

"First Church Endeavorer."

"FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH."

VOL. I.

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Eighth Annual Meeting of the Western Branch Women's Missionary Soc'y.

Report read before Mission Band by
MISS CLARA I. KNIGHT.

TUESDAY, Oct. 7th, ushered in another very forbidding and apparently worthy successor to the preceding day. The clouds were heavy with rain and our proposed visit to the Convention seemed to wear rather a gloomy prospect, however, as all arrangements were made with the 9:5 express, we were on our way. As the train proceeded westward, at each stopping place we were reinforced by more blue ribbons until the cars had the appearance of a general reception room, so cordial were the greetings of old friends.

To the universal satisfaction of all, by the time we had reached our destination the sun was shining and we were soon escorted to homes by kind hostesses. Not only were the finest homes in Chatham opened to us but we were taken to the hearts of the people who showed us every possible attention, as sisters of one great family.

The Convention assembled at 2.30 p. m. on Tuesday, October 7th. The opening service was made up of the usual preliminaries, roll-call of delegates and appointment of a nominating committee. This committee, after meeting, reported the whole convention divided into three sections, viz.—Committee on Modes of Work, Memorials and Resolutions, and Courtesies. At 6 p. m. the Chatham ladies gave a delightful reception in the lecture room where two hours were spent in social intercourse and the discussion of an elegant tea. The evening was devoted to addresses of welcome with appropriate replies and the reception of delegates from sister societies which was a pleasant and cheering part of the programme. The Baptist, Presbyterian and English churches were ably represented and the methods of work in the several churches were brought plainly before us.

It may not be well known among the Mission Band members that their delegates have no voice in the Convention. They are billeted, read their reports and gather what they can from the reports of others. At present this is the standing of the Mission Band delegates.

The modes of work committee reported the following resolutions with respect to Mission Bands or Circles. "That all programs of entertainment prepared by mission circles be submitted to the president and officers of the auxiliary before its completion and at as early a date as possible." "That all entertainments given by Auxiliaries, Mission Bands or Circles be in keeping with the objects of our society." "That an order of exercises for Mission Bands be prepared." "That Mrs. Cunningham, Galt, be asked to explain more fully, through the columns of *Outlook*, a plan for extending Mission Band work and increasing membership in Sabbath Schools"

We had one object only in view in attending the Convention, which was to gather from the modes of work suggested, material for the work of another year. Whenever anything was read that appeared to be of practical use, we made a note of the appearance of the delegate and made plans where-

by we could gain further information from her. In this way we gathered much more minutely than we otherwise could have done, the methods of work which had proved most successful in other Bands.

Among many suggestions, some interesting reports were made showing that the entire amount sent to the Branch Treasurer, aside from the usual membership fees, was made from the sale of rag carpet. The Chatham Band is making a rag carpet and their President reported that it was being done with great enthusiasm and it will also be quite profitable. Others report very good income from their talents. The Centenary Church Band gave out 95 cents in 5 cent talents and in a few months they had gained over \$20. The largest sum of money raised by any Band or Circle was \$240.00, by the Queen's Avenue, London. The money was raised by fees, donations and one entertainment,—“The Feast of Days.” Through the kindness of a delegate from Galt, we have been supplied with a programme of this entertainment. The “Rainbow Social” and “The Feast of Days,” are reported as bringing in the most money of any entertainments held during the past year. The feeling is growing throughout the Society that our Missionary givings should be in the line of personal self-denial. The Light Bearers, of St. Thomas, reported very good work, nearly all of which was done by the members at home. One young lady gave over \$4.00 to the funds which she had earned from the sale of a very simple little article, at the same time she was studying for a second class certificate. This is the true missionary spirit and one which we should endeavor to cultivate. The Chatham Mission Bands, boys and girls in separate departments, are sending the greater part of their money to the Crosby Home. The boys, or Mission Cadets, support little Jimmie, and Indian boy, and the girls support an Indian girl; in this way they have a special interest in their missionary money. The report of the Mission Cadets was read by the Secretary, a lad of about 12 years. It was so highly appreciated by the Convention that it was ordered to be printed in the *Outlook*.

