual experience of some reader? Are you struggling alone to maintain what you call your independence, your freedom? You want your own way, your own will. Dissatisfied with the old life, you are not willing to give up yourself to the control of another. You are fighting, not against fate, or circumstances, but God. It will be darkness until you yield; but the moment you confess yourself helpless the day will break. God makes princes only out of broken lives.

Triumph in Surrender.

Night—and my wrest'ling soul
Fought blindly through the gloom,
Stubborn and strong;
It struggled long
For it feared to fail were doom.

Night—and the shrouding dark
Hid my opponent's face,
I felt His strength
And feared at length
He would touch my weakest place.

Night—and my wrestling soul
Still wearily sought to win,
He touched my thigh,
A trembling cry
And my poor, proud soul gave in.

Night—no, the morning breaks ;
I lift my fearful eyes
No face of foe
Doth daylight show
But a friend to my glad surprise.

Now, with a broken will,
I have but strength to cling,
Yet weak and low
I let not go,
Till He doth rich blessings bring.

Here my surrendered soul
Learns what it means to fail ;
Self must give in
If we would win,
And with God and men prevail.

—S. S. Times.

Living Bread.

Nov. 12.—The Living Bread. Jno. 6: 26-35.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday. Our daily bread, Luke 11: 1-3
Tuesday: Bread from heaven, Ex. 16: 11-15; Ps. 78: 23-25.
Wednesday: Not by bread alone, Matt. 4: 1-4. Thursday: Perish-
able meat, Isa. 55: 1-3. Friday: My meat is to do His will,
John 4: 27-31. Saturday: The bread of God, John 6: 41-51.

Brevities.

Starved souls are more common in this world than starved bodies, and there is less excuse for them.

Many people have no appetite for the Bread of Life because they have eaten so freely of the world's sweetmeats.

It is with the Bread of Life that God fulfills the promise, "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

To feed on living Bread is to possess the life of Christ, for He Himself is the Bread of Life which came down from heaven. The soul in which He is continually received shall never hunger nor thirst.

Are you dissatisfied with life? is your heart filled with longing for which you can find no quieting in the provision of the world? You need the living Bread. Your nature is calling out after God, even though you know it not. Jesus Christ can satisfy you. There are scores of restless, unhappy, discontented Christians in this world, and all they need is more of Christ.

The Heart of the Topic.

The making of bread is quite an involved process. The wheat has first to be taken to the mill and ground into flour, then the flour must be properly mixed and kneaded and eventually submitted to the fierce heat of the oven. And thus did Christ the Living Bread undergo the operation of bruising in the mill of Divine justice and pass through the furnace of affliction to be made food for a starving world. In His life He worked out a perfect righteousness. He was the only man who by His good deeds earned His own heaven. From the Mount of Transfiguration He might have gone back to the Father's right hand accepted on His merits as the sinless man. But then He would have gone back alone. Heaven would have remained sealed to His

fellowmen. So He came down again from the Mount of Transfiguration and with unflinching purpose set His face towards Calvary, there by the way of suffering, bearing vicariously judgment due the world for sin, to make the possession of His own life and righteousness possible to the multitude, even to all them that believed on His name.

A Sonnet.

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
And the pale weaver, through his windows seen
In Spitalfields, looked thrice dispirited.

I met a preacher there I knew, and said:
"Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this scene?"
"Bravely!" said he; "for I of late have been
Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, the living bread."

O human soul! so long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,

To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam—
Not with lost toil thou laborest through the
night;
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy
home.

—Matthew Arnold.

The Replacement Function of Food.

One chief function of food is *replacement*. We die daily in a truly literal sense, and food makes a daily resurrection of life for us. The body is a building of exquisite mosaics, and a variegated tessellation, here a brick of hydrogen and carbon, and there a brick of carbon and nitrogen, etc. . . . The strange fact is that the stones of this building are every hour crumbling away, and must be replaced as fast as they are pulled down; life-cells take the place of death-cells. . . . The blood is the builder which puts in fresh bricks into the falling house. This is the miracle of food. . . . Life is the architect, blood the builder, and food supplies the materials for the construction.

A similar wasting process is in the laws of the highest parts of us. When Christ said, "I am the Bread of Life," He tells us that physiology has companion laws in the spiritual world. A wearing down of soul capacity is continually going on, and Christ is here to replace it and to keep the soul in a sanitary condition. . . . The saintly soul cannot live on its own saintliness. Like the camel in the desert you can live for a time on the humps of your own fat, but it is only desert food, and will soon become disease. You will become self-complacent, self-righteous. The saint goes out of himself for life. . . . The love of Christ, the knowledge of God, the comfort of the Holy Ghost, for these the soul craves, and they are nutriment. . . . God is a daily presence; Christ a daily meal; things eternal a daily recollection; duty and service a daily exercise; religion our meat and drink.—Rev. W. W. Peyton.

Liberty and Love.

Nov. 19.—Liberty and love. Rom. 14: 1-23.
(A temperance meeting.)

DAILY READINGS.—Monday. His servants whom ye obey, Rom. 6: 15-23. Tuesday: Walking at liberty, Ps. 119: 41-48.
Wednesday: Liberty a stumbling-block, 1 Cor. 8: 1-15. Thursday: Thy neighbor as thyself, Matt. 22: 34-40. Friday: The profit of many, 1 Cor. 10: 25-33. Saturday: Servants through love, Gal. 5: 13-15.

Brevities.

Self sovereignty is soul slavery.

Liberty without love is license.

Love without liberty is stifled life.

Where self is enthroned, passion becomes prime minister and principle is court fool.

The truest liberty is being set free from the tendencies of an evil nature to do gladly and always the whole will of God.

The climax of Christian liberty is reached when a man recognizes his freedom to relinquish his own liberty for the liberty of his fellows.

The liberty of love sets unbidden its own limitations at that point where it even threatens to infringe upon the happiness and comfort of others.

That man is truly free who needs no longer heed the claims of the "I" to convenience, comfort, or consideration, when he has opportunity to serve God and humanity.

The Heart of the Topic.

