

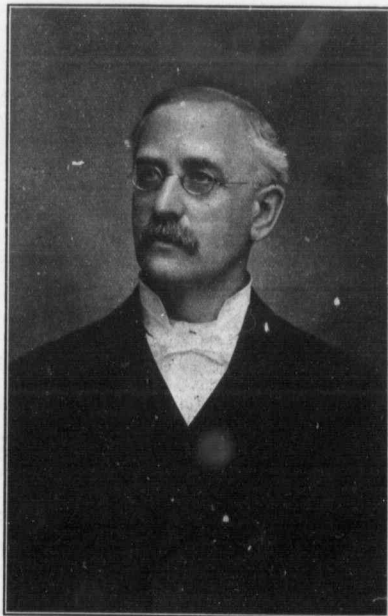
THE
Canadian
Epworth Era

Toronto

August . . . 1907

Vol. IX

No 8



REV. J. J. REDDITT

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THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.—By the late Rev. Thos. Bone, per doz.....35

HUNTING FOR HEIRS.—By the late Rev. Thos. Bone, per doz.....35

WHAT IS IT TO BELIEVE ON CHRIST?—By J. W. Chickering, D.D., per doz.....35

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Keen Scent

Mrs. Jones was in the habit of giving Henry a large piece of chocolate cake whenever he came to see her; but one day when she was expecting company, she left the cake uncut, and did not offer him any.

For a time Henry waited, and then remarked: "Mrs. Jones, it seems to me I smell chocolate cake!" Mrs. Jones laughed, and, going into the cupboard, cut him a tiny slice. "That's all there is for you to-day, Henry," she declared, as she returned with it.

"Thank you, Mrs. Jones," said the child, politely, disappointed, and then added, with a great sigh: "Seems strange that I could smell so small a piece."

Latest Musical Instrument

"Take warning!" said the new teacher, scoffing at his class. "I mean to confound everything that any of you makes a noise with."

Tin whistles and all similar musical instruments were plunged into innermost pockets, and the silence could be felt. Presently there came from the far end of the room a clattering, buzzing, rumbling sound that would have brought a fortune to an inventor of children's toys, could he have reproduced it.

"Bring that thing here!" cried the teacher, fixing an unfortunate pupil with his eyes.

"Please, sir," came the reply. "I can't! It's the hot-water pipe!"

Once again silence—palpable and unbroken.

"You're a Brick"

When Tom says admiringly to Harry, "You're a brick!" I wonder if he knows how the saying originated.

In the golden days of Greece, an ambassador once came from Epirus to Sparta, and was shown by the king over his capital. He was surprised to find no walls around the city.

"Sire!" he exclaimed, "I have visited nearly all the towns in Greece, but I find no walls for their defence. Why is this?"

"Indeed!" the king replied. "You can not have looked carefully: Come with me to-morrow and I will show you the walls of Sparta."

On the following morning the king led his guest out upon the plains where his army was drawing up in battle array, and pointing proudly to the valiant soldiers, he said:

"There you behold the walls of Sparta—every man a brick!"

Absent-Minded

The people didn't merely look at Professor Branefog—they stared. He knew he was absent-minded at times, and he wondered whether he had rubbed his face with boot-polish instead of cold cream, after he had shaved, or whether he had forgotten to change his dressing-gown for his frock-coat.

But a kindly policeman put things right. "Are you aware, sir, that you are carrying a joint of beef in your arms?" he asked.

"Goodness me!" said the professor. "I knew something was wrong. My wife told me to put her Sunday hat on the bed, to place this roast in the oven, and take the baby and the dog for a walk."

"You've not put the baby in the oven, surely?" said the law's guardian.

"I put something in it," said Branefog; "but I don't know whether it was the baby or the dog."

With hated breath they hurried to the professor's house. Here, on the bed, lay the baby and the dog; but it was just as bad for Branefog. It was his wife's Sunday hat that was in the oven!

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Anecdotes and Illustrations

R. A. TORREY

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The value of apt illustration can hardly be over estimated. It oftentimes the entering wedge or the clinching conclusion for the more serious argument; at the same time it is both. This collection of stories, drawn largely from the wide and varied experience of the author, has been added largely to the effective ministry of his powerful address.

WILLIAM BRIGGS 29-33 Richmond TORONTO
St. West

Mr. Lloyd George, President of the Board of Trade, is in his splendid prime, and has a musical voice and a quick mind. He is a vivacious and popular speaker, as many Welchmen are. I heard him at considerable length on that portion of the bill which refers to the Council for Wales, but was not specially impressed with his speech. I did not think it was carefully prepared or given in faultless style.

John Redmond is considered the most stately elocutionist

in the House. His sentences are smooth and full-flowing as a river, and he preserves the ancient traditions of oratory.

One thing greatly pleased me in connection with my visit to the British Parliament. At five o'clock on Tuesday, my friend Mr. Helme excused himself, as he had to take charge of the prayer-meeting held each week in one of the rooms, and attended by Christian legislators of both parties. He informed me that this prayer-meeting has been held regularly since 1830.

The Value of True Friendship

BY REV. WM. DOBSON.

FRIEND is one of those beautiful words that goes down into the depths of our emotional nature and loads itself with meaning from the profoundest depths of the soul. It is that something that binds two hearts together in natural sympathy. "I will never leave you, no, no, I will never forsake you." "Where thou goest there will I go, and where thou diest there will I be buried." I think it was Carlyle who once said, "A friend is your other self," that is, you can take his arm on the street and be conscious of that mysterious sympathy between you and him that enables him to pour out his being into you while you pour your being into him. This is what I understand the word friend to mean. True friend-

motion. It is no trouble to you to think as he thinks, to walk as he walks. Thus Enoch walked with God, caught the swing of the Eternal, and God became his other self. They tell a story of Tennyson and Carlyle. I am not responsible for the truthfulness of it, but it is psychologically correct. They were in the habit of visiting at each other's homes, and on one occasion they met in Carlyle's study. After the usual greetings had been exchanged they lighted their pipes, for they were both great smokers, and for long hours sat without exchanging a word. When Tennyson rose to leave Carlyle said to him, "Come again, Alfred, we have had a delightful time to-night." I knew two men, when I was a mere boy, one of them the father of one whom I think to be the cleverest man in Charlottetown. They used to visit one another, certainly not for the sake of conversation, for they would sit by the hour without uttering a word, and on parting would simply invite the other to return. The only explanation of it is that they liked to be near one another, to feel one another's presence, they were the other self of one another. So to be a friend of God is to be God's other self, it is to live His presence, feel at home in His society.

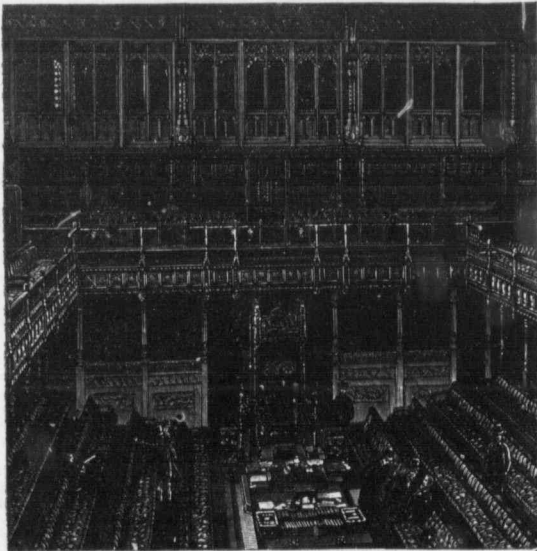
But speaking about friendship in this way, there is another thought that ought to be studied. You and I become instinctively like our friends. If our friend be noble, pure and good, he lifts us toward him. On the other hand, if he be low, vulgar, base, we will sink toward his level. I do not mean to say we will sink so low as he, for in the very act of sinking we are exerting influence upon him to lift him. The resting place for both will be the resultant of the two natures.

"As the husband is the wife is; thou art mated with a clown and the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down." Forgetting this, many a girl has blundered by thinking she could reform the drunkard by becoming his wife, and too late has waked up to the fact that from the day she was married she began to sink towards his level. When we think of all these things in connection with our relation to Christ, we begin to appreciate the wonderful privilege of becoming His

friends. As we walk with Him, talk with Him, sympathize with Him, we become more like Him, and study the inimitable beauty and sweetness of His moral character, we are changed from glory into glory as by the spirit of God. He can do what we cannot. He can associate with us without sinking to our level, He can lift us out of our selfishness and sordid natures, without in any wise partaking of our selfishness. He can save us from all our sins and sinfulness without in any wise becoming contaminated Himself.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

WE must always give our best in the name of God for the service of men. To do less would dishonor God, disgrace us, and disappoint those we endeavor to serve.



HOUSE OF COMMONS, PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, LONDON, ENG.

ship, say what they will about it, is one of the most sacred things on earth. Out of it grows much of life's joys and triumph. Have you ever seen it manifesting itself in simple silence without a word being uttered? Do you not know some persons with whom it is a joy for you to be? Their very presence gives you delight and brings peace to your soul. It is not that you want their conversation, they have nothing to impart to you in the way of knowledge that you do not know, they have told you all they know a dozen times. It is their simple presence that gives you such delight. When they leave you you feel that some mysterious connection has been broken, a sense of loneliness steals over you, you feel your other self has gone. Or, again, when you take the arm of a friend on the street, how quickly you sympathize with his every

Let Us Go On

An Examination Example

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

MOST, if not all, of the readers of the ERA have had the joy, or shall we more truly say, the misery, of being in the Examination Room. We can recall the familiar scene—candidates sitting in all sorts of awkward positions, chewing their penholders, knitting their brows, and looking out into space, while their inner vision is anxiously scanning the dim page of memory. A group of matriculation candidates, toiling at their tasks, caused me to muse on the great life of which this was a part. Here was a mirror held up to show the great principle that the true, normal life is one of progress from inferior to superior, that constantly we are being examined to determine our fitness for promotion. These young ladies and gentlemen had once been little girls and boys in frocks and pinnies, learned the simplest elements of literary and mathematical knowledge, and from kindergarten or primary, they had advanced class

“selves,” and other tests come. Conditions and situations of life arise to test and try us as to breadth or narrowness of outlook, courage or cowardice of conviction, sweetness or bitterness of disposition, selfishness or sacrifice in social service, reverent regard for, or irreligious refusal of the Great Companion. In these important examinations we have failed again and again, but the perseverance of the saints, says an excellent old adage, “is made up of ever new beginnings,” therefore “Let us go on—unto perfection.”

As I continued to reflect upon the parable of life presented in that Examination Hall, I set myself an examination paper with one question, “What are the conditions of all progress?” The following is an abstract of my answer:

1. Opportunity. We are born into a world of scientific and philosophic, mathematic and literary fact, with minds capable of dealing with this material. This knowable world, and our attuned faculty of knowledge together constitute our educational opportunity.

And even so, in spiritual life. This is a moral, spiritual universe, and we are moral, spiritual beings. There are great, sweeping truths that circle round the throne of God, and a spiritual perception has been given us by which we may see the glorious circle. The marvellous ethical and religious possibilities of our nature open before us our spiritual opportunity.

2. Vision. The young candidates wrote Arts, Law, Medicine, on the envelopes containing their answers, showing what particular course they wished to pursue in the University. They had seen the vision of their opportunity, and were accepting it. With all their latent powers of learning, and all the facts and principles involved in these higher courses of study, they would not have been seeking entrance into these faculties if they had not seen the opportunities of learning and professional life beckoning them.

And hastening on to the spiritual fact, vision in religion is faith—faith in God, in goodness, in ourselves. When we see and believe in the spiritual possibilities of our spiritual nature, another condition of moral progress is fulfilled.

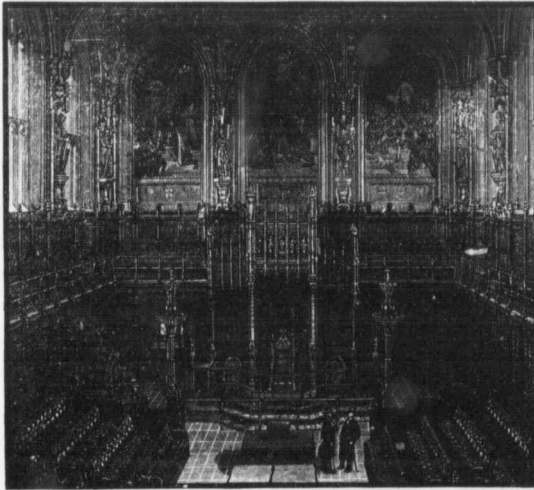
3. Effort. “Now I wish I had worked harder during the year,” a student remarked as he was going up into the Hall to take a subject for which he was not well prepared. This condition of all progress, patient, well directed effort, is doubtless, for most of us, the critical condition. We all have abundant opportunity, most of us have our times of vision and aspiration, what we need most to remember is that

... tasks in hours of insight willed
May be through hours of gloom fulfilled.”

Crystal City, Man.

“LIFE may be viewed in many aspects, but this is not the least in importance; it is to be the service of a generation. We take our place in the long procession, which, beginning with Adam, is marching on into Eternity. We cannot benefit those who have gone before us; we may not do so much to serve those who will come after us; but we are bound to do good to those who travel with us.”

MANY a young man will be extremely particular as to the shining whiteness and gloss of collars and cuffs every day, and yet will let thoughts that are stained with the mud of the gutter stay in his mind for weeks. The cleanliness that is next to godliness is a consistent dislike of filth, bodily and mentally,



HOUSE OF LORDS, PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, LONDON, ENG.

by class to the High School, and now they were seeking entrance to the University. Still they would be “reaching forth,” and still saying “Let us go on.”

And is it, or should it be otherwise in moral and spiritual life? There certainly should be progress, and there assuredly are tests. Mothers often are heard regretting that their babes are growing out of their arms—“Oh, if they could remain with us, such winsome, innocent things!” But how that same mother grieves if her babe does not develop normally, and make proper physical and intellectual progress! Many people remain in a perpetual spiritual babyhood. They never come to moral strength, they never attain to spiritual wisdom, they never can be trusted in an ethical emergency. But surely there should be growth, progress in spiritual things—deeper, truer views of life and duty; stronger, stancher purposes carried out nobly into worthy action; more poise and equability of mood; more graciousness and consideration towards our fellows; more devout, purifying fellowship with God.

Moreover, the tests of progress come here as well as elsewhere. You may test yourself by introspection, wisely not morbidly exercised.

Following Paul's suggestion, you may “Examine your-

"The Brass Bracket"

BY REV. E. E. SCOTT.

ITM nothing but a brass bracket of a passenger car. My mates say I am somewhat garrulous and fond of moralizing. I sometimes talk to myself when no one else will listen, for, like Pat, "I love to talk to a sensible man, and I loike to hear a sensible man talk."

Have you not noticed how trains imbibe the spirit of the times? When a holiday comes we seem to go on a spree like the rest. We get up late with a swelled head, we yawn and snort and groan, and dawdle around at stations. It seems as if the memory of our multitudinous sins robs us of courage as we start out, and we come in late and later at the stations till our conscience seems to get demoralized and we don't care for the schedule, or the train despatcher, or any one, and we wind up the day fifty minutes late, tired and peevish and irritable like our passengers.

Sometimes the car cleaners come along and dust us thoroughly and wash our windows and polish us up. Then we feel as if we had on our Sunday suit and must behave accordingly, and we come puffing into the station on schedule time, and the passengers remark, "What a perfect luxury the travelling was to-day!" Don't forget it, but cars have feelings and like to look tidy as well as the travelling public.

Do you think we never like to show off what we can do? Well, you are much mistaken. Our pride is sometimes roused in a curious way. One day we were wearing a little flag station and we saw three little barefooted boys sitting on the fence waving ragged straw hats. So we just said, "Boys, we'll show you how fast we can run," and we put on an extra twenty miles an hour. O, you should have seen their excitement and delight! I'm sure I distinctly heard through the open window one of the urchins screaming as we passed, "My! but she's a dandy," and another shrill treble saying, "Hurrah for Canada!" One day there was a circus at Bytown, and there is an opposition road at this place. So we made up our minds that we would make a good impression upon the thousands at the circus. We started about a couple of miles out, and by the time we had reached the grounds we were running seventy miles an hour. You should have seen the dust we raised and the astonishment of the crowd! We whizzed by like a flying phantom. Next day the weekly paper of Bytown stated: "Number 7 passed like a whirlwind yesterday. She is the finest limited train on the continent." That little spurt made our company a few hundred dollars during the tourist season.

Brackets are not considered observant, but we see much of the sunshine and shadow of life. One day a theatrical troupe came into the train and loaded me down with boxes and bundles and wraps and musical instruments, till I fairly groaned and struggled to keep them all in my arms. On the top of all they piled a banjo, and I could not grip the slippery thing, and just as we got nicely under way, down it fell upon the head of a colored minstrel. You should have heard the explosion! It was something like this: "By a concatenation of unparalleled coincidences, superinduced by a multiplicity of multitudinous circumstances, and with the general depravity of all inanimate things I am required to thump that banjo whether on or off the stage." One of the female members of the troupe chaffed him, saying: "Here, George Washington, here is a bottle of arnica—I'm sure that banjo will need to be rubbed." The banjo chuckled as it was laid back in my arms, and putting my ear down I heard a distant echo of a plantation melody:

"He's two foot one way, 'ree foot anudder,
And he weighs 'ree hundred pound;
His coat so big he couldn't pay the tailor,
And it won't go half way round."

Sometimes in the tourist season, when the fishermen are coming home from Muskoka, and I am wrestling with rods and tackle, I wonder what the fish would say if they could hear the tales of the monsters "almost landed." A little boy was telling one day of a minister and one of his officials who had been fishing, and the minister caught a maskinonge and brought him up to the boat-side, but after an exciting struggle the fish wriggled off the hook and got away. The minister sat down in despair, saying to his elder, "Some-

thing ought to be said on this occasion, and I feel that the services of a layman are indispensable."

Did you notice how many babies we have on board to-day? It seems to be a family day. Nothing will so quickly introduce a couple to every one on the car as a pretty baby or a curly headed three-year-old boy. Matrons love to hold the baby to see whether they have forgotten how; generous strangers offer sweetmeats and candies—sometimes with disastrous effect. A buxom Irish mother came in one afternoon with a very handsome baby about a year old. Everyone praised his dimples and his pretty blue eyes. "Sure," said she, "he's the swatest child hivin ever loaned to earth." The usual candy was passed, and in about half an hour he was roaring with a pain. "The saints preserve us," said the mother, "I believe he has some of his father's fallin's in him yet."

But life has its shadow as well as its mirth, and our hearts are touched and the tears fall like rain over many of the incidents transpiring beneath us. "What's the matter with this bracket anyway?" said a commercial traveller; "it keeps dropping things on the floor continually." So I tried to control my nerves and attend to business. I had just seen through the open door a white-haired mother bidding good-bye to her boy. He was going to California, and she said, "You will find a Bible, John, in your trunk with a book-mark at my favorite Psalm; think of me as you read it, write often, and come home as soon as you can, for it will be very lonely without you." "Yes, mother, I'll come soon," was all he could say as he stepped on the moving train and waved his handkerchief. I learned afterwards that she was quietly sleeping beneath the daisies in the corner of the village cemetery before he returned in the spring.

While we were standing at the station the other day a minister was leaning out of the window with tears, saying, "Good-bye, my boy! You are just sixteen to-day, and this is the first time for you to be away from home; be true and honor your home." And I turned away with a prayer that God would keep him sweet and pure, splendidly ignorant of the vicious and the purient things of the city and keep the memory of his father's counsels ringing in his ears and his mother's prayers lingering like a benediction upon his head.

Perhaps the most pitiful thing I ever witnessed was the home-going of a sweet little ten-year-old girl. She had taken ill in a distant city and the mother was bringing her home. Suddenly she grew worse, and a physician on the train was summoned and did all he could to relieve her sufferings. "Mamma," said she, "do you think I will live to reach home and meet papa at the station? I fear I shall not see him. O see! the fiery splendor of the sunset; it looks like a city with golden spires and domes. O mother, I am going! Give my love to papa and tell him I will meet him yonder. Kiss me good-night, mamma." And the little spirit 'ad fled. O the sobs of the great strong man as he carried so tenderly that little form out of the coach to the carriage waiting at the station! How glad I was that our Christian hopes and teachings would sanctify his sorrow and dry his tears.

As I see the people passing out of the coach at the end of the journey at the close of each day, I ask myself as they depart, I wonder will they all reach that land unswept of storms, where

"Rest comes at last, though life be long and dreary,
The day shall dawn—the darkness night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, shall come at last."

Montreal, Que.

Metaphors from Metals

"It is most amazing," said a metallurgist, "how the world relies on metals for its metaphors and similes."

"Thus, an orator is silver-tongued or golden-mouthed. An explorer is bronzed by African suns. A resolute chap has an iron will. A sluggard moves with leaden feet. An ostrich has a copper-lined stomach. A millionaire has tin. A swindler is as slippery as quicksilver. A borrower has brass."

