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Epworth Era



NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER

See page 9

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He was examining a class in grammar and trying to explain the relations of adjectives and nouns by a telling example.

"Now, for instance," said he, "what am I!"

That was an easy question, and all the children shouted, "A man!" and then looked around triumphantly, as much as to say, "Ask another."

"Yes. But what else?" said he. This was not so easy, but after a pause a boy ventured to suggest, "A little man."

"Yes, but there is something more than that."

This was a poser for the youngsters, but after a moment's puzzled silence an infant phenomenon almost leaped from his seat in his eagerness and cried to him,—

"Please, sir, I know—an ugly little man."

Thy Will be Done

We see not, know not; all our way is night—with Thee alone is day; From out the torrent's troubled drift, Above the storm our prayers we lift, Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint, But who are we to make complaint, Or dare to plead, in times like these, The weakness of our love of ease? Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness Our burden up, nor ask it less, And count it joy that even we May suffer, serve, or wait for thee, Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line We trace thy picture's wise design, And thank thee that our age supplies Its dark relief of sacrifice, Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness, Our sacrificial wine we press, If from thy ordeal's heated bars, Our feet are seamed with crimson scars, Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour Of trial hath vicarious power, And hest by thee, our present pain Beliberty's eternal gain, Thy will be done!

Strike, thou the Master, we the keys, The anthem of the destinies! The minor of thy loftier strain, Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain, Thy will be done!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

A MAN'S house should be on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men. He is to be pitied whose house is in some valley of grief between the hills, with the longest night and the shortest day. Home should be the centre of joy, equatorial and tropical.—Beecher.



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THE CANADIAN EPWORTH ERA

A. C. CREWS, Editor.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher.

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Sometime

"Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer."
—Young.

We are going to do a kindly deed,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Our sympathy give in a time of need,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
We will do so much in the coming years;
We will banish the heartaches and
doubts and fears,
And we'll comfort the lonely and dry
their tears,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?

We will give a smile to a saddened heart,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Of the heavy burdens we'll share a part,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Sometime we're going to right the wrong;
Sometime the weak we will help make
strong;
Sometime we'll come with love's old
sweet song,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?

Ah, how we'll plan out the work in view!
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Building air-castles of what we'll do,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Sometime, resolves that we'd pledge to
make
We with fresh courage will undertake;
Sometime to duty we will awake,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?

Sometime we'll reap of the joys to be,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Sometime from worry and care be free,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Sometime we'll taste of the glories there,
Sometime a part of those splendors share,
And for eternity we'll prepare,
Sometime—perhaps—but when?
—E. A. Brinistool, in C. E. World

The Key and the Lock.—Prayer is the key of the day and the lock of the night. We should every day begin and end, bid ourselves good-morning and good-night with prayer. This will make our labour prosperous and our rest sweet.
—Berkeley.

✠
"Too Busy."—"Too busy to pray!" You might as well say: "Too busy to live." Prayer is not lost time. It is living itself. It is that without which no time is saved, but all time is lost. It conserves time, thus making it valuable and effective. Jesus prayed before he worked, and so got strength for his work; he prayed after he worked, and so made his labors effective and enduring. Like him we should pray before we act, and so get counsel and strength from God; and we should offer prayer after we act, and get the blessing

of God upon what we have done. Otherwise we shall labor in vain and shall fail. We should do this no matter how busy we are. We should do this because we are busy. Remember this: To pray is to live; not to pray is not to live, it is simply to exist.—Dr. D. Gregg.

✠
What Can be Done by Law.—"You cannot make men sober by act of parliament," is a favorite argument of the friends of the liquor traffic and of some who profess to be its enemies. This plausible plea is thus effectively met by the *United Presbyterian*: "If you can make men drunk by law, you can make them sober by law. If you can put temptations in men's way by a bad law, you can take that temptation away by a good law. Law is an educator. It helps to create a public sentiment. If placed on the wrong side of morals it educates in the wrong direction. God put the law on the right side. He told men they must not kill, or commit adultery, or steal, or bear false witness, or covet. Was that making men moral by law? It was putting the law on the right side of man's moral nature and leaving him a free moral agent; but if he violated the law he paid the penalty. That is all men can do. Make the law right, then enforce it and sobriety will take care of itself."

✠
Coldest City in the World.—The coldest city in the world is said to be Yakutsk, in Eastern Siberia. It is the great commercial emporium of East Siberia, and the capital of the province of Yakutsk, which in most of its area of 1,517,063 square miles is a bare desert, the soil of which is frozen to a great depth. Yakutsk consists of about 400 houses of European structure, standing apart. The intervening spaces are occupied by winter "yoores," or huts of the northern nomads, with earthen roofs, doors covered with hairy hides, and windows of ice. Caravans with Chinese and European goods collect the produce of the whole line of coast on the Polar Sea between the parallels of 70 and 74 degrees, from the mouth of the River Lena to the furthest point inhabited by the Chookchees. A colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society last year made a tour of eleven weeks down the Lena, which is 3,000 miles in length, visiting Yakutsk, and selling gospels in their own language to the Yakuts in the villages along the banks of the river.

✠
A Compromise.—Says Henry Van Dyke: "There are two kinds of life advocated by many people, the simple life and the strenuous life. The true life is midway between these two forms."

"Hunting Christian Work"

These words were spoken to me by a young man in Minneapolis whom I, in response to a ring of the bell, found standing at my front door. His first frank salutation was: "My first name is ——. I am a graduate of Iowa College. I know you are a friend of President Gates. I have accepted a position here as a high school teacher, and I am hunting Christian work."

That kind of a greeting was like a dash of salt-sea spray to one on a sultry day in August. A young man hunting Christian work! He was not wanting something done for himself. He had no pet theory of religion or reform which he wanted me to champion. He merely wanted to be put to work with Christian people to push along the kingdom of God. That was all. And he proved to be a blessing to the Church. In several years of work with him I found him to be the sort of a young man I judged him to be as he sat with me that day and looked at me with never a wavering of his clear honest eyes. He was genuine, faithful, of a tactful, gracious spirit, asking nothing for himself, willing to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water while the Lord's house was building, and never hesitating to do his duty because it was disagreeable or difficult.

His kind is not too common in the Church. There are well-meaning, harmless, and even pious young men in abundance; but young men who are hunting for something to do for Christ, asking only to be used for the glory of His kingdom, are not as plentiful as they ought to be. And yet they should be as common as the Christian profession is. For what right has any young man to profess to be in the service of Christ unless he is ready for work and looking for it? Not simply easy, pleasant work, but hard, disagreeable work if there is need of it.

Above everything, do not be a shrink. Sometimes you may be called to go out there in front where the big guns are firing. Play the man and go. Be glad if you are found worthy to suffer for Him who will one day place the coronet on your brow. Be ashamed to be one of those who have to be coaxed into doing work for Christ's sake. There are people in the Church in regard to whom one must lay out a regular campaign in order to move them out of their spiritual inertia. Do not be one of their number. Make it a point of honor to be on the lookout for work for the kingdom of heaven's sake. Hunt for it; be eager for it; rejoice when you find it.—Rev. George D. Black.

The Biography of Old Broadhorns

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

I WAS brought up on the farm. To me it was one of the most delightful places in all the world, and although many years have rolled by since the incident occurred which I am about to narrate, and while I have seen much of the best and worst of this continent, I still think that the valley of the Ouse, where I lived when a lad, is one of the prettiest spots I have seen.

The old school-house stood on a rocky knoll on the concession line which marked the limit of the farm, and it was the delight of the little ten-year-old boy to cut across the fields that not a minute might be lost of the time which was to be spent after the school was over for the day.

The farm was divided diagonally by one of the most accommodating brooks one could wish to have at hand. There were places where the small boys could wade from brink to brink. There were places where they could make believe they were swimming, while all the time they were resting on a submerged log; and there was the old-time "swimmin' hole," which James Whitcomb Riley has embalmed in his deathless poem.

This creek, as we called it, was the objective point of the boy at the close of the hot day in school, and associated with an evening spent on its grassy banks are memories which should live forever.

One of the things which stands out with distinctive vividness in connection with these evening rambles was the fact that I was charged with the duty of bringing home the cows to the milking yard *not later than six o'clock*. This was always the last command which was left in my ear as I sped

"Down the old dusty lane,
Where the tracks of our bare feet
Were all printed and plain.
You could tell by the dint
Of the heel and the sole,
There was lots of fun on hand
At the old 'Swimming Hole.'"

There were boys who were so situated that they could afford to ignore such a behest as the above, but such boys had no experience of the blessing, or otherwise, of being the happy, or unhappy, possessor of nine sisters, five of them before him and four after him—and not always in a chronological sense. But as to the matter in hand, there was no dodging the issue; were I to be a minute late with those cows.

How often I wondered why it was that it was so necessary for these milkmaids to have a fixed time for this dairying business. Could they not give a fellow a little latitude, especially when it was to be spent at the brook on a summer evening? But, when I came to the years of knowledge, I learned that young girls have other and more delightful occupation in the gloaming of a summer evening.

I was not long in learning from experience, which is a powerful and sometimes painful teacher, that if these cows were not home by the stroke of six, there would be a most touching time. It was a cruel law for a lad who was engaged in thrilling adventures at a river, but so it was, and who could help it!

Oh, those were glorious days, when the liberated lad could go forth to the meadows and navigate great ships on the rolling billows of a flowing stream which ran through his father's farm.

The poetry of youth was at its full flood tide in the soul of the child, and it is a delightful memory that the clouds were ships sailing across the waveless ocean of blue. How deep the mystery of the dark forest, which came down to the brink of the stream on the opposite side from where we lived! How far was it to the other side of that wood, and what kind of people live there; and where did the Indians come from

who emerged from the gloomy corridors of that wilderness! Then it was a cause of deep thought what the crows were doing as they met in the tall trees and cawed at one another, and seemed to be deciding that they would soon rally all their forces and drive me home.

They held caucuses and conventions, weddings and wakes, all at one time, or so it seemed to me.

I knew there were wild beasts in that wood, for Billy Brown said that he heard his father tell my father that he met a man on the road who said that some people who were coming home from the town one night heard something crying like a lost child, and they knew it was a wild cat or a wolf. I knew all this, but what did I care for all the wild beasts in the world if I could stay at the creek to the last minute and get home with those cows at six! There were worse terrors than being eaten up by wild beasts, and I knew it.

I think of the delight of catching the minnows with a bit of string and a bent pin, of how they "plumped" back into the water, and the joy of their escape, like a flash of steel through the ripple of the stream.

"And the snake-feeder's four gauzy wings fluttered by,
Like the ghost of a daisy dropped out of the sky."

Then the evening drew on and the clouds look strange, uncanny appearances. They seemed to be moving like flocks of



"OLD BROADHORNS," MASTER OF THE SITUATION

sheep on the upland pastures of the heavens. Then they would appear as if they were great battalions of soldiers, on some limitless parade ground, waving their banners, which now were white and then gold and crimson. As I lay on the grass, the sky was ever mottled with the flocks of birds which were winging their way to their lonely haunts in the forest. The hills to the east and south became great castles, and the windows of the farm-houses were all aflame with the light of the setting sun, and seemed to be watch-fires lighted for the soldiers of the skies.

This was the poetry of the farmer's boy, but it spoiled it all to think that it was drawing near six o'clock. All too soon came the time to make the start, and there was not a moment to lose, for the sun was low and the day well spent. In the soft grass of the river banks the bare feet of a boy were in their element, and it was a short job to gather the cattle and make the start for the farmyard. But the way lay through a field and then through the lane which has already been mentioned; and this field was a very wilderness of thistles. It was the one spot on the farm against which I ever had a spite, and there has been no friendliness in my heart from that day to this toward a Canada thistle, and for reasons which shall appear.

But through this ten-acre field there was a well-beaten

path where no thistle could grow, and the soft, water-soaked, feet of a schoolboy were safe enough there.

With whistle and song, the cattle were gathered and the start made.

The thistle field was well crossed and the gap into the lane reached, when something happened, and it frequently happened, and always at this crucial spot.

There was in that herd a great, overgrown ox, which we had named "Old Broadhorns." He had done some hard work in the logging fallow in days gone by, but he had become slow, contrary and dangerous. He was superannuated, and his mate had committed suicide in the stack logs the winter before. He had widespread horns, one of which had a decided tilt toward the sky, and he possessed an eye which spoke more danger than his bellowing throat. It goes without saying that he was the chieftain of the herd, and he seemed to glory in the position. Moreover, there was no love lost between the same Old Broadhorns and the herd laddie, whose duty it was to get the cows home by the hour of six.

But there was Old Broadhorns ahead of the bunch, and when the gap in the fence was reached, and everything seemed fair to the youthful drover, around he would swing, and with a lowering of horns and a satisfied swish of his tail, he would halt the whole herd.

"Ha, ha," he seemed to say, "you think you're smart, with your left hand pelting me with stones the other day, when I could not get after you. But I've got you now where I want you, my boy. You think you will get home by six o'clock, but you can't do it, and you'll get a thorough good tanning for being late. I'll not let one of these cows through till I like. If you come at me they will run all through these thistles and you can't follow them in your bare feet."

There were sure enough, and I knew it was near six, and that the cows would be late.

All the mother cows, and the sister cows, and the brother cows were halted, and not one of them, nor all together, would dare to challenge Old Broadhorns to battle. What did they care for a lad like me, when such a giant was in the gap.

Do you wonder that all the poetry evaporated like the mist before the mid-day summer sun?

Yes, the beauty of the sky, and the clouds, and the hills were all blotted out in an instant. The angels of the imagination fled away, and the black ravens of rage took their place. What did Old Broadhorns care for poetry, or for the poets, so long as he could hold his place and keep back the cattle and their driver. Oh! the rage at it all. How I wished for a dog, or for a gun. Oh! had I the sling of that boy who killed the giant, or the ox goad of Shangar, that mother read about, so that I could slaughter this old villain, who stood there in all his power to hold the cows back so that we should be late.

Thistles to the right of me, thistles to the left of me, and six o'clock and Old Broadhorns in front of me.

I thought of all the evil things I had heard of him, and I told him of them, and I manufactured many reproaches which I hurled against him, even to accusing him of having a hand or a horn in the death of his faithful, mild-tempered mate.

But, all the time, there he stood as much as to say, "What do I care for your words, so long as you are late home."

But I remember the evening I came from school and found my desires regarding Old Broadhorns more than gratified. It was late in the fall, the days when the farmers did their amateur butchering.

There were doings at the barn hard by, and thither I sped. And there, to my unspeakable joy, was the carcass of my enemy.

He was swung high up on the threshing floor with his heels to the rafters and his hide off.

I forget, of course, whether I sang the long metre doxology or danced the "highland fling." No more would he halt the herd in the gap, and no more would I need to start too early home with the cows, when the summer came again.

"That was the grandest funeral that ever passed on earth," as far as I was concerned, and then to think that he would be taken to the people of the town. Much good they would get of his tough old flanks.

Well, all this transpired when I was a little boy on my father's farm, and there have been many changes since then. But, do you know, I have often met Old Broadhorns since. Yes, indeed I have, strange as it may seem to you. I am not a

believer in the Oriental doctrine of reincarnation, nor am I superstitious about ghosts, but I must assure you that I have met the same old fellow, though, of course, in different form and under different circumstances.

I have met him in the Official Board meeting.

Some good and liberal-hearted brother moved that the pastor's salary be increased, calling attention to the fact that the cost of living had advanced owing to the good times, and for the same reason the people were making better profits and getting bigger wages.

The pastor all the while that these words were being uttered was seeing visions of reduced bills at the Book Room, or perhaps a warmer coat for the faithful wife.

Oh, it was an hour of sweet delight when Brother Bountiful discoursed upon the matter in hand.

But at that juncture a brother to the left arose, and after a preliminary skirmish, in which he mentioned the good work that was being done, reached the point where he held that there was great danger of discouraging the people who were supporting the cause.

Then the pastor saw the ghost of Old Broadhorns in the gap.

We have known him to make his appearance in the feminine gender, in the Ladies' Aid, when some generous sister thought the time had come to do something by way of repairs to the parsonage. "It was now many years since any money had been spent for that cause, and they could raise enough for a thorough overhauling."

One after another arose and agreed to this proposal, and everything was passing up to the point of perfection when Sister Stingyly spoke.

"She knew something of the cost of fitting up a house, for hers was just completed, and it cost a pile of money, and it would never do to take the money now in the treasury to put a coat of paint on that parsonage. They would have to go on as they were, for the house was just as good as some of the people had who belonged to the church, who had very little money to spend in improvements."

Again Old Broadhorns was in the gap.

I have seen the same vision when the question of moral reform was up for discussion. There was ever someone to retard progress.

One can readily believe that this old stiff-necked objector is present in the civic, and provincial, and national arena, when the large-hearted and enterprising plan liberal things for the welfare of the people.

Perhaps after all Old Broadhorns has a place in the economy of human affairs. The little boy would make an earlier start the next time. The generous official would be prepared for his stingy objector, or the rash and too impulsive would learn better the lessons of economy. The civic "plunger" would know that his wild schemes of expansion would be met by the determined opposition of the man in the gap, and the extravagant legislator would know that there were "thistles to the right of him, and thistles to the left of him," and election day in front of him. Still 'tis a thankless place to fill, and few are the tears shed when the passing of Old Broadhorns takes place.

Toronto, Ont.

Thoughtful People.

WHAT a pleasure it is in our journeyings to come across thoughtful people! Not long ago, while travelling in a railroad coach, a young and rather uncouth boy sat opposite me. A man sitting near, in taking out his purse, dropped a small piece of paper, such as is placed between visiting cards, from his purse. Instantly the young man, eager to be of service, leaned over, picked up the paper and handed it to the man, who graciously accepted it, as though it were something he really wished to preserve. The fine sensibilities of this man, illustrated by this small act of thoughtfulness, were indelibly stamped upon my mind. How natural it would have been to have responded to the little act of service by remarking: "Oh, it is of no consequence," thus humiliating the boy and discouraging further thoughts of gallantry that might occur to him.

When we realize that these small acts of consideration give one a clear insight into our real selves, how worth while it seems for us to make an effort to be thoughtful of others' feelings. We never can estimate how far-reaching the influence of our actions may be. Just one act of thoughtfulness may help to mould a young life.—Elizabeth Lee.

The Christian Young Man

A Series of Articles for Young Men
By Rev. W. McMullen, B.A.

- I. The Young Man in Politics III. The Young Man in Business V. The Young Man in Trouble
II. " " " the Home IV. " " " the Church VI. " " " Society

I. The Young Man in Politics

"KEEP out. Let the devil run them," say some of the older men. And truly the name of politics to-day has somewhat of an unsavory odor. But what then? Shall we stand aside and let dishonor mould our parties, and drink fashion our policies? God forbid. We need men and clean ideals, and we turn to our young men to redeem our political life from its present moral stagnation. Patriotism is stimulated by religion, not extinguished, and from our churches must come our thinking men, our leaders and our fighters.

Our Christian young men have the right to vote; they have also the right, by argument and persuasion, to make votes.

Many problems are up for solution and settlement: the licensed liquor traffic, public ownership of certain municipal franchises, labor's relation to capital as far as law can adjust it, the better development of Canadian resources, and many others that we have not time to mention. To these the best thought of our land should be turned, and our Christian young men should realize that it is part of their life-work. To such men this paper speaks.

In your political life, don't lose your head. Don't imagine things. Stick to facts. If they point the wrong way, change your views, don't try to change the facts. The wisest man is the man of growing intelligence. Your father's coat may not fit you. Don't borrow a set of opinions and call them yours. Think for yourself, even if you think yourself out of your party. A man never becomes a mere echo until he has committed intellectual suicide.

Then, do not take too big a contract. Don't try to reform everything. Find out the most pressing needs, and put your main strength there. There are little things and big things in national life. Don't waste too much time on the little things.

Keep your temper. The coolest is the strongest. Hot words are often foolish words, and burn alike the source and the target. If you want to rule, begin within. Keep your honor. Honor has sometimes a market value, but it never brings what it is worth. No wealth can pay for a sullied record and the abiding sense of dishonor. The man who sets out to make money in politics will probably become a rogue and a parasite.

Do not fear work. Work on the hustings can seldom overcome lack of organization. If the temperance vote of Ontario were organized, it would be all-powerful, and we would not be a football to-day for both political parties. The man, or party, that would win, must work; and when a man arises who can organize the temperance forces, prohibition will not be far away.

Never lose faith in the people. The heart of the country is sound, and men revere an honest man.

You will be beaten at first, and better so; an easy triumph in early life might ruin you. Don't get out of politics because rogues are in it; better let them get out. Sometimes a good man may have to use rogues, but no wise man ever let them use him.

Take Christ into politics. Put yourself in the background, and work and pray for the best interests of your country. Religion was meant not to destroy politics, but to purify them; not to fetter men, but to free them; to make the ballot box express the sincere conviction of good men, not the venial and perverted vagaries of publicans and sinners.

"But," you say, "a politician must be a party man." "The machine is in politics and it will not tolerate an independent." Perhaps this applies even more forcibly to the United States than it does to us, and yet the machine neither made, nor can

it crush, President Roosevelt; it could not efface "Golden Rule" Jones; and Republican Massachusetts has chosen as Governor, Wm. L. Douglas, a Democrat.

Even party men are tired of party tyranny, and party lies, and leaders that do not lead.

The national craving to-day is for men—not suave, oily, sugary nobodies, but men with clear-cut convictions and shrewdest business sense; men who cannot be cajoled and who will not be dragged; men with all the fire of youth, and impelled by loftiest patriotism; the clearest headed, cleanest handed and cleanest hearted men we can get.

For such we have prayed, and such we have a right to expect. If you can add anything to honest, God-fearing politics, go in and win.

Florence, Ont.

The Winning Power of Sunshine

JOY is sociable in its nature; grief is solitary. Two hearts are glad when the wedding bells ring out their joyful peal, but we pass out one by one to the great unknown. One writer has said:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you.
Weep, and you weep alone."

This is a foundation principle of human nature. It is the bright, pleasant faces that attract, the merry, cheery word and tone that win a hearing from humanity. True, there must needs be sorrow in the world, and sorrow is ever solitary. Christ himself went through His hour of supreme agony without human companionship. Martyrs are lonely souls, yet their sufferings have made possible added glory to human life. It is part of the self-abnegation that the narrow path must be trodden in loneliness.