The wedding of liberty and love is one of the glorious achievements of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Until in the life and death of the man of Nazareth absolute independence and perfect obedience were indissolubly and forever united, men had been prone to consider freedom as the right to unrestrained indulgence of the self-nature. But the Master conceived and erected a new ideal. Taking His stand among men at once as superior to all the restraints and limitations of the conventionality and pharasaic legalism of His day, He at the same time became the unwearied servant of the world's need. He gave to freedom a new significance by refusing to acknowledge any law or custom that interfered with His doing the whole will of God in ministering to mankind. This is strikingly characteristic of His whole life. Talking to the woman of Samaria alone at the well He outraged the sense of propriety of every respectable member of society in the neighborhood; but what was a sense of propriety in its importance, compared with the value of an immortal soul? Again, on the Sabbath day He healed the paralytic and bade him, in violation of traditional requirements, take up his bed and walk. Instances might be multiplied, but these suffice to show that the Master's conception of liberty was simply freedom to do the Divine will. In such an understanding of it love, as the Divine principle of government, becomes the controlling power; and Paul's injunction to the Galatians becomes the practice of our lives, "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another." Gal. 5: 13.

Freedom of the Christian.

Freedom is counted in Scripture as one of the greatest privileges of the child of God. There is nothing in history for which nations have made great sacrifices than for freedom. Slavery is the lowest condition into which man can sink, for in it he can no longer dispose of himself. Freedom is the deepest need of his nature.

To be free, then, is the condition in which anything can develop itself according to the law of its nature, that is, according to its disposition. Without freedom nothing can attain its destiny or become what it ought to be. This is true alike of the ani-

mal and man, of the corporeal and the spiritual. It was for this cause that God in Israel chose the redemption out of the slavery of Egypt into the glorious liberty of God's people, as the everlasting type of redemption out of the slavery of sin into the liberty of the children of God. On this account, Jesus said on earth: "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." And the Holy Scriptures teach us to stand fast in the freedom with which Christ made us free. A right insight into this freedom opens up to us one of the greatest glories of the life that the grace of God has prepared for us.

Free expresses a condition in which nothing hinders me from being what I would be and ought to be. In other words, free is to be able to do what I would. The power of sin over us, the power of the law against us, the power of the law of sin in us, hinder us. But he that stands in the freedom of the Holy Spirit, he that is then truly free, nothing can prevent or hinder him from being what he would be and ought to be. As it is the nature of a tree to grow upwards, and it also grows as it is free from all hindrances, so a child of God then grows to what he ought to be and shall be. And according as the Holy Spirit leads him into this freedom, there springs up the joyful consciousness of his strength for the life of faith. He joyfully shouts: "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me." "Thanks be unto God which always leadeth us in triumph in Christ."—*Andrew Murray.*

An Illustration from "William Tell."

The freedom given to men by Christ is illustrated by the drama of "William Tell." Some of his words almost exactly express the Christian's feelings concerning "the glorious liberty of the children of God."

"I have sat

In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring,—I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think, 'I have no master save his own.'"
"You know the jutting cliff, round which a tract
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two abreast to pass? O'er taken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
And while gust followed gust more furiously
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink—
And I thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there, the thought that mine was
free

Has checked that wish; and I have raised my head,
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
'Blow on: this is the land of liberty!'"

So the Christian dwells in the land of liberty, and he can say to every impulse and desire of his renewed heart, "Blow on: this is the land of liberty."

Thanksgiving.

Nov. 26.—Our return for the Lord's benefits. Ps. 116: 12-19. (A thanksgiving meeting.)

DAILY READINGS.—Monday. To God, Ps. 100, 145. Tuesday: For blessings to the individual, Ps. 145: 1-21. Wednesday: For blessings to the church, Ps. 48: 1-8; 7: 1-7. Thursday: For blessings to the nation, Ps. 124: 1-8. Friday: By word, Ps. 107: 1-9. Saturday: By life, Ps. 145: 1-5.

Brevities.

Have you ever thanked God for Jesus Christ?

Thanksgiving is the keynote to which all Christian experience should be tuned.

A special Thanksgiving day is good only as all the other three hundred and sixty-four are thanksgiving days.

Thank and think are words derived from the same root. It is the man who does not stop to think who cannot find cause to thank.

Thanksgiving should not end with giving thanks. Let it be the giving of self and service and money from a thankful heart.

Count your many blessings,
Name them one by one,
And it will surprise you
What the Lord hath done.

The Heart of the Topic.

The importance of Thanksgiving is an emphasized truth in the Word of God. Especially is this so in its relation to prayer. God will not bestow His richest blessings upon those whose lives show no genuine appreciation of His many mercies. The grumbling Christian, not only grumbles because he is poor but is poor because he grumbles. Then thanksgiving is a tonic atmosphere in which to live. It helps a man to a right view of life; it aids digestion, calms the temper, inspires hope, and dispels the chilling vapor of discouragement. The Pauline injunction, "in everything give thanks," is consistent with the Christian philosophy elsewhere expressed by the same apostle when he says, "All things work together for good to them that love God." The evidence that we believe the latter statement will be found in our obedience to the former command. Thanksgiving Day, we fear, has become to many thoughtless observers of it a snare. The multitudes who honor its annual recurrence do so in a somewhat strange way. A morning in bed, a bigger dinner than usual, and a concert or the theatre at night, and the world has expressed its gratitude for another year at least. Surely it is time we kept the day more in accordance with the purpose of its appointment. It is an opportunity not for feasting so much as for humble fasting before God in acknowledgment of the many thankless days we have spent, and bestowing upon Christ's poorer brethren the gifts of our love for Him. Thus observed, the day would prove a benediction and a tonic for our spiritual life, but the popular thanksgiving of self indulgence is a farce and an insult to the God it is supposed to honor.

"Turn Your Face to the Light."

It had been one of those days on which everything goes contrary, and I had come home tired and discouraged. As I sank into a chair, I groaned, "Everything looks dark, dark!" "Why don't you turn your face to the light, auntie dear?" said my little niece, who was standing unperceived beside me.

"Turn your face to the light!" The words set me thinking. That was just what I had not been doing. I had persistently kept my face in the opposite direction, refusing to see the faintest glimmer of brightness. Artless little comforter! She did not know what healing she had brought. Years have gone by since then, but the simple words have never been forgotten.

