

THE CANADIAN

EPWORTH ERA

*Christian
Endeavor*

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SEPTEMBER, 1902

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Explain! Explain!

Little three-year-old Philo had been taught to say to his mother, "I love you more than tongue can tell." He had repeated this one day to the admiration of some visitors, when looking puzzled, he asked, "Mamma, what is tuncan?" A few years after this he had been at church one Sunday and heard the choir sing, "The Consecrated Cross I'd Bear." On the way home he inquired, "Mamma, what is a consecrated cross-eyed bear?"

Putting Her College Geography to a Test.

She had graduated with honors at Acadia Seminary, and taken the class prize in geography. Shortly after her graduation she married. One day, as she was sending a beggar away from the door loaded with delicacies of all kinds, her husband came up and said kindly: "You mustn't believe every beggar who comes to your door."

"But this was no common beggar. He was a sea captain who lost everything in a shipwreck."

"How do you know he was?"

"He told a straightforward story about how his ship went to pieces on the coast of Switzerland."

Shopping in Scotland.

The Scotch have their own ideas of a "bargain day," and their view is not without a touch of shrewdness. A London paper describes a conversation between an English matron and Mr. Angus Melver.

"I suppose, Mr. Melver," said she, "that they have bargain days in Glasgow?"

"Ma conscience, no! It wad na do ava!"

"Indeed!" replied the lady. "Why, I thought bargain days would just suit your people."

"Weel," said he, "that's just it. It wad suit them over weel. If they had bargain days, nobody wad buy anything on the other days, ye ken!"

He'll No Dae.

In a certain auld kirk not a hundred miles from Perth, the choosing of a minister was in full swing. Three candidates had been heard, and John Thomson o' the Howe, farmer, elder, and worthy man, had pronounced them "no' baird," but rumor had it that the fourth, who was to preach on the following Sabbath, was a young "star," who would fairly eclipse all the others. John was in his place early, and when the preliminary part of the service was over and the text given out, he, as was his wont, helped himself liberally to the contents of his snuff mull, and having settled himself comfortably in the corner of his pew, was just dropping off to sleep, when a part of the discourse was reached which required emphasizing, and John was heard to mutter, "He's just a wee touchie lood maybe." Matters again went on smoothly until the "star," having again to emphasize, this time more strongly, brought his hand down on the Bible with a thud, which brought John up in the middle of a long-drawn snore. Reaching for his mull, he was heard to remark in an undertone, and with a decisive shake of his head, "Na, he'll no' dae! He's ower lood! ower lood! Wha on earth could slee' an' a din like that gaun on?"

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The Canadian Epworth Era.

A. C. CREWS, Editor.



WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher.

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No. 9.

MY BLESSINGS.

My blessings are so many, Lord,
They fall as ripe fruit from the tree,
And fill my soul with plenteousness;
As songs of fair, sweet minstrelsy,
I scarcely know from whence they came—
They come unheralded by name.

My skies are cloudless, save a rift
That vagrant floats across the sun,
As downy as an April drift
Of snow—and even now 't is gone;
And where erstwhile it was, I see
A depth of calm immensity.

My flowers blow with scarce a bud—
E'en gently touched by worm or frost,
My garden is a scented flood—
A flame, a flash, a holocaust
Of color—dazzling fair to see—
And lo! these flowers bloom for me!

May I be mindful day and night
That my dear blessings, small and great,
Are bounties from the Infinite,
And all my comely fair estate
Is only mine to use for good—
To share in Christlike brotherhood!

—S. B. McManus.

A Christ-like Plan.—The church universal has suffered a severe loss in the death of Mr. B. F. Jacobs, who was one of the most prominent Sunday-school workers on the continent. In speaking of him at the International Convention held recently in Denver, Dr. Potts said, "He was a man in Christ, for Christ, with Christ," and as Dr. Dixon added, like Christ.

Consistency.—A knot of men, laying asphalt walks, were discussing their employer. "Yes," said one of them, he is a great church man, and a pretty nice man, but he don't put tar enough in his walks." The professed Christian who is not honest and consistent in his daily life brings reproach upon the Church. It is not right that it should be so, for a distinction ought to be made between the declared principles of religion, and the wrong-doing of the church member, but as a matter of fact many fail to do this. How careful we should be to have profession and practice agree.

Can you Undo?—"The evil that men do lives after them." A visitor in a hospital found a young man near death. "Can I do anything for you?" he enquired as he bent over the cot. "O, sir," cried the young man, "Can you undo?" In response to a kindly word, he opened his heart and unburdened his soul to the visitor. He told how he had led this companion and that one astray,

how he had ruined this pure life and that one. "O, sir, can you undo this awful work that I have done? Can God undo it?" No one, not even God, can undo what sin has done. God will forgive the penitent, but forgiveness cannot take away the smart from the soul of a converted man who sees the evil he has done and cannot remedy. One reason why the world grows better slowly is that men do more harm in their riotous youth than they cancel in the days of their sober manhood.

Valuable Suggestions.—In speaking to the Christian Endeavor Convocation, recently held in Manchester, England, Rev. Dr. Maclaren, the famous Baptist preacher, made a strong address, in which he suggested that one of the criticisms launched against the movement, not always, he thought, without a suspicion of truth, was that it went in for little bits of emotional religion, scraps of hymns, and snippets of Scripture. He appealed to the Endeavorers to foster the intellectual side of the spiritual life, and take a manly grasp of grave questions. The advance of the kingdom must begin in individual hearts, and then, in concentric circles, it must be widened to our village, our town, our nation, the world.

Ought to have been there.—In the dark days of the Boer war, just after the battle of Magersfontein and the death of General Wauchope, a man stood in the Warship Street Police Court, charged, on his own confession, with being a deserter from the Black Watch. He had deserted eight years before, had married and settled in business. He had read on the Sunday of the death of General Wauchope, and of the numbers of his old comrades who had fallen on the field. He told his wife then, for the first time, of his being a deserter, and the next morning gave himself up. He said to the magistrate that he felt he must rejoin them now. In broken accents he said: "I knew so many of them, sir. I ought to have been there. I've got a heart in me, and I want to go now." That man might have seen his old regiment on parade, and the glitter of the pomp and pageantry would not have moved him. But the picture of his general dead on the field, and of his comrades beaten, wounded, fallen in battle, stirred his soul as nothing else would, and brought home to him the full infamy of his desertion: "I ought to have been there." So many a man has doffed the uniform of Christ and has striven to forget. But when he hears of the glory of some great battle for righteousness, when some hero falls on that field, when he hears of old comrades

hardly pressed but bearing dauntless hearts, he is smitten with the thought, "I ought to have been there." He has forsaken Christ and missed His glory.

Revives the Memory of the Holy Club.—Bishop Vincent, in his address before the Irish Wesleyan Conference, spoke of the Epworth League as follows: "It is a singular coincidence that, with this comprehensive view of the relations and responsibilities of the Church in our age, there should have been developed such organizations as 'The Oxford League,' 'The Epworth League,' 'The Society of Christian Endeavor' and 'The Brotherhood of St. Paul' for the edification and direction of young people. Our denominational representative in this splendid service is the Epworth League. The very name is full of pleasing and stimulating suggestions. It recalls the home at Epworth and thus exalts the family. It enshrines in Susannah Wesley the idea of a strong, cultivated, consecrated, aggressive Christian womanhood and motherhood. It connects home and university, for as one thinks of the Epworth parsonage, he must also think of Oxford university. Oh, that the letters that passed between Susannah and her son John, between Oxford and Epworth, were still extant! Again, the Epworth League revives the memory of the Holy Club, with its four-fold mission of critical Bible-reading, a personal seeking of conformity to the will of God, works of mercy and help among the destitute and neglected people of Oxford and, incidentally, its recreative readings in classic literature. All these things are revived in the Epworth League of our American church. It is our church military academy. It appeals to the Methodist enthusiasm and passion for the universals in its departments—educational, social, philanthropic, evangelistic and missionary. It is training up a generation of earnest, active, many-sided young Methodists as catholic-spirited as they are denominationally loyal."

The World's Navies.—In his argument on the naval appropriation bill, U. S. Congressman Meyer submitted a table of the number and displacement of the vessels of different classes built and building for the seven principal naval powers. The table showed the naval strength of the respective powers to be as follows:

	Built.		Building.
	No.	Tons.	
Great Britain.....	578	1,583,005	105 433,020
France.....	388	634,870	90 181,130
Russia.....	277	462,315	74 136,220
Germany.....	242	359,135	20 117,250
United States.....	107	303,825	59 264,015
Italy.....	210	279,815	12 68,930
Japan.....	152	251,100	24 8,680

RAMBLES IN NEW YORK.

BY THE EDITOR.

NEW YORK is the greatest and most interesting city in America. It is noted for its size, wealth, business enterprise, and the cosmopolitan character of its population. For a number of years immigration has brought multitudes of people from the various countries of the old world to the shores of America, and many have found a home here. New York is the largest Irish city in the world, almost the largest German city in the world, quite the largest Hebrew city, and nearly the largest Italian city. There is probably no other place on earth so crowded. One block is said to contain 3,600 persons, and many houses which ought not to shelter more than one family are inhabited by eight or ten.

Approaching the city one is impressed by the towering buildings in the lower part of the island. Land is very dear, but it costs nothing to go up into the air, and so the problem of accommodation has been solved by putting up "sky scrapers." The highest building in the

vehicles of all kinds, and the only way to get to the other side of the street was to make a dash, and trust to the kindly aid of a policeman. We, in Toronto, think that our street cars are uncomfortably crowded at the six o'clock evening hour, but they are nothing to the New York trolley and cable cars. The people are packed into them like sardines in a box, so that there is not even comfortable standing room. When one gets wedged into the centre of such a car, it is necessary to commence working his way out about four or five blocks before reaching the getting off place, as the stops are short, and everybody is advised to "hustle."

My favorite method of locomotion in New York was to mount to the top of a Fifth Avenue omnibus, and secure, if possible, the front seat with the driver. In this way a fine view is obtained of the splendid mansions of the millionaires which line that remarkable thoroughfare for miles. To be candid, most people are disappointed in these famous houses. They have no cosy and homelike gardens and lawns about them, as all of our best residences in Toronto have, but are built right on the street, and most of them

their splendid equipages. What a contrast there is between all this gorgeousness and the squalor and wretchedness to be found in the sections of the city where the poor dwell! It is scarcely to be wondered at that there is discontent and murmuring, often tending in the direction of anarchy. When wealth is so ostentatiously displayed, and where there are so many evidences of extravagance alongside of such terrible grinding poverty it is not strange that some very radical questions are asked and in many hearts there is a seething anger against society and its institutions.

Let us leave Fifth Avenue, and take a look at some of the streets down town, which fairly swarms with children. The pavement is the only playground for the boys, and they have started a game of ball. The lads know very well that this is against the law, and so they have stationed sentinels on the outskirts to keep an open eye for the policeman. Everything goes merrily until suddenly the cry is raised, "the cop," when the base-ballers scatter like leaves before the wind, and by the time the officers of the law reaches the spot everything is as quiet and orderly as possible. On warm summer evenings the people in the lower part of the city spend their time on the streets until late into the night, while not a few sleep in the open air upon the roofs.

New York by night is quite as interesting as by day. Broadway is brilliantly illuminated by electrical devices of all kinds, principally in the form of signs for the theatres and hotels. Between 20th and 40th streets it is a blaze of light.

What is known as "The Bowery" is a street mainly given up to second hand stores, pawn shops, low class theatres and other places of entertainment, with saloons and gambling dives galore. Almost every other building seems to be a drinking place. As one beholds the teeming masses who throng this street, and sees the many signs of vice, he cannot help feeling that the christianizing of these people is an enormous task. But there are some bright spots. Step into the Christian Herald Mission on "The Bowery," and you will find a cheerful and comfortable room filled with men. A Gospel service is in progress, with

bright singing and stirring addresses. The audience is a hard one to do anything with; many of the men are stupid and sleepy; some are drunk and probably the majority have attended the service not from any desire to hear the Gospel, but simply because the mission supplied a warm place in which they could spend an hour or two. Still there have been many instances of genuine conversion so that the hearts of the workers are encouraged.

One of the strangest features of New York's night side is what is known as "The Misery Club." I had never heard of it, and was not a little puzzled at first to understand it. Reaching the St.



NEW YORK "SKY-SCRAPERS."

city at present is Park Row, which is 382 feet high, but a new one is in course of erection which will tower 73 feet higher, and is to have thirty stories. Its cost will be \$2,500,000. Broadway, which by the way is not by any means a broad street, is very much like a canyon, with mountain peaks upon each side of it.

The crowds on the streets of New York are tremendous, and the jam on the surface street cars at times is indescribable. Everybody has heard of the old lady from the country standing on Broadway waiting for the procession to go past. She soon discovered that the "procession" was an unending stream of

we are an expression of magnificent loneliness and dreariness. One cannot help wondering if the people who live in them are really happy.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the carriages of "the four hundred," as the aristocracy are called, begin to roll down Fifth Avenue. Sleek coated, well groomed horses, which would be beautiful were it not for the barbarous manner in which they have been disfigured by the fashionable practice of "docking," prance by, bearing the favored and pampered daughters of fashion. The liveried coachman and footman look as dignified as if they were princes, and ordinary carriages are expected to get out of the way for

Dennis Hotel on Broadway a few minutes before twelve one night, I noticed a long line of men standing in front of Fleischman's bakery, almost opposite. Enquiry from a street railway employee revealed the cause of this remarkable assemblage. Every night of the year a similar gathering takes place of unfortunate men who are poorly clad, and with a hungry look in their faces. They form into line and wait, in the most orderly manner, until the clock strikes twelve, when the side door of the bakery opens and the poor fellows receive a piece of bread and a cup of hot coffee, absolutely free. All the bread which has been left over after the day's sales is

CHURCH MUSIC.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN considering the elements of effective church music, some attention must be given to the place that instruments shall be allowed to hold in the services of the sanctuary. Instrumental music has come into the Church gradually and in the face of much opposition. There is much that is amusing in the discussions that took place in the old Puritan and Presbyterian churches on the subject of introducing instruments into the Church. The Puritan preachers of New England opposed the innovation

and disparaging remarks were made by clergymen and others, who spoke of it as "our neighbor's box of whistles," and "the tooting-tub," etc. The organ has now won its place in the churches of all denominations, and is recognized everywhere as a most efficient aid to congregational singing. In many religious assemblies an orchestra is used with good effect.

Spurgeon's church is often referred to as an illustration of effective singing without instrumental accompaniment. It is quite true that the singing in this church is very good, but one cannot help feeling that it would be immensely improved by the introduction of an organ or cornet.

The organ stands above all other instruments for majesty, power, and variety. It has been well called the "King of instruments." It seems to have been consecrated almost exclusively to religious uses. In the hands of a competent musician, who is in sympathy with the service of praise, the organ may become a wonderful inspiration, and greatly aid in the development of a devotional feeling in the congregation.

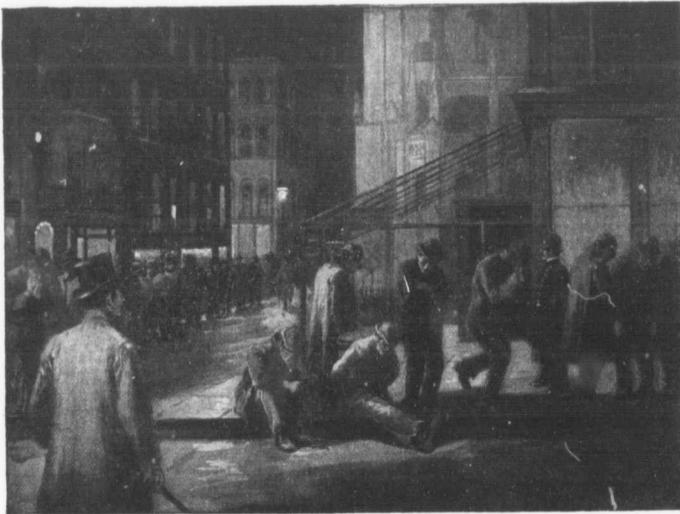
The opening voluntary is not by any means the least important part of the service. People often come to church a good deal hurried and worried with getting the members of the family ready. They come full of worldly thoughts and anxieties, and it is a good thing for them to sit quietly for a few minutes and listen

to something that will charm these all away. The playing of the organ at the opening of the service ought to do much toward dispersing secular and worldly impressions, and lifting the mind and heart into a proper condition for worship.

A choir seems to be a necessary element in successful church music. The best results in congregational singing can usually be secured where the congregation is led in the praise service by an efficient chorus choir. In most churches there are a sufficient number of young people able to sing, to make a very good choir if placed under efficient leadership.

There can be no reasonable objection to paid singers, if the church is able to pay them without robbing some other part of the Lord's treasury. It does not, however, have a very good appearance to the outside world when a congregation pays twice as much for professional solo-singers as it does for the spread of Christ's kingdom by means of the missionary enterprise.

Church music should never be made a mere exhibition. Every choir singer



"THE MISERY CLUB," NEW YORK CITY.

thus disposed of, and the plan has been carried out for a number of years, greatly to the satisfaction of many homeless men. Sometimes there are as many as three or four hundred in line at five minutes before twelve. There are those who condemn this "indiscriminate charity" because it affords a little comfort to some idle men, and confirmed tramps, but I am inclined to agree with the street railway man who remarked, "It's a good thing that there's somebody who is kind to the poor."

For three or four hours after midnight New York is comparatively quiet, but at a very early hour activity begins again. Ice wagons start their deliveries, milk carts rumble through the streets, newsboys shout their papers, and soon the great city is once more a scene of business, excitement and uproar.

Do not murmur at the hardness of your lot. Perhaps the difficulties which have been so irksome have been thrown across your pathway to give the wheel of your manhood firmer grip on the slippery rails of life.

violently, and preached often on the text taken from the prophecy of Amos, "I will not hear the melody of thy viols;" although they ignored the other half of the verse, "Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs."

Violoncellos, or bass-viols, as they were universally called, were the first musical instruments that were allowed in the New England churches. They were called, without intentional irreverence, "the Lord's fiddles." Viols were first opposed as savoring too much of the tavern dance music, but at last a compromise was effected, by which violins were allowed in many meetings if the performers would play the fiddle wrong end up, in this way they endeavored to persuade themselves that an inverted fiddle was not a fiddle at all, but a small bass-viol. The opposition to the violin in some quarters was very strong, and many walked out of the church when it commenced to play. One clergyman contemptuously announced, "We will now fiddle and sing the forty-fifth Psalm."

When the first organ was brought into use in America, any number of unpleas-

should realize that the singing of our hymns is worship. The congregation would be shocked if their pastor used his prayers as an elocutionary exhibition, but it would be no worse than for an individual or choir to sing the praise of God merely for the purpose of showing how artistically and exquisitely the highest and lowest notes can be taken.

A suitable selection of tunes is important. Sacred music now comprises a very large list of magnificent tunes, and the devil's tunes can well be dispensed with in the house of God. The ditty that is sung in the saloon or at the street corner, to frivolous words, cannot be brought into the sanctuary and attached to the words of some grand hymn without sadly marring the service of song. The words of the familiar air will constantly come into the mind.

Sometimes the tune of the sentimental love-song is brought into the church, as for instance, when the words "Nearer, my God, to thee," are sung to "Robin Adair." The air is pretty, but while it is being sung the average hearer is thinking more of Robin Adair than of the sentiment of "Nearer, my God, to thee."

There has been a great improvement in recent years in the character of music used in our churches. Old-fashioned tunes like "Calcutta," with many quavers and turns, making them unsuitable for congregational singing, have gone out of use. The complex musical compositions usually called fugue tunes are not very devotional and may well be dispensed with. These fugue tunes were regarded with considerable favor by our forefathers, although the repetition of a word or syllable in fugueing led to some very ridiculous variations. Thus the words:

"With reverence let the saints appear
And bow before the Lord,"

were sung, "And bow-wow-wow, and bow-wow-wow," and so on until bass, treble, alto, counter and tenor had bowed for about twenty seconds.

It is said that old Bishop Seabury once listened to a choir wander back and forth in ten minutes in getting through the four lines:

"True love is like the precious oil
That poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed."

Thirty times were parts of the verse scientifically rendered before the final word was reached. As the Bishop rose to preach, he remarked, "Friends, in my sympathy for poor Aaron, during the singing, I almost forgot my text. It surely seemed that he would lose the last hair in his beard before the choir were done with him." Tunes of this class are now, happily, nearly out of date.

Certain hymns are wedded to certain tunes. When the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," is announced, we expect to sing it to "Coronation" or "Miles Lane," and a feeling of disappointment comes over a congregation if any other is selected. We want to sing "Rock of Ages" to "Toplady"; "Arise, my soul, arise," to "Lenox"; "O could I speak the matchless worth," to "Ariel"; "Come let us join our cheerful songs," to "Antioch"; "Sun of my soul," to "Hursley." What have been joined

together by long years of hallowed association should not, except for good reasons, be put asunder.

There are, however, some familiar tunes that should be superannuated. The tune usually sung to "There is a fountain filled with blood," is so devoid of musical excellence, so grating upon the musical ear, that it should be banished forever to the shades of forgetfulness. The tune used to "O happy day," is also a wretched affair, altogether unworthy of the words. The sooner we learn new tunes for these hymns the better.

WONDERFUL, INDEED!

THE case of Helen Keller promises to be equalled, if not surpassed, in interest by that of Tommy Stringer. The following article from *Zion's Herald* is by Rev. George Skeene, D.D.: Tommy was born near Waynesburg, Pa., July 3, 1886. His mother died when he was an infant. This great calamity was soon followed by another even worse affliction. Spinal meningitis, one of the most terrible diseases, left this helpless baby of only two years of age without the senses of sight and hearing. The child was placed in the Allegheny Hospital, where he remained until April, 1891, when he was brought to the Perkins Institution, South Boston. Though nearly five years old, Tommy was nothing but a mass of flesh with the breath of life in it. Those who were with him at that time say that there was scarcely any indication of human intelligence, and that in his instincts and characteristics he resembled a puppy more than a child. His only mode of locomotion was creeping feet foremost upon the floor. He had evidently some time had the misfortune to strike his head against something hard in creeping head first, and had wit enough to reverse the order of his going thereafter. Tommy was placed in the Kindergarten for the Blind at Jamaica Plain, in charge of a special teacher, who was employed to devote all her time to him. Then began what seemed a hopeless task—the endeavor to awaken the spirit from its sleep, and give it some conception of its nature. As I listened to the story of the siege laid about this soul I hardly knew which to account the greater miracle—the final awakening of this torpid spirit, or the patience of the teacher through whom the awakening came. The poor little creature was heedless, dull, inactive. He knew no want and felt no incentive to change his condition. At times he was passionate as a little brute, tearing his clothes and screaming. The only indication that he was not satisfied was a monotonous, fretful moan. This, however, was enough to warrant the effort of his teacher to gain access to his mind. It was evident at the beginning that his physical condition must first be improved. He must learn to stand upright on his feet. To this end a series of simple exercises were prescribed for him and faithfully carried on day after day until his flabby muscles began to harden and his sluggish blood to circulate more vigorously. In due time he was enabled to stand erect, move about, feed, dress and undress himself, and walk and play in the open air. The next and more difficult

task was to establish communication between Tommy and the outer world. Here the teachers found a most unpromising pupil. His stolid apathy and Scotch obstinacy seemed to resist every device employed to implant the first idea in his brain. A single word was chosen for his first lesson and persistently pressed upon him month after month until he learned it. The word was *bread*. The teacher gave him a piece of bread, then by the manual alphabet spelled the word upon Tommy's hand over and over again. Three times every day for weeks this exercise was followed, and yet no progress was apparent. Then the boy was allowed to get hungry to see if he would not ask for bread. At first this seemed to make no impression, but finally after a long fast he reached his hand out to his teacher and spelled bread. Imagine the thrill of joy in the heart of that teacher! Only one single word had been implanted in that mind after nine months of constant training, but that word meant victory. The next word was *milk*. It was taught in the same way, and with a good deal of difficulty. Other words were added until quite a vocabulary was mastered.

Gradually the boy's nature was awakened, and Tommy began to ask questions. He became greatly interested in the shapes of things about him, and in the materials of which they were made. He was given a set of tools and a sloyd bench, and soon developed remarkable skill in the making of little articles of wood. I was shown a small stand of his own manufacture as one would expect from an expert cabinet-maker. He spends his summer vacations in New Hampshire with one of his teachers on her father's farm. Last summer Miss Brown went out to look for her charge, and not seeing him about the grounds, looked up and found him standing on the top of the house feeling the chimney, getting its size, and studying the character of its construction. She could not call him by name, so stood and watched him. When he had studied the chimney to his satisfaction he got down on the ridge of the roof like any other boy and worked his way back to the ground by the means employed in climbing up. His genuine boy nature was recently shown in a bit of mischief perpetrated on his room-mate. Tommy is very fond of machinery of all sorts and has made a study of electric cars. He is the proud owner of the gong whose vibrations remind him of the bells on the electric cars. One night he pulled his bed up by the side of the bed of his room-mate, fastened his gong to it, and spent most of the night playing electric cars. The other boy did not appreciate the fun, and so made complaint to the matron in the morning. Tommy was accordingly rebuked and told that the next night he must be quiet and not touch his bed. The following morning his room-mate came to Tommy's teacher and said that Tommy had not been in bed all night. He left him sitting in his chair when he went to bed and found him there in the morning. Tommy's teacher asked him if he had not been to bed that night, and he said he had not. She wanted to know why, and he told her that the matron had said he mustn't

touch his bed that night, so he had to sit up all night. The matron had simply intended to tell him not to play with his bed as he had done the night before. Tommy was literally obedient. There is something pathetic in such absolute obedience as that. Many such incidents are related about this growing boy, which show his genuine boy nature.