The winning power of sunshine is potent in the Christian life. The long-faced, despairing disciple, always dwelling upon his doubts and fears, repels the world and gives it a false idea of Christianity. The happy child of God whose inner peace and joy illumine his face, and whose daily life is a song of praise, is the one who will have stars in his future crown of rejoicing.

Through His sufferings and victory Jesus could say, "I am the light of the world." It is this light, shining through His followers, that draws mankind to Him. The old principle holds true:

"Joy is a partnership;
Grief weeps alone;
Many guests had Cana,
Getsemane had one."

—Good Work.

Work While 'Tis Day.

"Whither, O flying hours, whither away,
Bringing so rapidly closing of day?
Can ye not tarry awhile in your flight?
Give me some added time ere cometh night!"
"Nay," cry the hours, as they quickly sped past,
"Work while 'tis day, for the night cometh fast."
"Moments, dear moments, O linger, I pray!
Add but a few of yourselves to my day!
So short it seemeth, so soon it is gone,
So much to do, yet so little I've done!
Can ye not lengthen it out just a mite?
Give me some added time ere cometh night!"
"Nay," cry the moments, "your prayer is in vain;
A moment once wasted ne'er cometh again."

—Mrs. E. E. Williams

The Great Welsh Revival

BY REV. J. R. PATTERSON

RECENT cable dispatches have referred to a great revival that has broken out in Wales. The ancient principality is in a state of unparalleled religious enthusiasm. Football matches have been cancelled; theatres deserted; drinking clubs broken up; atheistical books burned; piles of low music destroyed. Prayer-meetings are being held in homes, stations, coal-pits and on street corners. Denominational barriers have disappeared, and ministers of the different churches have co-operated in the most fraternal manner. So great is the public interest that Cardiff's four leading newspapers have been devoting two columns daily to the news of the movement.

So far the movement has been chiefly among the Welsh; but their English neighbors are catching the fire and there is hope that it will spread to London and throughout England. Altogether there is promise of the greatest awakening since 1859.

The remarkable feature of the revival is its apparently spontaneous character. It is true that for some years devout Welshmen have publicly and privately expressed the longing for a great revival. But this one began in an unexpected manner and in an ordinary service, the immediate occasion being a young woman's brief but thrilling testimony of her love for the Saviour. At once the whole aspect of the meeting was changed, and ordinary decorum gave place to long-lost expressions of rapture. About the same time a young miner, named Evan Roberts, felt the call and compulsion of the Spirit. He had already left the mine, preparatory to entering a theological college when suddenly and authoritatively he received what he called his baptism of fire. Testifying in simple phrases to the voices he had heard and the visions he had seen, he began work in his own neighborhood. Conversions followed; the news spread; the countryside was aflame. Calls to the young missionary came from every hand; and wherever he has gone the large mining villages have been so roused that everything else has been overshadowed. Thousands have turned to Christ, and have shown the sincerity of their profession by directly uniting with the churches.

In the *British Weekly* Rev. Thomas Law gives his impressions of Mr. Roberts and his work. He says that the revival is going on in innumerable towns and villages simultaneously. "It is just as if a spark had fallen in dry heather and ignited the countryside. It is generally believed in the churches of Wales that it is the direct work of the Holy Spirit. Certainly it is difficult to explain on the human side, for all the usual machinery of a mission is absolutely absent. There are no bills announcing the mission, there are no united choirs, or choirs of any kind, as far as I could ascertain. I believe in many cases there is not even a committee." Mr. Roberts is thus described: "He is a young man of about twenty-six, clean shaven, and quite youthful-looking. He has a most attractive personality, and you realize at once that he is really and intensely in earnest. His work is far from being a mere performance. He is magnetic to a degree, and his wonderful appeals, given when his face is lighted up with an indescribable radiance, seems irresistible. His addresses are short and broken. Speaking as he did almost entirely in Welsh, the elect language which I had the misfortune not to know, I could not gauge the quality of his addresses, except by the effect they produced on the audience. Occasionally he spoke in English, but evidently he has no practice in English speaking. I should judge that he is no orator, even in his own language. I may say I saw nothing of the extraordinary gestures, about which some people have written to the papers. Away from the pulpit he is most modest and retiring.

"Although he has decided gifts and marked attractiveness,

and a personality which cannot be analyzed or described, yet the explanation of the unique mission is not to be found in Evan Roberts, and he would be the first to confess it. He usually does not stay in a town more than two days, and he makes no plans ahead, going from town to town, as he believes he is led of the Spirit."

Mr. Law gives a graphic description of an extraordinary meeting which he attended in a village bearing the decidedly Welsh name of Ynysbwl. This meeting is a type of many. In spite of the bad weather the church was crowded and many could not get in. Mr. Roberts did not arrive for two hours after the commencement. But the mission went on in his absence. There was absolutely no order or arrangement in the service, and there was really no conductor. Someone would pray, then perhaps another would start a Welsh hymn or give testimony or make confession of sin. This might be followed by another prayer or a short address. Anybody would spring up in any part of the building, and no one could tell one minute what was going to happen the next. This went on for hours without the slightest cessation. Frequently prayer and singing went on together. Sometimes a brief address was delivered by someone in the audience. Perhaps in the middle of it someone else would start singing.

Asked if this did not mean a great deal of confusion, Mr. Law replied: "I admit that this would give you the impression that it was so, but, remarkably enough, there was really no confusion. There was undoubtedly great emotion. Some of the strongest men were prostrate in tears, and convulsed by some unusual power. Altogether, the manifestations were extraordinary. When Mr. Roberts arrived at about 12.30, after the meeting had been going on for two or three hours, the same thing continued, except that his presence seemed to give extra enthusiasm. He ascended the pulpit, which had up to this time been unoccupied. He gave a very brief address, which was broken in the middle by somebody in the audience striking up a Welsh tune, and then someone broke in with prayer, and then another quoted passages of Scripture. This was mostly in Welsh, though with occasional snatches of English. Again Mr. Roberts spoke for a few minutes. Then those who professed conversion during the morning stood up. One thing with which I was very much struck was that names and addresses of those who professed conversion were read out from the pulpit. At 2 o'clock, Mr. Roberts said they might adjourn for a little physical refreshment. They resumed the meeting at 3 o'clock, and went on all the afternoon, all the evening, and well on to the next morning, and the astonishing thing was that everybody stayed. It was only when absolute physical exhaustion came on that the audience began to move. There seemed to be a remarkable spell over the people."

One thing which impressed the observer was the large number of young men and young women at the meeting, particularly the young men. In case the tide of rich blessing spreads to England Mr. Law expects that it will take another form as the English temperament differs from the Welsh. But, of course, no one would for a moment limit the methods of the Spirit.

Thorold, Ont.

I HAVE not a shadow of a doubt that if all our eyes could be opened to-day, we should see our homes, and our places of business, and the streets we traverse, filled with the "chariots of God." There is no need for any one of us to walk for lack of chariots. That cross inmate of your household, who has hitherto made life a burden to you, and who has been the Juggernaut car to crush your soul into the dust, may henceforth be a glorious chariot to carry you to the heights of heavenly patience and long-suffering. That misunderstanding, that mortification, that unkindness, that disappointment, that loss, that defeat—all these are chariots waiting to carry you to the very heights of victory you have so longed to reach. Mount into them, then, with thankful hearts, and lose sight of all second causes in the shining of His love who will carry you in His arms safely and triumphantly over it all.—*Hannah Whitall Smith.*



MR. EVAN ROBERTS

Our Canadian Winter

BY THE EDITOR

CANADA has the advantage of enjoying the variety of four decided seasons, each with its own charm. Those who live in this country would find it difficult to decide just which season is their favorite, but the majority of the people would not care to part with any one of them. Our winter has been much maligned by those who know little about us, but it has its pleasures which few would like to relinquish altogether. In California some ex-Canadians were asked how they liked that country. They replied, "O, very well, but we sometimes just long for an old-fashioned Canadian snow storm." If the votes of the young people could be polled on the subject, winter would probably take first place in their affections. The sports of this season of the year are exceedingly dear to the heart of youth. Sleight riding, tobogganing, skating, etc., are such delightful and healthful pastimes that we cannot help feeling sorry for those who know nothing of them. The cold, of

"Yes," said he, "I see you have learned to lie like the rest of the people here."

It is, however, a simple fact that twenty or thirty degrees below zero is not felt to anything like the same extent as zero weather in a damper climate. Upon the coldest days in the west the sun shines brightly, and the people go about their work with a zest that is simply unknown in southern countries.

We are glad to note that the Canadian winter is now better understood in the Old Land than it used to be.

Cassell's Magazine, an English publication, says: "We, who live on this side of the Atlantic and only meet with casual frost and snow, which is apt to be accompanied by disagreeable results, are hardly in a position to judge of the effect of these agents in a Canadian winter. The dry, clear atmosphere removes that sense of discomfort which is apt to be felt in more humid climates. Snow, which is here thought



A FROSTY MORNING

course, sometimes becomes intense, but it does not often continue for any length of time, and our houses are so thoroughly warmed that a greater amount of comfort is obtained than in England, where heating arrangements are so much less efficient.

The thermometer in Manitoba and the North-West often goes much lower than in Ontario, but the atmosphere there is so dry and stimulating that the cold is not noticed to the same extent. It is a common remark by the westerners, when they come east: "O yes, it is cold, but you don't feel it."

During my residence in Winnipeg I was met one day on Main Street by a gentleman who asked the stereotyped question:

"How do you like Winnipeg?"

"Very well, indeed," was the reply.

"What about the cold?" was the second query.

"O I do not mind that."

a nuisance, is in Canada hailed with the greatest delight. It means all sorts of pleasures of which we here know but little, such as sleighing, tobogganing, and snow-shoeing. It protects from frost the wheat sown in autumn and as for commerce, though the river is closed for five months at a time, traffic in other respects facilitated, the river and lakes being bridged over and roads made in all directions without the assistance of human labor; so that it has been said, and said with truth, that an insufficient supply of snow and ice would be nothing less than a national calamity.

"Of course, everyone who lives in Canada and who goes there nowadays is prepared for the cold. It was a very different matter for poor Jacques Cartier, the French navigator, when, without the slightest idea of what was in store for him, he sailed gaily up the St. Lawrence under the blazing heat of a summer sun in the year 1535. For all he knew he had arrived at a land of perpetual summer. Imagine his horror when he found himself frozen up and his crew dying

of cold and scurvy, a disease at that time quite unknown in Europe. But to be forewarned is to be forearmed, and most of us would probably be glad to exchange our dull and foggy winter season for the bright and serene atmosphere of our great American colony."

Niagara in Winter

BY ANTOINETTE SMITH.

I HAD always been desirous of seeing Niagara, the magnificent, in winter. So, when the opportunity came, I accepted it, and on one of the brightest of January mornings set out, with a few congenial friends, to visit the Falls. We left the train at the town of Niagara Falls, where we procured a covered sleigh and plenty of fur robes, for the sleighing was fine and the air nipping cold.

Everything was covered with a heavy mantle of frost that sparkled in the sunlight as if wren of diamonds. Goat Island was a land of wonders, where trees and shrubs were turned into fairy bowers and marvellous palaces with shivering minarets; Lana Island had become a labyrinth of frosty loveliness. While upon the glittering surface of the Three Sister Islands we walked with fear and trembling, watching the raging torrent sweep past and shivering in the bitter wind, for the mist rendered the cold biting and intense.

I can not remember at what particular place we first looked upon those mighty cascades in all their grandeur, with the arching rainbow in their waters; nor do I remember when we first heard the thunder of their waters. From the first they seemed to be always present.

For us the beauty of the river scenery below the falls culminated in the awe-inspiring whirlpool, with its vortex of boiling waters of a deep blue color—such a wonderful deep blue—that plunged and writhed with a wild and sullen roar, like some huge creature in the last mortal throes.

Our one adventure, which might have proved thrilling, occurred in going "under the sheet" on the Canadian side. Arrayed in the becoming uniform provided for such excursions, we took our places in the icy elevator, and, with much groaning of the dripping cables, slowly made the descent. Preceded by our guide, we entered a long, narrow, rocky cavern, where the icy water dripped on us in a most uncomfortable way, and our teeth chattered so we could scarcely speak. When about half way through the channel, our guide, with an exclamation more energetic than elegant, suddenly deserted us. There we were, alone in that dark passage, perfectly ignorant of where it led, afraid to move, almost deafened by the roar of the waters, and almost perishing with the intense cold. It was an anxious moment, and our anxiety was not greatly lessened when, at last, the guide returned and explained the cause of his sudden departure:

"We'd a bin in a box, I tell you, if that fire had a gone out," he said, cheerfully; "I forgot to fix it when we left the elevator, and it was a most dead when I got back."

"What harm would have been done if it had gone out?" we asked, indignantly, not relishing the plight he had left us in.

The guide laughed comfortably as he answered:

"Well, we'd a bin fixed for sure if them cables had once got froze solid. Guess they'd a got us up some time next spring."

As we beheld, from the mouth of the cavern the rainbow splendors of those matchless cataracts, now almost within touch, we realized as nowhere else their magnitude and their sublimity. Such a vast volume of water wielding such an awful power! The strength of the hills and the unconquerable forces of the inland seas rushing on to the ocean. We stood at the verge of the cavern and looked over the icy precipice, down, down, down into the maelstrom of dark green waters, where great blocks of ice were being ground into atoms under the billows of foam and the whirling spray. We walked along the narrow, rocky ledge, close to the wall of the cliff, among the huge stalagmites of ice, whose exquisite blue colorings outvalled the brightest turquoise and the rarest sapphire, often showing the opal's heart of flame through their blue transparency. But more marvellous and beautiful was the great icicle depending from the cliffs far above, that the guide assured us was the largest in the world. It was of a delicate green tint and symmetrical in form.

We were beginning to fear lest we, too, were turning into

icy statues when the guide suggested our return. We quickly retraced our steps, and were much relieved to find the cables in working order, and heartily glad that we had braved the descent.

The weather had suddenly changed, and the snow was falling so rapidly by this time that further sight-seeing was impossible. We crossed the long, swaying suspension bridge in a blizzard, with the sheet beating against the sleigh windows, and the last glimpse we had of the great waterfalls of Niagara was through the almost blinding veil of snow.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Do Children Need to be Converted?

BY REV. R. WHITTINGTON, M.A., D.D.

I FEEL compelled to write a few words with respect to the point of greatest weakness in the attitude of the Church toward our young people, and one which gives rise to most of the mischief arising from the drifting of our young people away from the Church.

I refer to the fact that our children are considered not to understand what it is to be a member of the Church and so are not considered to be members until they have "reached the years of understanding." If we count them out for such a reason they unconsciously accept the fact, and when the time comes for them to make their decision they find themselves outside of the Church through no fault of their own, and the question is, "Being out, shall they come in?" But before that momentous period arrives it is to be wondered at that they should drift away! The Lord rebuked the disciples for turning such away, saying that of such is the kingdom of heaven. The lesson, I think, would need to be taught over again to many at the present day, and I think that the Church at large should give greater consideration to the relation of children to the Church, for there can be no question as to their relation to the Kingdom. Would it not be better to enroll all our children as members of the Church, since they are members of the Church above? and as they gradually assume their responsibilities for themselves, they will assume them without question as members of the Church. Anyway, I would rather have my children in the Church when they come to the day of decision, and have them answer the question: "Being in, shall we go out?" rather than, "Being out, shall we come in?" The spiritual and psychological attitude of the Church towards the children is wrong at this point, in my opinion. And the logical converse of that is that the spiritual and psychological attitude of the children towards the Church and consequently towards religion is correspondingly wrong, and all the more mischievous because unconsciously so. Where are we taught in the Bible the age at which children may be received into the Church and until which it is better that they remain out?

To illustrate. A good brother once addressed my Sunday-school and did it well but at the close he said, "All you who are converted and know that you are the children of God, please stand up." About half a dozen of the elder pupils stood up. The implication on the part of the others could be nothing less than that these are the children of God and *we are not*. The expression of the school as a whole was not bright nor pleasant. I could not allow it to pass. When the brother sat down I asked all those who loved God and the Lord Jesus Christ because they believed they were good, to raise their hands. Instantly every hand went up. Again I asked them if they thought they ought to try to be good, to be like God and to please Him. Again their hands went up with brightening faces. Finally I asked all who would try, just simply try, a real good honest try, to love and serve God and be good to those about them, to stand up. Instantly they all came to their feet and the expression of their faces was totally changed. They felt, although they could not put it in so many words, that they were counted in, not counted out, and in the depths of their innocent hearts that is instinctively where they wanted to be.

Again, a dear good boy, but a boy and not an angel, came to me in great trouble one day and said that Miss So-and-so had told him he was not converted and that it was time he was. He had been doing something that was not right in her estimation and that probably really was wrong. I told the

boy that if he had been doing the wrong thing it should be set right. To this his assent was instant and cordial. Now that boy was a regular attendant at class, the Epworth League, all the services of the church and the Sunday-school, played the piano in the League for them and had just begun work as an usher in the church. He was never out at nights and, humanly speaking, had no bad habits. He was growing up into Christ his living Head. He was like a tree planted by the river of waters, going no more out from His presence.

Was not that boy moving on right lines and, boy-like, doing his best, if I may talk after the manner of men? He told me he loved the Lord and that he wanted to be good. I am sure that of such is the kingdom of heaven. When I had ray talk with him he went away happy and with his mind at rest. What application had conversion to him? Does such a term not apply to sinners only? And are we not warranted in praying for the day to come speedily when there shall be no more conversions in the Church, for there shall be none who have gone astray?

It seems to me that the children are God's children, every one, and that we should accept that fact without reserve even as He does, and if He admits them into the Church above so should we admit them into the Church beneath, always remembering that unless we become as little children we shall in no wise enter therein.

Vancouver, B.C.

Fool-Killer No. 3.

SOME years ago a young Chicagoan became fascinated with the wish to pass through that hell of waters below Niagara Falls which men call "the Whirlpool," and waking or sleeping he dreamed of little else. He constructed after his own designs a closed boat with which he was to float through its roaring maelstrom, and the press of Buffalo and neighboring cities promptly dubbed it "the Fool-killer." But to the joy of the constructor and the chagrin of his censors he came through the ordeal alive, and straightway began the building of "Fool-killer No. 2."

For a second time "luck" favored him; and next he must try his hand at something yet more venturesome. So in due time a great canvas bag, ball, globe, with steel ribs, was constructed and the designer, waving his hand to his friends upon the Chicago wharves, set out, propelled by the wind alone, for the east shore of Lake Michigan. His rolling bag was seen to disappear far out to sea, and then came the period of waiting. The waiting proved vain. Twenty-four hours later a woman, attracted by the circling of gulls around a surf-worn spot upon the Michigan shore, was drawn thither to see what excited these clouds of water fowl. Tossed upon the leaping and ebbing waves she found the body of a man, and a few hundred yards distant the collapsed frame and torn covering of Fool-killer No. 3. There was to be no need, it would seem, of a No. 4. No. 3 had done its work. Cold and stiff and half-frozen the body was taken from the mocking waves and borne to the shore. After due preparation the corpse was buried and the little, pitiful tragedy was ended. Fool-killer No. 3 has already passed into history.

During the few days that have since elapsed, the daily press has taken the man and his mad projects in hand, seeking some reasonable account for his strange acts. But so far as we have read these philosophizing, they all miss the mark.

The fact is that man is so made up that he craves excitement, craves it abnormally, and seeks it even when accompanied by most immediate peril. Just as the leader in Virgil's epic comforts his half-drowned companions by the thought that their escape will furnish many an after-remembrance of delight,—

"Foristan hæc olim meminisse juvabit,"—

so men will leap from bridges and jump across the muzzles of exploding guns simply for the thrill which accompanies the escape. But that proverb accurately analyzes life which says: "The pitcher which goes often to the fountain is broken at the last." There may come No. 1 and No. 2, but there always comes a No. 3; and then the curtain is rung down upon a new-made grave.

A young man may survive his first spree and even with some difficulty straighten up after his second debauch, but the next drunk is likely to prove his "Fool-killer No. 3," and he sinks under the waves with scarce a cry. Old gamblers never win from a novice upon the first dealing of the cards. But let the young gambler feel the thrill of success following peril, and he is snared for his own destruction. He risks once and wins; he doubles his stakes to increase the peril and augment the pleasure, and he gains once more. He throws all fear to the winds, ventures out in No. 3, and is dragged from the engulfing billows a drowned thing, never more to lift up the head. No. 3 has done its work. The new arrival in the city who must needs see the sights, goes with some hardened companion to the levee and comes home without having given way to temptation. The second time he ventures farther, and still escapes. But No. 3 is his tomb. For the rest of his life he is a wreck, with bitter memories and rottenness of the bones. The only safety, young man, is to let the Fool-killers alone. Leave Nos. 1 and 2 to them-



CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME, KANAZAWA PARK, JAPAN

From "The Heart of Japan."

selves and No. 3 will never slay you. Dandle with temptation and you are lost. We remember a day we spent in the woods as a lad, when we unexpectedly came upon a rustic bridge under which was a pool, crystal clear, and in the middle of that pool a mighty trout slowly fanning himself with his fins. For an hour we tried every known device without avail. We threw in one grasshopper after another, and the insect scarcely had touched the water before it was inside the trout. But the moment we dropped a baited hook in the same spot the trout lay still as a whetstone. At last in sheer disgust we went away and left hook and line hanging unopened over the bridge. We came back two hours later and there was the trout dangling on the end of our pole. He knew the danger, but he chose to lie and think about it. That was his undoing. It drew him surely toward the bait and he was hooked past redemption.

No man who contemplates peril is safe. Any man who

thinks about it constantly is sure to incur it. The only safety lies in avoiding it, passing not near it, shunning its fascination and so shunning its spell. And many a reader of the daily press who speaks flippantly of the folly of the young mechanic who went down in Fool-killer No. 3, is preparing himself for a more serious but not less certain death in a perilous game of moral hazard.—*The Interior.*

Heroic Action.

BY NEMO.