Why is it that we so steadily turn from the light? Do you ever watch the plants growing in your

window? How joyfully they lift their heads to the bright sun that pours his warm beams upon them! Now try to bend them in an opposite direction. You may succeed for awhile, but look at them in a day or two, and you will find that every little leaf and blossom has been patiently working and working until again the cheering rays of the sun shine upon their happy faces. Shall not the flowers teach us a lesson?—*Anon.*

The Right Way to Pray.

PRAYING young people are rare. They are apt to think prayer a duty for the old, but only a form for themselves, and so we have the sad sight of young people whispering together during the prayers in God's house; while at night these same young people, who possibly call themselves God's children, kneel listlessly by the bedside to mumble over a few unintelligible words such as the Indians repeat a charm to keep off the witches. Five minutes later they could scarcely tell you whether or not they had "said their prayers" at all.

Many sincere people would be glad to pray if they only knew how, but their efforts have been so unsuccessful that they have given up altogether.

To pray best, we should be alone. Even our dearest friend in the room with us divides our thought with God. To be shut up alone with God, where no human eye can see us, is a long start toward an earnest prayer. True, we may pray on the crowded street, or in the busy store, or about our daily tasks. If sudden temptation comes on us, we cannot wait to be alone. But every Christian needs more than such hasty prayer; he needs a fixed time when he can keep his secret engagement with God. It is said that when Chinese Gordon was in Africa, there was spread every day before his closed tent a white handkerchief, and when the soldiers saw it they stepped softly and spoke in whispers, for they knew their great chief was at prayer.

If the mind will not stay fixed, but wanders off to forbidden subjects, try praying aloud. The sound of your own voice may startle you at first, but presently you will be conscious of another person with you, who is God Himself, and after that there will be no lack of interest in your prayer; your mind will not be able to stray. I well remember, while I was away at school, hearing some talking, late one night, in the room next to mine, and, curious to know what was going on, I rose and listened. To my surprise I heard the words of prayer, earnest and sweet. I knew then the secret of that girl's beautiful life, and I felt a deeper sense of security in rooming so near to one who lived so near to God.

The matter of our prayer is fully as important as the manner. No set form which does not express our needs is pleasing to God. I once heard of an old couple whose only son lay very ill, who resolved to pray for his recovery. The old man began as usual with the creation of the world, and was laboring on slowly through the Old Testament, when his wife shook him by the arm, whispering, "John, John, leave the prophets a bit, our boy is dying." God knows what is in our hearts; let us tell it all to Him trustingly. Do we need help in our studies? Ask Him for it. Are we in poverty? Tell Him. Does some shameful sin vex us? Confess to His loving ear. No need of ours is too small for His notice. A tender mother could not be more pleased with the confidences of her child than God is with our whispered secrets.—*Forward.*

With the Juniors

Suggestive Ideas.

A Bubble Social.

Lay in a supply of clay pipes, and have several bowls filled with prepared soapsuds. Offer a small prize for the largest bubble blown. When the Juniors are tired of this, let them choose sides and have a bubble-floating contest, awarding a prize to the side that can keep the largest number of bubbles floating.

An Evening with Animals.

A brightly-worded invitation (sometimes a clever rhyme will best catch and hold attention) should be sent to each Junior. By the help of a stereopticon, give a number of views of animal life. Have a number of the Juniors prepared with recitations and songs about animals. A short, sparkling address by the pastor, or some one competent, on the protection of birds' nests, or the prevention of cruelty to horses, will draw everything to a practical head. Refreshments may be served under names given to the foods of animals, as oats, baled hay, grass, bird-seed, etc., and a permanent Band of Mercy organized.

A Patriotic Day.

As one of the topics for this month is "Patriotism," a good way to make an interesting occasion of that Sunday will be helpful. Let the Flower Committee provide five or six vases of flowers, whose colors are red, white, and blue, and also small bouquets for the buttonholes of each Junior. Intersperse the patriotic songs, and Scripture recitations bearing on national life, with patriotic story-telling. Let the superintendent draw a large red, white, and blue flag on the blackboard, and name each stripe after some quality that belongs to good citizenship, as Love, Truthfulness, Bravery, etc.

The Band of Mercy Committee.

This committee should be given opportunity to report every week. There are three kinds of work for them to do: prevention, education, and ministering. In the work of prevention they will need to watch, not only the other members of the society, but everyone, and report the acts of thoughtless and malicious cruelty which they see. It may not be best to report names publicly; the mention of the act will be sufficient. They must also report acts of kindness to animals by Juniors and others. It will be better to use the names in doing this.

If possible, let them get consent to have the same reports made in the public school. Usually this will be easy to obtain.

The committee's work of education will consist in distributing tracts and pictures which teach kindness to animals. Its work of ministering will depend

upon the kind of community in which the members live. In the city there will be starving cats and dogs to feed; in the country, birdlings lost from their nests to rescue, and upturned nails or broken glass that would wound horses' feet to remove from the roads.

Junior Drills.

TO arouse and maintain the interest of the Junior Endeavorers in their society, the superintendent must keep them as active as possible, and must keep their meetings out of the ruts. There must be sameness enough to make them systematic, but variety enough to attract and hold attention.

Let me suggest a few of the drills that have been helpful to us:

First was the story contest, which consisted of Bible stories told briefly, with all proper names omitted. If any of these was not guessed, it was "left over" for the next week, and no more stories were told that day. As long as my stories were guessed I must keep on telling them.

After the children were familiar with the idea, three of them were appointed at each meeting as story-tellers for the next. This necessitated preparation, taught them speaking in public, and added greatly to their knowledge of the Bible, as it was soon impossible to tell any story that was not guessed by at least one of the audience.

More popular still was the "place contest," since adopted by our Sabbath-school superintendent.

I would open my Bible at random, and say, for instance, "Jeremiah twentieth." It was understood that it was always the first verse of the chapter that was called for. As fast as one found the reference, a hand would go up; and after five or six had it, the first one was called on to read, and his or her name was placed on the blackboard by the secretary. Ten references were asked for, and, if a tie happened to be announced by the secretary, those two would try alone for an eleventh. It was often exciting, and the children grew so quick at it that now the Juniors invariably beat their teachers in Sunday-school. In fact, they carried their Bibles to one another's houses on evenings in order to have "contests."

