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Principal Contents

	Page.
Editorial	265-266
Life Talks With Young Men	267
World-wide Young Methodism. XII.	268
What Shall We Give to Jesus?	269
Christmas in the Old Land	270
A Co-operative Christmas	272
Winter Sports for Young Canadians	273
Our New Year Resolutions	274
An Appeal to Youth, Topic for Dec. 15	276
The Art of Making Others Happy, Topic for Dec. 22	277
Canada and the Immigrant, Topic for Jan. 12	278
Missionary Work Among Orientals	279
Lessons of 1912, Topic for Dec. 29	280
Two Men at Prayer, Topic for Jan. 5	281
Thoughts on Prayer. XII	282
Junior Topics	283
Message to London Conf. 5th Vice- Presidents	284
Hamilton Conference Convention and Other Reports from the Field.	285-288

"3 Have Always Thought

of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, generous, pleasant time; a time when men and women and little children seem by one consent to open their hearts freely; and so I say, 'God Bless Christmas.'—Charles Dickens.

Christmas Gifts

*Christmas gifts for thee,
Fair and free!*

*Precious things from the heavenly store,
Filling thy casket more and more;
Golden love in divinest chain,
That never can be untwined again.
Silvery carols of joy that swell
Sweetest of all in the heart's lone cell,
Pearls of peace that we sought for thee
In the terrible depths of a fiery sea,
Diamond promises sparkling bright,
Flashing in farthest-reaching light.*

*Christmas gifts for thee,
Grand and free!*

*Christmas gifts from the King of love,
Brought to thee from His home above;
Brought to thee in the far-off land,
Brought to thee by His own dear hand.
Promises held by Christ for thee,—
Peace as a river flowing free,
Joy that in His own joy must live,
And love that Infinite Love can give.
Surely thy heart of hearts uplifts
Carols of praise for such Christmas gifts.*

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

December! from decem the tenth month of the Roman year; the Saxons called it "winter-month" from the intensity of the cold, or "holy month" on account of the nativity of Christ.—Loaring.



Perhaps because I am English born and the first recollections of Christmas that recur to me are tinged with customs that prevailed in the Old Land a generation ago, I love to read Dickens at all times, and especially when the festive season approaches. The jollity that he depicts in his immortal Christmas stories, holding all the household in happy merriment and care-free unity for at least one glad day, occupies an imperishable place in the memories of my early childhood, and even now I feel the joyous thrill of the little child on whose awakening sense some of the lessons of the Christmas story are being borne by the wholesome fellowships attendant to the home-coming of all the family for the reunion of the happy day.

My parents before me, and their parents before them, for I don't know how many generations of Englishmen, brought to the Christmas festivities a spirit of good-fellowship that exemplified in some degree the words of Dickens, whose writings not only helped to make a better Christmas, but breathed the spirit of the season as it existed in many home-circles in the England of his day. And though the manner of celebrating the holiday may have somewhat changed since Dickens lived and wrote, its essential spirit is the same whether in England or in Canada, and what he thought of Christmas we should all still try to actually make it. And so the thinking shall find expression in outward actions that prove the inner kindness of our hearts and the open generosity of our hands.

If there is one danger that threatens the Christmas of to-day it is that young people shall think of it as a time for getting rather than for giving. Of course one implies the other, for there can be no giving on my part without getting on the part of somebody else; but the idea of getting should never afford so much pleasure as that of the giving. For once in the year, at least, we should all find expression in the old-time maxim, "It is better to give than to receive."

True giving does not necessarily imply the passing of money or even of such commodities as money can buy. There are gifts that are more precious than

gold, and in the exchange of these none need be denied both place and privilege. They are not confined to the few nor limited as to sphere of influence, but relate alike to the public as well as the private intercourse of man with man, and come within the scope of every relationship of life. The near approach of the Christmas-time instinctively prompts us to look within and make inventory of the motives that prompt us in our dealings with one another. And such introspection is wholesome for us all, for in the rush and hurry of the months we are all apt to become selfish and to grow out of real kindly sympathy with those about us.

Especially true is this of the limited circle of home. Here most of all, the kindly disposition should ever be in evidence; but in actual fact, in too many cases, it is least regularly shown. The old English idea of making Christmas emphatically a home day is one that ought never to be relinquished or superseded. In the family circle, therefore, let men and women and little children with one consent open their hearts freely toward one another and fill the day made sacred by Heaven's Best Gift to earth, with the same Divine spirit that prompted the Heavenly Father to bestow it on His undeserving children. So, with Dickens, let us say, "God bless Christmas!" in our homes. And we shall enjoy it all the better there, if we remember the homes of the poor where all too little of earthly comforts are found. In every community there are such. Thank God that in Canada the numbers are not as relatively numerous as in many another land, and yet even among us there are those who without the friendly and generous gifts of their more favored neighbors, will know but little of real good cheer on Christmas Day. Seek these out, minister to their need, increase your own happiness by dividing it with them, and prove the joy that comes when you spell it thus: J: Jesus first, O: Others next, Y: Yourself last of all. I know no better way to have a right Merry Christmas than this suggests. Such I hope to have myself and wish it with all my heart for my readers, every one. So say we all again with good old Charles Dickens, "God Bless Christmas."

The Closing Year

With this issue we close the year. During the past twelve months we have tried in these columns to assist our young people realize as far as possible the purpose of their organizations. We have tried to convince them at all times that the highest good in their societies is practicable only as they personally achieve the highest character. Character is both a condition and prophecy of acceptable service in our Master's Kingdom. The Pledge is, therefore, of vital importance, and its principles should be ever held forth to our youth as embodying the New Testament standard of living. Your League, Circle, Club, Brotherhood, or whatever its local designation may be, can accomplish permanent good only as it helps to fashion Christian character according to the standard of the Pledge. Close the year by giving it a high place among you.

From various sources we have received appreciative words relative to the influence of our pages in helping form a high type of young Christian man and woman. For this we are thankful. Our Life Talks with Young Men have been held in high regard. Written by a young man for his fellows, they were helped many. The writer of them all is Mr. Will Vaughan, of Woodgreen Church, Toronto, and we are sure our readers will be glad to hear from him again from time to time. The articles that have appeared monthly in our World-Wide Young Methodism series have stimulated very many, not only to high living, but to united action in organized work for the Master. For this series we are most indebted to our friend and brother, Rev. W. B. Fitz-Gerald, General Secretary of the Wesley Guild, in British Wesleyan Methodism, for it was at his suggestion in the first instance that the plan took shape at the Ecumenical Council held in Toronto in October, 1911. Not the least, even though it be the last of this series, is the article from an old-time Leaguer and present-day Leader, Newton Rowell, Q.C., whose clarion call for the banishment of the bar should be answered promptly by every true citizen throughout Ontario. Mr. Rowell both learned and served in the Epworth League ranks of twenty and more years ago. To him the Epworth League owes much, and whether for Missionary expansion or Temperance Reform, the Epworth League may well follow his lead. We commend his article in this number, and his leadership in the present fight against the licensed liquor bar, alike to the attention and approval of all our young men and women, for we believe both of equal force. It would be well if every Leaguer and other Young People's Society in Canadian Methodism would close up the year by more strongly than ever swearing allegiance to both great enterprises—the universal extension of the Gospel, and the extinction of the legalized sale of intoxicants. Determine to make your society a power for the spread of the principles of purity at home as well as of the spirit of peace abroad. Round out the year with no uncertain pronouncement on these vital subjects.

We rejoice with our young friends who have the true student aim before them and who want to make their Leagues stand for an intelligent appreciation of the wondrous beauties of the Bible. Hence we are glad that the Weekly Topics as treated in our pages have infinitely more friends than critics. Some have wished the topics were a bit easier sometimes, but, Leaguers, you don't want to be babes intellectually all your lives surely. We want you to think as well as say prayers. We want your

League to help you express your thoughts when you have intellectually digested them. We want your thinking to centre in the Bible and the great body of good literature that has found its inspiration in the Book of books. We want your programmes to contain something of real value, such as will abide with you and make you strong within as well as valiant in the fight for God and righteousness in your land. Give time, thought, preparation, and prayer to your topics, and they will afford you lasting good. We commend to you the last two topics of the current year especially. If you apply yourselves to the attainment of the highest good personally, study the art of making others happy, and retrospecting the year, learn its lessons well, you will surely close 1912 wisely and enter upon 1913 with splendid prospects.

We are conscious that our pages have not been all they should have been for our young friends during the year. But the Editor has no apology to make. He has tried to do his best, and for the coming year has had the same assurance to give, he will continue to do his best for them. And, like his many readers, he hopes that the best in 1913 will be vastly better than the best of 1912, both in himself and in them. Will you join with him in thanking God for any measure of good that may have accrued from the past, and in praying that the future may be more fraught with blessing of every kind? If so, there is a bright prospect ahead of us, and the coming year will be brighter, happier, holier, and more useful than the closing one. In this spirit we most cordially thank all who have in any way contributed to our paper during the past, and solicit from all our friends their continued sympathy and support in the future.

in every part of Canadian Methodism once a year, tends to strengthen our connexionalism and develop loyalty in all hearts. Rally Day emphasizes the oneness of our Sunday School work whether conducted in some large city church or in a tiny hamlet far removed from all busy centres. The very thought of this unity of aim and purpose, of plan and programme is uplifting. From many letters received since September 29th, it is evident that many hearts were cheered on that day by the growing interest in and concern for the Sunday School on the part of the people generally, and the inspiring thought that the Sunday School as a Nation Builder is becoming more and more influential.

Much interest was manifested in hundreds of places in the platform decoration for Rally Day, and the suggestions of the programme were developed and improved in many places. Some excellent photographs of platforms have been sent in. Of these we use two in this number. Look them up and see if they are not most creditable. Surely they show what loving hands can do to make the house attractive and the platform a place of beauty. We cannot praise too highly our friends at Haldenbury and Port Carling and all others who worked like them, and strongly commend their examples to others who seemingly thought the time too precious or the labor too hard to do much in the way of platform or school decoration. Many have reached the point, others are fast approaching it, and sooner or later all will attain it, that nothing is too good for the Sunday School, whether it be time, thought, labor, prayer, or money. When that glad day comes there will be better equipment for Sunday School work, more exalted standards of Sunday School excellence, a deeper devotion to Sunday School service, a more wide-spread concern for Sunday School success, and in every way the influence of the Word of God on the lives of all the people will be more powerful for the construction of godly character in both individual and nation. Do



PORT CARLING CHURCH AS ARRANGED FOR RALLY DAY SERVICES.

Sunday School Rally Day

From all quarters most encouraging reports have been coming to hand regarding the 1912 Rally Day in our Sunday Schools. The service, "Building a Nation for God," was generally used and as far as the Editor knows gave good satisfaction. Of course no printed programme may be expected to please everybody, nor to be appropriate in all details to all schools; but with some little adaptation our Rally Day Order of Service may be made of use by the vast majority of our people. Certainly, the service of this year was most favorably commented on by very many. The unity of spirit engendered and promoted by such a programme

not begrudge anything you can either do or give in order that the Sunday School may realize in actual practice the high ideals that are imbedded in its very heart, inbreathed by the Spirit of God and practicable only under the Leadership of the Great Master. Let all the Church unite in accomplishing the Divine Teacher's royal mandate, "Go ye therefore . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and let every heart be cheered by the assurance which is coupled therewith, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.'"

SHOW THIS PAPER TO YOUR FRIENDS.

Life Talks With Young Men

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES

AS I sit down to write this talk with you I find myself wishing it could be a personal one; that I could see you face to face; that I knew some of your troubles and some of your needs. I feel a certain responsibility resting upon me to give you something helpful in this last talk of the year.

The world's need is the sum total of the individual need. The need of the world to-day is Christ and His spirit. Your particular need may be one thing, your neighbor's another, and mine still another, yet in Christ and His teachings all these various needs may be satisfied. He is broad enough and deep enough for every need, and so it seems to be most natural that at this season of the year,

his life not because he fears the punishment of a hereafter, but because he finds the present life hollow and empty. Most men like to do things and at heart they like to do good things. They lack inspiration, they lack ability, and so drift along in the line of least resistance. I have often thought if the religion of Christ could be impressed upon them as something in which there was scope for doing things, things worth while, they would the more readily embrace it. The trouble is they regard it as something surrounded by restraints rather than as a field of free, joyous action.

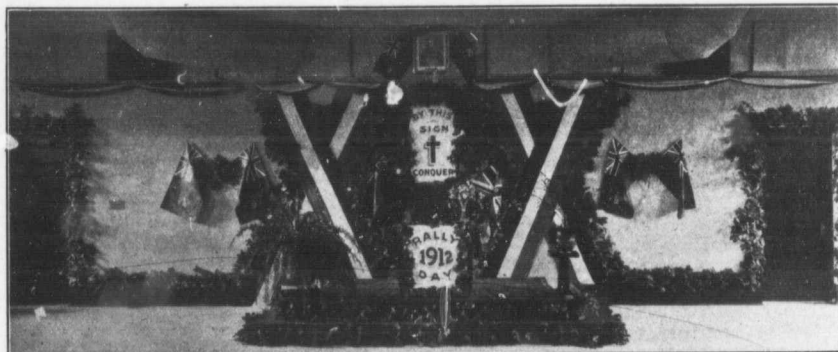
The religion of Christ is pre-eminently that of the young man. It is strong, robust, virile. It is active, and best of

is the essence of Christianity. That is the Christ spirit. That is what I am urging.

"So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
When just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs."

The religion of love and sympathy! That's it. Let your thought dwell upon it. Try to think what it would mean. What would it mean to have your life permeated by it? What a wonderful scope there is for the operation of such a religion. Look around and see how much of the world's sorrows and woes are caused by the opposite to it. Then think how much could be accomplished by its adoption. I am not going to preach. Just think it out for yourself.

Did you ever think what a wonderful change would take place if we just hung up where we could see it every morning these five words, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and then go out and do it? Did



HOW THEY IMPROVED ON THE SUGGESTIONS OF THE PROGRAMME FOR RALLY DAY DECORATIONS AT HAILEYBURY.

as we approach the Christmaside our talk should centre around the Christ born centuries ago in Bethlehem.

I have always enjoyed Christmas sermons. Those which have appealed to me most have been those which have dealt with the extent to which Christ and His teachings have permeated the various phases of our life. I have enjoyed listening to the place Christ has in our art, our literature, our history, our constitution, our homes, and in our schools and churches. But I like best of all to think of the influence of His life and teachings on men in the throbbing, strenuous life of our modern civilization and particularly on the life of our young men.

If I were to ask you the question, "Do men need Christ?" "Does a young man need Him and His teachings?" you would no doubt answer that assuredly he does.

I live among men, many of them young men; careless, happy-go-lucky fellows apparently; many of them breaking the laws of God and man; but there are those among them that I love. I have repeatedly found that when you engage them in quiet conversation, under the careless exterior, there is heart hunger, there are longings. They are wondering, and doubting, and stumbling. They realize they have not secured the best in life. They lack something, they know not what. They are feeling for an anchorage and have not found it. Yes, the young man needs Christ's religion.

But you cannot frighten him into the kingdom of God. He is disatisfied with

all it is altruistic. There is nothing selfish about it. It is the religion of doing, not for ourselves but for others. It teaches that development comes as we do for others. That is the spirit of Christ. That is the spirit which will be so manifest during the next few weeks. But what I want to impress is, that this is the spirit that should permeate our lives every day, the spirit of the Christ who went around doing good.

I have sometimes thought that the greatest thing in Christ's religion was not so much personal salvation as the fact that it linked mankind to Him and opened up a field of action; an opportunity of doing something; that it gave man not only salvation but it gave him the spirit of Christ, and the more we think of it the more we realize how essential that spirit is.

Morality is not sufficient. Morality is respectable, but it lacks sympathy. The law that punishes is moral. The court is moral; but the social worker, the Salvation Army officer that takes the criminal and cherishes and protects, that is Christ-like. Morality is cold. Christ's religion is warm, throbbing, pulsating with love and sympathy. That is why it has lived and will continue to live.

As I move amongst people, and amongst men particularly, I find that the most likeable and the most lovable among them, the men that count for most and are getting the most out of life are those who are filled with sympathy; whose hearts go out to their fellow-men and do something for them. That, to my mind,

you ever try it? That's the spirit of Christ.

What would it mean? It would mean a good deal to your neighbor. It would mean a good deal more to you. I had thought that sometime we might have a chat on the Golden Rule in business. But that is wider. That's the Golden Rule everywhere.

Love your neighbor. Then you won't injure him by word or thought or deed. You won't slander him. You won't withhold from him the right to live honestly and decently. You won't exploit his labor for your own selfish ends. You won't covet his good fortune. Neither will you compass or delight in his downfall. You won't see his child starve. You won't countenance, without protest and final abolition, evils that may ruin his boy and girl. You won't by your vote put a saloon on the corner to tempt him. You won't grow rich at the expense of his poverty. Think it over, and add to the list yourself.

Men! Can't you see where it would lead you? Right up to the firing-line. It would put you in a man's place. There is not a relationship in life that would not be affected. It is what the world needs. It is what you need. There is nothing better, nothing bigger. Let's be big men. And now I am through. "Love thy neighbor as thyself." This is the essence of Christianity. And then you shall commemorate worthily, by your life, not one day in the year, but every day, the birth of the Christ.

World-Wide Young Methodism

XII. Young Methodism and World Conquest

N. W. ROWELL, K.C., M.P.P.

IN this scientific age, when all things are being put to the test, in this materialistic age, when the minds of so many are blinded by the material things of life, the Gospel of a present and conscious salvation, and a ministry and membership that bear testimony to these great facts of experience, and in their lives manifest the fruits of the Spirit, are the urgent needs of the Church both at home and abroad.

A new vision has undoubtedly come to the Churches in these later years; a new vision of the world's need; a new vision of the immediate urgency of this need; a new vision of the essential unity of all the branches of Christ's Church; a new vision of the desirability and practicability of co-operation and unity in world-wide evangelization; a new vision of a task not impossible or impracticable, but, by the grace of God, now both possible and practicable. If to-day Methodism is true to the spirit and vision of its founders, she will fling herself more fully than ever with whole-hearted abandon into this great work of "world-conquest." Let the youth of Methodism catch this spirit, let it fire their hearts, let a consciousness of their opportunity and responsibility inspire their lives. Men and women are made by responsibilities loyally and courageously undertaken; weaklings and cowards by responsibilities shirked; so in organizations and institutions. Nothing will so develop the strength and virility of young Methodism at home as the inspiration of the great task of world conquest loyally undertaken and energetically pursued. Let the task be undertaken in co-operation with other Churches; let our plans be adequate to meet the present world opportunity; let us bring to bear our best intelligence and the highest business capacity in executing these plans; let our gifts be commensurate with the world's needs.

We have our Missionary organizations within the Church. Let us not lose sight of the fact that the Church itself is a missionary organization, upon every member of which rests the responsibility for extending Christ's Kingdom. We may shrink it, but we cannot escape it. Let us endeavor to secure:—

1. A Missionary Committee in every church to work with the pastor in enlisting the entire membership in sympathy, in prayer, and in practical effort for world conquest.