Thursday evening was devoted to the Mission Band work. Fine reports were read of the Mitchell Mission Band, Alma College, Centenary Church and a very fine paper on “Our Work” was read by Miss Webster, of Queen's Avenue, London, which will, by request of the Convention, also appear in full in the November *Outlook*. The much talked

of Banner was unfurled to the many hundreds of admiring eyes present. It is made of cream satin, bordered top and bottom with crimson plush; it has in a scroll of gilt letters, Mission Bands near the top and Western Branch at the bottom; at one side there is a lovely spray of flowers in oil painting, and with the usual trimming of gold bullion fringe and cord and tassels, it makes a very handsome and artistic piece of work.

For the benefit of those who have not read of this Banner before, we will explain that it has been donated to the President of the Western Branch to be given each year to the Mission Band which has the largest membership in comparison to the membership of the church. It was borne proudly away by the lady delegate from “The Grove.” The church membership at “The Grove” numbered 72 and the Mission Band 27. Hamilton First Church sent in one Mission Band member to 9.6 church membership. The successful competitor for the Banner reported one Band member to 2.6 church membership. The music on Thursday evening was furnished by the Chatham Mission Bands, accompanied by their pianist. Such stirring missionary music as “There's a cry from Macedonia,” and during the collection, a charming little selection, “Hear the pennies dropping,” were especially pleasing. It was a grand meeting. We find in our note books the words “How I wish every member of our Band were here.”

As will be observed, our report has only made mention of the matters referring to our Mission Band work. There is a possibility of legislation at the Board meeting which convenes in London, the 22nd of this month, whereby another year the Mission Bands will have greater privileges. At this time we have no separate returns of the contributions, and the Auxiliaries receive credit for our contributions. The total amount sent to the Branch Treasurer last year was \$6,618.25. Number of Auxiliaries 92, an increase of 7; number of Mission Bands 34, an increase also of 7; number of member 2,416; Mission Band members 936.

The Convention adjourned Friday noon to meet next year in Ingersoll. We read of the “Little leaven,” and we trust that each delegate who attended the Convention this year will carry home something that will create new interest and inspiration for the labors of another year, and through small individual efforts the whole Society may feel the reviving influence.

A Hymn of Christian Endeavor.

"Thou hast not failed one word of all His good promise."

We hear the voice of Jesus say—
 "Come work for ME to day,
 Around thee lie ungarnered sheaves"—
 We gladly did obey,
 And came to Jesus for to find
 In work for Him a joy—
 A peace the world can never give,
 And nothing can annoy.

We heard the voice of JESUS say
 "Come watch with ME one hour
 In faith, and to your hearts shall come
 The sanctifying power."
 We waited for the PENTECOST;
 The Spirit did descend;
 And led by it, we know HIS love
 Shall keep us to the end.

We hear the voice of JESUS say—
 "Work, watch, and pray alway;
 My LOVE shall ever be your guide,
 My HAND shall lead the way."
 We labor, watch and pray—we find
 GOD'S promises abide,
 They NEVER fail, and in their strength
 Our weakness we can hide.—*J.H.*

German Student Life.

I suppose most of us can point to certain dates in our past history upon which events have happened that have had considerable to do with our future career. In my own case, the 23rd of May, 1871, is one of these dates, for it ended my school boy life. On that day, in company with a number of other young aspirants to University honors, I had to appear before the Prorector of Heidelberg University, to be duly enrolled as a student of chemistry. After having passed through the necessary formalities, I became the happy owner of a Latin document, adorned with a large seal, testifying to the fact that I was accepted as a citizen of the University and accorded all rights and privileges appertaining to such citizenship. My next step was to go in search of the different Professors, whose courses I wished to attend during the "Semester," or term. I first bent my steps in the direction of the fine new building called the Friedrichsbau, which was devoted to the service of medicine and the natural sciences. Timidly knocking at the door on the second flat, a

