

FLORAL NUMBER

THE CANADIAN
JAPWORTH ERA

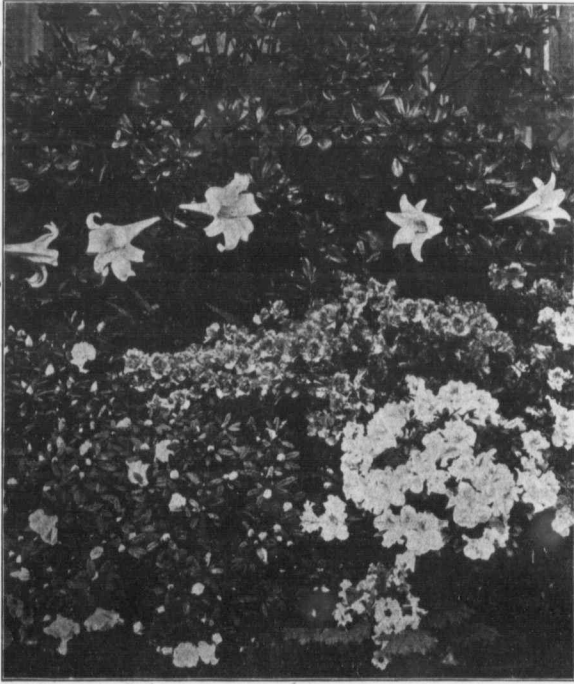
*Christian
Endeavor*

Vol. VI

TORONTO
APRIL 1904

No. 4

Missionary



EASTER FLOWERS

Social



Literary

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Manhood's Morning

A Book for Young Men Between 14 and 28 Years of Age. By Joseph Alfred Conwell. Price, \$1.00 net per copy.

John Willis Baer, Secretary United Society Christian Endeavor: "No one has asked me to do this, but I want to do it on my own account. I wish it could be read by young men all over the country."

Bishop J. H. Vincent, Chancellor of Chautauque University: "Every minister who deals with young men, and every young man who cares to avoid evil and live righteousness, should read the book."

What "Manhood's Morning" is: It is one of the strongest appeals to young men—to awaken, to stimulate, to inspire them—ever written. It is an intensely interesting, but common-sense book to young men as men. It opens up the world to them. The aim is to render advice unnecessary. Thousands of young men fall in business, in society, in politics, in religion, in life, because they do not grasp the situation, do not comprehend their relation to their surroundings and the world at large.

WILLIAM BRIGGS Toronto, Ont.

April.

Then welcome April fair,
Bright harbinger of May,
Month of blue skies, and perfumed air,
The young year's holiday.

It's brown and mossy buds
Greet the first breath of spring,
And to her shrine, its clustered flowers
Their earliest offering bring.

—Unknown.

His Favorite Flower.

A minister of the Hamilton Conference was addressing a Sunday-school on the subject of flowers, and among other questions asked the boys and girls what was their favorite kind of flower?

The youngsters seemed a little timid about answering at first, but after a moment or two a boy held up his hand.

"That's right, my lad," said the speaker, "speak up loud, and tell us what kind of flower you like best."

"Cauliflower," shouted the boy.

Taking Things for Granted.

The late Dean Hoffman was once called upon to speak at a gathering in the interest of a cause to which he had given much of both time and money. He took the rostrum reluctantly, and began apologetically as follows: "I am not much of a speaker, friends." "Amen!" came heartily from a good Methodist not far from the speaker. Dean Hoffman looked disconcerted, but he finally tried to proceed: "I shall detain you but a moment, friends." "Hallelujah!" from the same Methodist. The Dean proceeded to make a few remarks with a very red face. He laughed most heartily, however, when it was afterwards explained to him that the exclamations of pious gratitude had come from a deaf brother, who, able to recognize nothing but the pause in the Deans' speech, had expressed his approval on faith, rather than on hearing.

Taking Off His Hat to Nature.

Hamilton W. Mable repeats a story which shows how one man, at least, was affected by the beauty of nature:—

One day in the early spring a Scotchman was walking along the side of a mountain in Skye, when he came to a hut in which lived an old man he had known a great many years. He saw the old man with his head bowed, and his bonnet in his hand. He came up and said to him after a bit: "I did not speak to you, Sandy, because I thought you might be at your prayers."

"Well, not exactly that," said the old man, "but I will tell you what I was doing. Every morning for forty years I have taken off my bonnet here to the beauty of the world."

Beauty, wherever it is seen, is a reflection of God's face, the shining of the heavenly light down upon the earth. Wherever we come upon it, it should touch our hearts with a spirit of reverence. God is near; we are standing in the light of his countenance.

An Attractive Excursion.

A splendid opportunity to visit California, at small cost, is afforded by the excursion in connection with the General Conference of the M. E. Church, which meets in Los Angeles in May. The return ticket will be \$50 from Chicago, which is a very low rate. It is expected that single fares will be charged from Canadian points to Chicago. Write to Mr. F. T. Hendry, 151 Griswold Street, Detroit, for illustrated folder giving full directions.

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THE CANADIAN EPWORTH ERA

A. C. CREWS, *Editor.*

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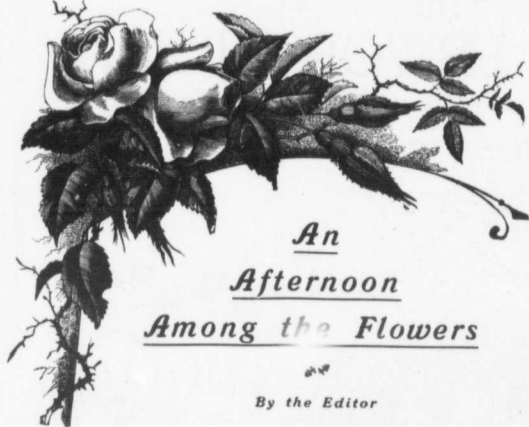
Vol. XVI

TORONTO, APRIL, 1904

No. 4



TO the thoughtful mind the lily blossom is a wicket in the great unseen portal of death, through which we may obtain bright glimpses of what is beyond. It opens in all its snowy purity and exquisite grace from the dry withered sheath, as the transfigured immortal life bursts from the temporary imprisonment of death. He who raises up the lilies every summer, each from its own root in the mould, will not leave our life in the dust. "Like one of these," our death will be but a blossoming into a higher life."—*Rev. H. McMillen, D.D.*



An
Afternoon
Among the Flowers

By the Editor

It is perhaps not generally known that one of the largest and best conducted flower farms in America is located at Brampton, Ontario, not much more than half an hour's ride from Toronto. The extent of the greenhouses that have been erected is a matter of surprise to those who visit them for the first time. Many people come from cities in the United States for the sole purpose of inspecting the methods used here for the production of superior flowers.

Some years ago a man named Dale arrived from the old country, and began to grow flowers in Brampton in a very small way. The little conservatory which he erected, about forty feet long, still remains, although it is very much overshadowed by the fine structures which now surround it. Mr. Dale prospered, and his business began to develop rapidly, but he died before his plans could be completely matured.

Under the name of "The Dale Estate," the enterprise has been carried on for the benefit of his family, and is now under the very efficient management of Mr. Duggan. During the past three years the sum of \$125,000 has been spent in buildings. At the present time there are thirteen acres under glass; 116 men are on the pay roll; 58 self-feeding furnaces devour coal at the rate of 4,500 tons a season. This, of course, means great expense, and partly explains why flowers cost so much.

The glass-roofed buildings are models of convenience and completeness, most of them being 250 feet in length. Steampipes run in every direction by which the temperature is maintained considerably above the freezing point, no matter what the weather may be outside. On the afternoon of my visit, it was ten below zero, but the flowers were provided with fifty-five degrees of heat. When the sun beats strongly upon the glass the mercury in the thermometer climbs rapidly, but the workmen aim at keeping the temperature as equable as possible.

A large amount of space is, of course, given to the "Queen of Flowers," the rose, of which about twenty varieties are grown. The "American Beauty" is generally regarded as the finest, when appearance and perfume are taken into account. Very choice specimens of this rose sell for \$1.00 apiece. What is known as the "Canadian Queen," is a very beautiful rose, and "The Bride," "The Sunrise," "The Meteor," "The Pearl" and "Sunset," are also exceedingly attractive.

Much attention is given to the cultivation of carnations, of which there are thirty or forty different kinds. The variety

of color is astonishing. For fully nine months of the year carnations may be plucked and marketed. One of the most delicate flowers seen in these indoor gardens is the "Lily of the Valley." The clusters of bell-shaped blossoms are exquisitely beautiful. The method of producing them is unique. The bulbs or "pips" come from Germany, and are kept at Brampton, in a frozen state, during the winter. In the spring they are sent to Toronto to be kept in cold storage until needed. After the "pips" have been planted, only twenty-one days elapse before the flowers are ready to deck the bridal altar in New York, Montreal, or Toronto. The "Lily of the Valley" is kept very much in the dark. The plants are boxed in, and only a little light is allowed to find its way in through the cracks, so that the flowers are coaxed to grow toward it, and thus become tall. More than a million bulbs are brought in from Germany each year, and five hundred are planted every day.

After walking through these spacious greenhouses, and seeing lovely flowers blooming by the thousand, the question comes to the lip, "Where do they all go!" The manager answers the query by saying, "We cannot possibly supply the demand."

The flowers are sent to Canadian towns and cities from Halifax to Vancouver, and so carefully are the cutting and packing done that they arrive at the most distant points in good condition. A few lumps of ice are generally put into the boxes to keep them cool, and of course they are hurried through as rapidly as possible. The letters for "The Dale Estate" are delivered direct from the train, and in this way fully an hour is saved. When the trains are late the employees have to move quickly. Sometimes an order is received when there are only a few minutes to spare before the train is due that should carry the boxes away. Then the horses cover the ground between the station and the greenhouses at the gallop, and everybody "hustles." The unsatisfactory service on the Grand Trunk, especially at holiday time, is a great trial to the florist. On the day before Christmas several of the flower dealers in Montreal found themselves entirely without flowers, owing to the failure of the trains to make connections.

Quite a quantity of flowers are sent to New York, Buffalo, Chicago, and other cities of the United States, but this is not encouraged, as the management prefers to develop the local trade. Sometimes when the supply of flowers in New York runs short, the florists there offer astonishing prices for

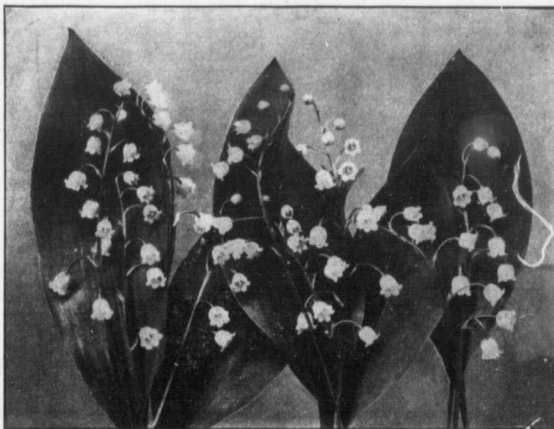


Photo by H. McFarland.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

From The Outlook.

Canadian goods. As a rule, the reply is sent back: "Very sorry, but we must meet the orders of our own customers here first."

The widespread reputation of "The Dale Estate" accounts largely for the demand which constantly exists for their flowers. At a floral exhibition, held in Montreal a short time ago, seventeen entries were made by this firm, and seventeen



AT WORK IN THE CONSERVATORY.

first prizes were taken, although several of the most successful growers of Canada and the United States competed. An institution that aims at uniform excellence in all that it undertakes is sure to succeed. To all who love flowers, an afternoon's ramble through the greenhouses at Brampton is a delightful and long-to-be-remembered experience.

'Tis April.

There's a thrush in the thicket, 'tis April, I know,
There are signs of her presence wherever I go;
There's gold on the willows, and blue in the sky,
And pink where the snowdrifts of arbutus lie;
There's red on the maples, and color to spare—
Each bud is awake and awaiting its share.
The butterflies feel it is time for their wings;
Through the mists there are hints of invisible things,
And on through the meadows and over the hill
Sweet April is calling her followers still;
Her footprints are violets, her breath is the air,
And her speech is the singing of birds everywhere.

—Mary A. Mason.

The Flowers of Palestine.

BY MRS. (REV.) J. PICKERING.

BEAUTIFUL is the scene witnessed by the traveller in that Land of Lands when spring opens upon the valleys and hills of Palestine. From January to May the groves and meadows are adorned with flowers, which are of native origin and bloomed in ancient times. The anemone, crocus, tulip, hyacinth, wind-flower, narcissus, dragonwort, periwinkle, veronica, white clover, hollyhock, and a multitude of others perfume the air to-day as in the days of the patriarchs and prophets. The meadow anemone might be called the queen of the meadows, and is seen in flaming scarlet, shades of purple, as well as pale yellow and white.

When our Lord was preaching the "Sermon on the Mount of Beatitudes, and looking down on the plain below illumined with carlet, purple, and gold of these wild flowers, He said, "Consider the lilies," etc., and also referred to them as grass. An Arab, when asked the name of the wild flowers blooming in the vale, makes no answer but "Hashish," or "they are grass," vividly illustrating Matt. 7-30.

The traveller's first impression when entering the Garden of Gethsemane is one of surprise. Expecting a sacred spot whose principal characteristics would be retirement and natural surroundings, he finds instead, modern-looking path-

ways lined with flowers, a conservatory where the monks cultivate their choicest plants. They maintain that to grow them there is a sacred thing. Furthermore, every visitor buys some, and "one must live," they say, even upon the slopes of Olivet.

Throughout the land, yearly, these flowers come up with the same bright and cheery hues, and even the thistle wears a beautiful blossom, and the thorn is crowned with the rose.

Seldom does the traveller see anything like a flower garden, their domain is a flower-pot, a box, or a fragment of a water jar arranged along the walls of the court, upon the edge of the terraced roof, or even firmly set in mortar along the edge of a parapet, and there flourishes in the greatest luxuriance every variety of carnation. There flaunts the double marigold, pride of the Turkish inhabitants, the lovely green of the fragrant "sweet basil," the "habish" of the Arabs, called by the Greeks "vasilico," which gives its name to many a blushing maiden.

When the Christian traveller would bring the most fitting memorial of the sacred scenes he has visited, he plucks a rose on the plain of Sharon, and a lily from the valley, or a bulb from Solomon's Gardens; with tearful eyes and a trembling hand takes a daisy from the Mount of Beatitudes, a withered fig-leaf on the sacred road from Bethany to Jerusalem, and his mind is stirred with thoughts too deep for tears, as he takes an olive leaf from the Garden of Gethsemane.

One lesson only can we stay to learn on the immortality of good deeds. Within the last few years fifty-nine species of the plant and flower life of the days of the Pharaohs have been found in fruits, flowers, and leaves, on garlands and branches enclosed with the linen wrapping that envelops the mummies.

By placing them in warm water a series of specimens was obtained which, although gathered four thousand years ago, the colors of the flowers are still present, such as the violet of the larkspur and knapweed and scarlet of the poppy.

Thus, though four thousand years since Seti I. decreed the slaughter of the Hebrew babes, and Thermuttus, the daughter of a Pharaoh, preserved the infant Moses from the waters of the Nile, these flowers of Egypt have fallen with every winter's decay, and at the coming of spring have appeared on the earth again.

For a quarter million years no appreciable change has taken place, they grew in that ancient period precisely as they do to-day.

Good deeds are the flowers of human life, the years shall wax and wane, centuries and generations shall pass, but the good we do shall spring up anew with the new coming lives of the new age.

This is an immortality which all may covet, the immortality of holy living and useful deeds.

St. Catharines, Ont.

Floral Variety.

WHAT wonderful variety is to be seen in the floral world! You look at a bed of carnations or violets, and you count it all as of one variety, but the gardener will tell you that there are no two individual blossoms alike.

It is said that there are six hundred varieties of roses. And yet if you go into a garden and pluck two roses from the same bush you will find it impossible to discover two buds or two flowers that are alike in all respects. Some flowers are very simple. They are formed of single leaves, like the cowslip and the buttercup; others are crowded with leaves, like the cactus and the marigold. Some plants bear only one flower on a stem, like the snowdrop, the crocus and the violet, while others are covered all over with flowers, like the sweet-william, the snowball and the clover.

Some flowers are very small, like the forget-me-not; others very large, like the delhia and the peony.

Flowers in Japan.

BY REV. F. A. CASSIDY, M.A.

THESE are several special flower seasons in Japan, as well as a good variety of flowers all through the year. The first of these special flower seasons is in March and the beginning of April when the cherry flowers come forth in all their glory. The long rows and great clumps of cherry trees which look rather shabby through the rest of the year, then become one splendid mass of floral glory. With no foliage to conceal their delicate shades these lovely flowers seem to hold full possession of the trees, and to appeal with telling effect to the hearts of the people, for hundreds of thousands turn out in their spring garb to see the cherry flowers. This is one of the most delightful seasons of the year.

The next special flower season is the Azalea season in April, when hill sides and sloping embankments are ablaze with the pink and deeper red flowers that fill and cover the low, close-

lence of each variety is that there is no other like it. They are queer, odd, curious, gnarled, knotted, dwarfed, and modified by every process of evolution and devolution till one can no longer trace the modest beauty of our familiar friend the Morning Glory.

But the most glorious of all the flower seasons, in some respects at least, is when the great national flower, the *kiku* (chrysanthemum. Who made this horrid name anyway!) comes to its maturity. The *kiku* (pronounced kee koo) is quietly growing through the summer, and in its native, uncultivated form is a very humble and common plant. But, meantime, in the special gardens of wealthy men and *kiku* fanciers, the finer varieties are undergoing the most painstaking preparation for the season of their autumnal glory. This process is carried on in several different ways, according to the objects aimed at. One might be called the individual process, by which the highest individual perfection is sought. In this case an individual stalk is sustained by a slender rod,

on the top of which is a slight horizontal rest or tray made of a concentric coil of wire, so that the one solitary flower can extend its petals and rest them on the wire without being a burden to itself. In this way there are produced most magnificent single and double flowers, of such wide variety that one needs to see them to really appreciate their beauty. Like all cultivated varieties, they are planted out of doors in the earth, against a high fence or other protecting wall, with a light canopy extending from the wall some eight or ten feet, so as to form a booth or covering to protect them from the sun and wind. Some very sweet pet names are given to the different varieties of these, such as morning breeze, early dew, smile of heaven, etc.

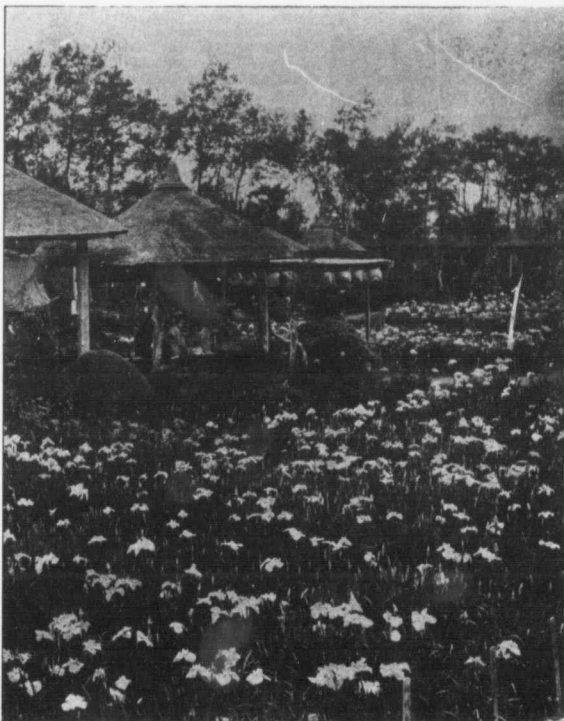
The second might be called the group process, by which fine groups of flowers are produced. In this case there are several branches on one plant, and each branch has one flower, each branch is also trained and supported on a slender rod or rest. They are sheltered as in the first case, and may be planted in the ground or in pots.

The next might be called the mass process, for the object sought is to produce the greatest possible mass of splendid flowers. Fifty, sixty or a hundred flowers on one plant is a common thing, but I have seen a single plant trained in a wide bank, perhaps twenty feet in circumference, and carrying from three hundred to four hundred magnificent flowers. This is really a great achievement in floriculture.