2. A period of incisive missionary education in our church every year.

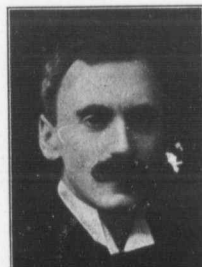
3. The adoption of the weekly basis for missionary offerings, instead of an annual or occasional collection.

4. An organized and complete personal canvass of every member of church and congregation once each year by groups of members.

These practical methods, which have been so strongly emphasized by the Laymen's Missionary Movement in North America, have, wherever intelligently and sympathetically adopted, greatly quickened missionary interest, awakened missionary enthusiasm, developed the missionary spirit, increased missionary contributions.

Let all our work be begun, undertaken and finished in the spirit of prayer; let us labor with whole-hearted consecration to Him, Who is our Head, even Christ. Let us go forth "into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," knowing that in this path of obedience we have His assurance, "lo, I am with you always."

MR. ROWELL is one of the foremost leaders of Canadian Methodism. He had been most intimately associated with the growth of our organized Young People's work, and was the mover of the historic resolution whereby the General Conference, at London, in 1894, made the Epworth League the official Young People's Society of our Church. The wisdom of this action has been fully demonstrated by subsequent history. Mr. Rowell, as Leader of the Liberal Party in the Ontario Legislature, is making the curtailment of the Liquor Traffic one of his principal aims, and his "Banish the Bar" policy appeals to every Christian patriot as pre-eminently for his country's good.



NEWTON W. ROWELL.

Methodism is essentially missionary in its spirit and outlook. As a Church, it grew out of the marvellously successful home mission work of John Wesley and his co-laborers among the masses of England, but it could not stop there. The men who had experienced the new birth, and rejoiced in a consciousness of sins forgiven, could not but sing:—

"Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace,
The arms love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace."

John Wesley had a vision of the world's need, and he defined for all time the field of operations of the Methodist Church when he declared "the world is my parish."

Cooke caught the vision and became "The Foreign Minister of Methodism." The Methodist Episcopal Church was organized at the memorable Christmas Conference held in the City of Baltimore, U.S.A., in 1784. To this conference came William Black, a layman, from the eastern part of Canada, to ask the conference to send missionaries to minister to the scattered groups of Methodists which he, as a layman, had gathered together in Nova Scotia. Black's missionary appeal so aroused and inspired the enthusiastic soul of Dr. Cooke that he went forth from the conference as the Missionary Apostle of Methodism to arouse the Methodism of both continents to the responsibility for world-wide evangelization. He founded the Methodist missions in Wales, Ireland, the West Indies, Africa and Asia. It has been said of him that he represented "in his own person down to his death the whole missionary operations of Methodism as their officer and almost sole director, lavishing upon them his vast

fortune. He gave more money to religion than any other Methodist, if not any other Protestant, of his time." We have all read of the death of the aged veteran at sea while on his way as a missionary himself to the East, and of how the great heart which embraced all humanity in love and sympathy, found a fitting resting place on the bosom of the mighty ocean. To-day there is no continent and scarce an island of the sea, which has not been blessed through the agency of the Methodist Churches and Missionary organizations which he helped found.

While the various branches of Methodism throughout the world have done much toward the work of world conquest, while the other Christian Churches have also done much, by far the larger part of the world parish is still unoccupied. It has been truly stated that "two out of three people in the world live in non-Christian nations; two out of three people in the non-Christian nations are beyond the reach of the present combined missionary agencies of Christendom, and in spite of these appalling needs, about two out of three of the church members of North America are contributing nothing towards the aggressive missionary work of the Church at home and abroad."

Special Notices

Just as we are going to press a personal letter comes to hand from Rev. W. B. Fitzgerald, General Secretary of the Wesley Guild of British Wesleyan Methodism, informing us of the good prospect he has for supplying our readers with an article for our January issue from the pen of that eminent British scholar, the Rev. James Hope Moulton, M.A., D.Litt., D.D., of Didsbury College. This will be welcome intelligence to our readers, and we hope to be able to assure them next month that arrangements have been perfected whereby these Messages to World-wide Young Methodism shall be continued through 1913. Thus the largest fellowship of the Methodist host all round the globe may be increased and intensified.

We shall also present in the January number a special setting of Scenes prepared in the form of an extended dialogue for a number of persons, describing the story of Queen Esther. This was all ready for this issue, but the pressure of other and timely articles prevented our giving it the prominence it merits; hence its withdrawal until January. Look out for it! It will make a very fine Literary and Social Evening for your League, and with care and attention will be exceedingly popular and instructive.

A number of other splendid articles to gether with reports of District Conventions are necessarily held over until January. This month's issue will be found both seasonable and attractive we hope; but rest assured that the first number of 1913 will be unsurpassed by any of its predecessors. Give the Editor the place it deserves in your home and League, and make sure that your subscription list for 1913 is early and fully renewed.

Bow thy head and pray

*That while thy brother starves to-day
Thou mayest not eat thy bread at ease;
Pray that no health or wealth or peace
May hold thy soul while the world lies
Suffering, and claims thy sacrifice.*

What Shall We Give to Jesus?

A Theme for Christmastide

Read Matt. 2: 11.

AMOS SHEPHERD.

THERE is no story in all the world more beautiful than this of the three strangers, star-guided across the desert" (*Kelnan*). It contains many lessons. Let us take it as it suggests to us how loving hearts may lay their gifts at the feet of Jesus. Christmas is a time of gifts between man and man. But every Christian desires also to make a Christmas gift to Christ Himself. Our principles should be

I. THE BEST WE HAVE FOR JESUS.

The "wise men" gave each the most precious product of his own land, according to tradition the gold was from India, the frankincense from Persia, the myrrh from Arabia. So true adoration gives its costliest possession to the Saviour. Mary pours out her precious spikenard on His head; the widow casts into the treasury all her living. Who would offer a faded flower on a mother's grave? What real Christian would give Christ anything less than his best? We should not wait till our strength is gone, but offer Him the golden time of our youth; the noblest building, the sweetest song, the deepest reverence should mark His worship; the keenest attention, the greatest care, our highest skill should be used in His work; His cause should have precedence in our use of money; in one supreme gift, like the martyrs who gladly died for Him, or moment by moment in faithful service, our life must be consecrated to Him to our last breath. Our gifts, whether of talents, or time, or money, cannot be all equal. But one impulse fills every heart that really loves Christ—to give Him the highest and the best that is possible.

A minister pleaded the cause of missions—it is a true story—to a rich congregation, but the response was feeble. A poor little girl sat with one foot dangling above the floor, the other gone, lost through an accident. By her side was a pair of crutches given her by friends. She said, "I wish I could give something, but I have not even a copper." A strange thought came to her; she fought against it, but she won the battle. When the plate came to her, with childlike simplicity she picked up her crutches, without which she could hardly move, and tremblingly put them on the plate! They were borne up the aisle, and a great emotion surged through the church. Maggie giving up her crutches! Then some one said, "I will give £10 for those crutches, and send them back to Maggie." The people insisted that the plates should come round again, and this time they carried back something like £166. Jesus is worthy of the thing you think you cannot get along without.—*S. D. Gordon.*

II. THERE ARE SOME PRECIOUS THINGS EVERY ONE CAN GIVE TO JESUS.

The gifts of the wise men are symbolic of treasures which are in the possession of even the poorest.

(1) Gold symbolizes love.

Fitter symbol who could see
Of the love which, thrice refined,
Love to God and to our kind,
Duly tendered, He will call
Choicest sacrifice of all.

Love, even if it be the only offering possible, is more precious to God than the most ample oblations destitute of love.

Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

—Love to Christ we may all offer. The old legend says that in every heart dwell three kings—the intellect, the affections, the will. Let these kings bow before Jesus with their gifts. Let the intellect take Jesus as the Truth, the affections

receive Him as Friend, the will own Him as Lord and Master! It has been said that the chief characteristic of C. H. Spurgeon was his personal affection for Christ. Every heart can say:

Take my love: my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

(2) Frankincense is the symbol of praise.

This perfume was used in sacrifices to give them fragrance. Even so with the sacrifice of praise, must we mingle the incense of prayer, which is an odor of sweet smell to our Lord. When we contemplate the benefits we have received from God, and think of the calamities from which He has delivered us, the thankful heart should be touched to praise Him. But it is when we call to mind His love in becoming man that He might die for our redemption, that praise soars to its highest note.

odor; it is the fragrance of praise that rises mixed with prayer from grateful hearts.

Immortal praises must be paid,

Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

Honor for ever to the Lamb,

Who bore our sin, and curse, and pain;
Let angels bless His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen!

(3) Myrrh is the symbol of penitence.

It is bitter, and is emblematic of sorrow for sin. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." (*Ps. li, 17.*)

The poet Moore tells how one of the fallen angels stood at the gate of Paradise longing once more to enter. "The angel who kept the gate bade her 'bring the gift most dear to heaven' to redeem her sin, and gladly should she be admitted. She returned to earth and brought first a drop of his life-blood shed by one who died for his country's sake. But for this the crystal bar of Eden moved not: a holier gift must be brought. Next she came with the last sigh of pure, self-sacrificing love breathed by a dying maiden; but in the tear of a man who wept in penitence for his sin; and at once her task was done, the gates were opened wide. This was the gift welcome to God.



THE VISIT OF THE MAGI.

C. H. Spurgeon was once preaching to his vast congregation from Rev. i, 5, 6. As he brought home by the Spirit the love of the Redeemer, a holy tide of feeling surged through the throng of his hearers. He paused a moment, and then, repeating the words, "To Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever," he said, "Let all who desire to give Christ the glory due to Him rise and say, Amen." Without any hesitation a great multitude sprang to their feet, and like the voice of many waters, a mighty cry went up to heaven, "Amen and Amen."

The prayers of the saints are said to be "golden vials full of odors." (*Rev. 5: 8*). One of the odors is the perfume which an angel mingles with the prayers from a golden censer—the incense of Christ's merit. But there is yet another

Such a sacrifice each may offer, sure that it will be acceptable. "O sinner, you have something in your power," once said Rabbi Duncan, "which no saint has. Repent, repent, and you will make all heaven ring for joy."

Love, praise, penitence are the gifts we may bring to Christ. We need make no pilgrimage to lay them at His feet. He is ever present, close at hand, and ready to receive the homage of our loving hearts.

O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

—In Experience.



WHAT does the average Canadian mean when he speaks of the "Old Land"? I can understand those who have childhood recollections of England using this term in an endearing sense; but so many Canadians have no personal knowledge, and depend upon the traditions of their fathers, or grandfathers and mothers. The British Isles for them exist only in the realm of story—it is a place they have heard of or read about, and when they see a real, live person who has actually come from the Old Land their surprise is almost as great as

which they believe they will awake and find themselves in England once again!

One of my own boys insisted for a long time that we were not really in Canada at all, that we were only dreaming. I hope this faculty will remain with the lad, for it is one of the greatest blessings of life to have an imagination which can transmute the vicissitudes of this our earthly life into a dream which endures but for a brief night, and that joy and home shall come with the morning!

It is for this purpose that Christmas comes to us every year. Earth is never nearer to heaven than at this season. The air is peopled with spirits, fairies are lurking in corners, peeping through key-holes, and Santa Claus is an apparition to be expected at any moment. The world and even household affairs take upon them the semblance of mystery and miracle.

Who doubts Santa Claus—who wants to doubt him? That he can get down a chimney with a bag of toys, or even squeeze himself through a keyhole, does not very greatly perplex the child-mind; indeed, that is part of the charm of his personality. A Santa Claus who has to have the door opened to him like the coal man is an impossible and uninteresting person. We want a magical old fellow who can contract and expand himself to suit all conditions and exigencies. What is the good of a Father Christmas who would pause at a key-hole or stick in a stove-pipe!

My earlier recollections of Christmas are all of this order, and there is nothing to be compared with the joy of waking in the "darkness thin" of the morning at the vision of a buiging over-loaded stocking hanging to the bed-post. What a bag of mysteries—a book of revelation! The expected had come to pass, faith had removed the mountain; the miracle which reason and common-sense had proved impossible was performed before my eyes!

When we had grown into boys and were permitted to go beyond the street corner without the guidance of our parents, we found a more invigorating delight at Christmas time in carol singing. This old custom is still kept up, but has lost some of its glamour in these days of elec-

tricity and materialism, but to most of the boys of the Old Land carol singing is a "jolly fine" thing, and is taken up with perhaps more zest than melody.

I have some pleasant memories of experiences as a carol singer. The practice among boys is to begin carolling as early as possible; some can scarcely wait for December to come in, and will make feeble efforts to awaken the Christmas spirit in the busy house-wife long before that lady has bought the fruit for her lun-loaves and plum-pudding.

The legitimate time for carol-singing among boys is about a fortnight from Christmas day, but it never gets into full swing till the twenty-third of the month. Then the still air of the suburbs is smitten with the sound of many voices; I have known three or four groups of boys to commence singing within a few doors from each other; the effect of such a competition must be heard to be depreciated!

The average boy carol-singer has not a very extensive stock of carols, and these are of a very questionable quality; he is usually very shaky in his knowledge of the words, and sometimes runs one carol into another. But he is equal to all emergencies, and will valiantly struggle through a most lamentable rendering, and finish up in grand style with:—

"God bless the master of this house,

Likewise the missus, too,
And all the little children

Around the table too.
With a pocket full of money and a cellar full of beer,

We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

Sometimes the "master of the house" will appear wielding a stick; but such a reception is only done in a spirit of fun to startle the boys, and often enough he will call the boys back and distribute coppers amongst them. Practical jokes have been played upon boys by giving them hot coppers, with a result better imagined than described.

On one occasion we had sung our carols and exhausted our appeals, such as:—

"Knock at the knocker, ring at the bell,
Please spare a copper for singing that so well,

If you haven't got a penny a ha'penny will do.

If you haven't got a ha'penny—God bless you!"

We had run our tether in these things when an old lady appeared in response to a loud *rat tat* upon the door. She seemed surprised to find so many boys in her garden path, and rather sharply enquired what we were doing there. One boy ventured to inform her that we had been singing carols. "Singing what?" she sn'pped, putting her hand to her ear and stooping to the nearest boy.

"Carols," said the boy.

"Then you must have been singing through your hat, for I didn't hear you!" Care advised us to go home to bed, and we retired as meekly as we could, but some of the boys passed rude remarks as they banged the gate behind them.

But such cases were not the rule; we were often kindly treated and feasted with coffee and bun-loaf.

Carol singing is not merely a boyish custom. Some of the church choirs visit the houses of the members of the church, and sing from Christmas eve till the dawn of Christmas day. It is a pity that this custom has fallen off of late years, for there is something angelic in the sound of



THE EVER-WELCOME VISITOR.

if they had seen a person walk out of a book or a picture.

It is even the same with those who have come across the Atlantic to this country. Canada to them, while they were in England, was a land of promise and dream, and when they arrive at Quebec or Montreal and are carried across miles and miles of corn-fields and eventually walk the streets of Toronto, the whole thing is like a big dream, from

the carol-singers by night. I used to think, as I sang among others on those keen, starry nights, that our voices might fall upon the ear of some wakeful sufferer, or some world-weary soul on sleepless pillows, bringing glad tidings of joy and comfort and melodious messages from that spirit-world which is so far removed from our mundane life, and yet is so very near, even surrounding us every common day.

This side of Christmas is so dear and

the tree in a room dimly lit by small lanterns. Suddenly a rattling noise is heard up stairs, and then a thud upon the bedroom floor—"that's him!" he has arrived down the chimney, and now he is coming down the stairs with much clamor and fuss on the part of the two gentlemen who were deputed to receive him. The children are in a state of blank amazement during this process, and when they actually behold a real Santa Claus come into the room, their consternation is be-

lieve these doubts and command the most faithless child to believe.

After the Christmas tree is cleared away the children go through simple dances and games, and the older people retire to another room to talk, joke, sing or play "forfeit" games, as the whim leads them, till the small hours of the morning, when they will gather their little ones together and disperse with "Auld Lang Syne."

There has been too much drinking associated with the festive season in England, but with the advance of education and common-sense, people have come to see that they need not drug their brains in order to enjoy each other's company, and that they can laugh and sing without losing their manliness or manners.



THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

holds one with such a mystic charm that one would fain linger over it as over "youth's sweet-scented manuscript," which, alas! must close.

Canadians are acquainted with many of the customs which prevail in the Old Land at Christmas-tide. The decorating of the shops, whose windows are packed with seasonable gifts and comestibles. The children streaming into the grottoes to receive their parcels at the hands of Father Christmas. These grottoes are generally fitted up with various mechanical shows which are a source of wonder and delight to the children.

As for eatables, the Christmas fare is similar to the Canadian Thanksgiving. The goose is the most popular victim. For one shilling a week for twelve weeks the housewife can secure a good goose; and sufficient provisions to carry her over the week's holiday. The turkey comes next in popularity, but he is too rare a bird to be caught by the woman of small means, who very often has to be content with a duck or a chicken. Provision is made for the very poor, and for many years it has been the custom in Liverpool to distribute "Hot-pots" amongst families who cannot afford an extra Christmas meal.

The chief feature in the home-life on Christmas day in England is the "Party." It is usual for a number of families to meet at one house on Christmas night, where they have a feast, and perhaps a small Christmas tree for the children. Santa Claus is always ready to attend at such gatherings, provided previous arrangements are made. It is the rule for this gentleman to arrive on the roof while the children, hand in hand, encircle

yond words! The old man walks slowly across the room, greeting everybody with "A Merry Christmas!" and finally seats himself in a chair by the glowing fire.

The children then dance around the tree, singing: "Here we go round the Christmas tree," after which Santa Claus, who is generally in a hurry to get off to another appointment, takes the toys from the tree and presents them to each child in its turn, with a shake of the hand and a word of greeting.

Such occasions are as much amusement to the elders as to the young ones, and some merry moments can be spent negotiating with that mysterious Santa, who is a difficult person to handle. The older boys are extremely sceptical of the whole business, and have to be kept from prying into things, but a stern father can sub-

*It was only a helping hand,
And it seemed of little availing,
But its clasp was warm
And it saved from harm
A sister whose strength was failing;
Its touch was tender as angel's wings,
But it rolled the stone from the hidden
springs,
And pointed the way to higher things,
Though it seemed of little availing.*

*A smile, a word, or a touch,
And each is easily given,
That one smile may win
A soul from sin,
Or smooth the way to Heaven,
A smile may lighten the falling heart,
A word may soften pain's keenest smart,
A touch may lead us from sin apart,
How easily each is given.*



SECRETARIES OF DISTRICT LEAGUES!

Have you sent in the latest list of your Officers to the General Secretary? Without it the records in the Central Office cannot be either complete or reliable. You are therefore urgently requested to supply the information as far as the present officary of your District is concerned. Please do not take it for granted that the General Secretary has your District record. Send it in, for he might better have it twice than not at all. Do it now!