To learn the books of the Bible in their order, we had, what they called, a "spelling-down," because it was modelled after that old-fashioned drill. They would rise and stand in rows, or form a circle, and would pronounce the books in order, each in turn naming one. If one failed to give the right name, he had to sit down, and the next took up the chain, the contest gradually narrowing down to a few bright, excited ones. By the time that we had a

half-dozen who could not be beaten, their names were put on the board, and they were left out of future drills.

This is making play out of what is otherwise hard work: and, while it seems somewhat out of place in a meeting, it does so much good that I unhesitatingly recommend it.

Our Book Committee is sometimes privately instructed *not* to distribute song books, and we must sing as best we can whatever the pianist plays. Of course, she plays only familiar songs, and has the words before her to help us out, if we get off the track entirely; but we soon get to depending on our memories, and children who seldom sing at other times pride themselves on being able to "go clear through." Once learned, the words of our beautiful hymns sing themselves in our ears as long as we live.—*Lee McCrae in C. E. World.*

Notes on the Junior Topics.

By Lily M. Scott.

Walking in the Light.

Nov. 5.—How to walk in the light. 1 John 1:5-7; 2:6-11.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: The true light, John 1:9. Tuesday: Called out of darkness, 1 Pet. 2:9. Wednesday: The light of God's Word, Ps 119:105. Thursday: Trusting in darkness, Isa. 50:10. Friday: At evening time, light, Zech. 14:7. Saturday: "Unto the perfect day," Prov. 4:18.

Ask the Juniors how we can walk in the light. Lead them to see that it can only be by walking toward it; as soon as we turn and walk away from the light, we walk in our own shadow, and have to walk in the dark; and the further we go, the darker it gets.

Let this meeting be as bright as possible. Precede it by a ten minutes' song service, singing the songs bearing on the topic. Get suggestions as to the use and beauty of light. Christ has been called "The Light of the world." Tell how the light purifies and searches out the dark corners. Sin lurks in the dark. Half of the crimes are committed under cover of darkness.

Quote and explain Prov. 4:18.

The Body, God's Temple.

Nov. 12.—How should your body be like a church? 1 Cor. 3:16-23.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: "Not your own," 1 Cor. 6:19. Tuesday: Cleansed and purified, 2 Tim. 2:20, 21; Heb. 10:22. Wednesday: Furnished for God's service, 2 Tim. 3:16, 17. Thursday: God's abiding-place, John 14:23; Rom. 8:10, 11. Friday: Used for God's glory, 1 Cor. 6:20. Saturday: Kept for God, 2 Cor. 5:15.

The door of this temple is the mouth, therefore let no vile thing enter in, or issue forth. The eyes are the windows of this temple. Let them look at nothing wrong—let them read only the pure and the ennobling. The ears are like the choir-loft of the temple. Let the echoes sound therein be noble words and beautiful sounds.

The altar of this temple is the heart. Let it bear the offering of a life consecrated to God. The feet are the temple's messengers. Let them run gladly or the errands of the Lord.

The hands are the servants of the temple. Let them grow strong and quick for the lowliest tasks.

Last of all let God be the dweller in this temple. Let Him make it His abiding-place. Let Him use it for His glory. As you think the church should

be kept clean and sweet for the services of God, so let your body be kept healthy and strong and undefiled, for His use. Then remember it is not your own. Usually we are more careful of other's property than of our own, which familiarity seems to make of less value in our eyes. Thus let it be with our bodies. As God's property, let it get extra care and consideration.

Sing the consecration hymn. "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy."

The Life of Christ. XI.

Nov. 19.—What lessons do you learn from Christ's words on the cross? Luke 23:34-46; John 19:25-30.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: The arrest of Jesus, Matt. 26:47-57. Tuesday: Before the high priest, Mark 14:53-65. Wednesday: Peter's denial, Matt. 26:69-75. Thursday: Before Pilate, John 18:33-40, 19:1-16. Friday: Before Herod, Luke 23:4-12. Saturday: The journey to Calvary, Luke 23:26-33.

Follow out the lesson story very carefully, getting the events in their proper order. Describe the trial, which, after all, was only a mockery, for Christ was already condemned. At a previous meeting, have the Juniors reminded to prepare for this meeting. Ask them to bring, written out, the number of times recorded that Jesus spoke when on the cross, what He said, and where in the Bible these words are to be found—speak of how, even in His anguish, He was sorry for His mother, and committed her into John's keeping. Tell of His suffering, mental as well as physical, when He cried out "My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Tell the effect His bearing had on the Roman Centurion, who exclaimed, "Surely this was the Son of God."

This is the most awful thing that has happened in the world's history. That Jesus, the perfect one, should have been set upon by wicked men, and, in the name of religion, tortured and killed, we cannot understand; but we know why He let Himself be so slain, for He has told us it was "that He might draw all men unto Him."

Praise and Thanksgiving.

Nov. 26.—For what to praise God, and how. Ps. 8:1-9. (A Thanksgiving meeting.)

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Praise for salvation, Ps. 15:9. Tuesday: Praise for God's bountifulness, Ps. 136:1-6. Wednesday: Praise for answered prayer, Ps. 138:2, 3. Thursday: Thanks always for all things, Eph. 5:20. Friday: Whole-hearted praise, Ps. 9:1, 2. Saturday: Praise and service, Jas. 2:26.

This meeting should be one of the happiest of the year. Precede it by a song service of ten minutes. Have several Scripture readings, suitable for the occasion and ask various members to commit them to memory, and recite them at this meeting. Have the Juniors bring to the meeting clothing which they have outgrown, or which they themselves have made. Also ask each one to bring an apple and a potato. Let baskets be provided for them beforehand, and it will be surprising how much will be brought when each brings a little. Or, have each one bring a pound of some food—rice, meal, etc. Then either in the meeting or in committee, decide what is to be done with the Thanksgiving offering, and appoint members to attend to the delivery of it.