Bottle Alley Flower Mission

BY REV. JOHN F. COWAN, D.D.

"PLEASE, Mister; gimme a flower! Gimme just one posy!"

The inopportune appeal met the gentleman with the handful of carnations at almost every step on his way from North Station to his office. Almost always he wore in his buttonhole a pink, or a rose, or a daisy, or bit of golden-rod; sometimes he carried a bunch of sweet peas or dahlias.

Smilingly he handed the grimy-faced boy one of the carnations. The little fellow looked dazed, and then almost danced for joy. He acted as if he were afraid to touch the dainty thing. He snatched up a piece of newspaper and wrapped it as carefully as one might handle a diamond, and then started off on a run, yelling excitedly at the top of his voice,

"Jee-mie! Ho, Jee-mie! I got a posy!"

Suddenly the little fellow halted and turned. He ran back after the gentleman at the top of his speed. "I forgets to say t'anks! 'Scuse me, Mister; t'anks." Then he grinned enough to show a front tooth missing, and was off.

But "Jee-mie" had caught the wireless message, and passed it on, and now the gent man was besieged by a crowd of beggars for flowers.

"Please gimme jest one for me mother; she cries over flowers."

"Can't I have one for me sick sister?"

"We ain't never have no flowers to our house."

After that morning the gentleman became well known to the street children as "de man what gives away posies." Otherwise, he was "De flower guy." The demands for flowers grew larger, and his handful enlarged to a small basketful. His wife and children became interested in these flower-loving children, and they stripped the flower-beds for his morning trips. But still the demand grew, and presently his children solicited flowers from the neighbors, and the small basket was replaced by one that the gentleman's wife told him made him walk up sided.

One morning Carmella Trefoni came rushing into the tenement in their "white hearse block," so called because of the gruesome mortality among its babies. "O, mother!" she cried, holding up a beautiful pansy, "see the lovely flower with a face! Where can I put it to keep it fresh! See how its face smiles!"

One of her father's empty beer-bottles was found, and Carmella raced down to the street for water—the landlord had shut off the water on their floor because it was cheaper than repairing the leaky pipes—and soon the precious flower with a face was on the table under the picture of the Madonna, and the patron saint of their Sicilian village. Carmella knelt at this little shrine, not to say a prayer to the saint this time, but that she might the better see the bewitching face in the flower, and stroke the velvety leaf with her finger, and press it against her lips.

She did not know why she had such a passionate love for flowers for she remembered little of her childhood peasant home, among the vineyards, and fruits, and flowers. For generations her ancestors, and those of many of the children of the West End, had cultivated the soil, had grown fruits and flowers, had been reared in the sunlight and filled their lungs with fragrant, vitalized air. It was no wonder that, shut up in crowded tenements on narrow streets, where they never saw the sun rise or set, fenced away from nature by dull brick walls and cobblestone pavements, all the dormant passion for the color and brightness of the blossoms should come surging up in their breasts at the sight of a brilliant carnation or a dainty violet.

"It comes to me more and more, mother," the gentleman who gave away flowers was saying to his wife, "that there is a great chance to minister good cheer to these beauty-loving people, even if I do get lopsided. But the big basket is too small for my ideas now. We must express the flowers. But I have been bothered about distributing them. I have just got an idea—you know the little Mission on Bottle Alley?"

He went to see the "Little Woman" at the Mission that day, and she told him that the children of the kindergarten would be glad to assist her in distributing all the flowers he could get. It was found that the railroad com-

pany would carry the flowers free, and the Endeavor societies of the suburban and rural churches were enlisted, and every morning boxes of fresh flowers that the night before had been blooming in country gardens and fields, some of them fifty miles away, were giving of their beauty and perfume in a hundred tenement houses, in some of which were invalids, to whom the coming of the flowers was like angels' visits, or dispirited, slovenly wives and mothers, whose hearts were freshened and whose interest in making home attractive was revived by the dainty, fragrant visitors.

"There, I hope these will satisfy the Bottle Alley Flower Mission," exclaimed a pretty, thoughtless girl, as she tossed an armful of daisies on the table in the church kitchen at Hammond. "I can't see what anyone can want of such rubbish. I see so many acres and acres of white and yellow daisies that I get tired of them. Of course I'm glad to help pick them."

On a ragged couch in the "white hearse block" lay an emaciated girl scarcely more than a shadow. "Isn't it almost time," she wailed, "for the flowers to come? The Little Woman said she should have enough for me to-day."

The woman who was running a sewing-machine in the room snapped out an impatient answer, and renewed the ceaseless hum of her machine. She was not ill-natured, but she begrudged the time from her driving task.

"Oh, I hope they will bring the big yellow ones, that look like gold," half moaned the girl to herself. "I saw them at the fresh-air picnic. How I love them! They make me think of mama's hair. The boys called her 'carrot-top,' but her head always made me think of a golden sunset. How I wish I was with—there they come!"

In a minute more her arms were filled and her bed almost covered with a shower of glorious "Black-eyed Susans," that brought a whiff of the green fields to her room, a flood of tears to her eyes, and a strange tumult of gladness. She was in her mother's arms again, toying with her bright golden hair.

On the little shrine in Carmella's home the child faced pansy had withered. It had died a natural death; it had not been thrown away. She had been afraid that her father might toss it out when he came home in drink; that was the reason she had put it under the Madonna. He never disturbed anything on that table. But he had stopped to look, in a surprised way, at the pansy. Perhaps it reminded him of the time when he had tilted the soil in Sicily. Perhaps its beauty awakened some heart-longing for the old, innocent, light-hearted days, when he had worked in the sunlight, and enjoyed the beauties of the olive orchards, and cultivated flowers in his own little garden.

Another of the places into which the influence of the Bottle Alley Flower Mission exhaled itself was a dark room in a cellar, in which was a crippled old man. They called him "Uncle Mike." He had no relatives, but drew a small pension from the Government that sufficed for his simple wants. He was one of the few Irish left in the West End. As the Little Woman entered his basement room with a handful of flowers, she could not help noticing how tidy it was. The floor had been scrubbed that day, and the windows polished like diamonds. "More n-ighborliness," she thought, as she glanced at the helpless paralytic.

"It is so kind of you, Mrs. Mulligan," she said to a neighbor who dodged out.

"Kind, nothin'! I was just takin' out the breakfast things that Mrs. Bottania brought in."

"You are all so good to him. How about his dinner?"

"Oh, there's a neighbor upstairs that sees 't he gets a hot bit. We ain't haythen."

"And someone washes his clothes. He's as spick and span as a lord."

"Sure, 'twould be a burnin' shame to let the old man go dirty when he ain't no kith or kin. Somebody brings him posies, too."

The old man's face lighted up as she laid down the flowers. It was a good, clean face. Another of the "neighbors," an Italian barber, came in regularly and shaved him.

"The flowers, they do take me out doors again," he said, with a cheerful smile. "They chirk an old fellow up wunnerful. God bless ye for rememberin' me. It's six year now, to a week, that I laid the old woman away. How I'd like to go next week an' lay one of these on her grave; but I can't, you see, I can't."

"I'll be glad to do it for you, Mr. Moran, though I think one of the Endeavor societies has a wheel-chair that will take you out."

He stared at her for a minute, questioning. He was not used to being called "Mr. Moran." Then his face broke into a pleased, but half-ashamed smile. "I see; I forgot. How mighty kind every one is! Old Bottle Alley used to be the resort of drunks, now it's flowers instead of broken bottles, eh?"

"How little it takes to make happiness," mused the Little Woman, as she left him cheerfully re-arranging his flowers, "but how few think to give the little they could." She trudged on about her errands. She could not trudge very fast, this Little Woman, as they called her, for a hip disease had made her a partial cripple, and left her in pain much of the time.

"How little it takes," she said again, as she trudged up the splendid, park-like Commonwealth Avenue to get a bundle of cast-off clothing that had been promised her. "There's enough in these brown stone attics, feeding the moths, to keep half the children of the West End from shivering, and pneumonia, and worse; but it's almost as hard to break into their rag-bags as it would be to break into their bank-vaults."

A little later she was with a woman past seventy, in a small room up three flights. "How are you to day, Mrs. Burnham? I missed you last night, and was afraid that you might be sick."

"Oh, I'm full of blessin's an' mercies as I always am," she replied cheerily. "Just think how many poor souls have no one to bring 'em flowers! I'm so thankful that I'd sing if I weren't so hoarse."

"Did the coal give out again, and you fail to let me know? Fine! I'm sending a sack of flour. A friend of yours and mine gave me two dozen sacks. You must always let your friends know."

"Bless Him! Bless Him! I've been scrapin' the bottom of the pan pretty hard. But He never forgets me. Here He sends to you with this bunch of His beautiful posies. The

money gives out before the end of the month, but He never fails. Bless Him!"

And the narrow attic chamber was transformed into the palace of a princess, where this daughter of a King inhaled the inspiring fragrance of the flowers, and read their message of cheer from their faces.

Carmella got a bunch of sweet peas to take the place of her wilted pansy, and the little corner shrine seemed holier and more radiant with blessing than ever. Several times her father stopped and looked at them. Presently Carmella and her mother were surprised to see him tinkering at the dilapidated window-box, whistling softly one of the old Italian airs of which he used to be so fond. Someway it stirred a new hope in them.

That afternoon he hunted around the house for something (he had not been working lately), and finally he left the house with a knife and bag. In the evening he came back with the bag full of dandelion greens, for which they were very glad.

It was many a day since Carmella had seen and handled so much green plant life. She felt like burying her face in the fresh, cool leaves. But there was something better coming. Her father handed her a little bunch of wild flowers. She was more delighted with them than if the treasures of a greenhouse had been poured into her lap. She hastened to put them in water, and they looked so fresh and smiling beside the sweet peas that the shrine seemed a dearer spot than ever.

Her father arose early next morning, ate his breakfast, and kissed her before he set out, this time without the bag and knife. He did not come back until night, and was dusty and tired, but there was a new, manlier look on his face. He had been at work in a market garden which he had passed while digging the greens. He was back to mother earth again. He had found something of his old self there. The sweet peas from the Bottle Alley Flower Mission had led him to the dandelions, and the dandelions had led to the market-garden, and the market-garden had led him back to himself.

"There," exclaimed the gentleman whose bunch of carnations had started the whole chain of influences, "I told you that flowers must mean a great deal more to those sons of nature pent up in the slums than they do even to us; and here is the proof of it. They have given Carmella, the beautiful little Sicilian girl whom you remember, a new father."

Boston, Mass.

A Letter from Dixie

BY REV. S. A. STEEL, D.D.

DO you know there are people who do not know where Dixie is! Some time ago I was at Yorktown, Virginia, strolling about the quaint old village, and looking at the monument the outside world has erected to commemorate the historic events that happened there. I met an Englishman similarly employed. He lived in London, but had been travelling in the West Indies, and was on his way home. He landed in the United States at New Orleans, was taking in some places of interest, and had reached Yorktown *en route*. I said: "Well, I hope you have enjoyed your run through Dixie." "Now, would you be so kind," he replied, "as to tell me where Dixie is! I have been looking for it on the map ever since I reached the United States, and I can't find it."

Then I had the embarrassing part to do, and tell him what an abortive effort we made to put Dixie on the map, and how three million men in blue rubbed it out! But I assured him that Dixie is still here, and will be as long as its blue skies bend above it and its crystal rivers run to the sea. Three cheers for Dixie!

* * *

I am living in Texas now, but Texas is a part of Dixie. I could not live beyond the bounds of Dixie! In the Tar Baby story Uncle Remus makes the fox throw the rabbit in a briar patch; but instead of annoying the rabbit, it was just what he wanted, and he laughed and skipped away, exclaiming, "Born and bred in a briar patch, Br'er Fox!" So with me—I was "born and bred" in a cotton patch, and am out of

my place where cotton does not grow. It grows all over Texas, you know, even away up in the Panhandle near the Colorado line.

* * *

"Chickens come home to roost." When that British officer over in Carolina kicked a boy named Andrew Jackson because the punky lad refused to black his boots, he little dreamed that with that kick went Texas and the western part of the United States; but so it was. It ought to teach us to treat boys with respect, for we never can tell what they may become. Recent and old investigations have brought to light the fact that Andrew Jackson deliberately planned the revolt of Texas from Mexico; sent Houston into the country to promote and conduct it; and when it was accomplished, never rested until it was annexed to the United States. New England, it is well known, bitterly opposed the annexation of Texas, on the ground that it would extend the territory of slavery and increase the political power of the South. For ten years after winning its independence Texas was a free republic; and during those ten years its relation to the United States was unsettled. John Bull, the imperial land-grabber of this planet, had his eye on Texas and the whole Pacific slope, that was involved in the deal. But for the insistent policy of the man who remembered the British officer's boot, it seems almost certain that England and not the United States would have acquired Texas. That boot did the work. It implanted in the heart of Jackson an implacable hatred of England. He left no stone unturned to checkmate British diplomacy, and be revenged for the kick

of that officer's boot. Take off your hats to the boys, gentlemen. It never pays to kick a boy!

I am not going to brag on the bigness of Texas. I remember I was once in Toronto indulging in a little orthodox Yankee boasting, when one of those shrewd Canadian preachers, I think it was Dr. Potts, took the wind out of my sail by reminding me that John Bull owned more acres in North America than Uncle Sam. And even the amiable Crews punched me in the ribs with the same poker on one occasion. By the way, articles in recent issues of American magazines (there it is again—"American," as though we owned it all) have made us better acquainted with the Canadian west.

Not long ago I was in Oklahoma City, and being attracted by a crowd gathered around a man speaking from a wagon, I went near, and listened to what proved a glowing account of Canada as a land of promise for emigrants from the United States. But you can't depend on these immigration agents. I always sympathized with the poor fellow who, according to the story, fell into the hands of the real estate men in Kansas City. He was from some interior part of Missouri. When he left home he asked his wife what he must bring her, and she begged him to bring her a Bible. When he reached Kansas City, the real estate men got hold of him. They gave him no rest with their corner lots, and lines, and additions, and books. At last, escaping from them, he went to a bookstore to get his wife a Bible. As the clerk was showing him a copy, he called his attention to the clear type, and told him just to try it, and read a little of it. Unfortunately the part on which he opened was in Joshua, where he was describing the land. The moment he saw it, he threw the book down,

and walked out, remarking, "That's another one of them dog-goned real estate books!"

These real estate fellows tell you of the big yield, the fine climate, the cheap land, the immense profits; they never tell you of the cyclones, the droughts, the floods, the failures. Yet these, too, belong to the picture—are the shadows on the landscape. These Texas real estate men are first-class artists in their line. But experience does not always confirm their tales. They boomed Lavacca county some years ago; but after trying it, a long line of waggon teams drawn by gaunt teams could be seen winding across the plain, and on each wagon cover, in large letters, were the ominous words: "In God we trusted; in Lavacca we busted."

But in spite of cyclones and droughts and floods, and occasional failures, Texas is without doubt in many respects the greatest state in the American Union. I have lived in a number of states: Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Missouri; and as Epworth League General Secretary, travelled in nearly all of them. So I am fairly competent to form an opinion. Each section has advantages. It is a great country. Its resources are unlimited. For good easy living I would prefer old Virginia; for all-the-year-round climate I would take southern Mississippi; for hustle I would take Missouri; for average advantages I would take either Tennessee or Kentucky. I am a new-comer in Texas, and can only say that so far I am delighted—"des-lighted," I believe that is the way Teddy puts it. Located near the centre of the great state, in a flourishing little city of ten thousand population, with excellent schools, and a fine people, the possibilities have fallen to us in a pleasant place.

Brownwood, Texas.

The Christian on Vacation

BY REV. JAMES ELMER RUSSELL

IT is not a summer resort of the Chautauqua type, with its pronounced educational and religious atmosphere, which I have in mind, nor a summer resort like Saratoga, conspicuous for social dissipation, but rather the village by river or lake or seaside, whose charm as a summer home has been discovered by a few hundred people.

After a three years' pastoral experience in such a village summer resort on the St. Lawrence River, my impression is that the influence of the average miscellaneous summer colony on the permanent life of a village is, on the whole, downward rather than upward. It is, of course, true that the village gains a certain nervous quickening with the coming of summer guests; it is true that village improvements, such as water systems, sewers and electric lights may be hastened by a desire to make the village more attractive; and it is true, also, that the summer boarders largely increase the amount of money in circulation. But when you have said so much, you have said about all that you can say in favor of the summer colony, except of the influence of those loyal Christians, of whose opportunities for service I am about to speak.

A close observer of the village summer resort will notice a tendency to industrial degeneration. Men who can earn four or five dollars a day for two months in the year by light work as oarsmen or guides are reluctant to work hard for the remainder of the year at less than half the summer wages. Instead of looking forward to some regular occupation for life, young men are tempted to think of occasional light work, with big pay, as the industrial ideal, an opinion which is fostered by the fact that they see a multitude of apparently successful people at play only, and do not realize the hard work which has made the play time a necessity.

Most unmistakable, however, are the indications of moral decadence at a summer resort. The impact upon the permanent population for two months of a crowd of visitors at play, cannot but make life more gay and flippant and create a somewhat morbid thirst for amusement. Furthermore, the example and influence of many of the summer guests upon the young people is bad, far worse than the example and influence of these same people at home, because when off on vacation they do not hesitate to let down the bars to some extent, and to throw off many usual restraints.

A summer resort, where one-half of the population is engaged in play, and the other half is engaged in making their play possible, is really an abnormal social group. It is in many respects like the world which Plato contemplated in the Republic, and is open to some of the same criticisms. All of the evil influences at work in a summer resort Christian people cannot offset, but they can do much, and of three lines of service I wish especially to speak.

1. The Christian on vacation can help the summer resort by not giving his Christianity a vacation.

When our Lord said to His disciples, "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile," He did not hesitate to call them in the midst of their time of rest to special service, when the multitude needed to be fed. The spirit of readiness to serve the modern disciple must take with him when he leaves home for his vacation. A large part of this service will be rendered just by everyday Christian living. Whether he be boating, fishing or playing tennis, he must never forget that sharp eyes are upon him, and that if always and everywhere he is a consistent Christian gentleman, by that very fact he has rendered splendid service. Many of the village young people look up to the summer guests, as having a wide acquaintance with the world, and as presumably exponents of the kind of life that is best worth living. Hence their opportunities to help or to hinder are very great. One careless Christian may undo among a company of young people much that the village pastor has been trying for months to accomplish.

2. The Christian can help the summer resort by a wise use of his money.

There is danger that the Christian of wealth will do much harm to the young people of the summer resort by being too lavish with his fees, or by bestowing them unwisely. I once heard a minister say of a waiter in a crowded dining-room, "We've fixed our boy." Surely he was guilty of nothing less than bribery by tipping the waiter to secure special service and attention. He had forgotten his own manhood, and had treated the waiter as a means and not as an end, as a tool and not as a person. He had inflicted an insult upon him, and had done his part to break down the young man's self-respect. On the other hand, many of those who serve as waiters

or as maids at summer resorts are earning their way through school or college, and a timely gift, not as a bribe, but as a token of appreciation, and of good-will, may render a real service.

3. The Christian on vacation can help the summer resort by attending church regularly.

Every Christian ought to attend one of the village churches as his regular place of worship while he is a member of the community. Christians who excuse themselves from worship when they are taking their vacations are one of the greatest hindrances and discouragements which the church and pastor at a summer resort have to meet. I remember well one of these discouragers. She was a member of one of the leading churches in New York. I sent to her at her hotel one of our church cards of invitation. She sent a dollar for the contribution plate by a visitor, but herself went fishing with her husband, who had come up from New York to spend Sunday.

On the other hand, I shall never forget the Brooklyn Congressman, who was never absent from morning worship; the Pittsburgh judge, who made his way with his friends into the Bible class; nor shall I forget the coke manufacturer, who, after fishing for black bass all day, in the evening sought out the mid-week prayer-meeting.

Men like these are an inspiration to the pastor, a tonic to the church, and a potent influence for good in whatever summer resort they may spend their vacation.—*The Westminster.*

The Christian Minister

THE following poem was written by Emily Judson, wife of the great missionary, Dr. Adoniram Judson. It was quoted by the Rev. Jos. Philp, B.D., in his ordination sermon before the London Conference, and is here given by request:

Nay, stoop not thus! Thou bearest precious seed,
Richer than all the wealth of mine or sea.
Strive not to grasp this world's vain glittering meed;
Its laurels are not twined for such as thee;
A living crown awaits thy radiant brow,
And thou shouldst gather jewels for it now.

What wouldst thou have! The meteor of an eve,
The mildewed wreath, the worm-enclosing flower,
The fading thing that dying fingers weave,
The star that darkens at its rising hour?
Wouldst chase the frolic phantom men call fame,
And on her crumbling tablet write thy name?

Thy name is written in the Book of Life,
The glorious tablet of the King of Kings.
Degrade it not by this poor paltry strife,
This clamorous rush for tinsel'd ankering things,
Leave to poor dazzled moths the giddy round,
Since on some loftier mission thou art bound.