A Co-operative Christmas

MISS EMMA B. GALLOWAY, TORONTO.

"I WISH I knew what to do on Christmas. I mean something that is ordinary; something to show that I appreciate what Christmas really means to me."

Lillian Langley closed her book and looked out of the window.

"They always do such wonderful things in story books, but it is quite different in real life. Now, in a town like this, where everyone is in fairly good circumstances, you couldn't get up a supper for the poor, for instance."

"Of course I couldn't; I haven't the cash," said Ned.

"Oh, I know, but I mean that anyone here would be insulted to be offered charity, or anything like that. What I want to know is just this—what can an ordinary girl with limited means do?"

"You might get supper ready if you want to do something. I would like to finish these buttonholes before it gets dark."

"All right, mother."

As Lillian went out to the kitchen Ned called after her, "Say, Lill, you remember that picture of the angels in the kitchen washing dishes and baking, don't you?"

"Yes, Ned, I remember."

"Well, you may find one of them out there waiting to give you an inspiration for Christmas."

"There will be more perspiration than inspiration out here, I imagine," thought Lillian, as she stirred up the fire and placed the kettle on the stove. Mrs. Langley watched her daughter as she went quietly about her work. She was very proud of both her children. Her husband died when they were quite small, and she had worked hard to keep the home, and to educate her growing dear ones. Ned was now almost through his commercial course, and Lillian was in the High School.

Miss Brown, a music teacher from a distant city, and Mr. Miller, one of the high school teachers, boarded with the Langleys.

"When I get a position we won't keep boarders, and you can have a rest. You deserve it, mother," Ned had often said. He and Lillian often planned what they would do for her comfort.

Mrs. Langley came into the kitchen just as Lillian lifted a pan of flaky biscuits from the oven.

"Mother, I often wonder why I have no talents. Other girls can play, or sing, or give readings, and entertain people so well, but I always have to do the ordinary things."

"Then why not do them in an extraordinary way. However, you need not ordinary, for you have one splendid talent."

"Me? What is it, mother?"

In her excitement Lillian almost dropped the pan of biscuits.

"You have the talent for helping others and doing it cheerfully which is quite as important as any of those you mentioned."

When they were seated at the table Mr. Miller said: "Pardon me for being

late, Mrs. Langley. We were practising some Christmas exercises, and I forgot all about the time."

"I dread to think of Christmas this year. It will be my first Christmas away from home," said Miss Brown.

"We will be glad to have you with us, Miss Brown."

"Thank you, Mrs. Langley, you are very kind, but you know one cannot help feeling lonely at such times even in a home like this."

"Oh, Mr. Miller and Miss Brown, Lill

"OTHERS"

BY C. B. MEIGS.

Lord, help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way,
For even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for OTHERS.

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I'd do for you,
Must needs be done for—OTHERS.

Let "Self" be crucified and slain,
And buried deep; and all in vain,
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for—OTHERS.

And when my work on earth is done,
And my new work in heaven's
begun

May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of—OTHERS.

Others, Lord, yes, others,
Let this my motto be,
Help me to live for others,
That I may live like Thee.

THE STORY OF IT.

There is a story told of General Booth, which inspired the above lines. At one time he desired to send a New Year's greeting by telegram and cablegram, to all Salvation Army posts in the world. Cablegrams are expensive and have to be short. General Booth balled his message down to a single word, but he was great enough to choose the **biggest word in all the dictionary**—OTHERS!—so that was his message, and all of it.

This poem can be supplied by the Book Room in various styles, mounted or unmounted, at from \$1.00 per 100, to 5, 10, 15 and 20 cents each, post-paid.

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here wants to do something extraordinary at Christmas this year, something like the grand old lady in the story books always does. Can't you help her?" said Ned.

"What do you want to do, Lillian?"

"I don't know yet, Miss Brown. I want to do something different this year to show that I appreciate what Christmas means."

"Do you think you really appreciated it that means?" queried Mr. Miller.

"I do more than I ever did before any way."

"I don't think any of us fully realize what it means. Do you, Mr. Miller?" asked Miss Brown.

"To most people it means a big dinner, and the giving and receiving of gifts; a lot of fuss and worry for a few hours' pleasure. Isn't that about all it means, Mrs. Langley?"

"It may mean that to some, but not to most people, Mr. Miller."

"But," argued Mr. Miller, "do we give Christmas gifts because we love the people or is it only a habit we have acquired? You know if a gift isn't valuable, it is not valued."

"Oh, Mr. Miller, you are a pessimist. I don't agree with you at all. Why only yesterday I was looking over some papers and I came across a personal greeting card I received two years ago from one of my school friends. A very inexpensive little card, and yet I prize it."

"It is the personality behind the gift that counts; don't you think so, Mrs. Langley?"

"Yes, a picture postcard from some people means more than a large gift from some others. I always like those greeting cards."

"So do I, Mrs. Langley. There was one thing I always liked about Alma's letters; she remembered us all personally. She would have some special thought or message for each of us. Most people finish a letter by saying 'Love to all,' or in some such general way."

"By this time Mr. Miller and Ned were both laughing.

"I don't care if you do laugh at me. It means a lot more to me when I see my own name there."

"I see you like personal greetings all right. They have become a great fad the last three or four years," said Mr. Miller.

"That is just what I thought when I was looking at Alma's card, but I find I was mistaken."

"May I ask you convinced you of your error?" queried Mr. Miller.

"You may. It was Luke."

"Luke? And who is he?"

"Why, Dr. Luke, of course; you know him."

"Oh, do you mean 'Dr. Luke of the Labrador,' Miss Brown?" asked Ned.

"No, I mean Dr. Luke of the Bible, Ned."

"Oh, pshaw! What did Luke know about personal greetings?"

"Our education has been neglected, Ned. But we don't mind listening to your little sermon; or was it a dream, Miss Brown? Tell us all about it, said Mr. Miller, with a rather patronizing air.

Miss Brown flushed at his remark, but receiving a reassuring smile from Mrs. Langley, she proceeded:

"It was no dream. I was reading the second chapter of Luke last night, and it came to me so forcibly that the angel's message on that first Christmas morning so long ago was the grandest personal greeting that was ever given."

"Did you ever notice that little word *you* in that chapter, Mr. Miller?"

"No, I can't say that I ever particularly noticed it."

"Just listen then—Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour whose name is Christ the Lord." And this shall be a sign unto *you—ye* shall find. Although the good tidings is to all people, it is to *you*; you are not lost in the crowd, you are loved and remembered personally. Do you appreciate that first Christmas message?"

"I never heard it given just that way before. But I must get away to my

books now," said Mr. Miller, as he left the room.

"I wonder what he thinks now. He always wants to laugh and argue about things that are sacred to me."

"Never mind, Miss Brown, you gave a good witness to-night," replied Mrs. Langley.

"Now, Lillian, let me help do up the dishes, and we can do some planning at the same time. You want to do something at Christmas, to give some one a treat who otherwise might not have one, is that the idea?" asked Miss Brown, as she and Lillian retired to the kitchen.

"Yes, Miss Brown, that's it exactly. I want it to be a Christmas gift to Christ. But who can we find in a town like this? There are no really poor people around here."

"My dear girl, the really poor people are not the only ones who need help. There are plenty of people in good circumstances who are sad and lonely and need cheering. Take myself, for instance, you never thought of me, did you? I have really dreaded this Christmas, and I want to help you in your treat if I can. We must keep our eyes open and see if we cannot find someone who needs our help."

"Ned said some good angel might bring me an inspiration. Do you believe in such things, Miss Brown?" asked Lillian.

"It depends on what you mean by an inspiration. I think what we call inspirations are the result of God's blessing on consecrated brain power. They usually come to the people, who, seeing the conditions and the needs, concentrate their minds to think out and work out the problems before them. God blesses such efforts with enlarged visions and powers. This is one of the 3rd of December, so we will have time to make our plans. We will have a committee meeting on Friday to see what we can do. I wonder if Ned and Mr. Miller will help us?"

"I have an idea, Miss Brown. Let's make it a tea-table conference, and then we'll have them right there."

The next night Miss Brown announced that all the family were invited to a tea-table conference on Friday night each one to bring suggestions for the Christmas treat as to who, what, when, where and how.

"Do you think it will be safe for us to join this corporation, Ned?" asked Mr. Miller.

"If there is to be any fun in it, I'll join," said Ned.

"There will surely be fun in it if you help," said Miss Brown.

"All right. I'm with you. What do you want me to do?"

"Think, and keep your eyes open," answered Miss Brown.

Friday night came at last, and as soon as the family were seated Ned asked, "What about this Christmas affair, anyway? I can't think of a single thing, and I don't believe there is any use trying."

Miss Brown reported that she had spoken to Dr. Stuart, the pastor, and he had said, "I believe I know just the place to hold your treat. I'll find out and let you know next week."

"Have you any suggestions, Lillie?"

"Yes. I was down at Parker & Wood's store to-day. You all know Miss Meredith, the saleslady at the ribbon counter. She was telling me that she would be perfectly happy if she could have her baby sister with her. She says she misses her so much. I thought she needed cheering."

"That is a good idea, Lillie. Put her name on the list."

"But you won't have any baby for her to play with," said Ned.

"We might borrow one for the occasion," said Lillian laughingly.

"If you borrow a baby I would advise you to borrow his mother, too. That is scriptural, isn't it, Miss Brown? If I remember correctly that is what the princess did for little Moses. You see, I haven't quite forgotten all my early training."

"Any other suggestions, Mr. Miller?"

"Not yet, but I begin to see what you are aiming at?"

"Well, Ned?"

"I told you before that I couldn't think, but say, if you're going to give 'em a treat, why don't you find out what each one would like most to do on Christmas Day, and let them do it. Don't

the others may object, so 'I need your hearty co-operation,' as Dr. Stuart always says. Come on in here till I tell you about him. He's too funny for anything."

After they had talked for some time Mrs. Langley said, "Yes, Ned, that will be all right."

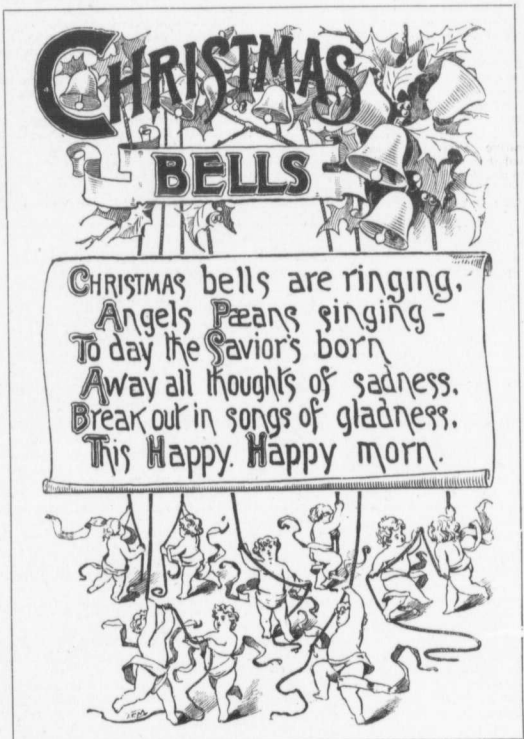
"It sure will, mother; it will give some novelty to the affair, won't it?"

Miss Brown had her list of questions all ready on Friday night.

"The first question is 'Who?'"

"I would suggest the baby and his mother," said Mr. Miller.

"I would suggest the baby's father," said Ned. "Mother can hunt them up for her share."



tell 'em what you're after, though, or they might not tell the very thing they want to do."

"Good for you, Ned. That's a capital idea."

Just then the phone rang. Lillian answered it, and after a few minutes came back and said, "Dr. Stuart says we are to call to-morrow, and complete arrangements for our Christmas treat. We can invite eight persons, so that altogether we will have fifteen in our party. Now watch for your guests and be able to report their names, and what they would like to do. Have your information ready Tuesday night."

Everyone was busy during the next few days. One night Ned came bounding into the house.

"Oh, mother, I've found a guest, but

Miss Brown wrote on her list—father, mother, baby.

"Who else, Ned?"

"A nice boy, but I can't give you his name just now."

So the boy was added to the list.

"Now, Lillian?"

"Miss Melville, at the store, and Miss Campbell, one of our Sunday School girls, who works down in the factory."

"For my guest," said Miss Brown, "I have old Mrs. Snider, who is all crippled up with rheumatism. I had planned to have the baby's mother as my other guest, but the men have monopolized that family."

"Never mind, Miss Brown, they might have two children," remarked Mr. Miller.

"There will be two if you take my suggestion and invite the Shepards," said

Mrs. Langley. "Mrs. Shepard has been ill and is not able to prepare their Christmas dinner."

"The question of 'Who' is settled," said Miss Brown, as she finished writing the names.

"Now 'What' is to be?"

"A co-operative Christmas," announced Lillian; "each one co-operating to make it a success."

"When?" "Christmas Day, 10 to 5."

"Where?" "At old Mr. Dalton's home on Walnut Drive."

"Some class to us, all right," said Ned.

"What about my guest, mother? I'm afraid I won't know how to act, myself."

"It was Dr. Stuart who suggested the place," explained Miss Brown. "They had been telling him how lonely they were since all their children were away, so he asked how they would like some young people to spend the day with them. They are a dear old couple, and are as enthusiastic as a couple of children. Mind you, they wanted to furnish all the dinner themselves."

"Where do we come in?" asked Mr. Miller.

"Oh, we insisted on it being a co-operative Christmas, so they finally consented that we might help with the decorations and the entertainment."

"Our next question is 'How?'"

"Now please explain what your guests

dish-water. It would be like home, you know."

It took a lot of careful planning to know how to invite these guests. Each one was made to feel that they were necessary to the happiness of someone else.

There were some very mysterious remarks made during the next few days by Mr. Miller. They said they decorated a Christmas tree for the children and Tony.

"We must have a real, live Santa Claus for Tony," said Mr. Miller, "and give him a sled."

So they got a tree, and all sorts of toys for the children, with some more practical gifts for Tony. Then they decorated the house with evergreen and holly, and Mr. and Mrs. Dalton said it seemed like old times to have the young people bustling around the old home again.

Christmas morning dawned clear and cold. There was just enough snow to cover the old earth with a beautiful white. The sun shone brightly, and the merry jingle of the bells made music that seemed to say to many heart, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Mr. Dalton brought out the pony and cutter, and Ned and Tony brought the guests from their homes up to Grandpa Dalton's, where they all had their breakfast.

It was a real home Christmas; everybody helped and everyone enjoyed themselves. Miss Campbell was happy in the

He went out at once to try it. Half an hour later he returned, declaring that "he go down like de wind, but he won't go up again; but we half good time; he carry me down, I carry him up."

For Mrs. Langley Santa had a beautiful table-cloth. Miss Campbell received an envelope containing a card which read, "On the clock shelf in the kitchen you will find your gift." When she returned with a little gold wishbone pin, she was requested to sing Annie Laurie and other Scotch songs.

Lily opened her envelope and read, "Look on the library table." There she found a card which declared that "You are not literary—why are you looking here?—try the work-basket in the sitting-room." Then she found another card which read, "Not here, my child, not here. You shine in the kitchen with the other angels." It had been written by Ned, and she laughed as she went down to the kitchen. There she found a beautiful motto, "Others."

Miss Melville was presented with a huge package, and after untying many knots and taking off a number of papers, she found a silver thimble.

Santa asked Miss Brown to play for him, and after she had delighted her audience with her music he handed her a small envelope containing a tiny personal greeting card. Written across the back of the card were these words, "I appreciate Christmas more than I ever did before."

At last the fun was all over, and the guest went to their homes, feeling that, after all, the real life of Christmas is in the spirit of Christ, "who came not to be ministered unto but to minister."

Ned always says, "Tony had a good time all right, but I believe I had a better one."



DISTRICT EPWORTH LEAGUE OFFICERS!

Please take notice that according to the action of the General Board at its last meeting, the General Secretary is required to obtain from each of you a half-yearly report of the work you have done during the term. Expect, therefore, early in the New Year to receive from the General Secretary a Report Blank to be duly filled and returned, stating what you have done and are planning to do for the furtherance of the League work of the District through your Office. Better Get Busy!

want to do. Mr. Miller, yours come first."

"I must confess I am not familiar with my subject, but I suppose he will want to cry most of the time. They usually do, I believe. And I should imagine his mother would like someone else to take care of him for one day."

"Doesn't that sound like a bachelor, Mrs. Langley?"

"Yes, it does. But Mrs. Shepard really needs a rest. She is weak yet, and she said she wished some fairy would come and prepare their dinner while she rested."

"She shall have a rest for one day even if I have to take care of Master Baby myself," said Mr. Miller, with the air of a martyr.

"Oh, don't worry. Miss Melville will take care of the baby; and little Kathleen is five, and can entertain herself."

"Now, Ned what about your guest?"

"He wants a sled and he wants to build a huge snow man. You see, he isn't used to snow in his country."

"Who is he, anyway?"

"He is Tony Defarari, from Italy. Poor kid, I feel sorry for him, but he's lots of fun, too. I want him to see what a real Christmas is like."

"Now, Lillian,"

"Miss Melville wants to play with the baby, and Miss Campbell told me confidentially that she would just love to roast a turkey and set the table, and even be glad to get her hands into the

kitchen; Miss Melville loved the baby and Kathleen the minute she saw them. "It just does my heart good to feel his baby arms around my neck," she whispered to Mrs. Shepard.

Such a dinner as they had; such laughter and fun. To Tony it was like a new world. They gave him the wishbone, and he immediately wished for a sled. It was the only thing he wanted to make him perfectly satisfied.

They enjoyed the dinner so much, and tarried so long at the table, that Mr. Miller warned them that there was to be an entertainment in the sitting room at 3 o'clock, whereupon Ned complained that he had lost his appetite anyway, so they might as well leave the dining-room.

The Christmas-tree was a great success. It was supposed to be only for the children and Tony. But Mr. Miller and Ned had made other plans. Mr. Shepard was the Santa Claus. Kathleen was delighted with her dolls and books and toys and candles, while baby squeezed a rubber baby to his heart's content. Mrs. Dalton received a beautiful bouquet of crimson roses. Santa presented Mr. Dalton with a book of poems, and at Santa's request he told stories of Christmas times fifty years ago. Mrs. Shepard and Mrs. Snider each received a cosy pair of wool slippers. Santa Claus was surprised to find a parcel with his own name on it. "Just what I wanted," said he, as he unwrapped the latest book on engineering.

Tony went almost wild over his sled.

O Lord, I pray
That for this day
I may not swerve
By foot or hand
From Thy command,
Not to be served but to serve.

This, too, I pray
That for this day
No love of ease
Nor pride prevent
My good intent,
Not to be pleased, but to please.

And if I may
I'd have this day
Strength from above
To set my heart
In heavenly art
Not to be loved, but to love.
—Matthie D. Babcock.