I must now tell you about the garden parties. November is the great *kiku* month, when the Fall rains are past. The sky mellows into a golden glory, and the charming haze of Indian summer rests on the land. It is

the custom with his Imperial Majesty, the British Minister and a few of the wealthy nobles of Japan, to give garden parties at this season, when invitations are sent to the first rank of Japanese people, foreign representatives and some other foreign friends. Here one is able to see the charming effects produced by Japanese landscape gardening, improved by some western ideas, and one is able to see and mingle with a large number of the finest and noblest of the land. The turnout of four or five hundred guests to a party of this kind would do credit to any land.

Tokyo, Japan.



IRIS FLOWER GARDEN AT HORIKIRI, TOKYO, JAPAN.

set Azalea bushes. Variety is given by a mixture of white flowered azalea as well as by other shades.

A little later the Wisteria puts forth its long pendant flowers, hanging from the immense horizontal trellis on which the vines are trained. These flowers when in full bloom are about eighteen inches or sometimes two feet in length, and hang in such abundance from the trellis that they form a perfect canopy of delicate purple or white, and afford a gorgeous shade for a garden or school playground.

The Morning Glory season which occurs in September calls up the memory of being awakened at an early hour so as to go with a friend to a special Morning Glory garden by six o'clock in the morning. Here the Morning Glory (*anagawa*, morning face) is seen in endless variety, and the chief excel-

What We Owe to Flowers.

BY MAURICE MAETTERLICK.

THIS morning, when I went to look at my flowers, surrounded by their white fence, which protects them against the good cattle grazing in the field beyond, I saw again in my mind all that blossoms in the woods, the fields, the gardens, the orangeries, and the greenhouses, and I thought of all that we owe to the world of marvels which the bees visit.

Can we conceive what humanity would be if it did not know the flowers? If these did not exist, if they had all been hidden from our gaze, as are probably a thousand no less fairy sights which are all around us but invisible to our eyes, would our character, our faculties, our sense of the

first broke up the prism and made the most subtle portion of our sight. And the magic garden of perfumes: who would have opened its gate to us? A few grasses, a few gums, a few fruits, the breath of the dawn, the smell of the night and the sea, would have told us that beyond our eyes and ears there existed a shut paradise where the air which we breathe changes into delights for which we could have found no name.

—*The Outlook.*

The Love of Flowers.

WHY is it that every eye kindles with delight at the sight of beautiful flowers? that in all lands, and amidst all nations, the love of flowers appears to prevail to so great an extent, that no home is considered complete without



"OF ALL THE GARDEN FLOWERS, THE FAIREST IS THE ROSE."—*Mol.*

beautiful, our aptitude for happiness, be quite the same? We should, it is true, have other splendid manifestations in nature, of luxury, exuberance, and grace; other dazzling efforts of the superfluous forces: the sun, the stars, the varied lights of the moon, the azure and the ocean, the dawns and twilights, the mountain, the plain, the forest and the rivers, the light and the trees, and, lastly, nearer to us, birds, precious stones, and woman. Those are the ornaments of our planet. Yet, but for the last three, which belong to the same smile of nature, how grave, austere, almost sad would be the education of our eye, without the softness which the flowers give! Suppose for a moment that our globe knew them not: a great region, the most enchanted in the joys of our psychology, would be destroyed, or rather would not be discovered. All of a delightful sense would sleep forever at the bottom of our harder and more desert hearts and in our imagination stripped of worshipful images. The infinite world of colors and shades would have been but incompletely revealed to us by a few rents in the sky. The miraculous harmonies of light at play, ceaselessly inventing new gaieties, reveling in itself, would be unknown to us, for the flowers

them—no festival duly honored unless they decorate the place where it is observed? They are strewn in the path of the bride; they are laid on the bier of the dead; the maker selects from the floral tribes the emblem of his grief and the mourner the insignia of his grief. Everywhere, and under all circumstances, flowers are eagerly sought after and affectionately cherished; and when the living and growing are not to be obtained, then is their place filled by some substitute or other, according to the taste or circumstances of the wearer; but whether that substitute be a wreath of gorgeous gems for the brow of royalty, or a bunch of colored cambric for the adornment of a servant-girl, it is usually wrought into the form of flowers. The very furniture of our houses vouches for the prevalence of this passion; for we seldom see a carpet, a chintz or a paper that does not include flowers in its pattern.

Whence comes this all-prevailing taste? Surely it is a gift from God, planted by Him in the heart of His creatures: for the capability to enjoy it belongs as much to the peasant as to the prince, and the means of gratifying it is as free to the one as to the other.

My Mother's Garden.

BY HENRY C. L. HASKELL.

The summer gardens are fair to day,
But still my thoughts will drift away,
From their fragrant blossoms of varied hue,
To the dear old garden my boyhood knew ;
I can close my eyes and see it yet,
With old-time blossoms in beauty set,
I can hear the music of bird and bee,
And this is the picture that comes to me :

Fragrant Lilies and Hollyhocks,
Bluebells, Monkshood, and Four-o'clocks,
Larkspur and Morning-glories show,
And Tiger Lilies in stately row,
And the Honeysuckle that used to climb
Above the window in summer time ;
The Roses crowding each thorny bush,
The old, old, red ones, the white and blush,
None more worthy of words of praise
Mid their regal sisters of later days.

The hands that tended those blooms I know
Were done with earth's labors long ago,
And the eyes that watched their growth with pride
Gaze in the gardens beyond the tide,
On never fading flowers that expand
In the light of God's beautiful summerland.

Oh, the summer gardens are fair to-day,
But still my thoughts will drift away
To the fragrant blossoms of varied hue
In the dear old garden my boyhood knew.

The Ministry of Flowers.

BY REV. E. N. BAKER, M.A.

"Flowers preach to us if we will hear :

They tell of His love who sends the dew,
The rain and sunshine, too,
To nourish one small seed."

THE Master wishes to speak against anxiety, and takes His servants into the fields. "Consider," He says, "the lilies of the field, how they grow." They stay in the place God has put them, though it is dirty and dark, and grow beautiful and bright. Think of them, and you will think of the pure, the true, the good, the gentle, the sweet, and the beautiful. Think of the lily, and you will be led to think of the Lily of the Valley. Think of the flowers, and you will be led to think of Him who made them all.

How powerfully and yet silently they have preached in the sick room ; all they have done there we will never know. Some of the things that have come under our observation we will relate.

One day I was visiting the sick-room of one who was very near "yonder land." She thanked me for my visit, and did appreciate it. Her face, as well as words, told me so. As I was leaving another came in with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, and said, as she handed them to the sick one, "From your Sunday-school class." The face of this sufferer fairly beamed, as she said, "Send them my love for their kindness." Much as the pastor's visit was appreciated, it did not bring the joy and gladness into that sick-room that these flowers did.

Three rosebuds were sent weekly into the sick chambers of a great sufferer. Friends had called and messages were sent. All were kind to this godly woman, but nothing seemed to bring such joy as the rosebuds. She said to me one day, "I look at them and think of Him who made them so beautiful and so fragrant." One day when they were

handed to her she said, "How beautiful, just like her who sent them." The Master blessed this gift in that room, I think, especially, because of the sacrifice it meant to her who sent them. They cost her, as I incidentally learned, all her spending money for the week. She had her reward in the



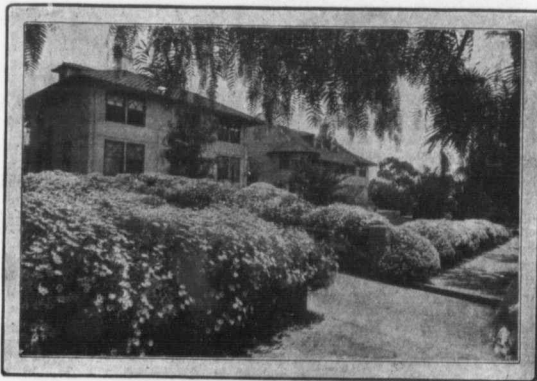
A PLEASANT CORNER OF PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.

gratitude and love of this good woman, who knew nothing of the fact that in the rosebuds was her weekly pin-money.

One day I was told, as I visited the hospital, that a patient in Ward No. ——— wanted to see me. When I entered, the woman said, "I am Mrs. ———. You have heard of me, if you do not know me." I had, for she was the most notorious woman in the place. She said, "I want to live a better life. Do you see that rose? That was sent to me by Miss ———, 'dear girl.' After that she sent her Bible with passages marked, and this beautiful letter. She has never visited me. I do not know her, but she has sent these, and I want to live a better life." The sequel was she gave up her life of shame. The one white rosebud did it. It opened the door for the Bible, the letter, and Jesus Christ. "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of these least, ye did it to me."

The Santa Barbara Mission.

ONE of the most delightful spots in all California in which to rest awhile, is quaint, quiet old Santa Barbara, which until very recently was not even invaded by the railway. Its houses and vine-clad cottages, surrounded by bright green lawns and graceful trees, are



PICTURESQUE HOMES ALONG THE CALIFORNIA COAST.

inhabited by people who take life easy, and who revel in the glories of nature during twelve months of the year.

Probably the most interesting feature of Santa Barbara is the old Franciscan Mission that stands on a bit of elevated ground at the upper end of the valley. It is a well preserved pile of brick, stone, and adobe, and is clearly outlined against



THE MISSION GARDEN AT SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

a background of wooded hills. The mission is built upon three sides of an open court or garden. The walls are thick and massive, and are built of heavy stones plastered with mud, and painted yellowish white.

By far the most interesting section of the mission is the garden belonging to the fathers. Entrance to its quiet precincts, filled all the year with green shrubs, trailing vines, and myriads of bright flowers, is through the sacristy to the left of the altar, and thence down a short flight of stone steps. Wandering into this sheltered spot, one finds himself isolated from every suggestion of activity and worldliness. To the fathers now in charge of the mission, the garden is a world in itself. There they take their walks, and there they read or sit in meditative silence, listening to the birds, watching the doves that are always circling about the towers, drinking in the rich perfumes wafted from the flowers they so carefully nourish.

Flowers for the Poor.

BY THE REV. J. C. SPEER, D.D.

AMID a driving storm the pastor of a city congregation made his way to the poorest street in his parish. Up the rickety stairway of a half-tumbled down house he climbed to find a lone old woman suffering from a malignant disease. On enquiry the pastor found that she had no one belonging to her to whom she could appeal for aid in the time of her extremity.

The scantily furnished room was tidy and clean to a fault, and on the table stood a vessel with a lovely bunch of cut flowers. He called the attention of the aged sufferer to the flowers, and as the face brightened the story was told how there were two young ladies who came daily to care for this room, to minister to the wants of the bed-ridden creature, and to leave the flowers as a token of love.

It then transpired that these angels of mercy were members of the pastor's congregation, and both young ladies who were in positions to move among the gay and pleasure-loving

classes, but their time was not so devoted, but with the spirit of their Master they chose to give their time and to use their pocket-money for the blessing of the suffering and lonely.

On the Sunday morning, as these two took their places among the people there seemed to the pastor to be upon their faces a radiance as if they had been on the holy mount of God.

How that suffering, forlorn woman blessed these sisters of truest charity, as in the gloom of that miserable attic the flowers flamed and glowed in beauty, and filled the place with the sweetest incense.

Toronto, Ont.

A LITTLE plant was given to a sick girl. In trying to take care of it the family made changes in their way of living. First, they cleaned the window, that more light might come to its leaves; then when not too cold, they would open the window, that fresh air might help the plant to grow; next the clean window made the rest of the room look so untidy that they used to wash the floor and walls and arrange the furniture more neatly. This led the father of the family to mend a broken chair or two, which kept him at home; and then as home grew attractive, the whole family loved it better, and grew healthier and happier with their flowers. Thus the little plant brought a real blessing.

A WELL-KNOWN landscape architect, who has had much to do in laying out parks and supervising the arrangement of flowers in them, says that women should make a serious study of arranging flowers in vases, and especially taking into consideration the proportion of the vase. The more simple the material and the form of the vase the better the artistic effect. Take, for instance, the syringa. A straight, terra cotta vase, like a column, holds these blossoms to perfection. Some vases of exquisite and elaborate workmanship are complete in themselves without the addition of flowers; the effect of the line of the vase is spoiled by covering it, and the simple, natural beauty of the flower is injured by the elaborate setting made by the vase.

You Brought Me Flowers.

You brought me flowers! blush roses, three,
 Not guessing all they held for me;
 The day was dark, and I alone;
 Life sang to me in monotone;
 While every hope afloat at sea,
 Seemed wrecks upon the sands to be;
 While chilly winds were making moan—
 You brought me flowers.

As 'twere love's mantle overthrowed,
 O'er all the sky a radiance shone;
 Hope swung her snowy canvas free;
 Because, because, dear heart, you see,
 When I was weary, sad, and lone,
 You brought me flowers.

—Mrs. Sarah Wolverton.

"The Blue Flower."

BY MRS. LUCY M. SMITH.

HAVE you ever noticed in visiting a large hothouse or private conservatory, or in walking through some trim garden or well-ordered park, the scarcity of the "blue" flower? There are the reds, browns, yellows, and purples, with streams of green running through them, but rarely does the eye light upon the pretty blue. True, it often grows in abundance along the roadside, but we are so intent on reach-



WHERE THE BLUE FLOWER ABOUNDED.

ing the goal before us, that we do not take time to gather them.

I want to tell where I once found the blue flower abounding. A friend wished to take some views of an old mill, then in ruins, so we rowed two miles up a river to reach it. Ruins had always possessed some wondrous charm for me; on entering this one I did not find "arches and columns lighted up with the poetic touches of the moon's white light," as I had read of some of the fine ruins of Italy, but something infinitely as sweet and interesting, the "blue" flower, growing in such numbers as to remind one of some pillared cloister of turquoise and sapphire. Time had ploughed great furrows in the walls, but every crevice was interlaced with festoons of blue flowers. They were the tassels that held the draperies of green vine

in place; they were the jewelled ear-drops of the window openings; they were the slippers that seemed to give rest to its worn-out feet; on the outside also, as if desirous of hiding the frayed foundation-skirt, they wove around it a delightful embroidery.

"God's messengers," I said, "clothed in the color of His own home, the bright, blue sky."

We need not tell you, dear reader, that time and time again the blue flower has been likened to happiness. Its fair blossoms bathed with heavenly dew, lie all along life's rugged pathway, but how seldom we take time to gather them. The days are so crowded with worldly interests that the over-taxed soul cannot

"Take time to be holy."

so the sweet blossoms wither, and their suggestion of intimacy with a happier and ho'er life, towards which we might reach out are unheeded.

Then do we not often look for happiness where it is least likely to be found? The priceless blue flower seldom grows in the conservatories of our own well-thought-out plans for life; or in the carefully trimmed gardens of cherished ambitions. Often the mill where we would so finely grind our own destinies must stand in ruins, and disappointment plough great furrows in its walls before God can sow His blue flower of divine joy, that shall decorate the heart's bare and gloomy interior with a hallowed peace. Then how His love will festoon with the beauty of holiness the broken arches and columns of life, and weave about the heart's frayed edges the blue embroidery of a sanctified delight!

I stood a minute in one of the windows looking away to the city in the distance, and wondering amid its teeming life how many hearts were grieving over ruined ambitions and thwarted successes, and wishing the invitation might be echoed, "Come, see where the blue flower abounds!" and it is the will of the Father in Heaven that it shall abound amid the disordered parterres of every human heart. Be patient, cease from murmuring long enough to give Him time to plant it, then when it blooms you will exclaim with those who have reached the one rich experience through many bitter ones, "Why! this is more than happiness, 'tis blessedness!"

Oakville, Ont.

"Go Carry Flowers."

BY REV. JOHN MORRISON.

AT this Eastertide, coming in the month when nature awakens from her winter sleep, and fills the air with fragrance and the landscape with beauty, the Epworth Leaguer may well pause a moment to consider the flowers, and what use may be made of them in Christian work. With the prodigality for which nature is noted, every bush, shrub and tree, hillside and valley, fence row and roadside, will be starred with beauty and odorous with the fragrance of the flowers. Why should the home be cheerless, especially where sickness is, church, Sunday School, and Epworth League room be bare and devoid of beauty, when nature, with so lavish a hand, has made beauty and cheer possible by using her flower treasures! The birds sing sweeter when the flowers are blooming about them, and that must be an adamant heart indeed which will not warm before the beauty and fragrance of the woodland treasures; and he must be less than human—preacher, teacher, or topic leader, who will not, under the spell of their beauty and perfume, give a richer and fuller message.

"Go carry flowers"—to your own home, the home of poverty, the home where, like a spectre, sickness, grim and terrible, yea, death itself, stalks; the hospital, the prison, the college of business the school, the League room, the church. Their beauty and fragrance will reach down into the aching heart, and the sad heart, and the world will be made brighter.

They need not be the aristocratic gems from greenhouse or conservatory. Use the flowers of the wild woods that carry with them the woody flavor, that calls up to the sick one and the weary toiler, pictures of shady lanes and leafy woodlands, where the birds sing and the saucy squirrel chatters.

To those who put mere empty form over against human necessity, Jesus said: "It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days," and in the interval between Sabbath School and evening church service, the right-minded and right-

hearted Leaguer might be worse employed than in a quiet walk to the woods; then with heart-thought deepened and hands laden with God's floral treasures, return and make a few sick calls, cheering the shut-in ones with a handful of flowers and kindly thought, inspired by the touch of nature. Springfield, Ont.

Remembered the Flowers in Her Will.

BY REV. I. TOVELL, D.D.

IN consequence of failing health, a young woman employed as a helper in a kind Christian home, had to drop her work and find a resting place for a few months. She was an orphan and supposed to be very limited in her means. The way was opened for her to stay in a neat little home belonging to a widow lady, also of limited means. The mistress of the afflicted one said she would pay for her mainten-

ance an amount sufficient to cover all the expense she has been at in providing for me during my illness. And I direct that one thousand dollars be given to Mrs. Whyte (the widow lady) who has been to me all that a mother could be during this long and trying affliction with which I have been visited." The bequests were met out of a savings fund in her name found in the Post Office Savings Department.

The flowers of the Flower Committee I have always said, in this instance, went far to prepare the way for her acceptance of Christ, and that acceptance resulted in a generous support that deeply touched the hearts of all concerned.

Toronto, Ont.

A Kodak Incident.

TWO friends with a kodak were passing a wretched old shack in which lived a queer old man. "Take a snapshot there," said J—. "No," was the answer, "I never take a picture of the ugly, there's enough of the beautiful."



MARGUERITES.

ance, and the widow offered to nurse her. The affliction was prolonged, loathsome and fatal, but that widow lady never tired in doing for her suffering one all that a mother would have done had she been living at the time. Her mistress was a Baptist, her nurse a Presbyterian, and her pastor a Methodist.

Every week for nearly six months our young people of Gore Street Methodist Church, Hamilton, carried her a bouquet of beautiful flowers, with a precious Scripture motto attached. The token touched that orphan girl's heart and prepared the way for her to be led to Christ, in whom she learned in the sick room fully to trust for her salvation.

Those flowers were as blossoms before the fruit. Ere the angels bore her spirit home she called for a pen and a barrister, and she said to him write, "This is my last will and testament. I give \$100 to Gore Street Church as a token of my gratitude for the love shown me by the young people who brought me those beautiful flowers. I bequeath to my dear

The attitude is worth cultivating. The beautiful needs to be shown far and wide. No man sees it without reverencing it and growing better. For, whether expressed on canvas, in the statue of marble, or in whatever form, beauty is beauty because of its nearness to perfection, to truth. And all men are the purer and better for seeing the likeness of truth in any form.

In many other ways as well as by the kodak it is good to see men who determine to spread the knowledge of the beautiful rather than that of the ugly.

One may denounce the low and the mean. But more is gained by speaking ever of the high and the true. It would be easy to exhaust oneself in denouncing evil, but much more will be accomplished by him who speaks ever of the true and the pure, the knowledge of which is needed more than silver or gold, and the sight of which men are ever deeply yearning after.—*East and West.*

Chrysanthemums.

The bleak, chill wind of November
Blows over the garden beds,
In the bitter and frosty weather
The asters hang their heads,
Where the flame of the salvia brightened
The walks, a month ago,
Dead leaves hang black and withered,
Or litter the ground below.

In the first cold night of autumn
The dahlia's pride was lost,
The hollyhock's splendor vanished
At the coming of the frost.
Even the brave little pinks
Hides under the leaves that fall,
And not one flower of the summer
Answers the robin's call.