Dwell on the fact that Thanksgiving Day is not alone a day of feasting. Speak of the first Thanksgiving dinner given in America to the Indians. Thanksgiving must be in the heart before it is in the mouth. It must get into the mouth, or it will not stay long in the heart. One of the best ways of preaching Christ, is simply to praise Him.

The Sunday School

Notes and Suggestions on the International Lessons.

LESSON 6.—NOV. 5, 1899.

Nehemiah's Prayer.

(Lesson Text: Neh. 1: 1-11. Commit to Memory Verses 8-10.)
(Read chap. 2.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Prosper, I pray thee, thy servant this day."
—Neh. 1: 11.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Neh. 1. Tuesday: Neh. 2: 1-11.
Wednesday: Neh. 2: 12-20. Thursday: Lev. 26: 30-40. Friday:
Deut. 30: 1-10. Saturday: 1 Kings 8: 46-53. Sunday: Psalm 80.

TIME.—About 446 B.C.

PLACE.—Shushan, the capital of Elam, part of the Medo-Persian empire.

Between the Lessons.

It was now twelve or thirteen years after the second return of Jewish exiles to Jerusalem under Ezra, Lesson 4. Ezra found that some of the Jews of Palestine had married heathen women, and induced many of them to divorce their foreign wives, on the ground that these marriages were in violation of the Mosaic law. It is not known that Ezra remained at Jerusalem all this time, but he was certainly there when Nehemiah visited the Jewish capital.

How to Prepare this Lesson.

Recall Ezra's journey to Jerusalem, Lesson 4. This was thirteen years later. Nehemiah was still in Persia. He was cupbearer to the king. Gather all the points you can find concerning his life. What were his duties as cupbearer? What bad news did he receive from Jerusalem? Make a special study of Nehemiah's prayer. Read chap. 2: 1-11 to get the completion of this part of the story.

The Lesson Applied.

(1) In Nehemiah we see how one can be truly religious, loyal to God, and faithful in life and duty, in conditions the most adverse. Nehemiah occupied a responsible place in the court of a heathen king. All the influences about him were toward worldliness and self-indulgence. Yet he was still a good man, uncorrupted and devout. If Nehemiah could be true to God in his position, no young man in modern times should find it impossible to keep his heart pure, his hands clean, and his relations with Christ unbroken, whatever his environment may be.

(2) Another good thing in Nehemiah was his interest in his people in Jerusalem in the time of their distress while he himself was living in comfort and luxury. In his own position of ease and prosperity he did not forget them in their hardships and sufferings. We need to take the lesson for ourselves. Too many of us, when we are happy and prosperous, do not give much thought to others who are in distress. This is not right. Nehemiah teaches us a lesson. There are too many priests and Levites now who pass by on the other side, giving no heed to the suffering and needy, and too few good Samaritans who stop to help. Tidings of need or suffering among Christians anywhere should lead us to do something, or to give or send relief.

(3) Nehemiah teaches us to go to God with the matters which burden our hearts. He was made

very sad by what he had heard concerning his brethren in Palestine. He sat down and wept and mourned certain days. His sorrow showed his love for his people, and his sympathy with them. But this alone would not have been enough; he must help them. The way to do this was to take the case to God in prayer—at least this was the first thing to do. A little later he found a way to do something himself. We can always help our friends by praying for them, and God can best open the way for us to do our part.

(4) It is sin that makes all the trouble. Things had been going wrong at Jerusalem because the people had sinned. Nehemiah did not say, "They have sinned," but "We have sinned." He included himself in the confession. He does not complain to God of injustice, but confesses that the troubles are deserved. Yet he finds a promise to plead. God had said that if His people transgressed they would be scattered; but if they then cried to Him He would hear and forgive them and restore them. This is the true way to pray—take God's own words with us and remind Him of His promises, and plead these.

(5) Nehemiah offers himself to God to be used by Him in helping His people. He followed up his prayers by the devotement of his own life. Joan of Arc said, when she was asked the secret of the victoriousness of her white banner: "I send it forth among the English, and then I follow it myself." That is the way Nehemiah did—he himself followed the white banner of his prayers. It is a test of our praying that we are ready and willing to lay our own life on the altar in behalf of the cause for which we intercede. It is interesting to read in the following chapter how the prayer of Nehemiah was answered, and how God opened the way through the king for him to go to Palestine for the relief of His people.

LESSON 7.—NOV. 12, 1899.

Rebuilding the Walls of Jerusalem.

(Lesson Text: Neh. 4: 7-18. Commit to Memory Verses 15-18.)
(Read the chapter.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Watch and pray."—Matt. 26: 41.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Neh. 4: 7-18. Tuesday: Neh. 6: 1-9. Wednesday: Neh. 6: 10-16. Thursday: Neh. 12: 27-30 and 4: 1-17. Friday: Psalm 64. Saturday: 1 Ph. 6: 10-16. Sunday: Mark 13: 28-37.

TIME.—About 445 B.C.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

Between the Lessons.

Nehemiah was one day waiting upon his master, King Artaxerxes, when the king noticed his sadness, and asked its cause. Nehemiah said he was grieved because of the ruined condition of Jerusalem, and begged the king's permission to go and rebuild its wall. The king granted his request, and gave him an escort of cavalry and letters to the different Persian governors. Soon after his arrival at Jerusalem Nehemiah informed the people of his purpose to rebuild the wall, and solicited their aid, which was willingly given, and the work was distributed among the people.

How to Prepare this Lesson.

In the last lesson we had Nehemiah's prayer. Recall the points. The Jews in Jerusalem were in

distress, and the heart of Nehemiah was greatly burdened. He laid the whole matter before the Lord. God heard his prayer. Learn how the answer came—a beautiful illustration of the way God sends answers. Study the account of Nehemiah's journey to Jerusalem and what he did there. What opposition did he meet? Read the whole section. Ch. 3:1 to 7:73.

The Lesson Applied.