When he first began to show signs of intelligence the manager of the institution, Mr. M. Anagnos, expressed a wish that nothing of a religious nature should be taught him; desiring to discover if the idea of anything spiritual would come to him without instruction. Years passed without the slightest indication that he ever thought of any Supreme Being, or any other life than that of the body. Tom has become very fond of the study of geography, and the size of the world is making a profound impression upon him. Not long ago, he said to his teacher: "Who made the earth? Man couldn't. Who or what did make it?" His teacher, who is a beautiful Christian woman, said to him: "Tom, God made it." "But what is God?" His teacher tried to tell him, and now Tom knows a little of who God is, but not everything. Perhaps he knows more than some of us who talk much about Him.

Tom and his teacher visited Philadelphia about a year ago, and were taken to see a famous collection of mummies in the museum. Tom was allowed to feel of them, and his teacher tried to tell him all about the process of embalming and the object of it. But Tom did not seem to enthuse very much till some one gave him a miniature mummy for a watch-charm; then, as he felt of it, he began to ask questions about the value of the body, and apparently to associate with it something which made it of value. After returning home, Tom asked his teacher, "Why do we not embalm our dead?" This was her opportunity to teach him something about the soul. She used the old illustration of the caterpillar and the butterfly. Describing the bursting of the chrysalis from its rudo shell, and with its bright wings soaring away from the earth, she said: "We believe that the soul lives on after the body dies, and we do not need to preserve the body." Tom heard it all, and then asked, "What is the soul?" He is still asking that question. Who can answer it? Perhaps some day when Tom stands among those "who have come up through great tribulation," he will teach his present teacher some things which she would be glad to know.

At present there are four girls in the institution who are deaf, dumb and blind, on whom this same miracle of mental and moral transformation is being wrought. In heathen lands such unfortunate are cast out into the world to die. Only in the lands where Christ is known is it thought worth while to expend fortunes in time and money to redeem them.

Tom is at present attending one of our public schools, and is keeping pace with the members of his class in all the studies of the course. His faithful teacher sits by his side in all his recitations and interprets for him what the more fortunate pupils receive through the eye and

ear. I walked with Tom and his teacher from the school to the Home, and could scarcely get an opportunity for a word between the questions Tom launched through his busy fingers on the attention of his teacher. He is an animated interrogation point. It is said that the strength and excellence of Tom's moral character are even more remarkable than his physical and mental vigor. He is upright, honorable, faithful in all things, absolutely truthful and entirely free from evil propensities. The teachers in the public school declare that his presence among the boys is a positive blessing. Miss Helen S. Conley is Tom's devoted teacher, and she guards him with a jealous care against everything that might contaminate his pure soul. Hers is a beautiful work, and I am sure that some day she will hear the Great Teacher say, "Well done!" "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least . . . ye have done it unto me."

ASHPAN PHILOSOPHY.

BY REV. J. P. RICE.

I CAME down stairs this morning to renew my fire. I put in more coal, closed the damper, and opened the drafts, but observed that it brightened slowly, and gave out but little heat. What was the matter? There surely must be some hindrance! Then I opened the ash-draw, and noticed that the pan was heaped up with the ashes from yesterday's burning. Here was the trouble! No air could penetrate from below to cause a current, and without this there might be plenty of coal, a closed damper, and an open draft, but there could not be a bright fire.

How like this is to our spiritual life! We have been seized with desire and purpose to realize a holier and more useful future. We hear the voice of duty calling us to higher attainments for God, humanity, and self. We resort to the Word of God. We shut off all hurtful or needless self-indulgence. We apply ourselves with renewed zest and zeal to prayer. But the glow and heat of our soul-life do not respond and keep pace with our increased activity in spiritual exercise. We feel a deadness that sadly depresses, weights our wing of faith, and disappoints our hopes of increased buoyancy and usefulness in Christian life and service.

Where is the difficulty? Prayer and heart-searching soon reveal it. We are allowing keen and regretful memories of previous unfaithfulness, failures, and lost opportunities to chain us down. What are we going to do with our poor marred and regretted past? We must get rid of it somehow, or it will effectively becloud our future. *Dump it on the ash-heap*, with everything else that is discarded and useless. Cease fondling and petting it, and putting tears and flowers on its grave. There is only one place for dead things—the cemetery!

This was evidently Paul's idea, and we cannot do better than follow his example: "One thing I do, *forgetting the things which are behind*, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on towards the goal unto the prize

of the upward calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Phil. 3:13, R.V.

So also Longfellow:

Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God overhead!

Such was the philosophy of the ash-pan. A humble teacher truly, but a valuable and needed lesson.

Blenheim, Ont.

YOUR IMAGINATION.

BY REV. J. R. PATTERSON.

PRIZE it. It is one of the noblest faculties you possess. By it you vanquish time and space; it makes the past present and brings the distant near. Through its exercise you put yourself in the other man's place, and by its help you enter into the hopes, fears, joys and sorrows of your fellow men. A person without imagination is a person without tact.

Enrich it. Hang up in its chambers the choicest images; poetry and pictures afford. Tennyson tells how a man built for himself a lordly pleasure house, surrounded by sparkling fountains and speaking statuary, and filled with the noblest and most beautiful painting. Such a palace of art your imagination may become. The price of a chaste, well furnished imagination is above rubies.

Guard it. Take heed what sort of painting is done therein. A dissolute prince allowed a goblin artist to put an obscene picture on his palace wall. Disgusted with the work the prince repented and sought to erase the offensive scene; but no acids would remove the colors and the bright pigments showed clearly through all points by which they were covered. The picture perished only with the palace. So it happens daily in the mind of some foolish boy. A filthy-minded pedlar shows a foul picture to a growing lad. That lad has become a man well known throughout North America for piety and Christian enterprise. Many beautiful things he has seen and forgotten, but that obscene image remains indelibly printed on his mind. Young man, remember that whatever enters your mind may stay there, whether you like its presence or not. Therefore, exercise a rigid censorship on what you see, read or hear. Beware of morbid reverie. Rule your imagination with a rod of iron, and over its portals inscribe this motto, "Nothing impure shall enter here."

Grand Valley, Ont.

The ordinances of God have no satisfaction in them and they are utterly shorn of joy for those whose hearts have gone astray. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, for example, is the dreariest of all dreary formalities for those from whose hearts faith and love have gone. Simplicity goes with them and also gladness and joy while the world cannot duplicate them. The world laughs, but it never rejoices. The world sings, but it never attains the richness of a supreme melody. Rejoicing is spiritual. Joy is a fruit of the Spirit. One must be clean-hearted as well as strong-throated to rejoice.—S.

THE HILLS OF PEACE.

It is well to live in the valley sweet

Where the work of the world is done,
Where the reapers sing in the fields of
wheat,

As they toil, till the set of sun,
Ah, yes, it is well to live on the plain
Where the river flows on through the
fields,
Where the ships sail down to the bound-
less main
With the wealth that the valley yields.

But beyond the meadows the hills I see
Where the noises of traffic cease,
And I follow a voice that calleth to me
From the hilltop regions of peace,
The airs, as they pass me, sweet odors
bring,
Unknown in the valley below,
And my spirit drinks from a hidden
spring
Where the waters of comfort flow.

Aye, to live is sweet in the valley fair,
And to toil till the set of sun,
But my spirit yearns for the hilltop's air
When the day and its work are done,
For a Presence breathes o'er the silent
hills,
And its sweetness is living yet,
The same deep calm a' the hillside fills,
As breathed over Olivet.

—*Ester H. Troubridge, in Christian
Intelligencer.*

TO SAVE THE ARMY.

I THINK there is nothing finer in all history than Keenan's last charge. It was amid the gloomy pines of Chancellorsville. Stonewall Jackson had surprised the Eleventh Corps and was driving it in utter rout.

Not a Federal musket was in sight save such as were being borne to the rear as fast as frightened legs could carry them. Six hundred men remained to meet the victorious rush of twenty thousand. Suddenly out in front of the guns rode General Pleasanton and the pained where Major Keenan sat with his three hundred cavalry.

"Major," he said, "you must charge into the woods with your men and hold the enemy in check until I can get these guns aligned and shotted. You must do it at all cost."

The reply came, quick and hard: "It is just the same, General, as saying, 'You must be killed,' but, General, I will do it!"

Oh, what a scene that was! I wish we had some American Tennyson to immortalize that charge. Three hundred horsemen with deep-set spurs and flashing sabres flying at the throats of twenty thousand! Nobody had blundered; somebody must die for the army, that was all! Then every man died in his stirrups.

But they died not in vain. The few minutes gained for the gunners saved the day, for the batteries had meanwhile been double-shotted and not even Jackson's veterans could stand such raking fire. They quailed. Jackson fell by a shot from his own lines. Sickles's old Third Corps filed in behind the guns and victory was won. What an obedience that was when Keenan knew he had no

more chance for life than a thistle-down in the teeth of the tempest! What an exhibition of devotion for men and angels—three hundred men obeying when obedience meant certain death.—*Rev. C. G. Peck.*

NOW IS THE TIME.

THE genius of opportunity lies in its strategic element. In every opportunity two or more forces meet in such a way that the one force so lends itself to the other as momentarily to yield plasticity. Nature is full of these strategic times. Iron passes into the furnace cold and unyielding. Coming out it quickly cools and refuses the mould, but midway is a moment when fire so lends itself to iron, and iron so yields its force to flame as that the metal flows like water. This brief plastic moment is the inventor's opportunity, when the metal will take on any shape for use or beauty. Similarly the fields offer a strategic time to the husbandman. In February the soil refuses the plough, the sun refuses heat, the sky refuses rain, the seed refuses growth. In May comes an opportune time when all forces conspire toward harvest; then the sun lends warmth, the clouds lend rain, the air lends ardor, the soil lends juices. Then must the sower go forth and sow, for nature whispers that if he neglects June he will starve in January.

Unspeakingly precious are these strategic hours of opportunity. God sends them; divineness is in them; they cleanse and fertilize the soul; they are like the overflowing Nile. Men should watch for them and lay out the life-course by them, as captains ignore the clouds and headlands and steer by the stars for a long voyage and a distant harbor.—*Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D.*

BAD CURVES.

IT is said that in building a certain railroad the company had a bonus of so much for every mile of track, and put in many curves to make it longer. As a result, hundreds of trains and thousands of passengers and tons of freight had to go round those curves every day for fifty years, causing an enormous and ever-increasing loss; but now the railroad company is cutting out these curves and straightening the line, at an expense of millions of dollars.

Every bad habit is a curve, which is put into life when it is being laid out. The line of life is at first flexible and movable, and can be run anywhere; but once it is embedded and ballasted in the soil and rock of habit it becomes a fixture, and may become a finality. Any curve put in the original construction, then, imposes itself upon all the traffic of life that passes over that line. If a boy, in learning a trade, learns to do some part of his work in a roundabout way, every time he does that thing he will travel around that curve, at the cost of time and trouble and poor work. If he puts into his speech words of misrepresentation, deceit, falsehood, through all his life he may travel around lying curves. If he forms a habit of drink, he will travel a very crooked way which resembles the writhings of a

serpent. If he becomes dishonest and tricky in trade, he will never go straight at a matter in an open manner, but will approach it along a sinuous path, and be crooked in all his ways.

Curves should be kept out of the flexible life of the family and Church and nation. Selfishness, ill temper, strained relations, and discord put turns and crooks in the home which twist and wrench all its life. How unpleasant and painful it is to live in a home which is frequently jolting and jarring around sharp curves! Build the home on a straight line, that its life may run on a smooth and pleasant track. Many a Church has doomed itself to crooked travelling by getting a twist into its fenders. Nations have tracks that their founders and first generations lay out. We are constructing the track of this nation. As we build it to-day, so will the nation travel for centuries. Every curve we put into this line will send generations around that crookedness. Every piece of straight track will make it easier and safer for those that come after us. Home missions are building an air line across this continent, and foreign missions are extending it as a belt line around the globe. We are constructing a track for coming millions; let us cut out the curves and build it true. Their feet will follow ours; let us walk straight. "Cast ye up, cast ye up; prepare the way; take up the stumbling-block out of the way of my people."—*Texas Christian Advocate.*

BEFORE AND AFTER.

WILL not the benefit of a Sunday service depend quite as much upon the worshipper as upon the preacher—nay more! Do not too many people rush off to church with little or no reflection upon the purpose of their going? Do they, not infrequently, arrive out of breath and frustrated? Or, if they have come leisurely, have they not talked over every sort of topic with their neighbors on the way? How difficult is it for them all at once to fall into the devotional mood; and how almost impossible it is for hymn and prayer and sermon to claim the attention of their thoughts and preoccupied minds! Their thoughts are distracted or wool-gathering, and they have not been calmed beforehand for the solemnities of the hour. And then, what effort is made at the conclusion of the service to retain even so much of such high and good impression as may fortunately have been made! We have no desire to discourage sociability in Church life, and "cold" churches are not to our liking, but we have a growing conviction that promiscuous handshaking and neighborly gossip after the sermon is getting to be an obnoxious fad, a mania—almost a vice. About every holy, serious, and comforting thought and feeling is almost immediately washed out in the floods of small talk. On the way home the same process is continued. At the dinner-table the conversation is on miscellaneous topics, or, if it bears on the services, it is too frequently a criticism of the sermon or the singing. The people have been good and respectable and pious in going to church—that is all so, and doubtless there is a satisfaction of conscience and some vague consciousness of benefit—but what resi-

dium of permanent good would a laboratory analysis afford? How much of abiding strength and consolation do they take with them into the week for their help? If some, could there not be much more if their minds were concentrated, both before and after the service, on the things of God? And would it not be better to spend the day's reading period with some devotional or other book than with the Sunday newspaper, with all its distracting miscellany? And might not many more than do find profit in an hour or two with the Bible? Perhaps we are too pessimistic. We would gladly think so. Some years ago we saw some rules that Mr. Gladstone drew up relating to going to and returning from church and the proper disposition in the sanctuary. If any of our readers can furnish us a copy, we will gladly reprint it.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

PUTTING THE BITS TOGETHER.

SHE was a dear, quaint old lady whose days were full of kindness and whose hands were seldom idle. She was showing some treasures of handiwork, and among other things brought out a soft, silken quilt, daintily stitched and finished. We exclaimed at its beauty, and then began slowly to recognize its component parts.

"Why, auntie, you did not make this whole pretty slumber robe out of just those odds and ends of silk you were gathering?"
She nodded and laughed.
"There are bits enough in the world, child, to make almost anything we want, if only we are willing to save the bits and take pains to put them together," she said. "The reason for most of our doings—without is that we want our material all in one piece—yards and yards of it—so that we can lay on what pattern we like and cut it out easily. But it doesn't come that way usually."
"Strength, leisure, money, education—we seldom get any of them in the lengths we want, but putting the bits together will work wonders if only we learn how to do it. 'Slumber robe'! Is that the new name for this kind of quilt? Well, the happiness robe is made in the same way, out of the bright little odds and ends that come to us daily."—*Forward.*

THE WORLDLING'S GOSPEL OF SUCCESS.

WE find in these days an unusual number and variety of well-written, attractive articles from so-called "successful" rich men, giving advice to boys and young men how to gain success—i.e., how to make money and attain power in the market-places of the world. We don't believe in the gospel of materialism. They all miss the central thing—the doing of the will of God. Christ's counsel is better than all that the Russell Sages, the Carnegies, the Schwabs, the Morgans, have written—"Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Only so can life get its right relation and balance. The success of the worldling with his millions of money is in the sight of God and heaven a sickening failure.

"Seekest thou great things for thyself?" saith the Lord. "Seek them not." To do the will of God is the greatest achievement of human life, and "he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."—*This is success.—Lookout.*

HOW WE PAY.

TWO men were passing a departmental store, and stopped to read the announcements of bargains in the window. "Well, you pay for all you get there," one of them remarked. "Yes, but can you find a place in the world where that isn't true?" was the reply. While those statements ought to be received with a few reservations, it is certainly true that somebody must pay for everything that is of the least value. The servant of sin pays for a good many things that have no value, and yet he imagines all the while that he is getting something for nothing. Lowell tells us that

"At the devil's booth all things are sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold.
For our caps and bells our souls we pay;
Bubbles we buy with a while, the angels' taking,
It is heaven alone that is given us—
It is only God can be had for the asking."

—*The Lookout.*

A SINGLE IDLE WORD.

I WAS not a bad young man," said an elderly gentleman lately, "but was given to fun, enjoyed a good time, and while not usually vulgar or low in my conversation, had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and could not always resist the temptation to make an apt rejoinder, even when it involved some coarseness.

"A party of us were camping, mostly young fellows, but one or two were middle-aged men. We had a good time, and there was only one thing to regret, and that I have regretted all my life. We sat around the fire the first evening, telling stories, and a story which one of the older men told suggested an obscene comment, which I uttered before I thought twice.

"I could have bitten my tongue off the next instant. The man simply looked straight at me for a moment across the fire, and I knew that he judged me by that remark. I knew that I did not deserve the opinion which in that instant he formed of me; but I knew also that I had given him just cause to estimate me as he did. That one careless word did not fairly represent me, but I could not deny that it was my own.

"All that night I lay looking up at the stars and thinking over what I had said. I could almost have counted on my fingers all the other sentences of like character that I had ever spoken. I was not habitually vulgar, but for that one word, and all like words and thoughts, I despised myself.

"I determined to be so careful during the remainder of the week as to redeem myself in the sight of that man; the others knew me better. But a telegram called him back to the city next morning, and I saw him infrequently after that.

"He always treated me civilly when we met, but I never saw him without feeling that he still measured me by that word. I had opportunities to show him that I was not wholly bad, but they were too few to give a comprehensive view of my

character, or really to influence his opinion of me.

"In a strange way, after a year or two had passed, my name was mentioned for a position which was desirable, and which I seemed likely to secure, but this matter was one of three to decide the matter. Without positively knowing how it came about, I could never doubt that a quiet intimation that he considered me unfit was what defeated me.

"Later I found a situation which, although a good one, was in a very different line of work from what I had chosen, and I have never doubted that my whole life was changed by that idle word.

"Did I learn the lesson? Yes, I did! My habit, now almost lifelong, has made impenitent, even in its milder forms, repulsive. The memory of that incident has stopped many a hasty utterance, and in the years that followed it the warning of the divine Teacher has added a sense of responsibility to the sense of shame. 'I say unto you, that every idle word that man shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.'"—*Youth's Companion.*

NO EASY ROAD.

SO, let me say to you, be suspicious of easy roads. The conditions of success in any branch of human endeavor are a straitened gate and a hard road. All kingdoms which it is worth your while to try to enter suffer violence, and it is the violent which take it by force. No eminence is attained in any department without effort and self-discipline. You pronounce a doom on a young man when you say he takes life easily.

How did Robert Louis Stevenson become such a master of English prose? By writing some of his pieces nine times over. Look at a page of Tennyson's manuscript. You will find fifty corrections on a single sheet. "Genius is the capacity for taking pains." It is not by floating with the current that any one attains what is worthy and lasting, but by separating himself from the crowd, by "scorning delights and living laborious days." Depend upon it, in religion as elsewhere, the prime path of dalliance, the broad way, the life that knows no strain, no restraint, no pressure, no fatigue, no watchful self-denial, is a doomed life. The manufacture of character is the finest of all fine arts, and demands of every artist sustained and disciplined toil. There is always a presumption against any road that is easy. You may be sure that the course which is easiest either in the curriculum of college or of life is not the best one for you to choose. You will be safer to turn a deaf ear to that course of study or conduct which says, "Come out of my bread, for it is pleasant." If you are even in doubt about two courses choose the hardest and most unwelcome, for, in most instances, if not all, you will have chosen the one which God meant you to walk in, and which in the end is best for you. That woman was not far wrong when asked to perform a certain task on the ground that it was her duty, said, "Oh! I know it is my duty because I hate to do it. I can always be sure anything is a duty when it is disagreeable."—*Rev. H. M. Sanders, D. D.*

A UNIQUE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY THE EDITOR.

PROBABLY the most unique Sunday-school in Canada is that of the All Peoples' Mission, Winnipeg, which I had the privilege of visiting a few weeks ago. This school consists entirely of foreigners, the majority of whom are unable to speak or read English. It was organized some twelve years ago, in connection with McDougall church, almost entirely through the efforts of a devoted young lady, Miss Dollie McGuire. It soon grew to such proportions that larger and separate quarters had to be secured, and a room was rented on Main Street. Devoted workers have carried on the work of the mission, often amid much discouragement, but with a considerable degree of success.

During the past year or two the mission has been in charge of Rev. Dr. Morrison, who seems to be peculiarly adapted for this work. He not only preaches to the people on Sunday, but visits among them, and conducts a free medical dispensary. The doctor thinks that one of the most serious problems for the North-West to solve is what to do with the foreigners who are pouring into the country in such numbers. He stated that he had never met a train at the C. P. R. depot without seeing some who were coming to this new land to make their home. There are twenty-four different languages spoken in the city of Winnipeg.

Throughout Manitoba and the territories there are 100,000 Germans, 30,000 French, 30,000 Scandinavians, 30,000 Galicians, 10,000 Doukhobors, beside many others from various countries. Twenty-four thousand foreigners came into the country last year, and this year they have been coming at the rate of 3,000 a month. These people bring not only their own language and customs, but some peculiar ideas about individual liberty, which are not at all in accordance with our idea of good citizenship. When a prohibition contest is on the whiskey sellers manage to secure most of these foreign votes. It is said that 75 per cent. of them vote against prohibition. It is felt by the Christians of Manitoba that if something is not done to christianize these people, they will, before long, become a serious menace to the country.

Dr. Morrison does not believe that very much can be done with the old people, but that there is a hopeful field for missionary work among the children, and is therefore giving special attention to them. Within a radius of half a mile of All Peoples' Mission there are 500 children of foreign families, and 300 of these are enrolled as scholars under the doctor's guidance. Their Sunday-school is like no other, and therefore original methods have to be used. In one corner of the building is a class of Russian children, in another a class of Galicians, and in various parts of the room are found classes of Scandinavians, Doukhobors, Syrians, etc. As far as possible each class is being taught in the language of the scholars. Of course it is no easy

task to secure qualified teachers for such a school.

To meet this difficulty Dr. Morrison is anxious to obtain testaments, tracts and books printed in the various languages represented, so that these people may come into contact with the truth through the printed page. He thinks that many of our Epworth Leagues would esteem it a privilege to help in such an enterprise as this. I am sure they would be moved to do something if they could hear his earnest appeal. We cannot do too much for foreign missions, but we certainly ought not to neglect the stranger at our own doors.

Winnipeg, Man.

A TROUBLESOME LETTER.

TO many Englishmen the letter "H" is the most difficult item of the "hole alphabet. They are able to pronounce it all right for they insist upon using it where it has no right to be, but strangely enough drop it altogether when it should be used. As a rule the educated and cultured Englishman is not subject to this weakness, but the common people usually have more or less trouble with this letter. Even educated persons who come from certain sections of the old land never entirely succeed in overcoming the tendency to play "fast and loose" with the "H." Many ludicrous instances are related of this peculiarity of those who come from "hold England."

In an Ontario village an English builder was asked to examine the Methodist church and suggest some means by which it could be enlarged. After looking the building over for some time he gave it as his decision that the best thing to do was "to knock out the end and put a hell across it."

It was probably a close relation of this man who was consulted as to the warming of a church during the cold weather. "Give me \$60 a year," said he, "and I will guarantee to heat this church."

On the steamboat, this summer, Rev. Geo. Jackson, of Edinburgh, gave the writer this story, which he vouched for. An English farmer had a number of guests to dinner, and was about to help them to some rabbit when he discovered that the dish was cold. Calling the servant, he exclaimed: "Here, Mary, take this rabbit out and eat it, and bring it back a little 'otter.'"

STRENUOUS OR JADED—WHICH?