'Tis thine to watch thy Master's budding vine
Till the ripe fruit in purple clusters falls;
The ever radiant threads of truth to twine,
A golden clue to the celestial halls,
Where, when the kingdoms of the earth decay,
And suns are dim, thou'lt live in endless day.

The Happiness Needed

THE crying want of the times is more *bright Christians*. There are quite too many church members whose lamps were kindled for a little while—perhaps during the heat of a revival season—and then they have either been smuggled into a dark lantern, or else allowed to die down into a feeble glimmer, barely visible through the smoke. For no mere selfish purpose does Jesus Christ bestow his converting grace upon any man or woman. He did not make you a Christian, my friend, either for your own enjoyment in this world, or to save you from perdition in the next. He touched your heart with His illuminating grace, chiefly that you might impart the benefit of your light to others, and glorify Him. He commanded the light to shine into the darkness of your sinful soul, that you might give the light of the knowledge of God as seen in the face of Jesus to all with whom you come in contact. You may not be a magnificent Fresnel-burner like a

Chalmers or a Wesley in their day, or like a Spurgeon or a Shaftesbury or a Moody in our times. But the properties of light are the same in a household lamp that they are in a huge luminary that flashes from the tower at Sandy Hook; and in your little circle there is just as much need of a bright Christian as there is in the most conspicuous pulpit of Christendom.

If you neglect to let your light shine, however humble it be, not only will your own character suffer, but somebody else will be the worse for it. The simple failure of a signalman to swing his lantern at the right time, has sent a railway train into deadly ruin. Your failure to utter the right word, to do the right thing, or to exert the right influence may be sending some others off the track in the same fatal fashion. I know of certain households—perhaps yours may be one—in which the lamp smokes more than it shines. That son would not be so troubled with skepticism if he saw more attractive living evidence of Christianity in the daily conduct of his professedly Christian parents. Another son would not be seen so often on his way to the saloon, or some other dangerous haunt, if the torch of both warning and example were held up faithfully and lovingly. It is almost hopeless to expect conversions in some families. One reason is that there is a lamp of profession there which smokes foully instead of beaming brightly. The light that is in that house is fast becoming darkness. The oil has given out. Love of the world, or the greed of selfishness, or some other sin, has extinguished the love of Christ. The real cause of all spiritual declension is the lack of a Christly love and loyalty in the heart. When people are full of any subject they will speak out.—*Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.*

The Vacation Idea

A QUARTER of a century ago one seldom heard the question, "Where are you going for your vacation?" Now it is the most common question of the early summer. The vacation idea has met with such favor in recent years that the employer who does not give his employees a vacation comes in for unfavorable criticism, even though we still find a man now and then who "doesn't believe in vacations." We do. We believe that the vacation idea is a good one, and that we have none too many holidays in these days of stress and strain in our modern life.

Rest is all the medicine hundreds of the half sick and wholly sick people in the world need. It would put new life, new hope, new enthusiasm into them if they would put all the cares and vexations of their every-day workaday lives behind them and fare "out in the fields with God," as Mrs. Browning says in her poem:

"The little cares that fretted me,
I lost 'em yesterday
Among the fields, above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowering of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees,
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—
Out in the fields with God."

None of us get "out in the fields with God" any too often, and few of us often enough. Dame Nature is a wonderful healer, and when she is robed in all her summer beauty there is something in her appearance well calculated to give rest to our tired and troubled spirits. The quiet of the country is an admirable place for a vacation, but those who fare thither or any place else for a vacation will do well to leave their business and other cares behind them. Shut them up in your desk, your office, your store, your kitchen, your school-room or wherever your daily labor may be. Try to forget that they ever existed, and "think not on these things." But remember that mere idleness is not rest. Lying in a hammock all day and counting the hours and the days until you get back to your work is a poor sort of vacation.

"Absence of occupation is not rest.
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

There is rest in doing things one is unaccustomed to doing. Boating, golfing, walking, swimming, riding, reading—these give occupation to mind and body and make up a restful and helpful vacation.—*Zion's Herald.*

The Quiet Hour

The Father's House

The Father's house has many rooms,
And each is fair;
And some are reached through gathered glooms
By silent stair;
But He keeps house and makes it home
Whichever way the children come.

Plenty and peace are everywhere
His house within;
The rooms are eloquent with prayer,
The songs begin,
And dear hearts, filled with love, are glad,
Forgetting that they once were sad.

The Father's house is surely thine,
Therefore, why wait!
His lights of love through darkness shine,
The hour grows late.
Push back the curtain of thy doubt
And enter—none will cast thee out!

—Marianne Farningham.

The Heart Life

Until you have learned to control your thoughts, you will never be able to live a godly and righteous life. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he: and it is because the thoughts that we entertain in the hostelry of the soul are such worthless and vain ones that our words and acts often bring so heavy a disgrace on the name we love. Well might the wise man say, "Keep thy heart above all keeping, for out of it are the issues of life." When the heart is right, the ear and the eye and the mouth and the foot will necessarily obey its promptings; but when the heart is wrong, filled with tides of ink, like the cuttlefish, it will develop itself in the impurity to which it gives vent. . . . If you habitually permit evil things to have their right of way through you, or lodging within you, remember that in God's sight you are held equally guilty with those that indulge in evil acts, because you are withheld, not by your fear of Him, but by your desire to maintain your position among men.—*Rev. B. F. Meyer.*

How to Read the Bible

Here are some good suggestions from Rev. F. B. Meyer, on how to read the bible:—

1. *Read consecutively.* The Old Testament at one time of the day, the New at another; this will enable you to read the New twice, and more, to one reading of the Old.
2. *Use the references.* For this purpose I like to use two Bibles, one to lie open with the margin well filled with references, to which I turn in the smaller pocket Bible which I hold in my hand. All I know of the bible is based on the use of marginal references.
3. *Be more careful to read a few verses deeply than to skim two or three chapters.* There are times, of course, when we pass rapidly over the whole tracts of scripture to discover the outline of the landscape and the direction of the main thoroughfares. But, for devotional reading, a little, thoroughly masticated and digested, is to be preferred to a large amount bolted. The artist who confines himself to one tiny bit of scenery probably enjoys himself best, and extracts most thorough instruction and inspiration from what he sees.
4. *Be thankful if the morning and evening study crystallizes about some theme.* Often it will be so. As you quietly muse on some verse or paragraph beneath the teachings of the Holy Spirit you will find kindred passages suggested to your mind where the same thought occurs under slightly different forms; and these will lead to more; and as you close the book you will find your mind rewarded by one mastering theme. Be very thankful for this, although it may have led you far away from the original chapter and interfered with your reading as much as usual.
5. *Have your pen at hand,* that you may note such references as occur to you in the margin and that you may be able to indicate any passage which has shone out like a star to your

soul. I think I could tell the history of my life in a series of verses, selected from every part of the sacred book, which have been my beacon-lights all along its course

As we approach the study of the Bible there should be a reverent bowing down of the soul on the threshold of the temple of scripture; a putting-off of the shoes from our feet; a cleansing ourselves of all filthiness of the flesh and spirit; a deep and hallowed consciousness of the presence of God; a simple, childlike, humble and obedient spirit, which listens with hushed awe like the child Samuel in the sanctuary of old, for the accents of the voice of God.

Need Not Speak About It

Real goodness needs no proclamation. Moses did not know that the skin of his face shone while he talked with God on Mount Sinai, and he could not, therefore, proclaim his goodness. Real holiness does not announce its existence as a show. The true Christian lives Christ without speaking of self. The greatest saints have not only been unconscious of their holiness, but have mourned over their sinfulness. The pure white lily lives its beauty without speaking of it. There have been silent men and women whose words were few, but their deeds were many and noble. As the great forces of nature work silently and effectively, so great and true men work on quietly without any reference to themselves. Von Moltke and General Grant were men of few words and great deeds. There is a power in silence. Zacharia's few words to Gabriel cost him months of silence. There is a time to speak, and there are times to be silent. You need not speak of your goodness, for others will see it without your help. Moses retained the beauty of his countenance after he had left off talking with God, but Aaron and the people saw the image of God in his face. After you have communed with God the world and the Church will notice the change in your heart and life. True soul beauty will be seen and felt by other people. An affidavit face will be recognized. A fine building needs no advertisement as to its harmony and strength. Live for Christ and men will know it.—*Rev. John Maclean, Ph. D.*

Changing the Tone

There is something impressive in the story of that old church bell, which all of a sudden, when rung, gave out a sound so unlike anything it had ever expressed before that all who heard it began to wonder what could be the matter. The tone was sharper and shriller than in days gone by. The people, who had been in the habit of listening for its welcome chimes on Sunday mornings, hardly recognized the strange sound of their bell; it surely could not be their own old church bell would send out such a piercing summons to the morning service. They had to listen two or three times before they could really make up their minds that the sound came from their own church.

Then came the question: "What is the matter with the bell?" And no one seemed to be able to solve the mystery. The sexton climbed away up into the bell-tower and peered around in the gray shadows trying vainly to find out the reason for the change in the tone of the bell he had for so many years rung.

Finally they sent for the firm which made the bell—they must know what was wrong. And the firm sent a man to discover, if possible, the secret. And he did discover it. Just a few drops of oil had dripped down when someone had oiled the bearings above and had settled upon the lower rim of the great bell! That was all; but it had proved to be enough to raise the tone of the bell several degrees. The man wiped the oil away and the bell came back to its accustomed sound.

How much this is like the result of the wrong acts we do! Often we call the deeds we perform so small that they will make no difference to anyone in the world. They are hidden away, so we think, in the secret recesses of our own hearts. No one knows anything about them except ourselves and God, and He will forgive us, He is so merciful. But there they are, like the tiny drops of oil trickling down the side of the bell, and by and by they will surely change the tone of the song we are trying to sing.

We know all is not right within us. Some of our nearest and dearest friends know it, too. Then, not very long afterward, all about us notice that we have changed the standard of our living.

Very watchful must we be lest the tone of our life bell be changed. Not watchful to-day and careless to-morrow, but every day and every hour the passages to our hearts must be guarded against the enemy. It was "while men slept," that the enemy "sowed the tares." It is when the eyes of the weaver are turned aside for a moment that the costly break in the thread comes and he must lose precious time doing his work over again.

The old bell could not help the change coming into its sound. Not a thing could it do to prevent the oil running down its side. But we have a Helper who never slumbers and never sleeps. Are we going on in our own strength, or are we every moment trusting Him? Of all questions that could be asked, this is the most important. Everything else may be set aside in the light of that. How will you answer it? Are you trusting Him!—*E. L. Vincent in The Classmate.*

An Appreciation

Margaret Bottome writes in her year book: "There are so many tired, nervous ones that it is quite taxing to keep in trim to meet the demand. Some years ago I had one earnest desire that I found voiced for me in two lines:

"A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize."

"Now it is a real business to keep 'a heart at leisure from itself,' and yet it is absolutely necessary to 'soothe and sympathize.' And the secret of helping yourself is in helping some one else."

It seems to me, sister Margaret was always ready to help one. One day, not long ago, sister Molly went over to New York to see her. She felt a little homesick—she needed sympathy, so she sought her sister Margaret. It was a very rainy day. Margaret had observed at the breakfast table, "No one will be in to-day, too stormy, what a fine time I shall have at my desk, with my writing." And so she sought her desk—had been seated but a little while when the door bell rang, and in walked her sister. Molly's first words were, "O Margaret, I am so glad you are at home, I have come to stay to lunch, I want you to-day, I am perplexed, and you can help me, you always have helped me—won't we have a nice time this rainy day?" Margaret wrote me afterward: "Well, Carrie, there was my desk—and everything else that I needed for a 'fine time this rainy day'—but I would rather comfort my sweet sister Molly than be able to write a thousand pages. I threw my pen down and I said: 'All right, we will have a lovely time together,' and the fellowship was complete." Molly remained, Margaret devoted herself to her. When she went away to her own home, all traces of sorrow were gone—hers was the soul in need. Margaret had "A heart at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathize." Her own heart was enriched, the King was honored, and to-day in our memory nothing is sweeter.—*Carrie McD. Pearne.*

They Could Sing

TRIALS often seem more dark and utterly unendurable to the onlooker than to those of God's children who are passing through the deep waters, and who feel beneath them the support of the everlasting arms. "A little circle of us met for prayer," said a lady in one of our home churches, speaking of a time of terrible persecution abroad, when some of our missionaries won their martyr crown. "We could pray for our imperiled ones, but we questioned if such a meeting as ours could know any singing. Later, we learned that those in the

Gold Dust

We should widen our expectations to the magnificent sweep of His promise.—*Maclaren.*

Every man is more closely related to his Father above than to his parents here.—*Ram's Horn.*

A true friend loves us, even if misunderstood and wronged. St. Paul says of love, Christian love, that it beareth all things, endureth all things, and never faileth.

Affection can withstand very severe storms of rigor, but a long polar frost of downright indifference. Love will subsist on wonderfully little hope, but not altogether without it.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

"Let not your heart be troubled." Sweetest music on the chords of the soul. This is the whisper of faith. This is the comfort of hope. This is the message of love. This is the word and the work of the man on the cross.—*Cortland Myers*

The noisy waves are failures, but the great silent tide is a success. . . . Do you know what it is to be failing every day and yet to be sure that your life is, as a whole, in its greatest movement and meaning, not failing but succeeding.—*Phillips Brooks.*

It is a sad thing that there are fathers and mothers whose football has most music in it when they are going downstairs. A house has no true childlife in it when the going out of the father and mother causes hand-rubbing and holiday symptoms upon the skin.—*George Dawson.*

Just to be good, to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in the little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet, and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability—that is an idea as noble as it is difficult.—*Edward Howard Griggs.*

Rich with no very great things, but the little daily self-denials, the speaking a cheerful word when the heart is weary, the patient, steady performance of duties that come with every returning day—little things, and yet they contain the riches with which God is well pleased.—*Rose Porter.*

Hymns You Ought to Know

VIII.—Jesus, My All in All

By Samuel J. Stone

Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven, and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come!"

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall:
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul doth live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of thy righteousness!

Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

—Translated by Sabine Baring-Gould.

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Leaves from my Note Book

IN Walking through the Canonage, Edinburgh, I noticed a quaint-looking old bookstore and entered. After examining the books for a time I asked the proprietor if he could direct me to John Knox's house. "You are in it now," was the reply. Sure enough, this was the very place occupied as a dwelling by Scotland's great preacher. The two upper stories have been filled with interesting Knox relics, which are carefully preserved. Here may be seen his private study, the chair in which he sat, the window from which he preached to the people on the streets, and a number of pictures of historic value. What a magnificent old hero John Knox was! Possibly he was a little rough with Queen Mary, but he was thoroughly sincere, and much can be forgiven a man when he is conscientious and dead in earnest. When some one suggested that he might be afraid to meet Queen Mary personally, he said: "Why should the pleasing face of a gentle woman affray me? I have looked on the faces of many angry men and have not been afraid above measure." He was certainly a courageous man with strong convictions, and Scotland does well to keep green his memory.

ALMOST everywhere one goes in England and Scotland he will find good temperance hotels, with rates rather less than the licensed hostleries. They are not elegant, but usually very comfortable, with a "homely" (in the English sense) atmosphere. The beds are good, and the meals, while not elaborate, are well cooked, and nicely served. Why can we not have such hotels in Canada? If Englishmen can make them pay, we ought to be able to do it just as successfully. The right sort of temperance hotel would be undoubtedly well patronized.

THE saddest thing one sees in walking through the streets of the big cities of Great Britain, particularly London, Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh, is the great number of squalid, discouraged-looking, wretched women. On their faces we can see the effect of poverty, bad surroundings, dirt and hereditary influence, but on many of these countenances the words that are read most emphatically are, "whiskey," "gin," "beer." The besotted condition is transmitted from mother to child, and the miserable, wizened appearance of these rum-cursed children is most pitiable. What can be worse than a wretched-looking woman coming out of a public-house hugging a bottle of gin under a faded, thread-bare shawl with one hand, and dragging a thin-faced, starved child with the other? There is an agitation at present to prevent children from being served with liquor or from entering the bar-room. This is a step in the right direction, but the prohibition might well be enlarged to include women.

IT is somewhat amusing to hear people in England talk of having taken a very long and tiresome journey, when they have travelled a couple of hundred miles. As a matter of fact this is somewhat of a jaunt, when it is remembered that it would be possible to go from one end of England to the other between daylight and dark of one day. The country is comparatively small, but it is great in historic interest. And it is beautiful, too; for though it has no river like the St. Lawrence, no mountains like our Rockies, no waterfall like Niagara, no gorge like the Grand Canyon; still for quiet picturesque beauty of hill and dale and charming landscape there is probably nothing like old England in all the world. Its climate is perhaps a little damp, but this gives it the green fields and hedges which are so much admired. By all means visit England if at all possible.

TO stand for two hours on the street waiting for a procession to pass is not a very pleasant experience, but when that procession happens to include the King and Queen of England, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the King and Queen of Denmark, besides other notables, one is fairly well repaid for the fatigue. The occasion was the arrival of the Danish sovereign on a visit to London. His Majesty Edward VII. plays the part of king very well indeed, and is extremely popular with the people generally. He is both dignified and genial, which is a rare combination. As for the Queen, it is simply wonderful how young and pretty she looks in spite of her years. If a stranger desired to identify the Queen in a company of middle-aged ladies, he would be quite safe in picking out the youngest-looking and the handsomest of the lot. She is, like the King, esteemed for her good qualities of mind and heart.

IN travelling one sees some strange signs. In Liverpool there is a saloon called "The legs of a man." This struck me as very appropriate, as there is nothing that tangles a man's legs so effectually as the stuff that is sold in such places. On the Strand, in London, I noticed a street pedlar with the sign "Liar's License," exposed in front of his cart. This was the climax of appropriateness, for these fellows are adepts at lying. If all the liars in Europe who are engaged in selling goods of various kinds should be required to take out a license it would keep an army of clerks busy to write out the documents.

WHILE in England I had the opportunity of addressing a rally of the Wesley Guild, the Young People's Society of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, in the old city of Plymouth. The meeting was remarkable for the fine attendance of young men, who were probably in the majority. Great interest was manifested in our Epworth League in Canada and the United States, and I was asked to tell them about our work. The Guild is prospering, and making very good progress.

carry into the home circle a pleasant face and a joyous demeanor.

✕

ONE thing about the English people that impresses a visitor from this side of "the pond" is their almost invariable politeness. If you do not buy of the boy who is selling souvenir post-cards on the street, he does not pester you, but if you do make a slight purchase, he will say, "Much obliged, sir." The street car conductor, on receiving your fare, almost invariably responds with "Thank you," and any enquiry concerning the way is met with information most cheerfully and politely given. The bus drivers and conductors in London are a striking contrast to such officials in America who are often gruff and occasionally impertinent. All this has its value, for while courtesy may be one of the "minor moralities," it nevertheless helps wonderfully to oil the wheels of life, and costs nothing.

✕

IX wandering through the old English churches and cemeteries a visitor comes across many curious and interesting epitaphs. In the chancel of Townstal Church there is a tomb into which the following inscription is cut:

"Here lyeth buried the Bodie of Robert Holland, who
Departed this life 1611 being of
the age of 54 years 5 months and odd dayes.
Here lies a breathless body and doth dweye
What man is, when God claims what God doth owe,
His soul a guest, his body a trouble
His tyme an instant, and his breath a bubble.
Come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Occasionally one will be found which is somewhat humorous. On entering the parish church at Hartland, near Bideford, this epitaph may be seen:

"Here I lie, outside the chancel door,
Here I lie because I am poor,
The further in the more they pay
Here I lie as warm as they."

There is some sound philosophy as well as humor in this poetical effusion.

✕

A CANADIAN who thinks he understands the English language fairly well, is somewhat surprised on reaching England to find that he has many things to learn, or rather to re-learn. His "baggage" becomes "luggage"; he buys his ticket not at a "ticket office" but at a "booking office," and rides in a "van" instead of a "car." If he asks for a "dry goods store," people stare at him wonderingly, and after a time discover that he is looking for the "draper's shop." His most serious difficulty, however, is encountered in the fact that certain words which are used freely on both sides of the ocean, have different meanings in England from what he has been accustomed. Take the word "homely," for instance. Before a man tells a woman in Canada that she is very "homely," he would be wise to provide a convenient and expeditious way of escape. It would be about as safe to attack a hornet's nest with bare hands. In England you could scarcely pay a lady a greater compliment than to declare that she is "a homely woman," for it simply means that she is a sensible, common-sense individual, who loves her home and friends. And so it goes with many other words. After all, this only adds to the interest and pleasure of a visit to dear old England.

✕

ONE of the incidental benefits of a trip to England is that many people discover the value of walking for the maintenance of health and as a sleep producer. The English people

walk very much more than we do. On making some enquiries about the Lake District, a stalwart young Englishman told me that he had just walked through it. Further enquiry revealed the fact that he had tramped about a hundred miles in less than five days. What a feat of pedestrianism this would seem to an American! If the Canadian city girl wants to go five blocks she waits at the corner for five minutes to get a street car, but in that time her English sister would be at her destination entirely independent of the "tram," as she calls it. It is interesting to hear men over sixty years of age talk of walking ten miles a day. Less physic would certainly be needed, and sleep would be sounder if we all took more out-door exercise.