But lo! in the corner yonder
There's a gleam of white and gold—
The gold of summer's sunshine,
The white of winter's cold,
And laden with spicy odors
The autumn breezes come
From the nooks and corners brightened
By the brave chrysanthemum.

Hail to thee, beautiful flower,
With royal and dauntless mien
Facing the frosts of winter—
I crown thee autumn's queen.
Like a gleam of late, bright sunshine
You brighten the waning year,
And keep us thinking of summer
Till the winter we dread is here.

Brave, beautiful, steadfast flower,
You come with a message to all:
Smile in life's bitterest weather,
And brighten its lonesome fall.
Carry some beauty of summer
In the heart till the season is past,
And let the dread winter that cometh
Find a flower in the soul at the last.

—Eben E. Rexford.

Get Ready.

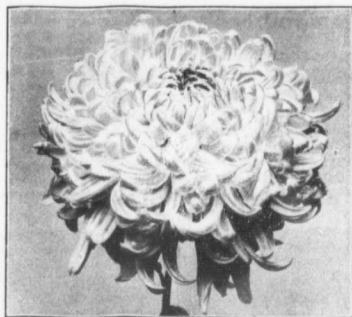
BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

It will soon be spring. There are hints of it in the air already. The plants on the window-sill feel the influence of the spell, and put forth bud and leaf, and seem to laugh out their gladness as they anticipate the passing of winter. And the flower-lover is full of delightful anticipations, also. He sees, in his mind's eye, the garden he is going to have next summer. He can smell the sweet peas in it, and gather, in advance, the poppies and the pansies which will brighten it. So it happens that the person who *really loves flowers* enjoys them before they come almost as much as when they are here. And the memory of them lingers after they are gone, so we get pleasure out of them the whole year round.

But we must not let a sentimental anticipation of the pleasure next summer's garden is to give us make us oblivious of the practical things which ought to be taken into consideration in connection with it. Before there can be a garden, there must be a good deal of planning done, and considerable work. The work will come later, but the planning should be done now, while there is leisure in which to plan well and wisely. The garden that is not "thought out" before garden-making time comes is quite likely to be disappointing in many ways. There will be a jumble of things where there ought to be harmony, because we do things in a hurry, and "take our chances." And that "doesn't pay."

What *does* pay, in garden-making as well as in business, is knowing just where things belong, and taking pains to see that they get in the right place. The wise gardener who takes the time to think out her garden will not make the mistake of getting blue flowers alongside scarlet ones, or tall

plants in front of low-growing ones. Every kind of flower she uses will be where it will show to the best advantage. The colors which harmonize will get into adjoining beds. White, or neutral colors, will act as peace-makers, and keep quarrelsome colors apart. The color which is pretty in itself will be heightened in its effect by having with it, or near it, a

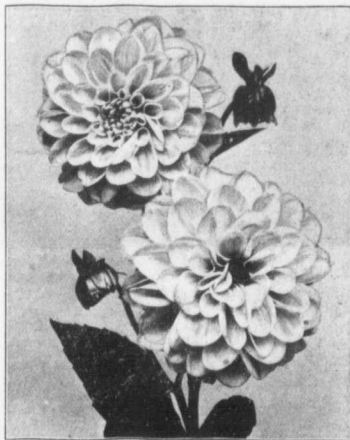


CHRYSANTHEMUM.

complementary color whose office is quite as much that of emphasizing the beauty of others as of asserting its own charms.

Of course, all this calls for careful thought and intelligent consideration of ways and means. If you do not know the new plants, make yourself familiar with their colors and habits by studying the catalogues. Never use a plant without learning all about these things. Make that a rule, and you will avoid many mistakes.

Don't be too ambitious. By that I mean, don't let your enthusiasm lead you into attempting more than you can carry out well. This is trite advice, I am well aware, but it needs repeating each season. Bear in mind the fact that a large garden will require a great deal of work at your hands, in order to be what it ought to be, and do not undertake the



DAHLIA.

making of it unless you know that you can do it justice. Slovenly, half-done work is always unsatisfactory work, and that is just the kind of work we are likely to do when we make larger plans than we can live up to. A little garden kept in perfect order will afford great pleasure; but a large garden neglected or only half-cared for will be a constant

reproach to us, and an offence to the eye of the person who believes that flowers deserve the best of treatment.

Therefore, get ready your garden in advance. Know where every flower is to go. Know the shape and size of your beds. And depend on the good old kinds rather than on new ones, for they will disappoint you, as the "novelties" are quite likely to. "There are no friends like the old friends," you know—the friends we have tested and always found true.—*Home and Flowers.*

How a Flower Mission Started.

IN his interesting autobiography: "The Making of an American," Mr. Jacob A. Riis tells how the Flower Mission of the King's Daughters in New York City was established. Living in the country, the thought occurred to him that the poor children of the city slums would appreciate some of the wild flowers from the field. He tells us how the idea was carried out:

"It was when the daisies bloomed in the spring that the children brought in armfuls from the fields, and bade me take them to 'the poor' in the city. I did as they bade me, but I never got more than half a block from the ferry with my burden. The street children went wild over the 'posies.' They pleaded and fought to get near me, and when I had no flowers left to give them sat in the gutter and wept with grief. The sight of it went to my heart, and I wrote this letter to the papers. It is dated in my scrap book June 23, 1888:

"The trains that carry a hundred thousand people to New York's stores and offices from their homes in the country rush over fields, these bright June mornings, glorious with daisies and clover blossoms. There are too many sad little eyes in the crowded tenements, where the summer sunshine means disease and death, not play or vacation, that will close without ever having looked upon a field of daisies. If we cannot give them the fields, why not the flowers? If every man, woman, or child coming in should, on the way to the depot, gather an armful of wild flowers to distribute in the tenements, a mission work would be set on foot with which all the almsgiving of this wealthy city could not be compared. Then why not do it? Ask your readers to try. The pleasure of giving the flowers to the urchins who will dog their steps in the street, crying with hungry voices and hungry hearts for a 'posy,' will more than pay for the trouble. It will brighten the office, the store, or the schoolroom all through the day. Let them have no fear that their gift will not be appreciated because it costs nothing. Not alms, but the golden rule, is what is needed in the tenements of the poor.

"If those who have not the time or opportunity themselves will send their flowers to 303 Mulberry Street, opposite Police Headquarters, it will be done for them. The summer doctors employed by the Health Department to canvass the tenements in July and August will gladly co-operate. Let us have the flowers."

If I could have foreseen the result, I hardly think that last paragraph would have been printed. I meant to give people a chance to discover for themselves how much pleasure they could get out of a little thing like taking an armful of flowers to town, but they voted unanimously, so it seemed, to let me have it all. Flowers came pouring in from every corner of the compass. They came in boxes, in barrels, and in bunches, from field and garden, from town and country. Express wagons carrying flowers jammed Mulberry Street, and the police came out to marvel at the row. The office was fairly smothered in fragrance. A howling mob of children besieged it. The reporters forgot their rivalries and lent a hand with enthusiasm in giving out the flowers. The Superintendent of Police detailed five stout patrolmen to help carry

the abundance to points of convenient distribution. Wherever we went, fretful babies stopped crying and smiled as the messengers of love were laid against their wan cheeks. Slovenly women courted and made way.

"The good Lord bless you," I heard as I passed through a dark hall, "but you are a good man. No such has come this way before." Oh! the heartache of it, and yet the joy! The Italians in the Barracks stopped quarrelling to help keep order. The worst street became suddenly good and neighborly. A year or two after, Father John Tabb, priest and poet, wrote, upon reading my statement, that I had seen an armful of daisies keep the peace of a block better than the policeman's club.

I saw, too, that I had put my hand to a task that was too great for me, yet which I might not give over, once I had taken it up. Every day the slum showed me that more clearly. The hunger for the beautiful that gnawed at his heart was a constant revelation. Those little ones at home were wiser than I. At most I had made out its stomach. This was like cutting windows for souls that were being shrunk and dwarfed in their mean setting. Shut them up ahead then the sunlight had poured in—never! I could only drive ahead, then, until a way opened. Somewhere beyond it was sure to do that. And it did. Among the boxes from somewhere out in Jersey came one with the letters I.H.N. on. I paid little attention



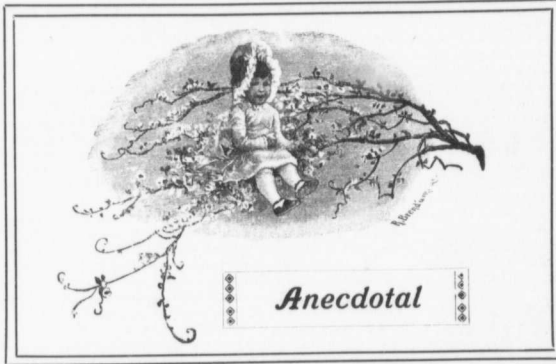
Photo by H. McFarland.

THE FUSCHIA.

From *The Outlook*.

to it then, but when more came so marked, I noticed that they were not all from one place, and made inquiries as to what the letters meant. So I was led to the King's Daughters' headquarters where I learned that they stood for "In His Name." I liked the sentiment; I took to it at once. And I liked the silver cross upon which it was inscribed. So I put on the silver cross, and in the Broadway Tabernacle spoke to the members of the order, asking them to make this work theirs. They did it at once. A committee was formed, and in the summer of 1890 it opened an office in the basement of the Mariners' Temple, down in the Fourth Ward. And from this small beginning has grown the King's Daughters' settlement, which to-day occupies two houses at 48 and 50 Henry Street, doing exactly the same kind of work as when they began in the next block. The flowers were and are the open sesame to every home. They were laughed at by some at the start, but that was because they did not know. They are not needed now to open doors; the little cross is known for a friend wherever it goes.

In Palestine the wild rose adorns every hedge and thicket. Cultivated roses are abundant and extremely varied. *It is the land of roses.* Carnations and roses are worn not only by children and youths under the edge of their turbans, but the aged carry them in their hands and wear them in the bosom.



In His Name.

Once, while traveling in a sister State, I had occasion to wait a half-hour at a railway station. While looking out of the car window, I saw a family, consisting of the father, mother, and five children, the oldest not more than twelve years of age, and the youngest an infant. They had apparently just arrived in this country, and were entirely unacquainted with our language, customs, and mode of dress. They were evidently waiting for a train that would take them farther on their journey. It was a hot day, and it was particularly hot inside the station waiting-room; so they were trying to make themselves as comfortable as possible at the end of the depot, outside, where there was a bit of shade. They were travel-stained, and looked lonely, tired, and home-sick. The children tried to play, but could not succeed. The mother held the youngest child in her lap, and seemed ready to drop from exhaustion. The father smoked his pipe in gloomy silence. No one around them could understand their language, and they could not understand one word that was spoken about them. They were, indeed, strangers in a strange land. They were alone, and yet were surrounded by a large number of people. A more complete picture of loneliness could not well be imagined.

I was so engaged looking at them that I scarcely noticed a party of ladies who had just entered the car, and had taken seats near me, until I heard them talking of the same people that I was looking at. Then my attention was arrested at once as I listened to the conversation with interest. One beautiful young lady, who was dressed in the height of fashion, and whose appearance and conversation showed her to be both refined and cultured, held in her hand a bouquet of rare and beautiful flowers. I heard her say, "I wish I could talk to them and cheer them up; they look so tired and lonely." After a moment she said, "I wonder if they would like these flowers, I think I will offer them to the children," and, sitting the action of the word, she left the car, crossed three lines of car-tracks, and went up on the platform where the strangers were. They seemed

much surprised to see such a fine lady coming toward them, and the children crept close to their parents for protection. But when she divided the large bouquet into five smaller ones, and gave one to each child, it did one's heart good to see the expression of happiness and content that came over the faces of the entire family. They could not understand the words that were spoken, but they could understand the language of kindness and sympathy that prompted the action. The tired look vanished from the face of the mother, the father removed his pipe from his mouth, and smiled his thanks, and the children were almost wild with delight. The lady then recrossed the tracks, came into the car again just as the train started, took her seat and, taking a book from her hand-bag, began to read as quietly as though nothing had happened. I had never seen her before, have never seen her since, never knew her name, and would not recognize her should I meet her; but I became very much interested in knowing what kind of a book she chose to read on that train. I was so anxious to know that, at the risk of appearing rude, I managed to pass by her seat and glance over her shoulder, and saw that she was reading the New Testament. I then thought, no wonder she does such kind acts.—*Rev. E. J. Reed, in Religious Telescope.*



Won by a Bunch of Flowers.

A faithful little Christian woman, who has charge of a day-nursery over on the East Side in the New York tenement-house district, was accustomed to visit a "shut-in" in one of the worst tenements. In the course of her visits to this house she came to know about a most drunken and wretched woman by whose door she passed every time she went into the building.

The woman hated her because she was a Christian, and if she looked in at the door, or acted as if she would like to come in, the door was always slammed in her face with a series of vulgar oaths.

Notwithstanding such treatment the little nursery saint, who had come down from the country with a conviction that she had a call from God, and had started

a day-nursery in New York City on fourteen dollars, backed up by her faith, and had won a great success, felt growing in her heart a deep pity for the wretched woman. This grew upon her as the neighbors of the woman told of her family, and how the husband and the three children were all being dragged down to ruin by her.

The visitor prayed for her every day, and also prayed for wisdom to devise a plan by which she might reach the woman's heart, for she was sure that, if she could only find the trail, down underneath all the oaths and brutality, there was a woman's heart that would prove her salvation if she could only get a hold upon it.

One day she decided to try an experiment.

She went and bought a most beautiful bouquet of flowers. She was very careful to see that they were the very best in the shop. She had them arranged nicely, and she carried them with her to that slum tenement house.

The door of the wretched little apartment was open as usual; and, as its inmate leaped forward with an oath to close it in her face, the little day-nursery woman held up the beautiful bunch of flowers before her, and said in her sweetest tones, "My dear, are they not beautiful?"

The woman stopped as if she had been shot.

The one good, bright spot in her wicked heart was a love for flowers. She had been brought up in the country, where as a little girl she gathered the beautiful blooms on the hillsides, and all her life she had loved flowers. Though for years she had lived in the midst of squalid poverty and sin, there was a little green spot of memory left, when the flowers still bloomed.

She looked at the blossoms, then she timidly bent toward them that she might smell their fragrance, and then, almost humbly, and with a new note of kindness in her voice, she said: "Yes, they are beautiful. They put me in mind of home when I was a little girl."

After a moment the Christian woman said: "Take them my dear. They are yours."

There was a look of shocked and horrified excitement in the woman's face for a moment, and then she burst into tears, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Mine?" she said. "You don't mean these beautiful flowers are for me after the way I have treated you. I have been so mean to you. I have cursed you, and abused you, and hated you, and sometimes I felt like I could have killed you; and now you give me these flowers." And she sobbed and cried again, as if she would never stop.

Well, that was the beginning of better days. The Christian woman was welcome in that tenement afterwards. In the course of the next three months the wretched woman was happily converted. The husband and children followed, and it is now a happy and flourishing Christian family.

And just think of it! Only a bunch of flowers opened the way for all that marvellous transformation!—*Rev. Dr. Banks in C. E. World.*



The Quiet Hour

An Easter Song.

Sing a song of Easter,
A song of happy hours,
Of dashing spray, and shadow play,
And lovely springing flowers;
Of birds come home again to build
Beside the cottage eaves,
Of waking buds, and rushing floods,
And dance of rustling leaves.

Sing a song of Easter,
A song that means a prayer
Of want and love to One above
Who keeps His world in care;
A song for all on this green earth,
For dear ones passed away,
Sing clear and strong the joyful song,
The song of Easter Day.

Sing a song of Easter,
A song of pure delight,
A song that starts in merry hearts,
And swells from morn till night;
An Easter song that children lift,
Without a jarring chord,
That thrills afar from star to star,
To praise the children's Lord.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Easter tide.

BY REV. SELBY JEFFERSON.

It is hard for us to associate anything with Easter save the gladness of song, the sweetness and blessed buoyancy of spring-time. But spring-time comes of winter, and approaches unto peace ever emerge from turmoil and strife. As the lily's perfect form and waxen whiteness struggled from its earth-bound bulb, arresteth such attention that earth, and leaf, and stem are all unseen, so does the season's significance shut out sight of the means whereby it has attained to its pre-eminence.

Far more than persecution from without, contention within stayed the spread of our faith in the early years. And next, in order of time, after the controversy about Sunday, but far beyond this in length and bitterness, came that of Eastertide and its observance.

Not that the festival then was known as such. The term is an Anglo-Saxon one, and tells of the time when Christianity came in contact with the old Teutonic mythology, the spirit presiding at the world's rebirth of beauty. Fittingly, therefore, the name Easter came to be given to this queen of feasts.

From the first a fast, a pascha, had

everywhere been kept by Christians in memory of the dark days of the Saviour's passion. From the first, too, there had always been in their minds an intimate association of the fast with the solemn paschal supper.

In the East, especially, the Asiatic churches, clothing the Christian idea in the garb of Jewish custom, kept the fast from the fourteenth of the first month of the Jewish year, the day on which the paschal lamb was slain. This involved the keeping of Easter always on the seventeenth of the month, be that what day of the week it might. But, gradually, there grew up everywhere a great regard for the first day of the week. Was not it the day of the Lord's rising and many appearances? Then, with an unerring instinct, the Pauline type of Christian saw that the paschal supper was only an accidental association. Not gloom but gladness was the season's truest note. So the rising of the Lord, not the killing of the lamb, was made the determinative idea. All things were seen to turn on the resurrection. Then the fast became a feast, and Sunday was yearly set apart for its celebration.

Now the feast may fall anywhere between the 22nd of March and the 25th of April. The law is, that the first Sunday after the 14th day of the Georgian calendar moon, which happens on or next after the vernal equinox, March 21st, shall be Easter Day.

But that the transcendent importance of the Easter idea is altogether independent of any date, east and west alike agree. For the idea, emphasized thus every year, has, above all else, deepened man's belief in immortality.

Best of all in our Easter thoughts is the anticipation referred to by Jesus, when He said:

"Because I live ye shall live also."
Louisburg, C.B.

A Lesson of Trust.

It is not our garden flowers, or those that grow in hothouses that teach us the lesson of trust so much, because they are carefully watched and attended to; but it is the wild flowers that give us the best teaching on this subject. These flowers seem to be left to themselves. They have no human caretaker. And they cannot take care of themselves. As Jesus said, "They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, that even

Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The dress of the flowers is richer and finer, and more beautiful than that of the greatest king in the world. And it is God who takes care of these flowers. He sends the sun to shine on them, and the rain and the dew to water them, and the wind to stir their leaves and make them grow. The flowers never trouble themselves about how they are to live. They never worry about the weather. Whether there will be as much rain as they may want to-morrow, or next week, or next month; or whether a frost may come and nip them, or whether the sun may be too hot for them, are things that never give them any anxiety. They leave all these things with God. They trust to Him to take care of them, and He does so.—*Dr. Newton.*

The Flower and the Text.

Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, in an address, delivered in Toronto, said that the sisters of the West London mission never go anywhere on their errands of mercy without taking flowers with them. He told of a sister walking along a London street at night, with two flowers, a red and a white rose. All the other flowers of her bouquet had faded. Seeing a poor creature sitting on a doorstep she handed the flowers to her, saying, "aren't they pretty?"

"Yes, they are," replied the girl. "Do you know what they seem to say to me?" said the sister, as she glanced from the red to the white rose. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

With these immortal words as a text, the Christian lady preached the Gospel to the abandoned woman, and succeeded in winning her to Christ. She was sent home to her parents in the country, and lived ever after a Christian life.

Every week during the summer, there comes to the West London mission a box of flowers from that country home, with the direction, "to be given to the poor girls of Piccadilly."

The Resurrection.

"Why should it be thought with you an incredible thing that God should raise the dead?" Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers? Out of the mold and the earth. Restrengthened! Resurrected! The radiant butterfly, where did it come from? The loathsome caterpillar. That albatross that smites the tempest with its wings, where did it come from? A senseless shell.

The insects flew and the worms crawled, last autumn, feebler and feebler, and then stopped. They have taken no food, they want none. They lie dormant and insensible, but soon the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and the air and the earth will be full of them. Do you not think that God can do as much for our bodies as He does for the wasps and the spiders and the snails? This morning at half-past four o'clock there was a resurrection. Out of the night the day. In a few weeks there will be a resurrection in all our gardens. Why not some day a resurrection amid all the graves!—*Dr. Talmage.*

THE CANADIAN EPWORTH ERA

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

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Editorial.