friendly voice bade me enter, and in the next moment I found myself in the presence of one of greatest physicists in Europe,—Geheimer Ratto (Privy Councillor) George Kirchhoff. At that time he was about forty seven years of age, of medium stature, with a calm, intellectual face and keen, searching eyes that appeared to see through everything. His lectures were always well attended, owing, no doubt, as much as anything, to his clear, earnest manner of treating Natural Philosophy. Having arranged with him for a seat in his lecture hall, I went to the Chemical Laboratory building to see Professor R. Bunten, whose renown as a chemist was second to none in Europe. Here I became acquainted with a tall, robust man about sixty years old, very polite and rather hard of hearing, with a strong, massive cast of countenance and head of grizzled hair, that did not appear to have had any very recent acquaintance with brush and comb. In fact, my future experience taught me that the great chemist was apt to be very absent-minded in matters of every day life, and had very little regard for such a small matter as personal appearance. There used to be a legend current among the students that the Professor was once engaged to be married. The day for the wedding arrived but the bridegroom failed to put in an appearance, and it was subsequently discovered that he had been so deeply engaged in some chemical experiments, that the day appointed for his wedding came and went without his being conscious of it. The would-be Mrs. Bunsen got in a tiff, and he remained a bachelor all the days of his life. Another rumor was to the effect that his waste paper basket had to be overhauled daily in order to rescue valuable property in the shape of paper money, &c., which he was said to throw into it to keep company with torn envelopes and other rubbish. I, myself, have seen him hunting all over for his spectacles when they were quietly reposing on the top of his head, to which place he was accustomed to consign them when not in immediate requisition. When passing around among the students in the laboratory, his absent-mindedness would develop considerable shrewdness. If he had a short stump of a cigar in his mouth and the student he was assisting was the happy possessor of a longer piece, the probabilities were that the short stump would remain in the possession of the disgusted student, while the Professor would walk off puffing away at the longer roll of tobacco.

(To be continued)

Paid up Subscribers.

THE Board of Management desire to acknowledge the kindness of the following friends who have contributed to the support of the ENDEAVORER by paying the annual fee of 25 cents. If any names have been overlooked, please notify the Treasurer, Mr. Allen Davis, and they will be inserted in our next issue.

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Life on the Prairies.

By Thomas Morris, Jr.

IN Manitoba the oxen do not wear yokes as they do in this Province, but are harnessed like horses,—they wear collars, backbands, traces, etc., and are hitched to double-trees in the same way. Oxen are not however, like horses, driven with bit and bridle. You must guide them entirely with voice and whip. Though oxen look so meek and patient, it not easy to get them to go your way when they want to go some other way, for they are mighty stubborn.

When I attempted to lay out my first land I had no one help me. I put up a line of stakes a quarter of a mile long, got my oxen

in position then gave the word to advance; I guess they knew I was a greenhorn, for instead of going straight for the stakes, old Bright, the off ox, gave me a look, half contemptuous, half defiant, and followed by Buck, deliberately wheeled around and made towards a fragrant bunch of pea-vine, growing at some distance from the furrow. I shouted whoa, back! haw Buck! until I was black in the face, but they paid no attention, they kept right on, then I dropped the plow-handles—vowing vengeance on the brutes and rushed towards them with a black-snake whip clenched in my hand determined to teach them a lesson. I might as well have tried to catch two prairie wolves. Slow as oxen appear to be they are as quick as lightning when they want to run away. I raced after them in vain. Round and round we went, the plow rolling from side to side, sods flying in the air, the whip cracking vainly in the attempt to reach them, the dog barking and making matters worse than they need be, we all seemed to be possessed with an evil spirit. At last I had to give in from sheer exhaustion; it was no use I couldn't catch them, they easily kept ahead of me, and I was almost discouraged. I sat down on the prairie feeling pretty miserable. There I was alone, no human being within six miles of me, no one to lend me a helping hand, and I didn't know the first thing about the work before me. I remained stretched out on the grass for quite a long time. I had plenty of food for thought. My dog Collie, the only sympathetic friend I had lay by my side, and I was thankful for his companionship. After a long time, I don't know how long—though the sun was getting low in the West—I got up to look for my cattle, they were just a few yards away, lying down sunning themselves, lazily chewing their cud and looking so innocent and good-natured as to make me feel almost ashamed of myself. I did not care to try breaking any more that day so I led them quietly over to the wagon.