✕

ONE thing which makes against the progress of Methodism in English cities is the pertinacity with which the circuit system is maintained. It is not an uncommon thing to find a minister with one colleague in charge of fourteen preaching appointments. Some of these the superintendent cannot visit more frequently than once in six or seven weeks. Of course, services are taken by local preachers, and the people attend fairly well, but the pastor's work is too much diffused to count for a great deal. Even in the big city missions, where the personality of the leader is so important, there are usually several places connected together, with constant interchange of preachers. I visited one very prominent city mission, expecting to hear the pastor in charge, but he did not put in an appearance, either morning or evening, as he was preaching in some smaller place on each occasion. The church must have considerable vitality to thrive under such conditions.

✕

It is scarcely less than a farce for many people to spend time and money visiting the art galleries and museums of Europe, for much of what they see means little to them. The ruins of ancient Rome are nothing more than uninteresting piles of brick and stone, for they have never read Roman history; Versailles and Fontainebleau in France are simply old palaces with rather fine gardens attached, as they could scarcely name two of the kings or queens of France. Nearly all the pictures in the art galleries which illustrate classical scenes are of no significance whatever, and are usually passed by with a careless glance.

Fontainebleau is one of the most intensely interesting places to one who is at all familiar with French history, for it was the residence and occasional resort of many famous sovereigns. Our guide pointed out the apartments of Napoleon, of Louis XIV., Louis XV., Marie Antoinette, and others, and then took us to an artificial lake at the back of the palace to see the fish. Here Louis XV. used to find amusement in feeding the carp with which the lake was filled. We found a lot of fine, lively carp, and followed the king's example by throwing in big pieces of bread to see the fish struggle for them. On the way back to the city I heard a well-dressed lady remark: "I think that the cutest thing at Fontainebleau was the carp we saw in the lake." Just think of that! After a visit to one of the most famous palaces in the world, filled with historical relics, the thing that impressed her most was a school of very ordinary fish. Some acquaintance with the history of Europe is *sine qua non* to the genuine enjoyment of a European trip. Even those who are somewhat familiar with the great events of the past would do well to brush up by re-reading before setting out. This is especially true of Rome.

A. C. C.

Our Letter Box

A Letter from Mr. Bartlett

Our Eastern Associate Secretary has been spending the spring and summer months in the Maritime Conferences. We are glad to know of his movements through the following letter:

In all six Conferences I have been privileged to visit this summer, a spirit of hope has been expressed regarding the future of our Sunday-school and Young People's work. The Conference reports are not as satisfactory statistically as we might desire, and yet no serious loss has been felt. The fluctuations of our population because of the westward migratory movements of many of our people have more or less disturbed some of our Conferences; but taken all in all, the general condition of the work is healthy, and in many places as vigorous as ever in the past. The Anniversary Services were of a high order. At Berlin, Bro. Norman delighted the large audience with his graphic account of our Japanese work. At Bowmanville, a striking feature of the service was the singing of a splendid boys' choir led by Pastor Emory. The boys filled the ample choir gallery, and their presence and choruses were a delight to the large audience. Mr. E. T. Slemmon, B.A., of Oshawa, gave a very effective address. The Toronto Conference meeting was not as largely attended as one would have expected, but the interest of the hour was well maintained, and Bro. Armstrong of St. Paul's church gave a splendid address. It is a long way from Toronto to St. Stephen, N.B., and the days intervening between the two Conferences were busy days—occupied in getting the family somewhat settled in their new Sackville home. The friends of Sackville were exceedingly kind and helpful, and the Epworth League gave us a most hospitable and cordial reception service in the church parlors. Mr. C. D. Stewart is a live president of an active organization. The N. B. and P. E. I. Conference at St. Stephen gave a most hearty hearing to our message, and we shall be much surprised if the future does not show an encouraging increase in our Young People's Societies in the Maritime Conferences. The N. S. Conference at Truro was most kindly indeed. The Sunday afternoon rally of the Sunday-school was a decided success, and Bro. Barrett gave a good address on "The pearl of great price." The anniversary service on Monday evening, June 24th, was addressed by Judge Chasley, who made a splendid showing of the claims of the Sunday-school, and by Bro. Shore, who surpassed himself in his eloquent advocacy of the Missionary Department. From Truro, N.S., we left for Grand Bank, N.B. We had heard and read of Newfoundland fogs; but this was our first experience. Two nights found the Str. Glencoe tied up in Burgeo and Hermitage respectively, and the Canadian contingent—Revs. J. Allen, T. E. Shore, J. W. Graham, D. Norman and myself, had a lesson in patience. However, we reached Grand Bank on Friday, June 28th, and found the whole Conference on the wharf to meet us. Such a warm-hearted reception could hardly be surpassed.

After a brief introduction to the Conference we left for home. Spoken at Fortune, four miles from Grand Bank, on Friday evening. The Saturday morning session of Conference was given up entirely to the Canadians, and it was a veritable love-feast among brethren.

On Sunday afternoon the Sunday-school Anniversary service was held, and we have been faced so splendid a Sunday-school. Grand Bank may be an "outpost," but it is no ordinary fishing village. The Church will easily accommodate a thousand people, and Fraser Hall, where the Sunday-school, Epworth League and prayer meetings are held, is a commodious chamber, capable of seating five hundred or more. The Sunday-school service we most heartily enjoyed, and Bro. Creasy's address was admirable. The evening service at Fortune was well attended and a large congregation seemed to appreciate our sermon. A very fine Epworth League Anniversary was held at Fortune on the succeeding Tuesday evening. A live Epworth League is operating here. Indeed, the Newfoundland Conference reports a "good increase in every department of S. S. and E. L. work," and the future is bright for progress. The Conference E. L. Convention is to be held in St. John's next week, but whether we shall be able to report it in time for the August "Era" is doubtful. At present we are waiting for our steamer and hoping that the mists will soon roll away.

S. T. BARTLETT.

Grand Bank, N.F., July 4, 1907.

Sunday-schools in the West

A letter has been received from a lady who is teaching school twelve miles out from a Saskatchewan village. In addition to carrying on the day school she has recently started a small Sunday-school, and asks for some assistance in obtaining papers, etc., which we are glad to give, believing that every encouragement should be afforded to such self-denying workers. Wherever even two or three families can be got together for the study of the Bible, then a Sunday-school should be organized. Another letter from a Western preacher states he has to preach four times on Sunday and consequently has no time for Sunday-school work. Believing, however, that a school was needed at one of the appointments he started it, although there was no one to take the superintending. The school is held on Friday afternoon, after day school, and the pastor himself superintends it. This is a fine illustration of the old saying: "Where there is a will there is a way." The pastor asks for help from the Sunday School Aid and Extension Fund, but is afraid that his embryo organization cannot be regarded as a "Sunday-school," as it meets on a week day. Well, we decided to enlarge the meaning of the term to cover a case of this kind, and sent on a supply of papers and periodicals.

This same pastor writes of two other Sunday-schools on his circuit: "They are doing well and no longer need aid, as they have become self-supporting."

Generous Contribution

A Sunday-school in St. John's, Newfoundland, numbering 51, all told, sends the sum of \$10 for the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund, and promises a similar amount for the next two years. Considering the size of the school this is the most generous contribution that has come to hand. Some of the strong schools in Ontario considered five cents per member rather too much to ask of them, but here is a Sunday-school which has given twenty cents per scholar.

Sunday School Secretaries

The legislation of the General Conference regarding district Sunday School Secretaries, has been generally carried out, and the lists of stations include the name of the "S. S. Secretary," in connection with the Chairman and Financial Secretary. As far as can be judged by a hasty glance over the names, we believe that the right men have been generally carried out, and for splendid results from their oversight. A circular letter has been sent out to each of these secretaries from the central office. If any have failed to receive it, we will kindly notify the General Secretary.

Advanced Ground

A note from Rev. Hiram Hull indicates that the Manitoba Conference took advanced ground in regard to Sunday-school work. For the first time in years the report of the Sunday-school Committee was brought in when there was a full conference, and no one was absent from the Stationing Committee being absent. A recommendation was adopted which requests Wesley College to provide a short course of lectures on S. S. work for probationers at college and for workers who may find it convenient to attend, also to provide a Correspondence Course for those who cannot attend the lectures, giving diplomas to those who pass the examinations.

Dr. Crosby's Book

A correspondent writes calling attention to Rev. Dr. Crosby's book—"Among the Ankonemuns." He says "Crosby's work is worthy of being placed beside that of John G. Paton's or Robert Moffatt's. This book, narrating the history of his first twelve years in British Columbia, is anything but dry, but is bristling with names and adventures, and worthy of a place among the best of our missionary biographies. Our young people ought to have it."

We quite agree with our friend's estimate of the book. Our church has never had a more devoted missionary than Dr. Crosby. The record of his work is well worth preserving. "Among the Ankonemuns" should have a place in every Sunday-school and missionary library.

Is the Church Bad Pay?

An Eastern correspondent is of the opinion that sufficient attention is not given to the prompt payment of church accounts, which sometimes causes the church to be regarded among business men as "bad pay." If this is true it is a most serious matter, which reflects very seriously on officers in charge. The church should pay what it owes without waiting to be "dunned," and without expecting a special discount on every bill.

Our correspondent also complains that it often happens, "when the business meeting of the League votes money to departments of church expense, or to persons named, the treasurer still holds on to the money, sometimes for months, until he gets a written order from the president to pay sums so voted, and those to whom it is due must hunt up the treasurer and beg for the money. Is not a proper vote at a proper meeting sufficient authority for the treasurer to pay at once and take receipt?"

The Constitution says: "The Treasurer shall collect all dues and receive all moneys, disbursing the same at the direction of the League, upon order of the Secretary, countersigned by the President."

It is better to follow this constitutional method, than to have no order at all. When money has been voted the orders on the Treasurer should be made out and signed by Secretary and Treasurer before they leave the room.

Practical Methods of Work

Election of Officers

An Original Plan

Some months since an article appeared in the Epworth Era describing the work among young people, which is being so successfully carried on in Elm Street Church, Toronto. As is well-known, Elm Street has the largest Epworth League in Canada, with a membership of three hundred, and is essentially a missionary church. It is safe to say that no church in Toronto is touching the lives of so many young people, as is this one, and from it are going out many to become active workers in churches in other parts of our land.

It can be readily understood that the problem of doing the best work with an organization of this size is a considerable one, and it was felt, as the time drew near, for the annual election of officers, that some new plan must be devised if we were to secure the best possible officers for the coming year. Accordingly it was decided that our elections should be run upon Parliamentary lines, two parties being formed in the League for the time being.

Two leaders were chosen from among the members. Each one selected a campaign committee of six or eight members, and the contest began. The parties were known as the Unionists and the Progressives, respectively, and each side at once set to work to formulate a platform and choose its candidates for each office. This was no easy task, and many secret meetings were held, while dark rumors of what "the other side" was doing were continually floating round. The Unionists came out with a sign "Unionist Committee Room," which was hung over the door of one of the class rooms, and here on Monday evenings before League, the leader and his faithful committee would gather and plan dark schemes for the downfall of the Progressives. It was also stated (of course this was by a Progressive) that voters were taken in there and coerced into promising to vote for the Unionist ticket. The Progressives declined to adopt such methods, but decided to appeal to their constituents rather from the standpoint of reason, so two weeks before election the following dodger was handed to each person attending the League:—

THE PROGRESSIVES

STAND FOR
PERMANENCY, EFFICIENCY AND PROGRESS
AND

The Development of the Individual Worker.
Closer Affiliation with the District Executive and Sister Leagues.
Closer Relations with the Church Officials and all Departments of Church Work.
The Development and Expansion of the Scheme to keep in touch with our LEAGUES.
A Systematic Method of Raising Funds for General Purposes.
Visitation of Absentees and an Up-to-Date Roll Book.
Personal Consecration Services.
Our Own Missionary and Five Volunteers.
A Young People's Paper and Kindred Methods for Literary Improvement.
Quarterly Reports from Officers.
More Unity and Sociableness in all League Work.
Promptness in the Opening and Closings of Meetings.

YOUR VOTE AND SUPPORT CORDIALLY REQUESTED FOR THE FOLLOWING CANDIDATES:

It had been decided that each party should have the opportunity of presenting their case to the Leaguers, so on the same evening, immediately following the regular League service the first open campaign meeting was held. Three speakers from each side upheld the merits of their respective platforms and endeavored to show why the Unionists, or the Progressives, should be returned to office, in the case might be.

The following Monday night the Unionists issued their proclamation as follows:—

LEAGUE ELECTION, APRIL 29

Your VOTE and INFLUENCE is respectfully solicited for the candidates of the

UNIONIST PARTY

(List of Candidates.)

UNIONIST PLATFORM

Co-operation of Sunday-school, Club, Guild and League.

1. To Support a Missionary.
2. To Create and Equip a Library and Reading Room.
3. To Establish a Young People's Paper.
4. To Increase Membership and Exchange Workers.
5. To Operate an Employment Bureau and Boarding-House List.
6. To Systematize the Look-Out Work at Sunday Services.

AND THE FOLLOWING LOCAL REFORMS:

1. Visiting Absentees after Second Absence.
2. Immediate Allotment of Members to Committees.
3. Missionary Volunteer Circle.
4. Development of Mission Six Class work.
5. Reading Circle.
6. Summer School Bi-weekly Picnic.
7. Aggressive Temperance Policy.
8. More Aid to Junior League.
9. Monthly Executive and Commit tee Meetings and Monthly Reports thereto.
10. Encouragement of Tithing.
11. Systematic Contribution to General Funds.
12. Utilizing League Talent.
13. Visitation of Sister Leagues.

LEAGUE ELECTION, APRIL 29

The second campaign meeting was held after the League service on the Monday night preceding the election. It was if anything somewhat more exciting, one of the members charging the opposite side with bribery in promising offices should their party be returned to power. It might be stated just here that these charges have not been proven.

Before beginning the campaign it had been agreed that everything was to be carried on with the utmost good nature, and when the night of election came the question of party would not enter into consideration at all—each Leaguer voting for the one who would best fill the office regardless of party bias. This office was most successfully carried out, and has resulted in the election of a splendid set of officers for the ensuing year.

As will be understood with two parties each sincerely desirous of the best good of the League, it was almost impossible to adopt platforms entirely dissimilar. The difference is more in detail than in principle, and without doubt planks from each will be used by the new Executive during the coming year, for members from both parties comprise its personnel.

Taken all in all the plan was most successful. It involved a great deal of hard work, and hard thinking, particularly on the part of those who were on

the committees, but created a great interest in the elections. The plan, of course, has its dangers. It would not do to carry party feeling so far as to cause a division in the society, for after all what we are seeking is the good of the League and this method is simply a means to that end.

Sealed Orders

The following plan was tried by one who was unexpectedly called to the presidency of a dying society. It aroused much interest, and in less than two weeks a call came from the society for a repetition of the scheme. The society was told about ships that sail under sealed orders, and armies that sometimes march under sealed orders, these orders to be opened after the ship or the army is at some distance from the starting-point. Then each member was given a slip, not to be opened except at home after the service. Upon the slip was written some plain, practical Christian Endeavor work, which was to be done before the next meeting on at the next meeting, such as, "Call at No. 32 Smith Street, on Miss A.—" (who is a stranger); "Sing a solo at the meeting;" "Write a note of cheer and sympathy to Ethel D.—" (a quarantined member); "Bring your violin to accompany the organ next week;" "Invite Mr. B.— to become a member."

District League Paper

"The Gleaner" is a new venture in the field of journalism, prepared by the officers of the Bowmanville District League, with Mr. Fred. R. Foley as principal editor. It is typewritten and a number of copies prepared by a duplicating process, the idea being that the whole paper shall be read to the League in one evening. It is bright, breezy and instructive. Here are a few extracts from its advertising columns:

WANTED.—At once, an Ambassador to represent this District in a foreign land. A position of honor and responsibility. Permanent employment. Local applications preferred.

LOST.—Every man, woman and child in the Bowmanville District who is not a Christian. Return at once to the Saviour. Ample reward.

WANTED.—One or two representatives from each League to form a party to attend Summer School to be held at Chelong. Address communications to Con. S. S. Mr. Fred. R. Foley.

WANTED.—Over the door of every trade, calling and profession is a standard advertisement, "Wanted, a man."

QUERY.—Where should the business of the League be transacted, in the executive or in open League?

RECEIPT FOR A MODEL LEAGUE MEETING.—To one piece of Preparation add a large measure of Prayer; take for granted a number of Leaguers; sift lightly two ounces of Attraction; one ounce of Entertainment with a large measure of Sunshine. Stir in hymns to suit the taste and one or two Scripture Texts; dissolve half a dozen Sentence Prayers in a well of Devotion, dust in a small quantity of New Method, half a pint of Vim, a pinch of Novelty and flavor with the essence of Love and Sympathy. Drop a portion into each head and heart present and leave the rest in faith to God.

PLAN to have a Reading Circle in your League this year. Make it part of your programme for the season, and begin early to arrange for it. Full particulars in next month's Era.

Workers' Page

Sowing and Reaping

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure,
Sow peace, and reap its harvest
bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor
And reap a harvest-home of light.

Good to Battle

It is good to battle, to suffer, to be thrown overboard and left to save ourselves. What we so lose in comfort, we gain in energy, and energy is the most precious of man's weapons.—Chas. Wagner.

Life is Interesting

Nobody has any right to find life uninteresting or unrewarding who sees within the sphere of his own activity a wrong he can help to remedy or within himself an evil he can hope to overcome.—President Eliot.

The Strenuous Life

And this is life—temptation, trial, struggle, conflict, possible victory—the strenuous life! You cannot cowardly give it up. And you need all the help you can have; and the only adequate help is Jesus Christ.—Henry C. King.

The Christ Life

Faith in Christ is, first of all, this: Such as he was, I want to be; his is the kind of life I want to live; his is the kind of character I want to possess; his is the kind of blessedness I desire for myself. A man may believe what creed he will; but if this is not in his heart, he has not faith in Christ.—Lyman Abbott.

God Expects Much

God has a right to expect much from us and we too have a right to expect much from him. The relation of father and son is mutual. Those who are accustomed to regard themselves as poor worms of the dust, whose privilege it is to crawl in the presence of a stern Sovereign, dishonor themselves and him alike.

Second Fiddle

The women who are content to play second fiddle, and to make the best of it, give much sweet music to the world; there are no more essential performers in the orchestra of life than they. Do we not all know them and the soothing harmonies which they make—patient spinners, kindly stepmothers, comfortable second wives, humbly and cheerfully taking the part allotted to them by the Great Conductor, and never struggling nor straining after the first place.—Ellen Thornycroft Fowler.

Doing the Impossible

One of Wellington's officers said that it was impossible to carry out a certain order given by the general. The Duke's only reply was: "See, it is in the order book." We are under God's command. At his bidding we can do the impossible. Everything we ought to do we can do.

The Bible is full of encouragements to attempt and achieve the impossible. Bartimeus was blind, a beggar, and friendless. He had to face the opposition of the crowd. But the energy of his great desire brushed all obstacles aside, and pressed on into the Saviour's presence to receive from him the priceless gift of sight. There

were many hindrances also in Zachaeus' way. He, too, overcame all these, and won the prize of eternal life.

Life is full of barriers that seem to block our way. There is not one of these but may be surmounted if it lies in the path of duty. For behind God's command lies God's power. And this measureless might is ours for the asking.

A Good Maxim

When Frederick Temple, the late archbishop of Canterbury, was a poor boy, wearing patched clothes and patched shoes, his mother stimulated his courage and guided his zeal. The boy one day wasted critical over the inconsistencies of English spelling. "Freddy, don't argue," said his mother; "do your work."

He never forgot the advice. When, as primate of all England, the boy had risen to the position scarcely second in dignity and influence to any in the British empire, he acted on his mother's injunction: "Don't argue; do your work."

Get Ready for Opportunity

Thousands are on the watch for opportunities who are not prepared to seize them should they come. What were opportunities to Joseph, Moses and Daniel had they not been prepared to guide the ship of state? We must be prepared by discipline before we can enter into fields of usefulness. The diamond must go upon the wheel before it is fit for the royal crown. Moses must be trained in all the wisdom and learning of the Egyptians, and see God in the burning bush, before he can lead Israel from bondage. Daniel must spend a night in the den of lions, and Joseph languish in Pharaoh's prison, before they can rule Babylon and Egypt, and face the hearts of men and kings. Opportunities equal to our ability are before each one of us. What is the voice of admonition? Get ready for your opportunity!