A BANK account, drawn upon faster than it is replenished, will sooner or later respond, "no funds." The deposits must equal the cheques or trouble will ensue. It is to be feared that many persons are drawing too heavily upon their resources of nerve and muscle. Hence, in not a few cases, the strenuous life has become the jaded life. He who would accomplish the maximum of results, must remember that over-exertion defeats its object. In business the overcraft of to-day must be made up by cutting down the expenditures of to-morrow. And when overdrafts become too large or too frequent the banks

refuse accommodation, and disaster follows. In like manner the spurt of this week is offset by the lethargy of next week, with the net result, that in the course of a year a man has accomplished less than his sensible neighbor who worked hard, but did not strain himself. And if the spurting pace, long continued, becomes habitual, a breakdown is assured. The temptation to labor daily at high pressure grows stronger every year. To hustle much and rest little is the foolish idea of those to whom activity signifies achievement. The mechanic who each day works ten hours for his employer, and then, six hours for himself, the traveller who carries a few side lines on his own account, the public school teacher, who, in order to satisfy a few families, attempts high school work; the minister who is pastor, preacher, author, editor, philanthropist and fraternal society leader, are samples of those in whom strenuousness is carrying to a dangerous excess. The spurting spirit is abroad, but whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. The prudent man, aiming at the best results will do things. First, he will heed advice of them of old, "Man know thyself." He will take account of his capacity for work, and then, endeavor so to labor that each night shall find him tired, but not exhausted. Second, he will give tired nature a proper chance to recruit her strength. This means recreation; but it means more. It means correct habits, pleasurable temperate in kind and degree, cheerfulness, good nature, and, above all, unbroken rest each night. "Wide-awake men wanted!" is the cry. But behind the wide-awake man is the man who has been eight hours fast asleep.

MY SERVICE.

I asked the Lord to let me do
Some mighty work for Him,
To fight amidst his battle hosts,
Then sing the victor's hymn.
I longed my ardent love to show,
But Jesus would not have it so.

He placed me in a quiet home,
Whose life was calm and still,
And gave me little things to do,
My daily round to fill.
I could not think it good to be
Just put aside so silently.

Small duties gathered round my way,
That seemed of earth alone:
I, who had longed for conquests bright
To lay before His throne,
Had common things to do and bear,
To watch and strive with daily care.

So then I thought my prayer unheard,
And asked the Lord once more
That he would give me work for him,
And open wide the door,
Forgetting that my Master knew
Just what was best for me to do.

Then quietly the answer came;
"My child, I hear thee cry.
Think not that mighty deeds alone
Will bring thee victory.
The battle has been planned by me,
Let daily life thy conquest see."

—From the Quiet Hour.

Anecdotal.

An Important Character.

At a little dinner the other night the statement was made that the colored race had longer memories than white folk. Mark Twain, who was present, agreed with the remark, and to prove it told the following:

"Some years ago, when South, I met an old colored man who claimed to have known George Washington. I asked him if he was in the boat when General Washington crossed the Delaware, and he instantly replied, 'Why, massa, I steered dat boat.'

"Well," said I, 'do you remember when George took the hack at the cherry tree?'

"He looked worried for a minute, and then, with a beaming smile, said, 'Why, suah, massa; I dun drove dat hack mahself.'

Slightly Mixed.

Here is a little story which some of our ministers can relate to some good brother who has "nothing particular to do," and who has just come in "to make a little call"—of a couple of hours—just when the minister is driven for time to get his sermon ready. President Hadley is responsible for this:

"A Frenchman called on the mayor of Chicago, and as the visitor started to go he felt he must apologize for taking so much of the mayor's time.

"I fear I have cockroached on your time, Mr. Mayor, and I extremely regret it," he said.

"O, no, not at all, my dear sir. That word, though, my dear fellow, is hen-coached."

"Pardon me, sir," rejoined the Frenchman, as he shook hands with His Honor, "I was mixed up in my genders."

A Place of Safety.

Brother G., a circuit rider of the early days who carried the Gospel on horseback through Missouri, was a fierce hater of tobacco, regarding the habit as both sinful and unclean. Yet with all his inveighing against it he could not prevail upon his hearers to refrain from its use during the hours of divine service, and the floors of schoolhouses and cabins in which he preached gave at least evidence of the filthiness of the habit thus indulged in.

When his labors were rewarded by the erection of the first church in their sparsely settled part of the State, the good old man's zeal and labors were abundant. He himself helped chop down the trees and hew the logs, rear the rudely built church, and after its completion the old man aroused great curiosity by choosing the mightiest giant tree in the forest, which was felled to the ground, the great trunk sawed off about three feet from its base, and the block thus formed was set

in position, directly in front of the door, so that everyone who entered the little church must pass round it.

Many were the enquiries concerning its use. "Purty big hitchin' post, Brother G." "Mighty nigh outer the door, fer a hoss block?" "What d'ye put it that a way fer?" asked another: but to all such queries Brother G. gave an evasive reply.

Afoot, with ox-teams, in big waggons drawn by patient mules, and on horseback, the crowds came from far and near to the dedication of the rude log church. The door was locked, and Brother G. waited by the huge block until all arrived, then commanded silence, and thus addressed them: "Brothers and sisters: I'm mighty glad ter see you all's so willin' ter come totin' to the house of God. You've brought yer babies and yer horses, and oxen, and mules, and dogs, which is all right, and yer terbacker, which is all wrong. I ain't a-gwine to dedicate ter God a house what won't be fit fer a decent pippen 'fore the preachin's over, so I provided this block accordin', and 'fore yer enter the house of God, you-all's take out yer quid o' terbacker, and lay it on this yere block, and it'll be safe till the sarmint's over, fer there ain't a hog around that'll tech it."

A Long Sermon.

A "superannuated" preacher tells in *Everywhere* this capital story:

I commenced my sermon—having placed my dear old silver watch upon the pulpit stand in front of me, so as not to preach over-long. "We want enough here—good measure," the leading deacon had said to me. "They say you young fellows are in favor of cutting your sermons short. But don't you give us less than an hour." I made up my mind that I would give them neither more nor less, and began the discourse.

But I was surprised, as I went on, to see how little time was filled by the material I had prepared. I supposed I had gathered enough for at least an hour; but every point was elucidated, every illustration given, and every exhortation made, and still the time I had used seemed bewilderingly short!

I made up my mind that I would fill out the hour, anyway, and hastily gathering to my aid from the scanty stores of my memory, another sermon that was somewhat akin to the one I was preaching, I tackled a part of it on.

That did not do!—there was still time to make up, and I was bound that I would do it, if it killed me.

I remembered an old college oration that contained some points akin to the text of the morning; and that went in with the rest. I tried to be fervid in delivering it, as I had the preceding matter; but somehow I felt that my audience was growing tired. At last, I was; but I struggled along, determined to fill up the hour.

Several in the congregation yawned, including Maud! The irreverent small brother grinned openly, and winked at some one else's small brother in a neighboring pew. The old town watchman made no bones of leaving the church

abruptly and openly. I felt that several others were on the point of doing so. I still kept glancing at my watch and kept on.

I was just commencing on an anecdote when I hoped might apply to the subject, hoping to make a few minutes' time with it, when the aforesaid deacon, who had been sitting near my point of vantage, crept quietly up the pulpit-stairs, pulled me by the coat-tails and whispered:

"Brother, we are satisfied that you have a call to preach and to persevere to the end. You have been speaking two hours and three-quarters."

Then it all flashed over and through me. My dear old silver watch had stopped, and I had gone on and left it, and tried to preach till it started again!

The affair was so ludicrous that I related it to the congregation, then and there. Everybody laughed loudly and heartily at the joke on me (and, I thought on those who heard me), except one deaf old gentleman, who had one of the loveliest long day-naps in his church history. The irreverent brother actually tried to start a cheer!

Of course I knew, or thought I did, that my chances of a stipendiary position in that church were of about the size of that little round character that in statistics signifies the absence of value; but the event proved otherwise. At the meeting to consider my "case," one hard headed old member arose, I afterwards understood, and said:

"Brothers, that young man has the perseverance of the saints. Very few fellows would have stuck to it like he did, hammering away there to fill up the hour because he set out to do it. And he's got a fair consignment of eloquence, too; for he held almost every one of us there two hours and forty-five minutes; and there's few even of the old heads that could have done that."

And I had the call.

An Unwilling Juror.

A New Hampshire judge, says *Lippincott's Magazine*, has in his possession the following letter sent to him by an old farmer who had been notified that he had been drawn as a juror for a certain term of court:

DEER JUDGE: I got your letter tellin' me to come to manchester an' do dooty on the jury an' i ritie you these fue lines to let you know that you'll have to git some one else fer it ain't so i kin leave home now. I got to do some butchevin' an' sort over a lot of apples jes' about the time the jury will be settin' in your Court. Si Jackman of this town says that he would as soon as not go, fer he ain't nothin' else to do jes' now, so you better send for him. I hate the worst way not to oblige you, but it ain't so i kin at present. Ennyhow I ain't much on law, never havin' been a jooryman 'ceptin' when old Bud Stiles got killed by the cars here some years ago when I was one that set on the bodily with the coroner. So you better send for Si Jackman, for he has got some kin in manchester he wants to visit ennyhow, an' he'd be willin' to go fer his car fare there an' back. Ancer back if you want Si."



The Coming Battle.

BY REV. JOHN MORRISON.

The trumpet of war has been sounded in our land, the forces are being marshalled for the fight. Across the horizon of Ontario life, the black battalions of king alcohol, are wheeling into formation of battle, their weapons drip with the life blood of slain husbands and fathers, their black banners are crimson blotched with the heart drops of crushed out mothers and little children, whose lives have been torn away and their emaciated bodies laid away in untimely graves. Following in the wake of these black battalions come the horrible camp followers, ghouls of poverty, crime and pestilence, while the tympanum of the ear human is jarred by the wails of misery, woe and death.

And to meet them ye hosts of the Almighty! meet them with number for number, undivided force against undivided force, truth against falsehood, unassailable facts as opposed to fictitious fancies, righteousness and purity in deadly antagonism to greed and lust.

In every cyclone there is a storm centre, so in this Canadian prohibition fight the storm centre for 1902 is in Ontario, as this province has all the distilleries, most of the breweries and half the licensed dealers of the Dominion.

In battle the post of danger is the post of honor, so let us face bravely the day of our greatest victory if we are prudent and do our duty, or greatest defeat if we are negligent—December 4th will be that day. To the prohibition forces in Ontario it means either Stormburg and Magersfontein, the field of battle strewn with our dead and dying in the fight, the living forces in full retreat; or Paardeburg, with its splendid victory, preceded by its daring bayonet charge in the face of terrible odds, and followed by glorious memories of duty well performed.

Springfield, Ont.

A Young Banker's Manly Act.

A young banker, a member of the Church of Christ, was called upon to respond to a toast at the State Bankers' Association banquet in Indianapolis. He was asked to speak on behalf of the rising generation—the younger bankers of Indiana. He did so in a very honest, manly and straightforward manner. At the close of his speech he proposed to drink a health to the older bankers of the state, whose wise counsel and kindly consideration had so aided the younger men in their efforts; and there in the presence of two hundred guests, the wealthiest and most fashionable of Indiana's people, who had been sipping costly champagne and Rhine wine from

thin and delicate glasses, his young business man, in his maiden speech, dared to say: "I propose that we drink a health to the older bankers of the state, and that we drink it in clear, cold, pure water!" Every glass was raised, and as they drank pure water, every guest felt the force of the object lesson. It took courage to teach that lesson, but it was well taught.

Prohibition in Kansas.

Mr. T. E. Stephens, of Topeka, Kan., who has done much creditable work for the cause of temperance, has prepared and will shortly issue a new edition of his book on "Prohibition in Kansas." The special features of the book are the positive testimonies of State officials, ex-State officials, editors and educators, influential business men and leading citizens to the comparative merits of prohibition. The testimonies declare that—

Prohibition, although imperfectly enforced in some parts of Kansas, has been of incalculable value to the State.

It has raised the standard of good citizenship.

It has destroyed in large measure the vicious treating habit.

It has greatly reduced drinking and drunkenness.

It has helped to lessen pauperism and crime.

It has saved thousands of the youth of the State from the temptation of the open saloon.

It has added to the material wealth and resources of the State.

It has increased the efficiency of the industrial system.

It has helped to elevate politics.

It has made better citizens, happier homes, larger schools, stronger churches, cleaner newspapers, and more prosperous business conditions.

Prohibition has been a great blessing to at least three-fourths of the State, and is immeasurably superior to any license system.

Strong Words.

Mr. John G. Wooley, commencing his speech before the United Societies of Christian Endeavor, held on Boston Common in 1895, exclaimed:

"The white faces of my dead father and mother came to me this morning before the dawn and said, 'Get up and curse the saloon!' O friends, O father, O mother, O graves of my dead, O my country, O earth, O heaven, O Christ, hear me! If I held here in a crucible, white hot, the most scalding, corroding and consummate curse of God, I would pour it out upon the liquor traffic with a steady hand."

Interesting Prohibition Facts.

On the question of licensing liquor in the State of Connecticut, the returns show that this year out of 168 towns 94 declared for no license, and 74 for license, a gain of three for no license. Only three of the larger towns have no license: Stonington, Groton and Plainfield. In Massachusetts out of 175 incorporated cities and towns 125 are under prohibition.

The Plague of Drink.

The drink traffic is ever working ill to one's neighbor and is the cause of shame, misery and crime. In a brave speech Dean Farrar said: "The plague of drink rages unchecked among us. Men fall by the debasing, imbruting, blasting, milderew vice which scathes everything bright, manly, noble, and God-like in a human being. Women are blighted and dehumanized; the youths faint and the young men fall, and the cry of thousands of miserable children is ever ringing in our ears. Of those children, many, suffocated and overlaid by drunken parents, especially on Saturday nights, perish by handfuls like buds blasted before they are grown up, and many of them, even more and more puny, sickly, rickety, unwholesome, half-idiotic, grow up to hand on to yet viler generations the curse of hereditary craving, to be the retributive scourge of the nations of which they have been the helpless victims. All this is really going on among us, as the daily records of the police courts prove, and we are serenely comfortable and beautifully at our ease, and the gin-shops flare and flourish, and their owners make their millions and get their peacages; and though an eminent judge has told us that the amount of alcohol consumed in any district is the accurate measure of its degradation, we are all of us quite content to sneer with stale and vapid epigrams at those faddists, the temperance reformers." What then should be the attitude of the Christian to the drink traffic? He cannot say, "Am I my brother's keeper? What is the misery of my brother to me? He has brought misery upon himself, let him look to it." The Christian has to follow in the steps of his Lord and Master, who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." That supreme example of self-sacrifice should lead the Christian to have nothing to do with a traffic which is the cause of so much misery, and should inspire him to seek the deliverance.

In Union is Strength.

Every possible effort should be made to secure unity of action in the coming prohibition campaign. The Referendum is, of course, not all that we would like it to be, but it affords all lovers of their country an opportunity of saying what they think of the liquor traffic, which ought not to be neglected. The hardest part of the struggle will be to induce indifferent temperance people to work and vote.

The Quiet Hour.

Morning Prayer.

The morning is the gate of the day, and should be well guarded with prayer. It is one of the threads on which the day's actions are strung, and should be well knotted with devotion. If we felt more the majesty of life, we should be more careful of its mornings. He who rushes from his bed to his business, and waiteth not to worship, is foolish, as though he had not put on his clothes or cleansed his face, and as unwise as though he dashed into battle without arms or armor. Be it ours to bathe in the softly-flowing river of communion with God before the heat of the wilderness and the burden of the way begin to oppress us.—*Spurgeon.*

A Blessed Secret.

It is a blessed secret this of living by the day. Anyone can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly and purely till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us, just one little day.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them. God gives nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living.—*Christian Work.*

Leaving School.

I have often wondered why helpful souls are taken away by death. I do not wonder any more. I leave school when I am fit for this world; if the ministrant souls leave school when they are fit for Thy world; they are the ripest fruits of the garden, and they are ripened by fire. The front flowers are Thy Gethsemane flowers—Thy Passion flowers. My place in the New Jerusalem will be determined by my conquest of exclusiveness; and nothing conquers exclusiveness like pain. They who have passed through the furnace of earth come out to Thee unbound. They are freed from the shackles of all caste; therefore they are the prime ministers of Thy kingdom.—*Rev. George Matheson, D.D., in "Times of Refreshing."*

Sun and Shadow.

It is the sun that makes the shadows possible, beloved, do not forget that! So shalt thou learn the first of all needed lessons for dark days! When it is midnight, even, the sun has not gone out; the dark old earth has rolled its own bulk between its face and the sun; it is dark because of its own shadow. How often, O my soul, hast thou turned thy back

upon God, and mourned because thou wert in the darkness! Turn thee to the Light, my soul! Thy sun shall not go down, however dark the clouds above thee! Nay, as the moon and earth light each, other because they face a common sun, so shalt thou give God's reflected light to other souls in present need, and thou thyself shalt see God's light in their faces when comes the hour of darkness! —*W. E. Barton, D.D.*

Stand To Your Helm.

No ship drifts into harbor. The ocean of life has many a hidden current, may a sudden storm, and he who would win port at last must stand to his helm, while his ship drives on through opposing currents and against contrary winds. The perils of the voyage are very real; the sailor sails on a sea that is strewn with wrecks. Here drifts a battered hulk which was once a gallant ship, but now, helm and compass lost, she is driven on by wind and waves to the terrible shores, from whose cruel rocks and savage breakers she shall not escape. There float the spars and cordage of a richly-laden barque—too richly laden—which has sunk into the depths in the very midst of her course. In this sea nothing drifts except to the shores of destruction; and few ships come into port which have not battled long with angry head winds. Pleasant weather there may be in the voyage of life, but never weather so pleasant that the hand may leave the helm, or the eye the compass. Where there is least peril of storm there may be most peril of being carried away from the right course by an unnoticed current. Keep, then, the eye upon the compass, the hand upon the rudder. That is the only sure way of arriving at the desired haven. To let go the helm and to allow the ship to drift before the winds and the waves may seem to be the easiest, the most natural, even the most enjoyable thing to do; but a voyage which is conducted on that mistaken principle is sure, sooner or later, to end on the cruel rocks, on the treacherous sands, or in the devouring sea.—*Selected.*

"Stepping Heavenward."

In the beautiful story which bears this title we have the account of an exceedingly human life in its struggles, not after heaven, as we generally use the word, but after a heavenly life. After many years of discouraging failure, the young woman realizes that she is really climbing upward toward the life for which she has all these years longed. Not only does the flight of each year mark so much of life's journey finished, but it also marks progress toward the goal that once seemed well-nigh impossible.

While every man needs to learn that sainthood, like heaven, is not reached by a single bound, but by the slow process of little steps, there is also need of learning that no number of steps and no amount of climbing can carry a man to heaven if his face be not first turned in that direction. Oh, the mistaken travellers who imagine that they can grow in grace, when they have never come into God's

grace because they have never obeyed Him. Sometimes there may seem to be little difference between the weak, faltering saint and the one who has never turned to the Lord, but there is this radical difference. The first may be a long way from the heavenly prize, but every step brings him nearer to it. The second had his face turned in the opposite direction, hence each step puts greater distance between him and God.

Two men who have been sitting side by side in the church go out of the house when the service is over, and stand for a moment on the steps together. To both of them home lies away to the right. One of them fails to turn to the right, and so the two pursue their journey in the darkness. Once they stood together; once there was only a step between them; now they are growing farther apart. One with every step draws nearer to home and safety; the other leaves both every moment farther behind him.

How can one be sure he is stepping heavenward? Only by following Him who alone can safely lead the way. We are told of those who say, "Lo here!" or "Lo there!" but the Christian dare not go after them. They may lead to that which for a time seems attractive, but they can never lead us heavenward. Whatever path the Christ would not choose if he was here, leads downward.

"Little by little, sure and slow,
We fashion our future of bliss or woe,
As the present passes away.
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,
Up to the regions of endless delight;
Or gliding downward into the night—
Little by little, and day by day.

—*Forward.*

The Spirit of Praise.

Remember your life is to be a singing life. This world is God's grand cathedral for you. You are to be one of God's choristers, and there is to be a continual eucharistic sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving going up from your heart, with which God shall be continually well pleased. And there should not be only the offering of the lips, but the surrender of the life with joy. Yes, with joy, and not with constraint. Every faculty of our nature should be presented to him in gladsome service, for the Lord Jehovah is my song, as well as my strength.—*Hay Aiken.*

The Roentgen rays, that show through wood and cloth and flesh what is within the body, give a faint hint of Christ's insight into the soul of man.—*Poloulet.*

MANY a dove comes to our window from the weltering waste of water, but we are too immersed in other things to notice its light tap. We pray, but we do not wait; we ask, but we do not expect to receive; we knock, but we are gone before the door is opened.—*F. B. Meyer.*

The twenty-third Psalm is the night-ingle of psalms. It is small, of a homely fragrance, singing shyly out of obscurity; but, oh! it has filled the air of the whole world with melodious joy greater than the heart can conceive! Blessed be the day on which that psalm was born!—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Hints for Clerkers.

Our Neighbors.

Somebody near you is struggling alone
Over life's desert sand;
Faith, hope, and courage together are
gone:

Reach him a helping hand;
Turn on his darkness a beam of your
light;
Kindle, to guide him, a beacon-fire bright;
Cheer his discouragement, soothe his
affright,
Lovingly help him to stand.

Somebody near you is hungry and cold;
Send him some aid to-day;
Somebody near you is feeble and old,
Left without human stay.
Under his burdens put hands kind and
strong;
Speak to him tenderly, sing him a song;
Haste to do something to help him along
Over his weary way.

Dear one, be busy, for time flieth fast,
Soon it will all be gone;
Soon will our season of service be past,
Soon will our day be done.
Somebody near you needs now a kind
word;
Some one needs help such as you can
afford;
Haste to assist in the name of the Lord,
There may be a soul to be won.

—Selected.

Always Room.—We are seldom shut out from any service that we really desire to perform. No matter how great and important the service may seem, or how inadequate our power to accomplish it, there is always room for the workman who is eager to take hold. God sends strength and fitness with earnest desire and endeavor. This is no less a law of spiritual than of intellectual achievement. The growth in personal power, coincident with eager striving, is one of the marvels of life.—*The Lookout.*

Roll the Stone you Cannot Drag.

—I saw some men building a stone wall the other day, and they were putting into it some enormous stones that they wanted to get out of the driveway to the house. Some of them were so large that a pair of strong horses was unable to drag them. When they found that this was the case, the man in charge, without being in the least sense defeated, hitched the chain around the rock in such a way that, instead of dragging it, it would roll it over. While the horses were not strong enough to drag the stone, they could roll it over very easily; and so they rolled it over and over again until they got it into its place. There is a good lesson in that. Some people do all the work of life in the hardest way. If they can't drag their stones of difficulty, then they leave them and give up as defeated. But that is not wise, for among our daily trials and burdens of life, as well as

among the rocks on the New England side hills, there is many a stone too big to drag that can be rolled into a piece of service.—*Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D., in Christian Endeavor World.*

Keep at It.—Religion is life work. There is no intermission or vacation in the service. "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," is the Christian's motto. Do not get discouraged because fruit does not immediately appear. The seed being planted must have time to germinate, spring up, grow and mature. Be patient, therefore. Behold, the husbandman waited for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be expectant also. For one sowing and another reapeth. We are constantly entering into the labor of others. We may at any time lit up our eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest. Men are hungry, waiting to be fed. They are perishing, ready to be saved. We are to be minute men, thoroughly furnished unto every good work, instant in season, out of season. To them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory, honor and immortality, eternal life.—*Christian Uplook.*

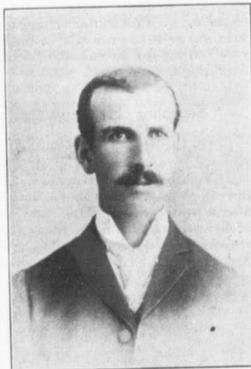
Lend a Hand.—Never, says one, lose a chance of saying a kind word. As a certain noted character never saw a vacant place in his estate but he took an acorn out of his pocket and popped it in, so deal with your compliments through life. An acorn costs nothing, but it may sprout into a prodigious bit of tim-

ber. So a kind word, a warm greeting, a little brotherly help over a hard place in the road of life, may lift a burden from some aching heart. Put your shoulder under somebody else's burden, for there is no unburdened soul in all this world of humanity. The unconscious influence that every one of us exerts is prodigious. Every one who lives affects those with whom he meets. We give and take in this subtle commerce which goes on between rational beings. And one of the solemnities of our life is that we are responsible, not alone for what we purposely do, but also for what we unconsciously do. There is a moral atmosphere of character, a personal magnetism to which we yield. Its spell is on us for good or evil, ere we are conscious of it. Paul gave utterance to an important truth when he said, "No man liveth to himself."—*Church Outlook.*

Moment by Moment.—Remember that your work comes only moment by moment, and as surely as God calls you to work He gives the strength to do it. Do not think in the morning, "How shall I go through this day? I have such and such work to do, and persons to see, and I have not strength for it." No, you have not, for you do not need it. Each moment, as you need it, the strength will come, only do not look forward an hour; circumstances may be very different from what you expect. At any rate, you will be borne through each needful and rightful thing "on eagles' wings." Do not worry yourself with misgivings, take each thing quietly.—*Priscilla Maurice.*

Prominent League Workers.

REV. W. A. COOKE, B.A.



THE President of the Carman District Epworth League for last year, and for this year, is Rev. W. A. Cooke, B.A. So efficiently were his duties performed that the recent Convention unanimously re-elected him.

Mr. Cooke was born in England some thirty-five years ago, and emigrated to this country with his parents when quite a boy. They came right through to Winnipeg and settled there, becoming associated with Zion Church.