Let us be kind;
The way is long and lonely,
And human hearts are asking for this
bleasing only
That we be kind.

We cannot know the grief that men may
borrow,
We cannot see the souls storm-swept by
sorrow,
But love can shine upon the way to-day,
to-morrow—
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
This is a wealth that has no measure,
This is of heaven and earth the highest
treasure—
Let us be kind.

A tender word, a smile of love in meeting,
A word of hope and victory to those re-
fracting,
A glimpse of God and brotherhood while
life is fleeting—
Let us be kind.



Winter Sports for Young Canadians

REGINALD H. M. JOLLIFFE, BOWMANVILLE.

THE snow has come at last. Young Canada, rendered drowsy by a hot, tedious summer, rises in triumph once again to be hailed "Our Lady of the Snows," for winter is here, bringing with it life and vigor. How the whole being quivers in response to the keen darts of Boreas. The entire landscape is enveloped in a regal robe of ermine, hiding disfigurements, smoothing irregularities, conferring on all nature an aspect of wonderful and absolute repose.

For man this is the season of life. Who could breathe that ozone-charged air and not have the blood pound madly through his veins! Only the old and timid, crouching, shivering over their fire, complain. As for those outside, they feel like an engine just before the safety-valve blows off. The brain works with the speed of lightning. The whole system is as if charged with electric force. Life is at last worth living. It is now that the man in his prime works with renewed energy. People of declining years feel once again the vitality of youth and for the first time young Canadians are able to appreciate in full their marvellous fortune in being born heirs to our mighty "Dominion of the Northland."

What a time this is for sport, real, healthy recreation, which sends the participant back to his work with added determination. What a wealth of pleasure is at the disposal of Young Canada. Probably the most characteristic amusement is sleigh-riding. From the five-year-old, pluckily hauling his little sled up a very tall snowbank and descending in rapturous glee, to the ardent devotees of the toboggan rushing down the long, smooth slide, a mile a minute, sleigh-

riding is universally popular. Yet even the patrons of the toboggan slide can appreciate but a small part of real tobogganing. Starting from the top of a hill, so steep that for the first ten feet you do not touch the snow, dashing down an almost perpendicular incline to a level plain below, sweeping on, missing obstacles by a hair's-breadth, and finally shooting off the top of a mound to hurtle twenty feet through the air and stop suddenly within a yard of a barbed-wire fence—that is tobogganing, that is excitement, that is genuine Canadian winter sport.

Similar to tobogganing and rivalling it in excitement is skiing. This exercise is, however, restricted to the trained athlete. No one but the participant can appreciate the charm. We look and wonder at the daring "skilobner" making his record long jump, but we cannot enter into his pleasure unless we can ourselves don the skis and shoot down the icy slopes.

Less exciting but more popular than skiing is snowshoeing. In Southern Ontario, with our beautiful towns and level fields, this is a pastime worth while. In Algonquin Park, with its hills clothed in evergreens, its many little frozen lakes and abundance of wild animal life, it is charming, but no one can claim to have experienced the whole fascinating delight of the snowshoer's toil, leaving behind all civilization, all suggestion of man's disturbing existence, he strikes out away in the northland, on the long Arctic trail, with nothing in sight but a vast snowfield, sparkling below like myriads of diamonds, and the vaster dome of heaven above blazing with stars of unearthly

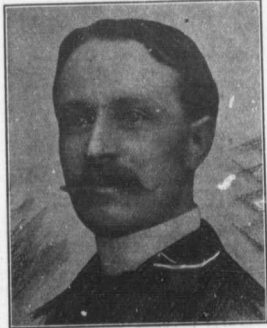
brilliance and the fitful flashes of the aurora light—there we may stop and say truthfully, "This is a trail worthy of the snowshoer, real, delightful pleasure."

Of all our winter athletes the one most popular with most of us is skating. There is a merry excitement—striking out to the cult to find elsewhere. Then there is the carnival. Decked in costumes grotesque or beautiful, the skaters glide here and there, performing all sorts of intricate figures, and perhaps ending up by cutting one figure too many, for their composure.

And now let us speak of hockey. This is the winter game of young Canada. There can be no doubt that hockey is the fastest game ever invented. It is possible for a person to go about three times as fast on skates as he would on foot with the same amount of expended energy. The puck bears about the same relation in speed to a football as an aeroplane does to a balloon. Football is not slow, but let a fellow conscious of being "fit" for the game get the puck at one end of his stick and let him realize the responsibility of his position, and for once in his life he will know what it means to "go some," and will require a little more than ordinary modesty to keep from losing his head when he has scored.

What further variations could anyone desire? The wild excitement of the toboggan and the hockey match, the social pleasures of the rink, the invigoration and lure of the snowshoer's trail. These supply every craving of man's nature for true sport. The more we indulge in these recreations the better able we are to do credit to our emblem, the Beaver, in our daily work, and no one can indulge in these forms of exercise without being sensible of an elevated mind and a renewed desire to redouble his efforts to make Canada the freest and most loyal Dominion of the Empire, a land of law as pure as the spotless snow that crowns our lofty mountains.

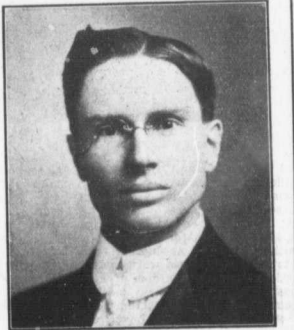
"Our Canada, young, strong and free,
Whose sceptre stretches far,
In winter robes of virgin snow,
We proudly hail thee ours."



REV. MANSON DOYLE, B.A.,
Field Secretary-elect for Manitoba, with
residence at Winnipeg.

OUR NEW FIELD SECRETARIES!

AS we intimated in our last issue, we present herewith the photographs of our newly-appointed Field Secretaries. Both are young men, experienced in Sunday School and Young People's work, and enjoying the fullest confidence of the Conferences whose interests they have been elected to directly serve. These officers will take up the work of the Department at next Conference. Their leadership will, we confidently expect, under Divine blessing, be fraught with measureless good to the cause to which they have generously devoted their best thought and service in response to the call of the Church. Pray that everywhere they may meet with a hearty reception and cordial co-operation on the part of all our local and Conference workers.



REV. FRANK H. LANGFORD, B.A.,
Field Secretary-elect for Saskatchewan,
with residence at Regina.

Masterpieces of Hebrew Literature

VIII. An Appeal to Youth

Ecclesiastes 12.

TOPIC FOR DECEMBER 15.

REV. W. S. LENNON, B.A., B.D., GRANBY, QUE.

MORE than any book of the Bible, not excepting Job, the Book of Ecclesiastes has always defied anything like a final authoritative interpretation. It would indeed be "a weariness of the flesh" to study any considerable number of the many books of interpretation of Ecclesiastes made by venturesome expositors, Jewish and Christian. Anyone interested in the conflicting interpretations of this remarkable book may find the whole matter treated in G. A. Barton's volume on Ecclesiastes in the International Critical Commentary. One thing, however, modern and ancient commentaries alike make plain—the book is a splendid piece of literature, full of gems both of thought

and of expression. Other things, also, modern investigations increasingly make plain; the book is not, as some have supposed, the utterance of a gross sensualist, preaching the crude doctrine, "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die"; neither is it the product of some jaded voluptuary on whose worn-out spirit has settled down the burden of a crushing pessimism and to whom nothing now seems worth while; but the work rather of one who professes to have tested life's various programmes and while finding none—not even the narrowly religious—altogether satisfactory from the reflective viewpoint, or free from vanity and vexation of spirit, nevertheless is quite sure of a few things that have come to him in

the course of his investigations. He is quite sure that "wisdom excelleth folly as far as things excel darkness." He is sure, too, that it cannot be other than "well with the righteous and evil with the wicked." But most of all he is sure, (and perhaps this is his largest as well as his final thought), that "it is better to be good than to be wise," and that concerning youth

"God has said, forever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth;
They shall find the path of wisdom
And the narrow way of truth."

That is the significance of this closing chapter, or more properly of chapter xi. 7 to xii. 14, reading up as the section

he believes that there is nothing much better in life than a joyous activity and a sane use of the good gifts of God. Yet he is not in doubt for a moment about the wisdom of youth moderating its desires and banking the fires of its passions by remembering its Creator in the midst of its joys, and by carrying with it, if not a vision of a coming judgment day, at least a sober sense of sin's inevitable aftermath of sorrow.

The description in chapter 12 of the coming evil days,—the days of old age leading down to death, is not only hauntingly beautiful in some of its expressions, but probably Prof. Moulton is right in thinking that here the general prose form of the book gives place to a *poetic sonnet*. Even our English ears can detect a poetic rhythm in the passage, while its exuberance of metaphor is enough in itself to suggest poetry, and the passage has also in it considerable suggestion of Hebrew parallelism. From the viewpoints of minute interpretation, however, the section we are studying presents a more difficult task perhaps than any other part of the book. It seems quite clear to the present writer that in verses 1 to 5 (first part), we have a wonderfully metaphorical description of senile decay presaging death, and in the verses following, (5 to 7), an equally oriental description of death, while in the closing portion, (verses 8 to 14), we have an epilogue or perhaps a kind of postscript to the book summing up what the writer himself takes to be its message.

If we turn to the first of these three sections with its metaphorical descriptions of the characteristics of old age, we will find ourselves quite embarrassed by the exceeding variety of the interpretations offered. No less than seven different views have been taken as to what the key to the various metaphors is. We will confine ourselves to two of these views only.

1. The interpretation which suppresses the guiding thought of the description to be the conception of approaching death as an oncoming storm or sirocco.

Hence the metaphors of darkened sun, moon, and stars, the clouds not discharged by the preparatory rainfall, the fear of the door-keepers, the covering in terror of strong men (i.e., wealthy nobles), the maids leaving their work of grinding, while their wealthy mistresses who "look out of the window," close out the threatening sky by shutting the casement. Hence also the prudential closing of the doors, and the lowering sound of the grinding as the grinders pause in their work to listen to the rush of the wind, and the hushing of the "daughters of music" as the blackening sky gets on the singer's nerves.

2. The view according to which Koheleth is supposed to be giving a diagnosis of old age and its infirmities. It would occupy far too much space to interpret each verse in turn according to this view, especially since each commentator following it has his own views of what physical characteristics of old age Koheleth is referring to in his numerous metaphors. If we examine a few only of the metaphors it will bring out the variety of references supposed to lie in them as well as the general mode of interpretation used by these "anatomical" interpreters. Thus the first figure "While the sun or the light or the moon or the stars be not darkened" is, of course, on the anatomical view, a reference to the falling eyesight of old age, but by some it has been supposed that the terms "sun" and "light," etc., are symbols of happiness and the hereafter, Koheleth means by the "darkening" of this light the gradual falling of the joy of living that marks old age.

"In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble," has had a more



"HAIL THE INCARNATE DEITY."

and of expression. Other things, also, modern investigations increasingly make plain; the book is not, as some have supposed, the utterance of a gross sensualist, preaching the crude doctrine, "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die"; neither is it the product of some jaded voluptuary on whose worn-out spirit has settled down the burden of a crushing pessimism and to whom nothing now seems worth while; but the work rather of one who professes to have tested life's various programmes and while finding none—not even the narrowly religious—altogether satisfactory from the reflective viewpoint, or free from vanity and vexation of spirit, nevertheless is quite sure of a few things that have come to him in

does through the conception of life as a joy tempered by the anticipation of coming "days of darkness," and the decay of physical vigor in old age to the closing practical summation of the book's teaching, "Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man." In spite of the efforts of some commentators to read a grossly epicurean or even sensual teaching into the passage, there can be no doubt that Koheleth is moralizing for youth's benefit. There is in fact an element of irony in the advice to youth to rejoice in itself and to follow its own desires, for while Koheleth does not stand by any means for the rigidly ascetic or barren, Puritanic view of what life ought to be—while indeed

varied treatment. The "house" is, of course, the body, but the "keepers," according to individual taste and knowledge of anatomy among the commentators, are the ribs, or the legs, or the arms, or the hands.

"The clouds" that "return after the rain" are the ever-watery eyes of age, or else the whole sentence is a highly poetical way of saying that old age lacks power to rally from the weakness that overstrain it. "The clouds return after the rain": It is never sunshine with the old man.

Similarly the "strong men" of verse 3 are variously the arms, the legs, the feet, the bones in general, or (happy thought!) the spinal column whose "bowing" gives to old age its characteristic stoop; while the "grinders," with singular unanimity among commentators are the teeth, and "those who look out of the windows" are the eyes. Propriety of interpretation in a game with the "hoors" *shut in the streets*, for those become (at your pleasures), the feet, the lips, the jaws, the eyes, the ears, or even literal doors shut by kindly hands to keep the old man from stumbling over the doorstep or from getting into danger on the street. The bringing low of "the daughters of music" is, on one mind, easily define a reference either to old age's loss of voice for singing or to its inability through loss of hearing to distinguish musical notes. Enough! One is tempted to say "You pays your money and you takes your choice." At any rate such a rapid survey of these conflicting and strained interpretations brings out clearly the wisdom of one hard-working commentator who declares of this section, that its allusive references present for us riddles that are not easy to solve.

The next section, *desert Hebrew sheel* (verses 6 to 8), needs no comment to bring out its beauty, but its metaphorical allusions are also somewhat problematic. However, it is not burdened with the same variety of interpretations as was the former section. The "long home" is undoubtedly the Hebrew sheel or underworld of the dead; the "mourners" who "go about the streets" are the paid mourners whose business it is in connection with eastern funerals to bewail the dead. But the "silver cord" and "the golden bowl" are more metaphorical. They refer to life as a light fed with oil from a golden bowl or reservoir like that of Zech. iv., 3, suspended by a silver cord, and they represent life as "going out," when the body is broken by disease or wasted by age as the light goes out when the silver cord is broken and the golden bowl falls as is shattered. The next figure, that of the "pitcher broken at the fountain," and also that of "the wheel broken at the cistern," represents the body as fed from some central "well of life"—being now the broken pitcher that can hold no longer the "living water"—and now the damaged wheel that can no longer raise the refreshing draft from the well. The sentence "Then shall the dust return, etc.," is clearly a reference to the story of man's creation in Genesis ii. 7, but whether Koboehet put into the expression as much meaning as we have learned to do is a matter of doubt, particularly in view of some of his earlier utterances. (See chap. III. 21.)

The epilogue or postscript, (verses 8-14), is notable for its fine closing verses already quoted in part, but its literary worth might be safely made to rest upon verse 11 alone. "The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails well fastened are the words of the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd." "The Preacher" knows the power of the spoken word to goad the lethargic

soul to action or to string the dormant mind into thought, but he knows also the larger power of the "words of masters of assemblies," i.e. of the words of public utterance, and he knows lastly that whatever words of wisdom are spoken by any such come ultimately from "one shepherd"—that great Shepherd of the sheep." There are, it is true, a number of other interesting commentaries on this seemingly callistic verse, but none that the writer knows are more

satisfactory than the one he has followed.

NOTE.—The above treatment of this "Appeal to Youth" will have served its purpose if it convinces the leader for Dec. 15th, and the third Vice-President that an unusually interesting programme can be prepared for this meeting by getting the members to read up the chapter in all accessible commentaries on Ecclesiastes. The variety of interpretations will in itself challenge interest.

The Art of Making Others Happy

TOPIC FOR DECEMBER 22.

MISS KATHLEEN MCKEE, B.A., STAYNER.

THE Sermon on the Mount was preached in Galilee, about seven miles from Capernaum, during the second year of our Lord's ministry. The subject of it was delivered there, and to this mount and spent the time in prayer. It was after this season of prayer that a great multitude came to Him and listened to His wonderful proclamation of love.

When Jesus made this new love law, He told His hearers about those they were to love and how they were to show that love. The Jews, as a people, were great law-keepers. As children they were taught the law or the commandments that God had given to Moses, and a great many others that their rabbis had made. He then Jesus made the new law. He referred to some of the old ones to show the difference. He knew that the Jews had many enemies—the Romans, the Samaritans, and even those of different creeds—and He wanted to teach them that as God is the great Father, all men are brothers and should love one another. He recognized the fact that they had been taught to give "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," but He had come to teach them a better way—namely, to love their enemies, to do good to them, to bless them, to preserve a spirit of meekness and forbearance under ill-treatment, to show consideration and unselfishness when they made unreasonable demands, and to refrain from a censorious judgment of them. In other words, they were to do to people just what they wished people to do to them.

This standard of character, which our Master set for His followers, seems to be full of impossibilities, but when we have the love of Christ in our hearts we find that it is possible to begin to live out the impossible things. Anyone can do possible things, but it takes a Christian plus God to do the impossible—to do to others as we would have them do to us. If we, as Epworth Leaguers, would begin, at this Christmas season, to carry out this love law, it would bring happiness to us and to all with whom we came in contact.

A story is told about a king who had a son whom he dearly loved. The prince said everything that he could wish to say, yet he was not happy. One day a visitor came to the palace and seeing the prince said to the king, "I can make your son happy, but you must pay me my own price." The king was delighted and readily promised. Then the visitor took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper, gave the boy a lighted candle, and told him to hold it under the paper. The boy did so, and the white letters turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words: "Do a kindness to someone every day." The prince used this secret, and because of the happiness he brought to others he became the happiest boy in the kingdom.

How can Epworth Leaguers bring happiness to others? At this season of the

year they can bring happiness to the Sunday School children by preparing for a Sunday School entertainment. And what a help they may be to the children at every practice and be on time; they can teach the children their parts; they can keep sweet and kind when something goes wrong; they can decorate the church or concert hall; and they can do all in their power to make their entertainment a success in the trust sense of the term.

Epworth Leaguers can bring happiness to parents by teaching their children in the Sunday School. Through these little ones, many of older people whose Sunday School days are only memories, have been led to Christ—and what a change has made in their homes! Oh, Epworth Leaguers, keep close to the little ones. You do not know how much you are doing for them and their loved ones, nor how much they are doing for you.

Epworth Leaguers can bring happiness to the League by being regular and prompt in the attendance; by getting up the best programmes they can; by welcoming strangers; by giving everybody something to do; and by speaking appreciative words to all who have assisted in the meetings. They can be gentle, cheery and sunny. No matter if others do get the sulks, or if they are not so neat shabby; no matter if they do behave like babies, you do not need to sink to their level. Keep up on the heights with God. There you have a better view, and from it you may see that,—

"What looks to your dim eyes a stain
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-worn
field

Where you would only faint and yield."

There may be a reason that they are so easily hurt, so touchy, so hard to get along with—perhaps ill-health or a business trouble, or some other sensible thing, nothing about—God knows all about it, and He cares, and so should we.

Epworth Leaguers can bring happiness to the sick, the sad and the discouraged. Visit them in their homes; take them a few flowers, some fruit or an interesting book, and just watch how your charm works. "People everywhere need nothing so much as kindness."