Difficulties

How do most people meet difficulties? They dodge them. It is because of this dodging process that many Sunday-school superintendents and teachers have gone through a whole year without being able to point to any finished product for their year's work. They have been led astray by the foolish notion that the problems they had to deal with were peculiar difficulties, and their efforts to overcome them were therefore spineless and purposeless. Let every Sunday-school worker know that in the path is discouragement, failure, trial, embarrassments, but these and their like must get out of the way or be trampled upon, for ahead of us is opportunity, development, unfolding possibilities, and success. Let us not dodge the difficulties but face them, overcome them, master them, for the sake of the lives to be transformed by the teaching and the living of the word.

A Consciousness of Christ

I want myself such a consciousness of him as shall make me unconscious of myself. I want such a consciousness of him as shall make me unconscious of holiness which, when a man has once been set in them, deliver him from all antithetic temptations. Let a man once get set in the habit of purity, impurity is no temptation to him. Let a man once get set in the habits of veracity, untruthfulness is no temptation to him. Let a man once get set in the habit of selfishness, pride is no temptation to him. When once Jesus Christ has become Lord of all the consciousness of our

lives, a thousand temptations find no response within us. I seek for myself such a consciousness of Christ as shall make me a free man in Jesus Christ.

Such a consciousness of Christ as this is to be got, for one thing, by bringing every thought into captivity to Jesus Christ.—Robert E. Speer.

The Fields are White

"So many idle, folded hands,
And the harvest fields are white;
Low droop the heavy heads of wheat
That wait the reapers' weary feet,
The sickle in his willing hands,
For the harvest fields are white.

"So many here that sit at ease,
While 'neath you darker skies are,
The wretchedness and misery
Even angels well might see;
How can we dare to sit at ease
Beneath these golden skies?"

"So fleet, so few the moments be
For binding up the sheaves!
The Master calls; do not delay,
But haste some fruit to win to-day;
For soon our only joy shall be
In bringing home the sheaves."

Nuggets

I am not concerned that I have no place; I am concerned how I may fit myself for one.—Confucius.

If a man is busy, and busy about his duty, what more does he require for time or for eternity?—Kingsley.

Great privileges never go save in company with great responsibilities.—Hamilton Mabie.

"Let patience have her perfect work" and bring forth celestial fruits. Trust to God to weave your little thread into a web, though the pattern show not yet.—George MacDonald.

To a nephew who sought an office, the late Paul Kruger said: "My dear boy, you are not clever enough for a subordinate position and all the higher ones are filled."

The more we pray for our fellowmen, the more inevitably we yearn to help them; and this yearning quickens our energies and enlarges our capacities for helpfulness, in a way and to an extent that we cannot fail to recognize as part of the answer to our prayer.—J. R. Illingworth.

This poor one thing I do—instead of repining at its lowliness or its hardness, I will use it gloriously by my supreme loyalty to its demand.—Rev. W. C. Garrett.

Oh, how sweet to work all day for God, and then lie down at night beneath his smile.—McCheyne.

Regardless of his age, a man reaches the "dead line" only when he permits his energies to stagnate.—Charles C. Earle.

It is my service to think how I can best fulfil the demands that each day makes upon me, and to rejoice that others can do what I cannot.—Helen Keller.

It is the cheery worker that succeeds. No one can do his best, or even do well, in the midst of worry or nagging. Therefore if you work, work as cheerily as you can. If you do not work, do not put even a straw in the way of others.

Life is never all work or sorrow; and happy hours, helpful pleasures, are mercifully given like wayside springs to pilgrims trudging wearily along.

Sunday School

District Sunday-School Work

A short time ago there was sent out from the General Secretary's office a Circular Letter to all the newly elected District Sunday-school Secretaries, calling attention to their appointment, and making some suggestions as to their work. We have received one very gratifying reply from a District Secretary who evidently "means business." He states that he is anxious to get into touch with the Sunday-schools of his District, and asks for information and suggestion. He proposes to make a tour of the District, addressing Circuit rallies on Sunday-school work.

The prompt action of this brother indicates what immense possibilities for good there are in this new legislation. Such a man as this on every district, in constant communication with the General Secretaries, might accomplish great things for the Sunday-schools.

We sent our brother a personal letter of suggestions and a printed leaflet on The Home Department, the Cradle Roll, The Adult Bible Class Movement, Decision Day, Catalogue of Sunday-school supplies, Sunday-school Constitution, etc. Let us hear from other District Sunday-school Secretaries, and let us all "get busy."

Review Sunday

Review Sunday is not anticipated with delight by all superintendents, nor by all teachers and schools. But it should be made the golden opportunity for a full attendance, an interesting programme and something good for all to carry away. But how can this be done?

1. Standpoint. The review should be comprehensive. It should be planned so as to get the quarter's study into one picture. The large view should also give the setting and relations of the period to other periods, briefly, but in strong lines.

2. Outlines. Use broad and easily remembered outlines. It may be well sometimes to make the review selective. Let the most famous, or characteristic, or instructive lessons of the quarter be held up to the fullest attention, the others yielding much, or, if need be, all of their claims to these. "Persons, Places, Events" is not yet so outworn but that it will afford a strong and serviceable framework for displaying the material of almost any review. If a strictly chronological order is used special care must be taken not to let the exercises become monotonous.

3. Bible Texts. In the selection of texts see that they are not only appropriate, but in themselves good for memorizing—golden texts in the best sense of the phrase. Divide this work, laying upon certain classes or certain parts of the school the responsibility for reciting certain texts.

4. Questions. Of course there must be questions—questions from the desk and answers from the school, and here is the rub. Questioning is an art. A question that requires a paragraph or an essay for an answer will result in confusion of tongues, or will strike your school dumb. Have questions ready that can be answered in one word, or at most in a terse phrase or a very brief sentence. Then the school will feel encouraged to respond. Just because such questions can be asked briskly and answered promptly they will put life into your programme. For more searching and extended development of the subject some special questions with fuller answers can be prepared by selected classes or groups of classes.

5. Prepare. If practicable, distribute, a week or two beforehand, a slip or leaflet

giving the main features of your plan and assignments. But the most important thing to prepare is the superintendent himself. He must have the review matter and the general aim or plan and his "pat" questions so well in hand that, without book or paper, he can stand out on his platform and, by brisk leadership, open the exercise, keep it moving, intersperse the right singing or other variation, urge in short sentences the few great lessons he would impress, and bring it all to a prompt and happy climax. This undoubtedly means work—and what good thing does not mean work for somebody? But with the Sunday-school worker "labor is sweet." Whatever will stimulate the highest life of the school is surely worthy of our best efforts.—Albert B. Sarner.

Order in the Sunday-School

1. Know what order is. Many officers and teachers are so disorderly themselves, and so used to disorder, that they do not know what good order is. Such blame everybody but themselves for the disorder in a school that is only too evident to all.

2. Be orderly yourself. The first requisite for good order in the Bible-school is for the superintendent to be orderly himself. The second is for the officers of the school to be orderly. The third is for the teachers of the school to be orderly. If these three classes of persons are orderly, there will be very few disorderly pupils to deal with.

3. For the purpose of having all in the school know what is expected of them, rules for the orderly conduct of the school should be made. These rules should be based on principles, and should be as few as possible. All connected with the school should know what the rules are. The teachers should insist on having order. Superintendent, officers, and teachers, being orderly themselves, should in-

stist on the other members of the school following their example.

5. Be just. There are two classes of workers who will never have order in the school or in the class. One is the partial officer or teacher, the other is the indiscriminate blamer. The officer who scolds his school indiscriminately, or the teacher who scolds her class, will soon be obliged to leave the school or have no school or class to scold.—A. H. McKinney, D.D.

Sunday-school Statistics of the World

United States (new possessions) and Canada	14,000,000
England and Wales	7,000,000
Scotland	1,300,000
Ireland	400,000
Germany	850,000
Sweden and Norway	500,000
Other European states	500,000
Australia	1,400,000
West Indies	200,000
South America	250,000
Islands of the sea	500,000
Asia	800,000
Africa	500,000
Scholars	29,000,000
Teachers	2,950,000

Get Ready

Rally Day in the Sunday-school is usually observed on the last day in September, and it ought to give a wonderful impulse to the work of the school for the whole season. Begin early to make your arrangements for this service, and plan to have every teacher and every scholar present, if at all possible. Much organized and personal work will have to be done to accomplish this. An official programme is in course of preparation, which can be secured from the Book Room.

Veteran Sunday School Workers

VIII.—Mr. Cornelius Wilson, Galt.

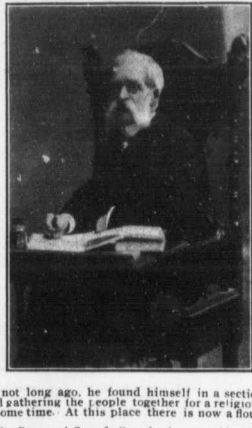
FIFTY-THREE years of unbroken service in Sunday-school work certainly entitles Mr. Cornelius Wilson, of Galt, to a place among the veterans. He began as a teacher in the King St. Presbyterian Church, Toronto, in 1854, but shortly afterwards removed to Hastings, in the County of Peterboro, where he organized the first Sunday-school in that part of the new Ontario. A few years later he started a Sunday-school at Port Perry, which was conducted for some time before a preaching appointment was established. He was superintendent here for about sixteen years, and did valuable pioneer church work. Some years ago he came to Galt, and became Superintendent of the Methodist Sunday-school, a position which he filled very efficiently for some six years. At the present time he is teacher of an adult Bible Class in this school, of which his son-in-law Mr. T. A. Rutherford, is Superintendent.

Mr. Wilson was born in Manichlan, Scotland, seventy-two years ago, and came to this country as a Presbyterian when only nineteen years of age. His lot being cast among Methodist people in Canada, he united with our Church in Hastings, and has ever since been a useful and honorable member, holding positions as class leader and preacher. In Galt, where he has lived, he is very much respected. Though past the three score years and ten he is still quite vigorous, and during recent years has undertaken some of the same kind of pioneer work that he did so successfully many years ago. While visiting relatives in Manitoba not long ago, he found himself in a section where there was no Methodist preaching, and gathering the people together for a religious conference, and preaching for some time. At this place there is now a flourishing Methodist Church.

Mr. Wilson is sometimes called the "Bobby Burns of Canada," as he has considerable poetic ability, and one of his productions appears in one of the Galt papers almost every week. He is the author of the popular little piece,

"The north wind will blow
And we shall have snow."

which has found its way into many of the school readers. Perhaps his poetic tendencies may be explained by the fact that he lived in the same house in Scotland that was occupied for several years by Scotland's famous poet, Robert Burns.



Missionary

The Whitby Missionary Conference

A most delightful and profitable time was spent by those who attended the Missionary Conference at Whitby, July 5th to 12th. The gathering was under the auspices of the "Young People's Forward Movement for Missions," which is international and inter-denominational in character. It works altogether through existing denominational Missionary Boards, and aims at helping them by supplying literature, organizing Conferences and Institutes for mission study, etc. The headquarters of this organization are in New York, but the work in Canada is supervised by a Board of seven men. Several leaders of the movement from the Head Office in New York were present at the Whitby Conference, including Mr. Michener, Mr. Soper, Mr. R. E. Diffendorfer. These bright, enthusiastic, devoted young men were a wonderful inspiration to the Conference. Each is an expert in the field of missions and those present received much information from them. Of course our own Dr. Stephenson was on hand and rendered valuable service as Secretary of the local committee. As might be expected there were more Methodist delegates than of any other denomination, but the Presbyterians were a close second, with a goodly number of Baptists and a few Congregationalists and Anglicans.

All the sessions were held in the Assembly and class rooms of the Ontario Ladies' College, and a charming resting place it proved to be. The spacious and beautiful grounds were looking their best and the young folks greatly appreciated the games of tennis and croquet in the afternoons which were given up to recreation, while the older people sat under

source and immense dishes of strawberries made a feast fit for a king.

The rising bell rang at half past six in the morning. Breakfast at 7.30, and then the forenoon was fairly packed with addresses, study classes, institute exercises, etc. After dinner, which was served at 12.30, everyone was left free to follow his or her own preferences for the afternoon. While many enjoyed the recreations, there were serious groups gathered here and there engaged in conversation or listening to a talk by one of the returned missionaries. The evenings were largely given to the New York speakers, who dealt with a number of interesting themes. Mr. Diffendorfer's addresses on "The Sunday-school and Missions" were specially suggestive and helpful.

Medical Missions

"The history of medical missions" is the justification of medical missions." In view of the fact that healing was made so prominent in the Apostolic Church, we cannot but wonder at the extent to which, in the ages after the apostles, it dropped out of the Church's work. The Roman Catholics of the 16th and 17th centuries used medicine largely as an aid to mission work. It is to them chiefly that we owe the use of cinchona, which has rendered mission work possible in fever-stricken lands, as well as ipecacuanha and many other remedies which we probably should not have known so soon had it not been for their labors.

In all the heathen world the practice of medicine is marked by the densest superstition and characterized by the most extreme cruelties. Even the Chinese have no doctors worthy of the name; they have absolutely no reliable knowledge of ana-

water, and the patients are suffocated with charcoal fires. The Arabs resort with the greatest confidence to the most ridiculous, severe, or disgusting remedies. A slip of paper, containing certain written words, is swallowed with avidity; a man in the last stages of consumption takes a prescription directing him to feed, for a fortnight upon the raw liver of a male camel, and fresh liver not being attainable, he continues the use of this diet in a putrid state until he dies; while the



MR. R. E. DIFFENDORFER

Arab's most common remedy for all diseases is the "kai," or the burning of the skin entirely around the seat of pain, with a red-hot iron.

The benefits of medical missions may be well placed beyond computation in value. Some of these benefits are as follows: Medical missions are far-reaching in their results. As many as 1,200 to 1,400 towns have been represented in a single year among the in-patients of one hospital, who, returning to their homes, carry with them some of the truth received.

Medical mission work is lessening the anti-foreign feeling, is diminishing the power of superstition which connects disease with evil spirits, and is giving constant proof of the unselfish character of the Christian religion.

Medical mission work secures protection and provision.

Medical mission work destroys caste. In the waiting-room in India may be seen, day after day, men and women of all creeds, waiting their turn to be examined, listening attentively to the reading of God's Word, and the preaching of the Gospel, thousands of whom otherwise would never have an opportunity of hearing the tidings of salvation.

Where a dispensary has been located a church has soon been formed.

In all foreign lands medical missions are becoming more popular and more powerful. The Christian physician is honored and welcomed always and anywhere in foreign fields; national and religious prejudices vanish before him, and in one year he can do what it would take another missionary many years to accomplish. Many who are studying thoughtfully the great problem of the evangelization of the nations agree that the consecrated medical missionary and the well-equipped hospital are important elements of success in the foreign field.

"God had only one Son and He gave Him to be a medical missionary," exclaimed Dr. Livingstone; and we recall the impressive fact that this Great Physician sent forth His first disciples to heal as well as to preach.—Encyclopedia of Missions.



THE DELEGATES TO THE WHITBY CONFERENCE ENJOY A DRIVE

the trees and chatted or dozed to their hearts' content.

Dr. and Mrs. Hare were the kindest and most thoughtful of hosts, and did everything in their power to make the stay of their guests enjoyable. The tables were supplied with the very best of good things, with great pitchers of fresh milk from the dairy on the premises. Large pitchers of real cream from the same

tomty, physiology, chemistry, physics, surgery, or of obstetrical practice, and their "doctors" often do more harm than good. The sick are often left to die on the streets and not even a drink of water is given to the wounded after a battle, who, if unable to drag themselves away, are abandoned to perish. In India charms and incantations are a common resort, the sick are dosed with putrid Ganges

Laymen's Missionary Movement

Reasonable Ratio in Benevolent Investment

Millions of dollars for education, millions for philanthropy, millions for art, millions for pleasure, but for the supreme work of the church—the evangelization of the world—the million dollar gifts are missing, and single offerings of \$100,000 are rare. The same general proportion is maintained if we take the aggregate of the smaller gifts. The total amount annually given for Christian purposes in the United States runs into the hundreds of millions, while the total we give to extend Christian truth throughout the rest of the world is less than nine millions annually.

Considering the vast numbers in non-Christian lands to be reached, their present moral and spiritual need, and the primary place of our country in the extension of the Kingdom of Christ, this is not reasonable ratio in benevolent investment. The greatest business enterprise in the world is the universal propagation of the Christian evangel. If it will cost even the low average of two dollars, to give an intelligent knowledge of Christianity to each Chinaman or African, it would take about two billions of dollars to reach the whole race. Yet all Christendom puts into this colossal undertaking only a trifle over twenty millions a year. At this rate it would take a century for the Church to give enough to reach the people of our own generation. In order to evangelize our own generation, the Church should be giving at least eighty millions a year, instead of twenty millions.

On an adequate financial basis, we may confidently expect to make the knowledge of Christianity universal in our own day. The necessary workers can be secured. We may also count absolutely on the promised help of God in enabling the workers to fulfill the tasks which have been divinely authorized. Apparently the money is the most difficult thing to secure, though it is in reality the cheapest thing we can give. The cost of Christianity to Christ was the cross. Those who propagate His message, must invest their lives, and in thousands of cases, they have laid their lives down. Other Christians, equally responsible, should count it a privilege and joy to provide the funds needed to support workers enough to evangelize the whole world. Only thus can we do our assigned part in enabling Christ to realize on His investment. Only thus can we prove ourselves worthy of His investment in us.

To assist in solving this great problem a new Movement has recently been inaugurated, called the Laymen's Missionary Movement. Upon its General Committee are about one hundred of the most influential Christian laymen of all denominations in the United States and Canada. This Movement aims to interest the laymen of all the churches in larger support of their own denominational missionary work. All the Missionary Boards have already given the Movement their most cordial endorsement, speaking of it as an "imperative necessity, in view of the tremendous demands of a world-field, white for the harvest."

The first important undertaking of the Movement is to organize a Commission of from fifty to one hundred laymen, to visit the mission fields at their own expense, and report the results of their investigation to the Church at home. The Executive Committee has already discovered about thirty men who hope to go, although no special effort to secure Commissioners has yet been made. The investigation of the Commission will be

continued throughout this year, the final report being made early in 1908.

Several of the Commissioners have already sailed; Mr. L. H. Severance of Cleveland, Mr. George E. Keith of Brookline, Mass., Mr. James Rodger of Montreal, Mr. S. W. Woodward and Mr. John B. Slemam, Jr., both of Washington, D.C.

A dinner was held by the Movement at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York not long ago, attended by about two hundred business and professional men, who took a deep interest in the enterprise. A similar dinner was held in Philadelphia, out of which some remarkable results have already been developed. For ex-

got it. He was much given to mimicry and used to imitate the missionary's shake of the head and provincial pronunciation as he got off the solemn statement, to the amusement of his fellows. Many a time in later life he has been impressed with the recollection which carried with it a broader view of the Christian life, as essentially a missionary life, no matter where, or in what immediate interest it is lived. It is possible thus to live a missionary life at home.

This is the missionary idea, which is more fundamental, more radical than the knowledge of organized missions as such. The very young child who knows nothing



THE DELEGATES TO THE WHITBY CONFERENCE TAKE DINNER TOGETHER

ample, one man is contemplating the giving of all the profits of one department of his business to foreign missionary work. It is expected that these profits will be about \$100,000 annually.

Another immediate outcome of the Philadelphia dinner was the calling of a special meeting of the laymen of the Baptist Church. After a full discussion, "there was pledged the money to send three men," writes Dr. W. W. Keen, "and since then we have obtained money to send three more from Philadelphia. This Movement has spread to other cities.

Mission and the Missionary Idea in the Sunday-school

BY PATTERSON DUBOIS.

More and more strongly is the place of missionary instruction pressing to the front as a Sunday-school problem. A number of important points are involved. There is the question of the difference of treatment demanded for different ages; the question of proportionate time, of specified days or seasons, of relativity to Bible teaching, and finally, of methods to be employed. With very young children organized missions, as such, are practically out of mental range. But there is an important distinction to be observed between organized mission work and the missionary idea.

The writer hereof has never forgotten hearing a returned missionary say to the school of which he was a very youthful member, "Children, you are all missionaries"; and after assuming their objection, he reiterated, "But you are, children; you are all missionaries."

Anybody might say that; has probably been said a thousand times since then. But this particular boy never for-

of "boards" or of foreign "stations," or of heathenism, can imbibe and absorb it. Infants must not be made priggish by being led to suppose that they are the suffering world's chief dependence. But the missionary idea can be made to grow into a very present motive, which in time will animate a later interest in organized missions as a distinctive activity of the church.—The Pilgrim Teacher.

A Great Country

Rev. R. P. McKay, of Toronto, who recently visited India, says:

"India is a great country and the people of India are going to be a great people. It is just in its infancy, economically and intellectually. Life is throbbing everywhere. Something is going to happen that will make the world wonder. To have a hand in moulding the future of three hundred millions is a good investment of a life; isn't it?"

It is frequently the case that men whose motives are not of the best associate themselves with the missionary in China; but the truth appeals to them as to others and oftentimes they, who have espoused the church in the first place for policy's sake, finally espouse it from conviction and become earnest followers of the Master.