It was in the meetings of the Young People's Society of this church that Mr. Cooke began to take part in religious work for the first time. His pastor, Rev. W. L. Routledge, suggested that he had talents which would very likely fit him for the ministry. A year or two afterwards an opportunity presented itself, and he commenced to preach at Yorkton in 1886. From there he went to Wascana and Grenfell before being sent to college. During his term at Wesley College he supplied the pulpit of the Fort Rouge Church, together with Rev. Mr. Endicott, with great acceptance. After ordination he was sent to Prince Albert, remaining for four years, and then to Young Church for a similar period. He is now at Cypress River, where he is greatly appreciated for his work's sake.

Mr. Cooke is a man of attractive personality, a pleasing speaker, and a devoted Christian worker. He has always taken a very active interest in the Epworth League, believing it to be an agency of the greatest value in the religious training of our young people.

Practical Plans.

Making Bible Study Interesting.

BY REV. W. A. COOKE, B.A.

It was not an original idea, but it had not been worked in our League, and it gave us an interesting meeting. As one of many means of stirring up interest in Bible study, it might be found stimulating in many other societies. The leader of the meeting had slips distributed at the beginning, and asked the President to act as examiner, and then read the story which follows. To be frank as to results, while some members were correct in their answers, a good many could scarcely be said to have passed. Perhaps you might try the examination for yourself.

I am going to speak of four characters of whom we read in the New Testament. I do not intend to give their names; indeed I shall give but few names, but shall try to give faithful and fairly full descriptions both of persons and places. Will the League follow my story, and gather from it the names of these four people, and put them on the slips distributed. Our President is accustomed to examining theological papers, so we will ask him to examine and report how many of the answers are correct—of course they all will be!

In the north-eastern province of Asia Minor, the one bordering on the Black Sea, a great many Jews were residing at the time of Christ. Many of these Jews came down to Jerusalem to the feasts, and were present at the great Feast of Pentecost, at which the Holy Ghost was given; and that they received good at that time we may fairly conclude from the fact that Peter wrote his first Epistle to Christians living in that region. In this place was born a certain Jew, who took the somewhat long journey from this far north-eastern region to one of the most famous cities the world has ever known. This city was founded, we are told, between seven hundred and eight hundred years before Christ, and had extended over seven hills—and at the time of our story was the capital of the world. You will not fail, I suppose, to recognize a city that is to-day existent, though it has lost its pre-eminence. Whether this Provincial Jew married before his journey, or after; whether he met his bride in his country home, or his new city place of abode, we do not know, but we know that when he was in the city he had a wife who was both gifted and gracious. His business was one that is still carried on, though the material he worked in was black, and his fellow-craftsmen to-day use white. After residing in the city for some time, the fact that he was a Jew brought him into trouble. The Jew just at that time was as unwelcome in that city as the Chinaman is in California, and a law was passed expelling all Jews from the city. This necessitated another journey. He did not go back to his country home, but

removed to another important city of the time—it was, in fact, a capital of a province, and was one of the most dissolute cities in the world. Here he worked at his trade. This man and his wife were Christians. Shortly after, another person of this same trade came to the city, and they worked together. However, it was their common obedience to our Master that bound them together; they were all Christians; therefore it is not strange that these three people became fast friends. After a time they decided to move to another place. They went across the sea, and took up their residence in another large city—which stood in much the same relation to the city they were leaving that Liverpool does to New York. Here they met another Christian, who, being very aggressive, used to speak in the Jews' synagogue there. They found that he was a very good speaker, and had a great knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, but he did not have the full light of Gospel truth. So this man and his wife, whose journeyings we have been following, took the preacher to their home, and brought him to a fuller knowledge of God's will. They were great travellers, these two, and we find that within about six years of this time they are again at the city of the seven hills. It seems a very strange thing that a letter written eighteen centuries ago should still be in existence, but we have a letter these people received when they had come back to this city, and in it their very close friend, who had lived with them six years before, acknowledges their kindness to him, and says 'that they had even risked their lives for him. We have not said much in this story of this faithful friend of theirs, but the story of his life is very heroic, and has often been told.

Once again we have to follow this itinerating lay-preacher and his wife as they return to the city where they had instructed the eloquent young minister in the faith—and here we lose sight of them. One other journey we know they took—they entered through the gates into the city of the King of Kings. Cypress River, Man.

Expectation.—There is much truth in the words of Amos R. Wells in regard to expectation on the part of the person who conducts a young people's prayer-meeting. He says, "Speak in the attitude of expectation. Expect to win people's attention, and you will win it. Expect to touch men's hearts, and you will move them. Expect to stir them to action; your words will reap a harvest in no other way."

Unique Missionary Meeting.—A Young People's Society in Manitoba recently held a unique missionary meeting. Upon the understanding that the Society was prepared to support a missionary in some foreign field, representatives appeared to present the claims of different countries. Japan, China, India, each appealed for the missionary to be sent to them, and the reasons for the appeal were given in each case: It was a most interesting meeting, and much valuable information about the countries was presented.

Pass It Around.—We know a League which has selected practically the same delegates to the District Convention for three years in succession. That is a mistake. Those who go to conventions almost invariably return home instructed and inspired. Ever after they are more devoted workers. Pass the delegate honor around.

Parliamentary Drill.—A very profitable evening could be spent in drilling the members of the League on parliamentary rules and usages. Neely's *Parliamentarian* will be found an excellent guide. Some question of local interest could be discussed, or a model town council meeting held for the purpose of illustrating the rules of debate.

The Business Meeting.—In many places it is quite a problem to secure a time for holding the League business meeting so that there may be a good attendance of members. At the Carman District Convention, held at Roland, Man., Prof. Riddell told of attending a League business meeting, which was held immediately after the regular programme. Everything was well prepared by the Executive Committee, and everything was attended to in about half an hour. He thought this a much better method than having the business session at the close of a long service when everybody is tired.

Constitution Contest.—In an Ontario League, not long ago, the members were divided into two sides for a contest on the League constitution. The President and pastor asked questions from the constitution in the same way as words would be selected in a spelling match. When anyone failed to give the correct answer, the penalty was to sit down. A small prize was awarded to the member who kept the floor for the longest time. The chief benefit, however, was that the members studied their constitutions as they had never done before, and from that study there developed a fresh interest in the work.

To Fill Front Seats.—At all sorts of religious meetings the front seats are, as a rule, religiously avoided. The leader, if he stands on the platform, usually finds "a great gulf fixed" between himself and the first row of seats. At a Manitoba meeting the other day, a leader found an audience scattered over the church, mostly in the back part. In a pleasant way he asked those present if they would be kind enough to get a little farther apart. One brother was requested to go over into one corner, which was unoccupied, another to fill the opposite corner, while to a third it was suggested that there was an empty seat in the gallery for him. The people took the hint good-naturedly, and in a moment the congregation was as compact as any one could desire. It is sometimes a good plan for the leader to go to the other end of the room and then ask those present to turn their chairs around. The occupants of the back seats will then find themselves in the front rank.

The Canadian . . .

Epworth Era

ORGAN OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUES AND
OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES
IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Published Monthly at TORONTO, ONT.

REV. A. C. CREWS, - - Editor.
REV. W. M. BRIGGS, D.D., Publisher.

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COMMUNICATIONS for this Paper, News Items, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, REV. A. C. CREWS, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.



Editorial.

The General Secretary's Work.

The work of the General Secretary of Epworth Leagues and Sunday Schools has been frequently referred to in annual conferences and conventions, and always in a complimentary manner. Surprise has been expressed that he has been able to do so much field work, in addition to exacting office and editorial duties, and to cover so much ground.

For the first time, at least in any public way, he came in for considerable criticism at the recent session of the Manitoba and North-West Conference. This is not at all surprising. The wonder is that there should not have been very much more fault-finding during the past eight years. As, however, the said officer was not present to speak for himself, he desires to say a word or two in reply to what was really well meant and kindly criticism.

The chief objection was that the General Secretary had neglected the Manitoba Conference, and had given too much time to Ontario. In regard to this it is only necessary to point out that when a man is tied to an office that demands almost his entire attention, it is no easy matter to move around very much among a people who live fifteen hundred miles away. With the editing of this paper, the receiving and answering of about one hundred letters a week, and the numberless other duties connected with his office, the time for field work is necessarily limited. The reason why so many Leagues and Sunday Schools in Ontario are visited is simply because they can be so easily reached. To slip out of the city for a few days, at a time, does not disarrange the work of the office to any great extent. To do anything like justice to Manitoba, however, means a long and expensive trip, and it is only at certain seasons of the year that meetings can be successfully

held in this country. It can scarcely be expected that a general officer will visit each individual place. It would take too long to get around even once. He can do better work by attending conventions and rallies where the workers are gathered from various points. As a matter of fact very few requests have come from Manitoba, and when they have, it has been difficult to arrange a time that would be mutually satisfactory.

It is quite true that only two extended trips have been made in the Manitoba Conference during the past eight years, but it must be remembered that there are nine other conferences demanding attention. The General Secretary may have been remiss in his duty to this Conference, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has done as much work as any one man should be expected to do. He is not at all ashamed of his record of 1,600 public addresses and sermons, and more than 100,000 miles of travel during the time he has been in office, besides doing work which would generally be considered as quite sufficient to keep one person busy without any other duties.

One statement made at the Manitoba Conference was that the General Secretary spent most of his time visiting large places, and that the smaller points were neglected. Surely the brother who said this has not followed the Secretary's engagements very closely. A very large part of the field work has been devoted to country circuits, and certain seasons of the year have been set apart solely to country work. Of course anniversary services in the large city churches have been attended by urgent invitation, but the great majority of the 1,600 addresses have been delivered in small churches in villages and country places. Whenever there is a Sunday, or part of a Sunday unengaged, it is invariably offered to some small congregation, as many brethren can testify.

It has been proposed to ask the General Conference to appoint an officer to look after League and Sunday School work west of the great lakes. Here is territory large enough to keep one man busy. If the financial part of the problem can be arranged, it might be a very wise solution of the difficulty.

Encourage Self-Help.

Rev. Oliver Darwin has been appointed as Chairman-at-large of one of the largest districts in the Manitoba and North-West Conference. His business is to supervise the churches already in existence and to organize new circuits where they seem to be needed. Mr. Darwin is a Western "hustler," and possesses in an eminent degree the qualifications for work of this kind.

Not long ago he visited a locality where the people seemed anxious to have a preaching appointment established, and met several of the leading men to talk over the situation. One of the questions which he asked them was, "How much will you be able to raise for the support of the Gospel here?" To his astonishment they answered, "For the first year, nothing." This did not suit the Rev. Oliver even a little bit. It was

no part of his plan that the place should be dependent entirely upon the Mission Fund.

The brethren were rather startled when they heard him reply, "All right, if you can't give anything for maintaining the Gospel here we will not start the services at all, but will send our preachers where the people appreciate the Church sufficiently to contribute something. When you get ready to have preaching services started, just let me know."

This decided attitude started the brethren thinking, and one of them said, "The Chairman is quite right. The fact is, we have made provision for all our material needs, but have left the Gospel entirely out of our calculations. If we have money to buy ploughs and binders, surely we can do something for the maintenance of religious ordinances among us. I will give \$25 a year." Several others responded in like manner, and very shortly a respectable sum was guaranteed.

There is a moral in this incident. No place should receive assistance from the Missionary Fund unless the people are prepared to do their very best to help themselves, and it is the duty of pastors, and especially Chairmen of Districts, to stimulate them in this direction.

"A Good Preacher."

At the meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, held in Toronto, Rev. John Neal told this story:

A friend, in whose home he had spent a day, said to him not long ago: "Neal, my wife says that you are a good preacher."

"Your wife is a sensible woman," replied the pastor of Westminster Church. "Yes, she is," said the other, "but in this case I have not much confidence in her judgment. Whenever any minister visits our home, and pays special attention to our little girl, he is always a good preacher."

Doubtless there are many parents who have similar opinions. The pastor who looks after the children is usually popular with the fathers and mothers. To become personally acquainted with the young folks of the families of his congregation is the privilege and duty of every pastor. If he cannot find time for this, he should have an assistant, or be superannuated.

Stick To It and Do It.

The discouraged we have always with us. Workers whose plans have miscarried or fallen flat; earnest teachers who see no fruits of their instructions; faithful pastors who sadly say, "Who hath believed our report?"; hard-working students who are smarting under the pains of failure. To all of these and to others we offer as a tonic the sturdy motto of John Ploughman: "Stick to it and do it."

Success is often a matter of dogged persistence. The callow Hoosier Schoolmaster, face to face with his heart-sickening task, gained the inspiration of his victory from Bud Means' remark concerning Bud's dog, Bull, "If Bull

once takes a halt, heaven and youth can't make him let go." The youthful teacher took hold, held on and won.

It is now said that had the British held Spion a little longer the result would have been victory instead of defeat. Deeming his position untenable and further advance impossible, the British officer in command abandoned the hill top, saying, "Better six good battalions safely down the hill than a mop-up in the morning." At the same time, unknown to him, guns were about to go up and the Boers were about to retreat. So in the battle of life the victory is to him who persists and endures. Happy is the man who can hang on.

A Suggestion to Sextons.

What ailed your pastor's sermon last Sunday night! The subject was good, the matter spiritual and strong, the illustrations fresh and pertinent, the language forceful and chaste, and beyond question the minister is a good man, and yet the discourse had neither go nor grip. Was the preacher or were the hearers to blame? Perhaps neither. The responsible sinner was either the architect, who did not provide sufficient ventilation, or the sexton, who neglected to let in the fresh air. Closed church windows at six o'clock on a summer evening foretell a dull preacher and a sleepy congregation at 7.30. We know a minister who goes to church early to make sure that the auditorium is properly aired. Wise man!

The Dead Line.

Four years ago a person of much elegance and manly beauty was strolling down Broadway, New York, when a headquarter's detective politely informed him that the "dead line" had been re-established. The handsome person bowed politely, and retraced his steps. He was "Diamond Joe" recently released from a western prison. The police had drawn an invisible dead line just above the jewellery district, for the protection of the diamond and jewellery establishments. Every home contains jewels more precious than diamonds on whom a more dangerous enemy than Diamond Joe has fell designs. Prohibition will put a dead line around the homes and haunts of our boys past which no rumseller dare go.

Pointer for Young Speakers.

Many debaters weaken their style by "a fatal faculty in the use of strong expressions." At a recent Conference this fault was much in evidence. The words "extraordinary," "wonderful," "glorious," "terrible," and others lost their force by being applied to commonplace things. When will speakers learn that the strength of an expression is in the noun and that many a speech is spoiled by the excessive use of adjectives, particularly superlatives! Where everything is emphasized nothing is emphasized. Exaggeration soon falls upon intelligent hearers, and bombast is always offensive to an audience of cultivated taste.

Speaking of speakers reminds one of

the fact that nearly every orator has some favorite form of expression by which his speech may be identified. But sometimes a set of words, instead of being the man's servants, become his master, and a tyrannical master at that. They thrust themselves into paragraph after paragraph as much to the chagrin of the orator as to the fatigue of the audience. In spite of his efforts to get rid of them, they cling to his utterances like the Old Man of the Sea to the shoulders of Sindbad the Sailor. Happy is he who has a discerning wife or a kind, judicious friend to warn him of his danger before his enslavement is complete. Happy is the speaker of whom it is never said "He is the man who is always saying—so and so."

THIS issue of our paper has quite a Manitoba flavor, which is accounted for by the fact that the Editor is now in that country, and this number has been prepared on the prairie.

WE are free to admit that in some Epworth Leagues there is a lack of spiritual force, but as a rule the Young People's Society is quite as spiritual as the Church of which it forms a part.

Temperance agitators are not animated by any feeling of animosity toward the liquor seller in pushing the prohibition campaign. They really want to help him, as very often he is a fairly good man engaged in a bad business.

ONE of the delegates at the Carman District Convention stated that this paper contained more reading matter than the *Cosmopolitan* magazine, which is twice the price. Please, dear reader, do not speak of the EPWORTH ERA as "a nice little paper."

ONE of our ministers writes: "I occasionally find a pastor who thinks he can get up a better thing than the Epworth League, Christian Endeavor Society, or anything that has yet been discovered. He does so, but when he goes, so does his hybrid society."

IT is difficult to get any idea of the rapid increase of population in Manitoba and the North-West Territories. During the past year our Church has opened 100 new preaching places in Alberta alone. Forty new preachers were brought in, but many more are needed to equip the work west of Lake Superior.

A ROPE drawn between two points is tense at both ends and slack in the middle. Does not this illustrate a danger in the lives of our Leagues? At the beginning and end of each year we "gird up the loins of our mind." But during the summer months we give way to enervating relaxation, vacation ought to send back to their home resilient and eager for work. And so it does, so far as their secular employment is concerned. But many Christians return to their church duties sad, unfit for Christian service. The amount of ground the church loses during the summer holiday season is appalling.

WHEN a Methodist church resolves that it will not accept any other man but the one they have invited to be their pastor, it is about time that church became Congregational or Presbyterian, for it is entirely out of harmony with the spirit and polity of Methodism.

THE "two cents per week" plan of giving which has been such a prominent feature of the Forward Movement for Missions, does not work very well in Manitoba, for the simple reason that there are no cents in the country. It is quite impossible for a League member to contribute two cents per week and pay either weekly, fortnightly or monthly. The best way out of the difficulty is to make it ten cents per month, and this is being adopted in many places.

THESE words are said to adorn the walls of an office in the United States, "Keep your troubles to yourself, I have troubles enough of my own." We trust that such a motto will never be seen in an office presided over by an Epworthian. Its words are neither Christian, shrewd nor brave. They are not Christian, because no follower of Jesus can refuse help to a brother in distress. They are not shrewd because every close observer knows that people relieve their own sorrow by sharing that of another. They are not brave, because they savor of self-pity; and, of all exercises, self-pity is the most enervating and unmanly.

AT the last session of the Manitoba and North-West Conference it was shown that there was need for greater superintendence of the work in certain sections of the Conference than the Superintendent of Missions was able to give. Wait did these Western brethren do? Wait for General Conference to appoint an officer in regular form, as an Ontario Conference would have done! Not a bit of it. It was felt that if there was any delay the opportunity would be gone, so two of the best men in the ranks were immediately set free from circuit responsibility to give their whole time to looking after the development of two or three large Western districts. This is what we call religious enterprise. The Church needs more of it.

REV. GEORGE JACKSON, of Edinburgh, in his address at Winnipeg, said some very fine things on the importance of adaptation, and the need of enterprise in doing Christian work. In illustrating this he made very effective use of the incident of the sick man being let down through the roof in order that he might reach the Saviour. In commenting on this, Mr. Jackson said: "If they could have got the sick man through the door it would have been madness to tear up the roof, but when they could not enter in the regular way, it would have been worse than madness to have let the poor fellow die for lack of a little ingenuity. 'So,' said the speaker, 'if the people can be reached and saved in the regular way and the ordinary means, well and good, but if not, then try some other way.' There is good sound sense in these words.

Various Topics.

Rally Day.

Last year a larger number of our Sunday schools than ever before observed Rally Day, and the prospect is that many more will join in this delightful service on Sunday, September 28th, which is the day set apart. It will help to make the service interesting to get the Programme prepared by the General Secretary of Sunday-schools, which is intended for use in all our schools. Special attention is this year directed to the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund. On account of the great development of our work in the Northwest, we ought to have this fund doubled for a few years.

Anniversary Day.

The Sunday nearest the 15th of May is always celebrated by the Epworth Leagues of the United States, as that was the date of the organization of the Society.

Inasmuch, however, as the Epworth League was introduced into Canada in October, 1889, we have decided to observe the occasion by setting apart Sunday, October 12th, as Anniversary Day. This will also be Young People's Day, in connection with the Forward Movement for Bible Study and Evangelistic work, and all our Leagues should aim to make it a great day.

A programme of hymns, responsive readings, etc., has been prepared by the General Secretary, and will be supplied as stated in advertisement on last page, at a very low price. A supplement has also been printed containing facts concerning the origin of the League, and its growth and development. This will supply the information needed to make the anniversary instructive as well as interesting. Do not fail to use the Programme and Supplement.

The Forward Movement in Bible Study and Evangelistic Work.

For several years this has been a feature of our League work, which has been adopted with more or less success in various places. The results depend almost entirely upon the energy and persistence with which the plan is taken up and carried out by the pastors and local Leagues. It is intended to do for the Leagues what "Rally Day" does for the Sunday-schools, bring the forces together, and inspire them with enthusiasm for the season's work, as well as being a vigorous campaign for the salvation of souls. The principal features of the movement are united study of God's Word, a Young People's Sunday, and a week of evangelistic services.

The portions of Scripture chosen for reading this year are the Epistle of James, and the Epistle of I. and J. Peter. It is intended that the reading shall commence on October 1st, and continue, a chapter each day, until finished. Pastors are requested to help their Leagues by preaching on and explaining these epistles.

Sunday, October 12th, has been set apart as Young People's Sunday, when the work of the League will be laid before the people. A programme has been prepared for this occasion, which can be procured at the General Secretary's office. See advertisement on the last page of this issue.

This special day is to be followed up by a week of evangelistic services, under the direction of the pastor, with the assistance of the young people and the assistance of the young people and the assistance of the young people. For full particulars concerning this movement, send for circular to the General Secretary, Room 9, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

Our Reading Course.

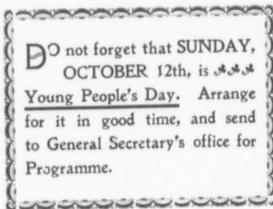
As will be seen by advertisement on another page, the Epworth League Reading Course this year will consist of three books, which have been very carefully selected.

First, we shall have "The Young People's Wesley," which will be particularly appropriate in view of the bi-centenary celebration of John Wesley's birth, next June. The founder of Methodism was a remarkable man, and the study of his life will be found both interesting and instructive, by our young people.

The second book of the course is a popular work on science by Elisha P. Gray, entitled, "Nature's Miracles." It is written in charming style, and can be depended upon to be accurate, and the author is well known in the scientific world.

Following our usual custom, one of the volumes of the course will be devoted to "A Help for the Common Days," has been chosen. This book is sure to be popular, but better still, it will be helpful in developing the spiritual lives of all who read it.

The three books will be sold for the small sum of \$1.25. If sent by mail, 20 cents will have to be added for postage. Where several sets are ordered by one League, it will be cheaper to have them sent by express. There is scarcely a League in Canada where an order for at least half a dozen sets could not be secured if the Literary Vice-President would take up the subject enthusiastically.



Welcoming the Pastor.

"On the second day after my arrival on my new circuit," writes a pastor, "I received the following letter from the League, which speaks for itself:"

Dear Pastor,—We desire to extend a hearty welcome to you as you commence your work among us. We beg to assure you that you will have our sympathy and co-operation in all your work. Our prayer is that God may bless you. Signed on behalf of the members of the League by the President and First Vice-President.

We like this very much, and we are sure that it must have been appreciated by the pastor. We trust that the Leaguers will carry out the assurances contained in the letter during the time their pastor may be with them.

Moral Courage.

The following note has been received from Rev. E. N. Baker, B.D., Stratford: "Under the heading, 'A Canadian Hero,' you say, in your July number, 'That was a noble letter which Private Evans, the hero of Hart's River fight wrote to his father, shortly before his death.' It was, indeed. We are all proud of his words. During my pastorate in Fort Hope, Charlie Evans was about fifteen years old, tall in stature, brilliant in intellect, pure in life, and faithful to all religious services, but not a professed Christian. I tried many times to get him to accept Christ as his personal Saviour. He

wanted to do so, but he could not "see," and would not profess until he had the witness.

During revival services, held at Elm-grove, a few years after, he was brought into the light. In a private letter, written shortly after his conversion, he says: "I stood up among those who wanted to be prayed for. I have been doing this at every opportunity lately. I did not see what value there was to have others pray for me, but I took the action just to show that I was not ashamed to confess my desire to be a Christian."

Heroic as his action was at Hart's River, and no deed was more so in the South African war, the standing up, night after night, to be prayed for, when he saw no value in it, was a braver deed."

Misguided Enthusiasm.

A correspondent who calls himself "Fair Play," takes exception to an item which appeared in the July Era, referring to Freemasonry. It was simply a remark that the man who stood all day distributing leaflets against Masonry might have been better employed. Our correspondent takes the ground that these leaflets were not true, the man should have been stopped, and if they were true he should have been encouraged. We had nothing whatever to say about the truthfulness or untruthfulness of Freemasonry. The point we desired to make was that there are so many other things doing a thousand times more harm than Masonry, that it was a waste of time and effort for a man to stand all day giving out leaflets on this subject.

The Christian Endeavor Society loses a faithful and indefatigable secretary in the resignation of Mr. John Willis Baer, who has been called to be one of the assistant secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. His place in the Christian Endeavor ranks will be a hard one to fill, but doubtless the right man will be found.

Interesting Facts.

No gold nugget has yet been found to exceed the one found at New South Wales in the year 1872. This nugget weighed 640 pounds, and was valued at \$148,800.

Liverpool, England, has demolished 12,000 unsanitary dwellings, at a cost of about \$2,000,000, and proposes within the next twelve years to demolish 10,000 more. These are replaced with sanitary dwellings.

The largest elephant tusk ever known measures on its outward curve ten feet by two and one-half inches. It weighs 22½ pounds. It is twenty-four inches in circumference at its hollow end. It is now in the British Museum.