This Number.

Instead of spending a large sum on an expensive cover we have endeavored to make our Easter issue specially attractive by publishing an unusual number of very fine floral pictures. These have cost a good deal of money, but we aim at giving our readers the best that can be obtained. Our subscribers might help us by sending a copy of this number to their friends who do not take the paper, accompanied by a few words of recommendation. By making early application to the Book Room single copies will be sent to any address for five cents. Half a dozen copies will be sent to one address, or separately, for fifteen cents.

Spiritual Culture.

The wild flowers that grow in the woods and on the prairies are beautiful, but not nearly so much so as the product of the greenhouse. There is not a flower so perfect that it cannot be made more beautiful by culture. The magnificent rose that sells for a dollar is the result of many years of careful development. Experiment after experiment has been made, with large expenditure of time and money, before the florist's window is adorned with the magnificent blossoms that so delight the eye.

The same principle applies to human life. Training and culture are necessary. Great attention is paid just now to physical culture. Gymnasiums are being multiplied, and our magazines are filled with advertisements of those who profess to teach us all how "to become strong." Intellectual development, too, is being provided for as never before. Colleges and universities are springing up everywhere, and a larger percentage of the population than in former years is availing itself of these splendid opportunities for self-culture. There is reason for congratulation in all this, but the highest and most important of all education should not be neglected—the culture of the heart. A lovely Christian character does not come by chance. It is not the result of a naturally pleasant disposition, but is developed by faith in God, coupled with self-denial, self-sacrifice and self-watchfulness. It is wonderful what can be accomplished by spiritual culture.

Give Everyone a Chance.

In growing roses and other flowers in greenhouses it is quite a common practice to snip off all the buds from the stalk, except one, so that the survivor may have every chance to develop into size and beauty. Quality, instead of quantity, seems to be the motto, as a bush that would produce a dozen or two of ordinary flowers is made to grow four or five extraordinary ones. The method that should be pursued in developing the spiritual faculties of young people is exactly the opposite to this. The Sunday School teacher who neglects all the rest of the class in order to give special attention to one clever scholar is making a serious mistake. The Young People's Society where all the speaking, praying and working are done by half a dozen members, while the rest look on, is doomed to extinction before long. The object should be to cultivate the talents of *all* the members rather than to develop a few prodigies.

Jesus Lives.

It is said that Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, was one day preparing his Easter sermon when suddenly it came upon him like a revelation that the Christ of whom he was writing was living. Springing to his feet he began to walk up and down his study saying, "He is living. He is living," and the following day he preached such a sermon to his people as they say he had never preached. In attempting work for Christ it is essential that we have a strong conviction of the fact that we depend upon a living Saviour to give life to living men here and now. His "touch has still its ancient power," and His infinite resources may be ours when we go forth in His name and relying in His strength.

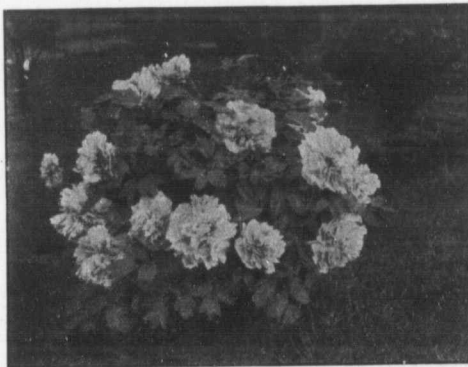


Photo by H. M. Farland.

THE PEONY.

From *The Outlook*.

The Bar not Necessary.

The recent agitation on the temperance question has led to the hotel-keepers to declare in the most outspoken way that the bar is a necessary adjunct of their business, and that good hotels cannot be maintained without the profits coming from this source. What bosh this is! There are plenty of facts available to show that there is no truth whatever in the statement, as it may apply to cities and towns, at any rate.

In the March number of *The World To-Day*, a magazine of great excellence, published in Chicago, there is an article on "Prohibition in Maine," by Mr. Joseph H. Manley, a prominent politician in that State, in which he says: "In this

state the greatest hotels we have, the largest and most profitable, do not allow and have not allowed a bar in their hotels for years, and do not, under any circumstances, sell or have for sale liquor of any description."

A recent issue of Cassels Magazine has an interesting article on the hotels of London in which he states that many of the temperance hotels are quite as good in their accommodations as the licensed places, and are much cheaper. Most of them are paying well. What are known as "Coffee Palaces," in Australia are magnificent hostleries, and are a source of revenue to their stockholders. Canada greatly needs something of this kind.

"You seem to find in your plants a never-failing source of delight," said a gentleman to a gardener. "Yes," was the reply; "somehow, the more I love them, the more I love God." It should be natural and easy to look from nature up to nature's God.

AN Epworth League flower-garden where flowers may be cultivated and used for decorating the church, or distribution in the homes, may serve a moral if not a religious purpose by furnishing occupation for some hands that might otherwise be idle, and thus interest them in church and all-round Christian work, as a final result.

REV. T. J. Parr, who is so well known to ERA readers as the writer of the prayer meeting topic expositions, has gone to Jerusalem to attend the World's Sunday School Convention. We are glad to announce that he has consented to write an account of this great gathering, together with some sketches of travel for this paper.

IT is a splendid thing for a boy to have some fad or fancy connected with the home, that affords agreeable occupation during his spare hours. Perhaps there is nothing more elevating than a taste for gardening. If a lad can be interested in growing vegetables and flowers there will not be much trouble in keeping him away from bad company.

IN the United States a great national holiday has been set apart, and known as "Decoration Day," when the whole nation keeps fresh the memory of her brave soldiers who fell in battle, by strewing flowers upon their graves. It is an admirable custom. The affection of the heart which finds expression in the planting of a flower over the grave of a friend is a touching and beautiful thing.

IT is impossible to walk through the streets of our towns and cities and look at the windows of the homes without being impressed with the large numbers of flowers that are being cultivated. Not merely in the conservatories of the rich, but in the humble dwellings of the "common people," the most beautiful foliage, buds and blossoms, are to be seen. All this cannot fail to exercise a refining influence.

ON the coffin of Rev. Dr. Hart, our departed missionary hero, there rested two floral wreaths, from the young people who loved him sincerely. One was from the Leagues of the Hamilton District, whose representative he was, which contained the words "Our missionary," beautifully worked in flowers. Another came from the Toronto Methodist Young People's Union with the words, "China for Christ." It was fitting that there should have been this thoughtful recognition of one who did so much to establish and develop our mission in China. Dr. Hart's record is on high.

WALKING through the garden one day a gentleman plucked a flower of exquisite loveliness, and then took up a clod of earth in his other hand, exclaiming: "What but Almighty power could extract that from this!" The flowers do indeed furnish striking evidences of Divine skill and benevolence.

NOTHING adds so much to the attractiveness of the city or town as a well kept park or public garden. Those who have neither the time nor facilities to maintain a garden of their own may enjoy the beauties of nature and art combined, by spending an hour occasionally in the park. Money



WALK IN PUBLIC GARDEN, HALIFAX.

spent in keeping up these places is well employed. By general consent the most beautiful public gardens in Canada are in Halifax, located right in the centre of the city. Here is a picture showing one of the charming walks in this picturesque spot.

A YOUNG Leaguer in a city church left off all League work and was on the point of resigning her membership. The other Leaguers visited her and sent her flowers. Her heart was deeply touched. She recovered, and entered upon League and church work with an energy and enthusiasm she never displayed before.

"THE block system" has been in use on the railways during this winter with a vengeance, quite a number of the northern towns having been shut off from communication with the rest of the world for weeks at a time. The blockade has been the worst ever experienced in Canada, and much inconvenience has resulted therefrom. It is remarkable, however, how comfortably people can get along without railway or mail service. Newspapers and letters are not such a necessity to human existence as we had supposed.

SOME people are so intensely practical that they see value only in that which ministers to material needs. They are interested in the vegetable garden. Talk to them about onions, beets, cabbages and potatoes, and they listen eagerly, but they care absolutely nothing for the flower garden. Offer such a man a lovely rose, and he is very likely to say, "What is that good for, you can't eat it." These persons are to be pitied, for they are altogether shut out from many sources of enjoyment. God has shown His love toward us by giving us not only the practical and necessary, but also the ornamental, the beautiful, the poetical, so that we do not live by bread alone. Surely the Creator intended us to recognize and appreciate these gifts! God did not make this world for meat and drink and clothes only, but for the mind and soul as well.



Some
Practical
Plans
in
Epworth
League
Floral
Work

Pulpit Decoration.

BY REV. R. N. BURNS, B.A.

Surely I need not say a word in defence of floral decoration in the house of God. The advocates of Puritan plainness seldom object now to such natural adornment of a place of worship.

We are gradually learning that a religion which delights in the beauty of the Lord seeks to imitate the beauty of holiness, and is exhorted to adorn the doctrine, must not ignore the aesthetics of worship. What can more appropriately be used to beautify the Lord's house than flowers? Their gracefulness of form, their attractive colors, and their out-breathings of perfume, all fit them to be the assisting ministrants of worship and the appropriate messengers of blessing to others.

Why should not this incense of odor and beauty in nature's temple be transferred to our indoor places of worship and stimulate us to pour forth the soul's best incense of adoration and service?

One of the principal difficulties in some

places is—how to get flowers enough to regularly decorate the pulpit and platform. Of course, if they cannot be got regularly, the decoration should be done as often as possible till ways and means are found to make it a more regular custom. The main thing is to have at least one person who is determined in some way or other to have the Lord's house beautiful with flowers, and where there is such a will there will be found some way to accomplish it. There should not be much trouble about getting flowers in the late spring, all summer, and early autumn. Members of the Flower Committee, and friends whom they may interest in the work can easily grow flowers suitable for decoration.

It is generally difficult to get sufficient flowers in winter. The coming of the frost and snow makes them more precious not only in the market but also in the hearts and homes of the people. The League or Church, or both, should make a liberal allowance to meet the expense of procuring flowers during the cold months, for their presence is a delight to the whole congregation as well as a great comfort and blessing to those who receive them.

It is astonishing what judicious economy can be exercised by an ingenious convener and energetic committee. I have listened to the reports of such a convener, in which the average cost of each small bouquet, afterwards made up and sent to the sick, was figured out to a quarter of a cent, sometimes costing $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ cents.

If the Church or League cannot, or think they cannot, afford enough money to pay for the entire cost of flowers, it is a good plan to collect voluntary offerings privately from a few persons whose love for flowers and generosity may prompt them to help in such good work. No difficulty will stop a good convener from getting enough flowers for the purposes of the committees.

The trouble is generally to find such a convener. Two or three may have to be tried as unsuccessful experiments, but at last the right one will be discovered. She may be modest about her capabilities, and the position will almost have to be thrust upon her, but she will gradually develop in it, and will soon prove herself to have at least these three essential qualifications—taste, enthusiasm, and perseverance.

Soon the work of beautifying the pulpit and blessing the homes of the people will begin to move along pleasantly. Special occasions will be planned in advance, frequent surprise in decoration and delicate touches of taste will greet the congregation. Tenderness and tact will especially be displayed in the distribution of the flowers amongst the sick and neglected, which should be done, if possible, not later than Sunday evening. Both convener and committee should be in close touch with the pastor, and be personally on the lookout for cases of sickness and sorrow. The help of various members of the congregation should also be sought for in getting information and making distribution. A neat card which should accompany each bouquet, and be of the League and Church, and greetings of the League and Church, and some appropriate, suggestive, out-of-the-ordinary passage of Scripture. Such Scripture selecting and sending will prove a blessing both to the selector and the receiver.

How to use flowers in decoration seems not easier than getting them, but it is not always as easy as it seems. It requires something like a touch of genius and not a little experience to always make the best use of the materials at hand. The sparing use of colors and the proportion-

ate interblending of green are among the fundamental maxims.

So many sizes and shapes of vases can be purchased cheaply that flowers tastefully arranged in them is the simplest and commonest of table and platform decoration. They cannot very well be put on the pulpit, and long-stemmed and many flowers are needed to produce graceful effects. For some years I have had made for the Flower Committee of the League where I have been some simple devices for pulpit decoration. One is a narrow pocket, about four inches deep, that will hold water and flowers, and sometimes be useful for draping the pulpit with smilax or asparagus fern. Pockets can be made so as to exactly fit the front or sides or corners of the pulpit.

I have found the most useful device to be in the shape of a curved shield, with several rows of water pockets on the face of it, and so constructed that it will either hang on the front of the pulpit, or stand like an easel on table. Of course the size of the shield should be in proportion to the size of the pulpit.

Fewer and shorter-stemmed flowers can be used more effectively than in a vase. Besides, with care and some ingenuity in the use of color and in placing of the flowers several different designs can be arranged upon the shield with a ground of green or contrast color. I have seen an Epworth League emblem and an Easter cross distinctly worked out. Of course flower-holders of different shapes with similar water pockets can be made.

For anniversary days, Easter Sunday, flower services, and other special occasions, an extra effort should be made to have something special, not only in cut-flower decoration, but also in having a fine background and interblending of palms, hoston, and other kinds of ferns, flowering and foliage plants. The securing and arrangement of all these will give fresh opportunity for the display of persevering effort and pleasing taste.

It has been my custom for some years to have at least one flower service, in which the League, Senior and Junior, combine with the Sunday-school in arranging for a service in which they offer their tribute of praise to God in the perfumed and radiant language of nature.

The floral decorations of the pulpit and platform are arranged tastefully beforehand, but the special floral feature of the service is the offering of bouquets gathered by the children and young people. Just before the sermon, these are brought up to the altar and received on trays by some of the Little Juniors. Members of the committee take them and place them on the pulpit, platform, tables, and sometimes communion rail. The sermon that follows should, of course, speak forth the messages of the flowers to us. Such services are best held in the latter part of June or the first part of July, but sometimes it is wise to have a wild-flower service that will compel the children to search through wood and field for nature's modest beauties, to present them to God in his house, and to send them to his suffering, sick, and sorrowing servants. After such services I have seen as many as 300, and even 400, small bouquets made up by deft fingers to be sent to hospitals and homes. Sometimes the windows have been banked with golden-rod and sun-flowers, with bulrushes and wild grasses.

I have occasionally had an autumnal service when the pulpit would be decorated with "sere and yellow," as well as radiant autumn leaves and autumn plants.

I have already suggested that flowers used in decoration should be promptly sent to the homes of suffering, want, and sorrow. What a blessing it is that we can thus make them answer the double purpose—to aid in the beautifying and inspiration of worship, and to be the mes-

sengers of good cheer and sympathy to the absentees and "shut-ins" of God's providence! How they should inspire us both in the worship of God and the service of men! If the workers could hear the strong expressions of loving appreciation that I have heard from the lips and hearts of those receiving them, they would never grow discouraged and want no better reward. There is a better reward than this for those who so use flowers in the house of God, and outside it can not fail to receive into their soul the refining and uplifting effects of such work, while the going on missions of mercy must make them more sympathetic and Christ-like.

I have often stood amid a tasteful profusion of flowers on Flower Sunday, and beholding the radiant beauty around me, I have felt the impulse to look up and wonder how beautiful God must be and the wonderful home he is fitting up for us. Brampton, Ont.

The Flower Mission.

BY MRS. L. V. WILKIN.

The work of the Flower Mission might be called one of the pleasant duties of the Epworth League.

God might have made the earth bring forth enough for all our wants, and yet have made no flowers. He has given us the trees, the oak, the cedar, and the maple we all love so well. He has given us grass and herbs for medicine. Our outward life requires not flowers, then why are they sent but to minister to our delights and to beautify the earth, and they teach us so many lessons. Christ says, "Consider the lilies." What little preachers they are! We enter a sick-room with some flowers and they seem to speak and say, "God gives us fragrance that we might bear the balm of comfort to your sick hearts." The little texts accompanying the bouquets are a source of great blessing. Here are some very appropriate texts that I have often used. I call them—

A BUNCH OF EVERLASTINGS.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—John 6, 47.

"In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."—Is. 26, 4.

"The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light."—Is. 60, 19.

"Everlasting joy shall be upon thy head."—Is. 51, 11.

"With everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer."—Is. 54, 2.

Another choice lot I call—

HEARTS EASE.

"Let not your heart be troubled."
"Be strong and of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart."

"Love the Lord thy God with all thine heart."—Luke 10, 27.

"My heart shall not fear."—Ps. 27.

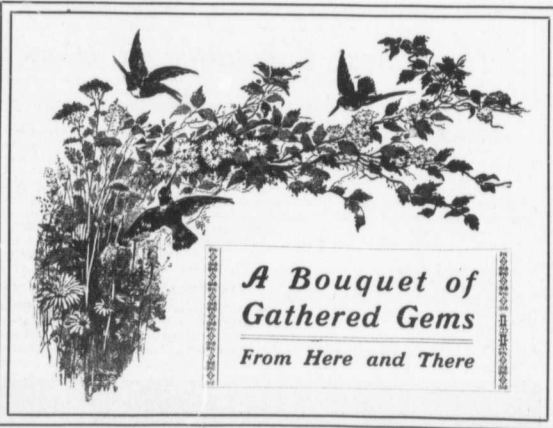
"Blessed are the pure in heart."—Matt. 5, 8.

"Cleave to the Lord with full purpose of heart."

"Direct your heart to the love of God."
Those beautiful lines of Amy Parkinson's, our invalid poet, are the outcome of a bouquet of roses taken to her:

"Falling asleep awhile,
I dreamed of fragrance.
Then waking, by my pillow found
A bunch of roses sweet,
Brought by a loving friend,
Half-flushed with glowing pink,
And half were dressed
All in pure white.
Oft through the night of earth
We dream of heaven,
And many a token find,
That our best Friend himself
Has been beside us."

Harrison, Ont.



A Bouquet of Gathered Gems

From Here and There

In Verse.

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.
—Rosetti.

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
—Shakespeare.

The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears.
—Wordsworth.

"God made the flowers, O restful thought,
That he in them designed,
A mirror to reflect his love
To every humble mind."

You love the roses—so do I. I wish
The sky would rain down roses, as they
rain
From off the shaken bush.
—George Elliot.

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves
and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden
bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

J. G. Percival.

"Yes, flowers have tones, God gave to
each
A language of its own,
And bade the simple blossoms teach
Where'er its seeds are sown;
His voice on the mountain's height,
Above the river's side,
Where flowers blush in glowing light,
In loneliness or pride,
We feel all o'er the blooming sod
It is the language of our God."

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living
preachers,
Each cup a pulpit and each leaf a
book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous
teachers,
In loneliest nook.

"Were I, O God, in churchless lands remain-
ing,
Far from the voices of teachers and
divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy
ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines."
—Horace Smith.

In Prose.

The "Amen" of nature is always a
flower.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Flowers are the sweetest things God
ever made, and forgot to put a soul into.—
Henry Ward Beecher.

There are more than three hundred pas-
sages of Scripture in which the inspired
writers draw lessons for the instruction
of man from the flowers of the field.

There are crowds who trample a flower
into the dust without once thinking that
they have one of the sweetest thoughts
under their heel.—Dr. J. G. Holland.

Nothing so mellow the mournful as-
pect of the casket like garlands of flowers.
They remind us that God still lives, and
will love us as he does the flowers.—Rev.
A. K. Birks.

God's glory is declared not only by the
heavens, but by the primrose stars in the
springing grass, by snowplants that
bloom on the edge of eternal ice, and by
the delicate moss that lives where foot of
man never trod.

Consider the silent influences that flowers
exert, not less upon the ditcher in the
meadow than the lady in her bower.
When I walk in the woods, I am reminded
that a wise purveyor has been there be-
fore me; my most delicate experience is
typified there.—Thoreau.

Flowers are worthy our attention if for
no other reason than that they are beau-
tiful. It was the pride, the aspiration of
the Greeks that everything should bear
the stamp of beauty. The idea was ever
present with them, so that the love of the
beautiful became to them an inheritance.
They took great pleasure in horticultural
pursuits, and flowers were considered in-
dispensable at all their festivals.—Mary
Morgan.

"Flowers," says Ruskin, "seem in-
tended for the solace of ordinary human-
ity. Children love them; quiet, tender,
contented, ordinary people love them as
they grow; luxurious and disorderly
people rejoice in them gathered. They
are the cottager's treasure; and in the
crowded town, mark, as with a little
broken fragment of rainbow, the windows
of the workers in whose heart rests the
covenant of peace."

