

# THE CANADIAN EPWORTH ERA

Vol. VII

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1905

No. 10



DOWN IN A COAL MINE

MINERS READY FOR A DESCENT OF 400 FEET, INTO A MINE.—See page 292



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IN answering any advertisement in this paper, please state that you saw the advertisement in THE CANADIAN EPWORTH ERA.

**Times Have Changed.**—One hundred years ago, in the New England States, the sermons and the prayers were long, indeed, a prayer of only twenty minutes' duration raised suspicions concerning the minister's devotional gifts. Half an hour was common, and even an hour was sometimes exceeded. It is to be noted that the long prayers and sermons were listened to in churches into which the profane luxury of stoves had not yet been introduced. The minister wore his heavy overcoat, cap and gloves, and he would pause in the middle of the prayer to allow the shivering people to thrash their arms about and knock their feet together for warmth. On very cold days members—on paying a fine of sixpence—were allowed to bring their dogs to church, which, lying at their feet, proved a source of grateful warmth.

✱

**Value of Good Conventions.**—The Epworth Herald refers to the statement made in some quarters, that the Epworth League and Christian Endeavor Conventions are not as welcome to the larger cities as the Elks, Shriners, etc., because the delegates of the former do not spend nearly as much money as the latter. To this the Herald replies: "The presence of a religious convention in a city ought always to quicken its higher life—and as a rule this is the result. But, as this cannot be put into dollars and cents, the expert thinks the coming of such a convention to a city is not worth while, and he casts his vote for the meeting that brings good spenders. In this he is badly mistaken, for often the money-spending convention is a scourge to the city in which it is held, and a menace to the moral atmosphere of the cities and towns to which its members return." By the way, the Canadian cities do not seem to be falling over each other in their eagerness to secure the next meeting of our General Conference.

✱

**End of the Shrove Tavern.**—A little more than a year ago this famous saloon was opened, Bishop Potter attending and conducting some sort of religious exercises. (There is a difference between "services" and "exercises," and these were "exercises.") This was to be a civilized and decent saloon. In it was to be shown how the saloon business could be conducted in a respectable manner. It was to be a place where "Christian" people could come and have a drink of grog in safety. But it has proved to be a dismal failure. In spite of its "high character" it has lost money and has had to be abandoned. That kind of a saloon can not succeed. One of the bartenders is said to have explained the failure by saying that "rum and religion will not mix." Mr. Skidmore, the man who takes hold of the place and will run it as a full-fledged saloon with no "respectable" incumbencies, said: "You can't follow the Lord and chase the devil at the same time." These two men tell the whole story. You can not run the saloon business on Christian principles. It can not be civilized or Christianized. A saloon is essentially the devil's business, and must be run on his principles.



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# THE CANADIAN EPWORTH ERA

A. C. CREWS, Editor.



WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher.

Vol. VII

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1905

No. 10

## Our Paper for == 1906



It may seem to be a little early to make arrangements for our circulation canvass for 1906, but experience shows that the autumn months are the best for this purpose, as there are so many other matters demanding attention during the Christmas and New Year's holidays. As a special inducement to secure new subscribers now, we offer to send the **Canadian Epworth Era** for the whole of 1906, and also for November and December of this year, for one subscription.

Notwithstanding the fact that the cost of printing has greatly increased during the past few years, we continue to publish the **Era** at the very low price of 50 cents per year.

To continue to do this it is absolutely necessary that we should have a large increase in our circulation.

We have no paid agents, but depend upon the loyal help of Epworth League officers and members to sustain the paper. As a slight inducement, however, to those who get up clubs, we will send one free copy for every five subscriptions received.

Will you not begin the campaign for new subscribers, in your League, at once?

Take a copy of the paper into the League meeting, and tell your members what it contains, informing them of the special offer made to those who subscribe during the month of October. Then appoint one or more persons who will personally solicit subscriptions, on the spot. Do not neglect the older members of the congregation. Many of them would take the paper if asked.

The editor has no prospectus to publish, nor special promises to make for 1906, but expects to make the **Era** even more interesting and helpful than it has been in the past. You cannot do better than help to circulate it. In some localities it goes into every home connected with the congregation.

Many letters of congratulation and appreciation concerning the excellence of this paper are received, from time to time, and these are valued by editor and publisher, but it is practical co-operation and assistance that is wanted. As a matter of fact, we prefer one subscription to several resolutions of appreciation, and the publisher likes letters that commence with the pleasant words, "Enclosed you will find—subscriptions for the **Canadian Epworth Era**."

Our namesake, the *Epworth Era* of Nashville, Tenn., has recently increased its circulation from 10,000 to 20,000, and consequently is able to publish a much better paper than formerly, an example which could be followed here if we could double the number of papers that are printed each month.

Our southern friends have succeeded by a long, strong pull, and a pull altogether. The same will produce results in Canada.

Within the next week or two we want to hear from every League in Canada. As soon as you secure five names send them forward, and others can be added later. If only one or two new names can be obtained they will be thankfully received. Special mention will be made in next month's **Era** of those who do particularly well.

This is a most important matter, which concerns vitally the prosperity and success of the Epworth League. If we are to have a paper of this kind it should be supported loyally. League members cannot know what is going on in young people's work in their own church if they do not read their own paper.

We want to announce an increase of 1,000 in our circulation by the first of January. Will you help to secure it?

Send subscriptions to the Book Steward, Rev. William Briggs, Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

## Down in a Coal Mine

BY THE EDITOR

**N**ANAIMO is the Newcastle of British Columbia. Underneath the streets, stores and churches there is another town, dark and damp, but busy with industry, for here are large deposits of coal which have been mined for many years, and still prove a great source of wealth to the Province. It is essentially a mining town, as most of the inhabitants obtain their living by working in the mines far below the surface, or in loading the ships that lie in the harbor ready to carry the coal to San Francisco and other points.

Having the opportunity of spending a few days here, I decided to go down into one of the largest coal mines, and see for myself how coal is obtained. It was a most interesting experience which I did not have missed on any account, but which I would not care very much to repeat.

The shaft is 630 feet in depth, and we went down in a

low winding passage way at the rate of about eight to ten miles an hour, banging, clattering, twisting, turning, until we come to the end of the railway, or, at least, as far as the electric motors run. The coal is brought to this point by the mules, when trains of from fifty to eighty cars are made up and sent out to the shaft.

The rest of our journey has to be made on foot, as well as the entire return trip, involving a walk, altogether, of from two to three miles. To be candid, I have often enjoyed a walk better. The path was rough and muddy, and the roof above us varied in height from five to eight feet, more frequently being five than eight. Those of us who were tall had to walk in a bent-over position most of the time. Our heads frequently ground against the rock above us, and we were in danger of losing all the hair upon our crowns. Our spines became so bent that it took some time to straighten them out when the end of the journey was reached.

Talk about the "Fat Man's Misery" of the Mammoth Cave, that was nothing compared to the concentrated and prolonged wretchedness of this coal mine trip. Here is a "Fat Man's Misery" a mile and a half long.

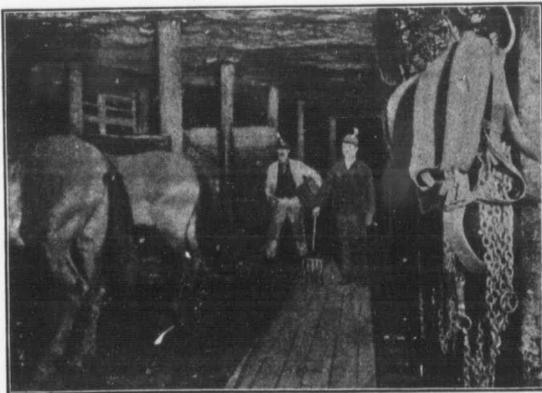
The lot of the coal miner is not a very happy one. Away down in the darkness, a mile and a half from the daylight, he picks away all day long earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. Each man has a separate place or stall in which to work, and illumination is provided by a lamp which is fastened to his cap. The veins of coal vary from one to eight feet in diameter, and the usual method of getting it out is for its foundation to be picked away, when a hole is drilled in the coal, a charge of powder inserted and fired. An explosion follows, and great blocks of coal are loosened. These are broken up and piled into the little box cars, the miner placing a check with his number in each car filled by himself. When the coal is weighed at the mouth of the

pit, every man is credited with what he has mined, and paid accordingly. Most of the workmen get from three to five dollars per day, and certainly they earn it.

A few years ago the work of loosening the coal from its solid bed was done entirely by hand, but recently coal-cutting machines have been introduced, which have reduced the cost of mining considerably, and, of course, increased the production.

One cannot make a visit of this kind without being impressed with the wisdom and benevolence of God, who has stored up for man's use such immense and seemingly inexhaustible supplies of fuel. Some people think that the world is coming to an end pretty soon, but there is no indication of it down here. The strong probability is that the Lord is going to keep this old world of ours swinging through space for a very long time, as He has provided in the bowels of the earth fuel supply enough for thousands and thousands of years. This wonderful wealth of coal has certainly not been prepared for nothing.

A coal mining town is different from most other mining communities. In silver, gold, copper and nickel mining there is an element of uncertainty, as the veins and ore pockets of metal that promise much in a certain place may suddenly disappear, and the prospectors have to move on. Consequently their homes are of a transient character. They are



STABLE IN A COAL MINE, THREE HUNDRED FEET UNDER GROUND

large iron cage, very similar to an ordinary elevator. Before starting, the manager very kindly furnished us with rubber coats, cloth caps, etc., for the protection of our clothing, as a coal mine is not the cleanest place in the world.

The man in charge of the machinery was very considerate, and let the cage descend quite gently. When about half way down a strange sensation is experienced. The cage seems to be going up instead of down. In a moment or two, however, we touch the bottom of the shaft, and find ourselves in the mine. The first place visited was the stables, where about forty powerful mules are kept for the purpose of hauling coal in the mine. They are well fed and comfortably housed, but their lot cannot be a very happy one, as they have to live perpetually in the gloom of their underground quarters. Once in a while some of them are taken up for a short holiday above ground. At first they do not know what to make of it, as for a time they cannot see. After a while they get the use of their eyes, and then give way to feelings of indescribable delight by running, jumping and rolling upon the grass. A vacation in a pasture field must mean a great deal to a coal mine mule.

The guide requests two of the gentlemen of our party to open a door leading from the stables. We were astonished to find that the door resisted our efforts although there were no fastenings. The pressure of the air is so great that a strong man has to exert all his strength to open the doors. The coal is mined about two miles from the mouth of the shaft, and is brought in by trains of small cars drawn by electric motors. As the cars go back empty we have the privilege of riding out. Enconcing ourselves in the little black vehicles, seated upon lumps of coal, away we go through



THE DAY'S WORK DONE

prepared at any time to break up housekeeping and seek another abode. But, as a rule, a coal mine never gives out. From year to year the great drifts and shafts run a little deeper into the earth, requiring longer haulage, but the coal is always there, so that the coal miner becomes a fixture, working year after year in the same mine.

Our guide was an old employee of the mine known as "The Fire Boss." It was his business to walk through every part of the mine a couple of times each day, and report the condition of affairs to the manager. The principal danger to be feared in a coal mine is the accumulation of gas. Occasionally explosions have taken place, which have sometimes resulted in serious loss of life. About nine years ago a terrific explosion was caused through the carelessness of a Chinaman who carried an open lamp into a room which contained a quantity of gas. About 180 men were killed, and the bodies of some of them still remain in the mine, it being impossible to recover them. Our friend "The Fire Boss" carried in his hand a little lamp covered with wire, known as the "Safety Lamp." By the use of this valuable device any part of the mine can be entered in safety. Sir Humphrey Davy conferred an inestimable boon upon the miner when he invented the "Safety Lamp," for it has doubtless saved thousands of lives. Of course, it has been greatly improved and perfected since then.

The subterranean passages of a coal mine are laid out very much like the streets of a city, usually with one main passage, seven or eight feet high and about eighteen feet wide. From this side streets radiate in various directions, and some of the men work at considerable distances from the main thoroughfare.

"The modern coal mine possesses a mechanical equipment

of considerable proportions. Apart from all the devices of modern engineering there are sanitation, drainages, and electric lighting systems of great perfection, telephones, electric conveyances, and a fire department that would reflect glory on many an incorporated city. The introduction of machinery has changed the whole aspect of the subterranean community."



MINER WITH SAFETY LAMP

From what has been said, we can well understand that the problem of ventilation is the one that gives the miner the greatest difficulty. Mechanical ventilation is, of course, necessary. The air is admitted to the mine through a special opening, and by means of powerful machinery, such as fans and blowers, is forced into the various rooms and passages. The greatest possible care is taken in the management of the ventilating system, as many lives depend upon it.

A personal visit to a coal mine cannot fail to enlist sympathy for the men who work so hard, under such unpleasant surroundings, to supply us with fuel. Anything that can be done to improve their condition by means of shorter hours, better homes, etc., should receive the earnest attention of the legislature.

## Keep the One String Sounding

BY EDGAR L. VINCENT

THEY tell a pretty story of an old musician who in his latter days became blind and almost deaf. No longer able to go before the public as in days of old, the old man would sit in his room, with his harp tucked up close to his ear, striking the notes as he had been wont to do long ago. One by one the strings became loose at the ends and no longer gave out the sweet tones the old man loved. At last only one single cord was left, but he still went on fingering that, his soul lost in what seemed to him the sweetest melodies. That one string bore away to heaven the songs of his heart and satisfied his every longing.

I know an old man whose feet are now slipping over the brink. Once he was a man of power to move men. He had a splendid position, and used his talent to the best possible advantage. He surely made the world better. Then came losses which stripped him of health. The store he had laid by in the days of his early manhood little by little melted away. He could no longer work as he had done. His hearing became so dull that it was only by the greatest effort that he could converse with the friends who came to see him. But through it all the dear old man kept a sweet heart. His love of books and papers still was left, and every day he would go up into his study and read on and on, making many notes of what he found and saving little piles of clippings from the current prints just as he had in days of old. It seemed almost pitiful to see how faithfully he went on with his work, just as if to-morrow he might be called upon to go out and do some work in the open field once more. I am sure God sees how faithful is his effort. He hears the song that is breathed out upon the one lone cord of the harp that is left, and it is counted unto him for good.

Have you not more than once seen men who seem to have lost all interest in the world? Once they had strength, place, honor among men. Now the strings of the harp are all broken save one or two, and those are silent. No more music from the harp. Only a sad sitting in the shadow waiting for the sunset.

It is a terrible thing to drop thus out of the world while

yet a part of it. In the world, still not of it. The one strand might give out some note to cheer and help those who pass by on life's highway. At least it might bring peace and rest to the man who used to finger the strings if he were to go on day by day playing the old-time hymns and songs.

It is not often that youth bows the head to discouragement. Only some heavy grief or pressing sorrow can bring that about. But sometimes we do meet those who seem to be holding in their hands harps, every string of which has been broken save one. I think God never leaves His children without at least one string upon which to play the harmonies of the soul. But He does now and then snap all the rest.

Just now there comes to me the case of a sweet young lady who had for many years been working toward a finished education. When almost in sight of the goal of her ambition health suddenly gave way and she found herself unable to go a single step farther. Can you think what that would mean? Stop for a moment and try to understand the weight of such a blow. But through it all that young lady has gone straight on, making the sweetest music she can on the one poor little string that is left to her and waiting for what may come next. Brave, true, consecrated, blessed heart!

You cannot see how it can be that God can use one thus situated for good? In a thousand ways. Who is not won by patience as shown in another? Does not brave endurance of suffering lift the heart up whenever and wherever seen? Is it not true that a cheery smile, even when it comes from a heart that knows the very deepest sorrow, is a winsome thing to look upon?

Have the cords of your life harp been one after another snapped until there is just one left? Make the most of that! Its music will not be lost. He who listens to the faintest note of the weakest birdling will hear and make note of the lightest sound your harp sends out, and hearing He will gather up the tones and make them to grow until their melodies shall resound through all eternity.

Keep the one string sounding always.

## The Bloom of the Christian Church

A Missionary Address, by REV. HAMILTON WIGLE, B.A., Winnipeg, at the International Epworth League Convention, Denver.

**O**UR mission work is the bloom of the Christian Church. This plant has taken many years to bloom. It is not like the century plant, but more like a millennial plant. It has been nearly two thousand years producing its roots and stock, but now the flower has opened and the four winds of heaven are gathering up her aromas, spreading her fragrance on the desert air, and drifting her fertilizing pollen to the isles of the sea.

Christianity is a thousand years late in doing her appointed work. If she had not "left her first love" she would have had the far East, and never suffered the pall of Mohammedanism to fall upon Asia. The loss of the sepulchre was a shock to Christianity from which she has not fully recovered.

The hallucination of material power no doubt led the over-ambitious spirit of the early Church to court the patronage of Rome, and led on by hope of political power she floated westward until the East was abandoned, and the last state of that people "is worse than the first."

The widest interpretation of the mission fields comprises Asia and Africa. In fact we are turning our attention particularly to China and Japan. While Linévitch is being encompassed by that irresistible cordon, so the Church is endeavoring to draw around Japan an irresistible cordon which will bring her to peaceful terms with the kingdom of Christ.

We are not without signs that the old prophecies of the surrender of kingdoms and empires to Christ are beginning to be realized. About one year ago the Jerusalem crusaders entered the Mediterranean like a royal commission reconnoitering the old battle grounds. As the ship parted the waters of the shores where the race was born, and where the sacred sepulchre lies, traces of the new invasion could be seen. All around the Mediterranean could be seen the faithful outposts standing by the guns and pointing their observation glasses towards the Himalayas, the Euphrates and the land of Ethiopia. All about those shores the fires are burning and the night-watch is being kept until the vanguard of the army arrives. That loyal missionary contingent is kith and kin of us, and they are holding their posts under the protection guaranteed by the Union Jack floating beside the Stars and Stripes.

The far East also has her rays of hope, for we see the Chinese wall of prejudice is crumbling down, the gates of Russian bigotry have been torn off their hinges, while the harbors of Japan are open to the advent of the Christian mariner. We can almost stand on tip-toe and look over the horizon and see the reddening dawn of the day of which Jeremiah and Isaiah wrote, for with the sign of the cross now rising in the East the Crescent will be overthrown and the uttermost parts of the earth be given to the Son for His possession.

Notwithstanding these encouraging symptoms of the triumph of Christianity a great deal of hard work remains for the Church before the harvest of the great plant is gathered. First, we need to have Christ's vision; second, we need to have Christ's spirit.

First, Christ's Vision.—He saw human suffering. When on the mount of transfiguration the disciples saw only the celestial glory, and desired to erect three tabernacles and remain there. Our Saviour saw a poor lunatic, with broken-hearted parents, at the foot of the mountain. He dismissed the celestial guests and went down to suffering humanity, and devoted himself to helping them. He saw the possibilities of mankind. He made appeals to what was in men; there still was a remnant of good to be appealed to. Some look upon man as void even of a moral tissue sufficient to respond to higher ideals. We are like the paper from the mill. It may at first look as if everything had been taken out of it until it is a mere dead blank, but on holding it up to the light we see, wrought in the very fibre of it, the name of the manufacturer. So with us, we may imagine the nature to be a moral blank, but when held up to

the light of truth we discern an outline of the Divine in the soul, for of every one we find that—

"Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

Surely our Saviour showed His faith and knowledge in those possibilities when He picked up a bunch of uncultured and commonplace men and made them the heralds of His kingdom.

When artists can see a Moses in a block of marble, and when some can see sermons in stones and books in the brooks, why are we so dull that we cannot see Elijahs and Pauls in the throbbing souls that pass our doors from day to day?

We are accustomed to pay homage to our poets, painters and sculptors because they are makers of ideals, but what about the men who lift up their fellow men? Men-makers are the greatest artists of the age—men who can see men in the "submerged tenth"; men who have the vision of Christ, and go after their fellows to erect the sloping brow of the man with the hoe and lift the drooping chin, and pull the Divine image out into his whole face again! These are the great men and this is the Divine vision.

What do we see in humanity? A manufacturer sees in a mass of people only power to work. A mechanical engineer sees in the ocean wave only wasted energy. He does not see the crystal drops carried over all the earth, cooling fevers, quenching thirst, and smiling in the flowers on every hillside, all reflecting the glory of God. So we should not look on humanity as a mass of commercial power or physical energy, but a host of highly-sensitized souls, every one of which can be made another human home for God to live in.

We must possess, in the second place, the Spirit of Christ. He was unselfish. Rev. J. W. Dawson says the Church today is dying of *ennui*. It is so selfish and self-indulgent that its power and usefulness are being destroyed. We are trimming too much and emulating the world. We may be building too fine churches and embellishing them, while on the next corner some poor widow is in need of food to nourish her children.\* We may be living in too fine houses while shivering and barefooted boys drop the morning papers at our doors.

I tell you all these conditions have to be reckoned with. Christianity was pre-eminently a religion of the street, the wayside wanderer, the poor and the needy. The reason it so commends itself, above all others, to the world is because it is calculated to meet the woes of humanity. Indeed the great credential of Christianity is the fact of its wonderful adaptation to the need and sufferings of humanity.

When our Saviour was looking at the gorgeous temple His disciples referred to its greatness, but He said that the day would come when there would not be left one stone upon another. There was no glory, inherent virtue, or historic value that would save it; but He told them once that whoever gave a cup of cold water in His name would never lose his reward. When will we learn what are the valuable things in life, and when will we possess the Christ-spirit?

A man on a street corner in Paris saw a poor flower-woman with a delicate child in her arms. She was selling flowers to keep soul and body together in herself and her child. Near by stood a barefooted market girl, looking so covetously at the flowers, but too poor to buy them. The man saw the situation, and possessing both the Christ-vision and the Christ-spirit, he purchased a bouquet from the poor woman and gave it to the poor girl, and he thus did the Christian act.

"He who gives his alms blesses three,  
Himself, his neighbor and Me."

We need a Tolstoy to cry out against our national pride and military expenditure. We need a Peter the Hermit to cry out against our religious apathy. We need a John the Baptist to lead us to the Jordan for a fresh spiritual baptism.

\*The strange coincidence happened that the next morning's paper, after this address was delivered, came out with the shocking statement that around the corner from the Convention (Trinity) Church a man and wife were in a state of starvation and had been fed by a Chinaman for two days.

confessing our sins. When we reduce our extravagant living and retrench on our elaborate churches and pull off our excess jewelry, and translate all these surpluses into Bibles, tracts and missionaries, then we may expect the windows of heaven to open upon us with blessings. We must go to the world with the olive-branch of peace, dripping with the dew of Divine love.