Four years ago Dawson was a place unmarked on any map, a few tents, with gold-seekers, alone forming the place. Now it is a city with an assessment of \$12,000,000, electric lighting, telephones, public halls, and handsome residences.

One of the queerest streets in the world is a thoroughfare in Canton. It is occupied exclusively by dentists and apothecaries, is entirely roofed with glazed paper, and contains more signs, cards, and billboards than any other street in the world.

Dr. Sven Heden, the explorer, has discovered in Tibet a sea even more salty than the Dead Sea. This remarkable body of water covers some four hundred square miles, and is so deep that a foot square of it will melt, nor over twenty feet in any part.

On the Road.

Wanderings in Manitoba.

(EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

There are several conditions which make religious work in Manitoba rather difficult. One of these is the sparse population, and the distances that separate the people. When one man farms five or six hundred acres, and his neighbors are doing likewise, it naturally follows that the houses are not very close together, and congregations are small. The difficulty is intensified by the number of denominations which are at work in almost every community. There is a small hamlet indeed, in which will not be found Methodist, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian churches, and frequently Baptist, Roman Catholic, and Salvation Army. In many places where there are just about enough people for one respectable congregation, they are divided into two or three camps, each one of which is weak numerically and financially. Cannot some one find a remedy for this unfortunate condition of affairs?

My first stopping-place on the Glenboro' line was the village of

HOLLAND

which is really one of the prettiest places in Manitoba. It has a number of attractive residences surrounded by well-kept lawns and gardens. A number of homes had been made for an Epworth League and Sunday-school Institute on the day succeeding the Convention at Roland. The day was exceedingly warm, and the meetings had to be held in a hall, upstairs, on account of the church being closed for repairs. The attendance was not very large, but the people seemed very much interested.

In the afternoon we held a Sunday-school Round Table, which was attended by nearly all the teachers of the school and by several others. At the evening meeting some attention was given to both Sunday-school and League work. Between the afternoon and evening sessions tea was served on the lawn of one of the homes in the village, and a very pleasant social hour enjoyed.

CYPRESS RIVER

is ten miles further west, and here Sunday, July 6, was spent. Saturday evening is usually a rest night for the Epworth League itinerant, but his time in Manitoba is too valuable to lose even a single evening, and so a lecture is announced. Between seven and eight o'clock a thunderstorm came along, and for over an hour the rain poured down so that it seemed impossible for people to get to the church. We had, however, an audience of sixty persons, and the performance proceeded exactly as announced.

On Sunday morning a drive of ten miles to the town of Glenboro is enjoyed, and here there is a very good congregation to listen to a Sunday-school sermon. Then back to Cypress River to a mass meeting of Sunday-school scholars in the afternoon, and a sermon to young people in the evening.

At the close of the evening sermon the pastor, Rev. W. A. Cooke, B.A., held a recognition service for the newly-elected Epworth League officers. They were called to the front and the visitor was asked to address a few words to them in regard to the duties of their office. The occasion afforded a fine opportunity to also say something to the congregation concerning their relation to the League. Here again, is a feature in which the East might follow the West to good advantage.

FROM CYPRESS TO KILLARNEY

is a journey of 140 miles by rail, but by driving across the prairie it is slightly less than 50 miles, so this route was

chosen. Rev. W. A. Cooke, the pastor at Cypress River, secured a two-seated carriage, and a span of good horses, and together with Mrs. Cooke and Master Albert, we set out for the village by the lake. Everything favored us. The weather was simply delightful, and the roads good, so that good progress was made. No matter how warm the sun may shine upon the prairie there is nearly always a pleasant breeze, so that driving is usually an enjoyable experience. Everywhere there are evidences of prosperity.

We passed several Icelandic settlements, which looked as if the people from the frozen region were doing well. The Icelandier makes a fine settler, and adopts the ways and customs of the country much more readily than some of our nationalities.

THE PRAIRIE FLOWERS

at this season of the year are very beautiful, and are an endless source of interest to one not accustomed to them. Their profusion and variety are simply wonderful. Sometimes you will see them in clusters or "beds," but usually they are scattered over the prairie. Those who pass through this country on a flying express train can have no idea of the remarkable beauty of the wild flowers. Our carriage stopped for a couple of minutes, and in that time Mr. Cooke's



METHODIST CHURCH, KILLARNEY, MAN.

little boy picked a bouquet fit for the King's table.

A pleasing incident occurred on one of the branch lines of the C.P.R. during the summer. A train load of about five hundred youngsters from Winnipeg were on their way home from a Sunday-school picnic at Carman. At the request of the superintendent the conductor stopped the train for ten minutes to allow the children to gather the prairie flowers. The train was very much a floral conservatory when it pulled into Winnipeg.

Fifty miles is rather too much of a drive for one afternoon, so we have arranged to stop over night at Baldur.

Long before we reach the village

THE TALL SENTINELS

which are a feature of every Manitoba town, appear in sight. They are known as "Elevators," and every place has from two to six, through which streams the wealth of the country. Incidentally they serve a very convenient purpose as landmarks. Although new ones are being erected every year, it seems impossible to keep up with the demand. Last winter every elevator from Winnipeg to Moosejaw was filled to overflowing, and all kinds of warehouses were brought into requisition to help store the crop. The Canadian Pacific Railway found itself simply overwhelmed with the demands upon it to move the produce of last season. The company is, however, building thousands of new cars, and hundreds of new engines, especially for the

Northwest business, and expect to be able to handle all the grain this fall.

VERY MUCH ALIKE.

It will not be necessary to describe the various towns and villages that I visit in Manitoba, for there is a striking resemblance between them. The main business street of a prairie town almost invariably faces the railway, running parallel to it. There can therefore be no difference of opinion as to which is the better side for business purposes, as there is only one side built upon. There is a considerable similarity in the stores, hotels, private houses, and even churches. This is probably due to the fact that architects are scarce, and the easiest way is to take some other building as a model when a new structure is contemplated. If one is inclined to criticize, he should always remember that this is a new country, and that time will work many changes. It seems a pity, however, that there should be such monotony in the "layout" of the villages.

A cordial welcome awaited us at the Methodist parsonage in Baldur, and a very pleasant evening was spent. The audience was not large, but the people seemed interested. We commenced at twenty minutes after eight, and finished up without lighting any lamps. The long summer evening, however, lessened the attendance somewhat, as a game of ball was in progress on the green, which closed about the same time as we were singing the doxology.

SOME ATTRACTIVE SCENERY

was enjoyed between Baldur and Killarney, as our route took us through the Pembina Valley, where there are hills to climb, rivers to cross, and even "mountains" to admire. Those who have the idea that the whole of Manitoba is as flat as a barn floor, would find themselves greatly surprised by driving through this Pembina section. There is very little cultivation in the neighborhood of the Pembina river, at least where we crossed it; everything is wild, but the scenery is really very pretty, with considerable variety.

A MANITOBA INSTITUTION

of which the visitor from the East hears a good deal is the "sough," usually pronounced "slew." Before reaching Killarney I had the opportunity of studying one of them at close range, as the trail we were following ran right into it, and unfortunately there was no bridge. A "sough" is simply a low, swampy piece of ground, covered with water. It is difficult to estimate the depth of the mud at the bottom until you get into it. A gentleman who had been our guide from Baldur thought he might secure a better crossing by leaving the road and going up a little distance. He got through all right, as his load was light, but when we attempted to follow, our more heavily laden vehicle sank into the mud up to the box, and one of the whippersnappers, there we were. Some good Samaritans came along and helped us out, but the mosquitoes took a mean advantage of us during the delay.

The village of Killarney is a rather pretty little place, with a population of about 600. Its chief attraction is the lake, which is a beautiful sheet of water about three or four miles long. Along the shore several summer cottages have been built, and quite a number of people come here for a brief holiday.

THE KILLARNEY INSTITUTE

is the main attraction for Epworth Leaguers during July. It is conducted very much on the same plan as the Summer School in Toronto, and is intended to take the place of the District League Convention for the Deloraine and Crystal City districts. During the forenoon, sessions are held in the Methodist Church, and devoted to Bible study, Epworth League

methods, etc. The afternoons are given up to recreation, and delegates are free to go boating, bathing, or fishing, as they may desire. In the evenings preaching services are held. It is certainly a very pleasant and profitable way to spend a few days.

The Bible study was conducted by Rev. W. A. Cooke, B.A., who took up the Epistle to the Ephesians. His work, which was well done, and gave great satisfaction, afforded an illustration of the fact that it is not absolutely necessary to get a college professor to take charge of a Bible study class. Almost any one of our ministers could do it, by giving a little special attention to the subject.

My work consisted of Round Table Conferences on League methods. A solid hour was given to this each morning, so that we were able to consider the work of the four departments. As a rule, at district conventions, scarcely more than half an hour can be obtained for this purpose. It was a great satisfaction to be able to go into the work so thoroughly. No feature of a League Convention or Institute is really more valuable than the Round Table, and it should always form part of the programme.

Perhaps the most interesting address of the week was given by Rev. Dr. Morrison of the "All People's Mission."

Winipeg, who spoke of the work he is carrying on among the foreigners. He told us of the great need there is for books and leaflets printed in the language of the people who attend the Mission. Although he made no special appeal beyond merely stating the case, the sum of \$75 was contributed before he had finished speaking, and one gentleman who was not at the meeting at all subscribed \$5.00 on being told about it. This shows how ready people are to give to a cause which really enlightens their sympathy.

The young folks enjoyed the afternoons on the lake immensely, but with the exception of a few hours fishing and bathing in company with Rev. Mr. Bull, and an evening drink with Rev. S. Wilkinson, my afternoons were given up to hard work. During the week I prepared the Sunday-school Rally Day programme, also the programme for Young People's Day on October 12th, and attended to numberless matters of detail, besides writing several articles for this paper. Whoever supposes that the General Secretary enjoys one continual holiday is welcome to change places with him for a month.

The services in Killarney on Sunday were largely attended, in the evening the church being crowded. Walking down the street on Monday morning I received a rather unique compliment from an Englishman, who said: "That was a fine sermon you preached last night. It was the best that I have heard since I have been in the country." There was food for comfort in this, and I should have left well enough alone, but unfortunately I asked him: "How long have you been in the country?" "Just two weeks," was the reply. Further questioning would probably have revealed that he had not attended church at all on the other Sunday that had been spent in the Province.

The next point touched was Napinka. Owing to unavoidable circumstances the attendance was small here.

A GOOD COLLECTION

was the remarkable feature of the service. By actual count, there were 35 persons present, including several children. The collection amounted to exactly \$3.50. An average of ten cents for each man, woman, and child. In what other part of Canada could a similar average be reached? The people of Manitoba do not certainly see the collection plate when it passes, and contribute liberally. It is so uncommon a thing to see a dollar bill as a part of the loose collection, and ten cent pieces are numerous. One might travel in Manitoba for months and never see a copper.

At Hamiota I had two days' services, one devoted to the Epworth League, and the second to the Sunday-school. Unusual interest was manifested in both departments. Even at the afternoon session there were nearly one hundred Leaguers, who took quite an active part in a Round Table Conference, on methods of work. The Sunday-school gathering was a representative one, of several denominations, from South Shoal Lake County. They appeared to be an unusually intelligent and devoted band of work-

Having a small camera with me, I managed to get a snap-shot or two of the pow-wow, but they had to be taken very cautiously, as the Indians would have scattered in a moment if they had seen a photographic instrument pointed at them. During the day a snap was taken of the chief, but he discovered the mischief too late to remedy it. The old raschel wanted me to pay him \$1.00 for the privilege of taking his picture.

It can easily be understood that a day of this kind is not an introduction to an Epworth League meeting, and to make matters worse there was a football match in the evening a short distance from the church. The cheers of the spectators came through the open windows, and some of the young folks cast wistful eyes toward the scene of contest. On this account we made the meeting short, and closed at nine o'clock to allow the people to see the fire-works.

At Minnedosa similar conditions prevailed. It was the day of the annual fair, and the whole town was upset. Through some misunderstanding, my coming had not been announced, and there was no public meeting. It happened, however, that on the night of the regular Epworth League meeting. Notwithstanding the counter-attraction of a lacrosse match at the same hour, in which the whole town was interested, there were a few present, and a very profitable meeting held. The President took up the topic of the evening, and gave a very helpful talk.

Sunday was spent at Arden and Gladstone. The morning service was at Arden, then six miles to Winchester in the afternoon, and five miles on to Gladstone for the evening service. This sort of a programme makes rather a heavy day, but it supplies a feature which I always enjoy, namely:

A DRIVE OVER THE PRAIRIE

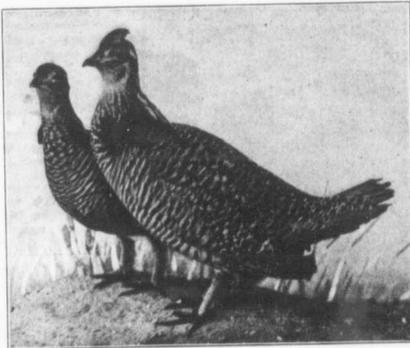
which is interesting largely on account of the number and variety of the living creatures which are to be seen. One is surprised at the beauty of the birds. A preacher told me that in a drive of six miles he counted more than forty different kinds of birds.

You are driving along quietly when—whirr! there goes a prairie chicken, followed by half a dozen others. The prairie hen, a very good picture of which is here given, is almost exactly like the prairie chicken, only larger. It is otherwise known as the pinnated grouse. In the autumn these chickens and hens are shot by the thousands, but the country is full of them, and there does not seem to be any diminution in the supply.

What is that little creature running along on the trail, ahead of the horse? Look quickly, for in a moment it will probably have vanished into its hole. It has very much the appearance of a red squirrel, but it is really a gopher. The farmers have no great love for the gopher, for it is very destructive to the growing grain, and in the autumn eats the wheat. Perhaps some one asks, what difference does it make, the small amount of grain that such a little chap as this consumes? There would be something in this if there was only one of him, but when the family numbers millions then the case is different. In the spring the farmers soak with strychnine, and put it at the mouths of the gophers' holes, and in this way many of the pests are destroyed.

One habit of the gopher is rather interesting. In the fall, he gathers quite a quantity of grain, and stores it up in his hole, and when the cold weather comes curls up in his snug quarters. He takes a rather long nap, and does not wake up until the early spring, when he finds that the stores which he laid up supply his hole until the crops begin again to grow.

Yonder is a prairie wolf. He is looking at us as if he never saw a human



THE PRAIRIE HEN.

(Pinnated Grouse.)

ers, who seemed intensely anxious to make themselves more effective as teachers.

AN INDIAN POW-WOW.

At Rapid City there was a general holiday, and during the afternoon almost the entire population went out to the fair grounds to enjoy a programme of sports. The feature of principal interest was the presence of a large band of Indians, who had come in from various reserves. There were 110 of their tents pitched just outside of the town, making a most picturesque village. In the afternoon they made an enclosure by drawing up about a dozen waggons, arranged in a circle, and stretching a canvas around them. Inside of this extemporized show-grounds they held a pow-wow. About fifty Indians took part in it, and they were dressed in the most brilliant costumes they could obtain, and most of them were painted in more or less attractively covered with bells. The old lady, with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, wasn't a circumstance to these warriors, who had bells all over them. The performance consisted simply of dancing around a circle, jingling the bells, and whooping.

being before in his life. He has the general appearance of a sneak, and appears as if he had been doing something of which he was heartily ashamed. The best way to get a shot at one of those fellows is to drive alongside of him, at some little distance, apparently paying no attention to him, but at the same time gradually getting a little nearer. The rascal will not along quietly, every little while stopping to look at you. Curiosity seems to be his weak point. He is apparently anxious to see who you are, and to know where you are going; but after a time he finds himself within range of the gun, and—bang! That is the end of Mr. Wolf; he has fallen a victim to his inquisitiveness.

STRANGE LOOKING PEOPLE.

Not less interesting than the animals are the queer-looking people who are

Thos. Lawson, the Methodist pastor of Gladstone, is a pioneer of the country.

THE NEEPAWA DISTRICT CONVENTION

was held at Neepawa on Monday and Tuesday, July 21st and 22nd. It was the first League Convention ever held in the district, and was a decided success. There was a very good attendance from various points on the district. Rev. Mr. Hull brought sixteen delegates from the Arcan Circuit, and Rev. Mr. Crux was accompanied by twenty from Franklin. A deep interest was manifested in the Forward Missionary Movement, and also in the other departments of our work. Action was taken looking toward uniting with the Birtle and Dauphin Districts in the support of a missionary. With a capable staff of officers, and through organization, Neepawa District is now prepared to do good work.

in and make homes for themselves here. One might travel for many a day and not see a town more picturesquely located than Birtle, which nestles in a beautiful valley, surrounded by wooded hills. I have certainly one of the prettiest places in Manitoba. Here we had a very practical and helpful Sunday-school Convention.

Souris is a fine town, about twenty-five miles from Brandon, surrounded by magnificent wheat-fields. It has one of the most beautiful natural parks I have ever seen, where a camp meeting is held every summer. The Methodist church here is under the pastorate of Rev. W. Bridgman, who is known through the West as a "hustler." When he introduced me that I would get a good audience in Souris, the thing was practically done, and there was no disappointment. The Sunday-school of Souris, under the direction of Mr. Patrick, is one of the very best, possessing all modern improvements. While the Epworth League is not large, it is enterprising and progressive, as will be seen in the "From the Field" pages.

THE GARDEN OF MANITOBA.

Opinions differ so widely as to where this "garden of Manitoba" is located, that an outsider would be somewhat rash in committing himself definitely. The people of Souris declare that their town is right in the midst of the finest portion of the Province. Those who dwell in Carman believe that the fields surrounding their flourishing burg cannot be surpassed, and of course there are other places that lay claim to being "the best yet."

While not committing myself on this vexed question, I feel constrained to say that the "Portage Plains" as the country around Portage la Prairie is called, are as good as the best, and as fair as the fairest. Those who see these magnificent wheat-fields will have an excellent idea of the productiveness of Manitoba soil at its best. This part of the Province has been settled longer than almost any other section, and the land is held at high figures.

Portage la Prairie is the really pretty name for a fairly prosperous town in the midst of these fertile plains, with a population of about 4,000. The Methodist Church is a spacious and comfortable structure, rather heavily burdened with debt.

While in Portage I had the pleasure of being the guest of Rev. W. Halstead, who was one of the pioneer Methodist preachers of the Northwest. He is wonderfully interested in the development of the country, and has great faith in its possibilities. An old Ontario friend, Rev. F. B. Stacey, is here, and is doing good, faithful work.

In addition to three services on Sunday, a Sunday-school meeting, the Epworth League rally were held on Monday, all very well attended.

I had no meeting in Brandon, but spent a few hours there waiting for a train. It looks almost exactly as it did ten years ago, and the population is about the same. It seems strange, in view of the wonderful growth of Winnipeg, that Brandon has not advanced. There certainly must be a future for a place so admirably located, and possessing so many natural advantages.

The best attended meetings of the whole trip were held at Kerford, a purely country place, about ten miles from Carberry. In the afternoon the church was filled for a Sunday-school Conference, the people being apparently much interested. There is a fine Sunday-school at this point under the superintendency of Mr. W. P. McRae.

A meeting at Virden closed up the campaign of one month, during which I travelled 2,500 miles, delivered 54 public addresses and sermons, to an aggregate of 6,500 people.

A. C. C.



A DOUKHOROB FAMILY.

(From Amateur Photograph by Rev. H. Hull, B.A.)

seen on the trains, station platforms and streets of the towns and villages. Here are Doukhorobs, Galicians, Icelanders, Norwegians, Italians, and indeed representatives from almost every European country. The Doukhorobs are particularly noticeable, principally because of their peculiar dress. Teachers are being sent in among these people, which is perfectly right, but we ought to send them a few tailors, as the Doukhorob easily takes the first prize for ill-fitting garments. The family group, which is here presented, was taken by Rev. Hiram Hull, B.A., at the Brandon station. They all seem happy enough, except the boy, who apparently is suffering from a serious pain. Perhaps it is only a severe attack of homesickness.

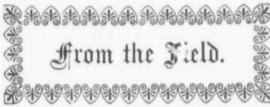
In the opinion of many thoughtful persons, altogether too many of these foreigners are coming to the Northwest. They retain their old-world customs, and do not seem at all anxious to adopt the ways of the country. Quality rather than quantity should be aimed at in providing population for this great country. Gladstone is a place which has improved wonderfully, during the past few years. It now has several fine blocks of stores, and several more in course of erection. The Methodist church is a pretty and comfortable building, with a seating capacity of about 300. It was well filled at the evening service. Rev.

The Convention closed at noon of the second day, and the evening was spent at Franklin, where a fairly good audience assembled, although the Winnipeg Fair kept many away.

One of the striking features of meetings over here is the number of people from various parts of Ontario who greet the speaker. One says: "I heard you in Meaford;" another "saw you in Napawee;" still another "heard you in Galt," while occasionally—let me whisper it—some one says: "I heard you give that speech in Ontario a year ago." In every audience there are people from almost every corner in Ontario, and while they all say that they like it out West, the old home in the East is remembered with deep affection.

THE TOWN IN THE VALLEY.

After leaving Minnedosa, on the north-western line of the C.P.R., the traveller could almost imagine himself going from Hamilton to Dundas, as the train climbs the heavy grade at a small's pace, and the view is not unlike that witnessed from Dundas on the Grand Trunk. The scenery all along the line west is more or less wild, and the train passes through considerable broken country. The good land in this section is being rapidly taken up, largely by people from the United States. The next few years will doubtless see many thousands of settlers come



From the Field.

Memorial Fund of \$100.

The Secretary of the Epworth League of Souris, Man., writes: We do not want you to forget us, so we are sending you a few items.

The Souris League has been greatly encouraged by a visit from Mr. Crews, and we know his words will bear much fruit.

We have been working under many disadvantages on account of removals, but we are doing our best, the younger ones growing into the work.

During the year, through the Forward Movement, we subscribed to missions the sum of \$100.

We aimed at this sum in memory of the late Miss Maude McCrossan, wishing to carry on the earnest effort she made in Treherne, which her death cut short.

MISS ADA EDMONSON,
Treasurer.

MISS EENA ARMSTRONG,
Organist.

MISS MINNIE RICHARDS,
2nd Vice-President.

MISS LILA GRANT,
3rd Vice-President.



MR. E. M. B. BY,
1st Vice-President.

MISS IOLA LAWSON,
Secretary.

REV. W. BRIDGMAN,
Honorary President.

MISS MARY MOORE,
4th Vice-President.

MR. S. McCULLOUGH,
President.

OFFICERS OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE, SOURIS, MAN.

Her influence remained with us in Souris, she having been a faithful worker among our young people.

We have been greatly helped all along by our beloved pastor, the Rev. Wellington Bridgman, and we hope we also have been a help to him.

Neepawa District.

At the very successful League Convention, recently held at Neepawa, the following officers were elected for the coming year:

Hon. President—Rev. T. Lawson, Gladstone.

President—Rev. W. W. Abbott, B.A., B.D., Neepawa.

Secretary—Miss Esma Fieldhouse, Neepawa.

Conf. Rep.—Rev. Hiram Hull, B.A., Arden.

1st Vice-Pres.—Rev. T. G. Bethel, B.D., Minnedosa.

2nd Vice-Pres.—G. P. Minkner, Gladstone.

3rd Vice-Pres.—Rev. W. S. A. Crux, B.A., Franklin.

4th Vice-Pres.—Miss Kate Crawford, B.A., Arden.

5th Vice-Pres.—Miss P. Alexander, Minnedosa.

To these the following names were added to complete the Executive Committee: Messrs. Grummett, Rapid City; W. G. Babcock, Orange Ridge; John Neil, Glen-smith; and Revs. R. A. Rutledge, Plum-sam, and T. J. Small, Glendale.

Doing Well.

The President of the Epworth League writes: "Our Epworth League at Massasauga, Ameliasburg Circuit, is doing well. At our next meeting we intend taking in a number of new members. The Missionary work is one of the leading features of our League. Our missionary meetings are well conducted, and always prove interesting and instructive. We occasionally hold special meetings, which are specially prepared, and considerable interest is taken in them both by the members and visitors. We exchange visits with sister Leagues, and derive a good deal of benefit from them. We like The Era, and hope to increase its circulation in our district."

They Signed the Pledge.

It has been said that enthusiasm is the vivifying force of anything undertaken. If this be true, there is a spot in this fair Canada of ours where the Temperance cause will flourish, and that is, Paris, Ont. The flags draped about

duet by little Marlorie King and Ila Gould; reading, Miss Stella Mason; Lilies, Miss McMurray, reading; Mrs. Frank H. Morris, solo; Clover, Mr. Fred. R. Foley, essay. The tables and platform were beautifully decorated with flowers, and at the close of the meeting the bouquets were carefully packed and expressed to the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto.

Statistics for the Year.