One evening I saw a teacher cleaning off her blackboard. A yellow spot refused to be erased. She brushed and brushed but the same dull yellow spot remained. All at once she watched how she had been doing—*rubbing out sunshine*. Who does not, at times, make the same mistake? One evening I heard an Epworth Leaguer say, "They did not consult me about the programme, so I'll have nothing to do with it." *Rubbing out sunshine!* Another Epworth Leaguer said, "Did you see me giving him a cold shoulder?" It served him right after the mean way he treated me! *Rubbing out sunshine!* How often we rub the sunshine out of our own lives and those of our friends by our discontent and impatience! As Epworth Leaguers

let us try, by our sunny lives, to remove the clouds that overshadow the happiness of others. It means so much to them and it costs us so little.

One day six-year-old Carol was playing in the garden. The sunlight streamed over the grass, and as the little girl stood there she cried, "Oh, mother, I am standing in God's smile." And that is what all Epworth Leaguers should do—stand in God's smile—then the influence that goes out from them will win such a character that others will get a glimpse of heaven here below.

Epworth Leaguers can bring happiness to the poor, the lonely and the unfortunate by sending cheery letters to them. These Christmas letters should find a way into hospitals, prisons, reformatories, asylums, under the doors in wretched homes—anywhere, in fact, where help is needed for body and soul. To most of these people it is all the Christmas brightness they get.

Epworth Leaguers can bring happiness to the aged by trying to disguise the fact that they are old and by letting them feel that they are really needed in the church and in the home. Old age is beautiful when it is guarded, sympathized with and understood. Have a special night for them at the League. Bring easy chairs and decorate the room so that it will resemble a cozy sitting-room. They give a programme, and let them give one, that will take them back to the dear old days of long ago. It will do them good, but it will do you more so, when you see how they have "happied them up."

Epworth Leaguers can bring happiness to everybody. By doing the duties nearest you, just taking them as they come, in a patient, cheerful way, you are setting down figures that will make a grand total when your life is added up. That time has not come yet, but when it does, you can trust God to do it accurately. The smiles, the kind words, the unselfish deeds, may seem small things to you, but God is keeping account of them all, and some day He will show you the result of your living for "others."

SUGGESTED OUTLINE PROGRAMME FOR DECEMBER 22.

1. Hymn. No. 372. Canadian Hymnal.
2. Prayer.
3. Scripture Reading. Luke 6: 27-37.
4. Hymn. No. 172. Canadian Hymnal.
5. Paper. "Making Others Happy."
6. Personal experiences in making others happy.
7. Solo. "Say a Kind Word."
8. Recitation. "Others."
9. Dust. "Only a Beam of Sunshine."
10. No. 386. Canadian Hymnal.
10. Quotations from Celebrated Authors on "Happiness."
11. Hymn. No. 168. Canadian Hymnal.
12. Prayer.
13. Hearty handshaking and good-bye.

SPECIMEN QUOTATIONS.

Happiness comes only through peace with one's self, one's record and one's God.—Hills.

We are happy when we have done what God has planned for us.—Brown.

Happiness means peace of the soul, and it is not to be sought outside of one's self.—Berlis.

The secret of happiness is in self-renunciation and service to others.—Anon.

Happiness is increased not by the enlargement of the possessions but of the heart.—Ruskin.

If a man is unhappy this must be his own fault, for God made all men to be happy.—Epictetus.

*Whenever you're blue find something to do
For somebody else who is sadder than you.*

—Anon.

Canada and Her People of Non-English Speech

What We as Methodists are Doing for Them

TOPIC FOR WEEK OF JANUARY 12TH, 1913

Luke 10: 25-39.

MRS. F. C. STEPHENSON, TORONTO.

"THE twentieth century is Canada's." Again and again we have heard the statement and the few words made us think. The greatest opportunities of the twentieth century found in our Dominion! What does it mean?

Canada's great what areas, her mines, her forests, her industries, her freedom, her hopefulness, her great future, her "homes for everybody" and her call for settlers have been advertised in many ways and through various agencies in the lands beyond the seas until "Canada" means "opportunity."

To the peoples of Europe this great Dominion of half a continent, where one may own land, find work and perhaps get rich, offers something which puts new hope into the lives of thousands toiling almost without reward, and for whom the future holds no brightness. So across the Atlantic have come Italians, Germans, Russians, Swedes, Austro-Hungarians, including Bohemians, Galicians, Hungarians, Magyars, Rumanians, Slovaks and Poles, all ready to prove the truth of the glowing reports they heard of the new land. Letters begin to find their way back to the old homes; friends and neighbors gather to hear the news from Canada. As they listen the lure of the new land becomes irresistible and Canada receives more "strangers." Then follow more letters and again more "strangers"; and Canada must transform these "strangers" into Canadian citizens. From across the Pacific have come the Orientals—Chinese, Japanese and Hindus—bringing problems all their own to our Western civilization.

Our people of foreign speech constitute one-fifth of our total immigration. They have come for material gain—money, comfort, anything better than they left behind—and have brought with them old customs, traditions and superstitions. They are transplanting patches of south-eastern Europe here and there in our Dominion; they are creating almost identical in many of our larger towns and cities; they are establishing China towns in the west; they are demonstrating Japanese business alertness in our fishing and mining industries; they are demanding as fellow Britishers—Hindus from India—the right to live and work in our Dominion.

The century—Canada's—is young. The tide of immigration has only begun. How shall Canada measure her opportunity and face her responsibility of assimilating her people of foreign speech? They must be given the best Canada has; the highest standards of citizenship must be placed before them; the education of their children must be compulsory of the century will not be Canada's. The call of these newcomers to the hurch dare not be disregarded from a national, social or religious standpoint. They must be lifted into Christian citizenship. To aid in this is the opportunity of the Church. As Methodists what are we doing?

FRENCH CANADIANS.

Our French-Canadian fellow-citizens, while of non-English speech, are neither new-comers nor foreigners. Our work among them was begun in 1855 in the city of Quebec, and the first mission in Montreal was organized in 1861. To-day, with the exception of a few missions in the country, our work is centred in Montreal, and includes two French Methodist churches, the French Methodist Home and the French Methodist Institute. The latter, under the direction of Paul Villard,

M.A. M.D. has attained an acknowledged educational standing. Through the influence of his Christian home life the Institute has fitted for life service hundreds of young people. Year by year it has grown in favor until now all who apply cannot be accommodated. Many of the students are from Roman Catholic homes.

THE ORIENTALS.

In 1885 the Methodist Church began work among the Chinese and Japanese in British Columbia. There are in Canada 18,000 Japanese and 32,000 Chinese, most of whom are in the Pacific Province. Chinese immigration has changed during the past few years. Formerly the older men left their homes and ventured across the Pacific in search of gold. These brought their non-Christian religions, settled habits and heathen superstitions, and mission work among them was hard and slow to appear. Presently the immigrants are mostly boys and young men from ten to twenty years of age. Many enter the public school as soon as they arrive and are brought into contact with our Western civilization with which they are ambitious to become identified. The new immigration gives us a wonderful opportunity.

(For fuller treatment of this section of the Topic, read carefully Mr. Hartwell's article following this.—Ed.)

THE ITALIANS.

Ten years ago there were only 6,000 Italians in Canada. To-day there are 70,000, and year by year they will continue to come, for as market gardeners, fruit sellers, railway construction laborers, miners and lumbermen, the Italians are finding prosperity in Canada. Nominally they are Roman Catholics; in reality many have no strong religious convictions. In their home land the Roman Church is losing its power, and "New Italy" is vigorous, aggressive and free. Workingmen as well as the educated men, are losing faith in the claims and teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, so that thousands who come to our country are ready to listen to a simple Gospel.

The Methodist Church in Italy is doing aggressive work. Through its splendid equipment of churches, colleges, schools, ministers and teachers, it is training future workers and leading many to a personal knowledge of God.

The Methodist Church in Canada has in these Italians an opportunity of winning an industrial, sober, people to Christian citizenship. In Sydney, Montreal, Hamilton, Toronto, North Bay, Welland, and Copper Cliff, we have work among the Italians. The children are sent freely to kindergarten and Sunday schools, deaconesses and workers find their way to the homes. Night schools attract the young men and social gatherings dispel distrust.

In Toronto there are three mission centres, only one of which is adequately equipped for the work. In many of our towns there are a few Italians. These afford an opportunity of doing mission work at home.

THE AUSTRIANS.

The name Austrian is used to include many of the Slavic peoples. It is estimated we have in Canada about 200,000. The colony in Northern Alberta numbers about 50,000, located chiefly in a solid block north and east of Edmonton. They

Methodist Missionary Work

Among the Orientals of British Columbia, as stated by Rev. G. E. Hartwell, B.A., B.D., to the London District Epworth League Convention, at its recent meeting.

monopolize the town of Mundare on the C.N.R., and one line of work, namely, section hands. Almost fifty per cent. are unable to read or write their own language. Thrifty, patient, religious and ignorant, of splendid physique are these peoples from south-eastern Europe, but socially in sad need of many things which must come through education, sanitation, the uplifting influences of the Gospel and Christian home environment.

In 1900, Dr. C. H. Lawford began work at Pakan—historic ground of our Indian mission work. In 1907 our W.M.S. opened work at Wabiatan. The following summary of the work as it is to-day is an evidence of faithful, Christ-like service on the part of the missionaries and a readiness on the part of the people to respond to the Gospel through teaching, preaching and healing:

There are about fifty Christians, but these are not all members of the church? Some endure bitter persecution. There are two hospitals, seven Sunday Schools, a couple of day schools, three night schools, sewing classes, Ruthenian language classes, etc. The staff may be classified as follows: Ordained workers, 5; probationers, 6; doctors, 2; editor, 1. Native workers, 3. Under the Woman's Missionary Society there are 11 workers. Our city missions in Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, Fort William, Crow's Nest and

IT is with no little pleasure I avail myself of the opportunity of addressing your Annual Convention and of presenting to you a department of our work which is annually growing more extensive and increasingly important.

The Orientals work in British Columbia includes mission work among the Chinese and Japanese.

The position now occupied by the Orientals in British Columbia is peculiar, interesting, and at the same time alarming; peculiar, in that the remarkable growth of the coast cities has thrown the Oriental districts right into the limelight. From occupying the outskirts of the city, where for social and religious purposes they were wont to segregate, they are now surrounded by the great wholesale houses and the transcontinental freight sheds. In the City of Victoria, which during the past two years has made very rapid progress, about five thousand Chinese are situated in the wealthiest districts. For this reason, the

scene has changed. The number of Chinese immigrants has greatly increased, every ship landing a large number. These immigrants, however, are largely boys and young men from ten to twenty years of age. A large number of these immediately attend the public school, and are thus brought into contact with our western education. These boys for the most part are ambitious to assimilate themselves, as far as that is possible, with western thought and customs.

The opportunity of the Church is now increased almost one hundredfold. If the Church can so organize her Oriental work in the West as to attract these boys and young men within her borders and surround them with influences that shall wean them from their early teaching in a pagan atmosphere, there is every hope that the next generation of Chinese in Canada may ameliorate many of the hurtful influences that are evident now through the existence of paganism on Christian ground.

To accomplish this, the establishing of chapels and missions, where only the spiritual side is emphasized, will, I fear, not be sufficient. The Chinese are eminently a practical people. The material side of things appeals to them strongly, and in order to attract their attention to spiritual things, it will be necessary to lead them along lines of physical and mental development. This development, however, must be charged with a spiritual atmosphere sufficient to arouse within their breasts a passion that centuries of idolatry have practically obliterated. A new conscience must be created, a new ambition must be born, a new hunger must be instilled, or in the words of the apostle, old things must pass away and all things become new.

To bring about these results, the young men must first be gathered around Christian institutions where they may enjoy healthful, physical recreation, developed both by outdoor and indoor exercises.

In China one of the greatest and most universal influences to demoralize the people is that they are taken to outdoor physical recreation. The results are everywhere manifest—foot-binding among women, opium smoking among men, gambling among all classes. The whole tendency of pagan recreation has been to gather around the banquet table, spread with a great feast, and wine flowing sufficiently to foster those social evils so prevalent in pagan lands. Thus, largely under the cover of darkness and in seclusion, vices that vitiate the source of thought have found a rich and fertile breeding-place, and are evidenced by immoral action and unclean conversation. The more the attitude of paganism toward institutions upon Christian ground is studied, the more the student will be impressed that the poison of it is covered, and for that reason is all the more dangerous as it is more difficult to regulate a stream of impurity where the source is not visible or understood.

It will thus be seen to successfully cope



THE MODERN "WESTWARD HO"

Vancouver include work among foreigners. Nearly every nationality is represented in the larger centres of population.

The Rev. W. E. Hassard, of the Upper Canada Bible Society, states that in the Toronto Depository last year the scriptures were sold in 46 languages; he estimates that in Canada there are upwards of 120 languages and dialects spoken. The very presence of so many newcomers of non-English speech is an appeal not only to the Christian Church, but also to every Canadian citizen, for if we do not lift this incoming tide of foreigners to the standard of Christian citizenship, in the not distant future they will be a menace to our progress and national life.

*"And even as of old came Eastern Kings,
With costly treasures, led there by Thy
Star,*

We, too, would bring Thee our poor offerings,

*O Word Incarnate! Bethlehem's Holy
Child,*

*Accept our gifts and of us Thy great
grace—*

*Myrrh of our Sorrows, Frankincense for
Faith,*

*And Gold for Love that is more strong
than Death!"*

—Christian Burke.

influence of the Chinese has been greatly extended. Owing to the increase in value of their lands, many have become very wealthy, and the effects of their wealth are seen in the suburbs, where the better classes of the Chinese have taken up residence.

In the heart of the Chinese district the Methodist Church has a magnificent plant, equipped with dormitories, school rooms, a church auditorium and a gymnasium. To properly manage such a large institution, however, requires a man of special abilities. There is room in this work for both a Canadian worker and a Chinese worker. The Canadian should have the same talents as are necessary to make a successful Y. M. C. A. secretary. There should be carried on in that building nearly all the departments that are carried on in a successful Y. M. C. A.

Chinese immigration has changed somewhat of late years. Formerly the fonder men were influenced to cross the Pacific. These, having already become attached to their home institutions, impregnated with pagan ideas and crystallized in their habits, made the work of the Christian missions most difficult, and hence the number of Christians coming from that class of men has been very small. The

with the great evils that Oriental immigration threatens, not only to our religious sphere, but also to the political, a Canadian of rare qualifications for just such leadership should be placed in charge of the larger centres of Oriental work—a man who would be able to gather to him the youth and inspire them with purer and more worthy motives than they can possibly receive if left to mingle with those Chinese who have been in the country a longer period, and have by their isolation become hardened.

Another very cogent reason why institutions of the above description should be established is the fact that Chinese districts are usually surrounded by the worst forms of western vices. A system of segregation has been tacitly adopted by which saloons, pool rooms, and cheap theatres have been largely confined to certain areas. Unfortunately, segregated districts have an affinity one for the other, and it is a fact that the two largest Chinese communities in the city are situated contiguous to these forms of western evils. It will thus be seen that the first experiences of young Orientals on Christian ground are totally in opposition to the conditions of things that they might reasonably, from the high ideals held up by missionaries in their own lands, expect to find whatever are the vices of China, they are always kept in the background, and when these vices are openly exploited on Christian ground, it is only natural that their first impressions of a Christian civilization are warped by their surroundings.

A second very urgent reason for such an institution is to teach these young Orientals the spirit of reverence for Canadian laws. In the segregated Oriental districts the laws of Canada are openly disregarded. With them the Sabbath Day is a market day, and they are considered the best business day of the week, as Chinese from the outlying districts report to the centre for their week's purchases and to engage around the gambling tables in their favorite amusement. It would almost seem as if the payment of the \$500 was a license to enable them to become a law unto themselves. This disregard, especially for the Sabbath Day, has been a great hindrance to the work of the Christian Church, making it very difficult for the merchants to become Church members.

While these should be the aims of the Church, it must not be forgotten that already a good work is being carried on by faithful men and women. In the night school in Vancouver there are one hundred and forty young men in attendance. To teach so large a number, there must necessarily be a staff of volunteer workers. These workers have consecrated at least one night a week, and for ten months in the year they attend to their duties. During the two hours in which they are assembled, these young men of China and Japan are brought into contact with earnest Christian men and women. They already recognize that it is only the Christian men and women who unselfishly devote themselves to help them. This Christian contact, however, is all too short, and must be supplemented by other Christian activities.

The task, as you will see, is a great task. It is, however, the genius of Christianity to overcome great difficulties, and the conditions now existing are but a challenge to the Church and the power of the Gospel.

With a splendid equipment with a new and growing oriental constituency, and with an aroused interest in the General Board of Missions, the outlook possibly was never brighter. As our faith increases, our efforts become more earnest and more hopeful and by sympathy and prayer we uphold every endeavor put forth by the Church.

Lessons Taught by the Closing Year

Suggested Outline Treatment of the Scripture Lesson

TOPIC FOR THE LAST MEETING OF 1912.

Psalm 90.

REV. J. H. McARTHUR, S.T.D., ERLIN.

The Leader.—We have met here tonight for the last meeting of the year 1912. Our topic is "Lessons Taught by the Closing Year." Our scripture lesson is the ninetieth Psalm. The subject will be discussed by three different leaguers. Tradition has ascribed this Psalm to Moses, but there are reasons for thinking that it may be of later date. We are not interested in the date of its composition, nor are we particularly concerned as to who its author may have been. The lesson it contains is a lesson for all time, and for men of all ages, even from generation to generation; and its author, whoever he may have been, was certainly a man of God. The Psalm is very appropriate for this, the closing meeting of the year. It naturally divides itself into three parts which will be taken up respectively by three leaguers.

First Leaguer.—The first division of this Psalm is contained in verses 1 to 6. Let us read them. The text of this section is the first verse:

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations."

What the Psalmist found to be true in his own experience and in the experience of the children of Israel, we had to find true in our experience, especially as we look back upon the year which is drawing to a close. We have experienced the presence of God throughout the whole year. We have felt his power and his love in our own lives. During the year we have experienced many changes; our circumstances have changed; our friends have changed; but God changes not. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.

He is more ancient than the everlasting hills, and his greatness more enduring. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever."—Isa. 40: 8.

During the year we have had visions of His glory; we have beheld His power; we have experienced His love. Our experiences during the year have for the most part been pleasant, and in these we have seen the hand of God; in some cases our experiences have been unpleasant, even bitter, and in these, too, we have tried to feel the presence of the Divine and follow His guiding hand.

When the captive children of Israel heard of the proclamation of their emancipation from the borders of a sandy desert preparatory to making their return journey to the land of their fathers. But what a sorry sight they presented! A generation of slavery had done its work. They were, a pitiable spectacle, a people emerging from the darkness, a people of degradation and poverty; with their health broken and their beauty marred; with a staff for their weapon, a leather coat for their garment, mouldy pieces of bread for their food, and fifteen hundred miles of sand before them. It is no wonder that they were dispirited, and that many of them were inclined to stay where they were. They scarcely knew how to appreciate the liberty that had been granted them. But at this time, this time of special need, the prophet is instructed to say to these people:

"BEHOLD YOUR GOD."—Isa. 40: 9.