The Saviour's objective was the people. He followed them everywhere—on mountain, by the lake, along the river, through the streets. His life mission was to the people, and His death orders were—to the world! to the world! And we must repeat it, and go—to the world! to the world! with the Gospel! Then, and then only, shall we see the kingdom of God come speedily and with power.

## A Talk to Busy People

BY REV. EDMUND FREMONT ALBERTSON

THIS age is the busy man's paradise. The work of the world is done by busy people. Those who are not indolent gladly engage in toil and find it a benediction. Sweet is the song of the toiler, "who has transformed the desert into fruitful fields and the wilderness into Edenic gardens, who has healed every righteous revolution, who has supplied the world with heroes and saints and martyrs, out of whose bosom came the carpenter of Nazareth." You may grow weary with work, but it is harder by far to have nothing to do. You are in the vast majority of the children of men. Yours is the promise, yours the blessing, yours the rich inheritance. Grieve not, then, because your sphere seems compassed about with hardship. You are a chosen generation, a royal people, a favored multitude, to whom pertain earth's cherished treasures and heaven's reward.

are the children of our infinitely wise and good Father. I am jealous for you that you should possess the goodly heritage which is yours by the grace of God. I covet for you this gift. O fail not to appropriate it, to claim it. Go up and possess it.

What is this that is so much to be desired? It is true wisdom, it is a right relation to God, it is conscious union with Jesus Christ. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." Do you say you have no time for such thoughts? Be not deceived. Make no mistake here. Forget not your obligations to your Maker. If you devote all your time and energy to your vocation, you not only prove yourself untrue to your God, but you are inviting early failure of your physical powers. Use moderation in conjunction with the advice to be diligent in business. A Christian man asked an omnibus driver

if he was a follower of Jesus. He replied, "I am too busy for such thoughts; I work seventeen hours a day." The friend said, "I feel sorry for your wife, for you have no time to love her." "Why, I just love her every yard I drive." Are you too busy to love Jesus? You can love Him and serve Him and worship Him while engaged in life's duties. One said to a singer in the church where President McKinley worshipped, "So you sing to the President?" "No, I sing to the Lord, and the President has the privilege of listening." This is the true spirit in which we should perform our work.

The poet's picture of "The Village Blacksmith" is a beautiful description of a busy toiler who had time and disposition to worship his God:

"His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
He looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man."

He is at church on the Sabbath; he hears his daughter's voice in the choir, and it sounds to him like her mother's voice "singing in

Paradise." With his hard, rough hand he wipes a tear out of his eye.

"Onward, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes,  
Each morning sees some task begun,  
Each evening sees its close,  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose."

With the poet we thank this village blacksmith for the lesson he has taught us.

It is perilous for you to become so devoted to worldly enterprises that you neglect social culture and soul culture. The life story of many corroborates this statement. So fascinating, so entrancing are the many interests and hopes of the busily-engaged multitude, that you are readily swept into the whirlpool of emulation and excitement, where the conditions are unfavorable to the cultivation of the spiritual faculties. In one of the banks in London a man had counted gold sovereigns six hours a day for many years, until his heart was



THE EPWORTH LEAGUE OF METROPOLITAN CHURCH, TORONTO  
Count the young men.

The Man of Galilee honored you when he was born of a woman, in the home of a toiler, and when he busied himself at the carpenter's bench in the shop at Nazareth.

There are workers of brain as well as of brawn, who plan wisely and execute vigorously—in the counting-room, office and store; in the studio and library; in the college classroom and the laboratory; and in the offices of the professional people. They are busy also. To you all I write, for I am one of you, a toiler of earth, of the house and lineage of royalty—the royalty of the workman and the professional man. My ancestors were men of righteous life as well as busy toilers.

"My boast is not that I derive my birth  
From loins enthroned, and ruler of the earth;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,  
The son of parents passed into the skies."

I write unto you, busy people, because you are strong, because you are many, because you are worthy, and because you

as cold and hard as the gold he touched. In this progressive age where there is so much competition we find many who use the Sunday mails and trains to promote their interests. When the Hon. John Wanamaker was Postmaster-General he attempted, it is said, to lessen the amount of Sunday mail matter handled, but the busy people loudly protested against any change.

However, there are those, and their number is not small—industrious, shrewd, wide-awake people—who have time even on the busiest day for Bible-reading, the quiet hour, and communion with God. The late Washington L. DePauw was one of these. Ex-President Harrison is said to have once

made the assertion that whatever had been the press of duties, the morning Bible-reading and prayer had not been neglected in his home.

There is no other investment that offers such large returns as time and thought given to the development of the higher faculties. The soul is enlarged. Its horizon is extended, until its view sweeps the universe. Its vast possibilities are discovered. God is seen in His relation to man. Duty becomes a pleasure and His service a delight. Peace like a river fills the heart, and tranquil joy is the reward, infinitely great and satisfying, for He giveth his beloved peace.

## A Pastor's Experience

BY A MINISTER OF THE HAMILTON CONFERENCE

ONE lovely day in June I made my first visit to the home of poor old Mrs. Blank. She lived on a corner farm in a prosperous neighborhood, and everything about the place seemed to speak of dignity and prosperity in days gone by. The house was one of those large one-storey frame dwellings, so popular with the early settlers in the days when lumber was cheap and when firewood was plentiful. The size and general design indicated that the man who built it had been a person of consequence in the community. Evidently, too, he had been a man either blessed with a large household or given to hospitality. The shrewd observer might say that the house had originally been built for the home of a gentleman farmer. But on the day of my visit everything about the place was in the last stages of dilapidation. The house was almost a wreck. The roof leaked; in the rear windows the glass was broken and the sash smashed; what had once been a verandah was now a few rickety posts and weather-beaten boards. In the room where hospitality and good cheer had been dispensed a forlorn cow and some chickens had taken up their quarters. The surroundings were like the house. The fence had tumbled down. The barn was half stripped of its siding, and the frame had a decided "list." The once fertile sandy loam soil had through lack of cultivation gone back into semi-barrenness.

I approached the front door and knocked. No response. I knocked again, with the same result. Then I went to the window. It was impossible to see through the glass, for the reason, as I afterwards discovered, that soot and grime and dust lay a sixteenth of an inch thick on the inner side. But a hole in one of the window panes enabled me to see within. The interior of that room beggars description. Three things, however, I shall never forget. One was the old-fashioned bed in the far corner, speaking of old and better days, festooned with heavy, and once rich curtains—curtains now torn, faded and filthy. Another thing was the little table against the opposite wall, covered with a few dirty and broken dishes. The third thing was the mass of debris, lying all over the floor, to an average depth of about six inches, through which were worn paths leading from the doors to the table, and from the table and doors to the bed. Needless to say, an oppressive, musty odor filled the room.

Who was this woman, and how did she reach this state of wretchedness? A friend and neighbor of the poor creature gave me her life story.

Forty years or more before the time of my visit, Miss Jeannette ——— was one of the most popular young ladies of the county of ———. Her beauty, her intellectual brilliance, her refinement, her accomplishments, made her the belle of the country side. Many eligible men sought her in marriage, but she finally gave her heart to a certain Rev. Mr. Blank. For a while they seemed to live quite happily. But before long the shadow of what was to be a life curse threw itself over the minister's home. Mrs. Blank's father, in exercising a generous hospitality, had served wine and other liquors on his table. Unknown to her friends, possibly unknown to herself, his daughter had acquired an appetite for strong drink. After her marriage the appetite grew by what it fed on, until, in deepest grief, her husband on her account was compelled to retire from the ministry. Some time after-

wards he died, a broken-hearted man. Mrs. Blank gradually went from bad to worse, until she reached the condition already described.

In abject poverty, on her ruined farm, in her tumble-down house, at the mercy of the mortgagee, on the charity of her neighbors, she still retains one spark of her former pride. Before a casual visitor she could still affect a pitifully grand air, deplore the untidy condition of her house, and express her annoyance over the fact that the domestic help for which she had contracted had left her in the lurch.

They say that drinking is increasing among our ladies. Wines are not uncommon at five o'clock teas. Of course, no lady intends to indulge to excess. But when I hear of our young women sipping their claret and their sherry, I think of the tragedy of the brilliant and accomplished Miss Jeannette ———.

### Ash-barrel Jimmy

YEARS ago, when the Salvation Army was a new thing in America, its pioneers came to one of our large cities.

As usual, about the first thing they came in contact with was the police, and the police at first had no faith whatever in their mission. One policeman thought he would play a practical joke on these enthusiasts. He found a drunken vagrant, who had fallen headforemost into an ash-barrel half full of garbage, and had frozen into the unavary mass. The policeman fished him out half-dead and took him to the Salvation Army headquarters. "Here's a convert for you," he said. "You can have him and welcome!"

The Army accepted the challenge. They took the drunken, half-frozen, filthy creature. They washed him, nursed him, fed him, and put decent clothes on him. Best of all, by the blessing of God, they converted him, and the wretched out-cast became truly a new man in Christ Jesus.

"Ash-barrel Jimmy" was a joke in police circles for a while. But the change in Ash-barrel Jimmy was too radical and marvellous to remain a joke. This first convert became "a living epistle, known and read of all men." Years have gone by, and he still remains a consistent Christian, and an unwearied worker in the Army's ranks. The miracle of the new life—the old, old story—is shown forth daily and unanswerably in him.

No other religion than that of Christ could have done it. No other religion knows what regeneration is, much less preaches it. In these days of doubt and discussion, it is well to remember this. Buddhism, Mahomedanism, Brahminism, Confucianism, could have had no message for Ash-barrel Jimmy. They would have let him go back to the ash-barrel. Christianity saved him. "Their rock is not as our Rock. Even our enemies themselves being judges."

The heart within you cries out for something and you let it cry. It is crying for its God—for its father and mother and home. And the day will come, when all the world will look dull and gray, till your heart is satisfied and quieted with the presence of Him in whom we live, move and have our being.—*Beautiful Thoughts.*

## Confessions of a Sexton

BY Q. E. D.

**I**f my confession is to be a perfectly candid one, I must state at the start that I have always felt that I am peculiarly fitted by nature to be the sexton of a church. In the first place, I am an optimist, as a man certainly needs to be if he is to be a sexton for many years.

Secondly, I am a patient man—more patient than Job, for he answered back when grumbled at, and I never do except by pointing occasionally to the thermometer when some one tells me the room is freezing cold.

Thirdly, I am a modest, contented man. When some rare soul tells me how well the wheels of my quiet machinery are running, I do not immediately feel called upon to resign my office in the hope of having the position of a bank president thrust upon me.

And fourthly, I am methodical. I sweep the church on Fridays and dust on Saturday afternoons. I give so many whisks of the duster to each pew, and I put three hymn-books in each long centre seat and two in each shorter side pew. I set my watch by the jeweller's every Saturday, so that the bell may be rung on the proper second; and I

part of my work. But I do groan inwardly—inwardly, mind you—at doing needless work.

Sometimes in preparing for a social, a group of ladies will say, "Oh, let's put the piano over there between those two windows."

So I put my shoulder to the wheel and move the piano. Pretty soon another group comes along and says: "Who moved the piano? It will never do to have it there; the music won't sound well." And so I trundle the thing back.

It is the same with the seats; one woman says, "Put them all sideways, sort of free and easy," and then another doesn't like the arrangement, but wants them all removed except a few around the sides of the room. And so my work has been doubled many a time because of the want of the head of the social committee, that makes all its plans and knows what it wants and remembers that there is just as much work to be done after a social as before, with less enthusiasm to carry it through.

Often I have had plenty of willing hands to help remove a heavy object, and the next day had to scour the neighborhood

to find a man to help me get it back into place. And once, just once, let me whisper, after a Christian Endeavor social, I washed all the dishes and then took the dish towels home to rinse out.

But you are not to suppose that such things as these can happen often in a church like ours, or that when they do happen it is with the intention of getting the church's money's worth out of the sexton. It is pure thoughtlessness. Indeed, the church sexton is perhaps the most likely person in the world to fall a victim to other people's thoughtlessness; certainly no one will indorse more heartily than he those old lines,

"More evil is wrought by want of thought  
Than is wrought by want of heart."

I have sometimes been tempted to think—for I am an optimist, you remember, and know it is only thoughtlessness—that the best cure would be to have the sextonship a sort of training school through

which each member of the church should pass. I am sure that such a course would result in more genuine sympathy and appreciation than usually falls to the lot of a sexton.

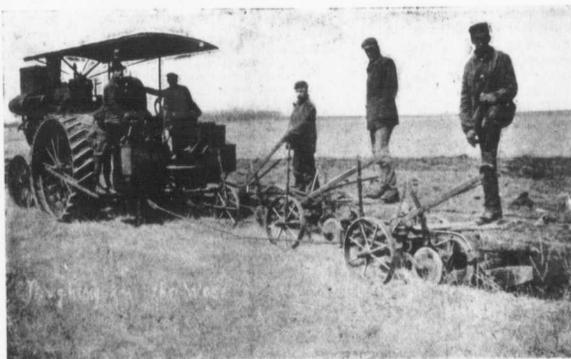
It is said that a man never knows he has a stomach until it gets out of order, and I sometimes think a church never knows it has a sexton until something goes wrong.

If I should ever be promoted to the pastorship, I shall take particular pains to let my sexton know when he pleases me.

Now do not smile at this presumptuous supposition. I said I was an optimist. So I am, and I am optimistic enough to see golden opportunities from my lowly point of vantage. If a minister is one who ministers, then I may claim the title even now.

I believe I have it in my power to be my pastor's best helper, not only in anticipating and quietly providing for his comfort and that of his hearers, but I may install myself as chief watchman on the wall.

It may be my blessed privilege to let the pastor know of this or that young person who left the evening service hastily for fear of showing his emotion; to let the pastor or the desecrator of the stranger who sat in the rear pew; of the Sunday-school boy who hung about pretending not to want anything, but who was really hugging for an encouraging word; to speak a word here and there about the choir's faithful work at their rehearsals which nobody else has so good an opportunity as I to know about; it always delights me to feel that I have been the instigator of some appreciative word.



PLOUGHING BY STEAM IN THE WEST

This represents a scene on Mr. J. P. Dill's farm, near Woomersley, Assa.

Photo by Jas. A. Ismond.

always know just how many taps to give, and when to close with the double tap.

Now having described myself, let me say a word about the church. There are some of the very best people in the world in my church, and sometimes I have thought that even a pessimist could get along as sexton in this most thoughtful, most appreciative of churches.

I must confess, however, that even among these there are people who expect the sexton to do miracles in the way of ventilation; that there are those who cannot stand a draught but will persist in sitting in one; that there are other cold-blooded ones who will choose the seat farthest from the register and then blame the sexton.

I have had complaints from two people at the close of the same service; one that the air was stifling, the other that it was cold and draughty.

And then I must confess that there are a few even among us who will decorate until dark Saturday evening or late Sunday morning, leaving a scattered mess to be swept up; that sometimes even our choir expects the sexton to know by instinct when to have the church open for rehearsals; and that sometimes our women—bless 'em—want the seats dragged out of the lecture-room, the unsightly big stove removed, the piano put into another corner, the primary chairs and tables stacked away, and sometimes rockers and rugs brought from near-by homes for an evening social.

Not that I mind so much doing these things; they are

A sexton's life is a life of little opportunities, and these opportunities are as varied as you can imagine, from speaking "the word in due season" at some crisis which only the sexton may have chanced to see, to rolling a restless baby in his carriage up and down the sidewalk while his mother listens to the sermon, or scrubbing up a dirty little child from some wretched home, so that the contrast between her and the other children will not be too great.

Should these humble confessions fall into the hands of other sextons, let me say to them, never mind if some of your people forget and leave things helter-skelter for you to clear up; others will say, "How good you were, Mr. Sexton, to take all this trouble for us! There are not many such." Never mind if you've worked for a day or two getting ready for some fashionable wedding, warming the church, waiting on the decorators, personating the minister at the rehearsal, and then have spent the best part of another day getting the

flowers out and things generally into shape again, and when it was all over had to remember that the pastor's wife had all the fees there were and you hadn't even a "thank you"; there will be other weddings where "our obliging Mr. Sexton" will come in for a generous share of the remembrances.

If some committees keep you up half the night with their conferences, there will be others who will say, "No need of your staying here to wait for us, Brother Sexton; we can turn off the light and lock the door just as well as you can." Cheer up, brother sextons. Be patient, be faithful, be good-natured. The world, even the Christian world, is a good deal like a looking-glass, it reflects a good-natured face.

And if perchance, brother, these confessions should meet the eye of some that are numbered among the "powers that be" in the church, and next Sunday you should happen to get a hand-shake that is a bit heartier than usual, let us both smile and be glad.—*The Congregationalist*.

## The Poetry of Elizabeth Barrett Browning

BY MISS BESSIE HARTNOLL

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING is the greatest poetess England ever produced, and an American critic calls her "the most inspired woman of all who have written, in any language, in any age or clime." She is perhaps best known by her shorter poems, "Cowper's Grave," "Victoria's Tears," "The Sleep," and "The Cry of the Children," being among the most admired. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the thought and wording of those poems.

We must remember, when reading "Cowper's Grave," the strange fits of melancholy mania to which the man was subjected, who yet could write such glorious hymns as "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood" and "Hark, My Soul, it is the Lord," then we will understand why the poetess wrote at his grave:

"O poets! from a maniac's throat  
There poured the deathless singing;  
O Christians! at your cross of hope  
A hopeless hand was clinging.  
O men! this man in brotherhood  
Your care and woe beguiling,  
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,  
And died while you were smiling.

"With quiet sadness, and no grief,  
I learn to think upon him;  
With meekness, that is gratefulness,  
To God whose heaven hath won him;  
Who suffered once the madness cloud  
From His own love to blind him,  
Yet gently led the blind along  
Where light and bird could find him."

"Victoria's Tears" tells how, at some time during the coronation ceremonies, the Queen turned away her head and wept:

"O maiden, heir of kings,  
A king has left his place,  
The majesty of death has swept  
All other from his face.  
And thou, upon thy mother's breast,  
No longer lean adown;  
But take the glory for the rest,  
And rule the land that loves thee best.  
The maiden wept,  
Yea! wept, to wear a crown."

How like a prophecy, which we know has been fulfilled, one of the verses is:

"God save thee, weeping queen,  
Thou shalt be well beloved,  
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move  
As these pure tears have moved.  
We see the nature in thine eyes  
That tyrants cannot own—  
The love that guardeth liberties:  
Strange blessing on that nation lies  
Whose monarch wept,  
Yea! wept, to wear a crown."

"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep" was one of Mrs. Browning's

favorite Scripture passages, and from it she gives us beautiful thoughts concerning the "Sleep of Death":

"Sleep soft, beloved! we sometimes say,  
Yet have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber, when  
He giveth His beloved sleep."

"His dew drops mutely on the hill;  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
Though on its slope men toil and reap;  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
He giveth His beloved sleep."

"And friends—dear friends! when it shall be,  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my hier ye come to weep,  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say, not a tear o'er her must fall,  
He giveth His beloved sleep."

"The Cry of the Children" is not only beautiful as a poem, but it served a noble purpose. The thought of little children working underground in the dark mines, and all the day long in factories, filled the heart of the poetess with pity and indignation, and thus does she plead for them:

"They look up with their pale and sunken faces,  
And their looks are sad to see,  
For the old man's hoary anguish draws and presses  
Down the cheeks of infancy.  
'Your old earth,' they say, 'is very dreary';  
'Our little feet,' they say, 'are very weak';  
Few paces have we taken yet are weary,  
Our grave-rest is very far to seek."

"And well may the children weep before ye!  
They are weary ere they run;  
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory,  
That is brighter than the sun.  
They know the grief of man, without his wisdom;  
They sink in man's despair, without his calm;  
Are slaves, without the liberty of Christdom;  
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm;  
Are worn, as if with age, yet unretiringly,  
The harvest of its memories cannot reap,  
Are orphans of the earthly love, and heavenly—  
Let them weep! Let them weep!"

"Their blood splashes upward, O God heaper,  
And your purple shows your path;  
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper  
Than the strong man in his wrath."

This poem appeared at the same time that Lord Shaftesbury delivered his speech in Parliament on the same subject, and did much to secure the enactment of a law abolishing the employment of children in mines and restricting it in factories. A love of liberty and hatred of oppression was one of Mrs. Browning's characteristics. The cry of the slaves reached to her across the sea:

"I heard an angel speak last night,  
And he said 'Write,'  
Write a nation's curse for me,  
And send it o'er the Western sea."

"The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point" describes most powerfully the wrongs of slavery.

When she made her home in Florence, the struggle for a free and united Italy was going on. Loving liberty as she did, it was natural that her sympathy should be strongly enlisted. This found expression in her poems, "Casa Guidi Windows," which describe her personal impressions as she looked out from the windows of her Italian home upon the military processions as they surged through the streets of Florence.

The vivid pictures, the grasp of political problems and the love for Italy which those poems display make them a lasting monument to her fame. Many of her shorter poems also deal with the same subject, and the Italians deeply appreciated her sympathy. On the wall of the house in which the Brownings lived the city of Florence has placed a marble slab, on which is inscribed, in letters of gold, "Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who, in her woman's heart, united the learning of a sage with the genius of a poet, and made of her poetry a golden bond uniting Italy with England."

Her longest poem, "Aurora Leigh," is considered to be the most finished expression of her genius. It is really a story in verse, but it deals with the weightiest social problems, and



MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

in it, the author tells us, are woven her highest convictions of life and art. We can gather from it that with her poetry was not a mere pastime, but a serious business, her great desire being to make the world better by what she had to give.

No less a critic than Ruskin calls "Aurora Leigh" "the noblest monument of modern English poetry," while Leigh Hunt declares it to be "a hundred times the best poem ever written by a woman." In this poem, as in others, the poetess places emphasis on the dignity and duty of work:

"Get leave to work  
In this world—'tis the best you get at all;  
For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts  
Than man in benediction. God says, 'Sweet  
For foreheads': men say 'crowns': and so we are crowned;  
Aye, gashed with some tormenting circle of steel  
That snaps with secret spring.

Get work! Get work!  
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get."

"Free men freely work,  
Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease,"

"After Adam work was curse,  
But after Christ work turns to privilege,  
And henceforth one with our humanity,  
The six day worker, working still in us,  
Doth call us freely to work on with Him  
In high companionship."

One reason why the reading of good poetry is helpful is because it not only leads us to see the beauty of the world we live in, but also to see God in nature. With Mrs. Browning nature seemed immediately to draw her thoughts toward God, and she ever recognized, as she says, that—

"Earth's crammed with heaven,  
And every common bush afire with God."