IN the days of Dr. T. H. Hagerty's earlier ministry he was pastor in a country town where he had an active church. They were accustomed to have revivals, and thus gather in the people. In that town was a landlord who had a dance-hall

in connection with his hotel, and he would always be ready to open out a series of dances whenever meetings were held, thus keeping young people away, as well as leading, if possible, from the church some who had commenced the religious life. Dr. Hagerty was not long in learning the plan. The pastor and landlord met one day in the street. "Well, how do you do, pastor?" "Quite well." "How do your meetings progress?" "Reasonably well," was the answer. "How do your dances succeed?" was the question by the pastor. "Oh! quite well; they have jolly times, lots of fun. You had better come down and see." "You never gave me an invitation," said the pastor. "Well, that is so," said the landlord, "but the next one we have, I will send you a ticket." "Better not," said the pastor, "for I might come." "I dare you to come," said the landlord; "you would be afraid to meet my jolly crowd."

So they parted. Some days after, the pastor got a complimentary ticket to the ball. He said nothing, but went on and held his meeting as usual, several being at the altar of prayer, seeking salvation. After service he told some of the brethren he was going down to the hotel to the dance, and asked them to pray for him. He told them the conversation he had had with the landlord and what he intended doing. They were much surprised at his purpose, but said, "Go, and the Lord be with you."

Dr. Hagerty went, and met the landlord, in the office. He appeared much nonplussed as the pastor said: "I got your ticket, so here I am." The landlord invited him to sit down. "I want to tell you why I have come," said the pastor. "All right, sir." "I suppose by and by you will have supper; if so, if you will permit me to meet the young people and speak a few words and say grace, I will stay. If not, I will beg to be excused." "All right," said the landlord, "I will see the manager, and if he is favorable, I will be pleased to have you meet the people." In a short time he returned and said, "All right, parson, the manager says he will be glad to meet you." So the parson sat and read and conversed with the landlord till supper-time, when he was led into the dining-room, where was a long table, with probably some fifty persons. Some of them the preacher had seen in the congregation, some were total strangers. Dr. Hagerty said: "Good-evening, ladies and gentlemen. Glad to see you well and in good health. Hope

you may always enjoy the blessings of heaven in this world, and have a bright prospect for life eternal. My life is devoted to the welfare of my fellow men. Being a minister of the gospel, I say, 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee; but remember that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.'" A few more words were spoken kindly, when he said, "Would it not be well to acknowledge the Giver of all these mercies before we eat? If there is no objection I will ask a blessing."

This was done and a few words were said, when the preacher said he was not in the habit of eating at that hour, and if they would kindly excuse him, he would retire. He bowed a "Good-night to all."

The landlord never sent the parson another ticket, nor did he again attempt to run the opposition dance to the church services. Within a year he died. The parson was removed



From "The Heart of Japan."

SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLARS, TOYAMA

Rev. W. W. Prudham, Mrs. Prudham and Merrill in background.

by the economy of the Church and settled in an adjoining town. Some years after, a young man met him and said: "Is not your name Hagerty, and are you not the man who attended the dance at the hotel in —?" Being answered in the affirmative, he said: "I thought so. I was one of the young men at that table, and I never forgot your words. I have given up dancing, joined the Church, and have much more enjoyment in the service of God than I ever had in the ways of the world." What further thoughts and actions grew out of this act of the parson is not known, and probably will not be till the books are opened above.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

Grace of Kind Listening

THERE is a grace of kind listening, as well as a grace of kind speaking. Some men listen with an abstracted air, which shows that their thoughts are elsewhere. Or they seem to listen, but by wide answers and irrelevant questions show that they have been occupied with their own thoughts, as being more interesting, at least in their own estimation, than what you have been saying. Some interrupt, and will not hear you to the end. Some hear you to the end, and then forthwith begin to talk to you about a similar experience which has befallen themselves, making you case only an illustration of their own. Some, meaning to be kind, listen with such a determined, lively, violent attention, that you are at once made uncomfortable, and the charm of conversation is at an end. Many persons, whose manners will stand the test of speaking, break down under the trial of listening. But all these things should be brought under the sweet influences of religion.—*Frederick Wm. Faber.*

The Culture of Friendship

BY MISS CLARA WALLACE.

THE method for the culture of friendship finds its best and briefest summary in the Golden Rule. Trust is the first requisite for making a friend, and faithfulness is the first requisite for keeping him.

The way to have a friend is to be a friend. Friendship which begins with sentiment will not live and thrive on sentiment. Friendship is not a common thing to be picked up in the street. It would not be worth much if it were. Like wisdom it must be sought for as for hid treasures, and to keep it demands care and thought.

Every casual acquaintance is not a hero. There are pearls of the heart which cannot be thrown to swine. There ought to be a sanctuary to which few gain admittance. It is a sin against ourselves to let our affections wither. Our hearts demand love, as truly as our bodies demand food. We cannot live among men, suspicious and careful of our own interests, without doing dishonor and hurt to our own nature. Highest of all in the things of the soul, we feel that the true Christian life cannot be lived in the desert, but must be a life among men, and this because it is a life of joy as well as of service. True criticism does not consist, as many think, in depreciation but in appreciation. Influence is the greatest of all human gifts, and we all have it in some measure. There are some to whom we are something if not everything. To expect loyalty and devotion from all alike is to court disappointment. There can never be true friendship without self-respect. Friends should be chosen by a higher principle than any worldly one. They should be chosen for character, for goodness, for truth and trustworthiness, because they have sympathy with us in our best thoughts and holiest aspirations, because they have continuity of mind in the things of the soul.

Toronto, Ont.

Learning to be Kindly

THERE are many people who excuse themselves from the little familiarities and kindnesses of life on the ground that they are not natural to them. These people say that they are reserved by disposition, and cannot be free and easy in meeting other people.

But we can learn to be genial and gentle just as we can learn to row a boat or to throw stones or to write shorthand or to speak a new language.

"That homeliness and unaffected simplicity of address which made Ruskin so approachable to child or man was the work of a long life's discipline. The strongest of men, he had made himself the servant of all, and, judged by his own standard, his greatness had lain just here," says Canon Rawnsley.

What Ruskin learned we can learn. The greater the difficulties we have to surmount, the sweeter and more fragrant the gentleness we shall acquire. It will have a beauty of its own, because it will be the product of God's own help in our lives, just as those words of love and friendship are most valued which are wrung with most effort from the deepest natures.—*Forward.*

The Glad Hand

MAN is a firm believer in the glad hand. It is a form of geniality that gives constant delight. People are forever meeting; the contact of life with life knows no interruption; and the joy of life is greatly affected by the manner and spirit in which humans come together. The preference for warmth of greeting, with even a measure of effusiveness attached, is deep-seated and universal. No one likes to be coldly met; everyone likes to be saluted with a certain accent of gladness.

Hence the charm of friendship. A man walks along the



HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS, NAGANO
Who attended Mrs. Norman's Cooking Class.

From "The Heart of Japan."

MRS. NORMAN.

REV. D. NORMAN.

crowded street unemotionally; the faces are all strange; he is unstartled; but suddenly he catches sight of an old friend whom he has not seen for years. At once a feeling almost akin to ecstasy awakens within him; he is to be the receiver no less than the giver of the glad hand. A situation like this cannot but produce an agitation of pleasure within the breast; without it the sun would be always down. The tragedy of the friendless life comes from the absence of any who shall thrill with gratification at his approach; he is a stranger to the glad hand; he neither gives nor gets it, and is thus living under dismal, heart-breaking limitations that must chill the genial current of the soul.

It is on this principle that the love of popularity finds its explanation. This is not necessarily a vulgar passion, though it may easily be perverted into vulgarity. The perjured arts and insinuating smiles and seductive fecundity of the selfish demagogue are well known; but the counterfeit does not disprove the worth of the true. There is something essentially human-hearted and nobly natural in the desire for popularity. It bears testimony to the gratifying quality and pleasing essence that belong to the glad hand. There is a solidarity of esteem and good-will; and the popular man is the one to whom not merely one individual or a few individuals pay their tribute of regard; he is the man on whom a whole community, or it may be a whole nation, looks with favor. He dwells, so to speak, within range of the colossal hand-grasp of admiring multitudes.

Opportunities for extending the glad hand are eagerly seized upon. The champion of the Henley contest is not permitted to return quietly and unobserved to his native city; the hands of his fellow-townsmen are stretched out to him in rejoicing and congratulation. Indeed, one main reason why it is so sweet to gain victories, whether on the field of battle, in the political contest, on the college campus, on the regatta waters, in the commercial arena, or in the sphere of intellectual or moral achievement, is because the winner is sure of the glad hand from some quarter; and there is no compensa-

tion he relies more. All men are attracted by it; none can escape the spell. Therefore all men should cultivate the habit of diffusing sunshine through this fine, tropic avenue of personality. No habit creates more happiness; nor is any more profitable. The man with sunny ways, other things being equal, is the man whom the people will command to go up higher; promotion awaits him. The world delights to honor the man who has a cordial front and soulful acknowledgment for his fellows. Nor is the impulse a misdirected one; for behind the glad hand, if it be the sincere expression of nature, will be found generosity of heart, largeness of sympathy, and genuine humanity.—*Toronto Star*.

"Oh! That Choir!"

THE wail of the "convention-goer" on "that organ" has stirred up another friend to express his feelings about "that choir" which plays Mrs. Malaprop not infrequently on like occasions.

"Why should a choir," he asks, "consider itself a thing apart from the rest of the programme, singing anything that fancy suggests, at its own sweet will, whether it has any bearing upon the intellectual or devotional side of the meeting or not? Let us give one or two specific instances. In a recent spirited Christian Endeavor meeting, after an enthusiastic speaker had aroused the audience to action, when the theme was life and progress, and when aggressive vigor, earnest hopefulness, was in the air, the choir sang Phoebe Carey's beautiful funeral song,

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before."

"They might just as well have sung,

"Sleep on, beloved;
take thy rest."

"On another occasion, when the audience were wearied with the long service, a large part of which had been musical, and when all were waiting for one of the chief speakers, whose time had already been cut down from half an hour to twenty minutes by preceding anthems, the choir arose, shook out their skirts, adjusted their stiff collars, cleared their throats, listened to a long voluntary on the organ, and then began,

"A little time for patient waiting."

"Once more, toward the close of a long session, when the

spiritual forces were at their best and the congregation was about to go away with new resolves to lead a strenuous Christian life, the quartette choir, wishing to show their musical agility, began each one individually and collectively to declare that he or she was a pilgrim. The tenor declared that he was a pilgrim, and the bass hastened to add that he was a pilgrim, and the soprano volunteered the same information, while the alto, not to be outdone, asserted that she, too, was a pilgrim. Then, each added that he or she was a stranger as well as a pilgrim. They followed each other over hill and dale, jumped all the musical fences, and came in on the home stretch, all declaring unanimously that they were both pilgrims and strangers—a fact which, if true, had absolutely nothing to do with the subject of the meeting or the programme as outlined.

"But most exasperating of all is the mumbling choir,

whom nobody can understand. Many anthems sound to the audience something like this:

"Um, um, am, am, dum, dum, sam,
Oh, ah, se, la, la, lam."

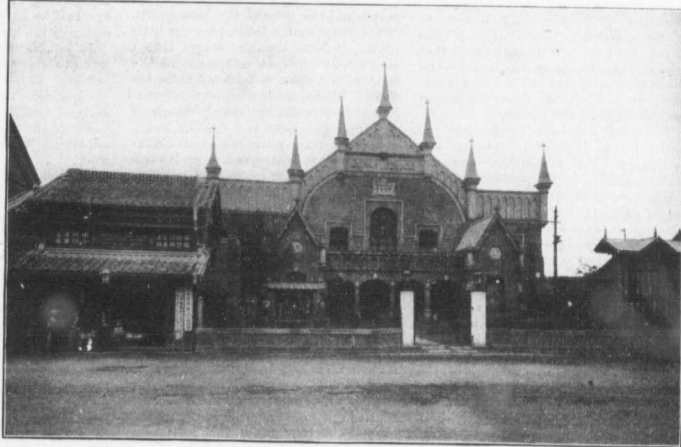
Why should a choir consider the words it sings of no consequence? Suppose a speaker should mount a platform and give vent to a number of connected musical sounds, without any sense or any possibility of being understood by the audience! He would be hissed off the platform. But that is just what half the professional choirs are constantly inflicting on a long-suffering public."

So much for our friend's protest. Who will say there is not much reason in it? The fact is, the anthems and special choir music should be selected to fit the occasion as carefully as the addresses or the Scripture reading.

The anthem should never be chosen to show off the choir, but always to add to the spiritual power of the meeting. Usually, too, there is far too much special music. One short anthem for a convention session is quite enough. Let the congregation do the singing. It is the only audible part they can take in the service. Don't deprive them of this privilege.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

How to Keep Young

NOT a few persons who write 1905 at the head of their letters will do so with a sigh at the reminder of increasing age. Women, more than men, are possessed with a dread of growing old, not realizing that maturity has its charms and compensations. We wish young people oftener had it impressed upon them that they may provide for a happy old age by laying up a reserve of sound health and a store of happy memories, as well as by cultivating tastes and



THE CENTRAL TABERNALE, TOKYO
(Book Store at left)

From "The Heart of Japan."

resources which will outlast youth. As for those who are already approaching middle age, there is no surer way to grow old prematurely than to dread the future. It is essential, if we wish to keep young, to cultivate that hopeful habit of mind so characteristic of youth—the hope which makes one able to say with Browning, "The best is yet to be," and with Lucy Larcom, "Every year life is larger and deeper and more beautiful in its possibilities." Allied with this attitude of expectancy must be the ability to see the amusing side of life. Worry and vexation over what would better be laughed at result in disfiguring wrinkles. Above all, if the years bring us, as they should, a better understanding of ourselves, a broadening of active human sympathies, a firmer faith in Providence, we shall find life abundantly worth the living, no matter what may be the number of our birthdays.—*Congregationalist*.

Quiet Hour.

The Wish and the Prayer.

Oh, that mine eye might closed be,
To what becomes me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear,
To what concerns me not to hear,
That truth my tongue might always tie,
From ever speaking foolishly!
Or no vain thought might ever rest,
That be concerned in my breast;
That by each word and deed and thought,
Glory might to my God be brought.
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye
On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry.
Oh, purge out all my sin,
Make more white than snow within;
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it so,
For that is more than I can do.

—Ellwood, the friend of Milton.

Spiritual Growth.

BY MISS ETTA CAMPBELL.

—How shall we live in order to grow spiritually? Let us take a lesson from nature. Why do plants grow? Why does your body grow? Because they are surrounded by the conditions of growth. If you would have your soul develop, you must surround it with the conditions of growth. What are they? The growth of your body depends upon the food that you eat, the atmosphere you breathe and the exercise you take. Your soul needs for growth the same three conditions, food, atmosphere and exercise.

The food you need to develop you spiritually is Bible study, prayer and meditation. The atmosphere you will need to breathe is the presence of God, living in conscious communion with Him, day by day, hour by hour. The exercise your soul needs to make it grow is working for others, and just here is where we gain our greatest growth. "Give, and it shall be given unto you." One grows more in a year by teaching a class in the Sunday-school than by being a member of the finest Bible class. The test of a great useful life is not "What can I get?" but "What can I give?" The supremest height Christ reached in His earthly life was the cross, giving His life for others.

Surround your soul, then, with these three things, food, atmosphere and exercise, and it must grow. Neglect any one of them, it will be stunted in its growth.

What, then, are we to grow towards? Why are we here? What was the object of Christ's life on earth? To do the will of God. "I came to do thy will, O God." We, also, are here to do the will of God. What is His will for us? It is His will that we should be holy. "Be ye holy for I am holy." "Be ye also perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." This is what we are to grow towards. A high standard is it not, a thing to make one tremble; yet He said it, and lest we fall by the way in our struggles to attain unto that seemingly too high standard, He also said: "Lo, I am with you always," and, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

This is why strange mysteries have happened in our lives, things we cannot understand. At whatever cost, God will have us holy. It is not necessary that we should be either prosperous or happy, but it is necessary that we should be holy both for our own sakes and for the sake of others.

What is a holy life? A holy life is a life like Christ's—to live in the world as Christ would live if He were here to-day—to live always in the spirit of Christ. How do we get the spirit of Christ? By associating with Him. But how do we associate with Him? Through Bible study, prayer and meditation.

Growth comes through Bible study and meditation. Most of us read too hurriedly, pray too hurriedly, and so lose our chance to grow. We forget the importance of meditation. Not many of us can spend an hour every day in reading and meditation. Some of us can spend perhaps half an hour, but if that is out of the question surely every one can snatch at least fifteen minutes even from a busy day, and fifteen minutes a day faithfully spent will contribute much to spiritual culture. If five minutes only were devoted to reading and ten minutes to thinking about what we read more true growth would be attained than by spending the whole time in reading. To get at the sweetness of the kernel of a Bible truth takes time, deep thought, earnest prayer and the help of the Holy Spirit. When you open the Bible, pray the little prayer, "Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." And what wondrous things are there! Through all the pages of that Sacred Book walks the stately image of a King with lowly and humble heart, and if you read your Bible with your soul as well as with your eyes, He will come to you as your reader, and walk at your side as your helper.

But even fifteen minutes a day is too short a time to gain any great deepening of spiritual life. If from time to time, once or twice a week we could take an hour or more to be entirely alone with God it would change our whole life for us. The Rev. Andrew Murray has a certain illustration he was very fond of using. "I may put a poker into the fire twenty times in the course of a day, and leave it there two or three minutes each time, and it will never be thoroughly heated. If you are going to get the fire of God's holiness and love and power burning in your heart you must take more time in His fellowship."

Growth comes through prayer. What the churches need most to-day is a revival of prayer, not necessarily public prayer, but private prayer. The church is weak because individual Christians are weak, and individual Christians are weak because they do not read the Bible enough, do not pray enough. With many of us prayer is just a hasty word in the morning, a weary word at night. Souls grow strong through prayer. Prayer is the mightiest force in the universe, for it can reach the sailor on the sea, the soldier on the battle-field, the wanderer in a far country.

Growth comes through duty-doing, and duty-doing is oftentimes hard and calls for self-denial and self-sacrifice. Duty is one

of our noblest words and is synonymous with the will of God—the two are one. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me."

Growth comes through aspiration. In our best moments we all love to be better men, better women, and though we be far from the ideal, this very longing in our hearts for holiness shows that we have capacity of a spiritual growth, and He who created the longing created also the means for its satisfaction. The man who is satisfied with himself has ceased to grow. Only he is growing who sees just beyond his reach a vision of something greater, higher and nobler for him in this earthly life. This aspiration takes the drudgery out of life and makes it beautiful to be alive.

Deseronto, Ont.

The Beauty of Service.

BY MISS CLARA WALLACE.

It is one of the signs of how human words are constantly becoming perverted, that it surprises us when we think of freedom as a condition in which a man is called upon to do, and is enabled to do, the duty that God has laid upon him. Duty has become to us such a hard word. Service has become to us a term so full of the spirit of bondage, that we have difficulty in realizing it embodies the idea of freedom.

It is not your business nor mine so much to study whether we shall get to heaven. It is our business to study how we shall come into the midst of the purposes of God, and have the unspeakable privilege, in these few years, of doing something for Him, something of His work.

There is one saying of Jesus that often comes to us as about the noblest thing that human lips have ever said upon our earth, and the most comprehensive—that seems to sweep into itself all the common-place experience of mankind. Do you remember when He was sitting with His disciples at the last supper, how He lifted up His voice and prayed, and in the midst of His prayer there came these wondrous words, "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they might also be sanctified?" The whole of human life is there. I am my best not simply for myself but for the world. Let us remember that it is the little things that are counted worthy in His sight. You can help your fellow-leaguers, you must help them, but the only way you can help them is by being the noblest and best Christian it is possible for you to be. I watch the workman working upon the building which, by and by, is to soar to the skies, and I see him looking up and wondering where those pinnacles are to be, thinking how high they are to be, measuring the feet, wondering how they are to be built, and all the time he is cramming a defective stone into the building just where he has set to work. Let him forget the pinnacles if he will, or hold only the floating image of them in his imagination for his inspiration; but the thing he must do is to put a brave, strong soul, an honest and substantial life into the building just where he is

now at work. It seems to me that comes home to us all. Men are questioning now as they have never before, whether Christianity is indeed the true religion which is to be the salvation of the world. Everywhere there is the good and the bad, and the great question is—this Christian religion, this Christian life that claims so much for itself, is it competent for the task it has undertaken to do? Can it meet all human problems? relieve all human miseries and fulfil all human hopes? Epworth Leaguers, it is for us to give our part of the answer to that question. You say, what can I do? You can furnish one Christian life. You can furnish a life so faithful to every duty, so ready for every service, so determined not to commit sin, that the great Christian church may be the stronger for your living in it.

Toronto, Ont.

No Time to be a Christian.

I say to my friend, "Be a Christian." That means to be a full man. And he says to me, "I have not time to be a Christian. I have no room. If my life was not so full! You don't know how hard I work from morning till night. What time is there for me to be a Christian? What time is there, what room is there, for Christianity in such a life as mine?" But does it not seem to us so strange, so absurd, if it was not so melancholy, that man should say such a thing as that?

It is as if the engine had said it had no room for the steam. It is as if the tree had said it had no room for the sap. It is as if the ocean had said that it had no room for the tide. It is as if the man said he had no room for his soul. It is as if life said it had no time to live, when it is life. It is not something that is added to life; it is life. . . . Life is the thing we seek, and man finds it in the fulfilment of his life by Jesus Christ.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Secret of Contentment.

"If this cold weather continues much longer," said one to whom a severe winter was proving very trying, "it will get on my nerves. That's the way everybody here is coming to feel. I just can't endure it any longer." Doubtless, many did feel just so about it.

They feel like a man in the dentist's chair, as the dentist cuts in closer and closer to the nerve. At first it does not seem painful at all, but as the enamel is cut away and the little instrument pierces in and in, the nerve becomes more and more aware of what is happening, and soon sets up a great disturbance.

But is there no way in which the moral nerves may be absolutely secured against irritation?

The small boy had discovered one secret of nervous rest in the matter of the weather when he said: "I don't care what it does. If it's cold, I'll skate. If it's snowy, I'll go out with my sled. If it's clear and dry, I'll go out with my bicycle. If it rains I'll play in the house with my soldiers." Prepared for everything, nothing worried him.

There is an even better secret. "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content," says Paul. We can be so patient and at peace in the love and trust of God that all things—cold and heat, rain and drought, wealth and poverty—shall work together for good to us, whether we live always in one, or have a taste of both.

The Precious Christ.