The Floral Committee at Work

Flowers of Friendship.

BY REV. J. C. SPEER, D.D.

The stars which shine are the flowers of God,

On the infinite meadows of heaven,
And the flowers which bloom from the
crumbling clod

Are the tokens of friendship given.

They send me a flower, in the day of dis-
tress,

From the garden or wild mountain-
side,

And though the fair flower may wither
like grass,

Our friendship shall ever abide.

From the time we came into office till the last aster and dahlia were gone, we never failed to decorate the church every Sunday with the flowers kind friends sent us, and these, when they had served their Sunday purpose, were sent, or rather taken, with our cards to the sick and feeble, who always brightened when they saw us.

M. Hockey,
Convener Floral Committee.

Pleasant Way of Introduction

The League of Gerrard Street, Toronto, donated \$1.50 per month for the work of the floral department. One method of work was: Our pastor would furnish us,

trial, have caused many a one to feel the love and sympathy that goes out from Christian hearts to those in sickness and sorrow. During the past year many cases have been brought before our notice of sick ones being cheered by a few flowers sent on Sunday night. One of the prominent workers in our church to-day was brought in through a message of love sent in this way. Two others, who passed away to the better land but a few weeks ago, had their pathway brightened through the flowers sent by the League. We could not report all the sunshine that have been brought into darkened lives in this way, but merely say that many such cases as the above are reported to us from time to time.

On an average, three bouquets are sent to the sick every week through the winter months, but in the summer, when nature is so active in producing her specimens of beauty, many more are sent out.

A Floral Sunday.

For a number of years I have observed one Sabbath in the year as Children's Floral Sunday, generally the first Sunday in June, if it did not come on Conference Sunday. Have the church decorated with flowers, with potted plants and cut flowers, to give the best effect possible; and have each scholar wear a bouquet, and sit in a body in the gallery, or main part of the church. At one of my services here, we had hanging baskets around the gallery, with caged birds between. The sermon for that occasion was on "Birds and Flowers." We had a delightful service. Our Floral Committee supply flowers for the pulpit, and, for variety, secure different flowers in season, for instance, Wildflower Sunday, Lilac Sunday, Pansy Sunday, Sunflower Sunday, etc., and then distribute them, with appropriate passages of Scripture, to any sick in the home or hospitals after evening service. Of course, Easter can be made a special day, with pure white lilies. Any floral ministry has always been attended with much pleasure if not profit to the receiver, and ought to be used more largely in missions of love and remembrance in His Name.

Rev. R. D. Hamilton, London.

Flowers in Church.

Flowers in church! Who would wish to be without them? Bishop Cox says, "Flowers are words which even a babe may understand."

In Wesley Church, Hamilton, we are never without them on Sunday. Our Flower Committee not only does its work, but does it well. They are real flowers, too—not artificial ones. If there is one place more than another that artificial flowers ought not to be, that place is the pulpit. There is enough show and hypocrisy in the world without the pulpit displaying sham flowers on Sunday. "Flowers preach to us if we will hear." Let the message be one of genuineness. An elderly superannuated brother, since gone to his reward, was preaching in one of our pulpits where an artificial palm was the pulpit decoration. To clinch an argument and make his congregation see the point more clearly, he used the palm as an object-lesson to illustrate his theme. By frequent reference to the plant, he sought to impress his hearers with the need of development and growth in spiritual things. It is needless to say most of the congregation who knew the plant was a sham, were more amused than edified. If real flowers cannot be had, have none at all. Let the flowers stand four-square, all wool and a yard wide, back up the speaker on the pulpit for an earnest, genuine, consistent Christian life—the most effective argument for Christianity.

At the close of our evening service, the



FLOWER SUNDAY IN SIMCOE ST. METHODIST CHURCH, HAMILTON.

Sold Floral Pictures.

This year has been a very busy one with the Floral Committee of Simcoe Street Church, Hamilton. We took office about two weeks before our Floral Sunday. On this day we made the front of the church one massive bed of snow-balls and green, but to take away the not altogether pleasant effect of the pure white, we had many of the other flowers of the season scattered about.

The people were all delighted with the result of our work, and as we of the committee had before decided that we must have some ready money, the thought occurred to one of us to have the picture of the church in its decorations taken. This was done. The pictures pleased the people, and we sold double the number that any of us had thought possible.

With some of this money we bought church palms, gardeners, etc., immediately. But we saved most of it for winter use, and were fortunate in having done so, for with it we have been enabled during this long winter of so much sickness to cheer the sick beds of many with flowers. We think that in the petals of these flowers the sick ones have been able to read messages of love and comfort, as well as in the verse of Scripture we wrote on our cards.

by postcard or otherwise, with the names of the sick and aged of our congregation. The Methodist chaplain at the hospital gave us the names of the Methodists, coming from towns and villages, who had no friends in the city to care for them. These people were our special charge. We would also try to find out the friendless ones, and visit the poor ward. Flowers furnished such a pleasant way to introduce yourself to a stranger, and we always tied a text of Scripture with the stamp of the League on the back of each card. We took fruit or little delicacies such as we thought they would enjoy, and always used a great many of Miss Amy Parkinson's poems in our work.

Sunshine for Darkened Lives.

The Floral Committee of Woodgreen Church, Toronto, sends the following note:

"Many a life has been consecrated to God during a period of illness, and who can tell how often he has used our efforts in this work to touch the heart-strings of some wanderer? For all some people know of Christ's love is what they see in Christian lives. These flowers, with a verse from God's Word, sent in time of

Juniors and Intermediates are made happy as they make others happy, by distributing to the hospitals and homes of the sick the flowers that have made bright and cheery the services of the day.

"They speak of hope to the fainting heart,

With a voice of promise they come and part,

They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,

They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers!"

Rev. J. H. Hazlewood, Pastor.

An Active Committee.

Carlton Street Epworth League for years has had a very active Flower Committee. A Sunday in June is set apart for this special work, and known as Flower Sunday. The church is beautifully decorated, and the whole congregation is asked to bring out flowers, which are left in the vestibule. When they have been handed in, the flowers are carried to the altar, where they remain till the service is over. They are then sorted, made up into bouquets, and distributed among the sick of the congregation, and in the different hospitals and homes. To each bouquet is attached a pretty little hand-painted card bearing a passage of Scripture or other appropriate message of love and sympathy.

During the whole year flowers are taken to the "shut-ins," and other sick members of the League or church congregation, and many kind notes as well as personal expressions show grateful appreciation of these silent tokens of sympathy and cheer, given in the name of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Still Kept the Texts.

A flower mission worker in Sherburne Street Church, Toronto, sends the following note:

"What are the results of the Flower Mission? Well, I had an answer to that very question a little while later on in the evening. Our pastor introduced me to a gentleman who had been laid up in the hospital last year for five months, and the committee of last year had left him some flowers every week. He appreciated them very much, and he told me he still kept the texts. This week I left some with a poor woman, who had just come out of the hospital, and her little daughter met me at the door with, 'Mother is better, Miss Davis, but she'd like the flowers so much.' If any one I think they are not appreciated, I wish I could take them to the hospitals, or some of the poorer homes, in those cold days, and see the sick faces light up, as we would give the flowers and inquire for them. Then so many come after they are well, and thank us girls personally for the flowers, and ask about who contributes the money, and this is from all kinds of people in the church."

Can Send Them Anywhere.

The League in Zion Tabernacle, Hamilton, is represented by two energetic ladies, Mrs. C. J. Atkinson and Miss Etta Oliver, who act as a Floral Committee. Few churches have ladies who do their work more effectively than these devoted and painstaking women. Every Sunday the pulpit and platform are embellished with flowers from nature's garden. After the evening service they are divided and sent to the various sick ones of the congregation. The work of carrying is done

mostly by the Juniors, although it is frequently done by the Floral Committee personally. At Christmas every sick member and every shut-in of the congregation was presented with either a plant in bloom or some cut flowers by the Young Ladies' Circle of our church. Over twenty persons were remembered in this way, and made happy in the feeling that they were not forgotten in their afflictions. In my pastoral rounds, many were the testimonies of gratitude I heard from those who had been in this remembrance. One sufferer said she wouldn't allow the flowers to be removed from her room, even after they were withered, for even the withered stems were fragrant with and suggestive of Christian sympathy and love.

The value of flowers as an auxiliary to Christian work is found in the fact that you can send them anywhere. Persons will accept flowers who would not accept bread. They have often served as a passport into homes when other things have failed. A Christian lady of wealth and high social station once told me that she never failed to get into any home, no matter how poor or wicked it was, if she appeared at the door with flowers in her hand.

Rev. H. W. Crews, Pastor.

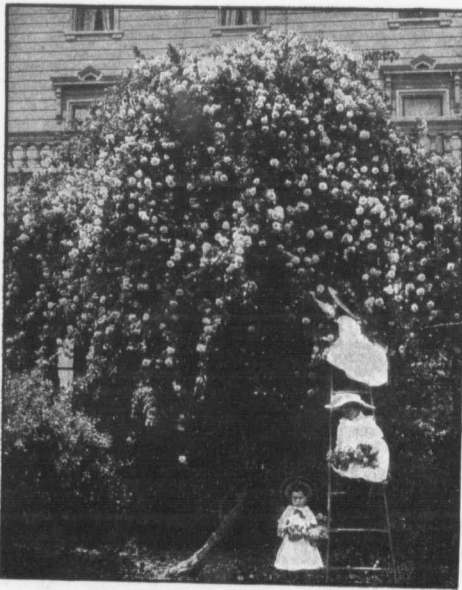
asters, phlox, and nasturtiums to give the best results, as they do not wilt so quickly. These flowers are sent to the sick after the evening service. Of course there are times when we cannot supply cut flowers, so use pot plants. We believe this pulpit work is appreciated, and as to carrying flowers to the sick, we hope their mission is not in vain. Just a few days ago, we were told that flowers received "were medicine for the soul."

"We are trying to arrange to have Juniors take even more interest in flowers this summer, by having Junior League flower gardens, and we hope to be able to send even more bouquets this summer than before."

Prayed for the League.

A former member of Carlton Street League, Toronto, sends the following note:

One Christmas Day the Flower Committee of Carlton Street League decided to spend the day in visiting the sick. We visited thirty homes, and took each a bouquet. Night came on, and there was one more visit yet to make. I was very tired, but thought I would finish the work of the day. I had carried bouquets to



"BUSHELS OF ROSES" IN A CALIFORNIA HOME

"Medicine for the Soul."

Miss Mabel Salvadge, Superintendent of the Junior League at St. Mary's, sends the following information concerning the floral work done by that enterprising society:

"It is the work of our Visiting Committee to supply the pulpit with flowers, and to carry bouquets, with home-comforting texts attached, to the sick and afflicted. No doubt the plan we use is used by many Junior Leagues. On Friday, after League, the committee meets, and the flower that is most plentiful is chosen for decorations for the following Sunday. These are brought to the church Saturday evening. We find sweet peas,

that home for two years. It was the home of one of our aged ministers, who had been an invalid for such a long time. He used to think so much of our visits, but on this Christmas night when I went I found him dying. He wished to see me, and taking the bouquet in one hand and my hand in the other, he prayed for God's blessing on Carlton Street Church and League. Then he said, 'I will soon be with my Saviour, in whose name you have brought these flowers. I will then tell him how many cups of cold water you have given in his name.' I felt that that was the crown for that Christmas Day. I have received many blessings in the work of the Flower Mission.



From the Wide Field

Just a Line or Two.

The Montreal District is planning for a summer-schol next August, and hope to have Dr. Ewan, of Chentu, China, in attendance.

During a recent series of evangelistic services in Gannaque, a leading hotel-keeper was converted. He has given up his business, and joined the church.

The League of Dundas Street Church, London, has one or two "Floral Evenings" each year, which are very enjoyable, and always draw a large crowd.

The members of Park Street League, Chatham, write cheering passages of Scripture on slips of paper, and these are attached to the flowers which are sent to the sick.

The League of Centenary Church, Hamilton, decorate the church on special occasions, such as Flower Sunday, Harvest Festival, Young People's Day, etc., besides doing much other floral work.

In the Sarnia District, on Camiache Circuit, at the Epworth appointment, a Junior League has been recently organized by the pastor, Rev. A. I. Brown, and District Junior League superintendent.

The League at Davenport some time ago held a series of very successful social evenings. Here are some of the topics: "An evening with the leaves," "An evening with the flowers," "A talk about fruit."

The League of Emerald Street Church, Hamilton, in addition to regular floral work during the year, aim at making a special occasion of Easter, decorating the pulpit and altar with plants and cut flowers.

The League of McCaul Street Church, Toronto, is fortunate in having a flower garden upon which to draw for their floral supplies. Mrs. W. E. Ross, fourth vice-president, has this department in hand, and used her own garden to help on the good work.

The First Church League, of London, does not confine its floral work to its own members, but special attention is paid to lonely ones who may not have friends to send them flowers. Very frequently letters of thanks are received from those who have been cheered by the floral offerings.

The League of Norfolk Street Church, Guelph, has ordered thirty-eight copies of "Studies in the Life of Christ," two sets of Eidersheim's "Life of Christ," and twelve copies of the revised New Testament. The young people are taking to the work in a wonderful way, and "find the Course very inspiring and instructive, leading many to search the Scriptures."

The League of Askin Street Church, London, attend to the decoration of the pulpit, each Sunday, and at the close of the evening service the Floral Committee arrange bouquets, which are sent to the homes of the sick, with appropriate texts of Scripture. During January and February the committee distributed twenty-two bouquets of flowers and made twenty-five calls on the sick.

Special arrangements are made with a florist by the Mission Circle of Norfolk Street Church, Guelph, to supply the society with flowers during the year. The city is divided into sections, each one in charge of a member of the Floral Committee, whose special business it is to look after cases of sickness in the hospitals and the homes. Many grateful notes of thanks are received, and occasionally a nice subscription to the floral fund.

Bay of Quinte Conference.

Biennial Convention at Campbellford.

The sixth convention of the Bay of Quinte Conference Epworth League was held in Campbellford, February 2 to 4. The local League extended warm hospitality to the visiting delegates, and provided an excellent tea for the opening day, in addition to plenty of billets for all who attended. The sessions of the convention were well attended, a noticeable feature being the large number of young men present.

The delegates were favored with the presence of Prof. McLaughlin, of Victoria University, who conducted several Bible studies, which were both interesting and profitable. The retiring president, Rev. H. B. Kenny, gave a short address on the work of the League during the past two years, and pointed out where improvements could be made. Rev. S. F. Dixon spoke on the subject of the summer-school, and gave a description of the work accomplished at Twelve O'Clock Point last summer. After considerable discussion it was decided to amalgamate, and bring the summer-school under the direction of the Conference Convention, with a view to carrying on the work of the Christian Endeavor and Missionary Departments. After next June the Twelve O'Clock Point Summer-school will be known as the Bay of Quinte Conference Summer-school.

Rev. L. S. Wight, B.A., gave a splendid address on the Junior League work. Mr. Norman C. Henley, of Deseronto, gave an interesting address on "A Bird's-Eye View of the Bible." Mr. W. W. Chown, Mayor of Belleville, spoke inspiringly on

"The Christian in Business." Mr. Sexsmith gave an excellent address on "Defeats and Successes of God's Work." Miss Idell Rogers, of Cobourg, discussed the names of districts in which there are Reading Circles. She also gave some practical suggestions on getting Leagues interested in this department. Mr. Morden, of Picton, gave a stirring address on "Practical Work Between Meetings." "Christian Sociability" was ably discussed by Rev. D. S. Houck.

The afternoon of Thursday was devoted to the subject of "Missions." A splendid paper on "Missionary Literature" was read by Miss Bowes, of Lindsay. Mr. Irwin gave an interesting review of "The Heart of Sz-Chuan." Reports were then given by the second vice-presidents, which showed that good work had been done during the past two years. The main feature of the afternoon session was a representation of the annual meeting of the General Board of Missions, which was regarded as a great success.

At the closing session, Rev. H. T. Lewis, of Cobourg, gave an interesting address on "Individual Evangelism," which was followed by discussion. Mr. E. C. S. Huycke, L.L.B., spoke eloquently on "Serving God with the Mind," and Rev. G. W. Henderson gave a stirring speech on "Missions."

The following are the officers elected: Hon. President, Rev. T. J. Edmison, B.A., B.D., Brighton, Ont.

President, Mr. E. A. Morden, Picton, Ont.

1st Vice-Pres., Rev. A. W. Coone, S.T.L., Milford, Ont.

2nd Vice-Pres., Rev. H. W. Foley, B.A., B.D., South Dumfer, Ont.

3rd Vice-Pres., Miss Idell Rogers, Cobourg, Ont.

4th Vice-Pres., Mrs. G. W. Hammond, Campbellford, Ont.

5th Vice-Pres., Miss A. Wilson, Newcastle, Ont.

Secretary, Rev. S. F. Dixon, Wooler, Ont.

Treasurer, Miss E. Sanford, Belleville, Ont.

Representative, Rev. H. B. Kenny, Millbrook, Ont.

Deloraine District.

The Leagues of the Deloraine District, Man., held their second annual convention at Carlevale, on February 23rd to March 1st and 2nd. The district president, Rev. Henry Lewis, of Melita, was in charge. Papers were given on "Social Features of League Work," by A. E. Kemp, of Melita; "Relation of Senior Scholars to Epworth League," by E. J. Coade, of Carlevale; "Old Testament History," by Rev. T. M. Talbot, of Napinka; addresses on "The Forward Movement for Missions," by Rev. J. A. Haw, of Caraduff; "Sunday-schools of Epworth League Institutes," by Rev. A. G. Martin, of Lyleton, who also gave a course of three lectures on "Teacher Training." The district organization is new, but is making progress. A unanimous vote was passed pledging the District Leagues to raise a total of \$400 for missions during next year.

The following district officers were elected:

Hon. President, Rev. T. J. Johnston, Deloraine.

President, Rev. Henry Lewis, Melita.

1st Vice-Pres., Rev. C. Jeff McCombe, Gainsboro'.

2nd Vice-Pres., Rev. J. A. Haw, Caraduff.

3rd Vice-Pres., Mr. E. J. Coade, Carlevale.

4th Vice-Pres., Miss Andrews, Napinka.

5th Vice-Pres., Mrs. (Rev.) Talbot, Napinka.

Sec.-Treas., Mr. A. E. Kemp, Melita.

Conference Representative, Rev. R. G. Martin, Lytleton.

The next convention will be held in January, 1905.

The circulation of The Era has increased during the year, and a further list of new subscribers was secured.

A Pretty Card.

Miss Muriel Hockey sends a specimen of the cards which are used by the Floral Committee of Simcoe Street Church, Hamilton. It is the nicest thing that we have seen. One side is neatly printed as follows:



In the voiceless lips of these flowers there is a message of love for you.

From the
SIMCOE STREET LEAGUE.

On the other side of the card the following text of Scripture is written:

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on these, because he trusteth in thee."—Isa. 26, 3.

The corner of the card is perforated with two holes for tying a pretty ribbon. Every League that does floral work should have cards similar to this. They can be procured at small cost.

Portage la Prairie District.

Rev. S. Wilkinson, B.A., of Carberry, gave a very interesting lecture on "John Fletcher" to the Portage la Prairie High Bluff leaguers during the last week of January. Rev. L. L. Meech, of Willow Range, gave a lecture, which has proved very entertaining, at Portage la Prairie, Carberry, and Kerfoot, during the third week of February. The topic of the lecture is, "Methodist Hymns and Hymn-Writers." The institute work, undertaken by the District Executive, has proven very successful. On January 28 one was held at Elm River. The attendance was good. Revs. Messrs. Armstrong, Elmitt, Allison, and Meech, and others took part in the institute, and on February 2 one was held at Macgregor, at which the missionary work of the church was reviewed by Revs. Allison and Steward, and Mr. Lamont, and others. A meeting of the Conference Executive is being held to make arrangements for the Conference conventions and summer-schools. Rev. Dr. Bland, of Wesley College, is to speak at the Epworth League anniversary of the Manitoba Conference next June.

Successful Bible School.