Thus she finishes describing an English scene:

"Hedge-rows all alive with birds, and gnats, and large white butterflies;  
Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist;  
Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills;  
And cattle grazing in the watered vales;  
And cottage gardens smelling everywhere,  
Confused with smell of orchids. "See!" I said,  
"And see! is not God with us on the earth?"

After describing a sunrise in the woods, she says:

"And no one looking round the wood  
Could help confessing as he stood,  
This Poet-God is glad and good."

It is worth noticing that, in spite of all the sadness and suffering she experienced, her writings are free from any complaining note. Instead, we find her declaring—

"I think we are too ready with complaints  
In this fair world of God's."

And again—

"We overstate the ills of life, and take  
Imagination (given us to bring down  
The choirs of singing angels overshore  
By God's clear glory) down our earth, to rake  
The dismal snows instead."

And another sonnet concludes:

"Maker, and High Priest,  
I ask Thee not my joys to multiply,  
Only to make me worthier of the least."

Not always can comfort be found in God seen in nature, but we have to go to God Himself. In a poem written after the tragic death of her brother she gives expression to this. After telling how bitter and heartrending the loss was, she says:

"A voice reproves me thereupon,  
More sweet than Nature's;  
God's voice, not Nature's! Night and noon  
He sits upon the great white throne,  
And listens for the creatures' praise.

"He reigns above, He reigns alone;  
Systems burn out, and leave His throne;  
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall  
Around Him, changeless amid all,—  
Ancient of days, whose days go on.

"For us whatever's undergone,  
Thou knowest, wiltest, what is done,  
Grief may be joy misunderstood,  
Only the good discerns the good,  
I trust Thee while my days go on.

"Through dark and death, through fire and frost,  
With emptied arms, and treasure lost,  
I thank Thee while my days go on."

So can faith triumph over grief, and she sees in sorrow a means that God uses to draw men to Himself:

"There is no God," the foolish saith,  
But none 'There is no sorrow';  
And Nature oft the cry of faith  
In bitter need will borrow;  
Eyes that the preacher could not school,  
By wayside graves are raised;  
And lips cry 'God be pitiful,'  
That ne'er said 'God be praised.'"

In Dean Farrar's new book, "The Life of Lives," he says: "Poetry is the choicest flower of all human thought, and just as the greatest poets of the ancient world who knew God, like Isaiah and the psalmist, sung of the coming Christ, so, since he has come, all the supreme poets—Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson—have come to Him with their singing robes about them, and laid their garlands most humbly at His feet." And this might be

said also of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, for her poetry is full of the thought of Christ.

One of her dramatic poems, "The Seraphim," describes the thoughts and emotions awakened in the minds of the angels by the sight of the crucifixion, while "The Exiles" tells of the banishment of our first parents from the garden of Eden, special prominence being given to the thought of the Christ who was to come.

Her poem, "The Dead Pan," is considered worthy to rank with Milton's Advent hymn. In Grecian mythology Pan is one of the names given to the universal deity, and this poem is founded on a tradition that as the Saviour died a cry of "Great Pan is dead" swept across the waters in the hearing of certain mariners. The thought of the poem is that there was no longer use for the false gods of Grecian mythology, since the true God was to be revealed to all:

"It was the hour when One in Zion  
Hung for love's sake on the cross;  
When His brow was chill with dying,  
And His soul was faint with loss;  
When His priestly blood dropped downward,  
And His kingly eyes looked throneward—  
Then Pan was dead."

And beyond the cross she sees the risen Lord:

"He stands brightly where the shade  
With the keys of death and hades is"—

And toward Christ all souls must journey, if they would not go astray. She says, at the close of "The Soul's Travelling":

"Yes, very vain,  
The greatest speed of all those souls of ours,  
Unless they travel upward to the throne  
Where sittest Thou, the satisfying one,  
With help for sin and holy perfecting."

Some one has said of her, "Not a finer genius ever came into the world; not a more Christian life was ever lived; not a more beautiful memory ever followed the name of man or woman after death." Not only do her writings reflect Christ, but according to the testimony of all who knew her, her life also reflected the character of Him who was so real a presence to her that she could pray:

"Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet,  
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,  
Lest I should faint and fall, and miss Thee so  
That Thou art not missed by any that entreat."

Exeter, Ont.

## A Young Man's Feet

BY REV. W. McMULLEN, B.A.

THE feet of youth are restless feet. The world is not wide enough, the mountains not high enough, the valleys not deep enough, and the boundless sea not broad enough, for the hot days of youth. The lust of wandering is in the blood. The forest calls; the sea calls; the vast untrodden wilds of north and west call loudly. After all, this is a true inheritance from the distant past. Ours are not the first roving feet; ours are not the first souls that have listened wistfully to the call of the wild.

One thing is sure, whether we go east or west makes little difference; whether far from home or near is immaterial, but our feet must move. There are no rests in youth's music, no periods in her annals. Youth is a perpetual flow, a ceaseless river of action. There is no need to urge youth to move; there is no use urging it to stay; we can simply direct into proper channels the energy we cannot repress.

Activity and restless energy are neither sins nor virtues in themselves; the direction of the energy determines its quality, and the quality also determines the direction.

Field sports act as a safety-valve for youth, and sometimes the rougher they are the better suited they seem to the impetuosity of youth. There is no demand for a "Ladies" game, but football, lacrosse, and baseball are gladly welcomed because of the energy they demand.

There is a certain rough turbulence in youth that is not wholly evil. Weakness and senility may stand aghast at its violence, but wise men smile as they remember the days of old. If Britons had been a cautious, calculating race, careful of life and limb, the red cross flag of St. George would float to-day over one little island alone. Ours is the restlessness of a Viking ancestry, of a full-blooded, strong, self-willed, and dominant race.

Youth naturally shrinks from a narrowed life, and it is better so. Don't let your local circle bound your view. We are as big as our race. Keep in touch with an ever-widening circle. Go where you want to go, if possible, and go where you don't want to go. The men who contradict your views and assail your traditions will probably help you more than those who agree with you—at least, they will teach you tolerance, a lesson well worth learning. Don't try to repress your energy too much. You can't bury a live man in a book. You will need stream and lake, mountain and forest, to keep you in touch with nature. Nature's friends live long. There is more health in the free breeze of the mountains and the strong sunlight of the meadows than in all the *materia medica*.

Listen, then, to the voice of your ancestry in the roaming instinct of your nature; listen to the call of nature about you, but remember home ties also—these are sacred and not to be lightly disregarded. Above all, listen for the quiet tones of the voice we know as Deity. God knows us better than we know

ourselves, and He never leads astray. For some His path leads straight to the market of the busy city; for some it leads to wild wood haunts and solitude; for some it leads across the seas, to where other races await the evangel of peace; but be sure, wherever it leads, you swerve not from it. Strong are young feet to carry their owner, but the way is long and they may be weary before the evening shadows fall, but in the path of Higher Life we renew our strength. The old story of Anteus is reversed. For us, every time we touch heaven our strength is renewed, and he who lives in fellowship with God knows no failure.

Get into touch with the Highest, then go where you will. But, if ever you find yourself in shameful company, do not blame others. Your feet are your own; and if ever a man goes to perdition, his own feet must carry him. You are master of your own movements. Accept the responsibility in full and meet it like a man.

Alvinston, Ont.

## The Dollar Drew Interest

LATE on the Saturday noon preceding the day on which Bishop Joyce became ill, he walked up street with a friend and parted with him in front of the *Journal* office, after making an appointment to see him again on Monday on his return trip from Red Rock. He was in fair health, but said that the terrific heat during his work in St. Louis the week before had affected his stomach. Otherwise he was quite well and was scheduled for several meetings during the Denver convention.

A little incident occurred while he stood in front of the *Journal* building. A prominent attorney of the city came along and shook hands with the bishop, and, after a minute's conversation on other topics, said: "Bishop, when are you going to preach in Minneapolis again? I haven't heard a good sermon since the last time I heard you."

"Have you been to church since then?" asked the bishop, with a twinkle in his eye.

"No," said the attorney; "I have not."

"Well," rejoined Bishop Joyce, "you see now how important it is that I studied law in my younger days."

"I see," said the lawyer, "you have grasped the principle of cross-examination of witnesses."

Bishop Joyce was asked when he was going to Denver.

"I do not know exactly," he said. "If my ticket comes, I shall go Monday night. I have a friend in Chicago who sends me tickets whenever I have any travelling to do in this north-west country. He is a railroad man, and I am going to tell you how I became a 'solid' with him, as the saying goes.

"Years ago I was the pastor of a little church in an Indiana town, and in that town was a boy who carried papers to help his mother, who was a widow. He used to bring around New Year's greetings, and I would give him ten cents, or whatever I could spare. One New Year's, I remember, I gave him a dollar. It was a big dollar to both of us, because he did not have any and I had very few. Well, you should have seen that boy go whooping down the street with that dollar in his fist.

"Years afterward I was pastor in Cincinnati and wanted a clergyman's permit, which would give me reduced rates on railroads. I knew from the papers that my little friend of the dollar, who had grown up and become a great railway man, was in Cincinnati, so I went to his office for his assistance in getting the permit. I went into the office and asked for him by name.

"He was not in, so I named my business to the clerk, saying, 'I want a clergyman's permit; I am a preacher here, and my name is Joyce.'

"'Joyce,' said the clerk, 'why, we know all about you. Mr. — has told us all about you, and said that if you came in here, to give you anything you wanted except the rails.'

"So you see," said the bishop, with a little smile, "the Methodist Episcopal Church has been drawing splendid inter-

## The Reward of Service

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,  
Whose deeds, both great and small,  
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,  
Where love ennobles all.  
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;  
The Book of Life the shining record tells.  
Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes  
After its own life working. A child's kiss  
Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad;  
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;  
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;  
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense  
Of service which thou renderest.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

## An Impressive Temperance Lecture

THERE is something in the result of the great naval battle in the Straits at Korea that goes beyond the scope of enquiry of the naval experts. Superior strategy, swifter ships, truer firing and greater daring—these are only the superficial explanations of Admiral Togo's victory. They are the manifestation rather than the cause of the proud ascendancy of Japan.

The result of the battle is, in reality, the triumph of sober Japan over whiskey-soaked Russia. It is the greatest temperance lecture ever delivered to the world, to nations and to individuals as well.

What was proved on the wreck-strewn Straits of Korea had already been proved in the destruction of the Port Arthur squadron, in the running fight with the Vladivostok cruisers, in the reduction of an almost impregnable fortress and in the land operations in Manchuria. It was in each case Japan against Russia, but it was more. It was temperance against debauchery.

Japan's achievements on land and sea were not directed by men who had spent their days and nights in idleness and dissipation. They were the products of lives of strong, steadfast, sober

endeavor, the very opposite of what their enemy had been.

The lesson of the war is not for Russia alone. It is for every nation and for every individual who seeks stability and advancement. Great Britain's greatest danger to-day is the intemperance of the people. Intemperance and Progress do not go together. They are, as Sir Frederick Treves said the other day, hopelessly antagonistic. Russia has learned this truth, but at a terrible cost. Let Great Britain profit from that lesson before it is too late.—*Toronto World*.

## The Value of Indecision

A GOOD story of a recent conversation between Mr. Howells and Mark Twain is going the rounds. Mark Twain was relating some of his experiences before he became famous.

"My difficulties taught me some thrift," he observed; "but I never knew whether it was wiser to spend my last nickel for a cigar to smoke or for an apple to devour."

"I am astounded," returned Mr. Howells, "that a person of so little decision should meet with so much worldly success."

Mark Twain nodded very gravely. "Indecision about spending money," he remarked, "is worthy of cultivation. When I couldn't decide what to buy with my last nickel I kept it, and so became rich."



WAR ORPHANS AT KANAZAWA, JAPAN

The question of providing for the children left orphans through the war is now being urged upon our own and other missionaries in Japan. Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, to whom the war has brought so many opportunities for work are now caring for sixteen of the children.

est on that dollar. It has often made me think we little know the possibilities in the little boys running among our feet. My friend has often told me that that dollar that day was worth more to him in giving him confidence in the future than any \$10,000 he ever handled afterward. Preachers and business men cannot take too much notice nor learn too much about the boys."—*Minneapolis Journal*.

## The Fairy's Robe

There was a fairy wise and good  
Once on a time, I've heard say,  
Who took the bits of happiness  
That foolish folk had thrown away,  
And wove them in a wondrous loom,  
Till she had made a Robe of Joy,  
Whose shining folds were never dimmed,  
And which no time could e'er destroy.  
Then all the people cried, "Alack!  
Lend us, we pray, this wondrous dress,  
That we may say that we have known,  
At least, a borrowed happiness!"  
The fairy smiled, "Go look," she said,  
"Along your path, and you will find,  
That though a few stray joys I took,  
Yet plenty still remain behind!"

## Quiet Hour.

### Jesus I Look to Thee

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT.

Jesus, I look to Thee

By foes and fear oppressed,  
If Thou but cast a glance on me  
My inmost soul is blest.

I look to Thee, and trust

That Thou dost save me now ;  
I am but weak and helpless dust,  
A mighty Saviour, Thou.

Thou art the Lovely One,

My constant source of rest,  
Like Thy belov'd disciple John,  
I lean upon Thy breast.

Deep are the mysteries then,

My enraptured soul doth see,  
Sweet are the secrets that I share,  
My Saviour Friend, with Thee.

The wondrous flow of love

From Thy great heart to mine,  
My nature's inmost powers move  
In sympathy divine.

My soul has passed within

The halo of Thy charms,  
Free from the galling power of sin  
In thine encircling arms.

Then let my soul repose

Long as on earth I roam,  
Where'er my wandering body goes  
This be my spirit's home.

And when from earth I fly

Winged with a love divine,  
Jesus, I still shall see Thee nigh,  
And claim Thee ever mine.  
Merritton, Ont.

### Co-workers with God

BY C. B. KEENLEYSIDE.

A few years ago I spent a summer in the Rockies. Early one July morning I started with a young school teacher to climb Mount Rundle. Rundle is that razor-back peak lying just east of Sulphur Mountains in the Banff National Park. The slope on the western side is gradual, but on the east precipitous. The summit is about 11,000 feet above the sea and a mile above the valley. As we started in the dawn the whole base of the mountain was ablaze with wild flowers. There were the sweet briars and the buttercups, the field daisies and the violets, the asters, golden-rods, phlox and geraniums, making the mountain fairly glow with beauty.

For a thousand feet or so, we climbed through the tall timbers—great trees that have stood for centuries proclaiming God's power. Then, for perhaps another thousand feet we made our way amongst the shrubs and underbrush, the vines and the creepers, and then came a belt of mosses, and after the mosses a few hundred feet with only lichen, making grey the face of the mountain. And then, for probably two thousand feet, we climbed over bare rock, void of

all verdure, rearing its nakedness to the skies.

About three in the afternoon we came right out on the very summit of the mountain, and there I found, blooming all alone two thousand feet from any other plant life, a wee golden flower no bigger than my finger. There it was, standing up against gravity and loneliness, with no eye to see it but God's, doing its best to be lovable and make the whole top of that great barren mountain fairly glow with beauty.

Position was nothing to that flower, neither were talents. Nature placed it there to cover the mountain barrenness, and that was its mission in life.

Paul says we are "God's co-laborers." Yes, co-laborers like the flower, with God, in helping to make this world beautiful and more like heaven.  
London, Ont.

### A Little Heart Flower

Oliver Wendell Holmes used to say that there lived a little flower in his heart called Reverence, and he found it needed watering once a week. This saying may be taken as a quiet "apologia" on behalf of reverence—a grace which he may have regarded as in danger of vanishing. It may also be taken as a plea on behalf of weekly worship; and, if we are to believe a great deal that we hear, this also is one of those things the need for which is not now very strongly felt.

The two—reverence and worship—are in point of fact closely related. Reverence does tend to worship, and worship does, or ought to, increase reverence; or, as Holmes puts it, water the little flower. Mr. Ruskin looks upon reverence as "a function of the human spirit"; with the result "that if men can get nothing else to reverence they will worship a pool or a stone or a vegetable."

The reverence we feel and cultivate in worship certainly reacts upon character. It helps to sweeten and mellow the disposition, and dignifies the daily intercourse of life. And perhaps the most that can be done to counteract the general drift in the direction of irreverence is that each one for himself should abide much in the secret place of the Most High.—*Selected.*

### Common Days

One of the chief dangers of life is trusting occasions. We think that conspicuous events, striking experiences, exalted moments, have most to do with our character and capacity. We are wrong. Common days, monotonous hours, wearisome paths, plain old tools and every-day clothes tell the real story. Good habits are not made on birthdays, nor Christian character at the New Year. The vision may dawn, the dream may awaken, the heart may leap with a new inspiration on some mountain-top, but the test, the triumph, is at the foot of the mountain—on the level plain.

The workshop of character is every-day life. The uneventful and commonplace hour is where the battle is won or lost. Thank God for a new truth, a beautiful idea, a glowing experience; but remember

that, unless we bring it down to the ground, and teach it to walk with feet, work with hands, and stand the strain of daily life, we have worse than lost it; we have been hurt by it.

A new light in our heart makes an occasion; but an occasion is an opportunity, not for building a tabernacle, and feeling thankful, and looking back to a blessed memory, but for shedding the new light on the old path, and doing old duties with new inspiration. The uncommon life is the child of the common day, lived in an uncommon way.—*Maltbie Davenport Babcock.*

### Communion with the Highest

We only retain our fine perception of anything when we keep in communion with the highest of its kind. What I mean is this: "You can only retain a fine sensitive literary perception by holding fellowship with the classics. You cannot retain a fine literary perception by merely confining your attention to the daily press. If a musician wants to keep a scrupulously accurate taste he will have to walk arm-in-arm with the greatest in the musical world. If we want our sense of the sacred to be preserved in justness and refinement, then we have got to keep in communion and fellowship with the highest. If we are to retain our reverence we must hold communion with the venerable and sublime. It has been ordained by the Almighty that if the vision be periodically fixed upon the hills, that temporary vision of the hills will lend influence to the life upon the plains. When reverence begins to die, when he begins to take away his eyes from the hills—the specialties—then, I say, his regard of the commonalities begins to decay."—*Rev. J. H. Jewett.*

### A Gospel of Joy

The oppressive heathen religions, with their fatalistic doctrines, show their effect in the unradiating countenances of the Chinaman and East Indian. But Christianity has something better—a gospel of trust, joy, and hope. We must really make our doctrine of Providence something more than a theory—more than a piece of theological lumber in the attics of our minds. The Christ, who sang a song before He went to His Gethsemane agony, should teach us to get more out of God than we do. He must mean more for us and stand for more. Let it be said with the highest reverence, but with the fullest truth, that a God we men cannot use is worthless to us as a Deity. He invites us to use Him and to get the most out of Him, saying that hitherto we have asked nothing. Too much dependence on man demoralizes, but dependence on God makes us godlike. We say we trust in God and then go around with knit brows. We say we have faith, but it is evidently only a kind of intellectual assent to something, and not a vital and comforting trust and confidence in the Father who careth for us. We hear Jesus say, "Come unto me and I will give you rest," and we hug our burdens still and sweat and groan. We are dull scholars

who cannot learn the lesson of life. We cannot practically accept the statement that to them that love God all things work together for good. We are an "uncor squad"—an awkward lot of soldiers, never learning the drill. To us, too, the words apply which come over the years, "Why art ye afraid, O ye of little faith!" We need to pray with the disciples, "Lord, increase our faith!"

### An Open Door for Romans

It is said that in the city of Rome there was an official whose duty it was to keep his door always open, so that in case any Roman citizen should have occasion to apply for help, he might meet with a ready response. It meant something to be a Roman citizen. But it means more to be a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God. For such, in their seasons of distress, there is ever an open door, the door of divine mercy, at which no needy soul can stand an unadmitted applicant. The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open to their cry. The prophet speaks of having his ear opened to hear, as one of the learned.

Christ, the brother born for adversity, has learned how to listen. There are times when the burdened soul finds more comfort in telling his troubles than in hearing words of sympathy, however sincere. Patient listeners are in demand. Such a listener is Christ. Therefore do we say to all that are in trouble and distress, "Pour out your hearts before Him, ye people." The mingled outpour of our distressed hearts may not do much credit to our faith, our courage, or wisdom, or our judgment. Yet even when our hearts most condemn us, God is greater than our hearts and knoweth all things.

An earthly parent can often tell the story of a child's grief before the little one has begun to unburden his heart, but the loving parent listens to it all, and then soothes and solaces. Christ's ear is ever attent, Christ's door ever open, and he cries: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*N. Y. Observer.*

### Live in the Present

The only safe way is to live in the present tense. Yesterday we cannot reach except that we may repent of its sins and be forgiven, and the future has not yet come and will be sufficient unto itself on its arrival. To-day is our own. The duty of life with us is "now." To live humbly toward God, to live courageously and generously, reaching out our hands in a brotherly way and doing what good we can to-day is our privilege. Every day lived right will make it better for us to-morrow, whatever that may be. To live each day as though we only had the one day on earth—the one day in which to do good, the one day in which to praise God, the one day in which to be loyal to Christ, the one day in which to make the world happy—that is the way to live in order to bring something of heaven into the present. And surely that is the way we ought to live; we who are only travellers passing through this world to our home beyond.

### God's Sky

He was a little fellow, but he wanted to say something comforting as his childlike eyes turned occasional wondering glances toward the troubled face beside him. The mother's heart was sad at leaving the dear old home and its scenes, the hills, the river, the woods; she should miss them all. Suddenly the little face pressed against the car window brightened with a joyous discovery.

"Why, mother," he cried, eagerly,

"God's sky is over us yet; it's going right along with us!"

The mother smiled. "Sure enough, dear, God's sky is going with us wherever we go, and it will be with us always," she answered, taking to her heart a deeper comfort than the child could know. All that was round might change, but that which was above remained secure. Dear, familiar scenes, old friends, the sweet and happy past may all be left behind—must be left behind as life goes on—but overhead are the heavens still, with their tender blue, their cloud and sunshine, their countless stars, and the love that rules them all. Everything of earth may change, but "God's sky" abides.—*Forward.*

### Spiritual Dwarfs

Robert Louis Stevenson, when a little lad busily occupied one day with his pencil, suddenly looked up, and said: "Mamma, I've drawn a man; now shall I draw his soul?"