(1) It is instructive to study Nehemiah's method of work, as it is explained in the third chapter. For one thing, his arriving at Jerusalem was as good as if he had brought ten thousand helpers. He put courage and enthusiasm into the people's hearts. They were disheartened and hopeless, but his presence awoke them from their sleep. The influence of a man like Nehemiah is very great. We should all train ourselves to be encouragers and inspirers of others. This is one way of doing good, of being useful. Nehemiah also taught the people that every one of them had a share in the work. Each built a part of the wall—building opposite his own house. This is a good suggestion for us all—we must do our part, and our part is "the next thing."

(2) It is important to keep the walls built up about our life. In ancient days a city without walls or with walls broken down was open to robbers and enemies. That was the condition of Jerusalem when Nehemiah arrived there, and his work was to get the walls and gates repaired. Too many lives are like Jerusalem then, with all the defenses broken down. The first thing to do is to get these defenses built up. Some people are not careful enough in keeping their lives protected. Christ Himself is the best refuge. If He defends us no harm can come to us. No other can really keep us.

(3) There are enemies swarming about us as there were about Jerusalem in Nehemiah's days. These enemies tried to hinder the rebuilding of the walls. Elsewhere we are told how they behaved. They laughed at the people, and made sport of their efforts to build. See ch. 2:19 and 4:3. Ridicule is hard to bear. The world sneers at Christians, too. But like Nehemiah, they should not be afraid of being laughed at. These enemies tried slander also—saying false things about them. See ch. 2:10; 6:6. These weapons, too, the world uses against Christians. Then when they saw the work going on in spite of their ridicule and slander they conspired together to fight against the workmen. In all these ways enemies will try to hinder us, but we should not be dismayed by them. We should be bold in our trust in God.

(4) In all danger we should both look to God for help and also do our own part. Nehemiah made his prayer to God—that was well. But he also set a watch to guard against sudden surprise. We should put our trust in God, but this does not free us from the duty of guarding against enemies and dangers. "Watch and pray," said Jesus. While we ask God to keep us in temptation, we must not needlessly run in the way of temptation. We must keep the doors shut to prevent the coming in of enemies, and must ever be on our guard.

(5) We must watch also against the danger of discouragement. Some of the workers here got disheartened. Ver. 10. Others were discouragers—saying disheartening things. Ver. 12. We should never get discouraged, and we should never be discouragers. Nehemiah is an example of a good leader. Nothing made him afraid. He cheered up the people, and bade them trust in the Lord. Then we see the value of such a man in the

way the builders kept on at their work under his influence. It is an interesting picture we have here—men working with one hand and with the other holding a weapon. They were ready all the time either for work or for defense.

LESSON 8.—NOV. 19, 1899.

Public Reading of the Scriptures.

(Lesson Text: Neh. 8:1-12. Commit to Memory Verses 1-3.)
(Read the chapter, also Luke 4:16-22.)

GOLDEN TEXT—"The ears of all the people were attentive unto the Book of the Law."—*Ltvi* 5:3.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Neh. 8:1-12. Tuesday: Neh. 8:13 to 9:3. Wednesday: Deut. 11:1, 21. Thursday: Psalm 119:1-16. Friday: 2 Kings 22:3-13. Saturday: Jer. 36:9-24. Sunday: Psalm 119:7-14.

TIME.—445 B.C., the first of the seventh month, approximately October, the feast of trumpets.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

Between the Lessons.

The work of rebuilding the wall was completed in fifty-two days, on the twenty-fifth day of the sixth month, corresponding nearly to September. A week later, on the first of the seventh month, occurred the event of to-day's lesson.

How to Prepare this Lesson.

Recall the last lesson—opposition and how overcome. After the walls were rebuilt what reforms did Nehemiah bring about? Read the chapters between last lesson and this and also to close of ch. 10. Nehemiah knew that the training of the people was more important than the building of the walls. Hence he led them to the study of the Word of God.

The Lesson Applied.

(1) It is a good thing when people want to hear God's Word. It shows that their hearts are turning toward the Lord. Here we are told that the people came together as one man to listen to the reading of the law. We remember Mary sitting at the feet of Jesus, hearing His words. We think, too, of the effect of Christ's words in the world, how they have changed nations. Great Britain and the United States owe all their greatness to the Word of God by which they have been leavened.

(2) We learn here how to get help from the Bible. First, the ears of the people were attentive. This is very important. It is here that too many fail. The Word of God is read and explained to them but they pay no attention to it. There is lamentable ignorance of the Bible even among those who have been hearing it all their life, just because they have not paid heed to its teachings. Then the people also revered the Book. When Ezra began to read they all stood up. God was going to talk to them now and they would honor Him. There is too much lack of respect for God's Word in our days. Bibles are so common that people do not prize the Book as they should.

(3) We should thank God for giving us His Word and should receive it with joy. The people blessed the Lord and answered Amen to what they heard. It surely is a wonderful thing to have God's own very words in the Bible. Then the saying of Amen when we hear the words of God is very suggestive. Amen means "So let it be." The people meant that they accepted what they had heard and would take the words as the guide of their own life. We should say Amen to every Word of God we hear, letting it rule all our life.

(4) The Word of God shows us our sins and makes us sorry for them. "All the people wept when they heard the words of the law." This was because they saw how much they had been disobeying the law. If we read or hear the Word of God with reverence it will show us many a fault and shortcoming in ourselves. This is well, even if it makes us sad, for godly sorrow worketh repentance.

(5) The study of the Bible should always bring joy. The joy can come only after the sorrow, however. When we have repented and have been forgiven then we should rejoice. God wants sunshine, not clouds; songs, not lamentations. Then He wants us to share our plenty with those who lack. For example, on Thanksgiving Day it is not enough to have a good dinner ourselves; we should see that some other family not having our plenty shall have a dinner too.



LESSON 9.—NOV. 26, 1899.

Woes of Intemperance.

(Lesson Text: Prov. 23: 29-35. Commit to Memory Verses 29-32.)

GOLDEN TEXT—"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20: 1.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Prov. 23: 29-35. Tuesday: Isa. 5: 8-16. Wednesday: Isa. 5: 18-25. Thursday: Prov. 20: 1-11. Friday: Nahum 1: 1-10. Saturday: Isa. 24: 1-12. Sunday: Matt. 24: 42-51.

TIME AND PLACE.—Written by Solomon about 900 B.C., at Jerusalem.