BY MACK CLOIE.

"Unto you which believe, He is precious." The very words imply a limitation. Jesus is not precious to the unbelieving—only to those who believe. The unbelieving do not know Him, hence do not trust Him, do not love Him. If we did not know the difference of value between a Tiffany diamond and a piece of transparent glass, the former would be no more precious to us than the latter. We must know to be able to appreciate values. And men must first know Jesus to appreciate Him—to feel Him "precious."

One of the amazing things to-day in a Christian land is, that so many do not hold Jesus "precious." We travel to a world's fair, and over seas and continents to look upon the wonders of art and Nature; and a greater wonder is at our door, i.e., that a large majority of persons now living do not feel Jesus "precious" to them.

"Precious men are different in this from what they are in other things. If we read a pleasing book, or look on a painting that touches the hidden depths of our inner selves, we wish to see, if possible, the author or artist who has produced it. In 1890, on a certain occasion, when Gladstone, unannounced and unexpected, made an afternoon call on Marie Corelli, his apology was, "I came because I was curious to see for myself the personality of a young woman who could write so courageously and well, and in whose work I recognize a power working for good, and eminently calculated to sway the thoughts of the people."

Strange is it not that the majority of men when graciously invited, do not care, and even refuse to look into the face of Jesus Christ, and make the acquaintance of Him who is the Creator of all things beautiful and good. The more we think of it the more it appears as the greatest of modern marvels,—that with so many, Jesus is not "precious."

Godliness Rewarded Hereafter.

If ever there was a case of godliness unrewarded in this life, it was that of John the Baptist. Think for a moment what a man he was during his short career, and then think to what an end he came. Behold him that was the prophet of the Highest, the greater than any born of woman, imprisoned like a malefactor! Behold him cut off by a violent death before the age of thirty-four, the burning light quenched, the faithful preacher murdered for doing his duty, and this to gratify the hatred of an adulterous woman, and at the command of a capricious tyrant! Truly there is an event here, if there ever was

one in the world, which might make an ignorant man say: "What profit is it to serve God?" But this is the sort of thing which shows us that there will one day be a judgment. The God of the spirits of all flesh shall at last set up an assize, and reward every one according to his works. The world shall yet know that there is a God that judgeth the earth.

Let all true Christians remember that their best things are yet to come. Let us count it no strange thing if we have sufferings in this present time. It is a season of probation. We are yet at school. We are learning patience, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, which we could hardly learn if we had our good things now. But there is an eternal holiday yet to begin. For this let us wait quietly. It will make amends for all. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—*Bishop Ryle.*

My Shield.

I must go forth and take my part

In cloudy day or darksome night;

Let me not fail Thee, nor lose heart,

However fierce the fight.

Lord, be Thou, lest I faint or yield,

My shield.

Let me not be of foes afraid,

Nor lose my courage in the stress;

The weakest need not be dismayed,

Whom Thou wilt bless.

I rest me ever on Thy Word,

My Lord.

Unless Thou send, let me not go,

Nor follow other lights than Thine;

I see heaven's path from vales below,

When Thy lamps shine,

Or, through the dark to Thee I sing,

My King.

Stand Thou between me and my fear

O mighty Saviour, tender Friend!

No harm can hurt if Thou art near;

Stay by me till the end.

With Thee I find a peace in strife,

My life.

I gladly go and take my part,

If Thou shalt bid me rest, or fight;

Strengthened by faith and strong of heart,

I struggle to the light.

Be Thou to me on every field

My shield.

—*Marianne Farningham.*

Workers with Him.

In conversing with a gentleman who recently visited one of the large factories in Belfast, Ireland, he told of all the operations by which flax is manufactured into linen; there he saw the bulls in their rough native state, then he saw how they were put through sharp instruments like threshing machines having teeth, how it went from one to another until at last, after the process was complete, he saw on a mahogany counter in the merchant's store, beautiful cambric and linen. So God, the engineer of all characters, will bring us out pure and beautiful if we will only be workers with Him.

THE CANADIAN EPWORTH ERA

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

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Editorial.

About Ourselves

Renewals of subscriptions to this paper for 1905 have been coming in very well during the past few weeks, but there are some who have failed to respond. We trust that League officers will see to it that their lists of subscribers for this year are as long or a little longer than last. The largest order, from any one place, yet received comes from Brandon, Man., for 125 copies. We cannot expect many such subscriptions as this, but if every place would support the Era according to its ability, our circulation might be greatly extended. A League could scarcely do better, we think, than to subscribe for a sufficient number of copies to place one in every home connected with the society. Try it.

What Law Cannot Do

In the midst of the deepening conviction that Herbert Spencer is outgrown, Mr. H. M. Simmons comes to the philosopher's defence. He declares that, in spite of our modern faith in omnipotence of law, there are some things law cannot do. He warmly commends the Spencerian doctrine that "Society must be reformed by improving its citizens rather than its laws; that bad men will remain bad under whatever social system; and that no statutes 'will produce golden conduct from leaden instincts.'"

The doctrine is true, but it is not new nor peculiarly Spencerian. Long ago the Patriarch Job proposed the question, "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" And a Greater than Job once said to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born from above he cannot see the kingdom of God."

"Honest John."

Commenting on the Hon. John Morley's visit to Canada, the Hamilton Herald calls attention to the fact that the most trusted politician in Christian England is "honest John," the agnostic. It is true that Mr. Morley is trusted beyond most of his peers; it is true that he is an agnostic; but it is not true that his stainless character is the product of agnosticism. John Morley was born and reared in a religious environment. He was educated at a Christian university. He gladly acknowledges that the best that is in him is due to his Oxford training. The truth is, no modern Englishman can escape the influence of Christianity. The very ethical code

so many agnostics adorn is the product of the religion they affect to despise. What manner of men a purely agnostic civilization would produce we can only conjecture, because such a community has never existed; but we know that the ages of creative thought and noble endeavor have not been ages of doubt.

Why Union is Needed.

As far as can be judged by a somewhat extensive observation, the people of the country are more strongly in favor of organic union of the Churches than in the cities, as the need for greater economy of resources is more keenly recognized where denominational competition and rivalry are so noticeable. Not long ago we visited a village within the bounds of the Toronto Conference, with a population of less than 200. The people managed to get along very nicely with one store, one blacksmith shop, and all drank from one well but to meet their spiritual needs there were five churches. Of course with at least four of these it was a struggle for existence, and the sectarian spirit that existed in the community was a decided hindrance to the progress of the kingdom of God. In another village, north of Toronto, there are five churches, every one of which receives aid from the missionary society of its denomination. If anything can be done to consolidate some of these interests, thus carrying on the work of God more efficiently, and at the same time liberating a considerable sum of missionary money to be used elsewhere, it should be hailed with delight.

Why Report?

Very encouraging reports have come to us from various places, indicating that the "Increase Campaign" is being vigorously taken up, and with splendid results. It seems a pity that "the whole line" should not advance. A movement of this kind has in it great possibilities, and blessed results might be achieved if all the societies would take it up. There is scarcely a League anywhere which has not around it, quite a number of young people who might be won to its membership by earnest effort. Try what can be done by personal work, and report what is accomplished to this office. "Why report?" asks some one. Simply for the sake of the stimulating effect upon others. Many persons are encouraged to undertake something when they read what their friends and neighbors are doing.

Is This Quite Fair?

Several leading magazines during the past month have been discussing the lack of candidates for the ministry in the different churches. We have no space to deal with the various reasons assigned for this condition of affairs, but have just a word or two to say concerning the statement made by one journal that inadequate salaries in the ministry turned the attention of many young men to other callings which offered greater inducements. We do not think that this is an adequate explanation, because very few, if any, are influenced by pecuniary considerations if there is a clear and definite call to preach. Still we can easily understand why some young men might hesitate a little in committing themselves to life-long poverty. The suggestion might easily come that they could just as acceptably serve God in some other occupation.

This discussion, together with the statement recently made in one of the papers, that the cost of living had increased during the past eight years by twenty-five per cent., and the wages of mechanics had been increased by twenty-six per cent. in the same period, led to an examination of the minutes

of Conference of 1896 and 1904 to see how much ministers salaries had been advanced during this time. To our astonishment we found that in the majority of churches the amounts paid to pastors were exactly the same as they were eight years ago, while in the case of some of the most prominent city congregations the salaries were considerably less. One church, whose membership and congregation have greatly increased during the past few years, is paying its pastor \$200 less than in 1896. In view of the admitted advance in the cost of living, is this quite fair? The increase that working-men have obtained have been secured largely through the influence of trades unions, but no organization of this kind exists among the ministers, and would not be tolerated. Nevertheless, our people should recognize the responsibility and privilege of dealing more generously with their ministers. If some of our leading laymen would inaugurate a movement for a substantial increase in ministers' salaries it would bring joy to many a parsonage.

Circuit Conventions.

During the past month the editor of this paper attended a couple of Circuit Conventions on the Barrie District which were remarkably successful. The forenoon was devoted to a "Church Rally" when such questions as, "Our Connexional Funds," "The Progress of Methodism," "The Class-Meeting," "Systematic Giving," were discussed. The afternoon was given to the Sunday-school, and the evening to the Epworth League. In this way almost every interest of the Church was touched, and the opportunity afforded for imparting much valuable information and stimulus. Almost the entire programme was filled by the local workers. We heartily commend these rallies to other circuits.

The International Convention

During the month of January the General Secretaries of the three churches participating in the International Epworth League Convention, together with several others, met in the city of Detroit for the purpose of arranging for the great gathering in Denver next summer. The time was fixed for July 5th to 9th, and a fine programme has been drafted.

The first event will be a great concert on Wednesday evening, July 5th, when the oratorio of the "Messiah" will be rendered by a big choir of Denver singers. The Convention proper will begin on Thursday forenoon, when the usual addresses of welcome and responses will be given. The key-note of the programme is to be "Evangelism," and questions relating to this work will receive special attention on Thursday afternoon. In the evening of that day addresses or lectures will be delivered by several of the most eminent men of American Methodism.

Friday morning will be given up to departmental conferences. In the afternoon, the general subject will be, "Problems We Face," when such topics as "The Sabbath," "The Foreign Populations," "The Churchless Masses," will be discussed.

Great missionary meetings will be held in the evening. On Saturday forenoon the whole session will be devoted to the subject, "Personal Service." The afternoon has been reserved for excursions to some of the points of scenic interest in the neighborhood of Denver. In the evening questions relating to temperance, citizenship and education will engage attention.

Sunday will, of course, be the great day of the feast, when many inspiring services will be held, closing with great

evangelistic meetings in the evening. Altogether, it is expected that the programme will be equal to that of any former International Convention, which is saying much.

For those who are interested in the Epworth League we cannot think of a more delightful or satisfactory trip. The price of the return ticket from Toronto will be in the neighborhood of \$37. Those who think of going are requested to send their names to this office, so that full information may be mailed to them from time to time.

DR. H. K. CARROLL has just published his annual comprehensive statistics of the churches of the United States in the *Christian Advocate*. From these we learn there are seventeen bodies of Methodists in the Republic, with a total membership of 6,256,738. When we read how Methodism is divided, in other countries, we are more than ever thankful for the satisfactory union that has taken place in our own land.

✕

THE statement is made that of 65,000 persons who have each year, during the past three years, been added to the membership of the Presbyterian Church North, in the United States, three-fourths were young people trained in the Sunday-schools, and the remainder were those whose habits and environments made the passage into the church comparatively easy. When will our churches, generally, learn that in their own Sunday-schools is the most fruitful recruiting ground for new members?

✕

A FEW days ago we met a pastor who had just received two hundred members into his church, nearly all of whom were young people from the Sunday-school, and very largely young men. Not long after another pastor came into Wesley Buildings and exclaimed enthusiastically: "You should have seen our Sunday-school last Sunday. When asked the reason, he replied: "Why it was Decision Day, and nearly our entire school of six hundred scholars decided for Christ." So long as this kind of work is being done by our churches we need have no fear of Methodism dying.

✕

THE Epworth League in the United States seems to be having some trouble on account of its membership being largely composed of older people, thus preventing the young folks from active participation in the work. This is not a serious problem with us, just now, but may be in the near future. The only safety for the League is to keep its membership constantly replenished with young blood. Whenever a member removes or drops out fill his place with two new members. In some places middle-aged people are a source of great strength to the organization, but they should be careful not to displace the young people.

✕

EVERY young man who has any prospect whatever of remaining in one place should plan to have a home of his own, and thus be his own landlord. Mr. Carnegie thinks that the ownership of a home has far-reaching effects upon human character and happiness. "Indeed," he says, "I do not know one material acquisition that compares with it in this respect. It goes deep down to the root. 'A man's a man for a' that,' but he is more of a man when he is owner of his own home than if he rents the property of another. 'Home, sweet home, there's no place like home' is an American song. No one will ever know how very, very sweet that song is until he sings it in the home he can call his own."

Topics of the Day

The Fetters of Party

Rev. Dr. Gordon, Principal of Queen's University, uttered some strong and sensible words in a recent address before the Canadian Club in Toronto, on the subject of political purity. He thought it was not creditable to be a dyed-in-the-wool partisan, who would support the party once when it was right and twice when it was wrong. The ordinary notice "that spoke of a life-long devotion to one party or another, as though it were a credential to sainthood, was to be deprecated. He had examined the platforms of the two parties adopted at recent conventions, and could not detect any very great difference between them, and, that being so, he believed the growth of independent party feeling to be possible. There were Conservatives blind to the things best worth conserving, and Reformers blind to the things most needing reform, but it should be possible for them to shake themselves in some measure free from the fetters of party.

The Question of Union

The meeting of the joint committee to deal with the question of union between the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational Churches was a notable event. Of course nothing decisive resulted from the gathering, but it made evident the fact that a very brotherly feeling exists between these denominations, and that "there are no insuperable difficulties to prevent organic union." One of the most striking features of the meeting was the candor and friendliness with which doctrinal differences were discussed. Thirty or forty years ago, Calvinism was an almost constant bone of contention, and many warm debates took place on this subject between Presbyterians and Methodists. Now it is declared that it is possible for these two churches to come together, without even attempting to harmonize Calvinism and Arminianism. Certainly, the world does move!

About Horse-Racing

During the past month some strong attacks have been made in the secular magazines upon horse-racing as the greatest promoter of gambling that exists in America to-day. If any one desires to know why the Methodist Church objects to the race track, let him read the scathing denunciation of its evils which is published in the January number of *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*. This article shows that the real object of racing is gambling, and instead of improving the breed of horses is instrumental in developing the thoroughbred rascal—for of all the breeds of rascals the gambler is the most thorough. The author thus describes the race-track gambler:

"In his nature all vices breed as naturally as maggots in a rotten cheese. In his heart all the virtues inherent in mankind are swiftly stifled. A practitioner of any other vice may retain some virtues, may make them flourish even, but the gambler becomes wholly debauched. And the worst of it is that because the outward and visible signs of the utter rottenness within are often lacking, his fellow-men who do not gamble, or gamble only 'for fun,' do not realize the ravages this habit for gain without toll has made in him. And we

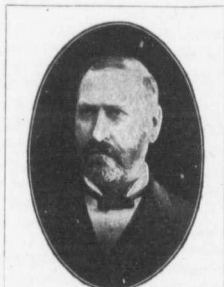
hear of human hyenas, cheats, debauchers, spoken of as 'Honest Johns' and 'square Dicks.' Their talk and their habits are low and coarse; they are false friends, false husbands and false lovers, and their society is seductive to depravity."

A Generous Act

Mr. W. P. Hartley, the wealthy Primitive Methodist layman, is presenting a copy of the "Life of Hugh Price Hughes" to every Primitive Methodist minister. The Halifax Wesleyan suggests that some wealthy Canadian Methodist layman do the same for our ministers. At any rate let every Quarterly Board present its minister with a copy and we vouch that they will be handsomely repaid in better sermons and pastoral work.

Death of Dr. Macdonald

"Bad news," said the Missionary Secretary to the Editor of *The Guardian*, in announcing the death of the veteran missionary, Dr. Davidson Macdonald, the well that depends altogether upon the point



REV. D. MACDONALD, M.D.

of view. From the standpoint of the church it is certainly a loss to be deprived of the services of a valued worker, but for the worker himself it must be regarded as a mercy to be quietly transferred to the eternal resting place without sickness or pain, after a long life of faithful service. One of the petitions of the Church of England prayer-book is a prayer to be delivered from "sudden death," but there are many worse calamities than this. When one's work is done, to be removed from the toils of earth without suffering is a beautiful way to end the life that has now, and to begin the life that is to come.

Partyism Rampant

What with Dominion elections in November, municipal elections on January 2nd, and Provincial elections on January 25th, the people of Ontario have been getting more than enough of politics recently. Partyism has been rampant, and many bitter things have been said on both sides. One feature of the Provincial contest that has not been particularly gratifying was the intense de-

sire of one party to "get in," and of the other to "keep in." When every question is considered from the standpoint of "how can we gain power?" it is not likely that we shall have pure politics, or that we shall develop many great statesmen. The disagreeable and objectionable features of partyism have been seen recently as never before. Many intelligent citizens would welcome "coalition" or the present system else rather than the present system.

Just a Little Spice

The meeting in Toronto of representatives from the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches just before Christmas, to consider the question of organic union, was a serious gathering, and there was very little said or done that would even provoke a smile. There were, however, only two incidents that had the favor of humor.

During the second day a lawyer wrote a resolution, and sent it up to the table. The chairman, Rev. Dr. Warden, undertook to read it, but finding the writing somewhat illegible, made slow progress. "Mr. Chairman, allow me to read that," said the mover of the resolution. "Are you sure you can do it?" queried the chairman, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

At another time a small committee with Judge MacLaren as convener, was sent out to transact some business.

"Now, Judge," said Rev. Dr. Milligan, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church, as the committee prepared to retire, "please do not hold a protracted meeting."

Was He Brave?

Port Arthur held out longer than the world expected. General Stoesel stubbornly prolonged the contest, and at one point declared his intention of fighting as long as one man would stand by him.

"But we cannot fight," said his generals. "Our men cannot move. They sleep standing. They cannot see the bayonets at their breasts. We can order, but they cannot obey."

"Then you generals fight," said Stoesel.

But with nearly all the ammunition gone, and with the remnant of the garrison starving, their only real ration for three months being rice, and with the fort strewn with shells, the general relented. Negotiations for surrender were proposed, and the fort fell, January 2.

We feel like giving all honor to men who have done their best, but it is a question whether it should be called bravery for a general to sacrifice thousands of his men when there is a possible chance for victory. It is hoped that this event will hasten the end of the war.

The Whiskey Man Lost

Mr. Gooderham, the distiller, offered himself as a candidate for the majority of Toronto, and got beautifully beaten by Mr. Urquhart. The former spent a large amount of money in seeking the position, and sent out thousands of circular letters asking the citizens to vote for him. Rev. Dr. Withrow received one of these, and in a trenchant letter to the press explained why he could not, and would not, vote for Mr. Gooderham. The fact that he was associated with the liquor traffic was in itself a sufficient reason why he should not occupy the Mayor's chair. Let the citizens everywhere follow the example of Toronto, and "turn down" any and every whiskey man who seeks their support for public office. The liquor traffic must be treated as a disreputable business.

Bright Bits from Recent Books

Not so Bad as Painted

I dismiss as utterly unworthy of any notice whatever, all the stories that have been told of the Shark's innate ferocity and calculating devilishness. As I have often had the pleasure of saying, the Shark eats man, not because he loves man to eat, but because man when he falls overboard is usually easy to get. If the man be a good noisy swimmer, no Shark will venture near, for they are, though tormented with hunger, a most nervous and timid race, and, indeed, always seem to me to lose a great many opportunities through diffidence. I do not love the Shark in any of his varieties, but I do love justice, and so in spite of my predilections against the Shark, I have endeavored to write of him fairly, as I would wish to be written about myself, if I were a Shark. I am very glad I am not.—Frank Bullen, in "Denizens of the Deep."

The Plain Duty

The plain duty is the near duty. A very common weakness keeps many people from finding what is near them interesting; they see that only on its paltry side. The distant, on the contrary, draws and fascinates them. In this way a fabulous amount of good-will is wasted. People burn with ardor for humanity, for the public good, for fighting distant wrongs; they walk through life, their eyes fixed on marvellous sights along the horizon, treading meanwhile on the net of passers-by, or jostling them without being aware of their existence. Strange infirmity that keeps us from seeing our fellows at our very doors! The distant duty—very attractive, I don't deny—claims them entirely and they are not conscious of the duty near at hand. I fear they will have their trouble for their pains. Each person's base of operations is the field of his immediate duty. Neglect this field and all you undertake at a distance is compromised.—Rev. Chas. Wagner, in "The Simple Life."

Saints Refreshed, Sinners Saved

When saints are revived sinners are saved. Our religious newspapers sometimes report protracted meetings as having resulted in great revival to the church, although no conversions occurred. That is quite impossible. When Paul and Silas sang the prisoners heard them and grew penitent. When a Pentecost came to the apostles and disciples the streets of Jerusalem were full of repentant sinners enquiring: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Some time ago, when Dr. Alexander Blackburn was pastor at Lafayette, Ind., certain pastors in that State were oppressed by the reports of the churches, and agreed to meet and pray in certain centres for a revival of the churches located there. When four or five of them came to Lafayette, to pray with the pastor, no public announcement was made of their coming; no newspaper made mention of it; but during the day about a dozen members of the church, scarce knowing why, dropped into the chapel to pray, and lo, the pastor and his associates were on their knees. When night came without any announcement except what these people had made, the chapel contained an

audience. Afterward they were crowded into the main church, and some weeks later about a hundred converts had sought the Lord, and Dr. Blackburn administered such a baptismal service as the church had never seen before, nor has it seen such a service since. When the saints are refreshed sinners are saved.—"The Perennial Revival," by W. B. Riley.

Change Your Bait

While summering one time on the shores of Lake George, I was told by an old fisherman that if I would rise early in the morning, row across the lake and anchor my boat at a certain point I could catch any number of fish, and almost any kind that I desired. I eagerly waited the coming of the day, rowed across the bay, anchored my boat, as I had been told and cast my line repeatedly, never once having a strike. At last, in sheer disgust, I was lifting my anchor, when this same old fisherman nudged me by my side and dropped his anchor, making rapid preparations to fish. I saw him cast his line and draw it in very soon without a fish and very naturally I was pleased. Then I saw him bend down for a moment in the bottom of his boat, work very quickly with his hands, cast his line the second time, and instantly draw in as fine a fish as one could hope to catch in inland waters. "How in the world did you do it?" I said to him, and without stopping a moment in his work, in characteristic fisher fashion he said, "I just changed my bait."—Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, in "Fishing for Men."