Could we but see our souls as God sees them, would we want any one else to see them! Is there not needed, in addition to the almost numberless societies already in existence, a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Souls? John might be made president, who set up the true standard of health when he wrote: "I pray that in all things thou mayest prosper and be in health even as thy soul prospereth" (3 John 2). Paul should be vice-president, who, ever quick to detect symptoms of spiritual feebleness and their causes, wrote: "For this cause many among you are weak and sickly" (1 Cor. 11. 30). Peter should be secretary, who out of a painful personal experience repeats the injunction: "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (2 Pet. 2. 18). And who shall the members of the society be? Who, if not we whose very speech betrayeth us, our most common expressions bearing the stamp of our materialism. Ask your friend, "How are you?" and will not his reply relate to the tenement rather than to the tenant? "First rate"; or, "Not quite up to the mark," he will no doubt answer, if an American; or if a Britisher, he will be more likely to say: "Very fit"; or, "rather seedy." In any case, you will almost surely have to repeat your inquiry with altered emphasis: "But how are YOU?" John Quincy Adams when fourscore years of age, thus accosted one day in Boston, replied: "John Quincy Adams is well, sir, quite well, I thank you; but the house in which he lives is becoming dilapidated; it is tottering on its foundations. Time and the

seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered, and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon; but he himself is well, sir, quite well."

Yes, it is perfectly possible that while the outward man is perishing yet our inward man may be "renewed day by day" (2 Cor. 4. 16). But, for the most part, "the inward man" is not given very much of a chance. The spirit is oftentimes left to starve until it becomes just about what the Hindus conceived it to be, when after thinking of the universe as a great cosmic man, and then resolving this into an impersonal principle, they transferred their concept back into man, and thought of the spirit within as "a little dwarf only a thumb long!" Did the Master mean the Church to be a race of dwarfs—a hospital filled with half-starved and stunted souls? Does He not, rather, desire to be the Head of a host of stalwart soldiers, who, feeding upon the Word of Life and growing up in all things unto Him, go on from strength to strength (Ps. 84. 7)!—*David McCannughy.*

### A Message for To-Day

Some Christians make much of the burdens imposed upon them by their discipleship in Jesus Christ, as if they were intolerable, or at least grievous, and a hardship that they ought not to be expected to endure. It is much better to magnify the joys of the Christian fellowship and service. For they are more in number than the crosses, and help greatly to make the cross-bearing a source of spiritual delight and profit. The Master said: "He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me." Since cross-bearing is a test of discipleship it ought to be accepted with gladness by all who would follow in His train. Samuel Rutherford looked upon the Cross of Christ as the sweetest burden he ever bore, because it was such a burden as wings are to a bird, or as sails to a ship, to carry the Christian forward to his desired haven. "Those who by faith see the invisible God and the fair city," he said, "make no account of present losses or crosses."

With exultation the Christian sings, "In the Cross of Christ I glory," which is proper and inspiring. But he has a right to glory also in his own cross; which, while symbolizing the crucifixion of self and his death to the world, also stands as the token of his participation in the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, and as the emblem of his transformation into a new creature in whom the gracious spirit of Jesus Christ abides in undisturbed dominion.—*Epworth Herald.*

My hopes are with the dead; and

My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on

Through all futurity;

Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust.

—*Southey.*

## THE CANADIAN EPWORTH ERA

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## Editorial.

### Foundation Virtues.

There are foundation virtues and top-stone virtues; virtues that hide and virtues that shine. In youth we are attracted, perhaps, more by the dazzling virtues than by the solid, soberer ones, but as we live, the years reveal that all the shining virtues rest solidly upon the buried or semi-buried ones that we failed to see. The foundations of character are laid slowly, silently, and without ostentation, and they must be laid if our work is to stand. The hours of silence do more for us than the hours of speech. Let us build steadily patiently, for our work shall outlast the eternal hills.

### Modern Inquisitors

A report comes from Chicago to the effect that labor unionists recently captured some "scabs," took them to an empty room, kept them prisoners for days, tortured them in the most cruel manner, and then cast them out on the streets, broken in body and ruined in mind. This is sufficient answer to any who say that the spirit of the Spanish Inquisitors died with the abolition of the Holy Office. An analogy may easily be found between the work of the priests of the fifteenth century at Seville and the doings of certain labor agitators of the twentieth century in Chicago.

The Inquisition assumed to govern men's souls, the union undertakes to govern men's bodies. The Inquisition dictated what men should believe in theology; the union dictates what men shall believe in regard to economics and sociology. The Inquisition said how men should serve their God; the unionist says how men shall serve their employer. The Inquisition called all dissenters heretics; the union calls all dissenters "scabs." The Inquisition quarrelled with men who spoke without their authority; the union quarrelled with men who work without their sanction. The Inquisition used fire and sword to enforce its decrees; the union uses vile names, intimidation, boycott, and sometimes, as the case cited above shows, violence and torture. The Inquisition professed to love the souls of those whose bodies it burned; the union declares itself the best friend of the man whom it drives from his work.

In saying these things we would not be misunderstood. We have no grudge against the unions as such. We look upon them as being both necessary and inevitable. We are not pleading the cause of the non-union man as such. What we

do plead for is the right of every man to sell his labor to whom he likes and for what price he sees fit. He who denies this right strikes at the very foundation of liberty.

It is no answer to say that the capitalists are just as bad as the unionists, or worse. We know that such is the case. The spirit of the Inquisition informs the trust and the association just in so far as these organizations seek to coerce and penalize their outside competitors or their workmen. What we plead for is liberty for all; what we denounce is tyranny on the part of any. Tyranny is common to both the man in broadcloth and the man in overalls and is just as villainous in the one as in the other.

### "Oncers"

The number of people who attend public worship but once on Sunday is rapidly increasing, especially in the cities. In some of the larger churches in Toronto, the pastor might almost preach the same sermon morning and evening, as the congregations are to a very great extent different. The leading officials of the church are in their pews in the morning, but many are absent in the evening. There is some excuse for those who have attended class and preaching service in the morning, and Sunday-school in the afternoon, but those who have not been out in the afternoon really should stand by their pastor in the evening, unless there are special circumstances to prevent. Few people know how disheartening it is to a preacher to note so many of his people away, when he has labored hard to prepare for them a suitable message.

### No Duties Attached

When Bishop Phillips Brooks sailed for Europe on his last trip abroad a friend jokingly remarked that while abroad he might discover some new religion to bring home with him. "But be careful of it, Bishop Brooks," remarked a listening friend. "It may be difficult to get your new religion through the custom-house." "I guess not," replied the bishop, laughingly, "for we take it for granted that any new religion popular enough to import will have no duties attached to it."

This is exactly the kind of religion that many people are looking for. Take the average congregation of five hundred people. How many of them are engaged in any form of Christian work? One-third would be a very high estimate. The majority of the people certainly have a religion with "no duties attached," for they never think of doing anything beyond going to church and listening to a sermon once or twice a Sunday.

Pastors, League presidents, Sunday School superintendents and other leaders should seek to stimulate the young people especially to know something of the joy of service. How true it is, the harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few.

### Popularity of the Novel

One of the most depressing signs of the times is the increasing popularity of fiction to the almost entire neglect of solid reading. The book stores sell scarcely anything but ephemeral novels. If a customer should ask for one of the standard works of fiction, Scott, Dickens or Eliot, he would be informed, in most cases, that these books were not kept in stock.

The stores report each month the best selling book, and it is invariably a novel, whose run is over in a month or two. The story that everybody is talking about to-day is entirely forgotten in a few weeks.

The magazines, too, are giving up their pages almost

entirely to fiction, for the most part of a very inferior quality. On railroad trains, steamers, street cars, everywhere, people are seen poring eagerly over imaginary adventures, imaginary loves and woes. An instructive article is sandwiched in occasionally between the stories, but this is regarded by many as merely an incidental feature, to be passed over.

The effect of all this cannot be otherwise than harmful. There is nothing elevating or improving in it, and it must be regarded as simply a waste of time. Indeed it may be said that very little would be lost if the modern magazine, with very few exceptions, were banished entirely from our homes. A strenuous effort should be made to induce our young people to read something else than stories.

"How long he lived!" was remarked of the late Senator Wark, who died recently at the advanced age of one hundred and one. Perhaps he did, for the Senator was a good man, but life should not be measured altogether by months and years. Some men live more in thirty years than others in threescore and ten.

MR. JOHN PINK, librarian of the Cambridge Free Library, says that the young people of England do not value books as they used to do. "It is all cricket and football now, anything, in fact, but study." So much the worse for the English young folk. Recreations like cricket and football are all right in their place, but when they crowd out mental improvement they become a curse rather than a blessing.

THE first set of this year's Epworth League Reading Course was ordered by a young man in one of our towns, who called at the Central Office of the Epworth League while in Toronto. He said that he already had a library of two hundred volumes, and was adding to it gradually as he was able. A case of this kind is a fine contrast to the one mentioned last month of the young fellow who confessed that he had never read a book in his life.

ONE of our pastors, in speaking of the summer schools, said he went to one this summer, feeling that they were scarcely worth while, considering the great amount of work involved. At the close of the services, however, his opinion had entirely changed, for he felt satisfied that many people had been helped by the school, who had gone home to help others. If this has been the general result, who can estimate the influences for good sent abroad by these schools!

THE Wesleyan Methodist Church in England and the Methodist Episcopal Churches in the United States have recently published new hymnals which embody the best of the new hymns, together with the old standards that have been sung for so many years. In each case the work has been done well. Now we ought to be able to publish a better book than either for our Church, by taking the best things from both. We certainly need such a book.

FOR two years a Presbyterian church in this city was without a pastor, the pulpit being supplied by candidates who remained only for the Sunday. During that time the Christian Endeavor Society of the church looked after the devotional services, visited the sick, and generally attended to the pastoral work, and did it so successfully that at the end of the two years the membership had actually grown. This is an illustration of the great capacity for useful

ness there is among Christian young people. If such fine results could be reached without a pastor's aid, how much better work might a young people's society do under the guidance and inspiration of an energetic minister! The wise pastor will use his young people.

OCTOBER is probably the most valuable month of the year for Christian work. Much of September is occupied in preparation. There are programmes to be made, plans to be outlined, and committees to be appointed. By the first of October, however, everything ought to be in full swing. If this precious month is allowed to pass without doing anything, the loss will be irreparable. Whatever you propose to do during this season, be at it with all your might during October.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is entitled to great credit for the part he played in bringing about peace between Japan and Russia. If he never did anything else, this alone would entitle him to grateful remembrance on the part of the civilized world. It is a splendid thing to have a man of his moral and intellectual calibre at the head of a great nation like the United States. One would suppose that even Democratic members of Christian churches would vote for him. But party ties are too strong for that.

"SAME old thing," said a hearer, as the pastor announced his text: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son." "We have heard ever so many sermons on that text," was the remark made in an undertone to one who sat at his side. What a shallow nature is indicated by such a flippant comment! For those who breathe the same old air, eat the same old bread, and warm themselves in the rays of the same old sun, to complain of the Gospel because it is not new is inconsistent and ridiculous.

AT the reception tendered the Rev. W. H. Hincks at the Parkdale Methodist Church, Dr. Gilmour, who occupied the chair, remarked that it was a very nice thing to welcome a new pastor, but he felt more interested in giving the old pastor a good send-off. There was, in his opinion, a striking contrast between the enthusiastic manner in which young ministers are received into the Church at their ordination and the indifferent way in which they are allowed to drop out of the ranks at the close of a long and faithful ministry. There is much pertinency in this remark.

"WE have not enough probationers coming into our Conference to supply the work," remarked a preacher a short time ago. A similar condition of affairs exists in other conferences, and is, perhaps, general throughout the Christian world. Many reasons have been assigned for this. Perhaps one is the fact that ministers, Sunday-school superintendents, Epworth League presidents, have not been as alert as they might have been in looking out for suitable young men, and encouraging them to enter the work of the ministry. The late Bishop Joyce became a Methodist preacher through the urgent solicitation of the Rev. Granville Moody. Had this man of God not met young Joyce when he was a school-teacher, the probabilities are that the great gifts of the evangelistic Bishop would have been lost to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Some men have done their best work for Christ by stimulating workers more gifted than themselves to put on the harness for Christian work.

## Hints for Workers.

### A Pertinent Question

In Mr. Moody's earlier days in Chicago an over-zealous critic, who was not an over-active worker, took Moody to task for his defects in speaking. "You oughtn't to attempt to speak in public, Moody. You make many mistakes in grammar."

"I know I make mistakes," said Moody, "and I lack a great many things; but I'm doing the best I can with what I've got. But, look here, my friend, you've got grammar enough; what are you doing with it for Jesus?"

### Don't Play at Religion

Christ is speaking to you now. Listen! Turn not your face away. Don't play at religion. Christ will have more mercy upon one man who was openly hostile to him—the man who, because he knew no better, spat at him and buffeted him as he passed to his cross—than upon the man who comes Sabbath after Sabbath to the house of God, and says, "Lord, Lord," and sings the hymns of sanctity and consecration, and catches the glow of emotion, and goes his way upon the Monday, forgetting it, and acting as though it had not been. Let us be earnest and sincere in dealing with ourselves, and when the call comes to us let us obey, and in our obedience will come the peace of our heart and the eternal triumph of our life.—Rev. W. J. Dawson.

### Where He Appoints

If we are really and always and equally ready to do whatever the King appoints, all the trials and vexations arising from any change in his appointments, great or small, simply do not exist. If he appoints me to work there, shall I lament that I am not to work here? If he appoints me to wait in-doors to-day, am I to be annoyed because I am not to work out-of-doors? If I meant to write his messages this morning, shall I grumble because he sends interrupting visitors, rich or poor to whom I am to speak to them, or "show kindness" for his sake, or at least obey his command, "Be courteous"? If all my members are really at his disposal, why should I be put out if to-day's appointment is some simple work for my hands or errands for my feet, instead of some seemingly more important doing of head or tongue?—F. R. Havergal.

### The Shirker

The shirker is in evidence in the League. Even the world recognizes him at a glance. In all church work the burden rests on a few, because some have a mind not to work, notwithstanding they sing.

"I want to be a worker for the Lord. I want to love and trust his holy word,

I want to sing and pray and be happy every day  
In the vineyard of the Lord."

One good deed is worth a dozen resolutions, and the shirker will never reach the acme of bliss unless he is willing to do. Some Leaguers shirk for lack of courage, notwithstanding they are told to be "strong in the Lord." Sometimes pride overrules them. Jeremiah says "the pride of their hearts hath deceived them." Some are really idle. Perhaps the Master would condemn them as he

did the fig tree when he said: "Cut it down. Why cumbereth it the ground?" Frequently they are seized with a fit of mania, and unless the work is contrarily, and they desire they take neither part nor lot in the matter, for "their heart is not right in the sight of God." All too late they discover that we are laborers together with God and should do nothing through strife or rivalry. There is no room in the League for the shirker.

### The Cowboy's Answer

Julian Ralph, in his brilliant book, "The Making of a Journalist," tells the story of a friend of mine, who met a cowboy once, fifty miles from any town or camp, dragging a steer by a rope. He had lost his horse, and was walking. The sun was tropical, water was nowhere to be found, Indians were likely to appear and kill him; still he tugged at his burden, which was harder to pull than if it had been dead. My friend inquired what he was dragging the 'cow,' and was told that the cowboy's destination was a place two days' distant on horse-back.

"Why," exclaimed my friend, "what makes you try to pull a cow all that distance?"

"Because I've got it to do," was the laconic answer of the cowboy.  
"We are not told any more, but we can be sure that the cow and the cowboy got there. That kind of worker always gets there, no matter how hard the cow is to drag, nor how long the distance. "Because I've got it to do," is the true worker's battle cry. Half of life's work is sheer drudgery; that is why so many half-hearted workers do it poorly and complainingly. But the boy or girl who sets out on each difficult task with the steady thought, "I've got it to do," cannot be beaten, and must infallibly reach recognition and success. "What a wedge, what a butte, what a catapult, is an earnest man!" says Thoreau. "What can resist him?" and the experience of the world re-echoes that question. "It's dogged as does it," is a true saying, and holds the secret of the worker's victory.  
—Forward.

### Better Meetings

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D.

How is your society furnace?  
It is going to be a cold winter.

Every winter is cold in the moral and spiritual world unless the warmth is generated within the church. The winds of the world do not blow warm and gently to fan an earnest, religious life into a glow.

So while at this time of year we are overhauling the furnaces in our cellars, testing the pipes, looking after the draught, seeing that there is an abundant supply of fuel in the cellar, there is a Christian Endeavour Society furnace that ought to be looked after; that is, the prayer-meeting.

The prayer-meeting is sometimes called the thermometer of the church or society. It is far more than this. A thermometer is a little thing of glass and quicksilver that registers the heat.

The furnace is a great, capacious affair that generates the heat, and carries it by its pipes and radiators to every part of the house.

The Christian Endeavour prayer-meeting should be such a furnace to develop the warmth and glow of the society, and convey it to every committee and every member.

The fuel for a good meeting is the Word of God; the ready testimonies and hearty songs of all the members cause it to glow and sparkle; the draught is furnished by the wind of the Spirit.

But to drop all figures which, after all, must not be pushed too far, plan, pray, work to have a good prayer-meeting if you would have a good society this year. You cannot have it otherwise.

And you can have such a prayer-meeting. Here is the secret—the human side of the secrets—see that every active member takes his part.

### Attention to Details

Hugh Price Hughes, the great London preacher, was rightly reckoned among the most powerful and popular speakers of his time. Wherever he went, eager crowds hung upon his lips. But another side of his varied life is not without its lesson. He was most faithful in his attendance on committee work. His whole mind was given to the minutest matters. The turning of a phrase, or the placing of a comma, he considered with sedulous care.

And in this attention to details lay largely the secret of his great influence. Because he had thoroughly mastered a subject at every point, he was able to make others understand it clearly. His power to move multitudes was gathered by his patient plodding.

It is by mastering the little things that the power comes to grasp the great. There is for every one something that he ought to know "down to the ground," and there is no royal road to such knowledge. Little by little, bit by bit, it must be fought for, but once gained, the thoroughness of the knowledge gives a power all its own.

### The Infidel's Sermon to a Preacher

Never shall I forget the remark of a learned friend who was at one time somewhat skeptical in his views. Said he to me:

"Did I believe, as you do, that the masses of our race are perishing in sin, I could have no rest. I would fly to tell them of salvation. I would labor day and night. I would speak with all the pathos I could summon. I would warn and expostulate and entreat my fellow men to turn unto Christ, and receive salvation at his hands. I am astonished at the manner in which the majority of you ministers tell your message. Why, you do not act as if you believe your own words. You have not the earnestness in preaching that we lawyers have in pleading. If we were as tame as you are, we would never carry a single suit."

A decade of years has passed away since that remark was made. I bless God it was addressed to me. It put a fire into my bones which I hope will burn as long as I live. God preached a stirring sermon to me that day by the mouth of that infidel lawyer.—Peter Stryker.

Practical Christianity knows nothing of an eight-hour day or of a Saturday half-holiday or of a Sunday at rest. It is at work all the time.

One wonderfully successful way in which to serve God and your fellow man is by "doing common actions in a heavenly spirit," as the great Spurgeon once said, for if your daily calling only leaves you cracks and crevices of time you can glorify them by filling them up with holy service.

# Practical Plans.

## How to Use the Reading Course

The best thing to do, of course, is to organize a Reading Circle, meeting on some other evening than the regular League meeting. This may consist of a dozen or even half a dozen members, who usually meet in each others homes, and carry on their work largely by the question and answer plan.

In some places, however, it is not deemed practicable to have a circle of this kind. In such cases the books of the course can be used to good advantage by making them the basis of the monthly literary programmes. Several members might be chosen to present brief essays, or read particularly interesting selections from the books. The books will also suggest topics for discussion and debate.

After a season of such literary evenings the members will have learned something valuable, and most of them will probably feel satisfied that the method is vastly superior to the miscellaneous programmes of readings and recitations.

## Many Hands Make Light Work

A writer in The Guild, the organ of the Wesley Guild, makes some valuable suggestions on how to give work to members who might be inclined to take no part in the programmes. They will be equally applicable to Epworth League. He says: "My plan is to begin by recommending has been put in operation in three different parts of England, with results which give me confidence in urging it. It is to assign to a given night one subject, and get the younger members to act in a group of six or eight, under the guidance of some more experienced person, who shall be the organizer of the group. The subject chosen is viewed from different aspects, each being allotted to some member of the group, that it may be thoroughly worked up. Advice is given as to the books or parts of books to be consulted, and, if necessary, some oversight is given to the papers, which should be short, not more than five or six minutes in length, containing about five hundred words. The subject may be literary, theological, historical or sociological; the papers should form a series of short related studies, and the result should be a conference rather than a debate. Debates, as a rule, go in favor of the ready, rather than the fully-informed man; facts in themselves un-doubted are often made use of in a very doubtful manner; the tendency is to seek victory rather than light; and the evening ended, there is an uneasy feeling that truth has watched the proceedings only from afar. In these co-operative evenings, on the contrary, no one is expected either to win or to lose, each is asked to work up thoroughly his piece of the subject.

"If from the present appearance of things, anything may be safely prophesied, the future will see a deep and general interest in social science, and can anything call more loudly than this for the thought of those young Christians of our day who wish to be useful; is there anything more fascinating, when once an interest has been set up, than the exciting story which lies under those dull words? And it is a story still un-concluded, always "to be continued in our next."

I have just seen a number of hesitating young men, not at all used to public effort, and sure that they could do nothing of the sort, take part after the manner suggested in an evening on "Canada, Should Young Englishmen Emigrate There?" The sub-divisions were:

1. The voyage: Where you start and land, what you wear, how much you pay.
2. The country: What it is like.
3. Advantages in Canada.
4. Disadvantages in Canadian life.
5. The difficulties of life in England.
6. The case for staying at home.

One after another rose with his five hundred words; each had been given his share to work up, and each had been shown some sources of information.

My first evening of the kind was with youths who allowed themselves to be persuaded to take up the "Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson." Only one of them had ever heard of him, and I would not like to be called upon to state exactly what that one knew, but all having been set on right lines, one produced a five-minute outline of Johnson's life; another sketched his personal appearance (quarrying for the purpose in Macaulay's well-known description of the brown-coated philosopher), a third brought forward a small selection of Johnson's most telling sayings; another told of the three most striking of his deeds; there were papers, too, on the humor in his conversation, on Johnson's friends, and the last of the group gave five minutes on his recent visit to Johnson's house in Bolt Court, Fleet street. I venture to say that to all these young men this introduced a new world, and one with treasure in it for their future.