Judging by the amount of work our Canadian mission press has to do, there would seem to be no question as to its utility and to the fact of its meeting a decidedly felt want amongst the missionaries of West China. In addition to a great deal of miscellaneous printing the press now publishes The West China Missionary News, a magazine hitherto issued by a native publishing house at Chung-King.

From the Field

Dominion Day Picnic

The Epworth League of Dundas Centre Church, London, held their annual picnic on Dominion Day at the summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. John White, London Township, when a unique and interesting programme was rendered. The following were special features: "Egg Hunt," "Clothes Hanging Contest," "Neck Tie Race," "Cracker Eating Contest," "Bubble Blowing Contest," "Botanical Contest," "Tug of War," etc.

Unique Services

Unique services were conducted in the Methodist Church, Midland, on a recent Sunday, when twin sisters, who have been prominent in Epworth League work, were the preachers for the day. Mrs. Rev. H. S. Mazze gave an address in the morning on "The Greatest Thing in the World." Mrs. Lucy Smith, in the evening, gave a beautiful address on "Lessons from the Horrell Memorial Window," a magnificent Easter window in the church. These ladies are the twinkest kind of twins, so much alike in voice and appearance that many thought the same one must have spoken twice. The congregations were unusually large and were delighted with the excellence of the addresses.

League Banquet

The Epworth League of C. E. of Queen's Ave. Church, New Westminster, B.C., recently held a very successful banquet, presided over by Mr. C. S. Keith, a past president of the society.

The tables prepared by the ladies of the society were beautifully laden with delicacies, and beautifully decorated with flowers. Over one hundred members sat down to the festive board and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The pastor, Rev. W. H. Barraclough, expressed his pride in being associated with such an enthusiastic and energetic band of young people. They had reason to congratulate themselves on their success in the department of missions, and he trusted that they might make their aim the coming year the securing of a like success in winning their "young associates for Christ."

An interesting programme of songs and recitations was rendered.

"Elements of Success"

Under the auspices of the Epworth League of Wesley Church, Winnipeg, Dr. James Elliott, of Wesley College, delivered a most useful lecture on "The Elements of Success." Young people predominated, as the lecture was especially for them, and it proved both interesting and instructive. Rev. J. W. Churchill, pastor of the church, presided.

Introducing his subject, Dr. Elliott pointed out the difference in capability of individuals, emphasizing inherent potentiality. While one might have small talent, another might be gifted with wonderful powers. To insure success a certain amount of preparation is necessary, according to the gifts, but for the ordinary person, thorough preparation is an indispensable essential.

In starting out in life a young man or woman should make a choice of a life work, seeking to enter upon a career for which nature has best fitted him or her. This line once chosen, the individual

should concentrate all his energies to its proper end. No wavering or dallying by the way should be indulged in, if ultimate success should be won.

Dr. Elliott then went on to encourage his youthful hearers, assuring them that by observing the foregoing and persevering with earnest, patient, hopeful toil, they would surely achieve their goal. As a final word and a most important one, he added that one of the surest, perhaps the wisest stand-by in the struggle for success in life, is the possession of a sterling character. Uprightness in all dealings wins for one the confidence of those in authority, and induces them to offer to worthy persons opportunities that are not given to unreliable people.

One or two musical numbers were rendered by members of the choir of Wesley Church, adding somewhat to the enjoyment of the evening. Mr. Churchill, on behalf of the audience, tendered Dr. Elliott a very hearty vote of thanks.

A Flourishing City League

An officer of the Epworth League of C. E. of St. James' Church, Montreal, sends the following report of their year's work:

"We are glad to report that our League is in a flourishing condition, in spite of the fact that a great many changes have taken place in the personnel of our League through removal and other causes. The reports from the different committees submitted at the annual meeting show a deepening interest in the spiritual life of our own league and in the missionary department of our work. Our Prayer Meeting Committee, under the excellent leadership of Miss Elliott, has been very active and has accomplished a great deal. There were several cottage prayer meetings held during the year and we have a regular Sunday morning class for the young people, which is increasing in numbers. Last summer Miss Stone, one of our deaconesses, had a Fresh Air Camp at Isle Perot, and this committee sent out jars of preserved fruit and honey which was thankfully received. Another branch of work is distributing literature to the people in the different railway stations on Sunday afternoons. So many people, especially emigrants, pass through our city, and sometimes have a long wait for their trains, some members of this committee undertook this work after the regular session of the Sunday-school. Members of the League save all their Sunday-school papers, and any other good reading they may have, and Mr. Carson, of our Bible Society, supplied tracts. These were read with eager interest by nearly all to whom they were given.

At Christmas-time donations were made to several families of food, clothes and toys for children, besides contributing to the Sunday-school for the annual Christmas dinners of several families.

In March we visited the inmates of Moore's Home, and gave the old folks an entertainment, and also distributed a box of candy to each one with a text of Scripture enclosed, which was greatly appreciated by all who received them.

Our missionary givings for the past year, including the Intermediate League, are \$129.69, being an increase over the previous year of \$38.69, giving our League the supremacy in the Montreal Conference at least, for missionary giving.

The Flower Committee have been faithful in sending flowers to sick members as soon as it was known that they were ill. Our Literary and Social Committees have

also done good work and furnished the League with several good entertainments. During the summer months the League Service is held after preaching service Sunday night, and has proved a success, as there are a number of visitors who are in the city and come in with us.

Carman District Convention

The eighth Annual Epworth League Convention of the Carman District was held at Matchetville, June 4th and 5th. The first item on the programme was a paper on "This Convention: How to Make It Go," by Rev. M. Boyle, of Sperling. He emphasized the need of more spiritual enthusiasm in personal work for Christ.

Dr. James Elliott, of Wesley College, Winnipeg, conducted a Bible Study on the Book of Job, which was an inspiration to all present. He also conducted Bible Study on the 12th Chapter of Romans, and 1st Chapter of Philipians. Dr. MacLachlan, of Carman, spoke on the Forward Movement, giving an account of its rise and progress.

Rev. W. E. Wiggins, of Holland, followed, giving an interesting paper on "Work at Hand for the Forward Movement."

"The League as a Leaven in the Nation," was discussed by Rev. R. A. Swyers, of Glenboro. Papers on "Paul, the Missionary," by A. Harland, and "Our Literary Work," by James Plewes, were brief but comprehensive in their grasp of the subjects. Mrs. E. A. August's excellent paper on "What Constitutes a Christian," was read by Rev. M. Doyle. The closing address on "The Elements of Success," was delivered by Rev. Dr. Elliott.

The following officers have been elected: President—Rev. A. A. Swyers, Glenboro.

1st Vice—Rev. F. B. Richardson, Cypress River.

2nd Vice—Mrs. A. L. MacLachlan, Cypress River.

3rd Vice—James Plewes, Carman.

4th Vice—Miss Lillah Staples, Treherne.

5th Vice—Mrs. E. A. August, Bates.

Secretary—Dr. A. L. MacLachlan, Carman.

Treasurer—Miss Pedlar, Sperling.

The convention was greatly indebted to the generous hospitality of the Matchetville people.

Epworth League Banquet

The Epworth League of Wesley Methodist Church, Vancouver, recently held a banquet, the occasion being the closing of a three-months' membership contest, by which 85 new members were added to the roll, making a total enrollment of 195. The following account is sent by a correspondent:

The contest was the Red and Blue Ribbon Campaign, W. Richard being captain of the reds and Mrs. W. J. Hogg captain of the blues, the former winning by a small majority of 4. The contest was keen, enjoyable and very profitable.

Most beautiful and elaborately spread tables with meats, salads, cakes, jellies, fruits, etc., with a seating capacity for upwards of 150, greeted the members and their friends as they entered the banquet room.

The following toasts were proposed: "Our Church," "Our Beloved Pastor and Wife," "Our League," "Our Membership Campaign," "Our New Members," "Our Executive Committee." The speeches were excellent and much enjoyed.

The success of the banquet was greatly due to the well-planned and executed arrangements of the Banquet Committee, headed by Mr. Fred Noble, who also acted as toast master, and in a very pleasing way launched their first annual banquet. At 11.30 all was over and everyone went

away with the one expression, "That was the best banquet we were ever at."

Our work never was in a more flourishing condition. All departments very much alive, and especially do we emphasize the three new committees added to the League this year,—the Finance Committee, which has charge of all moneys and responsible for all indebtedness, authorized by the Executive. Our Music Committee did a great help. An all our meetings, the choir is gathered each near the piano and leads in song; also special music is arranged for by the said committee.

Our third and most novel addition is the "Sunshine" committee, consisting of some of the most cheerful and sociable members of our society. They each wear a badge with the words "Sunshine" and "Welcome" printed thereon. Their duty is to greet everyone on entering with a handshake and a smile, get their names, and have them sign the register. The spirit of Christ is very manifest in all of our meetings.

Our motto is "Progress and Soul Winning," and where we can devise new methods of doing the work constitutionally we adopt same.

We have found the Epworth Era a most valuable paper to all Leaguers, so full of hints, suggestions and outlines, and we are making a special canvass of our members for Epworth Era subscriptions.

Just a Line or Two

The Hamiota and Chumah Leagues combined and placed a telephone in the parsonage, much to the pleasure of the pastor.

The League at Lemonville recently presented their pastor, Rev. T. Leonard, with a well-filled purse. This young organization is doing well.

Hamiota League, Man., has suffered much by removals recently, but reports an increase in membership. The secretary reports that "good spiritual life prevails."

Before leaving Thorold, Rev. J. R. Paterson was presented with a fine gold watch by the "Male Chorus Club." Mr. Paterson has been very popular with "the boys."

The League at Foxwarren, Man., has kept going all season, and with the exception of two stormy evenings in the winter has had a meeting each week. This society gives \$30 to the Forward Movement.

The Bowmanville Epworth League has been holding its meetings during July, outdoors on the lawns of friends, some of whom cannot get out to church often. The average attendance has been about sixty.

During his recent visit to Newfoundland Rev. T. Albert Moore, Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, gave a splendid address to the Epworth Leagues of St. John's in the Alexander Street Church, on "The Epworth League and the Social Problems of the Day."

The Epworth League of Central Methodist Church, Sault Ste. Marie, recently held a social evening, when a fine musical programme was rendered. "The Business Meeting," a humorous dialogue rendered by ten young ladies, was one of the hits of the evening.

Making a Puzzle Book of It

Students of the Bible ought to guard themselves against the temptation, which seems to be prevalent in some circles, to make a "puzzle book" of it, trying to get a spiritual meaning out of every word and phrase and figure. In so doing the deeper, larger meaning is often missed. Jesus did not so use the word, nor the

apostles and evangelists. To them the sacred volume was not a collection of religious riddles, but a mighty revelation from God of great spiritual truths concerning God and man and the way of salvation. To use it as a text-book of small conceits is to abuse it.

Christian Endeavor News Bulletin

The Endeavorers of Budapest, Hungary, carry on Sunday-school work, arrange missionary meetings, serve as deaconesses, act as colporteurs, and are active in reclaiming inebriates.

Dr. Clark found seven Christian Endeavor Societies in Chile, in his recent tour of South America—one English-speaking and six Spanish.

The Boston Christian Endeavor Union has had twenty-nine mission-study classes during the past year; twenty-eight societies have missionary libraries, and twenty-nine support missionaries, in whole or in part, through their denominational boards.

At the last roll-call of the Floating Christian Endeavor Society at the Seamen's Rest, Boston, seven States were represented, besides the following countries: Norway, Sweden, France, Finland, Holland, Australia, Canada, Nova Scotia, and Jamaica.

The British Christian Endeavor Union at its last meeting raised \$7,000 to help extend the work. There are more than 10,000 societies enrolled in the union.

Japan reported 128 societies at the national convention held in Tokyo. Rev. J. H. Pettes writes that never before has the movement had such a strong grip on the young people of Japan.

The Kansas City, Kan., Endeavorers were very active both in electing C. W. Trickett, the attorney-general who has closed every joint in the city, and in supporting him. They furnished watchers in every block, who sat up until two o'clock in the morning to report the unloading of beer.

Mr. J. Barry Mahool, who was elected mayor of the city of Baltimore at a spring election, it is one of the earnest Endeavorers of the city, having served as chairman of the committee on decorations for the Baltimore, '05, International Convention.

Only the Present Thy Portion

There are those who hand us out again and again precept after precept. We find them not alone in the pulpit. They are our Sunday-school teachers, our parents, our friends. We should not be resentive under this, but be thankful, because God hath so ordained it that about us on every side are wise counselors, guiding us, helping us. We should love those from whose lips fall words of great admonition. We cannot live all of life in to-day. Tomorrow must come. God will require us to do things to-morrow, and we do not doubt of that. But one has said: "Whatever God may hereafter require of you you must not give yourself the least trouble about." The thing for us to do is not to be troubling ourselves with what God wishes us to do on the morrow. Be eternally alert, everlastingly looking at what God wants you to do to-day. This does not mean that you should not plan for to-morrow. You should plan for to-morrow, you should determine what you will do to-morrow, what you will save to-morrow, what you will acquire in the wealth of thought as well as in the wealth of things. Not to do this is to be a creature of the day, nothing more than the horse or the dog that walks the street. The man lives in

to-day and in every to-morrow that he may have possessions on the face of this earth. This makes us men. But we are not to be troubled about the things of to-morrow. The things of to-day must trouble us. We cannot help that. Our yesterdays will also trouble us, for a man has a past, and he cannot get rid of that. Something has been done in the past, and these deeds are remembered by him. It may be the duty of to-day to get rid of the past, and it may be the duty of to-day also to wholly enshrine the past.

District League Conventions

Sept. 5-6.—Stanstead District, at East Bolton.

Sept. 10.—Waterloo District, at Cowansville.

Sept. 12.—Huntingdon District, at Valleyfield.

Sept. 17.—Kingston District, at Sydenham.

Sept. 17-18.—Simcoe District, at Tyrell.

Sept. 18.—Bradford District, at Schomberg.

Sept. 19-20.—Collingwood District, at Creemore.

Sept. 24.—Owen Sound District, at Chatsworth.

Sept. 24.—Warton District, at Warton.

Oct. 1.—Chatham District, at Wallaceburg.

Oct. 8.—Milton District, at Burlington. We shall be glad to publish the dates of other Conventions if Secretaries will kindly furnish the information.

Interesting Facts

For the first time in the history of Canada, Nova Scotia was superseded as the banner fish-producing province, British Columbia taking the lead, the value of its fish being \$9,850,216.

Judging from the following figures, thrift is a virtue well cultivated by the average Canadian: In Canada in 1891 the deposit per capita was \$40; while in 1906 it had risen to \$131.

Rev. T. A. Moore, of the Lord's Day Alliance, claims that the new Lord's Day Act has secured a weekly rest day for 50,000 men who would otherwise be deprived of it. It ought to be popular with the working men and their families.

The total area of the Empire of Japan is less than the State of California, while the total land under cultivation is about the size of Georgia. The census of 1903 puts the population at 46,732,841, while the increase for the past ten years has been an average of over 600,000 a year. There is little or no immigration, and the total alien population does not exceed 15,000, including Chinese.

According to the latest report of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, the whole catch of fish in Canadian waters by Canadians, including fish products, seals, etc., in 1905-6, aggregates a very large sum of \$29,479,562, nearly as much as the total production of both gold and coal in the Dominion during the same period. It was a record-breaking season, exceeding by \$4,000,000 the large output of 1901, which was considered an exceptionally good season.

Japan and Newfoundland are the only countries that have put flowers upon their postage stamps. The Japanese use the chrysanthemum in the centre of all their stamps, and from 1857 to 1866 on all the Newfoundland stamps was a bouquet of thistle blossoms. The "thistle issue" as it was known, is very popular with collectors. Japan is the only country that ever issued a wedding postage stamp; it was issued on the marriage of the heir-apparent, seven years ago.

Devotional Service

AUG. 11.—THE TEACHINGS OF THE TREES.

Ps. 104. 16-18; 1. 1-6.

HOME READINGS.

- Mon., Aug. 5.—The trees teach praise. 1 Chron. 16. 29-34.
 Tues., Aug. 6.—They teach God's care. Num. 24. 5-9.
 Wed., Aug. 7.—They teach probation. Matt. 3. 5-10.
 Thur., Aug. 8.—Hypocrisy a sin. Mark 11. 12-14.
 Fri., Aug. 9.—"A green tree." Ps. 37. 29-35.
 Sat., Aug. 10.—"Grafted on." Rom. 11. 16-24.

FOREWORD.

In what respect is the Christian like a tree? Trees have a threefold mission: beauty, shade, fruit. What can be more beautiful than a well-shaped healthy tree, covered with foliage? How much do the rows of maples and chestnuts add to the attractiveness of our city, town, and village streets, and what a charm there is in a forest of glorious oaks and genuine Christian life, even for a few and beautiful, attracting attention because of its inherent loveliness.

Secondly, the tree affords shade and comfort, rest and refreshment, especially on a warm day. The Christian should be a means of refreshment and comfort to others. To come into contact with a genuine Christian life, even for a few moments, ought to invigorate and strengthen.

The most important function of a tree is to bear fruit. The most valuable trees are those that repay their owner for the care and attention given to them by loading their branches with luscious fruits. Our Saviour constantly insisted upon the necessity of bearing fruit. Nothing else indicates so unmistakably alliance with Christ as the practical outcome in the life and conduct.

BIBLE LIGHT.

1. The tree to which the Christian is likened is not one that springs from some stray seed, but was "planted" with skill and care. So the believer in Christ finds great joy in the fact that he is "a tree of the Lord's right hand planting." He rejoices in what the Lord has done for him and is glad because of the place where he finds himself.

2. This tree was planted in a good place. "By the rivers of water." The picture seems to be taken from an Oriental garden, with a well in its centre, from which a number of channels are made, along which the water flows to irrigate the soil, such means being necessary in countries where no rain falls during the warm season. These "rivers of water" undoubtedly indicate the various means of grace which do so much to refresh the soul. How necessary they are.

3. There is also an inner source of strength, beauty and fruitfulness. "The trees of the Lord are full of sap" (Ps. 104. 16). Stop the circulation of this sap and everything dies. So the power of the Christian life depends upon the supplies of divine grace. "Christ in you the hope of glory" is the explanation of a useful and beautiful life.

4. As might be expected, the tree bears fruit. By this we are to understand the Christian's habit of doing good. He delights in knowing and in doing God's will.

He bears fruit "in his season." Work

done opportunely is the only work done rightly. God shows the good man not only what to do, but when to do it. His duties come to him in natural order, one at a time. He is like a tree bringing forth his fruit in his appropriate season, without any failure or delay.

"His leaf also shall not wither." In this respect he is unlike the fruit-bearing tree. Every autumn we are accustomed to the fading leaf and the bare branches, but the Christian life is not subject to any autumn changes. "They go from strength to strength," expresses the ever growing and strengthening character of the Christian life, always beautiful, always useful, and always bearing fruit. "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." His leaf shall not wither, neither from decay of its vitality within, nor from the force of adversity without. In this respect he is a contrast to the wicked man. "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree, yet he passed away, and lo, he was not."

6. This good man is both happy and successful. "Blessed is the man." Whoever he doeth shall prosper. Holiness is happiness, security, stability, fruitfulness. Nearly all outward failures arise from failure in righteousness on the part of somebody.

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS.

A good man has the roots of his life in God, and is like a tree planted by the waters, which defies every cause of weakness and decay and flourishes still.

The Christian is sometimes planted in the desert, but God always sends the streams of living water to refresh him. Paul found such rivers in the Roman prison, and there, through his epistles, brought forth some of his richest and most abundant fruit.

The righteous man is not a wild tree, but a tree, chosen, planted, cultured by God, suggesting God's unceasing care and providence.

The righteous man brings forth his fruit. The kind of fruit that is natural to him. The whole Christian church is suffering because of the multitude of its members who are doing nothing because they cannot do what somebody else does.

When a tree ceases to grow it begins to die. So it is with a Christian.

In dry times, trouble, sickness, etc., when the worldly streams run dry the Christian has supplies of comfort and peace that never fail.

When leaves wither, the trouble is usually not in the leaf, but in the trunk. So a man need not worry about the exterior of his life, if his heart is right.

A Christian is the stronger for the reverent study of any natural science, and botany is one of the most convenient and useful sciences for the purpose.

Whoever habitually rewards with reverence the stars by night and the trees by day can hardly live a mean life.

The more we find of God in the Bible, the more we shall find in nature; and the more we see God in nature, the better we shall understand our Bibles.

QUOTATIONS.

The groves were God's first temples.—Bryant.

Trees the most lovingly shelter and shade us when, like the willow, the high rocks their summits, the lowlier drop their boughs.—Lytton.

No tree in all the grove but has its charms
 Though each its hue peculiar.

—Cowper.

Leaves are not merely professions of

fruit, they are the means by which the fruit grows; they are the lungs of the tree. So all the instrumentalities or means for bearing fruit are given to the Christian.—Peloubet.

One of the principal charms of the trees, is their infinite variety. There is an endless variety of work to be done, of needs to be met, of souls to be saved, and therefore there must be an endless variety in the children of God.