The Brantford District Epworth Leagues having systematically read and studied the book of Daniel, met in Brant Avenue Church, Brantford, on February 25, for Bible school. The school was led by able speakers and teachers. At the afternoon session addresses were given by the district president, Rev. Geo. A. King, on "Advantages of Bible Study in our Leagues"; Rev. W. J. Smith, B.A., Brantford, on "The Peoples of the Book"; Rev. J. E. Todd, Cainsville, on "The Object of the Book"; Rev. H. B. Christie, on "The Teaching of the Book." Discussions were held, and question-drawers led, by Dr. A. L. Gee; also questions on "The Teaching of the Book," led by Miss Bowes, B.A., Brantford, and the school.

At the evening session two able addresses were given. Rev. R. J. Elliott, chairman of Simcoe District, gave an ex-

cellent address on "Bible Study," and the Rev. J. K. Paterson, of Thorold, spoke beautifully on the subject, "Daniel the Man." During the sessions solos were sung by Mrs. S. Bates and Miss Blanche Teeple, and a duet by the Misses Jones and McEwen. The whole school was most helpful, and no doubt there will be good results from holding the Bible school. M. Bradshaw, Dis. Sec.

Missionary Evening.

On Monday, February 22nd, 1904, the Epworth League and the Women's Missionary Society of Indian Head, N.W.T., spent a very pleasant missionary evening together. Mrs. M. M. Bennett gave a most interesting discourse on the second chapter of Sz-Chuan. Mrs. Orchard and Miss G. Orchard also gave excellent papers on missionary topics, while Mrs. Simmons gave a missionary reading. Music rendered by members of both societies varied the programme. Altogether a most instructive and enjoyable evening was spent.

Missionary Work.

Among the Toronto Leagues

The Leagues in the city which give the largest amounts to missions are: Parliament Street, \$325; Clinton Street, \$271; Wesley, \$220; St. Paul's, \$202; Yonge Street, \$195.

The Executive of the Toronto West District is asking the Leagues of the district to contribute \$2,500 for missions. The General Board has been requested to assign a third missionary to the district.

In the Toronto East District there are fourteen Leagues, or Leagues of Christian Endeavor, thirteen of which are contributing to the Forward Movement, and six are also giving largely to the Woman's Missionary Society. This district is aiming to raise \$2,000 this year. The surplus is being devoted to the printing press work in West China. The district, too, is asking to support another missionary.

The seven city Leagues of the Central District gave last year for missions, \$837. It is expected that this will be increased to \$900 this year. The country Leagues of the district gave \$302, which will likely be increased by \$75 this year.

The Toronto Central District and Victoria College Missionary Society have joined forces for missionary work, particularly to carry on educational work in West China. The givings of the College amount to \$250, which, with the district's surplus, after supporting Dr. Large, will be sufficient to support another missionary, for which the General Board has been asked.

The Toronto West District holds monthly meetings of the missionary vice-presidents of the various Young People's Societies, which have been found very helpful. Plans and programmes are discussed, and the new officers profit by the experience of those older in the work. This monthly meeting also provides an opportunity for the regular payment of money collected.

The districts are making good use of missionary literature. The Toronto West District has published a number of very attractive and interesting booklets, the most recent of which is entitled: "Striking Extracts from Missionary Addresses," which contains some good things, together with interesting information concerning the work. The Toronto East District publishes "A Message for You, from China," which is a dainty little book devoted to Dr. Kilborn's work in China.

The annual report of the missionary vice-president of the Toronto West District contains this sentence: "We have frequently been surprised to find how little the average League member knows of the missionary work our Church is doing at the present or has done in the past, and yet it is a cause of thankfulness that even with such meagre knowledge our young people are giving so liberally." The monthly missionary meeting in the League is a help, but it does not go far enough. We should have more time to devote to the study of missions."

A Special Train for You

California

The Santa Fe will run two personally-escorted special trains to Los Angeles via Grand Canyon, leaving Chicago April 27 and 28, 1904.

For General Conference Methodist Episcopal Church.

Officially endorsed by several State delegations.

Stops will be made at Albuquerque and Laguna in New Mexico, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, also Redlands and Riverside in California, affording opportunity to see unique Indian pueblos, earth's greatest scenic wonder, and two typical Southern California garden spots. Services Sunday at Grand Canyon.

You will travel on the cleanest railway in the West—oil-sprinkled tracks and oil-burning engines in Arizona and California. Shortest line, finest scenery, most comforts.

The rate is low; why don't you go? WHITE TO-DAY FORMETHODIST FOLDER. Tells all about this enjoyable trip. Berth space on these trains is limited; apply early.

F. T. Hendry, Gen. Agt. A. T. & S. F. Ry.
151 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.



The Book Shelf



How to Make a Flower Garden.

To those who are interested in flowers the new book, "How to Make a Flower Garden," recently published by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York City, will be of great value. It abounds in practical suggestions on the home garden, how to make it, and how to maintain it. To show how comprehensive are the contents, some of the chapter headings are quoted:

The best kinds of Annuals and how to grow them.
How to get early flowers.
How to make a border.
Shrubs and where to put them.
Flowering and ornamental trees.
A select list of vines.
The Home Window garden.
An amateur's experience.
How to make a hot-bed.
The pleasures of a small greenhouse.
How to make a formal garden at a small cost.

Japanese gardens in small areas.
Where shall we plant roses?
How I built my country home.

The book is written by experts and covers every branch of the subject. The appendix gives at least two hundred different lists of flowers and shrubs suitable for all sorts of special purposes and seasons. There are over one hundred illustrations which are the finest flower pictures we have ever seen. Our frontispiece this month is taken from this magnificent volume, which is a marvel of cheapness. The regular price would be \$2.00, but as it is sold without discount, the price is \$1.65 net, and the illustrations alone are worth more than this sum.

History Made Interesting.

One of the most successful attempts to make history interesting and attractive, that we have seen, comes to our notice in four volumes by Eva March Tappan, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"In the Days of Alfred the Great" presents the life of the great warrior-king, written in such a simple way as to be readily understood by boys and girls, and yet historically accurate. No tale of any imaginary hero is more full of interest than this true story.

"In the Days of William the Conqueror." This is written in the same pleasant story-telling style, and also contains much valuable information.

"In the Days of Queen Elizabeth" is a wonderfully well written sketch of one of the most remarkable sovereigns that ever occupied the British throne. It is so absorbing that if once commenced it is sure to be finished.

"In the Days of Queen Victoria" gives an account of what is usually regarded as the greatest reign in British history, with which all young people should be familiar.

Altogether, we regard these books as eminently suitable for Sunday-school libraries. In fact, no library should be without them. Why should our boys and girls be surfeited with fiction, when his-

tory and biography can be obtained in such charming form? Tell your librarian to get these volumes without delay.

A New Magazine.

"The Twentieth Century Home" is the latest aspirant for favor in the magazine world. Judging by the first number, it will be an exceedingly attractive and helpful production. It proposes to deal with everything that relates to the comfort, convenience, and beauty of the home, and will also furnish a large amount of interesting miscellaneous reading, including good stories, personal sketches, descriptions of travel, etc. There will be a department devoted to science, under the heading of "The Fairyland of Science." The fashions, of course, receive attention, and women are advised to avoid the bad taste of some prevailing styles. The price of the magazine is one dollar per year, and it is well worth it.

Flowers and Ferns in Their Haunts. By Mabel Ogden Wright. Published by the McMillan Co., London. Messrs. Geo. N. Morang & Co., Toronto. Price, \$1.50.

A large amount of very interesting information is given in this book concerning wild flowers and ferns, presented in pleasing narrative form. The flowers are described as they exist in their native haunts, which is the only true way to study them. Wild flowers, when gathered in a bouquet, and placed in a vase are not nearly so beautiful as when growing in their own home. The book is profusely illustrated, many of the pictures being full-page photographs, which are simply superb. A very fine gift volume, especially to one who loves flowers.

Men of the Covenant: The story of the Scottish Church in the days of the persecution. By Alexander Smedley, M.A. With 37 illustrations. Published by Andrew Melrose, London, E.C.

Scotland has reason to be proud of the men who stood as "defenders of the faith," in the time when it meant something to oppose the will of kings and princes. They were stern, rugged characters, who feared God rather than men, and they were not turned aside from the path of duty by dangers. This book gives, perhaps, the most comprehensive account of the lives of the leaders among the Covenanters that has yet been published.

Children of the Frost. By Jack London. Published by G. N. Morang & Co., Toronto. Price, \$1.25.

This young author has developed into quite a brilliant writer, and his books are in great demand. This volume is a collection of Indian stories, which are well told, and reveal a wonderful insight into Indian life and character. Some of the tales are pathetic, some humorous, a few rather ghastly, but all intensely interesting.

Rebecca of Sunnysbrook Farm. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Published by William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

This is a new and interesting story by a well-known and popular author. It is probably the best thing she has produced. The heroine is an original character, unique and entertaining. The book should be in the Sunday-school library.

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S Forward Movement for Missions.

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

News from Our Missionaries. Extracts from Missionaries' Letters.

Our Chentu members, only twenty-four in number, have circulated a subscription list, and are undertaking to raise half the salary of one of their number, whom they and we together have hired to take charge of the street chapel. We are making up the other half. If our Canadian Church members gave as well, in proportion to their ability, as the Chinese, we could double our forces of workers on every field.—O. L. and R. G. Kilborn, China.

Thanksgiving Day, spent at Mr. Evans' missionary home, was a very pleasant feature of our stay in Shanghai. Mr. Evans informed us that during fourteen years of residence in that place he had not known of so many new missionaries coming into the country, as there had

and I will likely be the two foreigners to preach, but beside ourselves a number of our native members will join in and take their turn at exhorting. When I become more accustomed to it I shall be able to give you a better idea of what a street chapel service is like.—W. J. Mortimore, China.

Some of these men had been at Ren Shou during our meetings, bought Bibles and Testaments and hymn-books, and now in their native town were publicly recognized as Gospel Hall men. Isn't it wonderful?—George E. Hartwell, China.

Just think that our Church has but eleven men and eight or nine single ladies (including those soon to sail for China), for 10,000,000 of people, and you will readily appreciate the wisdom, the need, the urgency of the call.

Who will answer gladly say, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?" Students of Canadian Methodism, "Come over and help us." The field is large in area and big in opportunity.

Brethren, pray, pray, pray. Pray for China; pray for your own West China Mission and missionaries; pray for yourself that your vision may be enlarged.



GROUP OF STUDENTS AT TWELVE O'CLOCK SUMMER SCHOOL, LAST JUNE.

been this season. When we left Vancouver we had on board our vessel in all twelve missionaries, bound for Japan, China, Korea, and India. A number of the older missionaries, staying at the Missionary Home, bore excellent testimony to the steadfastness and integrity of the Chinese.—A. C. Hoffman, China.

We were privileged to meet Mr. Beauchamp, whom several of us heard at Toronto, and in the colleges in 1902. He had just opened up work at Kwei-fu. His statement that in sixteen years in China he had not met with such an eagerness to buy Christian Scriptures and tracts, and to hear Christian teaching, indicates the attitude of the Chinese people just now. This is the time of the Church's opportunity. Let us all pray and strive that it may be taken advantage of before forces foreign to China and anti-Christian enter, and, perhaps, interfere with the work of our Master.—James R. Cox, China.

This afternoon Dr. Kilborn, Mr. Stewart and myself went down into the centre of Chentu and opened our street chapel. From this out we expect to have a daily preaching service in this chapel or street shop from two to three p.m. Dr. Kilborn

your hearts warmed, your interest aroused, your purse strings loosened, your sons and daughters given to China. Brethren, pray, believe, act, and not only will there come salvation to China, but there will be poured out upon you a "blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—C. W. Service, China.

Christianity teaches, "Go ye and teach all." Buddhism has in later years attempted a false interpretation of the tenet, "Seek the truth," and has withdrawn, in strong force, to live a semi-cloistered life in these remote hills. The result is, that of their former greatness; a good lesson to that creed which ceases to be missionary.

An old man mirrored the minds of many. When asked what he sought, he answered, "Happiness." "Have you found it?" "No," he murmured, "I feel and feel, but cannot find the door." There are many blindly groping for guidance. May your prayers be unceasing that we may have power to point the way.—J. L. Stewart, China.

The letters are published in the *Missionary Bulletin*, 60c. per year. Address, F. C. Stephenson, Methodist Mission House.

News Items.

"Our young people are taking an interest in missions of news before by studying the text-book, 'The Heart of Sa-Chuan.'"

A correspondent writes: "Our leaguers have raised about \$20 in six months. While the total amount asked from us is \$30, we will have no trouble in raising our allotment." This is a small League in the country.

"I feel that where you young people don't seem to know where to get hold of missionary literature, so as God gives me money I am trying to send here and there the fuel which you know so well must be piled on if the mission fire is to burn brightly." So writes a worker.

"We rejoice to see the French work is coming more to the front. What we need are half a dozen or more of young men from our English colleges with the same spirit that has moved Mr. Halpenney. There is place for them in the Province of Quebec. What we need is consecration for the work, more zeal, more faith, and then the Lord will provide the rest."

"We received a large box of clothing, candles and toys from the W.M.S. Auxiliary of the McLeod Street Methodist Church, Ottawa. I have not distributed them yet, but judging from the intense pleasure manifested by one family last Sabbath, where I took a few of the things, everyone will be greatly pleased who participates in its contents."—From a Missionary Letter.

"The books that seem to take the heat with a great many leaguers are 'The Heart of Sa-Chuan,' as of course, and other data concerning the actual work going on in our mission fields. It was splendid to hear the leaguers from all over say that they were studying 'The Heart of Sa-Chuan,' and tell how much they are interested. I believe nearly all the Leaguers in the Bay of Quinte Conference are looking it up. Many, too, have ordered copies of 'The Life of Christ.'"—Cobourg District Convention report.

In Manitoba and the North-West the ministers visit the Epworth Leagues on behalf of the Young People's Forward Movement for Missions. We have had a number of letters from ministers who are travelling from ten to twenty miles over the prairies this cold weather to address Epworth Leagues. Those who study the progress of the Forward Movement in the West will wonder at its success. The secret is the sacrifice and energy of the overworked ministers in that country. The young people cannot help but respond when they see their leaders in earnest.

Twelve o'Clock Summer School.

The School, in future, will be under the auspices of the Bay of Quinte Conference League.

Dr. Sutherland has been added to the list of speakers. The W. M. S. will conduct one of the evening mass-meetings. Watch next month's Era. Remember the date, June 23 to 30.

League Presidents and Secretaries will please communicate with the Organizer of their respective districts:

Tamworth—Rev. W. H. Adams.
Napanee—Mr. G. E. Deroche.
Belleville—Prof. Dossou.
Madoc—Rev. D. S. Honck.
Picton—Mr. J. E. Benson.
Brighton—Rev. T. S. McKee.
Campbellford—Rev. A. McKim Young.
Cobourg—Rev. M. E. Sexsmith, B.A.
Bowmanville—Rev. F. J. Anderson.
Whitby—J. M. Dewar, B.A.
Cannington—Rev. W. Elliott.
Peterbor—Rev. H. B. Kenny.



APRIL 17.—"CHRIST'S IDEA OF RELIGION AS SEEN IN THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT."

Matt. 6. 19, 20, 21; Luke 6. 27-37.

The sermon on the Mount was not proclaimed by Christ until the second year of his ministry. This sermon was a declaration of ethical principles which were preceded by the preaching of spiritual truth as the basis of moral action. This Sermon on the Mount, and "Mount of a Sermon," was preceded by the sermon on "Worship at Jacob's Well," and this was preceded by the sermon to Nicodemus on regeneration, and that was preceded by the proclamation of atonement at the very beginning of Christ's ministry, in the greeting of John the Baptist: "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." Hence the order of Christ's teaching was as follows: Atonement, Regeneration, Worship, Morality. It is of great moment to keep in mind this divine order, not only in our thinking, but in our practice.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

This is what Jesus commands all to seek—the kingdom of God. It is most of the most frequent and significant phrases in the New Testament. In the Gospels, our Lord speaks of this kingdom 120 separate and different times. And no wonder, for it was the purpose and mission of Christ to describe the kingdom, and to invite men into the enjoyment of its blessings. The great purpose of Christ was not to give forgiveness merely, but to establish his kingdom in all its glory and strength in the hearts of men, and in the affairs of the world. This is seen in the preaching of the forerunner, John the Baptist. "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (Matt. 3. 2). Seen again after Christ's baptism and temptation, when he preached the same message as John (Matt. 4. 17). Seen again in Christ's conversation to a seeker after the truth (John 3. 3). Seen in his introduction to the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. 5. 3, 10). Seen in his tender talk to children (Mark 10. 13, 14). Seen in his plain and practical talk to his disciples as to the true spirit of religion in contrast to its form (Matt. 5. 20). Seen in Christ's effort to quell the fears of his disciples (Luke 12. 32). Seen in his parables, for in them it was the kingdom he illustrated (Matt. 13).

WHERE IS THE KINGDOM?

The kingdom, the ethics of which the Sermon on the Mount unfolded, is what? Where is it to be found? In heaven? No. In the Bible? No. In the

The Devotional Service

Practical Expositions of the
Prayer-Meeting Topics

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



church? No. Heaven may be termed the capital of the kingdom; the Bible, the guide-book to the kingdom; and the church the frequent meeting-place of those who belong to the kingdom. But the kingdom is not in heaven, not in the Bible, nor in the church. Where is it, then? Christ gave the answer in his reply to the Pharisees: "The kingdom of God is within you." In other words, the kingdom of heaven is the place where God's will is done. And when the heart is found in which God's will is done, there you find the kingdom of heaven. The kingdom of God is, therefore, the reign of God in the human heart.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

We speak sometimes of the three kingdoms of nature; the animal kingdom, the mineral kingdom, and the vegetable kingdom. What is meant by the vegetable kingdom? It means a peculiar kind of life, and a peculiar manifestation of life. It is a peculiar kind of life unlike the pear-tree, the peach-tree, or the plum-tree. It is a peculiar manifestation of life—in its trunk, branches, leaves, fruit, are different from any other kind of tree. This is to say, the vegetable kingdom is within the tree in its nature and life; and this kingdom existing within is manifested without by appropriate development. So the kingdom of heaven is within; it is the life of God through Christ in the soul and the outward manifestation is righteousness.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD, SPIRITUAL.

The kingdom of God is spiritual. It is not earthly. It is not brought about by any combination of human circumstances. It is a result, the constituents of which cannot be found in the kingdom of nature. Jesus says: "My kingdom is not of this world." It is not of this world in its origin, for its origin is supernatural. It is not of this world in its nature, for its nature is celestial. It is not of this world in its results, for its results are regenerating, satisfying, and abiding. It is the kingdom from above. It is the heavenly kingdom to be established in men's hearts, and to be applied to all earthly conditions. "Marvel not that I say unto thee, ye must be born anew." (John iii. 7, R. V.)

DIFFERENCE OF METHOD.

Notice the difference in method between the kingdom of God and the modern idea of reform. The key-word of much of modern reform is environment. The key-word of the kingdom of God is regeneration. Modern reform says, Change the surroundings. The kingdom of God says, Change the heart. An ignorant negro took the hands of his

clock, which would not keep good time, to the jeweller to be fixed. The jeweller told his customer that he could not make his clock keep time by altering the hands. He must fix the works. The interior of the clock must be changed if the exterior should be changed. This is the fundamental idea of the kingdom of God—change the interior, the heart, and the external life will be effectually and permanently changed. The true basis of reform is regeneration. Still, while the key-word of the kingdom of God is regeneration, yet it does not set aside methods of reform in order to prepare the way for the divine kingdom. It welcomes everything that is good, but contends to declare in substance that "the soul of improvement is the improvement of the soul."

THE KINGDOM CENTRALIZED.

The whole kingdom of God is centralized in the person of Jesus Christ. He is the King. He issues the passports into the kingdom, and his name through faith in his name, gives freedom to its enjoyments and emoluments. Possessing him as Saviour and Lord men may pass within the kingdom. And when once within the kingdom, when once a constituted subject, the life and precepts and example of Christ are the laws of the kingdom. This great kingdom is best understood when we consider that Christ is King; that faith in Christ is admission to the kingdom; that love of Christ is permanent citizenship; that the teachings and commandments and example of Christ are the statute-books of the government; and that the presence of Christ is the constant light and happiness and glory of the kingdom. Christ is all in all.

A RIGHT LIFE.

Then the kingdom of God is righteousness, internal and external. This is the practical outcome of the kingdom of God in the heart—righteousness. And what is righteousness? Simply doing right. Doing right, however, not according to our understanding of it, but doing right according to God's rendition of it—God's ideal of right as expressed in his Word. So the result of the kingdom of God in the heart is a right life. And if the life is not right, the kingdom of God is not within, it is still to be entered.