Not Necessary to be Great

It is not necessary to be great to do the greatest work in the world. Many of our day-school teachers were not famous in earth but the hosts of heaven will be waiting to welcome them. It was only a pure heart's love that prompted that young woman in the streets of a great city to stop by the side of a ragged boy and ask him lovingly to go to Sunday-school. It was only the persistence of love that made endure his refusal and mockery. It was only the patience of love that induced her to repeat that request more earnestly than ever. It was only the consecration of love that at last opened her purse and gave him money to go with her. It was only the heroism of love that led her to ask for a place in which to teach her one scholar, but the personal love and personal work won his heart, and at last laid his soul a beautiful trophy at the feet of the Redeemer, for his was the wonderful life of Amos Sutton, the great missionary to India, whose self-sacrificing career was the channel through which life and light poured into heathen darkness.—"The New Evangelism," by Cortland B. Myers.

Go

We are called into fellowship with our Lord in the work of summoning souls to the Gospel feast. His word to us is the word of the Master to His servant, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and gather them in to come in." It is pre-eminently the message for the feeblest throbs with power. It ought to arouse every sluggish heart, and animate every feeble pulse, and quicken every faltering

step. It was this little word "go" that filled every seat at the feast. This is the word that scattered the disciples abroad after the Saviour's home-going, with no ambition save to tell the story of redeeming love. The church to-day is juggling with this word. She is using too much license in her interpretation. She is not teaching her children to spell it aright. Some of us are spelling it, l-o-o-k. We turn our eyes toward the perishing multitudes, we gaze until the tears start, and we cry, "I'm sorry for you, I wish they might be saved," but that does not save them. Some of us spell it w-r-t-e. We sit by our desk in a comfortable chair and pen beautifully worded invitations and speed them off by special messenger, but the lost ones press onward to their doom. Sometimes we spell it g-i-v-e, and then again s-e-n-d. We will do our part of the work by proxy. Let us understand once and for all that "g-o" spells "go." That is what it means—nothing less and it is a word which our Master is speaking to His church to-day.—"The Passion for Souls," by Ernest F. Hallenbeck.

An Obliging Man

In "Dr. Luke," one of the recent popular stories, a very interesting character is Skipper Tommy Lovejoy, a widower, with a remarkably kind and generous disposition. It was Tommy's bad fortune to fall in with a woman bent on matrimony, and he had to row her over to her home in a small boat, across a stretch of water several miles wide.

Before leaving, he confided his fears to a young man named Davy Roth, that the woman might pop the question during the voyage.

"Davy, lad," said he in an undertone which betrayed great agitation, "she've set her cap for a man, and she's desperate. And she's her eye set on me."

"Skipper Tommy," earnestly pleaded his young friend, "don't you go and do it."

"Well, lad," he answered, "the good Lord made me what I is. But I'm an obligin' man. I'm always doin' what folks wants me to. And if she tells me she's a lone woman, and if she begins to cry, what is I to do? An' if I has to pass me word, Davy, 't' you stop her tears! Eh, lad? Will you tell me David Roth, what is I to do?"

"Turn the punt over," said Davy. "An' it's your only chance—if she begins 't' cry."

"Tommy was despirited. "I wisht," he said, sadly, "that the Lord hadn't made me quite so obligin'."

The Pattern Life

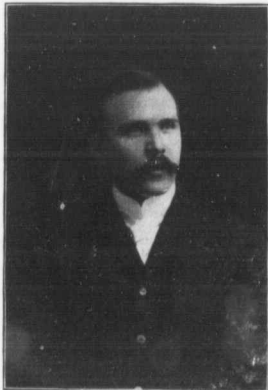
"Great things" are not necessary for the attainment of great character. This is strikingly manifest in the pattern life—the life of our Lord. For thirty years that life was entirely uneventful, unheroic. He lived in a village, mixed with peasants, wrought at the bench, dwelt in a cottage. There was no great trial, like the temptation in the wilderness; no moving triumph, like the palm-strewing; no ecstasy, like the transfiguration; no humiliation, like the crown of thorns; no grief, like Gethsemane, without dazzling episodes, striking situations, or tragic sorrows, without the dramatic, the uncommon, or the miraculous. He grew into the fulness of that supreme character which commands the attention and reverence of mankind. It is most encouraging to the obscure million to know that the noblest life attained its last completeness in the tamest scenes, unprovoked, unexcited, by anything extraordinary. Use the common, and it shall furnish all you need.

The Island Empire of the East

BY THE EDITOR

The missionary text-book for use in our Epworth Leagues this year has just come from the press, under the title, "The Heart of Japan." We are pleased to note that this is a Canadian contribution to the missionary literature of the day, and deals largely with our own work in Japan. The author, Rev. A. P. Addison, B.A., is one of the most promising of our young ministers, who has taken a deep interest in the "Forward Movement for Missions" from the first. His work has been well done, and the volume will be found to be interesting and instructive.

The first chapter is entitled "The Island Empire of the East," and is a general description of the country, its extent, resources, industries. We are almost surprised to learn that Canada is about twenty-one and a half times as large as Japan, and further that only about thirteen per cent. of its territory can be cultivated, on account of the mountainous nature of the country. Of course the population is very dense, but it is really a source of wonder that so much has been accomplished by a people



REV. A. P. ADDISON, B.A.

who are so limited in their resources. There are about 50 millions of people in the islands at present, and the average annual increase is half a million. The majority of the people are engaged in agriculture, but the farms are very small, the average holding being about two acres. An industrious "Jap" can make a fairly good living for himself and family on this extent of ground, but he does not have roast beef and plum pudding on his table every day. His wants are few, and his style of living exceedingly simple.

The silk industry is about the most important, about 35 million dollars' worth being exported each year. In recent years some attention has been paid to manufactures, and the number of farmers has been decreasing.

Of course everybody knows that Japan excels in its art products, especially in pottery, enamelling, embroidery, etc. Its exhibit in these departments at St. Louis, during the past summer, was one of the features of the great exposition. In the "Varied Industries Building" one

large vase was shown which was said to be worth \$700. In the Transportation Building the Japs exhibited an immense map of the world, the whole of which had been embroidered in silk, with wonderful taste and skill. Everywhere one looked at St. Louis, there were evidences of Japanese enterprise and ability.

We are informed that "Ambition is one of the outstanding characteristics of this interesting people. Each school-boy is a dreamer of dreams, and aspires to be a statesman, a warrior, or a great financier. But while it is true of nearly all the people that they desire great things for themselves, they are even more ambitious for great things for their nation. One of the commonest subjects of conversation among the people is "Japan's mission to the East." They believe that they are, as a nation, called to awaken and lead China, as they have been awakened and led by the Western nations. With many of them the ambition has gone further, and they believe that Japan has a world mission. Closely related to ambition is the love of the heroic. They are a nation of hero worshippers. The hero looms large in their life. Nurses and mothers quiet the children with the stories of his achievements, and the literature of the schools is rich with his adventures. The people follow with utter abandon one who can be idealized into a hero, when they will not respond to one who is possessed of what may be much more desirable characteristics, and even after death the hero has shrines erected to his name and receives a sort of worship.

The most striking characteristic of the Japanese, however, is undoubtedly their

ranks without pay, and endure all sorts of privations and hardships because they love their country, and when a great victory is achieved it is said to be due to "the illustrious virtues of the Emperor."

The Japanese profess to have a great concern for the family, which they regard as the unit upon which society rests, "and the greatest possible calamity is extinction of the family." Home life, however, as it exists in Canada, is unknown in Japan. As shown in a recent issue of this paper, woman does not re-



REV. CHAS. S. EBY, B.A., D.D.



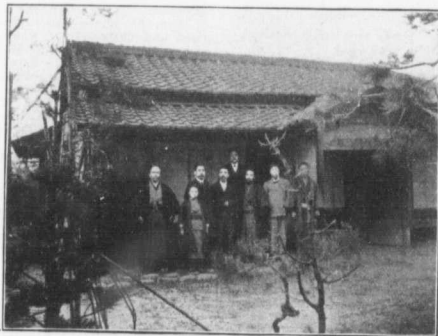
REV. G. MEACHAM, M.A., D.D.

OUR PIONEER MISSIONARIES TO JAPAN

ceive the consideration that is deemed her right in Christian lands, and her position is not by any means one of equality with her husband. In some cases where English and American girls have married Japanese gentlemen of wealth and education, they have lived to bitterly repent the step.

Considerable space is given in Mr. Addison's book to the religions of Japan—Shintoism, Buddhism, and Confucianism—and the special features of each are pointed out. The need of Christianity as superior to any of these religions is thus stated:

"But these religions, singly or unitedly, had failed to satisfy the necessities of the heart. The morality of the people was at a low ebb. Here and there were men who were nourished by the crumbs of truth contained in these faiths, into a somewhat better life. But



NATIVE PASTOR'S HOUSE, NAGANO, JAPAN

And pastors attending Nagano District Meeting.

patriotism, which is regarded by many of the people as a kind of religion. The newspaper reports from the seat of war contain many illustrations of this fact. Soldiers are prepared to serve in the

with no teaching of the love of an ever-present God, or of an eternity of blessedness for the faithful, or of any idea of sin as it is in the human heart, or of the power of Christ to regenerate the indi-

vidual and society, these religions, singly and unitedly, failed to meet the necessities of the people, whether that people understood their need or not."

The history of missionary work in Japan is given in some detail, with special reference to the operations of our Canadian Methodist Church. On the 15th of May, 1873, Rev. George Cochran, D.D., and Dr. Davidson Macdonald were sent out as our first missionaries to Japan. They both spent a number of

those that are sick.' 'I am not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.' As I am a sinful man particularly, and sick in mind, so I am in need of a physician, and of somebody to call me to repentance. 'Contact with the good never fails to impart good, and we carry with us some of the blessing, as travel-

What Christianity Has Done for Japan

The Christian Work, speaking of what Christianity has done for Japan—something of interest to us all just now—says: "The number of Christians in Japan at the close of 1903 is approxi-



REV. GEO. COCHRAN, D.D.

years, rendering faithful service. Dr. Cochran died a few years ago in California, and Dr. Macdonald peacefully passed away in Toronto, during the past month. Of him, Mr. Addison says: "Dr. Macdonald has been a tower of strength to the mission. His medical skill and the prominence resulting from this has given the mission a status among a certain class which could be secured in no other way. Bishop Newman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, testified in glowing terms to the position which Dr. Macdonald held in that land."

An interesting reminiscence of the establishment of our mission in Japan is a characteristic Japanese letter sent to Dr. Cochran when he was looking for a house, by Mr. Nakamura. It reads as follows:

"Reverend Sir,—
"I have heard from Mr. Sugiyama that you are searching for your residence in Tokyo, will you allow me the liberty of asking you something abruptly? Christ said, 'Into whatever city or town ye shall enter, enquire in it who is worthy, and abide there till ye go thence.' I know that I am not worthy to receive you, My

lers' garments retain the odor of the flowers and shrubs through which they have passed' ('Smiles' 'Self Help'). 'If you deign to live in my house I shall have great advantage from you. And even should you not teach me, I shall not fail to receive your good influence.'

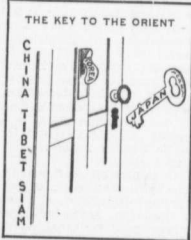
This offer was gladly accepted, and Dr. Cochran moved to the house Mr. Nakamura had prepared for him, taught English in his school, continued the weekly preaching services, and held daily prayers and Bible study with the students of the school.

Space will not permit any resume of this in these columns, but for particulars we refer our readers to the book. Interesting articles from the pen of Rev. Mr. Parr will also appear in this paper

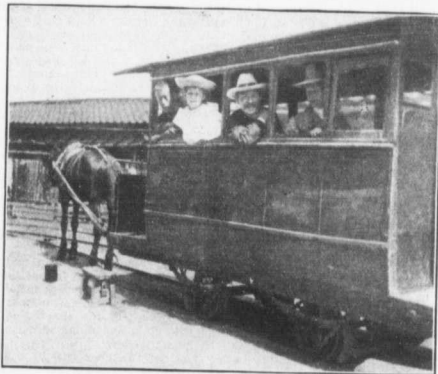
mately 150,000. Christianity has startled the old, almost moribund, religions from their slumbers, and has awakened them to a sense of their limitations, and with such effect has it worked that Bishop McKim declares it "no exaggeration to assert that the influence of Christianity in Japan is one hundred times its statistical strength." It is in the influence wrought upon the hearts and minds of the Japanese, rather than in the number of church spires and church bells, that the efficiency of Christianity in Japan is to be demonstrated. And it is generally agreed that the greater triumph will come when the fierce war now waging is ended."



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NAGANO CHURCH, JAPAN
Farewell Meeting for one of the Teachers.
REV. D. NOSHAN, MISSIONARY. REV. K. KAWAMURA, PASTOR.



house is, as you know, not at all convenient for a foreigner, much more, is not worthy to receive any noted man. But as some missionaries were distinguished for their self-denial, fortitude, and kindly feeling toward all of the human race whatever, so I shall ask you with the words springing from my heart whether you will condescend to live in my humble house. Christ said, 'They that be whole need not a physician, but



KANAZAWA STREET CAR, JAPAN
Rev. D. R. McKenzie and his daughter Ethel are second and third in the row of passengers.

monthly during the year on this subject. "The Heart of Japan" is beautifully illustrated with many attractive pictures, a few of which we have pleasure in reproducing.

So long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say that we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Increasing the Membership

Tested Principles and Methods

A normal Epworth League chapter is in constant need of new members, and this for two reasons. In the first place there will be a gradual withdrawal from the active work of the chapter of those who have been longest connected with it. They will become more and more advisory, and, in a sense, honorary members, giving their active service to the other interests of the Church. Their places must be filled by the coming in of new members.

In the second place an Epworth League chapter is essentially a missionary organization. It is not to be content with interesting and helping those who are already enrolled on its record. Like the Church itself the chapter must go out among those who have not yet been reached, and enlist their interest and their co-operation, in order that it may win them to the highest standard of Christian experience in life.

Where are the new members to be found? The comprehensive answer is, everywhere. The fourth department should let no opportunity escape of learning the name and the location of every probable recruit. Strangers are invited into town should be visited at the first possible moment. There are already many young people in the community who are frequently at the League meetings, no doubt, but have never been asked to join. Some members, by reason of their association in business or school with other young people, can make out lists of special classes, clerks in stores, the young men in factories and business houses, young women who are in business or domestic service, students of all the educational institutions in the neighborhood, and other classes.

There are two other most important sources of supply. First, the Junior League. The Junior League members are very rapidly growing up. Every year many of them are ready to leave the Junior ranks. Do not let them be lost to the young people's work at the time when they feel themselves too old for the Junior League. It would be a glorious thing if every Junior League chapter could arrange for an annual graduation, and if it could be understood that entrance into the membership of the Epworth League is as much a matter of course as is the going from the primary department into the older classes of the Sunday-school.

Second, the revival. Wherever young people are being converted and forsaking sin and turning to God, there is a fruitful field in which to secure new members for the Epworth League. Should the Epworth League be particular concerning the new material it gets? Yes and no. There should be no "rushing" of members, no throwing out of the drag-net merely in order to get as many members as possible. And yet the ideal aim is to secure every young person in the community who is not already affiliated with some other young people's society.

This aim is not to be sought simply to get a big membership list, but in order that the real purposes of the Epworth League may be accomplished both in and through the young people.

The work of canvassing for new members has no special season. It can be carried on continually, although there may be times when a special effort is both possible and desirable. The chairman

of the fourth department who desires to make a success of this part of the work will look carefully over the territory. Members of the committee will be assigned to such special districts or special classes of young people as may best secure the end desired. Some will be assigned to make a canvass of Sunday-schools. Every member of the Sunday-school who is of proper age should be in the Epworth League chapter. Special attention ought to be paid to the young men's class, and to the young people who are already members of the church.

Sometimes good results are secured by asking one member, or a club of members, to aim at securing a certain definite number of new members—three, or five, or ten.

Membership contests have been tried with very excellent results in many chapters. Their use should be safeguarded very carefully, however, in order to prevent the employment of questionable methods during the contest, and a reaction and consequent lack of interest when the contest is over.

Wherever the pledge is used let the chapter be quite as eager to secure associate members as it is to secure active members. Associate members are well on the way toward complete acceptance of all that the League stands for, and it is a mistaken policy to keep down the number of associate members. But, of course, it is to be understood, always, that associate membership is not a permanent arrangement. An associate member should not be satisfied to remain such, nor should the chapter be willing to keep associate members permanently in that relation.

The work is not all done when the new members have been elected and have signed the constitution. They are yet "broken in," and on the experiences of their first few weeks in the chapter will depend very largely their enjoyment of the new relation and their usefulness in the chapter's work. The very best place to complete the work of strengthening the chapter's hold on its new members is the devotional meeting. In that meeting the fellowship idea and the fellowship fact must be made prominent and satisfying. There should be abundant opportunity tactfully given to the new members for participation in this meeting. When necessary this may be done gradually, and by indirect methods. Do not make the mistake of asking an inexperienced and shy new member to take the entire responsibility of conducting a devotional meeting the week after he or she has been received. Use such methods in the devotional meeting as will make it possible for the more backward and bashful to take some part at the very outset.

An important element in making new members feel at home is that they should be provided with some definite share in the work. No person who is satisfied to be a member of the chapter at all need be without a congenial and useful share in its activities.

The new member will be a little hesitant at first. No stranger enjoys making advances toward better acquaintance. The chapter members must see to it that there is prompt and cordial recognition of new members at every possible opportunity. The welcome which they receive at the various meetings should be something, a little warmer than that which is accorded to the older members. If

possible, little distinctions and marks of special consideration should be shown until they begin to feel thoroughly at home in their new quarters.—Ep. Herald.

Concerning Personal Evangelism

We are beginning to learn that it is a mistake to confine our attention to the crowd. Religion is so intensely personal and individual that, no matter how general a spiritual movement may be, each person has a separate, distinct relation to it. Every case of conversion is the conversion of an individual. You cannot save the masses, or the lower classes, or the higher classes, or the submerged tenth, or the other convenient rhetorical groups of people. You must save men and women one at a time. This was the method of the Master. His greatest message, His most careful ministries, and His most successful labors were all for the benefit of the individual.

Another lesson we are learning is that there is no such thing as salvation by machinery. Boards, committees, societies, brotherhoods, leagues, and all the rest are exceedingly useful, but none of them is a substitute for personal service in behalf of the unsaved. No one can escape the responsibility indicated in the story of the Good Samaritan by sending a check to the secretary of the Society for the Relief of Distressed Travellers on the Jericho road.

All this means that the Epworth League purpose, to try "to help others to attain the highest New Testament standard of experience and life," must be accomplished largely by personal work. "Personal Christian work is not easily done. It is, perhaps, the most difficult form of Christian service. But at the same time, it is the most valuable form, richest in benefits to the worker, and in results. It requires a measure of personal spiritual life that is not so markedly demanded by any other form of religious work. It is so many and so many things in connection with the Church and the Epworth League without possessing the highest and most definite personal experience. But the work of seeking others, and dealing with them face to face concerning their salvation, cannot be done when the spiritual life is at low-ebb.

In the first place, then, the personal worker should seek the fullness of the Christian life for himself. Then, there must be the most complete and most unquestioning dedication of his powers to this work.

Avoid denunciation or positive statements concerning particular sins. Leave these to the conscience, as it is enlightened by the Holy Spirit.

Never try to do personal spiritual work in a crowd.

Use simple language, and avoid as much as possible those stereotyped phrases which everybody recognizes, but which have ceased to convey any definite meaning. Do not argue. Seek for points of agreement rather than points of difference. Be free to make use of your own experience.

As much as possible confine your work to those of your own sex and age.

Urge prompt decision. But at the following up of each individual case. Do not drop the acquaintance when the first great purpose of your work has been accomplished. You have saved only brought a soul to Christ, but you have won a friend. Offer all possible help in the beginning of a new social life. Enlist the co-operation of a few warm-hearted, congenial Christians. Secure your new-found friend a member of the League, and set him to work at once at some definite Christian task.—Epworth Herald.

Seventh International Convention of the Epworth League

- - DENVER, COL., JULY 5th to 9th, 1905 - -

A Personal Talk About Denver

Special interest attaches to Denver, just now, owing to the fact that the next International Convention of the Epworth League is to be held in that city. The object of the convention is spiritual inspiration and practical help in Epworth League work, but when this can be combined with a pleasant trip it makes the gathering all the more desirable. Denver is a particularly interesting city, and offers many attractions. Picture to yourself that you have really come to Denver for the great Epworth League Convention of July, 1905. That you made the trip on a "League special," enjoyed the Christian fellowship and enthusiasm of the journey, and that your train has brought you over the long stretch of Western plains and into the depot at Denver. You step off the "Queen City of Mountain and Plain," face to face with the Rockies, into the heart of Colorado. You are a mile above the sea. The air is cool and bracing and crisp. You have left the big stone behind. Passing through the big stone depot you walk out on to the broad business streets of the city. The sunshine floods every nook and corner, bathes every house and building in light, and you realize what Colorado sunshine means, especially when you learn that it shines this way on an average of 309 days every year. A perfect tramway system conveys you to any place you desire to go; committees of reception, are on every hand to look after your welfare. All these committees have been appointed and are being drilled. You mark the tall buildings, stretching away for two miles or more, up toward the capitol building on the hill. The buildings are of fine pressed brick, and of gray and white stone. You pass over streets that are noticeably clean to your state headquarters at a city church—and there are dozens of magnificent church edifices, both Methodist and otherwise, for state headquarters—and you are assigned to your home for convention week. The trip through the residence section is another revelation. Substantial houses, all brick and stone, not a frame house to be seen anywhere; beautiful green lawns, flowered, shaded streets, wide boulevards—all these things delight the eye. They speak of prosperity, of cleanliness, of real living of the kind a city must have if it is to rightly welcome the Epworth hosts. While you are riding along listen to these facts about Denver. Let us put them all together: You will find that Denver has 175,000 people, 179 church societies, and 156 churches, 60 miles of macadamized streets, 40 miles of asphalt pavements, a boulevard system, fifteen to twenty-five miles long; 140 acres of parks; 15 main lines of railway entering the union depot with 110 passenger trains departing every day; 165 miles of electric street car lines; 5 high schools and 64 graded schools; 3 smelters; 1,478 manufacturing establishments; a water supply from the pure snows of the Rockies, the best and purest in the world; 15 hotels, and 400 boarding-houses; a State capitol building, costing \$3,000,000; a grand view of 200 miles of snow-capped peaks along the main range of the Rockies; cool days, and cooler nights.