One can never know the full force of the words "A tree planted by the rivers of water," until he has visited a country made perpetually fertile by such artificial life-giving streams. The points of analogy between irrigation schemes and missionary enterprises are numerous and striking. What ingenuity and enterprise are displayed in these attempts to reclaim the waste places of the world! With half of this energy and foresight, and faith in the healing properties of the River of Life what might not the church do in transforming the moral wastes of the world.—Prof. G. Frederick Wright.

AUG. 12.—THE VALUE OF DECISION.

Eph. 4. 14; Jas. 1. 1-8.

HOME READINGS.

- Mon., Aug. 12.—Israel's decision. Josh. 24. 15-22.
 Tues., Aug. 13.—Sincere decision. 2 Chron. 15. 8-15.
 Wed., Aug. 14.—An oath-bound decision. Neh. 10. 28, 29.
 Thurs., Aug. 15.—Decision demanded. 1 Kings 18. 19-21.
 Fri., Aug. 16.—Decision rewarded. Josh. 1. 7, 8.
 Sat., Aug. 17.—Firm decision. Acts 21. 11-14.

BIBLE LIGHT.

"No more children" (Eph. 4. 14). Children are usually fickle, and subject to the last influence that touches them.

"Tossed to and fro" like a ship rolling in the waves. How many there are who are affected by outward circumstances. They are up or down according to the place in which they happen to be, or the people with whom they converse.

"Every wind of doctrine." When we see the growth of the ridiculous fads and fancies, in the name of religion, it would appear that very many are just waiting to be carried about with every wind of doctrine. There is no absurdity so great but there are multitudes ready to accept it.

"Grow up unto him" (2. 15). Firmness of character is a slow growth. Like the oak tree it becomes firm and strong by withstanding many winds. The most effective way of meeting these new doctrines is to fix the mind and heart on Christ and seek to become like Him.

"The trying of your faith" (Jas. 1. 3). There is great comfort and joy in reflecting upon the effect of the discipline of trouble if rightly used. It is the development of trust in man which not only distinguishes him from the lower animals, but is that which is the most ennobling of human capabilities, namely, faith.

"Perfect and entire" (Jas. 1. 4). This signifies permanence of character, which is desirable above all things. Trials tend to give compactness of character. It is possible for a Christian to reach a point where no trouble can ever work him harm. "He is perfect and entire."

"It shall be given him" (Jas. 1. 5). How positive is this assurance of an answer to the prayer for wisdom. You may

pray for a change of circumstances and the Father may see that it is better to leave you as you are, but there is one prayer He always answers. There is no perchance about it.

"Let him ask in faith" (Jas. 1. 6). Of course no blessing comes of the man who doubts. God could not give in such a case because the man could not receive. If we are not willing to give God trust, how can we expect him to give us wisdom.

"Like a wave of the sea" (Jas. 1. 6). The doubting man is like a sea surface. He lies open to all disturbing influences, as the ocean does on its surface. There are few greater misfortunes than to be thus between two natures. Instability destroys the value of all that is good in a man.

"Unstable in all his ways" (Jas. 1. 8). His opinions are fluctuating, and so are his sentiments. Sometimes he is repenting of his sin, and sometimes he is repenting of his repentance. Sometimes the importance of the future overwhelms him, and sometimes he feels that nothing is worth thinking of but the present. Sometimes he is as serene as a May morning and sometimes as sweeping as a cyclone. Such instability is fatal to the growth of strong character.

QUOTATIONS.

Great imagination may make a great poet; great logical power, a great philosopher; great faculty for observation, a great scientist; but nothing makes a great man but great faith.—Dr. Deems.

Some think to-day that they are Christians because they have such joy-inspiring thoughts. To-morrow they have sorrowful thoughts, and they think they are not Christians. But having sorrowful thoughts is no reason why a man is not a Christian. When you experience joy God has one part of your character under training, and when you experience sorrow he has another part of your nature under training. Your growth requires the instrument of all instruments.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Our faith ought to be like the solid shore no matter what winds of controversy sweep over it, or what waves of popular infidelity beat against it. Are not the truths we rest on parts of God's eternal continent of truth?—James M. Ludlow.

A doubting, hesitating suppliant does not offer a steady hand or heart to receive the gift nor could he retain it if he got it. Nor does it please God to give to those who dishonor him with their doubts.—Dr. Ormiston.

Do not be moved by despondency. Satan does not mind which way you get off the rock, whether by jumping up or by jumping down. It is all the same to him so long as you leave the rock of your salvation. Many there be who go up in a balloon of conceit, while others are ready to roll down the steps of despondency or despair. Be not moved away from the hope of the gospel one way or the other. The least sin ought to make you humble, the greatest sin ought to make you despair.—Chas. H. Spurgeon.

All sorts of influences work on men to break down decision of character. There is a moral gravitation that draws men down earthward, makes them spiritually stoop-shouldered. Life is like a stream in which all things that are dead drift down and only those things work up that possess the power of decisive resistance. Men are caught in the current of weakness of will, the current of cowardice, the current of selfishness, and wanting the faculty of quick, sharp decisions, are swung away from their moorings and adrift, before the will is awake or the resistant forces can be summoned into action.—Robert E. Speer.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

You sometimes see rocky cliffs hanging over the water so far that you feel sure that they will fall, until you go behind and find they are keyed into place by an immense overbalance of weight, in comparison with which the projection is nothing. The mountains of truth are as old as the Matterhorn, and we need have no fear on account of any seemingly portentous perch.

A surgeon says: "As I was riding along in the south of France one day, I saw a pair of fine eagles overhead. There was a man with a gun below who was anxious to get a nearer acquaintance with the eagles, but they did not come down to oblige him. He pointed his rifle at them, but his shots did not go half way, for the royal birds kept above. The higher air is the fit dominion for eagles. Keep up, Christians! Keep in the higher element, resting in Jesus Christ, and do not come down to find a perch for yourself among the trees of philosophy."

An invincible determination will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature a man without it. It was this that made Disraeli Prime Minister of Great Britain. His first speech in the House of Commons was greeted with jeers and laughter. He resumed his seat, saying: "I sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me."

How many men fail in business because they waver. Here is one who is thinking of going West, but never decides. Ask him why he does not improve his place, and he replies, "I cannot make up my mind, for very likely I shall go West." Tell him he had better, in this case, invest his money in Western property, and he says: "I don't want to do that, for I may stay here." So he does neither one nor the other.

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS.

The Christian should seek to turn every trouble to good account, as a clever general wrenches victory from defeat.

Before the blast the dead leaves are driven, or the waves on the surface of the ocean are tossed, but the tree has endurance and remains; the ocean has endurance and remains.

The exhortation of Paul to live a stable life never had more pertinency than now, for the whole community is filled with men who have strong religious desires, but who are yet unsettled, wandering, and fickle.

Jesus Christ is the supreme model and centre toward which every effort for self-improvement and development should be directed.

What the anchor and cable are to a vessel in a storm, faith, which makes God's strength our own, is to the human soul in times of trial.

The weak, nerveless, aimless prayer of a man looking two ways for relief, at one moment to God, and the next to himself, constitutes that asking amiss which receives not. "Let him ask in faith."

All the life of an undecided man is like a legal deed that lacks the signature. Obstnacy is the firmness of a frozen post. Decision the firmness of iron set in steel.

One of the best ways to train the mind to decision is to do hard and disagreeable things.

POINTERS.

Indecision is the paralysis of usefulness. Decision should begin with positive and fearless choice of sides in matters of importance.

The true man never, never drifts. He has chart, compass, course and helm.

The Bible constantly holds the irresolute, undecided life up to contempt.

The man of decision will always do what he ought to do.

He knows that "impossible" is an impossible word in the line of duty.

If a thing is right, do it boldly; if it be wrong leave it alone.

Nothing so contributes to firmness of character as directness of aim.

QUESTION STUDS.

What are the winds that drive us about? How may we guard against them?

What are we doing to cultivate decision?

What are the chief elements in a decisive character?

AUG. 25.—MISSIONARY MEETING.

Subject:—"Medical Missions."

Hymn 66.

Prayer—For the medical missionaries and their work.

Reading of the Scriptures—Luke 10. 25-37. Hymn 163.

Address—The beginning and growth of medical missions. References: "The Uplift of China," 50 cents; "Medical Missions," Wanless, 5 cents; "Medical Missions," Williamson, 35 cents.

Address—The value of medical missions as a pioneer agency in our mission fields.

Address—The medical missions and missionaries of the Methodist Church. References: The Missionary Report, The Missionary Bulletin.

Hymn 35.

Prayer.

WHY MEDICAL MISSIONARIES ARE NEEDED IN WEST CHINA.

We see many people, men, women and children, who are much to be pitied. They are to be pitied because of blindness which might have been prevented; because of lameness which might have been avoided if taken in time; and because of horrible deformities, causing misery and wretchedness, and shortened life, all of which might have been avoided or overcome by rational treatment if taken in time. Smallpox is never absent the whole year through. We meet it in the dispensary, and in the people's homes, in the street, and in the church, till we are apt to grow careless on every hand. There are these and many other diseases, dependent upon the sin or ignorance of these people. But we do not come solely to heal diseases. Our great message is one of life and healing for the whole man, through Jesus Christ our Lord, that they "May know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge," and that they and we "—may be filled unto all fullness of God."—O. L. Kilborn.

The new hospital at present being built at Chentu will meet a great need in connection with our West China Mission. Medical work has been carried on under difficulties for some time, as the old hospital is quite inadequate to meet the demands for accommodation. In fact, there were times when the doctor went in to see which patient he could best turn out, to make room for a more urgent case. It is hoped that the new hospital which is being built under the direction of Dr. Ewan will meet all need for some time to come.

SOME TESTIMONIES TO MEDICAL MISSIONS.

The medical missionary is a missionary and a half.—Robert Moffat.

The history of medical missions is the

justification of medical missions.—Encyclopedia of Missions.

All genuine missionary work must in the highest sense be a healing work.—Alexander Macdonald.

Medical missionary work is the golden key that is to-day unlock many of the most strongly barred fortresses of Satan.—Irene H. Barnes.

There is certainly no such field for evangelistic work as the wards of a hospital in a land like China.—John Kenneth Mackenzie.

Our great message is one of life and healing for the whole man, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—O. L. Kilbourn.

I am a missionary, heart and soul. God had an only Son, and He was a missionary and a physician. A poor imitation of Him I am. In this service I hope to live, and in it I wish to die.—David Livingstone.

The work of medical missions must not be advocated simply as a life-saving agency. Without the Bible in one hand, the medicine-case is not wanted in the other. The objective point of the work must be soul-winning.—Dr. Anna W. Fearn, China.

The following is the testimony of a prominent Mohammedan to medical missions: "It is these medical missionaries who are winning the hearts and confidence of our people. If we do not do as they do, we will soon lose our hold upon our own people. We must build hospitals and care for the sick and dying if we wish to keep our religion alive."

It is in China that hospital work can be pursued to the best advantage as an aid to the mission cause, for a hospital in China is not troubled by any of the caste difficulties of India. In one village a successful church of a hundred or more members resulted from the restoration of sight to a mother and her two daughters.

(See article on "Medical Missions," on page 22.)

SEPT. 1.—"I CAN" AND "I CAN'T."

Isa. 35, 3, 4; 39, 15-18; Heb. 3, 14.

HOME READINGS.

Mon., Aug. 26.—Caleb's "We can." Num. 13, 26-30.

Tues., Aug. 27.—The Spies, "We can't." Num. 13, 31-33.

Wed., Aug. 28.—Saul's Army. 1 Sam. 17, 1-11.

Thur., Aug. 29.—David and Goliath. 1 Sam. 17, 25-32.

Fri., Aug. 30.—Paul's "I can." 2 Cor. 12, 7-10.

Sat., Aug. 31.—Jesus' Promise. John 14, 10-14.

FOREWORD.

This is a fine subject for young people. Very frequently in life there will come opportunities of working out the ideas and principles which it suggests. Very often some good project is suggested, and those who are opposed to it can say nothing against it. They have, however, one stance to which they invariably fly. They declare, "You can't do it." Many a man has been discouraged from undertaking a worthy enterprise by the pessimistic objections of those who will do nothing to help, but go around whining, "You can't do it." We need to learn when we can do anything that we will do it, and that we will do it to ought to be done, and that we will do it. The spirit of determination with which we enter upon our tasks has more to do with success than anything else.

BIBLE HINTS.

"Strengthen ye the weak hands," etc., (Is. 35, 3). This is of course not to be taken with exact literalness, but it is not

all metaphor by any means. A stout body is a great help toward a stout heart.

"A fearful heart," (v. 4). The heart, in scripture, stands for the whole man, intellect, affection, will. When there is weak heart there is no strength for doing, no power of purpose.

"Behold your God" (v. 4). The remedy for a fearful heart is to stop looking at yourself and look to God. Think more of your God than of your causes of fearfulness. He is "your" God. "He will come," (v. 4). Ours is an active God. He is not inert passiveness having no hand in things.

"In quietness and in confidence." (Is. 30, 15). Soldiers who have confidence in their general, and in themselves, are much more likely to gain the victory, than those who are animated by mere daring or bravado.

"Hold fast your confidence." (Heb. 3, 14). Confidence is like the clue to the labyrinth in the old Greek fable; it must be held firmly to the end or it is useless.

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS.

There are three kinds of people in the world, the "wills," the "wonts" and the "can'ts." The first accomplish everything; the second oppose everything; and the third fail in everything.

It is natural for the world to believe in men who believe in themselves, who have confidence that they can accomplish things.

The chief difference between the successful and the failures lies in the single element of staying power.

The man who does things, who brings about results, never wants to see what the crowd is going to do.

A weak, discouraged, disheartened being is no more the man that God made, than is the harshest jargon, sweet music.

The thought that one is a victim of circumstances, that success or failure depend on chance, is absolutely destructive of all noble character building.

The world stands aside for the man who has a programme, a work to do, and who feels that he is able to do it.

Never allow yourself to admit that you are inferior to the emergency confronting you, for this is to invite defeat. Strongly affirm that you can do the thing. The moment you harbor a doubt of your ability that moment you capitulate to the enemy.

Fear of failure or lack of confidence in one's ability is one of the most potent causes of failure in all walks of life.

QUOTATIONS.

If asked what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart, what a man should chiefly look to in his progress through life as the power that is to sustain him under trials, and enable him manfully to confront his afflictions, I must point him to something which, in a well-known hymn, is called "The old, old story," told of in an old, old book, and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind.—W. E. Gladstone.

When a boy begins to write he holds his pen in such a way that his fingers and hand are cramped, so that they have no freedom of motion; and he makes each particular letter in a mechanical way, and there is no ease about his writing; but we keep him at it and keep him at it, until he acquires both ease and facility, and we do not think it strange that he has to be trained thus in the rudiments of penmanship. Our spiritual natures must likewise be trained so that the higher faculties shall have ascendancy over the lower propensities.—Henry Ward Beecher.

To do anything worth doing in the world, we must not stand shivering on the brink, thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances.—Sidney Smith.

Of what use are the most splendid gifts if one lacks decision—if when the opportunity occurs, one fails to grasp it—if one hesitates, and ponders, and debates, and calculates chances till it has fled forever?—O. W. Marden.

It is the man with a positive nature, the man who believes that he is equal to the emergency, who believes he can do the thing he attempts, who wins the confidence of his fellow men, and succeeds.—Dr. Marden.

Nothing can keep a man down when he has grit and determination. Imprison him and he will produce a "Pilgrim's Progress," on the twisted paper used as a cork in a milk jug. Take away his eyesight and he will write "Paradise Lost," as Milton did, or the "Oregon Trail" as did Parkman. It is as impossible to imprison energies as it would be to bottle up steam.

A keen observer can pick out a successful man on a street by the way he carries himself. If he is a leader every step, every movement, indicates it; there is assurance in his bearing; he walks as if he were master of himself, as if he believed in his ability to do things, to bring about results.

PROVERBS.

They can who think they can.

Either I will find a way or make one.

Character is a perfectly educated will.

Set a stout heart against a stiff hill.

Any one can drift with circumstances.

It takes pluck to stem an unfavorable current.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

Victories and defeats in life often turn on minutes.

The achievement of a man will never rise higher than his confidence.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A boy of ten, replying to the question, "Who made you?" said, measuring the length of a baby, "God made me so long and I grew the rest." The mistake of this little fellow in leaving out the God of his growth, suggests the fact that we are partly self-made men.

John Ashley Cooper, the first Earl of Shaftesbury, was born a cripple, and could not walk at any time without his crutch. "I was never," he once said, "without a dull, aching pain of that side." But he became Chancellor of England, and to him we owe that sheet anchor of our liberties, the Habeas Corpus. He was a man who said, "I can."

General Grant had a firm conviction that he could accomplish whatever he undertook. There was nothing negative in him. He did not stop in the midst of a great crisis to consider if failure were possible; he did not doubt, but constantly affirmed, and was always on the positive side. This was the secret of his success.

George Stephenson determined to make an engine run between Liverpool and Manchester at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The Quarterly Review ridiculed the idea, saying, "As well trust one's self to be fired off on a Congreve rocket." He did it nevertheless.

"I can't it's impossible!" said an officer to Alexander in reporting his failure to take a strong fortress. "Begone," said the great Macedonian, "there is nothing impossible to him who will try."

QUESTION SPURS.

Have I confidence in God and myself?
Why am I fearful and afraid when duty is to be done?

When God says, "You can," do I dare say "I can't"?

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS.

Do not fail to make the application of this topic to the timid members of the League who so often say "I can't" when asked to do some work or engage in some service. There are altogether too many of these. Try and show them that what they may accomplish depends very much on whether they say "I can" or "I can't." Quote Paul's assertion, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

SEPT. 8.—GOD'S OMNIPRESENCE.

Psalm 139, 1-12.

HOME READINGS.

Mon., Sept. 2.—God greater than all. I Kings 8. 22-27.
Tues., Sept. 3.—Maker of all. Isa. 66. 1, 2.
Wed., Sept. 4.—"A God at hand." Jer. 23. 23-32.
Thurs., Sept. 5.—"In Him we live." Acts 17. 22-28.
Fri., Sept. 6.—"In the midst of them." Matt. 13. 19, 20.
Sat., Sept. 7.—Ever present. Matt. 28. 19, 20.

FOREWORD.

We have here the first of three theological studies. First the Omnipresence of God, His pervading presence; then His Omniscience which refers to His perfect knowledge, and lastly His Omnipotence or power. These three topics afford a fine opportunity for studying the character of God, which should be made much of.

BIBLE HINTS.

"O Lord thou hast searched me" (v. 1). Rather hast searched me out, i.e., examined into all my thoughts and feelings.

"Thou knowest my downcasting and uprising" (v. 2). All that I do from one end of the day to the other. "Thou understandest my thought afar off," i.e., while it is yet forming—long before it is a fully developed thought.

"Thou compassest," etc. (v. 3). Literally my path and my couch, the limit of my activity and my rest.

"Not a word in my tongue" (v. 4). What has already been said of thoughts is now extended to words.

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit?" (v. 7). God's presence is not to be escaped. His presence is everywhere. In Him we live and move and have our being.

"If I take the wings of the morning," etc. (v. 9 and 10). In that distant region I should find thy guiding hand. The palmist wishes to indicate that God could be found in those regions of the earth into which it was least likely that any Divine influence could penetrate. This was the most forcible way of expressing the thought that nowhere in this wide world is it possible to wander away from the presence of the Almighty.

"Surely the darkness shall cover me" (v. 11, 12). God's essential light penetrates every dark place, and makes the deepest gloom as radiant as the brightest sunshine.

"Such knowledge is too wonderful for me." He felt that his capacities were not sufficient to grasp its wonders, his

strength not adequate to climb the glorious theme.

FOR THE BLACKBOARD.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fringed palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS.

The encircling sky that overshadows us wherever we go is a type of the unseen power that surrounds us all.

We are not under the rule of a stranger. How gracious He is, for though He knows all about us, yet this does not stay his blessing.

The sense of God's presence should fill us with a holy fear, a mingling of awe, reverence, and anxiety. It constantly keeps before us the claims of obedience.

When we really love a person, and are quite sure of their response to our love, we want to be always with them. Separation is pain. Presence is rest and satisfaction.

The Lord satisfies the longing of his people with the promise, "Lo, I am with you always."

It is not in crowded-cities that we can most strongly feel the presence of God, but on the mountain top, by the lake shore, in the secluded valley.

The loving christian never talks about God as a Great "Task Master." God's omnipresence is a parental presence that ought to awaken everything noble and beautiful in the child.

The fact of the omnipresence of God is both joyous and terrific, joyous to the soul that is at peace with God, terrific to one in antagonism to his maker.

If we are at peace with God, and are cherishing toward Him the submissive, trustful spirit which becomes his children the thought of being ever in his presence can never be terrible to us.

Take Jeremy Taylor's noble thought and practice "the presence of God" so that you can realize His nearness at all times.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The first navigator who from the shores of England reached the shores of America said, "Heaven is as near to us on the sea as on the land."