I went back to the settlement that night, (some six miles distant) with feelings somewhat subdued. At that time I had not built my shanty, and was stopping with a neighbor, one of the best hearted men I ever met. I explained to Mr. Alexander my difficulty, when he at once offered to let me plow in his field and said he would help me until I could manage the oxen myself.

Accordingly, next morning I started the oxen in a furrow already marked out and they went as nicely as I could wish. I had no difficulty whatever. The following day I

went down to my homestead again, and profiting by my new found experience, managed to lay out my first land. Rather ragged it looked I grant you. It resembled somewhat the mark left on a school boys desk by a fly that has dropped (accidentally of course) into the ink bottle and being anxious to escape, does not care in which direction it travels to avoid its tormentor. As I have said I broke in all, seventy-five acres the first summer, besides doing a lot of other work, such as putting up hay for the winter, building a shanty, planting about two and a half acres of potatoes on the sod, helping the neighbors to stack grain, threshing, etc. I did not do so badly for the first season at least,—that is what the neighbors told me.

Breaking is quite an art. The thinner the sod is broken the better. I used to break it about two inches, then in the fall back set it with about two inches more of subsoil. In order to make a good job the plow share must be kept very thin and sharp. The shares are wrought steel and will stand beating out cold. Nearly every settler has a large piece of railroad iron and a round headed hammer, with these he draws out the shares until they are as thin and sharp as razors. The plow will then cut through the roots and turn over the sods, laying them down like so many ribbons. The next spring the backsetting is in prime condition for a crop. During the wet or breaking season, the low lying prairie becomes like a vast lake. Just North of my homestead was a swamp, extending for miles, and whenever I had occasion to go to the settlement of Lowestot, I had to go along a trail, about three miles of which lay under water. In some places the water was up to the pony's back, and I had to lift my feet up and put them over his neck to keep from getting wet. This state of affairs is, however, becoming better year by year as the the country is getting drained.

The dry season begins about the first of August. The days are very hot and the nights cool and pleasant. In Manitoba the sunny days are more numerous than here. For weeks the sky is cloudless, the swamps dry up, water gets scarce on the prairie, surface wells dry up, and the settlers have to draw water in barrels on stone boats from Coulees, perhaps four or five miles distant. The worst of it is, the water they bring home after so much trouble, is neither clean nor palatable. A man who has a good well on his place is considered very fortunate. Most of the water used on the prairie is filthy and unpregnated with alkali. It is so sticky that

after washing, your hair or whiskers seem glued together and your hands and face feel as though they had been daubed over with a coat of paint. The water is full of grim, uncanny creatures. The first thing I had to do before using the water was to pass it through a coarse strainer, and if you only saw the slimy, horrid, creeping things that remained behind you would feel sick (at first you would), afterwards you might get used to it. The next operation was to pass the fluid through a finer sieve or piece of cloth, then it was ready for boiling; after boiling, the taste and smell was killed by adding lots of tea or coffee, and even then I did not take any more than I was obliged to. You may be sure that when it rained every bucket and barrel was used to catch the pure, sweet rain water.

Convention Notes.

THE members of the Ten Hamilton Societies may well feel proud of the success of the late Convention. From the first sunrise prayer meeting to the consecration meeting at the closing, the utmost enthusiasm and goodwill prevailed. Everything connected with the Convention was so excellent and well sustained that it difficult to make special mention. The chairmen of the different committees deserve much praise for the way in which they perfected their plans and so well carried them out. The different chairmen were: J. Souter, Social Committee; R. S. Wallace, Reception; R. McRae, Bill-eting; J. C. Harris, Registration; T. Cook, Finance; C. McLeod, Decoration; J. Mof-fat, Music; R. Robertson, Printing.

The success of the Convention was manifested at the first sunrise prayer meeting. We had a glorious time. The programme of the Convention was followed out faithfully. Dr. Mungo Fraser performed the duties of chairman with impartiality and despatch. It would be difficult to remember all the good things said by the different speakers, but they will all bear fruit.