How to Prepare this Lesson.

This lesson has been chosen by the Lesson Committee out of the regular order so as to furnish a temperance lesson. Study the different verses to get their meaning. Look up other passages in the Bible in which the subject is referred to, for example: Deut. 21: 20; Prov. 20: 1; 21: 17; 23: 20, 21; 31: 4, 5; Isa. 5: 11; Matt. 24: 49, 50; 1 Cor. 5: 11.

The Lesson Applied.

(1) Intemperance brings woe and sorrow. Sometimes men say they drink to drown their grief. But they only make new and more terrible sorrows for themselves. The troubles which come in the ordinary course of God's providence may be comforted. There is a beatitude which says, "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." But there is no comfort in the drunkard's sorrow. Some troubles have their compensations; they make people better. But the drunkard's sorrows do not work for his good unless they drive him at last to God. Fortune wasted, home torn down, furniture pawned, friends lost, manhood debased, dishonor—is there any other such sorrow as intemperance makes?

(2) Intemperance makes a man quarrelsome. "Who hath contentions? who hath wounds without cause?" Drinking saloons are scenes of strife. The great bulk of crimes are committed during intoxication. Statistics show that more than fifty per cent. of all murders in this country and in Great Britain are committed in drunken brawls. Some wounds are honorable. The soldier's scars are badges of merit, decorations; but the drunkard's wounds are marks of shame—"wounds without cause."

(3) Intemperance is deceitful. At first drink gives a man a kind of pleasure, is enticing and alluring, but "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Young men say there can be no harm in a social glass and they fancy they will

never be overmastered. There is a story of a goblet in the bottom of which was the image of a serpent coiled as if for the spring—with gleaming eyes and sharp fangs. It was concealed in the wine until the cup was nearly drained and then it appeared, rising out of the dregs as if ready to strike its fangs into the drinker's flesh. So it always is.

(4) The drunkard's case grows at last hopeless. "They have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall shall I awake? I will seek it yet again." No matter how much he is punished, how much he suffers through his sin, the drunkard is not cured but in a little while returns again to his cups. Appeals of family and friends avail not. Self-interest has no influence in restraining him. He may be beaten, kicked out of the saloon into the streets—but after all, he goes back into his old ways. Nothing but the mighty grace of God can ever save him from the power of his sin.

(5) The lesson from all this is very plain. It is written in one sentence: "Look not thou upon the wine." Some people tell us there is no total abstinence in the Bible. This sentence sounds like a total abstinence teaching. It warns against even looking at the wine as it sparkles in the cup, for this may start a desire to taste it, and tasting it may be kindling the fire of appetite which cannot be put out. He is a fool who carries a candle into a powder magazine. He is scarcely less foolish who allows himself to begin the use of intoxicating drinks. No man rushes at once into drunkenness; it begins in a very simple, apparently harmless way. Absolute safety lies only in total abstinence—not even looking upon the wine. One who follows this rule is certainly forever safe from the terrible danger of intemperance. No other one can be entirely sure of such safety.—*Westminster Quarterly*.



About New Books.

The School Hymnal.

FOR several years the Presbyterian Board of Publication has been engaged on a series of Hymnals. First, the Hymnal for use in church services was brought out and has had a great success. Later the Chapel Hymnal was issued. This also is winning its way to a very large success. The School Hymnal is the third and last of this series. It is prepared for use in Sunday-schools and is also adapted to young people's societies. It has been most carefully prepared under the direction of the committee. Every piece has been many times tested. It contains nearly three hundred hymns and tunes. The tunes have all been chosen for the beauty of their melody and for their singable quality, but never at the sacrifice of a proper standard for religious use. A large number of the tunes are new, having been written for this book. Many others are entirely fresh, unknown to our Sunday-schools and young people's societies. The hymns have been selected with special care—not merely for transient popularity, but for real merit which will make them live. [Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.]

The Story of Gosta Berling.

Translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlof, by Pauline Bancroft Flach. When "Gosta Berling" was published in Sweden a few years ago, Miss Lagerlof immediately became prominent, and, as Mr. E. Nesbit Bain writes in the September *Cosmopolitan*, "took the Swedish public by storm." She

has since produced two other works said to be of great merit, and is considered one of the foremost novelists of Sweden. The sagalike treatment and almost lyric mood of her "Story of Gosta Berling" render its form in keeping with the remarkable character of the book itself. Its central figure, Gosta Berling, is a priest deposed for drunkenness. He is brilliant, changeful, heroic, and last triumphant in his choice of a simple life. Hardly less striking are the characters of the women who by chance loved him, and of the stern Mistress of Ekeby who received him among her pensioners, and was herself turned out by them from house and home. The harshness of northern manners enables Miss Lagerlof to probe human life to its depths; and the legends of Varmland, in southern Sweden, are so blended with this truth to nature that they give the story an unusual power. [Little, Brown, and Company, Boston.

The Auld Meetin' Hoose Green.

These sketches of Rural Ulster by Archibald McLroy have been remarkably well received in Britain, as is shown by the following from the *North British Daily Mail*: "Mr. McLroy has an eye for oddities, the humor, the homely wisdom, and the pathos of his rustic subjects, and he depicts them in a way that enlists the reader's sympathy. When he raises a laugh at their expense, it is good-natured amusement; when he shows the pathetic side of the picture he invests it with a dignity of its own; when humor and pathos are mingled, as they sometimes are oddly enough, he preserves that delicate balance which commends itself to appreciative readers. His characters are simple sketches, but they are very human." The *Dublin Star* says: "Mr. McLroy is no mere Kailyarder. He is a close observer, and he knows his Ulster like the palm of his hand. Richly quaint are the various types he sketches, and his dialect is astonishingly accurate. Here is a characteristic story of an encounter between 'Scobes,' a 'natural,' and a Salvation Army officer who asked him to buy a War Cry:—"What'n a war's gan' on noo," said Scobes. "The great war between the world and the devil." "A niver hard o't. Hoo long have they been fechtin'?" "Many thousands of years—since the beginning of time." "Dear man, they mun a' bin weel matched."



Periodicals.