But why continue the list of facts? The story of Denver, of its beauties and attractions, is endless. You will see how impossible it is to tell of them all when you come.

When you have reached the place assigned to you, your week of real delight will begin. The Epworth rate of \$1 per day will prevail. Good board and room at hotels at \$2 a day and upwards, and in private homes for \$1 per day and up. You can get a room for a slight sum, and then get meals at restaurants at exactly the same price you pay in restaurants in the East and central West, remember that.

Throughout the week as you come and go you will be forced to the conclusion that Denver is the ideal convention city. No oppressive heat can spoil your week of pleasure. The highest temperature ever recorded for Denver in July is 88, and the temperature drops nearly 29 degrees every night. Every evening is cool and invigorating; the air is dry and no such thing as a sunstroke has ever occurred in Denver. It will be a week of real rest, no matter what you do. Then, too, you have the inspiring mountains every moment of your time. You can see them as you come and go, lifting snowy heads to pierce the sky, with towering summits wreathed in purple clouds, or in an hour's ride on trail or street car you can whirl away to a deep, cool canon of the Rockies. These excursions can be taken for from 50 cents to \$2, and for a very tiny sum you can reach the glorious heights of the Rockies that so many long for and never are allowed to see. Or you can spend time in Denver's immense city park, one of the most beautiful and attractive in the country, or see the great smelters, where molten precious metals are turned out in glittering streams of wealth; or the mint where fresh new coin is made; or try lakes and boats, golf or tennis. There will be blue skies, sparkling, melting sunshine, cool days and nights, all the 175,000 people, but everyone you do meet will greet you as a welcome guest.

Are not these the things you want to know about any convention city? I have not spoken of the programme, or of the great meetings—you know about that. I have assumed that you are thinking of these other things as well. These are only a small part of the attractions of Denver and Colorado that ought to tempt you to come. To tell of all the attractions and beauties of Denver would require a volume. In themselves they ought to determine you in your choice of coming to the Denver convention, July, 1905.

One of a Multitude

Publishers of books not only have strange communications sent them in the mails, but they have odd and curious visitors as well. The other day a man having the appearance of a respectable longshoreman, entered one of the departments of Harper & Brothers, in New York, and was shown to the proper desk by an office boy. The man seated himself politely, and said to the official who occupied the desk:

"I want to write a novel." There was a dead silence, broken presently by the official, who asked:

"What do you want us to do?"

The visitor seemed somewhat discomfited by this counter question, and began talking vaguely about the amount of royalty the publishers might pay him, winding up with the following poser:

"If I wrote a novel how long could I live on it?" Which sounds like one of the conundrums in "Alice in Wonderland."

Book Shelf.

All books mentioned here can be procured from the Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

Fishing for Men. By J. Wilbur Chapman, The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. Price, 75c.

The famous evangelist, Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, has here given us a most valuable volume on the general subject of evangelism, with special reference to personal work. It is filled with practical suggestions, and interesting incidents from the experience of the author. As an appendix, several stirring revival sermons by noted evangelists are added.

Success in Soul Winning. By M. T. Lamb, The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. Price, 50c.

About a year ago, Mr. Lamb published a little book entitled "Every Creature," which dealt with the obligation to reach every creature with the Gospel message. This book is intended as a companion volume and shows "how to do it," dealing with the privilege and power of the individual Christian. It contains many valuable suggestions on an important subject.

The Pastors for Souls. By Edwin Forest Hallenbeck, D.D., The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. Price, 40c.

The growing interest in the subject of personal evangelism has brought into existence a large number of books on the subject, the importance of which cannot be overestimated. This volume is one of the best that has come from the press. The author is a successful pastor who knows something of the problems of the pastorate, and he "not only presents theories, but works them out."

The Perennial Revival. By Rev. Wm. B. Riley, The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. Price, 25c.

This book treats the subject of evangelism in a comprehensive and suggestive way, dealing with many of the problems which are engaging the attention of the churches to-day. Here are some of the chapter headings: "The Apostolic Spirit and the Perennial Revival," "The Place of Prayer in the Perennial Revival," "The Endowment of Power," "The Regular Church Services and the Perennial Revival," "Street Preaching," etc. The author takes the ground that evangelism should be the constant work of the church, and many valuable hints how this may be brought about. It is an excellent book for pastors and all Christian workers.

Canada and Canada. By Rev. D. V. Laroche, D.D., Methodist Book and Publishing House, Price, \$1.00.

This volume is dedicated to the young people of Canada, especially those associated with the Epworth Leagues and Christian Endeavor Societies. The title and general conception of the book are somewhat peculiar. The author attempts to make comparisons between Canada and Canada, and to draw lessons from God's dealings with his ancient people. The portion devoted specially to the resources and attractions of our own country is the most interesting, and the reader wish that the whole book might have been devoted to this subject. Much valuable information is given concerning the various provinces of the Dominion, which young folks ought to know.

From the Field.

New Church

One of the striking features of our work is the large number of beautiful new churches that are being erected in country places. The Province of Manitoba is not by any means behind the other provinces in this respect. Many very fine edifices have been built in recent years that are a credit to the people. Here is the picture of one, at Chumash, Man., on the Hamiota Circuit, of which Rev. S. P. Riddell is pastor. It cost \$2,500, and has been almost entirely paid for in one year. There is a good Sunday-school and an excellent Epworth League. Mr. Riddell speaks hopefully of the prospects.

Successful Missionary Campaign

During the past month we had the pleasure of a call from Rev. G. H. Raley, of Kitimat, B.C., who is spending the winter in Ontario, on furlough. He reports having visited all the Leagues of the Wingham District during the past

of the stories being original, was notable, our numbers being almost double that of any meeting held this winter.

We are also starting a Reading Circle, and will send you for the books next week. One word for your paper, which personally I appreciate. We have an average of one subscriber to every five of our League members, and we hope to do even better and make it two in five. Wishing you every success.

Ethel McPherson, Literary Vice-Pres.

Epworth Leaguers of the Canadian West, Attention!

Fellow-workers.—You have frequently heard me in convention, institute and rally draw attention to the need for a comprehensive catalogue of League supplies, and to the probability of one issuing from the Central Office. You will find in the pamphlet, "How to make the League go," a good description, with price of everything essential and of value to Epworth League work—wall plaques, badges, music books, officers' books, leaflets and books of all descriptions for every department and committee. The authors are recognized leaders in the Young People's Movement in Canada and

addresses on Bible Study. Professor Reynolds, B.A., of the Agricultural College, Guelph, took the book of Philipians as introductory to Bible studies for the coming year. The Rev. Theo. J. Parr's subject was: "The Bible: What Leaguers Should Know of its Construction." The Rev. S. E. Marshall, B.A., B.D., spoke on "The Acts of the Apostles." On Tuesday evening our missionary gave lantern views of Queen Charlotte Islands, which were appreciated by all. Much valuable instruction was given during the various sessions of the convention. We look for still more progress under the new president, Rev. D. A. Walker, B.A.

Brantford District

At a session held in Colborne Street Church, of the Brantford District Leaguers, the following officers were elected for the coming year:

Hon. President, Rev. A. L. Gee, Ph.D., Wellington Street, Brantford.
President, Rev. H. W. Thompson, B.A., Fair Avenue, Brantford.
1st Vice-Pres., Miss Ina Dunn, Phil.
2nd Vice-Pres., Miss M. File, Cainsville.
3rd Vice-Pres., Rev. T. R. Todd, Oxford Street, Brantford.
4th Vice-Pres., Miss Nettie Richards, Copetown.
5th Vice-Pres., Miss E. Bowes, B.A., Brantford.
Treasurer, Miss M. Gimby, Pearl Street, Brantford.
M. Bradshaw, Sec., 124 William Street.

A Deed of Friendship

The Epworth League at Bowmanville, on the day before Christmas, presented their pastor, Rev. D. D. Crossley, with a fountain pen, accompanying it with the following unique address:

"DEED OF FRIENDSHIP."

THIS INDENTURE, made the twenty fourth day of December, A.D. 1904, between the Epworth League, of Bowmanville, party of the first part, and Rev. D. O. Crossley, of Bowmanville, Ont., party of the second part, Witnesseth:

That the said party of the first part, for and in consideration of Friendship, Good Will and Christmas Cheer, has given, conveyed, and confirmed, and by these presents does give, convey and confirm unto the said party of the second part, the following described property, to wit:

One fountain pen:

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the same, together with all and singular the appurtenances and privileges thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining to the said party of the second part, his heirs and assigns, for ever.

In Witness Whereof the said party of the first part has hereunto set his hand and seal.

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

I, SANTA CLAUS, a Justice of the Peace for the town of Bowmanville, aforesaid, and for every other town and city and county in Canada, hereby certify that the Epworth League, party of the first part in the foregoing instrument, personally appeared before me and acknowledged the same to be his act and deed.

Witness my hand and official seal this twenty-fourth day of December, A.D. 1904.

SANTA CLAUS.



NEW METHODIST CHURCH AT CHUMASH, MAN.

few weeks, as this district is supporting him. The meetings were well attended and wonderfully enthusiastic. People came from long distances, and in one place the interest was so great that the meeting did not close until after twelve o'clock. All the Leagues will show an increase in their givings, one going up from \$9 to \$100. It is expected that Wingham District will increase this year from \$644 to \$1,000.

Mr. Raley speaks warmly of the zeal and energy of the president of the district, Rev. Kenneth Beaton, and seems to have been greatly impressed by the aggressiveness of the Leagues.

Unique Literary Programme

A rather novel literary evening was held by the League at Empress Avenue, London, in December.

Several of the League members were asked to write short, original stories, each with a moral. The request was most willingly complied with, and as a result we received some eight or ten stories. On our literary night two of the members divided the stories up and read them to the League. The interest taken in the meeting, owing to the fact

the United States. Let our presidents and heads of departments see that every League has one at once. You will join with me in recognition of the care manifested by Dr. Crews in publishing this catalogue of helps to be purchased at the Methodist Book Room.

Yours for a zeal according to knowledge.

Hiram Hull, Rat Portage, Ont.

Guelph District

The tenth annual convention of the Guelph Epworth League was held at Rockwood. The special features of the convention were a study of church history, the Bible and missions. The Rev. A. E. Lavell, B.A., of Waterloo, gave four very instructive and interesting addresses on Church History. The topics were: "History of the First Century," "Fourteen Centuries," "The Perils of Expansion," and "An Attempt at Reconstruction." These were enjoyed by all.

The Rev. A. C. Crews held a Round Table Talk on Monday afternoon, which was especially practicable and helpful. He also spoke at night on "The One and One Society," the theme of his address being personal work. There were three

A "Model Paper"

Rev. Dr. Withrow, who knows a good thing when he sees it, writes thus appreciatively of our paper in Ontario: "The Christmas number of The Epworth Era is one of the handsomest ever published by that enterprising League paper. It has a genuine Christmas flavor, not merely the Christmas title. The Christmas pictures, poems, papers and stories make it specially attractive. We do not see how any intelligent leaguer can afford to do without this model paper."

Quite True

We receive a great many expressions of appreciation concerning the excellence of our paper, from time to time, very few of which are published. Here is one, however, which is so unique that we cannot resist the temptation to put it into print:

"When you see a leaguer strong,
Working steady, working long,
Always overcoming wrongs,
He reads The Epworth Era.

"When you see a leaguer true,
Helping others, helping you,
Full of new ideas, too—
He reads The Epworth Era.

"When you see a leaguer wise,
With his optimistic eyes,
And no pessimistic sighs,—
He reads The Epworth Era.

"We'll All read
The Era."
—F. H. Talbot, "The Gore."

Just a Line or Two

Hanover League recently raised \$25 on the church debt, and \$50 for missions. The average attendance at the meetings is about forty.

The League of King Street Church, Ingersoll, publishes the newest thing in the way of a programme. It provides for a fine list of subjects.

Sunday, February 12, has been appointed as a special day of prayer for students. It is hoped that it will be generally observed by the churches.

The president of the Fort Rouge League, Winnipeg, heartily endorses the "Increase Campaign," and says that his society may be counted on to do its part.

Seventeen sets of the Epworth League Reading Circle have been sent to Colborne, and on a recent evening there were twenty-four present at the Circle meeting.

The two Leagues on the South Dummer Circuit are taking up the Bible Study course, and have ordered fifteen copies of the text-book, "Studies in the Apostolic Church."

The Leagues of the Stratford District sent some fifteen books to the representative in China, Rev. J. L. Stewart, of Chentu, to carry their Christmas greetings to him.

The vice-presidents of the Neepawa District League are wide-awake. The 1st and 2nd are engaged in visiting the Leagues. The 3rd and 4th are preparing for a lecture course, and are, of course, working for The Epworth Era.

Mr. Geo. F. Stewart, of Belleville, writes: "We are making a special effort to increase the usefulness of our League. We added twenty-five new members before Christmas, and are aiming for forty more." Let us have more letters like this.

"The District League" is the title of an ambitious little paper, published by the Leagues of the St. Thomas District. Its aim is to develop interest in local League work.

The League at Delhi has organized a Reading Circle of eighteen members, and ten sets of books. The corresponding secretary reports the League in a flourishing condition.

The officers of the Campbellford District have visited all the Leagues on the district, and, among other results, 150 new contributors to the Forward Movement have been secured.

Rev. John Pickup, of Widnes, England, delivered a lecture recently in Queen Street E. L. of C. E., Kingston, on "My Tour Through Palestine, and What I Saw there," exhibiting many interesting souvenirs.

Rev. D. Rogers, pastor of the Thorndale Church, publishes a breezy little paper called "Our Church Tidings," which deals largely with local church matters. It is unique among papers, from the fact that it does not cost its readers anything.

The president of Zion League, on the Watford Circuit, reports that their membership of thirty-five has lately been increased by securing five active and two associate members. If every League would do as well, the "Increase Campaign" would be a great success.

The Sunday-school of the Central Methodist Church, Stratford, celebrates the Christmas season by holding a "Unique Christmas Entertainment," as described in the December Era. It was a great success, and resulted in merriment almost to hilarity; a box of toys and fruit for the Sick Children's Hospital, a bale of clothing, provisions and toys for the Deaconess Home, besides provisions for fourteen local families. Every one voted it "the best yet."

The League of Maryland Street Methodist Church, Winnipeg, though but one year old, has a membership of fifty enthusiastic and progressive young people. The Missionary Department is very active, \$150 being pledged for missions recently. The Missionary Study Class meets every Sunday night after church, with an attendance of 25 to 40, and is considered one of the best in the West. The other departments are not neglected, the Reading Course being incorporated in connection with the Literary Department. Together with other Leagues in Winnipeg, the young people are alive in the great work for Christ.

At Lacute, Quebec, the work is satisfactorily developing. The young people have serious discussions, together with national and moral questions, together with the study of literature. At these meetings the average attendance is 55. In connection with their work they have also mission study classes, which are well attended. At Christmas the Sunday-school gave its festival, but no one received gifts. A manger was made in the corner of the school, prettily canopied, bearing the motto, "For the Christ Child." "Ye have done it unto me." Children had been encouraged to earn a little, and with their earnings procure gifts for poor children in Montreal. All responded with enthusiasm, preferring it to getting gifts from the Christmas-tree.

A Sensible Conclusion

Mildred had been full of pranks and naughtiness all day. At bedtime she seemed in a somewhat chastened mood, and her aunt suggested that she should ask God to forgive her, whereupon Mildred exclaimed, "No, I won't! I can't be bothering God all the time!"

Good-bye to the War Ships

Some of the papers are bemoaning the fact that the British war vessels have been removed from Halifax and Esquimaut. We really cannot see anything to be sorry about. We are a peaceful people and live in friendly relations with our neighbors. The constant presence of great machines of war constantly on our coasts can scarcely fail to develop the military spirit among our young people, and among thoughtful people think we have too much of that now. It is reported Esquimaut is to be made the headquarters of a great fishing and canning establishment. This will, in the near future, be worth a great deal more to British Columbia than the war vessels.

The Drunkard's Compliment

George Grey Barnard, the sculptor, says the New York Tribune, is hard at work in France, in the town of Moret, upon his decorations for the State capital at Harrisburg. An American visited Mr. Barnard's studio in September, and while he was watching the sculptor modelling, a strange-looking figure reeled past the window—a long-haired man in a velvet coat.

"That is the town drunkard," said Mr. Barnard. "He is a person of talent, too. He writes verses, paints a little, and has composed four popular songs.

Sometimes he says the pleasantest, brightest things. One evening, for instance, he was staggering homeward, after an afternoon at the cafe, when the town marshal met him.

"See here, Casimir," the marshal said, "why don't you stop drinking—if not for your own sake, then for the sake of your two boys? Your example to those little fellows is pernicious. It will ruin their career."

"Casimir smiled, bowed, and waved his hand deprecatingly.

"My dear marshal," he stammered, "de-de-de-epite what you say, I intend to make of my boys what you will never be able to make of yours."

"What is that?" asked the marshal.

"Better men," said Casimir, "than their father."

An Impertinent Echo

Echoes are reported as doing some wonderful things, but one in the Mammoth Cave seems to have eclipsed any rivals, according to the report of a Knoxville man.

A girl among the party with which he went through the cave met a friend on the train, and was explaining underground wonders.

"Did you see Echo River?" she was asked.

"Yeth," she replied, "it wath grand."

"Did you hear the echo?"

"Oh, yeth; I said, 'Who is that over there?' and the echo saith, 'None of your buthineeth.'"

A Temporary Job

A story credited to the late Representative Campbell, of Tammany fame, tells of an amusing conversation between two Irishmen in the employ of the municipal government of New York City:

"That's a good position the lad Mulcally has," said Milligan.

"Aye, a good position," replied Dougherty, "but he'll not lasht long."

"Not lasht long! Why, wot do ye mane?"

"He'll not lasht long," doggedly reiterated Dougherty. "I said so when he took the job foive years ago, and I say so still!"

Devotional Service

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

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

FEB. 19.—"PAUL'S VALUE AS A WITNESS TO CHRISTIANITY."

Phil. 3: 4-16; Acts 9: 12-16; Rom. 16: 18, 19;

THE
(STUDY & APOSTOLIC CHURCH.)

Paul was a many-sided man. He was a living witness to Christianity among men. He also with the utmost clearness expounded the great principles underlying the highest type of Christian experience. He lived the truth as a witness; he taught the truth as a witness; he scarcely knows whether to admire most the one or the other. Either is a safe guide into the Kingdom of God, and the hope and strength and glory of the Christian religion.

In this exposition we shall select Paul's outline of the highest form of Christian development, and how to attain it. Thus we study the witness of Paul, both to the theory and practice of Christianity.

Subject: The Highest Type of Christian Experience according to St. Paul.

1. This experience is divinely outlined in Christ. "That for which also I am apprehended" (Christ Jesus" (verse 12). "The prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (verse 14). The prize is not definitely described, but God through the Gospel calls upon the soul to take hold of some great, dimly portrayed good, some rich spiritual blessing, some fulness and beauty of character to be secured by a fuller knowledge of Christ. If we say the prize is heaven or the Kingdom of God, what is the heavenly kingdom but the fulness of Christ? Though not explained in detail, the prize is sufficiently outlined in Christ, by the master-hand of the Divine Artist, to make it an object of intense longing and strenuous effort to possess. The soul that does attain a moral and spiritual perfection found only in Christ, and which the unending development of the beauties of his character are constantly disclosing in ever-growing splendor, and which closer union with him alone can seize and appropriate.

2. This experience is sought because of our conscious defect. "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend" (verse 12). The more clearly the apostle saw his privilege in Christ, the more conscious was he of his shortcomings.

There is no progress possible to the man who does not see and mourn over his defects. "The soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul," and it is only a keen sense of need that stimulates the soul to continuous and repeated efforts. The ideal is ever ahead of the actual, revealing its defects and exciting to fresh and more earnest endeavors.

3. This experience is attained only by strenuous and continuous effort. "But this one thing I do . . . I press toward the mark" (verses 13, 14). The racer, fixing his eyes on the goal, leans forward, and turning his back upon things behind, presses with all speed towards the prize he covets. If he turns aside he misses the mark and loses the goal. The great prizes of life are gained only by persevering labor. "The prodigious may be the gifts of genius they can only be developed and brought to perfection by toll and study. Think of Michael Angelo working for a week without taking off his clothes; of Handel hallowing every key of his harpsichord like a spoon by incessant practice; and of the sculptor

polishing his statue with unwearied repetitions because he said "the image in my head is not yet in my hands." The prize of the Christian race, the crown of eternal life and blessedness—is worthy of the most laborious and self-denying efforts. When at times the heart grows weary in the struggle, a glimpse of the diadem of beauty obtained by faith revives the flagging energies.

4. To attain this experience divine light shall be given. "If in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even unto you" (verse 15). The difference of view was not some partial and wicked conception, or some wretched prejudice adhered to with inveterate or malignant obstinacy. It was rather, continues Barlow, some truth not fully seen in all its bearings, some principle not so in all its details and consequences, some department of duty which they might apprehend rather than appreciate, or some state of mind which they might admire in the apostle, but did not really covet for themselves. The apostle throws his own teaching into the shade, and ascribes the coming enlightenment to God. The man who is honestly in pursuit of the highest good, though led away for a time by erroneous views, shall not long be if he sincerely seeks. The light which will help him most must be the light from God.

5. This experience grows by using knowledge already attained. "Whereunto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing" (verse 16). Every victory over self and sin is a stepping-stone to further triumphs. The struggle of today will be the victory of to-morrow. Our present blessings were obtained through faith and labor; our next must be gained in the same way. God will give more light to the man who rightly uses what he has. "When the midnight burst of dawn suddenly awakened out of sleep, it dazzles and pains him; but to him who, on his journey, has blessed the dawn and walked by its glimmer the solar radiance will give him a gradual and cheerfulness of influence. Truth grows on the man who already has the truth and cherishes it.