Dr. Clark was a host in himself, and conveyed many hints by his practical way of dealing with the Question Box. He is greatly in favor of having written monthly reports from each chairman of committees. He would have each chairman read his own report at the business meeting. He would discourage business as much as possible. He would on no account have business discussed before the Society. All matters

requiring discussion should be referred to the Executive Committee. He would prefer that all societies should use the Christian Endeavor Topics, but if from any good reason any society wished to take up other topics or subjects of their own, they had a perfect right to do so. He would advise against mixing social times with religious times. He would advise having a special time, say once a month, appointed for a social. He believed in making sentence prayers in the Christian Endeavor meetings very prominent. He would have a bulletin board convenient and have the names of sick people written on it for the use of the flower committee. He suggested that presidents of Christian Endeavor Societies be placed on the governing Board of the church. He preferred to raise money by free will offerings in envelopes from members of the society. With regard to a union with the Epworth League, he stated that the name should go with the principles. He did not think it fair for the Epworth League to adopt Christian Endeavor methods, call them their own, then seek a union with the Christian Endeavor, stipulating that the name Christian Endeavor should be the name of a department only, and the name Epworth League be the name of the society. He stated most distinctly that every church society was welcome to enter the ranks, providing they took the interdenominational name of Christian Endeavor. Dr. Clark said the Christian Endeavor society that is contented to curl up in its shell has begun to die. "Larger things for Christ" should be our motto—never satisfied, always progressing. He believes thoroughly in the young people and the grand possibilities which they possess, and which only needs calling out. He emphasized the value of having a great and high motive; of appreciating the largeness of our opportunities. He asked if Paul should come back to us and join one of our Christian Endeavor societies, and if he were placed third member on the Look-out Committee, or fifth member on the Prayer Committee, would he hold his hands and think it beneath his dignity? Oh no, Paul would only be too glad of a chance to work. Dr. Clark said that the Christian Endeavor army in America was 800,000 strong; that it would take this number two days and two nights, (or 50 hours) to pass a given point at the rate of 15,000 per hour; that besides this great army, Endeavorers were to be found in China, Japan, Australia, Islands of the Pacific, among every nation in the world and among every Evangelical denomination in the world. One thought he

emphasized again and again, that every Christian Endeavor society must be first of all, loyal to its own Church and its own Pastor. Dr. Clark stated that information in the form of leaflets on every phase of the work would be sent free on application to 50 Broomfield Street, Boston.

The day sessions in the handsome Sunday School room of the Central Presbyterian Church were perhaps most valuable to Endeavorers. The papers read were excellent and the Question Box, opened by Dr. Clark, gave us many hints that were extremely valuable. Mrs. Lounsbury received special praise for her exquisite paper on the Flower Committee work. Rev. Mr. Patterson, of Toronto, made the wittiest speech of the Convention—his subject was "Enthusiasm." He compared an enthusiastic Christian to a dog chasing a fox. A dog curled up in a corner, with nothing particular in view, was much affected by caresses or scoldings, but when after the fox he was so intensely interested that he did not care what anybody said to him. So with Endeavorers, if we were in dead earnest we would not be affected by ridicule or scoffing—we would keep at our work. He said some people ask me do you want us to deny ourselves everything, dancing, theatre-going, etc.? He would answer No! If you are an enthusiast, it will be no hardship,—it will be your meat and drink to do the Master's will. You will be so intensely interested that you won't have time or patience to waste your evenings in going to parties and dancing or card playing. Just fancy asking Nehemiah, when building the walls around Jerusalem, with a trowel in one hand and a sword in the other, "can you come down and have dance"? and perhaps Sanballet will play the fiddle. The absurdity of asking such a question is too apparent, so it is equally absurd to ask a Christian Enthusiast to spend his time in such follies.

The music of the Convention was applauded by everyone. Our Choir leader, Mr. W. H. Robinson, received flattering remarks from all quarters. Rev. Dr. Clark paid special tribute to the excellence of the music furnished by the grand choir of 120 voices.

With respect to an Endeavor night, Dr. Clark said that he hoped we would succeed in establishing a common night for Endeavor work in Hamilton and in our Province, then it would spread to the neighboring States.