With a slight change of personnel, practically on the same band, at the close of a Sunday evening service, took the after-meeting in the chapel, the minister presiding. There was a conference on repentance, coinciding with a season of great spiritual quickening in that particular society, and in turn these young men spoke or read briefly on the following aspects:

1. A definition of repentance (with a slight word of comment).
2. The three best hymns on repentance in our large hymn book.
3. Examples from the Old Testament.
4. Examples from the New Testament.
5. Some instances outside the Scriptures.

6. A personal experience.  
Then we drove it all home and prayed. None of these young fellows were local preachers, but, as might be expected, some of them are now. Last year the young women in the Guild I now associate with selected as their subject for a similar evening, "Children," the sub-division being:

1. Remarkable things done by children.
2. Religious thoughts of children.
3. The humor of child life.
4. Wrongs done to children.
5. A board-school teacher's every-day experience.

The third section was included for galaxy's sake; there is no need to be afraid of laugh; those who ponder Dr. Tal-nance's statement that the most solemn looking of his father's mules was the one that kicked five dashboards to pieces, will agree that there is no necessary connection between melancholy and goodness. The papers made a lasting impression on all, and were full of fresh and original material; yet none of the readers were accustomed to this kind of service. Another evening was spent in considering the question of the unemployed, under the following aspects:

1. Statistics of the present slackness.
2. Former periods of depression.
3. The question of national action.
4. Forecasting and other schemes.
5. Unskilled labor; has it any chance of becoming skilled?
6. The haphazard in choosing a calling in early life.

If social science to be a Christian standpoint is going to be the absorbing study of the future, and who can doubt it, wise social things are going—then such evenings as I have sketched, simple but sensible, and graded to the powers of the youngest, point the way to intelligent citizenship, and perhaps to public usefulness.

The fact that several voices are heard secures for the meeting variety and movement; at the same time the desultoriness is avoided into which things fall when half a dozen papers are read on half a dozen disconnected themes. All these papers converge; with many starting points they come to one goal and central thought, so the impress of the meeting is much more likely to be unconfused and lasting.

## How to Reach More Young People

How do you increase your list of acquaintances? By standing by and watching your neighbor enjoy life? No, you enter the circle. You meet your neighbor. You don't talk shop to a person the first time you meet him. You meet him on common ground. So we must secure friends to our League by catering to their interests, creating a common ground of Christian fellowship. Invite strangers to meet you and your friends socially in the church parlors or at home. Make each evening one of social intercourse, full of good feelings. We will indeed of the streets of church friendship that they will wait anxiously for the second invitation. This done, you have driven the first wedge in arousing their interest. Show by your genial sociability that we in the church have a time and a place for all things which are elevating.

Having thus met and interested the strangers, let us next endeavor to help them. Urge them to enter your literary meetings, and make these rich and spicy; above everything else, make them modern. Perhaps you can offer physical training and exercise.

Having reached the minds and bodies of strangers, you have a common ground of friendship, and you can now go for their hearts. Many a successful business transaction owes its accomplishment to a good meal. In the same way the strangers, having feasted on the social and literary life of your church, will relish that which really makes the church and the League what they are. The lighter dishes will provoke appetites for the more substantial and the altogether essential part of our work—the production and cultivation of a true and pure womanhood and manhood, under the direction of the Divine Spirit.

Therefore, to reach and interest outsiders, we must be practical, and use the same means we employ in business, in politics, or in education. "We must know men and be known by them." If we know them socially and intellectually, their souls will enter into our work, with their accompanying inspiration to add to the general stock. Reach strangers in your social life, your intellectual life, your athletic life, your life of mercy and help. And the League, Methodism, and God will win their souls, their hearts, their all.



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S Forward Movement for MISSIONS.

In charge of F. C. STEPHENSON, M. D. C. M.  
Missionary Vice-President Epworth League Board,  
Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

### How the Opium is Gathered

BY W. E. SMITH, M.D., YUNHSIEN, SZ-CHUAN,  
CHINA.

While we were home many asked for a description of the Chinese method of cultivating the poppy and extracting the opium from the plant. As I have just returned from a trip through the country, during which I had the opportunity of witnessing the farmers busy with the last stages of the work, I thought I might be able to give you a more satisfactory account of the whole process. Not later than January or February the seeds are sown in drills, flat on the ground, much the same as the turnip in Canada. When the plants are several inches high, they are carefully banked up to support the stock, which in this province grows from three to five feet high, flowering in April and maturing about three months from seed time. When coming here two weeks ago the fields were in full bloom and very beautiful, now the petals have all fallen, and the great heads are waving and glistening in the sun, waiting for the operator's knife to extract "China's curse." The operation is performed by means of three, or in most cases four, lances, placed about an eighth of an inch apart in a wooden handle. This instrument is held firmly in one hand, while the poppy head is grasped with the other and scored from top to bottom, most carefully, lest the lances' points going deeper than the skin the precious juice, instead of exuding, would go to the inside of the head and thus be lost. The top of each head is scored down one side only, a white creamy substance exuding freely from the wound, but, if the head is too tender the juice is thinner, and not only causes a greater waste but is much inferior in quality, therefore much care must be taken to do this work at exactly the proper time. The day following the gatherer with his curved knife, gently scrapes off the exudation, which is now like a black salve, and deposits it in a small bamboo bucket, suspended from the waist like a berry-picker's pail. Now the operator again makes his round and scores another side of each head, followed the next day by the gatherer, and so on till all four sides of the head have been scarified.

The seeds ripen and are used in making an oil much inferior to that made from rape seed.

### THE BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOMS OF THE POPPY

The poppy blossoms are red, white, crimson, purple, almost black and variegated, but I have just been told that the white blossomed plant produces much superior opium. We would enjoy their beauty were it not for the knowledge, that underneath lies the poison which is sapping the life of China's millions. Yunhsien boasts of growing more and better opium than any other district in China. I stood on the city wall, and as far as the eye could carry two-thirds of all the land was covered with the bewitching poppy.

Just inside the north gate of the city, running from North Street to the Confucius Temple, are several small lots, making in all about two acres, which are covered with poppy, except where a few white huts are standing. This is, in our judgment, the best site in the city for mission premises. We are trying to buy it, with the earnest hope and prayer that not only this tract may be thus re-

claimed, but that the influence emanating from the centre, with Christian hospitable homes and a Christian church, may help men to overcome the drug habit, and banish the curse from the country side and from the nation. Oh, how cruel the bondage with which Satan has ensnared "this people, and nothing can liberate them but divine love. Would that I could say some word to arouse the Christian world to a realization of their responsibility in this matter. "To whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required. Freely ye have received, freely give."

### A Christian Burial Service, Shizuoka, Japan

With the past few months the painful effects of the war have become more and more apparent. Eighteen months ago we bade farewell to eight Christian soldiers who were members of the Shizuoka church. One of their number, Sub-Lieutenant Shimada, was killed in the battle of Shabo, and another, Lieutenant Yamazaki, was killed in a cavalry skirmish just before the battle of Mukden. Every Japanese who dies in battle is honored with a funeral at home. The bodies are not actually brought home but each soldier before his departure cuts off his finger nails, or his hair, and leaves these fragments of himself at home. Sometimes an extracted tooth is included among the relics. If he dies in a foreign land, these things are placed in a tiny box by his relatives and buried with all the ordinary ceremonial. The bodies of all officers, and I believe most of the soldiers, are cremated after death and the ashes or bones sent home for burial. The ashes of the above-named Christian officers were sent for burial, and the funeral ceremony was held in the church. Fifteen hundred students marched in procession from the house to the church in the city, and the band played. The bier, while several thousands of the citizens followed in the procession. The church was crowded to the doors, a company of soldiers filled the courtyard in front of the church and a multitude stood in the street. Rev. K. Marooka preached the funeral sermon, emphasizing the essential truths of Christian faith and hope. Short addresses of sympathy were read by the Governor, the Mayor, the Provincial Secretary, the Colonel, the Chief of Police, the President of the Red Cross Society, and by priests from the Buddhist temple, four of whom were present as representatives. A leading member of the Legislature afterwards remarked, "I think the Christian funeral is very beautiful, and much more intelligible than the Buddhist funeral ceremony. No more important sign of the times can be mentioned than this incident. When the highest officials will come to the church and take part in a Christian funeral service it indicates that the national prejudices against Christian institutions are crumbling to decay."

### What is Being Accomplished Through Piano Playing in Hamamatsu, Japan

"Some time ago a request came from the students of the Girls' High School to come to our home some afternoon to hear our piano. We very gladly appointed a day, and the senior class, about fifty girls, came first, and on another day another class of fifty. We entertained them with music, after singing several hymns for them, and then some of their Japanese songs for us. We showed them through our rooms, as the foreign furniture and decoration are a great novelty to them. Since then six

of these girls have joined my cooking class. Most of these students belong to the homes of this city, so we are especially glad to make friends with them.

I have started a cooking class with ten or twelve ladies, also an English class with five young ladies. From both of these classes already some are beginning to attend the "Fujinkai," of women's meeting, which we hold in the mission house.—K. Armstrong.

### A College Movement

The Intercollegian for June reports an interesting movement connected with Amherst College. A letter signed by alumni from more than thirty-five classes has been sent to all alumni of the college, calling attention to the needs of the Doshisha University in Kyoto, Japan, founded by Joseph H. Neesima, who was a graduate of Amherst in 1870. His brother alumni call for the raising of a fund to be known as the "Amherst College Neesima Endowment." It is hoped that \$50,000, or at least \$25,000, may be secured, half of this sum to be devoted to the immediate needs of the institution, and the other half for the support of American teachers in the college. President Harris and many of the prominent alumni of Amherst are cordially supporting this movement.

### Notes

The President of the League at Hickson will go to Albert College this year. He has decided to enter the ministry.

The Leaguers at Parker Street, Sarnia, are intelligently pushing the Forward Movement. They have purchased one of the twenty volume missionary libraries.

Rev. O. R. Jolliffe, representing the Epworth Leagues of Red Deer, Lacombe, Edmonton and Vermillion River Districts in Alberta Conference, has gone with Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Smith to open a new mission station at Yunhsien, Sz-Chuan.

Rev. G. H. Raley, our missionary at Kitamao, B.C., after spending a short time in Ontario and England, received a hearty welcome back to his field, from both Indians and his fellow missionaries. While in Ontario the Epworth Leaguers of the Wingham District, who support Mr. Raley, were helped and inspired by his addresses.

From Berens River, on Lake Winnipeg, word has been received from our missionary there, the Rev. T. Neville, of much sickness among the Indians during the last five months. Scarlet fever, measles and whooping cough have been epidemic. Mr. Neville reports with thankfulness that with care and medicine he was able to give, to not one child died.

At Hamamatsu, Japan, where Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong are stationed their foreign housefurnishings continue to be a wonder to the Japanese. The piano and Mrs. Armstrong's playing has delighted hundreds of the school girls, and won many of them from their shyness of the missionaries through coming to hear the music. The ladies are beginning to attend "the women's meeting," held in the mission house.

The Mayor of Nagano, Japan, has shown his confidence in our missionary in that city, for he sent for Mr. Norman to return home from Karuzawa, that he might consult with him regarding the care of some of the children left orphans through the war. These children who need help gives the Christian Church today one of the greatest opportunities given in any age.

# Sunday School

## An Unique S.S. Anniversary Programme

Believing that there was room for improvement in the kind of programme usually furnished at Sunday School, anniversary entertainments, the Committee of Management of Park Street Sunday School, Chatham, Ont., Mr. Chas. Austin, Superintendent, determined to attempt a radical change. Their aim was to arrange a programme which should at once be instructive to performers and audience, and also a product of the work of the school. The result was that in the three months between the launching of the plan and the anniversary the school committed and recited 15,000 verses, adults and children alike engaging in a gratifying study of the Bible. The following is the outline of the plan arranged by Mr. Wilson Taylor, B.A., and given to the classes for guidance:

It has been decided that our Sunday School Anniversary will be held about Easter, in accord with the following plan:

Valuable prizes will be awarded on anniversary night in connection with the following competitions:

1. Each class will hold a competition on finding verses in the Bible. The winner in each class to be eligible to enter the public competition on anniversary night, when the three first in the competition will receive first, second and third prizes. The manner of conducting the competition will be as follows: Each competitor will receive a folded slip with ten verses to find in the Bible. At a given signal the slips are opened, and the first and last word of each verse written down. The first correct paper handed in marks out the winner.

2. A school competition for memorizing the text: Two candidates, a boy or girl, will be nominated as captains. These captains will by turns choose the classes to support them. Each pupil who recites at one time five consecutive verses from the Gospel of St. John without a mistake and without being prompted, will have a vote, two votes for ten verses, and so on. The teacher will record the votes, Sunday by Sunday, and report them to the Secretary. The verses must be actually recited while the rest of the class are watching, that no mistake is made. Prizes: Six valuable prizes will be given to the six pupils who cast the highest number of votes. The captain who receives the most votes will present the three highest prizes, and the other captain the other three. Two prizes will also be given to the teachers whose classes have made the highest average in votes.

3. Besides these, the programme will consist of:

(a) A number of recitations from the Bible.

(b) Special numbers prepared and given, by single or combined classes. These will be explained in full to the classes interested.

(c) A reading competition by volunteers, of selections from the Bible, in connection with which prizes will be awarded.

Under the head of special numbers two or three are worthy of particular mention, viz.: the reciting of some of the sublime passages of Scripture by individuals; the reciting of the miracles of John's Gospel by nine large girls; and the rendering of "Our Heavenly Home" by twenty boys and girls, assisted by two soloists. This last number, which was repeated at a subsequent Sunday evening

service, at the request of the pastor, Rev. G. H. Cobblewick, and to the great interest and profit of a large congregation, is as follows:

### OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

I. Solo—"I Hear Thee Speak of a Better I. nd."

II. (1) Question—We hear that in the Better Land there is a city of wonderful beauty and we wish to know where it is.

(a) Answer—Rev. 21. 1-3.

(b) " —John 14. 2, 3.

(c) " —2. Cor. 4. 17-18; 5. 1.

(2) Question—When was the city founded?

(a) Answer—It was founded before the world was created, for when Jesus prayed he said: John 17. 5 and 24.

(b) Answer—Matt. 25. 34.

(3) Question—How long will the city continue?

(a) Answer—It will continue forever.—Rev. 4. 13.

(4) Question—By whom was the city founded?

(a) Answer—Heb. 11. 10.

(5) Question—How large is the city?

(a) Answer—Rev. 21. 15, 16.

(6) Question—Has the city walls and gates?

(a) Answer—Rev. 21. 12-14.

(b) " —Rev. 21. 21.

(c) " —Rev. 21. 18.

(7) Question—How is the city lighted?

(a) Answer—Rev. 21. 23-25.

(b) " —Rev. 22. 5.

III. Hymn—"No Night shall be in Heaven."

(8) Question—How is the city supplied with water and food?

(a) Answer—Rev. 22. 1, 2.

(9) What is the population of the city? Answer—Rev. 5. 11.

IV. Recitation—Rev. 7. 9-17.

(10) Question—Who may enter the city?

(a) Answer—Rev. 21. 27.

(b) " —Rev. 22. 14.

(c) " —1. John 3. 1, 2.

(11) Question—Who may not enter the city?

(a) Answer—Rev. 20. 11-15.

(b) " —Rev. 21. 8 and 27.

V. Solo—"The Holy City."

### Men in Sunday-school

A vigorous lawyer stood on the street corner one Sunday morning. As the children hurried joyously by on their way to Sunday School, he said to a friend: "I do love to see the young people going to Sunday School." His friend made the very natural and just reply: "Well, if you believe in it so much, how is it that you do not go yourself?" The lawyer's answer was: "Oh, well, if other people did not go and keep up the Sunday School, I would go myself." There are scores of men just like this lawyer; they believe in the Sunday School, and are anxious for it to prosper; they think it can get along without their personal support, and allow it to do so.

Our Sunday School work of to-day is greatly in need of men—earnest, devoted men. The schools need the vigor and strength which men can give; they need, for the boys, the example of men; they need faithful, self-sacrificing men who will take hold of the work and stand by it. Most of our schools have a few such men, but what is needed is that enough of the men of the Church shall be found sustaining the Sunday School to make the community feel the weight of their influence.

I know a small village church with such a group of men—lawyers, a manufacturer, merchants, mechanics—eight or

ten of the leading men of the town. They are in Sunday School every time; they sit up in front, they sing, teach classes, pray, give, and take part in any discussion for the interest of the school. Best of all, they are all "of one mind"; they stand together. I need not say that that school prospers. The church has come, from being weak and insignificant, to be the strongest religious factor in the town. I know another church—it is in the country—where a group of men, some of the wealthiest and most active men in business, stand faithfully together in the Sunday School. Going to Sunday School is a matter of course in that community; boys do not drop out at sixteen or eighteen years of age.

Some years ago I had been saying to the men of the church I was serving that if the fathers would attend Sunday School the boys of fifteen to twenty-one would attend also; that if the fathers did not attend the boys would not be there. I finally concluded that I might be speaking rashly out of my mouth, and that it would be wise to consult the Secretary of the school. The record showed about thirty fathers in Sunday School who had sons fifteen years old and over. The record also revealed the fact that these sons were all in school with scarcely an exception; moreover, we had scarcely a boy over fifteen years of age in the large school of about five hundred enrolled, where the father, if living, was not there. Boys whose fathers do not attend Sunday School drop out when they feel that they are men.

Any church which has a half dozen strong, successful men, willing to band themselves together for work and for God, can have a good Sunday School. The same will be true in any other department of Church work.—Rev. M. D. Jeffries, in *The Teacher*.

### A Valuable Book

Probably there is no man in America who knows more about running a Sunday-school than Mr. Marion Lawrence. He is not a mere theorist, but a practical worker, having been a superintendent for twenty-eight years, and an International Field Secretary for some years. He has thus had exceptional opportunities for studying Sunday-school problems, and is well qualified to help others.

His new book on "How to Conduct the Sunday-school," recently published by the Revell Co., as might be expected, is a valuable compend of tried plans and methods which have proved successful in large and small schools. Every possible question relating to the management of the Sunday-school is dealt with in a lucid manner, and many of the latest ideas for arousing and maintaining interest are explained. Every Sunday-school superintendent should get this book. The price is \$1.25, and it can be secured at the Methodist Book Room.

One great object of an education is to develop practical power, to add to one's ability to cope with men and things, to become more efficient, and to be better fitted to grapple with the practical problems of life—Success.

Rev. F. B. Meyer strikes the nail on the head when he says: "Unless we bring up the standard of our Sunday-School teaching very materially, we shall find that those who have derived the benefit of the best appliances in the world during the week will not subject themselves to old-world methods which may have done very well fifty years ago, but are practically obsolete in these more strenuous times."

## Anecdotal.

### Not Afraid

When the British ships under Lord Nelson were heading down to attack the combined fleet of Trafalgar, the first lieutenant of the Revenge discovered an fishman devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. So very unusual an attitude exciting his surprise and curiosity, he asked the man if he was afraid. "Afraid!" answered the tar: "No, your honor; I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as the prize money—the greatest part among the officers."

### Big Ants

The American truth-teller was in form. "Talking of ants," he said, "we've got 'em as big as crabs out West. I guess I've seen 'em fight with long thorns, which they used as lances, charging each other like savages." "They don't compare to the ants I saw in the East," said an inoffensive individual nearby. "The natives have trained them as beasts of burden. One of 'em could trail a ton load for miles with ease. They worked willingly, but occasionally they turned on their attendants and killed them."

But this was drawing the long bow a little too far.

"I say, old chap," said a shocked voice from the corner, "what sort of ants were they?"

"Elephants," said the quiet man.

### A Big Business

An ignorant countryman who saw the sea for the first time was much impressed by the effect of the blue water, and asked a fisherman if he could tell him the owner, as he would like to buy a gallon to take home to his wife. The fisherman replied proudly: "Us, me man—we own it!" "Land's sakes!" exclaimed the rustic. "Could you sell me a gallon for fifty cents?" "Sure," said the fisherman; and he disappeared, returning in a few moments with a jar of water, for which he received the countryman's fifty cents. The latter departed with his purchase. Returning later in the day, after the tide had gone out, gazed in silent wonder at the water, which had receded far from the beach. "Lumme!" he exclaimed, "don't they do a trade!"

### Master and Pupil

Approves of the discussion in France of a proposition to abolish the Bachelor's Degree and some of the examinations that go with it, some stories are told of famous examiners in the colleges. One of the most redoubtable of these was the elder Ampere, the famous man of science, who was for a time a professor in the College of France.

Ampere was kind-hearted to a fault, but eccentric; and the erratic character of his examinations made them a sort of a show, to which people resorted as of an entertainment.

Though kind, he was hot-tempered, and occasionally gave way to outbursts, of which he instantly repented. Once, at an examination, some mistaken response of a student led him to lose his temper and to exclaim to the youth, "You are a donkey!"

The student was as hot-blooded as he. "It's you who are the donkey!" he shouted back.

By this time Ampere's anger was all gone, and the philosopher and gentleman asserted himself. "Perhaps it is—perhaps it is," he answered, "but, nevertheless, I imagine that if you began your examination anew, you will recognize the fact that you are mistaken."

The student recommenced his demonstration, and under this temperate admonition, he discovered his mistakes and acknowledged that he was wrong.

"And now, my dear boy," said the professor, "you see that I am not a donkey, and that you are not one either. I had no right to call you by the name of that animal—which, however, is so patient, calm, faithful and laborious a creature that I am not sure but it was he whom you and I were insulting just now, and not each other!"

### Too Long

Heads of departments, used to long and tedious complaints, are undoubtedly glad when a malcontent will confine himself to the facts of his case. The Youth's Companion tells us of such a man who was an assistant surgeon in the navy during the Civil War:

He was six feet four inches tall, and was serving on board the Penobscot, which was only five feet eight inches between decks. His bunk was hardly six feet long, so that he was uncomfortable even when lying down. In bad weather, on the blockade, when the spray was breaking over the ship, he was deprived even of the comfort of uncouling on deck. He considered the matter thoroughly, and remembered that long letters to departments were not always read or considered. So he wrote as follows:

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

Sir:—Length of surgeon, six feet four. Height of wardroom, five feet eight.

Respectfully,

E. C. Ver Mulen,  
Assistant Surgeon.

The department promptly detached him "until such time as a more suitable ship could be found for his assignment."

### Never Say Die

A. P. Vredenburgh, the Secretary of the American Kennel Club, was praising the pluck of dogs. "A good dog," he said, "has the same kind of pluck that old Jerome McWade used to show.