THE KINGDOM ETERNAL.

The kingdom of God is eternal. It must last so long as its King lasts. There is no other kingdom that can claim immortality. Where are the great kingdoms of antiquity—Assyria, Egypt, Greece, Rome? Gone with the ever-changing scenes of time. And modern kingdoms, with their opulence and grandeur, will come to an end. But there is

one kingdom that shall never cease. It possesses the life of eternal permanence. Nothing can destroy it. "The stars shall fade away, The Sun himself grow dim with age and nature sink in years, but this kingdom and all who are members of it shall flourish in immortal youth, unhurt amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds." And this is the kingdom that Jesus speaks of in the Sermon on the Mount when he says: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

It would be well to have some member prepare a brief paper or address on "The Sermon on the Mount, where it was given, the circumstances, and main teachings." Then follow this general treatment, after prayer and singing, with the study of "The Kingdom of God," one of the very greatest themes in the New Testament. You will find ample help and hints in the following exposition. There are eight paragraphs, with the introduction. Would it not be a good plan to give these paragraphs to eight members of the League, each to read in order of the exposition? Try it. It will make a most interesting topic study.

APRIL 24.—"OUR MISSION IN WEST CHINA: DEVELOPMENT OF THE FIELD."

See "Heart of Sa-Chuan," Chap. IV.

The text-book, "Heart of Sa-Chuan," can be secured from Dr. Stephenson for cents.

In the last study of our mission in West China, we saw how the missionaries were persecuted, the mission property destroyed, the lives of the workers endangered, and their enforced removal from their work. We shall see in this week's study how the missionaries returned, how their property was restored by the Government, and how the Chinese received the workers back with considerable enthusiasm.

THE MISSIONARIES RETURN.

Mr. Hartwell was able to write at this time: "God not only preserved the good-will that formerly existed, but added to it a deeper sympathy, and raised up friends who before were indifferent spectators. Judging from appearances, the work, instead of being hindered, is in many ways in advance of what it was ever before in this district. Aforetimes we were ever looked upon with suspicion, as spies or as gold-seekers, come to search out precious stones; or as sorcerers, saying by charms we could control the weather, bring on calamity, cause epidemics, etc. But the fact that we are back, that money has been refunded sufficient to put our mission premises in good shape again, that nearly every official in the city has been degraded, that we are able to use the words 'buy' and 'sell' in our deeds of property purchased, especially as this latter was strictly forbidden last winter in a big proclamation posted all over the province, that the present official received us back in an honorable way, providing us with proper kwan (residences); putting all these facts together, the people—at least, a large proportion of them—have concluded that we were deceived; that the foreigner is not such a cannibal as he was represented, and hence is worthy of consideration and respect."

AN EDUCATED CONVERT.

During the time the missionaries were imprisoned in the magistrates Yamen, one of their warmest friends was the teacher in the day-school. While the work of refunding the mission was going on, he moved his family into some vacant rooms

in Mr. Hartwell's house. By so doing he definitely announced his intention to break with his old life, and attach himself to the foreigner and his religion. He was an intelligent man, a Bachelor of Arts, and as such his accession to the mission was a ground of great hope for the future. We shall meet him again as a native evangelist.

NEW CHAPEL OPENED.

On August 2nd the new chapel, a handsome brick building, with a seating capacity of four hundred, was dedicated. The service was doubly interesting, as it not only marked the formal commencement of active evangelistic work, but was also the occasion of the baptism of the first convert. At the close of the service, in response to an invitation, six others rose and expressed their desire to become Christ's disciples. From this time interest deepened, and many remained for the after-meeting, when they could talk personally with the workers regarding this new faith.

PERIOD OF PROGRESS.

By the end of the year seven buildings were completed, including the dwelling and the chapel already mentioned; a reading and book-room and street chapel combined; a school and dormitory, used also as a native parsonage; a building for sewing and teachers; a Sunday-school attached to the chapel; and important also as any, a building for guest-rooms, where the missionary received visitors, gave them a cup of tea, and discussed with them any subject they introduced. The new year saw the addition of several parsonages and two hospital wards. During this year the work was greatly strengthened by an addition to the force of workers. These were Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Smith, and a few months later, three ladies of the W. M. S., Miss Foster, Miss Brooks, and Miss Killiam, M.D. With the second party came Dr. and Mrs. Hart, to the great joy of all on the field.

PRINTING PRESS.

The mission at Kiating was also restored, the new chapel was dedicated, and at this service the first convert of the Kiating mission was baptized. Then came the work of the printing-press.

Dr. Hart at once made preparations to start the press which he had brought with him. The founding of a printing establishment in West China had long been one of his ambitions, and, during his furlough in 1896, he had vigorously appealed for funds for this important work. So ready was the response that on his return to China, he was able to take up the river two presses, which were stationed at Kiating, and were soon printing tracts, calendars, and texts, for sale and distribution. The Chinese were so eager for these tracts that by January, 1898, this work was almost self-supporting. From this small beginning has grown the large and important printing establishment now in connection with the mission.

GREAT INTEREST.

In 1898 Mr. Hartwell wrote home in a most encouraging way. He said, "Possibly in all China have no larger congregations listened Sabbath after Sabbath to the Gospel. Formerly people greeted us in the usual manner, 'Have you eaten your rice?' Now it is, 'When is worship day?' At the evening service, women of the better class take advantage of the darkness to hear the Gospel. One remarked to Mrs. Hartwell that the more she heard the more she felt the power of the Gospel."

TOOK TO FLIGHT.

One storm had calmed, but another soon arose, in the Boxer riots.

In July, 1900, the missionaries were compelled to flee for their lives, and the

work of the mission was stopped for a time. The farewell between the missionaries and the native Christians was most affectionate.

An official guard of eighty men escorted the party to Chung-King, where they proceeded in safety to the coast. By the end of October, 1901, the missionaries were back at their stations, and work was once more proceeding as before their departure, and the workers were more popular than ever. Thus we at home get some idea of the trials, dangers, and hardships which our brethren on the foreign field are forced to endure. Yet amidst it all we see how God is leading his people, and how out of opposition and persecution the Gospel triumphs.

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

In our study of our mission field in China, this week, we have a chequered account of trial and triumph, persecution, and conquest. It will remind us somewhat of the records in the Acts of the Apostles. Make this the subject of the topic, "The Triumphs of the Gospel amid Persecution." Take the fourth chapter of Acts as a topic chapter, and compare modern persecutions with ancient. They are one in spirit.

MAY 1.—"THE MOTIVE OF THE MIRACLE: A REVELATION OF CHRIST AND OF GOD."

Mat. 8, 14-17; Luke 7, 11-17.

The mission of Christ to the earth was one of mercy, not only to the souls but to the bodies of men. In our constant emphasis of the purpose of Christ to save the soul, we overlook his purpose to save the body. Christ's contact with the people again and again shows his desire to bring good health to this world, and to make existence here more tolerable for many people.

GOOD HEALTH.

Christianity is the religion of good health—robust bodies, alert minds, hopeful temperaments. This is the effect of Christianity when it has its way. The religion of Jesus is the religion of fresh air, pure food, clean bodies, bright sunlight, active exercise, and cheerful minds. Christianity leads the world in its efforts to stamp out disease, and bring health to the nations. This is a revelation of the heart of Christ and of God. It is a great thing to raise the dead; it is also a great thing to prevent people from dying so soon. It is a great thing to heal disease; it is a greater thing to prevent disease. This is the merciful mission of Christianity; and God is glorified in the good health of the creatures of his hand.

THE LORD OF LIFE.

In this incident in the life of Jesus (Luke 7, 11-17) we see the Prince of Life face to face with the grim reaper, Death. The funeral procession is going one way, and Christ and his disciples the other. They meet. He sends the dead back living, and the mourners glad. This but foreshadowed his own conquest over the same foe later on in his life when he burst the bars of death and rose triumphant over the tomb. He is the Lord of life, and death cannot hold him, nor stand unconquered in his majestic presence when he chooses to exert his power. Nor can death hold any of his followers. The believer's life is hid with Christ in God, and death cannot touch it. True, the body as we now have it, dissolves, but there is no death to the Christian; it is through Christ, the gateway to eternal glory.

UNASKED TITTY.

The sight of the extreme grief of the mother, the death of her only bread-

winner, and object of love, went straight to Christ's heart. His perfect manhood was perfectly compassionate. One great glory of this miracle is its spontaneousness. Neither request nor faith precedes it. None of the three recorded raisings from the dead was in answer to prayers, or belief in his power. They were spontaneous outbursts of a heart of pity and love. But if there was no prayer, there was sorrow and there was need. And sorrow which he could soothe, and need which he could supply, never made their moan in his hearing in vain. Most of his miracles had some measure of faith in some persons concerned as a condition of the exercise of his power. But that was a condition, established for our sakes, not for his. Still at times, unasked, untrusting, he feels the impulse of pity, which is love turned towards misery and the impure, moves his all-powerful will. While in most cases, Jesus is still found of those who seek him; yet his pity is still extended to those who seek him not.

THE TRUE CONSOLER.

Very beautiful is it that the soothing words, "Weep not," are said before the miracle, as if Christ would not wait even for a moment before seeking to comfort the sorrow. Words that are powerless on other lips, and only make tears run faster, are of sovereign power when Christ speaks them. Nothing is emptier than the usual well-meant attempts to comfort the sorrowing. What is the use of telling not to weep, when all the cause of weeping still remains. But if we know that he is with us in trouble, and if we can hear his whisper of comfort, the sharpness of the pain is dulled, though the wound remain. He comforted the widowed heart by the utterance of his sympathy before he gave her back her dead, and therein he reveals himself to all as the consoler even of sorrows that will last as long as life. Our Saviour's "Weep not," is not a rebuke, but a specimen of his continual work, and a prophecy of the time when there shall be no more sorrow, nor crying.

THE DIVINE ACT.

Christ's look and words to the mother showed his heart, and so the bearers halt in silent obedience and expectation. Jesus spoke true words as "Young man, arise." As if waking from sleep, the young man sat up. Bewildered, he looked about on the crowd. He began to speak, some confused exclamations likely. And then he was restored to his mother. Oh love, how fast it can flood once more! Not only compassion for the mother, but good to the son, prompted this miracle. It may be the restoration of his bodily life, was the beginning of his spiritual life and a new era in his personal history.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

The whole incident, continues MacLaren, may be regarded as a revelation of Christ's power, or as a revelation of death's impotence. Christ stands forth as the Prince and Giver of life. His word is enough. The dead man heard and obeyed. The ease with which the miracle is done contrasts with the effort of Elijah, Elisha and their similar acts. The significance of this act is, that Christ is "Lord both of the dead and the living." It is prophetic, too, for it foreshadows the day when they that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God. The miracle also teaches the impotence of death, which is but his servant, and vanishes at his bidding. It shows the partial effect of death, as affecting not the soul, but the body. It shows that when a man dies he is not ended, but that personality, consciousness, and all that make the man, are wholly unaffected thereby. "He gave him to his mother." Who can imagine that happy reunion!

May we not venture to see in Christ's action here some dim forecast of the future, when, amid the joy of heaven, we too may hope to be reunited to our dear ones.

"Whom we have loved long since,
And lost awhile."

Surely he who brought this young man back from the dead to soothe a widow's sorrow, and found joy in giving him back to a mother's arms, will do the like with us, and let lonely and yearning hearts clasp again their beloved.

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

You will find six distinct thoughts in the six sections of the above exposition. Interest six members of the League in developing these sections. Thus have we the thought of one, to "take up" the topic this week. This Lord of Life, is he the source of our spiritual life? Oh, the power of having such a Christ on our side!

MAY 8.—"THE PENALTIES OF UNBELIEF."

Luke 11, 33-36; John 3, 17-21; Mark 3, 29-30.

The penalty of unbelief in man toward Christ is similar to the penalty of the flower that refuses the sun—their means differ. There are three extracts from Scripture in the topic selections. The first, Luke 11, 33-36, gives one penalty of unbelief—"The going out of the light." The second, John 3, 17-21, points out that the love of darkness takes the place of the love of the light. And the third, Mark 3, 29-30, indicates the awful penalty of the departure of the Holy Spirit. Any one of these three penalties might furnish the subject of an evening's study in the League. But we will select the last one for treatment, being the ground of much confusion and controversy—"The Sin against the Holy Spirit."

WHAT IS THIS SIN?

What is this sin for which, at least in the present world, there is no provision for forgiveness. It is that wilful ignorance which refuses to be taught, that love of darkness that refuses to admit the light even when the sun is shining in the sky. They saw the light, they knew that it was the light; and yet they loved the darkness more than the light. Like the servants in the parable, they said, "This is the heir. Let us kill him that the inheritance may be ours." It was only necessary to reject him in order to kill him—one meant the other. Jesus knowing their thought, and knowing, too, the moral condition from which their thoughts sprang, warned them with piercing point and plainness. They were deliberately sinning against light, against conscience, against all that was true and right and good; in short, they were speaking against the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of all truth and goodness; and so long as they did that there was no hope for them.

TWO PHASES.

There are two phases which the penalty of this sin assumes. 1. The Spirit offers to draw men, they will not follow. He repeats his friendly counsels again and again. But sensual passions or earthly attachments absorb the accents of his kindly voice, until at length it dies away and is heard no more. It is not so much that a man is too slothful, or too negligent, or even too earthly-minded, that he is in danger of fatally sinning against the Holy Ghost. It is because he is opposed to the renovating power of the divine spirit. It is because he rebels against the reign of grace and holiness in his heart. It is because he will not enter the untrivalled experience of a spiritual principle bearing down on the sinful tendencies of the soul, and

bringing into subjection every thought to the obedience of Christ.

2. The second phase of this penalty of unbelief is hardness and impenitence of the soul which accompanies and follows it. There is only one way in which a sinner can effectually close the avenues of reconciliation—against himself, and that way is putting himself out of the reach of repentance, by resisting the entreaties of the Spirit, till they are finally withdrawn, by tampering with conscience, and the energies are paralyzed, and he sinks into profound indifference, and spiritual lethargy.

COMMON SENSE.

So far, then, from giving us a dark mystical saying that the human mind could not easily understand, our Lord declared a commonsense truth that appeals to the most ordinary mind. He simply stated a moral truism as one might infer from the casual and unemphatic manner of his remarks. And the truism is, that since salvation is necessarily of the will, if men will not be saved, they cannot be saved—that is the whole of it. If men will not yield to the divine Spirit which it moves and stirs within them, they cannot be redeemed and renewed by that gracious spirit. Under whatever dispensation they live, they are self-excluded from the kingdom of heaven by their own sin; by their own unbelief, by their willful departure from "the light that lighteth every man coming into the world."

UNPARDONABLE.

No sin can be pardoned so long as it is persisted in. All will agree with that. But this sin against the Holy Spirit in its scriptural form appears to stand by itself. It is such an aggravated sin, such a heinous crime against the Spirit of the true and living God, indicates such a rebellious stab of mind and confirmed opposition of soul to God, and truth, that there is no chance of turning. Still, the darkest clouds are sometimes tinged with a bright and beautiful radiance. The contemplation of a sin which is pronounced to be unpardonable is certainly very solemn. Yet when taken in its proper connection, it needs to alarm only the wilful and determined transgressor. On the other hand, the subject shows in the strongest light, the rich and abounding mercy of God. It shows, says one, us an Almighty Sovereign holding out a sceptre of peace, till the revolting rebel will no longer deign even to cast a look upon it. It discloses to us a parent pleading with undutiful children, till his voice dies away in the distance of their determined and fatal wanderings. Here is consolation—if one still has desire to accept of the Saviour and follow him, he may be assured that this great sin is not laid at his door.

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

A most solemn and important subject is this. Prepare yourself, as you always should, by prayer and self-examination, to profitably lead the meeting. Hand out some such questions as these, a week in advance, to be answered by members of the League: "What is the sin against the Holy Spirit?" "Why is it said to be unpardonable?" "What personal dangers are involved in our Lord's warning?" "How may I know that I have not committed this great sin?" "Light on all these questions will be found in the foregoing exposition."

For the Scripture topics, our Bible-study text-book, "Studies in the Life of Christ," will be found a great help. It can be secured in cloth binding for 75 cents, postpaid, and in paper cover for 50 cents, by applying to A. C. Crews, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.



The Sunday School

"And that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation,"
Paul to Timothy.

The Teacher's Commission

"GIVE diligence to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, handling aright the word of truth."
—2 Tim. 2:15. R.V.

Deserved Recognition.

The Sunday-school of Bridge Street Church, Belleville, did the handsome thing by their superintendent, Mr. William Johnson, by presenting him with the sum of \$700 to pay his expenses to the World's Sunday-school Convention at Jerusalem. This was a deserved recognition of thirty years of faithful work. We trust Mr. Johnson will have a good time, and return safely.

Reform or Resign.

"Our school," says a Sunday-school superintendent, "reminds me of what an Irishman said about his native country: 'Its greatest trouble is with the absentees; the whole land is full of 'em'! Our difficulty is with teachers who do not care enough for their work to be present, or send a substitute, or notify me. One, for instance, goes visiting every third Sunday, and comes up smiling when I meet her as if, 'Oh, I was away from home last Sunday!' were all the excuse needed. I wish she would either reform or resign."

Get a Good Start.

We are not in favor of Sunday-schools closing up for the winter, but many of them do it, nevertheless. There has been more justification for this during the past winter than perhaps ever before, on account of the severe weather and bad roads. Every effort should be made, however, to get the Sunday-school machinery in motion as early as possible in the spring. It would help greatly to have a Rally Day, say on the first Sunday in May, and commence the study of the Supplemental Lessons. The year's course could be easily completed before Christmas, and a special "graduation service" held.

Work in the Colleges.

At the close of the lectures on Sunday-school and Epworth League methods, delivered by the General Secretary, at Victoria and Mount Allison Universities, examinations were held, which were taken by forty-five of the students. The papers sent in by those who wrote were of a high order of merit, showing that more than a perfunctory interest had been taken in the lectures. It was no small task to decide who were entitled to the prizes, as several of the writers were very close together in their marking. The first prize at Victoria goes to Mr. Amos Thomas, who made an average of 97 per cent., and the second to Mr. S. A. Kemp, who had 96. At Sackville, the

young ladies carried off the honors, the first prize going to Miss C. E. Pridham, whose average was 94 per cent., and the second being captured by Miss Lavinia Hocken, with 90 per cent. We congratulate our young friends on their success, and hope that, both in theory and practice, they may find this department of work pleasant and profitable.

A Fine Idea.

New scholars are introduced into the Methodist Sunday-school at Brandon, Man., by means of an application card, like the following:

BRANDON METHODIST S. S.

I desire to become a member of the Brandon Methodist S. S. and will attend each session of the School unless hindered by circumstances over which I have no control.

Name.....

Residence.....

Introduced by.....

Brandon,190..

To get scholars committed to regular attendance in this way, at the very commencement, is an excellent idea.

For Temperance Lessons.

It will be of little use to have regular temperance lessons in the Sunday-school, unless superintendents and teachers inform themselves, so as to be able to interest and instruct the scholars. Ringing the changes on old worn-out platitudes will not do. There must be something stimulating and fresh. Realizing this, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union publishes a quarterly "Temperance Lessons" devoted to the exposition and illustration of the temperance lessons, and is prepared by Rev. C. T. Scott, B.A., of London. It is really a splendid help for the study of these lessons and should be in the hands of all our teachers. The March issue pays special attention to the cigarette. It can be obtained from Mrs. Frank White, 437 Pall Mall Street, London, Ont., at 2 cents each, or 10 cents per dozen. Over 16,000 copies of the Leaflet are being circulated every quarter.

Training Class.

The Sunday-school of Zion Church, Rat Portage, conducts a Teacher's Training Class every week. The pastor, superintendent, and teachers take turns in leading it. Something of this kind should be carried on in every Sunday-school.

The Supplemental Course.

We are glad to report that considerable interest has been aroused in the Supplemental Course of Studies, which has recently been introduced into our Church, and which has been explained in recent numbers of this journal. Several leading schools have made inquiries about the Course and have secured the leaflets. We hope to hear of many more.

Mr. Stewart Muirhead, General Field Secretary of the Nova Scotia Sunday-school Association, sends the following letter expressing his approval of the plan:

"I am very glad that your Church has adopted this practical Course of lessons for your schools. You will find it just the thing that is required to meet a real need in our Sunday-schools at the present time. I have had the honor and privilege of introducing the Course into most of the schools now using it in the Province, and therefore have practical knowledge of its working.