THE keynote to our Convention was struck at the Sunrise prayer meeting, and it had a full, round tone. That so many young people were willing to come out at such an early hour, on a dark and rainy looking morning, proved that a great interest was taken by them in all that is included in our motto, "For Christ and the Church." When we entered the room we saw many familiar faces, and if we had a thought that our numbers would be few, it was dispelled when we saw about four hundred people present. The meeting had a deep spirituality about it and as we joined in singing the opening hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," we felt that was the power that was moving and would move our hearts in every effort in the cause of right. Many prayers went up from earnest young hearts that at the presence of the Master would be manifested during every meeting of the Convention, and that every Society represented might receive a fresh impulse and have more of the Divine life in it. We all felt in our hearts a longing for the baptism of the Spirit. A short time was given for testimonies and consecration to Christ, and one after another rose up and said how glad they were to belong to Him, and joyfully gave themselves afresh to His service. Our Society was well represented at the meeting,—our Secretary was leader, our choir master conducted the singing and one of our members presided at the piano. A goodly number of our members were scattered all over the room. At the conclusion of the service many were the kindly greetings and warm clasps of the hand that were exchanged. It was a privilege to be present at such a meeting and we are sure all will carry in their memory the recollection of that happy hour. Dr. Clark said he was becoming quite a connoisseur in Conventions, and although he had attended many where there were larger numbers, none of them possessed a deeper spiritual undertone than this.

MR. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen— This is a most embarrassing position for a modest Scotchman, and especially when he did not come here to speak, but to apologize for the absence of two much more distinguished speakers. I regret that the Earl of Aberdeen has to go to Ottawa, and Lady Aberdeen has been travelling on the cars for three weeks with scarcely a nights rest, and she begged me to come in her place and express her regret for her inability to attend under the circumstances; after I had done this, I was instructed to come away, as I

have to leave this evening to catch my ship at New York. But the sight of this great gathering and your sympathy, compels me to add a single word on my own account, although I did not prepare myself to do so. I have only been at one gathering of the Christian Endeavor,—that was in the Old Country, and the bulk of the attendance consisted of children. There were two long tables just before the platform and upon those tables were great heaps of dolls, picture books and Christmas presents of all kinds. They were not new dolls, as many of them were dilapidated, neither were the books new, as many were decorated and painted by hand, but they were books which those children had not cast off, but were still in the height of their prosperity,—which they, as members of this Christian Endeavor society, had dedicated as Christmas presents for the poor children of our city, and those tables were the alters on which they laid their gifts, and within 24 hours they would carry light and cheer to many dark and dreary homes in our city. From that hour I have had a great desire to know something more about the working of the Christian Endeavor Society. I confess the word Endeavor is a great big word to me, and I hope the day will come when the word Christian will be so extended as to make it superfluous to add to it such a word as Endeavor. It seems ridiculous that there should be such a thing as an Endeavoring Christian, as if it were conceivable for a Christian who is not of that stamp. It is like talking about the *Temperance Total Abstainer*—still we must have societies to represent the department of that great and influential religion. When in Japan about a month ago, I met a large party of Japanese, and said to them, "You get your clergy mostly from America, Canada and the Old Country, give a message that I could take to them." One stood up and said he knew he would have to be the spokesman for the rest, and the message was—"That we were to send them no more doctrines, they wanted only to know about Christ, not how to talk right but how to live right. This is the first opportunity I have had of delivering their message and could not deliver it in a better place or to more sympathetic hearers.

I think the tone of Christianity is changing from doctrine to life and from faith to love. We shall always have doctrine and we shall always have faith, but more and more we are seeing, that as men and women in Christ, it is our actions and life, not the doctrine of Christianity, that is to do good.

Mr. Moodie, when in Scotland, used to tell us that not one man in ninety would set himself to work, and I presume it is one of the objects of the Christian Endeavor Society to set those to work who are perfectly capable to do it, but who have simply not thought of it.

I imagine it is a great science dealing with incurables, and there are more incurables in the Christian church, all over our country, than there are in the commercial and professional world, and it is only when every man and woman is touched with the higher and purer life, that Christianity will make progress.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have no right and am in no mood to make a speech to such an assembly of my fellow workers as this; but it is the only meeting I shall have attended on this great Continent, and I am off the train only for four hours. I am glad I shall think of Canada in association with this meeting. I am glad that the only assembly of Canadian men and women which I have visited, are those who are doing so magnificent a work in helping on the coming of the Kingdom of Christ.