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

You will find the foregoing exposition practical and helpful to every person present if you use it tactfully. Notice there are five points in the attainment of the highest Christian character. Make every one of them stand out with clearness and force. Here is God's way of reaching the greatest thing that man can attain in the world. You would find the black-board very useful in impressing the five points on memory and heart. You might select five persons, in advance of course, each to develop one point, and when each has finished put the point on the board. Thus at the close, the complete study will appear before the League. Be careful to make a spiritual application and urge all to the attainment of the Gospel ideal.

FEB. 26.—"JAPAN AS A MISSION FIELD IN 1873."

(The Heart of Japan. Chap. 2.)

The Japanese claim to trace their history back for 2,500 years. During this period many romantic fables passed over the stage and most interesting stories of prowess and adventure are told concerning them. Military life was the dominant life of the one loved and practised by the higher classes of society. China has had a wide-spread influence upon the Japanese. In the earlier days China was far in advance of Japan in every element of civilization, and the latter adopted or rather adapted the art and learning, the

letters and culture of the Celestial kingdom.

FEUDAL SYSTEM.

The feudal system early found a permanent place in Japan and the whole history of the kingdom for century after century revolves around the varying fortunes of the great families. The powers of rule were enjoyed for nearly four hundred years by the Fujiwara family, and from it passed to the Teira family, later to the Minamoto family, and through others down to the Torigawa family who were the real rulers of Japan for 250 years immediately preceding 1868, the Emperor in those years of feudalism being little more than a figure-head.

THE SAMURAI.

Of the various classes by far the largest is the Samurai—the soldiers of the land. Not only were they soldiers of prowess and bravery, but they evolved through the centuries a system of chivalry, manners, self-mastery of the body and culture of the spirit called ushido—"The Knightly Way." Culture of letters and arts was confined almost exclusively to this class for a thousand years. To the Samurai is due the majority of the great changes accomplished within the nation during the last thirty-five years. They have been the first members of the infant Christian church, and those who to-day stand as its leaders in the ministry and among the laymen.

A STRANGE STORY.

It is a strange story, that of the introduction of the Roman Catholic mission work in Japan. In 1547 two Japanese fugitives were carried by the Portuguese to Malacca, in the hands of Francis Xavier, and they were educated in the Christian faith. Two years later Xavier with these two Japanese fugitives and two other companions landed on the island of Kiusiu. Here he preached in the various capitals and provinces, and made his way to the capital Kyoto. Thirty years after Xavier landed, it was estimated that the Roman Catholics had two hundred churches and 150,000 converts in Japan. But soon persecution began. The Shogun though he had discovered a plot of the priests to overthrow his government, and decreed the banishment of all foreign teachers of religion. Then years later, twenty-six persons were publicly crucified in Nagasaki for defying the edict. But the great persecution came in 1614. Torture and death followed the Christians everywhere, and it is estimated that over 200,000 clergy and laymen perished for their faith. The persecution continued through many years. The Christians were tortured in the most barbarous manner, were buried from the top of precipices, burned alive, torn asunder by oxen, tied up in rice bags heaped together and the heap set on fire.

FAITHFUL TO CHRIST.

But terrible as was the persecution, yet the priests who entered Japan on the signing of the Treaty of 1858, found several Christian communities remained still faithful. These, without teachers, churches or sacraments, had preserved their religion through centuries. Sad to relate, even here the persecution was continued, and on the refusal of these faithful people to recant, over four thousand in number, they were in 1867-70 torn from their homes and distributed through various parts of the Empire where they were imprisoned, till in 1873 they received their liberty.

FOREIGNERS EXCLUDED.

Following the persecution of the early church, the gates of Japan were closed more tightly than ever to foreigners, and for two hundred and thirty years remained closed. In 1852 the United States sent Commodore Perry with a fleet of

four vessels to the Bay of Yeddo to open negotiations, which were finally successful, and in 1854 a treaty was signed upon which opened several ports to the American trade. With the opening of the Japanese ports to foreign trade came the Protestant missionary. Two days before the treaty actually came into force, the first Protestant missionary reached Nagasaki. This was Mr. Liggins of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. He was joined by his colleague, Mr. Williams, in the course of a month. These men with four others who came later founded the entire Protestant missionary force at the end of 1859. In the year 1873 there was an active force in the Japan field of twenty-one men and five women.

HATRED OF FOREIGNERS.

During this period there was in the minds of the people an intense hatred of foreigners, a suspicion of the motives of the missionaries and the greatest misconceptions concerning Christianity. It was at first most difficult to secure either teachers or servants, and the Government oversight was such that it was well-nigh impossible to conduct with a native any conversation on a religious subject. All the people were so opposed to the entrance of foreigners that the dangers to life and property were many and serious. The Government had been avowedly opposed to Christianity. Imagine this notice posted in conspicuous places: "The sect called Christianity is strictly prohibited. Suspect persons should be reported to the proper officers, and rewards will be given."

Toward the end of the period (1859-1873) the patient, self-sacrificing lives of the missionaries were breaking down the walls of prejudice against the foreigner and against Christianity. During these first years foundations were laid wisely and well. The people began no longer to regard Christianity with horror and aversion, but with feelings of respect and interest. Many thousands of copies of the Bible and of Christian literature had been circulated. The Japanese language had been diligently studied so that the missionary was able to converse with the natives, hold Bible classes and to teach and preach. In 1872 in Yokohama religious meetings were held in which many Japanese found the light, and as a direct fruit the first native church was organized in Yokohama on March 10th, 1872, with eleven members. The days of tedious waiting, of prejudice and opposition were coming to an end. The day of wonders was beginning.

With 1873 the history of missions in Japan entered on a new phase, and in this same year, the Methodist Church of Canada, called of God to the work, sent her first workers through the now open doors into the sowing and the harvest.

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

The topic this week is a study of the condition of Japan prior to 1873 when the missions of our own church first began operations. It is important to understand these conditions in order to see what our missionaries had to contend with in planting the Gospel banner on the islands of Japan. You might arrange to have the foregoing account read before the League, and then, after reading, carefully question those present on its contents. Use the black-board to pin down important dates and events. For fuller information regarding this topic and others on Japan during the year, see "History of Japan," which every League should have, and which should be used in all our Leagues, as far as possible, as the standard text-book on the Missionary Topics. The book may be secured from Dr. F. C. Stephenson, Wesley Buildings, Toronto. Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 35 cents.

MARCH 5.—"PETER OPENING THE DOOR TO THE GENTILE."

Acts 10, 1-48; 11, 1-4, 19-21.

(STUDY 7. APOSTOLICAL CHURCH.)

In this vision we see the beginning of a great era—the first important breach in the iron partition wall that divided the human race into two hostile ranks. We have here the annexation of the whole Gentile world, without shedding a single drop of blood or wasting a single ounce of gunpowder.

PRAYER AND VISION.

Peter saw the vision when engaged in prayer on the housetop of Simon the tanner, at Joppa. Prayer is a great revelation, and the stronger the prayer the grander the vision. He who would see the heavens opened must first open the heavens with the key of prayer. Ecstasies and visions are rewards of importunate prayer.

STRANGE!

Peter prayed from the house-top of a tanner. Was there anything strange in that? Undoubtedly. Tanners were looked upon as the outcasts of Jewish society. For Peter, the orthodox Hebrew, to lodge with a tanner, an outlaw, was the first step out of his miserable narrowness; and we are not surprised to find the tanner's lodger entering the Gentile centurion's house a little later.

WONDERFUL HAPPENINGS.

How striking these coincidences of history! There is as much divine design in the movements of the centuries as in the formation of the rocks or in the clustering of the stars. Cornelius prayed in Caesarea and Peter prayed in Joppa. How exquisite these dovetails, these mortise-and-tenon joints, and how marvellously well-timed the correspondence! Surely the world is not governed by a fortuitous concourse of blind atoms, but by intelligence and unity of design.

1. The Divine Origin of the Gospel. Peter "saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners and let down to the earth." The Gospel did not spring up from the ground; it came down from the upper skies, and it bears innumerable evidences of its divine origin. The science of comparative religion proves that Christianity is as much loftier than all other systems as the heavens are loftier than the earth. A religion well adapted for the whole race must have the following elements: 1. An adequate revelation of God. 2. A provision of mercy for the guilty, which satisfies the conscience. 3. Power given to lead a new life of virtue and holiness. 4. An ideal pattern of life which men may imitate. 5. A refuge for man in sorrow and bereavement. 6. Such a revelation of the future life as shall help man to prepare for his duties and destinies. All these important elements are in the Christian Gospel, and are not in any other system under heaven. Does not this one fact establish its unquestionable pre-eminence?

2. The Divine Origin of the Human Race. The sheet with its miscellaneous contents came down from the heavens, and this suggests the divine origin of all men. The contents of the sheet, as well as the sheet itself, came down from above. The Gospel that gave the world a new conception of God has also given it a better conception of man. It teaches us that the better we are able to say "My brother." In this respect, for man as man, the Gospel stands alone among the great religious systems of the world.

3. The Universality of Christianity. Man is the heaven-sent ambassador to man. Cornelius sent for Peter. Why not

send an angel to preach to him? The angel would have been the very first to object. Indeed it was the angel who suggested Peter's name. Methinks the angels know a great deal about us. The angels seek for a man to preach to men. A preacher is never so effective as when he speaks to us in the first person. Cornelius must have a man named Peter to preach the sermon. Why not send troops of angels into the heart of Africa, or to the isles of Polynesia to evangelize those benighted natives? Thank God, He has dignified man by making of him a minister to men. He sent a Divine man to reveal the Gospel, and he commissions man to preach it.

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

In this topic we study one of the great facts in the history of Christianity—the extension of the Gospel to the Gentiles and to all men. Up to this time its privileges had been confined to the Jews. But this exclusiveness is not of God. All men are his offspring, and his blessings are intended for all his children. Peter's sermons intended for all the children of the epoch-making vision came down from the foregiving under three heads. 1. The Divine origin of the Gospel. 2. The Divine origin of man. 3. The universality of Christianity. These three heads would furnish good ground for three members of the League about cluster helpful thoughts to illuminate the topic. Try it. Appoint them a week in advance at least, and let each keep his remarks for five minutes. Then, Mr. President, you sum up the thoughts and press home the practical lessons. The blackboard might again be used with effect. Of course you will not neglect bright singing, fitting Bible-reading, helpful testimony, and earnest prayer. Let the meeting be cheerful but spiritual.

MARCH 12.—"TEMPERANCE MEETING."

Gal. 6, 7, 8.

(SCRIPTURE LESSON.)

There are three plots in which every man is perpetually engaged in sowing and reaping—in the plot of his thoughts, in the plot of his words, and in the plot of his deeds. And there is a storehouse into which the harvests from these three plots are being secretly but unmistakably garnered—the storehouse of individual character.

1. The moral condition of the man today is the inevitable result of his thoughts, words and deeds; his selfhood is rich or poor according to his sowing and reaping in these respective fields. Whatsoever a man sows in thought that shall he also reap.

(a) Vain Thoughts.—If we indolently sport with vain and foolish thoughts, they will inevitably produce a crop of the same kind. The mind will be glutted with flimsy and unprofitable fancies, inflated with a too conscious self-importance, and the outcome is heard in "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind," and seen in the pompous swagger of the intellectual fool.

(b) Proud Thoughts.—The man dominated by pride is the most pitiable of objects. His pride of birth will not bear investigation into three generations; his pride of social status is snubbed in a way that leaves a wound that never heals; his pride of wealth smitten down by an unexpected turn of the ever-revolving wheel of fortune; and his pride of life withered by the passing breath of the great destroyer. He who boasts what he sowed. He sowed the dragon's teeth of proud and boastful thoughts, and the monster grew up and devoured him. (Prov. 16, 18).

(c) Thoughts of Sinful Pleasure.—If we allow the mind to dream of pleasures that are forbidden, the bloom of innocence is rubbed off never to be again re-

placed, the conscience is outraged till its voice is muffled and, but feebly heard. One vile thought indulged breeds another that is vile still, and the moral atmosphere of the soul is poisoned. What he says he reaps.

(4) Good Thoughts.—The mind that aims at the loftiest style of thought, declining to tolerate the presence of the debasing sentiment, that keeps in check the wild and savage brood of evil thoughts ever seeking to overrun and defile the mind, that cultivates a chaste imagination and cherishes the exalted and unselfish charity that "thinketh no evil,"—reaps the result in an accession of intellectual vigor, in the creation of a nobler standard by which to judge of men and things, in the unbounded raptures of and in a refined and fertile imagination, and in the increase of power for doing the highest kind of work for God and humanity.

2. Whatever a man sows in words that shall he also reap.

(a) Bitter and Anacronic Words.—

If a man studies how much of spiteful venom he can pack into a single sentence, says Mozley, how he can most skillfully whet and sharpen the edges of his words so as to make the deepest wound and raise the most violent storm of irritation and ill-feeling, unalterable the course of nature, the harvest is sure to come. "Our unkind words come home to roost." The man offensive with his tongue is the devil's bellows with which he blows up the sparks of contention and strife, and showers of the fiery embers are sure to fall back upon himself to scathe and destroy.

(b) False Words.—If we deliberately and maliciously concoct a lie, and utter the same with whispered ambiguity and hypocritical commiseration, as sure as there is justice in the heavens, the lie will come back with terrific recompense upon the head of the originator.

(c) Kind and Loving Words.—If we speak in the kindest spirit of others, especially in their absence, if we stand up for a friend unjustly maligned and defend him with dignity and faithfulness, if we study to avoid words which cannot but grieve and irritate, then as we have sown so shall we reap—the tranquil satisfaction of conscious inoffensiveness, and best of all, the divine approval. "Heaven in sunshine will requite the kind."

3. Whatever a man sows in deeds that shall he also reap.

(a) Cruel Deeds.—If we take a savage delight in torturing beast or bird or insect, if we plot how we can inflict the most exquisite pain on our fellowmen, if we make sport of the anguish and distress of others, while we make no effort to relieve, we shall inevitably reap the harvest—reap it in the embroiling and degradation of our finer sensibilities, reap it in the tempest of rebellion and retaliation which those we outraged will launch upon us.

(b) Generous and Noble Deeds.—If we aim at the elevation of ourselves and others, if we seek to act on the highest level of righteousness and truth, if we are diligent, unweary and persistent in well-doing, then in due season we shall reap the harvest—reap it in a heightened and expansive nobility of character, in an intensified influence and enlarged capacity for doing good, and in the eternal enrichment of the divine plaudit, "Well done."

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

This is a temperance lesson; but temperance is a large word. It refers not only to strong drink, but it also refers to moderation in all things—a most timely lesson for the present generation. In the foregoing exposition we have suggested this temperance or moderation in three spheres: 1. In the sphere of the thoughts. 2. In the sphere of the words. 3. In the sphere of the deeds. If one

practices Gospel moderation in these three spheres there is little left to think about. It should not be difficult to plan for the presentation of this topic. There are the three spheres as mentioned. Arrange for three persons to develop thoughts on these, each taking five minutes. Have a number of Scripture quotations to read thoughts bearing on the topic ready to hand, and before the meeting begins, to be read when you think best to call for them.

The ABC of Success.

Dr. Clark has sent out the most suggestive little booklet, entitled "The A. B. C. of Success of Christian Endeavor Societies," in which he gives the following reasons for endeavoring to double the membership of our societies:

(a) Because the Christian Endeavor society is not merely a select circle of kindred spirits, but an aggressive, evangelistic organization, meant to reach all the young people of the community.

(b) Because the mere effort to obtain new members, even if not wholly successful, will often arouse and energize a society as nothing else can do.

(c) Because there are always young people who need the training and fellowship of Christian Endeavor, and a new generation is constantly growing up who need it quite as much as those who have preceded them.

(d) Because a larger membership means, more young people won for Christ; more young people working for Christ in the church; more young people communing with Christ in the Quiet Hour; more young people giving for Christ's sake; more interested in temperance, missions, Christian citizenship, and every good cause.

Many of our new members will come from the Junior Societies. Juniors are constantly growing older, and the Look-out Committees of the Young People's Societies should watch most carefully for new recruits from that quarter. Thousands of Associate members are also waiting to be won for the Active list, and that means winning them for Christ. The dominant note of this forward movement, will, we hope, be personal evangelism. It is a startling and appalling fact that the church is not gaining upon the world. The natural increase greatly exceeds the spiritual. Apart altogether from the interests of Christian Endeavor we are called to a great evangelistic crusade. It is personal evangelism that tells. All must go, and go to all. God is best revealed by a personality. That is why Jesus came. Restrict the number of God-revealing personalities to the occupants of pulpits, and the Kingdom will never come. Increase the number of such personalities till every one who names the name of Christ is included, and the Kingdom will come.

If one should give me a dish of sand and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how it would draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through it, and how it would draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings, only the iron in God's sand is gold.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Gallant Husband

The late Senator Hoar, at a meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution, once depicted very strikingly the boorish married man at home.

"One incident, if it be well selected," said Senator Hoar, "gives us a picture of this man's entire home life. For instance:

"He is seated at the breakfast table, his wife opposite him, and suddenly he rings furiously for the cook. When, pale and frightened, the cook appears, he says to her:

"Maria, look at that piece of bacon I've just given your mistress. It's the thickest and worst I ever saw in my life. And this piece I'm going to take myself is only a little bit better."

The Key to the Situation

Baron Kaneko, of Japan, spent last summer in the Maine woods, and the people of the picturesque Maine village of Harpawell enjoyed greatly his interesting comments on American life.

"I don't know," said Baron Kaneko one day, "that I altogether approve of the compulsory instruction in music that is put upon American children. If a boy or a girl has an ear for music, then cultivate it by all means; but don't try to make musicians out of all children indiscriminately, and thus you will avoid such household conversations as one I overheard the other day.

"I was on a train, and a father and his young son sat near me. The father said: "John, do you practice regularly on the piano, while I am away at business?"

"Yes, father," replied the boy.

"Every day?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long did you practice to-day?"

"Three hours."

"And how long yesterday?"

"Two hours and a half."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that you are so regular."

"Yes, father."

"And the next time you practice be sure you unlock the piano. Here is the key. I locked the instrument last week, and I have been carrying the key in my pocket ever since."

A Confidence Dog

A butcher narrated the other day a story illustrative of the intelligence of dogs.

"A patron of mine," he said, "had a collic that came to me one morning with a slip of paper in his mouth.

"'Halloo, doggie!'" said I, and the collic wagged his tail and dropped the paper on the floor at my feet. I opened it. It was a signed order from his master for a piece of sausage. I gave him the sausage. He ate it and went home.

"Time after time the collic came with these orders to me, and finally I stopped reading them. Each, I presumed, was for a sausage. I suppose, all told, the dog got as many as twenty pounds of sausages from me in two months.

"But the master, when I presented my bill kicked. He said he had only given the dog about a dozen orders, whereas I must have honored nearly a hundred.

"Well, the upshot was that the two of us got together and did a little detective work. We watched the dog. And do you know what we found? Why, we found that this cunning dog, whenever a sausage hunter selected a piece he would grab up a piece of white paper—and piece he could find—and bring it to me.

"I had been careless, you see, never looking at the paper, and through my carelessness the collic had fooled me for two months."

Sunday School

S. S. Work in the West

The Alberta Sunday-school Association seems to be a live organization, with live officers. The president, Rev. C. H. Huestis, M.A., of Edmonton, is holding Sunday-school Institutes in centres of population throughout Alberta, and expects to attend four or ten during the winter and spring, delivering lectures to workers with children of all denominations.

Mr. Huestis is also delivering a course of lectures on "Religious Education," in Edmonton, during the winter. We wish that more of our ministers could find time to do work of this kind. Nothing can be more important.

Supplemental Lessons

One of our pastors writes that his Sunday-school has adopted the Supplemental Lesson Course, having been greatly impressed with the presentation of the advantages of the course by the General Secretary at the Twelve O'clock Summer School, last June. We have no way of knowing exactly how many schools have taken up this work, but quite a number of inquiries for information have come to the Central Office. If your school is not conducting this course, would not this be a good time to start?

Our Presbyterian friends have just launched a course somewhat similar to ours.

Ontario Sunday-schools

The report of the thirty-ninth Ontario Provincial Sunday-school Convention, held in Hamilton, October 25-27, has just been published. It is a book of 180 pages, containing a full account of the proceedings, and a verbatim report of all the speeches. It is a valuable compendium of Sunday-school information which ought to go into the hands of every Sunday-school officer and teacher in Ontario. The price is only fifteen cents per copy, and for five or more copies to one address, ten cents per copy. It can be obtained at the Sunday-school Association, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, Ont.

Home Department

Mr. J. W. Whitman, Home Department superintendent for Annapolis County, sends the following to the "Nova Scotia S. S. Worker":

"As a practical illustration of the benefits of a well conducted Home Department, I would note the working of that of the Inglisville Methodist Sunday-school, organized in November of last year.

This section extends for some five miles, and required a division of the members, which made two departments. These were organized into classes meeting fortnightly at the homes for lesson study, the parents and children of nearly every home uniting, irrespective of creed. The meetings have been well sustained and very instructive.

"On Sunday last a rally of the members was held in the church, with review exercises, music, etc., conducted by the county superintendent. Many of the veteran Sunday-school workers of this banner section declare that the Home Department exercises have been the most interesting of any Sunday-school work in which they have ever been engaged.

"What a pity that so many of our Sunday-schools are neglecting this very important and helpful branch of our work."

Thirty Years a Teacher

A Sunday-school celebration of unusual interest occurred recently at Thornhill, when a large number of members of the Bible class in the Methodist Sunday-school assembled at the home of their teacher, Mr. D. James, to celebrate his thirty year of continuous teaching of the class. The evening was pleasantly spent, in a social way, and towards the close Mr. James gave to each person present an interesting souvenir, consisting of a booklet of sixteen pages, entitled "A Retrospect, 1874-1904." This contained excellent pictures of the old church and the new, and good photos of all the pastors who had been stationed in Thornhill during the thirty years. It also had a number of historical notes, and a list of all the persons who had been members of the Bible class during the period named. Taken altogether, it is the finest thing of the kind we have ever seen. In his retrospective remarks, the teacher says:

"The teaching of the Bible class has always been a pleasure, for one is most profited in Bible knowledge when studying for others. During these many years, with very few exceptions, have I been prevented by sickness from being present with you. After looking over the class records and consulting some of the older members, it is found that the total attendance has been over thirty-six thousand, including members and visitors who have taken part by their presence in the Bible lessons and study of the Word. It is encouraging to notice how many of our class have become teachers in our own and other schools, and that nearly all have refrained from using helps in the class while teaching."