"Jerome McWade was a farmer seventy years old, but still hale and gay. One morning he and his two sons got to wrangling over their strength, and Jerome declared that he could load hay quite as fast as they could pitch it."

"You, at your age, do that?" said the young men. "Never!"

"We'll have a trial," said Jerome. "Come out to the fields, and we'll have a trial now."

"So to the fields they went, and Jerome got into a hay wagon with his fork, and the two boys, down below, began to pitch the hay up to him as fast as they could pitch it."

"The old man stood up to his work stoutly. He loaded with lightning speed, and all the while he kept calling down: "More hay! More hay!"

"The boys worked hard. Their youth told in their favor. Old Jerome got to loading more and more untidily. Still, though, as he scrambled about on top of the uneven mounds he continued to shout:

"More hay."

"All of a sudden he tripped as he dug in his fork, and fell from the wagon to the ground.

"Aha," said his eldest son, "what are you doing here?"

"Jerome," as he arose, answered: "I came down for more hay."

### Not Intended for Use

There are some things which no man can ever learn, no matter how intelligent and earnest a student he may be.

"My dear, you look perfectly discouraged," said little Mrs. Nash's most intimate friend. "What is the matter?"

"I am perfectly discouraged," said Mrs. Nash, tearfully. "You know that footrest with the handsome embroidered top that I gave George for Christmas? Well, I've noticed it had begun to look almost a little shabby, and I couldn't imagine why, for it stands from the windows and I've taken great care of it. And when I came down earlier than usual from putting Janey to bed last night, what do you suppose I saw?"

The friend shook her head hopelessly.

"I found," said Mrs. Nash, with bitterness, "that George Nash had taken that footstool out into the centre of the room, near his Morris chair, and had put his feet—with his boots on, too—right on it!"

### Helping Him Out

One of the many amusing stories told of old Squire Latham, a Plymouth County attorney of a quarter of a century ago, has found its way to The Boston Herald:

For many years Squire Latham was a resident of Briggwater, and it was while he was living there that the incident occurred which is related below. It illustrates his habitual coolness and whimsical temper.

He was awakened one night by his wife, who told him she thought there were burglars in the house. The squire put on his dressing-gown and went downstairs. In the back hall he found a rough-looking man trying to open a door that led into the back yard.

The burglar had unlocked the door, and was pulling it with all his might.

"It don't open that way, you idiot!" shouted the squire, taking in the man's predicament instantly. "It slides back!"

### Obedied Orders

It is a well established fact that the average schoolteacher experiences a great deal of difficulty when she attempts to enforce the clear pronunciation of the terminal "g" of each present participle. "Robert," said the teacher of one of the lower classes during the progress of a reading exercise, "please read the first sentence." A diminutive lad arose to his feet, and amid a series of labored gasps breathed forth the following: "See the horse runnin'." "Don't forget the 'g,' Robert," admonished the teacher. "Gee! See the horse runnin'!"

### She Was Particular

An old woman who entered a country savings bank not long ago was asked whether she wanted to draw or deposit. "Nayther; OI wants to put some money in," was the reply. The clerk entered the amount and pushed the slip toward her to sign. "Sign on this slip, please," he said. "Above or below it?" "Just above it." "Me whole name?" "Yes." "Before OI was married?" No; just as it is now. "OI can't write."

## From the Field.

### Sault Ste. Marie District

The Epworth League Convention and Summer-school for Sault Ste. Marie District was held at Kensington Point, a most picturesque resort about thirty miles east of Sault Ste. Marie. The convention lasted four days, August 22nd to 25th, and was undoubtedly a success.

More than three hundred people were present, and, as excursions were run from various ports, large numbers were thus enabled to spend at least one day at the convention.

A number of the meetings were held in the open air, but the majority were held in Nokomis Lodge.

A special feature of the convention was the sunrise prayer-meetings, which were exceptionally well attended.

The convention was most fortunate in securing the presence of Prof. McLaughlin, of Victoria College, who conducted the Bible study class each morning. His

An impromptu entertainment, presided over by Rev. E. Crockett, of Richards Landing, was given on Friday evening. Among those who took part were Rev. A. F. Stanley, of Echo Bay; Rev. J. Morris, of Gordon Lake, and Mr. Ozawa. Music, as solos, duets and choruses, was furnished by the delegates.

The officers for the ensuing year are as follows:

Honorary President—Rev. E. J. Hart, Sault Ste. Marie.

District President—Rev. A. N. St. John, Thessalon.

1st Vice-Pres.—Rev. E. Crockett, Richards Landing.

2nd Vice-Pres.—Rev. T. MacKay, Little Current.

3rd Vice-Pres.—Miss Malott, Thessalon.

4th Vice-Pres.—Miss Knight, Bruce Mines.

Secretary—Rev. W. H. Thompson, Steelton.

Treasurer—Mr. G. Harnwell, Sault Ste. Marie.

Conference Representative—Rev. G. N. Grey, Gore Bay.

C. H. Johnson, Rev. W. I. Croft, Rev. J. Craig, and Mr. Jas. Neave, who was home on furlough from China. To Rev. John Phalen, Rev. Jos. S. Coffin, and Rev. G. W. F. Glendinning, president of the Nova Scotia Conference Epworth League, is due much of the success of the meetings, as they were untrifling in their efforts to make the gathering perfect in every respect. The school was a great inspiration to the work, and the people were delighted to hear the men from the West, and hope for more exchanges between the men of the West and East.

### Walkerton District

The Walkerton District Epworth League Convention was held in Walkerton, September 4th and 5th. While the weather was unfavorable, the attendance was good, and the meeting intensely interesting.

A very helpful feature was the discussion on Departmental Work, in which so many Leaguers took part.

Dr. F. C. Stephenson's missionary address enthused those present to greater efforts in China, in connection with the building of the Chentu hospital. The sunrise prayer-meeting was a spiritual uplift. The social banquet was much enjoyed, followed by an illustrated lecture entitled "Ben Hur," given by Rev. Dr. Dougal, of Walkerton, thus bringing to a close a most helpful and successful convention.

The following officers were elected: Honorary President—Rev. H. S. Dougal, B.D., Walkerton.

District President—W. H. Willoughby, Elmwood.

1st Vice-Pres.—Miss McGilvray, Elmwood.

2nd Vice-Pres.—Rev. W. E. Stafford, Mildmay.

3rd Vice-Pres.—Miss Bartlemann, Hanover.

4th Vice-Pres.—Miss Mina Burrell, Paisley.

5th Vice-Pres.—Miss Ada Zinkan, Southampton.

Secretary—H. P. Gringer, Carrill.

Treasurer—Miss Eva Robertson, Southampton.

Conference Representative—W. R. Manning, Walkerton.



SAULT STE. MARIE DISTRICT EPWORTH LEAGUE CONVENTION AND SUMMER SCHOOL  
Held at Kensington Point, Desbarats, Ont.

addresses were full of inspiration and aroused a great interest in the searching of the Scriptures.

Mr. A. M. Ozawa, Japanese student at Victoria College, was also present. The addresses he gave on Japan and her needs were exactly what was required to put the district in touch with our mission work in Japan.

The importance of Junior League work was well brought out by Rev. W. H. Thompson, of Steelton. The discussion which followed, led by Rev. A. N. St. John, was thorough and inspiring.

Rev. James Allen clearly enunciated the facts in regard to the need of workers in this district. He explained the advisability of having evangelistic bands, composed of local League workers, which would visit the Leagues throughout the district.

The practical topic, "What can our Leagues do for Missions?" was ably dealt with by Rev. A. A. Wall, of Bruce Mines. His address was full of splendid suggestions for the work of the combined Leagues of the district.

A spirit-filled evangelistic service on Thursday afternoon, led by Rev. R. R. Nicholson, of Tagona, resulted in the saving of souls, and the arousing of indifferent Christian workers.

### Berwick Summer School

At Berwick, N.S., in the heart of the Annapolis valley, in a beautiful grove, camp-meetings of a week's duration have been held for the last thirty-four years. This year, in connection with the meeting a Summer School for the study of the Bible and Missions took place, which proved to be a great success. The sessions were most interesting. Inspiring music and singing was a marked feature, conducted by Prof. J. H. Morse, of Boston, Mass. While in former years attention was solely given to evangelistic work, this year the educational and missionary phases were developed.

Prof. J. H. Riddell, Principal of Alberta College, took charge of the Bible study. Dr. F. C. Stephenson embued the young people with some of his missionary enthusiasm. Rev. Dr. Henderson addressed the school on "The Present Opportunity in China," "Methodism and Home Missions," and other themes. Rev. Dr. Carman contributed in his able way to the programme. Among others who addressed the school were Rev. A. B. Higgins, Dr. May Austen, Rev. A. T. Wilson, Rev. G. W. F. Glendinning, Rev. D. W. Johnson, Rev. D. B. Hemmeon, Judge Chesley, Rev. G. T. Bryant, Rev.

### Annapolis District Epworth League Convention

The Annapolis, N.S. District Epworth League Association held a most interesting convention in the Methodist Church at Barton, Digby Co., on September 6. The first session began at 3 p.m., with Rev. John A. Hockin, S.T.B., of Weymouth, the district president, in the chair. Mr. Hockin in a brief address reviewed the work of the year, and then addressed himself to the business before the meeting. Reports received from district officers and from the different Leagues indicated successful and progressive work in the past and augured well for the future. All the departments of the Epworth League work are well sustained by the societies of this district. Last year \$139 was contributed toward the support of our missionary to Japan, Rev. A. C. Borden. This year our aim is \$150, and we hope to exceed that amount.

Miss Lottie Moorehouse, of Barton, read a carefully prepared paper, setting forth the importance of the League in relation to the church and the need of supplies. A. R. Reynolds gave a report of the Epworth League Summer School held at the Berwick Camp Grounds this summer.

In the evening a largely attended public meeting was held. The speakers were Rev. E. E. England, "An Appeal

for Missions"; Rev. D. B. Hemeon, B.A., "Educational Ideals of a Young Methodist," and Rev. A. S. Rogers, B.D., "Personal Consecration."

Good music was furnished by the choir of the Barton Church, assisted by members of the Weymouth choir. Numbers deserving of special mention were a trio by members of the Weymouth choir, a duet by Mrs. Everett and Miss Bertie Butler, of Weymouth; a solo by Mrs. Everett, and solo by Miss Butler.

The new district officers are: President—Rev. A. S. Rogers, B.D., Bear River.

1st Vice-Pres.—Mrs. E. Turnbull, Digby.  
2nd Vice-Pres.—S. C. Mulhall, Middleton.

3rd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. A. Dunn, Bear River.

4th Vice-Pres.—Henry Hicks, Bridgetown.  
5th Vice-Pres.—Miss Bertie Butler, Weymouth.

Sec.-Treas.—Miss Maude Rathburn, Bewick.

Representative to Conference Executive—Rev. John G. Hockin, S.T.B., Weymouth.

### Owen Sound District Epworth League Convention

The annual convention of the Owen Sound District Epworth League was held in the Methodist Church, Berkeley, on Tuesday and Wednesday, August 29th and 30th.

The convention opened Tuesday morning with devotional exercises, conducted by the Rev. H. E. Wellwood, of Chatsworth. Mr. Wellwood struck the keynote of the convention in his little talk on the receiving of the Holy Spirit. The Rev. H. Berry, pastor of the church, gave an address of welcome, after which the Rev. H. S. Magee preached a heart-searching sermon from the words, "Is thine heart right?" emphasizing the importance of absolute surrender to God. This was followed by a prayer and consecration service.

The first part of the afternoon session was given over to the financial district meeting. The only matter of importance that came up for discussion was the temperance question, and it was decided to take steps at once to get local option in Markdale and Chatsworth, and in the four townships where it does not already exist, viz.: Proton, Artemesia, Glenelg, and Holland. This will include Dundalk and Flesherston. The district meeting being over the convention was resumed by devotional exercises led by the president, Rev. H. Berry. The Rev. J. S. Frison, Wilson, of Markdale, gave an address on "The need of more careful Bible study." In this address he made a strong appeal to the leaguers to spend more time in Bible study. This address was followed by an enthusiastic address on the "League and the Missionary Work," by the Rev. J. W. Fox, of Brookholm.

Tuesday evening the Rev. G. R. Turk, of Owen Sound, gave a splendid address on the "League and the Revival," and the Rev. H. S. Magee spoke on evangelistic opportunities. The Rev. G. R. Turk and Mr. Newton Lacey added much to the enjoyment of the evening by singing several duets.

Wednesday morning Rev. N. Wellwood, honorary president of the district, preached an historic, profitable and inspiring sermon, talking for his text "When the day of Pentecost was fully come." This was followed by prayer and testimony meeting conducted by the Rev. H. E. Wellwood.

Wednesday afternoon session was opened by devotional exercises, led by Rev. Chas. Langford of Corbetton. Mrs. W. H. Thurston, of Flesherston, gave a beautiful, historic and important paper

on "Women and the Revival." The rest of the afternoon session was devoted to business.

Wednesday evening the Rev. Geo. Lawrence conducted the devotional exercises and the Rev. H. S. Magee addressed the convention on evangelistic work.

It is impossible to single out one session for special notice, as all were good in every respect. One of the important features of the convention was the organization and preparation for the evangelistic campaign. The Rev. Mr. Magee will be on this district until Christmas and will assist the pastors in revival services at Berkeley, Walter's Falls, Corbetton, Woodford, Chatsworth, and Dundalk. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter will be in Owen Sound, and Miss S. J. Williams at Brookholm.

The ministers and delegates returned to their homes feeling that they had been greatly blessed and praying that they might be a blessing to their home Leagues. The convention will be held at Holland Centre next year.

The following are the Executive officers:

Honorary President—Rev. N. Wellwood, Dundalk.

President—Rev. H. E. Wellwood, Chatsworth.

1st Vice-Pres.—Dr. Howey, Owen Sound.

2nd Vice-Pres.—Miss M. Matheson, Owen Sound.

3rd Vice-Pres.—Mr. J. E. Crome, Markdale.

4th Vice-Pres.—Miss Wass, Flesherston.

5th Vice-Pres.—Mrs. W. A. Armstrong, Flesherston.

Sec.-Treas.—Annie Cavell, Brookholm.

### Pembroke District

The Renfrew District League convention was held in the Methodist Church, Renfrew, Tuesday evening, September 5, and Wednesday morning, September 6, Tuesday evening Rev. W. S. Lennon, B.D., of Shawville, gave an interesting and instructive address on "All for Christ for All." Rev. W. Philip, B.D., of Arnprior, gave an instructive talk on Bible study.

The Wednesday morning session was opened by a Quiet Hour, led by Rev. W. S. Jamieson, M.A. After receiving of reports, etc. Mr. W. R. Johnston led a discussion on "How to Make a Country League a Success," which was ably dealt with. The discussion brought out a number of good points. Miss F. Crabb gave a paper on "How to Increase the Number and Efficiency of the Leagues on the District." A lively discussion ensued. Rev. Mr. Topping, B.A., closed the convention by prayer.

The following officers were elected: President—Rev. Robt. Smith, Pembroke.

1st Vice-Pres.—Miss M. Stevenson, Renfrew.

2nd Vice-Pres.—Miss Dunlop, Pembroke.

3rd Vice-Pres.—Mr. S. T. Chown, Renfrew.

4th Vice-Pres.—Rev. Roy Porinder, Combermere.

Treasurer—Miss Alice Davis, Pembroke.

Secretary—Miss F. Crobb, Pembroke.

Representative to Conference League Convention—Rev. W. S. Lennon, B.D., Shawville.

### London Conference

The London Conference Epworth League convention will be held in the First Methodist Church, London, November 8th and 9th.

Rich programme.

Free tickets.

Every League in the Conference should be represented.

### Toronto Conference Epworth League Convention

The Eighth Biennial Convention of Toronto Conference Epworth Leagues to be held in Orangeville, has been postponed to Thursday and Friday, October 12th and 13th. Among those who will contribute to the programme are: Rev. Prof. J. F. McLaughlin, Rev. E. N. Baker, D.D., Rev. A. C. Crews, D.D., Rev. Dr. F. C. Stephenson, Mrs. S. L. W. Harton.

### Simcoe District

The annual convention of the Simcoe District Epworth League was held at Simcoe, September 12th and 13th. On Tuesday evening Rev. J. D. Richardson, M.A., Port Dover, discussed the "Young Man Problem," and Rev. H. Keefe spoke on "Christian Citizenship."

On Wednesday evening the programme consisted of two addresses: "Monitions of an Old Monogram," by Rev. James Aude, M.A., and "The Holy Spirit and Christian Work," by Rev. W. B. Smith, B.A., Woodstock.

Interesting and helpful papers and discussions on Sunday-school and Epworth League topics occupied the day sessions. The Bible study was conducted by Rev. Dr. Strangman.

### Norwich District

A very successful convention of the Norwich District League was held at Otterville on Wednesday, September 12th. At the afternoon session Rev. W. H. Garnham, B.A., B.D., gave an address on

"How can our Sunday-school Teachers become Better Equipped?" and Rev. A. S. Colwell, B.A., spoke on "The League as a Soul-Saving Agency." Rev. Dr. Crews conducted a Round-Table Conference, and gave an address at the evening service. Rev. T. L. Wilkinson's theme was "Temperance and Moral Reform." Between sessions the delegates took a dinner and supper together, and enjoyed a good time boating in Otter Park.

Rev. G. H. Harwell, B.D., of Dereham Centre, was elected president.

### Just a Line or Two

King Street Church, Ingersoll, gets out a very attractive Rally Day programme.

A District League has been organized on the New Liskeard District, with Rev. Geo. H. Purchase, of Tomstown, as president.

The secretary of the Epworth League at Deseronto reports that there is a deep religious feeling in the society, and the work is prospering.

The State of Minnesota Sunday-school Association has adopted the Supplemental Course, which is in use in our church, of which Dr. Frank Woodbury, of Halifax, is author.

Rev. G. W. Kerby's address on "Keep a Grip on Harry" has been published in pamphlet form, and may be obtained for ten cents. It is a vigorous appeal for greater attention to the boys and young men of the church.

Mr. W. F. Webster, president of the Lindsay Epworth League, and Miss Beatrice Bowes, second vice-president of the same League, were married on September 6th. The Era wishes the young couple every possible happiness and prosperity.

The Zion League, on the Little Britain Circuit, recently held a missionary meeting, with the special purpose of raising enough money to fill a square in the Guardian for Chentu College. A blackboard was marked off into one hundred squares, and each square stood for ten cents.

## Devotional Service

BY REV. T. J. PARR, M.A.

(These topics harmonize with the chapters of our Bible Study text-book, "Studies in the Apostolic Church," which is advertised in this paper.)

### OCT. 15.—"MORAL CHARACTER A MEDIUM OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE, OR CHRISTIAN ADDITION."

2 Peter 1. 2-12; 2 Peter 3. 17, 18.

It is the pure in heart that see God. Only the morally good and spiritually inclined can make real progress in Divine things. The character determines knowledge and the experience. The psalmist cries out, "O Lord, how great are thy works, and thy thoughts are very deep. A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this." That's just it. A man with low ideals and low life cannot comprehend the great thoughts of God, simply because his character is such that he has not moral eyes to see divine things. The man who keeps his character grovelling will see only grovelling things. That's the law.

#### THE APOSTLE PETER'S VIEW.

Peter makes this great law plain in his teaching on Christian growth. You can add Christian graces to character only as you possess graces to build on—"with your faith supply virtue." Growth in the Christian life is the prominent feature of the teaching of this Second Epistle of Peter. Perhaps Peter felt that his Christian life had witnessed a very remarkable growth, and that in this he was an example to the believers. He seems to sum up what he would most anxiously express in the closing words of this Epistle: "But grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." The revised version helps to the proper understanding of this passage. "Do not 'Add to your faith virtues,' but 'With your faith supply virtue.'" We do not content with any one Christian grace, and do not exaggerate the importance of any one, but try to nourish harmoniously the complete, all-round Christian life and character. It is as if Peter had said, "You will surely find that each grace gained helps you to gain the other graces; and that every new grace, or improved grace, improves and helps to perfection the other graces."

#### THINGS NECESSARY.

What things are necessary, then, to the proper making up the Christian character and the Christian life?

1. Faith is presupposed; both as the belief which is the beginning of right relations with Christ, and as the daily faith or trust, which is the very breath of the Christian life. A Christian only lives so long as he keeps his trust.
2. Virtue—not purity or chastity, which is a later association with the term. In pagan eyes virtue meant valor, courage; and this, filled with the Christian spirit, is the firmness, conscious strength, and good cheer that come of firm, established Christian principle. It is really moral stability which brings a sense of sufficiency for every good work. This virtue led Paul to say: "I can do all things in him who strengtheneth me."
3. Knowledge.—Apostles never exaggerate, as we are apt to do, the importance of mere head-knowledge. But it is quite as true that they urge with much earnestness the intelligent apprehension of revealed truth. The more practical form of knowledge is, however, most

prominent in their minds; it is the wisdom of the book of Proverbs, which means "moral discernment," cultured skill in the actual ordering and ruling of our lives.

4. Temperance.—Not mere abstinence from anything, drink or lust; but wise management of self, so that there shall never be any excess. The power to strike the "happy mean" always. The skill that keeps from any form of excitement that tends to put us off our control. The saintly man is not the man who gets away from the world, but the man who, staying in the world, is not of it, never lets it master him.

5. Patience.—Christian patience is waiting; but it is much more than waiting; it is endurance, which means waiting that involves strain and trial. It is bearing a burden while you wait. It is that which is only attained when life is apprehended as a sphere of moral discipline, the methods of which cannot now be fully understood, but the issues of which are absolutely assured, and the conduct of which is wholly in all-wise and all-loving hands.

6. Godliness.—Better seen as God-likeness. Then it can be at once apprehended that, if it is to be something really practical, it must be likeness to "God manifest in the flesh." It must be the persistent endeavor to fashion our lives after the Christ-pattern, not by way of any mere servile imitation of incidents or actions, but in a noble way of giving sway and influence to the same principles and motives. And to ensure "God-likeness" involves the deepest interest in the human life of the Lord Jesus, and such near fellowship with him that we readily change into his image.

7. Brotherliness.—"Love of the brethren." The power and the skill that may enable us to fix and arrange all our human relationships aright and keep them right. There may be a direct reference to our relations with those who have like precious faith with us; our brethren and sisters in Christ Jesus.