When Jonah sought to flee from God's presence, he found himself brought more absolutely and more perceptibly into His presence.

An atheist is like a man going to hear an oratorio, the "Messiah," or the "Elijah," performed by a hundred musicians, and who says that all those wonderful harmonies that intoxicate the soul were not previously arranged by Handel or Mendelssohn, but were the accidental result of those hundred men playing at random upon a hundred instruments.

Milton as a young man travelled much abroad. Years after he thus expressed himself: "I again take God to witness that in all places where so many things are considered lawful, I have lived sound and untouched from all profligacy and vice, having this thought perpetually with me—that though I might escape the eye of men, I certainly could not the eye of God."

The best illustration of God's omnipresence is the physical conception of the ether, that wonderful unknown element which is the bond of the physical universe.

If a child's hand is laid in the ocean, we know that the level of the great sea everywhere is raised to correspond. So God responds everywhere to the hand of a child.

QUESTION SPURS.

Am I trying to escape this omnipresent God?

Is the thought of God's presence a delight to me or a fear?

Is my life such that I welcome God into every part of it?

Point Iroquois Summer School, August 5-11, 1907

STAFF.

Chairman—Rev. Geo. Edwards.
Old Testament—Prof. McLaughlin.
New Testament—Rev. Dr. Courtice.
Mission Study—Mr. Benton.
Christian Citizenship—Rev. Dr. Eby, Rev. E. E. Scott and Rev. Dr. Courtice.
Special Lecturers—Rev. W. P. Boshart, Rev. E. E. Scott.
Musical Director—Rev. G. Stafford.
Chaplain of the school in charge of the "Morning Watch"—Rev. Wm. Timberlake.
Send to the Rev. Geo. Rogers, Iroquois, for complete calendar.

The Windsor District Summer School

Will be held on the Mettawas Grounds, Kingsville, Aug. 13th to 19th, 1907. This school gives promise of surpassing all others of previous years. It is an ideal location overlooking Lake Erie, conveniently situated on the Pere Marquette R. R., and Windsor and Lake Shore St. R. R.

The Assembly hall in the Casino is well adapted for the school sessions. The buildings are electric lighted and comfortable.

In the grounds is a tennis court and at the beach below are excellent bathing facilities.

Board and lodging can be had at reasonable rates.

This is the occasion for a fine week or ten days' outing.

No registration fee. Write Rev. H. D. Mover, Kingsville; Rev. W. E. Millson, Wheatley, or Rev. H. J. Uren, Sec., Harrow.

No Butter for Breakfast

"When I was a boy," said General Grant, "my mother one morning found herself without butter for breakfast, and sent me to borrow some from a neighbor. Going into the house without knocking, I overheard a letter read from the son of a neighbor who was then at West Point, stating that he had failed in examination, and was coming home. I got the butter, took it home, and without waiting for breakfast, ran to the office of the congressman for our district.

"Mr. Hammer, I said, 'will you appoint me to West Point?'"

"No; Davis is there, and has three years to serve."

"But suppose he should fail—will you send me?"

"Mr. Hammer laughed. 'If he don't go through, it is no use for you to try, Uly.'"

"Promise me you will give me the chance, Mr. Hammer, anyhow."

"Mr. Hammer promised. The next day the defeated lad came home, and the Congressman, laughing at my sharpness, gave me the appointment. Now," said Grant, "it was my mother's being without butter that made me general and President."

But he was mistaken. It was his own shrewdness to see the chance, and the promptness to seize it, that urged him upward.

He was resolute and unafraid always; a boy to be trusted and counted upon—sturdy and capable of hard knocks.

The Junior Epworth Era

Edited by Rev. J. T. Bartlett, Associate General Secretary of Sunday Schools and Epworth Leagues, Sackville, N.B.

Tippity Toes

Round the world a wizard goes,
Creeping soft, old Tippity Toes!
Oh, curious things to us all he does!
The baby's hair was a yellow fuzz,
But Tippity Toes, with a magic twist,
Turned it into a golden curl.

He stretches the children one and all,
The thin ones grow fat, and the little
ones tall;
O'er small boys and girls such a spell
he weaves,
Their arms shoot out of the jacket
sleeves.
He played on grandpa a saucy trick;
Why grandpa's hair was once brown and
thick,
And now it is thin and as white as the
snows—
All the work of old Tippity Toes!

He tiptoes about in his silent way,
And changes yesterday into to-day;
Listen, you'll hear him, tick-tock, tick-
tock—
Tippity Toes at work with the clock.

Some day, he will cut off my curls, no
doubt,
With the scythe, mamma says, that he
carries about;
For—would you believe it?—he's made a
plan,
To turn me into a great big man.
—Pauine Frances Camp, in the Boston
Transcript.

Weekly Topics

Aug. 18.—"A NEW HEART AND HOW
TO GET IT." Ezek. 36. 25-27.

"Heart" stands for the whole moral nature. It includes the motives, desires, purposes, plans, affections, resolves—in short—everything that makes us good or bad before God. So that we can at once see how important it is to have a right heart, for as the heart is, so is the life. "Keep this heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life." Everything depends on how the heart is set or fixed. (See text). Israel's heart was set on "idols." So they became indifferent to God, and had what the prophet calls "a stony heart." This gave them a wrong "spirit" (motive) in living and they became "filthy" (foul or unclean) in what they did. It works the same still. If our hearts are set on self we become hard and selfish in our lives. If we live for the world instead of God, we grow worldly and ungodly. "Idols" still exist. Anything we prefer to God becomes to us an idol, and if our hearts are fixed on it, we cannot worship or serve God. How is all this to be remedied? The first commandment tells us. To love God with all our heart is to put Him always first in our desires, to think and feel and act according to His Spirit of love within us. This is "a change of heart" indeed. It puts out self and puts in God. It seeks not the world of folly and sin, but the presence and peace and blessing of God. This "new heart" calls for two things. 1st. That we turn away from sin and, 2nd, Ask God to give us to us. Purpose and Prayer always accompany Piety. If our minds are fully

resolved to cast sin away from us, and if we penitently turn to God for pardon for the past and for power to serve Him in the future, He will not fail us. (v. 26 is sure.)

Aug. 25.—"THE ROAD TO POVERTY."
(Temperance Meeting.) Prov. 23.
20-21.

There are different kinds of poverty, but intemperance brings them all. The body, the mind, the character, the pocket, the family, the town, the country, time and eternity—all are impoverished by strong drink. Men will become so enslaved by the drink habit that they will give everything for liquor. John B. Gough once said of men slaves to drink: "Give me drink, I will give you my hard earnings for it. I will give you more than that. I married a wife and promised to love and cherish her and protect her—ah! ah! and I have driven her out to work for me, and I have stolen her wages and I have brought them to you—give me drink and I will give you them! More yet; I have snatched the bit of bread from the white lips of my famished child—I will give you that if you will give me drink! More yet! I will give you my health! More yet; I will give you my manliness! More yet, I will give you my hopes of heaven—body and soul! I will barter jewels worth all the kingdoms of the earth—for what will a man give in exchange for his soul?"—all these for a dram, give it to me!" This is a dreadful picture, but a true one. Water never made a man such a slave as that. But whiskey has made thousands upon thousands of them. What can we do about it? 1. We may resolve by God's help never to touch it ourselves. 2. We may make our Leagues strong Temperance Societies. 3. We may try to relieve the distress of the poor suffering children in the drunkard's home. 4. We may persuade those who have votes, to support every Prohibition law. 5. We may resolve when our time comes to vote that we will never support any man or government that is in any way in sympathy with the Liquor Traffic.

Sept. 1.—"A BOY WITH A PURPOSE."
(Purpose Meeting.) Dan. 1. 8.

We have four biographical studies during September—all about Daniel and his started out in life. A great deal depends on a boy's start. If he makes no mistake at the beginning he will be saved from a great deal of disaster afterwards. Daniel started right. (It is said that a prime cause made an error in this sentence and the word "spirit" was made to read "spine." It was correct—Daniel had "an excellent spine," lots of backbone, and our boys need it still for purpose) means will, decision, strength, manly backbone. Because Daniel started right, he was able to go on all through his life in the favor of God, and when he was an old man, God sent his angel to comfort and uphold him. (See Dan. 9. 23; 10. 11, 19.) Boys cannot afford to wait until they are grown men before they decide to do God's will. . . . See what Daniel's purpose was. It meant that he was bound to keep himself pure. "He would not defile himself." To defile

means to make foul. He would neither eat nor drink anything that would weaken his body or mind. Every boy should know that only God who made his body, has a right to it. God who gave us our minds should control them. That means that we are not our own to do as we like. Our bodies belong to God and we have no right to neglect or abuse them. So with our minds. If we know this we will not do anything that will displease or dishonor God. To speak clean words, to think pure thoughts, to do right deeds always and everywhere—these are what every boy should "purpose in his heart." It became easy for Daniel for God helped him. So shall it be with us. It paid Daniel for God blessed him. So shall it be with us. Every boy who will "dare to be a Daniel" shall prove that Daniel's God is his, and that Daniel's way of living is still possible. Purpose and prayer always bring power.

Sept. 8.—"LESSONS FROM THE FIERY FURNACE." (Tried and True.)
Dan. 3. 13-18.

This is a wonderful story, of Three heroes. They were "tried," by being commanded to worship the King's great idol of gold. They were "true" in refusing to admit the right of any but God to receive such divine honors. The great Nebuchadnezzar said, "Bow or Burn." They said, we cannot "bow." God may not allow us to "burn;" but even if He does we will not be false to Him. (vs. 16, 17, 18.) The grand thing about these three heroes was their loyalty to their early religious training. They had been taught in their childhood to worship the true God only. They had learned the commandments and were determined to keep them. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image—thou shalt not bow down to them, nor serve them,"—these were familiar words to them; but better still, they had the right principle of obedience in their hearts, and not even the great furnace of fire could turn them aside. We need boys who are not easily "scared,"—who know they are doing right, and will keep on doing it no matter what it may cost. This is the true spirit of trust in God. "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," is a splendid motto. And the result always proves God's goodness and faithfulness. The three heroes of our story did not "bow." Neither did they "burn." God did not allow them to suffer the cruel death their wicked enemies had prepared for them. But they were ready to die rather than dishonor God. This is the highest kind of bravery. We want boys of pluck, who will not be turned aside from doing right by fear. Such boys will stand firm for their principles everywhere and no fire of ridicule or persecution will turn them aside. Boys that are "through and through" for God and right will make strong, successful men in His Kingdom on earth, and in His Kingdom in Heaven. Be brave for God. Over the great stand door of Rugby school are written the noble words of Emerson:

"How nigh is grandeur to our dust,
How near is God to man!
When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

Among the Juniors

The Woodstock, Ont., Central Juniors meet every Sabbath morning with two Assistant Supts. They have four committees with a new chairman for each monthly. They gave \$15 to missions last year.

The College Ave., Woodstock, Ont., Juniors are divided into two sections—Junior and Intermediate. They unite for the Missionary Trip and "the Missionary Bank is heavier each month" in consequence.

The Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont., Juniors number 50, have five committees and have been studying our mission stations in turn with increasing interest. They gave a good contribution to the Chemt Hospital Fund.

The Brookholm Juniors have well supported Miss Squire, their Supt., by making scrap books for the Sick Children's Hospital, and a quilt for the Fresh Air Cottage at Whitby. They are raising Missionary money by raising garden produce. The League "is continuing to grow, and the outlook is bright."

The Todmorden League has a number of Juniors who have not failed in attendance through the whole year. "A deep personal interest in the League" is the reason given. \$30 for Missions were given last year. A competent Junior Choir adds much to the attraction of the meetings. Mrs. (Rev.) Edwards is Supt. and has a well organized society throughout.

Colpoys's Bay and Mount Horeb Junior Leagues, both on one circuit, report a successful season's work. Rev. R. H. Leitch, of Holloway St. Junior League, Belleville, writes of the success of the "Sunshine" Leaguers of that church. The Juniors form a unit for auxiliary force to the Forward Movement in support of Dr. Winch. The League is doing splendid work as a Catechumen Society or class.

A missionary evening given by the Hickson Juniors under the training of Miss King, was very instructive. "The impersonating of all the missionaries in Japan and a representation of the field" were prominent features of the program. One by one these several missionaries told the story of their work. "Every part was spoken, not read, and it gave the audience a good idea of our field in Japan, and made the Juniors very much interested in the missionaries there."

Mr. Wm. Ketcham, Brighton District Junior League Supt., writes encouragingly of the four Leagues on his District. He wisely says "an earnest Christian spirit, a love for children, and a determination to make the League a success are the essential qualifications for a Supt. He should also be assisted by a Committee from the Senior Society in order to ensure its hearty co-operation and support." He reports a de-ensening interest in systematic Bible study among the Juniors of the District.

The Junior League of the Fred Victor Mission, Toronto, is doubtless the largest in our church. There are nearly 800 names on the roll. During the past year fully 75 have been converted, and the work thus done is of abiding value. Rev. T. McKay is superintendent, and by utilizing various methods, including the frequent use of the stereopticon, has been enabled to accomplish much to make the Junior League "a real live department in the life and work" of the Mission.

In the Charles St., Ingersoll, Junior League, the members give "a penny a month" to missions, and are making

two quilts to give away charitably. They study the catechism besides systematic Bible Study." Miss Louise Karn, Supt. of Berlin Juniors, reports "a very bright and active Junior League . . . a membership of 56 with a fee of 2 cents a month. They work under five department heads and much good is being done both spiritually and educationally. The meetings are held on Friday at 4.15."

One of the brightest and best Junior Leagues we have knowledge of is that in Young St. Church, Toronto. Fully 100 promising young students have been led through St. John's Gospel, memorizing many verses in the meetings. Ten of them learned the 14th chap. in full. \$56 were raised towards the support of the District's Missionary, Dr. Large, and an evening's treat was afforded to 100 poor children with plenty of refreshments for the hungry and good cheer to take home. The Pastor utilized the boys in a "King's Messenger Service" and in every department the characteristic is "activity." Miss Hargrave is to be congratulated on her successful management of this splendid Junior League.

The Junior Leaguers of St. Thomas District, 300 in number, have averaged 45 cents per member the past year for the Forward Movement. Their aim for the current year is 60 cents a member. Miss Trembley, the District Supt., is to be congratulated on the splendid record of St. Thomas District. The Midland Juniors under the leadership of Miss Clinkscales have had a prosperous year, and "are striving upward and onward." Mrs. Geo. Rowlinson reports for the Parry Sound Juniors. They have taken great interest in Missionary and Deaconess work, giving \$14 to the former, and packing a large box of useful articles "for the latter.

The Camlachie Juniors have had a most prosperous and happy time during the past year under the leadership of their pastor, Rev. A. W. Barker. One of the latest successive signs of progress is that 70 of Mr. Keenleyside's missionary books were sold by the Juniors after a visit from the author himself.

Subsequent visits from Rev. C. J. Jolliffe, B.A., missionary to West China, and Dr. Andrew Stirrett, missionary to the Soudan, did much to quicken the interest of the League in missionary study and gifts. The Juniors of the Circuit gave over \$60 to missions last year. The pastor's wife is to be credited with much of the success of the League.

The President of the Junior League, of Chilliwack, B.C., writes: "Our society was organized in 1905, with a membership of 40, which has increased to 40. We have interesting and helpful meetings every week. We take the morning musical service in church on Christmas and Easter Sundays, and on Children's Day. A Sunday morning choir for church, composed of the older members of the Junior League, has recently been organized. We study missions each month, and last year raised \$15.00 for this purpose. We aim to develop and strengthen the character of our members. We take great pleasure in sending \$1.70 as a contribution to the General Epworth League Fund."

Our Bodies Machines

How many people, I wonder, ever pause to consider that their bodies are merely machines to do work, furnaces in which necessary fuel is burned, workshops in which worn-out parts are supplied, and storerooms in which fuel and food are stored for use when needed. Further, how many any other piece of apparatus, the body works better under certain circumstances; its fires burn better with fuels of certain sorts, mixed in certain pro-

portions, and it can not keep in perfect condition unless furnished with proper materials. Man thinks he eats because he is hungry; he really eats because his body is crying out for building materials with which to repair the waste which is always going on, and for fuel to keep itself warm—and it is rather "finicky" as to the supply it wants for each of these purposes. At a pinch, it can use almost anything digestible for either, but it groans and complains, and punishes its unfortunate possessor if it is not properly treated.—St. Nicholas.

The Missionary Trip

Wyoming, Ont.—Our missionary meetings are looked forward to with delight. All seem willing to do something, even the smallest child. The method you have taken gives all something to do.—Ida King.

Dauphin, Man.—I think this trip will be a great help to all who take it up. It certainly means work. I have never taken a very great interest in missions, but feel sure when studying to make the Junior meetings interesting I shall be more than repaid for all my trouble. Since taking the trip the membership and attendance at the League meetings has increased about one half.—A. Park.

Birtle, Man.—Our missionary meetings are very interesting and helpful. The children look forward to them all month and we find the parents more interested in the missionary meetings that the other meetings of the League.—Mrs. J. W. Ridd.

Lucan, Ont.—The children appeared quite delighted in following the guide in the map and listening to the news agents describe the work being done at each place. Our information was taken from the Era, Missionary Outlook, the Bulletin and other sources.—Mrs. M. J. White.

A Finland Boy's Bath

When the boys of Finland want to take a bath, this is the way they do it:

In the first place, it is very, very cold in Finland, and the bathroom is not in the house at all, but in a building quite separate.

It is a round building, about the size of an ordinary room. There are no windows, so light and air can only come in when the door is open.

Inside, the benches are built all along the wall, and in the center is a great pile of loose stones. Early on Saturday morning, wood is brought in and a great vessel, standing near the stones, is filled with water.

Then some one cuts ever so many birch switches, and these are placed on the floor of the bath-house. Next the fire is made under the stones, and it burns all morning. In the afternoon, when the stones are very hot, the fire is put out, the place is swept clean, and all is ready.

The boys undress in their houses, and run to the bath-house. As it generally is thirty degrees below zero, you may be sure they do it in double-quick time.

As soon as they are in the bath-house they shut the door tight, and begin to throw water on the hot stones. This, of course, makes the steam rise. More water is thrown on, and there is more steam until the place is quite full.

And now comes the part that I think you boys would not like at all. Each boy takes a birch switch, and falls to whipping his companions. This is to make the blood circulate, and though it is a real hard whipping, no one objects but all think it great fun. At last, looking like a lot of boiled lobsters, they all rush out, have a roll in the snow, and make for home.

Appreciated the Letters

When Willie Blank was at the seashore last summer, his father wrote to him frequently, and in each letter enclosed ten cents or a quarter to add to the little lad's pleasure. Willie was no letter writer; but one day he managed to compose the following comprehensive epistle, which was sent to his father: "Dear Papa: I got all your letters, and you have sent some munny in each one of them. Please write oftener. Your loving son, William."

A Brave Girl

A minister's little daughter, who had been to Church for the first time and heard her father preach, was questioned by him on reaching home as to how she liked his sermon. There was an embarrassed silence; then the little maid, tired out with the long strain of "being good," and yet anxious not to offend in any wise, made answer with a long-drawn breath of patient resignation: "You preached awful long, papa; but I heard it."

Disconcerting

What is a preacher to do when nature spoils the greatest illustration in his sermon? A certain man one Sunday in winter, was calling attention to the ease and noiselessness with which the snowflakes fulfil their function, falling one by one so quietly and modestly upon the hill and valley. "No one," this impassioned orator went on to say, "ever heard the snow fall." Just then a great body of melting snow fell with a heavy thud from the roof.

Over-Obedient

Admiral Sigsbee, in a recent after-dinner speech, said of the naval virtue of obedience: "Yet even obedience may be carried too far. "A lawyer, about to go to court, said to his office boy, "If any one calls, say I'll be back at twelve." Then he went to court. On his return he asked the boy, "Any one called?" "Yes, sir," the lad answered. "Five beggars. They'll look in again at twelve, sir."

He Wanted Justice

The family were at their devotions the other morning in the home of a West End clergyman, says the *Classmate*. Master six-year-old had been at his mischievous pranks that morning, and the father prayed for the naughty boy.

A short time later the lad's mother found him in a closet upstairs. He was sobbing bitterly. "O mother!" he exclaimed indignantly, "father tells God of all the bad things I do, but never tells him a word about the good that's in me."

An Alarming Prospect

A six-year-old lass who has been dwelling in a Chicago flat, was housed up most of the winter with diphtheria. The ugly card in the front window represented to her imprisoning authority.

As soon as she was well, her parents had to carry into effect a delayed plan to move to another location. So the afternoon of the day that she was first able to return to school, she came home to find another great sign—"for rent"—staring her in the face from that front window.

The child ran breathlessly to her mother and wailed, with visions of another "durance vile" before her—"O mother, what have I got now?"

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The solution of each question naturally is through Jesus Christ. For He embodied the true human life, taught how a man may live it, and more than that, He gave and He gives the power a man needs to live it under any circumstance.

William Briggs, Publisher, 29-33 Richmond Street West, Toronto