The following returns for our Young People's Societies, compiled from the Conference Schedules, have been supplied by Rev. Dr. Cornish, General Conference Statistician:

1. Epworth Leagues.—Number of Societies, 824; increase, 41; members, 29,860; increase \$75.
 2. Epworth Leagues of Christian Endeavor.—Number of societies, 637; decrease, 38; members, 26,295; decrease, 1,460.
 3. Other Societies.—Number, 62; decrease, 9; members, 2,006; decrease, 325.
 4. Junior Leagues.—Number, 286; decrease, 10; members, 11,141; decrease, 676.
- Total number of Young People's Societies, 1,809; decrease, 10; total number of members, 69,402; decrease, 1,586.

The amount contributed for missions during the past year in connection with the Forward Movement is as follows:

CONFERENCE.	Contri- tions.	Inc.	Dec.
Toronto	\$6,580	\$1,272	..
London	4,638	92	..
Hamilton	4,600	128	..
Bay of Quinte	3,907	210	..
Montreal	2,639	528	..
Nova Scotia	381	15	..
N. B. & P. E. I.	341	17	..
Newfoundland	192	..	39
Man. and Northwest	1,824	486	..
British Columbia	306	22	..

Total

Net increase

Total missionary contributions for the quadrennium, \$83,103.

It is interesting to note that the missionary contributions of the Sunday-schools and Leagues are so nearly alike. During the past four years the Sunday-schools gave \$82,975, and the Leagues \$83,103.

Get this Book.

The most notable missionary event of the past year was the great Student Volunteer Missionary Convention in Toronto. Many who desired to get the benefit of this wonderful gathering, and could not obtain tickets of admission, as well as the multitudes who could not be in Toronto at all, will be glad to know that a full report of the proceedings has been published, under the title of, "World-wide Evangelization." It contains all the speeches delivered at the big meetings in Massey Hall, and a good report of the departmental meetings which it was impossible for any one person to attend, as many of them were held at the same hour.

The book is a mine of inspiring and up-to-date missionary information. It can be obtained of Dr. F. C. Stephenson, 81 Car Street, Toronto, for \$1.50.

Coming Conventions.

Sept. 17—Galt District League Convention at Galt.

Oct. 16—Hamilton District Convention at Ker.

Nov. 18—Hamilton Conference Convention at Berlin.

the meeting room showed they were a loyal people, and the bouquets of flowers, and even the home-like appearance in the arrangement of the seats, boded well for the success of that meeting. In an open, and yet not too public a spot, on a dainty table, where the pure faces of roses drooped to see, lay the pledge. In the intermission which followed, after listening to the woes of intemperance viewed from the standpoint of a patriot, the loyal Leaguers eagerly pressed forward to subscribe themselves total abstainers.

Floral Evening.

A very unique Epworth League meeting was held in the Methodist Church, Bowmanville, under the management of the Social Department. In the lecture-room chairs were arranged in six semi-circles, with a table and pretty bouquet on each, representing a certain kind of flower. A committee of six young ladies met the audience as they entered, pinning a bouquet on each, and six young men ushered the company to the different circles. After opening exercises, Rev. W. J. Jolliffe took the chair, and conducted the programme in which each circle was represented, as follows: Pansies, Miss Violet Fleishleg, piano solo; Miss M. E. Jones, reading; Daisies, Mrs. Fred. R. Foley, reading; Roses, Miss Ruby Jolliffe, violin solo; Miss Maggie Tait, vocal solo; Forget-me-nots, vocal

Deserved It.

We are pleased to note that the attendants at the Summer School in Toronto, presented Dr. and Mrs. Stephenson with a sum of money to enable them to attend the General Conference at Winnipeg. Never was such recognition more thoroughly deserved. The Doctor and his wife have given themselves to the missionary movement with a zeal and consecration that is seldom equalled. All that they have and are has been freely given to this cause, with the unselfishness. It is good to see that their efforts are appreciated.

Improved the Church.

The Epworth League at Melita, Man., went into partnership with the Ladies Aid Society, and fixed up the church. The basement had been almost useless for some time, but is now fitted up in good style, so that prayer and League meetings have been held in it. The cost of the improvements was \$413, and the League has become responsible for one half of this sum.

A Topic Social, under the auspices of the Social Department, recently brought 150 people out, and a very pleasant time was enjoyed.

Quite a number of the Melita Leaguers drove over to Napinka, to hear Rev. A. C. Crews, when he spoke there.

Carman District.

At the last meeting of the Carman District League, held at Roland, Man., the following officers were elected:

- Hon. President—Rev. Dr. Maclean, Carman.
- President—Rev. W. A. Cooke, B.A., Cypress River.
- 1st Vice-Pres.—J. W. Van Norman, Jr., Roland.
- 2nd Vice-Pres.—Rev. J. C. Switzer, Holland.
- 3rd Vice-Pres.—Dr. McLaughlin, Carman.
- 4th Vice-Pres.—Mrs. W. H. Moore, Glenboro.
- 5th Vice-Pres.—Mrs. J. J. Crookshanks, Miami.
- Secretary—Rev. R. E. Spence, Glenboro.
- Treasurer—William Brock, Treherne.

Officers Installed.

The Epworth League at Cypress River, Man., although not very strong numerically, yet a number seem determined to make this year in our League the banner year, as far as the past may be taken into account.

We were favored with a call from Rev. A. C. Crews, in his trip through the Province. On Saturday, the 5th, he spoke to us on, "Through the Mammoth Cave with Two Hundred Epworth Leaguers." On Sunday afternoon he addressed the Sunday-school and in the evening preached to the young people of the congregation. At the close of the service he, in a few well-chosen words spoke to the new officers of the League. This took the form of an initiation service, and we believe the first of its kind held in Canada, if not the first in the movement of C. E. or E. L. work. We all feel grateful to Mr. Crews for his very helpful words while among us.

R. T. McM.

The Toronto West District League has published a very attractive letter-head, which contains a full list of the District Officers, and photographs of the missionaries supported by the District. Rev. W. J. Mortimore, M.A., China, and Mr. T. C. Thom, of British Columbia.

Just a Line or Two.

The Montreal Conference Sunday-school Report strongly favored Normal Course work for teachers. It also recommended the use of the Catechism.

The League at Trinity Church, Springfield Circuit, supplied the Pastor's place on Conference Sunday, and gave a really unique and helpful programme.

The Junior League at Durham has an average attendance of 58. This League has given \$4.00 to assist the Sunday-school in purchasing a new bookcase.

The pastor of Main Street Church, Picton, thinks that few Leagues keep more alive than his own. The attendance is good, and the interest well sustained.

The Brighton Epworth League has a lacrosse club, which recently played the town club. The ability of the players seemed to be so equally divided that neither side scored.

The Galt Epworth League was favored with a fine address from Miss M. E. Sherwood, previous to her departure for the Upper Skeena, B.C., where she is to work as a missionary nurse.

Two new Leagues have been organized on the Queensville Circuit, one at Queensville and at Ravenshosh. The pastor wants them to live, and is introducing The Epworth Era at the very start.

An Anniversary Contribution of FIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS to the "Canadian Epworth Era" is asked from every League in Canada. Let this be the minimum, and go as far beyond it as possible. Sunday, Oct. 12th, is Anniversary Day.

The Manitoba C. E. Union conducts a column in the Winnipeg Free Press every week. In addition to some practical suggestions on the topic, there are usually a number of interesting news items.

There is quite a revival of interest in League work at Merrittton. A gentleman the other evening, on seeing the young people streaming in to the League meeting, asked: "What is going on? Is there a concert in the church?"

The Training of New Converts.

There is no more important work committed to the church than the proper care and nurture of those who have recently accepted Christ. Because of neglect just here, many have drifted away from the house of God, and instead of being useful members of the church, are almost a hindrance to her progress.

If this service be rightly performed, it will not matter what the age of the convert may be, nor what his past record is; he may easily be held and trained for a life of blessing. We frequently hear church members say, concerning recent converts: "We will see how they hold out;" and if they stand well, they say nothing, while if they should fall by the wayside, they may be heard to say: "It is just as I expected." This is an unchristian speech, and shows anything but the spirit of Christ, who said: "Feed my lambs."

It is every Christian's duty to help

"hold out" faithful to the end those who are but babes in Christ. Certain principles, however, ought to be borne in mind in the work of training.

The new members of the church will naturally absorb the spirit of the old members. If the church is worldly, they will become worldly, while if it is spiritual, they will naturally partake of the same character.

The young convert longs for the sympathy and help the older Christian may give him. There is no time in all the experience of the child of God when he will more gladly receive instruction than when he has taken his first step in the light. The following suggestions may be made, among scores of others, as to his training:

Create in his mind a desire to know God's word. Some simple suggestions may be made as to Bible study, such as study one new verse of Scripture daily. Commit to memory a whole book, like Ephesians or Hebrews. Put into practice the promises of the Bible. Live by the day its principles and teachings.

Make him understand his responsibility to the church. Its services, to attend them. Its prayer-meetings, never to be given to Christ, in support. No Christian really grows until he knows the grace of giving. The peculiar doctrines of the church should be taught him. He ought to know why he is a member of this particular church. Stir his soul with a desire to help others. This stimulates his own growth.

Teach him at once that he may be filled with the Holy Ghost. This is his birthright in Christ. This is the secret of victory over self and sin. This is the secret of Bible study. This is the real inspiration to service. This is the joy of service.—Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., in United Brethren Quarterly Review.

The Roosevelt Boys.

Being a President's son must be something of a task, although the Roosevelt boys are hardly conscious of the difficulties of the position. It is a great thing to escape from living in high places without a trace of snobbery; but the following story of young Archie Roosevelt, shows that his father is not going to have his son spoiled if he can help it. Archie happened to be at the house of one of his schoolmates one afternoon, when a certain fine lady of Washington, was calling there. On being told that the lad was the son of the President, and that he attended the public school, the visitor began putting questions to him about his studies. Archie stood this well enough, and answered straightforwardly. But presently the lady ventured upon less safe ground.

"Do you like a public school?" said she. "Don't you find that many of the boys there are rough and common?"

Then Archie showed his training, and unconsciously administered to the aristocrat something of a rebuke. "My papa says," he remarked, emphatically, "that there are tall boys and short boys, and cool boys and hot boys, and those are the only kinds of boys there are."

Commercial Education.

The new catalogue of the Central Business College, Toronto, which has just been issued, reflects to some extent the popularity of the name. It shows that 768 pupils registered in that College during the eleven months ending July 31st. This very liberal patronage bestowed upon the school in question must also be taken as an indication of the excellent reputation of the college as won for its thorough work and for the success of its students and graduates.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S

Forward Movement for Missions

In charge of F. C. STEPHENSON, M.D., C.M.,
Corresponding member of the Students' Missionary Campaign, 81 Car Street, Toronto.

Why the Summer School Helped Me?

What the delegates wrote on slips of paper in reply to the above question:

Because it makes me feel like WORK.

Educative. Deepening the Christian life. More anxious for the conversion of the world.

Because we can get enough ammunition here to fire our own Leagues, circuits, and districts.

Spiritually deepened. Decidedly deeper interest in missions. Better acquaintance with Methodism.

Because of the inspiration and knowledge received. Increased interest in our outgoing missionaries.

It gives us all fresh inspiration. Those who are discouraged return to work with fresh energy, and zeal, and courage.

The Summer School is a great inspiration in arousing enthusiasm by hearing addresses and meeting missionaries from different places.

Good for its inspiration, producing zeal. Good for education, giving zeal according to knowledge. Intensely spiritual and practical.

I have learned many things to help our League at home. Have learned how to help a little on the district. Also that we know nothing of sacrifice.

It has shown how little I know. It has shown how much there is to know. My purpose is to learn, to seek, to become, to strive, to do my best.

The school has been a mountain-top from which the world's need has been revealed. Through it may be developed an important agency for the world's evangelization.

Just the association with such enthusiastic workers, is a stimulus. If we cannot go home and arouse greater interest in missions, I would consider the week spent a failure.

An excellent institution for the study of missions and fostering missionary enthusiasm. For the becoming acquainted with other workers and their methods. For the deepening of spiritual life.

1. To show us how many opportunities we have, and what small things may lead up to. 2. To awake in us a love for missions, and a greater knowledge of the work being done, than we might otherwise have.

1. Unites the young people in a common interest. 2. Gives valuable help in methods of League work. 3. Gives an opportunity to get acquainted with our church leaders. 4. Literature brought into intelligent acquaintance.

No better method, so far as we know, has been adopted to enthrone our young people with the missionary spirit and extend it through our meeting. It has been one of the most deeply spiritual gatherings of young people known.

1. Because we were all gathered with one accord in one place, and a Pentecostal shower of Holy Spirit fire came upon us. 2. Everything we did was of such practical benefit. 3. Because we saw and became acquainted with our leaders, and Victoria College. 4. We learned how to pray definitely and to the point.

The Summer School has been to me a means of spiritual growth, and my earnest desire is that I may be made a blessing to those in our local League. The missionary information I have gained has been of great value, and I want to use it at home.

Received a more comprehensive knowledge of the mission field, knowledge that could not be obtained with double the study. The Bible study has been a great inspiration, as well as a conviction. I believe every one will go home a better Christian and a more active worker.

General Survey of the World's Missionary Problem.

BY JESSIE E. FORTER.

Presented at the Collingwood District Summer School while using a large Missionary Map of the World.

MISSIONS FOUNDED.

Missions were founded when the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." Jesus was sent to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

OUR AUTHORITY.

Jesus travelled throughout Palestine preaching, teaching and healing, not tarrying in one place until all had owned him Master, but passing on so that the many might hear of Him and be saved. He aimed at the evangelization of the world in his generation by giving all the opportunity of hearing of Him, and in leaving this world he left the task to his disciples, among whom we rejoiced to be numbered. So we, too, have the great aim before us that in our generation—we are not responsible for the generations before us, nor for the ones that are to come—that in our generation, and in this wide world may have the opportunity of accepting Jesus as their Saviour, whether they do so or not.

PROGRESS.

The ones who received the commission directly from the Master started out at once to proclaim the Gospel to the world, as known to them in their day. As Churches were formed, they, too, sent out messengers to proclaim the glad news, and so the Gospel has travelled on down from generation to generation, until it has come to our day, and now the task rests upon us of proclaiming Him to all the world, and to our generation of heathen. There is one hour assigned to this theme; during this hour 1,323 souls in China alone, not to speak of the other dark places, will die, without God and without hope in the world. And to these poor souls our dear Saviour told us to carry the message of His love, and of His grace. Oh, let us now pray Him to forgive our neglect to His command, and rescue that through his strength from this time every nerve and sinew will tell for ages, tell for God.

POPULATION AND RELIGIONS.

There are in the world to-day about 1,600 million souls; of this number 800 million are pagan, 200 million are Mohammedan, 8 million are Jews, 225 million are Roman Catholic, 120 million are in Greek or in other Christian communities, 1 million are atheists, and only 150 million are Protestant.

From these figures it may be seen that after 1902 years of Christianity activity (?), only one-twelfth of the world's population know Jesus as revealed in the Word. Has such activity been worthy of its source?

One speaker at the Volunteer Convention said a billion heathen didn't mean anything to him, for it was too great a number for him to grasp anything like

its meaning. So, if these figures we use in this general survey will convey to our minds that there are indeed too many heathen in the year of our Lord 1902, they will not be given in vain. For minute and accurate facts and figures on all the world's fields, by a ten cent copy of Centennial Statistics of Foreign Missions, by Dennis.

SOUTH AMERICA.

In looking over the world's fields, let us begin with South America. The Moravians entered in 1735, and have succeeded in making the three Guianas the brightest spots in South America's darkness. Capt. Gardiner entered Terra del Fuego in 1854, and began work.

There are now 16 societies at work, with 357 missionaries, and 1,130 native helpers, and 70,000 adherents, giving annually \$60,000 to church work.

Still across Patagonia we may write Paganism in its worst form, amounting even to cannibalism. Following up the West Coast, including Chili, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, and part of Colombia, we find Roman Catholicism corrupted almost beyond recognition. The native form of pagan worship has been allowed until the truth Roman Catholicism contained is quite gone. The people have become savage and fanatics. The textbook, "Protestant Missions in South America," which you may order from the Book Room for 35 cents, is one of the best works on missions in South America. Speaking of this part of the country and Roman Catholicism, it says: "They have not given the Indians the Word of God; they have taught them the worship of images, of the Virgin and saints, which to their minds is but another form of idolatry." Venezuela, one of the most fertile and fertile tracts of South America, is inhabited by a mixture of all nationalities, who seem to have inherited the worst traits of each. Its greatest curse is immorality, and the vice and misery found there is beyond realization.

Brazil, in extent equal to almost half South America, has a mixture of Europeans, Americans, and Negroes, with Indians in the interior. It is also Roman Catholic, and its form corrupted, having gradually changed to accommodate itself to the pagan superstitions and practices and the idolatrous temperament of negroes. What has been said of the morals of Brazil will apply to Uruguay, and Paraguay.

In view, we see just south of us a vast continent to which we, as one of the two western continents, owe a peculiar obligation. A population of 37,000,000 of people abundantly blessed by God as to physical resources; the country comparatively easy of access because of its extended coast-line and mighty rivers; it is now being opened up by railroads; the language is almost universal, the two languages spoken being but dialects of the other. When our revival starts it can sweep the continent. We are glad that there are sixteen societies at work, still they have but one ordained minister to 200,000 population. We have one to 740. They have one Protestant Christian to 13,000 of a population. We have one to every five. How does what we are doing for ourselves compare with what we are doing for them?

MEXICO.

Crossing to our own continent. Mexico has ten million souls. She was dominated by Spain, hence is Roman Catholic, and if she kept all her feast days would have been idle two hundred days last year. But recently she has thrown off the rule of papacy and President Diaz, catching the spirit of freedom, wired the missionary societies to send on their missionaries and schools. Several societies have responded, still there is but one Protestant to 615 of the population, and idolatry is as gross there as in India.

ISLANDS OF THE SEA.

Looking for a moment at the Islands of the Sea. There are two thousand of them, so we will but note two examples to see what Christianity can do.

Language was first to describe the terrible cannibalism of the Fiji Islands, when missionaries first appeared. In 1835 there was not one Christian. In 1885 there was not one heathen. In the New Hebrides, during the life of John G. Paton, who is yet in the twenty-three of the groups have been evangelized, 14,000 converts being gathered.

This shows what can be done. Here is something which shows what is yet to be done. There are as yet nine hundred souls scattered over 1,650 islands, without a single witness for Christ. With the missionaries has gone the grog-seller, so that the name, "the hell of the Pacific" has been given to Apia in Samoa—every third house being a grog-shop. This is being changed through the efforts of John G. Paton and the United States Government.

AFRICA.

The Moravians were the first to enter Africa, too, entering twice before they succeeded in making a permanent entrance in 1792. Now there are at work 45 societies, with 1,200 missionaries and 5,200 native helpers. Still there is much to be done, before Africa can lose her name, "The Dark Continent."

Cape Colony, largely settled by people from the Old Country, is nominally Christian. As we know from the recent war, South Africa is in a state of unrest. So much has been said of the treatment of the native by the Boer, that it is unnecessary to linger here further than to notice that the Boer considers the native has no soul, such a notion as his being found over a church door: "Dogs and Kafirs not allowed in here."

Across all central Africa we may write the awful word, heathen. They believe in a spirit-world, and think that spirits animate everything, hence they worship Nature, and have plant and animal totems for which they have the greatest reverence. This superstitious belief in the spirit-world leads them to worship their ancestors. To appease the wrath of the spirits they offer sacrifices, often times using human sacrifices, using sorcery, witchcraft, etc., with all their attending horrors.

All Northern Africa is cursed by Mohammedanism. Of this system let me quote from "Africa Watling," the excellent text-book on Africa: "Polygamy, divorce, and slavery are perpetuated and maintained by that religion, striking at the root of public morals, poisoning domestic life, and disorganizing society. Freedom of thought is almost unknown amongst its adherents, for to abandon Islam is death, therefore it has afforded one of the most complete barriers against Christian religion."

In Egypt and Abyssinia we find a sadly ignorant and degraded form of so-called Christianity, an object lesson of the non-missionary church sundered by discord.

As a general view: Africa is as large as North America and South America combined, or as large as North America and Europe. Its population can only be guessed, but it is placed at from 160 to 200 million, of which 20 million are counted as eaters of human flesh. It has only been fringed here and there by missionaries, even if it has 1,200 foreign workers. Could these be divided evenly over the continent, each would have a parish of 133,000 souls, covering an area of 9,504 square miles. Note again, we who have had the light from infancy have one Christian to every five of a population.

There are two very bright spots amid Africa's darkness, Sierra Leone and some neighboring tracts along the west coast has been called a miracle of modern mis-

sions. Seventy-five years ago not a Christian was to be found in the whole district, which reeked with every kind of abomination, ship-loads of slaves being turned adrift there. In 1868 the number of nominal Christians was estimated at 80,000, of whom 20,000 were church members. Uganda, where McKay labored, once a discouraging field, now presents the grand fact that almost every home is reached by the Gospel message.

(To be Continued.)

Medical Missions.

THE MEANING OF MEDICAL MISSIONS.

By a Medical Missionary we mean one who takes the fruits of the Christian Era as exemplified in modern medicine, and thus seeks to plant the roots of Christianity in nations and among peoples who are ignorant of its doctrines. The medical mission is, as Dr. Parker says, "Classical Christianity. The late Professor of Medicine in Oxford University said recently, in speaking on medical missions, "that any religion to be true must be such as would appeal to all men of every race, and in any period of its evolution, and that the religion of Jesus Christ exemplified in the work of the medical missionary, did this prominently."

THE PURPOSE.

The purpose of medical missions is not simply philanthropic, though it finds its glory in self-sacrificing philanthropy. It is not merely an enterprise to secure the inestimable benefits of Western medicine and surgery for those in terribly needy lands. Its purpose is not educational alone, though its educational influences are far-reaching; nor is it to provide a temporal benefit as a bribe for spiritual blessing.

The purpose of medical missions is to win men to Jesus Christ by the use of methods precisely comparable to those used by Christ when on earth, as the Great Succorer of Bodies, as well as Divine Saviour of Souls.

Love is the distinguishing characteristic of the Christian religion. Other teachers had set high standards of faith, others had preached the sternest self-sacrifice; some had even attempted to shadow forth a high hope in the future, but Christ alone among the great masters has placed this quality as the test of discipleship, and as the manifestation of the Godhead. "By this," we hear him cry, "By this shall men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another." Not only has this been recognized by students of comparative religions; it is recognized by the world. The world cares little about the exercise of faith by professed Christians. It frankly confesses its inability to comprehend faith. As to hope, it allows the Church to please itself about its glorious hope of the hereafter, but when it comes to love, it is keen to observe and mark every breach. If we are to follow in the steps of Jesus, it is not optional, but essential that we walk even as He walked in the path of love. As the justification for medical missions is the career of Christ, so the prime motive for their prosecution is love toward Christ and through Him toward men.

THE NEED OF MEDICAL MISSIONS.

The native doctors are absolutely ignorant of the rudiments of scientific medicine. The first thing an embryonic medical student in China does is to commit to memory the three hundred places in the body through which skewers may be passed with safety. Some of the so-called "safe places" are actually through the abdomen and lungs. It is strange in a country like China, for instance, where critical examinations attend each step of a literary degree, that no test of any sort is demanded from those who prac-

tice medicine. There are no doctors in our sense of the word. Many of the native doctors are those who have failed in the literary examinations, or who have been unfortunate in business. They divide diseases into "outside," surgical, and "inside," or medical cases. A doctor's sign often bears the legend, "Outside and inside diseases cured." Their knowledge of anatomy is still practically nil. No dissections are permitted in the Empire. A copper model, with imaginary organs, is sometimes used for instruction. They are wholly innocent of any such fine distinctions as the differences between veins, arteries, nerves, and tendons. Both in Persia and China, when dyes are divided into hot and cold. When refrigerants have failed, after having been used for a long time, they will say: "Perhaps the patient has had too much of it; we will change the treatment, and try something hot." One last resource remains to the Persian physician to save his own reputation—to recommend a patient to try a forty-days' course of a decoction made from a certain root. The victim must take it forty days consecutively, three times a day, about half a pint at a time, after food, and never once lose his or her temper, or it will be of no avail. The fortieth day the patient returns probably worse than before, and once the physician says: "I have you, and lost your temper? Of course he or she has, and then it is not the physician's fault, but the patient's." For catarrhs, chips from coffins which have been let down into the grave are boiled, and said to possess great virtue. A medical missionary recently told a story of a man who had come to him with dyspepsia. He had been ordered to take stone ground up in a paste with water. During two years he had taken each day a cupful, and had consumed a half a million, finding himself no better, he was ordered cinnamon bark, and had taken forty pounds of it. It seems to us a great tribute to the man's constitution to be able to endure that ten days in his complete recovery, in spite of heroic measures previously employed.

THE BENEFITS OF MEDICAL MISSIONS.

The benefits of medical missions as a pioneer agency have proved themselves so great as to form an argument for the immediate and widespread increase of this method of work. Time and again doors fast closed against the ordinary missionary have been gladly opened to the healer preacher.

From the "Healing of the Nations," by J. Rutter Williamson, M.D.

News Items.

At Kirkon monthly missionary prayer-meetings are held, devoted entirely to a better understanding of the real problem of world-wide evangelization.