8. Charity.—Revised version gives it "love." It may be doubted whether we can wisely lose the word "charity," which for Bible readers does not mean alms-giving, but "considerate helpfulness of one another." And we want a word to express that, which is one of the essential features of the Christly life. Charity expresses the "beautiful" in Christian relations, as no other word can do. If the very close relations between these things be observed, it will be fully recognized that the getting of any one of them becomes a direct help to the gaining of others. They are links of a chain, and if one link be drawn close, the others will surely be drawn nearer. The truth to present forcibly is that Christian character is a whole. You see it is when you see it perfectly presented in Christ. We can never be satisfied with our own characters while the possible whole is unrealized.

#### POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Here we have a study of eight Christian graces. This is a fine opening to enlist the interest of those who do not often take part before the meeting. Select eight such, giving each one grace to expand and illustrate, and allowing about two minutes to each. Then be prepared to sum up the results and press home the practical lessons.

### OCT. 22.—"DRAWING NEAR UNTO GOD."

(APOSTOLIC CHURCH. STUDY 30.)

Heb. 4. 14; 5. 10; 7. 25; 10. 1, 19-25.

We cannot draw near to God except through his Son, Jesus Christ. "He is the way, the truth, and the life." To draw near to God, therefore, we must accept Christ as our Saviour, teacher and example, but if we make Christ our example, two things need to be carefully explained. First: He must be in our plane, or we cannot hope to follow him or be like him. Second: He must be on a higher plane, or we cannot be satisfied with him. Now as our high Priest to whom we are to draw near, Christ is both in our plane and beyond our plane. Let us see how this is so.

1. Christ was one with men. In the records left us of his life there is a more evident effort to convince us of his veritable humanity than of his divinity. It is though men were sure to light on the idea of his being extraordinary, and it needed to be proved that he was really man. In his first epistle John does not argue or assert that Christ was God. That seems to have been believed. John demands belief in Christ as having "come in the flesh." Illustrate: (1) The significance of our Lord's living so long a time as thirty years of common and ordinary human life, fully recognized during that time as a man among men. (2) The distinct apprehension of his ordinary manner by his brethren, and by his people of Nazareth. (3) The perfect humanness of the habits and exhibited feelings of Christ's life. Sensitiveness to suffering, bodily and mentally. He was humanly affected towards the character and conduct of others. He was "hungry, sleepy." (4) The simple human character of our Lord's death. One might expect such a Being to die in some sublime way. But physically, our Lord's was just a common and usual man's death; and morally it was remarkable as a good man's innocent death. With the idea of the humanness of Christ before us, we cannot but feel that his character is the expression, the outliving of our ideal of humanity; it is the realized perfect character of a man.

#### CHRIST WAS DISTINCT FROM SINNERS.

It is important to estimate clearly the distinction between a man and a sinner. The condition of our world would be hopeless if the two terms were convertible. All that belongs to man was in Christ, but nothing that belongs to the sinner. But Christ was not distinct from sinners because his nature was imperfect, incomplete on any side. It was a whole. Some may only be separate from sinners in some points, but in they have no capacities for certain particular sins. There is no virtue in their sinlessness, any more than there is honesty in a thief whose hands have been cut off. This sense of our Lord's distinctiveness was produced on all who came in contact with him. As we study the man we feel that he is more than man, other than man. There are two aspects in which his distinctness from sinners is impressively shown. 1. His acts are never doubtful. There has never been incidents of questionable truth and virtue. In Christ's life, then, there is no record of any, but a distinct impression is left on us that there were none to record. This is a coin the value of which is two. 2. His acts were never selfish. This is largely characteristic of human acts; it is too constantly the "fly" in the best pots of ointment. Christ's acts were all done under a profound sense of duty, and under a sublime impulse of

love. The acts were right in form, and the life and feeling that inspired them were right also.

#### THE DIVINE-HUMAN HIGH PRIEST.

Precisely what man needed was salvation by God through man, through manhood; what he needed was a moral redemption. The Saviour of the world must be a divine man. Only such a Saviour (1) could demonstrate the distinction between man and sin; (2) could bring to light the higher possibilities that are in human nature as God designed it; (3) could exhibit the enabling influence of the two great principles of our nature—dependence, and the sense of duty. Ever near to God, ever doing the will of God, these are the essentials of true manhood; (4) could show the charm which character, moral excellence, can put on all the relations of life; (5) and could reveal a sublime future for the race; as High Priest working until all whom he represents have become like him in fact. Then we are to be the people belonging to this great High Priest, the Son of God. What made men disciples of Christ while he was on earth? That makes men disciples now.

#### POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Drawing near to God is accomplished through the medium of Jesus Christ. We draw near to God as our characters become Christ-like. In the above exposition there are three distinct ideas presented which will be starting points for original works:

1. Christ as a man, and, therefore, a perfect example of our characters becoming Christ-like.
2. Christ as divine, and, therefore, a perfect Saviour.
3. Christ, the divine-human High Priest, and, therefore, a sanctifying power.

Select three Leaguers to prepare brief talks or papers on these themes.

#### OCT. 29.—"EDUCATIONAL WORK"

(THE HEART OF JAPAN, CHAP. 8.)

In Japan, the great land of wonders, there is perhaps nothing more wonderful than their great national system of education. In 1868 came the revolution in Japanese thought and action, and in the following year the Emperor took what might be called his charter oath in five articles:

1. A deliberative assembly shall be formed and all measures decided by public opinion.

2. The principles of social and political economies shall be diligently studied by both the superior and inferior classes of the people.

3. Everyone in the community shall be assisted to persevere in carrying out his will for all good purposes.

4. All the absurd usages of former times should be discarded, and the impartiality and justice displayed in the workings of nature be adopted as the basis of action.

5. Wisdom and ability shall be sought after in all quarters of the world for the purpose of firmly establishing the foundation of the empire.

#### THE BEGINNING.

This was the beginning. The whole country seemed at once possessed of a thirst for education. Missionaries became teachers and found in their teaching the means of influencing the people and leading them to a knowledge of the Gospel. But the great end in view was the foundation of a national system of education in which the Japanese would be independent of foreigners. The system is now an accomplished fact. The lowest grade is the kindergarten of which

there are three to four hundred, public and private, in the empire. At the age of six the child enters the elementary school and there remains for an eight years' course. Next comes the middle schools for five years; then the higher school for two or three years, and finally the Imperial Universities at Kyoto and Tokio, with their various colleges. There are also over fifty Normal Schools and a Normal College in Tokio, schools of agriculture and forestry, technical schools and schools of manual training, business colleges, and schools of foreign languages. The Tokio School of Fine Arts gives instruction in painting, designing, and industrial arts. The Tokio Academy of Music covers vocal and instrumental music and musical composition. There are ten schools for the blind, the deaf, and the dumb. There are teachers' associations, educational societies, and summer institutes.

#### CO-EDUCATION.

Co-education prevails in the elementary schools only, and the higher education of women has, until quite recently, been left entirely in the hands of the missionaries. But in more recent years schools have been established for girls, and in 1900, a university for women was opened in Tokio.

#### NEED FOR MISSION SCHOOLS.

With all this provision for education why are mission schools needed? The answer lies in the fact that the educational work engaged in by the mission schools has been of a kind which the state did not supply, or has offered special advantages to evangelistic effort. In the year 1889 the Theological College in Tokio was reorganized under the independent control of the Methodist Church, Canada, with five professors having charge of various departments of study. An academic department was established for the thorough training of native converts for the Japanese ministry. In 1896 this academic department became a middle school and enjoyed a large share of the confidence of the people. The number of students grew until in 1899 there were five theological students and five hundred enrolled in the academic department. This department is now closed and the dormitories used as a home for students who are thus kept under Christian influence. Speaking of the results of this plan, Mr. Elwa says:

"It is difficult to tabulate the results of this work, but I think, however manifest the results are at present, we are sowing seed that shall appear after many days. Several have been baptized during the year, and several are seeking their way to the outside the door. The two classes I think I may safely say that the great majority are diligently acquainting themselves with Christian truth. There are those who are studying the Bible systematically, and are praying every day. I think the greatest work will appear in character building. The cost of the work is small, and I regard the work of the dormitory as a most profitable investment." Such, then, is the condition of the academy department of the Tokio Elwa Gakko."

#### EDUCATIONAL WORK RESTRICTED.

At present educational work occupies but a small place in the present activity of our church owing to various restrictions placed upon it. But the Japanese people need Christian schools, and when the day of complete religious liberty comes to that country and is applied to national matters, Christian schools will again be established. Many of the schools as they now exist are strongly anti-Christian, agnostic, or atheistic, and it is truly an awful thing that young men who desire education must go to such

schools during that period of their life when they are most easily influenced in religious matters.

The influence from such schools may be judged from the religious census taken in two of them, which are but examples of many such:

1. In a school of two hundred students, average age 18½ years—Christians 2, Buddhists 9, Shintoists 1, Agnostics 110, Atheists 27, non-committal 21.
2. In a school of 130, average age 21½ years—Christians 0, Buddhists 3, Shintoists 0, Confucianists 1, Agnostics 95, Atheists 26, non-committal 5.

The strong probability is that a young convert to Christianity, placed among companions such as he would find in either of these schools, would be drawn from the faith, and the church thus fail to hold those who have been already saved.

God, who has opened the doors of Japan to the Gospel, can open again this most inviting of doors to missionary work. Here our prayers are needed that the thick clouds which seem now to rest on the educational work in that land may be lifted by his hand, that a larger number of men may offer themselves for the work of the ministry, and that a door may be opened whereby the young men of Japan may receive their education under Christian influences. God grant that this day may come soon.

#### POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Here is an opportunity in this narrative of studying the educational situation in Japan and our Christian obligation thereto. Arrange for three talks on papers:

1. The educational system in Japan.
2. What are its defects from a Christian standpoint?
3. What are our obligations as Christians in the matter?

Select your Scripture and hymns appropriate to the missionary theme, and let the whole meeting be thoroughly missionary in character.

#### NOV. 5.—"THE MAKING OF HEROES"

(APOSTOLIC CHURCH, STUDY 3.)

Heb. 11, 1-3, 24-40.

Heroes are of various sorts. There is the hero so-called who with brute courage only dares to attempt uncommon things. I heard of a young man in Ontario who took a hatchet and deliberately cut off the fingers of one hand because a companion declared he hadn't the courage to do it. That's not heroism. Then there is the type of hero who goes to war. He wants excitement. He may not understand the issues that give rise to the conflict. His sense of patriotism is vague. He thinks it would be a fine holiday to sail the seas, land on foreign shores, and fight. When the battle is on he grinds his teeth and goes on. He risks his life in a sort of animal passion, but risking one's life is not heroic, unless there is a great principle in one's mind worthy the risk. Then there is the hero of common life named, the man who goes forth daily to his toil. He is always combating evil in his life. He works because he must. He takes no particular interest in his occupation. In a sort of tread-mill fashion he goes through the motions. He is in the midst of heroic circumstances, but he is no hero.

Well, what is a hero? A hero is one who exhibits courage in response to a noble principle. Hence true heroes are made by the reception of truth and the distribution of it in outward activity. This requires the highest kind of continuous and persistent courage, take it in what sphere you like.

## TOPIC HINTS FOR EXPANSION.

(Hints for the leader to construct the topic message.)

1. Christian heroism is based on faith in God. Faith makes a strong motive and inspiration for daily life and conduct. It sustained patriarchs, prophets, martyrs, and all God's people of the olden times. It is a similar faith that sustains the modern follower of Christ.

2. What faith is it that furnishes the foundation for Christian heroism? Well, it is a firm belief in the truths of Scripture; an acceptance of Christ as Saviour and a complete surrender to him; a personal feeling of confidence in Christ and a daily renewed attitude of dependence on him; and the power by which the believer makes real to himself the seemingly unreal. Faith makes God real and he is with us now. Faith makes righteousness real, and it becomes our attainment now. Faith makes heaven real, and it is about us now. This is the basis of true heroism.

3. One act of faith may be comparatively easy. To maintain a series of acts of faith implies difficulty. To sustain continuous acts of faith, amid changes and opposition for many years—in the case of Noah, for one hundred and twenty years—implies a truly sublime moral triumph. We admire the loyalty and the faith which kept him going quietly amid the jeers and scorn of the thoughtless multitude. This was heroic.

4. In this temple of Jewish heroes whose faith is recorded for our example, Moses occupies a conspicuous niche. The world placed before him its very best, and religion placed before him its very worst, and between the best of the world and the worst of religion, he was called upon to make his choice. The world placed before him (a) Honor, that of being the son of Pharaoh's daughter; (b) Pleasures, the excitements and sensations of the Egyptian court; (c) Wealth, the treasures of Egypt. These are the three things which men prize most highly. But Moses set them aside to be faithful to his deeper convictions and true to his God. That was the real hero.

## BIBLE LIGHT.

(Have a number of members read these texts with the comments, adding thoughts of their own.)

1. Gen. 4. 4. In the two men, Cain and Abel, we have the types of the two classes into which the world has ever been divided. In that we have the soul struggling for restored harmony with God. In Cain, the material gift was offered, but it spoke nothing in behalf of his soul.

2. Gen. 5. 25. Enoch, a splendid man, whose character and destiny shall live in human memory until the resurrection of the dead. And in this is the ground of all—"he pleased God." And this he did not by any special super-human experiences and endeavors, but just in such a way as we may all imitate.

3. Gen. 12. 1, 4. Abraham is the one man of his age who stands in the sharpest contrast with the men around him. His ideas were different from theirs. He saw more than they could see. He ordered his life on considerations which were quite foreign to them. Their sphere was "the seen and the temporal"; his sphere was "the unseen and the eternal."

4. Gen. 39. 2. Joseph proved the hero in maintaining his religious convictions in a foreign land. He had many inducements to do otherwise. The tide of public opinion was against him. The immense power of the Egyptian court was ranged on the other side. But with Joseph it was God or Satan.

5. Judges 14. 6. Samson was a hero of the type of the classic Hercules—

mostly physical, with little moral or spiritual principle as a foundation. It is the lowest type of hero, if it be hero at all. And Samson's checked, and for the most part, disgraceful career, proves his lack of the essential thing.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

(Add original comments and expand.)

1. Heroes are men who have faith to meet great occasion when called to meet them. A Socrates, a Cromwell, a Washington—all the great master spirits, the founders and law-givers of empires, and defenders of the rights of man—are made by the same law. These did not shrink despairingly within the compass of their poor abilities; but in their heart of faith they embraced each one his cause and went forth, under the inspiring force of their call to accomplish their God-given task.

2. Heroes are not all noble born. Columbus was a weaver. Homer was the son of a small farmer. Oliver Cromwell the son of a London brewer. Franklin the son of a soap boiler. Whitfield the son of an inn-keeper. Shakespeare the son of a wood-stapler. Napoleon the descendant of an obscure family of Corsica. Abraham Lincoln was a rail-splitter. Heroism depends on the conditions of soul, not on the conditions of birth or worldly circumstances.

3. Selection for recitation:

A certain pacha, dead three thousand years,

Once from his harem fled in sudden tears,  
And had this sentence on the city's gate  
Deeply engraven: "Only God is great."  
So, these four words above the city's noise

Hung like the accents of an angel's voice,  
And evermore from the high barbarian  
Saluted each returning caravan.  
Lost is that city's glory. Every gust  
Lifts, with crisp leaves, the unknown  
pacha's dust;  
And all is ruin, save one wrinkled gate,  
Whereon is written, "Only God is great."

Thus, human heroes are not to be our model; only God in Christ can be that.

## QUOTATIONS.

(To be memorized and quoted.)

Hero-worship exists, has existed, and will for ever exist, universally among mankind.—Carlyle.

If hero means sincere man, why not every one of us be a hero.—Carlyle.

Each man is a hero and an oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says has an enhanced value.—Emerson.

"The hero is not fed on sweets,  
Dally his own heart he eats;  
Chambers of the great are jails,  
And head-winds right for royal sails."  
—Emerson.

"But to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,  
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word  
And in its hollow tones are heard  
The thanks of millions yet to be."  
—Halleck.

## MOTTO FOR BLACKBOARD.

A TRUE HERO  
IS A TRUE CHRISTIAN.

## POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Here you have topic help in great variety. The help is framed to encourage originality of thought. Let some one take the topic hints for expansion, and do some original work in developing the hints into a message on the topic. Four or five others might take the Bible Light, each having a text to expand. One or two others could be appointed to read the

illustrations and quotations at suitable times. Print the blackboard motto in large letters, to be seen by all as a stimulant to thought. Let some one prepare the recitation and give it. May all present be imbued with the true spirit of Christ-like heroism!

## NOV. 12—"TEMPERANCE MEETING."

One of the most forceful, eloquent and terrible indictments of strong drink to be found in all literature is the ode, Proverbs 23. 29-32, which this week will furnish the basis of our temperance study. In it we have a character sketch of the drunkard, which hangs in the world's great picture gallery, a solemn warning through all the ages. Let us trace the outlines of this inspiring life-study and mark well its repulsive and awful features. It may seem a man in all its lineaments, but, alas, how marred!

## TOPIC HINTS FOR EXPANSION.

The drunkard's photograph:

1. The drunkard's life and sorrow, appear sadly prominent in the picture. The words corresponding to these two nouns are interjections in the original, and the passage would read literally: Who hath oh? Who hath also? That is, who is forced so often to cry out oh! as expressive of his constant and feeble of unutterable woe? Who has as his habitual and lamentable exclamation, also! alas! giving vent to his sense of remorseful sorrow? The woes are great and numerous; so many that they are not enumerated. But the constant repetition of his groans, oh! also, from the wiful, unfortunate libertine convey the impression of his dreadful condition. He has woes of body, woes of mind, woes of conscience, woes of his business, woes of his family, pain, poverty, distress, disease—all self-inflicted.

2. The second feature: A quarrelsome disposition. "Who hath contention?" The use and associations of the "cup" tend to strife, brawling, wrangling, quarrelling, resembling the incessant barking of fighting dogs. Strong drink excites both tongue and brain, inflames the passions and removes the restraint of conscience and will. It first maddens and then unchains the tiger, which, when loose, it cannot control. Not only quarrels, fights, hatreds, but red-handed murder are tracked to the maddening bowl and the drinking den. The third feature: Grumbling and discontent. "Who hath complaining?" The word is translated babbling in the common version, and refers to the tendency of strong drink to foolish and endless talkings, vile conversation, noisy disputations, which are common in different stages of drunkenness. But the word is now regarded as meaning sorrowful complaint: for example, over the empty purse, the neglected work, the accumulating reproach, the diminishing strength." So the drunkard complains. Nothing is right. He complains of God, he complains of himself, he complains of his family, he complains of his "hard luck." He is a perpetual geyser of grumble. Whose fault?

The fourth feature: Physical injuries. "Who hath wounds without cause?" These are wounds which might have been avoided, the result of quarrels in which a sober man never would have engaged. The man under liquor's influence by his overbearing, contentious manner invites the blow that causes painful wounds. The expression may also refer to wounds of the spirit, self-loathing, shame, remorse, the thought that things might and should be different.

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these—it might have been."

The fifth feature: Public disgrace. "Who hath redness of eyes?" The indulger in drink cannot long hide the marks of his folly. His conduct and habits betray him. He is soon a "marked" man, and quickly falls into disrepute. Even his face is the sign of his deeds. His eyes, with that insidious lustreless look, his nose copper-colored and blue-veined, reveal the whole secret of his life. "Redness of eyes," according to some, refers not to the reddening, but to the dimming of the eyes, and the power of vision.

These five bold strokes complete the pen-sketch of the inebriate, the photograph of the drunkard. What a picture! An entire perversion of man as God intended him to be! God made man's mind to rule his body, but the drunkard's bodily appetites rule his mind. God made man's conscience and reason divinely directed, to rule the man, but the drunkard dethrones reason, violates conscience and jauntily tramples upon the divinity that struts within him.

BIBLE LIGHT.

(Have a number of members read these texts with the comments, adding thoughts of their own.)

1. Prov. 23. 30. Here the drunkard's destruction is referred to. The use of strong drink produces misery. The effect of liquor is to create an ever-increasing appetite for itself. Then comes the awful impotency to resist, the feeling of powerlessness in the hands of the enemy—a captive bound in chains.

2. Prov. 23. 31. With such ruin as the result of strong drink, the wise man sounds the note of warning. "Look not down upon the wine." Do not put yourself in the way of temptation. Viewing the havoc wrought by intoxicants, it is strange that men do not turn from them with utter loathing, with fear to play with so deadly and yet so treacherous an enemy.

3. Prov. 23. 22. Here is the drunkard's epitaph. The mischief is not seen at first. It is like the brilliant opening of the Babylon banquet—music, festivity, frolic and fun, ending in the condemnation of heaven, and the war-shout of the conquering foe. At the first it is the agreeable excitement of an evening, at the last the long-drawn agony of a lost soul. Well might be chiselled in the marble of the drunkard's monument, "At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

4. Rom. 14. 21. One should be a total abstainer not only for his personal safety, but for the sake of his influence upon others. No man liveth unto himself. One person may use strong drink in moderation and never go farther; but that person's neighbor following his example with less self-restraint, may come to a drunkard's grave.

5. Isa. 28. 7. One's family, one's standing in the community, one's pure companionships, even one's relationship to the church of God, is no guarantee that rule. Alas! some of the brightest lights in pulpits, on platforms, and in court-rooms, have been dragged to perdition through the cup.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

(Add original comments and expand.)

1. A German spoke as follows at a temperance meeting: "I shall tell you how it was. I put my hand on my head; there was one big puff of wind. Then, I put my hand on my body and there was another. Then I put mine hand in mine pocket and there was nothings. Now, since I was temperance, there is no more pain in mine head. The pains in my body are all gone away. I put mine hands in

my pockets, and there isw twenty tollars.

2. On a certain Sunday evening, many years ago, a reckless, ill-dressed young man was idly lounging under the elm trees in a public square. He had become a wretched walf on the current of sin. A stranger placed his hand on his shoulder and said, "Mr. Gough, won't you go down to our meeting at the town hall to-night?" He went. He heard the appeals made and signed the pledge. By God's help he kept it. That young man, saved by the help of that stranger, became, as we all know, one of the foremost of temperance reformers on the face of the globe. The results of saving a man from drunkenness who can tell!

3. At Babylon, Alexander the Great began the second night's carousal with twenty guests at table. He drank the health of everyone present. After this he called for Hercules' cup, which held a great quantity, and emptied it twice. Instantly he fell on the floor. He was seized with a fever which terminated in death in a few days, at the age of thirty-three years. Of this, Seneca says:—

"Here, then, this hero, conquered by all the tolls of prodigious marches, exposed to the dangers of sieges and combats, to the most violent extremes of heat and cold—here he lies subdued by his intemperance, struck to the death by the fatal cup of Hercules." However strong in character one may think he is, he is in great danger tampering with strong drink.