Their case is a hopeless one, save for the presence of God. But God whose love is infinite, whose power is omnipotent,

whose nature is changeless, can help them—and will. Our case is the reverse of that of the Hebrew captives. We see ourselves in contrast to their deplorable condition. We are not and never have been captives in a strange land; we are not and never have been subjected to a strange king. We dwell in the midst of peace and prosperity in our own land; we till our own fields, and live in our own homes, and possess the things which we own homes. Whence these blessings which we enjoy? We too are instructed to lift our eyes and behold our God, for they have their source in Him.

But that we may see and appreciate the completeness of our circumstances and the blessings which we have received during the year it is not necessary for us to contrast our happy condition with the unhappy condition of peoples who lived centuries ago. Let us contrast ourselves with people of this present age and this present year; with the people of China, for instance, who, during the year have been passing through the throes of a revolution; or with the peoples of the Balkan region, who during the year have been forced to fight their way to liberty through blood and fire; or with the sufferers of certain famine-stricken districts in the East where gaunt hunger rules and the pestilence rageth at noonday; or with the millions of benighted people who have never yet heard the message of the gospel or the sound of Jesus' name—that sweet name of love and power. Not better than others are we, yet more than others have we received. Our children are no better than the black children of Africa or the yellow children of China, but, if no better, they are immensely better. Our experiences during the past year have been experiences of peace, plenty, prosperity and privilege. We may truly take up the song of the Psalmist, and sing:

"Our times are fallen unto me in pleasant places: Yea, I have a goodly heritage."—Psalm 16: 6.

The first lesson of this Psalm, the first lesson which the experiences of the year should teach us, is that they reveal to us God. We have had a vision of His glory; we have had an experience of His love and power; His presence has gone with us through the journey of the year.

Second Leaguer.—The second section of this Psalm is contained in verses 7 to 11. These we shall now read. The text of this section is found in the seventh verse:

"In this manner are we consumed in thine anger, and in thy wrath we are troubled."

In this manner does the Hebrew poet express the thought that God chasteneth His people. To the mind of the Jew there was a meaning in all the events of life; a purpose in all the experience through which God had led them. To the Hebrew God was always present, and always actively present in the affairs of life. He fought for them, or He fought against them; in either case it was for the good. The years of this life, and the present year, now drawing to a close has been no exception, are years of discipline to our souls. The sorrows of the year, its disappointments, its misfortunes, its trials, its bitter experiences, all are but the instruments of God, which He has been using for the discipline of our souls. Let us hope that they have been used with good effect, and that we are better men and women because of these things. It was never intended that the sorrows of the year should engender within us bitter feelings against

God and our fellows. If we endure the chastening of the Lord then are we sons. As a result of our year's experiences our souls should be more thoroughly purified, our natures more fully refined, and our consecration to God more nearly complete; we should be servants of God more faithful, soldiers more valiant, sons more filial and trustful, and Christians more Christlike.

This, then, is the second lesson of the Psalm, and the second lesson of the year, that the God whose presence has journeyed with us is a God whose love for us is so that it led Him to chastise us. True, the Hebrew poet speaks of it as God's wrath and anger, but this is only its outward aspect. Its real source is God's love, and its true purpose is soul-discipline. May we not lose sight of this lesson.

Third Leaguer.—The third section of this Psalm is contained in verses 12 to 17. Let us read them. The text of this section is found in verse 12:

"So teach us to number our days that we may get us an heart of wisdom."

This is a prayer for wisdom, and for that particular kind of wisdom that comes to us through the presence of God in the experience of the years as they pass. It is a wisdom which we may have only as we experience the presence of God. If we do not now feel God in our hearts and lives, then let us take up the prayer of the Psalmist and cry:

"Return, O Lord; how long?"

It is a wisdom which will reveal in our rejoice and be glad all our days, even the days wherein we have been afflicted, and the years wherein we have seen evil. It is a wisdom which will reveal in our own lives and characters the beauty of the Lord our God. In what particulars are we wiser to-day than we were at the beginning of the year? And what factors in our experiences have tended to bring us this wisdom? Has financial misfortune overtaken us? Then we may learn the value of that treasure which is laid up in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through and steal. Has our health been broken? Then we may see the wisdom of looking forward to the land where there is no sickness. Have our loved ones been taken from us? Then we may see the wisdom of preparing to meet them in the happy regions beyond. Have our ambitions failed? Have we proved false? Then we may see the wisdom of putting our trust, not in horses nor in chariots, nor in men, but in the Lord God of hosts. In what other ways have we as individuals learned to be wiser? If we have learned these lessons which the Hebrew poet long ago learned, then the year has been one of great profit to our souls.

*Grumble? No; what's the good
If it availed, I would;
But it doesn't a bit—
Not it.*

*Laugh? Yes; why not?
'Tis better than crying a lot;
We were made to be glad,
Not sad.*

*Sing? Why, yes, to be sure,
We shall better
If the heart's full of song
All day long.*

*Love? Yes, unceasingly,
Ever increasingly;
Friends' burdens searing
Their sorrows sharing.*

*Their happiness making,
For pattern taking
The One above,
Who is love.*

—Motherhood.

Two Men at Prayer

The Parable of the Pharisee and the Publican

TOPIC FOR THE WEEK OF JANUARY 5, 1913.

Luke 18: 9-14.

REV. R. O. ARMSTRONG, M.A., B.D., VIDEN, MAN.

WHILE this contrast in characters is accepted as a parable, we can see that it differs from other parables in being more direct.

"Two men" again! The human world is full of contrasts. There is "this man" and "that man"; they may be both white men, both of the same community, church, even belonging to the same family, yet two very distinct types, like Jacob and Esau.

Christianity is essentially a life. The Pharisee may have had a good creed and the publican a bad one; Jesus ignored their creeds and contrasted their characters. It is not the tree, but the fruit, by which men are wont to judge.

A glance at the background of the parable will help make its meaning clearer and more emphatic.

The parable is found in Luke only. He is the evangelist who writes particularly to the Gentiles. He and Paul show by story and argument that Christianity is for the world. They show that grace is free and for all, and that the inner life is the true measure of a man, not outward appearance.

Again, Jesus was the mediator of new ideals. The religion of the Pharisee might do for an age when there was less light and the Word of the Lord was scarce, but it was time now to repent and seek higher planes. A new day was dawning. The day of ritualistic and legal religion was passing away. This "legal" religion engendered a feeling of self-satisfaction. It measured itself by arbitrary external standards. "I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I possess." This was more than the "law" required, consequently he felt "more justified." Compare with this Paul's personal experience as portrayed in Phil. 3: 4-8. He tells us that the things which were gain to him he counted (when he came to see himself in the true light) loss for Christ. Those outward rules and measurements deceived him, they arrested his mental and spiritual growth.

The inevitable result of that form of religion is the creation of invidious distinctions between the "good" and "bad" people, saints and sinners, Christians and the "world." The temptations to exalt ourselves are very great. When you hear people talking sanctimoniously about "see Christians," look out for the old type of the self-righteous Pharisee. They are the descendants of the old "legal righteousness," which had its satisfaction in "living up" to some standard. "We Christians" implies "you sinners." "We" are better than "you," of course! In other words, we thank God we are not as other men, being so much better! The piety that exalts itself in that way shall be abased. Professionalism in religion is a dangerous thing.

The teachings of this parable seem to be more difficult to lay hold of than some of the others. Two lessons are emphasized in particular: first, to those who trusted in themselves as being righteous (margin), and, second, to those who exalt themselves. Indirectly it forms a lesson on prayer, because it shows the proper spirit and frame of mind for prayer.

The Pharisee and publican are introduced, we are inclined to think, not as types of the whole class of pharisees or publicans, but incidentally. It would manifestly be unfair to judge all by one. That would be arguing from a particular

premise to a general conclusion. We are too apt to do that. If we find one bad Roman Catholic, we are too ready to conclude that all are bad. They are apt to reach the same conclusions about Protestants.

"Went up to the temple to pray." Is there any better or surer way to read men's characters than by the way they pray? The hand or head cannot compare with that. There is where we show our real selves. Tell us how you pray and we will tell you what you are! Prayer is self-revealing.

What was the matter with the Pharisee's prayer? We have no reason to suppose that he was lying. He was not consciously a hypocrite. The trouble with the prayer appears on the face of the parable. "He prayed with himself." It did not rise very high. It wasn't the prayer such as God can hear. What kind of a prayer does He hear? He begins right any way—"God." But it is the terrible of his type to make self the centre. They may go away from that, but back they will come. "I" is the end, other factors are the means to that end. Even thankfulness is to be measured by its quality. He thanked God. What for? Not that he shared in a common redemption with them; or for the privileges of serving and suffering for them, but that he was better than any one else—especially this publican. How many "I's" are in his prayer?

According to his own estimate he was a paragon of piety. He was not required by law to fast more than once a year, and the law did not require tithes of all a man possessed. It is here we have a glance at what are called works of supererogation. Look the expression up and see what is its real meaning. It is grace and justification by faith—the truths which brought about the Reformation.

One great trouble with this man's estimate was that he looked at himself outwardly, and illogically concluded that because he was all right in some respects he was in all respects. It does not do to look at our lives in patches. No man liveth to himself. We are socially and morally members one of another. Our brother's burden is ours too. His joy or shame is ours.

Some member of the League might be asked to contrast the Pharisee's prayer with Solomon's—1 Chron. 29:13, or with David's—Psa. 51: 6. These were ideals with which the Pharisee should have been familiar. A Pharisee was a confessor of his sin, no short-comings to mention, no deficiency anywhere. All was complacent and satisfactory. Great man he! Why, to think he needed to pray at all!

In the Publican's prayer we have evidences of the elements of true prayer, a confession of God's holiness, a sense of sin, of God's mercy, of an atonement, a sense of humility and the proper way to seek justification. See Titus 3: 5-7; Psa. 51:17.

These are the men who are justified in God's sight. They are more concerned about their own short-comings and sins than about other people's. The judgment that Jesus pronounced shows the affinity between the human and divine natures. Does not human nature despise the man who boasts of himself, of his own goodness, the man who "pushes himself," who "engineers his own applause"? So does God. But the man who is humble, who seeks another's good, esteems others better than himself, condescends to men of low estate, is greatly esteemed among his fellows; and he is of great worth in

the sight of God. He that humbly himself shall be exalted."

Where are these Pharisees? Do not waste any time looking abroad; look within. Luther said he feared the Pope that was in his own heart more than the one at Rome. Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees! Have you ever been censorious? Have you ever been tempted to look for faults in other people and overlook your own? Have you ever neglected to uplift the community and at the same time try to pray?

One member should take up the ques-

tion of extreme self deprecation, showing the distinction between that and self-reliance. Look up Tennyson's poem on "St. Simon Stylites." The whole parable offers a profitable study on the difference between an inner religion of life-growth and spontaneity, and an external, legal, perfunctory, routine kind. It is a contrast between the cold, rational ideals of ritualism and the fervent, heaven-born ideals of evangelism. One "despises" those not of its particular brand, the other seeks all men's good, knowing that it is by the mercy of God we are saved.

the door and knock, if any man will open the door I will come in to him, and sup with him and he with Me." Shut in with God! Let us give Him good entertainment. Our love, our loyalty, our service, our all. His acceptance of our hospitality, however poor it may be, if it be our best, shall be His pledge that we shall be His guests, too. O waiter upon God, believe it. When you will, you shall partake His feast of fat things during all your wilderness-life, if you keep on terms with Him. It shall be such a ministering to your needs that whatever befalls, you shall be content. "My people shall be satisfied with my goodness," is a proclamation of His. Expect great things then; and be ready for them. Yes, let us enter our closet constantly, and be sure to shut the door. What better can we hope for than such communion with God as we shall know there. When we shall come forth from that soul-feast, it shall be demonstrated, day by day, that the Father who seeth in secret gives rewards openly. And some day, when going to, or coming from, or even when within that closet, this message will be spoken—and it shall complete our bliss:

"Ascend, Beloved, to the joy,
The festal day has come;
To-night the Lamb doth feed His own,
To-night He with His bride sits down,
To-night puts on the spousal crown,
In the great supper-room."

Thoughts on Prayer

(Third Paper.)

REV. W. S. PASCOE, D.D., HAMILTON.

WHenever we draw near to God in prayer we address One who has before-hand pledged Himself to hear us. Nothing that interests us is uninteresting to Him. We can have Him as the "man of our counsel" always. Many things that are of interest to us may be deemed of little real interest or importance by others, but God does not so regard them. He is our loving Father, as well as our Lord and King. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him," and so He bids us go to Him with all our affairs, whether they be big or little. Wisdom points in that direction, and we do well to take heed to her monitions.

The occurrences of our daily life make it necessary that we appeal to God for direction and help. Listen to what an ancient heathen has to say. Xenophon writes: "Pray to God at the beginning of thy works, that thou mayest bring them to a good conclusion." Good advice that, from a man who did not and could not know the Christ, who said, "Whosoever ye shall ask in my name, that I will do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye ask any thing in my name, I will do it."

Now, if our works are to be brought to a "good conclusion," we must pray for divine guidance, both before we begin and while we pursue those "works," or we shall be puzzled by our difficulties and our mistakes may ensnare us. Every step we take must be "ordered of the Lord." His counsel must be followed and applied. This must be our dominant thought:—

"Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all."

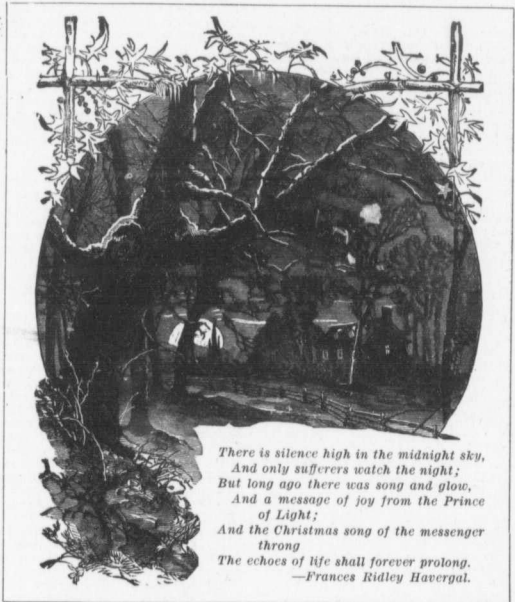
We should avoid a dangerous thing, which Christmas Evans points out, when we approach the mercy-seat. He says, "There may be dictating even in asking for spiritual blessings, when we ask for them, forgetting the channel in which God ordinarily dispenses them; there is a forgetfulness of 'according to Thy will.'" Nevertheless, we must be specific in our petitions and earnest in presenting them. Adams, in his "Private Thoughts," helps us suggestively. Says he, "Be sure not to ask only a little from God." For himself he affirms: "I put my prayers into Christ's hands; and what may I not expect from them when I have such an advocate?" With him Matthew Henry quite agrees, for he gives us this advice: "When you send up your prayers, be sure to direct them to the care of the Redeemer, and then they will never miscarry." He knew that from experience. Do we?

We have every reason to expect great things from God. To realize our expectations we must love and trust Him fully. Half measures in soul matters are ruinous; remember that. To an earnest supplicant who asked Him for a blessing

for his suffering child, Jesus said: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." So that we learn this—that loving, prayerful trust is a very forceful thing. Try it.

Jeremy Taylor wrote, long ago, what we may prove to-day: "Prayer can obtain everything; can open the windows of heaven and shut the gates of hell; can put a holy constraint upon God, and detain the angel until he leave a blessing."

Here is a too much forgotten precept of the Master, "When thou prayest enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door pray to thy Father." Neglect of secret prayer starves the soul.



There is silence high in the midnight sky,
And only sufferers watch the night;
But long ago there was song and glow,
And a message of joy from the Prince
of Light;
And the Christmas song of the messenger
throng
The echoes of life shall forever prolong.
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

"Shut thy door." Double bar it against the entrance of everything that can possibly come between the Father's love and our needy life. Nothing that checks prayerfulness and hinders reverent approach to God must have place there, no, not even in our thoughts. Shut in with God! Think of it. Think, too, of His condescension to our unworthiness; of His goodness and our sin; of His greatness and our littleness. Well, what then? Why this—He is there in fulfilment of this promise of His: "Behold I stand at

The festal lamps are lighting now
In the great marriage hall;
By angel hands the board is spread,
By angel hands the sacred bread
Is on the golden table laid;
The King His own doth call.

Sorrow and sighing are no more,
The weeping hours are past;
To-night the waiting will be done,
To-night the wedding-robe put on,
The glory and the joy begun,
The crown is won at last."

Junior Topics

DEC. 15.—AN APPEAL TO YOUTH. Eccles. 12.

See 1 Sam. 3: 115; 1 Sam. 16: 11-16; John 6: 1-13. Tell the story as given in Luke 2: 43-52. It may be told of Jesus as a boy in Nazareth, of his journey and what it meant to him to go to the temple. Tell of the service by which he stepped out of childhood and became a son of the law. Like all boys he had been subject to His parents. He no doubt worked with His father Joseph as a carpenter. He was faithful to any duty committed to him. He was unselfish. He attended regularly the services of the synagogue. Being in the temple, his interest was in things he was seeing and hearing. God spoke to Him in words meaning, "You belong to Me. It is time you let people know that you belong to your Heavenly Father." He had heard the call, and the natural thing was for him to stay in God's House and learn what His Heavenly Father would have Him do. Reference might also be made to the call of Samuel, of Moses, of David, or of Joshua and others. God calls you. Has some one said to you, or has anything within you said, "You belong to God. It is time for you to stand up on Decision Day in your Sunday School, and say, "I belong to God, and I will belong to His Church"? He wants you to belong to Him, not by doing things He has chosen-upon people, but by just being a boy or a girl for Him. There is one way to complete manhood, and that is fellowship, companionship with Jesus!

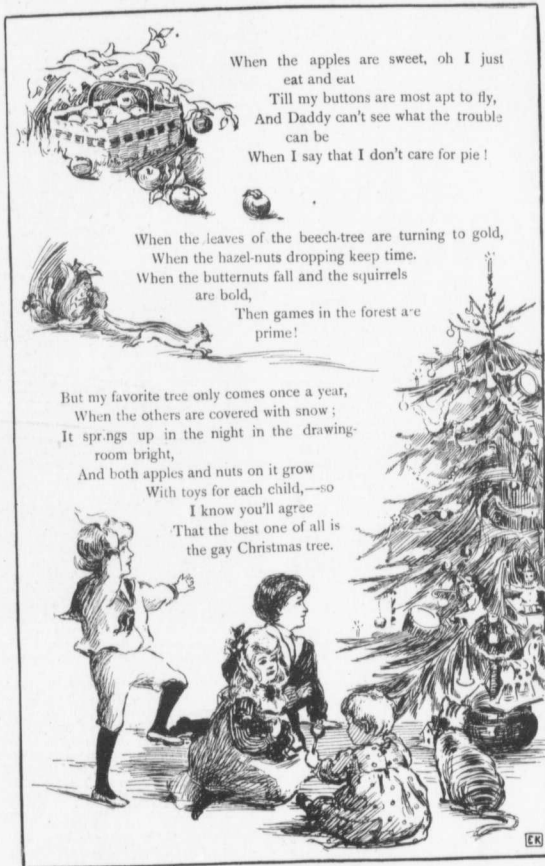
DEC. 22.—THE ART OF MAKING OTHERS HAPPY. Prov. 15:15; John 13: 13-17.