Miss Lizzie Armstrong, of the Sherbourne Street Church, Toronto, has gone to Oxford House to teach and help Mr. and Mrs. McNeill with their work. While Sherbourne Street League suffers the loss of a conscientious worker, they are glad to have Miss Armstrong transferred to Oxford House. Miss Armstrong will be glad to hear from her friends. Her address is, Care of Rev. A. McNeill, Oxford House, Keewatin.

The Collingwood District Epworth League held a Summer School for the study of the Bible and Missions on Aug. 7th, 8th and 9th, at Christian Island. Professor McLaughlin had charge of the Bible Study. Those who are to take part in the programme are from the workers in the district. One of the parings for the Summer School was the number who wrote saying they were praying for its success.

Devotional Service.

By Rev. T. J. PARR, M.A.

SEPTEMBER 21.—"THE FULLNESS OF GOD; HOW SECURED."

Eph. 3, 14-21.

HOME READINGS.

Mon., Sept. 15.	God in His church	Eph. 1, 15-22
Tues., Sept. 16.	God in His Book	Jer. 31, 31-34
Wed., Sept. 17.	God in His children	John 1, 9-16
Thurs., Sept. 18.	The stature of Christ	Eph. 4, 7-16
Fri., Sept. 19.	The Spirit unmeasured	John 3, 27-36
Sat., Sept. 20.	Complete in Him	Col. 2, 6-12

Too many Christians stop short of full-orbed spiritual development. They are satisfied with a partial enjoyment, a limited appropriation of the divine provision for moral and spiritual strength. Such a state of things reminds one of unsightly foundations of buildings that have been abandoned without the superstructure—unfinished work. No one should be religiously contented until he has brought his whole life, inward and outward, into subjection to the will of Christ. He builds too low who has not this plan of moral architecture constantly before him as a model: "That ye might be filled with the fullness of God."

A DIVINE MODEL—THE FATHER.

In the attainment of our Christian purpose, we have a perfect ideal, a Divine Model, an enduring inspiration—"The Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The central figure, the central object of love, the central authority in the great family name is that of the Father. The saints are known as sons of God. What an honor to bear such a name! In the early times the father's name was given to all his descendants, and often became the basis of tribal union. A whole tribe bore, and acquitted themselves well in order to uphold the honor of their name, and the dignity of their family. So believers bear the Father's name, and that name becomes the ground of Christian activity. The great host of the redeemed feel honored beyond measure by the name they bear, and their aim and determination always should be to uphold the fame and glory of the name, and the distinguished dignity of the family.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

I have read of a lad, who, in his wanderings about the world, kept near at hand his father's picture. When tempted to do wrong he would look at the noble features of his father, endeared to him by a thousand acts of love, and say, "The son of such a father must never do a wrong." When the children of the highest contemplate the character and love of their Father—the eternal God, intimately revealed in his Son Jesus Christ, they must be impelled to say, "We cannot sit—our Father is too holy, great, and good. We must honor our name. We must maintain the family dignity. We are sons of God!"

NOBLE CHARACTERS—THE CHILDREN.

The members of God's family are not all upon the earth. All who dwell in this visible scene can think of kindred souls that have vanished from us into the invisible. These does Jesus keep dwelling near our hearts; making still one family of those in heaven, and those on earth.

"One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death."

The good of every age are made into a glorious family of the children of God. The part of the family in heaven is already provided for. The more needy, and exempt, and human part of the family on earth are, also ensured final victory of the condition of faithfulness, for they are "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." The church militant and the church triumphant are one—an exhibition of "the love that cannot be lost amidst immensity, but finds the surest track across the void." Meditate, young people, upon this privilege until its magnificence takes possession of you.

"Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,

Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swells vast to heaven."

As children of the highest, the qualities we exemplify are love, obedience, service—love for the Father; obedience to his will; service in his name.

HOW PREPARED.

1. Inner spiritual equipment. "Strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man." This is God's way. He does not make us members of his family by changing the features of the outside, but by introducing the divine life upon the inside. Physical form begins with physical life. And spiritual beauty begins with spiritual life; and becomes permanent by the continuous existence of spiritual life. Moreover, strength for service, resistance of evil, power of endurance, is not a result of altered surroundings—a path made smooth for easy walking, but is a result of the strengthening of the "inner man" by the might of the Spirit of God. Christ dwelling in the heart, by faith, produces internal beauty—feeling, intellect, will, are in harmony with the eternal personality in the image of whom man was created. As a consequence, eternal moral beauty will be constantly displayed as the flower of spiritual life.

2. Right relations upward and outward. "Being rooted and grounded in love." When Christ lives in the heart love is shed abroad there, and becomes the genial soil in which our graces grow, and the basis of all thoughts and actions. Love is strength, the most reliable, sustaining, and victorious kind of strength. And its strength is only equalled by its beauty. Believers are to know this love, than which no knowledge can be deeper, grander, more satisfying, more enduring, more sublime.

Remember, also, that love, as spoken of in Scripture, is not a mere emotion, but is a right relation of the soul upward—to God; and a right relation of the soul outward—toward men. In other words, it is a right conception and performance of our duty to God and man.

3. Unfailing source of strength. "That ye might be filled with all the fullness of God." A comprehensive prayer, implying that the believer may gain the sum-total of God's gifts, be filled in every capacity of his nature with the whole plenitude of God. The spiritual strength and beauty consequent upon this divine endowment is the highest gift of all. It becomes the motive-power that gives movement and direction to the whole man.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

Look at that fine ocean steamship—a wonderful combination of strength and beauty. Everything seems as perfect as engineering science can make it. But there is something wanting. It is a fatal defect. For lacking it, the whole craft is useless. The whole vessel heaves helplessly on the rolling tide, is blown about, and the driving power is absent! What steam is to that floating mass of complicated mechanism, giving it life, movement, direction, purpose—that spiri-

tual strength is to our mental and physical organism. To be equipped with the richest measure of spiritual strength and beauty, the soul must receive the fullness of the indwelling Deity—God in our imagination, God in our motives, God in our meditations, God in our activities, God filling up our entire manhood.

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

You will find it to be very interesting and profitable to make use of the foregoing exposition in unfolding the topic. Select two persons a week in advance, one to read the section, "A divine model—the Father;" and the other to read, "Noble characters—the Children." Then select three more persons to read the section, "How Prepared!" Number one taking paragraph 1; number two, paragraph 2; and number three, paragraph 3. The President can come prepared to make appropriate observations after each one has read. This, with appropriate Scripture, song, discussion, and appeal, will make a very helpful meeting.

SEPTEMBER 28.—MISSIONS; MISSIONARY HEROES. "CHEERFUL AND ADVERSITY."

Acts 27, 22-30.

HOME READINGS.

Mon., Sept. 22.	The face of an angel	Acts 6, 9-15
Tues., Sept. 23.	Asleep in prison	Acts 12, 1-17
Wed., Sept. 24.	Worship and stonings	Acts 13, 29-30
Thurs., Sept. 25.	Savage in prison	Acts 16, 25-34
Fri., Sept. 26.	"Be not afraid"	Acts 18, 31-11
Sat., Sept. 27.	"Be of good cheer"	Acts 23, 1-11

And a day or two ago I heard a lady from Palestine say that the Oriental shepherd is a hero. A hero, because he despises ease, endures hardships, and risks his life for the sheep. A missionary of the cross is a hero for similar reasons. He listens not to the call of unworthy indifference; he shoulders heavy burdens; he exhibits splendid courage; he places his life on the altar—and that he might win some, and add to the joy of earth and heaven. There are certain characteristics of missionary heroes, in common with other true heroes, which are worthy of attention.

I. READINESS.

"Be instant in season, out of season," writes the apostle. This is in line with Paul's whole ministry. He is the prepared soldier, waiting for his captain's orders. From the time of his conversion, when he is reported to have said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" until he writes his final letter, his attitude is one of constant readiness. And he was ready, not only because he believed in Jesus Christ, but because he was utterly consecrated to the "will of Christ. He had no will of his own. He was ready to go into Arabia, where he spent the better part of three years, thinking about that Gospel which he should preach. He was ready to leave Arabia, when God ordered him. He was ready to go back to his old home in Tarsus, and visited several years, though we may suppose that he was eager enough to get into the thick of the fight. He was ready, when the call came, to go amongst the wilds of the interior. He was ready to endure afflictions of all kinds. He was ready to go to prison and then to Rome, and finally, at the end of his long life, he writes, "I am now ready to be offered up."

II. FAITHFULNESS.

Paul's exhortation to Timothy to be instant in season, out of season, implies not only readiness, but faithfulness. Further along he exhorts him to endure affliction. In the closing of a brief word regarding himself: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Was there ever a more faithful servant of God than the apostle

Paul? Who can doubt for a moment, after reviewing his life, that he spoke the exact truth when he said, "I have kept the faith?" This does not mean, simply, that he preached the pure word of God, but that he kept his faith with God. His was the true consecration, for it covered his whole life. No one can say, looking at the work of Paul, that he ever for a moment flinched from duty. O, there is nothing that is so much needed by the Church to-day as downright faithfulness! The late Mr. Moody was the modern counterpart of the apostle Paul, and he was largely what he was, not because of any brilliancy of mind, or remarkable power in preaching, as in his unquestioned faithfulness.

III. COURAGE.

How truly Paul could say, "I have fought a good fight!" One of the elements of faithfulness is courage. And yet it is often distinguished from courage in that of virtue. It was because Paul was so true to his first pledge to Christ that it could be said of him that he absolutely feared nothing. And his courage was not of that sort which manifests itself under excitement, as has for its motive the praise of men. Like his Lord, he went quietly, without any excitement, hardly being conscious that others were looking at him, in the service to which his Lord had called him.

IV. HOPEFULNESS.

There is always danger that those who are put into hard places, and are obliged to bear many afflictions, will develop a kind of doggedness which may degenerate into bitterness and cynicism. Persecution, while it may develop patience, has also a tendency to embitter the life. But with Paul trials served to bring him more and more into close union with Christ, and so to mellow him. At the last he could say, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." In the midst of his afflictions the apostle always saw the crown awaiting him. And his belief in Christ so strong that he fully expected that every one of his trials would further the Gospel which he preached.

This was a hope that never failed him.

V. ZEAL.

We may be sure that Paul was writing out of his own experience when he said to Timothy, "Do the work of an evangelist." And then he explains what he means. It is not simply preaching, though he does exhort him to preach the Word. He also tells him to be "instant in season, out of season; to reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." Further along he tells him to "watch in all things," "endure afflictions," and to "make full proof" of his ministry. This counsel marks the man who gave it as a man of zeal, earnestness, and enthusiasm. To use a modern phrase, he was a man who lived a strenuous life, and exhorts others to imitate his example. What cause on earth merits such strenuousness as the great cause of Christianity—the salvation of the individual, the amelioration of the race in Christ Jesus our Lord?

VI. STIMULATION.

As young Timothy read the Christian counsel of Paul, he was no doubt stimulated to greater endeavor than ever before in the work of the Lord. These heroic qualities—readiness, faithfulness, courage, hopefulness, zeal—as they appeared before his mind became stimulus to his will, leading him to worthy achievement.

And as the young disciples of Canadian Methodism contemplate Paul's example as portrayed in these qualities of the moral hero, may they, too, be stimulated to great accomplishment for the King

dom of God in themselves and the world around them.

MIDE-LIGHTS.

An unwilling hero would be less than half a hero.

Self-sacrifice is not self-sacrifice if it is done with a pang, or even with calculation. It must be instinctive.

Heroism loses half its value if it is not attractive, so that others will wish to imitate it.

As sunshine is the basis of nearly all power in the physical world, so good cheer is the basis of nearly all efficiency in the spiritual world.

Nothing is impossible to a man who believes that nothing is impossible to God—and that he is God's.

Missionaries are courageous because their lives are where their assailants cannot get at them—hid with Christ in God.

"Faith is the assurance of things hoped for"; and missionaries have mighty faith because they have mighty hopes.

Missionaries must have keen eyes. They must see the horses and the chariots "round about Eljaja."

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

You may plan for a very interesting meeting by having the following question answered: "What are the qualities of an heroic missionary?" The answer will be found in the foregoing exposition, viz., five qualities: Readiness, faithfulness, courage, hopefulness, zeal. Appoint five persons a week in advance to read the thoughts on these heads in order, or to prepare something original. Then let the president show that these splendid qualities should be appropriated by every Epworth Leaguer.

OCTOBER 5.—A SEARCHING QUESTION.

John 21, 12-23.

HOME READINGS.

Mon., Sept. 29.	Peter's confession.....	Mat. 16, 13-29
Tues., Sept. 30.	Peter's boast.....	John 13, 36-28
Wed., Oct. 1.	Peter's fall.....	Mat. 26, 69-75
Thurs., Oct. 2.	"And Peter denied".....	Mark 16, 7-11
Fri., Oct. 3.	"Feed the flock".....	John 21, 1-19
Sat., Oct. 4.	"Ye shall never fall".....	2 Pet. 1, 5-12

There are many decisions in every true life. But the most momentous decision in any human career is when the soul resolves to follow Christ, and to become a true disciple. This is a decision that affects the events of time, and the destiny of eternity. No one has settled the greatest problem of life who has not, with the assent of the mind, the consent of the will, the trust of the heart, accepted Christ as Saviour, and Teacher, and Lord.

CHRIST'S DEMAND.

The multitude had been following Jesus, some out of mere curiosity; some to see the miracles which he performed; some to hear a man who had created so much stir throughout the country; and some, no doubt, to hear his words, and accept his teachings, and become his true disciples. In order to make his claims understood by all, and to have no one attempt to follow him without knowing the meaning of the step, he turned to the crowd surrounding him and said: "If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." Here was a startling statement, and a most searching test. The Saviour meant in substance, unless your attachment to me, and to my service, is placed before all earthly relationship, and even before your life itself, you cannot be my disciples. Your love for me

your attachment to me, your devotion to my service, must have first place in the ordering of your life, otherwise you will not follow me. "Moreover," said Jesus to that crowd, "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple." That is, when you become my disciples, you must be prepared for trial and conflict. It will be a holiday parade, but actual warfare, with its many hardships and privations. Even as I shall bear the cross, so you must be prepared to bear your cross in whatever form it may appear. The Master was plain in stating what it meant to be a disciple of the Son of God. And what he said to that crowd he says to us, and to all mankind to-day—you must love me supremely, you must be prepared for my service, you must be as salt to the earth—a preservative, spiritual force to existing society.

WHAT DECISION FOR CHRIST MEANS.

There are two requirements in decision for Christ—the first refers to the heart; the second refers to the conduct.

1. The first requirement refers to the heart. Jesus demands the subordination, and the sacrifice of all other love to the supreme love to himself, as the prime, indispensable condition of all discipleship. The word "hate," which our Saviour uses, is a strong word, but we do not wonder at it when we try to understand what it means. The "hate" which embraces all human nature and God bids us love, and our own lives also, seems at first sight too strong. But this "hate" does not mean earthly passionate longing, attended by desire to harm—the meaning usually attached to the word. But it means detachment of affection from other things, consequent upon supreme attachment of heart to Jesus, the purifying of earthly love by loving only in him, readiness to sacrifice the tenderness of earthly ties when they come in the way of our higher love to Christ. "Hate" is the negative side—the withdrawal of their highest affections from everything less than Christ, and "coming after me," is the positive side—the attachment of our highest affections, and our best service to Jesus Christ our Lord. And he who thus demands, and deserves his place upon thus demands, of our hearts, will bless with yet unknown returns and results the confidence reposed in him. So, the first requirement of discipleship, of decision for Christ, is supreme love for him, and the subordination of every other claim, to his supreme claim.

2. The second requirement refers to the conduct. The first calls for the surrender of the dearest for Christ's sake; the second calls for the acceptance of the denying service, and the most self-denial tasks, and the most self-denial tasks. When the soldier enlists, it is with the knowledge that he must separate himself from home and kindred, and enter into actual service on the battlefield for the sovereign to whom he has pledged his allegiance, and for the country he loves so well. He who would be a Christian soldier must have his first best allegiance rendered to the God whose he is, and whom he serves, regarding everything else as subordinate to this supreme claim; and he must be prepared to do battle in an actual moral campaign, and to render actual and faithful service for the King of kings to whom he has committed himself for time and for eternity. Every true Christian has his own burden of trial, difficult to carry, and self-denial to carry. The cross is heavy and hard to bear, but unless we do carry it we are not his. And all the procession of cross-bearers go after their Lord—the blessed journey, glorious leadership! If we follow after him, our crosses grow light, remembering his, and remembering too that he is our leader and companion. The second requirement for discipleship, for decision for Christ, is faithful service for him at whatever cost.

WHEN AND WHY SHOULD WE DECIDE?

There can be no doubt as to the time of deciding the most important question in life—the most imperative duty—the most exalted blessedness.

1. Christ calls us now. When the call for volunteers to fight the battles of the Empire in South Africa was sounded over Canada, there was an immediate response to the call to serve Queen and Empire. The call of the King of Heaven is sounding in our ears—"Son, daughter, give me thine heart." There must be an immediate response—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.

2. Present duty must not be postponed. A true man, one who desires to meet all claims, human and divine, placed upon him, will recognize a present duty as one to be performed at once. Of course, one may put off a present duty, and say I will attend to it to-morrow. But in doing so he is disregarding the voice of conscience and of God—and this is a dangerous thing to do. The salvation of the soul demands immediate attention—a matter of such serious and vital importance must not be neglected nor postponed.

3. Inclination is uncertain. This reason for quick decision should be well considered. The human mind is a very mysterious thing—one day it is inclined to pursue a certain course, the next day another purpose displaces the inclination of the preceding day. "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." The Spirit calls now, conscience responds to the call, and awaits the will to execute the obligation which conscience imposes. If the will, the man, refuses to act after the repeated demands of conscience, conscience may refuse to repeat the call, and inclination for the better life—to serve Christ, departs. Oh, the peril of delay!

4. The world needs true followers of Christ. What preserves any community from moral destruction? It is the good men who are in it. What prevents a nation from falling into decay? It is the good men in the nation. It is a fact of history that when evil greatly preponderates, destruction is near at hand. Hence the world needs good men, Christian men, to preserve it from moral dissolution, and to be a spiritual force for the world's betterment. Here is a worthy motive to decide for Christ—to save the world, for which Christ gave his life.

5. The Christian life is the only life worth living. The question has often been asked, "Is life worth living?" Some have answered in the negative, but the true Christian always answers in the affirmative. The life with God in it is a living, helping, spiritual force, is worth living. The man who can say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and which persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day," has an optimistic view of life, and existence becomes a delight.

But the life without God and without hope in the world—Blessed Saviour, save us all from a life like this now and forever more!

PONDER WELL.

1. No business is worth your attention until you have settled this business which affects eternity.

2. How many fires come just after the insurance runs out! How many are going to confess Christ to-morrow—and die to-night?

3. It is a significant and undoubted fact that no one was ever sorry for making the Christian decision. The only grief of converts is that they did not make it earlier.

4. It will be remembered with shame by Americans that after France offered the United States the magnificent gift of the Bartholdi statue, it was a long

time before they provided a pedestal. God offers us the most magnificent of all gifts, and we debate for years whether we will take it.

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

This meeting should be full of the revival spirit. Hold a prayer-meeting half an hour before the time of the League meeting, to ask God's blessing on the meeting, and to invoke the presence of the Holy Spirit that some may decide to-night for Christ. Be in earnest, young people—God help you! Ask your pastor to be present if possible, to give you any needed help in presenting Christ's claims and drawing in the net. Make much use of the foregoing exposition—the truth is there.

OCTOBER 12.—"FRUITFUL OR FRUITLESS?"

John 15, 1-18, 10; Mark 11, 12-14.

PLANT READINGS.

Mon., Oct. 6. Hymed by Christ Matt., 21, 33-35
 Tues., Oct. 7. All things in Christ Phil., 4, 11-13
 Wed., Oct. 8. Hewn down Matt., 3, 7-12
 Thurs., Oct. 9. Known by our fruits Matt., 7, 15-20
 Fri., Oct. 10. Salt, light Matt., 5, 15-19
 Sat., Oct. 11. A tree of life Prov., 11, 23-29

The words of Christ found in our topic scripture are full of significance and suggestion. They present one of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion, and one of the most precious experiences of the individual believer. "Follow me" must be made complete by "Abide in me," in order to have the factors of true Christian experience. "Abide in me" suggests the possession of the Divine life in the soul. "Follow me" implies the conformity of inward spirit and outward conduct to the ideal presented by Jesus Christ. Without abiding there can be no successful following.

AN ORIENTAL VINEYARD.

The language of Jesus carries us in imagination to one of the beautiful vineyards of Palestine. There are the vines planted in rows eight or ten feet apart, the branches projecting from the sides covered with luxuriant leaves, and, through the lattice of the foliage, as the gentle breeze blows, may be seen the luscious clusters of grapes. The vines extend from one to another, forming a line of festoons or rows of verdant arches. Those flourishing branches are what they are—strong, healthy, fruit-bearing—because they are in living union with the vine. They receive life and sap and nourishment from the vine, and hence they live, put on foliage, bear fruit, and flourish. But what are those heaps of cast-off branches, withered and dead, lying about the vineyard? Oh, these are branches that have been severed from the vine—they did not remain in living connection with the vine—they are dead and useless. With this picture in view, Christ says to his disciples for all time, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." Believers have life, strength, and fruit-bearing qualities because they abide in Christ for life and constant spiritual nourishment. Separated from Him, they are like the withered and dead branches, which, being useless, are gathered and destroyed.

WHAT ABIDING IN CHRIST SUGGESTS.

There are many useful lessons for young Christians, as Andrew Murray suggests, in this allegory of the Great Teacher, and, if they are properly learned, they will lead to right views of the Christ life.

1. Abiding in Christ is a life of absolute dependence. The branch has nothing to depend upon but the vine for everything. If the young believer would only learn every moment of the day to depend on Christ, everything would come out right. When the Christian thus depends on God, God grants his Holy Spirit to fulfill the trust of that dependence—the

Holy Spirit as a continuous presence and power; for remember the relation between the vine and the branches is such that daily, hourly, unceasingly, in living connection is maintained. The sap does not flow for a time and then stop, but from moment to moment the life of the vine flows with the branches. And just so, Epworth Leaguers, our Lord wants you to take that position as a step, in every duty you have to perform, abidely implicitly in Christ as one who feels utter helplessness without him. Dependence upon God through Christ by the Holy Spirit is the secret of all power in Christian service. May that power be yours.

2. Abiding in Christ is a life of deep restfulness. If the little branch could think and speak, and if we could ask the branch this question, "Come, branch of the vine, tell me, I want to learn from thee how I can be a true branch of the Living Vine," what would it answer? The reply would be: "Man, I know you have much strength and wisdom to give to you, but I have one lesson for you to learn. The first thing you need is to come and rest in your Lord Jesus. That is what I do. Since I grew out of that vine I have spent years and years, and all I have done has not to rest in the vine. When the springtime came I had no anxious thought or care. The vine began to pour its sap into me, and to give the bud and leaf. And when the time of summer came, in the great heat I trusted the vine bring moisture to keep me fresh. And in the time of harvest my grapes ripened by the help of the vine; and if you would be a true branch of Christ, just rest in him, and let him do his divine work in you and for you. How say I, 'won't that make me slothful?' It will not. No one who learns to rest upon the living Christ can become slothful, for the closer your contact with Christ the more of the spirit of his zeal and love will be born in upon you. Begin to work for Christ with entire dependence upon him, and add to that a deep restfulness in the Saviour whom you trust and love.

3. Abiding in Christ is a life of much fruitfulness. The great Teacher repeated the word fruit often in speaking this parable to his disciples. He spoke first of fruit, then of more fruit, and then of much fruit. Yes, Christians are called to bear not only fruit, but much fruit. And in this we glorify God—"Herein is my father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." Christ opened the parable by saying, "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. He who will watch over the management between me and the branches is God; and it is in the power of God, through Christ, we are to bear fruit. O Epworth Leaguers! the world needs more workers; but not only more workers, but the world needs that the workers should have a new sower—the power of God through the Holy Spirit in the soul. There is wanting the close connection between the worker and the heavenly Vine. Christ, the heavenly Vine, has power to provide heavenly fruit, earthly growth—the fruit of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. So, we must be connected with Him by living faith in order to produce this fruit. There must be a good deal of work for Christ that is not the fruit of the heavenly Vine. The fruit of which the Saviour speaks means the life and love and power and Spirit of the Son of God within the human soul. As the vine does its work in giving life to the peculiar sap to the branch, so Christ gives the Holy Spirit to all true believers, and then they will bear much fruit. Lord Jesus, I pray thee let thy Spirit flow through me in all my work for thee!

4. Abiding in Christ is the life of close communion. What has the branch to do? You know that significant word

that Christ used: "Abide." The Christian life is to be an abiding life. And how is the abiding to be? It is to be just like the branch in the vine, abiding every minute of the day. The branches are in unbroken communion with the vine from January to December. Is it too much to expect—that the Christian may live in abiding communion with Christ? Surely not, for Christ would not present an impossible ideal before his followers. But you say, "I am so occupied with other things; I have ten hours' hard work daily, during which I must be occupied with temporal affairs." Just so. But can you not attend to your temporal affairs in the spirit of Christ? Every time you do anything do it right according to Christ's standard, and your communion with Him will never be broken, so far as your temporal duties are concerned. But to have close communion with God, we need quiet fellowship with God. We need the Quiet Hour. Take time to be holy.