As a surprise to Mr. James, a beautiful illuminated address was presented to him by members of the class, which expressed the highest appreciation of his faithful work.

There are some things in connection with this village church which are worth mentioning and copying:

1. A weekly teachers' meeting for the study of the lesson has been held without any interruption for nineteen years.

2. A Home Department has been in a healthy condition for over twelve years.

3. An Epworth League has been conducted for thirteen years, and has never taken a vacation.

This is certainly a fine record.

A Confession of Faith as to Sunday-schools

President E. Y. Mullins read this confession of faith as to Sunday-schools at the recent Sunday-school Institute in Louisville, and it made quite a hit.

1. The supreme need in our country to-day is that the forces which make for character shall control the forces which make for intelligence.

2. One of the greatest of the forces which make for character is the Sunday-school.

3. The factor of the Sunday-school most potent in the development of character is the teacher.

4. The supreme lack in the present day Sunday-school is the lack of thoroughly equipped teachers.

5. The chief teacher of the teachers and trainer of the trainers of the Sunday-school is the pastor.

6. The chief trainer of the pastor is the theological seminary.

7. In view of the absence in the past of any adequate co-ordination and guidance of the departments of the teacher, the pastor and the seminary there ought to be an opportunity for an educational committee to do a great work for the kingdom.

Teacher Training

The Teacher-Training work is being pushed energetically by the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Sunday-school Associations. Examinations are held, and the International Sunday-school Diploma is given to those who get an average of eighty per cent. on Hurlbut's Revised Normal Lessons. In the Province of Ontario, the Teacher-Training secretary, Mr. E. A. Hardy, is creating considerable interest in this important department of work, and quite a number of classes have been formed. It is scarcely possible to overestimate the value of the Teacher-Training Course. If our Sunday-school work is to command the respect of the community, and accomplish its highest purpose, our teachers must be prepared to teach.

To Keep Older Boys.

The superintendent of a large Sabbath-school which is successful in keeping the older boys in continued attendance and in touch with the school, says one of the most useful things he has found has been the attendance of prominent men of the church. He has them stand at the doors, assist as ushers, and in various ways be in evidence. He says many young men in it "infra dig" to be in the same room with mere "kids"; but that their growing manhood is considerably placated by observing prominent men in the church do not consider attendance belittling. Whatever may be true of individual churches, the biggest problem of the average congregation is by what means to retain the attendance and interest of those who either are already, or soon will be, the young men. Can any church or Sabbath-school from which the young men are mainly absent be properly termed successful?

The Teacher's Creed.

I believe in boys and girls, the men and women of a great to-morrow; that whatsoever the boy soweth the man shall reap. I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the efficacy of schools, in the dignity of teaching, and in the joy of serving others. I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives as well as in the pages of a printed book; in lessons taught not so much by precept as by example; in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head, in everything that makes life large and lovely. I believe in beauty in the school-room, in the home, in daily life, and in out-of-doors. I believe in laughter, in love, in faith, in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on. I believe that every hour of every day we receive a just reward of all we are and all we do. I believe in the present and its opportunities, in the future and its promises, and in the divine joy of living. Amen!—Edwin Osgood Grover.

Over and Over

The following, from Dr. Hamill, tells the secret of success in laying foundations for Bible study in the child mind: "The secret of success with many teachers is the constancy and painstaking of the drill. Over and over, over and over the facts and lessons of the lesson are drilled upon, separately and in concert; the teacher first putting the truth in small portions in exact form, and then having a child here and there repeat it singly, and afterwards the full class or department in concert. Children have pleasure in a spirited drill, and only by repeated drills do they truly learn."

Junior Department

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

Love's Key

Just to be tender,
Just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through.
Just to be merciful,
Just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child,
Just to let love be our daily key,
This is God's will for you and me.

Just to be gentle and kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful with willing feet;
Just to be cheery when things go wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with a song,
Just to let love be our daily key,
This is God's will for you and me.

Whether the hour be dark or bright
Just to be loyal to God and right,
Ever to stand temptation's test,
Just in His promises to rest,
Just to let love be our daily key,
This is God's will for you and me.

Memory Facts in the Life of Christ

HOME READINGS.

87. The blind men near Jericho. Mark 10. 46-52.
88. Conversion of Zaccheus. Luke 19. 1-10.
89. Anointing at Bethany by Mary. Mark 14. 3-9.
90. The triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Mark 11. 1-11.
91. Second cleansing of the Temple. Mark 11. 15-19.
92. The widow's two mites. Mark 12. 41-44.
93. Greeks seeking Jesus. John 12. 20-36.
94. Last discourses. Matt. chaps. 24, 25.
95. Plot between Judas and the Priests. Luke 22. 1-6.
96. The Last Supper. Matt. 26. 17-35.
Too much cannot be said in praise of the work done by Lorne and Gladys Keeling, of Cargill, Ont., in following up these studies all through the past year. They have been diligent and regular in their preparation, and Mr. Bartlett esteems it a pleasure to thus congratulate them. They will be suitably "booked" by Dr. Crews in due time. Quite a lot of our Juniors started with these studies, some kept them up for months; but only the two named above have answered all to date. They are good students.

Weekly Topics

- Feb. 19.—The story of a covenant. Ex. 24. 1-8; Ps. 105. 8-10.

HOME READINGS.

- Mon., Feb. 13.—The angel guide. Ex. 23. 20, 21.
Tues., Feb. 14.—God's promise. Ex. 23. 22, 23.
Wed., Feb. 15.—God's command. Ex. 23. 24.
Thur., Feb. 16.—More promises. Ex. 23. 25-31.
Fri., Feb. 17.—Wrong covenants. Ex. 23. 32, 33.
Sat., Feb. 18.—Our League Covenant. 2 Chron. 15. 12.
Sun., Feb. 19.—Topic. The story of a covenant. Lessons as above.

(This week's meeting should be devoted to the Pledge. A thorough study of it should be made with the Juniors. Suggestive material may be found in the Junior League Handbook. Look it up and prepare for a good meeting.)

A covenant is simply an agreement made between parties who promise each other that they will be true to one another. God had made "an everlasting covenant" with his people. That is, he had said, "I will never break my covenant (promise) with you" (Judges 2. 1).

The people had covenanted (promised) together with God that they would be obedient" (Ex. 24. 7). How God kept his promises may be seen by the words of Joshua in Joshua 23. 14: "... not one thing hath failed thereof." But the record of the people's failures is often read. They did not always prove true to their promise. Do we? Are we better to-day than they were so long ago? They ought to have done better. We ought to do better. But that word "ought" does not take first place in our minds. Why? That is the great problem of your meeting to-day. Why do not boys and girls, men and women, always perform their vows? There are many reasons, and they will be readily suggested by the members if you help them a little, e.g.: (1) Thoughtlessness. So many young people are too quick to make a promise. They do not fully realize how sacred and important a thing it is to say, "I will." The careful Superintendent will not discourage any from becoming members; but will be careful that all who do, have been taught the claims and terms of the Pledge. And it is very desirable that the dual signature to the pledge card (the parent's as well as the child's) be obtained. (2) Indifference. Many grow careless in the course of time, and the claims of present obedience are not felt as they were when the covenant was fresh and new. But it is a perpetual covenant, to be renewed every day and observed one day at a time. If this is borne in mind, each day's duties will be performed regularly, and the mind be kept full of the importance of doing "all that the Lord hath said." (3) Compromise. Too often this spirit prevails. We do not want to do everything, and that soon means that we do nothing. We cannot pick and choose. "Whatever he would like to have me do," is the condition we have accepted, and we must not do only the easy things and leave the hard ones undone. That was what the Israelites too often did. They said, "We cannot." Don't we also? But it really means, "We will not." For we must not forget what Paul said, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." We are so often, "trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength." (4) Procrastination. We all know what it is to "put off." To-morrow never comes. It is always to-day, and if we fail to do to-day what belongs to it, we will likely keep putting off, and the work never be done. To-day's duties are never made easier by putting off. The rewards of keeping this covenant are many; but we should not look only for these. We should act truly because we are true. We should not obey God just to get to heaven by and by; but to enjoy life and its blessings here and now. There is no real joy outside of obedience, and our obedience is the proof of our love to Christ. (John 14. 15; 15. 14.) Make it clear in concluding your study that it is easy to obey only when we love. If we truly love Christ we will delight to do his will; but if we are trying to do something out of fear it will be hard and joyless. (Tell how a little girl love to Christ. She was seen answering a questioner. She was seen struggling along through the mud carrying a child. The girl had about all she could do to manage her load. A lady helping her, said, "He must be very heavy for you to carry. Isn't he?" Oh, no!" replied the girl, "he's my brother. Oh, Her love for her baby brother made his weight light to her even though he was really all she could carry.") The love of Christ constraineth me," we all should be able to say.

- Feb. 26.—A story of a golden calf. Ex. 32. 1-6, 15-20.

HOME READINGS.

- Mon., Feb. 20.—Aaron's sin. Ex. 32. 1-6.
Tues., Feb. 21.—As God saw it. Ex. 32. 7-10.
Wed., Feb. 22.—The prayer of Moses. Ex. 32. 11-14.
Thur., Feb. 23.—Moses and the golden calf. Ex. 32. 15-20.
Fri., Feb. 24.—Aaron's excuse. Ex. 32. 21-24.
Sat., Feb. 25.—The punishment. Ex. 32. 25-35.
Sun., Feb. 26.—Topic. A story of a golden calf. Lesson as above.

This topic is a striking illustration of the failure of the people to remember their promise made to God, as we saw in last week's study. When Moses was away from them they soon grew different. How easy it is to forget. But the trouble is that though they forgot God they did not remain without gods. Explain to your Juniors that it is not a choice between the true God and an only God and no god; but between the true and the false. We all have our gods; but many do not worship and serve the true God. Something takes the place of our Heavenly Father in our affections and service if we forget or forsake him. The calf of the people which Aaron made for them represents all kinds of idols to us. But it matters not what it is, if we prefer it to God it is an idol. And what folly it is for us to expect any of these things to do us any good. What could the golden calf do for the children of Israel? Nothing but disappointment can come at last from idolatry. God only is able to do for us what we really need. Do not let us forget him. Explain that the Israelites were following a bad example in asking Aaron to "make gods" for them. They were copying the evils of the Egyptians. God had brought them out of that land of toil and misery, and had told them to leave forever the bad habits of the people down there; but they were easy for them to break away forever from their past evil companions. (The point is for our children to keep good company and not form habits that will be hard to get off in adult years.) The sin of the people was great; but they acted as if God had never made his word known to them, and as if he had never promised to bless them in their faithfulness to them. Perhaps they did not stop to think just what they were really doing. "Stop and think" is a good motto. If we remember it we will be saved from many temptations and sins. And then see how utterly their idol god failed them. What could the calf do anyway? Why Moses came down from the Mount and saw what was done, the Divine anger was shown and the sin must be repented of or evil must follow. So it always is. There is no such thing as turning away from God without loss. Be sure your sin will find you out." It does not say, "Be sure your sin will be found out." You are the one to be found out, and the sin will be shown to be a vain and helpless thing when you most need help. Only God could lead the people of Israel through the wilderness. Only he can lead us through this world safe to the Heavenly Canaan. So this lesson shows us many important lessons, and we will be wise to say from our hearts of God, "Him only will we serve." Show how the knowledge the people had of God added to their sin before him in choosing the golden calf. So it is with us. We know. We are to do what we know. To know and do not is sinful. To know what we ought to do and do something else is idolatry, even if we never see a visible idol before us. How glad we should be that we do know, for the knowledge of God's will and the doing of

it are life and blessing. How we should pity those who do not know. With every possible means in our power we should help to spread the knowledge of our Heavenly Father's will throughout the world, that every idol may be destroyed.

March 5.—A lesson in prayer. Ex. 33. 12-17.

HOME READINGS.

Mon., Feb. 27.—God will answer prayer. Ps. 30. 14, 15.
 Tues. Feb. 28.—A prayer of confession.
 Wed., March 1.—A prayer for Jerusalem. Dan. 9. 16-19.
 Thur., Mar. 2.—A prayer answered. Dan. 9. 20-23.
 Fri., March 3.—A prayer of repentance. Ps. 51. 1-10.
 Sat., March 4.—Talking with God. Ex. 33. 7-11.
 Sun., March 5.—Topic. A lesson in prayer. Lesson as above.

In addition to the lessons derived from a direct study of this beautiful intercession on the part of Moses, let our Juniors be asked to prepare during the week preceding the meeting, Scripture texts which teach us what we ought to do if our prayers are to be answered. This will become a Bible reading on prayer. Ask each to find a text appropriate to the subject, write it out on a slip of paper, bring it to the meeting, and put it on the table or desk on entering. Let the Superintendent arrange the texts as desired, and give them out again to be read by number when asked for. In this way you have an orderly arrangement. Such texts as the following are suggested:

What we must do in order that our prayers may be answered:

We must ask in the name of Jesus, John 14. 13, 14.

We must be abiding in him and his word in us. John 15. 7.

We must be keeping his commandments. 1. John 3. 22.

We must give thanks as well as pray. Phil. 4. 6.

We must watch for answer. Col. 4. 2.

We must have no hard feelings towards any one. Mark 11. 25.

We must not ask for fleshly desires. James 4. 3.

We must not doubt. God will keep his word. Mark 11. 24; 1. John 5. 14, 15.

We must be sincere. Ps. 145. 18.

We must be humble. 2. Chron. 7. 14.

We must unite with one another. Matt. 18. 19.

Many other similar texts will probably be given. By wisely sifting them out and arranging them, and then by putting the main thoughts on the board, a very effective topic study will result.

If you have not yet secured enough topic cards for your League, do so at once. Get them from the Book Room. Do not depend on The Era to know where or what the topic is from week to week. Every member of your League should be supplied with the year's list. These are inexpensive and no League can do fitness work without them.

Have you had an open meeting in your League lately? If so, tell us what you did and how you did it. The Era wants some new programmes for such meetings. Have you a suggestion? Send it. Do not forget to have a parents' meeting occasionally. Send special invitations to them. They will come. Keep close touch with the homes of your members through such gatherings. Give a social (free) if necessary. Make the Juniors feel that the Church is as much theirs as their parents, and make the parents feel that the Junior League is their ally in all good things for their children.

The Value of Child Life

A true conception of the value of child life is essential to successful work in either Sunday-school or Epworth League. We cannot place too high an estimate on it; but if we esteem it at too low a worth our work among the children will be perfunctory and fruitless. The trend of thought when Jesus came to earth was away from childhood. He turned the thoughts of mankind back to the little child. He glorified childhood by becoming himself a child. In his relations to his disciples, as their Teacher he used "a little child" as an object lesson in true heavenliness. He taught that for the child's own sake he should be received with glad and hearty welcome. And his command, "Feed my lambs," is based upon this idea that the child for his own intrinsic value was worth looking after with tenderest care and wisest solitude. "Only a boy," "but a child," are phrases old as man, and behind them much of indifference as to the child's training and future are to be hidden. "Mostly adults" we sometimes read of the persons received into church membership, as if the children were at best of but little worth. The thought is wrong and contrary to the idea of the Master. Value your little children for their own sakes now, not merely for what they may possibly become in after years. Judged by this latter standard they are indeed of priceless worth; but the best can be made of them only when the teacher or teacher or parent puts upon them the high present value of the Lord who said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Anticipatively, we delight to picture to ourselves a bright and happy future for our boys and girls; but too often we forget that the future is in the present in infancy, and that if we fall now, we have probably ruined it altogether. "What manner of child shall this be?" may largely be answered by the influences under which the child grows up to adult years. The process of growth is all that pertains to true manliness may be retarded or helped in the training the child receives while it is a child, and while it is growing out of childhood into youth. You may make or mar your child's future as you associate with him to-day. For what he is going to be for good or ill, then, place a high value on him now. Prospectively every boy is the beginning of a man, every girl the beginning of a woman, and twenty years from now the man or woman will be glad or sorry as each looks back on the past and remembers your influence and work with them. There is still another reason why we should value the child life very highly. It is because of the helpful influence the child thus rightly valued has on ourselves now. Kindly and tactful sympathy with the children is the best way to live the "simple life" to which we are exhorted. Simplicity is not silliness. Childlikeness is not childishness. Naturalness, not artificialness, is the great need of society today. The church that ignores the children, the preacher that overlooks them, the teacher that forgets them, the parent that neglects them, will all soon lose thereby. Keep in touch with the little ones if you would keep in vital sympathy with Christ. We can think how his kindly smile won them to his side, how his loving hands gently rested on their heads in benediction, and how his simple teaching imparted to them sublimest wisdom. The pulpit that does not preach to children or that does not preach so that the children can understand the message is failing in its mission. Too many of our Sunday congregations lack the juvenile element. And because they keep our hearts young we must value them highly and associate with them much. The conventional of modern life are very formal, the claims

of business are very disturbing. We grow old in desire and aspiration very quickly. Keep young, and do it by close association with the little children.

Roland's Present

"What is the matter, dear?" asked mamma, when she went into her room and found a very dismal-looking little boy standing by the window.

"Nuffin' much, mamma," answered little Roland. But brave as he tried to be, mamma knew that he was almost crying, and, taking him on her lap, she questioned him tenderly.

"The boys don't want me to play with them," he said at last; "they say I'm too small, and they are whittling splendid things, and I wanted to whittle, too, and they said they couldn't have me wasting their wood, and I couldn't get the littlest piece, nor any knife nor nuffin," he sobbed.

"Don't cry, dear; mamma has some nice wood, and you can sit right in here and whittle. Let's spread a paper down, and you and I will have a fine time making things; let's make a boat."

Roland soon forgot his grief, and with mamma's help, he made a nice little boat, that floated very well on a basin of water. "I am sorry, boys," said mamma, later, "that you are not nicer to your little brother. I hope if Roland ever has any wood he will be more generous with it." The bigger boys, Fred and Charlie, hung down their heads and looked ashamed.

For their Christmas present Fred and Charlie had a nice Sloyd work-bench. Little Roland had a Sloyd knife, too; but what do you think he had for his biggest present?

Why, he had a whole bundle of shingles! Just think of it! Two bundles and fifty shingles all his very own! Now he has plenty of wood, and does not have to ask any of the big boys for any; instead, they often beg wood of him. I am glad to say Roland is very good, and gives them all they want.

Such nice things they have playing together now, all cutting and whittling boats and many other things.

"I think I had just the nicest kind of present," said Roland, one day. "I wonder who tells Santa Claus just what little boys want. I think the mamma and papas must have something to do about it, don't you think so, mamma?"

"Yes, indeed," said mamma. "I really think they do."—Junior Herald.

"The junior superintendent needs to be very near to Christ. He must often be a sacrifice of time, much self-denial, and great discouragement. On the other hand, the child's heart is an open door to the home. The gratitude of the parents, and often their conversion is one of the teacher's rewards. More than that, if the great joy of reckoning, no sweeter smile will light our Master's face than when he shall say to some faithful soul, 'You fed my lambs.'"

"Junior superintendents should not become discouraged if their small charges fail to give attention. The fault may not be in the children, but in the methods used. Perhaps the teacher is 'in the ruts' and cannot work out. Perhaps he has not a real love for children. If he has not such a love, it will be quickly discerned by the watchful eyes which are constantly upon him during the lesson time. Perhaps the superintendent is so burdened with 'can'ts' that he has forgotten the way of faith. When we become discouraged, let us remember the great watchword, 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.'"

Smiles

"I took great pains with that pudding we had for dinner," remarked the young wife. "And so did I, my dear," rejoined the husband.

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

"What is a lake?" asked the teacher. A bright little Irish boy raised his hand. "Well, Mikey, what is it?" "Shure, it is a hole in the kittle, mum."

Butcher—"I need a boy about your size, and will pay you \$3 a week." Boy—"Will I have a chance to rise?" Butcher—"Oh, yes. You must be here at four o'clock every morning."

They had just moved into a new house, and they stood surveying the situation. "I wish," she said, "that this carpet was velvet." "I don't," responded the husband unfeelingly. "I wish it was down."

Mrs. Selby—"Doctah, de chile dun gone swaller a pint ob ink." Doctor—"Hab ya' dun anyding fo' de relief ob 'im?" Mrs. Selby—"I'se dun made 'im eat free sheets ob biottin' paper, doctah. Was that rite?"

Roger had gone into the country for the first time. "There," said his grandfather, pointing to a colt, "did you ever see such a little horse as that?" "What's the matter with him, grandfather? He hasn't any rockers."

While visiting in New York City, a lady asked the little son of her friend: "Johnny, do you like to go to school?" "Yes, ma'am," answered the truthful urchin, "and I like coming home, too, but I don't like staying there between times."

"You have a pretty tough-looking lot of customers to dispose of this morning, haven't you?" remarked the friend of a magistrate who had dropped in at the police court. "Hub!" rejoined the dispenser of justice. "You are looking at the wrong bunch. Those are the lawyers."

It is not always true that an Englishman cannot see a joke. Joseph Chamberlain tells one on himself which proves the contrary. He was the guest of honor at a dinner in Liverpool. The Mayor had invited a distinguished company to hear Mr. Chamberlain speak. For two hours they chatted over their food, and at last coffee was served. The mayor leaned over and touched his guest's elbow. "Your excellency," he asked, "shall we let the crowd enjoy itself a little longer, or had we better have your speech now?"

Christian Science Story

A well-known physician, who is some what sceptical as to the soundness of Christian Science doctrines, tells this story of an ardent Eddyite and her little boy: The mother was crossing the field with her little son when a goat appeared and came toward them threateningly, to the dismay of the youngster, who shrank in terror behind his mother's skirt. Remembering her beliefs, she tried to reassure him.

"Why, George," she said, soothingly, as the goat continued to advance, "don't you know you're a Christian Science boy, that there's no such thing as pain, and that it would be useless for the goat to try to hurt you? Don't you know that?"

"Yes," wailed the doubting believer, between his sobs, "I know it, and you know it, but the goat don't know it."

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