Thanking you very much for your courtesy to a stranger in allowing him these few remarks.

—*Professor Drummond's impromptu address at the Y. P. S. C. E. Convention, October 23rd and 24th, 1890.*

Our School.

THE attendance for the month of October was a slight increase on the two previous months, the average being 438. The average collection was \$5.65.

There have been several new members added to our orchestra during the month, which made it necessary to enlarge the platform, as they were crowded for room. We have also formed a bible class for the orchestra with Mr. Hamilton as teacher.

By the removal of Mr. Fred Tovel to Toronto, our School loses one of its assistant librarians and our orchestra one of its members.

With sorrow we mention the death of one of our scholars, Mabel Old, who died on the 25th inst.—“Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep.”

In Memoriam.

For the first time in five years, our little class has been entered by the angel of death and God has taken to His home above, one of the most diligent and attentive ones, to dwell with Him for evermore. Lovingly we cherish her memory, ‘classmate and friend,’ gone home to her rest. “Please, Jesus take me home,” was her prayer, and with her hand resting on her cheek, sweetly and calmly Mabel passed away. We do not sorrow, as those without hope, for our loss is her gain.

She saw the loved ones o'er the river,

White winged, waiting at the gate;

“Mother do not grieve—so happy

I will be where angels wait.”

“Sing Beulah Land” and “Safely hide me,”

“Precious Jesus,” and the rest?

Hymns so sweet, but heaven's music

Will be sweeter than earth's best.”

Then when heart and flesh were failing—

“Pray that God would take me home,

I'm so tired, the call I'm waiting,

Glady Lord to Thee I Come.”

She proved in death, the grace that strengthens,

Comforts, helps in that dark hour:

Christ's loving arms upheld and led her,

More than conqueror o'er its power.

Items.

The Mission met on the evening of Oct. 13th, with a very large number present. In addition to the regular business, the discussion of the report of the Convention and matters therefrom relative the work of another year, occupied the greater part of the evening.

“The members of the Society who are sewing and working for the Bazaar, wish to thank all their friends who have so kindly donated or promised to donate money or material. They hope their friends will remember that they intend holding their Bazaar shortly before Christmas, and will have a number of useful and fancy articles, suitable for Christmas presents.

The Paper on “German Student Life,” in our present issue, comes from the pen of our Mr. Bonney.

The Convention was highly honored by the attendance, during a part of one session, of Prof. Drummond, whose few remarks we have the pleasure of giving to our readers through the kindness of one of our stenographic reporters.

Committee Reports.

THE LOOKOUT COMMITTEE is glad to notice the increase in the number of written thoughts and verses sent in by the members who cannot be present.

At the last meeting there was a promptness and heartiness displayed, that greatly encouraged our committee. If members would only determine to take part immediately after the meeting is thrown open, the services would be more interesting and helpful. And if they would try hard to think of one original idea and give it by itself, or link it to some familiar passage of scripture, especially at the consecration service, fresh life and usefulness would be put into the society.

ANGELA JARVIS, *Convener*.

PRAYER MEETING COMMITTEE—Since our last report we have had the privilege of attending the Provincial Convention, and no doubt all of us while listening to such earnest speakers, were filled with desires to do "Larger things for Christ." On account of the Convention, our prayer-meeting was not held during that week. We hope that every member will determine to make the services of the last month of the year the most enthusiastic yet. Let us be true to our pledge and be ready to do our part promptly and prayerfully. The Union Service for November will be held on the third Wednesday instead of the second, on account of the postponement of the monthly social.

The programme of services for next month is as follows:—

Nov. 13th, "Jesus Condemned,"—Luke 23, 13-25; Leader, Mr. Hamilton. Nov. 19th, "Jesus Crucified," Luke, 23, 33-47; Union Service, Leader, Rev. Mr. Laird. Nov. 27th, "Jesus Risen,"—Luke 24, 1-12; Consecration Service, Leader, Mr. Morris, Jr. Dec. 4th, "The Walk to Emmaus," Luke, 24, 13-27; Leader, Miss Hunter.—Miss N. RAYCROFT, *Convener*.