When our dear Lord came to this earth and took upon Him our robe of flesh, He brought something the world had never known before. In glimpses humanity had seen the spirit of brotherhood, but until Jesus was born in Bethlehem, there was no abiding here of that heavenly spirit. We have studied the lessons of His life, learning of His gracious words and of His healing power to body, mind and soul. The path way from the cradle to the cross was ever watched by angels, and briars and thorns were sown by many thankless men. No Christmas time ever comes without bringing freshly to us the thought of His matchless love and life. We kneel again beside the Babe and offer Him our gifts. We have few greater satisfactions in our hearts and our own self-denial that we may make others happy. The gift which mother planned weeks ago, for which she economized, on which she sewed when the children were asleep is worth all the love that went into its making, and cannot be valued by dollars and cents. We, too, secretly plan to show our love to mother and father, to sister and brother. But outside our own comfortable homes we will try to give happiness to a home that away is a little woman in a new land. She is longing for a letter perchance from the home land. She sees her husband, thin and worn and weary with the hardships of daily toil. His clothes and girls look shabby, and she wonders where she will get warmer clothing for the cold days. Baby will hang up her Christmas stockings, but the gifts will be few and simple. A longing comes to the loyal, loving heart for a bit of old life, for a tempting dinner, or for the surprises of friendship, for the old church, for the music of the organ, for all the charm which is so common-place to some of us and for which she is homesick. Could

we send her some Christmas cheer? Could we help make her and the children any happier? Ask your deaconess or your pastor for the name? The joy which comes with the Christmas tree, the Christmas song, the Christmas stocking is not some with the day; it endures through the rest of the year. To every one God sends a merry Yule-tide. The story of the wise men as given in Ben Hur might be told, or Dickens' Christmas Carol might be used. See Psa. 72: 10; Psa. 60: 3; Mic. 5: 2.—C.G.W.

of the little yellow fingers that gathered the leaves, will you not pray that hearts may be opened to the sunshine of God's love, as the little tea leaves open in the sunshine on the hillside of China-land? Tell of the funny little houses the people live in, and the refreshments served when you call.

How do the boys and girls in blue study geography? Why does a Chinese mother bind the feet of her baby girl? In the girls' schools taught by our missionaries have the girls a happy time? What is now their happiest day of the



When the apples are sweet, oh I just eat and eat
Till my buttons are most apt to fly,
And Daddy can't see what the trouble can be
When I say that I don't care for pie!

When the leaves of the beech-tree are turning to gold,
When the hazel-nuts dropping keep time,
When the butternuts fall and the squirrels are bold,
Then games in the forest are prime!

But my favorite tree only comes once a year,
When the others are covered with snow;
It springs up in the night in the drawing-room bright,
And both apples and nuts on it grow
With toys for each child,—so
I know you'll agree
That the best one of all is
The gay Christmas tree.

DEC. 29.—SCHOOL BOYS AND GIRLS IN CHINA. Luke 2: 42-52.

In the first five chapters of our study book we have learned of China and its older people, and now we are to hear of the boys and girls. As the book is an inexpensive copy, we would suggest that the pictures be cut out and pasted on cards and distributed amongst the Juniors. If you can obtain postal cards for illustrations, or, better still, slides for illustration, so much the better.

Tell of the modes of travel. What methods are adopted by the people to keep themselves warm? How do people salute each other when they meet? When you drink your cup of tea will you not think

year? Will we not pray that one day some of our Juniors will go to China to tell boys and girls that the rainbow of God's promise is for them too? See the April Epworth Era, 1907.—C.G.W.

JAN. 5.—HOW TO LIVE IN 1913. Psa. 90: 12.

"It is a good thing always to face forward." Paul said, "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark." In 1913 there is work for us to do. Tasks await our energy. Opportunities there will be for helpfulness and usefulness. Tardy or lazy we may have

been, but we will take courage, and with fidelity and faith we will press forward and march steadily on. We will live to make to-morrow better than to-day. We will keep our tools bright by usage. Inconsistency and discontent we will lay aside. Like Daniel we will have a purpose true, and by obedience, unselfishness, and love we will follow Jesus. Every good thing, every noble thing must be won. The road may be steep and hard, but our Master is able to help us over every difficulty. Sometimes it may run amidst sweet flowers. Jesus said, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." "In all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

SHINING FOR JESUS.
(Air: "Jesus Loves Me.")

Like the little stars above,
For our Saviour we would shine,
Borrowing our golden light
From His presence all divine.

CHOIRS.

Shining for Jesus,
Shining for Jesus,
Shining for Jesus,
Because He bids us shine.

In the beautiful blue sky,
Glow the tender stars above;
Lo, we Christian children shine
In the sky of God's deep love.

—C. G. W.

JAN. 12.—BIBLE P'S (Bible Reading).
Eph. 5: 1.

(The old illustration of a *bee hive* and *swarm of bees* may be drawn by the superintendent before the meeting.)

Last summer, I watched a man get a swarm of bees. Can anyone tell me how he did it? He wanted the bees for their honey, of course, and was willing to go to some trouble and to suffer some pain, perhaps, in order to get the swarm.

It is difficult to catch a swarm of Bible "Bees," too, but they will fill our lives and the lives of others with sweetness that is better than honey. How can we get a swarm of Bible "Bees"? We must hunt up the verses and learn them, but is that really getting them for one's own? We must try each day to really be what the verses say, and then we shall have their sweetness in our lives, and all our friends will taste this sweetness, too.

Let the leader call for these verses in order and write the thought of each on the board.)

Be contented (Heb. 13: 5); glad (Psa. 32: 11); humble (Rom. 12: 16); holy (1 Pet. 1: 15; diligent (Eph. 6: 6; Rom. 12: 11); kind (Eph. 4: 22; Rom. 12: 16; courageous (Jos. 1: 7; conquerors of evil (Rom. 12: 21). Other verses may be added.

We can try to be all the Bible holds

BCONTENTED.
HUMBLE.
HOLY.
DILIGENT.
KIND.
COURAGEOUS.
CONQUERORS.

up to us as our ideal. Of course we can't be perfect all at once, but the apostle John encourages us by telling us what we "shall be." (1 John 3: 2). "Is it not a wonderful promise that we shall be like Him?—*Epworth Herald*.

What is the thought of Christmas?
Giving.

What is the hope of Christmas?
Living.

What is the joy of Christmas?
Love.

No silver or gold is needed for giving,
If the heart is filled with Christmas
love.

For the hope of the world is kindly living,
Learned from the joy of God above.

—Laura Hooker.

To the Epworth Leaguers of the London Conference

From the 5th Vice-President of the Conference

DEAR FELLOW-LEAGUERS:

Another year has almost gone into eternity. What have you and I accomplished for Christ during that time? Is there one person who is the better because of our lives? Is there one person who is worse because of us? Have we let God use us to bring at least one soul—man, woman, girl or boy—to Christ? I believe these are questions we should look square in the face and answer before the busy season starts. Let us take stock of the new year.

Could we not apply these questions to our Junior work as well? Have our Junior Leaguers increased in spiritual life, in missionary zeal, in Bible knowledge, in numbers and sociability? Oh, let me beseech those of you who have the care of the Juniors, to lead them along spiritual lines. Get the little ones to realize God is near them, an ever-present Friend. Get them to ask Jesus about everything they do. Teach the spirit of prayer and communion. Give them such a strong foundation that no unfriendly criticism will ever shake them for many years. They will never forsake what they have experienced. Superintendents! never forget your great responsibility—that word means our response to God's ability—and we know His ability has no limit. Let us, then, respond to it, for with us rests the moulding of many a life for God. Blessed opportunity! how we should grasp it.

I am afraid the 5th Vice-Presidents of the different districts and the local Leagues have failed to reach the standard of the past year. So often I receive word that in such and such a place there are lots of Juniors but no leaders, or that there is no possibility of a Junior League; but I believe in almost every place where there is a Senior Epworth League there should be a Junior. Our leaders sometimes complain that our Epworth Leagues are failing to reach the aim they started out with, and why? Because there are no Junior Leagues to put trained workers in the Senior. I have yet to find a dead Senior Epworth League where there has been a good wide-awake Junior League for five or six years. Juniors must be trained to become Seniors.

Will you not bestir yourselves? Find a leader, organize a Junior League, if only of twelve members. You say, "We have no leader." Well, then, organize it and lead it yourself. If you don't know how, learn through experience. Take some person in to help you, and together you can make it a success. You "can't"! Oh, but you can! Paul says, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." And I do not believe Paul would have let any obstacle keep him from doing his duty, and neither should you.

Now, just a word to the 5th Vice-Presidents of the different districts. Will you please write me the number and condition of your Leagues? How many Junior Leagues have you visited during your term of office? Are you keeping in touch with each Junior League in your district? I sincerely hope you are. It is the only way to keep the Societies going. Could you not plan a District Convention for your Juniors? The Chatham District had one last year, and it was a decided success. I would be glad to give you any help, if you will request it.

I would like to write a few words to the Superintendents of the local Leagues in this Conference. What plans have you

for the Christmas? Even though it is a busy time, do you not think our Juniors should be trained to look on Christmas as a time of giving because it is Christ's birthday that "whatsoever ye do in my name, ye do it unto me," and if the Juniors were made to feel that every gift or little Christmas cheer they gave to another, they were giving it to Christ, do you think it would be a good plan? Will you not put forth an effort to do this? It may only be five cents a member; it may only be a song sung, a prayer offered, a little flower given; but all in Christ's name—yet what an influence on the child's life! Will you write me telling your plans for the Christmas week? Let our Junior Leagues of this Conference stand out for unselfishness this Christmas.

Our League here has just finished a contest, but instead of the usual entertaining, the losing side, with Fay Anderson as captain, are getting up a little informal concert. During the concert there will be fifteen minutes' intermission, in which the losing side will pass around a little money, and we will charge no fee, but will have at the door the collection plate, and every junior and visitor will be asked to give a free-will offering of whatever they like. We will use this money, if enough, to buy a piece of furniture for the Children's Shelter; if not enough, we will use it in giving cheer to someone. Besides this, I expect to send a box to the Deaconess Home in Toronto. This means work, but it is better than spending it all on self, and I do want my Juniors to be unselfish. Last Sunday, in our thanksgiving service, about a dozen Juniors told what they were thankful for. And I expect that Christ none gave a selfish answer. It was either for "care of God," for "parents," for "nature," for "Junior League," for "life," or for "Christian leaders," etc., and so, while trying to plant the seeds in their lives, they teach us many a lesson.

Will you not as superintendent contrive some such plan for your Juniors? If you have no poor in your town or county perhaps you have a lonely person, a shut-in, or an aged one. Could not your Juniors take some little cheer to them, sing and pray with them, do up their work, or in some way make Christmas brighter? If you cannot do this, let them plan to send a bag or box of toys or clothing or picture books to the Deaconess Homes, Children's Shelters, Old Folks' Homes. There are plenty of these all over the Conference.

In closing let me send you my heartiest greetings for the Christmas tide and my best wishes for the New Year, trusting we may work harder than we have this year. I have only one more year from now to put in this Conference work. Will you please help me to make this my fourth and last year the best of the four? I cannot do anything without your cooperation. As a Christmas favor I would like each of you who reads this letter to write me about the work. Will you, please? Let us aim for twenty more Junior Leagues this year. Can we reach that? Yes, if you will. Will you? Praying for a deeper spiritual life amongst ourselves as well as our Juniors, I remain, your friend,

(Mrs.) L. R. NOXELL,
50 Epworth St., Chatham, Ont.

SHOW THIS PAPER TO YOUR FRIENDS.

Hamilton Conference Epworth League Convention

The eleventh Convention of Hamilton Conference Epworth Leagues was held in Norfolk Street Methodist Church, Guelph, Oct. 10th and 11th, 1912.

At the opening session about 100 delegates assembled, and the number grew to 142 properly appointed representatives, exclusive of the large number who were present throughout from Guelph City Leagues and their friends. These young people represented fairly well the many sections of the Conference, coming, as they did, from as far south as St. Catharines and Niagara Falls, and as far north as Hanover and Hobbsville.

Those who attended the last Convention of this organization two years ago, at Berlin, remarked upon the almost complete change of personnel in the delegation. Each succeeding Biennial Convention gathers practically an entirely new representation. How, therefore, can such work as the Convention attempts ever become really out of date?

The Guelph Convention was under the efficient leadership of Rev. G. A. King, B.A., President of Hamilton. In a general way the Committee sought to make the Convention particularly educational. For this purpose it was divided into five groups of conferences, as follows, each group under the leadership of an expert for three consecutive sessions:—

1. "Christian Endeavor," Mr. Ralph Steble, Guelph; "Missions," Rev. W. E. Stible,

Revs. C. D. Draper, J. D. Fitzpatrick, Geo. A. King, W. S. Daniels, C. S. Applegarth.

On Thursday evening, Rev. S. T. Bartlett gave an inspiring address on the work, and Dr. Wallace Crawford (missionary) an address with moving pictures of Japan and China.

The session engaged on Junior work adopted and presented to the Convention a very interesting report, which led to a helpful discussion and the adoption of resolutions. (These will appear fully later, Ed.) On Friday evening the Convention assembled for closing session. Hon. W. H. Hestor, Minister of Mines, Forests and Lands, Toronto, delivered a splendid address on "Our Country's Call to our Young People." Rev. J. W. Alkema, Field Secretary of Temperance and Moral Reform, spoke on the great spiritual needs of our Church, and mentioned some signs of an approaching religious awakening. His words came as a benediction and found a most fitting conclusion in a successful Convention.

Officers for the ensuing term elected were:—
 Pres. Rev. W. S. Daniels, Stoney Creek, Ont.; Vice-pres. (1) Miss Lettie Allen, Wood, Ont.; (2) Rev. M. E. Couron, Hamilton, Ont.; (3) Roy Stewart, Ferguson, Ont.; (4) Miss Agnes E. Stoney, Hamilton, Ont.; (5) Miss Agnes E. Stoney, Hamilton, Ont.; Secretary, Rev. C. S. Applegarth, Galt, Ont.; Treasurer, Harry Carr, Elora, Ont.—Reporter, Rev. W. S. Daniels, Secretary.

LONDON DISTRICT CONVENTION DELEGATES AT DINNER.

B.A., West China; "Literary and Social," Rev. M. E. Couron, B.A., Hamilton; "Citizenship," Rev. F. L. Farewell, B.A., Toronto; "Junior Work," Miss Agnes Estler, Brantford.

These Conferences, though hindered slightly for lack of separate rooms in which to meet, really accomplished the best and most lasting work of the Convention.

The programme proved to be profitable and practical. A letter was read from Rev. G. E. Hartwell, and the Rev. O. Darvick was present and gave a brief outline of his experience during his travel by automobile, railway and by a visit from Mr. Darwin.

The Convention expressed its appreciation of Mr. Hartwell's letter, and particularly on being so given a visit from Mr. Darwin. The Leaguers assure our missionaries of our continued prayers, sympathy, and support.

The Rev. A. E. Jones, Secretary of the Conference Summer School, presented a very full report of the development of the Epworth League and the natural evolution of the summer school. He reported the last session of the summer school in St. Thomas as the most successful, both in attendance and the spiritual fervor of any session yet held.

London District

The London District held its annual Epworth Convention in the Wellington Street Methodist Church, Oct. 17th, 1912. The Rev. W. L. Hiles, B.A., District President, was in the chair, and gave the opening address. The programme proved to be profitable and practical. A letter was read from Rev. G. E. Hartwell, and the Rev. O. Darvick was present and gave a brief outline of his experience during his travel by automobile, railway and by a visit from Mr. Darwin.

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The Convention was entertained for dinner and tea in the basement by a young people of Wellington Street. The evening session was very much enjoyed. Only one serious disaster marred the whole day's proceeding. At the dinner, some of the Rev. S. T. Bartlett's undercoat to photograph the Convention.

Just imagine his disgust a little later when he first the broken glass of the camera into the furnace. We accept the camera's complaint, and leave our readers to interpret what it would mean had it happened at their District Convention. (See actual picture on this page and many reports in the Era. The Editor rarely depends on one plate.—Ed.)

The Conference Epworth League President, Rev. T. B. McArthur, opened the afternoon session with an address on "The Citizen of Epworth." He stated that the Epworth League is not a school for the training of citizens than the naval policy of any political party. He stated that the modern moral ideal as very low, if judged by the bad workmanship of the average citizen in public life. He stated that the Epworth Leaguers to train and cultivate a citizenship that will be above reproach.

So many printed or written paper was given at the League Convention than that of any other. Rev. N. McArthur, as Personal Evangelist, Epworth League in this district will become an evangelistic organization if they but catch the spirit of inspiration in this paper.

The above address is to appear in full in the Era, we understand.

The Convention was then held in a round-table conference. Despite the optimism of our General Secretary, the work of the Convention was somewhat in favor of a pessimistic outlook on present conditions. We are of the opinion that the work of the Convention was somewhat in favor of a pessimistic outlook on present conditions. We are of the opinion that the work of the Convention was somewhat in favor of a pessimistic outlook on present conditions.

The following compose the newly-elected Executive:—

- Hon. Rev. Rev. Geo. N. Hazen, B.A.; Pres. Mr. J. H. McRoberts, 790 Queen St. E.; Vice-Pres. (1) Rev. J. W. Herbert, Brynston, Ont.; (2) Miss M. E. Couron, Hamilton, Ont.; (3) Miss Ella Baker, Littlewood, Ont.; (4) Alfred Jones, Grand Avenue; (5) Miss E. Long, 444 King Street, West; Sec. Mr. J. W. Showler, 444 King Street, West; Treas. Miss Eva Van Deinder, Lambeth, Ont.; Cor.-Sec. of Summer School, Miss L. McMechan, 344 King Street, West; Dist. Sec. of Moral Reform, Rev. A. E. Jones, Belmont.—C. J. Moorehouse, Reporter.

Wiarion District

The Annual Epworth League Convention of the Wiarion District was held at Epworth, on Thursday, Oct. 17th. The Convention was well attended, and the programme was very interesting. In this work deepened and increased throughout the three sessions, making it a most helpful and inspiring gathering.

One of the most encouraging signs was the ready way and excellent manner in which the different Leagues presented their reports, it being a decided improvement on former years.

The principal speaker of the session was Rev. W. Sibley, returned missionary from China, who gave an address on "The Advance of the Mission Work in China."