MOTTO FOR BLACKBOARD.

(Print in large letters on board.)

TOUCH NOT.

TASTE NOT.

HANDLE NOT.

A FEW QUESTIONS.

(To be handed out a week in advance.)

1. What is your strongest argument for being a total abstainer?
2. Why is it unsafe to attempt to be a moderate drinker?
3. How would you prove from the teachings of Jesus that total abstinence for the individual, and total prohibition for the nation, is right?
4. Can you prove that the traffic in strong drink is a loss, rather than a gain, to Canada?
5. Have you attempted to pass Local Option in your district, if not, why not?
6. What is your League doing to spread temperance sentiment and to offset the ruin of the liquor traffic? If you are not doing anything, what should you do?

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Make this a thorough-going, wide-awake temperance meeting. Arrange your programme carefully in advance. Encourage individual work in the preparation for the topic. Varied material will be found in the above article. Best request the Leaguers not to be copyists merely. Use the topic exposition as suggestions for original thought. Circulate the pledge at this meeting. May influences be set at work that shall make strong temperance workers.

What Electricity May Do

A veteran electrical engineer of England, Sydney F. Walker, makes the prediction that ocean vessels will be driven merely by electricity eventually, power for generating the current being furnished by machines constructed to utilize every puff of wind. He maintains that there are sufficient gales blowing over the seas to furnish power for the largest ships. The effect of such an innovation on the

use of coal at sea would be enormous. Every wind-swept island such as St. Helena, for instance, would become the equivalent of a coaling station, without the necessity of carrying coal there. Vessels would simply go alongside a wharf and connect with a source of electricity, to supplement that generated on board, filling up the accumulators quietly and without the dust and other annoyances incident to coaling.

Christian Endeavor Convention

The programme for the Christian Endeavor Provincial Convention, in Bellevue, Oct. 10 to 12, has arrived too late for publication. The sessions will be held in Bridge Street Methodist Church. Mr. E. O. Exsell will have charge of the music, and Mr. Wm. Shaw, of Boston, Rev. J. G. Shearer, Rev. S. D. Chown, D.D., Rev. Dr. McTavish, Rev. E. A. Henry, are among the chief speakers.

Too Good a Horse for Him

Hans, the ruralist, was in search of a horse.

"I've got the very thing you want," said Bill Lennox, the stableman, "a thorough-going road horse. Five years old, sound as a quail, \$175 cash down, and he goes ten miles without stopping."

Hans threw his hands skyward. "Not for me," he said, "not for me. I wouldn't give you five cents for him. I live eight miles out in the country, and I'd haf to walk back two miles."

Dismissed the Case

"I met Judge Stevens, of North Carolina, while I was in Asheville a few weeks ago," a Baltimorean said the other day, "and the judge entertained me by relating some of his experiences. One day, he said, an old colored woman was brought before him, charged with a trifling misdemeanor. The offence was so small that the judge decided that the payment of a small fine would be sufficient punishment. He knew that the old woman would hardly be likely to have any other possessions she might have."

"'Have you a cow, auntie?' he began. "'Deed, yeh honor, I ain't got no cow.' "'Have you any ducks?' "'No, yeh honor, I ain't got none.' "'Any geese or chickens?' "'Before de Lawd, jedge, I ain't got nothin' but jef, jef, jef, 'beumatiz.' "'The judge said he dismissed the case."

Number of Papers

A statistician has learned that the annual aggregation of the circulation of the papers of the world is estimated to be 11,000,000,000 copies. To grasp the idea of this magnitude we may state that it would cover no fewer than 10,450 square miles of surface; that it is printed on 781,250 tons of paper and, further, that if the number of 11,000,000,000 were represented, instead of copies, seconds, it would take more than 333 years for them to elapse. In lieu of this arrangement we might press and pile them vertically upward to gradually reach the highest mountains.

Topping all these and even the highest Alps, the pile would reach the magnificent altitude of 49, or, in round numbers, 500 miles. Calculating that the average man spends five minutes in the day reading his paper (this is a very low estimate), we find that the people of the world altogether annually occupy a time equivalent to 100,000 years reading the papers.

## Junior Department

Conducted by REV. S. T. BARTLETT, Colborne, Ont., Vice-President in charge of the Junior League section of General Sunday-School and Epworth League Board. He invites correspondence from all Junior League workers to add interest to this Department of the Era.

### "That You is You, an' Me is Me"

There's something I'm awfully anxious to know,

I think it's important as it can be—

S'pose it had happened beforehand, so

That I was somebody else but me!

Then some other boy would be your little

boy,

And love you more than a "tongue

can tell"—

I wonder would he be his "muvver's joy,"

And smooth your headaches to make

'em well

—Cause I think it's funny as it can be,

That you is you, an' me is me!

I've worried an' bothered for most a day,

"Termining what I should ever do

If things should be 'ranged in a differ-

ent way,

An' you should be somebody else but

you,

You'd live in some other place but

here—

Far away, maybe—but, anyhow,

I'm perfectly positive, mother dear,

I'd love you as much as you, an'

—But I think it's funny as it can be,

That you is you, an' me is me!

If you was somebody else but you,

P'raps we'd meet in the street some

day,

An' I'd be p'lite and say "How-de-do?"

An' "What a nice little boy!" you'd

say,

Then we'd walk for almost a block before

I'd tell you just who I was—an' then

You wouldn't be somebody else any

more,

An' I'd be your little boy again!

—An' I think it's funny as it can be,

That you is you, an' me is me!

### The Junior League Is It Necessary? If So, Why?

I.

A lady who, perhaps, did not consider well before speaking the exact force of her statement, said to the writer recently, "We got along very well before there were any Junior Leagues. I do not see that we need them now." But after a little free conversation on the matter she changed her mind. Her first idea expressed the thought apparently of a good many otherwise sagacious people. The progress of the world in every line of work during the past half a century has made many things essential now that were unknown then. As in the physical and mental development and training of the children, so with their moral culture, the best processes are in demand. The Junior League has been devised by the General Conference to supply this need of our Church. After nearly a score of years of trial it is considered by those who have utilized its machinery best to be not a luxury, but a necessity to the Church.

THE CHILD'S OWN NATURE MAKES IT SUCH.

Consider that the moral nature of the child is being developed. It is a question of "How?" The fact is evident that for good or ill, the morals of the growing boy or girl are being cultivated either according to high or low standards. It

is the duty of the Church to see well to it that a right direction is given to this nature. No risks can be run. Either God or the devil is getting the affections of the child. It is a question as to which shall get them first. If the moral culture of the child is not early undertaken for Jesus Christ, the devil will not leave him unphrased, but will soon claim and enlist his desires and affections. Theorize as we may, this is the fact, and many a child has, literally, "gone to the devil" because of the slowness of the church workers in the matter of pre-empting his affections for God.

Then, too, the natural activities of the child are being utilized. The child cannot "keep still." It ought not. Its nature is to be doing. It is a bundle of stirring activities. This is natural. And the God who made it so would have those activities used for him. Do not doubt it. The child, as a child, is capable of doing God service. Why should we wait till he is grown before putting him to work for God? By that time he will have graduated in some of the practical methods of the devil's school and be habituated to wrong-doing instead of right. Many a man has found it very hard to unlearn what he early learned to do under the tuition of the teachers of sin. The Junior League makes provision for the training of the young, not only in doctrine, but practical methods of work.

Consider that the future of the child depends on the proper attention to these things. "What manner of child shall this be?" will depend on the direction we give him now. Teach and use him while he is a child for God and the Kingdom and you have won a man. If it is true that the devil gets an army when he gets a child, it is just as true that God gets the same. The child is not one long. In these days of rapid growth, all too soon do our children become men and women. Neglect them for a few years only, and then with bitter tears mourn their indifference to the claims of God. That has been done thousands of times. See to them. Do not become so deeply engrossed in the welfare of heathen children that you allow your own to become heathens. We have known persons greatly concerned about the salvation of children perhaps 1,000 or even 10,000 miles away from them, and at the same time practically ignore the little ones of their own neighborhood and congregation. Let us bear in mind then that the Junior League stands for:

1. The highest development of the moral nature of the child. Make them good.
2. The utilization for God of his natural activities. Good for something.
3. The culture of useful men and women in the future. Extend the Kingdom.

There is no other such organization in the Methodist Church. You need it!

(To be Continued.)

### Weekly Topics

Oct. 15.—"Temperance Meeting." Topic: "A strong argument against drinking." Gal. 5. 21.

Let the following appropriate Scripture passages be read by as many of the Juniors. They will help to illustrate the topic: 1 Cor. 6. 9-10; Isa. 5. 11; Isa. 28. 7; Rom. 13. 12-14; Luke 21. 24; 1 Thess. 5. 6-8; Prov. 20. 1; Prov. 23. 29-31. The arguments against drinking may be summed up under many heads; but perhaps for simplicity it will be best to show them to your Juniors as follows:

1. Physically. 2. Mental. 3. Social. 4. Moral. 5. Spiritual. Under these five general divisions it will be easy to demonstrate that drinking is bad for the body, the intellect, the family, the character, and the soul. Deduce by questioning what the drink habit does for the bodies of those who are its victims. The boys and girls will easily answer that it weakens the body in all its functions, destroys its beauty, and takes away the life, the intellect, the memory, and after a time for any kind of work at all. For the mind: It clouds the intellect and makes clear thinking an impossibility, until before long the drinker is practically an imbecile. For the family: It destroys home comforts and joys, and introduces discord, strife, and every evil work. So in the whole neighborhood. No one is safe to live among drunkards. They are a social pest, a constant menace to the safety and welfare of the entire community. For the character: The drinker loses his self-respect and the respect of his acquaintances, and at last becomes unfit for the company of any decent person. Foul language invariably goes with the drink habit. It makes a man unclean every way. But if all these are bad, the last is the worst of all. "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." The loss of physical, mental, social, moral worth and strength is very bad; but the eternal loss of the immortal soul is the worst loss of all. If we desire a place and part in the "kingdom of God," of which our topic speaks, we must leave the deadly drink alone and be clean and pure in all our habits, for only "the pure in heart shall see God."

Oct. 22.—"A woman who helped her country." Judges 4. 4-9.

In the days of the Judges we have the story of the sin of the Israelites against God, their repentance and God's mercy in raising up a deliverer. These deliverers were the "Judges." The story of the topic tells us of the fourth time the people had rebelled against God, the triumph of their enemy, Jabin, king of Canaan, who oppressed us for forty years, and how by Deborah that were delivered. Deborah was a woman made wise by the Spirit of the Lord. By God's command she chose a man named Barak and bade him lead ten thousand men against the king of Canaan. Barak would go only if Deborah would go with them. She went; but she warned Barak that for his hesitation God would withhold the honor of the victory from him and that Sisera should fall by the hand of a woman. So the battle between Sisera, the captain of the Canaanite army, and the Israelites was fought on the banks of the river Kishon, which was swollen by the rain. He sent a terrible storm. The river Kishon swelled until its banks were overflowed and the iron chariots of the Canaanites were held by the mud and tangled in the weeds. So the Israelites destroyed them there; but Sisera escaped. He reached the tent of the chief named Heber, and there took refuge. The wife of Heber, who was friendly to the Israelites, received the fleeing captain and seemed to welcome him. But while he slept she killed him with one of the sharp-pointed wooden tent-pins and a hammer. So the Israelites were saved by Barak came that way, seeking Sisera and Jael (the woman who had done the deed that now seems to us so cruel, but which to her was a commendable act), showed the dead body of the enemy of Israel to Barak. So Deborah and Barak praised God. In the song that we found in the fifth chapter of Judges. (From this story teach the higher lessons of Christian patriotism as they are required of us to-day. Ask how each one in times of peace can best serve his country. Many lessons will occur to the Juniors.)

Oct. 29.—"What Gideon did for his country." Judges 6: 11-16; 8: 22, 23.

After the Canaanites were subdued, as we learned last week, the land had rest for forty years. But at the end of that time, God had again to chastise his people for their unfaithfulness. This time it was the Midianites that oppressed them. The Amalekites joined them, so that the condition of the people became very pitiful. For seven years this continued. The harvests were destroyed and the people reduced to great want. In their misery they called upon God, who raised up another deliverer in the person of Gideon. Gideon was threshing some wheat when the angel of God called him. He could hardly believe that he heard aright; but after repeated proofs of the reality of the call he obeyed. There he built an altar to God. Gideon made his first attempt to restore the people to God's favor by breaking down the altar to Baal and setting up one to Jehovah in its place. After this, the enemy coming out in very great numbers, the Spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon and roused him to begin the work of deliverance in earnest. He sent forth his messengers, who stirred up the tribes to come to his help. But God forbade his taking as large an army as he had intended. God, who knew the hearts of the people, saw that if they won by numbers they would claim the victory for themselves rather than remember Him. So Gideon was told to let all the people who were nervous go back home. Of the 32,000 who came at his call, 22,000 took advantage of the chance to retire. 10,000 were left. God said that they were still too many. How they were reduced to 300 men is told in the story. That same night with the 300 and seven men, Gideon set out. They were spread around the hillsides of the valley in which the enemy were camped. Each soldier had a trumpet and a lamp hidden in a pitcher. When their leader gave the signal every man was to blow the trumpet, break the pitcher and let the light shine out. Then all were to cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." This was done. In the dead of night the enemy were confounded and thousands destroyed, while all the host was put to rout. The destruction of the Midianites and Amalekites was complete, and after this Gideon ruled Israel wisely for forty years. He died at last in a good old age and left a very large family who were not long true to their father's God. So the history of Israel was one of loyalty and disobedience, repentance and delinquency, blessing and cursing, for many generations.

Nov. 5.—"Samson: A strong weak man." Judges 13: 24; 16: 10-20.

The story of Samson is so well known and the reading of it in the record of the Judges so interesting that we need hardly recount it here. This is a topic to appeal to boys especially. There is nothing of greater interest to them than the story of strength. But make it plain that physical power is the least valuable of all kinds of strength. There is something more to be desired than good hands and vigor and power. Mental muscle is better than physical. Mere brute strength never makes a hero. Samson could break the strongest bonds but he could not master himself. It is better to be able to say "No!" to temptation than break bands of steel. Explain that Samson's strength did not lie so much in his hair as is usually supposed. It lay in what his hair represented. He was a Nazarite. That is, he was devoted to God from his infancy by his parents. The uncut hair was a sign of

this vow. It stood for what we may call religion. When Samson's hair was cut his vow was broken. He really lost his religion. He was unfaithful to God and the Divine power left him. We are strong only as long as God is with us. He is with us as long as we are true to Him; but if we, like Samson, break our vow, He leaves us and we are weak. Samson's enemies had never overcome him if he had remained true to God. So we win as long as we may not all be prodigies of muscle we may all be strong in moral purpose. God will help us overcome if we continue faithful as His followers. This is the great lesson of the story for the Juniors. An all round strong boy or man is a real hero and needed to-day.

**Time Flies**

Sixty seconds make a minute,  
So my father used to say;  
When you've got to do, begin it,  
Or 'twill not be done to-day;  
For so fast the seconds fly,  
You can't catch one—nor can I.

Sixty minutes make an hour  
So my mother used to tell;  
When you've got to do, strength and power  
Use your work and do it well;  
Or at night you'll have to say,  
"I've done nothing all the day."

Twelve fast hours make the daytime,  
So, my child, I say to you;  
Some is work-time, some is play-time;  
Do what you have got to do;  
For though fast you run down hill,  
Time is running faster still.  
—Cassell's Little Folks.

**Peter Putoff**

"I do wish that boy would attend to his work, and fill this woodbox. Peter! Peter!"

By and by a curly head appeared at the door.

"What's wanted, Aunt Frances?"

"I must have this woodbox filled right away. Yes, it is baking day, and I came to help your mamma—will you get it now?"

"Well, pretty soon. Can't you wait a minute? I'll do it by and by, and Peter rushed off to finish his game of quoits.

Soon he ran back, and filled the box in great haste.

"There, that will do; it is school time, and I must go."

"Peter, I'd like you to mail this letter for me this morning."

"Now, mamma, don't hurry so! It will keep. I'll take it this afternoon," said Peter.

"No, it is important; it must go at once. Don't forget, my boy," replied mother, as she kissed him good-bye. At the gate he met Freddy Moore with his pony, and straightway the letter was forgotten in the joy of riding the pony to school.

In the room that night the letter dropped out of his coat pocket.

"Bother," exclaimed Peter, "it's just like me, I'm always forgetting. Praps it won't make any difference. It will have to wait now, anyway."

One day Peter came in from school later than usual. Brfaget was in the kitchen.

"Where is mamma?" he asked.

"Sure, didn't yez know she gone away?" A faine gentleman rang the bell, and a pretty soon, if he didn't come out in the kitchen, and ask if 'Mr. Putoff' was around. He seemed to be in a hurry," she added. "'t's never heard of him,' sez I. 'Well, he's an old ac-

quaintance,' sez he, and then your mamma laughed, and they went into the parlor. Soon a carriage drove up, and they went off ridin'—the mistress is havin' a lovey time this blessed mornin'. Sure, your nither thought ye would come every minnit—and why didn't yez come?" she demanded.

But Peter did not seem to hear.

"No one ever called here by that name," he said to himself.

"Well, never mind, but come and eat your supper; it's ready and waitin' for yez."

Peter found a note at his plate. He opened it and read:

Dear Peter: I regret that you are still partner with Mr. Putoff. Enclosed find some cards which you can exchange with your school friends. Let me know when you decide to dissolve partnership. Yours truly,  
UNCLE RUFUS.

The cards were gilt-edged and neatly engraved:

PETER PUTOFF  
No. 25 Maple Dell.

Peter was thinking hard; then his face flushed, while hot and cold streaks went up and down his back. The delicious sponge cakes with white icing were left untouched.

"Oh, Uncle Rufus means me, he just means me," he sobbed, as he left the table and went up to his room. "Oh, I didn't think uncle could be so mean—it's just horrid to nickname me like that," and he tore up a card and threw it on the floor. "I won't stand it, so there!" And he sobbed himself to sleep.

But better thoughts came to him in the morning.

"It's pesky mean, but I'll just show Uncle Rufus that I won't have that name fastened on me. And he'll give his pillow a whack to emphasize the fact.

And Peter kept his word.

A few weeks later Uncle Rufus received a note which pleased him immensely. His brown eyes twinkled and he chuckled a bit, as he read:

Dear Uncle Rufus: I wish to inform you that I have dissolved partnership forever with Mr. Putoff, who is poky, always behindhand, and no good anyhow. The name of my new partner is Mr. Up-to-date; he is very prompt, polite, and pleasant. If I must be nicknamed I prefer to be  
PETER UP-TO-DATE.  
—Christian Intelligencer.

**What Is Your Name?**

Every one of you can answer the question. "What is your name?" without hesitation, but the Japanese boy must think a little to make sure, for at various periods of his life he is called by different names. He receives his first when he is just a month old. Then three different names are written on three slips of paper and thrown into the air in the temple while prayers are addressed to the family deity. That which falls first to the ground bears the name the child is called till he is three years old. At that age his baby clothes are laid aside, he receives a new name, and his education begins. At fifteen the Japanese boy receives a new name in honor of his coming of age. His name is changed again on the occasion of his marriage and on any advance in his position. Even mortal illness does not end this confusing state of affairs, for when death comes a new name is given him by which presumably he is known in the spirit world.

## Smiles

"How can bookkeeping be taught in a lesson of three words?" "Never lend them."

Graduate: "Professor, I am indebted to you for all I know." Professor: "Don't mention it. It's a mere trifle."

Teacher: "Can you tell me the difference between 'like' and 'love'?" Small Boy: "Yes, ma'am. I like my father and mother, but I love pie."

Physician: "Your ailment lies in the larynx, thorax, and epiglottis." Hoiligan: "Indade? An' me after thinkin' the trouble was in me throat."

Judge: "The next person who interrupts the proceedings of this court will be expelled from the room." Prisoner: "Ho-ray! Whoopee-ee! Now lemme go!"

"Do you play any instrument, Mr. Jim?" "Yes, I'm a cornetist." "And your sister?" "She's a pianist." "Does your mother play?" "She's zitherist." "And your father?" "He's a pest-mist."

Visitor: "Well, my little man, have you any brothers?" Bright Boy: "Yes, ma'am; I have one, but my sister has two." Visitor: "Why, how's that?" Bright Boy: "She has me and my brother."

"I must say I enjoy a spice of danger," said the man who affects bravado. "Is that why you gave up your automobile?" asked the sarcastic friend. "No; that's why I go on foot in the street, where other people run automobiles."

A sentry, an Irishman, was on post duty for the first time at night, when the officer of the day approached. He called: "Who comes there?" "Onion of the day," was the reply. "Then what are ye doin' out at night?" asked the sentry.

"Your hair ain't wet," said little Tommy to Mr. Flyer, who had called at the Yerger mansion. "No, of course. What made you think my hair was wet?" he asked, very much surprised. "I heard pa tell ma you couldn't keep your head above water."

"Jimmie," said the teacher, "a lie can be acted as well as told. Now if your father was to put sand in his sugar and sell it, he would be acting a lie and doing very wrong." "That's what mother told him," said Jimmie impetuously, "but he said he didn't care."

A little girl went into a neighbor's house one day, and some apple parings lay on a plate on the table. After sitting awhile, she said: "I smell apples." "Yes," the lady replied. "I guess you smell these apple parings on the plate." "No, no," said she; "I ain't them I smell. I smell whole apples."

A little boy spent the day in the country, at his grandmother's. Such a good time as he had, running and racing and shouting for all he was worth! At last night came, and, tired and sleepy, the little boy sought repose. "O grandma," he cried as he kissed her good-night, "now I know what a holiday really and truly is, for I've hollered all day long."

A little girl stood in a city meat market, waiting for some one to attend to her wants. Finally the proprietor was at liberty, approached her, and said benignantly: "Is there anything you would like, little girl?" "O yes, sir, please. I want a diamond ring and a necktie sack, a real foreign nobleman and a pug dog and a box at the opera, and O, ever so many other things! But all ma wants is ten cents' worth of bologna."

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## II. Our Own and Other Worlds. By REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

The late J. W. Shilton, B.A., who made a special study of Astronomy, said: "I have read the book 'Our Own and Other Worlds,' and have been delighted with its personal. You could scarcely secure its equal for the Epworth League Reading Course. It will have a place in the permanent literature of the day."

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