REPORT OF THE SOCIAL COMMITTEE.—

The Convention, to which we have looked forward so long, has left a blessing behind it. We believe that every Christian Endeavorer has received an increase of enthusiasm, and that the work all through the city has received an impetus that must result in more earnest endeavors. One of the charms of the meetings was the genial good-will that overflowed in smiles and hearty hand-grasps. We are proud to be working with so great a throng.

Our last Social, held on October 9th, was thoroughly enjoyed by a large number, and we sincerely thank all, who so kindly helped us to entertain our friends. We were glad to notice a great many who do not belong to the Society, among them many of the older members of the congregation. All are very welcome.

Instead of holding the November Social on the second Thursday, as has been our custom, we recommend that it be postponed till the third Thursday to prevent from interfering in any way with the anniversary Tea-meeting to be held on the 10th.

We have placed it in the hands of one thoroughly capable of making a success of it. Mr. Robinson will have on the program no number that is not contributed by the members of our own choir and orchestra; the purpose being to show just what we possess in the

way of musical talent. He claims that we can produce among ourselves, a better and more varied class of music than any other church in the city. And as their musical ability cannot be displayed in all its phases on Sunday, we heartily invite all to the social to hear how well he verifies his claim.

Respectfully submitted,

L. MURRAY, *Convener*.

REPORT OF FLOWER COMMITTEE:—

The supply of flowers for the pulpit during the past month has been liberal. The demand is ever on the increase, for as we reach out in more systematic and through canvas for ALL who may be sick and sorrowing, our list increases. While the out-door flowers from field and garden were accessible, our task was comparatively easy, but very soon we must resort to other methods; and now we ask every member of our Endeavor, every child in the S. School and Reader, we invite you as well, to own at least one plant, not for ourselves but for the "Master's use." To care for it, to coax it into blooming and then carry the blossoms where they rightfully belong—into God's service. We think this will prove a double blessing, more especially to the giver, for as flowers are called "God's thoughts in bloom," while we tend our flower, we watch the unfolding and developing of God's thought. Two or three have responded to our invitation to loan a plant in bloom for the Sunday services. We hope their beautiful presence will serve as a reminder to others of our congregation who may have forgotten our request. Once more the angel of death has visited us, and Mabel, who loved our flowers, is herself transplanted to bloom in the Lord's garden of light above.

Where everlasting Spring abides,
And never withereth flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

We are pleased to report that many to whom we have sent flowers during past months are restored to health.

—M. LOUNSBURY, *Convener*.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

RECEIPTS.		
June 4	Balance on hand,.....	\$20 00
" 12	Proceeds of Social.....	2 58
" 26	Consecration collection.....	1 51
Aug. 13	" ".....	2 24
" 28	" ".....	2 62
Sept. 11	Proceeds of Jubilee Concert.....	40 65
" 25	Consecration Collection.....	2 00
Oct. 9	Proceeds of Social.....	14 48
" 30	Consecration Collection.....	2 82
Total Receipts.....		\$89 73
EXPENDITURE.		
June 4	To 50 Postal Cards.....	50
" 17	" Building Fund.....	15 00
July 4	" Printing Topic Cards.....	6 50
Aug. 7	" One Pair Vases.....	1 25
" 29	" Flowers for Pulpit.....	6 00
Sept. 19	" Advertising.....	4 50
" 23	" Printing programs & tickets.....	8 00
" 30	" Jubilee Singers.....	14 08
Oct. 13	" Printing Programs.....	3 50
" 17	" Convention Expenses.....	8 00
" 17	" Cleaning grave-yard.....	5 00
" 29	" Building Fund.....	10 00
Total Expenditure.....		\$82 33
Balance on hand.....		\$ 7 40

AVESA RAYCROFT, *Treasurer* Y.P.S.C.E.

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SCIENCE CLASS.

During the month of October four meetings of this class have been held; two in Physics lead by J. T. Crawford, B. D., and two in English Literature lead by Thos. Morris, Jr.

An essay on Life and Times of Milton was read by Miss Murray and another by Mr. Henry Moore, on Clarendon. These class meetings are instructive and interesting, and it would amply repay any lover of knowledge to spend Tuesday evenings with this class.

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- " Pol. calf school Boots, spring heel, 1 95 for 1 45
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