Another of the attractions was the awarding of the prize in the essay contest, which was given to Miss Walpole, Oxenden League, the subject being "What I can do to Make My Country Better."

After each session the delegates were invited to the Sunday School room, where they were entertained and tempting refreshments served. This feature of the programme was highly appreciated by all, and a pleasant time was spent in getting acquainted with one another.

The officers for the ensuing year:—
 Hon. Pres. Rev. J. A. Jackson, Tara, Ont.; Pres. (1) Mr. Geo. Hamby, Shallow Lake; (2) Mrs. J. Jewell, Hepworth; (3) Mrs. W. W. Wainwright, Port Hope; (4) Mrs. W. McNeill, Wiarion; (5) Mrs. B. Danard, Kembie, Ont.; Sec. Mrs. W. Wainwright, Treas. Mr. Howard Baldwin, Oxenden.

Cobourg District

On Wednesday, October 23rd, afternoon and evening, most successful meetings were held at the Social Evening. The weather and bad roads the attendance was most gratifying. The delegates were entertained and refreshments were served. This feature of the programme of the church.

The afternoon session consisted of papers and discussions on different aspects of young people's work in the Epworth League.

A paper on "A Social Evening" was given by Miss Maggie Mills, of Canton. "A Literary Evening" was the subject of a paper presented by Miss Burton, Port Hope. Dr. Laker discussed the subject of "Canadian Citizenship." A paper on "The Epworth League in West China," was read by Miss Phyllis Wainwright, Port Hope. Rev. W. Wainwright, Centreton, spoke on "The Life and Work of Rev. Dr. Smith."

The primary subject was further dealt with in papers by Mr. E. Harper, of Cambridge, and Miss Mary Lawless, of Stratford. The paper on "The Epworth League in West China" was presented by Mr. Harold

Neal, of Port Hope, and Miss Honeywell, of Centreton.

At the evening service addresses were given by Rev. G. McQuade, of Baltimore, on "Evangelism," and by Rev. Mr. Cragg, of Peterboro, on "Methodism in Missions."

A solo by Mrs. (Dr.) Laker made a very acceptable number in the evening programme. Mr. Cecil Fanning, of Port Hope, acted as pianist for the Convention. The district officers elected for the year were:—

President, Rev. Dr. Laker, Port Hope; Vice-Pres., (1) Mrs. E. Bager, Cobourg; (2) Miss Florence Hall, Wicklow; (3) Miss Buntun, Port Hope; (4) Mr. M. E. Hall, Cobourg; (5) Mrs. M. E. Hall, Port Hope. Rev. McQuade, Baltimore; Treas., Mr. Lean, Cambourne; Rep. to Conf., Rev. Mr. Foley, Centreton. Reported by J. H. Neal.

with any other Christian work, but helps the Leaguer to be familiar with words of Christ and gives him or her special opportunity to do personal work among the unconverted. Rev. J. E. Cook led the discussion which followed. He showed that it is essential to have a thorough knowledge of the Bible to meet temptation and to keep up the Christian's spiritual life. A man exists at his best, and Mr. Cook felt that there ought to be one on every circuit.

Reports of the Year's work were given by various delegates. One or two Leagues had revived, and it was noted that some Leagues were losing many by removals. Cottage prayer meetings were useful in one League in training new members. Public prayer. Several Mission Study Classes have been organized. On the whole the reports were encouraging and optimistic.

At 1:30 p.m. the Convention met for half an hour's social intercourse in the basement, after which the regular meeting was opened. Mr. I. M. Mar taking the devotional exercises, and Rev. J. W. Hibbert, the President, presiding.

Mr. C. Wilkinson, of O. V. L., introduced the subject and spoke helpfully on the Citizenship Department. He dealt with the branches covered by this department separately, and in closing recommended variety in the programme, such as mock trials, mock parliaments, and so on, and to use originality, not relying upon the textbook and The Era for everything.

Mr. W. Reid led in the discussion, and brought out the greatness of the work to be done. He dealt particularly with Sabbath observance, and patriotism, saying that we should study our Government more than we do.

The subject of Summer Schools was taken up by W. J. Hudson, and gave an account of the small beginning and rapid growth of the Summer School idea, he outlined in a general way the work to be done at the school. The aim of the school is to equip Christian workers for more active and efficient service. Some reasons for attending are that it is a time of education along the lines of missionary work and Bible study; that it is a time of inspiration, and most important of all, to many it is a time of decision for their life's work.

A most excellent paper was read by Miss Thurst (Garry) on the Junior League work. The Junior work is growing and the Convention of Junior Leagues of Ontario held in Chatham last July. A suitable superintendent must be consecrated, patient and optimistic, one who will use simple language. No superintendent can succeed without support from Senior Leagues.

Rev. D. Wren, of Ethel, led the discussion. He said that it is the duty of the church, i.e. working with the Juniors. He spoke of taking China as his theme. Rev. W. E. Sibbald, of West Chatham, gave an address on that wonderful country. He spoke of the mighty movement along educational, commercial and industrial lines, and how changing China presents to the Christian responsible privileges, and tremendous responsibilities.

After the session was dismissed the delegates were invited to be seated where Miss Wellwood, of West Chatham, showed her curios of that country.

The evening session opened at 7:30. Rev. J. W. Hibbert presiding. Those who were present of the officers elect were introduced.

The fall list is:—
Hon. Pres., Rev. J. W. Hibbert, Gorrie; President, Rev. J. Langford, Kincardine; Vice-Pres. (1), Rev. W. E. Sibbald, West Chatham; (2), Mr. Melvin Siemmon, Ethel; (3), Mr. C. H. Dunlop, Peterboro; (4), Mr. Belgrave; (5), Mrs. J. Ferguson, Lucknow. Sec.-Treas., Mr. John Kerr, Wingham. Rep. to Conf., Rev. W. E. Sibbald, West Chatham.

The report of the Resolution Committee was then given. Several resolutions were passed, among others were:—

1st. That the Convention was delighted with the presentation of two missionaries.

2nd. That the Convention should support two missionaries, which would just require an increase of one in the mission fund gifts.

Miss Wellwood, of West Chatham, then spoke on the Womanhood of China. The life of the Chinese woman is a story of suffering to the grave. She is kept uneducated and has, after her marriage, which is usually arranged, to do all the household work, in-law, and second her husband. She is her husband's purchased property, and may be

sold when he wishes. Buying and selling of girls for slaves is common among the upper classes. Millions of Chinese women can say as one did: "I do not know a word, and nobody ever told me (of Jesus), so how could I know anything of her address?" Miss Wellwood sang in Chinese.

The closing address was given by Rev. W. E. Sibbald, of West Chatham, on "The Holy Spirit." There are two main classes of religious life among them. First, ancestral worship, and secondly, the worship of the Holy Spirit. One goes to the ancestral tablet, and the other to the spirit of God. The two are distinguished between the spiritual and the material. The Holy Spirit has been counted in one day travelling to Mt. Omei, between 100,000 and 200,000 people, as seen on his hands and knees 1,200 miles. They do this from a sense of their guilt, and in a desire to find peace, hoping by these arduous duties to lay up merit for themselves in the day of reckoning. The Chinese, when converted, pray earnestly, Christians.

A vote of thanks was given to Gorrie Epworth Church, for the hospitality to the delegates, and this most helpful and inspiring Convention was brought to a close.—Reported by W. J. Hudson.

District Field Work in the West

The following, from a letter written by Rev. Westman, Sunday School Secretary of Lacombe District, gives so fair a description of the kind of work our Field Secretaries do, that we will print it for our readers. The extract leaves no comment, but tells clearly the character of work of the Field Secretaries, and in endeavoring to do everything, Mr. Haddon says:—
I met our Field Secretary, Rev. J. E. Westgate for the first time, on Sunday, and drove him out to Bentley, a distance of sixteen miles. On Sunday we started out about 10 o'clock for the morning appointment. When we reached the little log church, behold it was all in darkness. During the week the pastor had informed his flock of the Field Secretary's visit and that he would have a lantern and slides with him, so that we could make our arrangements accordingly. About 11 o'clock the lights were turned on, and the men, women and children were all there, more concerning the work of the Sunday school than we had anticipated. As the service commenced, the pastor taking the opening exercises after which Mr. Westman, by a short introduction, to us of all our venerable Dr. Carman and other connexional officers. He then took us on a trip into the history of the Lacombe, showing by the way the various difficulties with which we had to contend in Sunday School work. The Secretary then went on to show just what had been done, beginning with the Cradle Roll department, then the Primary, and finally, the work of the organized Adult Bible Class. I might say that our pastor has been most thorough, interesting, presentation of Sunday School work, and I am sure that whatever his people have seen, the result will be greater enthusiasm and increased interest in the work.

Immediately following the morning service, "after eating a bite," as the Westerner says, we drove seven miles farther on, to a Norwegian settlement, where we had another profitable service which will no doubt result in the organization of a Sunday School in that section.

After this meeting we came back to Bentley for evening service. Here we had the most impressive service of the year. The church was packed to the doors, mostly young people. Brother Westman certainly handled the service from beginning to end, and his message and appeal for earnestness during the year were most timely.

Monday we started out for Rimby, 20 miles north-west of Bentley, reaching our destination about 9 o'clock. We went first to the church and attended to the necessary fixings for the evening meeting. Unfortunately, during the following night, it started to rain about 7:30, which interfered with the attendance very largely. Notwithstanding, however, a large number of people present. After the lecture we had a little conference which resulted in the organization of a Cradle Roll.

Next morning we intended to drive 15 miles farther west to a place called Littleton, but owing to the rain and snow we had to postpone that engagement. After that we started back for Gorrie, and the following morning, on Monday, got there just in time for Brother Westman, who was on his way to the north, having driven on the Bentley Circuit a distance of about 116 miles.

Mr. Haddon's train for Alix, east of Lacombe, where Brother Brooke, one of our energetic probationers, met him, and drove him to the train, a distance of 15 miles. Here the service was not very well attended, however those that were present were most helpful. It is our intention in organizing a Cradle Roll. The next point was Clive. Here also the attendance

THE ORCHESTRA OF PETROLEA JUNIOR LEAGUE.

These young people provided splendid music for the Strathroy District Convention at Watford. Reading from the left they are Beatrice Spurr (violin), George Thompson (violin), Gertrude Coulter (violin), Will Jackson (clarinet), and Marjorie Warner (pianist). Their services were much enjoyed and appreciated.

Wingham Division

The Epworth League Convention held at Gorrie on Tuesday, October 22nd, was the most successful in its history, from the standpoint of members, earnestness and calibre. The convention opened Tuesday morning with devotional exercises by Mr. J. A. Bassett, Rev. G. W. W. Rivers, President, then gave the opening address. He commended the action of the Executive in sending speakers to the various Leagues and laid special emphasis upon systematic givings to missions, also upon the opportunity for work given to the Citizenship Department. In the absence of Rev. E. H. Robinson, Mr. E. May read Mr. Robinson's thoughtful address on the subject "The Consecration Meeting, Is It Doomed?" If so, Why? Causes given for decline were lack of definiteness in preaching, teaching, and church work. Clear, definite concepts, the right attitude of the individual to his work, our recognition on the part of the individual of his personal responsibility, a consciousness of God's presence, and joy in some Christian service would tend to make the consecration meeting what it was intended to be.

"What are the duties of the Prayer Meeting Committee," was well taken by Mr. S. J. Johnson. He held that the League has a great responsibility as an evangelic agency, and should stress the importance of prayer by Leaguers in their work. The Prayer Meeting Committee should be encouraged to give devotional exercises of each meeting, and induce the members to lead in public prayer. He made the statement that there is no conscientious reason why any Christian young person, who prays at home, cannot pray in public. Prayers need not be long, nor tedious to be heard. God hears the sincere prayer. To get the members to take part in public prayer, he suggested, speaking to them privately before the service, having subjects for prayer from week to week, and using sentence prayers.

The very helpful discussion on the two preceding subjects was led by Mr. W. J. Ford. He thought that there is less prayer in our Leagues than formerly. Several pastors gave their experiences, and some found their Leagues ready to respond with prayer. Some thoughts brought to mind were:—Have a reception service in taking in new members. Have prayerful Christian people to lead the devotional exercises. The young people are willing to be led, and the pastor must share this responsibility.

A very important subject "The Pocket Testament League" was spoken upon by Mr. Russell Love. Mr. Love gave in a clear way the brief history of the origin and growth of the movement. One very excellent thing with the movement is that it does not interfere

was small, but good—a kind of service that counts for something to those present.
Friday morning, Westman entertained for Blackfolds. Here the effort was very encouraging, 56 people being present at the evening meeting.
Saturday, of course, was set apart for rest; but the Lakeside appointment of Blackfolds mission specialists requested our Field Secretary to give them a service, and Brother Westman, anxious to live up to his motto:

"Do all the good you can, in all the ways you can, to all the people you can, just as long as you can."
He responded to the invitation, and was well repaid, for the Lakeside meeting was one of the best on the coast.
Mr. Westman preached at Lacombe, and in the evening at Ponoka.
Monday, October 14, was the winding up session, which took the nature of a district convention; and I can truthfully say that this gathering was one of the best Sunday School conventions ever held in the district.

Sunday School Athletic Association

The Victoria (B.C.) Sunday School Association has made a new and important departure by organizing an athletic association under its auspices. The matter has been in view for some time. Two committees were appointed for the purpose of drawing up a constitution and other business connected with organization, and on Oct. 7th the committees reported and the organization was effected.

The name of the new league is "The Sunday Schools' Athletic League of Victoria," and its main object is the betterment and enlargement of Sunday schools in Victoria by developing character through athletic contests and by making Sunday school attendance more universal than in the past.

"To maintain a high standard of honesty, courtesy and manliness in athletic sport, and to establish scientific physical training in the Sunday schools of the city."

"To secure and maintain a genuine amateur basis in sport, and to institute, regulate and govern Inter-Sunday school Gymnasium and athletic meets."

The league is open to Sunday schools, regardless of sect or creed, the annual fee from each school being three dollars, and many which entitles that school to enter as many teams in any competition as they wish, and gives the privilege of sending two delegates to the league meetings.

The officers elected are:—Hon. President, J. Patrick; President, E. Beal; Vice-President, J. E. Andrews; Secretary, George W. Robinson; Treasurer, G. McDonald. The three following were named as members of the Board of Governors, J. W. H. King, J. M. Thomas and Mr. Bailey.

The affairs of the league will be conducted by a Board of Governors, which includes the above names and six other members. This board will meet once a month and the regular meetings of the league will be held quarterly, the annual meeting to take place some time in March.

To conduct specified sports there will be section committees appointed by the Board of Governors, and in addition there will be three standing committees appointed by the same authority. These will be the Registration Committee, the Finance Committee and the Publication Committee.

A novel method has been arranged in the dividing up of the members for competitive purposes. These will be according to weight: Seniors, 110 to 130 pounds; Intermediates, 90 to 110 pounds; Juniors, 90 pounds and under.

In the opinion of Mr. Beal, the President, the weight classification is infinitely better than by age, and he expects the idea to work out quite satisfactorily.

The rules of the S. A. Athletic Union will be adopted by the new organization.

Lake Superior

The Lake Superior District Young People's Fifth Annual Convention, held in Port Arthur and Port William, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, October 20 to 22, was a splendid success.

A large attendance, bright congregational singing, helpful solo singing, well delivered thoughtful addresses, and kindly provided thoughtful addresses, earnest spiritual discussions at the afternoon meeting and round table, and animated social intercourse were characteristics especially noticeable.

Six sessions in all were held: Sunday evening, special services by the pastors of all the churches concerned, Monday in Trinity Methodist Church, Port Arthur—general business meeting, with the reporting for reports and election of officers: 6 to 8.30 p.m., lunch and round table discussion; evening, commentaries on the EpwORTH devotionals and addresses; the same order of procedure being observed the second day. Spiritual fervor ran high at all the meet-

ings; people seemed moved to a keen sense of their obligations as Christian workers, feeling that more work should be accomplished for the Master. "The Convention watchword, "Soul Winning," was frequently referred to by the speakers who thought that more definite effort should be expended in producing the fruits of its precepts.

Rev. H. Hull in his address, Monday afternoon, criticized the Young People's Societies generally for not trying to open up the latent possibilities in their younger members, for he said, "Leaders are born, not made," and he went on to show that unless this spirit became prevalent, success would not attend the efforts of any society in any great measure. He also emphasized the fact that the senior members of the societies should pay particular attention to young people about the ages of 14 to 18, that they be not given an opportunity to drift from the church.

At the Monday Round Table discussion, "Society Problems and their Solution," also Tuesday's afternoon general discussion following three addresses "The

Heathen Abroad—at Home—in the Church," the Church's relation to Sociology, in general, but the labor question and social and moral reform issues in particular, were given prominence. Preachers and laymen expressed themselves freely, the predominant feeling being that Christian young people should as a Christian duty study social questions, with a view to equipping themselves to assist in a Christlike way the solution of the perplexing industrial problems and White Slave Traffic. Rev. Shaver laid emphasis on the idea of personal service, "deciding to win a fellow, then sticking to him until he was won for Christ."

After the final address, Tuesday evening, "Works that Follow," by Rev. Andrew D. Reid, the audience rose to sing the closing hymn, "Take my life." Solemnity reigned, and as the strains of that beautiful, soul-inspiring hymn rose and fell it seemed as if never before had the words and music greater individual import. The convention closed and the delegates dispersed, conscious of having received a new impetus to Christian work.—Reported by F. E. Moore.

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Seasonable Quotations

*They gave to Thee
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold;
But, Lord, with what shall we
Present ourselves before Thy Majesty,
Whom Thou redeemest when we were
sold!*

*We've nothing but ourselves, and scarce
that either;
Vile dirt and clay;
Yet it is soft, and may
Impression take.*

*Accept it, and in this sordid metal make
Thy holy incense, and it shall outshine
The beauty of the golden mine.*
—Jeremy Taylor.

*Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of
peace,
East, west, north, and south, let the long
quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels
began,*

*Sing of glory to God and good-will to man.
Hark! Joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us.*

*The dark night is ending, and day is
begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat
as one.*
—Whittier.

*Hark, throughout Christendom, joy-bells
are ringing;*

*From mountain and valley, o'er land
and o'er sea*

*Sweet choral melodies pealing and thrilling,
Echoes of ages from far Galilee!*

*Christmas is here,
Merry old Christmas,*

*Gift-bearing, heart-touching, joy-bringing
Christmas,*

*Day of grand memories, king of the
year!*
—Ireing.

What There's Time For

*Lots of time for lots of things,
Tho' it's said that time has wings.
There is always time to find
Ways of being sweet and kind;
There is always time to share
Smiles and goodness everywhere;
Time to send the frowns away,
Time a gentle word to say,
Time for helpfulness, and time
To assist the weak to climb,
Time to give a little flower,
Time for friendship, any hour,
But—there is no time to spare
For unkindness anywhere.*

—Frank W. Hutt.

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