5. Abiding in Christ is a life of entire surrender. And what is entire surrender? When we pray, "Lord, it is my desire to give up myself entirely to thee," that is of great value, and often brings very rich blessing. And yet, what does this appropriate prayer imply? Does it not mean that just as entirely as Christ gave up his life to do nothing but seek the Father's pleasure, so I am in all things to seek the pleasure of Christ. The Saviour came to breathe his own Spirit into his disciples of every age, and to help them find their highest happiness in living entirely for God. We who have been bought with the blood of Christ have been bought to live every day with the thought—how can I please my Divine Master? Surrender yourself absolutely to God, and let your heart, soul, and spirit, and let the life of the true Vine manifest itself through you, the branches in every thought, word, and deed.

FLASHLIGHTS.

Fruit is usually hidden behind leaves. A fruit-bearing Christian makes no parade of it.

"There are trees that bear at all times; but, bloom, and die, being on the boughs at once. The Christian is such a tree.

We are often at a loss to account for our failure, but we should not be at a loss if we remembered Christ's saying, "Apart from me ye can do nothing."

The tree does not worry about the market, or what will become of its fruit; it just bears its harvest. So let Christians do their best, and leave results with God.

When a Christian becomes a part of the vine, he has lost himself, that he may receive himself back again infinitely greater. It is no longer he, but Christ in him, and he in Christ.

Fruit-cultivators often lessen the amount of fruit borne by a tree, in order that each individual fruit may be large and fine. Christ calls for "much fruit" from the Christian, because he knows that the Christian will in all things do his best.

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Are you doing anything in the way of neighborhood prayer-meetings in connection with your League? They are often sources of great blessing, bringing under the influence of the Gospel some who otherwise might not be so closely reached. They should be to a large extent informal, with much singing, Scripture-reading, witnessing for Christ, with a brief but pointed exposition of some vital portion of the Word. Instead of holding this week's League meeting in the league room, plan for several neighborhood prayer-meetings in different parts of the village, town or city. Appoint a committee of three or four to take charge of each meeting.

Health and Home.

Never Forget the Note of Thanks.

Be sure to send a note of thanks for gifts received, at the earliest possible moment. Write it before your ardor cools. Make it hearty, spontaneous, enthusiastic. You need not be insincere. Even if you do not feel that you must like the spirit that prompted it. Never defer writing with the idea that you will thank the giver in person. You may do that as well when opportunity offers, but do not risk delay. Nothing is more discourteous than belated thanks.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Crying Need of the Home.

What is the crying need of the home? Not money. Not intellect. Not refinement. It is love, and warm demonstration of love.

Life is such a little thing, a short space of years at best, and to live it through and to have missed love in childhood from father and mother is the child's thing in all the universe. Most people love their children. Few fathers and mothers would own to a lack of affection for their offspring.

But in many homes—shall I say the majority?—there is a lack of the real living love and tenderness that fill the heart full to running over with love, night kisses, fond caresses. The good ones, the dear hand upon the little one's head and cheek, how these things expand the soul of the child and make it receptive to good influences.

To be a father or mother is to hold the keys of heaven and hell for the human race. The relation is a divine one, with infinite demands, and yet how often undertaken with no forethought, no sense of the awful responsibility. Wisdom, nobility, strength, goodness, and endurance are needed by the parent, and above all, love. Mrs. G. M. Ogilvie, in Woman's Home Companion.

Exaggerated Ills.

"I may not have achieved anything great in my life," said a woman the other day, "but I have brought up two daughters who never talk about their pains and aches."

"Maybe they haven't any," ventured a woman who enjoys poor health.

"Oh, I fancy they have their share," resumed the first woman, placidly. "One has enormous dentist's bills, and the other has documentary evidence of a certain amount of suffering, don't you think? The other is anything but robust, constitutionally, but she is seldom ill, because she takes care of her health instead of talking about it. I don't think I have been an unsympathetic mother, and I never I am not made of Spartan material; but when my girls got old enough to talk about headaches and toothaches and ailments, real, exaggerated or imaginary, I made up my mind to discount accounts of mysterious aches and sensations when I had reason to believe they were the outcome of too much introspection and too little exercise. Fresh air and occupation were the prescriptions, and I made them take a walk and a bread-and-milk supper and early to bed was the treatment for other ailments. Real illness seldom comes unheralded, and when the eyes get bright, pulses regular, and an appetite comes, there is scarcely anything that cannot be cured by witch-hazel or a good sleep. We are a busy family, and there is seldom an hour of dreading for the girls. They had plenty of pleasure, but it was active and jolly rather than lethargy. They never got into the summer piazza complaining

habit, because they were always playing tennis, or sailing boats, or reading books. I suppose their education has been sadly neglected as far as fancy work is concerned, but the hours that most women spend over fancy work are, in my idea, like those hours after dinner which Thackeray says women always spend in discussing their diseases."—Commercial Advertiser.

Cure for Insomnia.

Insomnia is a self-inflicted curse through the violation of nature's laws. The cause may be over-anxiety, planning for the morrow, thinking and worrying over the yesterdays and to-days, but no opiate can remove the cause, even though it may bring sleep. If the cause is merely mental overwork it may be quickly removed by relieving the brain of the excess of blood. Physical exertion is a panacea for almost every ailment which human flesh is heir to. Therefore, stand erect and rise slowly from the heels; descend slowly. Do this from forty to fifty times until you feel the congestion in the muscles of the leg. Almost instant relief follows, and sleep is soon induced. Those who are averse to a little work may use instead a bowl of very hot milk (without so much as a wafer) immediately before retiring. The hotter the milk the better for the purpose. This will prove a better sleep producer than all the opiates known to medical science. It brings about an increased activity of the blood vessels of the stomach, causing slight temporary congestion, which relieves the blood-vessels of the brain. The hot milk also quite strengthening to the stomach.

That Kitchen.

That old rattletrap arrangement which you call a kitchen—the wretched hole where your good wife spends one-half of her waking hours, is the biggest wart on your farm. We know that you have a nice company parlor, furnished with centre table, organ, a seventy-five cent linoleum carpet, and "God Bless Our Home" over the front door; that there is a nice company bedroom, also draped in immaculate whiteness, and no fly or speck of dust ever mars the sacred precincts of these rooms, but in that old lean-to kitchen, with its cracked plaster, low ceiling and uneven floor, heated like the Hebrew's furnace, besieged with flies, where she who was once your best girl has to prepare three square meals a day for you and the hired men, and to do everything possible to insure a big doctor's bill, a funeral for her who is too willing to work and too reluctant to complain. Sell a horse and build a decent kitchen, fitted with modern appliances—sink, warm and soft water, dressers, refrigerator, broom floor, and a hard-wood floor, or you richly deserve to have some scheming old widow worry the life out of you when you get to be sixty.—Exchange.

Take Life Quietly.

Remember that your work comes only moment by moment, and as surely as God calls you to work, he gives you strength to do it. Do not think in the morning, "How shall I go through this day? I have such and such work to do and parents to see, and I have not the strength for it." No, you have not, for you do not need it. Each moment, as you need it, the strength will come, only do not look forward an hour; circumstances may be very different from what you expect. At any rate, you will not be borne through each moment as if it were borne through wings." Do not worry yourself with misgivings; take each thing quietly.—Priscilla Maurice.

Junior Department.

All communications for this Department should be directed to REV. T. W. HULL, Box 216, Sarnes, Ontario. He invites the co-operation of all Junior workers in making these pages both bright and profitable.

The Unseen Battle-field.

There is an unseen battle-field
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
And where they seldom rest.

That field is hid from mortal sight,
'Tis only seen by One,
Who knows alone where victory lies
When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,
Their chief of demon form;
His brow is like the thunder-cloud,
His voice the bursting storm.

His captains, Pride, and Lust, and Hate,
Whose troops watch night and day,
Swift to detect the weakest point,
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force
Is but a little band;
Yet there, with an unquelling front,
Those warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is of God-like form,
Of countenance serene;
And glowing on his naked breast
A single cross is seen.

His captains, Faith, and Hope, and Love
Point to that wondrous sign,
And, gazing on it, all receive
Strength from a source Divine.

They know it speaks a glorious truth,
A truth as great as sure,
That, to be victors, they must learn
To love, to confide, endure.

That faith sublime, in wildest strife,
Imparts a holy calm;
For every deadly blow a shield,
For every wound a balm.

And when they win that battle-field,
Past toil is quite forgot;
The plain where carnage once had reigned
Becomes a hallowed spot.

The spot where joy of flowers and peace
Springs from the fertile sod,
And breathe the perfume of their praise
On every breeze of God.

September Notes.

Vacation over.
Work begins anew.
Put new energy into it.
Arrange for a reunion meeting.
Invite all who are, or ever were, members.

Written invitations will bring out a large attendance.
Let some of the "old boys and old girls" lead the meeting.

It will remind them of their junior days, and keep them young.
If you have it on a week evening, spend a social half-hour in giving vacation experiences.

Have a round table talk on plans by which your fall and winter meetings may be made successful.

Plan: Solicit plans from the Juniors themselves. Try plans that have been successful elsewhere. Above all, work your plans. Keep working, and set others to work.

No superintendent should do all the planning, or the working. Set your com-

mittees to work, supervise the whole; but as far as possible let the Juniors themselves work out the details.

Whatever else you neglect, do not fail to make the study of the Bible and of missions prominent in your fall and winter course. If possible, present to your Juniors an outline of the Summer School recently held in Toronto.

An intelligent knowledge of Bible and Missionary facts is indispensable to sustained interest in the Word and in missions. Hence, teach, teach, teach. Review what you have taught. Keep reviewing. It is easy to forget.

Have a Bible review often. Do the same with missions. Choose sides, if you will, and ask questions, alternating with the sides. Count the misses on each side. At the close, the side with least number of misses wins.

Give a new fact about the Bible and about missions every week. Give two facts to the older members. Ask them to bring new facts themselves. Thus, week by week you increase your store, and soon will be surprised at your abundant knowledge.

Weekly Topics.

TOPIC FOR SEPTEMBER—"EVERY-DAY LIVING."

Sept. 14th: At Home. Rom. 12: 10.
"Be kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love, in honor preferring one another."

Remember what we said last week about "one and another." It is at home that we know one another best. Everybody is himself at home. Indeed, few people are truly themselves anywhere else. We can tell, then, what a boy or girl is, if we know how they conduct themselves at home. Many a young person is very agreeable among other people who is not at all pleasant among his own. Yet, we can never be as happy as when at home among our own loved ones. And we should be more helpful there than anywhere else. Our own friends—father, mother, sisters, brothers, need us most, yet I am sorry to say that I have known some children who would do more for others than for their own. The one grand bond of union at home is kindness. "Be kindly affectioned." That means, "show by your kind efforts to help that you truly love your family." How many help mother grudgingly! How many are obedient to father unwillingly? It is not so much what we do, as how we do it, that determines our love. Do not forget this. There are several ways of doing our duty; but only one right way. That is the ready, willing, hearty way. We may do a right thing in a wrong way. When a boy or girl says, "I don't want to," and reluctantly goes about a given task, the spirit is that of disobedience even though the act is obedience. "Brotherly love calls for willing help. How many of you, dear Juniors, wait to be told to do what you know needs doing, and what you can do? One of the greatest worries of many parents is the having to tell the children repeatedly to do what is an evident duty daily or oftener. There is only one receipt for making home happy. That is in our text. Lack of this "brotherly love" makes many an unhappy family, and its presence ensures peace and harmony. How do you think Jesus acted "at home" in Nazareth? To do what he would like to have you do, means that "at home" you will try to do as nearly as he would do if he were in your place. You may not just know for sure some things that he would do; but if you "try to do" as nearly right as possible at all times, you will surely please Him.

Let us ask of ourselves some things we are sure Jesus would like to see us doing "at home" every day.
1. In ourselves. He will be pleased to

see us (a) clean and tidy. Dirty children make untidy, unclean homes. Keep your bodies clean, and be neat. Keep your rooms tidy and everything in order. "a place for everything, and everything in its place." (b) Worshipful, i.e., commencing the day in prayer, spending in obedience to the precepts of the Bible, and closing it in thankfulness for daily mercies and in confession of daily sins.

2. Towards our family. (a) Cheerful in intercourse. Speak kindly, be cheery whenever you can, avoid crosses and blubbering, and always "let a little sunshine in." (b) Helpful in work. There are "so many chores" to do. Yet ready, willing, quick hands make them easy, and they are soon done. "All at it" means such a division of home duties that everyone has something to do, and does it regularly and well. So a united, loving family is possible if all will do their part in making home like heaven.

Sept. 21. In school. Heb. 13. 17.

By reading the verse over, you will see that the law of obedience is therein taught. "Obey them that have the rule over you. . . . School discipline is necessary, but the "rule" has too often been the ruler. To correctly comply, one must have first learned to obey. Parent or teacher must have first learned obedience before he or she can expect to successfully command a child. Too often the exercise of authority at school has been arbitrary, despotic, instead of kindly and parental. Many an "old boy" can recall school discipline that has meant the enforcement of law by the stern hand of force, or by fear of the consequences of breaking it. The proper disciplining of the child presupposes the previous self-mastery of either parent or teacher, in either home or class room. (Remember this, if you are either a parent or a teacher.) But our topic study is from the pupil's standpoint. How should a Junior Epworth Leaguer "love every day at school"? He should (a) know his lessons. No matter how good he is, he must study. Praying may make lesson-study easier; but it will never take the place of work. You will never get a No. 1 place in your class by just prying over it. "Work out your salvation." Doubtless there is too much "home work" given in our schools; but while it is the order, every Junior should honestly seek to master it, and thoroughly do the work. Thoroughness is necessary. Know your lessons, and be sure you know them. When H. W. Beecher was young he was one day called from the class to work out a sum on the board. When he had got a little way, the teacher said, "No!" and started over. Again the teacher said, "No!" but the boy, who was sure he was correct, turned and said, "But I say, 'Yes!'" He was right; he knew he was right, and the teacher knew it, too; but was merely testing him. "Every one of us should be able to say, 'Yes!' no matter what others say. Know, and be sure you know. Then you will not easily be plucked on exam. day.

2. Observe the school regulations. (a) As to time. Be punctual. (b) As to deportment. Be orderly. (c) As to attendance. Be regular. The reverse of these things means very unsatisfactory progress on the pupil's part. The true Christian boy or girl will not litter, slurk, or disobey in any of his school duties.

3. Be agreeable and pleasant to his school-mates. This is not always easy. (The writer believes, from his own early experience, that if a boy has courage to confess Christ in playground, he will not shrink from the sterner duties of Christian profession in later life.) Some boys are hard to even play with, and it is presumably so with girls; but the true Junior who is trying to live out his pledge, while by an means "a milk-sop," will not give retort for retort, re-

pay unkindness by unkindness, but will, when necessary, seek to "overcome evil with good," and so endeavor to keep himself right with God, parents, teachers, school-mates, and especially so with himself.

Sept. 28—"In God's house." Hab. 2: 20. "The Lord is in his holy temple."

Our Juniors should regularly attend public worship. All our children should, but many do not. The lack of interest, worshippers in the sanctuary from Sunday to Sunday is one of the regrettable facts of modern life. Nothing should be allowed to take the place of the preaching service. It is the divinely appointed order, and neither Sunday-school nor Epworth League can supplant it legitimately. No other service ought to be substituted for the Sunday Church services, in which public worship is the main feature. Yet many nominally Christian parents are exceedingly careless in matters relating to the children who may not go to Church, as is convenient. The question is never asked on Monday morning, "Who is going to school to-day?" It is taken for granted that all go, and it should never be a question, "who is going to Church to-day?" but every Sunday morning should find all in place to worship God. The old-fashioned family pew seems to be fast going out of fashion. A revival in this point will be a blessing. Parents and children seated together in the sanctuary form a pleasant picture, and God is honored. So let our Junior workers urge united family attendance in the Lord's House. Occasionally the whole Junior League may sit together. It would not be amiss to try this but once a month at morning service. The proper spirit and manner of worship are generally known by our Junior Leaguers; but we all need to be reminded that in the sanctuary we should always be—

1. Reverent. It is the Lord's House, for worship, and as such we should devoutly honor it. We go there to meet him, and hence should act with becoming reverence.

2. Attentive. The various exercises that compose the order of service require attention if they are to be profitable. Careless, indifferent hearers do not profit by the sermon, but find it long or dry. To an attentive mind much good will come from the preaching.

3. We should take part in the services. To participate in the worship is a sure way to be blessed. This taking part should be by each person doing the best possible to get something good and to give the same. The singing, Lord's prayer, or responsive Scriptures, will be the more impressive when all assist. Every Junior should own and use a Bible and a hymn-book. If any have not both, try by some means to get them, and use them regularly. Never be ashamed to be seen carrying your Bible to Church. Do not leave it there from Sunday to Sunday, for you will need it through the week at home; but take it with you every time you go. There can be no more beautiful sight than such a company of bright, happy, united families, with reverent attention taking part together in the sanctuary services, and if any of our Juniors have been careless or inattentive, let us hope that they may learn to love the Lord's House, and sing in affectionate loyalty Hymn 661, in our Church Hymn-book.

OUTDOOR TOPIC—"HOW THE JUNIORS MAY HELP IN THE CHURCH."

Juniors in the Church! The day is past when the church and the children are strangers. Children in the church, of the church, and for the church, are some of the watchwords of modern Christian work. The conversion of children, and their place in the church, are now more clearly understood and accepted than ever before, and the dispo-

sition to undervalue a soul by saying, "only a child," is passing away. And it should go. Church membership must not be denied any "of these little ones that believe on me," and we hope the day will soon come when every pastor will rejoice to number children as at least one-third of the membership of the churches under his care. Bring the little ones to Christ, give them a place in the Church, encourage them to use their growing powers for His work, and so utilize them now that ten years hence, when the larger duties bring heavier responsibilities, they may be able to do their part well. The Junior League must never supplant the church. It is a part of the church organization, and as such may be utilized to aid in the training of our children for future usefulness. So every church should have a Junior League, and the Juniors should continually be living loving, loyal church members to intelligently labor for Christ and Methodism.

Oct. 5—"Work for the Sunday-school." John 1. 40-51.

The Junior League and the Sunday-school are parts of the church. Each should help the other, and both serve the church. The League can assist the Sunday-school in various ways, according to local conditions. Let there be a Sunday-school committee in every Junior League, and let the work be done that is most needed. The Junior classes may be enlarged by the missionary work of this committee among children who do not attend school; absentees may be visited, books, papers, flowers, and fruits taken to the sick children, and in regular and systematic routine, the school be assisted. In one Sunday-school of our acquaintance the Junior League takes charge of all unused papers, collects all that, though used, are in good condition, and sends them to a poor back-country school where they are used to advantage. It should be the especial care of all Juniors to assist their own teachers in every way in their own classes by setting an example of orderliness and attention and to the rest of the class and school. Juniors should be the best of the good scholars in the school. Notices of the Junior meetings should be given to the S. S. Supt., and the S. S. children be invited to attend the League. So help us to the rest of the League. So help us to the rest of the League. (Consult the Junior League Handbook for extended hints.)

Have You Forgotten?

In "September Notes" we have said, "It is easy to forget." Do you think not? Then answer at once the following easy New Testament questions, which every Superintendent ought to know. How many Epistles did St. Paul write? How many Epistles were written by other men than St. Paul? How many books does the New Testament contain? How many men wrote these books? Name them. How many of these men were apostles? How many were Jews? How many of St. Paul's Epistles were written to persons? To how many persons did Paul write Epistles? How many of St. Paul's letters were written to churches? How many churches received letters from St. Paul? What men wrote two books each? Who wrote five? What are they? Who wrote one each? How many parables did our Saviour speak? How many miracles did he perform? (i.e., of course recorded parables and miracles.) Which Gospel contains the most parables? Which Gospel contains none? Where do we find the Sermon on the Mount? Who gives the fullest account of Jesus' life on earth? How many times did Jesus appear to his disciples after his resurrection? Which is the "Bread of Life" chapter? What is the theme of

John x? What of 1 Cor. 13? What of 1 Cor. 15? What of Rom. 5? How many in chapters in Romans? How many in Matt.? In Mark? In Luke? In John? In Rev.?

These are all elementary questions, yet though they are easy, too many of our people, both young and old, do not know them. Have you answered them all as you have read them? If not, find out the answers, and do not be content with any "I think so"; but know that you know. In such matters of surface facts you may be, and ought to be, certain.

A Poor Town to Live In.

There's a queer little town—I wonder if you've seen it
"Let-someone-else-do-it" 's the name of the place,
And all of the people, who've lived there for ages,
Their families' tree from the Wearies can trace!

The streets of this town, so ill-kept and untidy,
And almost deserted from morning till noon,
Are, "In-just-a-minute"—you'll see on the lamp-post—
"Oh-well-there's-no-hurry," and "Yes-pretty-soon."

The principal work that they do in this hamlet,
(There isn't a person who thinks it a crime)
Is loafing and dozing, but most of the people
Are entangled in the traffic of "just-killing time."

I pray you, don't dwell in this town over-crowded;
There are others near by it most verdant and fair;
The roads that lead to them—and each one is open—
Are "Push," "Pluck," and "Ready,"
"This minute," and "Dare."
—Adelbert F. Caldwell.

Bump the Cross Words.

"Mamma, I really don't mean to say naughty things," said Eddie.
"Then why do you say them?" answered mamma.
"Why, when I feel cross, the cross words just rise up in my throat, and out they will come, or else I would choke."
"No," said mother, "don't let them out."
"How can I help it?" said Eddie.
"You must learn to shut your mouth, and make a fence of your lips, so that the cross words cannot get out."
"They'll come again, more and more of them," said Eddie.
"No, if you will keep them back, and not let them out, by and by they will stop coming."
Then Eddie stopped to think. After thinking, he said: "I know, it is just like kitty. When kitty came here, she thought she could jump right through the window glass. But she only bumped her head against the glass and could not get through. And then she stopped trying. And perhaps the cross words will be just like kitty. When they can't get through the fence they will stop coming. I will just let them bump their heads against my lips."
And so he did, and he conquered the bad words.—Texas Advocate.

"Johnny," said the Sunday-school teacher to a small pupil, "what is a centurion?" "He's a feller what rides a hundred miles on a bike," promptly answered Johnny.

Just for Fun.

"Now, see here, Pat, suppose I should get you that situation, would you keep it?" "To tell ye the truth, sor, my idee w'd be to make it kape me."

"Looney is no judge of human nature at all."

"Why do you say that?"

"He has such sublime faith in himself."

Madge: "Do you think the minister offended any of his congregation by what he said about Sunday golf?"

Marjorie: "Of course not. Nobody who plays golf was there."

The Judge: "According to the evidence, Mrs. O'Hoolihan, you threw a flatiron at your husband."

Mrs. O'Hoolihan: "Yis, your honor, an accardin' to his face, Oi hit him."

Census Taker: "What is your age, madam?" Mrs. Neighbor: "Did the woman next door give her age?" Census Taker: "Certainly." Mrs. Neighbor: "Well, I'm two years younger than she is."

"Dicky," said his mother, "when you divided those five caramels with your sister, did you give her three?" "No, ma. I thought they wouldn't come out even, so I ate one 'fore I began to divide."

Laborer (waving flag): "Ye'll hav ter turn back. This threest's closed."

Driver: "What's it closed for?"

Laborer: "Bekase it's jist been opened be the tillyphone company ter put down their wires. That's why it's closed."

"It almost kills me to stand," moaned the lady in the street car. "If I don't get a seat pretty soon I shall just drop." And it was only the next day that she stood up two hours while she had a dress fitted. But, then, that was a different thing.

An Irishman went to have a tooth extracted. The dentist told his assistant to stick a pin in the patient's leg, from behind the chair, so that the pain might distract attention. The tooth-pull and the Irishman howled with anguish. "Oh, murther, murther," he yelled, clasping his leg. "I didn't know the roots went so far down."

The Scotch have a story of a little lad who was desperately ill, but who, for all his mother's pleading, refused to take his medicine. The mother finally gave up. "Oh, my boy will die, my boy will die!" she sobbed. "He will not take the stuff that would save him."

But presently piped up a voice from the bed: "Don't cry, mother," it said, "father'll be home soon, and he'll make me take it."

A gentleman called at a country manse in Scotland and inquired if the minister was at home. The servant who answered the door replied that he was out at present, and asked the gentleman whom she should say had called. "I'm Mr. Barbour," was the reply, "and you may tell the minister that I will call again." "I'll deliver the message, sir," said the girl; "but I dinna think you need fash, because the minister aye shaves hissel."

A Baptist and a Methodist minister were by accident dining at the same house. As they took their seats there was an embarrassed pause, the hostess not knowing how to ask one minister to say grace without offending the other. The small son quickly grasped the situation, and, half rising in his chair, moved his finger rapidly around the table, reciting: "Eny mene miny mo, catch a nigger by the toe. He ended by pointing his finger at the Baptist minister, and shouting, "You're it!" The reverend gentleman accepted the decision, and said grace, but it lacked the usual solemnity.

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