WITH a wealth of beautiful illustrations and with all the experts have to say concerning the great International Yacht Race, *Outing* for October is as fresh and wholesome as is the ocean breeze, which presently shall drive the white-winged fliers in their race for the America's storied cup. *Outing* for October tells all about *Shamrock* and *Columbia*, their designers, owners, and crews, for this is a yachting number of the popular magazine of sport, travel, and recreation. Other sports, however, are not neglected; *Outing* never fails in this respect. General athletics, football, golf, tennis, the horse, gun, and rod, kennel, and every department of sport in which a lady or gentleman can be interested receives the careful attention of writers who have become famous authorities in their chosen fields. In text and illustrations the number is one of the best that ever left the presses.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for October contains the first part of a masterly review by the Hon. Lyman J. Gage, secretary of the treasury, of "The Finances of Our Wars." Walter Camp writes a seasonable and sensible article upon "College Athletics." Edgar Allan Poe's *College Days*, at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, are discussed in a richly illustrated article by Jennie Bard Dugdale. "Liquefied Air, and its Uses," by Dr. George H. Johnson, is an ideal "popular science" paper, sound in its physics and entertaining in its illustrated account of the marvellous experiments "Women as Farmers," are written about by W. K. Draper, who asserts that "women who own and run their farms, without any male assistance, constitute thirty

per cent. of the farming population of Kansas and Oklahoma." Fritz Morris makes instructive comparisons in his illustrated article about "European Fire-Fighters." Frank R. Stockton's wonderful sea yarn, entitled "The Snowflake of the Service," and capably illustrated by Rosenmeyer, is the leading short story, and there is much other interesting matter.

PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT, of Harvard University, opens the October *Atlantic* with a characteristically original and forcible paper on "Recent Changes in Secondary Education." Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr., discusses the future relations of "The United States and Rome," pointing out that all religious denominations now appear to be gravitating together, and that Rome as a Church Universal, the church of the poor and the multitude, may yet exercise a controlling influence over our people and our destiny. "Letting in the Light" is the appropriate title given by Jacob A. Rus to his description of the places in New York city where rookeries and tenements have made way for parks and playgrounds, and his account of the health, happiness, and good order that have resulted. In fiction, Miss Johnston's thrilling and powerful serial, "To Have and to Hold," becomes even more breathlessly exciting as it approaches its as yet skillfully concealed climax. In shorter stories, Mrs. Prince's naive and delightfully humorous "P'tit Jean," Miss Earle's tender and romantic "Through Old Rose Glasses," in literature, Paul E. More's "George Meredith" and Miss Preston's "Mrs. Oliphant" are brilliant and searching reviews by skilled and appreciative hands of two authors as famous as they are unlike.

THE *Treasury of Religious Thought* for October, 1899, is a noteworthy number. Its frontispiece is a portrait of President John H. Barrows, recently inducted into office at Oberlin College, and its leading sermon is his first baccalaureate, an eloquent appeal to young men to the "Practice of God's Presence." M. Pratt has an article on "The Preachers at Northfield," and the second sermon is one preached there by Dr. C. J. Young, of New York, and Mr. Moody gives an outline on "Ruling One's Spirit." A strong article on "The Unique Inspiration of the Bible" is a chapter from a forthcoming volume by Dr. R. S. MacArthur on "The Old Book and the Old Faith." The editor looks forward to practical suggestion to pastors laying out work for the season, and quotes some recent plans of Bible study. Prof. Hunt, in one of his fine "Literary Life-Sketches," gives a study of Robert Burns. Dr. Chas. A. Eaton gives an able sociological article under the title, "The Menace of the City." Dr. Hallock continues his edifying "Prayer-Meeting Topics"; and all the minor departments are edited with care and fullness.

Two notable series of articles are begun in the October *Ladies' Home Journal*. "Her Boston Experiences," analyzing Boston society; and "The Autobiography of a Girl," her life from sixteen to twenty-six. Edward Bok writes of "The Fee of the Doctor," and points out "The South's Literary Chance." In "The Candy-Split System in the Church," Jan MacLaren protests against turning the church into a place of second-class entertainment. The conclusion of *Ann's* "Captain Diego." "The Widowhood of Mrs. Bunn" and "The Fire on Her Wedding Morn" are the fiction features of the October *Journal*. Pictorial pages show the prettiest houses in California—photographs of houses of characteristic Pacific Coast architecture—"Attractive Ideas for Boys' Rooms." "Tables Set for Special Occasions." "Some Small Greenhouses." "Fifty Delicious Dishes," and the final peep into "Nature's Garden." The fall and winter fashions in frocks, bodices, coats, hats, and the smaller belongings of the feminine wardrobe are considered in detail.

THE *Chautauquan*, heretofore published at Meadville, Pa., is now published by The Chautauqua Press, the bureau of publication of the Chautauqua Assembly whose offices have been concentrated at Cleveland, O. The October issue bears a new sub-title, "A Magazine for Self-Education," which indicates the broadened scope of this long-established and successful publication. The new editor is Frank Chapin Bray, formerly of the *Literary Digest*, of New York City. This issue contains, among other features, a symposium on "What it is to be Educated." The contributors to this symposium include President Chas. W. Eliot, of Harvard; President Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale; President Wm. H. P. Faunce, of Brown; President John Henry Barrows, of Oberlin; Edward Everett Hale; Dwight L. Moody; James W. Alexander, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, of New York; Clem Studebaker, president of the Studebaker Mfg. Co., South Bend, Ind.; May Wright Sewall, president International Council of Women; and Alice Freeman Palmer, ex-president of Wellesley. Apropos the coming Paris Exposition, Mary E. Merington describes and illustrates, "The Ocean Voyage" of "A Reading Journey through France." Dr. Richard T. Ely and Dr. T. K. Urdahl, of the University of Wisconsin, tell of "The Progress of Socialism since 1893." Among the miscellaneous articles are "Christian Expansion," by Eugene M. Camp, of the Church News Association, New York; "Child Labor in England and United States," by Chas. B. Spahr, of the *Outlook*; "The Woman from China," as seen in California, by Mary H. Field, of San Francisco; and "Mary A. Lathbury's her Life and Lyrics," by Vincent Beebe.