1. In the schools using it, the reports show that the scholars are very much interested in these studies. They give them definite work. The fact of their being progressive also makes them interesting to the scholars.

2. It is very easy for the teachers to manage the work. Of course the superintendent has much to do with this. In some schools where the ten minutes have elapsed for this work, a bell is rung by the superintendent, which is a signal for all classes to take up the uniform lesson. If the school work is all planned carefully by officers and teachers, there is no difficulty in giving to this work its proper place.

3. The results of this work are very apparent, although we have only been using the lesson for two years.

(1) The securing of regular study of the church catechism.

(2) A higher regard for the school by the older scholars.

(3) The placing of scholars of the same age in one class.

(4) Memorizing of Scriptures. This has been neglected in the majority of our schools, and the Supplemental Lessons are getting into our schools again this most important exercise.

(5) Making scholars acquainted with the Bible and its construction.

I cannot too highly recommend this work. I believe it will settle the question of graded lessons for the Sunday-school.

Uniform S. S. Records

A NEW series of Sunday-school Records, for general use in Methodist schools, has been prepared, which embody a number of new and valuable features.

THE CLASS REGISTER

provides a place for the scholar's name, age, residence, date of admission, whether member of church or not. Columns are supplied for recording "attendance," "church attendance," "hobbies brought from home," "home study," "verses learned," and "offering." Provision is also made for quarterly and yearly summaries. Altogether the best that has been prepared and up-to-date that has ever been used.

Price, 75 cents per dozen.

SECRETARY'S RECORD

A Secretary's Record Book has been prepared to harmonize with the Class Register, which gives the fullest information concerning each session of the school, and is substantially bound in cloth, and will last for three years.

Price, \$2.00 each.

WILLIAM BRIGGS

29-33 Richmond Street West, Toronto

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUBERTS, Halifax, N.S.



**The
Junior
Department**

Conducted by
REV. S. T. BARTLETT
Napines, Ont.

"The boys and
girls for Christ."

He is Risen.

Jesus lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appall me;
Jesus lives! by this I know
From the grave He will recall me;
Brighter scenes at death commence;
This shall be my confidence.

Easter lilies bloom to-day
At the tomb where Jesus lay.
Sweet and beautiful and bright,
They proclaim, in pure white,
Evermore the glad refrain,
Risen Lord—the Lord shall reign.

—Jno. W. Eddy.

Life of Christ Studies.

Glady Keeling, aged nine years, and Lorne Keeling, aged twelve, of Carleton, Ont., and Sallie Harrington, of Halifax, N.S., have done so splendid work so far on the Home Studies. Why not you? In the February and March Eras we gave thirty facts about our Lord to learn. This month we add only five more. Here are the whole thirty-five. Learn them. Then, from memory, write them out and mail your list to Mr. Bartlett. Your paper will be corrected and returned to you. Those doing the best work during the time announced (February, March, and April Eras) will be well rewarded by Mr. Crews.

MEMORY FACTS.

1. Birth of John the Baptist promised.
2. Birth of Jesus promised.
3. Birth of John.
4. Birth of Jesus.
5. The Angel Messenger to the Shepherds.
6. The presentation of the Babe in the Temple.
7. The Wise Men visit Bethlehem.
8. The light into Egypt.
9. Return to Nazareth after Herod's death.
10. Childhood of Jesus at Nazareth.
11. Visit to Jerusalem when twelve years old.
12. Eighteen more years at Nazareth.
13. John the Baptist preaches in the Wilderness.
14. Jesus is baptized.
15. Jesus is tempted of Satan.
16. The first disciples of our Lord.
17. The first miracle.
18. Sojourn at Capernaum.
19. The first cleansing of the Temple.
20. The discourse with Nicodemus.
21. Preaching and baptizing in Judea.
22. With the Samaritan woman at the well.
23. John the Baptist is imprisoned.
24. The Nobleman's son.
25. Christ is rejected at Nazareth.
26. Peter, Andrew, James, and John are called.
27. Miracles in Capernaum.
28. Preaching in Galilee.
29. Healing of the man with the palsy.

30. Matthew is called.
31. The discourse about fasting.—Matt. 9.
32. The disciples in the grain fields.—Matt. 12. 1-8.
33. The man with the withered hand.—Matt. 12. 9-14.
34. The choosing of Twelve Apostles.—Luke 6. 12-19.
35. The Sermon on the Mount.—Matt. Chs. 5, 6, 7.

The last five are new facts and the Scripture texts are given for them only. The first thirty facts were given in February and March issues. Learn these facts by heart. Take two new ones every day and you will soon know all. We have nearly 150 altogether for you, and if you learn them all, you will have a clear outline knowledge of our Saviour's earthly life.

Special.

To the boy who, during April, sends Mr. Bartlett the neatest and best copy of the "Telegraph Alphabet" as given in March Era, will be sent, postpaid, a very nice pocket-knife. The writer must certify that it is written from memory. Just the letters and their equivalents in signs will be enough. The rhyme need not be given.

Weekly Topics.

April 17th.—"Spring and its lessons."—Psa. 65. 9, 10; 104. 30.

"Thou visitest the earth" . . . "thou blessest the springing thereof" . . . "thou renewest the face of the earth." Notice how the psalmist speaks of God as doing all this for us.

1. So the first lesson of spring is that of God's faithfulness. The promise of the constancy of the season's "spring-time and autumn, summer and winter" is renewed every year. All nature sings a song of trust in God. And through nature we see our Lord illustrating his own fidelity. Let us ever remember that God's word may be depended on always.

2. The second lesson of spring is that of our dependence on God's goodness. If he visits the earth to bless it abundantly it is for our profit. "Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." God's gifts are the proof of his goodness. His goodness is the basis of his gifts. Without his mercy what would we be? And what a little we would have. Just as the sun by its warmth brings the earth back to life and growth, so by the "Sun of Righteousness" shining in our hearts are we made both happy and fruitful. The earth held in the strong grasp of the Frost King, can only be relieved by the strong rays of the sun, so we are helpless without the help of God's mercy and grace. Let us learn our dependence and then

3. Be thankful. Every tuft of grass, every opening bud, every expanding leaf, every dewdrop, every sunbeam, indeed, all of nature everywhere, seems to join in praise to God when the awakening of spring comes. For springtime is an awakening. During winter the earth has been asleep. In the spring it wakes up and the trees, brooks, meadows, birds and flowers everywhere join in a chorus of thanksgiving for the new life that has come to them. So with the soul. We are "dead in sins" until God visits us by the awakening power of His Spirit and we become "alive from the dead." This is the great Easter Lesson. Christ is our life. In him we may rejoice and give praise to God. . . . Remember, too, that

Spring is a prophecy—of harvest. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." In this sense the springtime is like childhood. It is full of great promise. "What shall the harvest be?" This is a great and important

question. We sometimes speak of "a cold spring," "a wet spring," "a backward spring." By all these terms we mean that the growth of the earth has been kept back. And so it is with childhood and youth. Boys and girls can never "catch up" when they are men and women, what they have lost in youth. Every season must fit properly into the one next to it if the harvest is to be a good and abundant one. So no part of infancy to old age we should try to make all fit together to the glory of God "who giveth us all things richly to enjoy."

The superintendent may profitably summarize these lessons of spring by the following four important words which should be put on the blackboard one by one at the close of the Topic Study.

RECOGNIZE
MEMBER
EPAY
SEMBLE } GOD.

That is: when God comes to the earth to bless it—see him in his mercies, remember your dependence on his goodness, give yourself to him in return, and give in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

April 24th.—"Lending to the Lord."—Prov. 19. 17.

Make this a Bible reading on Christian liberality in giving to the poor in the spirit of true hospitality. The following outline should provide a profitable meeting:

1. Liberality enjoined.—Prov. 14. 21; 29. 7; Matt. 19. 21-25; Luke 6. 38; 18. 22.
2. Ancient examples.—1 Kings 19. 21; 1 Chron. 16. 3; Judges 19. 16-21.
3. Cheerfulness required.—Rom. 12. 8; 2 Chron. 9. 7.
4. Ostentation condemned.—Matt. 6. 1-4.
5. Arguments for liberality.—(1) God's glory.—2 Chron. 9. 12-14. (2) The giver blessed.—Psa. 112. 9; Prov. 11. 25; Prov. 19. 17; 22. 9, 28, 27; Matt. 25. 35-40; Acts 20. 35.

N. B.—There is abundant material above for a full meeting. But do not leave the preparation till the hour of the meeting. Let five of your most advanced juniors take the five divisions of the topic at least a week ahead. Let them arrange with a dozen others to present the required Scripture at the proper time. This you have at least a score taking part. A brief review by the superintendent may show how to give, e.g.—

Gladly
Intelligently } "IN HIS NAME."
Voluntarily
Earnestly

May 1st.—"New life in Christ."—Eph. 5. 14.

If you did not use the acoustic suggested for the Topic of November 29 last, you may well use it to-day. Christ gives light and life to all who call upon him. This is the central lesson of our study this week—

LIFE.

Intelligence.
Growth.
Holiness.
Testimony.

These are the points to emphasize over and over: (1) In him alone is "life." (2) This "light of life" means a knowledge of sins forgiven and of our acceptance in him. (3) It means development. A healthy child must grow. So the "new life in Christ" gets more and more as the time passes on. (4) It means a pure heart, a holy conversation. This "life" is health—spiritual wholeness which is "holiness." (5) It must show itself. This is "testimony," or the out-

ward and visible evidence of our inward quickening.

Let the words "awake" and "arise" be made emphatic. Make this an evangelistic service. Invite decision for Christ. This is a good topic for a pledge service. Present the Active members' pledge and invite your Juniors to Christ and into the Church. (Let some capable Juniors read the 14th recorded miracle of our Lord, viz., the raising of Jairus' daughter as given in Luke 9:40-50. Let another read the 28th miracle, viz., the raising of Lazarus as given in John 11:1-46.)

May 8th.—"Medical Missionaries and Heathen Children."—Luke 9, 2.

It is very desirable that this subject shall be intelligently understood by the Juniors. For the best possible treatment of the subject we recommend a study of Chapter VI. in "The Heart of Sz-Chuan, China," which should be in every League of our Church. This book is the second text-book of the Methodist Young People's Forward Movement. No leaguer can know our mission work as it ought to be known without this book. Chapter VI., which we recommend in preparing for this week's study, comprises sixteen pages of the book. We could easily give a synopsis of the chapter, but we earnestly recommend every Junior superintendent to get the book itself and have the chapter studied by some one capable of teaching it intelligently and attractively to the Juniors. The book is published by Dr. Briggs, and is sold at cost, 35 cents. Send for a copy, or several of them, without delay. Your pastor will get it for you if you are "too busy."

"Juniors and Their Floral Offerings."

The Junior Epworth League of Crawford Street Church, Toronto, was organized last June. Already their membership of over 110. During last summer they did splendid work in the flower distribution to the sick and aged. The most pleasing service rendered was after their floral services on Sunday. They had prepared a maltose cross, four feet high, on which they placed bouquets completely covering the background of wood. After Sunday-school the Floral Committee asked the pastor to give them names to whom they would carry flowers after the evening service. He gave them some twenty-four names, but when they received the list, they declared that they could not send out that many bouquets. He told them to go ahead and do the best they could. He then left them for a street service, and on his return to the church an hour afterwards found three or four of the Juniors leaving. He asked them how they managed, and the reply was, "We have already sent out twenty-seven, and have two or three bunches left." The pastor says that he never witnessed such delight in a service of love. Below are some letters by the Juniors themselves handed to the pastor in connection with this work:

Scattering Seeds of Kindness.

Dear Pastor,—We made many calls during the summer months, and we were received very kindly by every one. We called at the home of an old gentleman, who had been ill for some time. The flowers seemed to bring him a gleam of sunshine. He told us we were scattering seeds of kindness. On a Sunday evening after church, two of the leaguers and one Lizzie Slack, the Junior president, and two of our superintendents visited a lady who was too feeble to attend church unless the weather was fair. This lady loved flowers very much, and the bouquet we presented to her seemed to bring ecstasy to her quiet life.—Nellie Duke (aged 16).

Happiness to an Invalid.

Dear Pastor,—An old lady had not been outside of the door for twelve months. She said she never appreciated flowers so much as she did the ones given by Crawford Street Junior League. One old lady who had been ill for some time, and not being able to attend to her church duties as she would have liked to, was very much pleased with the bouquet given to her, being the first she had received from the League. During the summer we called on a little girl who had fallen and broken her leg, and had to be confined to her bed all summer. The flowers were very kindly received and brought much happiness to the little invalid.—Millie Lewarne (aged 14).

It Seems Very Pleasant.

Dear Pastor,—I think it is very pleasant taking flowers around to sick people. Our Junior League last summer distributed sixty-three bouquets of flowers, twenty-nine being made on Flower Sunday. One Sunday there was about half a dozen girls, including myself, went to see an old lady, who was just waiting for the dear Saviour to take her away. We sang several hymns for her, and then took our departure. A few days after we heard she was dead. I have been to see many cases just similar to this.—Minnie Carter (aged 13).

An Easter Lily.

Guess what came to us last night
From the angels, all in white!
Such a darling, dainty dot!—
Can't you think what we have got—
A Little Easter Lily!

'Cause she came on Easter E'en
It can plan nigh we can see
Not another name would do,
And this suits her through and through—
Our Little Easter Lily!

A Thriving Two-Year-Old.

Our Kirkton Junior Epworth League, which was organized on December 28, 1901, by Rev. S. A. Anderson, with only thirteen present, has now on the roll a membership of one hundred and four. This includes our Mission Band, which is in connection with the League, and also our Cradle Roll. Our League meets every alternate Saturday, on which day we have two topics, taken by the members of the League, and occasionally we have a meeting with the Seniors. Our Mission Band has a membership of forty. It raises its money by the systematic giving of one cent a month for each member. This, along with our birthday offering, is given to the Forward Movement. We have given altogether \$12.85 to the Forward Movement. We have also given \$10 to the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto, and have given \$20 for local purposes. Since our society was organized we have raised about \$110. The average attendance of our society for last year was sixty members. We have on our Cradle Roll a membership of twenty-five. Russell Brown, President.

Anniversary.

The St. Mary's Junior Epworth League celebrated its ninth birthday on February 19th by an enjoyable sleigh ride, after which ninety-nine Juniors did ample justice to the supper supplied by the parents. In the evening an interesting programme was given. One of the treats of the entertainment was the address by Miss Lizzie Slack, the Junior president. The boys and girls are in earnest, and the work is encouraging.

A Junior League has been organized at Epsom appointment, on the Camlachie Circuit.

Old Sayings.

As poor as a church mouse; as thin as a rail,
As fat as a porpoise; as rough as a gale;
As brave as a lion; as sly as a cat;
As bright as a sixpence; as weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock; as sly as a fox;
As mad as a March hare; as strong as an ox;
As fair as a lily; as empty as air;
As rich as Croesus; as cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel; as neat as a pin;
As smart as a steel trap; as ugly as sin;
As dead as a door nail; as white as a sheet;
As flat as a pancake; as red as a beet.

As round as an apple; as black as a cat;
As brown as a berry; as blind as a bat;
As mean as a miser; as full as a tick;
As plump as a partridge; as sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny; as dark as a pall;
As hard as a millstone; as bitter as gall;
As fine as a fiddle; as clear as a bell;
As dry as a herring; as deep as a well.

As light as a feather; as hard as a oak
rook;
As stiff as a poker; as calm as a clock;
As green as a gosling; as brisk as a bee;
And now let me stop, lest you weary of me.

Androcles and the Lion.

Androcles is said to have been a Roman slave, who fled from a cruel master and took refuge in a cave. While there he saw a lion approaching. He feared lest he should be eaten. But as the lion came nearer, Androcles saw that the beast was limping. He seemed to be in great pain. Androcles plucked up his courage and took up the lion's paw. From it he extracted a large thorn, which had caused the flesh to fester. The lion seemed most grateful and showed its pleasure by fawning upon its benefactor. The story tells us that later, when Androcles was taken prisoner and sent to Rome to be delivered up to the wild beasts, a lion was set loose to devour him. It was the same lion that Androcles had relieved in his agony. The animal remembered with gratitude his deliverer, and instead of springing on him to devour him, he went up to him and fawned upon him. Apian declares that he witnessed with his own eyes the scene between Androcles and the lion in the Roman circus.

Detected the Thief.

The Boston Transcript gives the experience of a lady who put two fine lace collars on the lawn in front of her house to dry. The following was the result:

When she went to get them an hour later, they were gone. She was sure nobody stole them, because she was sitting beside a window at the foot of the house at the time, and would have seen anybody entering the yard. The next day she put another collar out and watched. A robin flew down from an apple-tree near by and carried off the collar. An investigation was made, and the other collar was found proven into the bird's nest in a crotch of the apple-tree. There was also a small lace handkerchief in the nest. The bird that was doing the "fine-art" nest building and its mate set up a big outcry and pecked fiercely at the man in the tree when the nest was being pulled down.

Many indeed think of being happy with God in heaven, but the being happy with God on earth never enters into their thought.—John Wesley.

Fresh-Laid Eggs.

A lady cyclist from London recently decided to spend the week-end at a picturesque and secluded country spot in Surrey. It was a pretty little rustic inn at which she put up, and at the tea-table she discoursed glowingly to the buxom landlady on the delight that real country butter, and real fresh eggs gave to a jaded Londoner.

Her faith in country produce was destined, however, to be rudely shaken for, on coming down to breakfast next morning, she was shocked to overhear the good landlady say to her spouse:

"The lady from Lunnon's mighty keen on fresh eggs, John. Run and get half-a-dozen from the grocer's while I go and cackle in the yard."

A Colored Hibernian.

An old darky preacher in Mississippi was recently approached by a deacon in the church, who desired to gain the reverend gentleman's consent to his daughter's marriage.

"I don't know 'bout dis," said the preacher, dubiously. "You ain't sech a young man, deacon. I ain't shore dat you kin support mah chile!"

The deacon bridled. "Dere won't be no trouble 'bout dat, sah!" he asserted, warmly. "I kin support her all right!"

The minister reflected for a moment. "Has you eber seen my Chloe eat?" he finally asked.

"I has, sah!" came from the suitor. "But, sah!" exclaimed the old preacher, impressively, "has you eber seen her eat when nobody was a-watchin' her?"

Wanted Physical Exercise.

The Chicago Tribune gives the following conversation between a father and his son on the subject of physical exercise:

"Father, I should like to try one of these systems of physical exercise that are advertised in the papers. They are cheap, and you don't need any apparatus."

"I'll furnish you one, my son, that I tried with great success when I was a young man, and I'll warrant it to be as good as any in the market."

"Could I take it here at home?"

"Yes; that is one of its chief merits."

"Any apparatus necessary?"

"Yes, but it's quite simple. I'll furnish it."

"Can I take it in my room?"

"No; you take it out at the woodpile. You will find the apparatus there, all ready for you, my son."

He Made it All Right.

Patrick F. Murphy, who, by his brilliance at the recent horse show luncheon, won the title of New York's latest wit, was talking the other day about a clerk he used to employ, who prided himself on his readiness in every emergency. Whatever came up he acted quickly. He wish it to be understood that he was never at a loss.

"One morning," said Mr. Murphy, "he dashed like the wind out of the office with two letters that required immediate mailing. In a little while he returned, a somewhat reproachful look on his face."

"You nearly caused me to miss that mail, sir," he said.

"How was that?" said I.

"Why, you put a five-cent stamp on the city letter, and a two-cent stamp on the foreign one."

"Dear me, how stupid. And what did you do?" I asked.

"Oh," said the clerk, "I made it all right. I changed the addresses on the envelopes."

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SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR HANDLING SMALL SAVINGS

Rebuilt Typewriters

We have in stock at present and offer for sale rebuilt machines as follows:

Underwoods	885.00
Caligraphs, No. 2 and 3	20.00
Bickensiderfs, No. 5	20.00
Williams, No. 1	35.00
Smith-Premiers, No. 1	47.50
Jewetts, No. 1	45.00
Empires	40.00
Remington, No. 1	40.00
No. 6	70.00
Yosts, No. 1	35.00
New Franklins	25.00
Barlocks	35.00
Latest Oliver's	30.00
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